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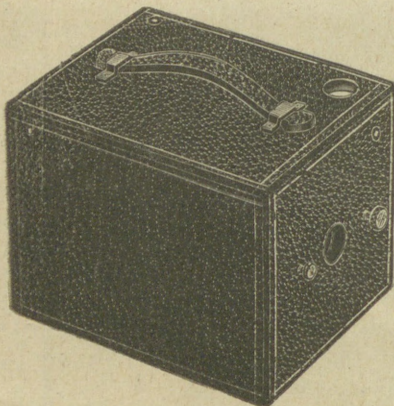
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The Living Church

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

VOL. XIX. No. 25

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896

WHOLE NO. 934

News and Notes

THE LIVING CHURCH appreciates the kind attention of a Japanese scholar in the University of Chicago in suggesting several corrections of our recent letter from Japan. Return mail from that country will doubtless bring another gentle rebuke for our bungling of Chinese type in which we tried in vain to "follow copy." We console ourselves with the reflection that most of our readers would never know the difference if we had set it all upside down. In fact, to the occidental eye it has neither head nor tail, top nor bottom. It is all zig zag, criss-cross, and confused. It looks like a bunch of fire-crackers in action.

THE Bishop of Stepney having suggested that the Bishop of London should be made an archbishop, the following paragraph has gone the round of the press: "A number of metropolitan clergymen wish to have another archbishop, Canterbury and York being now insufficient to cover the great growth of the Church. They advocate that the see of London should be made into an archbishopric, and that the archdeacons of London and Middlesex should be made his suffragans. Any change of the kind would, of course, require the sanction of Parliament." Why not have an archbishopric also in Wales?

SOME three hundred French priests have been holding a meeting at Rheims with the object of making Christian Socialism a moving force in French life. No bishops attended, and one prelate forwarded a very vigorous document in which he attacked the congress programme as containing many principles contrary to Church teaching. The Abbe Lenivere's reply, contending that the bishop had completely misrepresented the whole position, is regarded as a perfect vindication of the orthodoxy of the ecclesiastical socialists. Such an assembly would no doubt have had the enthusiastic endorsement of Cardinal Manning in his later years.

THE General Board of Missions announces that its fiscal year closed Aug. 31st without a deficiency. This fact is so surprising and so deeply gratifying that every member of the Church should hail it with devout thankfulness. Three months ago it looked as though there must be a large deficiency, but the heart of the Church was aroused to the need and a stream of gifts poured into the treasury continually until the whole sum required for the year has been made up. Not only so, but the treasurer has received a single gift of \$3,000 with which to begin the new year. Does not all this signify that the Church intends to support its faithful missionaries and carry forward the work which it has to do? No mis-

sionary has been kept out of his stipend a single day, the Board having used its credit to borrow money until the contributions were received. We may not only rejoice but take courage to go forward, trusting that an ever widening interest will bring increasing offerings to the treasury of our General Board of Missions.

RESEARCH is still revealing archaeological treasures. The latest and one of the most remarkable is the discovery of a cuneiform inscription which, it is claimed, carries back the Babylonian history to a period 7,000 years before Christ; 2,250 years earlier than anything heretofore known. A large number of tablets have been found, which give a remarkable insight into the religious, public, and private life of the Babylonians. These "finds" have been made in the Mound of Nippur, in Babylonia, by the expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania under the leadership of Professor Hilprecht who, is an acknowledged authority in everything relating to Babylonian archaeology. He confidently predicts that from the inscriptions discovered, a continuous history of Babylonism can be written. The bulk of the tablets have been found in the magnificent Belus temple, or shrine of the god Inlil, in Nippur, called by the inscriptions themselves, "the oldest city on the earth." The shrine was one of the most sacred of the Babylonians.

THE projected visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to Ireland to preach in behalf of the fund for the restoration of St. Brigid's cathedral, Kildare, is viewed with distrust by the faction which succeeded in extinguishing the Derry Church Congress last year. The *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette* quotes the following from a paper called *The Witness*: "We observe that some of the Irish papers are jubilant over the prospect of a visit and two sermons from Dr. Benson. Even Lord Plunket seems somewhat carried away by the novelty. We apprehend nothing but evil to the cause of Protestant truth by such a visit and such services, for the Archbishop of Canterbury's position is precisely that of the Apostle Peter at Antioch, when St. Paul withstood him to his face for joining the Sacramentarian or High Church party that had come down from Jerusalem and were turning the disciples away from the faith of the Gospel." It then proceeds to give a passage from the Archbishop's address to his diocesan conference, in which he says that "we know that in the sacraments of Christ, Christ does impart himself to his faithful people. *He regenerates our children in Baptism. He feeds us with His Body and Blood.*" "It will be seen," says *The Witness*, "that the Archbishop utterly ignores the Epistle to the Galatians, and holds fellowship with the High Church party from Jerusalem

teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." It goes on to say that if place is to be given to a gospel like this—which is not a gospel—then upon the towers of the restored cathedral "Ichabod may be written, for her glory will be gone." As to ignoring the Epistle to the Galatians, a writer in *The Gazette* refers to chap. iii: 27: "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have been put on Christ."

ON the occasion of the visit of Li Hung Chang to New York City an address of welcome was presented to him in behalf of the American missionary societies at work in China. The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of our Church was, of course, represented in the delegation. The response made by the viceroy is of special interest as indicating his appreciation of missionaries and their efforts for the good of his countrymen. He testified that "they have not sought for pecuniary gains," and "have not been secret emissaries of diplomatic schemes;" "they have not interfered with, or usurped the rights of the territorial authorities." He freely acknowledged that they "have provided the best means to enable the Chinese to acquire a knowledge of the modern arts and sciences," and commended the philanthropic work done by them in hospitals and in times of famine. He spoke of opium smoking as a great curse to China, and said the missionary societies had tried their best to lessen it. While not admitting that Christianity was superior to Confucianism and considering that one did not differ much from the other, his testimony to the value of missionary work was a remarkable tribute, which will bear frequent quotation in the face of much now-a-day criticism from superficial observers.

Mr. Bigelow presented Emperor William with an American canoe, says *The Idler*, and the emperor thought it would be a good thing to allow his boys to sail the little craft on the river. But Augusta Victoria did not share his enthusiasm. "I shall never allow my children to sail the canoe," she said, "it's too dangerous." Being informed that her husband wished the canoe to be used by his boys, the empress answered: "He may be Emperor of Germany, but I am emperor of the nursery."—Ex Queen Liliuokalani has been baptized and confirmed by the Anglican Bishop Willis.—The African Methodists require every preacher in the conference to subscribe and pay for a Methodist paper.—One of our missionaries at Hongkew, the Rev. Y. K. Yen, has translated into Chinese the "Outlines of Christian Theology," of Principal Moule, Cambridge.—A thief recently broke into our St. John's church, Shanghai, and stole an altar cloth and alms bason. Mr. Hwa, one of the chaplains, found the thief and recovered the articles from pawn.

New York City

The summer home of the church of the Heavenly Rest, at Copake, has been kept open till Sept. 15th. At the last, some 70 children from the chapel of the Messiah and St. Barnabas' House of the City Mission were welcomed to the home for an outing.

At the missionary gathering held in honor of Chinese missions at the Hotel Waldorf, the Board of Missions of the Church was represented by the associate secretary, the Rev. Joshua Kimber, the Rev. Dr. A. C. Bunn, of the missionary council, former missionary in China, and Mr. E. W. Roberts.

The Leake and Watts Association, an organization of former inmates of the Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum, held its annual reunion and election of officers for the coming year, at the institution, on Labor Day. The remainder of the day was spent in the enjoyment of field sports.

At Grace church, the Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Huntington, rector, the choir school has just recommenced its sessions for the year. During the summer months the free night service of the church has been uniformly attended by large congregations, attesting to its popularity as a successful experiment.

The Archbishop of Dublin, having requested Bishop Potter to send a representative to be present at the reconsecration of Kildare cathedral, which has been recently restored, the Bishop has deputed the Ven. Archdeacon Johnson, D.D., of Richmond. Archdeacon Johnson has just sailed for Ireland, and bears with him a letter of fraternal greeting from Bishop Potter to the Archbishop of Dublin.

The 27th annual report of the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Blind, founded and sustained by Churchmen, gives the receipts at \$8,652.41. The expenses balanced with \$933.20 in the treasury. During the year the men made over 250 mattresses and pillows. About 1,000 chairs were re-seated by them. The beginners were taught by their blind companions, who quietly and carefully guided their fingers. About 3,000 yards of sewing was done in the woman's department. Some very beautiful fancy articles were also made.

At the church of the Holy Cross, the 21st anniversary of the parish has been celebrated during the current week. On Sunday morning, Sept. 13th, there was an Eucharistic Celebration, followed in the evening by a festival service and procession of guilds. On the evening of Holy Cross Day, Sept. 14th, the preacher was the Rev. Fr. Huntington, of the Order of the Holy Cross. A feature of Thursday was a vesper service and sermon especially for Germans, of whom there are great numbers in the neighborhood. The series of notable services will be terminated with special features of interest, next Sunday, Sept. 20th.

The 29th annual report of the Children's Fold shows that 215 children have been in the institution during the year. Thus far experience has shown the wisdom of the late Archdeacon Peters in establishing the branch of the institution at Mt. Minturn. There are 184 acres under the judicious management of the Rev. Dr. J. S. Clark, and the boys are much better fitted for life there than they could be in the city. The institution receives appropriations from the city for care of children to the extent of \$17,413.42. The farm at Mt. Minturn has brought in \$750 for the year. Other items bring the receipts up to \$20,375.85. The expenditures have amounted to \$20,283.35.

The Rev. James Lee Maxwell died Monday afternoon, Sept. 7th, at his home in this city. He was about 70 years old, and a native of Johnstown, N. Y. In 1842 he graduated at Union College, after which he practiced law ten years. Taking Holy Orders, he began his work at Trenton, N. J., and subsequently was settled at Bordentown and Trenton, N. J., and Danville, Pa. For some years past he has been connected with the City Mission in New York,

and has labored in the city hospitals. During the past summer he acted as chaplain at Blackwell's Island. His first wife was a granddaughter of Samuel Meredith, first treasurer of the United States. His second wife survives him. The burial services were held at the church of Zion and St. Timothy.

Mrs. Aaron Ogden, widow of the late Aaron Ogden of this city, has just presented to the chapel of St. Luke's Hospital a copy of the illuminated edition of the Standard Book of Common Prayer. Mr. Ogden who died in March last, was a member of the Building Committee of St. Luke's Hospital. He was also treasurer of the Fund for Aged and Infirm Clergy. The memorial volume, which is bound in white Turkey morocco, is richly decorated with symbolic designs on the borders of its pages, while the pages devoted to the fast days of the Church are especially elaborate. The lining of the covers is of white calf, and bears the memorial inscription. The corners and clasp are of solid silver, and a plain silver cross ornaments the front of the book.

The Board of Managers of the American Bible Society held a session at the Bible House last Thursday. A memorial notice was presented relating to the late Anson D. F. Randolph, the publisher. An interesting report was made regarding the representation of the society, at the interview with Li Hung Chang, of persons connected with missionary organizations at work in China. Among the communications presented to the board was a report from the Bible Society's committee in Japan. Grants of Bibles and Testaments were made, of the value of \$4,500, including consignments to the society's agents in Brazil, Venezuela, and Central America. The issues of the Bible House for the month of August were 43,034 volumes, making a total since April 1st, of 327,913 volumes.

At St. Michael's church, the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, rector, the parish chapter of the Church Association for the Advancement of Labor has done a work which has already become familiar to readers of THE LIVING CHURCH. Of late, addresses have been delivered, spreading information and arousing public interest in the evils of the sweating system, in prison reform, tenement house reform, and similar practical themes. There are several vigorous committees which have relation to labor problems. One of these, under the chairmanship of a working man, aims to aid the amicable adjustment of strikes and labor troubles. There is another committee on sweat shops, which is doing much to dissuade both customers and dealers from buying goods made up under the sweating system. A committee on tenement houses keeps informed of the condition of tenements in the vicinity of the church, and has accomplished a number of reforms in their management, compelling owners to give reasonable attention to sanitary repairs, and to improve the quarters of those who are compelled to live in such houses. The committee has a staff of volunteer lady visitors, who go regularly from house to house, and the chairman is an attorney.

At the Bethlehem Day Nursery, connected with the church of the Incarnation, the work of housing and feeding the children of poor and worthy mothers has gone on successfully during the past year. The attendance varies according to the season, as the women find it almost impossible, at certain times of the year, to procure work, and the nursery is only for children of working mothers. The families of the children feel the influence of the nursery more or less at their homes, in the direction of cleanliness and order. The children have profited largely by the kindness of friends and charitable societies in the matter of summer outings. Special cases of distress in the families have received the attention of the matron of the nursery and a trained nurse, and needy cases have been placed in hospitals. Through a friend, Col. James H. Jones, who has made a gift of \$1,000 to the institution, the remainder of the mortgage on the building has been paid off, and no debt now exists. A charge of five cents per

day has been required from the parents of each child. The aggregate attendance last year of children of all ages was 12,734, and the nursery was open 262 days. The receipts were \$5,875.31, expenses, \$5,875.31, with a balance from the previous year of \$448.81.

As already announced in the columns of THE LIVING CHURCH, the Church Temperance Society applied some time ago to the park commissioners for permission to erect temperance kiosks. For various reasons the park board decided not to grant the society's request in its original form, but suggested that the kiosks might be erected near the Riverside Drive. This proposition did not quite meet the society's views. It is now proposed to purchase a site, and it is expected that one will be procured along the boulevard, where there is great traffic, and a favorite resort for cyclists. Even so far up south it is difficult to find a suitable vacant lot. Brewers have secured lots on many corners in advance of the building up of the city, with the intention of multiplying saloons as fast as population arrives—a most disadvantageous rivalry to the work of the society. The first kiosk, which is already built, is ornamental in design. It is constructed in sections, which can be bolted together or taken asunder in a short time. It is over 19 feet in length, 16 feet wide, and 10 feet high. It cost \$1,000. The interior is comfortably arranged. If this first kiosk should prove as successful as have the night lunch wagons of the society, additional ones will be erected. There is every prospect that it will be self-supporting from the beginning.

Philadelphia

It is stated that a vested mixed choir will be shortly introduced at Holy Trinity church, the Rev. Dr. W. N. McVicker, rector.

Bishop and Mrs. Whitaker expect to return to the city about the close of the month: by the last advice they were to spend a fortnight in Paris before sailing for home.

The will of Dr. A. Sydney Roberts, probated 10th inst., provides for a revision of his estate, valued at \$27,000, in equal division between the Episcopal hospital, the Pennsylvania hospital, and the Zoological society.

Extensive improvements have been made during the summer in the interior of the parish house of the church of the Advent, the cost of which has been defrayed partly by a fund raised among the members, and partly by contributions of material for the same.

At St. James' church, the Rev. Joseph N. Blanchard, rector, the Rev. Walter Lowrie begins his work as one of the assistants, on Sept. 20th. Mrs. A. G. Cowan, deaconess, has been added to the staff of St. James' workers, beginning there early in September.

