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

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ten days. A third was called for, but not issued.

### ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. F. BURGE SMITH.

Concord divine, all hearts in one,  
Harmonious, blessed union!  
Restful, untroubled, happy, bright  
In God's most pure and perfect light.  
Such peace as only those can prove  
To whom there comes this precious love:  
In whom there dwells grace from above,  
Angels descend, on snowy wing,  
Nearing the earth, their joy to bring.

United by such sacred ties,  
No marvel that our Paradise  
Is here begun! The calm sweet rest  
Of Heaven, is in the Christian breast.  
Nevermore to be dispossessed.

### A BISHOP ELECTED IN MARYLAND.

The special Convention began its session in Baltimore on Tuesday, October 28th, and on the first day took eleven ballots for a Bishop; but, owing to the two-thirds rule, failed to elect. The Rev. Drs. George Leeds and J. H. Eccleston, were the only candidates nominated, each receiving 52 votes on the first ballot; Dr. Leeds continued to gain, his highest number of votes being 68. After the last ballot, Dr. Leeds withdrew his name in a very graceful and earnest speech. He said that the diocese needed a bishop who should be the head of the whole and not of a section, and made a strong appeal for harmonious action.

During this first day there was some lively discussion on the proposed change of the Constitution making a majority instead of two-thirds the required number for the election of a bishop. Amendments were amended, and substitutes were offered in true parliamentary style. It requires the action of two conventions and the ratification of the parishes of the diocese to effect the change. During the discussions the assertion was made by a layman that the laity were more interested in the choice of a bishop than the clergy, because they were more permanently located in the diocese. Dr. Paret expressed the opinion that the laity, as a rule, changed oftener than the clergy.

On the second day of the Convention the Rev. Dr. Coit, rector of St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H., was candidate of those who had supported Dr. Leeds. The highest number of votes received by him was on the first ballot, 55. On the same ballot Dr. Eccleston received 56 votes. Four ballots were taken, at the last Dr. Coit receiving 54, and Dr. Eccleston 60 votes. A committee of conference was then appointed and the Rev. Dr. Paret, rector of the church of the Epiphany, Washington, was announced as the unanimous choice of the committee, after consideration and concession by all sides. Of the 78 votes necessary for a choice Dr. Paret received 76; Dr. Eccleston 23; and others scattering.

Three more ballots were taken and the Convention adjourned for another struggle on the morrow.

The protracted contest was ended on the third day by the election of Dr. Paret, thirty-six ballots in all having been cast. Last ballot; necessary for a choice, 81; votes for Dr. Paret, 91. This election by the clergy was at once confirmed by the laity, by a vote of 76 against 14. Dr. Leeds made one of his happy speeches, congratulating the diocese on the choice of one for their Bishop who possessed such learning, piety, judgment and administrative ability. Dr. Paret made

a fitting response, and both speeches were ordered to be entered upon the journal.

The Rev. William Paret, D. D., the bishop-elect, was born in 1826 in New York city. He is of French extraction, but his parents were born in this country. He was graduated at Hobart College, New York, in 1849, and was ordained a deacon in 1852, and to the priesthood in 1853. In the same year he was installed in his first charge, at Clyde, New York, by Bishop De Lancey. Some time after that he went to Pierrepont Manor, also in New York, where he remained in the exercise of his duties as rector until 1864. Then he went to East Saginaw, Michigan, where his ability, already becoming extensively known, gained for him a high reputation. From there he went to Elmira, New York, and finally to his present charge, the church of the Epiphany, at Washington, D. C., where he has remained for the last eight years. Dr. Paret is a pronounced High Churchman. He is considered by those who know him well, as one of the ablest men of the Church in this country. His administrative abilities are shown in the progress which Epiphany church has made under his direction. When he assumed charge of it the congregation only numbered 450 persons. Now it is the largest parish in the United States, excepting Trinity church and Grace church, New York. Its membership is nearly 1,200. It is attended by many of the most distinguished people in Washington. Among the charitable institutions connected with the church, and owing its existence largely to Dr. Paret, is the Home for Aged Women. He is a married man, and has several children.

### THE SEABURY CENTENNIAL.

The Seabury Centenary ended in a brilliant conversation held at Music Hall, Aberdeen, Thursday evening, October 9. The next day a storm of sleet and rain swept over the city, making our last glimpses of it more sombre and melancholy than we desired. We meant to pass the night at Edinboro, but the Prince of Wales was on the track and his Royal Highness was not in haste. So instead of reaching the modern Athens at nine o'clock we found ourselves at eleven only at Stirling and quite content to spend the night there. We were amply repaid for our decision. The morning broke clear and bright. We had time to run up to the Castle, and the view of the mountains snow capped, with their sides and the valleys still clothed in the brightest verdure was one never to be forgotten. Just before sunset we found ourselves crossing the Mersey again. On the following morning, Sunday, October 12, there was an early celebration at the parish church at Rock Ferry, at which the writer had the pleasure and comfort of officiating. Later in the day, he preached in a neighboring church. And in the evening, in behalf of the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts to a vast congregation in St. Nicholas' church, Liverpool. The next evening he accepted an invitation to take tea in the town hall with his honor the Mayor of Liverpool and many persons interested in missionary work. At eight o'clock he addressed a great missionary meeting held in one of the public halls. The next day he addressed a meeting in the school-house of Aigburth. To fulfil a promise made to Lord Plunket, Bishop of Meath, and in accordance with the wishes of the other American Bishops present at Aberdeen, on Wednesday he crossed St. George's channel to preach at Navan to many of the clergy and laity of the diocese of Meath, and to bear to the Church of Ireland the love and sympathy of the American Bishops. The visit was most delightful and instructive. There was just time for a flying trip to Bray, and for a glance at the beautiful hills of Wicklow. The drive to Lord Powerscourt's castle, and through the glens of the Dargle, was wonderfully fine. The autumn tints were of brightness almost American. And over the mountains came rolling for awhile masses of vapor, thick and black, as scarcely ever seen on this side of the Atlantic. More than once a broad rainbow was spread on their face, making a combination of beauty, and power of splendor and darkness, quite novel to a Western observer. Dublin, too, was worth study. Its public buildings were somewhat plain, but ponderous. Trinity College, with its spacious grounds, is a chief ornament of the city. St. Patrick's and Christ Church Cathedrals are both grandly restored, and indicate a thorough Churchly taste. We called on the Archbishop, who was confined to the house by illness, and drove through Phoenix Park, the scene of the late atrocious murders. And then we were off for Ardbraccan, the home and palace of the Bishops of Meath. The journey

up was by the sea side and through Skerries, Balbriggan, and sad but picturesque Drogheda, at the mouth of the Boyne to Navan. At Navan the choirs of various parishes were assembled and a great congregation, and here the greeting of the American Bishops was given by the writer. The next day with the Bishop of Meath and Lady Plunket, we drove to Kells. Here was the home and college of Sir Columba, or Colm-Kill, as he is called by the Irish people. The house, now standing, was built in all probability in the eighth century, to replace the original structure of two hundred years earlier. The present house is of stone, gables, roof and attic floor, and all in perfect preservation. We climbed up the long ladder which leads to the dormitory, and crept between the cells, not into them, for we doubted whether if we entered we should ever get out. Near by there is an ancient church, with a tower detached, surrounded by an old church-yard. In the latter are two fine old Irish crosses, a thousand years in age, richly carved with subjects from Holy Scripture. It is remarkable that neither on these or on other crosses of like antiquity are any tokens to be found of Mariolatry, or of other errors that have sadly disfigured the teachings of the Church of Rome in these last few centuries. A noble round tower rises from one corner of the churchyard, a striking memorial of the work of the Druids, or perhaps of the Danes. No one knows when, by whom, or for what purpose this tower and others like it were erected. But it was plain that Kells was holy ground, sacred to pagans, to primitive Christians, to the Church subjugated by Rome and to Church once more free. Next day we were at St. Mary's church, Trim, anciently "Athtrim," the ford of the willows; the centre of Irish sovereignty, there we preached for the scholarly dean of Clonmacnois. The church is part of a grand building believed to have been put up by the Duke of York, the father of Edward II in 1480. The nave is all that is now in use and has been sadly altered for the worse. On an adjacent hill the ruined tower of a great abbey is a striking and solemn monument of both the faith of saints and the violence of ungodly men. Immediately opposite is the ruined castle of the De Lacys, more extensive probably than any castle in the United Kingdom, except the fortress of Conway, in Wales. As we stood on that peaceful Sunday afternoon, on the green banks of the Boyne, amid these ruins of castle, abbey and church, and saw the poor cabins of many of the present dwellers of Trim, we could not but wonder why such disasters had fallen on such a beautiful portion of the world, and ask ourselves what might be the future fortunes of the people. The Irish hedges are not like those of England, straight, of one sort, strong, stubborn, and prim, but a tangle of thorns and roses, holly, ivy, brambles, fuchias, wild, lovely, erratic, sweet as the genius of the people. Let us hope that the Church of Ireland free at last from every trammel of state, may lead this gifted nation back again to their ancient loyalty to the true faith taught by St. Patrick, and illustrated by the lives of a thousand Irish saints. FOND DU LAC.

### DAYS IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY THE REV. J. W. GREENWOOD.

#### II.

#### THE SHADOWS OF LEBANON.

The number of our party was six, three of them belonging to "the cloth." Our traveling equipage consisted of five tents and over a score of horses and mules under the care of some eight or ten camp-servants and muleteers. The tents had been sent on before us the preceding day and were awaiting us at the place of our first night's encampment. We rode out of town under the guidance of Mr. Howard, who was to sleep with us during our first night under canvas, and see that everything was in good order for the journey. Our road lay for a while between hedges of prickly pear and past odoriferous groves of pine and mulberry until at last it began to wind along the fertile slopes of Lebanon. As we rose higher and higher toward the topmost ridge we often looked backward upon the charming scene behind. The city now lay far below, wrapped in its green mantle, a pleasant spot upon that long line of historic coast, bordered as it was with the broad belt of azure sky and sea. Yonder once lay mighty Tyre and still nearer, the no less famous city of Sidon. The brown hills around us were covered with the memories of Paynim and Crusader, and where flocks and herds now sought the shade of the fig and olive, the sound of battle had been often heard. The road over which we were riding was the work of French engineers, being the great diligence-route from Beyrout to Damascus. As a matter of course, it is a well-travelled high-

way and presents many an incident and feature novel to Western eyes. The caravans were constantly going to, or coming from Damascus; the tall gaunt camels pausing now and then to take a bite out of the hedge of cactus by the wayside and half verifying the insinuation that they would probably relish a meal from a tombstone, or a keg of nails. A youth in oriental dress came down the road, and, as he passed us, gave us a courteous "good-morning" in our English tongue. After him we met a Moslem grey-beard whose green turban told all the world that he was either a descendant of the prophet, or had accomplished the pilgrimage to Mecca. At one turn in the road, a few tents as black as those of Kedar, picturesquely dotted the greensward and bespoke by their nomad appearance their Bedouin ownership and occupancy. At noon we stopped to lunch in the courtyard of a little khan, high up among the mountains, and while we were lying around at our meal, the great heavy diligence from Damascus came lumbering by. Dense clouds now begun to darken the hills and as we descended, late in the afternoon into the valley of Coele-syria, we heard the distant thunder rumbling over Anti-Lebanon and the rainbow spanning the fertile plain of the *Buk'ah* at our feet. The snowy head of Hermon was wrapped in mist and we could not then discern it, although within easy range of vision when the air was clear. Luckily, however, the shower did not cross our own path, nor dampen our pleasure. Although on a modern road, the day had been full of interest; for we had not failed to observe here things which would hardly have excited a passing glance elsewhere. And even the croak of the raven overhead and the twitter of the sparrows around us were not suffered to go unnoticed, because they were voices heard even among the pages of Scripture.

As we descended into the plain we passed a group of lazy Arabs by the roadside engaged in digging a trench. One held the handle of a long shovel, near the blade of which was attached a double rope whose two ends were held on opposite sides by a couple of his brethren, making three men to one shovel. Standing face to face some seven or eight feet apart, the man at the handle pushed and the men at the ropes pulled. The shovel entered the loose soil and slowly raised its small burden of earth to the surface. We reined up laughing at this specimen of Eastern inertness, but the whole proceeding excited the profound contempt of our lively and good-natured McG who sprang from his horse, scattered the astonished natives right and left, and seizing the shovel, planted his foot upon the blade, American fashion, and heaved out the earth with an energy most impressive to his grinning spectators. "There," said he, leaving Ibrahim to act as interpreter, "that's the way to do it." And we rode off, while our stubborn friends coolly resumed the good, old, easy way of digging that had probably been in use in the time of the patriarchs and prophets.

