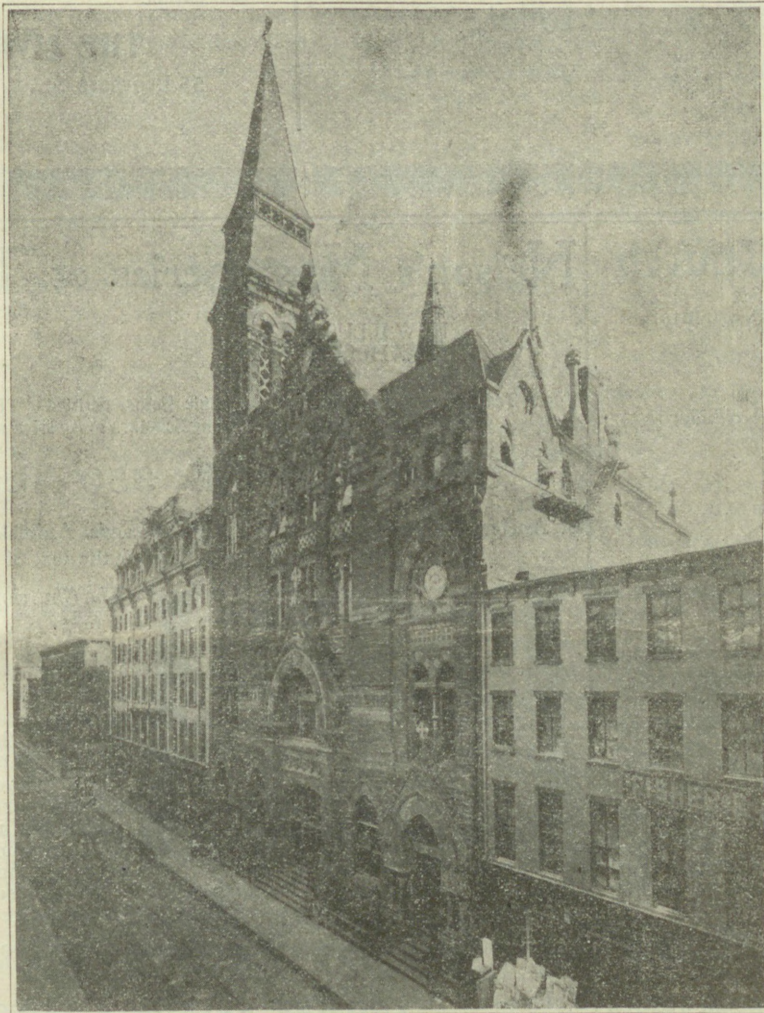


The Living Church

Miss S. P. Smiley 1897
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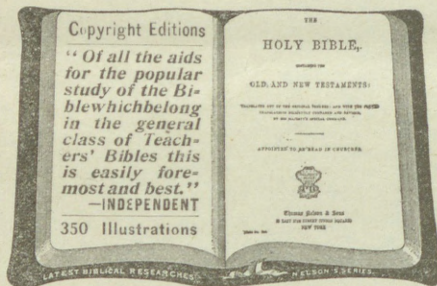
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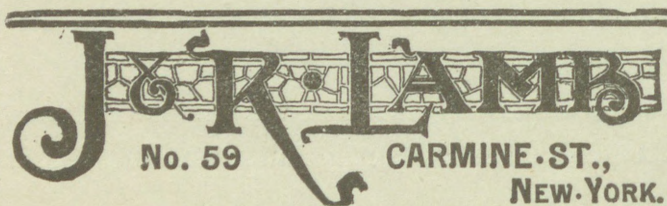
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The Living Church

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

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 18, 1897

News and Notes

THE council of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew announces that it has accepted the invitation of the Bishop of Maryland and the Brotherhood men of Baltimore to hold the thirteenth annual convention in Baltimore, Sept. 28 to Oct. 2, 1898. This decision was unanimously reached at a meeting held in the Church House, Philadelphia. Invitations from Indianapolis, Denver, and New Orleans were also received and carefully considered, but the best interests of the Church and Brotherhood, it was felt, would be more fully served by a meeting in Baltimore. The supposed desire for a midsummer convention was tested by an inquiry sent to the chapters of the council; nine-tenths of the replies expressed a preference for holding to the present plan of an autumn meeting.

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IN the National Conference just held in Philadelphia several important topics were the subjects of the various addresses. One of the most vital was that of marriage and divorce, and the responsibility of government for social purity. Bishop Whitaker presided at this session, and in his address spoke of the fearful increase of the evil of divorce, and the conflict and diversity of State legislation on the subject. "Nothing," he said, "could be more chaotic or more demoralizing. A man died not long ago leaving four widows and four sets of children in four different States, all legally his heirs according to the laws of the States in which they lived. Public opinion must be educated to regard the laws of Christ as supreme and final, for the State in her legislation, and for the citizen. The churches, too, must act together in obedience to the one divine law they all recognize. There are indeed some differences of interpretation. The Roman Catholic recognizes no ground whatever for divorce. The Episcopal Church recognizes but one. The Presbyterians admit desertion in extreme cases as well as adultery. But if every Church will hold its ministry to a strict observance of her own law, and forbid them to remarry parties who have been divorced for causes which she cannot approve, a long step will have been taken in the correction of public opinion. And the whole body of citizens can surely be united in demanding from the States the reformation of their corrupt and corrupting legislation." To-day in thirty States divorce may be obtained for habitual drunkenness, in twenty for insanity before marriage, in fifteen for imprisonment, and in thirteen for fraud.

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THE National Liberal Federation meeting at Derby early in December adopted an advanced platform which it was trusted might unify the party. The position taken is indeed sufficiently "advanced," but there is room for doubt as to the degree of unification it is likely to achieve. It is reported to include: Abolition of the right of the House of Lords to veto the measures of the Lower House, the adoption of woman's

suffrage, the payment of members of Parliament, the enfranchisement of paupers, and the defraying of election expenses out of the public treasury. These proposed measures are too numerous and important for any party to take up at one time. The Liberals would be in danger of repeating the error which was made the last time they were in power. On the other hand, the programme is criticised for dropping some of the measures which have hitherto been urged as of paramount necessity. Home Rule for Ireland is shelved, and it can hardly be imagined that the Irish party will submit to that. The "local veto" is also consigned to oblivion, which is likely to alienate another respectable contingent. What the attack upon the House of Lords involves may be understood when we consider that its veto is the only check upon the House of Commons, the only means by which a reconsideration of any measure can be forced in a country where there is no executive veto as in the United States and no Supreme Court to decide upon the constitutionality of any law. No doubt a better tribunal than the Lords might be devised, but to do away with all constitutional checks upon hasty or drastic legislation would be a plunge into radical democracy for which the English people are hardly prepared. It is a satisfaction to observe that apparently no attack upon the Church is contemplated.

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THE personal estate of the late Dr. Charles John Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, has been valued at about \$100,000. His will begins:—"In the prospect of death a little nearer or farther off, I wish to state explicitly that I have put my whole trust in the revelation of the Gospel, as made in the Gospel of St. John, and in the Epistles of St. John and St. Paul. I believe in the forgiveness of sins as the foundation stone of the Gospel, and commit myself humbly and hopefully to God in this faith for life, death, and eternity." The conclusion of the will reads as follows: "And it is my special desire that no memoir or other permanent record of my life be either printed or published. I desire no other memorial than the kind thoughts of my former pupils at Harrow, Doncaster, the Temple, and Llandaff."

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WHEN the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chief Justice of England received the honorary degree of LL. D. at Cambridge, the Public Orator, Dr. Sandys, spoke of the Archbishop as *nuper consecratum*. This is not true, says *The Church Review*. He was not "recently consecrated" an archbishop. He was designated, elected, and confirmed to that position, and was "consecrated" Bishop of Exeter in 1869. It is remarkable how so many well-read men go wrong in ecclesiastical matters. Mr. Hall Caine, for instance, is a notorious offender in this respect. In one of his novels he spoke of godparents answering the renunciations and vows at a private baptism, and in his recent novel, "The Christian," he makes his morbid hero and his self-con-

scious and hysterical heroine pledge their troth either to other in the words, "I, John Storm, take thee, Glory Quail," etc., etc., as though he were quite unconscious of the fact that at marriages only the Christian names are used. If men of education make such blunders over simple matters of ecclesiastical procedure, what are we to expect of the man in the street, or, we may add, of the average newspaper reporter?

