

# The Living Church.

A Weekly Record of its News, its Work, and its Thought.

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WHOLE No. 109.

## Advent.

Sweet sounds are those that wake  
From hillside, glen, and brake,  
When nature tells us that the Spring is born;  
Yet sweeter still to hear  
Our Mother's word of cheer,  
Her New Year's greeting on the Advent morn.  
List to the Church's voice!  
Christians, awake! Rejoice!  
Rejoice ye, for your Lord is nigh at hand;  
The Day-Spring from on high,  
The "Long Desired" is nigh.  
He, in whose strength ye may all foes withstand.  
Joy in the Master's grace!  
His yours once more to trace  
The blessed steps of His most holy life,  
What time He dwelt on earth,  
E'en from His lowly birth,  
Until He rose—the Victor in the strife  
Rejoice! each rolling year,  
Brings your salvation near,  
Ay, nearer than when first ye did believe.  
Since then—'till is the night,  
In armour clad, of light,  
Stand ready; that your Lord ye may receive.  
That when He comes again  
In majesty to reign,  
With Him to life immortal ye may rise  
To join the angels' hymn,  
The song of seraphim,  
The everlasting anthem of the skies.

Y. Y. K.

## The Old World.

**Sketches by Our Special Artist.**

Once more, the Nihilist spectre has raised his head in St. Petersburg, and mortal anxiety reigns in every household, and people are shuddering over a possible outbreak of the Nihilists, or what is nearly as bad, a descent of the police. Placards have broken out, like some foul eruption, on all the walls of the city, proclaiming, in flaming characters, the beginning of a fresh revolutionary movement, by the side of which all former agitations will be considered puerile and insignificant. Ominous warning is given, that the throne of the Romanoffs will be vacant before many months shall have rolled away. This may just be some student bravado, and, after all, amount to nothing; but it has renewed the dread. The Czar's own family are in Livadia. There is one comfort; they manage this business pretty well in Russia, and in a day or two we shall hear of another batch of beardless youths and sentimental girls, as being under arrest, or on their way to Siberia, where we hope they will be long kept, and turned into sensible and industrious colonists.

Garibaldi wants to go to Rome, but his doctors say that he needs absolute rest. He is a dreadful nuisance to the King and the Government, although they do not dare to say so; and they will heave a sigh of relief, when they come back from the very gorgeous funeral which they will be sure to give him. The Italians are about to try a plan to improve their money, which is a miserable "rag baby" sort of thing, and utterly irredeemable. They are going to borrow \$125,000,000 and give bonds drawing interest. They are to take ten years to do this in, so that they can watch a good state of the money market, to contract the loan, withdraw the notes, and reopen the metallic currency. It is thought that there is, scattered throughout Italy, quite a pile of specie, which will come out when they get rid of the paper, which is so worthless that it takes a market-basket full to make any considerable purchase. How beautifully all that was managed in this country! And how thankful we ought to be, that such wise men were at the head of our finances!

—There is a very graphic Article in a late number of the *Contemporary Review*, on Siberia, written by an Englishman. He speaks of the mines which we have been accustomed to regard with so much horror:

"After seeing all but two of the principal prisons and penal colonies of Siberia, I came to the conclusion that the number of political prisoners commonly said to be deported thither is largely in excess of the facts. I spent more than two days at Kara, and had ample opportunity of seeing the place well. I went to the mines, and saw the men at their work, which is all done on the surface, and which resembled the labor of navvies when making a cutting; stones and earth having to be carted away, and put into a machine to be washed. Their hours of labor were from six in the morning to seven at night, with an hour or two's rest for dinner; and this only in the summer season, for in winter the ground is frozen, and they have little or nothing to do. Free laborers in the mines, I noticed, continued to work after the convicts left; and I learned that the convicts may sleep from nine to five in the summer, and in winter, if they choose, from seven to seven. The food and clothing of the male convicts cost the government ten guineas a year each, and the food per week given to a hard-labor convict at Kara, is nearly double in weight that which is given to a convict in England. The number of indulgences also accorded to a prisoner at Kara, such as receiving visits from relatives, or money from friends, correspondence by letter, and remission of labor, is largely in excess of similar privileges accorded to convicts in England."

—St. France is disgracing itself with the clerical persecution. Not only Jesuits have to go, but Orders devoted to the care of the poor and the sick; Orders, whose loss is a terrible moral loss to the community where their ministry is established. The wildest riots occur, and true Republicans hang their heads with shame. The

government papers report that the execution of the decrees is cheered. Yes, but who cheer them? Those who rejoiced in the bloody commune, and were ready to apply the torch to fair Paris. Those who hail with delight all revolutions, and are always uneasy; and who, but for the army, would be all in a blaze to-morrow. These things are not cheered by the reflective and the sober. They view with sadness this gross violation of all the principles of a Republic. What a weak thing it must be, if it is afraid of a few boys' schools, of a band of peaceable monks! They have proclaimed that nobody listened to priests, that their power was over. If that be really so, why drive them to the wall? Gambetta & Co. will find to their cost that their power is not over; and the cry which now follows them will surely be realized—"Vous reviezrez!"

## Religious Persecution in 1880.

From Our English Correspondent.

LONDON, Eng., Nov. 11th 1880.

The spectacle of Mr. Petham Dale, still a prisoner for conscience's sake, continues to excite great attention; indeed, the feeling of astonishment and disgust is spreading in an ever widening circle. The case affords an excellent test for the professions of liberality of which we have something too much in these days. No doubt, in many others the metal turns out to be authentic; but in many cases it proves to be lead tinsel. The Dissenting organs show a remarkable tendency to say that the time has come for making these Churchmen feel that they are the creatures of the State; and that they must "obey the Law," as if they were not themselves the most hardened and persistent violators of law that the world has ever seen. The lines which they habitually take, is—to proclaim that they are members of the National Church, so far as it has any rights or privileges to offer them; but, as for the laws which as members of that Church they are bound to obey, they as ostentatiously proclaim their intention to set them habitually at naught. Mr. Frederick Harrison, a well-known secularist writer, says that he condemns "the oppression of Catholics in Germany, the spoliation of monasteries in Italy, the expropriation of Communists in Russia, the exclusion of Dissenters in England (what that means, I am sure I don't know,) and the dispersion of Orders in France;" but he "cannot honestly admit the Ritualistic clergy of England to the honors of those who bear witness for conscience's sake." And why not? Because "the Ritualist clergy are men who choose to accept a State function defined by law, and yet who defy the State and insist on breaking the law." Every word of this allegation, I need hardly say, is a deliberated mis-representation of the plainest and most notorious facts. The submission of the Clergy, in the reign of Henry VIII, was distinctly limited by the clause "quantum per legem Christi licet" (as far as, by the Law of Christ, it may be lawful); and the promise which they made, *in verbo sacerdotii*, was—not that they would allow the State even when the House of Commons was an English House of Commons, and composed of English Churchmen—to make Canons for them, but that they would not make new Canons for themselves, without the license of the Crown. All this you may read in the Statute, to this day; and, what is more, the Act of Parliament guaranteed the Church from all intermeddling as regards her doctrine and discipline, on the part of any exterior person whatever. The Act of Uniformity simply enforces the use of the Prayer Book, which had been first settled by Convocation; and no modern legislation has ever ventured to deal with the spiritualities or the temporalities of the Church, in half so trenchant manner as the English Parliament did at the beginning of the fifteenth Century, when it provided for the burning of heretics; and when, long before that, it stopped the system of Provisors. Yet, nobody will venture to say, that the Church of our Edwards and Henry's was a "State function." Moreover, it is utterly false to suggest, that the clergy are ordained to be servants of the State. They are servants of Christ, and stewards of His Mysteries. What is more, Church and State alike compel them to subscribe Article xxvii, which declares it to be a slander, to say that we give to our Princes the ministering either of God's word, or of the Sacraments." Lastly, it is utterly false, to say that Mr. Dale has broken the law. And here, a most remarkable confession has come to light. Archdeacon Allen writes to the *London Times*, that the late Mr. Benjamin Shaw, the Counsel of the Church Association in Mr. Ridsdale's case, said to him exactly what Sir Fitzroy Kelly afterwards said to Mr. Constable Ellis. But I had better give Mr. Allen's very words:

"Before the judgment of the Privy Council was given, when Sir Fitzroy Kelly was in the minority, Mr. B. Shaw said to me, 'The Privy Council is guided in its judgments by policy as well as by law. I believe the Vestments are legal, and that the Eastward position is illegal; but it will be felt that to allow the Vestments will kindle a flame, whereas the Eastward position will be pardoned. You will see that they will disallow the Vestments, but allow the Eastward position.'"

"Provisors" were persons appointed to livings, by the Pope, during the life-time of the incumbents to the prejudice of the lawful patrons.

No doubt, this is the exact truth; and is it not intolentable, that we are first to have our laws altered by men who have no more right to alter them than you have; and then to have our best and most esteemed clergymen dragged from their homes, to a felon's prison, because they stand up against lawlessness in high places?

The feeling of sympathy and indignation is evidently growing. Last night, there was an immense meeting of working men at the Cannon Street Hotel (for since the Catholic Revival, the Church has recently begun to win the working classes), and the proceedings were of a most enthusiastic character. The English Church Union, that great Society of eighteen thousand communicants is to hold its central meeting on Thursday next, but its branches are already already something, all over the country.

It must not be supposed that the Evangelical party are agreed upon the policy of persecution. At the meeting of the Church Association itself. The Rev. Alfred Kenyon said that he could not help regarding the clergyman who were persecuted, as objects of envy; and last night's *Record* printed a letter from the Rev. Samuel Garratt, of Ipswich, not only denouncing the impolicy of imprisoning their opponents, instead of refuting them; but expressing a hope that the new-born zeal for the majesty of the law, now exhibited by the Evangelical body, would not prevent it from following the example of holy men of old, when human law came in collision with Divinas. In a word, Mr. Garratt, who is a man of some eminence, boldly declares, that the existence of the Church Association cripples Evangelical men in their opposition to "socialism," because as he says, "you cannot reason with a man while your friends are knocking him down."

The Bishop of Manchester delivered his Charge yesterday. The short summary which I have seen of the document does not give me a very high opinion of its fitness or wisdom.

## "Wayside Trimmings."

Written for the Living Church.

That is what a good old Quaker lady calls the flowers with which the Lord adorns the by-places of Nature. Among the Friends are to artificial ornaments, they, in common with all the children of God, love and admire the beauty of our heavenly Father's handiwork. No one, it seems to me, can fail to be impressed by God's gracious bounty, in spreading everywhere, even in secret nooks, such a variety of sweet blossoms.

But sometimes there comes a positive and peculiar lesson to us, from a thing that flashes in a moment before the eye. Thus it was as I drove along a country-road in the month of September. Among the clumps of ordinary bushes and plants, such as barberry, elder, sweet fern, Golden-rod, and purple and white daisies—just a little removed, so as to be conspicuous, there stood a "Ragged Sailor," three feet high, with a perfect wealth of many-colored morning-glories covering it. All the torn leaves were hidden by the vine foliage, and the gay flowers.

So strange and unique seemed this pretty display, that it set me to wondering how it happened, that—quite away from their ordinary place and surroundings, these two plants had met, and so closely mingled their lives. The heart of the thing is what pleases me; and the throwing one's perfect garment over the tattered garb of a brother that has need; the happiness that comes from a good deed, though one may have gone far from home, and among strangers, in order to bless and help another; the cheerful aspect that one may have, whatever his mission in the world, and the mutual benefit between a prop that stands sturdily, and lifts up the weak from the earth; and the delicate tendrils that clasp it around, and give grace and beauty, for strength.

The "Ragged Sailor," alone, never appeared to me a very reliable creature. It had rather a wilted look, as I remember it in the garden of my childhood; but here, on the wayside, where there was need to hold some one up, it stood erect, as if conscious of a new dignity. And, certainly, my favorite Morning-Glory was invested with brighter charms, as she not only trustingly accepted the support, but lavished in return all the sweetness of her being.

No one can give without a double pleasure; There comes to him again in fullest measure, That which, from heart-felt bounty, one bestows, Back to his heart in richest increase flows.

F. B. S.

A Mission has been begun in Trinity Church, St. Louis, by the Rev. Fathers Benson and Grafton, of the Society of St. John the Evangelist. Four daily services are held from Nov. 28, to Dec. 5, accompanied by meditations, Instructions, and Sermons, and spiritual counsel is given after each service, to those desiring it. The Church is open throughout the day.

Bishop McLaren preached at Morning Service, at St. Mark's, in this city, on Sunday, the 21st ult., on the occasion of the re-opening of the church, after its restoration from the effects of the late fire. There was a Celebration of the Holy Communion.

## Church Progress in Tennessee.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

SEWANEE, TENN., Nov. 6, 1880.

Some three years ago, I was a Methodist "circuit-riding" in Overton Co., Tennessee. Removing to another part of the State, I was brought, by the grace of God and the words of a faithful priest, to see the sinfulness of schism, the necessity of union among Christians, and the fact that any union to be enduring must be on that foundation which Our Blessed Lord and His Apostles had already laid. I believed that Our Lord had established a Church; that it yet existed, and that I had found it.

On the 17th of December, 1878, I was confirmed by the Bishop of Tennessee. Since that time, I have been studying for Orders; and, on the 16th Sunday after Trinity, I was ordained Deacon.

Since my conversion, I have ever had a strong desire to return to the field where I labored as a Methodist, in order to bear witness to the Truth, where I once preached error. During the time I have been in the Church, I have been working and praying for the conversion of those among whom I had ministered. Accordingly, immediately after my Ordination, having obtained leave from the Seminary, I made a journey to Overton county; and, although I could hold but few Services, I had the blessed privilege of baptizing 17 persons. One of them was the child of the only Church-family in the county.