A further ride of an hour along the foot of the hills brought us to our beautiful little houses of pilgrimage. Our camp and its arrangements really deserve a passing tribute. Everything was more sumptuous even than we had dared to hope. There were, as I have said, five tents in all; three for sleeping purposes, one for a kitchen and one for dining. They were ornamented with brightly colored linings and contained all the conveniences of a well-furnished camp. On entering our apartments T—D—and I, who were to occupy a tent together, found three neat iron beds, clothed in clean white linen and warm coverlets, disposed on three sides of the tent; while against the centre-pole stood our wash-stand with its various appurtenances. In fair weather we found the tent fully equal to a room in a hotel, and sweeter sleep than came to us therein we could not wish for. But when the rain descended and the winds blew, we sighed for the luxury of a tight board roof above our heads. For bad weather and bad horses are the chief foes to happiness on a tour through Palestine. Thieves and illness you may have the good fortune to avoid; but who ever made the trip overland from Beyrout to Jerusalem and came out without a single soaking, or seeing, if not himself, some one else in his party, unhorsed?

When we sat down to dinner we found it worthy of its surroundings. There were five courses and the food was splendidly cooked. If there was any difference between it and subsequent meals, it certainly was not to the disadvantage of the former. But on the whole, the cuisine was well kept up throughout the entire trip. One thing was certain, we had the best accommodations that the country could furnish. No better horses, tents, dragoman and servants could be found in Syria. And I record it as the opinion of experience that,

so far as human foresight can arrange for his comfort, the robust male tourist through the Holy Land is likely to find even his most sanguine expectations realized. There is but one little fiction of the agencies which I cannot honestly endorse—to the effect that the trip is one which "can be made, without risk or discomfort, even by ladies and invalids." This, though many such have made the journey, has, I am afraid, been found to be only a possibility—nothing more.

As this was Friday evening, our attention, as we sat at table, was called by Mr. Howard to the fact that there were three Sundays represented in the camp, though we should keep but one. Friday was the holy day of the Moslem servants and muleteers, Saturday, that of our good Ibrahim who was a Jew, and Sunday the day of rest for us who were Christians and controlled the camp. All through the night we felt the novelty of our situation; for while sleeping soundly, we yet had intervals of waking and were lulled again to slumber by the barking dogs and tinkling bells of passing caravans. In the cool fresh air, of early dawn we stepped to our tent door and lifted our eyes upon snowy old Hermon and his attendant hills, all of whose crests were just being illumined by the rising, though yet invisible sun. It was the "dew of Hermon" that lay sparkling at last on our own canvas. What a luxury of hope and promise and delight there was in that first morning hour of our trip! For once the intense interest and novelty of the scene came between us and our appetites, and we were glad to spring into our saddles and be off. Already the native farmers were husking their golden corn in the fields and the Syrian shepherd leading, not driving, his fat-tailed sheep in green pastures and beside clear, if not still, waters. The caudal appendages of these animals weigh ten and fifteen pounds each and almost sweep the ground. The shepherd goes with his swarthy limbs bare below the thighs, while his faithful dogs scatter to and fro across the plain. Great drives of camels mixed with loving herds while dusky long-haired goats with huge udders, cropped the grass upon the hill-sides. Here we saw a farmer threshing his grain as he wielded his flail in the open field, the corn lying thickly around him in its yellow plies. There, again, sat a group of Arabs by the wayside, eating their morning meal and dipping their oriental bread into one common dish. At one large fountain by the roadside, women were washing their clothes while their sisters, like Rachel and Rebecca of old, were poising upon their heads such water jars as that which the prophet Jeremiah broke symbolically within the dark confines of Hinnom. How primitive and scriptural all around us seemed—even the booths, or tabernacles in the vineyards and the stones which still mark the boundaries and divisions of the field! The ploughs with which the *fellahin* around us were so lightly scratching the soil were not the sharp, heavy and efficient implements of our Western fields, but only crooked sticks with narrow iron blades, each having but one handle to which, as our Lord says, the farmer puts his hand, while, with the other, he pricks the ox in front with this long iron-pointed goad. Against this formidable weapon, with which Shagar, son of Anath, did such deadly execution among the Philistines, the restive ox kicks in vain; his master standing far behind the plough, and therefore out of reach. Every now and then, too, in this land for the most part without fence or hedge, we saw lying in close conjunction the four kinds of ground necessary to realize again the imagery of the parable of the Sower. Let us not extend the catalogue; but these things and others like them are not pictures of the imagination, but precious experiences, such as may be had by any one who will travel leisurely and observingly over this sacred ground. All throughout Syria and Palestine you have before you the treasure of fossilized ages. The dress, the implements, the food the people eat, their customs, actions, prayers, are much as they have ever been.

At a point several miles along the diligence road, which we now abandoned, Mr. Howard regaled us with a bottle of Lebanon wine, and bidding us good bye with the promise to meet us again in Jerusalem, turned his horse's head back toward Beyrout. A short time after parting with him, we entered the pretty mountain village of Zahleh, recalling, as we passed through, how lately, beneath the Druse's hand, these quiet vales and hillsides had run with Christian blood. Riding a little farther along the verdant slopes, we came into the adjoining village which has a world-wide curiosity of its own—the tomb of Noah! We dismounted and ascended into a long, low chamber, where we found an extensive course of stonework of triangular shape, having a

spear or two lying upon it, and otherwise covered with votive veils and colored kerchiefs, several of which we were permitted, by virtue of *bucksheesh*, to carry off as mementoes. The ceiling was of rough beams, and on the walls hung sundry sentences drawn from the Koran. But the crowning wonder of the place is the length of the tomb itself. This measures no less than one hundred and thirty feet; and even then the tall patriarch's body is bent at the knees, his lower limbs thence running perpendicularly into the ground. I tell the tale with all the gravity with which it was told to us.

Leaving this old piece of aqueduct, or whatever it may be, to the inspection of more facile imaginations, we rode onward past the chalk-hills, and, as on the day before, paused for our nooning at a little roadside Khan. After leaving here, we had the distant columns of Baalbec full in view, but at such a distance that they appeared very small, rising amid their grove of verdure. Crossing the Litany, or ancient Leontes, which flows from the fountain at Baalbec, we shortly beheld on one of the slopes at our left the reputed ruins of that house of Solomon which, we are told, was reared here in the forest of Lebanon. And now the pillars of the mighty fane at Baalbec grew more and more distinct; but it was quite late in the afternoon ere we passed the little ruined temple outside the town, and turned, for a few moments, into the old quarry whence the gigantic blocks were hewn. Here, still lying on its native rock, though all ready to be detached and moved away, is the largest block of building-stone in the world. There it has lain for ages, until men have forgotten when, or by whom it was hewn. One thing alone is certain. It and the three like it in the temple wall half a mile away, were the products of an age of no mean abilities in engineering. This piece of Cyclopean masonry measures some seventy feet in length, and probably weighs between twelve and fifteen hundred tons! I leaped upon it and scaled it in three dozen paces, from one end to the other. It is tilted upward and down its surface; if crated with ice the sleds of a dozen urchins might ride abreast. Men have often wondered how such blocks as this were transported so far, and lifted so high to their places in the neighboring walls. There can be but one solution to the problem; the united strength of multitudes of men, and the inclined plane.

But we were tired with our long day's ride and eager to reach our encampment, so we soon resumed our saddles, and in a few minutes were entering the miserable little town. A grave old Moslem in fur-trimmed *ava*, stood at the roadside to scan our cavalcade, while children ran hither and thither, yelling "*bucksheesh*," the one cry which, with them, begins in the cradle and ends in the grave. One little black-eyed girl, however, after timidly joining in the general shout, fell back abashed and blushing as she caught my eye, thereby displaying a modesty which deserves honorable mention; inasmuch as, among some hundreds of juvenile beggars, I saw nothing like it afterwards, throughout the length and breadth of the land.

**THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP RULISON.**

Tuesday, SS. Simon and Jude's Day, dawned grey, yet not inclement, on Cleveland. The weather was not unsuitable to the mingled emotions of the Church folk of the city and diocese assembled for the consecration of the beloved rector of St. Paul's to the Assistant Bishopric of Central Pennsylvania. The appearance of the church and congregation was much the same as the evening before, at the celebration of the twenty-fifth Anniversary of Bishop Bedell's consecration, only that the throng was denser, and a deeper solemnity was upon it.

Above sixty clergymen, of seven dioceses, with the Bishop of Delaware, presiding, the Bishops of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Central Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Southern Ohio, Chicago, Michigan, Indiana, and the Bishop-Elect, entered in surplices, singing the hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to war."

As the files opened to admit the Bishops, they extended from the chancel steps to the vestibule. Morning prayer was said by clergymen of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania and Ohio; the music being rendered by the excellent quartette and chorus choir of the church. It included a *Venite*, by Adams; *Te Deum*, Gounod; *Jubilate*, Ward; and *Gloria in Excelsis*, Tours.

Bishop Stevens preached the consecration sermon from Leviticus 8: 23, 24, the account of the consecration of Aaron. He gave in detail the spiritual parallel between the high-priesthood of the Jewish and the Episcopate of the Christian Church, setting forth the responsibility of this Church, the oldest in this hemisphere, in her duty of representing her absent Lord as no other can in an age seething with intellectual excitement. This day, before the sun rose on this continent it had shined in China upon the consecration of another Bishop of this Church, Dr. Boone, the son of the first Bishop of Shanghai. Addressing the Bishop-Elect, he charged him especially against the tendency away from supernaturalism and the doctrine of vicarious atonement.

The Bishop-Elect was presented by Bishops Bedell and Howe to presiding Bishop Lee; the testimonials of election and confirmation were read, and the consecration proceeded with, all duly as prescribed in the Or-

dinal. Rev. Dr. French, of Ohio, and Rev. H. L. Jones, of Central Pennsylvania, as attending presbyters, invested the candidate. Announcing the offertory, Bishop Bedell touched all hearts by saying that it would be devoted as an expression of love not only for the Lord and His Church, but for the newly consecrated Bishop and his diocese, the offerings to be used by him in diocesan missionary work. A large part of the congregation partook with the Bishops and clergy of the Holy Communion. The benediction was pronounced by Bishop Lee; and the clergy retired singing the 157th hymn.

After the consecration services the Bishops, clergy, and many of the guests were invited into the church parlors, where an elaborate collation had been spread. At the centre of the head table sat General J. H. Devereux, senior warden of the parish. The Bishops were seated on either side of him. A number of after-dinner speeches were made in which the whole compass of emotions was played upon, from sad to gay, from jest to earnest. Gen. Devereux described himself as not a presiding Bishop, but the representative of the ladies of St. Paul who furnished the feast; mothers in Israel; worthy to be Bishops' wives, every one. Bishop Lee referred to allusions made during the two services to Bishop McIlvaine. There were three little McIlvaines under his own roof, and as olive branches around his table, the youngest a boy of seven, and the only male descendant bearing his grandsire's honored name. As the gifts and graces of the elder Dr. Bedell had been inherited by his distinguished son, so they thought they saw some indications of promise in this boy, that some sweetness and power of spirit were descending to rest upon him and make him a worthy successor to the greatness of McIlvaine.

Bishop Howe spoke in words of fatherly and brotherly encouragement to his new Assistant.

The Rev. Dr. J. H. Hopkins in a characteristic speech acknowledged his opposition to Assistant Bishops in the abstract, but was "more unanimous" for Dr. Rulison in the concrete each time he took him by the hand and looked him in the face.

Bishop McLaren made fun over the much spoken of hardships of the Episcopate; there were trials and anxieties, but there was also the greatest joy. The *Chicago Times* had once announced an Episcopal election with the displayed line "Mitre done worse." The joke was lost out by the man who repeated it "Couldn't have done better." But we needn't laugh at the latter sentiment now, for it was more appropriate than the other to Central Pennsylvania.

Bishop Harris, speaking later, said there is trial peculiar to the Bishop's lot, and the saddest feature of it is the loneliness which a Bishop soon begins to feel when he finds his brethren inclined to regard his authority rather than his friendship and help. But he must accept the exclusion from equality, stepping down, not up, becoming the servant of all; and he finds his blessing in the sacrifice.

The Rev. Mr. Osborne arriving from Chicago by a belated train, comforted himself with the contentment of a man arriving at a wedding just in time to kiss the bride; he would have been repaid for walking all the way to be there at that hour. Speaking for the conviction that the Protestant Episcopal Church is the Holy Catholic Church, he offered congratulations that Central Pennsylvania had secured a Bishop of such Catholic mind, and Catholic heart, and Catholic soul, as his very dear friend, Dr. Rulison.

Other speakers spoke out of emotion too deep and sacred to be reported, even were their words produced. In conclusion, the Rev. Dr. Bolles spoke on behalf of the clergy of the whole diocese, saying that the question had occupied them:

What can we do to testify our love and esteem? What token and pledge can we ask you to accept as a sacred and enduring memorial of our happy and delightful and most blessed brotherhood of hearts? For that special purpose and object we have chosen a *Signet Ring*, in itself an emblem of your authority as a Bishop in the Church of God; and in all its parts suggestive of some of the blessed and holy truths of the Catholic faith. In the precious metal we recognize the value, purity and stability of the Christian life and character, and we pray God that as time rolls on, you may "come forth as gold," more and more purified and fitted for the Master's use in His Kingdom. In the never ending circle we are reminded of that eternity which is stamped upon all your official acts, and upon all the hopes and promises of the Gospel; and we pray God that you may have your reward in His never-ending joys and glory. In the precious stones we are reminded of that heavenly Jerusalem, whose "foundations are garnished with all manner of precious stones;" and we pray God that all of us may be remembered with mercy, "in that day when God shall make up His jewels."