The Rev. Edward S. Stone, for the past seven years rector of Christ church, Enosburg, and St. Matthew's, Enosburg Falls, Vt., preached his first sermon on Sunday morning, 6th inst., as assistant at St. Timothy's church, Roxborough, succeeding the Rev. Robert Lee Craig, resigned.

The deep and heart-felt sympathies of his clerical brethren, both of this diocese and that of Central Pennsylvania, have been extended to the Rev. Wm. H. Graff, vicar of the memorial church of the Holy Comforter, in the sudden death of his son, John Savage Graff, which occurred on the 7th inst., at Bowman Station, Lehigh Valley R. R. Mr. Graff received the degree of electrical engineer at Lehigh University, was one of the most popular men of the class of '96, and was in the employ of the Lehigh Valley R. R. Co., as battery-man, looking after the Hall system of signals. He had just examined the signal at Bowman's, and stepping from one track as a freight train was approaching, he found himself in front of an engine on the other track. Death was instantaneous. His mortal remains were sent to this city, where, at the church of the Holy Comforter,

the Burial Office was said on the 9th inst., interment being private.

The pleasure which the congregation of Gloria Dei (Old Swedes') church looked for in the re-opening of that ancient house of prayer on Sunday, 6th inst., was suddenly changed to sadness and mourning by the announcement of the sudden death of the Rev. Dr. Isaac Martin, assistant to the rector, the Rev. Snyder B. Simés, which occurred on the previous day. In addition to the improvements already stated in these columns, there have been placed in the centre aisle three marble slabs which were found under the old chancel floor, and which marked the resting place of three of the Swedish pastors long since called to rest: the Rev. Andrew Rudman, under whose pastorate the church was built; the Rev. John Dylander who died in 1741, and the Rev. Olaf Parlin who died in 1755. All the Swedish pastors were ordained and appointed to their cure by the Archbishop of Upsala, Sweden. When the building was first erected, the floor was composed of brick imported from Sweden, and the renovated church is now laid with pretty brick tiling. The pews are of the old square style, and a colonial appearance is given to the interior by painting the walls and ceiling a buff color, while the woodwork and a four-foot wainscoting are of white. The carved faces of the two cherubim, which were imported from Sweden long before the present church was built, and which adorned the old block house on the present site, have been regilded and occupy a prominent place in the church. The sermon in the morning, preached by the rector, was on the beauty of God's House, and he reviewed the history of the parish from its organization in 1664, and the periods through which it passed, to the present day.

The Rev. Isaac Martin, M.D., assistant to the rector of Gloria Dei (Old Swedes') church, departed this life on Saturday, 5th inst., being unable to rally from a surgical operation. He was born in the cathedral city of Peterborough, England, in 1826, and came to Philadelphia in 1851. He was a member of the Methodist body, and entered its ministry. It was in 1869 and through the teachings and companionship of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Scheetz, then rector of St. Jude's church, Monroe City, Mo., that he was received into our communion. Returning to this city, he was an assistant minister at the church of the Evangelists for two years, which he left to become rector of St. Stephen's church, Bridesburg, where he also remained two years. His next position was that of "moral instructor" at the House of Correction, a penal institution of the city. He afterwards became one of the clerical staff of the City Mission, and was assigned to duty in the Philadelphia hospital and alms-house. Finally, he was appointed assistant to the rector of Gloria Dei, where he served for several years occasionally, and for the past nine years continuously. He generally officiated as celebrant when the Holy Eucharist was offered at St. George's chapel, Venango st., which is in charge of the Rev. John Totty, a "perpetual deacon." He also found time on week-days in the midst of his professional practice, to distribute New Testaments, Prayer Books, and Church literature to the employes of the Broad st. and Kensington stations of the Pennsylvania railroad, with occasional visits in the interests of the men and of the Church. He was a man of wide interests and kindly heart, and his presence will be missed by many besides those connected with the congregations whom he has served. After a brief service at his late residence, the funeral cortege proceeded to Gloria Dei, on Tuesday afternoon, 8th inst., where the Burial Office was said by the rector, the Rev. S. B. Simes, who was assisted in the services by the Rev. Messrs. Thomas R. List, J. A. Montgomery, and John Totty. Interment was made near the south porch of the old church, where the committal was said by the rector. After the apostolic benediction, the Masonic ritual was in charge of the master of Vaux lodge, who also made an eloquent and feeling address. Dr. Martin leaves a widow and one daughter.

Chicago

The regular quarterly meeting of the North-eastern Deanery was held at Trinity church, Wheaton, the Rev. A. M. Burgess, rector. Holy Communion was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. Locke, after which a business meeting was held, at which reports of missionary work were given. The Rev. S. C. Edsall made a verbal report for the committee appointed at last deanery meeting to present the canon on parochial bounds to the convention. A committee consisting of the Rev. Messrs. E. M. Stires, C. P. Anderson, and W. E. Toll were appointed to draw up resolutions of condolence upon the occasion of the death of the late Rev. James E. Thompson, priest in charge of St. Thomas' parish. The clergy were entertained at luncheon by the ladies of the parish at the residence of Mr. Shearson, for which a hearty vote of thanks was moved by the Rev. C. Scadding, and unanimously carried. After recess the Rev. Dr. Morrison read a very ably written paper upon the "dead line" in the ministry of the Church; this was followed by addresses by the Rev. E. A. Larrabee, and Dr. Rushton, the appointed speakers. A general discussion of the subject succeeded. An adjournment was then taken to the annual meeting to be held at Grace church in November.

The first fall meeting of the local assembly of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was held at the Brotherhood House of St. James' parish, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 8th. About 200 members were present, among whom were several of the clergy. The topics of discussion were: "How to reach men," and the representation of the local organization in the convention to be held in Pittsburg in October. The roll of chapters for this diocese was called, and responses indicated that about 30 delegates would go from Chicago and vicinity. Mr. Houghteig urged the importance to the local organization of large representation at conventions on account of the *esprit de corps* resulting from the meeting of large numbers from widely different localities. At the close of the business meeting, the assemblage was invited to partake of supper in the banquet rooms on the second floor, and after acquiring substantial evidence of the well-known hospitality of St. James' chapter, the company adjourned to the Sunday school rooms of St. James' church, where a most inspiring service was held, and addresses upon the topic, "How to reach men," were made by the Rev. W. W. Wilson, of St. Mark's, and the Rev. Wm. E. Toll, of Waukegan. Both speakers handled the subject in a masterly manner, each in an entirely different way, offering a contrast which added to the interest of each address. The Rev. Mr. French, of St. James', conducted the service, which was characterized by the splendid tone and earnest vigor which are always prominent features of the Brotherhood congregations.

Diocesan News

Maryland

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

BALTIMORE.—On Sunday, Sept. 6th, the Society of the War of 1812 attended service at the church of the Messiah, in pursuance of its custom to attend religious services in a body on the Sunday preceding the anniversary of the battle of North Point. The rector, the Rev. Peregrine Wroth, was assisted in the services by Bishop C. C. Penick.

Improvements to Memorial church, the Rev. Wm. M. Dame, rector, have just been completed. The chancel, choir floor, and baptistry have been decorated with mosaic tiling of imported marble, and back of the chancel has been placed a reredos of marble mosaic, the central design of which is the *Agnus Dei*, surrounded by four panels and cherubs' heads. On either sides are lilies, with long stems and leaves. The work was done by J. F. Manning & Co.

"The divine authority and divine power of preaching," will be the subject of the Bishop's

address before the theological students and the clergy at the annual opening of the course of studies, at Grace church, on St. Matthew's Day, Sept. 21st. The address will be delivered in the lecture room, after the service in the church.

The Rev. Joseph N. Starr who has just been received into this diocese by letters dimissory from the Bishop of East Carolina, will assist the Rev. Thomas Atkinson, of St. Barnabas' church, in the work at Holy Evangelist's chapel, Canton. Dr. Atkinson, at the request of the Bishop, has taken the chapel as an adjunct or mission to St. Barnabas' church. He is not responsible for any of its financial needs, but only for the encouragement and strength which will come from affiliation with the stronger church.

The offerings made in response to Bishop Paret's appeal for the relief of the suffering Christians in Armenia, amounted to \$758.33, and have been sent to the treasurer of the Armenian Relief Association, Chas. H. Stout, Esq., cashier National Bank of the Republic, New York City.

Central New York

Frederic D. Huntington, S.T.D., LL.D., Bishop
BISHOP'S APPOINTMENTS

OCTOBER

- 6. Evening, Antwerp.
- 7. A. M., Evans Mills; P. M., 3 o'clock, Black River; evening, Cape Vincent.
- 8. P. M., 2 o'clock, Redfield.
- 11. A. M., Redwood; evening, Theresa.
- 12. A. M., Lafargeville; P. M., Clayton.
- 27. P. M., 8 o'clock, Lowville.
- 28. A. M., Constableville; P. M., Port Leyden.
- 29. A. M., Boonville; P. M., Forestport.
- 30. A. M., Holland Patent.

Grace church, Waterville, the Rev. James K. Parker, rector, has received from Mrs. Richard H. Lee, of Philadelphia, the gift of a handsome brass and oak pulpit as a memorial of her husband.

Colorado

John Franklin Spalding, D.D., Bishop

To the Clergy of Colorado:

MY DEAR BRETHREN:—In setting forth a prayer to be used in view of the presidential election and the election of congressmen and others, two thoughts should be kept in mind: first, to make the prayer to be for those things we most desire and ought to desire; and second, to express it in such terms that all Christians can use it whatever may be their party affiliations. The following is intended to answer these conditions. It may be used at any service before the general thanksgiving, and also at family prayers.

Affectionately yours,
JOHN F. SPALDING.

Almighty God, by whose guidance our fathers established a Constitution of Government, guaranteeing equal rights and a home of freedom: Grant us so to be led, under Thy protection, that in the present crisis of the nation, rulers may be chosen of sound principle, firm integrity, and unselfish patriotism, that so the old-time virtues may again be dominant in public as in private life; and that with the restoration of confidence, prosperity may return, industries be revived, the unemployed find work, and to all of all classes may be opened equality of opportunity. Through Jesus Christ our Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

Alabama

Richard H. Wilmer, D.D., LL.D., Bishop
Henry Melville Jackson, D.D., Coadjutor Bishop

MOBILE.—On Sunday, Sept. 6th, the congregation of Trinity church was made glad by the sight of the eleven clerestory windows that have just been placed. These make 17 windows that have been placed in Trinity church since Easter. They were made by Geo. A. Misch, of Chicago, and give perfect satisfaction in every particular. The rector, the Rev. D. C. Peabody, with his family, who had been spending vacation in Sewanee, Tenn., and north Georgia, was present for the first time after vacation, thus making the first Sunday of the use of the windows a happy day for both priest and people.

Pittsburgh**Cortlandt Whitehead, D.D., Bishop**

OCTOBER

2. St. Mark's, Erie, benediction of new church.
4. Erie: St. Paul's, St. Mark's.
5. St. Thomas', Oakmont, Southern convocation.
7. Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses.
11. St. George's, Pittsburgh.
12. Laymen's Missionary League.
- 14-18. Convention Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Pittsburgh.
20. House of Bishops, New York.
22. Council Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses, Boston.

Bishop Whitehead has issued the following prayers for use in all the churches in the diocese until after the election in November:

A PRAYER FOR THE COUNTRY

O Almighty God, Who art the King of kings and Lord of lords, the Sovereign Commander of all the world; Who in the former times didst lead our fathers forth into a wealthy place; give Thy grace, we humbly beseech Thee, to us, their children, that we may always approve ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor, and glad to do Thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning, and pure manners. Guide, we pray Thee, the people of these United States in the election which is at hand. Defend our liberties, preserve our unity, save us from lawlessness and violence, from discord and confusion, from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. Fashion into one happy people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those who are, or shall be, entrusted with authority over us, that there may be good government at home, and peace with all the world. In the time of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness; and in the day of trouble, suffer not our trust in Thee to fail. All these we ask for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

COLLECT

O Almighty God, who fashionest the thoughts of men and considerest all their works; grant, we beseech Thee, to us and to all the people of this land the spirit of obedience to Thy commandments; that, walking humbly in Thy fear, we may under Thy protection possess our liberties in righteousness and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

JOHNSTOWN—The Rev. Daniel Lewis who for three years has been in charge of St. Mark's church, has resigned the parish, and will go at once to Colorado, where he will ere long engage in work in the vicinity of Denver. He finds the winters in the neighborhood of Johnstown too damp and trying, and wants to have the benefit of a lighter and drier atmosphere. On the 14th Sunday after Trinity, Mr. Lewis officiated for the last time at St. Mark's, at which time the services both morning and evening partook of the nature of a harvest home festival. The chancel and transepts of the church were tastefully trimmed with sheaves of grain and clusters of grapes, and there were offerings from members of the congregation, of fruits and vegetables of various kinds, which, after the conclusion of the evening service, were given to the city hospital and the Society for the Relief of the Poor. Special anthems and other appropriate music had been prepared for the festival, and the occasion was a joyous one, the only element that tended to diminish its enjoyment to the full being the knowledge that the day brought to a close the labors in their behalf of him who had gone in and out among them with such acceptance during his pastorate.

Quincy**Alexander Burgess, S.T.D., LL.D., Bishop**

The Rev. W. H. Benham, rector of Grace church, Galesburg, has been absent for a short vacation at the East. He will soon return with a helpmeet. The Bishop will return early in October. Dean Moore and Dr. Rudd have been a-fishing in Wisconsin. Dr. Leffingwell and family have returned from Michigan. St. Mary's and St. Alban's schools are opening this week with encouraging attendance.

The diocese has suffered great loss in the death of Mrs. Mary Schofield in her 78th year. She was a great help to the little parish at Limestone, and to the missions of the diocese.

She recently gave \$1,000 to the endowment fund. Mrs. Schofield was a devout Church-woman, a woman of superior intelligence and strong character, and given to good work. The Rev. John Benson, senior presbyter of the diocese, has been her rector for many years.

Minnesota**Henry B. Whipple, D.D., LL.D., Bishop**
Mahlon N. Gilbert, D.D., Coadjutor Bishop

The annual meeting of the Woman's Auxilliary to the Board of Missions will be held Sept. 30th in St. Paul's church, Minneapolis. Bishop Graves will be the speaker. Mrs. Hector Baxter appeals strongly to the rectors to send large delegations, and hopes that an extraordinary effort will be made to help the missionaries and prevent a reduction in stipends.

A mission has been opened at Staples, to be known as St. Alban's. The future appears bright and promising. Bishop Gilbert opened the mission, and baptized four children and one adult.

Canon Pentreath, rector of St. Paul's church, Brainerd, is making preparations to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the church in November next, in a befitting manner.

ST. PAUL.—Mostly all the city clergy have returned from their vacations, greatly benefited by the rest and change. Bishop Gilbert, upon his return from the mountain wilds of Montana, said: "I return with a buoyancy of spirits and a renewed courage to my work, which will stand me in good stead for many months to come. Such a vacation as I passed was a veritable re-creation." Prof. Camp, of Seabury, accompanied the Bishop.