It may be well to remark, that the soil had previously been prepared by the judicious distribution of tracts, etc., and by the efforts of the "better-half" of the writer.

Till about fifteen months ago, the Church was wholly unknown in this section. The leading denominations are Baptists (of all shades of belief), Methodists, and Campbellites. The Church is new to the people, and many are giving it the attention which a new idea demands.

One morning, during my stay in the county, I was accompanied on a short journey by an old gentleman, who, though unbaptized, is interested in the Church, and is using his influence for it. Whenever, on the way, he met an acquaintance, he would bid him, "Come out to meetin', Sunday. This is the old Church that Christ founded; this is the work that He left here when He was on earth." And many, there as well as elsewhere, are waking up and wondering whether Christ has gone away, and left us nothing but a vague influence and a Book. I ought to say, that the county seat of Overton county is forty-five miles from the nearest railroad.

I propose (D. V.) to spend the winter vacation in my mission field, and make as many visits there as possible during the next term. The people who are baptized are in earnest, and will do what they can; but they are poor, very poor. Who will help build a church in the wilderness? How many times have I heard the remark from sectarians—"Oh yes, you can find Episcopalians in the cities, among fashionable people, but they never go into the country; they never go out among the poor." Believing that the Catholic Church is for all people, I have planted the banner of the Cross, and propose, by God's help, to show that the Church can do her Master's work in the country as well as in the city.

We want a place in which to worship. Who will help to build it?

To every one who can give, whether it be fifty dollars or five cents, this is a call of God!

All donations should be sent to Rt. Rev. C. T. Quintard, D. D., Sewanee, Tenn.

P. S. Articles of Church furniture would be acceptable, and may be sent to—Mission of St. Alban the Martyr, care of Rev. J. B. Harrison, Nashville, Tenn.

## New Mexico and Arizona.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

Our recently appointed Bishop of New Mexico and Arizona is likely to encounter a fresh obstacle to the planting of the Church in these new Territories. According to statements made in the Utah papers, large numbers of Mormons are leaving that Territory for Arizona. Utah, it seems, has become too small to accommodate this rapidly increasing family of "Saints," and they are seeking homes elsewhere. Seeing Arizona comparatively unoccupied, they have turned their steps towards this vast country, taking with them their peculiar and objectionable institutions. No time should be lost in consecrating our new Bishop, and sending him out properly equipped, to plant the Church firmly in this important field. As the railroad advances, emigration increases; and, with this human tide, should go the Gospel of Christ. A money-seeking population, in a new country, is a hard field for a missionary; but Mormonism is still worse. Enough time has already been lost in carrying the Church into Arizona. Let there be no more delay.

F.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 18.

[Before this shall have reached the eye of our correspondent, he shall probably have learned that the Bishop-elect of New Mexico and Arizona has been consecrated, and has left for the scene of his future Episcopal labors.—ED.]

Memorandum.—To have no quarrel with any one but myself.

## The New York Pulpit.

The Fatherhood of God.

A Sermon preached by the Rev. W. W. Williams, D. D., Rector of St. George's Church, New York. Reported for the Living Church.

"If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven, give good things to them that ask Him."—Matt. vii: 11.

The introduction of the sermon called attention to the fact that Christ's words have special reference to prayer; that the ground of prayer is our need; the encouragement to pray, God's fatherly love and goodness; and that He appeals to our hearts because we have the feelings of a father implanted within us. As we feel and act towards our children, God feels and acts towards us; and if we would know how ready God is to grant us good things, our Lord says, Look into your own hearts and see how you feel towards your child. The father in us reflects the Father in heaven; but the immeasurable difference between the two, is that of the perfect and infinite nature of the One above, and the frail and sinful nature of the father below. Man's capacity is the measure of his fatherhood; he is frail, and therefore limited in the reach of his power; he is deficient both in consideration and in love. God's fatherhood is like Himself, perfect and infinite in love and loving, inconceivable and exhaustless.

Such is our Lord's teaching upon the greatest and most important of all subjects, viz.: *Who and what is God?* He is the Author of our being, ordained our lot, ordered every event in our lives; and as we are under His absolute control, and in His hands is our eternal destiny, how solemn to know what God is and how He regards us. And yet, to our frail minds, how difficult it is to form any idea of what God is. He is the Almighty One, the Creator of the ends of the earth, the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity; the Ruler and King of the Heavenly hosts; and yet, these attributes convey very little that we can comprehend. But when His Revealer appeals to our hearts, and tells us God feels towards us as a father, and stands in this near and intimate relation to us, we have something we can comprehend, which has its root in human experience; and therefore best interprets for us the Divine pity and goodness and love.

In following out the lessons this truth has for us, the Reverend Doctor made prominent the fact that, fallen as our nature is, and despoiled of its godliness and beauty, yet one feeling or impulse of the heart has escaped the shock, and ruin that sin has caused. Nothing so repels us as a man without natural affection, one out of whose bosom all love and pity have died out, and who can regard the cries and helplessness of his children with indifference.

Bad, fallen as our nature is, the father in us is not easily extinguished. A man may go to all lengths in wickedness, he may lose all sense of shame, and be guilty of high-handed crime; and though out of him has died nearly every noble, generous, pure and holy feeling; one still survives, one affection lingers yet in the hardened, blackened soul—the father in him has not perished; and though about to die on the scaffold, the thought of parting from his children will move and pain him as nothing else will. The manner in which fallen and sinful man gladly gives good things to his children, was impressively emphasized and amplified.

The sermon also depicted paternal love as the source and spring of nearly all the work that is done in the world. To give good gifts to his children the father toils, struggles, endures hardships and makes sacrifices. For this purpose the merchant freights his ship for distant climes; and the common laborer goes forth to his work until the evening. The pale-faced operative, and the hands in the factory, and the sewing woman who stitches in some crowded alley for a pittance that will hardly bring bread, face disappointment, and struggle on to give good gifts to their children. The loving father toils for a life-time to provide for the present and future comfort of his children; and to this fatherly affection Christ makes His appeal, to incite our confidence in the loving fatherhood of God. If you feel deep and intense solicitude for your children, know that God feels toward you just like the most loving and affectionate father; and this is the picture of the Great Father, who is better than the best of earthly fathers, wiser than the wisest, and tenderer than the tenderest. All that fatherhood means for us, God takes unto Himself according to the measure of His being. Our finite minds cannot grasp God's greatness and glory; but this simple truth of fatherhood places Him before us in a way we can in some measure comprehend. Knowing what this is, we have something to interpret Him to our hearts. He is the Father of our spirits, and being pitiful and of tender mercy, not willing that any should perish.

While the best and noblest and tenderest of human feelings pictures God's relation to us; yet this falls below the real truth. Such a feeling does not fully represent it; for all the depth and strength and tenderness of a human love comes far short of God's love. Christ sets before us the loveliness of this human affection, and instead of saying, This is the measure of God's feeling,

He says, It is all this and more than this. "How much more shall your Father in Heaven," etc. He seems to say, If you could climb up that distance which separates God from man, see God as He is, know the Almighty to perfection, then could we understand "how much more" the Heavenly Father excels the earthly, and find fresh cause for adoration and praise.

The Rev. Doctor pointed out one or two points of difference to aid us to see the strength of the contrast which our Lord declares. We being evil, give good gifts to our children; and no man, unless he were a monster, if his son asked bread would give him a stone, or if he asked a fish would give him a serpent. And yet, sometimes in our ignorance, we do this. Our fond indulgence often begets faults of character; our sternness sometimes embitters and sours a child's nature; our management is not always wise and consistent; our own infirmities and temper sometimes mar and neutralise our precept and example; our good things, which we have toiled to lay up, cause unspeakable harm and sorrow in the future lives of our children. Thus, though we would bless and help them, through our own frailty, and weakness, and blindness, we do give them stones for bread, serpents for fishes.

The sermon showed how the wealth which some fathers hardly toiled for, and generously handed down to sons, who saw in it, not an instrument for noble doing and wide beneficence, but a means for low self-indulgence, and idleness and luxury; really debases them, so that the character gets impoverished by the abundance of the things it possesseth, and the fortune which was to enrich proves a hindrance and a snare to the child. But our Father in heaven is not like earthly fathers in this respect; there are no mistakes in His methods, no caprices in His training; He never shrinks in weakness from inflicting pain, nor is in doubts as to the discipline a child needs. He sees the end from the beginning, and knows what will be for our good. He has the plan of each life before Him, and can adjust each changing event or circumstance to fulfil His purpose. He loves us with more than a father's love, and has a matchless patience as far above theirs as the heavens are above the earth.

Having alluded to the complicated and combined sorrows of some, who, through believing that behind all this paternal discipline there is a loving purpose, under most painful trial can look up and confidently say: "My Father," the preacher pointed out another contrast between human and Divine fatherhood. For did we know what good things to give, yet how deficient we are in power! How limited in ability! How scanty in means! We may care for and watch over our children while under our eyes, and within the shelter of our homes; but when the son goes out from the household into the school of life, and meets the assaults of evil alone, and faces the temptations of the world single-handed, how powerless we feel! how unable we are to stretch out the helping hand, to stay his strength in the hour of weakness! All our anxious hearts can do is to pray for him, and commit him into God's hands, and beseech Him to keep our child in the evil day.

How often, when our children most need our help, we can do nothing for them! The case told us in the Gospel for the day, of the ruler's little daughter, is a case in point. He was a ruler, a man of position and influence and wealth, and the child lay a dying. "What could he do, but turn his back upon the house where was the darkened room, and the little bed, and the white-faced child upon the pillow, and the cold lips laboring with the rapid breath"—turn his back upon all this, because he could do nothing, and hasten along the lake-side to find Jesus, and put up the touching appeal, "Lord, come down, ere my child die."

And how often is this scene repeated in our homes—a love that would gladly do anything, but can do nothing; dreading an evil it cannot delay. But God's fatherhood is above all such restraints. He is not only willing, but able to save to the uttermost. There are no forces beyond His control, no circumstances so desperate that He cannot open up a way of escape. In the day of trial He is able to deliver us; and in the fiery furnace the flames shall not consume; for He is a very present help in every time of trouble. We can never travel beyond the reach of His watchful eye, or get too far from the help of His loving care; and this adds immeasurably to the excellence of His Fatherly goodness.

The hearers were tenderly urged to try to gather up some of these fragments of the Divine Fatherhood, and to bind in them all the love, and tenderness, and depth of the best earthly father's love, and to remember it is as much more as God is infinitely better, and higher; and, adding to this sleepless care, infinite patience, and almighty power, we have some faint picture of what our Father in heaven is, and the willingness with which He gives good things to them that ask Him. Special attention was called to the fact that our Lord does not say "to His children"—lest some might conclude they are not His children—but "to them that ask Him." As his giving is as boundless as our petitions, such a Being we should love, adore, and serve, with gladness and singleness of heart.

The sermon was closed by an allusion to the fact that God's Fatherhood is placed before us in a Sacrament which is a visible memorial and expression of His love; and carries us back to the time when God tabernacled among men, took upon Him the form of a servant, and was formed in fashion as a man; and so loved us as to become a curse for us, and poured out His soul unto death; and so He makes this appeal to us: "If God spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all, shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" Here is a love that has gone to the uttermost. God's Son has died for you, He now is pleading for you on His throne in the heavens. By all this does God seek to awaken

in us a filial spirit, and have us take our place of privilege and blessedness as the sons of God and heirs to an inheritance which is undefiled and fadeeth not away.

Are we afraid to claim such nearness? Does sin make us hold back our confidence, and cause us to be afraid of such an acceptance at His hands? This, then, is God's answer: "If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" Therefore, take the word "Father," cling to it, rest upon it, live in it; and you shall soon be able from your heart to say: "My Father, Thou art the Guide of my life."

A Divine Sculpture.

REV. R. W. LOWRIE.

Written for the Living Church.

"In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care,  
Each minute and unseemly part:  
For, the gods see everywhere."

Though Phidias knew that, placed in the high pediments of the Parthenon, those portions of his statues that were turned to the wall would, in all probability, never be seen by human eye, he finished those parts with as much care and fidelity as those upon which the critical Greek eye would rest every day. For two thousand three hundred years, they were not seen by human eyes. When taken down, the details were found to be perfect on every side of the figures; no more care has been expended on these portions that were to be in full sight, than those that were to be entirely concealed.

Think of the conscientious fidelity of the classic Sculptor! shall not he be equally faithful who carves for Eternity? If, in the formation of the statue, if in the cutting of a mere column, order, proportion, symmetry, attention to the requirements of art, be required, in how infinitely greater degree, is faithfulness in small things demanded, in the working out of that imperishable something that we carry with us into the eternal life. We talk of the "deathless marble." Yet, all along the shores of the blue Egean, and by the red waters of the Nile, and by the banks of the yellow Tiber, our figure of speech is disproved. Marble is not deathless; but character is.

1. "Characters in History," says Mrs. Jameson, "move before us like a procession of figures in basso-relievo; we see one side only—that which the artist has chosen to exhibit to us, the rest is sunk in the block. The same characters in Shakespeare are like the statues cut out of the block, fashioned, finished, tangible in every part. We may consider them under every aspect; examine them, on every side."

In the sight of our fellow-men, we are mere bas-reliefs, figures that have been cut but partly out of the marble. But one side of our character is presented to the eye; and that, the side which we have chosen to expose; the remainder of self we keep hidden. But we have no such refuge from the eye of God. To Him, we are figures cut entirely out of the marble. He knows our whole character. His eye sees us as we are.

On the frieze of the Parthenon, Phidias carved the Pan-Athenaic procession; and there it stands to-day, the marvel of the centuries, two thousand three hundred years. But what is that, compared with the Pan-Cosmic procession of human acts and events with which the chisel of Time, the greatest of Sculptors, is filling the friezes of the Temple of Character—that Temple which shall outlive dynasties and civilizations and time itself.

