

AUGUST 1, 1896

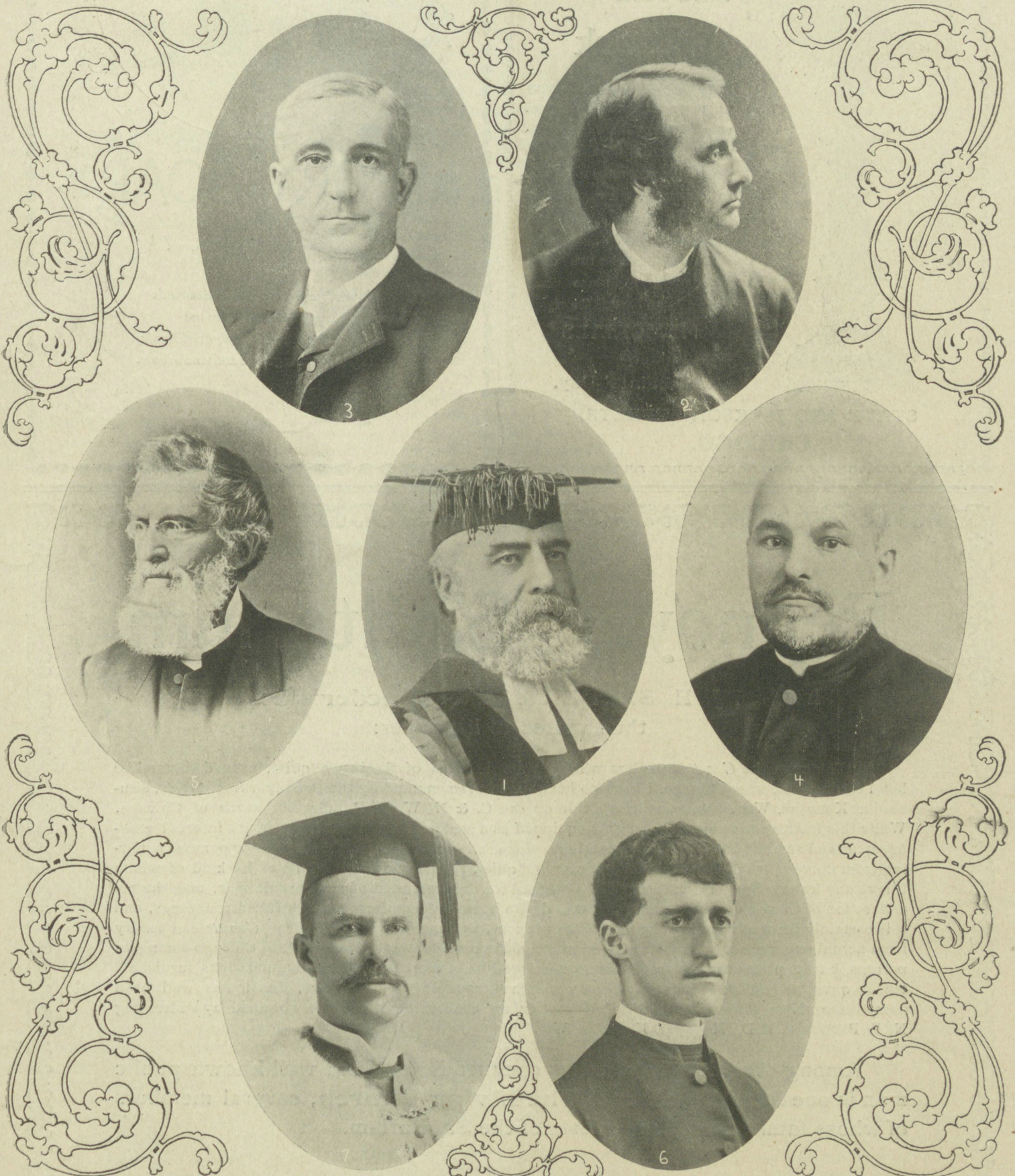
VOL. XIX. No. 18.

EDUCATIONAL

NUMBER

# The Living Church

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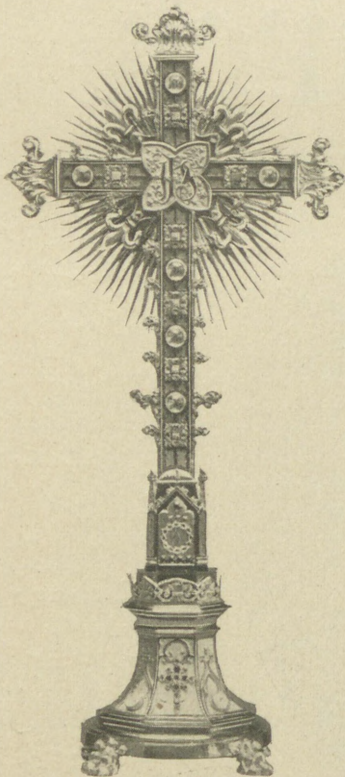
1. The Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Dean of the General Theological Seminary, New York. 2. The Rev. E. N. POTTER, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L. L.H.D., President of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y. 3. The Rev. SAMUEL HART, D.D., Professor in Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. 4. The Rev. WM. J. GOLD, S.T.D., Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago. 5. The Rev. WM. ADAMS, D.D., Professor *emeritus*, Nashotah Theological Seminary, Wisconsin. 6. The Rev. WM. F. FIERCE, D.D., President of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. 7. Mr. B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M.A., Vice-Chancellor, University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

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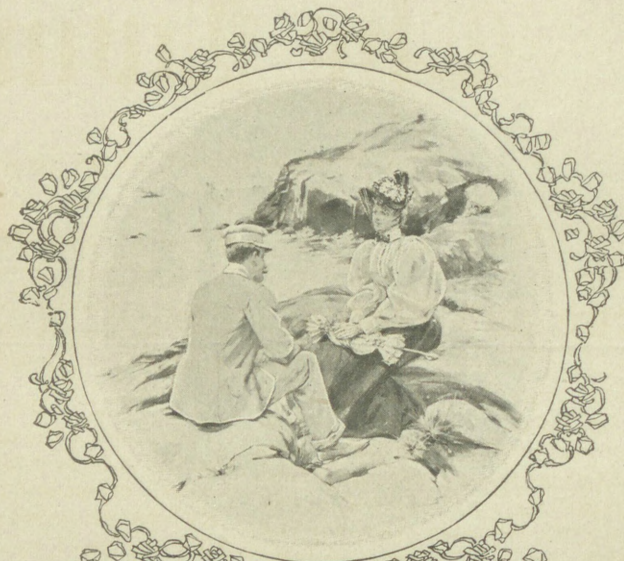
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**All Saints' Day.**

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A wise young woman understands  
That Ivory Soap is best to use  
For outing flannels, sunburned hands,  
Light summer gowns and tennis shoes.

# Pennoyer Sanitarium

The Hon. J. H. SANDERS, Editor Breeder's Gazette,  
thus writes to his paper:

"To any of the *Gazette's* readers who may be desirous of finding a quiet, refined, home-like hotel for invalids, near Chicago, I have no hesitation in recommending the Pennoyer Sanitarium, situated at Kenosha, Wis., about one hour's ride on the C. & N. W. R. R., directly north of Chicago. While this institution is most thoroughly equipped as a sanitarium and hotel, yet in its internal management and surroundings it is more nearly an elegant, refined, comfortable home for persons suffering from nervous troubles and in need of rest and quiet, than any other institute of its kind of which I have any knowledge. It was especially designed for the treatment of the chronic sick, and the recuperation of those nervously exhausted who desire home-like comforts and restful surroundings, and it is certainly most admirably adapted to this purpose, as numerous readers of the *Gazette* can testify from actual experience. It has numbered many of the best and wealthiest people of Chicago among its patrons, but its prices are as reasonable as could well be expected for the accommodations furnished. It is so quiet, so restful, so home-like, and yet with surroundings so attractive, that it has well been named the 'New Point Comfort.' Full particulars concerning it may be obtained by addressing N. F. Pennoyer, M.D., Manager, Kenosha, Wis."

Among other letters of warm commendation from well-known public men is one from the Editor of **The Living Church**, several members of whose family have been guests of the Sanitarium.

# The Living Church

A Weekly Record of Its News, Its Work, and Its Thought

VOL. XIX. No. 18

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1896

WHOLE NO. 927

## News and Notes

THE Rev. Henry Scott Jefferys writes from Sendai, Japan: "Thank God we escaped the danger of the earthquake wave which broke upon our coast some thirty miles east. A district 175 miles long was struck. The loss of life is estimated at over 30,000. Twice that number are homeless. Soldiers have been sent to bury the bodies, and a warship to pick up the floating corpses. Our catechist has gone with relief from the Sendai Christians."

THE Bible is now printed in 381 languages, fifty-two versions having been added in the last five years. Forty-two of these versions are credited to English and Scotch societies, and five to American societies. Twenty-three of the languages and dialects belong to the African Bantu family, and four belong to each of the Malayan, Chinese, and Melanesian, three are in Indian languages, two each belong to the Negro, Turki, Druidian, and Hamitic groups, and one each to the Thibeto-Barman, Aryan, and Micronesian families.

WE mentioned the letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the rector of Moleene, the Roman Catholic priest who, with his Breton parishioners, paid the last sad honors to the shipwrecked dead of the "Drummond Castle." The excellent priest has sent a reply expressing his appreciation of the Archbishop's condescension, and says he only acted in accordance with the dictates of humanity and Christian charity. One of the victims of the disaster was a Wesleyan minister. Accordingly the President of the Wesleyan Conference, Dr. Waller, has written a letter to the cure, in which he says that in the presence of such events our lamentable religious divisions are for a while forgotten, and adds: "I humbly pray, M. le Cure, that the Father of Mercies whom you serve will ever shed upon you and your flock the light of His countenance."

LORD HALIFAX has written a caustic letter to Cardinal Vaughan, in answer to one in which the latter took him to task for his comments upon Pope Leo's recent letter. The Cardinal apparently found fault with Lord Halifax for basing his remarks upon isolated passages and summaries, which were, however, all that had been published. He said that "full justice could not be done to the vital questions treated in the Encyclical by mere extracts, however copious." To this Lord Halifax replies that for that very reason it was due to every one concerned that the Encyclical should in the first instance have been published *in extenso*, a thing which the Cardinal could easily have secured. He then refers to the past record of the Cardinal, which certainly shows that if the Pope has had any serious

intention in his several letters on Christian unity, Cardinal Vaughan has done his best to prevent it from having any effect in England.

"ROMOPHOBIA," it seems, is still a power that has to be reckoned with by the politicians. It was said to be one of the three "R's" that defeated a presidential candidate not many years ago. More recently, the managers of a national convention dodged the issue between "Catholic" and "Protestant" by calling on a Jew to offer the prayer. One of the candidates of another convention was supposed to be at a disadvantage because his wife was a Roman Catholic. While he declared himself a Methodist, he stood up for his wife, and for her right to her religion. He estimated that if he was half as good he would get to heaven all right.

OF the late Bishop Coxe *The Church Standard* says: "The fame of Bishop Coxe has been widespread. Both in England and America he has been regarded as not only one of the most conspicuous, but one of the most picturesque figures of the 'Anglican' Communion. He was pre-eminently a gifted man, taking a high rank as a poet, an orator, a scholar, and a theologian. How sweetly he sang in his 'Christian Ballads!' How powerful were his appeals, at times, from the chancel and the pulpit! Those who heard his missionary address before the General Convention in Baltimore in 1871, can never forget its majestic sweep, its enkindling enthusiasm. In addition to his gifts of poetry and eloquence, he was familiar with the best literature in many languages, and deeply read in the science of theology. Truly a great man has fallen!"

THE following, relating to Bishop Coxe, we clip from *The Churchman*: "It was not merely his eloquence, which was admittedly great, or his profound acquaintance with ancient Church history, and with all the details and literature of Roman controversy, that placed Dr. Coxe in the foremost rank of modern ecclesiastical orators, debaters, and writers. His personal dignity impressed men, his winning tenderness won their hearts. But under all, there was the strong foundation of unwavering faith in Christ and in the Church of Christ. 'For Christ and His Church' was the motto that supported him in the untiring toils of his life, and the battle cry that led him into controversy with what he considered 'the army of the aliens.' The man is gone, his works remain, and his example is one of the most inspiring and stimulating which the American Church has ever welcomed as her heritage."

A CORRESPONDENT denounces with great indignation what he terms a sacreligious performance which is reported as having taken place recently at Newark, O. It was a de-

grading of the office of holy matrimony by making it a part of a public show. As stated by a secular paper, a Church clergyman married a man and woman on a fireworks platform in the presence of a crowd of twenty thousand people. There was applause at the close and a demonstration which gave this sacred service the effect of a theatrical farce. We can scarcely believe it possible that one of our clergy should make such a public prostitution of his holy office, and exhibit what the Church calls "The Solemnization of Matrimony" before a hooting crowd for their amusement. Surely, if the report is true, the Bishop of Southern Ohio will not allow the offence to go unrebuked. No wonder it is "a furious scandal to very many Church people." We do not give the name of the clergyman here, for he may have been misrepresented. The rubric requires marriage to be celebrated "in the body of the church or in some proper house;" but the violation of the rubric is a small matter beside the wanton disregard of propriety and the irreverence of the offence reported.

ENGLAND has been visited by a term of extreme heat with severe thunderstorms in some localities. The Ashmolean Library at Oxford was struck by lightning, but fortunately the books were rescued. The fittings of the agricultural show, at Peterborough, were also struck, but no serious damage was done. The boat race at Henley took place at the height of the heated term, which did not, however, prevent an immense attendance. As our readers know, the Yale crew was beaten, though it made a good record.—The advantage of college training (we mean mental, not muscular) in a professional career, is illustrated by some statistics quoted by *The Medical Record*. It appears that the average chances of distinction among physicians is about one in 300, while for the college-bred men it is one in 60, in the medical profession.—"I hereby cancel my subscription," is the rejoinder of a clerical contributor whose long and undesirable communication was respectfully declined. This "bolt" is accompanied by a tirade against the Church press in general and *THE LIVING CHURCH* in particular. If he could get us to grind his ax he would praise us.—What an appalling visitation—30,000 lives swallowed up by a tidal wave following an earthquake in an island near Japan!—The central expenses of our Missionary Board are shown to be seven and three-tenths per cent., which is less than two-thirds the expense reported by the missionary societies of the Church of England.—An anonymous giver has forwarded \$2,500 to Bishop Graves to pay off the debt of St. John's College, Shanghai.—Several Western dioceses have relinquished a portion or all of their annual appropriation from the Missionary Board. This is in view of the heavy deficit inevitable on Sept. 1st.

### The Church in England

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

There is a widespread feeling of indignation with the government for abandoning the Education Bill, in deference to the unscrupulous opposition of the minority of the House of Commons, a deference which is pusillanimous. When a government which commands the largest majority which any Government has had since 1832, a majority which it greatly owes to the Church vote, abandons a Bill which had passed its second reading by the largest majority on record, it goes far to forfeit the confidence of the country. But, on the other hand, there never was a government which had so unscrupulous and dishonorable an opposition to encounter, and it is perhaps best that it should not countenance the policy of the Liberals in forcing Bills through without adequate discussion, a policy which Lord Rosebery's cabinet pursued with some temporary success and much permanent discredit. The Benefices Bill stands no chance of being proceeded with this session, and that unsavory measure, the bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister has passed a second reading in the House of Lords. It is probable that it will encounter defeat in the third reading, but the damage done by its present success is great. Churchmen would do well to imitate the perseverance of the supporters of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, which has passed a second reading three times in the Lords and fourteen times in the Commons. Churchmen are far less energetic. But we are being taught by current events not to put our trust in Parliaments, however conservative and friendly.

The Papal Encyclical, with its wearisome reiteration of the assertion that Catholic unity can consist only in submission to and union with "the Viceregent of Christ," has had a depressing effect upon those who had been led by recent events to anticipate overmuch from the Vatican. The first recognition of the Encyclical by the authorities of the English Church was made by the Archbishop of York, in an admirable address to his diocesan synod, in the course of which he said:

No one can fail to recognize in it the loving spirit and unflinching courage which are characteristic of the eminent prelate from whom it comes; but, none the less, it is impossible for English Churchmen not to see how it mingles truths universally accepted with claims which must be disallowed. We, too, believe most truly in the unity of the Church. We, too, may share the earnest longing of the Pope that this underlying unity might, in God's good time, be made manifest in a more visible union. If such a blessed end could be obtained without the sacrifice of truth or the acceptance of error, the words of the Master Himself would leave us without excuse if such a desire did not find a place in our hearts and in our prayers; but when this union is represented to us as a union not only with our Blessed Lord and with one another, but as a union with St. Peter, and, still more, with the successors of St. Peter, or, in plain terms, an unqualified submission to the Roman Pontiff, we are bound to neglect a claim so entirely unsupported by the teaching of Holy Scripture, or by the voice of the universal Church. Until we could, *per impossibile*, be convinced that St. Peter himself but held this position of supreme authority, still more that such a position and such authority were transmitted to those who followed him in his office, whatever that office may have been, until it has been proved to us that the bishops of Rome do hold, and have held, this position and authority, by the direct appointment of our Blessed Lord Himself, it is impossible that, on any terms, we could acknowledge such a claim, or yield ourselves to this obedience. There can be but one answer to such a demand.

It is not true, the Archbishop went on to say, that there has been any application to the Pope from the side of the Church of England, with a view to obtain the recognition of our own position in the Church of Christ. The inquiry now being held respecting our Anglican Orders owes its first impulse to the writings of the Roman Catholics themselves. On our own part there is not, and never has been, a shadow of doubt, nor should we be one whit the better, or one whit the worse, as regards our Holy Orders, whatever the opinion of the Church of Rome might be. It is true that it might greatly affect the prospect of Christian reunion; but it is this,

and this alone, which gives to the question its interest and importance. There is much cause for thankfulness in what has already been accomplished by the goodness of God. The friendly intercourse and quiet conference of devout and learned men on both sides cannot be without its blessings, and certainly it has not been without its happiness. But results are in the hands of God, and with Him we must leave them, to set our own house in order, to correct our own errors, and to supply our deficiencies, and to give ourselves up to prayer. This is our primary obligation and most urgent duty. It will be our best preparation, whatever may be in store for us in the good providence of God.

The news that the Pope has charged the General of the Jesuits with the establishment of a Roman college in Oxford is evidence that the Anglo Roman policy has changed in at least one important particular since it passed under the control of Cardinal Vaughan. The establishment of a college or hall in which Roman Catholic students might follow the university course without risk to their faith, was one of the dreams of Newman's earlier Roman days. The scheme was strongly and successfully opposed by Manning and others, and Roman Catholics were practically forbidden to send their sons to any of the older colleges. As a consequence, the richer English Roman Catholics found themselves not only educationally handicapped by the necessity of sending their sons for education to Stonehurst and Beaumont, but also placed at a certain social disadvantage. After the death of Cardinal Manning another effort was made to realize Newman's dream; and the effort, as it seems, has succeeded. The college is to receive a subsidy from the Vatican, and is to be staffed by Jesuit professors. The Society of Jesus has long had a house in Oxford; but its proselytising efforts have not been attended with much success. At Cambridge, also, the university has incorporated the old Roman college of St. Edmund Ware. Cambridge, dominated as it has always been by Puritan theology, has proved a better recruiting ground for Rome than Oxford with its Catholic traditions. There is no fear that the new college at Oxford will prove to be a dangerous force; and it may even be welcomed as helping to widen the education of Anglo Romans, which has hitherto been conducted on very narrow, and somewhat unhealthy, lines.

At last a serious effort is to be made for a better provision for the needs of the poorer clergy. For the last twenty years things have been gradually going from bad to worse; and from the depression of agriculture and other causes, a very large proportion of benefices do not even yield the "living wage" which those who serve the altar have at least the right to expect. The new Central Sustentation Fund, which is initiated by the archbishops and leading laymen, will attempt to centralize and combine all the local and smaller agencies already at work, to enable the richer dioceses to help the poorer, and to administer, according to the wishes of the donor, any special funds which may be given or bequeathed. The new fund, like many other recent movements, may be welcomed, not only because it will meet the present needs and alleviate the present distresses, but also because it will be a part of the working machinery of the Church which will be found of inestimable service if disestablishment should ever come.