During the G. A. R. encampment, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew threw open their downtown headquarters, and invited the veterans to make good use of them.

WINONA—The rector of St. Paul's church, the Rev. E. P. Chittenden, has been compelled to relinquish work in this parish on account of ill-health. The parishioners were loath to part with their esteemed rector, and urged him to take an extended vacation, but he feared this would not be sufficient. Mr. Chittenden has labored with marked success for many years in this parish.

FAIRMOUNT.—A Mission will be held in St. Martin's parish, the Rev. Wm. C. McCracken, rector, beginning Sept. 19th. The Rev. Percy C. Webber, of Boston, Mass., has kindly consented to conduct the Mission, and thus help along the very earnest work that has been done here in the last two years by rector and faithful people.

Western New York

Owing to the recent death of the Bishop of the diocese and the ensuing summer vacation, there has been little to record of general interest in the matter of Church work. An exception to this statement must, however, be made in the work of diocesan missions, in which direction in the archdeaconry of Buffalo, there has been considerable activity, giving full employment to the two general missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Perkins and Farrar. Through their efforts services in the rural districts have been maintained and a tour of inspection completed, which it is hoped will result in the introduction of Church services in many new places. The labors of these two faithful clergymen as "prospectors" are invaluable.

At the request of the Standing Committee and as a result of the above in part, Bishop Walker spent a week in the diocese administering Holy Confirmation to one person in private, for St. Paul's, Buffalo; to five persons in St. Paul's, Springville; 11 in St. Alban's, Silver Creek; 18 in St. Mary's, Salamanca, and 7 in St. John's, Ellicottville.

St. John's church, Medina, the Rev. R. L. Macfarlane, rector, derives a legacy of \$1,250 from the estate of the late Wm. Watson, a citizen of that town, though not a member of the

Church. St. John's has been undergoing interior decoration of an effective character, which will add greatly to its attractiveness.

A new organ is now being erected in Trinity church, Buffalo, by Hook & Hastings, which will be one of the most complete instruments from that well known firm.

A memorial service to the late Bishop, revered and beloved, will be held in St. Paul's church, Buffalo, on the evening of Oct. 5th. The sermon will be delivered by the Bishop of Albany. The special council of the diocese will meet on the following day, Tuesday, Oct. 6th, in Trinity church for the purpose of proceeding to the election of a bishop.

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

TUCKAHOE—A new organ is to be placed in St. John's church.

DOBBS FERRY.—The Archdeaconry of Westchester met in Grace church, Thursday, Sept. 10th. At the opening service, the Ven. Archdeacon Tiffany, D.D., of New York, was the preacher. A special ordination was held.

Ohio**Wm. Andrew Leonard, D.D., Bishop**

TOLEDO—On Sept. 6th, the Rev. George T. Dowling, D.D., began his ministry as rector of Trinity church. The building has been renovated, at a cost of over \$4,000, during the last two months. The attendance was very large. The second service here will be at 4 P. M., instead of 7:30 P. M. The Rev. Harold Morse is the assistant minister, and continues as rector also of St. Paul's, East Toledo. At the morning service in Trinity telegrams were read as follows. From the late rector of Trinity:

Heartly congratulations to Trinity parish. God bless and prosper you in the work.

CHARLES SCADDING.

Trinity parish returns grateful greeting. The outlook to-day could never have been so hopeful but for the fidelity of those who went before.

GEO. THOS. DOWLING.

Easton**Wm. Forbes Adams, D.C.L., Bishop**

BISHOP'S APPOINTMENTS

OCTOBER

1. Evening, St. James' church, Port Deposit.
2. Evening, St. Mark's, Perryville, and St. Mary Anne's, North East.
4. Morning, Trinity, Elkton; Evening, St. Augustine, Chesapeake City.
5. Morning and evening, North Sassafras parish, Cecil county.
6. Morning, Shrewsbury church, near Locust Grove; evening, St. Andrew's, Galena.
7. Morning, St. Clement's, Masseys; evening, Holy Cross, Millington.
9. Evening, Emmanuel, Chestertown.
11. Morning, St. Paul's, Kent; evening, I. U. parish, Kent county.
13. Morning, St. Luke's, Church Hill; evening, St. Andrew's, Sudlersville.
14. Evening, St. Paul's, Centerville.
18. Morning and evening, Wye parish, Queen Anne and Talbot counties.
20. Evening, Christ, Kent Island.
23. Morning, Christ, St. Michael; evening, Holy Innocent's, Claiborne.
25. Morning, Holy Trinity, Greensboro; evening, St. Paul's, Hillsboro.

NOVEMBER

1. Morning, St. Paul's, Trappe; evening, Holy Trinity, Oxford.
3. Morning, Grace, Taylor's Island; evening, Trinity, Church Creek.
5. Morning, St. John's, Great Choptank parish; evening, St. James', Maple Dam.
8. Morning, All Saints', Longwoods; evening, Good Shepherd, Cordova.
15. Morning, St. Peter's, Salisbury; evening, St. Peter's, Spring Hill, and St. Phillip's, Quantico.
22. Morning, Stepney, Green Hill; evening, St. Mary's, Tyaskin, and Grace, Wicomico parish.

Massachusetts

William Lawrence, S.T.D., Bishop

The Bishop will return from abroad about Sept. 29th.

LENOX — Mr. John E. Parsons, of New York, will build a large parish house for Trinity church, as a memorial of Mrs. Mary D. Parsons, his wife, who died Aug. 18th.

CAMBRIDGE — The funeral of the Rev. Alfred Foster Washburn took place at Christ church, Sept. 8th, at 3 P. M. The Sentences and Lesson were read by the Rev. Edward Abbott, D.D., the remaining portions of the service being taken by the Rev. Edward Parker, of St. Paul's School, Concord, N H. The chant and hymns were well rendered by the vested choir. A number of the clergy and his former parishioners were present. The interment was at Mt. Auburn. Mr. Washburn was the son of ex Governor Washburn of Massachusetts, and was born Nov. 16th, 1853 in Worcester. In early life he came to Cambridge, where he graduated from the High School in 1869, and four years later from Harvard. His theological course was pursued at Cambridge Divinity School. For two years he was an assistant at St. Matthew's church, South Boston, and for over ten carried on the mission known as the church of the Redeemer. He was an indefatigable worker, and in all probability was obliged to succumb to the severe strain of overwork, which was the indirect cause of his illness. Two years ago he left his field of labor and traveled in search of health, but to no purpose, as his physical strength was undermined by his work. His death was sudden, and his faithful, self-sacrificing ministry has left many a blessing behind. A memorial service will be held on the eve of St. Matthew's Day, in St. Matthew's church, South Boston.

Newark

Thomas Alfred Starkey, L.D., Bishop

The Bishop of Springfield, Dr. George F. Seymour, was the guest over Sunday, Sept. 6th, of the Rev. Horatio W. P. Hodson, rector of Grace church, in Town of Union. At the third service, at 11 o'clock, the Bishop preached a masterly sermon, taking for his text the admonition of St. Paul that we walk in the Spirit. He also officiated as celebrant at the second celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 12:30. The Bishop and Mrs. Seymour returned to Springfield on Wednesday.

Texas

Geo. H. Kinsolving, D.D., Bishop

A correspondent writes: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." How true that saying is to some, and right here in Houston we have such a noble example! The Rev. H. D. Aves owns a summer home on our beautiful coast, where nature has done so much for the eye of all people. His house is built for comfort, with many rooms, and a large southern gallery that extends all around the house to catch the breeze from any direction. Ever since "Wind-home" has been finished it has been filled with the rich and the poor, and the young and the old, so they could enjoy the cool fresh atmosphere. For the first few weeks he gave up his home to girls that wanted to get away from their duties and out of the foul air of the city. This invitation was not only extended to Churchwomen, but to any one that wished to derive the benefit of the sea air. After he took possession of his home he invited down the Cadets of St. Andrew and the choir boys, as his guests for ten days. How those boys enjoyed the fishing and the bathing is more than words can express. Those ten days no doubt will be a bright spot in their lives for years to come, and to some it may be forever.

"His home at the time I had been there had had over 100 people in it, and the majority of them had been the guests of our rector. His magnificent work is still going on and by next summer he wishes to have a home built at Sea-

brook for all those that need health and rest. The property has already been donated by some good citizens that are helping Mr. Aves in his charitable act."

Michigan

Thomas F. Davies, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

Bishop Davies has licensed for use in the diocese of Michigan the prayer for the welfare of the country recently set forth for his own diocese by the Bishop of Vermont. Except when absent for two Sundays on visitations, Bishop Davies has officiated each Sunday during the summer months at Trinity church, Mackinac Island. The Bishop expects to return to Detroit the last week in September.

Alaska

Peter Trimble Rowe, D.D., Missionary Bishop

A letter has been received from Bishop Rowe from out the Arctic regions. It was written on July 18th, and came to hand here at Juneau on August 20th. It had evidently gone down the river from Circle City to the mouth of the Yukon, and thence to San Francisco, and then back to Juneau in Alaska. Roundabout as this course may seem to be, it is the most direct commercial route, and therefore the shortest road for a letter or passenger to travel over.

Bishop Rowe has started work at Circle City, and has placed Mr. Prevost in temporary charge of it. Work has also been begun at Fort Yukon. The Bishop left Circle City on July 17th, and was going to Fort Adams, where, having visited the mission of Mr. Prevost, he will go on to Fort Anvik, visiting Mr. Chapman's mission, thence he will pass on to the mouth of the Yukon, where, if he should be so fortunate as to get a steamer, he might be back much sooner than expected, in September or early in October.

Unless he can find new work to originate, there remains little more for him to do than to call at Cook's Inlet, and then make the best of his way home to his family at Sitka.

The Welsh in Vermont

BY THE REV. W. PARRY THOMAS

Most if not all of the readers of THE LIVING CHURCH are aware that the ancient Britons were, as far as we know, the first inhabitants of Great Britain. I need not here repeat how they gallantly fought against the Roman legions, and how at last they were driven, through the invasions of Danes, Anglo-Saxons, and Normans, step by step to the mountains of Wales, and to Devon and Cornwall; these things are all matters of history. The Church of the ancient Britons, after they were converted from Druidism, was Episcopal-Catholic to the backbone, but certainly not Roman Catholic, differing in many respects from the Church of Rome, and giving precedence to none but their own archbishop of Caerleon on Usk.

The Church of Wales continued quite distinct from the English Church until the reign of the Tudors (the Welsh dynasty) it was only then that Wales was finally by act of Parliament united to England, and the Welsh sees became a part of the Province of Canterbury. For many years the Welsh Church suffered from having men inducted into the rectories and vicarages who had no knowledge of the people or their language, and those who had hitherto been lay sons of the Church were driven to start meeting-houses of their own as the only places where they could hear the Word preached in the one language they could understand, and the Church became less and less the Church of the people. But thank God a revival has set in and the work of the bishops and clergy will compare with the work anywhere.

The Church of the Welsh-speaking people is not confined to Wales; we have here in America many thousands who have, alas, been sadly neglected. Without the opportunity of hearing the Word of God in Welsh, they have drifted

away to the sects, who have taken time by the forelock and built their Congregational and Methodist chapels, and supplied them with Welsh-speaking ministers. I do not know of a single Welsh church in the States, although through the influence of Dr. Parker Morgan they intend building one at Utica.

The Welsh people here nearly all work in the slate quarries. They have learnt this business in the quarries of North Wales. The discovery of slate in Fair Haven in 1839, and its utilization for roofing purposes, gave to the town its first great impetus, for it brought into the place a number of sturdy, enterprising Welshmen who were to become, with the passing years, a colony of active, pushing, industrious, law-abiding citizens. The first Welshman to settle in this town was John Humphrey (an Episcopalian), and a brother of Richard Humphrey, of Poultney, also an Episcopalian. This was in 1848. The news of the discovery of slate having been carried to Wales, the next year, 1849, witnessed a large influx of the sons of Cymru to this part. Quarry after quarry was opened, both in Vermont and in New York State, bordering on this. There are many thousand Welshmen, many hundreds of them Episcopalians, and confirmed in their own country, yet the first Welsh Church service ever held in this State, and one of the few held in the whole of the States, was on the last Sunday in July. I hope to be able to have one each month, at the least. I have all the encouragement one can wish from my Bishop, but we sadly want funds to consolidate the work of this large parish, and to help meet the expense of Welsh services.

A Welsh Protestant Society was formed in Fair Haven in 1851, and built a church in 1857. The Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Society organized in 1859; this was an outgrowth of the Welsh Protestant Society. These both are flourishing, and reckon amongst their supporters Welsh Episcopalians of sterling worth who would return to the fold could they but have the Word of God preached in their own tongue.

In the diocese of Albany the state of the Welsh Church people is even worse — they have, as far as I know, never had a Welsh Episcopalian service. In Pennsylvania there are many Welsh people, with no Welsh shepherd. Thousands of these people could be saved to the Church by having Welsh services for them, and next Sunday my good friend and neighbor, the rector of Poultney, another Welsh stronghold, allows me to have a Welsh service in his church. At present it is but little I can do. I have three places to attend each Sunday. I travel 30 miles on some of these days, as I help begin service seven miles from home at 8 A.M., then I hold another service on my way back, two miles from here, and after lunch I go seven miles in another direction, and come back to hold an evening service in Fair Haven. I would earnestly appeal for help to carry on these services. To make the work what it ought to be, I must build a church at Castleton, procure help of some kind to carry on my services, and thus be enabled to give more of my time to those who do not understand English. I have a good Welsh choir in training, and have every reason for believing that the work can be carried on successfully. I hope to see this choir the first Welsh surpliced choir in the States. Welsh people will not give up their language like most people who become Americans, therefore it dies slowly, and could we but retain the Welsh Church people, their children and grandchildren would become English-speaking Episcopalians.

There are, I should think, at least 3000 Welsh people in this neighborhood. I do not include in this number the Welsh people in Pawlet or South Poultney; besides these there are probably an equal number or more in the diocese of Albany. I am told that there are a large number of Welsh Episcopalians in Granville, and have no doubt whatever that a man could be found to carry on Welsh services there if a fund could be raised just sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of a lay reader.

Fair Haven, Vt.

The Living Church

Chicago, September 19, 1896

Rev. C. W. Leffingwell, Editor and Proprietor

At the Wesleyan Conference of 1896, lately held in the city of Liverpool, forty-eight men are said to have been ordained by the president of the conference, "by the laying on of hands." The preacher of the ordination sermon, an ex-president of the society, said that the "orders" thus conferred were "as valid and scriptural as any in Christendom." *The Church Review* remarks upon the change of mind since Wesley's days. The year after his death the conference published the following in its magazine: "It is a mistake that mere gifts oblige us to do those things which are not peculiar to our office. This is an usurpation, whatever usefulness men may pretend to." It is curious to note that in the "Deed Poll," under which the Wesleyan body holds its property in England, there is a marked recognition of the superiority of Anglican orders. It is there laid down that appointments cannot be made to the use of any chapel, etc., for more than three years, except the persons so appointed are "ordained ministers of the Church of England."