2. In the lowest story of the famous Campanile, at Florence, is a statue by Donatello—the Zuccone—a statue which the artist, when he had finished it, so life-like was it in his eyes, called on to speak to him. "Parla," said he, to it. I have often thought of this appeal of the artist to his marble creation; and applied it to Christian things. The Christian man is the work of a Divine Artist. God who has wrought so great things for his soul, has the right to expect that His workmanship shall speak forth, and live and act forth, His praise and glory. "As the wax has line for line from the seal," says Philip Henry, "the child, limb for limb, and feature for feature, from the father, so holiness in us is from the Lord Jesus Christ." And to "speak" Christ to others; to reflect Him in all things; to be "miniature Christs" this hath He a right to expect from us.

I have said that there need not be sameness in the chiselling out of the beautiful Corinthian pillar of holy character. Each of the original Eleven who remained faithful to their discipleship was different, in trait of mind, in development of character, in religious individuality, from every other. And so, to-day. The Kaleidoscope cannot cast more varying forms of beauty, than godliness may assume, and be, in itself, the very beauty of holiness. But to my mind, the loveliest type of the religious life is that which has its normal beginning; grows healthfully all the while, and reaches maturity in due season. I would compare it to a river. As the river is fed by tributary streams, so is it, by the rivulets of grace that flow in to it on every side. As the river, wandering along, pays its tribute to the clouds, through the quiet, easy, natural process of evaporation, so does it render a tribute of love and adoration to heaven, as quietly, as naturally and as unobtrusive. As the river quietly irrigates the territory through which it passes, so does it bless that portion of human society through which it passes; and this, unostentatiously, and as of course. And—finally—as the river peacefully drops into the bosom of the ocean, so it, resignedly, into the bosom of God's boundless mercy and love, at the last. He who lives such a life will take no pains to appear over-religious, having noticed that they who affect to be so, are not infrequently, under-religious both at heart and in life. Without studied gravity of mien, he lives such as men

about him do, who are men of godliness. Although with deep religious feeling, he may have none of the gusts of emotion which at times sweep over other men. He moderates his zeal, in order to prolong it. He recognizes that man is a creature of habit, as well as of feeling. He strives for the attainment of a quiet godliness and a godly quietness, of life and deportment. He is serious, without being melancholy; and indulging in timely mirth, avoids an unseemly levity. He uses all legitimate pleasures, believing that they would not have been bestowed by a loving Father had they not been intended for moderate enjoyment. In all things, he endeavors to let his moderation be known into all men. In fine, he strives to exhibit a Charity that shall be without ostentation; a sobriety that shall be without austerity; a humility that shall be without virtual pomposity; a zeal that shall be without parade; and a piety that shall be destitute of the least stain of cant.

3. It is a fact that Christians are a suspected class. The eye of the world is on them. Specks that would not be seen on the lives of others, are detected in a moment on theirs; and, by the lens of distrust and suspicion, greatly magnified. Now, there is no better way of meeting a suspicion than by living it down. Objections that cannot be answered by arguments, can be answered by lives. Nor is there—as I have said—any one test of personal piety; any one standard of godly character. But, to be godly; to do righteously; to fear God and love man; to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us; to put our feet, so far as in us lies, in the bleeding footsteps of Him who has trodden the mountain-side before us—here is the bounden duty of all, the sine qua non of character that shall prove "gold and silver," and not "wood and stubble," in that day.

4. I have spoken of Character in these words: "it is ourselves." I have no sympathy with the holiday Christian. Godliness is an every day thing; of every day material; for every day use. Gems that are brought out only on coronation days may be real; but they may be as false, too, as the glass baubles that caused the Papal Tiara, on one memorable occasion in the life-time of Pius VII. to eclipse the diamonds of royalty itself; and it is not uncharitable to say, that the probabilities are against and not in favor of the mere occasional Christian. Character is ourselves. The daily life shall mirror it. It is part and parcel of our identity. It is like this: If you go into an art gallery, you may see a piece of statuary representing a veiled face. The skillful chisel of the artist has done its work to perfection. At a distance, the beautiful, thin, gauzy, veil will hardly be taken for marble; and it seems to be something that has been laid over the figure; put on. A closer inspection, however, shows that no hypocrisy is here; that is a part of the very figure itself. I know nothing that so beautifully illustrates godly character, which is not something assumed,—but is simply ourselves.

A Grand Effort.

Correspondent of the Living Church.

McLEANSBORO, ILL., Nov. 19, 1880.

In your issue of the 11th inst., I find, under the heading of "Church Work and Growth," a short notice from your Springfield correspondent, of the establishment of a new Mission at this place; and, presuming that all lovers of our Holy Church would be interested in any movement of the kind, I thought I would give you a short history of the movement here, and of the success which, under God, has attended our efforts thus far, in the hope that our example may cheer the heart of the faithful everywhere to renewed exertion in the cause of our Blessed Master.

A faithful few of us have lived here for a number of years, with no hope of being able to establish the Church, there being in all only seven communicants, one male and six females. The nearest Services to us were at Mt. Vernon, Jefferson County, and were held only once in each month, by the Rev. W. M. Steel, of Centralia. Some time during the latter part of February, a kind friend at Mt. Vernon sent an invitation to my wife to visit her, and meet Bishop Seymour, who would be there for the purpose of administering Confirmation. The same kind friend intimated that the Bishop might be induced to send the Rev. Mr. Steel to hold Services for us also, once in each month. Our noble Bishop, however, was not satisfied with this, and proposed, instead, that the two towns of Mt. Vernon and McLeansboro, between them, should guarantee as much as possible towards the salary of a Rector, he himself agreeing to supply the deficiency out of the missionary fund.

A meeting was called; and, the requisite amount having been subscribed, the Bishop was duly notified. While awaiting his action, a choir was organized, and a small supply of Prayer Books and Hymnals procured. Mr. J. M. Shoemaker kindly tendered us the gratuitous use of his Public Hall for our Services; and thus we were, in a small measure, prepared for the advent of our beloved Rector—the Rev. I. N. W. Irvine, formerly of St. James' Church, Long Island, N. Y.

Our first Service was in April; and, after the next one, we unanimously resolved to build a church of our own. A subscription-list, generously headed by our only male communicant—Mr. Wm. Rickards—was circulated; and, so generous was the response, that, on the 19th of August, Bishop Seymour was called upon to lay the corner-stone of St. James' Church, in this place, and also to administer the rite of Confirmation to three men, one of whom was the writer. This was done in the open air, on the church lot, after the laying of the corner-stone; and the writer, for one, will never forget the eloquent words of Bishop Seymour on that occasion.

Our church site (60 by 180 feet) was generously donated to us by Mr. Charles Heard, one of our

oldest and most enterprising citizens. We are building a substantial church of stone and brick, in the Gothic style, with recess-chancel and a tower. We have also a basement large enough for a furnace, and fuel wherewith to heat the church.

Now, so far, with the exception of the missionary stipend, we have asked no aid from any one outside of our own town; and, while God has blessed our efforts, and our own citizens have generously responded to our appeals, we still find ourselves short of funds to complete our church. With your kind permission, therefore, we would call upon faithful Christian people, everywhere, to aid us in carrying out this glorious Work. Should any of Christ's faithful followers see fit to help us, their donations may be forwarded direct to our Rector, Rev. I. N. W. Irvine, McLeansboro, Ill. We thank God for success in the past, and trust in Him for what the future will bring with it.

SAMUEL J. PAKE.

Another Letter from Canada.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

OTTAWA, Canada, Nov. 20th, 1880.

In my correspondence, which appeared in the LIVING CHURCH a few months ago, your readers will remember that I refuted a number of misstatements made by Mr. Gallagher, of the so-called "R. E. Church," concerning the progress it had made here and throughout the Dominion. I have now to request that you will permit me once more to bring under the notice of our friends, a number of other mistakes in the same epistle, not touched upon by me before, for the reason that I was assured that Mr. Gallagher was coming to Ottawa to take temporary charge of the congregation, when I could have a personal interview with him. Mr. Gallagher did come, but in spite of all my appeals to him as an honest man, and a preacher of the Gospel, I failed to move him to perform a duty which, it would seem, no man of honor could refuse to perform. I asked him, now that he was in Ottawa, to see for himself, and after he had fully convinced himself that his statements had no foundation in fact, to send his experience to the Appeal, the paper through which he had deceived the members of the R. E. Communion, and thereby undo the great wrong he had perpetrated upon them. Finding that all I said made no perceptible impression on him, I had no other recourse but to denounce his course in the presence of a friend, as unprincipled.

"The way of the transgressor is hard." He must have felt deeply humiliated at the reception he got this time, contrasted with that given him six years ago, when he came to harangue in the interests of the R. E. C. The most influential and wealthy of Ottawa's citizens extended him their congratulations, then; now, not one of them recognizes him. Even the congregation which he boastingly declared he had planted, then numbering over two hundred and fifty members, now reduced to six dozen; the remainder having gone back to the old Church, and to the various denominations which they left when they found out that the R. E. was not what its declaration of principles professed, but a mixture of all denominations, in which our beloved old Church is scarcely visible, gave him practical proof that they had more than enough of Mr. Gallagher and his R. E. movement. During the six Sundays he officiated here, the largest congregation that he could draw, in spite of all his advertising in the newspapers, was four dozen and a half out of the six dozen. The congregation on the first Sunday he preached numbered three dozen; and some of them openly declared that they would never go again to the church while he remained. Two families severed their connection with the congregation while he was here.

Having given your readers this brief sketch of Mr. Gallagher's doings during his late temporary sojourn in this city, I will proceed to direct their attention, as briefly as possible, to that sentence in Mr. Gallagher's epistle, where he says: "We have a mission in Ottawa served by a clergyman formerly of the Established Church." In this sentence there are no less than three mis-statements. Mr. Gallagher should have known, when he penned it, that he and the R. E. had no mission in Ottawa, for it ceased to exist a full month before he wrote. He also should have known that when it did cease, the gentleman who conducted it was not a clergyman, but the Deputy Commissioner of customs (now Commissioner) in the Civil Service of the Dominion; and that it had no more to do with the R. E. than Mr. Gallagher had to do with the planting of the Church at Ephesus. It comprised two dozen persons from almost all the denominations in the city, but chiefly from the Episcopal Church. In justice to the gentleman, I may say that he never once pretended that it had any connection whatever with the R. E. body. He was not formerly of the Established Church. When the R. E. congregation was organized in Ottawa, and for more than a quarter of a century previously, he was a member of the Methodist Society. At a social giving on the former occasion of Mr. Gallagher's leaving, when he was presented with a walking stick, this gentleman was one of the speakers, and while expressing his sympathy with the movement, declared that he was born in the Established Church. I may here remark, that this gentleman's closest connection with the congregation lies in the fact of his being liable for the largest amount of any of the Bondsman. With the exception of himself and two others, all the Bondsman have severed their connection and gone back to the old Church. These six gentlemen were the most prominent members of Mr. Gallagher's first Vestry, and were in the employ of the government.

I have thus given the readers of the LIVING CHURCH the same plain history of this movement that I gave to its own organs, the

Appeal and Episcopal Recorder, months before I severed my own connection with it; but, acting on the principle that "they that do evil hate the light, neither come to the light lest their deeds should be reproved," they would not publish it.

Now, as for Dr. Wilson, the newly-fledged Bishop, whose diocese consists of nine congregations (so called) with an average of twenty-five members at present, but likely to fall much lower very soon; since he came in charge, every scheme that could be conceived to stop the decreasing tide, has been resorted to; but, like his efforts to allure members of other congregations to join the one which he endeavored to raise in Montreal, has proved a dead failure. He has just completed his second month, as preacher; the decrease in the congregation during that period is significant. Four prominent members have stopped their contributions to the building fund, while two have left the congregation. With these, an influential private family has left and gone back to the old Church congregation which it had left. The result to the congregation, financially, is a loss of five hundred dollars to the building-fund, and one hundred to the revenue. I may here state, that the great objection which the Church people, who belong to the congregation, have to the "Doctor," is that, being a Methodist Preacher all his life, and never having received Ordination in either the Church of England or American Church, they cannot recognize his acts as valid.

ROBERT QUAILLÉ.

Church Life and Growth in Michigan.

From our Michigan Correspondent.

Some sixteen miles below Detroit, in the Detroit river, is a beautiful island, about a mile in width, and several miles in length, bearing the simple old French name of "Grosse Ile." It is high, well-drained, and well wooded; full of pretty drives, and covered with attractive country homes. A number of prominent Detroit families own country residences on Grosse Ile. A considerable addition to the population of the island was recently made by the building of a railway bridge at this point for the crossing of the Canada Southern Railway. On the American bank of the Detroit river, close by, lies the town of Trenton; and on the Canadian side is Amherstburg. For many years, Grosse Ile has two Churches, St. John's on the west side, and St. James's, on the east. The latter is a handsome wooden church of Lloyd's designing, and was considered, until quite recently, almost private property; for the wealthy and influential family of the Biddles had provided most of the funds for building the church, and also owned the ground on which it stood. Within a year or two, St. James's has developed considerable activity. A good Sunday-School has been organized, the envelope system of offerings has been successfully introduced, and Church Services have been regularly maintained. The congregation is now self-supporting, although not yet organized as a parish. The minister in charge is the Rev. Prof. Owen, whose home is at Lapeer. The warden is Mr. Wm. S. Biddle, who has always been an active and generous member of the congregation. Within a fortnight, the fine property of St. James's has been deeded to the Church Association of Michigan; and people's minds have thus been set at rest, as to whether St. James's was a Church for the benefit of the entire community, or a private Chapel, maintained by and for a single family.