Those who have worked so long and so perseveringly for the restoration of the independence of the see of Bristol have now the fulfillment of their hopes in view. The large sum, about \$400,000, which has to be raised for the endowment of any new see in England, has been given or promised. A house in Bristol has been presented for the bishop's residence; and the only cause of delay in the appointment of the bishop is the necessity of raising another \$25,000 for the alteration and adornment of the see house, and the addition of a chapel to it. The house is an excellent one, and the sum named for its renovation seems unnecessarily large, but the ecclesiastical commissioners have decreed it, and from them there is no appeal. The see of Bristol, founded in the six-

teenth century, was attached to the see of Gloucester exactly sixty years ago, just at the time when the bishops were rising to a higher ideal of their office, and when clergy and laity were beginning to demand more bishops and to expect more of them. The movement for its re-endowment might have been brought to a successful issue a year or two ago, but there was a somewhat natural desire that Lord Rosebery, whose government was then in power, might not have the opportunity of giving to a diocese a prelate unsuited and unpopular, as in the case of Hereford. Much will depend on the first bishop of the independent see. Bristol is a hive of industry, with a nobly restored cathedral; and the appointment of the bishop ought to have the effect of quickening Church life and work among a sleepy and somewhat Puritan body of clergy and laity.

### Funeral of Bishop Coxe

The mortal remains of the second Bishop of Western New York were committed to their last resting place, on Friday, July 24th, with the simple ritual of the Church, grand in its simplicity, there to await the general resurrection in the last day. Trinity church, Geneva, the scene of the solemnities, was suitably draped in white and purple, the altar being vested in festal white, with white flowers in the vases. The vacant episcopal chair, placed at the head of the chancel steps, with pastoral staff leaning against it, bore upon it the insignia of the deceased prelate.

After the night watch of Thursday, maintained by the Rev. Messrs. A. S. Crapsey and A. W. Bostwick, the Holy Eucharist was celebrated at 7 A. M., by the Ven. Dr. Washburn, archdeacon of Rochester, assisted by the Rev. Dr. H. W. Nelson, rector of Trinity church. A second Celebration was at 10 A. M., at which the late Bishop's family received, Bishop Doane being celebrant, assisted by archdeacon Lobdell, of Buffalo, and the Rev. Dr. Rankine.

The funeral services began at 3 P. M., the procession being formed in the following order: Cross-bearer, clergy of the diocese in order of seniority, Archdeacons Lobdell and Washburn, the registrar, chancellor, secretary and assist, secretary of the diocese; the Bishops of Albany, Maine, Springfield, Kentucky, Ohio, and N. Dakota; the faculties of Hobart College and De Lancy Divinity School; the vestries of Trinity and St. Peter's parishes, Geneva; the Standing Committee of the diocese as honorary pallbearers; the Bishop of Pittsburgh; the Rev. Edward Hart bearing the pastoral staff reversed; the casket borne on the shoulders of eight vested priests, the Rev. Messrs. Rafter, Ballard, Ricksecker, McKinney, Bennett, Kearton, Boynton, and Babcock; the family of Bishop Coxe. The Rev. Dr. Nelson acted as master of ceremonies. The processional was hymn 242. The Bishop of Pittsburgh read the Sentences, the Bishop of Springfield the Lesson, and the Creed and prayers were said by the Bishop of Kentucky. Bishop Doane recited the preliminary portion of the committal service. The body was then borne out, followed by the Standing Committee and members of the family, to a plot of ground immediately in the rear of the church, where already the remains of two of the Bishop's children are interred, and over which the new chancel, for which the plans are prepared, is to be erected at once; there it was laid in its last resting place, Bishop Doane officiating. Meanwhile, in the church where the great body of the clergy remained, hymns 179, 243, and 674 were sung. On the return from the committal, Bishop Neely concluded the services with versicles, the Lord's Prayer, the concluding prayers of the Burial Office, and the benediction. Hymn 176 was sung as the recessional.

At the conclusion of the burial service, the bishops and clergy assembled in the chapel. It had been the desire of Bishop Coxe that no eulogies should be pronounced over his grave, but it was thought fitting by those present that some action should be taken to express the feel-

ing of the diocese on this occasion, and to hear informally some words of consolation from such of the bishops present as might feel minded to speak. For this purpose the Rev. Dr. Rankine was called to the chair, and Dr. Van Dyck was appointed secretary of the meeting. On motion, a committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions. The following was adopted by a rising vote:

It is with a profound sense of irreparable loss that we mourn beside the grave of our departed Bishop. A prince in Israel has fallen. With e undimmed and natural force only somewhat abated, with mind and heart in'ent on work—the Master's sudden call has caused him to lay down his pastoral staff, and "he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him," and during these so fruitful one and thirty years of his episcopate we have "rejoiced in his fight." But now the shadow of a great grief is upon us, and we would fain assuage it by affectionate review of his exalted work, while cherishing the blessed memory of the grand character and achievements of him whom we have loved and lost.

Our Bishop's early years gave promise of the fruition of his later life. His literary genius showed itself in authorship before he was of age, and the poetic efforts of his early manhood, including the immortal "Christian Ballads," revealed that power of graceful, chaste, and delicate expression which was so characteristic of his speech. Despite the arduous cares of his episcopal position, his facile pen found time to leave its clear-cut traces in the field of literature, while in the controversial sphere, the sturdiest disputant found him "a foeman worthy of his steel." His mind was richly stored, for "reading maketh a full man," and a retentive memory and singularly apt facility of utterance, secured a general recognition of his broad scholarship and intellectual attainments. He was possessor of a high literary and æsthetic culture.

His ministerial career extended over five and fifty years, embracing three important rectorates, in Hartford, Baltimore, and New York, until in January, 1865, he came to be assistant to the venerated De'ancey. As our revered chief shepherd for 31½ years, he was "mindful of the flock" in single-hearted earnestness, self-sacrificing labors, and unflinching zeal. And when the summons came to him it was a toil-worn spirit which laid the arms down. His energy and strength were overtaxed. He never spared himself when duty called. His self-forgetfulness and absolute devotion to his Master's work were signally conspicuous throughout his life. Because he felt he ought to be in touch with the religious world at large, no "pen-up" diocese "confined his power." The Church's general missions were very dear to him. Of Greece he was the sturdy champion; the friend of Dr. Hill when friends were few and days were dark. The Haytien Mission profited by his episcopal labor and oversight; he was a staunch supporter of reform in Mexico; in the Anglo-Continental Society he was a chief supporter, and his deep interest in the Old Catholic reform, and in Pere Hyacinthe, he made apparent everywhere. His trumpet never gave a sound uncertain, and his uncompromising steadfastness to principle, his fearless devotion to whatever he believed to be right and true, challenge the admiration of those who differed from him but who could respect the courage of conviction. But though a very Boanerges when that character seemed called for, his impulses were gentle, and his spirit ever kindly.

In private intercourse he charmed by his unflinching courtesy, his versatile and fruitful conversation, and that polished refinement of manner and geniality of bearing which revealed the instincts of a Christian gentleman. Our Bishop lived a blameless and unsullied life; no breath of scandalous suspicion ever tarnished his fair fame: no imputation of wrong motive ever was alleged against him. He "was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost." His knowledge of the oracles, and keen insight into them was more than the result of study and research. It was the Holy Spirit speaking to his docile heart, whereby he was so "mighty in the Scriptures," and so fertile in his exposition of them. He was a holy man, and "walked with God," and like the saintly Enoch, "was not, for God took him." The Church, the world, is poorer for his loss, but his is the eternal crown. We share the grief of those nearest and dearest to our loved Diocesan, to whom he was the ideal husband, father, and relative. We feel for them the deepest sympathy, and earnestly invoke for them the fullest and most helpful consolations of our Heavenly Father's grace. We turn from his new-made grave to day "sorrowing most of all that we shall see his face no more;" that beautiful, benignant, lovely face; that personality so strikingly unique, whose native dignity and courtly grace clothed spiritual and moral power which flowed from him to bless his fellowmen. His presence was felt a benediction. Ah, may

"Our souls grow fine  
With keen vibrations from the touch divine  
Of noble natures gone."

It was also recommended as the sense of the meeting that the clergy take order for the suitable draping of their churches for the next 30 days. Expressions of esteem and sympathy were given by Bishops Doane, Neely, Seymour, and Leonard.

Central New York sent an unofficial communication from Bishop Huntington, bidding the clergy of his diocese to use on Sunday the prayer for those in affliction. The meeting then adjourned. A council of the diocese will be called to meet early in October to elect a bishop.

### New York City

At St. George's church, the endowment fund has reached \$162,948.02.

By the will of Harriet S. Bean, filed July 22nd for probate, provision is made that certain books be left to Miss Julia Emery, secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary, with the understanding that she shall give them to some clergyman of the Church. After bequests to relatives, the residue of the estate—value not stated—is given to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church, for application to the work of domestic missions.

The East Side Settlement, of which Mr. Everett P. Wheeler is president, and Bishop Potter, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, vice presidents, is in need of \$15,000 to erect a brick building containing baths, a gymnasium, class-rooms, and rooms for large gatherings. The Settlement already has a swimming tank and athletic grounds. There is a circulating library of 6,000 volumes. More than 3,000 people of the neighborhood regularly avail themselves of the privileges of the present Settlement house. The work costs about \$5,000 annually.

By the will of Emily C. Watson, which was filed with the surrogate July 21st, a large estate is left to Rhineland Wald, with the provision that, should he die childless, the property is to be divided in equal shares among the following institutions: The Home for Incurables, Fordham; the House of Rest for Consumptives; the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary; the Babies' Hospital; St. Luke's Home; the Home for Old Men; the Sheltering Arms Nursery; the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children; the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; the Children's Aid Society; St. Barnabas' House; the Church Mission to Deaf Mutes; the American Seamen's Friend Society; and the Society of St. Johnland.

At St. Bartholomew's church, the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, rector, the clothing bureau has greatly increased in usefulness. Through the kindness of many members of the parish the closets have been kept well filled with garments for men, women, and children. Many families have been comfortably clothed during the winter, paying a small sum for garments when they were able, and otherwise receiving free all that was necessary. The number of garments received during the year was 1,296. Of these, 205 were given away, and others sold for the total sum of \$186.10. A tailor shop is maintained as an auxiliary of this bureau, and provides temporary employment to a number of persons. In this, 1,546 garments were received, and made over by 128 women at an outlay of \$1,329.50, and were sold for \$363.38. The roof garden of St. Bartholomew's parish house is a great boon to the poor of the neighborhood during the summer heat. Music and refreshments are provided on certain evenings, and members of the mothers' meeting, the men's and boys' clubs, and of St. Andrew's Brotherhood, and their families, are allowed successive special evenings of recreation. An active fresh-air charity is carried on, hundreds being sent into the country for longer or shorter periods of outing.

Mr. John W. Harper, son of Joseph W. Harper, one of the founders of the great publishing house of Harper Brothers, died, July 21st, in this city. He was an earnest Churchman, and was a member of the vestry of St. Thomas' church. The church being closed for alterations, the funeral services, on Friday, July 24th, were held in St. Thomas' chapel. Mr. Harper was born in Brooklyn, March 16, 1830, and graduated in the class of '48 from Columbia College. For the past 20 years he has been a trustee of Columbia. He entered the firm of Harper Brothers in 1860. Of late he has been at the head of the literary department of the firm, passing upon the acceptance of MSS. of authors, and corresponding with them in relation to their works. He was a large reader up to the day of his death, and kept himself thoroughly posted on

the current literature of the day. Mr. Harper retired from the firm two years ago, his interest being taken up by his son, Henry Sleeper Harper. He leaves a widow, two sons, and a daughter, married to Lieut. Bradford A. Fiske, U.S.N. He was a member of the Century Club, Metropolitan and University Clubs, and the Long Island Historical Society.

The Home for Old Men and Aged Couples has for 23 years been ministering to those who, in the eventide of life, peculiarly need care. During the past year one aged couple and three old men have been admitted, and six persons have died, making the number at the close of the report 34. The buildings in Hudson street now occupied by the institution are leased premises, and it is more than probable that within a short time they will have to be vacated to give place to more modern ones for trade use. They are old and not only ill-fitted for the present work, but totally inadequate to any extension of its usefulness. Property has recently been purchased, therefore, at the corner of Amsterdam ave. and 112th st., where it is proposed to erect an edifice which will afford better and increased accommodations, and also retain the character of a home. The site selected is a most desirable one, being opposite the location where the cathedral of St. John the Divine is being built, and also most convenient of access by means of the elevated railroad and several lines of surface cars. The lots of land cost \$44,000. During the past year the total receipts were \$9,724.45. The expenses, including a rental of \$3,150 for the present buildings, were met, leaving a small balance at the end of the year. There are endowment funds in the hands of the trustees amounting to \$90,013.46.

The Church Settlement desires to purchase the present house which was rented in the spring. The plan contemplates the erection, on the spot, of a new and really adequate structure, with assembly halls where about 600 persons can attend entertainments. During the past year the average weekly attendance has been 450, an increase of about 100 over the average of the year previous. There have been organized 42 clubs and classes, nearly three times as many existing this year as were reported last. These organizations include for the boys a street cleaning league, a literary club, cadets, classes in painting, drawing, etc. The girls have auxiliaries to the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals, and the Street Cleaning Department of the city, a good order club, and classes in knitting, crocheting, dancing, sewing and embroidery. There is a kindergarten, and instruction is provided in manual work. Adults of the neighborhood are cared for by classes for instruction in foreign languages, in use of musical instruments, and in child culture—the latter for mothers. There are also sewing and social classes for women, a club for young men, with lectures on economic and industrial questions. Some of the children are organized into an orchestra. In addition to these features, and to classes for sickly or crippled children unfitted for public school, the Settlement maintains two Sunday schools, several Bible classes, a corps of trained nurses for emergency calls, and for aid of the sick poor, and an eye and ear dispensary.

The Church Temperance Society has now five lunch wagons in active operation the "Wayside Inn," located in the Herald Square; the "Owl," at 6th ave. and 42d st.; the "Cable," at Broadway and 44th street, the "Good Cheer," in Union Square, and the "Magnet," in Astor place. These locations are particularly well adapted to usefulness of the wagons as temperance places for refreshment for thousands of persons in the right hours. The latest move of the Society is to provide for the vast army of wheelmen and women within the corporate limits of the city of New York. With the permission of the Park Board, the Society intends shortly to erect at Riverside Drive and 72d st., a temperance saloon dedicated to bicycle riders. It will bear the appropriate title, the "Cyclers' Rest," and will provide soda water,

soft drinks, and hot and cold lunches at reasonable rates. As soon as possible, additional saloons will be erected, on roads most frequented by wheelmen, with the hope that these booths will do much to counteract whatever pernicious influence the drinking saloons may have, and render the riders absolutely independent of those places. Many letters from wheelmen have been received by the general secretary, Mr. Robert Graham, complaining of the absence of temperance resorts, and requesting the Society's aid in supplying the need. As provided for by the plans, the first booth is to be almost hexagonal in shape, having seven sides. The dimensions are very generous, the length being 19 feet, 3 inches, the width 16 feet, 6 inches, and the height 10 feet, 6 inches. The booth is to be constructed in sections of 2 feet 9 inches each, and the sides can be added or subtracted according to the exigencies of the location. Floating from a flag staff at a height which will make it visible to fagged-out riders for some distance, will be the flag of the Society, its insignia on a white ground. The booth will contain a large round table in the centre, surrounded by revolving chairs. Long counters will run around the sides of the booth. A large soda fountain, a refrigerator, a cupboard, and a gas stove will complete the outfit of the booth, which will be in charge of competent attendants. The plan was prepared by Mr. Graham, and is a copy of a booth he inspected in Belfast, while touring in England in the interests of temperance last summer. The cost of the booth will be only \$1,200. Any profit that may result from the sale of refreshments will be devoted toward defraying the expenses of six new free ice water fountains now being erected. The fountains of the society are now located at the pro-cathedral, St. Ambrose church, Grace Mission House, the Seaman's Mission at Coenties Slip, the Italian Mission, God's Providence House, and the chapel of the Messiah. They are built at the expense of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Society, which sustains them, and at each is placed a handsome bronze tablet giving the seal and title of the Society, and the words: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Each fountain costs \$200.

### Philadelphia

The Rev. M. Zira, priest in charge of the Italian mission, has extended the scope of his work to the Italian settlements in some of the towns of New Jersey, and has made arrangements for the Church's services in their behalf. On Wednesday, 22nd ult., he took between 60 and 70 women and children to Berlin, N. J. The City Mission has aided in this work.

St. Martin's church, Oak Lane, the Rev. Walter Jordan, rector, has just been the recipient of two memorials, a font cover and ewer. The former is of solid oak and circular shape, surmounted by a handsome brass cross. The latter is also of brass, and is placed upon an open bracket near the font.

The Rev. Dr. R. A. Edwards, who has been rector of the church of St. Matthias for the past 17 years, and who has been abroad for several months, has sent in his resignation to the vestry, who have accepted it. The parish is in a prosperous condition, having about 520 communicant members, and over 600 enrolled in the Sunday schools. The church edifice has a seating capacity of 1,000, a magnificent tower and chime of 10 bells, with a beautiful chapel where 500 can be seated comfortably. An elegant pipe organ has recently been placed in this chapel.

In the larger cemetery of old Christ church, 5th and Arch sts., there was laid to rest on the 20th ult., all that was mortal of Mrs. Emeline Girard Taylor, who died at Atlantic City, N. J., on the 17th ult., aged 87 years. She was the last surviving annuitant of the Stephen Girard estate, and was in her younger days an especial pet of the eccentric millionaire merchant, being always placed at his left hand at the table. Mrs. Taylor built the original church of the Ascension at Atlantic City, and liberally supported

it until it was moved to its present site, and its congregation became self-supporting. She took particular interest in a class of poor boys and encouraged them to become true and manly young men, aiding her to assist other poor boys and needy families.

At a recent meeting of the vestry of St. Stephen's church, the Rev. Elwood Worcester, Ph.D., was unanimously elected rector of that important parish. On the 23rd ult., Mr. L. C. Cleeman, accounting warden, received a letter from the Rev. Dr. Worcester, in which he signified his acceptance of this call, and stated that he would assume the duties of the rectorate in October next. Dr. Worcester has been for several years past chaplain of, and a professor in, Lough University. He is a son-in-law of Bishop Rulison. It would seem that this recent action will defeat the plan for the proposed consolidation of St. Stephen's, St. Luke's, and the church of the Epiphany. A member of St. Stephen's vestry stated, however, that it would not necessarily have that effect, and that conferences are still in progress looking towards consolidation.

The vested choir of St. Simeon's memorial church went down to Cape May Point, N. J., on their fourth annual outing, on the 20th of July. The party numbered 63, including several ex-members; and some 20 relatives of these young men also secured accommodations at an adjoining hostelry. The choir sang at the church of St. Peter's-by-the-sea, on the Litany days. But the excursion was marred by the drowning of Mr. Baecker Shaw, aged 23 years, who, with a party of youthful friends, was in the surf, and started to swim seaward. His companions saw him frantically wave his arms and disappear. He was a member of the choir, and had only a fortnight since returned from a trip to Europe. He resided with his widowed mother, and was the second of a family of six children.

Under the will of M. Louisa Sadler, who died June 22nd, 1894, the sum of \$1,000 was bequeathed to Christ church, Germantown, the Rev. Dr. John B. Falkner, rector, towards a chime of bells, provided the parish raised sufficient money additional for that purpose, within two years from her decease. At the time of testatrix's death the church had already purchased and placed in position a set of tubular chimes, for which money was needed to complete attachments, key-board, etc. The church claimed that under the circumstances it was entitled to the legacy. The residuary legatee, Lucy T. Field, raised the question whether, under the terms of the will and the facts, the church was entitled to the money. An agreement was reached that the \$1,000 should be divided. On July 22nd, a decree was entered awarding \$475 to the church, and a similar amount to the residuary legatee. The remaining \$50 were required to pay the collateral inheritance tax.

Camp John Gibbons, at Lewistown, is this year short of chaplains, especially in the commands hailing from this city. The Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, chaplain of the 1st regiment, has resigned, and the vacancy has not as yet been filled. The 2nd's chaplain is an invalid, and gone beyond the sea; so that regiment, with Major General Snowden and his staff, came to the orchard where the Rev. Leverett Brady, rector of St. Luke's church, and chaplain of the 3rd regiment, conducted service in the morning of Sunday, 19th ult. The brigade band played the hymn tunes, and the singing was most hearty. The battalion of the "State Fencibles" turned out in full strength to listen to the discourse of the Rev. H. A. F. Hoyt, rector of St. John's, Lower Merion, who has been their chaplain for the ten years past. The fife and drum corps furnished the music, and the men sang familiar hymns in a hearty manner. The City Troop have no chaplain, being only a "company;" but whenever they attend divine service in a body, always worship at either old Christ church or its chapel, St. Peter's, which was the only Church of England parish in the old city, when this body of horsemen were originally or-

ganized in ante-revolutionary days. A large majority of its members have always been, and still are, Churchmen.