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THE Society of St. John the Evangelist (the Cowley Fathers) at Oxford are about to have a branch house in London. The important work done by the society in the metropolis in preaching courses of sermons in Advent and Lent, mission preaching, holding retreats, etc., makes it desirable that they should have such a house. A definite representation on the subject was recently addressed to the society by about seventy of the London clergy, who expressed their gratitude for its work in the past, and their conviction that that work might be greatly extended by means of a branch house. The Bishop of London has given his sanction in a letter which acknowledges the necessity of an agency like that of the Society of St. John to supplement the parochial system. Ground has already been procured for the purpose, and designs drawn for the house and chapel. It is situated in the parish of Christ church, Westminster, near the property of the Universities' Mission in Central Africa. A committee of prominent men, including the Bishops of Bristol and Stepney, Canon Newbolt, Lord Halifax, and others, has been formed, and subscriptions and donations are invited.

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THE twenty-fourth festival of the London Choir Association, at St. Paul's, Nov. 18th, was one of the finest ever held. About 10,000 people were present, and the choir, selected from sixty churches, consisted of 1,000 voices. It was conducted by Sir George Martin, and the music throughout was by British composers. The hymns included Mr. Martin's own setting of Adelaide Proctor's, "My God, I thank Thee who hast made the earth so bright," Goss's music to Lyte's "Praise, my soul," and the Rev. J. Baden Powell's setting of Baring Gould's "Now severed is Jordan." The anthems were Sir John Stainer's "Lord, Thou art God," and Sir G. Martin's jubilee *Te Deum*. The Bishop of London, himself an enthusiastic musician, preached what is described as "a homely and convincing, rather than ornately eloquent" defence of music as part of the Church service. Prayers may be said at home, but praise requires an assembly—it is the chief part of public worship, and it is possible only in music. A telling passage was a similitude of music to the Christian life, both being regulated by the strictest of laws and rules. The Bishop pronounced the Benediction, after which the Dresden "Amen" was sung. The most remarkable feature of the gigantic congregation of nearly 10,000 people who filled every available inch of space, was the intense stillness which prevailed amidst the

vast throng. The service went with scarcely a hitch and the effect of such a volume of voices was very grand.



New York City

St. Chrysostom's chapel of Trinity parish has just celebrated the 32d anniversary of its foundation. The vicar, the Rev. Thomas H. Sill, has issued a pastoral letter to the congregation.

The annual public meeting of the missionary society of St. Ignatius' church, was held at the church on the evening of Dec. 10th. An address was made by Bishop Leonard, of Nevada and Utah.

Bishop Potter is announced as one of the lecturers in the current course on the Leonard Bacon Foundation at Yale University, and will shortly visit that university to fulfill the engagement.

The rector of Grace church, the Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Huntington, who has been slightly indisposed for a fortnight, was able to officiate Sunday, Dec. 5th, but had a relapse Monday and though since improved, has been confined to his house.

The charity commissioners have just awarded appropriations as follows: To the House of Mercy of the Church, \$14,300; St. John's Guild, \$30,000; the Peabody Home for Aged and Indigent Women, \$3,750. There is pending an appropriation for the Shepherd's Fold.

Bishop Potter and the Rev. Dr. Wm. S. Rainford have accepted invitations for religious addresses before the students of the University of Pennsylvania. A leading Church layman, Mr. Hamilton Mabie, and others of this city are also to give addresses.

At the church of the Incarnation, the Rev. Wm. Grosvenor, rector, a special organ recital was given by Mr. Alexander Guilmant, Dec. 16th, both chancel and gallery organs being used simultaneously by means of the electric connections recently completed.

At Barnard College, pending the appointment of a regular chaplain, the trustees have secured the services of several clergymen, each of whom will conduct the services for a week. The Barnard Club gave a reception Dec. 7th to Miss Emily James Smith, dean of the college, and to the undergraduate students.

The New York local Assembly of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew met at the church of All Angels on Dec. 10th. At the afternoon session the Rev. Dr. E. L. Stoddard introduced the subject, 'The lost Sunday school scholar,' and the Rev. Thomas H. Sill, 'The lapsed communicant.' At night the Rev. J. M. Neifert preached.

At last week's meeting of the New York Churchman's Association, held at Union Square Hotel, Bishop Potter read a paper on 'The clergyman in politics.' Papers were read by the Rev. Dr. Bradley and the Rev. H. Dixon Jones on 'The duty of the Church to public life.' The Rev. Brockholst Morgan spoke on the work being done by the City Mission society.

The late organist of St. James' church, Mr. Alfred S. Baker, was commemorated in a special service held Dec. 11th, in his father's old parish, Trinity church, Princeton, N. J., the musical renditions on the occasion being almost entirely from his own compositions. An address was made by the Rev. R. S. Nichols. The offertory anthem was from Mr. Baker's unfinished oratorio, 'The desire of all nations,' a work which promised much for the composer's fame.

The diocese is feeling a stimulus towards organizing and developing the work of St. Andrew's Brotherhood through the enthusiasm which the delegates brought back from the Buffalo convention. Emmanuel parish has reorganized its chapter. All Saints' parish will follow with a reorganization soon, and plans are maturing among the young men of St. Peter's parish, who will be ready in the near future to apply for a charter.

Mr. Henry Thayer Drowne, brother of the late Rev. T. Stafford Drowne, D.D., who died a few weeks ago, passed away Dec. 10th at his residence

in this city. The National Fire Insurance Company elected him its secretary in 1855, and 14 years later he was chosen president of the company, a position he held until his death. He was assistant treasurer general of the society of the Cincinnati; corresponding secretary of the American Ethnological Society; and president of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society. The burial service was conducted by the Rev. Geo. C. Houghton, D.D., the new rector of the church of the Transfiguration, of which parish Mr. Drowne had been a pew holder for a quarter of a century. The interment took place at Providence, R. I.

The will of the Rev. George H. Houghton, D.D., late rector of the church of the Transfiguration, was filed for probate on the morning of Dec. 6th. Dr. Houghton leaves no personal property, and his real property, valued at \$50,000, consisting of the house and land adjoining the church, he bequeaths to his niece, Miss Anna M. Houghton, for her life-time, and after her death, to the rector, churchwardens, and vestrymen of the church of the Transfiguration, and their successors for ever. The will was executed Feb. 7, 1893, and therefore comes under the law of charitable bequests, so that its provisions are assured for the benefit of the parish of which Dr. Houghton was founder, and which thus becomes the eventual heir of all his worldly possessions.

At St. John's chapel, of Trinity parish, the men's guild of St. John has arranged for a course of lectures on Wednesday evenings this month and next, on the subject of Church history. The course, which is to be delivered by members of the graduating class of the General Theological Seminary, was opened Dec. 8th, by Mr. F. W. Burge who took for his theme, 'The councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon.' On the evening of Dec. 15th, Mr. Richard D. Hatch described 'The fifth and sixth General Councils.' Future lectures will be by Mr. Rudolph E. Brestell, on 'The new nations,' Mr. Emil Montanus, on 'The Church in the East'; Mr. Harvey Officer, Jr., on 'The Church in the West'; Mr. Wm. R. Watson, on 'The Church in the British Isles'; and a final lecture on 'The great schism between the East and the West,' the lecturer yet to be appointed.

At the last meeting of the Standing Committee of the diocese of New York, four men were recommended for candidates for Holy Orders, two for ordination to the priesthood, and three for ordination to the diaconate. Among the latter was Dr. James H. McIlvaine, lately one of the most noted Presbyterian preachers in the metropolis, long pastor of the fashionable church of the Covenant, Murray Hill, and on its union with the Brick church, Fifth ave., co-pastor with Dr. Henry Van Dyke. Dr. McIlvaine resigned his connection with the Brick church last year and went abroad for travel and rest. Later, as announced at the time in the columns of THE LIVING CHURCH, he abandoned Presbyterianism and entered the communion of the Church, receiving the rite of Confirmation in St. Paul's church, Rome, Italy, the Rev. Dr. R. J. Nevin, rector. Expressing to Bishop Potter his desire to receive Holy Orders, he was admitted a candidate some months ago.

The annual meeting of the archdeaconry of New York took place Dec. 7th, in the chapel of Grace church. Bishop Potter celebrated the Blessed Sacrament, and presided at the business session which followed. Mr. Charles P. Bull was re-elected secretary, and Mr. James Pott, treasurer. By-laws proposed by the executive committee were read by Mr. Geo. B. Bonney, and were approved, with some slight modifications. They will come up for final adoption at a special meeting to be held Dec. 29th, at Grace church. The archdeaconry will cover only the present city of New York, and will continue to bear its present name. Incorporation will be sought, in order that the archdeaconry may be able to hold real estate, and to receive gifts and bequests. The trustees will be the Ven. Charles C. Tiffany, D.D., archdeacon of

New York; the Rev. Drs. David H. Greer, Jno. W. Brown, William H. Vibbert, and J. Lewis Parks; and Messrs. George Coppel, George B. Bonney, Andrew C. Zabriskie, and C. A. Clark. The Ven. Archdeacon Tiffany, D.D., reported in the mission stations of the archdeaconry, 84 Confirmations, 167 Baptisms, 56 marriages, 51 funerals, 1,118 services, and a roll of 468 communicants. Expenditures were \$4,785.