The Bishop of Michigan has begun a series of four or five sermons on Faith, and its relation to the Worldliness of Unbelief. The sermons are preached on Sunday mornings, at St. Paul's Church, Detroit. A large congregation was assembled to hear the first sermon of the series on Sunday, Nov. 14.

There is a congregation in the diocese of Michigan, whose singing is accompanied by a cornet. It is St. John's, Howell, which thus distinguishes itself. The cornetist is an amateur player, a Mr. Wright; and his playing is highly praised by the local press. The congregation recently showed its appreciation of Mr. Wright's work, by presenting him with an Easy-Chair. The same congregation has a treasurer who deserves thanks from the Church. Five years ago, the writer was informed by a clergyman who had investigated Church affairs at Howell, that the Church was dead there; and so dead, that people were resolved that it should never live again. There was a little church-furniture in somebody's hands, and also a fund of some three hundred dollars in cash, for a rectory or church, but there was no likelihood of anything being saved from the wreck of the Howell parish. It appears, however, that the fund was in safe hands. A local banker, Mr. Milo Gay, was treasurer of the parish. During the years in which the Mission was dormant, Mr. Gay kept the money on interest. The increase liquidated a little parish debt which Mr. Gay had paid. When Howell again had a resident Clergyman the treasurer handed over the fund; and it was invested in a fine site for the brick church now nearly finished. Soon, the faithful Church people of Howell will have the happiness of seeing the new church consecrated, and the parish well established. The old church furniture has, for the most part, disappeared.

The Trowbridge memorial Chapel at St. Luke's Hospital, Detroit, is approaching completion. It is, architecturally considered, a gem, well worthy of the esteemed donor, and creditable to the architect, Lloyd, of Detroit. It does not, as at first intended, adjoin the main building; for the fine site of St. Luke's is large enough to admit of considerable extensions to the present building; and, in locating the Chapel, these future enlargements were taken into account. Eventually the Chapel will connect with the other buildings, as heretofore announced.



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S. Philip and Samaria.

To say of the Church that it is the Church of a class in society, is to utter the severest criticism possible. If it is founded in fact, it is of little avail to hang our heads in shame unless we also seek to relieve the Church from the dreadful imputation. We must renounce the ambition, if it is ours, to minister only to the respectable and the cultivated and the wealthy. We must cultivate the spirit of St. Philip who (Acts viii. 5.) "went down to the city of Samaria and preached Christ unto them."

And this is the genius of our holy religion. It inspires the breast with a fervent evangelism which leads men to go down—down to the lowly and despised—down to the outcasts of society—down to those needy souls who will not come to us—down with the cup of cold water and the word of love and sympathy to the suffering children of poverty and irreligion! And the Church is beginning to feel more profoundly that her mission is not to spread banquets for clusters of privileged saints gathered in splendid temples, but to go out with Christ-like zeal and invite the masses to come and partake of the bread which nourisheth unto everlasting life.

Brief Mention.

A prayer for the cessation of disturbances in Ireland, has been set forth by Archbishop Trench.—The late Chief Justice Cockburn, of England, was buried last Friday, the courts suspending their sessions as a tribute of respect.—The Roman Archbishop of Chicago, late bishop of Nashville, Dr. P. A. Feehan, was received by his adherents on Thanksgiving day. He is said to be a man of learning and ability.—At the Boston Monday Lectures, which begin Dec. 6, Bishop Clark of Rhode Island will speak upon the Seen and the Unseen, and Dr. John Cotton Smith will discuss the subject of The Theistic Basis of Evolution.—The world moves and the Church moves! In a capital editorial on True Progress, the Churchman says: "In effect, from that day forth (Dr. Muhlenberg's day) the Catholic School of Churchmen succeeded the old High Church party as leaders of work and progress."

Knox-Little in Chicago.

The past week will be memorable in the Church life of our city, for the presence and ministrations of the great English Missioner, who has been the guest of the Rector of St. James', Mr. Courtney. We have, in previous numbers of the LIVING CHURCH, given our readers a description of this wonderful preacher and devoted priest, and we can here only sketch the bare outline of his work among us. His first sermon was preached in St. James Church last Sunday morning, from the text, "Our Conversation is in Heaven." He dwelt with fervor and eloquence upon the privilege, power, and responsibility of our heavenly citizenship, bringing it forward as a great thought for this solemn Advent season. In the afternoon he preached at the Cathedral, and again in the evening at St. James'. Large congregations gathered at every service, and the intense earnestness of the preacher riveted the attention of all hearers. At the Cathedral the subject was, "The Pursuit of Goodness the best Preservation against Harm." In the evening, "The Crown of Life the Reward of Faithfulness unto Death."

With the abundant facilities that are now offered by publishers, for the preparation of Sunday school lessons, it seems hardly worth while for the LIVING CHURCH to devote so much of its space to that department.

The Church Messenger, N. C., will please accept our thanks for the following: "We congratulate our highly valued contemporary, the LIVING CHURCH, on the recent anniversary of its birthday. We do not know that we could say much more than that it well deserves its name. We wish for it much increase and a long continuance. It declares its determination to double its subscription list during the present year; and we heartily hope it may; for we believe that where it extends its influence the Church will grow in life and truth. We look upon it as the best Church paper in the United States, especially in the departments of news and editorial." Bishop McLaren has appointed Friday, Dec. 10, for laying the Corner-stone of the new Church in Austin. The structure is already under roof, and the stone is to be laid at the corner of the projected tower. Clergy are invited to bring surplices, and it is hoped many friends will attend from the city. Trains leave, on the C. & N. W. road, at 12, noon; Service at 12:30; return train at 1:20.

Church Matters in Maryland.

On looking over the columns of the LIVING CHURCH, of Nov. 18th, I noticed two items, which, when placed side by side, certainly set forth, in some measure, the want of an Appellate Court in the Church. Let me bring them together, and then ask your readers if, under the present state of things, a clergyman may not be condemned, for doing—in Virginia—that, which in Western New York, is pronounced by ecclesiastical authority, to be his bounden duty. Bishop Whittle, in a letter to one of his clergy in regard to the use of the Credo Table, says, "There is no such thing mentioned, or referred to in the remotest degree in our Prayer Book." (Is the Black gown mentioned or referred to in the Book?) "Nothing of the kind is to be found in any of our colonial churches, built, some of them, in the 17th century. Nobody ever saw or heard of one in Virginia, twenty, or perhaps, ten years ago. It is therefore a new and strange thing in the diocese, and I positively forbid the introduction of such a useless and unmeaning novelty into St. John's Church, King George C. H." Have we a Pope among our Bishops? Now let us look at the other side of the question. Bishop Cox says, "The Credo is an almost necessary appendage to the Altar if the rubric is to be obeyed. If there be no Credo, somebody should bring the elements from the sacristy, at the proper time, to be placed and offered on the Holy Table, after the alms are presented. They have no right to be there before that moment." Truly when doctors (of Divinity) differ, who shall decide? Bishop Pinkney is again hard at work, now that the duties of the General Convention are over. He is at present engaged in the visitation of the parishes in Charles County; and, as is usual with him, is unsparing of himself in his labors. The Rev. Frederick Swentzel, M. D., who died recently, was the father of the Rev. H. C. Swentzel, Rector of Trinity Church, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. He was for many years a minister of the Methodist denomination; and it was not until after his son's Ordination to the priesthood in the Church, that he was led to examine carefully her doctrines and discipline, and her claims to be regarded as a true and living branch of the Holy Catholic Church. The result of his investigations was his entrance into the Church, and his becoming a candidate for Holy Orders in this diocese. His work in the Church was ready for him, for he had accepted an invitation to take charge of Grace Memorial Church, Darlington, Hartford County, immediately after receiving Deacon's Orders. But the Master called him away from earthly trials, to the rest of Paradise. His remains were brought to this city, and the funeral services were held in St. Barnabas' Church; the Rector, the Rev. A. P. Stryker officiating, assisted by the Rev. D. Leeds, of Grace Church, and Rev. H. C. Swentzel, his son. May he rest in peace! Several of our Right Reverend Fathers have passed through this city on their way from General Convention. Bishop Burgess, of Quincy, preached in Mount Calvary Church, and Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, with his accustomed fearlessness, delivered four Addresses in as many Churches, on a single Sunday. The people of Grace, St. Luke's, Ascension, and Emmanuel Churches, were in turn moved by his earnest eloquence, as he pleaded in behalf of that persecuted and down-trodden people, whose temporal and spiritual welfare are so dear to his great and noble heart. I mean, of course, the Indians. The Rev. Mr. Perry, the Priest in charge of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, for colored people, has arranged for a series of special services on Tuesday evenings, during the season of Advent. His plan is, to have two Addresses at each Service, from different members of the city clergy, with a collect and hymn before each Address. The subjects selected for the first Tuesday in Advent are—Private Prayer, and Public Prayer; and the Priests who have been invited to deliver them, are—the Rev. Dr. Hammond, of St. George's Church, and the Rev. Mr. Gibson, Assistant of St. Luke's Church. P. QUINCY.—The Bishop requests such of the Clergy of the Diocese as can be present, to meet at the Redeemer's Church, Princeton, on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 6 and 7. Services in the interest of the Diocese, and in response to resolutions of the Convention, will be held. On Monday evening, services and a sermon, followed by addresses. On Tuesday morning, the Holy Communion, with an essay or address; afternoon, discussion upon Cultivation of a Devotional Spirit; evening, addresses on Diocesan Missions.—1. Their Need; 2. Our Heart in them; 3. Our Present duty respecting them. All the Clergy are expected to participate in the services and addresses. The Bishop warmly invites clergy from other parts of the Province, and from more distant Dioceses, to attend the Services. A meeting of the Diocesan Board of Missions will be held at Princeton, on Tuesday, Dec. 7, at noon. At the Thanksgiving Day Service in St. Mary's School, the Harvest Home Music, arranged by the Rev. Chas. L. Hutchins, was used to the great satisfaction of all. The various selections were used in connection with the regular service of the Prayer Book, with fine effect. St. Mary's keeps full to overflowing and is in need of more room. SOUTHERN OHIO.—The event in the Diocese last month was the semi-centennial at Dayton. It may not be generally known that here is one of the strongest parishes and largest church buildings in the Diocese. The Rev. J. T. Webster became Rector less than a year ago, and has proved to be the right man in the right place. There was, at one time, a debt on the church building amounting to eighteen thousand dollars, if we are not mistaken. During the preceding and present rectorship, this has been reduced to \$6,500; and its reduction to \$3,000, on next Easter Day is confidently expected. The program for the semi-centennial celebration was well laid out and carried through.—Church Chronicle.

**The Late Reverend Peter Arvedson.**

It is with unfeigned sorrow for all those whom he has left behind him, and who so well know his worth, that we are called upon to record the death of that most devoted missionary, the Rev. Peter Arvedson, of Algonquin, in this diocese. Our reverend brother had been suffering for some time past from great prostration of strength, and passed away at the last, on Monday evening, the 22d inst. Concerning this good man and earnest priest, with what assured hope can we use the inspired words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

The funeral took place on Thursday, the 25th inst., in St. John's Church, Algonquin, Bishop McLaren and the Rev. John Hedman officiating. The last mentioned clergyman, who is curate in charge of St. Ansgarius Church, Chicago, at the request of the Bishop, said a Prayer in Swedish, and addressed the congregation in the same language. The Bishop afterwards delivered an address to the large congregation present, which numbered between two and three hundred. Two hymns were sung, which, we learn, were selected for the occasion by the deceased himself: "Sun of my soul, my Saviour dear," and "Jerusalem the Golden." The Committal took place, according to an ancient Scandinavian custom, on a lofty hill, situated on the property of the deceased. He was 58 years of age, at the time of his death.

**MINUTES OF THE NORTH EASTERN DEANERY.**

At a meeting of the clergy of the North Eastern Deanery, held at St. James' Chapel, Chicago, on Monday, Nov. 29th, the Rev. Clinton Locke, Dean, in the chair, it was moved by the Rev. Henry C. Kinney, seconded by Rev. F. Coolbaugh, that a Committee, consisting of the Dean, the Rev. T. N. Morrison, B.D., the Rev. George C. Street, and the Rev. J. H. Knowles, be appointed to draft some expression of the feelings of the clergy present, in regard to the death of the Reverend Peter Arvedson, Rector of Algonquin and Dundee. The Committee presented the following minute, which was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be spread on the minutes of the Deanery, a copy sent to the family of the deceased, and a copy for publication sent to the LIVING CHURCH.

It has pleased the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, to call from the labors of earth to the rest of Paradise, Peter Arvedson, for many years a priest in the Diocese of Illinois. We, his brother priests, desire to put on record our appreciation of his work and character, not only on account of our love and respect for him, but because he was so bright an example of Christian grace, and so true an ambassador of our Lord Jesus Christ.

His character was marked by the most perfect humility, the sweetest gentleness, the most stainless purity. No man among us lived nearer to his God, no man realized more fully that he was a soldier and a servant in the service of his Lord and Saviour. His unselfishness was remarkable. He literally gave all that he had to the great work of bringing souls to Christ. His work was from the beginning one of great difficulty and in a small field, but his missionary spirit was like that of the saints of old. No obstacles daunted him, no oppositions checked him. From the day of his ordination to the day of his death, he was ever seeking some new point for establishing services, ever devising some new way to spread the Catholic Faith.

We mourn the loss the Diocese has sustained, the sorrow his death entails upon his family, but we rejoice in his gain, we glory in the reward which has been granted the faithful soldier. May he rest in peace, and may eternal light shine upon him.