Such, dear Bishop and Brother, is this Signet Ring, of which we ask your acceptance; and which we have ventured to call—A token and pledge of Love, Prayer, Praise, Blessing—in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Bishop Rulison could not express his thanks, he said, for the kindness and encouragement which had been spoken. If the token given him in any way signified authority, he would promise to exercise it as one who had faith not only in God, but in men—God's men—Christ's blood-marked, redeemed men. He hoped he should be cheerful under the trials of his work, whatever they were. He was broad in sympathy, and cared not for the cut of a man's coat, if

he were faithful and zealous; he loved all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth.—*Standard of the Cross.*

**THE SYSTEMATIC OFFERING PLAN.**

As the readers of THE LIVING CHURCH have been made aware by notices in its columns, the Board of Managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society has determined to make an especial effort to extend the operation of the scheme for collecting offerings for the general missions of the Church, known as the Systematic Offering Plan, and has appointed an agent to begin the work. This particular method of gathering missionary offerings, as many are also aware, has had the approval of the Board of Missions (i. e. in other words, of the Church itself in its missionary organization) for several years past, as the records of the Board of Missions plainly show. This approval was bestowed at the triennial meeting of the Board of Missions four years ago. In the year 1880, on motion of the Bishop of Maine, the Right Rev. Dr. Neely—the Board, consisting of the Bishops of the Church, the members of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, and certain other elected members, adopted, after full discussion, a report recommending this plan, made to the Board of Managers two years before by a committee, comprising the Right Rev. Drs. Neely and Littlejohn, the Rev. Dr. Davies, the late Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith, and Mr. Scott, of the laity. By this action the Church's missionary authority accepted the Systematic Offering Plan, and commended it for consideration and use in all the parishes.

The writer of this article is very kindly permitted by the editors of THE LIVING CHURCH to state here the essential features of the plan, for the information of those, both of the clergy and laity, of whom the Board of Missions asks its adoption.

The scheme of the Systematic Offering Plan is of the simplest kind. Its foundation is in the subscription or pledge of a fixed contribution for the year, to be paid either quarterly or annually in advance. For obtaining these subscriptions, books are supplied from the Mission Rooms in New York in sufficient number for each parish. These books the rectors of parishes are asked to put into the hands of efficient workers, who shall obtain the names of subscribers, and the amounts pledged by them respectively. These contributions, thus pledged, are then gathered by those responsible for that work in some convenient way. This may be done by personal collection, each quarter or half year, or where it is desired to economize as much as possible the labor of collecting, certain stated Sundays may be appointed in the parish on which the moneys duly enclosed in envelopes, can be deposited in the offertory plates in the churches, leaving such dues as had not been so presented, to be gathered in immediately afterward.

These contributions, it is provided, are then to be forwarded to the officers appointed to receive them at the Mission Rooms in New York, either by the rector of the parish, or by some other person appointed by him. Where the plan is adopted in full detail, it is provided that all contributions collected under it should be equally divided between domestic and foreign missions. This arrangement, however, has sometimes been found impracticable, and rectors and lay contributors are free, under the plan, to appropriate their gifts to either domestic or foreign missions, or in whatever proportion they prefer, to both. They may also designate them for use in paying the salaries of the missionary bishops or other missionaries, either domestic or foreign, or for use in any particular jurisdiction in either the domestic or foreign field. One restriction, however, has been found to be imperative, viz., that no "specials," that is, gifts which are outside the appropriations of the Board of Managers, and not available in meeting them, should be made under the Systematic Offering Plan.

One other specific point should be particularly named: the Board earnestly asks all rectors who adopt this plan, to continue also to take collections in their churches for domestic and foreign missions, and if possible a separate collection for each. Two special reasons for this request may be given: (1) that those who are making contributions of a fixed amount may have the opportunity to add to these by contributing as well to the missionary collections in the congregation, if they wish to do so; and (2) that those who are not pledged contributors may have then an occasion for contributing.

This article is written, as we have said above, to explain the details of the Systematic Offering Plan, and yet we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without asking indulgence in a brief presentation of one or two general principles.

The main purpose of this plan, which is to obtain a fixed income in any year, as large as possible, by which the Missionary Society may provide for an outgo which is fixed, (whether the income be so or not) and that this income may be received by the Society at regular periods, in order to meet payments which must be made at regular times, would seem to be reasonable and wise beyond question. The great bulk of the payments of the Board of Managers are for the maintenance of the missionary workers. These workers are a great division of

the army of the American Church Militant. No entirely successful warfare can be carried on by an army whose commissariat is not systematically administered, and whose supplies are uncertain. System in the provision of these supplies makes certainty, and certainly increases efficiency.

Again, experience in the use of the Systematic Offering Plan, leads its advocates always to expect an increase in contributions. Instances could be named in which its adoption has produced surprising results, quadrupling, in some cases, in the first year of its adoption, the contributions of the previous year.

To such a plan as this the clergy and laity are respectfully asked to give a careful trial. In any event, its merits or its inefficiency in any particular parish cannot be determined until the plan is tried. F. B. CHETWOOD.—*Agent Systematic Offering Plan.*

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## The Household.

## SEVEN BOYS AND THEIR GUILD.

BY FRANCES SPALDING.  
CHAPTER V."A fretful conscience, wondering how  
Such boldness suits with broken vo'w."  
*Kobler.*

"Where're you going Jack?"

"Home."

"Does Daddy want you?"

"Not particular, no."

"Nor Aunty?"

"Not as I know of."

"Come along o' me then."

It was fisherman Bob who hailed Jack Cleland on the hill above the bridge, as the boy was going to the little cottage up the creek.

"Got your new boat, Bob?"

"Yes, and she's a fine one, too. She's lying right down here by the steamboat dock. I'll take you down and give you a look at her."

Well pleased to go, and proud of the man's notice, for Bob was partial to Jack, the boy strode along with his big, rough companion, saying to himself: "I don't believe there's another boy that Bob would ask this way."

"Hallo! mate, where you towing that small craft?"

Jack looked up towards the voice, and saw a tall, wiry man, much younger looking than Bob, jumping over the high fence at the left.

"Down to see if the Bessie is all right."

"Guess I'll join you."

The man walked along with them to the river, where two other fishermen, one of whom Jack knew, and the other a stranger, were gravely regarding the trim boat.

Jack did not feel quite at ease with these strange men. If Bob was rough he was kind; but the other two gave the boy an uncomfortable feeling that they might be cruel if it pleased their fancy to be so. However, he felt safe with his father's friend, and began to listen with intense interest to the conversation between Bob and the tall man.

"Let's go down and take a look at the nets."

"All right," said Bob.

Jack was afraid they would leave him behind until the tall man said, "Come along, youngster, we may want some bait for the fishes, and you'll do first rate."

They all laughed as if it were a good joke, and the boy jumped in, saying as he did so to Bob, "Will it be long, father might miss me?"

"Oh! he'll know you wouldn't be off with anybody but me," was the reply, "he won't worry."

It was just sunset. The whole river was flooded with brilliant light as the fishermen dipped their oars and sent the Bessie rapidly down the stream. In the west the mountains were deeply blue; on the eastern bank the green sward shone like emerald; and the boat, with its strongly contrasted figures, gave life to the quiet scene. Beside the rough men Jack appeared more like a boy than he really was, for, although he had a strong face, he had fair hair and seemed slight and small compared with his companions.

"Whose boat-house is this we're passing?" asked one of the men.

"Mr. Grahame's," answered Jack, who had not yet spoken.

"Who's Mr. Grahame?"

"He owns the mills way up the creek—Miss Grahame is my Sunday School teacher," he added in a tone which showed he thought it something to be proud of, when, to his surprise, he was greeted with a laugh of derision.

"Oh, pshaw, now," sneered the strange man whom Jack did not like, "You don't say you go to Sunday school."

"You don't look like a goody good," added Bob's tall friend.

"I ain't a goody good," retorted Jack starting up, and speaking angrily. He forgot all about his resolve when he arose in the morning to do nothing wrong that day; he forgot that he surely meant that evening to learn the lesson for Sunday, because Miss Grahame was so good he would rather please her than anybody.

"Let the boy alone, Natt," said Bob.

"You say that's Mr. Grahame's place, do you," said Natt, dropping his disagreeable tone, "How many boats has he got?"

"Three," answered Jack.

"More'n he wants, I dare say. Bob, row us up there and I'll take a look at them."

"A few minutes took them to the boat-house, near which were fastened three as pretty boats as were owned along the shore.

"That's the new one," said Jack.

"Queer way to fasten a boat," said Natt.

"Walter says he contrived it himself."

Too much occupied to ask who Walter might be, Natt continued his examination of the boat, presently exclaiming, "Now I suppose he thinks he fastened this mighty cunning; but I've got it off all ready!"

Jack was frightened, and showed that he was, but said nothing.

"Stop foolin'," said Bob, "and come on to the nets."

Out in the river again, the men talked among themselves, leaving Jack plenty of time to think.

"I might just as well have gone home and asked father if I might come with Bob, there was plenty of time. It will be awful late when we get back. He won't scold much; but Aunty Charity will, and its Saturday night too."

He thought about Miss Grahame and his Sunday school lesson, that he meant to learn to please her; and, altogether, he was not so comfortable as a boy would like to be who is off trying to have a good time.

"What're you so sober about, lad?" asked Natt.

"Thinking about his Sunday school," sneered the other.

They all laughed, and Jack was getting very angry; but Bob said in a half regretful tone, "I used to go to Sunday school once."

"You," laughed Natt. "Well, if this is all they made of you, I'm glad I didn't go. Now, I could learn this lad a thing or two worth knowing."

Jack felt he would rather have Bob's kindly heart than all the boasted knowledge of the other; but he said nothing, only looked up and listened.

"Can you manage a boat?"

"I can row some," answered the boy who was really very proud of the way he handled the oars.

"Yes, I showed him how myself," said Bob, "and he can row fust rate."

Seated in the pretty boat, with the fresh evening breeze blowing back his wavy hair, his eyes aglow, and his lips parted with the excitement of praise from the old boatman, he looked, as he was for the moment, a happy boy.

And he might as well have been thoroughly happy as not. If he had learned his lesson in the afternoon, when he had plenty of time, and if he had run back to ask his father's permission to go rowing, he would not have been doing wrong—although he might indeed have been in better company.

## A MISSIONARY'S LETTER TO THE YOUNGSTERS AT HOME.

BY THE REV. J. HANSHINGTON, BISHOP OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

(From the London Graphic.)

PART I. (CONTINUED.)

On July 28 a double march brought me to the second Church Missionary Station, Mpwapwa. The house is a fine one for Central Africa, and the prospect in the rainy must be far more beautiful than it was then in the hot dry season. It looks out over a vast plain, the home of many noble herds of antelope and buffalo. Food proved to be rather a scarce article here, as many caravans had preceded us, and they had also had a very trying dry season. Small-pox was raging in the neighborhood, and not far from us was a native encampment terribly infected, so that we felt it was not wise to delay. Just six miles from here is an outlying station, Kisokwe, a delightful spot among the mountains and highlands of the Usagara district, which form part of the long mountain chain I mentioned some time ago. Here almost every variety of scenery is met with. There are fine mountain peaks terminating in bare and precipitous crags, and others crowned with luxuriant verdure, while in many places torrents dash down the valleys in a succession of waterfalls, forcibly reminding one of North Devon.

Game, as I have already hinted, is abundant, and leopards are very plentiful. Hunt-

ing excursions, however, are not unattended by danger, for small bands of savage Wambwa robbers traverse the country. Fig-trees, which are plentiful throughout East Africa, attain vast proportions in this district. At the end of the garden stands a monarch, spreading his densely-foliaged limbs over a space wide enough to shelter a standing army. Unfortunately, the fruit is not edible. When ripe these figs look inviting and smell nice, but consist of nothing but seeds and rind without fleshy pulp, so that there is nothing for a human being to eat, although hornbills and other birds relish them exceedingly.

We left this beautiful region by a mountain pass which proved to be very rugged and steep, and very trying for the men. Descending on the other side we entered the third of our divisions, which comprises desert tracts and the plains of Ugogo. It is very different to the one we have just left behind, consisting of broad sandy plains bounded by low ridges of hills. Wherever there is water it is densely populated, so much so that the plain frequently looks like a broad causeway. Rivers are superseded by ponds and nullahs, which can scarcely be graced with the name of lakes. And it is here that curious isolated granite rocks thrust their weird-looking heads through the alluvial soil.