At the annual business meeting of the Association for Promoting the Interests of Church Schools, Colleges, and Seminaries, held at the parish house of the church of All Angels, Dec. 6th, Mr. William M. V. Hoffman, the president, occupied the chair. There was a large attendance of members from different parts of the country, including President Smith, of Trinity College; President Jones, of Hobart College; Vice-Chancellor Wiggins, of the University of the South; Warden Piper, of Racine College; Dean Hoffman, of the General Theological Seminary; Mr. Charles F. Hoffman, Jr., the Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Nott Potter, late of Hobart College, and the Bishops of Delaware and New Hampshire. President Hoffman read the annual report which showed the association to be in a prosperous condition, and doing much to strengthen the educational institutions of the Church. A committee was appointed to take appropriate action concerning the death of the founder of the association, the late Rev. Dr. Charles F. Hoffman. Addresses were made by the two sons of Dr. Hoffman, and by his brother, Dean Hoffman, pledging themselves to continue the work, and asking for the liberal co-operation of all Churchmen. At noon the delegates adjourned to the Hotel St. Andrew, where they partook of a luncheon, as guests of the president of the association, and a number of speeches were made. At the afternoon session, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Wm. M. V. Hoffman; vice-presidents, R. B. Fairbairn, warden of St. Stephen's College; G. W. Smith, president of Trinity College; the Rev. Dr. A. T. Porter; B. L. Wiggins, vice chancellor of the University of the South; and R. E. Jones, president of Hobart College; secretary, the Rev. S. DeLancey Townsend, Ph. D.; treasurer, Mr. George Zabriskie.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The Rev. Francis L. H. Pott, of St. John's College, Shanghai, has been addressing the students on missionary activities of the Church in China. It is expected that two members of the present senior class in the seminary will apply for appointment as missionaries to China, as soon as they take Holy Orders.

Philadelphia

The two nights' supper and bazaar held in the Sunday school rooms of the church of the Transfiguration closed on Wednesday evening, 8th inst. The affair was a decided success.

Before the Y. M. C. A. of the University of Pennsylvania, the Rev. Dr. W. N. McVickar delivered an address at Houston Hall, on Wednesday evening, 8th inst., his subject being 'What is religion?'

Plans have been made by Mr. Horace W. Sellers, for altering and remodeling the chapel of St. Clement's church, the Rev. G. H. Moffett, rector, which will include decorations, upholstering, choir fixtures, painting, etc.

At the meeting of the Clerical Brotherhood on the 6th inst., the Rev. Charles S. Lyons delivered an address, and the Rev. Dr. S. Upjohn read an interesting paper on the query, 'Is the higher criticism conducive to a reverence for God's Word?'

Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, delivered a lecture at St. James' Guild house on 'Hull House and what it stands for,' on the 11th inst. The proceeds of the lecture are to be devoted to the establishment of a guild house in the vicinity of 24th and Hamilton sts.

A missionary 'mass meeting' was held on Sunday evening, 5th inst., at Christ church Germantown, the Rev. Dr. J. B. Falkner, rector. Archdeacon Brady presided, and the Rev.

H. F. Fuller spoke on the work among the Jews. The Rev. Fr. Welling detailed the work of the Christian League among the colored people; and the Rev. J. P. Tyler spoke of the rescue mission.

At a dinner given in honor of Rt. Rev. Dr. J. P. DuMoulin, Lord Bishop of Niagara, during his recent visit to this city, there were present the Rev. Messrs. C. S. Olmsted, S.T.D., J. A. Goodfellow, and H. P. Hobson (of Marlborough, N. Y.), Mr. Richardson L. Wright, and Mr. J. A. Goodfellow. A dinner at the Hotel Walford was also given in honor of the Lord Bishop, by John E. Baird. Among the guests on this occasion were Bishop Whitaker, the Rev. Messrs. L. Caley, H. Richard Harris, D.D., John Dows Hills, and seven prominent laymen.

The 22nd service of song, under the direction of the Rev. J. G. Bierck, organist and choirmaster of the church of the Saviour, was given on Sunday evening, 5th inst. The service music was from that of the Rev. E. V. Hall in Bb. An anthem, written especially for the choir by Bruce Steane, was sung for the first time; the words are taken from St. John xiv: 18-21. Stainer's anthem, "Hosanna in the Highest," and E. A. Sydenham's "Be merciful unto me," for baritone solo and chorus, were also harpily rendered, with Mr. Charles Graff as the soloist. The sermon was preached by the rector, the Rev. Dr. W. B. Bodine.

There was filed for record in the register's office, on the 7th inst, a certified copy of the will of Mrs. Mary H. Mayers, a former resident of this city, wife of the Rev. Henry S. Mayers, vicar of Berrow, Scmerset, England, in which is a contingent bequest of \$18,000 interest, of which \$4,000 is to be held for the Rt. Rev. B. W. Morris, Bishop of Oregon, to expend the income in Church work in the diocese of Oregon; and \$1,000 to the rector and wardens of St. Luke's church, Germantown, for keeping in repair certain family graves, and for providing flowers for these graves at the festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide.

On Wednesday, 8th inst., the second annual day of devotion and conference for the women of St. Matthew's parish, the Rev. R. W. Forsyth, rector, was held. There was service in the church in the morning, and in the afternoon in the parish house, addresses were made by Mrs. A. B. Clark, of South Dakota, who spoke of the work of the Daughters of the King; Mrs. John Moncure, giving details of women's work in missions, and Miss C. H. Sanford, deaconess and house mother at the Deaconess House, on the work of a deaconess. In the evening the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. W. B. Bodine. There was a large attendance throughout the entire day.

The first annual dinner of the Gallaudet College alumni was held on the evening of the 10th inst., at the Hotel Lafayette. The Rev. J. M. Koehler, rector of All Souls' church for the Deaf, presided. A letter of greeting from the alumni of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb was received. Mr. Koehler made the opening address. The toast, "Alma Mater" was responded to by E. M. Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D., president of the college. A letter was read from Dean Bartlett, of the Divinity school, regretting his inability to be present, and speaking in strong terms of commendation of the college. Professor A. G. Draper, M.A., responded to the toast, "The alumni." A letter was read from the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, a brother of the president of the college.

A "National conference on the Christian principles of civil government," was held on the 8th and 9th inst., in the Fifth Baptist house of worship. Among those who were said to have accepted invitations to speak were Bishops Doane and Whitaker and the Rev. Dr. A. G. Mortimer. The last named sent a letter regretting his inability to be present. Bishop Whitaker, who was the only Churchman in attendance, was made the presiding officer on the second day, and delivered a short address on

divorce. In the course of his remarks, he said that while in Virginia City, Nevada, during a certain period of three months, he had been asked to officiate at nine marriages which he was compelled to decline. One of these cases was especially notorious, the parties having obtained a divorce in order to marry again.

The will of the late Henry Lentz Elder, whose contingent bequest to Christ church was mentioned in our last issue, was probated on the 7th inst. The entire estate is to be placed in trust, and contingent provisions are made for the payment of certain portions of the income for the benefit of the parish of Christ church, and other beneficiaries. After the death of all his children, four-sixths of the estate are bequeathed to the rector, wardens, and vestrymen of Christ church, to be held in trust permanently as the "Elder Memorial Fund," the income to be applied for the benefit of the parish, on the sole discretion of the said corporation. The testator further directed that there shall be permanently affixed to the wall of the said church with which he had an ancestral connection, a suitable brass tablet, upon which shall be engraved the words:

In memoriam. Henry Lentz Elder and Maria Louisa Taylor Elder, his wife, and their children, Cornelia Mar-a Louisa Elder, Julia Virginia Elder, Maria Gertrude Elder, Henry Clay Elder, George Taylor Elder, William Thomas Elder, Kate Taylor Elder, and Emily Lydia Elder.

The said corporation is given authority to dispose of the residuary estate at its discretion. The value given to the register of wills is over \$100,000, but from other sources the amount is stated to be threefold these figures. Mr. Elder left six children surviving him.