**The Late Rev. Chas. A. Gilbert.**

We noticed, in our last issue, the death, by Yellow Fever, at Key West, Fla., of the Rev. Charles A. Gilbert, formerly of this diocese. Having been ourselves acquainted with him in former years, and well knowing his worth, we gladly find room for a tribute of respect and affection, paid to the memory of our deceased brother, by a former friend and parishioner, now at Seabury Hall, Fairbault. He says that Mr. Gilbert was much beloved and respected in the late scene of his pastoral labors, and that his death is a subject of heartfelt sorrow, not only among those who were his peculiar charge, but by the citizens in general. "In life, as in death," says our correspondent, "it can be said of him, that he was a soldier of the Cross; as true and unwavering in the discharge of his duties as ever was the bravest soldier on the field of battle. In his death, our Church loses one who was an ornament to the Ministry; the city, a noble, true and devoted citizen; and the community at large, a true and trusted friend." He leaves a widow, to mourn his sudden removal from an earthly to a heavenly home.

**The Dale Imprisonment.**

LETTERS FROM DRS. PUSEY AND LIDDON.  
Dr. Pusey, has written to the Choirmaster of St. Vedast, touching the rector's arrest, as follows:

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, NOV. 2, 1880.  
MY DEAR SIR—I thank you for your early information that your pastor, Mr. Dale, has been sent to gaol like an ordinary felon. Although, of course, he will receive whatever courtesy prison rules will allow, at his age (I am told about sixty) I suppose that it may gravely affect his health, if not his life. It will be a blot hereafter upon the administration of English law in this, our nineteenth century, that while our Supreme Court of Appeal has uniformly interpreted the law most rigidly in favor of any one accused of heresy, it has used special pleading to condemn the use of a vestment and any one who should wear it. No Church Court could have pronounced that to act in conformity to a direction contained in the Prayer-Book, which is put into the hands of us, the clergy, as our guide in our ministrations to our people, should be a venal act. No words could be plainer than those prefixed to the order for Morning and Evening Prayer:—"Such ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof, at all times of their ministrations, shall be retained and be in use as were in

this Church of England by the authorities of Parliament in the second year of King Edward VI." No one doubts that the vestment, for wearing which your clergyman has been sent to gaol, was one of those ornaments. English common sense will prevail against the special pleading of lawyers. You are probably aware that a minority of the members of the Privy Council—among them the late Chief Baron Kelly, whose sound judgments were esteemed so highly—did not concur in the judgment for contravening which Mr. Dale has been sent to gaol. It is not law (which all Englishmen respect), but a mis-interpretation of the law, which your clergymen have contravened. But the remedy is in your own hands. If you and the parishioners of the two other parishes whose ministers Lord Penzance speaks of sending to gaol, petition Her Majesty to exercise her prerogative and to restore your clergy (although I, who am not acquainted with any who have access to Her Majesty, have no right to form any opinion), I could scarcely doubt that Her Majesty would graciously listen to a request so reasonable. I write this as not belonging to those who are called Ritualists. I may, therefore, be held impartial when I say that no one of those who are now recognized as having done good service to the Church nearly fifty years ago, in awakening her when half asleep, had the slightest doubt about the meaning of the rubric for obeying which your minister has been sent to gaol.

Yours very faithfully,  
E. B. PUSEY.

The following letter was forwarded by Canon Liddon:

NOVEMBER 1, 1880.  
MY DEAR SIR—On the subject of Mr. Dale's imprisonment, if my sympathies were with the persons who have promoted it, I should regard such an event as a very great misfortune. For, unless all history is to be distrusted, persecution is in the long run much more fatal to the cause of the persecutor than to the cause of the persecuted. Mr. Dale will not forfeit the consideration and affection which his life and character deservedly command on account of an incident which, in all probability, the more farsighted, as well as the more considerate, of his opponents already regard with very great regret. Certainly they have good reason to do so. Once more thanking you for your letter,—I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly,  
H. P. LIDDON.

**Personal.**

—Bishop Seymour and the Rev. E. A. Larrabee of his Diocese, have been in Chicago this week.  
—The Rev. John F. Potter, who recently returned from England, expects to spend the winter at Santa Barbara, California.  
—The Rev. F. B. Chetwood has resigned the position of assistant minister of Christ Church, Elizabeth, N. J., and accepted an appointment by the trustees of the Clergymen's Retiring Fund Society as an authorized representative of the Society. Address, as heretofore, Elizabeth, N. J.

—THE LIVING CHURCH desires to express thanks to the Rev. Benjamin Hutchins, of Albion, Diocese of Springfield, for rare copies of old papers, saved by him for many years, and rescued from the fire that some years ago destroyed his house and library. We thank God that our aged brother is still spared to offer his prayers and the example of a holy life, for the Church, though hindered by his many years from active duty in the ministry.

**Society for the Increase of the Ministry.**  
Formed 1857; Incorporated 1859.  
Neither partisan nor sectional in its aims or methods; aids Postulants and Candidates for the Ministry; 450 of its scholars are at present in Orders: 75 in New England, 140 in the Middle States, 71 in the Southern States, 132 in the Western States, 24 in Domestic and 7 in Foreign Missionary jurisdictions; asks general contributions, that its appropriations may also be general.  
Rev. ELISHA WHITTELEY, Cor. Sec., Hartford, Conn.

**Deaths.**

LOCKE.—Entered into Life, in Utica, N. Y., Nov. 18, Hobart Gregory, only child of William H. and Annie L. Locke, and grandson of the Rev. Almon Gregory, of Syracuse, aged 1 year, 9 months, and 12 days.

**Notices.**

Ladies' Home Class for study of Scripture and Church History, begins work (D.V.) Advent, 1880. Address Miss I. White, 17 W. 38th St., New York.

A lady who has been well accustomed to house-keeping on a large scale, and has excellent references, desires a position as Matron or House-keeper in a School, Hospital, or Private House. Address "M," at this office.

**An Appeal.**

SANFORD, FLA., Nov. 6th, 1880.  
Dear Brethren—I arrived here yesterday. The destruction of our Church of the Holy Cross by the cyclone of August 29th, is more complete than any account sent me at the North told. There is scarcely any available material left in the ruin with which to rebuild. Sanford is at the head of navigation, on the St. John's River, the depot of supplies for a large extent of country, the terminus of the South Florida Railroad, and without doubt, soon to be the most important town outside of Jacksonville on the St. John's. During the winter it is the home of many invalids from the North. There are few places in the South which so needs the services of the Church, or where its ministrations can be so blessed to comfort and help weary souls. They are poor, but are doing all they can. They cannot rebuild without the aid of their favored brethren. We ask the sympathy, prayers, and help of our Brethren in the North. We refer to the Bishop of Florida and the Bishop of Minnesota. Any contributions sent to the undersigned Missionary, in charge, will be gratefully received and acknowledged.  
LYMAN PHILLIPS.

**A Bed for Incubables.**

Contributions are solicited for the endowment of a bed for incubables in St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago. No hospital receives incubables, except in very rare instances; and the unfortunate people who cannot recover, are often reduced to great suffering for the want of proper care. One bed at least in St. Luke's will be set apart for that class, for which purpose \$3,000 is absolutely necessary; on its being obtained the income of that amount will be used for its support. Any sum will be acceptable, and acknowledgment will be made in this paper. Rev. Clinton Locke requests that all who feel inclined to aid in the good work will inclose their contributions to Miss Olive Lay, 321 Michigan avenue, who has kindly consented to take charge of this fund.

S. S. of St. James Church, Chicago, Ill.....	\$ 22.97
Mrs. R. H. Townsend, Rockford, Ill.....	3.00
Mrs. B. R. Evanston, Ill.....	1.00
A Friend, Chicago.....	10.00
A Convalescent.....	5.00
Little Kittle Hugas, W. Va.....	1.00
A Kind Friend, Chicago.....	1.00
St. Luke's Penny.....	2.73
Previous Contributions.....	\$ 85.90
Total.....	\$2,237.17

MISS OLIVE LAY, Treasurer.

**Grand Avenue Hotel, Milwaukee.**

909 Grand Avenue, C. A. Buttles, Proprietor. Hotel contains 90 rooms, with dining room 40 feet square. New and elegantly furnished, and surrounded by a large lawn. All the home comforts can be had which could be desired by tourists or travellers. Terms \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day, or special rates made by the week or month.

**Nashotah Mission.**

The undersigned, in behalf of Nashotah, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following offerings, during the months of July, August, September, and October, 1880.  
For Daily Bread.—St. Mary's, Cleveland, O., \$4.50; J. B. Perry, 10; Friends in Terre Haute, Ind., 10; St. Michael's, Geneseo, N. Y., 15; Rev. Geo. B. Morgan, 10; Christ Church, Shrewsbury, N. J., 24.25; Incarnation, Washington, D. C., 1; Sunday School Scholars, 1.03; Rev. Dr. Davenport, 25; Rev. Harry Thompson, 25; S. S. St. Paul's, Norwalk, Ct., 11.49; M. Sabine, 10; Mrs. C. M. Wickham, 2; An Old Friend, 5; S. S. St. Mary, Ealedon, N. Y., 1; Miss R. E. Townsend, 4; McKee Swift, 20; L. T. Algonquin, 5; Rev. Gustaf Unonious, 4; Clinton Locke Plant, 5; A trifle from a Friend, 1; Bishop Welles, 20; Mrs. Moore, 120; Grace, Buffalo, W. Y., 30; W. X. 20; St. Mark's, Leroy, per Treas., 7.25; I. S. Monroe, 25; Mrs. C. M. Wickham, 2; S. S. St. Paul's, Norwalk, Ct., 6.29; St. Paul's, Baltimore, 300; S. P. Nash, 5; S. S. S. 1; "For Daily Bread," R. Livingston, 25; Ges. C. Shattuck, 25; A Member of St. Paul's, Mt. Vernon, O., 5; Rev. John W. King, 3.25; Mrs. C. M. Wickham, 2; S. S. St. Paul's, Norwalk, Ct., 8.50; An Old Friend, 5; For Salaries.—James Jenkins, 60. Rev. Dr. Franklin, 18.  
Offerings for Daily Bread (the Tuition and Board of Candidates for Priest's Orders) are solicited.  
A. D. COLA, Priest of the Parish of Nashotah House, Nashotah Mission, Waukesha Co., Wis.

**Christ Church, Hazel Green, Wis.**  
The Rev. G. H. Drewe, missionary in charge, returns his sincerest thanks to the faithful of the Church, by whose kind aid the new Mission Chapel has been built, and solemnly "dedicated" by the Bishop of the Diocese, on St. Matthew's Day last. He is reluctantly compelled to ask for a continuance of their assistance, to enable him to pay off a balance due, for which he is personally responsible, unless our expenses having been urgently required to complete the building. Total sum needed to free the chapel from debt, \$218.50. Contributions will be acknowledged in the LIVING CHURCH.  
Rev. Isaac L. Nicholson, St. Mark's, Phila., \$10.00

TWO ASSISTANTS WANTED.—Priests, thorough Catholic, unmarried, one musical, to work in a flourishing western city, in community under simple rule. Grand chance for work. Address (D. V.) Living Church office.

Kenosha Water Cure, Kenosha, Wis., a quiet, home-like resort for Invalids. Chronic Diseases, Nervous Diseases, Diseases of women. For Circulars, address N. A. Pennoyer, M. D., or E. Pennoyer, Proprietor. References: The Bishop of Minnesota, the Sisters of St. Mary, Kemper Hall, Kenosha.

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Loans negotiated without charge by the Valley City Bank.  
Choice lands are also offered for sale at from \$1.75 to \$12 per acre. Selections made from official survey notes and certified examinations.  
Write for reference and particulars.

HERBERT ROOT,  
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**R. GEISSLER,**  
35 BLEECKER STREET,  
NEW YORK,  
Church Furnisher.  
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Wood and Metal Work.  
Send for Circular.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS.**

Mr. Whittaker begs leave to call attention to his large stock of CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CARDS, containing a complete variety of all the best lines in the market. The prices range from TEN CENTS per package of twelve cards to ONE DOLLAR for a single card. In remitting, state the number of cards wanted, and special care will be taken to forward the best the money warrants. The variety includes:

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Early orders solicited. Postage stamps received for amounts less than ONE DOLLAR.

THOMAS WHITTAKER,  
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An assortment of the finest imported CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CARDS, at 10, 15, 25, 35, 50, 75 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50, and up to \$4.00 per dozen. Elegant Embossed Silver Horse Shoe and Floral Designs, with appropriate verses, 15cts. each, or \$1.50 per dozen. When ordering state number of cards wanted, and the best at prices named will be sent. CHRISTMAS CARDS 10 cts. each, 50 cts. per dozen. SILK ORNAMENTS. An entirely new manner of ornamenting (equal to hand-painted) silk, linen, cotton, and other fabrics, suitable for decorating Odor Bottles, Ties, Pin Cushions, Lamp Shades, Sachets, etc. Sample Packets, of 10 to 25 pictures, with instructions, 25cts. and 50cts. SCRAP BOOK PICTURES 5cts. to 15cts. per sheet. Fancy Wall Pockets, decorated. 4cts. each. GOLD and SILVER PAPER, plain or embossed patterns, 10cts. per sheet, 50cts. and 75cts. per dozen sheets. BIRTHDAY and SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS, 10cts. to \$1.50 per dozen. SCRAP BOOKS and Albums, \$2.00 to \$3.00 each. Postage stamps taken to any amount. Catalogue of all goods sold post free. Agents and dealers supplied.  
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COME YE LOFTY..... L. Erhardt.  
JOY, JOY, CHRIST IS BORN..... S. C. Wilcox.  
THE HOLY AND THE IVY..... L. Erhardt.  
COME MAIDENS FAIR..... H. J. Schonberger.  
CHRIST IS BORN..... W. B. Trott.  
SLEEP HOLY BABE..... W. H. Black.  
ALL THIS NIGHT BRIGHT ANGELS SING..... L. Erhardt.  
RING THE BELLS..... Wm. Walter.  
HAIL THOU BLESSED MORN..... Thos. Benedict.  
THE LORD WILL COME, PREPARE YE ALL..... H. D. SOFGE.  
ROYAL FEAST OF CHRISTMAS..... Jas. E. Stewart.  
FIFTY CENTS PER DOZEN.  
Address Geo. D. Newhall & Co., Cincinnati, or LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Ill.