Our first experience of this region was not a pleasant one. We had sent our men on before while we dalled with our friends at Mpwapwa. When we reached the summit of the pass we could see various villages with their fires in the plains below, but nowhere was the camp to be discerned. It was a weary time before we could alight on it, and when we did, what a scene presented itself to our gaze! The wind was so high that the camp fires were extinguished, and the men had betaken themselves to a deep trench cut through the sandy plain by a mountain torrent, but now perfectly dry; hence our difficulty in making out where the camp was. Two of the tents were in a prostrate condition, while the others were fast getting adrift. Volumes of dust were swamping beds, blankets, boxes, buckets, and in fact everything; and a more miserable scene could scarcely be beheld by a party of benighted pilgrims. It was no use staring at it. I seized a hammer and tent-pegs, forgot I was tired, and before very long had things fairly to rights; but I slept that night in a dust heap. Nor did the morning mend matters, and to encourage us the Mpwapwa brethren prophesied this state of things all through Ugogo. It is bad enough in a hot climate to have dust in your hair and down your neck, and filling your boxes; but when it comes to food, and every mouthful you take grates your teeth, I leave you to imagine the pleasures of tent life in a sandy plain.

A day or two after this we arrived at a camp where the water was excessively bad. We had to draw it for everybody from one deep hole, and probably rats, mice, lizards, and other small animals had fallen in and been drowned, and allowed to remain and putrefy. The water smelt most dreadfully, no filtering or boiling seemed to have any effect upon it, and soup, coffee, and all food was flavored by it. That afternoon I went for a stroll with my boy and two guns to endeavor to supply the table with a little better meat than tough goat. I soon struck on the dry bed of a masika (wet season) torrent. Following this up a little way I saw a fine troop of monkeys, and wanting the skin of one of them for my collection, I sent a bullet flying after him, without, however, producing any effect beyond a tremendous scamper. My boy then said to me, "If you want to kill monkey, master, you should try bullet-shot;" so returning him my rifle I took my fowling-piece. Perhaps it was fortunate I did so, for about a hundred yards farther on, the river-bed took a sharp turn, and coming round the corner I lighted on three tawny lions. They were quite close to me and had I had my rifle my first impulse might have been too strong for me to resist speeding the parting guest with a bullet. As it was, I came to a sudden halt and they ran away. In vain my boy begged me to retreat. I seized the rifle and ran after them as fast as my legs would carry me; but they were soon hidden in the dense jungle that lined the river banks; and although I could hear one growling and breathing hard about ten yards from me, I could not get a shot.

I now had severe attacks of fever every day, and at length we were compelled to come to a standstill, for I was far too ill to be moved. My life hung in the balance for three days. I was so weak that the mere fact of a head-man in kindness coming in and speaking a few words to me, brought on a fainting fit, and on another occasion, I nearly succumbed from moving across the tent from one bed to another.

After a few days the fever left me, and I was able to sit up for five and ten minutes at a time, and the next day was lifted into a hammock and carried onwards.

The curiosity of the natives in these parts was unbounded. They swarmed round our tents from morning till night, asking to see everything we possessed, and as they are noted thieves we had to keep an uncommonly sharp look out. The men are exceedingly undressed, wearing only short goat skins from the shoulder to the hip-bone. They besmear themselves with red ochre, and paint hideous devices on their faces, so that

they look like red men rather than black. The hair is worn long, is often interwoven with bark-fibre, and is plaited in various fashions, some of which are by no means unbecoming. The Ugogo type of countenance is for the most part very low in the scale, the features being broad and flat, with but little forehead. The few handsome exceptions one sees are, I am told, supposed to be Wamasai.

The women are scrupulously clad, and the many copper and steel chains which they wear are particularly becoming. The great feature of the Wagogo is their ears. The lower lobes in men, women, and children are pierced. First starting, they begin by inserting a straw or two, or a ring of copper wire; these are gradually increased in number, until at last the ear is sufficiently stretched to allow of the insertion of bits of stick, gourds, snuff boxes, old cartridge cases, and other such articles. From a boy of twelve years old I got a block of wood that he had in his ear considerably larger than the cork of a gooseberry bottle. Sometimes the lobe is so distended that it hangs down to the shoulder, and refuses to hold anything inserted in it; in such a case it is used as a suspensory for fine chains, or coils of iron wire. Sometimes you would see the lobes quite broken down, so that to their immense regret they could wear nothing. I have often been asked to mend their ears; but although I could easily have done it by nipping off the ends and binding them together, yet I always refused so to encourage their vanity.

I am supposed to be perverse, and so it was, I imagine, that I took a great fancy to these ill-famed Wagogo. It struck me that there was something very manly about them; the boys were daubed with war paint, and were armed with bright spears and skin shields, some of which I could not help coveting a little; but they asked such enormous prices, when anything was said about buying and selling, that I had to forego purchasing.

## THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

FROM THE ANNOTATED PRAYER BOOK.

THE TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Christian love is here, as on the first Sunday after Trinity, the subject of the Epistle and Gospel: but in the present instance it is illustrated by the tender words of St. Paul in his Epistle to the Philippians, and by our Lord's parable of the two debtors, which He spoke as a reply to St. Peter's question, "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?" This question was asked by one who was accustomed to the Jewish practice, which was ostentatious of its seven times' forgiveness, but yet unforgetting in reality. Our Lord's law of forgiveness had no limits, "Not until seven times, but until seventy times seven." The forgiveness of the debt of ten thousand talents represents the infinite mercy of God, and is given as the true Example and Standard towards which His absolved servants should reach upward.

## MOTHER CHURCH.

We love the Church which worships the Lord God in the English tongue. We love the Church which wears upon her breast-plate the bright jewels of the holy books translated into that tongue. We love her solemn feasts and fasts, her quiet ways, her strong parental watch and care for souls.

Founded in truth, by blood of martyrdom  
Cemented, by the hands of wisdom reared,  
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,  
Decent and unproved.

We love her for her stately dignity as she bends over our homes to bless us with the grace of God, for her matchless beauty of ministration in all the events and exigencies of our lives from the cradle to the tomb. We love her, too, for her sure heritage of offices and functions from the Lord and His apostles, and the treasures of grace she bears in the golden caskets of the sacraments. When we gaze with filial admiration upon her stately walls, and when our hearts are solemnized by the mystic silence of her chancels, when we see her upholding ancient truth without loss of sympathy with the new age, and rising to the majesty of her best efforts where human sin and suffering offer their boldest challenge, we catch the enthusiasm of the psalmist and exclaim: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." (Psalms cxxxvii. 5-6). Without vain glory or idle boasting, we believe that increasing numbers, influence, and spiritual power await the progress of the Church, and this for reasons aside from her presumptive share in the general promises of final victory over the evil forces that assail organic religion. It is not questionable that this great Church in all its national and colonial branches occupies the leading place among the English-speaking people of the world. Originally the spiritual mother of the Anglo-Saxon race, the severance of her relations with the Italian Church only enabled her to nourish her children more faithfully. Attacked by foes of her own household, impeded by alliances not essential to her constitution, compelled to bear the debilitation of deplorable schisms, she has never relinquished her relation to the people with whose history her name is so closely associated, but has grown with their

growth and strengthened with their strength. It is not questionable either that these nations are the dominating powers on the earth to-day. The British empire and the American republic lead the van of civilization. In the former the Church is confessedly the prime spiritual factor, and at no time in history more deserving by her vitality and earnestness of the loyal support of the people. In the latter, her influence, which has always been large in proportion to her numbers, increases perceptibly, and not without reason.—Bishop McLaren.

## HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

AN old nurse says that rain water, if heated very hot, is very soothing to weak and tired eyes.

SPREADS and shams are now said to be out of fashion. Round bolster and silk or satin spread of any favorite color have taken their place.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF.—Chloral Hydrate, one drachm; Glycerine, four drachms; Bay rum, eight ounces. Mix, and rub on the scalp.

The low square rattan chairs so much used in halls may be brightened, and be rendered more comfortable also, by having cushions in them. Almost any handsome material will answer for the covering, and for a shoulder cushion the crazy patchwork is strikingly pretty.

A GOOD hamper, suitable for a country house, can be made out of a long, low, and narrow packing-box. Secure the lid by a few hinges. Cover entire box with bright cretonne or calico. A good plan is to cushion the top of the box well before covering with cretonne, thus making the box useful as a low couch.

ONE of the prettiest ornaments for a shelf is a square or oblong glass with bevelled edges. On this glass paint a landscape. A snow scene is particularly adapted for this. A glass ten inches high by eight wide is a good size. This may be placed upon an easel when it is done, or may be glued to a plush panel, which can be hung on the wall.

CURE FOR CORNS.—Take one-fourth of a cup of strong vinegar and crumb finely into it some bread. Let it stand for half an hour, or until it softens into a good poultice. Then apply, on retiring at night. In the morning the soreness will be gone, and the corn can be picked out. If the corn is a very obstinate one, it may require two or more applications to effect a cure.

GINGER drops, which children can be allowed to make for themselves, afford more pleasure than the occasional seems to warrant. Take half a pound of sugar, sift a tablespoonful, or more if you wish a strong flavor, of ginger, add a little water; let this come to a boil, then drop on paper, and let them stand in a cool oven till they are dry. Only enough water should be added to moisten the sugar.

FOR some uses, and in some places in a room, a square shelf—that is, one that is almost as wide as it is long—is admirably adapted. Cover it with felt and put a band of velvet around the edge of the lambrquin, which should not be more than a quarter of a yard deep. Fancy stiches of silk above the velvet are very pretty. The edge may have tassels. These seem to be preferred to fringe at present.

A CONVALESCENT with capricious appetite may sometimes be tempted to eat of fat; toast two thin slices of graham bread, butter them, and on the lower slice pour some hot stewed berries. Hot apple sauce is also nice for this; press the upper slice upon it, and after buttering the top slightly, pour boiling water over it. This must be drained off almost as soon as put on, or the toast will be ruined and love's labor will be lost.

OIL OF PEPPERMINT IN NEURALGIA.—Dr. Meredith, in the Birmingham Medical Review, recommends oil of peppermint as an external application for allaying the neuralgic pain so often complained of in cases of *Herpes zoster*. He has used it with great relief to the patient even when the eruption was out in a fresh florid condition. He thinks that the value of this remedy in relieving neuralgic pain deserves to be better known.

HANDSOME mats for a table, on which nothing is to be placed unless it is a little easel or some article of the kind which will not conceal the mat, are made of one block of satin, with a fringe embroidered or painted on it. Have a small block at each corner of a different colored satin or velvet, and slips at the sides, thus making a border; put three tiny tassels at each corner, at a suitable distance apart. Line the mat so that it will lie smoothly in its place.

CUT flowers fade so soon, it is well to know that if a small bit of the stem is cut off and the end immersed in very hot water, the flower will frequently revive and resume its beauty. Colored flowers are more easily rejuvenated than white ones, which are apt to turn yellow. For preserving flowers in water, finely pulverized charcoal should be put into the vase at this season. Where vines are growing in water, charcoal will prevent foul odors from the standing water.

A PRETTY carriage wrap for the baby, which will be useful in the early autumn, is made of Turkish towelling. Choose that with scarlet stripes and scarlet polka dots; trim the edge with the scarlet and white trimming which resembles torchon, but is still heavier and more durable. For winter there is nothing so handsome or so comfortable as a square of fur, lined with flannel. The edge of the flannel should be pinked, or cut in scallops, and for further ornamentation the baby's monogram, or initials, may be embroidered in the centre of the flannel.

FOR LOW SPIRITS.—Take one ounce of the seeds of resolution, mixed well with the oil of conscience, infuse it into a large spoonful of the salts of patience; distil very carefully a composing plant called "others' woes," which you will find in every part of the garden of life, growing under the broad leaves of disguise; add a small quantity and it will greatly assist the salts of patience in their operation. Gather a handful of the blossoms of hope, then sweeten them properly with the balm of procedure; and if you can get any of the seeds of true friendship, you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered. Be careful to get the seeds of true friendship, as there is a seed very much like it called self-interest, which will spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients into pills and take one night and morning, and the cure will be effected.

## The Living Church.

Chicago, November 8, A. D. 1884.

Entered at the Chicago P. O. as second class mail matter.

Subscription, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.  
No paper discontinued without express orders and payment of all arrears.

Subscribers ordering the address of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

WEEKLY CIRCULATION 18,000.

ADVERTISING RATES, PER AGATE LINE, 20 CTS.  
Notices of Deaths, free; Business Notices, Obituaries, Appeals, Acknowledgments, Marriages, two cents a word. All notices must be prepaid.

C. W. LEFFINGWELL, ARTHUR P. SEYMOUR,  
Address THE LIVING CHURCH CO.,  
162 Washington St.

Rev. C. W. LEFFINGWELL, D. D. Editor.

\*Subscribers in arrears are respectfully requested to remit at their earliest convenience. The very low price at which the paper is now published renders necessary a rigid enforcement of the rule of payment in advance. The label gives date of expiration. If the number thereon is 314, or anything below, then you are in arrears.

\*\*The entire edition of the LIVING CHURCH ANNUAL for 1885 having been purchased by S. A. Maxwell & Co., Chicago, all orders for the ANNUAL should be addressed to that firm and not to THE LIVING CHURCH COMPANY.

NOTICE must again be given that Messrs. S. A. Maxwell & Co. have nothing to do with the preparation of The Living Church Annual, or with The Living Church. They are simply the purchasers of the first edition of the Annual. The Living Church Company have the entire control of it as well as of the paper, and communications relating to either (except orders for the Annual) should be addressed to them as heretofore.

NOW READY.  
VOLUME II. OF THE  
LIVING CHURCH

### Sunday School Library.

Price 25 Cents, Free by Mail.