## Diocesan News

### Maryland

William Paret, D.D., LL.D. Bishop

GARRISON FOREST.—Mr. Thomas Cradock who, during the greater part of his life was a warden and vestryman of old St. Thomas' parish, died on Thursday, July 16th, at his residence, "Trentham," in the upper end of the Green Spring Valley, in the 77th year of his age. Mr. Cradock frequently represented the parish in the convention. His great grandfather was the late Rev. Thomas Cradock, the first rector of St. Thomas' parish, which was carved out of old St. Paul's parish, of Baltimore, in 1745. The funeral took place on July 18, from St. Thomas' church. The rector, the Rev. Hobart Smith, conducted the service, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. George A. Leakin, D.D., and Edward T. Lawrence. The interment was in the cemetery surrounding the church.

At a special meeting of the vestry of St. Thomas' church held July 18th, resolutions relative to the death of Mr. Thomas Cradock were adopted.

### Newark

Thomas Alfred Starkey, D.D., Bishop

ORANGE.—Mr. Marshall Shepard, a warden of Grace church, and one of the most prominent men in the dry goods commission trade in New York, died Monday, June 20th, at his summer home in Edgartown, Mass. He was born in Ashland, Mass., in 1844. He was a member of many clubs, and of the New England Society. He was also a member of the advisory board of the Orange Free Library.

### Kansas

Frank R. Millsbaugh, D.D., Bishop

Bishop Millsbaugh has so far recovered from typhoid fever as to be able to go to Colorado, where he will spend the month of August, hoping thus to gain his full strength.

### Western New York

At a meeting of the Standing Committee, Dr. North spoke feelingly of the loss the diocese has sustained in the death of its beloved Bishop, and Dr. Register offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved.* That the Standing Committee has received with profound sorrow the intelligence of the death of Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D., LL. D., Bishop of the diocese of Western New York. This committee at this time can only express its deep sorrow of the loss which the diocese and the Church have sustained.

Our departed Bishop and friend gave to the Church and to the world an example of the highest quality of mind and character, devoted to the best interests of religion.

He died as he would have wished, in the midst of abundant labors, and his life will remain as a precious legacy to this diocese and the Church at large.

A sectional meeting of the archdeaconry of Buffalo was held in Trinity church, Fredonia, the Rev. J. J. Landers, LL. D., rector, July 7th. Sixteen of the clergy of the archdeaconry, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Lobdell, met in the parish church. After a celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 10 A. M., a conference of the clergy was held at 4 P. M., when encouraging reports from outlying missions were made, and it was announced that a second general missionary would be put in the field August 1st. At this meeting Archdeacon Lobdell appointed several of the clergy present to hold mission services and make addresses on the evening of the 8th, in "next towns." In the evening a special service was held, and before an interested congregation Dr. Lobdell made an address explanatory of the occasion, and strongly appealing to the missionary spirit. To ignore the great commission, "Go ye into all the world," is to be disloyal. No man can

be a Christian, in the highest sense, who has not the missionary spirit, for this was the spirit of Christ, and "If ye have not the spirit of Christ ye are none of His." The Rev. S. A. Dealey followed, and gave three reasons why good Churchmen and good citizens should be good diocesan missionaries. We profess to believe in liberty, equality, and fraternity. These may be false or true. The Holy Bible gives us true liberty, Holy Baptism gives us true equality, and the Holy Eucharist unites us in true fraternity. The Rev. C. A. Ricksecker showed the evils of parochialism and the good results of missionary efforts. The Rev. Dr. Chas. Smith spoke of the encouragement to missionary effort from the great results already achieved with such limited energy and means as had been put forth up to the present. The Rev. H. E. S. Somerville and the Rev. C. F. J. Wrigley also made addresses.

**BUFFALO.**—Bishop Coxe visited St. Jude's church, a description of which recently appeared in these columns, July 15th, and opened it for divine services. Ten persons were presented for Confirmation, by the Rev. Chas. Smith, D.D., rector. An altar and prayer desk were presented to this mission by Trinity church, Fredonia, and a lecturn by St. John's, Buffalo. In the evening of the same day the Bishop visited St. Stephen's, the Rev. C. A. Bragdon, rector, and confirmed 11 persons.

### West Virginia

**Geo. Wm. Peterkin, D.D., LL.D., Bishop**

The new pipe organ which has just been built and placed in Trinity church, Martinsburg, was recently dedicated. The instrument was built by Mr. M. P. Moller, of Hagerstown, Md., and has tubular pneumatic action and all the latest improvements in the art of church organ building. It stands on the left of the church, in the room formerly occupied by the choir. The space has been entirely taken up by the organ, and the arches have been filled in with ornamental speaking pipes.

### South Carolina

**Ellison Capers, D.D., Bishop**

The Rev. Robert A. Lee, rector of the church of the Good Shepherd, Yorkville, was instantly killed by lightning on the summit of Rich Mountain, N. C., on the afternoon of July 15th. Mr. Lee was one of a horseback party which had gone from Brevard to ascend Rich Mountain. A thunder storm overtook the party, all of whom, except Mr. Lee, a Mr. McNeely and Miss Tillman, the daughter of Senator Tillman, rode on to a house some distance off. The three sought shelter under a large oak, which was struck by lightning. Miss Tillman, Mr. Lee, and their horses were instantly killed. Mr. Lee was a native of Abbeville, and was ordained there last summer.

### Delaware

**Leighton Coleman, S. T. D., LL. D., Bishop**

Bishop Coleman has been elected Chaplain-General of the General Society of the War of 1812, and re-elected chaplain of the Delaware Society of the Cincinnati.

During the month of August Trinity church, Wilmington, will be closed, owing to the introduction of a system of ventilation which is badly needed. On every Sunday in August, there will be at 8 A. M. a celebration of the Holy Eucharist in the parish house.

All Saints' church, Rehoboth, has been presented with a richly embroidered green silk pulpit hanging, by Mrs. Ruddell, of Baltimore, who, with her husband, presented the beautifully carved pulpit that is in this church.

### New York

**Henry C. Potter, D.D., LL.D., Bishop**

**MAMARONECK.**—A memorial service in honor of the Rev. L. M. Van Bokkelen whose death in California we recently recorded, was held in St. Thomas' church, Sunday morning, July

19th. The musical service was especially appropriate, and included Goss' setting of "I heard a voice from heaven," Troyle's "My God, My Father, while I stray," Ambroise's "One sweetly solemn thought," Barnby's beautiful composition to Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and "For all Thy saints," by the same composer, the postlude being W. B. Gilbert's march from St. John. The regular choir was assisted by a number of voices from New York. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers. The sermon was by the Ven. C. C. Tiffany, D.D., archdeacon of New York, and was followed by a celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

**ANNANDALE.**—The Rev. Dr. Chas. T. Hoffman has presented to St. Stephen's College, George Washington's private manuscript prayer book, "The Daily Sacrifice." The manuscript contains 24 neatly written pages in Washington's own handwriting, the prayers being either composed by or copied by him when he was quite young. The work is incomplete, and ends abruptly, but there are prayers for each day of the week, for private or family use. This prayer book descended to the last of the Washington family who owned Mt. Vernon, and passed on to a collector, from whom it was purchased by the Rev. Dr. Hoffman, to be permanently deposited in St. Stephen's College library.

### New Jersey

**John Scarborough, D.D., Bishop**

**SPRING LAKE BEACH.**—Bishop Scarborough consecrated the church of the Holy Trinity on Sunday, July 19th. The Bishop of Central Pennsylvania preached the sermon and a Philadelphia choir of boys and men supplemented the choir. Others assisting were the Bishops of Delaware and Chicago, and the Rev. Dr. J. S. Stone.

### Alabama

**Richard H. Wilmer, D.D., LL.D., Bishop**  
**Henry Melville Jackson, D.D., Coadjutor Bishop**  
St. Paul's church, Greensboro, has received two new memorial windows; one in memory of Mr. Frank A. Cobbs and Miss Emma Pasteur.

In Florina a beautiful new church has been erected, at a cost of between \$4,000 and \$5,000. The location is much better than that of the old one. The loss of the Rev. N. D. Van Syckel, by whose efforts this has been accomplished, and who has gone to the diocese of Pennsylvania, is much felt.

Bishop Jackson's last visit to St. Peter's church, Bon Secour, was one of unusual interest. This church has but 30 communicants; yet on this occasion 23 candidates were presented for Confirmation. The rector is the Rev. Louis Tucker, and he certainly has every reason to be encouraged in the prosecution of a work which thus grows under his hand.

At the beginning of last Lent, the rector of Trinity church, Mobile, asked the children of the Sunday school to devote their savings to repairing the window in the south end of the church. This has been done. The window is made of heavy opalescent and Venetian glass. It is expected that several memorial windows of stained glass will be placed in this church. The 11 clerestory windows have been ordered, and are being paid for as fast as they arrive.

St. Thomas' church, Greenville, is nearing completion. It is not only a credit to the congregation but to the city also. The rector, the Rev. G. R. Upton, has supervised the laying of every brick, and no piece of timber has entered into the structure that did not first pass his critical examination.

The Rev. J. M. Banister, D.D., rector of the church of the Nativity, Huntsville, celebrated the 50th anniversary of his ordination on Sunday, July 12. In 1848, he had charge of the congregation at Demopolis, and in 1850, became rector of St. Paul's, Greensboro. In 1860, he was called to Huntsville, where he has ministered continuously for 36 years. Since he took

charge he has baptized 502 persons, old and young, and presented 220 persons for Confirmation. When he came there were only 84 communicants, there are now 284; 281 have died or removed.

### Gifts to American Colleges

George Peabody, various educational institutions, \$5,175,000.

Stephen Girard, Girard College, from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000; present value about \$15,000,000.

John D. Rockefeller, University of Chicago, \$7,426,000; Vassar College, \$100,000; Barnard College, \$25,000.

Miss Helen Culver, University of Chicago, \$1,025,000.

Leland Stanford, Leland Stanford Jr. University, \$2,500,000, besides buildings, equipment, and some 90,000 acres of land in California; the total value of these gifts and bequests having been estimated in his lifetime at from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

Johns Hopkins, Johns Hopkins' University, over \$3,000,000.

John C. Green, Princeton College and Lawrenceville school, \$3,000,000.

Anthony J. Drexel, Drexel Institute, over \$3,000,000.

Asa Packer, Lehigh University, 115 acres of land in South Bethlehem, Penn., and \$2,500,000.

Charles Pratt, Pratt Institute, \$2,700,000; Charles M. Pratt, \$40,000.

Leonard Case, Case School of Applied Science, \$2,000,000.

Henry W. Sage, Cornell University, \$1,170,000.

Cornelius Vanderbilt (deceased), Vanderbilt University, \$1,000,000; William H. Vanderbilt, \$460,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$40,000.

Peter Cooper, Cooper Union, \$1,064,046.26; members of his family, \$586,898.36.

Paul Tulane, Tulane University, \$1,050,000. Seth Low, Columbia University, about \$1,000,000; Barnard College, \$10,000.

Washington C. De Pauw, De Pauw University, about \$1,000,000.

James Lick, University of California, Lick Observatory and cash; in all, about \$750,000.

Isaac Rich, Boston University, a little less than \$700,000.

Ezra Cornell, Cornell University, \$670,000.

J. Pierpont Morgan, New York Trade School, \$500,000.

Col. and Mrs. Richard T. Auchmuty, New York Trade School, land, buildings, and equipment valued at \$250,000; endowment, \$100,000; current expenses, \$60,000.—*The Critic.*

### Ordinations

On the 3rd Sunday after Trinity, June 21, in Trinity church, Niles, diocese of Western Michigan, the Rt. Rev. George Worthington, D.D., Bishop of Nebraska, ordained to the diaconate Mr. James Charles Gairdner. Mr. Gairdner was presented by his brother, the Rev. R. H. F. Gairdner, who also preached the ordination sermon. The Bishop was celebrant.

On the Feast of St. Margaret, the Rev. Walter J. Read was advanced to the Priesthood in St. Margaret's church, Brighton, Mass., by the Bishop of Delaware. The sermon was preached by the Rev. William B. Frisby, S.T.D., the subject being the four special functions of the Priestly Office; viz, to preach, to baptize, to offer the Holy Sacrifice; and to exercise the office of reconciliation. The candidate was presented by the rector, the Rev. Augustus Prime, the Litany being sung by the Rev. Geo. F. Daniels; the priests present united with the Bishop in the laying on of hands. The newly ordered priest was then vested in chasuble and stole, and received the Sacred Word, the chalice and paten. The Holy Communion was sung, the Bishop being the celebrant. Some 14 priests were present at the service, and several in the congregation. The visiting Bishop, priests, and lay people were hospitably entertained at the close of the service by the ladies of the parish, after which the Rev. Mr. Read was presented with a private Communion set, the gift of the parish and the choir. He will continue his connection with the parish as curate.

## The Living Church

Chicago, August 1, 1896

Rev. C. W. Leflingwell, Editor and Proprietor

DIVISION of labor is indispensable for the success of complicated industries; only by specialization of study can the intricacies of modern science and art be mastered. But the tendency of the age to meet this need may be carried too far. The artisan who begins and ends by learning to do only one thing, will never be a master mechanic. The technicalities of any art or profession may require exclusive attention, if one would attain to excellence, but the highest excellence will never be attained unless capacity and intelligence be acquired by a many-sided and liberal education. Aside from all consideration of growth and character, a man should know something more than "business" if he would be a good business man.

THE system of "electives" in college, in response to the demand of the age, needs to be carefully guarded. Already it has gone so far, in some cases, that a man may gain a degree with scarcely any claim to culture in the broad field of literary studies, with small attainments in history and philosophy, and with little facility in the use of his own language. Systematic training of the mind seems to be now, in our colleges, in inverse ratio to the athletic training of the body. The effort seems to be directed to the development of special faculties and functions, to prepare for special callings; as if in getting ready to run a race, the trainer should bend his energies exclusively to the strengthening of his legs!

WHILE specialism is multiplying on all sides, scholarship is decreasing. Reason is side-tracked in youth and follows a narrow-gauge through life. Men seldom rise above the petty details of their trade, have no taste for anything else and no ability to dignify and ennoble their pursuits. They take a monocular view of everything, and though they have two eyes, whatever they cannot touch with their specialty appears to be flat. They see but a few degrees above the horizon, where it is always hazy, and look not up to the overarching firmament of unfathomable truth. They may catch the twinkle of a few stars through the mist, but above the angle of their vision, planets beam.

HERE, as we have said, we are arguing for a broad education, not for its own sake, but for the sake of its utility, "where it may be had." Young men should not be content to go from the public school to a business college, or to an office after a few lectures on law, if they can do better. They will understand their business or their profession

much better if they let it entirely alone until they have learned to observe and think and see below the surface of things. Young women who have a talent for art should not hurry away to the studio or the conservatory to learn to paint and play, until they have acquired general intelligence and literary culture and mature judgment, without which the realm of high art is inaccessible. The real artist is not one who paints and plays prettily, but one who interprets the soul of nature and gives voice or form to the emotions of the human heart. There may be a power of genius which is beyond education, but it is only by liberal education that the average mind has the capacity to understand the works of genius.

AN article in a recent issue of *The Forum*, by Prof. Waldo S. Pratt, upon "The Solution of Music," illustrates the unwisdom of too much specialization in this department of art, which seems, as far as possible, removed from ordinary studies and pursuits. He says:

There are too many cases in which gifted enthusiasts push their way into prominence in the profession with so little breadth of information, so little discipline of all the mental faculties, so slight a sympathetic sense of the myriad interests and forces in our complex modern life, that they are really unable to see the problem here considered, much less to do anything effectively for its solution. Our age is one of specialism, it is true; but it is also an age of the close interaction and precise co-ordination of specialties. To pursue a specialty successfully is highly honorable, provided that the specialist knows where he is in the universe of thought. Greatness may consist largely in being a master in some field; but greatness in helpless or ignorant isolation is at least half wasted, if not in danger of being half perverted. I cannot believe that in music, any more than in any other vocation, it is safe to expect the best success without genuine and enthusiastic comprehensiveness of contact with the actual life of humanity, such as is possible only for one whose education has been elaborate and well rounded.

THE newspapers have been ventilating what appears to be a new phase of the educational question. So far as history is concerned, thoughtful people have, we suppose, long given up expecting it to be taught in any real sense. Collections of facts, with names and dates, sometimes illustrated by an entertaining story here and there, or by edifying remarks on the evils of superstition or of monarchical government, we indeed have. Beyond this the manufacturers of school books cannot venture to go. Any historical events connected with religion—and a very large part of history is very vitally connected with religion,—must be handled gingerly for fear of coming in conflict with sectarian prejudice. In the realm of politics the same thing is true. It is evident that many of the most important lessons of history must be suppressed. For example, what school book would venture to dwell upon that notable expedient of various governments in the past, the debasing of the coinage in order to replenish their

treasuries, or to enlarge upon the lesson of the French assignats? It is small wonder that so many of our young men cannot see any good in studying history. But the new phase to which we refer is the effect of sectional pride or local patriotism. This time it is geography which is affected. It appears that there is a demand for geographies which shall "boom" the State or city in which they are to be used. Thus we are told that a geography has been compiled in the interests of Chicago. Here, the supremacy of Chicago first, and of Illinois second, is boldly asserted. Chicago has the best and finest of everything; and everything that has been done elsewhere has been better done or on a larger scale in Chicago. Everything in Chicago is in the superlative degree. And this is "education" at the end of years of so-called progress in "educational methods!"

### Young Men and Religion

We were commenting some time ago on the difficulty of maintaining Church schools for boys, especially in the West, and in accounting for it, noted the indifference of fathers, generally, to religious matters. They prefer, for the most part, that their sons should grow sharp by early contact with the world, rather than that they should grow in grace and noble character amid surroundings of religion and learning. Like father like son; when the son comes to be a father what better shall we expect of him than that which was set before him by the example of one who was placed over him in a relation which should symbolize the relation of the Heavenly Father. Indeed, indifference to religion becomes a settled habit or condition of life long before maturity is reached. In our larger colleges, the patrons of which are the leading business and professional men of the country, how few of the young men, comparatively, take any interest in religious services, or manifest any concern whatever about spiritual things. There is not, perhaps, any aggressive and blatant infidelity, but an atmosphere of hazy agnosticism and lazy indifference pervades the mass of the students and beclouds many a lecture room and platform.

It is true, our young men do not go to college to "get religion," yet they certainly ought not to be subjected there to influences which kill religion. But what are we going to do about it? Let the trustees, who are responsible to God and to their country, answer this, as to the colleges under their control, and see that "the beginning of wisdom" is among the first principles of the life and philosophy of their institutions.

But the mischief is done, for the most part, before the young man goes to college. The twig is bent and the tree has begun to grow crooked. It is for parents and pastors to guard well the period of preparation for college or business. If



the fathers are indifferent, as they generally are, let the pastors use their influence to have the boys educated in Church schools, and try to interest them while at home in the affairs of the parish, in guilds, Sunday school, charity, and social life within the lines of Christian influence and culture.

¶ But, unfortunately, the schools which have the sanction of the Church and are counted as her institutions are not always nurseries of the Church. It is rarely that one comes up to a high ideal of Christian training and nurture, so that every boy is brought under the restraining and refining influence of association with devout masters. When neither parents nor pupils care very much about religion, it is not easy to keep the spiritual tone of a school very high. Our schools depend largely upon the patronage of people who are more or less opposed to the forms of worship and methods of teaching in the Church, even if they are Christians after some sort, and too much deference is often paid to their caprices. We have known so-called Church schools (built and endowed by gifts of Churchmen) in which students were not required to stand or kneel in the services because they were not accustomed to do so at home, and in fact, were not required to take any part in the services except to be present. In such schools there is no catechising, no distinctive Church teaching, for fear of displeasing somebody.

This state of things is complained of as existing in the great public schools (on Church foundations) in England. *The Church Times* had an able article last winter on the subject of "Religious Indifference among Young Men," referring to some papers in *The Nineteenth Century* on "Religion of the Undergraduates." It is admitted that the young manhood of that country is fast "lapsing into paganism." Inquiring where the responsibility rests, *The Times* says, "Surely not so much with the professors and tutors at the universities, as with those who turn out the raw material with which the universities have to deal—we mean the head masters of the great public schools." "It is notorious," our contemporary goes on to say, that in many schools "the Christian faith is whittled down to the lowest point;" "the standard of religious teaching is disgracefully low." There is athleticism run mad, while there are lacking some of the finer qualities of insight, imagination, and reverence.