**New Christmas Carol.**

**THE ANGEL SONG.**  
WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. F. FARGO.  
"Tell the tidings to the people  
Let them hear the joyful word,  
That to you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord!"  
Pronounced by a clergyman of the Church to be "the best and most sparkling carol written for years."  
Sample copy 10cts.; 50 cts. per doz.; \$4.00 per 100. For sale by J. T. Franklin, 75 N. Wells St., Room 6, Chicago, Ill.

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Anticipating a change in my business, I would sell this branch of it, The Patent, together with Patterns, Special Machinery and Stock.  
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Twenty-five miles from New York City by the New Haven Railroad. A thorough school for boys. Established in Yonkers, N. Y., 1854. Removed to Port Chester in 1874. Houses have all the modern improvements. Every room heated by steam. Play grounds comprising five acres. Terms from \$30 to \$50 per annum. For circulars, etc., address O. WINTHROP STARR, A. M., Principal. Catalogues can be seen at the office of this paper.

**Racine College,** *Racine, Wis.*

Will re-open Thursday, Sept. 9, 1880.  
The College includes a School of Letters and a Scientific School. There is also a Grammar School, which prepares boys for college or business. Thorough intellectual training is combined with true discipline, religious care, and high culture. New scholars will be received at any time during the year.  
Boys from ten years old and upwards are received in the Grammar School. Special care is taken of the younger boys by the matrons. For catalogues and other information apply to  
The Rev. STEPHENS PARKER, S. T. D., Racine, Wis.

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Protestant Episcopal Seminary.  
Seventeenth year begins Sept. 1st, 1880. The school is noted for good health. Situation delightful.  
Home comfortable.  
Twelve able and experienced teachers.  
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Rev. Thos. A. Tibball, D. D., Rector. A boarding and day school for girls. Number of boarders limited. Special attention given to the cultivation of graceful and elegant manners, in addition to thorough and careful intellectual training. The Christmas term of the fifth year begins Sept. 13, 1880. For circulars apply to  
MISS HELEN L. TOTTEN, Principal.

**St. Agnes' School**  
717 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

Will commence its Fifth Year Wednesday, September 15, 1880, and remains in session till June 21, 1881, with the usual vacations. Any further information may be obtained by addressing the Principal.

**Patapsco Institute,** *Ellicott City, Md.*

Miss SARAH N. RANDOLPH, Principal. This well-known school for young ladies and children, so noted for the health and beauty of its situation, will open Sept. 15th, with an able and experienced corps of teachers. It offers unusual facilities for a finished education. For circulars address the Principal, Patapsco Institute, Ellicott City, Md.

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The academic year of this school commences on the 14th Wednesday of September, and closes on the 13th Thursday of the following June. Pupils received at any age, or prepared for College, for the United States Military and Naval Academies, or for business. Terms: for board and Tuition, \$350.00 per annum.

**St. Margaret's Diocesan** *Waterbury, Conn.*

School for Girls. The sixth year will open (D. V.) on Wednesday, Sept. 15th, 1880. Instrumental music under charge of J. Baier, Jr., a private pupil of Plaidy, of Leipzig Conservatory. French and German taught by native teachers. The Rev. FRANCIS T. RUSSELL, M. A., Rector.

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Boarding School for Boys. Military drill. Five resident teachers. A Junior and Senior Department. Terms: Juniors, \$375 per annum; Seniors, \$490 per annum. Special terms for sons of the clergy. Three sessions in the year. The next session begins Sept. 13th, 1880. For circulars address the Principal, Chesire, Conn.

**Bishopthorpe,** *Bethlehem, Pa.*

A Church Boarding School for Girls. School year begins September 15, 1880. Number of scholars limited. Address Miss FANNY I. WALSH, Principal.

**Female Seminary,** *New Market, Virginia.*

This school will open Sept. 1, 1880, and close May 31, 1881. Especial attention paid to manners, morals, and general comfort of each pupil. Terms, including all expenses for nine months, ranging from \$140 to \$200. The salubrious climate, the church privileges and social advantages of the town render the location most desirable. For particulars, address Miss Belle T. Michie, Principal of Young Ladies' Seminary, New Market, Shenandoah County, Virginia.

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Under the charge of the Sisters of St. John Baptist. Terms, \$275 per school year. Address the Sister Superior, as above.  
ECCLESIASTICAL EMBROIDERY.  
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Miss S. P. DARLINGTON, Principal.  
Is under the personal supervision of the Bishop, with 11 experienced teachers. It offers superior advantages for education, with an invigorating and healthy climate. The 15th year will begin September 16th, 1880. For Registers, with full details, address the RECTOR. Prices reduced.

**Brook Hall Female Seminary,** *Media, Pa.*

Will open on Wednesday, Sept. 15th. The high reputation of this School will be sustained by increased advantages the coming year. Several teachers of eminence will be added to the already efficient corps. For catalogues apply to  
M. L. EASTMAN, Principal.

**De Veaux College,** *Suspension Bridge, Niagara Co., N. Y.*

FITTING-SCHOOL for the Universities, West Point, Annapolis, or business. Charges, \$250 a year. No extras. Competitive examinations for scholarships at the beginning of College Year, first Wednesday in September; applications for the same to be filed ten days previously.  
REV. GEO. HERRBERT PATTERSON, A. M., LL. B., Prest.

**The Suburban Home School,** *New Haven, Conn.*

Rev. Dr. Shears, Rector, offers the very best advantages to a few young boys, Founded A. D. 1853. Send for reference circulars.

**Trinity School,** *Tivoli-on-the-Hudson.*

The Rev. James Starr Clark, D. D., Rector, assisted by five resident teachers. Boys and young men thoroughly fitted for the best colleges and universities or for business. This school offers the advantages of healthful location, home comforts, first-class teachers, thorough training, assiduous care of health, manners, and morals, and the exclusion of bar, boys, to conscientious parents looking for a school where they may with confidence place their sons. The Fourteenth year will begin Sept. 7th, 1880.

**St. John's School.** *21 and 23 W. 32nd St. New York.*

Between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, New York. BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN.  
Rev. THEODORE IRVING, LL. D., Rector.

**Sisters of Bethany.**



## Home and School.

### From an Egg.

Written for the Living Church.

From an egg! a white chicken, with feathers and wings;

What a marvelous world! and what wonderful things!

A creature like this, breaking forth from a shell, Where nothing of animate life seemed to dwell!

Who says there's no God, set him down as a fool! That man, to an egg should be carried to school. Let him tell by what power the semblance of death

Is changed to a being of parts and of breath!

Is he dumb? then the beautiful oval shall speak, "Go not from my presence, O sceptic, to seek The Author divine, of all things that have birth, The things in the heaven, and things on the earth.

'I am the resurrection and life,' saith the Lord; And Nature agrees with the Infinite Word. What God quickens not, inert matter must stay, Without Him, an egg could no chicken display." F. B. S.

### Comfort.

A single word is a little thing,

But a soul may be dying before our eyes For lack of the comfort a word may bring, With its welcome help and its sweet surprise.

A kindly look costs nothing at all, But a heart may be starving for just one glance, That will show by the eyelids' tender fall The help of a pitying countenance.

It is easy enough to bend the ear To catch some tale of sore distress; For men may be fainting beside us here, For longing to share their weariness.

These gifts nor silver nor gold can buy, Nor the wealth of the richest of men bestow; But the comfort of word, or ear, or eye, The poorest may offer wherever he go.

### Stories on the Catechism

By A. C. Jones.

#### ONLY AN APPLE.

Sinful thoughts of pride and passion, Greedy wishes, selfish care, In our human hearts lie hidden, Ready to awaken there.

"Long years ago there were kneeling crowds in the grand cathedral at Cologne. It was a great Festival of the Church, and from far and near the faithful had come to worship God in His holy House; the sound of solemn chants echoed through the vaulted roof, the deep swelling notes of the organ rose and fell with strange solemn grandeur, and the people knelt before the High Altar in solemn, reverent stillness. The service was over, and the people thronged to one of the side chapels, to offer their gifts there to the Church and to God's poor.

"Many a costly present was laid upon that shrine; and many a humble gift, which was all that some poor man or woman had to offer. Apart from the rest of the crowd stood a little boy, of some ten or eleven years old; a little fair-haired, blue-eyed, German lad, clad in very poor ragged garments, a marked contrast to most of the worshippers, who had donned their best attire on that bright Festival. Little Hermann, for that was the child's name, looked very sorrowful as one by one people went up to make their offerings. Then all of a sudden a thought came into little Hermann's mind: he had something belonging to him besides the poor rags which he wore, something of his very own, which at that moment was in his pocket. And what do you think this something was? Why only an apple! A beautiful large apple, which very probably the boy had intended to eat for his dinner. Most likely it was all he would have eaten that day; anyhow we know he would not have had much besides, and the apple would have been a great treat.

"He thought for an instant; he may have been afraid that others would laugh at him, for the strangeness of his gift; but the heaven-sent thought to give what he could, to give up all he had to give up, was still in his mind; and so he joined the crowd, and laid down his apple. We know that the story of the little boy who had given to God 'only an apple,' was carried by recording Angels to the Father in Heaven, and written in the book of Life amongst the deeds of self-denial wrought by the followers of the Lord.

"Years and years afterwards Hermann became a bishop, and we find his name in the Calendar of the Saints of the Western Church. It is not difficult to imagine that this should have been the case; that the poor little boy, who for love's sake gave up all he had in the world, should, as years went by, grow into that holiness of life, 'without which no man shall see the Lord.'

"This is all, or nearly all, I have to say to you this night, my boys," said the Rector of Holiwell, to four or five lads who sat in his study one August evening. He was preparing them for Confirmation. The Bishop had promised to come to the village in October; and twice every week the candidates met at the Rectory, and were taught the meaning of the Catechism.

The lesson for the evening, of which I am telling you, was upon renouncing the sinful lusts of the flesh. Mr. Parker had begun by telling the boys the meaning of the word lust. He told them that it meant desire, or rather uncontrolled desire; the longing for things which, however humble in themselves, come between us and God, because we long for them and care about them too much.

"God gave us food," he said, "meat and drink, all that is necessary for our daily bread; and He bids us use these gifts humbly, moderately, and gratefully. If once we are tempted to be greedy—if we eat and drink more than we ought to do, if we are unable to forego our food, so as to give to those in need—we are breaking our baptismal vow; we are not renouncing the sinful lusts and desires of the flesh. It was 'only an apple,' my boys, that little Hermann gave up; only a very small gift that he offered to God; and yet he who offered it became a great Saint. And so you by small beginnings, by giving up some little temptation to gluttony, or envy, or sloth, or some other desire which God alone can see, may now at this time, begin a life of self-denial, which will go very far to gain for you the heavenly inheritance which He, Who was the Pattern of all holiness, died to win for those who ever so humbly, ever so far off, should follow in His Sacred Foot-prints.

"It is in little things you must try, my lads; against little sins you must strive. No boy or girl, no man or woman, was ever, so to speak, a great sinner out of hand. There was the gradual giving away to small temptations, to sinful lusts, which in themselves did not seem of much account, and then came the great fall, and then, perhaps in the end, total failure. Will you try each of you to-night to remember what I have said; try and not do little wrong things; try to do little right things?"

If you had looked at the lads you would have pronounced them fine fellows; but you would probably have picked out one amongst them, John Warren by name as the best-looking of all of them; a tall, manly, well-made youth, with the air, the Holiwell people always said, of a gentleman about him.

Somehow, on that Saturday evening, John did not look himself; there was a cloud upon his brow, which was not usually to be seen there; and instead of talking to his companions as he usually did, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and gave some short answer when he was spoken to; then, instead of going into church, he walked away, muttering something as he did so, about having a bad headache.

On he went, kicking the stones away impatiently from beneath his feet, never stopping until he reached the door of a pretty ivy-covered cottage, and then lifting the latch with the same troubled look upon his face that had been there all the evening.

A few words about John before we follow him into the bright little room, where his father and mother sat. They were old people, or rather getting on in years; they had married late in life. Tom Warren had loved his old woman, as he always called her, when they were boy and girl together; but Mary went far away into service, and Tom's family emigrated; and it was only after long years that he came home from Australia, with a few pounds in his pocket, and made Mary his wife, and bought the cottage which had been such a happy home to them both ever since; and where Tom became a very successful market gardener on a small scale.

When their boy was born the Warrens did not seem to have a wish ungratified; and as year by year went on, the handsome, clever lad was the joy and pride of his parents' heart. They did not think he had a fault. He was so obliging and good tempered, so ready to do a kindness, that every one liked him, every one had a good word to say for Jack Warren. There had been an old village schoolmaster at Holiwell who had been very fond of the boy; there had come a new one to the village about a year before our story begins, who for some reason or other found more fault with Jack than had ever been found with him by any one before.

One morning, when the lads of the first class stood up to say their lessons, Jack could not speak; there was a choking sensation in his throat, and he coughed loudly, and tried to clear his voice; whereupon all the other boys began, as is the fashion of boys all over the world, to titter and nudge one another.

"Have you a cold, Warren?" said the Master gravely.

"I don't know, sir; I don't think I have."

"I am sure you have not; I can tell you what is the matter with you. I saw you put a great lump of toffee in your mouth five minutes ago. I found a quantity of sweet-stuff on your desk yesterday; I did not think that one of the first class boys would have set such an example of greediness to the younger lads."