THE Bishop of Stepney writes to the Church papers with reference to the recent encyclical letter of the Pope. He says that the earlier parts of this document are an admirable exposition of the foundation of the Church on Jesus Christ, and of the devolution of power upon the Apostles generally, and from them to their successors in due course. The view taken is larger than has been usual with modern Roman writers, especially when the Pope speaks of the bishops as "not to be regarded as vicars of the Roman pontiffs, but as wielding a power properly their own, and most truly to be called prelates of the people whom they rule." But the concluding part of the letter claims for the Pope to-day "a universal supremacy which even in the dark ages was not recognized, and proceeds to argue for the supreme authority of one among the Apostles, and for the devolution of that supreme authority upon one asserted line of succession from him, as of Divine intention and thus of Divine right." The Bishop announces that the Church Historical Society is issuing through the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, a collection of paragraphs from this part of the Encyclical, with the facts in a parallel column.

THE Church in Liverpool is understood to be very distinctly "Low" or evangelical. It is, therefore, with some surprise we read that out of ninety-seven churches, incense is used in four, Eucharistic vestments are worn in ten, and altar

lights used in fourteen or fifteen. The Holy Communion is celebrated daily in six churches, and it is hard to find one in which there is not a weekly Eucharist. Evening Communion is almost a thing of the past, and even the black gown is nearly obsolete. There are at least sixty churches which have vested choirs. On the other hand, there are no less than forty parishes where the incumbents are non-resident. Some of these worthies go so far as to say bluntly that they cannot live in their parishes on account of the surroundings. The slum churches are thus, very naturally, almost empty from year to year, while the Roman churches, the priests of which live next door, are filled Sunday and week day. As compared with some other English cities, the large parishes in Liverpool are miserably undermanned. Very few have more than one assistant priest. It is evident that there is great room for improvement. The Bishop has recently charged against the High Church clergy and their teaching. It is a pity some other features of the situation cannot be impressed upon his mind.

CANON CHARLES GORE of Westminster has received the degree of doctor of divinity from the University of Edinburgh. Canon Gore is undoubtedly one of the most prominent of the English clergy in the theological world, much as his position on some important subjects is to be regretted. His paper in *Lux Mundi* first attracted general attention on account of its radical utterances with regard to the higher criticism, the nature of inspiration, and the limitations of our Lord's knowledge. Some of the positions of that celebrated essay have since been developed in Gore's Bampton Lectures on the "Incarnation" and a volume of supplementary essays. With all due recognition of Canon Gore's earnestness, learning, and undoubted reverence, and to his real services to English theology in certain directions, we cannot but feel that in his doctrine of the "Kenosis," or abandonment of the Divine attributes in the Incarnation, he has struck out a line of spurious thought, inconsistent already with the Catholic Faith, and certain to bear fruit in various heretical developments. To the "broad church" Presbyterians of Scotland, whose tendencies were exhibited in a significant volume of "Scotch Sermons" some years ago, Canon Gore's "Kenosis" doctrine is entirely congenial. Hence, perhaps, this compliment from one of the chief Scottish universities.

AN interesting correspondence between the Metropolitan of Moscow and the Archbishop of Canterbury has appeared in the *London Times*. The first letter is the Archbishop's introduction of Bishop Creighton, of Petersburg, sent to represent the Church of England at the coronation of the Czar, at the conclusion of which the Russian Metropoli-

tan is assured of the prayers of the English Church "for the peace and stability of your Orthodox Church and Empire." To this the Metropolitan, Palladius, replies in florid Oriental style, assuring the Archbishop of the love and gratitude with which the emissary has been received, the attention and satisfaction with which the Holy Synod of Russia has listened to his Grace's letter. He ends with expressions of gratitude for the prayerful participation of the English "in this our national solemnity," and prays that God may govern "the flock" of the Archbishop "unto salvation in peace and prosperity." The significant point is that with all the flattering verbosity of the Metropolitan's letter, he does not speak of "the Church" of England, but of "your flock" simply. He does not go beyond the present limits of official recognition, which still leaves the Anglican claims an open question.

BISHOP BLYTH has published his triennial charge marking the completion of the ninth year of his episcopate. He regards his work in Jerusalem as representing the Anglican communion among the sisters of the Catholic Church, and, also, as representing the missionary spirit of the English Church. He has also much to say of an interesting nature regarding work among the Jews and Moslems. The Bishop finds one of the principal obstacles in the way of the success of his work to consist in the fact that various departments properly belonging to it are in the hands of societies in London which, together with their agents, ignore the Bishop and act independently of him. The C. M. S. always persists in its policy of treating the Eastern Churches as heathen, and making converts from them, in direct contravention of the terms upon which Bishop Blyth went to Jerusalem. There is a separate society for the Jews, etc. All these societies are governed from London and directed by secretaries there or agents on the ground. It is altogether a delightful state of things, and it is not surprising that the Bishop should protest. "The system," he says, "centres all matters of religious and educational direction in London offices; its local representative, otherwise irresponsible, is the European gentleman or lady in connection with the home society. And the power which maintains this direction is the purse." Bishop Blyth has our sincere sympathy. It is to be hoped he may be able ultimately to bring order of this chaos. But it is a herculean task to dissipate the mass of ignorance and arrogance, backed by the power of the purse, which has established and maintained this miserable policy.

The St. James Gazette, London, has been amusing itself during the "silly season" by re-opening the old question, "Why people do not go to church?" We suppose the proper form of the question

should be, "Why does not everybody go to church?" It is evident that many persons do go to church, and that the number is constantly increasing, at least that is the natural explanation of the fact that new churches are always being erected and old ones enlarged. Some of the utterances of correspondents in *The Gazette* are sufficiently interesting to bear repetition. An agnostic says that people are growing into disbelief in orthodoxy, and are skeptical as to the divine calling of the vast majority of the clergy, many of whom, particularly the modern curate, are such poor stuff. Educated women, he thinks, are imbibing materialistic philosophy, which makes mince-meat of orthodoxy. It is hardly necessary to say that people of this stamp do not go to church. Why should they? Several writers assert that there is no difficulty about filling churches of the "advanced" type, such as St. Agnes', Kensington, and St. Alban's, Holborn, and one is of opinion that attendance has trebled in such churches during the last thirty years. "A Soldier" complains of the "constant repetitions" in the Church service, but thinks the attendance is best in "ritual churches," and that large numbers of Protestants are to be found in Roman Catholic churches. He says he is neither a High Churchman nor a Roman Catholic. "Erastian" says that people cannot stand such poor sermons from "dying sinners to dying sinners." "If we are dying, why do we keep ourselves alive by physicians' fees and German watering places? and if we are sinners, why don't we give up sinning?" Why, indeed? One man thinks men do not like being "boxed up" on Sunday after working hard all the week, and prophesies that women, as well as men, will soon desert the churches. Another speaks of the arrogant and dogmatic bearing of the clergy; and still another proposes hearty congregational singing and brief, practical discourses as the remedy for empty churches, citing the case of his own parish church, which has a congregation of 1,400. On the whole, the result seems to be that some people do not go to church, and for much the same reasons which have kept some people from going to church at all times.

Five-Minute Talks

BY CLINTON LOCKE

LXXXII.

The vacations are over. The all too short summer days are daily shortening as the autumn creeps on, and as the changing seasons always suggest serious trains of thought to those who think, it will not be out of place for me to talk a moment or two to those who are passing out of the summer into the autumn of life. Just as we say to our friends when we meet them again in the city streets in September: "What did you get out of your summer?" so let me put the same question, from a higher standpoint, to those who are fast approaching, or are some years past, forty. I will assume that the

autumn of life begins at forty or forty five, and goes on until sixty five.

Now that your life's summer has ended, how do you feel its course affecting your autumn, for one season is ever the preparation for the next. Take your body. Now is the time that hard usage begins to show, and the strain which has been put upon that wonderful arrangement of pulleys and levers and pumps and valves comes out. Happy are you if, as you notice a daily growing weakness in the heart, or the lungs, or the stomach, your conscience does not laugh a grim laugh which echoes through your soul, and seems to say: "This is the fruit of reckless, sinful indulgence. I did not feel it all the summer years, but my sin has found me out." But you can, without breaking one of the Ten Commandments, so overtax the body with work during the summer of life that nothing remains for autumn but a mere bundle of weak nerves—the sand has all run out of the hour glass. Happy are you if you have so husbanded your physical resources that now, your summer ended, your eye is still bright and your life still full of sparkle.

What has your spirit learned in the ended summer? Have you learned patience? Can you bear with equanimity the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune?" Can you bear with composure exasperating words, and bear coolly trying and annoying people? Do you view with calmness the ups and downs of every-day life, or have you had so little self-restraint, has your tendency to impatience been so allowed to grow by what it fed on that you are fast passing into that most deplorable class, an irritable and morose old man; a fretful, peevish, fault-finding woman? What a sad sight it is, going well with fading leaves and cold and cutting winds, to see a man or woman on the downward track in age and without any faith, or any blessed hope; and, saddest sight of all, to see one who in youth's summer was earnest and faithful, now, in life's autumn, cold and careless. What an autumn that makes, and to what a winter that will lead!

There are some who say, "My summer is ended," with a sort of despair. They wring their hands and moan, as if with departing youth departed all joy and gladness and everything worth living for. Sometimes they struggle with paint and other falsities, to hide the fact from a grinning world; sometimes they go to the other extreme, and let their dress, their appearance, their habits, show the utmost carelessness. They grow dull. They fossilize. But summer is not the only blessed time. The loveliest of days often come in October. The hurry, the impulsiveness, the foam of life may be gone, but there is the calmness, the pleasure in achieved purpose, the watching the success of well matured plans, the enjoyment of competence well earned, the fixidness of a position thoroughly secured. I know there are some who cry, "The summer is ended and I have had no summer." Yes, to some in this life comes a lot so hard that from their youth it is winter. The sunny, golden years of youth, the blessed years of life's prime, are hung for them with blackness. They have to bear burdens too heavy for their backs, and now they come to autumn and look back over a road strewn with rocks, and forward into a leaden, storm-brewing sky. I pity them. It is an awful loss.

I am in the first years of the winter of my life, and I esteem it one of the greatest

blessings God could have given me that I can look back over such a summer, so many golden years. Storms in them; dark, bitter hours in them; sins and follies in them; but so much sunshine, so much love and friendship and kindness and forbearance and appreciation! Even if my winter should be dark, these memories will brighten its darkness.

But, after all, how fleeting it all is. Spring, summer, autumn, winter. They come and go like the passing of a dream. There is only one spot where summer will be eternal. Do you know that spot? Does it come to you in hours of meditation? Do you think of it when the cares of life press heavily—the one place where there is no autumn, no winter, only glorious summer. It is heaven; it is that other land; it is that sunlit shore. There, where no storms can ever blow; there, where the trees of life, bearing all manner of fruits, are ever green; there, where the blessed ones go in and out; there, where the dear Lord ever is—there will be always summer.

The 'Sea Power' of the Church

Captain Mahan, U. S. N., would be doing a great service to the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world, if he would write a work on the part which sailors have taken in the conversion of the world to Christ, since the days of St. Peter the fisherman and his sailor comrades on the Sea of Galilee. It ought not to be difficult to indicate the weakness and the strength of the Church as it has utilized or neglected religious forces of the sea, along the ages of the past. We will not anticipate Captain Mahan's historical researches into the relations between the Church and sailors, and the consequent religious influence exercised on the world. There is abundant material to exemplify this feature of "sea power," from the religious experiences of modern missions and other recent extensions of the Gospel.

The subject has attracted some attention in England, owing to the Bishop of New York having commended one of his clergy to the good offices of the Missions to Seamen in the British Isles, with a view to studying its methods of caring for sailors of all nations and many creeds who throng their harbors. It has been suggested that the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States might similarly "launch out into the deep," in imitation of our divine Master, and "let down its nets for a draught."

The Missions to Seamen of England also care for English-speaking sailors outside of the British possessions, except on the American continents, which are regarded as the province of the Church in the United States.

It is acknowledged that the Church in New York has been beforehand in appointing three clergymen to care for the waterside population in that great harbor. But it is alleged that the deep water sailors, under whatever flag, do not receive much direct spiritual benefit from that excellent mission, and that ocean going seamen receive more care from other religious organizations which visit their ships in American waters.

But it is complained that some American harbors are notorious for the moral havoc which foreign-going sailors suffer in them. In New York harbor, 1972 sailors serving

in British ships were, in 1894, by one method or another, gotten away from their vessels. Certain people find it a lucrative occupation to induce long-voyage seamen to "desert" from their ships, to the moral ruin of the unfortunate men, with great loss to their families. The rascalities practiced on long-voyage sailors at New Orleans, San Francisco, and other American seaports, have made them notorious in the maritime world.

It is, however, at sea that the Church's aid is most needed, by the organization of services for the crews in their respective ships; by teaching seamen to kneel in daily prayer in their forecastles; and by circulating amongst them *by sale* the Book of Common Prayer and the Church's Book of Books.

Our Christianity is judged on every seaboard by the conduct or misconduct of Christian sailors, and it is here that the "sea power" of the Church comes in. There are no greater helpers or originators of missions on the shores of heathen lands than Christian sailors who are living epistles, known and read of all men. Always on the move from port to port, from country to country, theirs is an active influence touching many times more people than any stay-at-home folk can personally reach. The great Alexandrian heretic knew this when he taught to sailors heretical songs which they might carry with the corn of Egypt over the then known world. "Sea power" was thus rightly gauged by Arius.

The proposal is that the Episcopal Church in the United States should form a mission to seamen, as the Church of England has done, to be supported by every diocese, which should supply to the principal harbors in the two Western continents special clergymen with suitable staffs and mission vessels, to officiate on board the ships of all nationalities frequenting those waters.

It is only forty years ago that the idea took root in England of forming the Missions to Seamen, under the patronage of all the English and Irish bishops, to promote the spiritual welfare of the seafaring classes at home and abroad, using every means consistent with the principles and received practice of the Church of England. The income of the society was only £37,413 last year, yet it has been an immense gain to the Church in all lands, and a real blessing to the fleets sailing the seas under many flags.

If the Episcopal Church in the United States took charge of the harbors of the American continent, it would largely share in this great spiritual gain to itself, whilst sailors frequenting our shores would gain from the Church abounding blessings, and the "sea power" of the Church be extended from our shores to every seaboard in the world.

Letters to the Editor

THE BOY VOICE

To the Editor of the Living Church:

I shall say a word in opposition to the stand taken by Mr. Hills in THE LIVING CHURCH, Aug. 29th, regarding use of voice during change.

In many years' contact with church choirs I have known several good, and a multitude of fair, tenor and bass voices resulting in spite of the ordeal (?) of singing throughout the period of change. I have yet to learn of harm coming from such use of voice under capable management. I should like to know of some one who has tried Mr. Palmer's method in a manner which has met the approval of the author, and

finally decided that they were false, as Mr. Hills intimates. Mr. Palmer himself does not claim that his methods are practical in all cases where such quick results are desired as are usually thought imperative in choir work.

At one time I paid admission to an exhibition of electric lights, at which the learned lecturer Proctor gravely informed us that such lights were not practical on account of the cost.