Head masters, however unexceptionable in themselves, dare not be definite for fear of offending some section or other of their customers—for, after all, it must be remembered that a school is a commercial concern conducted on business principles. Governors appoint men head masters who have scraped into orders with the minimum of positive belief. Christian dogma is relegated to a back seat, lest it might wound the susceptibilities of some hypothetical Non-conformist parent. Preparation for Confirmation is in many cases little better than a farce. The Church's distinctive doctrines are quietly ignored. The ministry of reconciliation, that "ghostly counsel and advice," sanctioned by the

Church's formularies, which, judiciously imparted at the most critical period of a boy's life, might have saved many a man from habits of sin not easily broken through in after life, is never so much as hinted at. Even such elementary matters of external propriety as kneeling at prayer, are not inculcated. Boys are suffered to lounge and loiter forward lazily on their arms while prayer is ascending to Almighty God, in a way that not one of them would dream of doing at his father's dinner table; while, as for the appointments and accessories of divine service, the school chapel lags as conspicuously behind the standard of Church life around them as the cathedrals did twenty years ago.

This *laissez faire religion* *The Church Times* calls "truncated Anglicanism," and there is too much of it on both sides of the Atlantic. This religion made easy becomes no religion at all in the next stage of a boy's career, as there is seldom any influence in college which can compensate for the lack of right influence at a time when the mind is most impressible. Our English contemporary appeals to parents who are Churchmen to assert their own and their children's rights and claim a Christian education in the Church schools. We sincerely hope that both there and here the dangers of neglect and indifference may be noted and averted.

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### Five-Minute Talks

BY CLINTON LOCKE

LXXV.

I read lately an article in a Church paper after this manner: The writer had been at the consecration of a bishop, and noticed that the episcopal garb was "not the chiton, nor the toga, nor the plain bernou e [*sic*], but wealth of satin and fair dreams of lawn of formal cut, while streaming down the front are silken ribbons, rivaling both snow and sable, bedecked with needlework of divers colors and multiplex designs, and down the back there fell such floods of royal purple and of brilliant red and white and black and yellow, polychrome answering to polychrome, from living instance to glowing wall." This is quite a "high falutin" description of the well-known magpie with a hood over it, but let that pass. The writer gazed on all this pretty show, and then goes on to imagine "Paul and John and Peter" looking at it from the centre door, and he (though I suspect she) draws the conclusion that Paul would have scouted it and John "engaged in benevolent speculation" about it, and Peter "had a resentful flush on his cheek."

Now, is this true, and are these conclusions well founded? I think not. I believe all three Apostles would have enjoyed the service very much. In the first place, they had always been accustomed to a very splendid service, for the temple service was very elaborate "with marchings and counter-marchings, postures and genuflexions, and the crash of glorious instruments of music with rolling anthem." I quote from the article, because it is much finer writing than my own could be. Moreover, Peter, etc., being good Jews, really thought all that splendor dictated by God to Moses, and therefore of divine command, whereas there is not a soul on earth now who thinks any article of church dress or furniture of any more divine authority than a similar secular

fashion, and liable to change whenever a church chooses to change it.

If it is asked why they did not have such a service in the early Christian assemblies, if they liked it; the answer is: "Not because they did not like it, but because it was impossible." How could they have any elaborate ritual in an upper room in an ordinary dwelling, barred and bolted for fear some spying Jew might be lurking around, or how could there be much splendor down in the catacombs, with everybody trembling in fear of a rush of Roman legionaries, who would haul all away to the arena. There had to be maimed rite and scant ceremony and plain service, but that did not seem to bring about perfect Christian living, for if we are to judge from St. Paul's own words in his Epistles, there was a good deal more quarreling and contention and ill-living in those assemblies than there is in our own elaborately arranged churches.

But it is tolerably certain that very early, indeed, before St. John's death, there was quite a good deal of ceremony and ritual in Christian churches. St. John describes the worship in heaven, and it is a very gorgeous affair, "dreams of fair linen, polychrome answering to polychrome," incense, harps, thrones, waving palms, and blazing lights. Where did St. John get these ideas, for it is a well-known law of mind that we cannot imagine anything that is not at least founded on some reality? Our pictures of heaven are modelled on what we know of beauty and glory, and so were St. John's, and it is quite reasonable to conclude that St. John had assisted at some very elaborate Christian services, and had founded the Christian worship in heaven on them.

One sentence in the article in question seems to me pure nonsense. After describing the ritual, etc., of the Church of to-day, there is added: "No early Christian martyr saw such sights within the dust of the arena, nor heard such sounds above the roaring of the hungry lion." Of course not. There is a time for all things, and to-day, if the most straight-laced ceremonialist were in an arena, dying for his Christian faith, it is not likely that he would be thinking of maniples or copes or "high birettas." His eye of faith would be directed upward, like that of St. Stephen, to catch a glimpse of Jesus at God's right hand.

Apart from all this, is it true that a plain and simple service involves a higher standard of Christian life, and that simplicity of ritual and holiness of life go hand in hand? I have lately been much occupied with the history of the Hussites. The Hussites had the plainest sort of a service, officiants in civil costume, wooden chalices, plain wooden tables for altars, and, when possible, outdoor services, so as to dispense with all human architecture and effect, and yet a more savage, murderous, terrible set than those Hussites never existed on the face of the earth. Judging from the drunken people one sees on the streets of Glasgow, and the register of illegitimate births in Scotland, it would not seem as if the plain Calvinistic service were so very effectual. On the other hand, has splendid ceremony, rich vestments, "jewels and lights and acolytes," hindered in thousands of souls the most ardent and tender love for Christ and for all His children? Have not the very highest examples of Christian faith and love and holy living been developed under such surroundings?

Then, to take another line: Would it be

natural, consistent, or at all conducive to an increase of the honor and glory due to our dear Lord, to live ourselves in fine houses, to clothe ourselves in "dreams of fair linen," and to keep His service, His Church, and His ministers meanly appointed? Would anything like that be apt to advance the cause of Christ, or to gain him adherents? Would not men justly say: "These Christians do not seem to love their Lord very much, judging from the little care and money they bestow on his worship?" The fact is, we want plain services and grand services, some for one occasion, some for another, some for this set of minds, some for that, all working together to make men better, and save them from sin and wretchedness. A bishop in a red, green, or black hood and a white, yellow, or purple stole can, and quite as often does, preach Christ crucified and live Christ crucified, as well as if he appeared in a cutaway coat, or a "chiton, toga, or simple bernouse." These things are secondary matters either way. The whole tone of the article implies that Christian faith is declining, and Christian love dying out, whereas nothing is more gloriously true, that never in the history of the world has there been more living interest in Jesus Christ and His work than here and now.

### God in the School

BY THE REV. T. GARDINER LITTELL, D.D.

We need Church schools. We need them more than any other agency. Those which we have are finely demonstrating their inestimable value. A secular school cares for the mind, and often for the body. But a Church school cares for body, mind, and soul, all three. There the child learns, not only a little of men's knowledge to help him while here, but the Source of all knowledge, and how to draw from it, during all the long, greater part of life beyond. Body and mind should be cared for; but the soul has rights. And body, mind, and soul, all three, have eternal rights. And we cheat the threefold creature, if we promise to develop him, and then develop only part of him. It is a bad failure if we fit him to go well through time, but let him come to where the veil is lifted, to find himself helplessly, hopelessly ignorant how to go through the long part of life, for which his schooling here was only meant to form him. And we cheat his Creator, also, if, with all the appliances He gives, we bring Him back His creature, a muscular body, a huge brain, but a dead, withered little soul, which starved and never grew. How can such a deformed victim of miscalled "education" ever go to heaven? And if he did, how could he stay there?

"Education" means "leading out;" and whatever this may signify to others, to the Christian Churchman it should mean leading out of the darkness into the light. Education is not such if it leave him in his native darkness, no matter how skillfully it teaches him to grope. Feeding, fattening, and amusing a sheep lost in the wilderness is not fulfilling our errand of going and bringing him home.

We need Church schools. Not those whose boastful recommendation is, "With us a child's religion is never interfered with." Would that it never were! Not such as those whose politic principals patronize the Church to secure patronage;

or "have a warm side for the Episcopal Church;" or who, in unwitting confession of want of uprightness, say that they "lean that way." Of what use to the Church is a school where the Church is seldom heard of, except among its catalogue recommendations! That is a cause of congratulation, however, if the principal knows nothing about it himself. How utterly disappointing to the genuine Churchman is that school said to be "under Episcopalian influence," only because of the Church membership of two or three lady patronesses, or because the principal has a pew in an Episcopal church! Give us Church schools; good, true, real, honest, and perfectly un-mistakeable. It is the Church's commission, not to train part of a child and neglect a part; but to insure a strong, developed mind in a strong, robust body, and a happy, healthy, vigorous soul, the eternal companion of both. We pity those fanatics who cared for mind and soul, but never washed, and starved the body. We pity others, watchful for body and soul, but doing nothing for their mind. But what must God think of those who do for body and mind, and turn out the soul to die!

Americans are devoted to the school, and it is well, but if divided Christendom goes mad, it is when, in deference to its own divisions, to politics, irreligion, and the already-paid school-tax, it says that it "prefers" to have a school without its own God. We are straining every nerve to give men power; but power is dangerous unless directed aright. Let us not send a great monster to sea without a rudder. The Churchman has not only his "right," in this land, but his duty, to allow his child to hear of that superior teaching which has elevated him above his pagan forefathers. Are we indignant if children are kept from school, and crippled in factories in mind and body? Then shall not the Church, dealing with eternity as well as time, arouse herself to see that children be not crippled thus, and also in their souls? Do we denounce the European system of purposely keeping people ignorant, that they may be more easily controlled? Then, let the Church make intelligent, conscientious citizens, which only the God-fearing are.

It was decided in a Western court, the other day, that it was "unlawful" to say the Lord's Prayer in a public school. The court in Jerusalem decided that the Lord's teaching was unlawful there also. The very law which God gave men to bless them is turned, by ungrateful men, against the God of law. Christians may well stand amazed and shocked at the logical result of their agnostic "liberality." Vain of our religious tolerance, we tolerate no religion! Antagonistic Christian bodies complain that children are taught as were pagans, and all are wanting them to learn the Source of all knowledge, and know the Great Educator Himself, yet stand back, bowing courteously to each other, with the result that Christ is bowed out; Christ, who alone has authority, gave authority, and has ability to teach anybody. And so we have generations of physically developed, mind-trained, soul-dwarfed monstrosities, who take pews, and supply divorce and financial scandals, and are reported as the Church's "prominent" members. On the Judgment Day, when the defrauded untaught shall, for the first time, really see the world's Light and Guide out of ignorance, what will the sworn Churchman think, who once "did not be-

lieve that religion should be intruded into schools!"

I know of a school where nearly two hundred girls and boys were assembled, and who were deliberately told that "Baptism is nonsense." And I know of another where an orphan girl, in the fullness of her heart, spoke to her teacher of her "mother in heaven," when the "teacher" (God have mercy on her!) said to the sorrowing, confiding girl that we did not know whether there was any such place as heaven!

If the world claims "freedom" to make men mightier, and so, if evil, more dangerous, surely the Church of Him to whom the world belongs has "freedom" to elevate and strengthen God's creatures in ways which shall make them mighty, but mighty for good, here and forever. Who ever thought of even that part which the non-religious school is doing, before Jesus came and commanded men's enlightenment? Who owns all children, doubly owns, by creating and again by buying them back? Who owns heaven, and may extend its hospitality? Not the ward politician. Not the town-meeting. Not the man or woman who chooses that method of making money. Not even the noble philanthropist, who is doing his best to train at least two parts of the Father's child, because the Church, the child's forgetful mother, neglects all three. No. These have only borrowed a portion of the truth; only lighted their little taper at the world's only Light. The politician will go into heaven before us, if he supplies the two inferior needs well, while we give so little, and so imperfectly, of the one that is vital. He is less of an infidel, if he provides even the two for our household, which we abandon to the care of infidelity.

In every school His should be the pervading and prevailing Presence who gave the only idea, and inspired all the ambition for self-culture that we have, and who will forever delight and instruct His children, when study shall be ecstasy, from the boundless stores of His omniscience. Who but He has the right to say to His Church, which He placed here for that purpose Take this child and nurse it for me? And who should so rejoice to obey and gratify her Divine Lord as His favored bride? Is she not too thoughtless of her Husband's anxious inquiry, Is it well with my child? and leaving it too much with the hired nurse?

Perfect the body, drill and fill the mind; so far good, and good in a thousand ways. But do not cheat the immortal! Do not cruelly make him think that dumb bells and books are enough to fit him for abode with beings who excel in spiritual strength, and with the All-Holy Father of Spirits, who has a purpose, grand beyond our own understanding, for each undying pupil of His, who needs all possible soul-drill to fit him for so exalted a place and purpose. There is a trinity in man, body, mind, and soul, and he is incomplete if either be neglected; but "very good" if educated back to that which the Creator made him, a perfect man, and in God's image.

Merely a strong body and cunning brain may make a wily Indian, an ingenious safe-burglar, a brilliant bank-defaulter, or an accomplished rake. But soul-training and ennobling godliness consecrate the strong body and mind, and make, instead of the enemy of the commonwealth, and of temporal and eternal prosperity, a friend, a patriot, and a benefactor. Christ, who cared so much for body and mind that He

even showed it by miracles, marvelously loved the soul. When little children were brought to that divine Physician and wisest Doctor of the Law, instead of advising for their health or mental improvement, He "blessed them." And the Church, which professes gladly to do His bidding, cannot afford to stand by, less anxious for His help and blessing than those Jewish mothers.

A large sum was left, the other day, to a "college" where the inscription over the door might well be, "Everything but God and heaven." Stephen Girard built a huge "educational" institution, with the high-handed, cruel stipulation that the gist of education be left out; that kind, strengthening, ennobling, essential part which had raised his own father above the brutal, treacherous Gaul, and his mother above her wild ancestors, who, with tangled hair, wretched lodgings, and scanty clothing of skins, subsisted on roots for which they grubbed. If we are on a plane above the brutality of gladiator-butcheries, or the low life of the ancient Briton, if we have learned to shudder at the Turk, it is only because of the included soul-education of the enlightening, might-giving, sanctifying religion of Jesus Christ. It was a Christian Churchman who leaped into the arena of the Coliseum, and separated the fighting slaves. He was torn in pieces for it by the bloodthirsty "gentlemen" of Rome, but his Christianity ended that wickedness forever. And we have hospitals and libraries, our women are worthy of respect, and our men capable of respecting them; we have happy homes, and even the very Christ-rejecting school itself, only because Christ has given us the knowledge of what we are, and may be made, and the heavenly ambition for the highest education.

We are Christian people. We say that we love the truth. We claim to be disciples of the greatest Teacher that the world has ever known. We profess the wish that all be taught. We glory in "liberty." We imperiously demand, for all, their "rights." We revere the school. We stand, like soldiers ready for action, and say a creed which swears fealty to the Light that lighteth every man. We are proud to declare our belief in, and gratitude for, the incarnation of divine wisdom, which brought, and placed within every one's reach, "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Then, let us have more schools where children shall have, not only the important physical and mental training, but, also, soul-teaching and soul-drill. Give the child, who is at our mercy, and should call out our love, the best, the purest, the holiest—all that God commands. The All-Wise is trying to persuade us that we cannot draw a triangle with one side left out. He is pleading very earnestly for His immortal child, that, instead of teaching two-thirds of him, we educate all three.

The ready answer comes, "But the Sunday school is the place for the religious teaching." But is it? Is the teacher invariably competent? And, if so, are forty-five minutes, only once a week, enough to teach any branch? Would we teach Greek so? Are we satisfied that this be all for the branch that is vital? And is home-training in religion, where parents themselves are not religious, all that the immortal child needs? He is not kept at home to be taught French and music by those who never studied them much themselves; and his soul-teaching should be the best.

We quote proverbs, many of them from inspired Scripture. Let us put them into practice. We know that it is the first chapter in every biography which determines the last. Even pagan Greek teaching "was directed to the special end of bringing up good citizens." Edersheim says that when the Jewish teacher was surrounded by children, which he was instructing in God's law, he was encircled "as by a crown of glory;" and "the highest object of their training was ever in view, the precious knowledge of the Law." "To the Jew, child-life was something peculiarly holy, and the duty of filling it with thoughts of God specially sacred." "Maimonides ascribed the fall of the Jewish State to the neglect of the education of children." When Jesus lingered among teachers of the Bible, He unquestionably taught that religion was an essential part of education. The busy, indifferent man may save thinking about immortality for his child by accepting the order of things; and it is hard to reform the politicians. And the adherent of the Church, perhaps an officer, may insist upon sending his son where is instilled a prejudice against the Church, perhaps scorn of her, because that was the college of his grandfather! But the baptized child has "rights," and God has His, and the worldly, those who "belong," but whose hearts are not heartily with Christ and the Church, will presently awaken to see that, to "give the boy a good start in life," it would have been better to have told him what life was, what it was for, and where it was going. Soon none will be more ardent advocates of Church schools and colleges than remorseful fathers who allowed their sons to neglect their Father, and mothers who thought that children could do without their Mother. "In the eye of revelation," says Mozely, "every man is great, born for eternity, and an eternity of glory." "The Lord gave;" then, as a sacred trust from him, in gratitude to Omniscient Love, educate him, train his body and brain, and give him "the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

The shell, take it where you will, carries with it the music of the sea. And the daily-drilled child of the Church ever bears in his soul that which chants the same old blessed anthem, every day, and all day long, which he learned to love in the Church school, but little dreamed how cheering and faith-inspiring it would be to him and to all around him, when, a thoughtless child, he carelessly put it among his treasures.—*The Churchman.*

## Letters to the Editor

THE CHINESE EVANGELICAL BAND

To the Editor of the Living Church:

One of the most unique assemblages ever gathered in New York met together on Monday evening, June 27th, in a hall near Astor Place. It was an entertainment given by "The Chinese Evangelical Band of the United States" to their many friends in the various churches of this city, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. "The Chinese Evangelical Band" is an organization composed entirely of Christian Chinamen, most of them dressing in American costumes, and very many, as well, having cut off their queues, in further renunciation of the heathen customs of their native land. These Chinamen are making a determined effort to reach their own countrymen; hiring a hall in Pell st., where the Gospel is weekly preached in Chinese, and contributing one dollar a piece themselves, each month, towards the rental of the same. About 75 of these

Christian Chinese were present on Monday evening, together with some 300 visitors and teachers. The president of the Band, Mr. C. S. Boke, presided. It was truly surprising how thoroughly these Chinese have mastered our most difficult language, not to mention our manners and habits. Their grave and gentlemanly demeanor and their genuine politeness would put to the blush many of our so-called "gentlemen." There were hymns sung in the native dialect by all the Chinamen present; vocal solos and duets in English; songs by the quartette; recitations and addresses; all the entertainment being furnished from Chinese talent, exclusively.

An intensely interesting account of his conversion was given by Chu Pond—telling how he first heard the Gospel preached in America. Richard Bowa, a recent seminary graduate, made some eloquent extempore remarks. A vigorous address was also delivered in Chinese by Mr. Young Parks, which appeared to gain the ears of all the Chinamen, at least. The Rev. Dr. North alluded pleasantly to the close union of the American and Chinese flags, draped artistically as they were, at the end of the hall. He said it was the meeting of the Orient and the Occident with our own "Old Glory" to give an inspiration to the terrible Chinese dragon, sending Christ's message of peace and love to take the place of the superstitions of Confucius and Buddha.

There are nearly 10,000 Chinese in Greater New York and Jersey City at present, right in the very midst of the Gospel light, and yet less than 2,000 are in any way under its influence in Sunday schools or churches. We begrudge missions to China, and even the work among those foreigners when here, and yet there are a number of those very Chinese who are at present laboring to preach Christianity in English to whites here in America. One should hesitate to say he is saved until he has done something to try to save others. We, with our hundreds of thousands spent here to give God's Word to the people of New York, sitting in cushioned pews, in exquisitely decorated churches, enraptured by æsthetic and costly music, listening with ecstatic pleasure to His eternal praises sung by the lovely voices of expensive white robed choirs, *we*, I say, may have to answer before the judgment throne of the Almighty for our neglect of so great an opportunity. A chance is here (even to those who "do not believe in foreign missions") to save hundreds of immortal souls, for which the Saviour died, and yet the very minimum of support, either in money or teaching, or prayers, is given to so blessed a work. Would that the time were here when every church in our vast metropolis would be ashamed not to establish and support a Chinese Sunday school, in addition to all other charities. This little Christian band is hoping to erect a church in Chinatown, where the services may be kept up regularly in the Chinese language. To this end it asks contributions from Christian friends, as the amount they can supply from their own small earnings will not avail very much, even though they are undergoing real self-denial to obtain their contributions. If any who read this account desire to give something, be it much or little, to help on this glorious enterprise of building a Christian church to offset a heathen temple, they may send their contributions to Miss E. L. Russell, the editor of *The Church Mission News*, 116 E. 54th st., New York City, who has been elected receiving treasurer of the Band.