The angry blood rushed to Jack's face, the rebuke was a sharp one; no one but himself knew perhaps how well it was deserved; and yet as he went back to his seat, he heard a voice saying in mocking tones, "So the good boy is found out at last, is he? I thought 'twouldn't be long first."

The speaker was the next lad in Holiwell School, a mischievous idle fellow. There was not a wrong thing done by the younger boys in the village which could not directly or indirectly be traced to this Bob Jenkins; he had always hated young Warren—probably because he stood so much higher in public opinion

than himself—and he could not conceal his triumph at the Master's somewhat stern rebuke to the universal favorite.

"He's a rare good chap, and the Master was a bit hard upon him," said one of the boys to another when school was over; "but I never saw such a fellow in my life for sweet-stuff, and anything to eat; if it had not been Jack Warren, that every one thought so much of, from the Rector and the old Master downwards, I'd have said many a time that he was greedy."

"I shouldn't have thought it," answered the other; "but then you ought to know best, for you live next door to the sweet-stuff shop."

To be continued.

### The Communion of the Sick.

The Church has provided a special Communion Service for the sick. She supposes that none of her children will be willing to pass away from this world without having received this assurance of the Saviour's dying love. And yet we fear that many Christians neglect this service. It comes, no doubt, in part, from nervous dread on the part of friends, to recognize the fact that any sickness is to be the last sickness. They are afraid of exciting the sick person. A thorough appreciation of the Church's services, however, would entirely do away with these objections. The Holy Communion is the highest act of worship. Our souls are strengthened by its reception, and whether we live or die it will do us good. If all Christians would resolve, as they ought, to receive the Sacrament as frequently as possible while in health and strength, the Communion of the sick would be more frequent. It would only be doing in private what, for want of strength, we could not do publicly. And no man's spiritual life will be what it ought to be, unless he prepares himself to receive the Communion as often as he can.—*Oregon Churchman.*

### Talks With Children.

#### "WHEN I'M A MAN."

So, Tom, old fellow, that's your notion, is it? When you're a man you are going to have a good time, are you? You are "going to make lots o' money, and have a farm, and horses and cattle and everything." Well, but youngster, first of all, how do you know that you are ever going to be a man? Oh! yes, of course I know you may die while you are yet a little boy, but I don't mean that—I know very well, my boy, that your little life is exposed to a great many dangers, and were it not that a good Providence watches carefully to protect you chaps from the consequences of your risky pranks, I should wonder that any of you ever grow up to manhood. You know you would go into the stall with that vicious horse the other day, and that he kicked too high, and so his heels went over your head instead of into it, was no fault of yours. That you didn't break your neck instead of your arm, when following the example of Tom Sawyer, you crawled out of the window and climbed down the pillar of the back porch, wasn't your fault, was it?

But I don't mean that. Suppose you are not drowned, or kicked to death by a horse, or horned by a cow; suppose that you don't put an end to yourself by an overdose of green apples; suppose that wet boots don't bring on a pneumonia; suppose that you are not crushed under a street car or stage, one of these days when you are stealing a ride; suppose that you successfully encounter all these dangers which every day threaten to cut your career short; still how do you know that you are ever going to be a man?

You don't understand me? You say, how can you help being a man when you're grown up? Well, let's see, what's a man?

I suppose you will hardly understand me if I tell you that he is, Mr. Carlyle says, "an omnivorous biped that wears breeches!"

And yet my dear, that's just what you are thinking. He is a "biped," that is, he has only two feet. He is "omnivorous;" that is, he can eat all sorts of food, fish, flesh, fowl, vegetable and fruit. Yes, I hear you sir, when you say, that "he can eat all these things because he has what he chooses, and there is nobody to tell him that he shan't have this and that, and must never be helped more than once to pudding." And then Mr. Carlyle says that his great peculiarity is that he wears breeches; no pinafore for him unless he happens to be an English Bishop, but breeches.

Now isn't that your notion, a big fellow standing firm on his two feet, eating just everything that he fancies, and glorying in his being a man who wears breeches?

But now let us suppose that this big two footed, all eating, breeches wearing animal, was able to do nothing else than use his big feet, and eat his food and wear his breeches, would he be a man? "Oh, no," you say "he must be able to talk." Well, let us add the ability to talk, that is to utter sounds with meaning; but I know a green feathered bird which can do that. But he must, you say, "talk his own words?" Oh, yes, that he is, he must be, a *thinking*, as well as talking creature, with two feet, and big appetite, and

breeches? But suppose, we have one like that, who yet has no idea of right and wrong; who doesn't know the difference between a lie and the truth, who never heard of or conceived of a God, Who has made him and taught him and Who is angry when he does wrong—there are such, or almost such, in the world and would you think him a *man*? No? Then we must add further to our notions of a man, and say that he is a being possessed of the idea of God, and of right and wrong.

But suppose, still further, that we have such an animal, able to think and talk, able to distinguish between right and wrong, as well as to walk on two feet, to eat a variety of dinner and to wear all sorts of trousers, and yet that he is not *free*, that he must think, and feel, and talk and walk, and wear breeches just as some other power shall order? You, say then is he no better than a boy, and there is no use in growing up to be a man? Well, now my young friend, you said a while ago, "when I'm a man, I will do so and so"—how do you know you will ever be all this?

Are you sleepy children? Well I don't much wonder, for I have known old men get very sleepy even while they were talking and not listening on this subject. When you come to read what they have said, you will see that they must have been very sleepy when they said it all. So come and say good night—to papa. —*Kentucky Church Chronicle.*

**WHITE WAX.**—It will be a surprise to a large number of our American women to be told that the white wax, of which they make such constant use when engaged in the household sewing, is the diseased portion of a peculiar species of fly found in the eastern portion of Central China. Most of the country-women, if they have ever given a thought to the subject, have supposed that this white wax was some refined product of ordinary beeswax—an article that has about it the conditions of healthiness and cleanliness, which is more than can be said of exudations of insects due to some bodily malady. These flies become diseased from feeding on the leaves of a particular kind of evergreen tree or shrub, of which they are exceedingly fond. The twigs of these trees in certain seasons of the year are thickly covered with flies, which, in time, leave upon them a thick incrustation of white matter. When this has increased to a sufficient size, the branch is cut off and immersed in boiling water, which causes the wax to come to the surface in the shape of a viscid substance, which is skimmed off, cleansed, and afterward allowed to cool in the pans. The trade in this article is an extensive one, and it was estimated that last year the crop was worth not less than three millions five hundred and fifty thousand dollars.—*Exchange.*

The need of missions at home as well as abroad must be realized before the work can be accomplished, and it would be well if some means could be taken of kindling a little enthusiasm for the principle in those highly-favored suburban districts where at present little if any sacrifice is either made by the people or inculcated by the clergy for Mission work, whether at home or abroad. The grave ought not to close over Mr. Lowder without an effort to bring home the lesson of his life to the people of the English Church in every parish in the kingdom, and no better subject for a sermon next Sunday could be chosen than the example set by this noble and devoted man, and the suggestive lessons which it offers to all if not to go and do likewise, at least to sustain by their prayers and by their alms the work which others are ready to do.—*English Churchman.*

**BREAD SPOILT BY LIGHTNING.**—A distinguished fungologist, writing to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, says: "A very curious circumstance occurred after the dreadful storm with which we were visited on the 10th and 12th, when four inches of rain were recorded—the lightning was unusually severe. Yeast seemed to have lost all its virtue, and bakers lost whole batches of bread, because it was powerless. It is recorded that German yeast, when falling accidentally from a great height, loses its power of germinating, as is supposed, by some change in the polarity of the particles, and something similar has probably taken place here. The circumstance, at any rate, is worthy of record; it is, at least, new to us." The locality indicated would be in the neighborhood of Sibbertoft, Northampton.

An English popular maxim, says *The Parisian*, is: "After dinner sit awhile; after supper walk a mile." The two eminent professors, Claude Bernard and Robin, once made an experiment on the point whether it is preferable after a repast to remain in repose or to move about. Two dogs of the same race and strength were fed on the same food, and one was allowed to rest while the other was made to move about. Then, after the lapse of an hour, the two dogs were killed. The one which had been allowed to rest was found to have finished his digestion, while the one that had been kept in motion had only half-digested his food.

Sir Thomas Bouch, the engineer who built the Tay bridge, died a fortnight ago, worn out with mortification and chagrin.

## The Household.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to THE HOUSEHOLD, 225 East 19th St., New York City.

A young housekeeper is troubled because she does not succeed in keeping her butter from becoming strong, and seeks advice. If the milk is skimmed before the cream is soured, and, when churned, is worked free from buttermilk, a piece of charcoal will prevent any change. Take a round piece of clean charcoal, wash it, wipe dry, and plunge into the centre of the pot or tub in which the butter is packed; keep the tub covered with a clean cloth, over which salt is laid quite thick, cover closely, and the butter will keep sweet and pure all winter, always provided that the butter is properly made and the cream not old.

It is more convenient to cut two pieces of strong cloth a little larger than the top of the tub or pot, sew them nearly together all round, leaving only a space just large enough to pour in good, clean salt. Fill the sack so that it will be nearly an inch thick, then stitch it across coarsely, three or four times, to keep the salt in place, and pack it down firmly on the butter. Remove it each time that any butter is taken out, and instantly re-cover. If kept very clean, such a bag will last a long time. It keeps the air out and the charcoal will keep the butter pure and sweet, if the air is excluded. Lard can be kept in the same way.

The Indians keep deer-fat in a perfectly sweet condition a long time, by throwing into each kettleful, while "trying" or "rendering" it, a handful of red or "slippery elm" bark—the inner bark only is used—and many old housekeepers have profited by the example of the Indian, using this bark while "trying" out their lard, and find it a sure prevention of rancidity. Mrs. H. W. BECHER.

Children ought to be fed with reference to the needs of their growing bodies. It is very desirable to have a variety in bread. Brown bread is excellent, the corn meal being especially good to help make strong and white teeth. A favorite way of making it is to take two cups of meal, one of flour—white or graham can be used—one cup of sweet milk, one of sour, two table-spoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus and a little salt. Sometimes when making it I find that I have not any sweet milk, and so use water in place of it; of course the milk makes it more nourishing. This should be well beaten and put into a two-quart basin, which must first be thoroughly greased. Steam the bread one hour, then set it in the oven to dry and to brown. Any time from fifteen minutes to half an hour will do; this will depend on the state of the oven.—*Boston Transcript.*

A handsome and inexpensive mat for the floor may be made of burlap worked in cross-stitch with different colored worsteds. Use for it the odds and ends left from other fancy work. Work a few stitches of one color and then of another, just as the colors happen to come, and the effect is like that of an elaborate Persian pattern. If one cares to spend much time on it a centre piece and border add much to the beauty of it. The mat may be lined with a piece of carpet, matting or new ticking, and the edge finished with worsted fringe or with flannel cut in scallop.—E. M. B.

A neat, useful ottoman may be made by taking a box in which fine cut tobacco is packed, and covering it with cretonne. The top may be taken off and put on without difficulty if, after covering, a narrow ruffle to fall over the edge is tacked on. An ottoman of this sort is convenient in the bedroom, where it may serve as a receptacle for stockings. If one does not care to buy cretonne, bits of carpet may be used for the covering.—E. W. B.

**QUEEN VICTORIA'S DAUGHTERS.**—The Queen of England's daughters are certainly examples to the rest of the fashionable world in industry and taste. Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorne, is a clever artist, and all of them are accomplished in some way or other, besides being excellent linguists. All these matters take time and hard work to learn, and it is evident that the daughters of a queen, although born to every luxury, have not dawdled away their time in fashionable dissipation, like many of their humble sisters.—*Selected.*

Cultivate gentle manners in the family. When your boy grows up, and is in college, he will thank you for the training which seemed very irksome at the time; and your little girl will shed fewer tears of mortification, when she is a young lady, if you accustom her now to ease and grace and gentleness of manner.—*The Christian Union.*

Nothing is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia; after rubbing with this take a little whitening or a soft cloth and polish in this way; even frosted silver, which is so difficult to clean, may be easily made clear and bright.—*Boston Sunday Budget.*

**Current Literature.**

**A GUIDING STAR; LIZZIE'S FIRST PLACE; CHRYSIS'S HERO; and CHARLIE BURTON;** are books for children of different ages, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, of London, and imported by Pott, Young & Co., New York.

These are all interesting books, and what is of more importance, perfectly safe to put in the hands of our children, or into our Sunday School Libraries. With *Chrysis's Hero*, and *Charlie Burton*, we are particularly pleased. The former gives the history of a young lad, who, by the death of parents and guardians, was sent away from home, and met, for the first time, with temptations to deceive and disobey, yet was able, through the firmness of Christian principle, to "dare to do right." Such books help other boys to be strong in resisting evil, and braving the decision of their young companions. *Charlie Burton* is a book that mothers will like to read to their children, for it is a touching account of the efforts of a family of children, suddenly left fatherless, to cheer and assist their widowed mother. The manliness of the older boys, their devotion to their mother, and tender care of the crippled brother Charlie, will interest and help our little ones, while the sweet character of Charlie, and his longings to be useful will touch their young hearts.

**CLUB ESSAYS.** By David Swing. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.00.

These Essays are dedicated to the Chicago Literary Club, for which they were originally prepared. The following are the subjects: Augustine and his Mother; A Roman Home; Parlevous Francis; The History of Love; The Greatest of the Fine Arts. We have read nothing more entertaining for a long time. The Essays are brim-full of poetry, wit, and philosophy. In the thoughtful and tender description of Augustine and his mother, speaking of the funeral of Monica, the author remarks: "The music and general service of the fourth century was much like that of the Episcopal Church of the present." Speaking of prayers for the dead, such as St. Augustine offered for his mother, he says: "It may be that the Protestant notion is much too cold and iron, like as the Roman doctrine is too pretentious and mercenary. It might perhaps be permitted the weeping heart, standing on the earthly shore, to cast out toward the invisible realm, prayers for those who have gone away, and to cherish the hope that those absent ones were also presenting, in their better land, petitions for the happiness and salvation of their dear ones left in this life of temptation and suffering."