### The Holy Catholic Church,

By the Rev. Samuel Fox. Neatly bound in cloth. For Sale by THE LIVING CHURCH CO., 162 Washington St., Chicago.

The Southern Churchman announces that the Rev. A. A. Marple of Bridgeport, Pa., will take charge as editor of The Episcopal Register, of Philadelphia. The name of the paper will be changed to The American Church.

A CIPHER cable dispatch has been received at the Mission rooms which announces the consecration of the Rev. William Jones Boone, D.D., as missionary Bishop of Shanghai, in that city on St. Simon and St. Jude's day.

THE LIVING CHURCH ANNUAL for 1885 will be ready, as promised on November 15. The announcement in The Churchman that it was "now ready," was caused by an error on the part of the clerk who sent off the advertisements to the various papers.

If there is any one article consumed by the omnivorous American which can stand a tax without loss to the people and with great gain to the treasury, it is patent medicine. It is cheap stuff, sold at a high price, and the price is the same whether it is taxed or not. By the removal of the two-cent tax, one medicine, so called, makes \$170,000 a year; another rolls up \$60,000.

THE Diocese of Maryland is to be congratulated upon its choice of a Bishop; not only because it has succeeded in making a choice, but also because the lot has fallen upon one so worthy to be entrusted with the high office as the Rev. Dr. Paret, of Washington. There is no suspicion of partisanship in the Bishop-elect; he will come as near as any one can come, we believe, to being the Bishop of the entire diocese.

At the Seabury Centenary in Aberdeen, a communication was read from the Archbishop of Canterbury with reference to the date to be annually observed as the day of special intercession for missions. It was originally appointed in November on St. Andrew's Day, but was changed to the Rogation Days in spring. It was proposed to change the date back to the former time in November. Our House of Bishops and the Convocations of York and Canterbury had assented to the change, and the Scottish Episcopal Church was also asked to unite with them, so that there might be an uniformity in the date.

DURING last week the daily papers announced the death of Wilbur F. Storey, for some years editor and proprietor of the Chicago Times. Mr. Storey's ambition and enterprise were boundless, and his life was consumed in the one aim of building up a great paper. Some years ago he was stricken by paralysis, and since that time he had been helpless. It is said by one of his biographers that shortly before this affliction befel him, on seeing an acquaintance partially paralyzed, he exclaimed in a broken voice: "Good God! Look at that man! He's alive, and yet he is dead! What is the use of living when life is burdened with such a calamity? I feel the same horrible fate threatening me. Why have I worked so hard, and accumulated money, and planned, and given all my years to building up a great business, when I know that at any moment I may become a helpless mass like that? Life is not worth living not valuable enough to compensate for such a fate!"

We have refrained from comment on Monsignor Capel's denial that he was ever "silenced by ecclesiastical authority," until we could make further inquiries. We are now able to say with confidence that while Monsignor Capel may be technically correct in his denial, yet THE LIVING CHURCH did not misrepresent nor malign him in its allegation of public rumor. "Silenced by ecclesiastical authority" may not be the exact phrase that would be used by Roman ecclesiastics, to describe the disability under which this prelate is well known to have been placed. It is true, however, and we have the proof in hand, that he was not allowed to preach for some time in the Archdiocese of Westminster, nor in Rome. Though great efforts were at one time made to get permission for him to preach in Rome, a petition being circulated there by some ladies, begging the Cardinal Vicar to allow him to preach, he was not allowed to do so. Some leading Americans in Rome refused to sign the petition. He preached in Florence by permission of the Archbishop, but not in Rome. While we should be glad to see this genial prelate rehabilitated and fully restored to the exercise of the high functions in his Communion, for which his commanding talents seem to fit him, we venture to suggest that for the present he proceed in a less obtrusive manner in his attacks upon the Catholic Faith and Order of the American Church.

Our good neighbor The Current thinks us a little sarcastic in suggesting that we might throw in street-car fare and pocket-handkerchiefs, with the text books that are now supplied at public expense by some School Boards. The Current says: "On the theory that the child, by going to school, serves the State, is it not as proper that it should be given a text-book as that a raw recruit to the army should be supplied with a gun?"

We answer, Yes, to that, and we claim that our proposition is sustained. "The raw recruit" is furnished with transportation and pocket-handkerchiefs, and on this theory, school-children should be also. On the theory that the child serves the State by going to school, a good many absurd conclusions follow. It is this theory that we object to. It is mischievous in the extreme. If it should be generally accepted and acted upon, it would bring the public school system to such a state of extravagance and corruption that the people would abolish it altogether. The child does not go to school primarily to serve the State but to serve himself. He is not making any sacrifice for the State, but is receiving from the State. It is supposed that his education will eventually benefit the State, and consequently he is to be aided in securing it. To what extent that aid should be given is a question upon which there is much difference of opinion. There are many who think that we are already going too far in taxing the people to furnish higher education to a few children and they are often the children of the rich. The line must be drawn somewhere. Shall it be drawn at text-books, at sheet-music, at artist-materials, at transportation, or at pocket-handkerchiefs?

### MR. FISKE ON THE DESTINY OF MAN.

Mr. John Fiske's recent book on "The Destiny of Man," as viewed in the light of his origin, touches what is most vital in the present issues between science and religion, and in some respects holds out the olive-branch on the part of the scientists towards those who have always maintained the divine origin of man. Much in evolution has been already adopted, because it explains the processes of growth in organic matter, but the evolutionists have always avoided an explanation of the origin of man, or, if they could account for his physical creation, they could not explain the possession of conscience and reason as living forces of his nature. It is the evolutionist, in the person of Mr. Fiske, who now comes forward with an explanation which has value as a speculation and which has much in its favor as covering the point in question.

Mr. Fiske has studied the development of man as a social and political and religious being quite as faithfully as he has entered into the processes of life which are explained by the doctrine of evolution. He sees that there are two factors in the problem, the physical life and the psychical life, and that the point of differentiation between man and the lower orders of beings is in the beginning of this psychical life. Whether one adopts his views or not, his statement of the origin of our psychical life has the deepest interest and shows a great advance upon what have heretofore been the generally understood views of evolutionists on this perplexing subject. He remarks with truth that "the infinite and eternal Power which is revealed in the physical life of the universe seems in nowise akin to the human soul;" but the fact of man's consanguinity with dumb beasts, in his opinion, must be admitted. He believes that "the Darwinian theory shows us distinctly for the first time how the creation and perfecting of Man is the goal toward which nature's work has all the while been tending." "Not the production of any higher creature but the perfecting of humanity is to be the glorious consummation of nature's long and tedious work." "He who recognizes the slow and subtle process of evolution as the way in which God makes things come to pass," "sees that in the deadly struggle for existence which has raged through countless aeons of time the whole creation has been groaning and travailing together in order to bring forth that last consummate specimen of God's handiwork, the human soul." Man by a process of natural selection of psychical peculiarities became distinctly human, but this does not fully explain his most signal difference from all other animals. "Not only in the world of organic life, but throughout the known universe, the doctrine of evolution regards differences in kind as due to the gradual accumulation of differences in degree." The moment at which the creation of mankind began [was] the moment when psychical variations became of so much more use to our ancestors than physical variations that they were seized and enhanced by natural selection, to the comparative neglect of the latter. Increase of intellectual capacity, in connection with the developing brain of a single race of creatures, now became the chief work of natural selection in originating man and this was the opening of a new chapter, the last and most wonderful chapter in the history of creation. "Here we arrive at one of the most wonderful moments in the history of creation—the moment of the first faint dawning of consciousness, the foreshadowing of the true life of the soul. Whence came the soul we no more know than we know whence came the universe. The primal origin of consciousness is hidden in the depths of a bygone eternity. That it cannot possibly be the product of any cunning arrangement of material particles is demonstrated beyond peradventure by what we know of the correlation of physical forces." "Yet while we know not the primal origin of the soul, we have learned something with regard to the conditions under which it has become incarnated in material forms."

### THE PALESTINE PILGRIMS.

The excellent work accomplished by the Palestine Exploration Fund in the survey of the Holy Land, is a guaranty that the publication under its auspices of all the curious and interesting pilgrimages made, not only by Christians, but by Jews, from the early but unknown period of a French pilgrim from Bordeaux, will be prosecuted in a manner worthy of its reputation. For the subscription of five dollars to the Palestine Pilgrim's Text Society, these volumes will be issued as rapidly as possible. Antoninus has been completed, and St. Paula and the Bordeaux Pilgrim are nearly ready. The account of the celebration of the Epiphany (chap. xl), is a fair specimen. "We celebrated the Epiphany" (not Easter, a change made in the sixteenth century to accommodate the Pilgrims of Holy Week), "by the side of the Jordan, and wonders take place on that night in the place where the Lord was baptized. There is there a mound surrounded with railings, and at the place where the water returned to its bed, a wooden cross is fixed, standing in the water; and upon the banks on each side marble steps descend into the water. Upon the eve of Epiphany great vigils are held there, a vast crowd of people is collected, and after the cock has crowed for the fourth or fifth time, matins begin. After matins, as day begins to dawn, the deacons begin the holy mysteries in the open air; the priest descends into the river, and at the hour when he begins to bless the water, at once the Jordan, with a mighty noise rolls back upon itself, and the upper water stands still until the Baptism is completed, but the lower runs off to the sea, as the Psalmist saith, 'the sea saw it and fled: Jordan was driven back,'" (Ps. cxiv. 3).

Mr. Fiske then goes on to verify the truths which have been slowly devel-

oped by modern psychologists with regard to the intellectual and moral growth of man from infancy to manhood. He next connects this new step in creation with the growths of civilization, with the development of society, with the life of the family, with the crude beginnings of human morality. In his opinion, the creation of man was by no means the creation of a perfect being; neither has man as an individual or as a member of society reached the full measure of his growth. "From what has already gone on during the historic period of man's existence, we can safely predict a change that will by and by distinguish him from all other creatures even more widely and fundamentally than he is distinguished to-day." Mr. Fiske believes in the immortality of the soul not as a demonstrable truth of science, but "as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work." He holds with Mr. Spencer that "the divine energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe is the same energy that wells up in us as consciousness." He "sees no insuperable difficulty in the notion that at some period in the evolution of humanity this divine spark may have acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the wreck of material forms and endure forever."

This view of the destiny of man, and of his differentiation from the lower orders of creatures is not one that we are called upon to accept or reject. Its value consists in the fact that in a condensed form it presents the latest ideas on the points where science and religion have been profoundly at variance, of those who have been engaged in scientific research, and that it shows an increasing approach, on the part of scientists, toward an acceptance of the truths about man's origin and destiny which have been affirmed in all the historical beliefs of mankind. It is a matter of profound significance for believers in Christianity that a man in Mr. Fiske's position can say of the tendency of modern knowledge that, "as we gird ourselves up for the work of life, we may look forward to the time when in the truest sense the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords." This is the longest step toward the Christian belief that any pronounced evolutionist has yet taken.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### TOIL FOR THE CLERGY.

To the Editor of The Living Church:

I read every now and then about the sedentary character of the priestly calling. I do not find it so. The only objection I have is that it is not sedentary enough. My experience of it has been far more ambulatory than sedentary. No one need suffer from being tied too closely to his *sedes* in this "neck of woods;" for he has only to stretch his *pedes* over the hills of Western Pennsylvania four or five afternoons in the week to make him wish that he might carry his *sedes* with him.

In this connection, is not too little attention given to the subject of food? The clergyman needs both nerve food and muscle food, and he needs it well cooked. There is an old aphorism that "God sends us food, but the devil sends us cooks," and I believe that many a ministerial failure may be traced to fried beefsteak and soggy bread. No amount of exercise can overcome an abuse of the stomach. If a clergyman is to be successful in the higher ministrations of his calling, he must lay his physical foundations strong and deep, and if not "live to eat," at least "eat to live."

J. D. HERRON.

New Castle, Pa.

#### AN OFFER.

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I am desirous to say through the columns of THE LIVING CHURCH, that if there are any Sunday schools which would be willing to receive a donation of old Sunday school papers, all which are of this year, with the exception of a few last year's, I would be very happy to forward the same, to any school who will write me. Much good can be done in this way. I am particular each Sunday when we have a few extra papers left over after distributing, to keep them in good order, and would recommend that all Sunday school superintendents do the same, as much good can be done in this manner.

Any school who would like the donation, will please write at as early date as convenient.

FRANK HAMMOND,

Sup't Christ Church Sunday school.

Wellsbury, N. Y.

#### WAS ST. PAUL MARRIED?

To the Editor of The Living Church:

The force of the arguments adduced by "Layman," in THE LIVING CHURCH of September 27th, relative to this question, is not a little impaired by certain loose statements, which, with your permission, I shall take the liberty of reviewing. The first of these statements is that the Greeks have no word for widower. It is quite true that no such word occurs in the Sacred Scriptures, but that is no proof that none exists, and if your correspondent had devoted a little more attention to an examination of the word *Cheros* in the more copious Greek lexicons, he would probably never have made such an assertion. The Greek lexicographer, Suidas, expressly tells us that *Cheros* is *ho meta ten protesteresin deuteran me sunezeng menos gunaik;* i. e. one who, after the loss of his first, has not been conjugally united to a second wife. And in the Greek Anthology (7.522, line 4), the word occurs in precisely that signification. In writing "the Greeks have no word for widower," the writer of the communication in question probably meant to say *had* no word. If he did not, he was still farther from the mark, for among the Greeks of the present day *Cheros* is quite as common as widower is with us, and in precisely the same sense.