It behooves us not to be blinded by prejudice and habit in musical any more than in scientific matters.

J. D. FAIRCHILD,
Organist and Choirmaster
St. John's Cathedral, Quincy.

1124 6th Ave. N.

'RELIGION AMONG WORKINGMEN'

To the Editor of the Living Church:

I am glad you have thought Mr. Canfield's article on the above subject worthy of a leading editorial in yours of Sept. 5th. You rightly conclude by saying: "The whole article on which we have been commenting is worthy the deepest attention of all our readers." So I have thought. Some months ago I made the article the basis of a sermon, giving therein the various reasons why workingmen do not come to church, giving due credit.

The subject is a very important one, and very difficult to handle. We know too well the estrangement between the masses and the well-to-do, and of the wide gap that socially and religiously separates the two. It cannot be said that the Church is yet doing her duty to the said class. It will be a hard task to convince the workingman that he is really wanted in the Church. In our social and religious contact (or want of contact) with him we truly say that he is not wanted, at least not in the same church building, or church social circle. The intelligent workingman can readily see that our preaching is largely different in its social aspects from that of Christ's; that He made no difference in His social life with any class. I may venture to say that what is wanted is a larger share of sympathy shown to the workingman. He looks for his share of attention from God's ministers. He believes that Christ belongs to him as much as he does to the one who can pay to hear Him preached. The reason for the practical separation of the masses, so far as church-going is concerned, is largely due to the financial system of the Church, and also to the Church as an organization for building up congregations. We know the desire to get on the vestries money, and men of influence and business ideas, and to build the congregations of families who can pay for the pews and the running expenses. Such are not found in the workingman. Therefore he is not sought after, not encouraged to come forward. Need we wonder that the workingman is not found in church?

HUGUENOT.

MRS H B STOWE'S INTEREST IN THE CHURCH

To the Editor of the Living Church:

Your reference in THE LIVING CHURCH of this date to Mrs. Stowe's connection with our Church, leads me to state the facts in the case: In 1866 Mrs. Stowe wrote to her brother, the Rev. Charles Beecher, a letter in which she says: "The Episcopal Church is undertaking, under direction of the future Bishop of Florida, a wide embracing scheme of Christian activity for the whole State. In this work I desire to be associated."

In 1867 she wrote to him another letter, as follows: "I am now in correspondence with the Bishop of Florida, with a view to establishing a line of churches along the line of the St. John's river, and if I settle at Mandarin, it will be one of my stations. Will you consent to enter the Episcopal Church, and be our clergyman? You are just the man we want. If my tasks and feelings did not incline me toward the Church, I should still choose it as the best system for training immature minds, such as those of our negroes."

Mrs. Stowe's son, who prepared her biography in 1889 says, with reference to this letter: "Mrs.

Stowe had some years before this joined the Episcopal Church for the sake of attending the same communion as her daughters, who were Episcopalsians."

The winter of 1883-'4 was the last one spent by Mrs. Stowe at Mandarin, which, largely through her efforts, had been provided with a pretty little Episcopal church, to which was attached a comfortable rectory. In January of that year she wrote: "Mandarin looks very gay and airy now with its new villas and our new church and rectory. Our minister is perfect. I wish you could know him. He wants only physical strength. In everything else he is all one could ask."

While the Rev. Charles E. Stowe was pastor of the Windsor Avenue Congregational church in Hartford, Conn., his mother generally attended the services of that church. After his resignation she attended Trinity church, frequently expressing to the rector the satisfaction and pleasure which the Church service afforded her. She was especially delighted with the vested choir. For more than two years preceding her death her intellect was partly clouded, but there was no gloom. Her faith was bright.

STORRS O. SEYMOUR.

Litchfield, Conn., Sept 5, 1896.

A PIOUS FORGERY!

To the Editor of the Living Church:

I have recently been shown a brief and beautiful tract issued by the "Gospel Tract Depository," of Minneapolis, Minn., bearing the title "Communion," and written by a "converted Brahmin," as stated by the publishers at the end of the tract. My attention was drawn to it by a theological student of our Church in this country, the spirituality and catholicity of the tract having appealed powerfully to his own religious feelings. I felt convinced, on reading it, that it was a forgery. There was something in the composition that went deeper than any sectarianism could go in the matter of a soul's union with the Ascended Christ in the Holy Sacrament of the altar. I want to call attention to it now as a warning to many who may be misled by "Gospel tracts" issued under sectarian auspices, but frequently copied from Catholic writers. I have never seen so bare-faced a forgery under the name of religion as that which I present below. I would not say that the publishers of the tract are guilty of forgery—they are probably dupes, like their readers. But somebody—or some society—is guilty of repeated frauds of this kind.

I had not far to go to find the source of this particular plagiarism; it was "Gold Dust," being selections from a Roman Catholic book of devotions entitled *Paillettes d'Or*, and it must have been taken from the edition of Messrs. E. & J. B. Young & Co., as the sentences correspond with those of that book, which would not be the case if it had been translated directly from the French.

A. KINGSLEY GLOVER.

Le Sueur, Minn.

[A copy of the tract is given, and chapter XXII. of "Gold Dust," showing close correspondence in every sentence. We have space for only a few paragraphs. ED. L. C.]

"GOLD DUST"

My child, it is not wisdom I require of thee: it sufficeth if thou love Me well. Speak to Me as thou wouldst talk to thy mother if she were here, pressing thee to her heart.

Hast thou none for whom thou wouldst intercede? Tell Me the names of thy kindred and thy friends; and at the mention of each name add what thou wouldst have Me do for them. Ask much, fervently; the generous hearts that forget themselves for others are very dear to Me. Tell Me of the poor thou wouldst succour, the sick thou hast seen suffering, the sinful thou wouldst reclaim, the estranged thou wouldst receive to thy heart again. Pray fervently for all mankind. Remind Me of My promise to hear all prayers that proceed from the heart; and the prayer offered for one who loves us, and is dear to us, is sure to be heartfelt and fervent.

Hast thou no favors to ask of Me? Give Me, if thou wilt, a list of all thy desires, all the wants of thy soul. Tell Me, simply, of all thy pride, sensual-

ity, self-love, sloth; and ask for My help in thy struggles to overcome them. Poor child! be not abashed; many that had the same faults to contend against are now saints in heaven. They cried to Me for help, and by degrees they conquered. Do not hesitate to ask for temporal blessings, health, intellect, success—I can bestow it, and never fail to do so where it tends to make the soul more holy. What wouldst thou this day, My child? If thou didst but know how I long to b'ess thee!

THE CONVERTED BRAHMIN'S TRACT

My child, it is not necessary to know much to please Me—it is sufficient to love much. Speak to me as thou wouldst to a mother if she drew thee near to her. Are there any for whom thou wouldst pray to Me? Repeat to Me the names of thy relations, thy friends; after each name add what thou wouldst have Me do for them. Ask much. I love generous souls who forget themselves for others. Tell Me of the poor whom thou wouldst relieve, the sick whom thou hast seen suffer, the sinners thou wouldst have converted, those who are alienated from thee whose affections thou wouldst regain. For all say a fervent prayer. Remember that I have promised to hear all prayers that come from the heart; and is not that a prayer from the heart which is offered for those we love and who love us? Are there graces thou wouldst ask for thyself? Write, if thou wilt, a long list of all thou desirest, of all the needs of thy soul and come and read it to me. Tell me simply how proud thou art, how sensitive, egotistical, mean, and indolent; and ask Me to come and help thee in all the efforts thou makest against it. Poor child, do not blush; there are in heaven many saints who had their faults; they prayed to Me, and little by little their faults were corrected. Do not hesitate to ask Me for blessings for the body and mind, for health, memory, success. I can give all things, and I always give when blessings are needed to render souls more holy. To day what wilt thou have, My child? If thou knewest how I long to do thee good!

ROBERT BURNS

To the Editor of the Living Church:

I have been rather surprised to find so much eulogy on the poet Burns lately in some of our Church papers. As a man, he seems to me to have been a failure, and to have been a poet in the same way that his "Holy Willie" was a Christian; that is to say, outwardly; while within, in both cases, was pride and sensuality and ungodliness. As a young man, Burns had his living to earn. Perhaps, for a man of genius, this was too bad, but it was ordained long ago that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, no exception being made in favor of poets or artists of any description. But Burns seems to have regarded his own case as one of peculiar hardship, and began to cast about in his mind for some way of living by the sweat of other men's brows. He thought that slave driving would suit him, though as he says in one of his songs, "A man's a man for a' that." He was just on the point of starting for Jamaica when he learned that a volume of his poems had taken the public, including men of rank and note, by storm. When he came to settle with his publisher, he found himself in possession of 500 pounds, no contemptible sum, one would think, for a man under thirty to launch out into the world with. Some of this money he gave to his brother, and with the rest he rented and stocked a farm. But poetry had spoiled him as a farmer, so he gave up his farm in disgust, and went into the excise on the recommendation of a certain Mr. Graham, of Finty. His incendiary politics, however, got him into trouble with his superiors, and they let him understand that his promotion depended on his good behavior in the future. All this while, distinguished and petted as a poet by what the world calls "high society," consisting of lords and dukes and fine ladies and a' that, abandoned to pleasure and dissipation, he made a short run on his downward career, and died, while still a young man, from the effects of a night of debauch and exposure, leaving his family to be provided for, as they were, by a generous and poetry-admiring public.

And what of the poetry? Some of it is very fine, and some of it, by his own confession, was inspired by Scotch whiskey, and much of it, as every reader of Burns will admit, is unfit for

the eye of modesty. For my own part, I wish I could say now that I was utterly unqualified to form and express an opinion on such a subject. Burns refers to John Bunyan, in one of his poems, with something like a sneer, as to a pious writer whom one might condescend to read while sitting in the chimney corner as an invalid, a man his equal in genius, and far his superior in virtue. He tells us in a poetic account of a visit to the youthful Lord Daer, that he had been at drunken writers' feasts, and been beastly drunk (I employ a euphemism here) among godly priests, which I cannot but regard as a poetic invention, or, in plain English, a lie, notwithstanding the free drinking which was common a century ago. And this man of independent mind, at this same visit, sneaks into a corner, and steals a look at his lordship as at some portentous omen, and is surprised to find that the youth was distinguished by nothing except good sense and social glee and modesty. In an epistle to Gavin Hamilton who is described as one who drinks and swears and plays at cards, and seldom goes to church, under a show of plain and manly dealing, he offers to him such doses of flattery as would task any healthy stomach to digest. One of his epistles to a man whom he seems to have regarded as a social and intellectual inferior—though "a man's a man," etc.—was regarded by Dr. Currie, his best biographer and his true friend, as unfit for publication, on the score of indelicacy, yet it appears in his published works. Many of his songs are harmless enough, regarded as mere Scotch jingle, but not a few would do their best service to humanity and virtue by being thrown into the fire. I am naturally debarred from elucidation of the justness of these strictures by the very nature of the matter in hand. I make no literary pretense or parade in this communication. I regarded it as somebody's duty, and perhaps mine, to speak plainly on this particular subject. A poet whose merits and demerits cannot be canvassed with woman, young or old, and who had better never be named among boys and very young men, should be made as inconspicuous as possible in publications devoted to virtue and religion. This is my opinion, and I cannot be swayed from it even by great names on the other side. I deliver all with charity. May the poet's faults lie gently on him, but let his poems, as a whole, be consigned to their due oblivion. The world will be the better for it.

JOHN SCOTT.

Personal Mention

The Rev. Wm. B. Bolmer has been visiting at Tuckahoe, N. Y.

The Rev. C. A. Cary who has been temporarily officiating at Birmingham, has been elected rector of Calvary memorial church, Saginaw, W. S. Mich., and entered upon his duties Sept. 1st. Address Calvary church.

The Rev. H. D. Chambers has resigned Grace church, udington and his address will be Fairbault, Minn., after the 10th.

The Rev. Howard M. Dumbell and family, who have been summering in the Catskills, have returned home again—205 Carr. 11 st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Rev. Benjamin J. Douglass is visiting at the Cliff House, Lake Minnewaska, N. Y.

The Rev. Geo. W. Ferguson who is now traveling in Europe, will sail for home Sept. 19th.

The Rev. Dr. T. R. Harris has returned from his vacation trip, and resumed his active duties.

The Rev. Horatio W. F. Hodson has returned from his sojourn in the Adirondacks and resumed labor.

The address of Bishop Hare is Sioux Fall, S. Dak.

The Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell has been visiting in Maine.

The Rev. Robert A. Mayo has returned from his vacation, and resumed his pastoral work on Sunday, 6th inst.

The Rev. Frank J. Mallett has been elected dean of St. Matthew's cathedral, Laramie, Wyo., and will enter upon his duties in October.

The address of the Rev. Stephen H. Green, after Sept. 25th, will be Kirkwood, Mo.

To Correspondents

F. B.—Wednesday is not a fast day of obligation. See Table of Feasts and Fasts, Prayer Book. It has often been observed in accordance with ancient tradition, especially in religious houses, as being the day of the betrayal. On this account it continues to be marked as a litany day, according to Prayer Book rule.

Official

THE "Society for the Home Study of Holy Scripture and Church History," president, the Bishop of Albany, will enter upon its eleventh year the first of October next. Through the generous offer of a lady as secretary, it is hoped that all applicants can now be received. It is open to all women throughout the country. Instructions by correspondence free. Dues for printing, postage, etc., \$2 per term of eight months. Applications and requests for circulars should be addressed to MISS ANNIE CLARKSON, secretary of S. H. S. H. S., "Holtcroft," Potsdam, New York.

SARAH F. SMILEY, Director.

St. Anna's House, 406 West 20th st., New York.

Died

SNIVELY.—Entered into rest on Monday morning, Sept. 14th, 1896, at her home in Louisville, Ky., Ella Pirtle, wife of the Rev. Dr. William A. Snively.

"Numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting."

GOODNOUGH.—At Tomah, Wis., on Sept. 11th, Arthur Drury Goodnough, son of the late Edward Augustus Goodnough, priest of the Oneida Indian Mission, aged 41 years and 8 months. R. I. P.

HATHEWAY.—In Palestine, Tex., on Sept. 9th, 1896, George H. Hatheway, second son of Franklin Hatheway, of Chicago, aged 50 years, 5 months, and 19 days. "In the communion of the Catholic Church."

MORRIS.—Entered into life eternal, at Oxford, Conn., Aug. 27, 1896, in the 21st year of his age, Arthur Plant Morris, youngest son of the Rev. Lewis F. and Helen Vedder Morris.

May light perpetual shine upon him. O Lord.

Appeals

PROVINCE OF ILLINOIS

The Orphanage of the Holy Child, Springfield, Ill., is obliged to appeal to the Churchmen of the three dioceses in Illinois, for assistance. The offerings received at Christmas-tide were not large enough to provide for the running expenses for the year, even with the closest economy, and there is not enough in the treasury to purchase the necessary supplies from now to January. The Executive Committee therefore asks for gifts of money for daily bread. Please address

VEN. FREDERICK W. TAYLOR, D.D.,

Treasurer Province of Illinois,
Springfield, Ill.