**REMINISCENCES OF AN IDLER.** By Henry Wilcox. New York: Foris, Howard & Hulbert. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.75.

These reminiscences blend most agreeably an outline of the public events of the middle century, with sketches and anecdotes, of prominent persons on both sides of the Atlantic. The author had unusual opportunities for observation, both at home and abroad; and a book by "Chevalier Wykoff," telling of the events in which he has been associated, could not but be interesting. Though these are the reminiscences of an "idler," they are far from being those of an idle observer; and very pleasant indeed are his chats about the people he has met, in London and Athens, Saratoga and Moscow, Paris and Constantinople, and New York. As a book of travels, his "Reminiscences" is occupied with men and manners, rather than with places. It is chatty rather than profound, and will serve as agreeable reading for a leisure hour.

**A FAMOUS VICTORY.** By an Anonymous Author. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.

The secular papers speak of this new political novel as "a bit of Fiction." It is not sectional or partisan, but brings out in bold relief some of the corruptions of our political machinery and methods. The author has evidently been behind the scenes, and writes of what he knows. The dialogue, to our mind, is often dreary and dull, the incidents uninteresting, and the crisis without foundation in fact or probability. Much allowance must be made, however, for differences of taste and experience. Our lack of interest may be due to the lack of knowledge of this particular subject; while to those engaged in political affairs it may prove to be the most attractive book of the season, and it is so pronounced by some.

**EDWY THE FAIR; and ALFGAR THE DANE;** two valuable works, by A. D. Crank, A. B. Price \$1.00 each. New York: Pott, Young & Co.

In these interesting books we have a series of original tales, told to the senior boys of a large school, for the purpose of illustrating difficult passages of Church History. *Edwy the Fair* has for its object the illustration of the struggle between the regal and ecclesiastical powers, in the days of King Edwy; *Alfgar the Dane*, the struggle between Edmund Ironsides and Canute. These are just such books as will delight our thoughtful boys; they will also be a valuable addition to any Sunday School Library.

**CA' TAIN EVA.** The Story of a Naughty Girl. Price 75 cents. New York: Pott, Young & Co.

Our opinion of this book is that it was not worthy of publication by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. There is no real harm in it; but the pranks of this "naughty girl" are so flat and unreasonably, that we do not consider it a desirable book for circulation among our young people.

*Little's Living Age.* In 1881 *The Living Age* enters upon its thirty-eighth year of continuous publication, and it steadily increases in value with its years. Its frequent issue and well-filled pages render it a satisfactorily fresh and complete compilation of an indispensable current literature—a literature which grows richer and more abundant every year in the work of the most eminent writers upon all topics of interest. In no other way can so much of the best of this literature be obtained so conveniently and cheaply as through the columns of this standard weekly magazine. Its value to every American reader is therefore obvious. It supplies the place of many magazines, reviews, and papers, and alone enables the reader, at a small expenditure of time and money, to keep well abreast with the best thought and literature of the day. The prospect is worthy the attention of all who are selecting their periodicals for the new year. Reduced clubbing rates with other periodicals are given; and to new subscribers remitting now for the year 1881, the intervening numbers are sent gratis. *Littell & Co., Boston*, are the publishers.

*Appleton's Journal*, for 1881, promises a continuance of interest in all its departments, with the addition of some new features. Its aim is to provide literature of a permanent and sterling character, on all topics which affect public welfare and general culture. One of its attractive features, recently added, is the translation of brilliant novellets of current Foreign Literature. Its Book all of its original and selected articles reflect the intellectual activity of the age. The subscription price is low, for such a periodical, being only \$3.00 a year. A club of five for \$12.00. *Appleton & Co., publishers, 1, 3 and 5 Broad-way, New York.*

**Church News.**

**MISSOURI.**—The Bishop has been appointed one of the Deputies to the Gen. Convention to the Provincial Synod of Canada. On the Sunday night after his return, he gave, in St. George's Church, St. Louis, an account of the work of the Convention. His Annual Address is before us and deserving of a better mention than we can give. He expresses the conviction that the Church in Missouri is undermined, and not increasing its work and influence in proportion to the increase of population. He recommends the organization of new missions and Sunday Schools in the city, and urges the unselfish and generous co-operation of the old parishes. The candidates for Holy Orders are only three, and wholly inadequate to meet the demand. "I do not dare to think," he says, "when one of our candidates for Orders has come from one of our large parishes in the city." To the small circulation of Church periodicals and Church books in the family, and to the low standard of piety and devotion there, he attributes the lack. "Few incentives to the Christian Ministry could be expected from such surroundings." The friction between vestries and Rectors is treated with wise thoughtfulness and impartiality. He does not regard with favor the "common-fund," and Episcopal-nomination plan. Bishop Robertson sees no occasion for alarm in any ritualistic tendencies in his diocese, but, on the contrary, is concerned to secure "a fitting decorum and richness for the appointment of God's house, and a reverence of demeanor while in it." He recommends a weekly Celebration of the Holy Communion. At the same time he argues against the exaggerated ritual and practices of some of our extreme men; and shows that the Church has not been equal to its opportunities, in adapting its services to the needs of the people. He suggests that in becoming enamored with a far-off scheme of Church unity, we forget our duty and opportunity in relation to Christian bodies near us. While he favors a division into Provinces, he thinks that the plan proposed by the Committee lacks homogeneity in social, political, and business lines.

The work on the new stone Church in Palmyra, is progressing rapidly. The first service is expected to be held on Christmas day. The Rev. Mr. Thorpe announces a parish school soon to be opened at Mouda.

**NEW YORK.**—We received, some short time since, a Report of the House of the Holy Comforter, a Free Church Home for Incurables, located at 241 West 23d St., New York. This is a much needed and most deserving charity, cordially approved and earnestly commended by the sympathy and support of all Christian people, by the venerable Bishop of New York. We notice, with much regret, that it is sadly in want of funds.

The object of the Institution is the provision of a Free Home for Incurables among "Protestant" women and female children of the better class, who are without means, or friends able to support and care for them; and who, upon examination of the house physician, are pronounced as suffering from an incurable disease, and cannot be received into hospitals and homes for the young and aged. Also, for a training school in connection with such home, for the reception of Protestant girls from the ages of nine to fourteen years, retaining their care of them until they are eighteen years of age, and giving them a spiritual and secular education, together with a thorough training in all domestic and useful duties.

The Rev. Geo. H. Houghton, D. D., is President; the Rev. Alex. MacMillan, Secy., and James Morris, Esq., Treasurer. The Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D., is one of the Trustees. The character of the objects sought to be accomplished, and the auspices under which the institution is conducted, are alone amply sufficient to commend it to the consideration of the charitable.

**CALIFORNIA.**—We learn from the San Francisco Chronicle, that the ladies of Trinity Church have tendered to the Rector, Rev. Dr. Beers, a handsome reception in the school rooms adjoining the church. The occasion was Dr. Beers' return to his charge after an absence of some weeks in attendance on the General Convention in New York. The rooms were tastefully embellished with flowers and wreaths, and an elegant and sumptuous repast was spread for the guests. Music by the excellent choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. Gee, added greatly to the pleasure of those present, without the formal speech-making which is so apt to make such affairs heavy. The evening passed in social enjoyment, in which all, old and young, rich and poor, participated. A large number was present, and Dr. Beers could not have been otherwise than gratified by the esteem in which he is held by his flock, manifested by a reception so gracefully managed and so cordial in its tone.

**LONG ISLAND.**—Regularly, from month to month, there lies upon our table, the *Saint Ann's* (Brooklyn) *Guild Record*, freighted with an account of Church Life and Church Work in the parish. The November number for this year gives a resume of the past Summer's work of St. Ann's Employment Society, of which Mr. Schenck is the President; there are, also, Letters from Correspondents, Church Notes, Guild Notes, Reports of various Guild Committees, and of the "Poor" Committee (which we do not not, is anything but a poor Committee), the Parish Register of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, etc. etc.

It is evident that the good people of St. Ann's have "a mind to work," and that they are as busy as a hive of bees. And the motto of the Guild is a glorious one indeed; being nothing less than this:—"Do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus."

**The Late Charles Taylor Wood.**

The Rev. Charles Taylor Wood, of this Diocese, entered into rest on Oct. 31st., the Eve of All Saints' Day, at the home of his father, in Escanaba, Mich. May I beg the privilege of a friend and classmate, to say a few words about this young servant of the Master. Taylor was the son of a missionary, and notwithstanding the hardships and discouragements of a missionary's life, he early resolved (as many another missionary's son has done) to consecrate himself to the Church. He finished his preparatory education at the Whitehall High School, Mich., and entered Hobart College in 1873. In the Spring of 1876 he left Hobart for Racine College, where he graduated in the Class of '77, as the Salutatorian. Here, the pure life of the Great Warden was most marked in its influence upon Taylor, both in his religious life, and in his theological views. His enthusiastic nature rejoiced in that rare combination of ancient Catholic Faith with 19th century energy, which seemed to form an atmosphere around James DeKoven. He entered the Seminary in New York, in 1877, and graduated last May. His great characteristics were zeal, and what I cannot express by other terms than *enthusiasm*. His straight-forwardness gained him many friends, but at times made him liable to be misunderstood. During the last months of his Seminary course he worked at Trinity Church, Matawan, N. J.,

where his thorough devotedness gained him the warm love of his little flock. But sickness was already upon him. He had barely strength, after the final examinations, to kneel beside me at the Altar on Whitsun-Day, where three of us received the Holy Ghost for the office of Deacons in the Church of God. He never saw the place of his purposed work. He is in God's Church still, but in a brighter room; nearer the Altar, and the Face of God. Such zeal as his was much needed in the hard fields of this new land. But God knows best, and will call others to the work which our brother never lived to do. Grant him rest, O Lord! and let perpetual light shine upon him! J. H.

—A Holstein peasant, un instructed in microscopic research, and not possessing the requisite instruments of precision, has devised for himself a new test for discovering trichinae in pork. When he killed a pig, he was careful to send a portion of it—a ham or a sausage—to his pastor, and then waited the consequences for fourteen days. If his pastor remained healthy, then he felt perfectly easy in his mind, and well assured that his pig fulfilled the requisite conditions of soundness of food and he proceeded to dispose of it accordingly, in his own family. This ingenious method of research has not been considered satisfactory by the district physician.

**CAN SUCH THINGS BE?**—Not without our special wonder. A millionaire of San Francisco arrived at *Point de Milla*. He was horrified to find that *both arms were broken off*. But this is not all: an intelligent jury of his fellow Californians awarded him damages, in a suit against the importer.

**A GAIN OF EIGHT POUNDS IN FORTY-FIVE DAYS.**—"About forty-five days ago," writes a gentleman from Mississippi, I began the Oxygen Treatment, and as regards the effect of it, with a grateful heart, I can say that it has proved *wonderfully efficacious, even surpassing my most sanguine expectations.* My lungs have been much developed, breathing capacity increased, and the cough, which was at times hard and laborous, has almost passed away. My general health has much improved—feel more life-like and energetic, having gained eight pounds in forty-five days." Our Treatise on "Compound Oxygen," which tells all about this remarkable remedy, is sent free. Address DRs. STAIKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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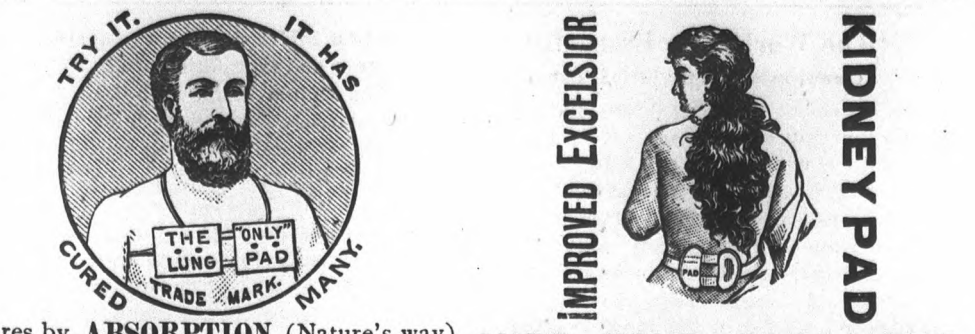
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Correspondence of the Living Church.

By the advice of the physicians, the last Diocesan Convention of Tennessee requested Bishop Quintard to take a year's rest from all official duties.

On the 16th Sunday after Trinity, the Rev. H. A. Grantham, formerly a Methodist minister, was ordained to the Diaconate at St. Paul's on the Mountain, Sewanee.

People do not like to acknowledge that they are poor except to book agents. Please send a gift to Nashville to aid in preparing Candidates for Holy Orders for Ordination, care Rev. A. D. Cole, D. D., Nashville, Wisconsin.

The Japanese Budget about balances; and that it does, speaks volumes for the ability at the head of affairs, which has brought it about.

budget for 1877-8 showing a balanced statement of revenue and expenditure of £10,250,000.

The Opium Traffic with China is attracting more and more attention; and Englishmen are awaking more and more to its fearful immorality.

Neglect of private duties is the great reason why the hearts of many are so dead and dull, so formal and carnal, so barren and unfruitful under public ordinances.

St. Augustine, when asked what was the first step to heaven, replied, "Humility;" "and what is the second?" "Humility;" "and the third?" "Humility."

Much charity which begins at home is too feeble to get out of doors, and much that begins out of doors never gets into the home circle.

Happy is he who has learned this one thing—do the plain duty of the moment, quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be.

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