The Rev. F. L. Hawks Pott, dean of St. John's College, Shanghai, China, gave an interesting account of his work in an address to the congregation of the church of the Messiah, Sunday evening, Dec. 5th. Mr. Pott spoke of the great value and necessity of educating Chinese boys, as between the ages of 13 and 20 years was about the only time any impression could be made on the Chinese mind, so crystallized has that mind become by years and years of rigid adherence to the laws of their forefathers. Mr. Pott is now in this country for the purpose of raising funds to enlarge the college buildings, so that more students can be accommodated. As these students come from the wealthiest and most influential families in the empire, it can be readily seen what invaluable benefit will result if these, through their higher education, become converts to Christianity. The Rev. Mr. Pott also addressed the Sunday school in the afternoon, drawing lessons of obedience and respect from the example of Chinese boys. The scholars' offerings were given to the Chinese school.

The annual meeting of the Church Club was held at the Church House on Monday evening, 6th inst., George C. Thomas in the chair, who submitted the second annual report of the Board of Governors. From this it appears that during the past year, 30 new members have been added; seven have been lost by resignation; two have died; and 15 members enrolled have failed to qualify; present membership, 210. The treasurer's report showed receipts, including balance on hand, \$3,185.63; present balance \$155.49. The furnishing of the club rooms was completed by the decoration of the walls. The collection of the photographs of the bishops of the Anglican Communion has been successfully carried on; up to the present time photographs from 80 bishops of the American Church, and 81 bishops of the Church of England and of her colonies, have been received. They have been suitably mounted and placed on the walls of the club meeting-room. The retiring president, W. W. Frazier, presented to the club a fine portrait of Bishop Whitaker, which is hung in the reading room. The house committee reports that 3,540 persons during the year used the club rooms, not including members attendant on stated or special meetings. The specific work of the club was begun July 1st, at 150 East Lehigh ave., in the Kensington district, the house being rented and al-

tered for the purpose. One large room on the first floor has been arranged as a gymnasium; one on the second floor is for games, and another as a reading-room. A traveling library is sent weekly by the Free Library of Philadelphia; and a "penny bank" has been opened for the boys' deposits. The average attendance has been from 80 to 90, and the enthusiasm and responsive spirit manifested has been most encouraging. Five club nights have been held, and two dinners given. Proposals looking to a closer union of the Church clubs have been under consideration by the board. The following officers were elected: President, George C. Thomas; vice-presidents, William H. Ingham, Francis A. Lewis; treasurer, Moses Veale; corresponding secretary, John A. Crane; recording secretary, Wm. C. Kent; four members as governors for four years, and one to fill a vacancy for two years.

The 38th annual meeting of the American Church Missionary Society was held the 8th inst., at the Church House. Gen'l Wager Swayne, of New York, was in the chair, and the Rev. J. Thompson Cole acted as secretary. After prayer by Bishop Peterkin, the report of the executive committee was read. It stated that the balance Sept. 1, 1896, was \$7,192.44; receipts, \$34,843.53; present balance (Sept. 1, 1897), \$10,084.47. Of this latter sum, \$5,563.40 is for the missionary work of the society; \$3,161.50, special for church building in Brazil, and other objects, and 1,359.48 for objects not connected with missionary work. The apparent loss to the society from the misconduct of its late treasurer has been once more increased by the amount of \$6,893.65, the principal sum of a second mortgage which was given by him to the society, and which a forced sale under the first mortgage has extinguished. The income on a sum of \$20,000, known as the "Ely Fund," held in trust under a deed of gift, had been for many years devoted to Griswold College, Iowa. In compliance with the terms of the deed, the income had been withheld for a year, and the same appropriated to the Theological Seminary of Virginia. There have been received during the year special contributions for church building in Brazil, \$7,614.01, which specials have contributed to lessen the amount given the society for current work, while expenses have increased. The report refers to the visits to many home churches by the Rev. L. L. Kinsolving during his vacation year; to the visitation, meanwhile of Bishop Sterling, of the Falkland Islands, to the churches in Brazil; and to the presence here of the Rev. W. C. Brown, to supervise the printing of his admirable translation into Portuguese of the Book of Common Prayer. There is a decrease of about \$1,200 from last year in the sum appropriated to domestic missions. No new laborer in that field has been employed, and the number has been decreased by three, one, the Rev. E. T. Walker, D. D., of South Carolina, by death, and two others by removals. At present there are 22 clergymen and two teachers aided by stipends, viz.: In West Virginia, six clergy; in Nevada, three clergy and one teacher; in Arkansas, Olympia, and Virginia, each, two clergy; and one clergyman each in East Carolina, Idaho, Indiana, Montana, New York, South Carolina, and Southern Virginia, and one teacher in Oklahoma. A summary of their reports, though not complete, show that they minister in 75 different stations, to 866 families and 3,423 individuals, among a population of 45,140, having 167 communicants, and during the past year there have been Baptisms (including 84 adults), 267; confirmed, 156; communicants added, 198. The one little congregation in Havana, under Senor Pena, the faithful lay reader, has grown smaller; while the congregation of exiles under the Rev. Pedro Duarte, in Florida, has increased. Mr. Pena's congregation numbers but 20 who are wholly devoted to prayer; no one to administer the Sacraments or to preach the Word. The Rev. Mr. Duarte at West Tampa, has presented 10 for Confirmation, and has 30 communicants. He has great opportunities for work among the exiles. For the com-

ing year \$1,000 has been appropriated for this work. The report on the Brazil missions for the past year shows, Baptisms, 83; Confirmed, 159; communicants, 319; marriages, 16; burials, 44; Sunday school teachers, 25, and scholars, 140; and 721 services in the two churches and six chapels in the state of Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil. Addresses were made by Bishops Peterkin and Whitaker and the Rev. W. C. Brown. The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Genl. W. Swayne, U. S. A.; honorary vice-presidents, Bishops J. Williams, Clark, Whipple, Whittle, Whitaker, Hare, Dudley, Jaggar, Peterkin, Brewer, Thompson, Potter, Randolph, Walker, Worthington, Gilbert, Talbot, Johnston (Western Texas), Kendrick, Vincent, Jackson, Kinsolving, Wells, and Brooke; vice-presidents, Rev. Messrs. E. T. Perkins, D. D., W. N. McVickar, D. D., R. C. Booth, J. H. Elliott, S. T. D. and T. F. Fales, Hon. F. B. Brunot, L. H. Rednor, Joseph Packard, Jr., and Joseph Wilmer; treasurer, Andrew C. Zabriskie; secretary, the Rev. J. Thompson Cole., and an executive committee of 12 clergymen and 12 laymen.

Chicago

Wm. E. McLaren, D.D., D.C.I., Bishop

The annual meeting of the Northeastern Deanery was held at Grace church, Tuesday morning, Dec. 7. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion at 11 A. M., the celebrant being the Rev. E. M. Stires, rector of Grace church, assisted by the dean, the Rev. Dr. Locke. At the conclusion of the service, the members were called to order in the parish house by the dean. The annual reports of the secretary and treasurer were presented, and then followed the election of officers for the ensuing year. The Rev. D. W. Howard was elected secretary, and the Rev. W. B. Hamilton, treasurer. A committee was appointed to present resolutions on the death of the Rev. John Rouse, at an adjourned meeting to be held in Trinity parish house on the morning preceding the funeral. Out of respect to his memory the reading and discussion of the paper on "The teaching of the Pentateuch," by the Rev. M. E. Fawcett, was postponed till the regular winter meeting in February. The deanery then adjourned. At the adjourned meeting on the morning of Mr. Rouse's funeral, the resolutions were presented and adopted.

The annual dinner of the Church club was held Monday evening, Dec. 13th at the Auditorium Hotel. The night was a stormy one but about 100 members were in attendance. The subject for the evening was "The poor of Chicago." After coffee was served, President McReynolds welcomed those present and spoke briefly of the work that had been suggested for the club by the late Rev. John Rouse. Mr. Jesse Holdom proposed a tribute, in the form of a resolution, to the memory of Mr. Rouse, and spoke very touchingly of his own debt of gratitude to him. The tribute was passed by a rising vote. Mr. E. P. Bailey took the chair for the evening, and called upon the Bishop as the first speaker. Bishop McLaren said that one of the tests of any branch of the Church would be the way it took care of its poor. He did not believe the criticism was true that our communion ministered only to the upper classes. Her whole life and system were opposed to any such discrimination, for she was thoroughly Catholic spirit and in aim. He ventured to say that "works of charity were unprecedented in any other communion. She had never forgotten the lower classes. In this city by such institutions as St. Luke's hospital she was holding open her gates to all classes of the poor—the virtuous as well as the vicious. Moreover there was a fund which enabled every priest in the city to do what above all things he was bound to do, to minister to the poor through the great Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. Then there was what he called the "door-bell" ministrations, and he, for one, refused to be prevented, even by all the charity organizations in the world, from lending help, as God gave him power, to every beggar that came to his door. He spoke very

highly of the work being done by the city missions, and of the great future there was before it, if he could only get enough of the right kind of priests to engage in the work. He touched upon the subject of the cathedral. He did not believe the English cathedral system was adapted for diocesan work in this country. Everything English was not necessarily to be imitated here, where the conditions were often so different. He did not want to see a succession of lordly ministers to uphold the dignity of the episcopate. The cathedral of Chicago was more nearly his ideal, an unpretentious centre for ministering to the poor. It had great possibilities. Situated in the heart of the West side slums, it was now the sole witness to the gospel of Christ in many miles of territory. Other religious bodies had moved to more respectable neighborhoods. They might come and go. So long as he lived, we should "still continue to do business at the old stand."