We are next told that (although the Greeks have no word for widower) "the meaning is expressed by the well known Greek use of collocation of words in a sentence, to modify and often very materially to vary their meaning." All of which has a very learned sound, but is extremely indefinite and meaningless.

As to St. Paul's having been a member of the Sanhedrim, that is a matter with regard to which totally different views are entertained by the commentators. "Layman" concludes that "he must have been a member of this council, for he, as a Sanhedrist, cast his vote against the Christians when they were being condemned to death by this body. This is evident from Acts xxvi, 10, where Paul, in his speech before Agrippa, says that he shut up many of the saints in prison; and when they were being con-

ple, which, of course, had no reality, the explanation, nevertheless, is simple and in no respect impugns his integrity. The Jordan is a narrow stream with no great volume of water, but a rapid current. A vast crowd of people would check the flow for a few moments and it would roll back with a noise, or rise above and ebb below the living dam of the compact mass standing as near as possible to the priest. In chapter xliii, Babylon, (Cairo), Tanis, Memphis and the Pyramids are named in the same connection, and a single line proving the conjecture of Mr. Cope Whitehouse that Zoan-Tanis was a name for a royal suburb of Memphis, and not Tanis in the Delta (where the Egypt Exploration Fund is digging) is well founded.

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AUTUMN THOUGHT.

BY Z. T. ARMS.

The Indian Summer days leave many a trace On wooded slopes, of new and ancient gold; The blithesome lambs skip far from hillside fold...

BOOK NOTICES.

MINGO AND OTHER SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE. By John Chandler Harris. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Pp. 273. Price, \$1.25.

Mr. Harris has already made a reputation for himself which is well sustained in the three or four short stories which make up this volume. "At Teague Potets"—the longest story—was first published as a serial in The Century.

A PERILOUS SECRET. By Charles Reade. New York: Harper & Bros. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Pp. 194. Price 75 cents.

GOOD STORIES. By Charles Reade. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Pp. 318. Price \$1.00.

The Harpers have issued a new and neat edition of Reade's works in green and gold. The print is fine but clear. Reade was an author of unequal power, neither of these volumes will add to his permanent reputation.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE GREATEST BENEFIT FROM A BOOK. By the Rev. R. W. Lowrie.

This pamphlet, is aimed to aid the young and somewhat inexperienced reader to get the most from what he reads. It contains valuable hints on the topic of books and that of reading them. It would make an excellent literary lecture to a school or college.

SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS. By James Payn. New York: Harper & Brothers; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.00.

Mr. Payn is one of the most agreeable writers of fiction now living; he has since his boyhood lived in close companionship with other celebrated authors, and this work gives, in a very pleasant, chatty style many anecdotes and reminiscences well worth preserving.

WORDS, THEIR USE AND ABUSE. By William Matthews, LL.D. New Edition from New Plates. Revised and greatly enlarged. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Pp. 294. Price 25 cents.

The estimate of the value of this book, in the public mind, is indicated by the fact of a new edition. Its first publication was in 1873; it is now revised by the author and two important chapters are added.

DR. SEVIER. By George U. Cable. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Pp. 473. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Cable has given us a thoroughly American novel and one that will add not a little to his reputation. It is a story of Southern life in New Orleans, before and during the war.

ESSENTIALS OF ENGLISH: FOR SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, AND PRIVATE STUDY. By Alfred H. Welsh, A. M. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Pp. 314. Price \$1.50.

"The culture of expression should be a specific study, quite distinct from the invention of thought." The author has taken this sentence for the motto of his book; and very happily, too, as it is a key note to his treatment of the subject.

AMONG the recent issues of Harper's "Franklin Square Library" will be found Justin McCarthy's "History of the Four Georges," in two parts. Price 20 cents each.

MESSRS. JOHN E. PORTER & Co., Philadelphia, issue a second series of Fenno's Favorites, being choice pieces for reading and speaking. Price, 25 cents.

THE ADDRESS delivered by Bishop Whipple on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of his election, has been handsomely printed, and may be had of the Rev. George B. Whipple, Faribault, Minn., for 25 cents.

"OUR PENAL MACHINERY AND ITS VICTIMS" is the title of a strong and timely paper by John Altgeld, on the treatment of the criminal class, and of the class from which criminals easily develop.

Home Science has issued its third number and is fairly before the public. Its aim is to teach the principles of good home living and to furnish reading for the family circle.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Sunday Magazine for November sustains its claim to be "a Journal of refined, useful, and interesting literature."

Harper's Young People, now in its sixth volume, is to be issued regularly in England, where it has already attained great popularity.

The November number of The Magazine of Art ends its seventh year with strength and vigor that speaks well for its future.

The Decorator and Furnisher marks the beginning of its fifth year with a new cover, simple and artistic in design, and an improvement upon the old.

The Century for November royally begins a new volume. Among the many articles of value, stands chief in interest and importance that of General Beauregard on the Battle of Bull Run.

EVERY article in The North American Review for November is thoughtful, timely, and interesting. Judge Pitman gives some sensible arguments in favor of Woman Suffrage.

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Calendar—November, 1884.

9. 22ND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Green.  
16. 23D SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Green.  
24. SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT. Green.  
30. FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT. Violet.  
ST. ANDREW.

AN AUTUMN DAY—A THOUGHT FOR ALL SAINTS.

"Twas in the bright October,  
And the trees were bright overhead,  
With the gorgeous robe brave autumn weaves  
To deck his dying bed.  
And some in golden glory,  
And royal splendor shone,  
And shied enchanted glamor  
Where sunshine there was none.  
And one, like the Archangel  
In the armies of the Lord,  
Flung out a scarlet banner,  
And flashed a flaming sword.  
But the poplars that had shivered  
When summer winds were sweet,  
Stood up, still crowned with verdure,  
The autumn storms to meet.  
An oak, all red and russet,  
Dropped its acorns slowly down;  
And with silvery bark and yellow leaves  
The trembling birch trees shone.  
And the pine trees tall and stately,  
The larch and hemlock green,  
Old friends that never change nor fade,  
Stood patient and serene.  
As I looked upon the forest  
In the beauty of its glow,  
I said, "Thy thus the saints of God  
In His fair garden grow.  
For some with zeal are burning  
Some stand in glory bright  
Of golden deeds, some bravely bear  
Some thrill with deep delight.  
But all are of His planting,  
Each fills its destined place,  
And on them all He smiles, and sheds  
The splendor of His grace!"  
October 21, 1884. E. S.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

When anything is said of a bishop riding in rough, open farm wagon, with nothing but an umbrella to protect him from a heavy rain, our thoughts are apt to turn to one of those dioceses west of the Mississippi River. And yet such an incident happened in a diocese none other than New York, and to a Bishop none other than the Assistant Bishop, Dr. Henry C. Potter. Last Thursday was the day fixed for the closing services of the Summer Home, maintained by the Church of the Holy Communion, near Hastings, on the Hudson. On reaching the station a carriage was at hand, to convey the ladies of the party which had come from New York; but the gentlemen, including Bishop Potter and the rector, the Rev. Henry Mottet, were obliged to ride in the vehicle mentioned above. The bad weather prevented a large attendance. After the Celebration of the Holy Communion in the chapel, the company went to the Summer Home, where lunch was hospitably served to them. A report of the condition of the home was read, and Bishop Potter made an address, with a felicity in no way impaired by the chilling experiences of the morning. The visitors then went through the buildings, and inspected the means provided for the comfort of the many children, who had been treated during the summer to at least a week's holiday, away from the dust and heat of the city.

The matriculation of the new students in the General Theological Seminary, took place as usual on All Saints' Day. Morning Prayer was said as usual at nine, and the main service of the day began at eleven. The Assistant Bishop of New York celebrated, and was assisted by Dean Hoffman and the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's. Mr. Rainsford delivered the address. He first spoke of what he considered to be the great mission of this Church, the work in large cities. Here it is that multitudes are continually flocking; the problems to be solved in the work are more difficult, the sorrows and suffering are greater, and young men, he thought, should go where the fight is thickest. First of all, he advised them to go where God should call them, and stay there. The holiest character which it had been his privilege to know, was, he said, that of a man who had been seventeen years a curate. Be content to live under authority, and to be obedient and teachable until several years of experience have been added to the years of youth. Next he advised them to be methodical; to have a time for private prayer, and to let nothing interfere with it; to have a time for sermon writing, and if need be lock themselves in at those hours; to have a time for study and a time for visiting. He advised them to cultivate sympathy for their fellow-men, and to put the result of their visiting into their sermons. "If," said he, "you speak in answer to some troubled soul that you know about, you will strike fifty more in the same condition. Be the same man in your visiting that you are in your pulpit." He emphasized the importance of preaching. What an opportunity, an audience ready to listen and needing to be taught, perfect freedom in the choice of subject, and no one to answer back. He spoke forcibly and earnestly on the duty of cultivating humility and personal holiness. Finally, with the air of a man thoroughly convinced, and at the same feeling that he speaks to those who may not agree with him, he told his hearers not to ignore the fact that those who are not of us are being used as instruments to accomplish great good in the Christianity of this world. Do not begin your ministry by a shot

at your Presbyterian brother, but let all your efforts be directed straight forward at the ranks of the evil one drawn up to oppose you.

After the address the students came forward as their names were called, and signed the matriculation vow. Bishop Potter then addressed the students. To those just matriculated he pointed out the necessity of cultivating method, humility and devotion. To the others he spoke of the duty of receiving with fraternal cordiality their new companions in study, whose lives and thoughts would be much influenced by those about them.

He stated carefully that he had no more authority in the seminary than any other Bishop; but as he was particularly connected with the students, by being in the same city with them, he extended to all a hearty invitation to call on him for council, and asked to be considered always their brother and their servant. The hymn sung was the particularly appropriate one:—"For all thy saints who from their labors rest." After the service the newly matriculated students, and the invited clergy were pleasantly entertained at lunch by the Dean, at his residence.

St. Paul's church in Brooklyn, at Clinton and Carroll streets, was consecrated on All Saint's Day. A meeting of the managers of St. Luke's Hospital was held last Monday evening. John H. Earle was re-elected president, James M. Brown and Percy R. Pyne were elected vice-presidents, and George MacColloch Miller, secretary. J. Noble Stearns was made a member of the Board of Managers.

On Sunday before last, I see from the papers, many of our Sectarian friends found the texts for their sermons in the rival Presidential candidates, and in the hundredth birthday of Sir, Moses Montefiore.

I hear general satisfaction expressed at the choice of the diocese of Maryland has made in electing the Rev. Dr. Paret to the Episcopate. The Church at large is of course pleased that the matter has been ended so soon and so satisfactorily, inasmuch as many feared that an election at this special session would be impossible. It is also to be expected that a man on whom two-thirds of the clergy were able to unite would be acceptable to most people, since he would be in no sense an extreme party man. I hear that he is a very hard worker and will bring vigorous methods and an earnest heart to his work in Maryland. As he is a man who has been repeatedly put forward by the High Churchmen as a candidate for the Standing Committee, and as he had the manliness to write over his own name against the course taken by the Standing Committee some years ago, and as in spite of all this he received many more than the requisite two-thirds of the clerical votes, we may naturally presume that his election begins an era of good feeling and fair dealing among all parties in Maryland.  
New York, November 3, 1884.

THE BRITISH PRESS ON THE SEABURY CENTENARY.

Oxford University Herald.

The commemoration, we trust, will do much good for the Church of Scotland by making its Presbyterian neighbors understand it is not a weak isolated communion, such as they have been accustomed to regard it in the days of its depression, but that it is full of life and capable of indefinite extension—a branch of that great Anglican Communion which bids fair in time to embrace a very large proportion of the world.  
English Churchman.

What a marvellous tale has Dr. Williams, the present successor of Bishop Seabury in the primeval see of Connecticut, and the chosen representative of the American Church, to tell on this occasion. How has the little seedling been productive of the multiplied branches of a magnificent tree. The single diocese of Connecticut has been the parent of sixty-four separate territorial dioceses, with their complete organization of clergy, parsonages, universities, schools, training colleges, and institutions of various kinds, besides other missionary bishops. There is abundant evidence to show that the American Church is regarded by many an American statesman as the surest cement of society, and the most effectual promoter and guardian of the public morals.  
Aberdeen Free Press.