Church and Parish

A LADY having for several years had the entire charge of a gentleman's children and household in Boston, would like a similar position in Chicago. References exchanged. Address G, care THE LIVING CHURCH.

WANTED.—A mother's help, a Protestant woman between 30 and 40 years of age, of some education and refinement, to care for two children, four and six years old, and do part of the chamber work. Must be in good health, able to sew, and furnish references. Address MRS. U., 4902 Forbes st. E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOR ADOPTION.—A Christian home is desired for a very sweet little girl, nine years of age, where she will be adopted and brought up as one of the family. Call or address, O. H. RICHARDS, Supt. Beulah Home, 474 Fullerton ave., Chicago.

WANTED.—A situation as matron in school or institution. Best references. MISS HATTIE A. SMITH, Cairo, Ill.

ALTAR bread; priests' wafers one cent; people's wafers 20 cents a hundred; plain sheets two cents. Address MISS A. G. BLOOMER, 4 West 2nd st., Mt Vernon, N. Y.

WANTED.—A position as organist in some church. Graduated at the Royal Conservatory, at Leipzig. Address MAMIE M. DEGE, Schuyler, Neb.

A PRIEST, highly recommended for his qualifications and abilities, desires duty by October, any locality. Preferably near the sea coast. M. A. care of LIVING CHURCH.

The Editor's Table

Kalendar, September, 1896

6.	14th Sunday after Trinity	Green
13.	15th Sunday after Trinity	Green
20.	16th Sunday after Trinity	Green
27.	ST. MATTHEW	Red
27.	17th Sunday after Trinity	Green
29.	ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS	White

In the Country---In August

BY MARGARET DOORIS

Sweet is the place where I abide:
No rush, no din;

A stretch of country far and wide,
The sky stoops down and shuts it in;

A blue sky flecked with gossamer white;
Which softly sifts

The sunshine down in mellowed light,—
Across the fields it falls in drifts.

The air is made of breath of flowers;
I close my eyes

To count them in their airy bowers,—
I feel them near in spirit guise.

Around me lies a garden bed
Of sweet perfume,
And clover blossoms, white and red,
Are just beyond in fullest bloom.

Along a latticed window ledge
A jessamine blows,
And from the honeysuckle hedge
Deliciously the odor flows.

And music sweet comes with the breeze;
I look—I hear
Bird voices singing in the trees,
A chorus grand, and sweet, and clear.

A sparrow's chirp, a robin's song:
All brief it be;
A thrush that leads the joyous throng,
A wood dove's coo in minor key.

A meadow lark soars up and on,
A flash of wings
Like gleam of gold—and it is gone,
But back to me its sweet call rings.

While thus the bright day passes by
Through blissful hours,
To lives less favored, far or nigh,
I waft bird-songs and scent of flowers.

I waft them with this little thought:
Though mystery
May hide it now, with love is fraught
The joy, the pain, of every way.

In sheltered valleys gardens lie,
Of peace and rest,
But brave souls climb to summits high
With bleeding feet—and which is best?

'Tis not of rest we make our boast
At set of sun;

Though great, though small, we value most
The care, the thought of work well done.

London, Ohio.

On the first page of this issue we give the portrait of little Maurice Picard, recently taken, at the age of five years. He is one of the youngest choir-boys in the country, perhaps the youngest solo singer. He sings the soprano solos in Smart's "The Lord is my Shepherd," Mendelssohn's "I waited for the Lord," Gilbert's *Te Deum*, etc. He sung, for the first time, on the Sunday after Ascension, in Grace church, Nyack-on-Hudson, the Rev. Franklin Babbitt, rector, taking, with another chorister, the part assigned to all the trebles in Stainer's "Leave us not, neither forsake us." As he stood there in the beautiful chancel, with beaming face and golden hair, white-robed, singing with sweet, true voice and reverent manner, what wonder that some should say, "He looked like an angel!" But Maurice has no wings. He is a real boy, full of life and pranks in his playtime. May the whole of his life be as tuneful and beautiful as this beginning.

The Bishop of Wakefield has addressed the following letter to the *Yorkshire Post*: "Will you allow me publicly to thank you for your outspoken leader denouncing the intolerable grossness and hateful sneering at all that one most reveres, in such writers as Thomas Hardy? On the authority of one of those reviews which you justly condemn for their reticence, I bought a copy of one of Mr. Hardy's novels, but was so disgusted with its insolence and indecency that I threw it into the fire. It is a disgrace to our great public libraries to admit such garbage, clever though it may be, to their shelves."

"Moissan in France has analyzed specimens of opium as used by the Chinese," says *Knowledge*, "and finds that the smoke is formed of volatile perfumes and a small quantity of morphine. It is the latter which produces the phenomena sought by opium smokers, and it is said that they do not appear to find more ill effects from the practice than most tobacco-smokers, provided that they use the preparation known as *chandu*, of the best quality. The commercial quality of opium is, however, very different, and the inferior sorts when decomposed by heat produce various poisonous compounds."

At that period when the voice "breaks," or changes (sometimes the change is so gradual that it cannot be said to break at all), the boy usually finds that there are two ways in which he can produce it. At the bottom is the beginning of the man's voice, which, if forced, becomes a separate register, and goes by the name of "chest voice." At the top are the remains of the old boyish voice, sometimes called "head voice." This "head voice" can be carried down to the bottom, or nearly to the bottom, of the vocal compass; while the "chest voice" can, with some effort, be carried a considerable distance upward, though never to the top. If now the boy commences to speak in the newly acquired "chest voice," and gives up the old voice, the result in after life will be either a bad voice or, at best, an indifferent one. If, on the other hand, he continues to speak in the old boyish voice, in tones which will be somewhat high at first, but will get lower, fuller, and more manly by degrees as the physical frame develops, the result will be a good voice—a voice which will stand almost any amount of wear and tear, and will retain a great deal of its strength and beauty, even though at a later period the mode of production be altered. —*Davidson Palmer in Musical Record.*

In the course of a recent sermon at St. Paul's cathedral, Canon Newbolt, who is in residence, referring to the death of Sir John Millais, said: "We are reminded to-day that for the second time in this year the presidential chair of the Royal Academy is vacated by death. A great painter like the late Sir John Millais is almost like a private friend to many who have never seen his face. He has appealed to us by the sheer force of beauty, or by the plain pathos of noble humanity. Those of us who witnessed that wonderful display of individual power in the collection of pictures drawn by one artist on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886, and those who have been touched by the simple story of 'The Huguenot,' or the religious fervor of 'Christ in the House of His Parents,' or those who have felt the touch of the true poet in his rendering of 'The Windswept Lake' or 'The Trim Gar-

den'—all alike have felt the power of art, which, by its heaven-sent power, can lift up our hearts into that region where, beyond the true, the beautiful, and the good, God Himself appears in perfect beauty. So, then, we may hope and pray for one who has endeared himself to us as a public friend, that when he wakes up after God's likeness he may be satisfied with it, that rest eternal may be his, and light perpetual shine upon him."

A Lover of Bishops

Among the many writers of reminiscences who cater to the tastes of our reminiscence-loving generation, few meet with a larger and more appreciative hearing than Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, the famous author of "Recreations of a Country Parson." As in earlier days, he took up his pen to tell in what books and pursuits he found change of occupation amid the pressure of professional work, so of late he has taken to the emptying of his diaries and recollections of eminent friends for the benefit of the ever-growing multitude of readers hungry for personal items about men who have made their mark in the world. The rare union of a dignified manner with a genial, gossip style, and an inimitable way of putting things, clothes whatever comes from Dr. Boyd with a charm peculiarly his own. His popularity is exceptional. One of his books of sermons attained the astonishing circulation of one hundred thousand copies. If a volume of discourses was so successful, we need not be surprised to know that collections of essays and sketches of days and men that are gone were even more successful.

Dr. Boyd's latest book is a continuation of the series he has issued about memories of St. Andrews, the gray old town so dear to golfers and antiquaries. It is entitled, "Last Years at St. Andrew's," and brings the reminiscences of the genial divine up to 1895. St. Andrew's is a favorite holiday resort for all sorts and conditions of people. Its leading clergyman as well as its greatest literary celebrity is eagerly sought after by visitors, and they pay toll for their acquaintance by being made to stand and deliver their best stories and their most interesting reminiscences. Readers of to-day are the richer for the care with which Dr. Boyd has preserved the sayings of his many friends. We have called him a lover of bishops, and that epithet describes him more adequately in his social and ecclesiastical relations than any other we can think of. Although one of the leaders of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, he is an ardent lover of bishops, and an equally ardent hater of Dissenters, as is amply shown in proofs scattered over nearly every page he writes. The recent attempts to disestablish the Church of Scotland, with a view to re-unite the divided members of the Presbyterian family, met with his unmitigated condemnation. "Never was ranker nonsense than the talk of re-uniting the utterly discordant elements of bitterly divided Scottish Presbyterianism. Those men among us who talk claptrap about that, have already ceased to belong to the same Church with me. If I had to choose whether to range myself with such, or with Bishop Thorold, Archbishop Tait, even Dean Church and Liddon, I should not hesitate for one moment." Such an outspoken utterance, and many others like unto it, show clearly where Dr. Boyd

stands. His fondness for bishops and things episcopal sometimes verges on snobbery. We hear much about the stately grandeur of the house in which Bishop Thorold lived, about the great hall, running up two stories, about the magnificent staircase of many steps, about the rose garden, about the Japanese paper on the walls of the drawing-room, "the costliest I ever saw," and other accessories of the position of an English bishop. But a saving quality of self-respect and dignified treatment redeem such statements from the snobbery into which they would betray other men. The weakness and affectations of Dr. Boyd are on the surface. Back of them are a unique personality and a marvelous knack of putting things which invest even trivial matters with a distinct fascination.

This lover of bishops has much to tell us about bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries whose names are cherished wherever the English language is spoken. He makes much of his long and warm friendship with the late Dr. Thorold, whose administration and books have built for him an enduring memorial. Jowett also figures frequently in his pages. It is interesting to know that the great scholar and preacher used to scandalize his hearers in the Fifehire town by flaunting his paper in their very faces in open defiance of their objections to read sermons. Not merely did he hold the manuscript in his hand, but occasionally he turned it over on its side that he might read something he had interpolated in the margin. The result was that the master of Balliol was contemptuously dismissed, with such criticisms as "a slavish reader" and "no great preacher." Dr. Boyd knew the famous Archbishop Whately intimately, and used to visit him in Dublin. Some good stories are told about the eminent ecclesiastic. That one is repeated of his adroitly ambiguous reply to the dreary author who presented one of his books to him: "Oh, thank you. I assure you I shall lose no time in reading your volume." One day, at dinner, our chronicler was favored with an authoritative version of the celebrated incident of the ass and the Archbishop. It seems that a young and would-be smart aide-de-camp approached the prelate at a great party at the Lord Lieutenant's, and asked: "Does your Grace know what is the difference between an ass and an archbishop?" "No," was the grave answer. Then the daring youth went on: "An ass has a cross on his back, but an archbishop has a cross on his breast." "Very good," admitted the Archbishop. "Now, will you tell me the difference between a young aide-de-camp like yourself and an ass?" "I don't know," said the youth. "Neither do I," said the Archbishop, as he turned on his heels and walked away. It is evidently very difficult to get the better of an archbishop. Old Archbishop Howley drove up in style to the door of the House of Lords one day. A Quaker confronted him with the question: "Friend Howley, what would the Apostle Paul have said if he had seen these four horses and the purple liveries and all the rest?" With a benignant smile the Primate answered: "Doubtless, the Apostle would have remarked that things were very much changed for the better since his time."

The pathos of life as well as its humor finds recognition in Dr. Boyd's book. He wrote it under the shadow of a great sorrow, and he shows that he can comfort as well as amuse. Pregnant bits of philosophy

are interwoven with shrewd criticisms of men and things. Old age has not robbed his mind of its old power to grapple with perplexing problems, or his hand of its old cunning in description. He is still *facile princeps* in that little band of essayists who find thoughts too deep for tears in the meanest flower that blows, and who walk through life with open eyes and ears.

Book Notices

Poems and Ballads by Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896. Price, \$1.50.

What a dainty volume, to be sure, is this book of poems and ballads by Robert Louis Stevenson! On the pale green of the outside it bears a gilt device which tells of the poet's last resting place in far Samoa. There is a palm tree with curving branches and pendent fruit; and eight plain straight lines suggest the deep, deep sea, from which is rising, (or is it setting?) a golden sun. It is simple, effective, and mystic as the verses within. The well known "Child's Garden of Verses," has first place; then follow a set of poems called "Underwoods," next, a series of "Ballads." When reading here and there through these tender poems so full of humanity, and so appreciative of the real beauty of common things, one is reminded of St. Gauden's bronze profile portrait of the gifted author. Again one sees the invalid figure supported by pillows, with the delicate face keenly fixed on the unseen, while the hands hold tablet and pencil ready to record the inspiration which one feels must come. His, doubtless, was a frail, ailing childhood, full of imagination, and the maturer poet embodied his own experience in this little poem, which he calls

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

"When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay,
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed clothes, through the hills,

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheet;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and tall,
That sits upon the pillow-lull,
And sees before him oaks and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

And here we have the impression of a quiet home, and the settled order of such surroundings. It is so sincere and conservative that it is not one bit priggish; he calls it,

SYSTEM

"Every night my prayers I say,
And get my dinner every day;
And every day that I've been good,
I get an orange after food.

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor."

All through the volume this power to throw a glamour over the commonplace, may be seen. In the poem called, "The House Beautiful," the poet shows a bare, bleak place, but it is full of glory.

"A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot;
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within."

Such is the scene, but across this stage there flits "the cold glories of the dawn," and the "cloud galleons" of the skies, and the changing light and shade which winds do bring.

"Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendor; here
The army of the stars appear."

Here through all the seasons the great miracles of nature are recorded, the quick eye of the poet sees it all, even when

"Autumnal frosts enchant the pool,
And make the cart-rut's beautiful."

What a charm and beauty there is in this little touch which tells of the milk—white ice in the wheel tracks of the common highway. The conclusion of all is this—

"To make this earth our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice."

In the ballads are many wierd conceits. "The Feast of Famine" is the setting forth of a annibal repast in the Marquesas Islands, and once you get into the swing of the hexameters in which it is told, you will not stop until all the horror is seen and the story ends. Another is called "Ticonderoga," full of ghosts and destiny, and Highland loyalty to promised word, even if that word has been pledged to the slayer of a brother. Perhaps the tone and temper of the poet-author may be fully summed up in this poem which he calls

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain,
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain;
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!"

These are verses which have in them the throb of life, and all through the book are many such.

Wages and Capital. An Examination of the Wages Fund Doctrine. By F. W. Taussig, Prof. of Political Economy in Harvard University, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1896.

On the last page of this volume the author remarks: "It has been said that the controversy over the wages fund doctrine is a barren one; and so it is, as an effort to settle the causes which finally determine wages and shape distribution at large." This was our growing conviction as we followed the author's arguments from point to point, our labor being not assisted by his rather difficult style. We think that the able discussion of the theories of various economic writers contained in this volume throws considerable light upon the methods and sequence of production, and is particularly valuable as emphasizing the part which time and the division of labor have to play in the matter of production and distribution; *i. e.*, "the relation in time between exertion and result, which had been so lightly passed over in the older literature of the subject." This essay is rather theoretical and speculative than practical, as the author points out. He is dealing with causes and methods, not with applied economics. In short, it is critical, not constructive, and as such it has a distinct value, and will be welcomed by all students of economic science.