CITY.—The Sunday school of St. Chrysostom's church, the Rev. T. A. Snively, rector, has contributed \$75 to the Home for Orphans conducted by the Sisters of St. Mary. It is hoped that some effort may be made to secure a permanent income for the aid of this Home throughout the diocese. The new organ in St. Chrysostom's church, which was the gift of Mrs. Nicholas Senn, the wife of the celebrated surgeon, will be used for the first time on Christmas morning.

Capt. J. B. Hall, senior warden of the church of the Ascension, and his wife, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Dec. 12th. They were publicly remembered at the altar, and an address of congratulation engrossed on parchment, and signed by the rector and congregation present, was forwarded to them. Their son, the Rev. F. J. Hall, instructor of theology in the Western Seminary, preached the sermon at the 11 o'clock Celebration.

The funeral of the Rev. John Rouse, late rector of Trinity church was held Thursday morning, Dec. 9th, in Trinity church. The clergy of the diocese were present in a body, and most of them were in the procession in the church. Bishop McLaren officiated. There was no sermon. The Rev. Dr. Locke recited the opening sentences of the service, and the Rev. A. L. Williams read the lesson. Mr. Rouse's favorite hymn, "Peace, perfect peace," was sung by the choir, as it moved slowly down the aisle. The vestrymen of the parish were the honorary pall bearers.

Mr. Harold E. Addison, a student at the Western Theological Seminary, has taken the position of superintendent of the Sunday school at St. James' church, the Rev. James S. Stone, rector. Extensive preparation for a Sunday school Christmas entertainment have been made. It will be more elaborate than in former years, including a Christmas tree with gifts for each child, and a stereopticon exhibition of Christmas pictures, conducted by Mr. Dwight Lawrence.

St. Margaret's church, Windsor Park, the Rev. E. L. Rolan, priest in charge, held its annual bazaar on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, and cleared \$200, which is an unprecedented amount for this parish. Great improvements have recently been made in the church, and owing to the untiring activity of the rector, the congregation of the church has grown remarkably of late, until the parish has attained to a degree of prosperity hitherto unknown to it.

Mr. D. B. Lyman spoke much to the same effect, of the great possibilities of the cathedral. There the field was exclusively ours, for all others had deserted it. He gave some details in regard to the Orphan's Home and the Free Dispensary. He said the influence of the Sisters of St. Mary in Chicago could not be estimated. Women of refinement and high family connections, they had left all and consecrated their lives to God's service. They were always at the disposal of the needy. But their work could not go on alone. It was only preparatory to the influences of the Church. It must be supplemented by a body of priests, and then the work

of the cathedral would be quadrupled. If the laity of Chicago would only visit the cathedral and see the wonderful opportunities that were open to us, Sisters and priests would never lack funds to carry on a glorious work for the Lord.

A letter was read from Mr. Arthur Ryerson who was obliged to be absent through illness. Mr. Bailey called upon the Rev. J. M. Chattin, the city missionary, who spoke briefly of the work among the county institutions. He did not favor adopting any iron-clad plan of work, for new conditions were constantly arising. The great work was to deal with each individual soul, as God gave us opportunity, and to make it a child of God through grace. If this was to be done, there was urgent need of more humble, God-fearing, self-sacrificing workers.

The Rev. Dr. Rushton thought that what the Church needed in Chicago was the establishment of various homes for children, for women, etc., to be conducted on a religious basis, so that the inmates would always be surrounded by Christian influences. Mr. W. E. Stirling said that the laity should be thoroughly awakened by the clergy to realize the enormous responsibility that lay upon them to carry on the work of the cathedral. He wished the clergy would invite their leading laymen to visit the cathedral within ten days, and then call upon them to contribute liberally for a grand Christmas gift to the cathedral. Mr. John M. Locke wished to be practical, and, to that end urged that the club constitute itself a committee of the whole to visit the cathedral this week. A motion, however, was proposed instead by the Rev. J. M. Edwards, and it was carried, to refer the whole matter to the original committee for action. The evening was brought to a close by a few remarks from Mr. Bailey, who spoke very convincingly in favor of establishing various institutions under religious auspices. Before adjourning, the club considered the proposition to join the other Church clubs of the country in a permanent league, and made arrangements for participation in the annual conference of Church clubs to be held in Cincinnati in January.

Pittsburgh

Cortlandt Whitehead, D.D., Bishop

CITY.—The annual meeting of the Pittsburgh local assembly of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was held on the evening of the feast of St. Andrew, in St. Peter's church. Addresses were made by the Bishop and the Rev. F. S. Spalding.

The December meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary occurred at the Church rooms, Dec. 2nd, at which time the ladies were addressed by Mrs. Hammond in behalf of the Church Army, by Miss Sybil Carter, and by Bishop Whitehead. The different parish societies reported many Christmas and other missionary boxes in course of preparation, and mention was made of the interest manifested in the work of the auxiliary in places which heretofore have done nothing in that line. The Junior Auxiliary is also extending its list of parish branches, and the prospects are very encouraging. On the day following the meeting, Miss Carter gave an exhibition and sale of her lace work at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Daly, on which occasion a handsome sum was realized for the benefit of this worthy charity.

NEW HAVEN.—Trinity parish celebrated during the second week in December, the 117th anniversary of its existence, the first Church services having been held in that part of the country before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, but a regular organization not having been effected until 1780. Dec. 8th, Bishop Whitehead made his visitation to the church, preaching and administering the apostolic rite of Confirmation. On Sunday, Dec. 12th, there were four services held by the clergyman in charge, the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, who in the evening after a choral service read a monograph, or story, of the parish. Dec. 16th and 17th, a memorial festival was held, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the furtherance of the work of the Church in that neighborhood.

Some of the clergy who were engaged in the establishment and fostering of the Church in those early days were the Rev. Dr. Allison and the Rev. Messrs. McKinnon and Mitchell.

Colorado

John Franklin Spalding, D.D., Bishop

Dec. 1st, the Woman's Auxiliary, of Denver, held its monthly missionary tea in St. Mark's church. The Bishop gave an interesting and very entertaining account of the mission work at various outlying points in the diocese which he has visited since his return from abroad. Among these were Alamosa, Cripple Creek, Victor, Florence, Trinidad, and La Junta. The rector of St. Mark's, the Rev. John H. Houghton, followed the Bishop with a stimulating and very suggestive address upon the needs of providing the parishes with better missionary instruction.

CRIPPLE CREEK.—The parish festival was celebrated on St. Andrew's Day. The services were an early and late Celebration, children's Vespers, and Evensong. The former rector of the parish, the Rev. C. Y. Grimes, was celebrant at the late Celebration and the preacher at Evensong. The reports of the officers of the parish were read before the parish meeting. The women of St. Andrew's Guild gave a reception to close the events of the day. The presence of the former rector and real maker of the parish added much to the joy of the occasion. The present rector is the Rev. Frederick K. Howard.

Iowa

Wm. Stevens Perry, D.D., LL. D., Bishop

The 45th annual convention was held in St. Paul's church, Des Moines, the Rev. J. Everist Cathell, rector, on Dec. 7th and 8th. Only a fair number of delegates were in attendance. The convention opened with a celebration of the Holy Communion, the Bishop officiating. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Hamilton Schuyler, dean of Davenport cathedral. The subject of his discourse was "Civilization and Christianity," and dealt with the problems confronting the Church in the present age of unrest and religious indifference.

The Bishop's address was devoted to matters of purely diocesan interest. He called attention to the action of the American Church Missionary Society in diverting from the use of the diocese the Anthon Fund, amounting to \$10,000, and the Ely Fund, amounting to some \$20,000, and transferring the same to the Virginia Theological Seminary. The Bishop questioned the legality of this proceeding, and the convention subsequently voted to bring suit against the Church Missionary Society to compel a restoration.