It may be regretted that those who are outside the pale, the full ecclesiastical significance of the Seabury celebration cannot be communicated. It inspires an enthusiasm which, it is to be feared, can only be experienced by those who see in a Bishop's staff something more than an unusually choice bit of timber. Yet they may not altogether fail to see a moral in the festival of commemoration. It may not be the true moral, but, subject to the correction of the Bishops, we give it for what it is worth. It is simply this—that, after all, Episcopacy must be a much more elastic and adaptable institution than it has ever appeared to be in Scotland. Here is the Scottish Episcopal Church, or, as it was toasted the other day, "The Church in Scotland," which, according to the Bishop of Albany, has a history of fifteen hundred years, but which, as a non-Papal institution we may put at three hundred years—here it is to-day with a mere handful of the people within its fold. There is the American Episcopal Church flourish-

ing, in the midst of a democracy, with four thousand Clergy and four hundred thousand communicants, and yet it is but a hundred years old as an independent Church. Is this, then, our Scottish Episcopacy? The Scottish Church in this centenary is celebrating its relation of motherhood to the American Church. But as the Bishop of Edinburgh, who has visited the daughter Church, tells us, the child has characteristics not found in the parent. "The American Church," he remarked, "had not the beauty of magnificent cathedrals or splendid ritual, but she had that beauty which was the true glory of the Church of Christ, she had a perfect harmony among all her Bishops, clergy, and laity, such as he had never witnessed in any other Church of their communion in the world." What the Bishop means by a "perfect harmony" we take to be the development in American Episcopacy of such principles of popular government as only could give such an institution a firm hold on the hearts of a free people. It is not impossible that the daughter may give back to her mother, in a perception of the possibility of adapting herself to the nineteenth century, more by far than was imparted by the elder Church in the consecration a hundred years ago.  
The Church Times.

The Seabury Centenary has come and gone but it will not soon be forgotten. It will probably do more good to the Church generally, and the Church of Scotland in particular, than any similar event of modern times. The concourse it drew together, was not only important in itself, but will serve to direct the eyes of Christendom more directly to that small communion, which a hundred years ago, gave Episcopacy to America. In the gatherings themselves, while there was much to admire, there was also much to instruct. In the utterances of the American Bishops, our home Bishops might find a useful lesson of fearless speaking. The Scottish Communion Office, too, will certainly not lose in importance by the recent celebration. It finds a place, in its essential features, in the American Prayer Book, and it is matter for hope and prayer, that the Eucharist office for the whole Anglican Church, may in time use the same office, as the lines of the one now called "The Scottish." The entire function, from first to last, consisting of two grand services, a commemoration sermon, two formal presentations, a conference, a public meeting for speeches, an ecclesiastical art exhibition, a banquet, and a free and open church meeting, was marked with a reality and Catholic ring, which claim for it a foremost place in any great Church gatherings. The addresses of the American Bishops were full of warmth, vigor, and Catholic feeling.  
The Scottish Guardian.

There can be but one feeling in connection with the Seabury celebration—that of deep and thankful joy. A meeting, towards which the thoughts of thousands on either side of the Atlantic had for long been looking forward, has now become a part—and not the least part—of Scottish ecclesiastical history. In whatever way we regard the celebration, its success will be acknowledged by all who had the privilege and happiness of joining in the religious services and social gatherings of Tuesday and Wednesday. The key-note of the solemnities had been given on Sunday in the eloquent discourses of various dignitaries of the American and English Churches, in most of the principal towns in Scotland; and generally, we believe, throughout the Church, reference was made to the approaching meetings.  
The Thanksgiving service of Tuesday must be regarded as the most striking event of a most memorable time. The very building in which the service took place spoke to many of sacred memories which can never die. With its history stretching back to the upper-room in Longacre, with its associations with the Skinner family, with its numerous memories (some of the long past and some of recent origin) linked together in pictured or sculptured representation—St. Andrew's church is in itself a treasure-house from which the student of Scottish Christianity may bring out things both new and old.

But something more than a mere antiquarian and æsthetic interest was to be found within its walls during the proceedings of this week. Beautiful in holiness as the Sanctuary was on Tuesday, with its recently added reredos and painted windows, there was yet a higher form of beauty—a holiness which could be felt in the reverent and magnificent Eucharistic service of praise and thanksgiving. Many who had never previously witnessed the Scottish Rite have thus learned to admire and appreciate the Communion Office which, happily, forms so close a bond of union between the American and Scottish Churches. At least two events connected with this service call for more than a mere passing notice. Few could witness the communion of the Bishops (English, Irish, Colonial, American and Scottish) as they knelt together to receive the One Bread of Life, without feeling that the "unity of the Spirit" (so felicitously occurring in the Epistle for the day) was presenting itself before their eyes in a living and a loving Christian form.

Again, the sermon by the Bishop of Connecticut was well worthy of the occasion. By his noble presence and dignified manner the American prelate won from his hearers a close and interested attention. Speaking

evidently under feelings of strong and real emotion, Dr. Williams touched a responsive sentiment within the hearts of the crowded and appreciative audience. The "word of love and gratitude to the venerated Scottish Church from the far-off Western world" is sure to be cherished and remembered by generations of Scottish Churchmen.

Turning to the social gathering which followed closely after the religious services, the banquet in the Music Hall proved a complete success. The large and thoroughly representative company (numbering about 450 ladies and gentlemen) of clergy and laity was both a pleasant and a cheering token of the strength and concord which exists in the Anglican communion, and also gave evidence of the wide-spread interest in the proceedings connected with the Seabury Anniversary. Where all is excellent, it becomes difficult to make any selection. But the speeches of the Bishops of Connecticut, Winchester, and St. Andrews, may be mentioned as each in its way worthy of the Churches which they respectively represented. The Marquis of Lothian proved to be an admirable chairman. His utterances were, as was fitting, those of a loyal and out-spoken Scottish Churchman; his greeting to the assembled representatives of the various Churches was hearty and sympathetic; while his kindly and courteous reference to the presence of others not belonging to the Anglican Church was appreciated by all. One circumstance alone was wanting to make "the dream-like joy" (to use Bishop Jolly's words) of the religious and social meetings complete. Alike in Church, on platform and in banqueting-room, there has been deeply missed the fatherly and genial presence of our well-loved Primus. The message of greeting sent by him during the proceedings was listened to with every token of respect, and every reference to his name—in particular the happy words of the noble chairman and the Bishop of St. Andrew's—was received with such affectionate and universal warmth, as we feel sure must prove some consolation at a time when enforced absence must be a trial of no ordinary character. At all events there is the thought both for him and for all who have contributed towards the carrying out of this commemoration, that they have done a good work, not only for the American and Scottish Churches, but for the whole Anglican Communion, and the best interests of Christianity itself.

CHURCH WORK.

ALABAMA.

GREENSBORO—Convocation.—The second meeting, this year, of the Convocation of Selma, took place in St. Paul's church, the Rev. R. H. Cobbs, D. D., rector and dean of the Convocation, on Wednesday, October 22 at 7:30 P. M. Five services were held, the Holy Eucharist being celebrated on Thursday morning. Sermons were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. R. W. Barnwell, St. Paul's, Selma; J. A. Harrison, D. D., Trinity church, Demopolis, and Stewart McQueen, St. Wilfrid's, Marion. The attendance at the services was good. At the business meetings reports were received from the mission work in this Convocation.

It was determined that at the next meeting subjects should be discussed instead of sermons being preached. The Rev. Stewart McQueen was elected Secretary and Treasurer. The Convocation adjourned to meet early in June next, at Demopolis.

CONNECTICUT.

WATERBURY—Convocation.—The New Haven county convocation (annual meeting) was held at Trinity church, Oct. 25th. There were present the Rev. Stewart Means, the Rev. Dr. Hammond, the Rev. E. S. Sanford and the Rev. F. R. Sanford, of New Haven; the Rev. Dr. Vibbert, of Fair Haven; the Rev. Mr. Sherman, of Torrington; the Rev. A. T. Randall and the Rev. T. D. Martin, of Meriden; the Rev. J. A. Crockett, of Newtown; the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, of Watertown; the Rev. W. C. Roberts, of Ansonia; the Rev. E. C. Gardner, of Naugatuck and the Rev. Messrs. Rowland, Bailey, and Micou, Waterbury. After the usual services, a sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Means, of St. John's church, New Haven. Then the Rev. M. K. Bailey, of this city read an essay on "The parish church in towns," which was discussed by several of the clergy. At the afternoon session an exegesis from Revelations ii, 1, was discussed in two papers, one by Dr. Bennett, of Guilford, the other by the Rev. W. C. Roberts, of Ansonia.

At the business meeting in the afternoon the Rev. Dr. Harwood, of New Haven, was elected dean and the Rev. W. C. Roberts, of Ansonia, secretary and treasurer. There was held a missionary meeting in the evening. Dr. Nelson, of Woodbury, spoke on "Work in China," and the Rev. Mr. Roberts on general missionary work. The dean closed the night's session with a few forcible remarks. The next morning a business meeting was held and the convention closed its labors.

PENNSYLVANIA.

GERMANTOWN—St. Luke's Church.—Saturday, the anniversary of the Evangelist, there were two services at St. Luke's; in the morning a Eucharistic one, and in the afternoon a musical one, with the combined choirs of St. Peter's, St. John Baptist and St. Luke's under the direction of Walter Hall, who with Samuel Woodcock and C. O. Fraser constituted the musical committee. At the afternoon service the report of the Guild was read by Mr. James M. Aertsen in fine style, and no one to see him and hear him, would think eighty years had passed over his head. He was followed by Rev. S. D. McConnell, (St. Stephen's) the preacher for this occasion, who discoursed from St. Matt. xx. 1st and 2d verses.

GEORGIA.

TALBOTTON—Convocation.—The Macon Convocation commenced their session at Zion church, on October 13th and continued

ed three days. The Rev. Messrs. W. C. Hunter, T. G. Pond, E. Denniston, and M. Wynn were present and conducted the services. Mr. Hunter preached the opening sermon on Monday, which was an able and interesting one on "Christian duties." Mr. Pond preached on the "eternal Son of God and the blessing which His death and resurrection has brought to the world." Mr. Wynn preached on Wednesday night on the "doctrines of the Trinity and the work of the triune God in the plan of salvation." The services were largely attended, the music was excellent, and great interest was manifested throughout the meeting of the convocation. Mr. Hunter closed the proceedings and congratulated the Rector and congregation on the neat and substantial improvements done on the church in Talbotton.

TENNESSEE.

TULLAHOMA.—One of the most important and significant events in the history of this diocese was the Retreat for the clergy held in St. Barnabas' church, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of October. The Bishop himself gave the meditations and instructions, and rooms for the clergy were provided by the kind hospitality of the rector, the Rev. Dr. H. R. Howard. Eight priests were in attendance, and for two days and a half the noise and distraction of the outside world were completely laid aside, and every man addressed himself to the consideration of his individual life before God with its responsibility, its purpose and its end. The afternoon instructions of the Bishop, growing out of the more personal meditations of the morning, covered with searching exactness the whole range and purpose of pastoral work. But no words can describe what those hours of intense reflection and silent prayer were to those men who experienced them. One thing is certain. They met each other, as they had never met before, heart to heart, and life to life in the fellowship of Jesus Christ. The reality of His abiding presence was never so deeply felt; and from the early morning celebration to the renewal of the ordination vows at night there was nothing to break or mar the solitude of earnest devotion.

Before leaving Tullahoma, the clergy unanimously adopted and presented to the Bishop a memorial of the Retreat, expressing their heartfelt thanks to him for his labor of love, and their earnest hope that this might be the first of a regular series of retreats for the clergy, to be held annually at least in different parts of the diocese. It is believed that this is a visible sign of new life in the Church in Tennessee. For the first time a Southern Bishop has called his clergy apart from the world for purely devotional purposes. It will not be the last, for this thing appeals to the heart of every man who remembers, as he preaches to others, that it is not impossible for himself to be a castaway. Conducted, as this Retreat was, by the Bishop, it was free from any peculiar coloring of Churchmanship. Men of very different views on minor points of practice came together as brothers in the sense of a common need and realized beyond and beneath their individual opinions, the living bond, which made them one in Him, "laborers together with God," and "fellow-workers" unto His Kingdom. It was a good work—in His Name—Deus dabit incrementum.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND—The Bishop's Anniversary.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Bedell, was lovingly and appropriately observed on Monday, October 27. A special service was held in St. Paul's church, which was attended by about forty clergymen in surplices, including Bishops Lee, Stevens, Howe and Jaggar, and a large congregation of the laity. A professional hymn was sung, and this innovation on the "Ohio Use" excited some comment, though it seemed to cause much pleasure. Addresses were made by ex-President Hayes, General Devereux and other prominent Churchmen, to which the venerable Bishop returned affecting replies.

General Devereux, in behalf of the committee, presented the Bishop with their request that at his convenience he sit for his portrait in oil, the painting to be presented to Mrs. Bedell during her pleasure, and finally to be hung upon the walls of Kenyon College.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO—St. Clement's Church.—This new church will be formally opened by a special service on the festival of St. Clement, November 23. The sermon in the morning will be preached by the Bishop, and in the evening by the Warden of Racine College. Daily services will be held during the Octave, with two sermons each day from distinguished preachers.