The Symmetry of Scripture. By Wm. Carpenter Bompas, D.D., Bishop of Selkirk, North-West Territory, Canada. New York: James Pott & Co.

It may be that Bishop Bompas has made a discovery which tends to confirm the truth of Scripture, and refute some of the positions of destructive criticism, but we fear few persons will be convinced by the book before us. The foundation principles are, first, the symmetry of construction, the arrangement being that of lines of almost equal length and stars of three, four, or five lines; along with this, numerous repeated words, yielding by themselves a consecutive sense; initial letters of lines, affording a sense appropriate to the context; and every letter having a definite force. "The result is that the meaning of any passage is partly independent of the order in which the letters composing it are arranged, and, by various

transpositions and variations, new aspects of the passage can be obtained, and especially the reversed text will yield fresh lessons." The same theory is applied to the Creeds, Collects, and Canticles of the Prayer Book. We are not sure that, with the necessary cutting and trimming, it might not be adapted to almost anything expressed in archaic or ecclesiastical language. It reminds us unpleasantly of the various cryptograms thought to have been discovered in Shakespeare's plays. Many of the author's modernized translations and modes of expression are peculiarly unfortunate, and often clearly incorrect. As for the sense obtained by "transpositions and variations," and through the study of initial letters, instead of throwing fresh light upon the passages concerned, they seem to us most frequently to give a sense without any relation whatever to the normal order. We cannot help feeling that this book presents an instance of much learning and ingenuity misapplied.

THE "Outlines of Church History for the Young," and the catechism entitled "Christ in Type and Prophecy," have been transferred from the Church Publishing Society to James Pott & Company, 4th ave. and 22d st., N. Y., publishers of the "Church Catechism Illustrated," who have them on sale. A short catechism on the Old Testament, consisting of questions with answers, will also be ready for the Advent season.

SOME BOOKS ON JAPAN

Townsend Harris, First American Envoy in Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2.

It seems hardly possible that only for seven years ago the first American envoy to Japan was struggling for recognition and a shelter on Japanese soil, and had to make his way almost inch by inch to Yedo to present the President's letter to the Tai Kun. Mr. Harris was a Christian, a member of the congregation of Dr. Beddell (afterwards bishop), in New York. During all his residence in Japan he strictly observed the Lord's Day and read the Prayer Book service, even at the time when the law of the land made Christian worship punishable with death. He was the first diplomatic representative ever received in Yedo (1857). His progress from Shimoda, with a large cavalcade, is an interesting chapter. The roads' sides were thronged with people who had never before seen a "barbarian," all clean, well clad, and well fed. Few people in Japan enjoyed the luxury of a bed, but every one had his daily bath. The first consular flag ever seen in the empire was hoisted by Mr. Harris, on Sept. 4 1856; "Query," says the journal, "if for the real good of Japan?" Of the value of Mr. Harris' services to that country and to the world there can be no doubt. He seemed to possess just the qualities and experience needed to deal with the strange people whose confidence he won and whose country he was foremost in opening to the commerce of the world. The book is chiefly a transcript from his journal.

Sunrise Stories. A Glance at the Literature of Japan. By Roger Riordan and Tozo Takayanagi. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

The literature of Japan is indeed that of the "sunrise," the literature of the dawn of a unique civilization, inspired by nature and turning to the east for warmth and light. A fine contrast it would make with that of the Norsemen, its dainty, delicate, bright fancies set over against the dark and rugged background of Scandinavian sea and mountain storm. The roots of her literature are in the garden of myths, and the growth of it seems to have extended little beyond stories and descriptive dramas. The authors of "Sunrise Stories" have endeavored to give an historic sketch with some paraphrases and versified translations of works little known to English readers, with the assurance that "what is best in the literature of Japan does not bear translation." Their work, however, seems to correspond well to the ideas we have formed of the character and condition of the

Japanese before their contact with western civilization. Since the Restoration, says the preface, "Japan has been too much occupied with necessary reforms to produce much original literary work." The following is from "War in Spring," written in the period corresponding to our "Middle Ages":

"Sowing wide the rain
The soft gray clouds foregather
In the chilly air;
And weeps the ice-clad willow
Into the misty river.
Minamoto's lord
Kawadzura's routed forces
Drives through Yoshino.

And now our heart rejoices
In the growing spring,
Upon the mountain ridges,
Down the hollow gleas,
A host of blossoms greet him.
Every wind that blows
Wafts far and wide their fragrance
And Yoshitune's fame."

Rambles in Japan. The Land of the Rising Sun. By H. B. Tristram, D. D., LL. D. With forty-five illustrations by Edward Whymper from sketches and photographs; an index, and a map. Chicago and New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$2.

Canon Tristram has given to the world an account of his "rambles," which the publishers have made up in a very handsome volume with numerous illustrations. The primary object of the author's visit, as he tells us in the preface, was to gain information as to the position of missionary work in Japan, especially that of the Church Missionary Society. He had unusual advantages for seeing and understanding the country and the people, being accompanied by his daughter, who had been for some years a missionary resident there. His observations as a field naturalist add interest to his descriptions; a chapter relating to missions would be a valuable addition. There is an index and a good map.

Notes in Japan. By Alfred Parsons. With illustrations by the same author. New York: Harper & Bros. Price, \$3.

Mr. Parsons is an artist and he has given us a very artistic book, in the making of which the publishers have generously co-operated. It is a delight both to the hand and the eye. There are 226 illustrations, beautifully drawn and delicately printed, and the typography and binding correspond. The author is a quick and sympathetic observer, accentuating what is of real interest, and massing the details so as not to be tiresome. His description of Fuji and its ascent is charming. His notes on Japanese art and symbolism, and his sketches illustrating the seasons, are helpful studies to all who are interested in the æsthetic side of this remarkable country and people.

Kokoro. Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner Life. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Mr. Hearn has written a charming book, and it has attracted wide and favorable notice. Perhaps the element of personal romance in the career of the author may have predisposed his readers to an indulgent consideration. He was born in Smyrna, as report says; his father was English, his mother, Greek; he has married a Japanese lady and, as the Irishman put it, has now made Japan his native land. Certainly he must write of Japanese life with an insight and sympathy that a mere explorer could never attain to. His Japanese name is Y. Kojumi, but we prefer to call it Hearn "for short." Possibly the new woman in Japan supplies the family name! In reading his book we feel that we are in touch with the real life of Japan and not locking at photographs. He writes with love and enthusiasm as one who instinctively appreciates all that is noble and graceful in Japanese character and history. And with all his Oriental warmth of feeling, he has a clear style, and sets forth his keen observations in excellent and musical English. Yet as a philosopher, as an expounder of Buddhism, and pre-existence, and the compound soul, Mr. Lafcadio Hearn Kojumi is not impressive. He is simply fantastic.

Lotus-Time in Japan. By Henry T. Finck. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Son. Price, \$1.75.

Mr. Finck is an entertaining companion and sees the bright side of this bright country, but as a preacher he is no better than Mr. Hearn. He does not attempt, however, to go into the philosophy of anything, but bases his conclusions upon the most superficial observation of the surface of things. Admitting himself to be a "globe trotter" (a vile phrase repeatedly used by him), he assumes to give "a bird's eye view of the principal points in which Japanese civilization is superior to our own." These "principal points," in his eulogy seem to include nearly all that a man of the world counts life worth living for. What the Japanese have to offer us, he says, "is of a higher and nobler order than what we can offer them." He has no patience with our sending 600 missionaries to Japan, when their civilization is already better than our own. He seems to estimate character by æsthetic measures, and morality by the standard of manners. This "bird's-eye view" and tourist observation of Japan he contrasts unfavorably with his microscopic observation of western civilization. With sincere admiration for the Japanese, we must protest against such comparisons. No amount of Oriental suavity can stand for a moment before the rugged truthfulness and honor of the Christian nations of the West. Nearly all that Mr. Finck claims for Japan, and much more in many ways, might be claimed for Greece in the early days of its decadence; and much that he claims must be severely qualified upon nearer view. But his book is not largely didactic. It is very enjoyable, except for his disparagement of the missionaries, of whom and of whose works he shows no personal knowledge. Lotus-time is the mid-summer of Japan, when everything is in full bloom and full blast, and our author sees and enjoys it all, from actresses to Ainos. Of the Japanese plays he remarks that they are very immoral, but parents of the lower classes take their boys and girls of all ages to see them. They were so bad "until recently" that no person of reputation could visit them. Perhaps the missionaries are doing some good!

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.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston
Protestantism. By Edward P. Usher, A. M., LL. B. \$1.50.

F. N. W. BROWN, Toronto
The Bishops of the Church of England in Canada and New Foundland. By the Rev. Charles H. Mockridge, M. A., D. D.

D. APPLETON & CO.
The Story of Electricity. By John Munro. 40 cents.
The Monetary and Banking Problem. By Logan G. M. Paerson. \$1.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.
How to Speak Latin. By Stephen W. Wilby.
JOHN D. WATLES & CO., Philadelphia
Recent Research in Bible Lands. By Drs. J. F. McCurdy, Frederick J. Bliss, Herman V. Hilprecht, A. H. Sayce, Fritz Hommel, William H. Ward, J. P. Manaffy, and W. M. Ramsay.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.
Platform Pearls for Temperance Workers and other Reformers. Compiled by Lillian M. Heath. 75 cents.

THOMAS WHITTAKER.
The Inspiration of History. By James Mulcahey, S. J. D. vii + 110. St. Paul's chapel, Trinity parish, New York. \$1.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED
Such pamphlets as seem to be of general interest and permanent value will be noted under this head as received. No further notice is to be expected.

The Peculiar People. American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.
Year Book of Christ Church, Greenwich, Conn.
Christ's Four-fold Ministry, and the Special Ministry of the Apostles. By the Rev. John S. Davenport, Hartford, Conn.

An Appeal to Professing Christians Respecting the Attitude of the Church in Regard to War. By the Representatives of the Society of Friends, of Philadelphia.
Woman. By the Rev. Charles H. Schultz. Crowthers & Korth.
Calendar of Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont. Report of the 29th Annual Council, Diocese of Nebraska.

The Household

Opportunity

Miss Abigail Meeker walked up the graveled path to the porch with the western exposure, on which was seated her friend Mrs. Brewster.

How d' do?" she called as she drew near. "I don't wonder you like to be outdoors. I thought there was a real chill in the house, which is no more'n's to be looked for late in September. But when you get out in this mellow sunshine—my!"

She panted as she seated herself, giving a pleased glance about her.

"Well, I've said it time and again, and I say it yet, that if there's one place that seems to get more o' the real fall tints than another, it's them maples o' your'n. Look a' them reds and purples! Solomon in all his glory, sure enough."

"Abigail," said her friend—and the tone brought Miss Abigail's eyes at once to her face to meet a look which caused a sudden cloud to fall on her own.

"What's the matter, Jane?"

"Has there been anything heard from Susan Pettit?"

"Not as I know of. I didn't know anybody expected to hear from her."

"No, that's it."

"Mrs. Brewster set her lips and shook her head.

"What is a troublin' you, Jane?"

"Do you know when she was expected home?"

"Why, no. I don't know as anybody knew, did they?"

"I s'pose not. That's it."

"What on earth's the matter, Jane? You fairly make me creep, lookin' so woe-begone. What is it? Anything wrong about Susan Pettit? I didn't know you knew her well enough to take it hard if there was."

"Yes, there 'tis again—I didn't," said Mrs. Brewster, in a deeply pained voice. "Abigail, wasn't her initials S. J.?"

"Like enough they was. Let me see—yes—I remember wondering what the J. stood for when she put down her name for a quarter on the subscription paper to send Jerry Day to the hospital. Susan Pettit never give much, but what she did give she always give willin'. But what—"

"Have you seen this?"

Mrs. Brewster held up a copy of the weekly edition of a newspaper in the nearest large city.

"No!"

"An awful railroad accident. One car jumped right into another, and crushed people's lives out. A dozen killed, and plenty more wounded. Now listen, 'Killed, S. J. Pettit.'"

The two neighbors gazed into each other's eyes.

"Couldn't it be a mistake?"

"It ain't a common name. 'Twas a train—see"—Mrs. Brewster leaned over with the paper, and pointed to some lines in the short chapter of the tragedy—"comin' this way. This was why I wanted to know if you knew she was a comin'. But—" Mrs. Brewster's voice broke in a sob, "nobody knew."

"You don't mean it!" said Miss Abigail taking the paper with a little air of des-

peration. "I can't believe it. Dead! I can't seem to sense it. Such a chipper little creetur she was, in spite of her lameness. Always had a pleasant word and a smile for folks, and all the children loved her. Well," with a tremble in her voice, "if I had it to do over again, I'm free to confess I'd do different by Susan Pettit."

With another huge sob, Mrs. Brewster covered her face with her hands, and cried.

"All the time that woman's lived here amongst us," she presently began, "I've had it on my mind that when I got round to it I'd try to make things a little easier and pleasanter for her. How long is it since she come?"

"Six or seven year, I guess"—

"Yes. And there was some of us that felt to lay it up agin her that she was niece to old Jacob Hart that was always suspected of that mortgage fraud. And when she came here to take care of him when he was dying, and then lived on in that little mite of a house he'd left her, why—if I haven't done a neighbor's part by her, which I haven't—may the Lord forgive me!"

"You needn't talk," said Miss Abigail.

"Many and many's the time I've went by there, and see her settin' alone lookin' out in such a kind of a pitiful way—like she was longing for some one to come in and be a little sociable with her. I thought I hadn't time, and I hadn't—much—but I might 'a' made time, and been none the worse for it. O me! It was an opportunity, and now it's gone from me. She was a stranger, and I didn't take her in!"

Left to herself an hour later, Mrs. Brewster sat face to face with her lost opportunity, and with every thought the sting of self reproach grew deeper.

"She was so poor, and I didn't hold out a hand to her. I might have stopped for her as I drove by to church, when I knew she was often kept to home by her lameness. I meant to send her apples and things—and I didn't. I thought sometimes of sending her my religious paper when I'd done reading it—and I let the time slip."

There was a shiver of excitement as Miss Abigail Meeker passed through

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the village on her way home, telling her startling news.

Does any life go out among us—poor, careless procrastinators that we are—without leaving behind its train of bitter thoughts of what we might have done, and did not do? Of the words which might have been spoken to ears now closed, of acts which might have brought comfort and cheer? May we be pitied in our aching for a sound from dumb lips in acknowledgment of blessing which should have been bestowed—in our craving for time, time, time in which to do the thousand and one things which never now can be done.

More than one turned with dimming eyes towards the window from which the patient face had looked out.

"I meant to carry some o' them flower-seeds to her. She'd 'a' liked 'em—she set such store by flowers."

"I could 'a' stopped and plowed up her bit of a garden just as well as not."