The Bishop reasserted that Griswold College was not defunct, but was still doing its work in various departments, and cited as a proof of his assertion the fact that several candidates for the holy ministry were now under instruction by Professor Barris and others of the theological department.

The following were elected deputies to the General Convention in the order named: The Rev. Drs. J. Everist Cathell, George H. Cornell, Thomas E. Green, and I. Hollister Lynch. The first named by a vote of the convention was declared to be the head of the deputation. The lay deputies elected were George F. Henry, of Des Moines, President Charles A. Schaeffer, of Iowa State University, F. G. Thomas, of Moorar, and Lieut-Governor Parrott, of Waterloo. The Rev. W. F. Whitten, of Chariton, was re-elected secretary of the convention, and N. P. Herrington, of Oskaloosa, was elected diocesan treasurer to succeed the Hon. W. F. Cleveland, of Harlan, who declined a re-election.

On the afternoon of Wednesday when the election for Standing Committee occurred, the attendance was very thin, owing to the fact that many delegates were compelled to leave for home on account of the train service. Less than a quorum was present, only 13 clerical votes being cast. Of the old board, the Rev. Dr. Cathell, and the Rev. Dr. Benton were re-elected, the third place being filled by the Rev.

Dr. Thomas E. Green. Messrs. Schaeffer, Parrott, and Richardson were elected as lay members.

At the missionary meeting on Tuesday night, the following were elected to the Board of Missions: The Rev. Drs. Cathell, Paget, Weaver, and McDonald, with Messrs. F. G. Thomas, N. P. Herrington, O. P. McDonald, and C. D. Jones. The Bishop and Archdeacon Hoyt are members *ex-officio* of this board.

The committee of 14 laymen appointed at the last convention to devise and carry out a plan to raise funds for the support of a bishop-coadjutor was continued. No money has been raised during the past year for this purpose, though a scheme had been elaborated looking towards the raising of some \$30,000 in the course of ten years.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the diocese held its annual meeting at the same time as the sessions of the convention. It was well attended and much enthusiasm manifested. A memorial service to the late Mrs. Perry was a feature of the occasion, at which the Ven. Archdeacon Hoyt made a touching and beautiful address. Mrs. Perry was honorary president of this organization, and deeply interested in its work. The members of the organization voted to furnish a room in St. Luke's Hospital, Davenport, in loving memory of the deceased. St. Luke's Hospital and the training school for nurses connected with it are now affiliated with Griswold College, and are in a most flourishing condition.

Nebraska

Geo. Worthington, S.T.D., LL.D., Bishop

The many friends of Bishop Worthington will be pleased to learn that he is rapidly recovering from his recent severe attack of illness, and will be able in a few days, it is hoped, to resume his duties at the Episcopal rooms. While on one of his annual visitations in the diocese, he was suddenly seized with a violent heart trouble during the Confirmation services at Beatrice, and was compelled to return home at once, accompanied by two physicians of that place. For several days his condition was considered serious, as he suffered intense pain, but relief finally came, and he is much better now. The Bishop's illness at the present time is greatly to be regretted, from the fact that his secretary, the Rev. Canon W. T. Whitmarsh, has been confined to his room for the past three months, and is unable to attend to any of the duties devolving upon him. Rheumatism is the chief cause of his illness, though other complications have arisen, making his recovery a slow and discouraging matter.

Michigan

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

The lectures on the Charlotte Wood Slocum Foundation for 1897-98, under the auspices of the Hobart Guild of the University of Michigan, are being delivered by Bishop Doane, of Albany; general title: "The methods and the meanings of the manifestations of the risen Jesus."

Dec. 11th, in St. John's parish building, Detroit, Bishop Doane delivered a resume of the above-mentioned lectures on the Slocum Foundation. The assembly, which was goodly and appreciative, was called by the Church Club of Detroit, and President Otto Kirschner was in the chair.

On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 12th, Bishop Davies formally opened with a service of Benediction the new chapel of St. Mary's mission, in St. John's parish, Detroit. This new building stands at the corner of Beaubien and Eliot sts., very near the site of the frame structure occupied for many years by this mission, and but recently sold. It is substantially constructed of brick and admirably adapted for its purpose. A convenient and well equipped room for the general work of the mission has been arranged in the basement, and the chapel itself is pleasing and churchly in its effect. The cost of the building was \$6,000. On the occasion of the opening service, congratulatory addresses were

delivered by the Bishop, the Hon. W. C. Maybury, mayor of Detroit; Mr. Dudley W. Smith, and the Rev. Dr. Prall, rector of the parish, who read an historical record of the past work of St. Mary's.

The Rev. Wm. H. Morgan has resigned the rectorship of Emmanuel church, Detroit, and it is understood that Jan. 15th next services in this parish will be discontinued and its property sold. This decision by the authorities of Emmanuel parish has not been reached without causing sorrow in many hearts, but such a step has seemed inevitable since the occupancy of its field by the new St. Paul's. It is further understood that the Emmanuel congregation will unite with that of St. Andrew's, its next neighbor on the west.

Springfield

Geo. Franklin Seymour, S. T. D., LL. D., Bishop
Chas. Reuben Hale, D.D., Bishop Coadjutor

The 20th annual synod convened in St. Paul's pro-cathedral, Springfield, at 10 A. M., Dec. 7th. There was a high celebration of the Holy Eucharist at that hour, the Bishop being celebrant, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Dresser, president of the Standing Committee, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hale, Bishop of Cairo. The sermon, which was a very able presentment of the faith and order of the Church, was preached by the Rev. Alexander Allen. Nearly all the clergy in active work in the diocese, with the surpliced choir of St. Paul's, were in the procession from the rectory to the church.

The synod was called to order upon the conclusion of the service. The Rev. W. H. Cunningham was re-elected secretary and the Rev. J. Addams Linn was appointed assistant. Mr. John J. Cossitt, of Lincoln, was re-elected treasurer. The report of the treasurer showed that all obligations had been met during the year.

The report of the Rev. Dr. Dresser as treasurer of the Board of Missions was read and briefly discussed. After luncheon at the Orphanage of the Holy Child, served by the ladies of St. Paul's, the synod discussed the missionary work of the diocese until 5 P. M. In the evening a splendid missionary meeting was held at Christ church, at which addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. F. D. Miller, S. A. Potter, and J. A. Antrim, with comments by the Bishop. The report of the diocesan branch of the Woman's Auxiliary was read by Mrs. Alex. Allen. At the service, Mr. Charles John DeCoux, a Congregational minister who has just resigned his charge in Rantoul, was presented for Confirmation. He has been admitted a candidate for Holy Orders. He is a graduate of Chicago Theological Seminary.

On Wednesday morning the Bishop and the Bishop Coadjutor delivered their addresses to the synod. The Bishop's address was mainly devoted to reminiscences of the late Dr. Houghton, and quotations from his last annual sermon, and to the discussion of "the organization of the Anglican Communion through the agency of the Lambeth Conference." On the latter subject the Bishop took strong and distinctively American ground. His claim is that since the Bishops in the Lambeth Conference represent nobody but themselves individually, the Conference is not competent to take steps to organize the Anglican Communion. As for us American Churchmen, we are not necessarily included in any scheme of organization.

After luncheon at the orphanage, served by the ladies of Christ church, various reports were read. The fund for the endowment of the episcopate amounts to \$9,320, bearing interest, mostly at 7 per cent. A bond of \$1,000, which was given to the fund by a friend in the East, is, it is feared, valueless. Otherwise the fund would be in excess of \$10,000.

The committee on memorials of deceased members presented a report *in memoriam* of the late Henry H. Candee, one of the trusted and faithful laymen of the diocese, who was active in the undivided diocese of Illinois, and in the erection of the diocese of Springfield, and for many years one of the wardens of the church of the Re-

deemer, Cairo, a deputy in the General Convention, and to the Provincial Synod. Mr. Candee was greatly beloved throughout the Church in Southern Illinois and this diocese, and his loss is sorely felt in the Church's work and councils.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Standing Committee: The Rev. Messrs. D. W. Dresser, F. W. Taylor, Johannes Rockstroh; Mr. Charles E. Hay, Hon. W. J. Allen, Dr. T. A. Wakeley.

Deputies to General Convention: Rev. Messrs. F. W. Taylor, D. W. Dresser, F. A. DeRossett, J. G. Wright; Mr. M. F. Gilbert, Hon. W. J. Allen, Messrs. S. A. Foley, and Bluford Wilson.

Board of Missions: The Bishop and Rural Deans, and Messrs. H. D. Moss, H. S. Candee, John S. Lord.