(REV.) W. W. S., M.D.

NOT ANSWERING LETTERS—A SUGGESTION

To the Editor of the Living Church:

This may seem a trifling subject, but, when one has taken a half-hour or more in composing a letter upon a subject which he deems important, and then receives no reply, he is not only disappointed, but mortified. Such remarkable instances of this have come to the writer's attention that he feels constrained to protest, and call attention to the subject. Years ago, a prominent clergyman of Brooklyn said: "If I

have not the time and inclination to answer a letter the moment I receive it, I never answer it." More recently, a leading clergyman of Washington was cordially invited to be a guest at the seashore for weeks, and he returned no answer. Not long ago, a letter from Canon Liddon, addressed twenty years ago to one of our bishops, with kind wishes and congratulations, drifted into the hands of the writer. He wrote to said bishop, offering to send him the letter; no reply. A popular rector of Philadelphia was politely addressed twice by a fellow clergyman, and would not answer. Shortly afterwards, the circumstance was mentioned, without the rector's name, and a bystander exclaimed that, however rude others might be, the Rev. Dr. —, he was sure, always answered letters. By a strange coincidence, the name he mentioned was that of the very man who had given the slight. The writer would close with a suggestion which has proved valuable to himself, and may be to so others also—*i. e.*, to have postal cards printed with: "Dear —, your favor of the — was duly received and contents noted. Having a great number of duties to attend to, at present, I am compelled to ask my friends to pardon my using postal cards, and replying with great brevity." Then, after a blank space for the message, "Very truly yours," and the name and address. No reasonable person can feel slighted by the receipt of a postal card with this explanation on it, and the hard-worked rector who "really can't find time to write letters," will give far less offense by using such a card than he would by neglecting altogether to reply to a friendly letter. V. P. Z.

#### THE RECORD IN EXODUS I.

##### To the Editor of the Living Church:

In *The Sunday School Times* of the 11th inst., Prof. Sayce asserts without question that the late "find" by Dr. Flinders Petrie, of the Egyptian inscription in which mention is made of the children of "Ysrael," is the finding of the Egyptian record of the episode recorded in Exodus I. This is noticed editorially in *The Independent* of this week.

My suggestion concerning this inscription, published in *THE LIVING CHURCH* for June 20th, thus receives confirmation from a higher source, and much sooner than expected.

G. B. JENNINGS.

#### COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

##### To the Editor of the Living Church:

In the issue of July 4th of *The Churchman* appears an article headed "Yale-Berkeley Association," asking that the rectors of parishes would send to the secretary of this association the names of all young men—Churchmen—who were about to enter Yale University.

I desire, through your paper, which is so widely extended in its circulation, to suggest that it would be wise if a similar notice were sent to the rector having charge of the parish in any university or college town, and to ask that this may be done in the case of any young man or young woman entering Stanford University, California. A letter of introduction is the most direct way, but if a postal card with the name is sent, be sure that the young man or young woman will be found. Direct to the

REV. R. B. PEET,  
Palo Alto, Cal.

July 16th, 1896.

#### Personal Mention

After Sept. 1st, 1896, the address of the Rev. Ethelbert H. J. Andrews will be St. Clement's rectory, El Paso, Tex.

The Rev. O. Applegate, Jr., has entered upon his duties as rector of St. James' church, Keene, N. H.

The Rev. Reese F. Alsop, D.D., sailed for Europe in the Hamburg-American steamship "Augusta Victoria," Thursday, July 16th, to return in October.

The Rev. C. A. Brewster, rector of Trinity church, Vineland, N. J., will spend the month of August with his family, at their cottage, Eagle's Mere, Sullivan Co., Pa. Address accordingly after July 28th.

The Rev. Robert C. Booth is staying at Paul Smith's, in the Adirondack Mountains.

The Rev. C. H. Branscombe has taken temporary charge of Christ church, Fox Lake, Wis.

The Rev. R. R. Converse is to be at Watch Hill, R. I., this month.

The Bishop of Central Pennsylvania is passing the summer months at Spring Lake, N. J.

The Archimandrite of the Armenian Apostolic Church, the Very Rev. M. V. Deroonian, is in charge of the Armenian congregation at Worcester, Mass., and is the representative in this country of the Patriarchate of Constantinople.

The Rev. W. R. Dye, rector of St. Paul's church, Columbus, Miss., leaves July 27th for Sewanee, Tenn., to attend the meeting of the trustees of the university. The rest of his vacation will be spent in Rome and Americus, Ga.

The Rev. Geo. W. Ferguson will spend the summer in the Adirondack Mountains.

The address of the Rev. Charles H. de Garmo until Sept. 15th, will be Media, Pa.

The Rev. S. H. Gurteen is summering in his cottage at Jamestown, opposite Newport, R. I.

The Rev. Wm. M. Geer will pass July and August at Chatham, Cape Cod, Mass.

The Rev. Stephen H. Green has resigned the rectorship of St. Michael and All Angels' church, Anniston, Ala., to take effect Oct. 1st. Mr. Green has accepted Grace church, Kirkwood, Mo., a suburb of St. Louis.

The Rev. Geo. C. Houghton, D.D., will pass August in the Catskill Mountains.

The Rev. R. L. Hull is in camp in the Adirondack Mountains for the season.

The Rev. J. O. Herron, of Newcastle, Pa., will spend the month of August at his island cottage in Muskoka Lake, Canada. Address, Bala, Ontario.

The Bishop of Indiana has returned from Europe.

The Rev. W. W. Kimball has resigned the rectorship of Christ church, Harrisburg, Ga., with adjoining missions.

The Very Rev. Albion W. Knight, Dean of the cathedral of Georgia, has received three months' leave of absence for travel in Europe, and will sail the last of this month.

The Rev. A. B. Kinsolving is to spend vacation at Milford, Va., and on the Maine sea coast.

The Rev. Christopher W. Knauff is spending July in the Catskills.

The Rev. T. B. Lee, rector of St. David's, Austin, Texas, will spend the month of August at Manitou Springs and Denver, Colo.

The Rev. J. P. D. Llyyd, of the church of the Good Shepherd, Omaha, Neb., has been appointed by Bishop Gilbert priest in charge of the memorial chapel at Lake Minnetonka, during July and August. Address accordingly until after Aug. 23rd.

The Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith, D.D., is visiting in the Adirondack Mountains.

The Rev. Edward Martin sailed for Liverpool in the White Star steamship "Teutonic," Wednesday, July 15th.

At its recent commencement, Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa., conferred the degree of D.D. upon the Rev. C. E. Murray.

The Rev. S. D. McConnell, D.D., is summering at Watch Hill, R. I.

The Bishop of Newark is the guest of friends in the Catskill Mountains.

The Rev. W. F. Paddock, D.D., sailed for Liverpool on the Cunarder "Etruria," Saturday, July 15th.

The Rev. W. J. Page has resigned the rectorship of the church of the Incarnation, Atlanta, Ga.

The Rev. I. McK. Pittinger, D.D., rector of the church of the Good Shepherd, Raleigh, N. C., has returned from an absence of several months spent in Great Britain, the Continent, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

The Rev. W. B. Tyng Smith is in camp at Paul Smith's, in the Adirondacks.

The Rev. Jacob S. Shipman, D.D., D.C.L., is staying at Crane's, at West Point, N. Y.

The Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins is to visit Watch Hill, on Long Island Sound.

The Rev. Dr. Beverly S. Tucker has been elected Dean of the Theological Seminary of Virginia.

The Rev. Beverley Warner is to visit Watch Hill, R. I.

The Rev. C. L. Wells sailed for Europe in the steamship "Normania," July 8th.

The Rev. Elwood Worcester, Ph.D., professor of mental and moral philosophy in Lehigh University, and chaplain to the university, has accepted a

unanimous call to the rectorship of St. Stephen's church, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Rev. Francis E. Webster has resigned as assistant at St. James', Cambridge, Mass., and has accepted the rectorship of the church of the Ascension, Waltham, Mass.

#### Died

NORTHROP.—Entered into the rest of Paradise, from her home in Buffalo, N. Y., July 21st, Charlotte W. Hoffman, beloved wife of William P. Northrup, and daughter of the late George Hoffman, of Detroit.

EMERSON.—Fell asleep at her home in Roxbury, Mass., Wednesday, July 8th, Mary Olive, third daughter of Olive Elizabeth and the late Henry Emerson, in the 32d year of her age.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

#### Appeals

THE legal title of the General Board of Missions is The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

Domestic missions in twenty-one missionary jurisdictions and thirty-seven dioceses.

Missions among the colored people.

Missions among the Indians.

Foreign missions in China, Japan, Africa, Greece, and Haiti.

Provision must be made for the salaries and traveling expenses of nineteen bishops, and stipends for some 1,300 missionaries, besides the support of schools, orphanages, and hospitals.

Remittance should be made to MR. GEO. C. THOMAS, Treasurer, 281 Fourth ave., New York. Communications to the REV. WM. S. LANGFORD, D.D., General Secretary.

#### TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, New York, incorporated in 1872, asks to be remembered on that day by church offerings and gifts of individuals in the dioceses of New York, Long Island, and Newark. The representatives of this society hold sign-services in various places, minister to the sick and needy, and find work for the unemployed. The society also maintains a Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

WILLIAM JEWETT,

Treasurer, 89 Grand st., New York,

REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET, D.D.,

General Manager, 114 W. 13th st., New York.

THE Mid-Western Deaf-Mute mission, having passed through another year of difficulty, due to a falling off in contributions, asks to be remembered on next twelfth Sunday after Trinity (August 23rd). Offerings, which are needed to meet its expenses, may be sent to the Rev. A. W. MANN, general missionary, Gambier, Ohio.

#### Church and Parish

A CLERGYMAN in Priests' Orders will be open for a call after October 1st. Address "C," care of THE LIVING CHURCH office.

A CLERGYMAN in Priests' Orders will be open for a call after September 1st. Address "W," care THE LIVING CHURCH office.

A PRIEST of 12 years' experience, an Englishman, unmarried, and Nashotah graduate, desires work. Address CLERICUS, care LIVING CHURCH Office.

A LADY living near several fine schools in Baltimore, will receive a few young girls into her home as boarders, and give them the best care. For further information, address "MRS. LUCAS," this office. Best references given and required.

A LADY having lived abroad, would like to chaperone one or more girls, for either study or travel, in Europe. References given and required. MRS. MARY L. BROOKS, care Credit Lyonnais, 19 Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, France

WANTED.—A young lady, an undergraduate of Toronto University, in fourth year standing, with honors in English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian, and a graduate of the College of Pedagogy, desires a position in a Church school or academy, where pupils are prepared for the university. Address VIVIAN CLAYTON, Listowel, Ontario.

THE organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's church, Detroit, seeks re-engagement. Widely known as a successful trainer of boys' voices and a first-class organist. Offers unexceptional references covering all points. Address, 123 Alfred st., Detroit, Mich.

CHURCH ARCHITECT.—John Sutcliffe, 702 Gaff Building, Chicago, makes a specialty of churches. It will pay those expecting to build to communicate with him.

## The Separate Education of Women

BY THE RECTOR OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, KNOXVILLE, ILLINOIS

(From *The American University Magazine*)

Education is the development of the three-fold nature—body, mind, and soul. There is necessarily a difference among schools as to the quality and scope of education aimed at. In the large college the course of study is more extensive, mental training being the great object. The students are left very much to themselves as to physical and social and spiritual improvement. They do not come into very close relation to officers and teachers. They are treated *en masse*, not as individuals, members of a family. The loss of this family influence and spirit in youth, especially for girls, is a great misfortune, not to be compensated by any amount of learning.

At St. Mary's, Knoxville, under the same roof live the families of the rector and the chaplain, and most of the instructors. They have a real companionship with the students in work and recreation. They meet at table, in the library, in the chapel, on the lawn, as well as in the study and class-room. The school is a little world by itself, and has a life of its own apart from the "madding crowd" of society. It has its more formal social life, also, in which the womanly art of entertaining is practiced. Its recreations are really what the word signifies, and together with hygienic habits and gymnastic training serve to develop a fine physique. No day passes without an hour in the open air (unless the weather be inclement), and a half hour of prescribed exercise in the gymnasium.

St. Mary's is a Church school, yet a large number of its students (sometimes nearly one half) are from other Christian bodies. All unite in the brief choral service, morning and evening, in the beautiful church connected with the school building by a stone cloister. The institution was founded in the conviction that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Religious exercise is as much a matter of daily appointment as physical or mental exercise, though care is taken to avoid services of tiresome length, and to adapt them to the need and temperament of young people. This is not the place to argue the question, but the writer cannot refrain from bearing witness to the good effect upon conduct and character resulting from the religious influences which, without being obtrusive, pervade the school.

In these days of growing popularity of co-education, when the "new woman" is trying to be as much like a man as possible, in education as well as in habit, St. Mary's may seem to some "old-fashioned." Her course of study was shaped under the conviction that men and women are not alike, that they differ in mental as in physical constitution, and should not be subjected to precisely the same conditions of work in school or in life afterwards. The prominent characteristic of one is aggression, of the other, attraction. The leading (not exclusive) idea in the education of man should be the cultivation of strength; in the education of woman, the cultivation of grace. Of course there is a wide range of common ground, but even this cannot best be gone over in common. The woman will study more safely, more healthfully, more successfully without the strain of competition with

men, and where she can work in her own way.

Prof. Thomas Case, of Oxford, in a recent issue of *The Fortnightly*, puts it briefly thus: "Most women are more artistic than scientific, and in a man's university there is always a danger that the virile emphasis on science and speculation dwarf the feminine artistic taste, making the girl into a feeble quasi-man, and spoiling her for a woman."

It is not necessary to dwell here upon the need of kindlier discipline for girls, of comelier surroundings, of better safeguards to preserve, not only purity, but innocence. "Plato was wrong," says Prof. Case. "when he argued that men and women ought to have the same education because they differ only in sex." "This difference," he says, "makes all the difference, and involves so many consequences as to require differences in education, intellectual and moral. To study Aristophanes or anatomy with young men is disgraceful and unnecessary."

In accordance with these convictions, the course of study at St. Mary's has been extended more along the line of literature and art, than mathematics. Nearly all graduates become accomplished in some branch of the fine arts, and make a study of the works of the masters.

In the department of language, the English is studied and practiced critically, first, last, and all the time. Four years of Latin and several years of French or German (or both) complete this part of the course. In natural science the emphasis is placed upon physics, chemistry, and astronomy; in several other sciences shorter courses are given.

In rhetoric, logic, and psychology the requirements are as strict as in colleges for men, and the instructors believe that the attainments of the young women in these branches are equal to those of their brothers who come to these studies a year or two older. The course is not so long, nor for girls so hard, as that of the colleges for men; but it is believed that the course at St. Mary's is of greater advantage and adaptability to the career which most cultivated women will have before them when they leave school. By sacrificing Greek and a little mathematics, the "girl graduate" will be able to take with her into family and society, a higher literary culture, a higher social culture, a more graceful carriage and conversation, and a capacity for expression in language and art that is not attainable in a terrific struggle in competition with men, in a course of study especially designed to develop the masculine mind.

As auxiliary to the regular work, lectures are secured from without and within the school, on science, art, literature, and life; and literary entertainments are frequently given (for the school only) in German and French plays, dramas of Shakespeare, tableaux; concerts and "promenades" and receptions. These details are mentioned, not as being of great importance, but as helping to give an idea of the life of such a school. A bright little paper is published by the senior class, entitled *St. Mary's Quarterly*, giving information about the "old girls," and noting events in school life. A Current Events Club, for the higher classes, is an important element in "up-to-date" ed-

ucation; and a Missionary Guild interests a large portion of the students in the work of the Church outside of parish lines. Each Sunday class is organized as a guild, under the direction of its teacher, to promote some work of church or charity.

The plan of work and discipline at St. Mary's cannot, perhaps, be carried out in large colleges for young women. In the writer's opinion, such colleges are not desirable. For the mature woman who desires to prepare herself for special work in the world, beyond family and social life, the university should be open without distinction or discrimination, but from the age of twelve to twenty, our daughters should have the safeguards and the refining influences of home, or of the school which is a home. They should not be subjected to the strain of competition with men; to say nothing of the distractions that may arise from sentiment.

### The Meeting of the Classes

After Moore's "Meeting of the Waters"

[Suggested by the fact that four large classes sometimes encounter each other in going to or from recitation.]

Go gently, ye classes, down into the hall,  
Go gently, a song from the muse I will call;  
Your thoughts full of worry and doubtfulness seem.  
Go gently, ye classes, down Afton's sweet stream.

With April-like faces two classes come forth  
From the right and the left, from the south and the north;  
With dismal forebodings two others file in  
And wait the ordeal that's soon to begin.

"Do you know your Astronomy?" "No, dear, do you?"

"I hope so, yet still I feel terribly blue  
About the translation." "O what a vexation!  
I never shall master this French conjugation."

Geometry sheds o'er each forehead a cloud,  
And some are reciting their problems aloud;  
While others, tho' feeling as anxious the while,  
At last change their tears for a laugh or a smile.

Oh maidens! the hill is indeed hard to climb;  
But to those who endeavor will come a glad time,  
When on the fair summit they proudly may stand  
And view spread before them, a bright promised land.

Oh, then will the classes all joyously meet.  
And garlands of beauty be cast at their feet!  
With a happy song blended with sorrowful tears,  
They will part once again, to be severed for years.

Go gently, ye classes, down into the hall,  
Go gently, a song from the muses I'll call,  
For I see now Fame's torch o'er your pathway will gleam;  
Go gently, ye classes, disturb not the dream.  
*St. Mary's Knoxville.* F. D.

I need not speak to you of the end of teaching; how we aim finally not at producing wide knowledge or great thoughts, but noble lives; how for us all nature and all history is a revelation of the being and will of God, offered, not for contemplation only, but for guidance in deed; how we remember that of the manifold stores which we accumulate by diligent study the character alone survives all earthly change, the character which is the last sum of the moral forces by which our labor have been ruled; how in this sense all teaching must be religious or irreligious, helping to fashion new links of sympathy between the seen and the unseen, or imprisoning our life in sense, making, as has been finely said "our bodies the tombs of our souls."  
—Bishop Westcott.

## The Editor's Table

### Kalendar, August, 1896

2.	9th Sunday after Trinity	Green
6.	TRANSFIGURATION	White
9.	10th Sunday after Trinity	Green
16.	11th Sunday after Trinity	Green
23.	12th Sunday after Trinity	Green (Red at Evensong)
24.	ST. BARTHOLOMEW	Red
30.	13th Sunday after Trinity	Green

### "Peace, Be Still!"

BY T. H. F.

As the frail boat, storm-lashed by wind and wave,  
Trembled and tossed upon its foaming path,  
He spake these words, and lo, a wondrous calm  
Fell on the sea, and stilled the tempest's wrath.

He had been sleeping, and in dire alarm  
They had to awake Him. Carest thou not, they  
said,  
That we should perish? But He hid their fears,  
And calmly bid them be not afraid.

And then the wonder grew in those faint hearts  
As to each other with pale lips they say  
What manner of man is this, who with a word  
Makes even the wind and sea his will obey?

So to each stricken soul of man that seeks  
From sense of sin and fear a glad release,  
He, who once stilled the mighty tempest, says  
Have thou but faith, and I will give thee peace.

A queer idea some people have of an editor's duty and the mission of a Church paper. Here is a writer who thinks we are morally bound to buy his literary wares whether we want them or not. Some verses, which he offered "at your usual rates," were returned to him with the explanation that under our rules no remuneration could be allowed for contributions of that kind. Here is his reply:

Do you make a "rule" not to pay your printer, your typewriter, your office boy? And how would it be taken if the subscriber should make a "rule" not to pay for his paper? "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and why is the brain worker, even the versifier, to be set below the purely mechanical employe? Is he more able to live upon air? Such principles are all wrong, and who is to set the example of honorable and fair dealing, if not the religious paper?

It is a melancholy fact that there is not much for the versifier, in these days, but air, and perhaps fame, which is only rarefied air, after all. There is no market for poetry, the more is the pity, and small market for prose that is not made up in the form of the novel. People will pay several dollars for a handful of cut flowers which wither in a day, but for a volume of sweet thoughts set to rhythmical words they seldom devote a few dimes. The disgusted muse seems to be leaving humanity to its prosaic fate. There are no great poets any more; there will be none so long as the people are without imagination and love to have it so. Meantime, the little poets must live on air.