"Why didn't I invite her to my quiltin'?"

"I might—" "I could have—" "I meant to—" "I wish I had—" "Why didn't I—"

Miss Susan Pettit was brought home to the little house for the funeral. Crushed and broken—the plain, sealed coffin borne reverently among those to whom

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the awful thing came as the excitement of a lifetime. Hysterical sobs and wailing were heard as flowers were piled over the still form.

"I didn't bring one of 'em," said Mrs. Brewster, pointing to them in half-indignant agitation. "No, I didn't. I've read a piece of poetry about layin' flowers on folks' graves—and—" Mrs. Brewster choked—"never layin' deeds of loving kindness onto their lives. And have you read the piece about her in the paper? All about the sweetness and loveliness? Queer, hain't it?" with a gasping laugh, "that nobody never seemed to find it out till—no—you don't catch me carryin' flowers to her grave. They might 'a' comforted her livin'."

The house was shut and locked after the funeral, its closed blinds bearing a mournful look to those who passed. It was said that it had fallen to a distant connection of Miss Susan, but no one knew certainly.

Three weeks later an unpretentious, shabby-neat little figure left the afternoon train and walked with limping steps up the street of the small village, followed by wide staring, wondering eyes.

"Hey?"

"That ain't Susan Pettit!"

"Well, if she wa'n't dead I'd say 'twas."

"But she is dead—"

"I don't care—it's her anyways."

Miss Susan went quietly up to the door of the little house, still dreary with its closed windows, took the key from her pocket, and opened it.

"It was all a mistake," she said, her face beaming in appreciation of the cordiality with which the amazed neighbors crowded about her. "I wasn't hurt a mite, but they got names mixed up. And I didn't try to set things right, because, you see, there wasn't anybody it would make any difference to, except the folks belongin' to the poor soul that was dead. And they don't know yet who was in that—ah me!"

Miss Susan shuddered at the dreadful memory.

"O Susan, it does—it did make a difference," cried Abigail Meeker, wiping her eyes. "Where have you been all this time?—as it seems pretty sure you aint been in heaven."

"I've been with a lady that got hurt. I took care of her that night," Miss Susan closed her eyes with another nervous shudder, "and the next day when she came to, nothing would do but I must go with her. She's gettin' well, now; so I come home."—*Sydney Dayre, in The Standard.*

The Great Auk

BY FRANK H. SWEET

Two hundred years ago the wild, lonely islands of our northern coasts literally swarmed with these strange birds. They waddled slowly about in an erect position, with their broad, webbed feet and short wings, resembling the flippers of a seal, and were the connecting links between the fish and bird, partaking of the nature of both. They were large fowls, with coal-black head and back, and with curious white spots under their right eyes. They never flew, for their wings were very short and much resembled the fins of a fish, having nothing upon them but a sort of down and short feathers.

The little auk, the puffin, the common guillemot, called locally the "murr and turr," and the razor-billed auk are still abundant, but the great auk must now be reckoned, like the dodo, among the things that have been. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they were found in myriads around the shores and on the low, rocky islands near the coast, and occasionally even as far out as the Banks, but now they are extinct everywhere, not a specimen being found in the last fifty years. The discovery of a single living specimen, or even a skeleton, would now be hailed as a most fortunate event. The last great auk was shot on an isolated rock off the south coast of Iceland in 1844 and is now in the museum of Copenhagen. In all the museums of Europe and America there are only seventy-two specimens of the bird. Three of these were found on Funk Island, off the north-eastern coast of Newfoundland in 1864. They came into the possession of Bishop Field, who forwarded one to Agassiz, another to Prof. Newton, of Cambridge, and the third ultimately reached the British Museum, where there is but one other specimen, brought from the Orkneys in 1812. Numerous bones of the great auk have been found on Funk Island, and a careful search might discover many perfect skeletons. The great auk was larger than a goose. Its wings were very small and not constituted for flight, but were admirable paddles in the water, enabling the bird to move about even more swiftly than the loon. The legs were extremely short, but powerful, and placed so much posteriorly that, in resting on the rocks, the birds assumed an upright attitude, the whole of the legs and toes being applied to the surface. It was a native of the northern hemisphere, the penguin being its relation in the southern. The causes of its extermination are not difficult to discover. Its short wings and peculiar conformation rendered it helpless on the land, while its flesh and feathers were so valuable as to invite the rapacity of man. There were few suitable breeding places, and when they were invaded it could not fly elsewhere and had no choice but to die. In the "struggle for existence" to which nature subjects all her animal productions, such a bird as the great auk must perish early.

Not only were the crews of the fishing vessels of those days in the habit of consuming vast quantities of these birds fresh, but they were accustomed to salt

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down many tons of them for future use. The merchants of Bonavista and other places were in the habit of salting them and selling them, in the winter season, instead of pork, to the fishermen. The sailors used to land on the islands where they bred, and fill their boats with the plump, unwieldy birds (which on land could make no effort to escape), driving them on board by hundreds, or knocking them on the head with sticks. They feasted on their eggs, and even burned their bodies for fuel, in order to warm water to pick off the feathers which were valuable. After capturing them they sometimes shut them up in stone enclosures, in order to have them ready when wanted. It is not wonderful that, under such circumstances, the great auk has been completely exterminated.

On a recent Sunday a certain Mr. Tobit Evans attended divine service at Landewednack church in Cornwall. The last sermon in this church in the ancient Cornish language is said to have been preached in 1678. Whilst the service was quietly proceeding Mr. Evans frightened the clergyman and congregation by suddenly repeating in a loud voice the Lord's Prayer in the ancient Cornish tongue.

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Children's Hour

Smiling the Shadows Away

Everything went topsy-turvy that morning in the Weaver household. The spirit of mischief stalked undisguised about the dining room of the old home-stand. Mr. Weaver had failed to return from his New York trip the night before, as his family had expected. Mrs. Weaver, worried over his delay, had passed a restless night, awaking with a bad headache. Amy pouted because she had to go to school, thereby missing her papa's return. The twins, Ned and Neva, were at cross-purposes with each other, while Oscar, sharing in the general unpleasantness, found fault with everything.

"I don't want any," he said loftily, waving the plate of biscuit aside. "Why didn't Norah make muffins, I'd like to know?"

"I told her to make biscuit," put in Mrs. Weaver, absent mindedly.

"Well, for one, I won't eat those three-story affairs," returned Oscar, crossly.

"She'll build them with an attic next time, I suppose," cried Amy ill-naturedly. "Goodness, what coffee! Is *this* the best you can do, Norah?"

"Perhaps you haven't cream enough in it, Amy," interposed Mrs. Weaver, gently, as Norah indignantly set a dish of poached eggs upon the table.

"Yes, mamma, I have," returned Amy, emphatically. "The trouble is entirely with the coffee. What! poached eggs again! Why didn't you cook them some other way, Norah? Don't you know how?"

But Norah's response was swallowed up in a piercing scream from little Ned. He had accidentally upset Neva's glass of milk, and she, in unkind retaliation, had given him a smart slap on the cheek.

"You did it a' purpose, you know you did," she cried, "cause it was the last glass, and I got it!"

"Leave the table, Neva," commanded her mother, as she wiped the tears out of little Ned's blue eyes.

Neva dared not disobey that tone, but, as she sulkily flopped out of her chair, her elbow sent Amy's much-despised coffee flowing in a brown stream over the white tablecloth.

"It don't hurt anything but the tablecloth," remarked Amy, with an unkind shrug of her shoulders, "and perhaps it will teach Norah to make coffee that we can drink."

"Amy!" admonished mamma, but not in time to stay the remark before Norah heard it.

It proved to be the last straw. Bristling with anger, she flounced into the room.

"It's this minute I'm givin' you warnin', ma'am," she cried. "When me week's out, I go. I've nothin' forninst yourself, ma'am, but I won't stand sass from no one's young uns. I'm not!"—

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But her flow of wrath was interrupted by the jingle of the door-bell, and it was with a very bad grace indeed that she answered it.

"Good morning, Norah," the occupants of the dining-room heard some one say in a bright, cheery tone. "How well you're looking! Your cheeks are as rosy as they can be. I suppose your new place agrees wonderfully with you. But anybody would like Aunt Hester and those darling children. You're well pleased—aren't you, Norah?"

Norah's indignation yielded at once to the stream of brightness turned upon her. Before she was aware of it, she was bowing and smiling, and saying pleasantly, "Yes, miss, that I am, miss. Thankee, miss." And when she popped her head into the dining-room to announce, "It's their cousin, Miss Della, ma'am," Mrs. Weaver was considerably surprised at the mildness of her tones.

"Yes, it's me," cried Della, in her wake.

Her face was so bright, and her smile so contagious, that Mrs. Weaver felt as though a shower of sunbeams had suddenly descended upon them.

"Come in, dear," she said, cordially. "Sit right here, beside me."

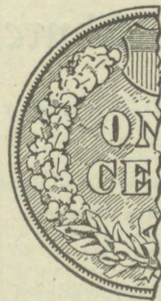
"I stopped on my way to school to get Amy," explained Della, taking the proffered seat at the table. "You lazy thing! Aren't you through your breakfast yet? Well, I don't wonder, with such lovely biscuit to eat. May I have one, Aunt Hester? Are they some of Norah's handiwork? They're browned to a turn. Doesn't she manage your oven lovely? Yes, they *are* a little high, Oscar, but they're light as a feather. I think you've found a real treasure this time, Aunt Hester. My mamma couldn't make nicer biscuits herself."

Norah's face was beaming with brightness as she brought in a plate of hot biscuit, and placed it beside Della. The young girl's pleasant words had been just as audible to her as the unpleasant ones of a short time before.

"You'll take a poached egg, won't you, Della? and a little coffee? Norah, bring Miss Della a cup of coffee, please?"

"Oh, that egg's just like a little white ball! Thank you, Norah! This coffee is truly delicious. You'll have to tell me some time exactly how to make it, Norah!"

"I'll take a cup, too," put in Amy. "You know mine got spilled before I'd taken enough to know how good it was," she added, apologetically.



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"There's plenty more, and it's settled now. I only forgot the drop o' cold wather that sends the grounds to the bottom," said Norah, with a broad smile, as she moved swiftly about.

"I'll take a biscuit, if you please, No'. They are nice, if a fellow will only let himself think so," acknowledged Oscar, manfully.

"But they are purty high. Sure, an' I wasn't partic'lar enough about 'em," conceded Norah. "But the next time I build 'em," she added, with a hearty laugh, "I'll lave off the top story an' the attic!"

Every one joined in the laugh, and Neva peeped in at the door to discover the cause of the merriment.

"Come in, dear," said mamma, pleasantly.

"An' she can have a glass o' the milk I've put away for me puddin'—the little darlint," said Norah, magnanimously.

"Give it to Ned!" cried Neva. "Dear little fellow—I'm awfully sorry I hit you."

Ned held his wounded cheek up for a kiss.

"Now it's all well," he smiled, cuddling up to Neva lovingly.

"If you'll let me take me warnin' back, ma'am, I'd like to stay," Norah whispered to Mrs. Weaver. "Sure, an' I think them blessed childers didn't mean no harm, ma'am."

"I'll be glad to have you stay, Norah. You do very well, I think," returned Mrs. Weaver, heartily. "We were all out of sorts this morning, but Della smiled all the shadows away."

And when Mr. Weaver, whose train had been delayed, burst into their midst a few minutes later, Della's smiling sunshine had become so general that he had no suspicion whatever of the sullen storm-clouds which so recently had been driven away.—*Sunday School Times.*

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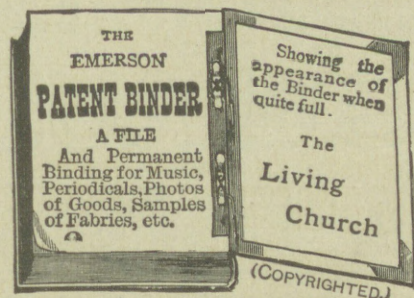
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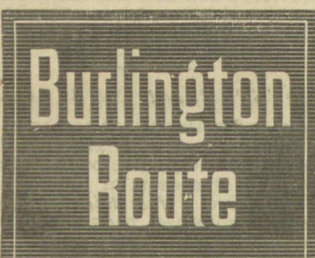
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One of the greatest advantages is the better condition in which the feet can be kept. If there are corns, soreness, or tenderness of any part of the feet, it will be found due to the continuous pressure of the shoes. As no two pairs will affect the feet in quite the same way, the effects from one pair will be avoided by wearing another pair, giving a different pressure, the following day. Given three pairs, then, and being obliged to wear each but two days in a week, it will be found that their effects have been so neutralized that trouble from aching corns and compressed joints will be almost a thing of the past. That this is not merely a theory, but a fact, may be determined by any one who will make the trial.

Another advantage is that with a generous supply of footwear, a single pair can be withdrawn from service at any time for repairs which are needed, and thus the proverbial "stitch in time"—which is nowhere more true—will keep all the shoes in good condition, and enable the owner to get from them more and better service than when they are worn too long before going to the repair department. Above all things, the heels should have prompt attention, and under no consideration are they to be allowed to "run over," not only because of the injury to the feet and the inelegant appearance presented, but because a pair of shoes once seriously run over at the heels can never afterward be brought back into good form and service.

Women employed in stores and offices often feel obliged to wear their street shoes while on duty; but as soon as the home is reached the feet should be freed from their confinement and given the opportunity for rest and a better circulation. This is for the sake of the wearer and her comfort principally, but in a less degree it is only just to the shoes. The latter should be freed from dust, inspected, and set away in good condition for their next tour of duty.

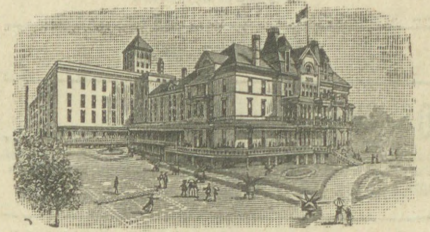
Dampness is the worst enemy of shoes; yet if they have proper treatment a large measure of the usual evil effects may be avoided. Here is a very good rule of practice laid down by a careful woman, which may be followed in a general way, if not in all of the details, with advantage:

"On reaching home, take a soft, clean old blighting brush and brush off lightly as much of the mud as will loosen easily from the leather. Then set the shoes aside to dry thoroughly. When perfectly dry, brush off the mud and dust with care, taking pains to get it from all the corners and crevices. Then wring a small sponge out of cold water, and go lightly over the entire surface of the shoe. This will remove that layer of dust which, sticking closer than a brother, the brush could not wholly dissipate; but care must be taken not to 'scrub' the surface of the leather, to the injury of its natural finish. It may be necessary to wipe the surface over a number of times to bring it to that condition of perfect cleanness which a little experience will readily determine. When this has been done, take a pad composed of several thicknesses of woolen cloth (if old and black, so much the better, it is said; but why?) and go over the leather several times, *a la* bootblack. The original gloss will thus be restored, without the addition of any harmful foreign matter, oil or blacking, while the softness and flexibility of the original condition is restored. This can best be done on the foot, though that is sometimes a rather laborious proceeding."—*Good Housekeeping.*

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