The Woman's Auxiliary held its annual meeting Wednesday afternoon at St. Agatha's school. It opened with prayer and with the reading of the Creed. Papers were read by Mrs. Alexander Allen, the diocesan secretary, and by the secretary of the junior auxiliary, Mrs. J. C. White. The reports were very gratifying and showed much work accomplished in the past year. Resolutions were passed of sympathy with Mrs. H. H. Candee, of Cairo, whose husband died about four months ago. The following officers were chosen: President, Mrs. George F. Seymour; secretary, Mrs. Alexander Allen; secretary of the junior branch, Mrs. Frank Miller, of Bunker Hill, with Miss Philena Taylor, of Springfield, as assistant secretary. The following vice-presidents were also elected: Mrs. H. M. Chittenden, of Alton; Mrs. Tomlin and Mrs. L. M. Richards, of Jacksonville, and Mrs. C. E. Hay, of Springfield.

Wednesday evening Bishop and Mrs. Seymour tendered a reception to the visiting clergy and delegates, and the event was made a very enjoyable one. All the apartments of the dwelling were elaborately decorated with palms, ferns, and chrysanthemums. Many of the members of the congregations of Christ church and of St. Paul's pro-cathedral were present, as well as the delegates and clergy of the synod.

Washington, D. C.

Henry Yates Satterlee, D.D., Bishop.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary on Dec. 7th, was of special interest. There was a large attendance of members from the various parish branches. The Rev. H. D. Page gave an interesting account of woman's work in connection with the mission in Japan, telling of the formation of a branch of the auxiliary there by Mrs. Swing, and of the great interest taken in it by the native women. The Rev. Isaac M. Barr, missionary in East Tennessee, gave an interesting account of his work among the miners and mountaineers of that region.

At the November meeting of the Churchman's League there was a large attendance to hear the valuable lecture of Judge Bancroft Davis on "The Sarum Office, and the Prayer Book of our Church."

The Rev. Dr. McKim has decided to decline the call to become dean of the Virginia Theological Seminary, and also its chaplain and professor of the English Bible and Apologetics.

Western New York

Wm. D. Walker, S.T.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop

ROCHESTER.—On the 1st Sunday in Advent the Rev. Dr. Wm. D'Orville Doty finished his 20 years of rectorship of Christ church. Eight days of rejoicing seems to have been none too much for the parish. His sermon was based upon the text, "Thus twenty years have I been in Thine house," and was replete with reminiscences of the past. During his rectorship a fine parish house and a magnificent church have been erected, and the record of ministrations is as follows: Baptisms—adults, 172, infants, 532; Confirmations, 569; marriages, 267; burials, 587; services—Sundays, 3,095, week days, 2,796; Holy Communion—public, 1,244, private, 447. The gifts for parochial purposes amounted to \$230,551.73; diocesan, \$26,728.54;

general, \$18,761.59, making a total of offerings of \$276,041.41. There are now 325 families who recognize the incumbent of Christ church as their rector. There are 750 communicants of the church. The Sunday school numbers 325 members. The excellent choir of the church celebrated the event by rendering Dr. Garrett's "Two Advents" splendidly. The men of the parish who compose the Christ church Club gave a fine banquet; more than 100 men were present, and many of them made fine addresses on this joyful occasion. The Bishop of the diocese, the archdeacon of Rochester, the Rev. W. C. Hubbard, as representing the clergy of the city, and the Rev. C. F. J. Wrigley, of Buffalo, were present, as was also the Rev. Mr. Edson, who is now Dr. Doty's assistant. The ladies gave a reception to Mrs. Doty, which was largely attended. The week is one long to be remembered by the rector and his beloved people.

BUFFALO.—An interesting service was held by Bishop Walker in the church of the Ascension, the Rev. G. B. Richards, rector, on the eve of St. Andrew's Day, for the public admission and licensing of lay-readers. Choral Evensong was sung and the Bishop preached from Neh. viii: 8. In the course of the sermon the Bishop showed what laymen did and might still do for the Church in the public worship of the sanctuary. He impressed upon his hearers the fact that in the further service in which they were about to engage no sacerdotal powers were to be conferred. He very implicitly laid down the limits within which the lay-reader, as such, was to move; and then addressing those about to be licensed, who stood during the address, stated the qualifications which he regarded as necessary for the discharge of their duties; viz., faith, courage, reverence. The Ven. Archdeacon Lobdell presented 46 men, vested in cassock and cotta, to the Bishop seated in the choir. The Rev. W. North, L.H.D., president of the Standing Committee, read the canon on lay-readers, to which those presented promised obedience and conformity. They also made response to questions asked by the Bishop, after which was sung *Veni Creator Spiritus*. The Bishop proceeded to the altar, and the lay-readers kneeling before him at the rail, were each handed the Book of Common Prayer, and duly licensed. The service closed with versicles, special prayers, and the blessing. Almost all the city clergy were in attendance in the chancel. The music was under the direction of Mr. Seth Clark, organist and choirmaster, the rendering of the anthem, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, etc.," as a tenor solo, by Mr. Frankenstein, being specially noticeable.

New York

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

TUXEDO PARK.—The Rev. George Grenville Merrill, rector of this parish, was married Dec. 1st to Pauline Georgine Warren Dresser, daughter of the late Col. G. W. Dresser, at old Trinity church, Newport, R. I. The rector, the Rev. Dr. George J. Magill, officiated, assisted by Bishop Potter, the Ven. Archdeacon Thomas, and the Rev. E. H. Porter.

Milwaukee

Isaac L. Nicholson, S. F. D., Bishop

St. Luke's church, Whitewater, has received the sum of \$3,000 during the past week from Miss Katherine L. White, of Minneapolis, Minn., a bequest to the parish from her grandmother, Mrs. Flavia White.

It will be doubtless a matter of satisfaction to Church people at large to know that the expenses incurred in the entertainment of the clerical and lay deputies to the late Missionary Council of Milwaukee amounted to about \$1,300. This included all hotel bills, luncheons, and all incidental items of every kind. And it will be a further gratification to know that the sum collected from the generous Church people in Milwaukee was \$1,375, leaving a balance on the right side. During the week following the adjournment of the Council all bills were gathered in and every obligation was immediately paid.

The Rev. Henry Edw. Chase, B.A., of Nashotah, has been placed in charge of St. Paul's, Columbus, and St. Mary's, Jefferson, assisted by Mr. George H. Hirst, of Nashotah Seminary, as lay-reader.

Mr. Rudolph Stahl has been received into this diocese as a candidate for Holy Orders, from the diocese of Los Angeles, and has been appointed by the Bishop to the charge of Trinity mission, Prairie du Chien, under the oversight of the Rev. E. E. Edwards, Ph.D., rector of Lancaster, Wis.

Albany

Wm. Crowell Doane, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

TROY.—On Advent Sunday the new parish house was opened, and set apart for hallowed purposes, with appropriate office by the rector, the Rev. Geo. A. Holbrook. The building is a three-story brick structure, after plans by Mr. H. M. Congdon, of New York, and was given by two communicants of the parish. It is commodious and complete in every way, adapted to future, as well as present, needs. In the basement are kitchen with range and hot water boiler, dining room, and storage cellar. The first story, with spacious hall, contains two guild rooms, with closets and lockers, and a large choir room fitted with oak stalls, and shelves for music. In the second story are two work rooms, rector's office, and curate's room with bath. The third story contains apartments for the sexton. The house is heated with a hot water system connected with the church boiler. The total cost has been about \$10,000.

Vermont

Arthur C. A. Hall, D.D., Bishop

BURLINGTON.—Bishop Hall is giving a series of Advent expositions of the beginning of St. John's Gospel, on Wednesday evenings in St. Paul's chapel, and is also preaching Sunday evenings in the church. He will be at St. Paul's on Christmas Day and preach.

The Rev. J. Isham Bliss and wife are spending the winter in warmer climes, it being thought unadvisable for either of them to endure the severity of the Vermont winter. They may visit California before returning.

On Sunday, Nov. 28th, the Bishop visited St. Paul's church at Vergennes, where he preached and confirmed a class presented by Rev. Fr. Grabau.

Connecticut

John Williams, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

HARTFORD.—The Rev. Cornelius G. Bristol recently read a paper before the ministers' meeting on "The dangers of over-organization in parishes." He questioned the wisdom of holding so many conferences and conventions, and thought they were attended by significant dangers. In the discussion that followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Bristol said that if he had his way in his church he would have just two organizations, one for men and the other for women. He would have a spiritual man over one and a spiritual woman over the other. The paper was discussed by many of those present. The resignation of the Rev. W. A. Richard as secretary was accepted.