The June *Century* had some good comments on the decadence of poetry and the prevalent lack of appreciation, which is discouraging to the poets. Here are some extracts:

It seems to be regarded as a main function of current criticism to trample poets under foot, and to sweep them out of the way, with utter disregard, not only of generosity, but of econ-

omy; for poets come about as do other choice products: there must be many in order to produce one; the whole choir of birds must be suffered to warble in order to secure the nightingale and the lark. \* \* \* By an unusual conjunction of events there is hardly a great living English-speaking poet, and we are taking our revenge for this spiritual orphanage by abusing the fledglings and young birds of song (some of whom already pipe melodiously) as though they were to blame for the lack of Shelleys and Brownings.

We are not entering a protest against criticism, nor asking that it shall abate its high function of intelligent judgment; but we deprecate the discouragement which is cast upon poets and publishers of poetry by the tone of contempt with which the poetry of the day is received. The general attitude is destructive; it should be fostering. The critics and the public do not know what they are doing by discouraging the production of poetry; it is not only like opposing the cultivation of flowers; it is like trampling down wheat, for poetry is the bread of intellectual and spiritual life. \* \* \* It is time to take to heart these suggestions, and to open our minds a little more widely to these candidates and aspirants for the highest place the world can offer and the greatest service it can require. They can forego their hopes and miss possible fame, but society can not go without what the poets can give, and must give, to save it from the slough of mis-conceived utility.

Brief allusion was made in our issue of June 27th to the equestrian statue of General Washington, which the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati is erecting at the Green street entrance of Fairmount park, Philadelphia. The following additional description of this great work may prove of interest: The base proper, which is 77 by 96 feet, is in the form of a hollow ellipse. The interior has been tunneled, and one is able to walk under arches, where chambers will be built for the drain pipes that will draw the water from the fountains above. This base is 5 feet, 7 inches from the ground, and the top consists of 13 inches of solid brick and masonry. On top of this foundation will be laid an oblong platform of Swedish granite, of two colors—red and green, reached on four sides by thirteen steps, symbolic of the original thirteen States. These steps are of rough granite, from Germany. On this platform the pedestal will be erected, 17 by 30 feet, bearing the equestrian statue in bronze, of General Washington. At the four corners of the platform will be placed fountains in the allegorical bronze figures, representing four rivers—the Delaware, Hudson, Potomac, and Mississippi. On each side of the fountain will be placed typical American Indians, and the front and back of the pedestal will be ornamented by two allegorical groups. That on the front represents America, seated—holding in one hand a cornucopia; in the other, a trident, and having at her feet chains just cast off—in the act of receiving trophies from her victorious sons. The group in the back shows America arousing her sons, below which is engraved the arms of Pennsylvania. The sides of the pedestal will be ornamented with two bas-reliefs, representing the march of the American army. The statue was made by Prof. Leopold Siemering, of Berlin, and was brought to this country about three years ago, at a cost of \$250,000. The monument will be a valuable addition to the artistic statuary of the park, and the dedication, which will occur in 1897, will be an important event in Philadelphia.

## In the Highways

II.—(Continued)

THE CHILDREN OF THE TENEMENT HOUSE

You will see how the mothers will listen while you are talking to the children, teaching them the "Our Father," and telling them the sweet, old Bible stories, and most often and earnestly of all, the one story of Him who, for them, became Himself a little child.

In the time of sorrow in the home where baby lies with a pale, face like a fragile white rose petal on the mother's breast, there is room for the friendly visitor with words of sympathy and hope—hope *both* ways—and suggestions for baby's care and comfort. So many of these mothers seem to know almost nothing of the simple health principles. The other day a woman told me with delight that her two-year-old child, burning with the fever of pneumonia, had just eaten some corn-beef and cabbage!

"Man's extremity" is sometimes our "opportunity" for God. I went into a house the other day where I found the mother lying seriously ill; two tiny children clung to her, frightened at her stillness, and too young to help her or themselves. Summoning a physician to care for the mother, I fed the children, who had eaten nothing all day, and left them all in the care of a strong and friendly neighbor. When I next went to the house, baby Minnie hailed me as her natural provider and informed me that she wanted more supper! And the mother said that she believed that "the people in that church *were* Christians, for no one had ever been so kind to her before who was not her own," and she and her husband meant to go to "that church."

What can we do for the children? We can in some measure, at least, remedy the food question by explaining to the mothers what food is, and what is not, adapted to the juvenile digestion, and that equally cheap and wholesome food may be substituted for the unwholesome and sometimes extravagant. In needy cases we must furnish help. In regard to clothing, we can give tactful advice about mending and making and cleaning, supply patterns, sewing materials, and gifts from our poor closet, sell garments at a nominal price, or send the mothers to spend their money advantageously at the shop where, by our co-operative club, we have a ten per cent. discount.

The heat and cold we can meet only by trying to prepare the children in physical condition and in clothing to cope with them. Dirt again demands the tactful advice and warning given to the mothers; and as for the drainage, disinfectants and all the fresh air available—often, alas! but little—are a help; but in our cities bad drainage is certainly coming into evil repute, and scientists and philanthropists and the people generally, are too zealously on the warpath after the disease microbe to tolerate bad drainage; it does look as if in the near future one of the tenement-house horrors was to be greatly abated.

With the sick children there is special work; perhaps parents' ignorance must be enlightened or their prejudice in the case of physicians and hospitals must be overcome, or a child must be taken to the aurist, or dentist, or oculist, or sent to the seaside or country home, those blessed charities for giving health and happiness, which need to be manifoldly increased.

Some little waifs just taken into one of

these happy homes were recently asked by the kind sister who cared for them what they would do if they should get lost. "I should ask a man to bring me home," said one.

"But where is home?"

For a time the children were silent, then one said: "In the garden of Eden!"

And these homes are, indeed, a true earthly paradise of delights to the little ones from the highways; and, besides, a place where they begin to make ready for the palace of the King, often learning here their first lesson of God and saying their first prayer.

These souls which are unfolding like tiny blossoms in the dust of the way, which may be so quickly trodden under foot or blighted by the scorching sun—ah, Mella, is not the hope for these in their being transplanted even into the garden of the Lord and tended there by the under-gardeners who do their work for the love of their Master? How these need to be filled with that love which alone can work in them and through them, when they love Him above all others and all others in Him. And we must remember that we are visiting Christ's children for Christ's sake, and let our great object be always winning them for Him.

Our chance seems small—an occasional hour in these homes and the little time in which we can hold them in Sunday school and church and children's clubs; and the great wild beast of the world's wickedness is always at hand. True, an hour for us is terribly little, but an hour, yes, a minute, is enough for God, and in His strength we work. It all comes back to the Source. Like those of old, we must bring our little children to Him, praying Him to put His hands on them. Prayer, the one tremendous power, is granted to us. One hour we are with the children in bodily presence; every hour we may be with them and for them in prayer, and may it not be that in answer to our prayer God will send His angel-messengers with the power of His Holy Spirit, straight from the Holy Presence, to lead into safe pastures these precious little lambs who are in danger from the great wild beast of the world?

Faithfully yours,

ALINA.

### Church Schools Needed

FROM THE REPORT ON CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, CALIFORNIA DIOCESAN CONVENTION, 1894.

The very existence of private schools implies a need. The private school is, in a sense, like any commodity thrown upon the market. It exists because there is a demand for it. No mere sentiment will, in any reasonable way, account for these institutions.

What then is the demand; the need that gives them existence?

1st. A thoughtful examination will show that they spring from an anxiety on the part of the earnest parent to shield the child so far as possible from an indiscriminate contact with any and every kind of life, that must, of necessity, be grouped together under any system of public education.

It is indeed true that nothing can take the place of our public schools. For the welfare of this land, no greater calamity could befall the country, than to have their influence impaired, much more, their existence endangered.

It is equally true, however, that this indiscriminate gathering of good and bad and indifferent is one of the disadvantages of any public system. No one recognizes this more fully than the public educator. Side by side with the one whom the parent has guarded from evil companionship may be placed a life that from unhappy circumstances has become coarse, vulgar, even vile.

In such an atmosphere, amid such surroundings, the child of the purer home may find his lot placed, and this, just at the most impressionable age, when character is forming. The danger is great. It cannot be avoided in any public system of training. No discrimination in the selection of scholars finds, with any justice, a place in such a system. This danger may be lessened—reduced to the minimum in the private school.

It is this anxiety on the part of the parent (more often the mother) for some choice, some selection, in companionship of the child, that makes a strong demand for other than the public training—for a private care.

It is not, as is so often sneeringly remarked, the attempt to make distinction between grades in society, between wealth and poverty; but it is to protect, at almost any expense, the life that is so dear, from contact with immorality and vice. Many a mother, before now, has seen her child slowly deteriorate, to find, too late, the fruitful cause in a school-boy companionship with some other life that was evil.

Another cause for the existence of the private school is a demand for an individual care, that a public system of education, dealing, as it must, with large numbers, cannot, of necessity, provide. It is the opportunity which the private school offers for a personal training, that development of individual traits and gifts that goes to make character in its true sense, that gives this work a special value to the thoughtful. Where large numbers, as in a public system, must be handled in the mass, any discrimination is in the nature of an unjust favoritism.

The bringing of the young life into a personal and immediate contact with the wise instructor and guide; the being able to mold and form it, not after some general pattern, but according to its particular gifts; this is an all but priceless advantage which the wisely conducted private school offers to parent and guardian.

But a higher thought comes in connection with a religious private training, with the Church school. If, to the advantage of a selection of companionship for the child, so much prized; if, to the advantage of a personal care and training, this development of character that may not be undervalued, you add another—the highest of all privileges—the opportunity of bringing up the young life in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," by doing this, you are meeting one of the profoundest needs of a Christian community to-day; you are touching the real cause, more than any other, of the success of what is called the Church school. \* \* \* Our public schools are supported by taxation. Taxation implies representation. We have no more right, abstractly speaking, to introduce Christianity into our public system of education than Buddhism or Mohammedanism or Agnosticism. The principle underlying the very existence of public education is the divorce, or, at least, the separation of all religious training from

intellectual culture. The Christian parent looks upon such a separation with an increasing apprehension, as he sees the drift of the young life more and more away from God, and hence becoming more and more wayward.

For this reason there is an increasing demand for Church schools. For this reason the great principle of the greatest instructor of his day, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, England, is coming more to the front in the minds of the thoughtful; that the real object of all education of true culture is to make first the Christian, then the gentleman, then the scholar.

### Book Notices

**The Release**, or Caroline's French Kindred. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: Macmillan & Co. Price, \$1.

This, we believe, is the last but not the least interesting of Miss Yonge's many books. The continued productiveness of her pen is something marvelous. The one before us is the story of an English girl sent to a French convent to be educated, at the time of our Revolution, giving glimpses of school and domestic life in France. A striking and amusing incident grows out of the fashion of high hair-dressing by the ladies of the day. The story follows the history of the times, and does not lack in variety and vivacity. Scenes in Paris during the reign of terror supply a dark background for the convent and the pictures of the holy women who were driven out.

**On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds**. Twenty-eight Hundred Miles after Musk-Oxen and Wood-Bison. By Casper Whitney. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Bros.

"What fools these mortals be!" Here is a man risking his life and suffering indescribable hardships for the sake of shooting a few musk-oxen, "the most inaccessible game on earth;" a match for the Arctic enthusiasts who sacrifice treasure and life in vain quest for the most inaccessible pole on earth! One thing can be claimed, however, to the credit or good luck of Mr. Whitney; viz., he got the inaccessible and brought home their heads and hides. He has also written a captivating book. It is more than a story of thrilling adventures. It is a study of the great Northland, its strange life and its strange people; the record of a journey through the frozen desert nearly to the Arctic ocean. The book is superbly gotten up, a work of art in its way. The illustrations are mostly from photographs taken by the author.

**Cyrus W. Field, His Life and Work (1819-1892)**. Edited by Isabella Field Judson. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.

There are few families to whom America owes so much as to the old Stockbridge family, Field; to David Dudley in the law, and to Cyrus West in commerce. Those whose memory of business and political affairs extends not beyond 1858, cannot realize the changes that have followed the laying of the first Atlantic cable. Field was the most honored man in the world, for the time—"Cyrus the Great," as he was called. The excitement was tremendous, and surely the results of that great achievement have exceeded the most extravagant expectations. Mrs. Judson has admirably managed the abundant materials at hand, making up the record of her father's life out of his own correspondence and published notices of the principal events in which he was concerned. The account of his boyhood and early associations is a "snap-shot" picture of early days, when comfortable room and board could be had in New York city for \$2 a week, and one steel pen cost 12 1/2 cents!

**Vacation Rambles**. By Thomas Hughes ("Vacuus Viator"). New York: Macmillan & Co. Price, \$1.75.

This is a good time to call attention to this collection of charming letters, because it is vacation time, and because interest in all that Mr. Hughes wrote has been increased by his

recent death. The notes of European travel are as entertaining as they were thirty years ago, and the letters written from America, after the war, bring back old times very pleasantly. Mr. Hughes had a grand reception here, for he had stood up bravely for the North when in England it was not popular to do so. His letters of ten years later mostly relate to the Rugby settlement in Tennessee and to life in that region. The address delivered in Boston in 1870, "John to Jonathan," ought to be widely read again, now after a quarter of a century has passed and there are still some signs of animosity between the two great English-speaking nations.

**Eliza Pickney.** By Harriott Horry Ravenel. With Facsimile Reproduction. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1896. Price, \$1.25.

In these sketches of "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times," we get a view of domestic and social life which no history gives. We have here the career of a representative South Carolina family, in the formative period of a great nation, from 1737 through the Revolutionary War. It is made up mostly from letters written by or to Mrs. Pickney (Eliza Lucas), and such well written, well filled letters as we do not often see in these days of hurry and show. Indeed, the reading of this book has set us to wondering at the strength and dignity and grace of the women of the colonial era. There are such women now, but we doubt if there are as many as there should be. On the whole, with all our advantages, with all our progress, invention, and education, has the race improved? Perhaps, as to the great mass, it has; but the best of to-day are no better than the best of a hundred years ago; and coming down to the level of the "new woman,"—well, the old is better!

**With the Fathers.** Studies in the History of the United States. By John Bach McMaster. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Not the Apostolic Fathers, but the political fathers, the framers of the Constitution, the leaders and movements in the body politic, are referred to in the title, and discussed in the volume before us. It is not a connected treatise, but a collection of papers on prominent persons and themes. The essays are admirable and timely. Here is the "Monroe Doctrine" clearly stated and historically treated, and giving all needful information for the correcting of current notions about it. Here is "The Riotous Career of the Know-Nothings," a needful lesson in these days of A. P. A. fanaticism; and here is the vain "Century Struggle for Silver," with the facts so clearly stated as to need no arguments. If any one fears that the American people can be "fooled" very long with fiat money, let him read, "Is Sound Finance Possible Under Popular Government?" There is the account of the triumph of the "hard common sense of the people over the politicians and repudiationists." The paper on "Franklin in France" is exceedingly rich and interesting. This is a book for the times, and ought to be widely circulated.

**Memoirs of Barras,** Member of the Directorate. Edited by George Duvery. Vols. III. and IV. New York: Harper & Bros.

The reading public is now in possession of the whole of Barras' memoirs, in an almost perfect English translation. It was inevitable that so frank an exposure of the intrigues, and so scathing a review of the public and private lives of Napoleon and Josephine, should be unwelcome to their admirers. Nor is it the most delightful reading in the world for impartial minds. But we do not see how it can be proved to be an unfaithful picture of the times and characters with which it deals. However malicious a pleasure the writer may evidently take in revealing the faults and foibles of those whom the world calls great, we fear that he is, on the whole, not far from the truth. Even his hostile editor confesses so much, and acknowledges the historical value of his memoirs. The last two volumes deal with the destinies of France during the later years of the Directorate,

the Consulate, and the Empire, and their contents are of the same general character as those of the first two. There is the same merciless handling of Napoleon, Josephine, Talleyrand, and others, as before, but there is much valuable historical material besides. Although less rich in historical matter and documentary evidence, Vol. IV. furnishes more interesting reading than any of the rest, and shows no falling off (but rather an increase) of variety and attractiveness. Whatever may be the ultimate verdict of the world upon these memoirs, we do not see how their value in the making of history can be denied.

"The Art of Living Together," by Dr. Robert F. Horton, "is a little book on a great subject which is of every-day interest to everybody. Good advice the author gives, in well chosen words, suited to different conditions of life. It would be well if many of his sayings were written up on the walls of our rooms. Dodd, Mead and Co., 151 Fifth ave., New York. 50 cents.

"What One Can Do with a Chafing-dish—a Guide for Amateur Cooks," is a taking title of a book that is both artistic and appetizing. It is an enlarged edition; looks like a music book, and its contents are most harmonious from a gastronomical point of view—that is, you can see that the sound tastes well. Mr. John Ireland is the publisher; 1192 Broadway, New York.

"Cold Dishes for Hot Weather" also has an appetizing taste, now when the thermometer lingers near the nineties. The names of the authors, too, have a fine flavor, Ysaguirre and La Marca. The promise that is made by the title page to the eye is not afterwards broken to the heart. To read of the salads, and patties, and jellies, and creams and ices, and cakes and sandwiches and everything, makes one hungry. Harper and Brothers, New York. \$1.

The trustees of the church of St. Mary the Virgin have just issued in handsome form a memorial of the opening of the new church edifice on the 25th anniversary of the parish, the feast of the Conception of the Virgin Mary, 1895. The pamphlet gives illustrations of the church, and contains descriptions of it, an account of the consecration and other services of the occasion, noted at the time in the columns of THE LIVING CHURCH, and sermons by the rector, the Rev. Thos. McKee Brown, who is also founder of the parish, and the Rev. Arthur Ritchie, of St. Ignatius' church.

## Magazines and Reviews

A late number of *Book News* has one original feature. The authors of the six most notable books of the month have been asked their "aim, object, and purpose in writing the book." Their replies are instructive to the conscientious critic who may chance to have any or all of the six upon his list. A detached portrait and a biographical sketch of William Astor Chanler are also in this number, besides the usual excellent report from Boston, by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, and letters from other literary centres—London and New York.

Lovers of "The Autocrat" will be glad to learn from the pages of *The Literary News* that "the biography of Oliver Wendell Holmes is, all in all, the best of the several biographies of American men of letters that have appeared in recent years." The best of his recent portraits is also reproduced in this number; but why, in giving, in *fac-simile*, two stanzas from "The Last Leaf," should the exquisite one have been omitted, beginning "The mossy marbles rest on the lips that he has pressed in their blooms," etc.? The "Survey of Current Literature," and the last page of the *News*, under the heading "Freshest News," we commend to belated students and readers whose knowledge of literary folk and their doings may not be "up to date."

A pathetic interest attaches to the article on "Jefferson and His Party To-Day," in the July number of *The Forum*, by the Hon. Wm. E. Russell, in view of the distinguished writer's unexpected death, during the current month. His *resume* of the Democratic situation ends with a warning to his co-workers that they should "fear the discredit of sacrificing principle to expediency," and of "turning aside from the safe course which Jefferson established." The three articles following are also political. "The Presidential Outlook as Europeans View it," by the editor of *L'Economiste Francais*; "Reasons for an Immediate Arbitration Treaty with England," by President Charles W. Eliot, and "Mr. Cleveland's Second Administration," by George Walton Green. A fine tribute to "Theodore Roosevelt as a Historian," is paid by Prof. W. P. Trent, of the University of the South, who claims for his subject a high place among historians as one of the "ablest and most conscientious;" the writer, moreover, of noble and patriotic books, every page of which is stamped with the personality of the author. "Substitutes for the Saloon" are considered by Prof. Francis G. Peabody, whose standing as an authority in social science entitles him to a thoughtful hearing. The prodigious extent of the drinking habit is more fully apprehended by the statement that "the patronage of the Boston saloons is as if every man in the city drank every day, and, in addition, treated a friend from the country every other day"—an appeal to the popular imagination more convincing than a mere barren array of figures would be. Though necessarily statistical, the discussion of this really vital question is interesting, and may arouse inquiry among those who have no conception of the fact that the saloon is a real, though degraded, form of social enjoyment, and offers so much to the life of the poor that something must be found to compete with it on its own terms, before reformers can hope to see it abolished as an institution. The usual timeliness of the articles published in *The Forum* is further evidenced by the frank account of the late Baron de Hirsch and his life work, prepared by the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, late minister to Turkey, who was for many years a close personal friend of the famous philanthropist; also by the description of "President Angel's Quarter-Centennial," recently celebrated by the University of Michigan.