NORTH EVANSTON.—The consecration of St. Matthew's church took place on Thursday evening, Oct. 30th. There were present the Bishop of the Diocese, the Rev. Dr. Jewell, of Evanston, the Rev. J. Stewart Smith, of Elgin, the Rev. M. V. Averil, of Naperville, the Rev. H. Judd, of Oak Park, and the pastor Rev. Geo. A. Whitney. The sermon was by the Rev. Mr. Smith, who held the first Church service in the place, on "the parable of the leaven," St. Math. 13:33, and was most appropriate to the occasion. The Rev. Dr. Jewell, who has taken a great interest in the Mission also made a short address and the Bishop closed by expressing his gratitude to the donors of the lot, and to the workers, at what had been accomplished, adding a few words of earnest counsel and exhortation. The church was made attractive by new hangings, procured through the efforts of the ladies, and a new dozel, the gift of friends. There was a large and attentive congregation and the service was one long to be remembered and marks an important era in the history of the Mission.

MISSISSIPPI.

CARROLLTON.—The venerable Bishop of the diocese, delivered an impressive sermon on Sunday, October 26th, in Grace Church to a large and appreciative congregation. The new edifice, now entirely completed, owes its existence almost wholly to contributions from Northern brethren.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE—Jubilee Services in All Saints' Cathedral.—The Jubilee commemorative of the payment of the debt on All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee, was begun with a service in the Cathedral on the Eve of All Saints' Day. An invitation had been extended to the Clergy, Choirs and people of the diocese, to come and rejoice with the Bishop and his fellow laborers; this was responded to with a heartiness that must have

been most pleasing to them. At this service a white altar cloth and antependia, beautifully embroidered, designed as a memorial of Mrs. Page, a member of the congregation, who died the past year, were used for the first time. The altar, pulpit, lectern, etc., were also simply decorated with flowers. About half past seven o'clock the large congregation assembled, heard the far off strains of the hymn, "O Paradise, O Paradise," and soon the long procession of clergy and surpliced choristers appeared, headed by the Cathedral banner. When the choir and clergy had reached their places choral evening prayer was begun with the sentences as exhortation, the Rev. Mr. Mallory of the Cathedral, intoning throughout the service. The Canticles and Psalter (selection x.) were sung antiphonally to plain chants, and were rendered promptly, accurately, and with great heartiness. The lessons were read by the Rev. Mr. Skinner, of the Cathedral Staff. Following evening prayer the 49th hymn was sung, after which the Rt. Rev. Dr. Seymour, Bishop of Springfield, ascended the pulpit. He took for his text Eph. v. 15, 16: "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time because the days are evil." After expressing his pleasure in addressing the congregation on this occasion, and his warm sympathy with Bishop Welles in the payment of the debt and the final establishment of the Cathedral, Bishop Seymour gave a simple and practical exposition of the text. He then proceeded to speak at length, with great wealth of historical and practical illustration, and with eloquent earnestness of the preservation, continuity and identity of the Church. He told how she was preserved amid persecutions, against heresies, through worldliness, and ignorance, and "spiritual wickedness in high places," touching with clearness and rapidity on the surroundings and dangers of the Church in the varying circumstances of the passing centuries. The preacher dwelt eloquently upon the necessity and value in its office of defender and conveyer of the Truth. He showed the evils of its loss in the Roman Catholic Church, how it had in that body opened the way for the entrance of "many damnable heresies;" he explained why the Episcopate must be transferred by the hands of at least three consecrators, and how the Cummins Schism had been possible only because this law was not observed; he spoke too of the loss of truth and the fluctuations of doctrine in those religious bodies, which are entirely without the Episcopate. The Bishop traced the spread of the Church from the days of the Apostles, until it reached our own shores and told of its preservation among us, and at last its final establishment as a National Church in the gift of the Episcopate, in Bishop Seabury, (the Centennial of whose consecration is now being celebrated) Bishops White and Madison. He showed that we, as a country and as a Church, are the heirs of all the ages. After dwelling upon this particularly he returned to his text; seeing ye have this great responsibility, walk circumspectly. It seems idle to hope to give in a very brief outline any adequate idea of what was with conciseness and rapidity set forth in an hour and a quarter; but one cannot help wishing that the many who were not within the sound of the speaker's earnest tones, might catch some echo of them.

After the sermon the choir sang an Anthem "What are These," by Stainer, with great beauty and accuracy. The offertory and presentation of alms followed after which the 432nd hymn was sung. The closing prayers were said by Dean Spalding, and the benediction was pronounced by Bishop Welles. The recessional was hymn 485. The choir assisting in this service were: the Cathedral choir, and those from St. Paul's church, Beloit, and St. Paul's church, Watertown. At the close of the service an informal reception was held in the clergy house adjoining the Cathedral.

On All Saints' Day, Holy Communion was celebrated at 6 o'clock A. M., the Rev. Mr. Mallory celebrant, and at 7, when Dean Spalding was celebrant.

The third service was held at 11 o'clock, when in spite of the drizzling rain, the Cathedral was well filled with a devout congregation. The procession of clergy and choristers entered the church, in the following order, singing Hymn 509; Banner bearer and vergers carrying the Cathedral banner; Nashotah students in cassocks and cottas; faculty of Nashotah; visiting and diocesan clergy; choir of St. Luke's church, Racine, with cross and two banners; choir of St. Paul's church, Beloit, Wis.; choir of St. Paul's church, Watertown, Wis.; choir of Christ church, Milwaukee; cross-bearer, followed by choir of All Saints Cathedral; Cathedral clergy; the Bishops of Springfield, Tennessee, and Wisconsin, the latter being preceded by a chaplain bearing the pastoral staff.

Twenty-five clergy and 118 surpliced choristers were in the procession.

Morning prayer was sung beginning with the sentences and exhortation by Rev. Mr. Mallory. The first lesson was read by Dr. Cole, and the second by Dr. Adams, both of Nashotah. The *Te Deum* was by Stephens, and sung "full" throughout. The service in its simplicity and heartiness gave one an idea of what worship should be; the united choirs numbering 152 voices led and the congregation added their voices to swell the volume of praise and thanksgiving. One of the most impressive parts of this grand service was the chanting in monotone of the Nicene Creed. After singing the 176th hymn to the tune De Kim, Bishop Welles began the communion service, Dean Spalding reading the Epistle. Hymn 187 was sung and Bishop Quintard began his sermon. He first said a few words in warm congratulation to the Bishop of Wisconsin in the firm establishment of his cathedral and the removal of all debt from it. There were two ideals of a cathedral, he said, the architectural exemplified in the magnificent buildings in Europe and the working idea which was fulfilled wherever a Bishop has a church of his own, where he had his seat or throne, where through his staff of clergy and lay-helpers he was pastor to the whole flock. After amplifying these two ideas and further explaining the true significance of the cathedral the Bishop proceeded to his sermon reading for his text from the 13th to the 21st verse of the 19th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The sermon was a forcible and eloquent exposition of the preservation and spread of the Gospel in the hands of the Saints and the heritage we have in them and through them. He traced the martyr spirit through the first days of the Church down to the terrible days of visitation in his own diocese where it shone with undimmed brightness, and dwelt upon the part that it

was their personal love of Jesus which enabled "all them" to obtain a good report. He pictured the love of Christ for the Church and asked "Is our love like that?" He spoke of the faith once delivered to the Saints and crystallized by them unto that form of sound words the Nicene Creed.

These he said "in times of doubt and materialism and agnosticism; a time of re-stating old truths and the learning of new ones; this is no time to hold sentimental preferences or vague connections. We need to believe the faith steadfastly and fully and stand by it firmly and unflinchingly. One great need of the time is to realize that the Church is the Body of Christ and that she lives because Jesus Christ is Her Head. We need to believe the reality of our heritage. Bishops and priests in the reality of their gifts and their commission! All need to know the reality of the grace of sacraments; and more than all else the need of the Church is personal devotion to Christ a more entire consecration to Him in His Church. In all Her members more holiness and gladness of living. Money cannot buy what's eeds, but if the hearts of her children are whole with God they will gladly and abundantly bring their silver and gold to His Altars; it is the life of Christ in His members which will spread His Kingdom and draw men to serve Him. These thoughts were amplified and illustrated profusely with fact and quotation. The sermon was fifty minutes long and it is to be wished that the whole Church might have heard these stirring words, these eloquent words in season.

When the sermon was ended, Bishop Welles stood before the altar and said: "I have the pleasure of placing upon the altar this morning, the release of the mortgage upon the cathedral purchased by Bishop Armitage in his great faith. This leaves the Cathedral church, All Saints' Hall, the school buildings, and St. John's Home free from debt. For these and all His mercies God's Holy Name be praised." The simplicity of these words spoke more eloquently to those who listened of the lifted burden and the deep thankfulness of the Bishop's heart and the hearts of those faithful priests who have held up his hands increasingly than any studied expression could have done. Many of us did not think that Bishop Kemper who founded the diocese and looked forward to a cathedral; Bishop Armitage who planned and began this work which with singular devotion and self sacrifice Bishop Welles has carried out, have shared in the thankfulness and rejoicing.

A handsome alms basin beautifully and artistically fashioned of beaten brass, given in memory of Bishop Armitage by Mrs. Lombard was to have been used at this time but arrived too late.

After the offertory, the Communion service proceeded, Bishop Welles being the celebrant, Bishop Quintard administering the cup, many of the choir and large congregation remaining to partake of the Holy Feast, especially dear on All Saints' Day, to every Christian heart. The clergy and choir retired in the order in which they entered, singing hymn 485.

Luncheon was served immediately after service in the Cathedral Hall—the doxology to "Old Hundred" being sung right heartily before the guests were seated. All visitors were the recipients of most cordial hospitality from the cathedral congregation during the jubilee services. On Sunday morning at the 10:30 service, Dean Spalding preached the anniversary sermon; in the afternoon the cathedral schools were addressed in the cathedral by visiting clergy, and in the evening the Rt. Rev. Dr. Quintard preached before the Cathedral Guild, which comprises all the lay-workers of the congregation, both men and women.

FIGURES WILL NOT LIE.

But they may impel a man to bloodshed. I have traveled thousands and thousands of miles on railroads in general, and the Michigan Central in particular, but he never traveled upon me until last week. I had left Chicago on the Fast New York Express, and dined sumptuously in the smoking parlor. I had a very good dinner of good things of this life, and took much solid pleasure in the well appointed menu the table d'hôte brought me, letting the cares of business slip away as the pleasant landscape sped by, toying with the entrees that followed the roast, dallying with the dessert, and leisurely sipping my wine. A fragrant breeze from the other well-stocked coffers lulled my soul into the most placid contentment, and after a sound sleep in the palatial sleeper, I rose refreshed to the enjoyment of the most glorious scene of all the world, Niagara. As the long train swept swiftly round the curve down to the brink of the Horseshoe Falls the thunder of the cataract seemed to shake the earth, and the grand picture burst suddenly upon my unprepared gaze. From stumbling and falling I found myself plunged into the abyss at my very feet. Beyond was the great white wall of the American Fall, below the boiling cauldron; above the great cloud of spray rose, tinted by the sun as the smoke that overhangs the battle-field. Filled with the unexampled grandeur and nature of the scene, I involuntarily exclaimed, "What a mad, wild waste of roaring waters!"

"A waste, indeed," said a thin voice beside me. "Think of the horse power contained in the ninety million tons that hourly pour over that precipice, 150 feet high and 2,400 feet in length. At this rate the accumulated problem at once, and proceeded to give me another while his bright eyes twinkled behind his glasses. Now I'm no fond of figures outside of my business, and I endeavored to turn his mind to the beauty and grand picturesqueness of the scene. But in vain. He told me that the yearly annual value of Niagara's lost water-power, and to my horror had fished a note-book from his pocket, as we rolled on to the Gardner Bridge, and caught another view of the great cataract up the gorge. Now I admire this wonderful steel structure for its strength and beauty and the mechanical genius involved in its perfect construction. It is a double track bridge and as safe, I suppose, as any in the world, but shuddered as the fiend at my elbow told me its dimensions, height, cost, and numerous other figures. And when he began to tell me of the 35,000 feet of retina that had failed to retain their impressions of the view, and the 10,000 more years required to strain Lake Erie and make Buffalo an inland town, as we were gliding by the rapids' brink and looking down upon either side of Goat Island, the homicidal instinct was too strong and I cast him forth into the swift waters. True to his scientific training, he turned upon his back as he rose to the surface, and floated calmly to his fate, watch in hand, to note accurately the speed of the current. He is gone, but remorse is not mine. He left me with a note-book rolled from the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."

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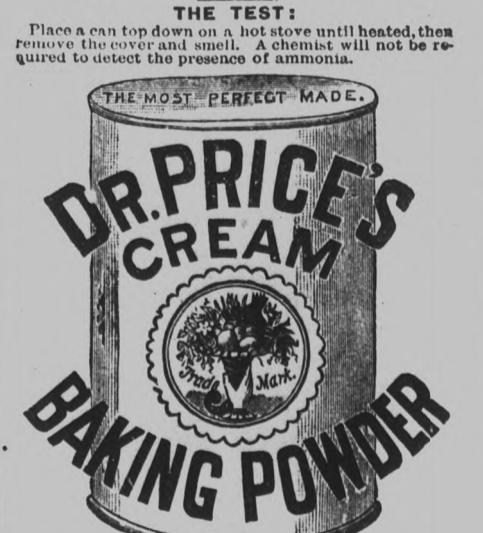
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