## Books Received

Under this head will be announced all books received up to the week of publication. Further notice will be given of such books as the editor may select to review.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

Reason and Religion, Some Aspects of their Mutual Interdependence. By R. C. Moberly, D.D. \$1.25.

The Sanctuary of Suffering. By Eleanor Tee. \$2.

THE CHRISTIAN LITERATURE CO., New York

Ten Epochs of Church History, Vol. 3. The Ecumenical Councils. By William P. DuBose, S. T. D. \$1.50.

D. APPLETON & CO.

Familiar Trees and their Leaves. By F. Schuyler Mathews. \$1.75.

MACMILLAN & CO.

Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler. By the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. \$2.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston

Blind Leaders of the Blind. By James R. Cocke, M. D. \$1.50.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO.

The Finding of Lot's Wife. By Alfred Clark. \$1.  
From Whose Bourne. By Robert Barr. Illustrated by F. M. Gregory.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO.

Through Egypt to Palestine. By Lee S. Smith. Illustrated. \$1.25.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.

The Industrial Army. By Fayette Stratton Giles. \$1.25.

CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY PRESS

Origin and Development of Nicene Theology. By Hugh M. Scott, D.D.



## A Summer Voyage in Labrador

BY THE REV. FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD, MUS. DOC.

My nearest neighbor during a missionary residence of nearly three years on the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, lived nearly two hundred miles away. He was a brave fellow, lion-hearted, zealous, and wealthy. For twelve long years he had lived at the Bay of Islands, and cheered the hearts and lives of the simple fisherfolk, by a strong, clear, wise, and loving presentation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Among other good deeds wrought by this man of God, he had built during a specially severe winter, in order to provide employment for the men of the settlement in which he lived, a fine schooner of about forty tons burthen, which, after she had been launched, he used as a mission ship.

The "Sapper" (for that was her name) cost several thousands of dollars, since all the material used in her construction had to be imported from Nova Scotia. The missionary designed her himself, and with the assistance of a devoted wife, polished all the wood work in the cabin, going over it no less than sixteen times.

It fell out on a fine, bright day early in July, as I strolled over a barren that lay back of my residence, looking out for the arrival of the first vessel after a winter of nearly six months' duration, that, on turning my eyes to the westward, I saw a sail rising over the distant horizon. The sight was pleasant to the eyes. All through the long, bleak, and angry winter the sea had been still as death under the weight of Arctic ice that enwrapped it. In the range of our vision we could see the blue hills of Labrador to the north, snow-covered and cold looking, while everywhere else nothing but snow and ice, save a black forest away to the south. We had been frozen in all the winter, and now that the ice had gone from land and sea, and the snow had yielded to the warmth of the sun, we were eager to see the first vessel.

To our delight, as the sail drew nearer, we found that the "Sapper" was that year to have the honor of being first among our visitants from the outer world. Down to the beach we ran delightedly, and gratefully did we grasp the hands of the good missionary from the Bay of Islands. He also brought us letters, which were the first for many months that we had received. After greetings, my friend and brother announced his errand: "We are bound to the coast of Labrador. We intend to take a six-weeks' missionary cruise on that coast. Will you go with us?" It took us but a few moments to decide. We gladly elected to go, packed a trunk hastily, bade good-by to the kind fisherman and his folks with whom I had lived all the winter, and in a very brief space the good mission ship "Sapper" was heading north for Labrador. In crossing the Strait of Belle Isle we encountered numerous icebergs, and in the midst of a fog that came down early in the afternoon, we narrowly escaped running into one monster. It happened that old Charlie, the mate, and I were on deck on the forward lookout. We heard

a washing of the sea quite near, nearer than we had judged the coast to be. I called his attention to the fact, and while we were speaking a splendid berg loomed up ahead, and with a slight turn of the wheel we veered away and continued our voyage without further incident.

The first night we dropped anchor in Forteau Bay. By reason of his membership in the the Royal Yacht Squadron, of England, our friend, the missionary, was entitled to fly the white ensign—the royal flag of Great Britain. Thus, in the morning, while the "Sapper" rode at anchor, we were surprised to find that we stood in the midst of several British warships. Seeing the white ensign floating from our mizen-mast, the British admiral sent a boat with officers to inquire by what right this was done. The matter was soon adjusted, and we had the honor of an invitation to dine with the admiral on board the flagship. We went ashore at Forteau, and found the people who were in my pastoral charge waiting eagerly for a service. So infrequent, of necessity, are the visits of a missionary to these settlements, that a service is the first thing to be attended to whenever the missionary arrives, without respect to time of day or anything else. We gathered the adults, and most of the children, to the little church, which stood picturesquely on a bluff overlooking the bay, and there we offered up our prayers and praises to the Father of all. Such heartiness as was manifested in that Labrador church is rarely met with in more favored regions. To have heard the fisherfolk sing their simple hymns (most of them taught by myself) would have been a truly uplifting spiritual exercise for anyone. In the congregation, sitting among the people, shone the bright uniforms of the officers of the warships, who shared as heartily as the fisherfolk in the services. Amid the regrets of the Forteau people, we set sail late in the afternoon for the next settlement to be visited. To our pleasure, we learned that the admiral's ship was also going north. He kindly offered to take us in tow, and so together we went out to sea. The sensation of being dragged along as we were is not a pleasant one, but as we were able to go right in the face of wind and tide, we put up with the inconvenience and were thankful. The tow rope was about seventy feet long, and as there was a high wind blowing all the time, we signalled to each other all day by means of a large blackboard. At nightfall we both dropped anchor in Red Bay.

Here was a delightful settlement of about twenty families. The houses were mere huts, and the inhabitants all poor. But in spite of all these things, we received a royal welcome from the people. The tinkling bell of the small frame church was soon calling the settlers to service, and a right good service it was. After it was over, little groups of the settlers stood around waiting for a handshake with us, and with those who had accompanied us from the warship. Among the rest, we here discovered a very interesting Eskimo youth who was

living in honorable marriage with a white wife. Jim was a good-looking fellow; strong, and a successful fisherman. He also told me of a brother who was a clergyman.

Leaving Red Bay, our next port was Battle Harbor. We parted company with the warship at this point, as a matter of urgency required the presence of the admiral a long distance north. Battle Harbor is to-day the site of the hospital which has lately been erected by a Christian physician for the benefit of the people of the coast. At the time of our visit the harbor was literally full of fishing schooners. Many of them were quite stripped of their sails, their owners having erected huts on the beach, the better to prosecute their fishing and curing. For the rest, whole families lived on board their vessels. These conditions do not always conduce to strict morality, but neither do they materially affect the natural goodness of the fisherman's character. So full was this harbor of ships that it was quite possible to pass from one to the other of them without touching water or going ashore. Here, therefore, we were enabled to do some good work. We distributed literature, had some earnest talks, and held a few brief services with the members of the fishermen's families who might chance to be on board. Going ashore, we paid a very delightful visit to the resident missionary, who expressed much pleasure at seeing us. He had heard but little of the world for more than six months, and in addition to other troubles due to his extreme isolation, his wife had passed through a serious illness without the aid of a physician. Here we also took part in an interesting service; and, after heartiest handshakings, we set sail, and steered due north.

In the offing were many icebergs and the wind blew freshly off land; we therefore hugged the shore and made capital progress. We had now a hundred or more miles to go before we should again drop anchor. The weather was all that could be desired. All around us in the day-time were fishing boats with their little crews plying the hook and line in pursuit of the valuable cod. Each of these boats had a small stove, and from every one of them there curled upwards the tiny smoke-wreath which indicated that the inevitable and indispensable

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cup of tea was being prepared for the cold or thirsty fishermen. We sailed alongside some of the boats to see their catch. What a fine sight it sometimes was! All was confusion of course; but 'twas picturesque in the extreme. Lines, bait, coats, oars, sails, broken pipes, and cod-fish seemed to be inextricably mixed together in apparent defiance of being straightened out. Here and there a big royal cod would be thrown on board for our table, and with a shout of thanks, off the "Sapper" would spin, and in a short time a jutting headland would blot us out from the sight of our kind friend. On our left, or to speak as do the sailors, on our port side, stood the great frowning bluffs, harder than adamant, as old as the world, that had withstood the huge Atlantic rollers for centuries, breathing down upon our little craft the coy breeze that wooed us along. To sea, wherever the eye could reach, icebergs gemmed the blue water, making a contrast most lovely and striking. Amid these bergs, sporting seals ever and anon popped up their little black heads, and after a knowing wink at the fisherman they sank again right down to the bottom in pursuit of the crustacean most delectable to them for the time. And we must not forget to recall the insinuating perfume of the Labrador wild flowers that came to us from recesses in the rocks or from the barrens as we sailed along. Tiny waterfalls like silvern streaks leaped delightfully down the sides of the rocks on the left or of the bergs on the right. There was music everywhere and richest harmony of color and form.

All day and all night we threaded our way through islets along the coast, and towards set of sun on the next day we touched at Cartwright harbor, intending to do this and nothing more. But when we went on shore we determined to stay for a time, and to make a longer call on our return south. The harbor was one of the finest and safest we fell in with during our voyage. It is celebrated as being the site of a fine residence erected there during the last century by an adventurous Englishman, who gave the settlement its name and lived there for more than fifty years. He belonged to a noble family, but chancing to put into the harbor while driven out of his course during a gale of wind, he was so impressed with its beauty, and its facilities for hunting and fishing, that he forsook his country and friends and alone took up his abode at Cartwright among the Eskimo, and died there after the long period of half a century. His influence was always exerted for good, and much of the success that has attended the preaching of the Gospel at this point is due, no doubt, to that influence. A pretty point at the entrance to the harbor is crowned with a fine granite monument erected to the memory of good Mr. Cartwright. We found here a flourishing post of the great Hudson Bay Company. An educated gentleman was in charge of it; his employes were nearly all Eskimos, and, so far as we could judge from our brief sojourn among them, they were well treated and were contented. There was no resident missionary. But now it is our pleasure to record the fact that, owing to our visit on this occasion and

the report we were able to make of the character of the work that might be carried on at Cartwright, there is to-day, and has been for years past, a fine mission, and a resident missionary, who has done a truly remarkable work for God among the settlers. He has also taken up work at various other points within a radius of a hundred miles; and thus our visit bore fruit.

During our stay in Cartwright the salmon fishing season was at its height, and we had the pleasure of seeing hundreds of barrels of this valuable fish caught and salted and placed in barrels, nearly all of which were for the market of the United States. We were not able to do anything more than hold a service here, until our return.

We were now almost at the northernmost point of our voyage. There remained but one more settlement to be visited. This, Rigolette, is the site of a second Hudson's Bay Post. We dropped anchor off a landing stage or wharf. We had been sighted many hours previous to our coming to anchor, and the entire population of the settlement came down to the wharf to welcome us. Among them, Eskimos predominated. There were also a few women of the Montagnais tribe. One of these women had a baby wrapped up, like all papooses, in a skin and tied to the back. As soon as we set foot ashore a herd of wolf-like dogs rushed upon us, and made themselves very obtrusive. They were followed by the Montagnais women, who essayed to address us, requesting us to baptize the papoose. We could not understand them for a time, but on the arrival of the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had lived here for more than seventeen years, he acted as interpreter, and we soon comprehended the situation. 'Twas Saturday. We promised to accede to the Indian woman's request, and instructed her to take her child to us on the morrow. By the kind permission of the gentleman already mentioned, we arranged to hold service on the Sunday morning in the largest room of his residence.

We hear much of the forbidding character of Labrador; and we must admit the truth of much that has been said. But no one who knows the country as we know it, will deny that it possesses rare beauty of scenery, some of which cannot be excelled or even equalled the world over. Rigolette stands not very far away from Ungava, which is again not very far distant from the celebrated waterfall which was visited by some gentlemen from Bowdoin University a few years ago. Bold hills, wooded from

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base to summit, stand round about Rigolette. Away seaward flows the broad river, which erewhile loses itself in Hamilton inlet, and then in the ocean. The water is brackish, cold, and teeming with trout and salmon. The woods are the home of many varieties of wild birds and fur-bearing animals and—mosquitoes. Such mosquitoes! During one of the days of my visit I essayed to shoot a ptarmigan or a spruce partridge; but mosquitoes prevailed against me, and drove me away.

We are not likely to forget the service we held on that memorable Sunday at Rigolette. The earnest faces of the Eskimos and the Montagnais; the glad-some singing of the white folk; the deep attention of all to the preaching of the Gospel, were most pathetic and impressive. This was the first visit of a missionary to these parts for many years. Indeed, I fancy that we were the very first ministers of the Christ to set foot in Rigolette.

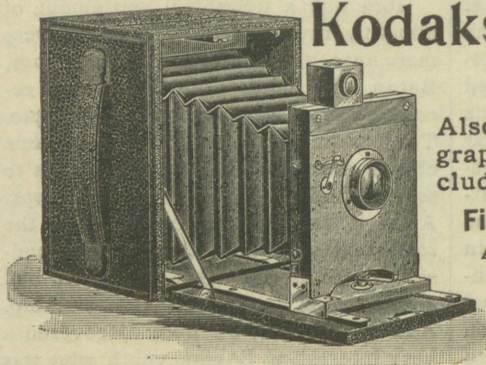
We were royally entertained by the good factor and his servants, and after one of the most delightful visits of our life we set sail southwards and steered for the harbor of Cartwright. We made rapid progress with the aid of the current of the river, which ran swiftly here. On our way out we sailed close to the

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shore of an island which we had no more than merely noticed on our way up. 'Twas growing dark—that is, it was about nine o'clock; and as we passed the island we noticed the reflection as of fire from behind a rock. On getting immediately opposite this rock we spied a company of fishermen sitting around a blazing fire of driftwood, and so clear was the atmosphere that we could easily observe the features of them all. As we began to leave them the evening breeze carried to our ears faint echoes of a song they sang. But on to the Atlantic we sped.

An hour later the wind left us and we lay becalmed. The crew, save those who slept, were on deck, and my friend and I sat forward dreaming. The night was lovely; the stars shone like polished steel; and all around the ship gamboled small porpoises. Ay; and one lone petrel came aboard and flashed its wings under our starboard light as it went away. "What does he mean?" asked Charlie, the mate. "A blow," we replied, and so it fell out. At midnight a heavy breeze sprang up, and we were forced to make way under reefs. We literally flew along, and early morning found us at safe anchorage in Cartwright Harbor.

We spent a day and a night here, and enjoyed the company of some very intelligent Eskimos and the factor. We were also shown a garden, which, for neatness of arrangement and abundance of vegetables to the square foot, we have rarely seen equalled. We were especially attracted by a bed of fine lettuces; and as we took some interest in the ship's larder, we begged, and that successfully, a bundle of them. Of course we all enjoyed them much. We did some work preliminary to the sending of a missionary to this point; and after holding a service and baptizing we sailed southwards and made good progress.

But we fell in with a series of calms, and they hindered us greatly. We spent our time as best we could. The ship rolled over the Atlantic billows, and so violently, at times, that we could not lie in our berths; in fact one night found us rolled out of our berth and sprawling on the floor. By day we watched the curious flights of the sea-birds, the splendid antics of gannets and the graceful glidings of gulls. At other times it was interesting to observe the schooling of codfish or herring; but what was most interesting was the catching of cod, which we did with much success, and our larder was sufficiently stocked. At night we listened to the despairing plaints of the seabirds, or the swishing of the schooling fish, or the melancholy whistle of the plover, or the washing of the glassy sides of the icebergs, sounds unknown forever to the dweller in dusty towns or busy cities.

When, at last, the wind came we put into a harbor to visit a few poor people of whom we heard further up the coast. We found the settlement to comprise but three huts of the poorest kind, and the inmates in a state of semi-destitution. The fishery had been poor, they had taken but few seals in the previous season, and as no trading vessel had visited them, they were almost without food or clothing. We ministered to them in things both temporal and spiritual, and

when we left them we saw smiles instead of the downcast looks with which they greeted us when we went to them. Schooner Bay, Cow Head, Battle Harbor, Seal Island, Red Bay, Forteau Bay, and L'anse a' Loup were all visited once more on our return, and at all these points we remained longer than when we first visited them. We organized little schools, attended to the bodily wants of the people, settled disputes, visited the sick and dying, instructed young and old, distributed literature, and at the end of the period of our voyage, my good friend and I parted company at the headquarters of my mission, where I lived and labored through another winter without a glimpse at the big world outside, and where, even at this distance of time, my heart often turns with love and satisfaction.

### St. Alban and King Arthur

BY THE REV. HARVEY K. COLEMAN

Arthur was a British king  
Round whom legends cluster;  
Tennyson of him did sing  
Heightening all his luster,

Using verses' matchless aid  
Rounding out his glory,  
Singing of his knights so staid,  
Tales both strange and hoary.

Alban was a British Saint,—  
Loved the dear Lord truly,  
Brave and firm, he did not faint,  
A true martyr surely;

Nobly died for love of God,  
Counting death but glory,  
One whose name we love to laud,  
Lingering o'er the story.

Each was good and each was true,  
Mighty king and martyr—  
And like them your honor, too,  
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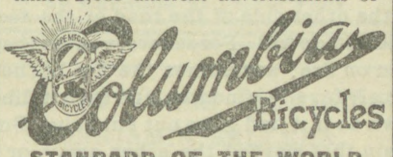
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Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in CONTESTANTS? You are smart enough to make fifteen or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. Here is an example of the way to work it out: Con, cost, coat, coats, on, test, to, east, etc. The publishers of WOMAN'S WORLD AND JESSIE MILLER MONTHLY will pay \$10 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word CONTESTANTS; \$6 for the second largest; \$5 for the third; \$3 for the fourth, and \$1 to the fifth, and a lady's handsome American movement watch for each of the seven next largest lists. The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome and valuable ladies' magazine, twenty-four pages, ninety six long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price, \$1 per year. It is necessary for you to send 12 two-cent stamps for a three months' trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 24 cents and a list of fifteen words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine) of a large 100-page book, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian MacLaren, one of the most fascinating books of the age. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than August 20 (time extended, positively closes August 20), so that the names of successful contestants may be published in the September issue. Our publication has been established nine years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Write now. Address J. H. PLUMMER, Publisher, 905 Temple Court Building, New York City.

**THE LATEST ADDITION.**

The Grand Trunk Railway System have added another to Chicago's already famous list of palatial vestibuled trains. It is their new 3:10 P. M. train running through to New York via Lehigh Valley R. R. Three great wonders of railroad travel are included with a ticket over this route. They are the two-mile tunnel under the St. Clair River, Niagara Falls, and the picturesque Lehigh Valley. The train is made up of Pullman Buffet Sleepers, Dining Car, and Day Coaches, all vestibuled, and is the cheapest, most comfortable, and most interesting through line to the East. L. R. Morrow, City Ticket Agent, 103 Clark street, Chicago.

**SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS**

are offered to passengers travelling via the NICKEL PLATE ROAD to Cleveland on occasion of the Biennial Encampment Knights of Pythias, Uniform Rank, August 23rd to 30th inclusive. A smooth roadway; quick time; a train service that is unapproachable and that affords all the comforts available in travel, besides being \$1.50 lower than rates offered by other lines. For this occasion tickets will be on sale August 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, at \$8.50 Chicago to Cleveland and return, good returning until August 31st. J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams st., Chicago, Ill. No. 126.

## The Potato Fairies

BY JUNIATA SALSBUURY

The culm pile at the Nottingham coal breaker, on the Plymouth road, was an unusually large one; towering up like a great black mountain between the creek and roadway, it completely shut in the row of dingy houses that stood facing it on the other side of the road at the foot of the steep hill. For several years it had been on fire; sometimes the fire burned fiercely for a few months, and then it died down as if it had gone out entirely. But a rain that washed the ashes away, or a high wind fanning it into life, would cause it to burn brighter than ever. Not with long forked tongues of flame that lift and waver as they do when wood burns, but with a low, creeping, smouldering flame of iridescent tints like the colors seen through a glass prism. The entire pile of culm was not on fire, only here and there in two or three places.

Culm, as perhaps most of you know, is the dust and tiny particles that are shaken and sifted from the coal on its way through the big revolving wire screens and long chutes to the cars that rumble away with it from the coal mines to the distant markets.

In one place the fire reached in a slender line down to the very base of the pile.

A slight curve in the road made a wide circular space just here, and there was an old pump house, with an indescribable litter of broken machinery and rusty iron piled near its door. There were piles of mine props and old railroad ties, and here and there among them a clump of stunted elderberry bushes made capital hide-and-seek places for the children who lived in the houses across the road.

At dusk every evening they swarmed out of their homes like a bevy of restless, noisy insects, to play their merry games in and out between the piles of mine props, and around the old pump house. Sometimes their boisterous merriment subsided to a quiet buzzing as they sat in groups on the logs telling stories, or watching the fire as it crept in fantastic colors and figures up and down the side of the culm pile. They were children of almost every country—Irish, Welsh, Swedish, and two or three little Polanders. None of them were remarkably clean; the hair of most of the girls was matted and frowsy; and all of the boys, but one, had black rings of coal dust encircling their eyes, showing plainly that the little fellows had been working all day in the mines, or picking bits of slate from the coal in the great dusty coal-breaker.

There was one boy, however, who had a clean face; nearly every evening he came from the big house upon the hill to see the wonderful fire at the culm heap. Everything about the coal works was wonderful to this boy, who had always lived in the city or near the sea shore, and had now come to visit his uncle, Mr. Robert, the superintendent of the mine.

At first the little Welsh and Irish boys were inclined to chaff him, calling him "a dude" and "a pale city chap," but his good natured manner had soon put a stop to their teasing. And when he had asked them to tell him about the mines,

and, in exchange for their information had told them some wonderful stories about catching "moss bunkers," and other fish down on the 'Jersey coast, they were all ready to declare that "Stanley Holmes was a pretty good sort of a chap after all."

One chilly evening late in October the children had finished their game of "hide and seek," and had seated themselves in a group to watch the fire and tell stories. Stanley had just told of a wonderful fairy fish that one of the 'Jersey fishermen had told him about.

Fairy tales seemed to be the order of the evening, for Tommy Lewis, a Welsh boy, who sat next to Stanley on the mine props, was telling a story of some fairies that he declared were well known in Wales where his people used to live.

Tommy grew quite impressive as he said, "Yes it *is* true, dear to goodness it is! Just h'at a certain hower this fairy 'e did come and dance on the top of the well. 'E was always dressed in red from 'ead to foot, and every morning after 'e 'ad been seen, there was sure to be something good to eat left on the pantry shelf, or on the window sill, or on the—" but just here little Mary Ann O'Boyle interrupted Tommy's story by exclaiming:

"Oh, what a foine place the culm foire wud be to roast some petaties, if only we had the petaties to roast!"

"Sure the petaties is aisy enough to get," said one of the larger boys. "S'pose ivery man of ye's runs home an' gets a petaty or two, and we'll put them in that ould wire basket wid the long iron handle that stands there forinist the ould pump house."

As none of the children had far to go, they acted quickly on this suggestion, and in a few moments came scampering back, each with one or two potatoes.

Not far from the old pump house was a tumble-down little shanty that looked so old and rickety it scarcely seemed as if human beings could live in it.

Just as Stanley was running past it on his way back to the culm fire with his potatoes, he saw two little girls tiptoeing carefully up to the window.

Instantly he recognized one as Mary Ann O'Boyle, and the other as Jennie Lewis. As both were rather wild, mischievous little lassies, he waited to see what tricks they were about to play on the inmates of the old shanty.

The girls saw him, and beckoned him to come nearer. As he did so, he asked in a whisper: "What are you doing?"

"Sh!" said Mary Ann, raising her finger, and stepping back a little. "Sh! she's a cryin'."

"Who is she?" asked Stanley, as he edged nearer to the two girls and peeped through the uncurtained window as they were doing.

In the room he saw two little girls about his own age sitting at a table. One had laid her face down on her arms, and was sobbing bitterly; her mother was moving about the room, and seemed to be saying something to try to comfort her.

It took but a moment for Stanley to see this, and not much longer for Mary Ann to explain to him what it meant, as they hastened away from the window to the culm fire.

**MOTHERS KNOW**

that there are certain epoch points in every human life when nature calls for assistance. The babe before it is born asks her for strength and nutriment, while, after it is born, it requires in the sweet stream it craves, power to grow, healthful repose and easily digested food. She can provide all this if she takes

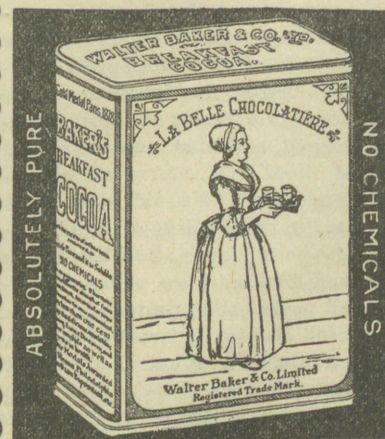
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when you're hot; when  
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come. At any and all times  
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**ONE FARE TO CLEVELAND AND RETURN**

For the Biennial Encampment of the Knights of Pythias, Uniform Rank, at Cleveland, O., August 23rd to 30th, the NICKEL PLATEROAD will sell tickets August 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, at \$8.50 for the round trip, Chicago to Cleveland and return, being \$1.50 lower than via other lines. Tickets available on all trains, returning until August 31st. Further information cheerfully given on application to J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

No. 124.

"Her name is Maggie Jones; her father got hurted in the mines last week an' had to be sent to the 'ospital. The other one is her sister, Lizzie Ellen. Their mother is awful strict av thim, an' won't hardly iver lave thim out to play wid the rest av us."

Mary Ann paused, and Jennie Lewis, with her peculiar Welsh pronunciation, said: "When we was passing the 'ouse we did 'ear Maggie a cryin' and we did go hup as close as we could to see what did ail her."

"And what was she crying for?" asked Stanley.

"Becase she wur hungry fur jist what we's are agoin' to have to-night," said Mary Ann. "They didn't have anything to ate fur supper but bread an' tay. Mrs. Jones had been a tellin' the girls that same fairy tale what Tommy Lewis tould us, of the red fairy that danced on the well and left something good to ate on the pantry shelf. And Maggie did break right out a cryin', an' said 'there wusn't *niver* no fairies, else they would not lave thim fur a whole week wid only bread and tay, and she a starvin' fur a hot roasted petaty.'"

Stanley stopped right still, and looked at Mary Ann and Jennie. Each girl had a big potato in her hand, and he was carrying two.

"See here," he said, "I have an idea. Let us fool Maggie Jones and her mother and little sister, and make them believe there are fairies."

"An' lave our petaties at their dure!" exclaimed Mary Ann, with enthusiasm. "Why that's a splendid idea."

Five or six of the first potatoes had been popped into the wire basket and were nearly roasted when Stanley and the girls arrived at the fire.

Never did a proposition meet with more hearty approval than this one. In a few minutes all the uncooked potatoes, and three of the hot, mealy, roasted ones, were placed in an old basket and set on Mrs. Jones' doorstep. One of the "fairies" tapped very gently on the door, and then disappeared in the gloom before Mrs. Jones opened it.

Mary Ann who seemed to be the real sprite of the party, crept softly to the window, and came back to tell the others that there was "a dale of wonderment whin Mrs. Jones put her hand in the basket an' found three av thim big petaties as hot as anything. An' Maggie stopped her cryin' right away, and was rinnin' to get the salt, an' shure they was all a laughin' an' cryin' together."

The children trooped back to the fire, and divided the rest of the roasted potatoes.

Just then the big whistle on the engine house announced the hour by blowing eight loud blasts, and all the dirty-faced, frowsy-headed little potato fairies bade each other good-night, and went dancing and scampering home, all agreeing that playing fairy was great fun, and that they would play the same thing again.

And they did the very next night, aided by Stanley's uncle, Mr. Robert, who added many other good things to the big basketful of potatoes the "fairies" had ready.

And the little Jones girls said, "If there were no red fairies in the world, there were surely some good people and lots of mealy potatoes."



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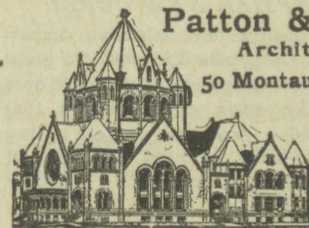
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CHICAGO.

**Poisons and Their Antidotes**

GATHERED FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF A FAMILY PHYSICIAN

The following is as complete a list of poisons and their antidotes (referred to in our last issue) as it is possible to give in this brief article:

**Acids** (sulphuric, nitric, muriatic, and oxalic)—Give an alkali, strong, clean soapsuds, or a piece of soap will do; provoke vomiting, give bland liquids (these are milk, gruel, raw eggs, oil of some kind, barley water, mucilage, etc.) Then rest the patient and relieve pain by opium; if faint or symptoms of failing, stimulate. Feed by enema.

For carbolic acid give Epsom salts, oil, and glycerine; produce vomiting, and stimulate.

**Alkalies** (hartshorn, soda, potash, and lye)—Give vinegar or other acid, provoke vomiting; give bland liquids, secure rest, relieve pain by opium, and stimulate if necessary.

**Arsenic** (Paris green, Fowler's solution, etc.)—Provoke vomiting, give dose of castor oil, secure rest, and stimulate if necessary.

**Acetate of lead** (or sugar of lead)—Give Epsom salts or dilute sulphuric acid, provoke vomiting, give bland liquids, give dose of castor oil.

**Mercury, corrosive sublimate, antimony or tartar emetic**—Provoke vomiting, give some infusion containing tannic acid; give raw eggs and milk, give dose of castor oil, and stimulate if necessary.

**Phosphorus**—Provoke vomiting by repeated five-grain doses of sulphate of copper, give dose of magnesia, but no oil.

**Nitrate of silver** (lunar caustic)—Give strong salt and water, provoke vomiting, repeat both many times.

**Iodine**—Provoke vomiting, give starch and water, give bland fluids.

**Opium** (laudanum, morphine, paregoric, etc.)—Provoke vomiting repeatedly, give strong coffee or tea in large quantities, keep up the breathing, walk patient around, do not allow him to go to sleep.

**Aconite**—Provoke vomiting, stimulate well; keep up the breathing, give digitalis and atropine.

**Toadstool, hemlock, tobacco, etc.**—Provoke vomiting and give a purge; stimulate well and keep up the breathing, preferably with battery.

**Alcohol**—Provoke vomiting, give hartshorn and water.

**Decayed meat or vegetables**—Provoke vomiting, wash out the stomach, give a purgative, give an enema, give powdered charcoal and peroxide of hydrogen.

**Poisonous gases**—Fresh air, oxygen, artificial respiration, nitro-glycerine, stimulation.—*Good Housekeeping.*

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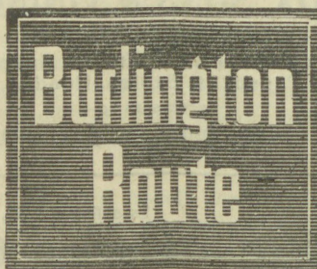
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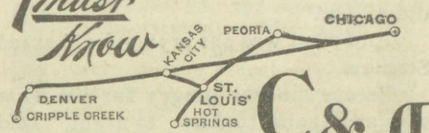
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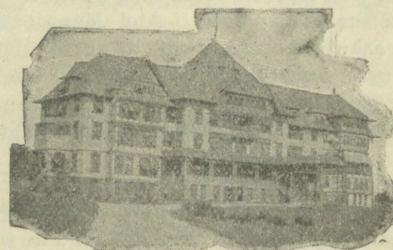
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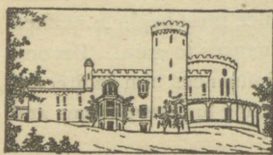
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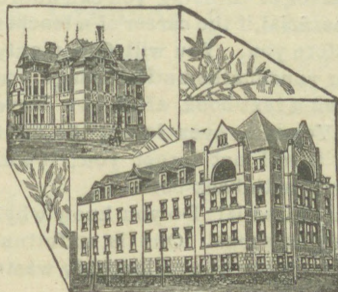
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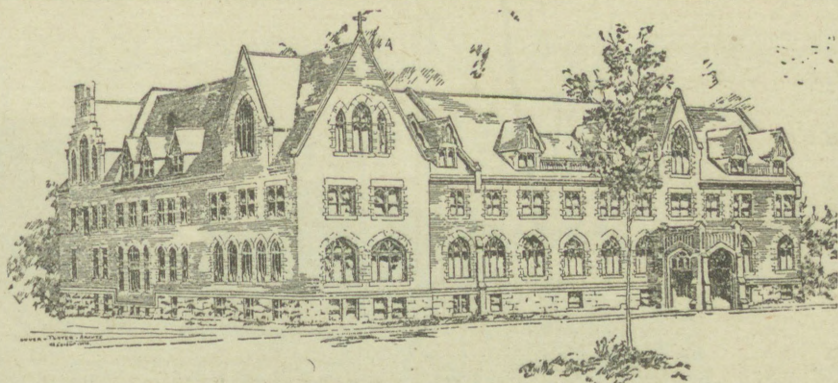
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The question is often asked, "What good is mathematics to me? Can I not take up something in the place of mathematics? I shall have no use for it, and would rather spend my time on what I shall use." Another, perhaps, pleads that *she does not expect to teach*, and besides—she hates mathematics.

What good is mathematics? Let me answer the question by asking another: What use are your bones? Fancy your present "goodly outside" unsupported by the osseous frame-work within, and you may then have a correct idea of the kind of scholars likely to be built up without mathematics. Do not imagine you will have no use for mathematics, because you may never be called upon to entertain visitors with cheerful logarithmic quotations. Art is not likely ever to be so high as to require a blackboard in the drawing room, so that the fair hostess may delight her guests with demonstrations of Euclid. Certainly not; neither will the usages of polite society be likely to require one to exhibit one's bones—a skeleton at the feast! It will always be convenient to have them; one would be quite flabby without them.

Then do not be content with flabby scholarship. You cannot "take up anything in place of mathematics" without sacrificing the very frame-work of education. As the hidden bones give grace and firmness to every motion, so mathematics shapes the utterance of the well-put thought, keeps the intellect steady to its work, even when that work seems but the merest surface play of fancy. You can talk and write better for mathematical training, though you utter no allusion to that science; you can listen better—a noble accomplishment, by the way. Mathematics is the trainer *par excellence* in the valuable art of keeping your wits about you.

But what shall be said to the plea, "I do not expect to teach?" Is the guild of teachers a secret society that shall hand down through a succession of school-ma'ams some mysterious truths of no use to the rest of mankind? Life will not be wanting in opportunities to use the best education you can get. Do not fall into the error of thinking you can afford to be superficial, if the career of a teacher is not before you. You will find plenty of use for your mathematics, though you never open a text-book after you leave school. You may even forget the most of it, but it will not forget you; it will furnish you with back-bone.

But she hates it! Do you know why? For several reasons. One is, unfortunate early training, the melancholy waste

of precious years over arithmetic—time often worse than lost. But better days are dawning. The modern educator allures to brighter fields; he takes the pupil whose reason is yet too undeveloped to grapple with the mysteries of the more complicated processes of arithmetic, who is weary of the dryness, and dispirited by the hopelessness of getting "through," and bids him close the volume, offering in its stead, algebra. Aroused from a state very like despair, the pupil is soon delighted to know that he can actually comprehend algebra—much of it is easier than arithmetic— $x$  and  $y$  unfold to him their grand capabilities; there is enough of difficulty to require effort, and that advances mental training.

A pupil thus prepared, enters upon a course of higher mathematics at an advantage that tells at every stage of his progress; he finds pleasure as well as profit in such mental discipline, and no more "hates mathematics" than does a gymnast his trapeze.

But if you can find no joy in mathematics, accept it as mental training which you cannot do without; and be assured that there is no situation in life in which you will be quite successful without the discipline which a royal road to learning could not give. If sometimes you feel inclined to "fly the ills you have," remember that he was a great philosopher as well as the greatest of poets who said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity."—Y. Y. K.



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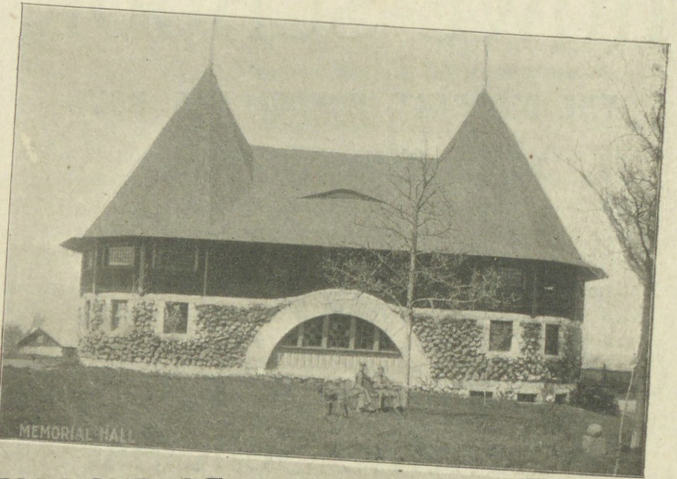
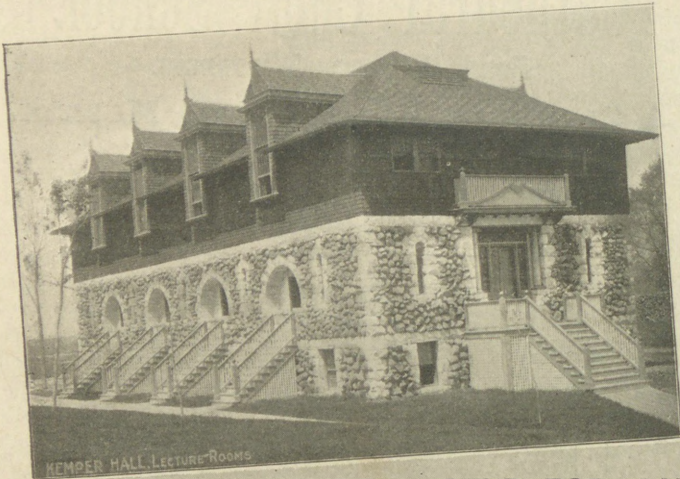
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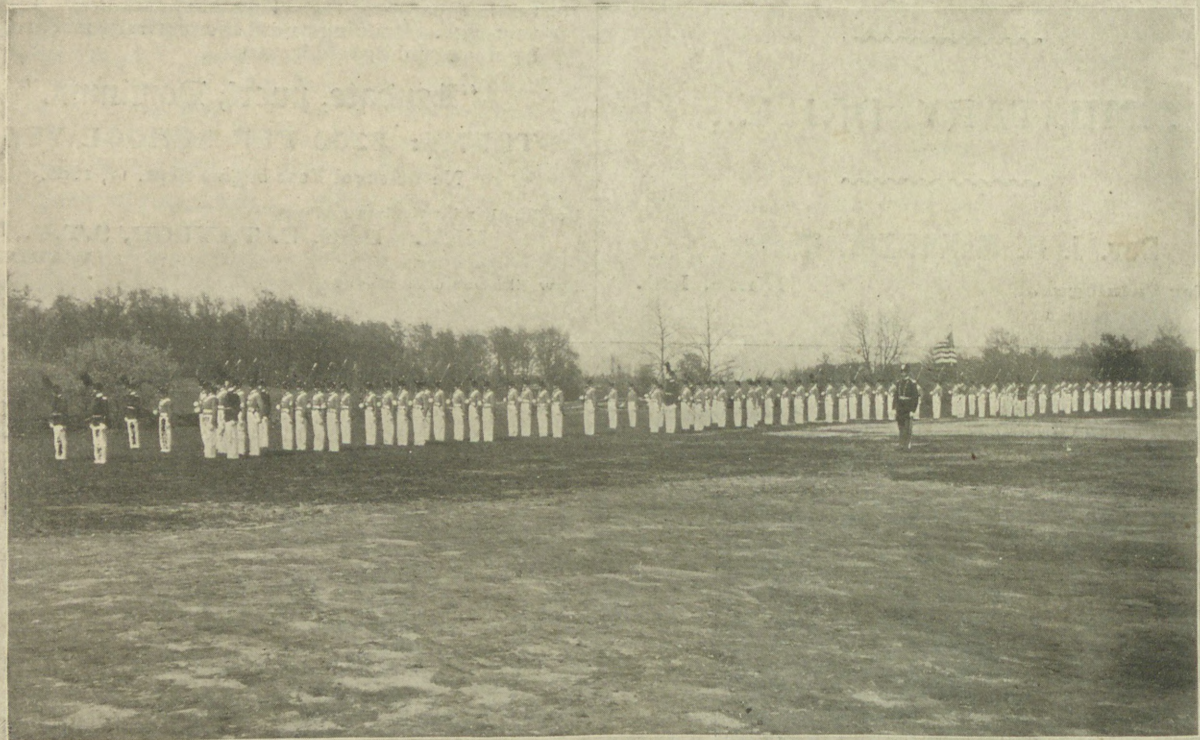
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