Miss Nellie M. Warner, daughter of the Rev. George R. Warner, rector of St. Thomas, church, died at the Hartford Hospital, from an operation for appendicitis. She was formerly identified with the choir of St. Thomas' church, and a worker in the Sunday school. Church work received much of her time and attention. In character and life she a beautiful exemplification of Christian faith.

Southern Ohio

Boyd Vincent, D.D., Bishop

URBANA.—On St. Andrew's Day a conference of workers of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was held in the church of the Epiphany, in response to an invitation of the rector, the Rev. D. C. Wright. It opened with a celebration of the Holy Eucharist, Dr. A. C. McCabe, dean of Dayton convocation, being celebrant. At roll call delegates responded from Columbus, Spring

field, Greenville, and Bellefontaine. The morning session was devoted to reports of work accomplished and attempted by the various chapters, and the comparing of notes for the best methods of work. After the noon recess, the Bishop made an address, urging the separation of all social work from the plans of the Brotherhood. The Rev. Charles H. Lee read a paper on "The necessity of every baptized layman realizing his Baptism," followed by Dr. McCabe who spoke on "Individual work of the Brotherhood man." The Rev. Mr. Jenkins gave some suggestions as to work among the boys, and Mr. Charles Benham, director of Trinity chapter, Columbus, spoke on the actual workings of a successful chapter. At Evensong the Bishop preached a sermon pertinent to the occasion and administered Confirmation.

Maryland

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

BISHOP'S APPOINTMENTS

JANUARY

2. Alberton.
9. Elkridge and Annapolis Junction.
12. P. M., Westminster.
16. A. M., Belair; P. M., All Saints, Baltimore.
23. Sparrow's Point.

BALTIMORE.—The Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, S. T. D., entered upon his 28th year as rector of St. Paul's church, on Sunday, Nov. 28th. There was no special celebration of the day, but many of the congregation remained after the morning service to congratulate him. Dr. Hodges is one of the best known clergymen of Baltimore. St. Paul's parish is active in all good works under his loving and faithful rectorship. Bishop Paret preached at the opening of a series of special Sunday night services at this church on Sunday, Nov. 28th. For a number of years the rector has held these services during the winter months, some of the most eminent bishops and clergy officiating. This year it is contemplated to hold the services only during Advent.

The Rev. Arthur C. Powell, rector of Grace church, has returned after his very severe and prolonged illness, with health restored.

The walls of the chapel of the Holy Evangelists, at Canton, are in a dangerous condition, and it is feared they must be taken down and a new chapel built.

The Rev. Stuart Crockett, for the past four years assistant rector of St. Luke's church, went on Dec. 1st to Stroudsburg, Pa., where he will take charge of Christ church. It has not yet been decided who will be his successor.

By the will of Miss Charlotte E. Tyson, who died Nov. 22, is bequeathed \$2,000 each to St. Peter's church, and the Church Home and Infirmary.

At the 43d annual meeting of the Board of Lady Managers of the Home of the Friendless, held Nov. 29th, the old officers were re-elected. Mrs. Morgan, the recording secretary, reported 301 children received and cared for during the past year, and that the inmates at present number 157. Good homes have been provided for all the children who have left the institution. The most marked improvement made during the year was the erection of an infirmary adjacent to the main building, which was made possible through the liberality of Miss Martha Gray, who left a legacy of nearly \$20,000 to the institution. The treasurer, Mrs. John S. Berry, reported that the institution is not encumbered with debt, and has a surplus of \$197.93 on hand. Legacies left to the Home during the year amounted to \$20,732.25.

Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, delivered a lecture in the parish room of the church of St. Michael and all Angels, Dec. 8., on the Lambeth Conference.

It is expected that Bishop Paret, and Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, will be present at the 70th anniversary of Christ church, which will be celebrated Jan. 9th. Bishop Dudley was at one time rector of the church.

The congregation of Memorial church, the Rev. Wm. M. Dame, rector, having arranged for the liquidation of its debt, the consecration

of the church will probably take place early in January,

The St. Cecilia guild gave a public service of praise at Emmanuel church, on the evening of Dec. 8th. A special musical program was rendered, including selections from Gounod, and an offertory anthem entitled "I love the Lord," composed for the occasion by Prof. W. G. Owst, a member of the Guild of Organists, London, England and dedicated to Mr. Howard D. Coale, director of St. Cecilia guild. In the choir, composed of members of the guild, were 70 voices, and the exquisite harmony which prevailed in the rendition of each number, showed that the singers had been well trained. The processional hymn—"Songs of praise the angels sang"—was followed by Evening Prayer, said by the Rev. J. H. Eccleston. The Rev. J. H. Elliott, of Washington, delivered an address, in which he traced the history of Church music. In his discourse he paid a high tribute to the St. Cecilia guild which was organized about twelve years ago by Miss Nettie O. Crane, to aid in Church work by the rendition of music at funerals, Lenten and other services, when the regular choirs of churches cannot be secured. The guild has about 170 members.

The Rev. DeWitt C. Loop, assistant rector of Trinity church, left the city on Dec. 13th, for Greencove Springs, Fla., where he will remain till after Easter.

At a meeting of the Baltimore council of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, held Dec. 7th in Memorial church, the following officers were elected: President, Wyatt W. Randall, Ph. D.; vice-president, Charles J. B. Swindell; secretary-treasurer, Edmund D. Smart, and an executive committee. Mr. Isaac Coale, Jr., of the church of St. Michael and All Angels, read a paper on "Homeless Men."

The second of the season's recitals on the great Hope-Jones organ was given Dec. 7th, at the church of St. Michael and all Angels. Mr. George A. A. West, organist and choirmaster of St. Luke's church, Germantown, Pa., was organist. Selections were played from the compositions of Handel, Schubert, Lemmens, Rheinburger, Guilmant, Dubois, and Lemare.

The archdeaconry of Baltimore, which comprises Baltimore city and county, and Carroll and Harford counties, met recently in St. Barnabas' church, Bishop Paret presiding. Fifty clergymen and a number of lay delegates were present. The meeting was strictly a business meeting, its purpose being, as directed by the convention of the diocese, to divide into two archdeaconries the former organization. The Bishop delivered an earnest charge upon archdeaconry work and duty, and the missionary work of the diocese. After the election of the Rev. Thomas Atkinson as archdeacon, and the Rev. H. T. Sharp, secretary, the Bishop declared the new archdeaconry of Baltimore duly organized. Special committees were appointed to report on new methods and lines of work. A special meeting was appointed for Tuesday after the Feast of the Epiphany, and the new archdeaconry of Baltimore adjourned. After lunch, the clergy and laymen present from the counties of Baltimore, Carroll, and Harford were called to order. The Rev. Edw. A. Colburn was elected secretary and treasurer, and the Bishop appointed the Rev. W. H. H. Powers, archdeacon, which appointment was approved. After much debate on several names suggested, the name of Towson was given to the new archdeaconry. After some other less important action, the meeting adjourned.

On Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25th, a special Sunday school service was held in Emmanuel church. The altar was prettily decorated with a variety of vegetables, etc., while on either side was a large table laden with donations of groceries, toys, etc. The sermon was preached by the rector, the Rev. J. H. Eccleston, D. D. The money and toys will be sent to parishes in Maryland, North Carolina, Montana, Idaho, and other North-western States whose Sunday schools include scholars in poor and needy cir-

cumstances. The groceries will be stored away and distributed among the poor in this city during the cold winter months.

BYRNETTSVILLE.—St. John's chapel was consecrated by Bishop Paret, Nov. 23rd. It is the third edifice erected in the parish during the rectorship of the Rev. Edward T. Helfenstein.

DORSEY.—The Bishop visited Trinity church, the Rev. William F. Gardner, rector, on Nov. 21st, preached and administered the rite of Confirmation to a class of nine persons.

FROSTBURG.—At St. John's church, on Nov. 12th, Bishop Paret made an address and confirmed 13 persons. He afterwards confirmed one person in private.

Massachusetts

William-Lawrence, S. T. D., Bishop

BOSTON.—The Sunday school Institute will hold its next meeting in St. Paul's church. The executive committees have recommended that a class be formed for Kindergarten training, and that each school pay for the instruction given its teachers. The matter of enlarging the work of the institute was placed in the hands of the Rev. Messrs. Edwards, Sterling, and Bedinger, who will present the subject before the Lowell archdeaconry.

Archdeacon Smith read an able paper upon the claims of Episcopacy, before the Clericus, Dec. 5. The discussion was most interesting, as the clergy who participated were brought up in the different sects, and gave their reasons for joining the Church.

A conference by the Girls' Friendly Society was held in Trinity chapel, Dec. 3. Miss Dudley, of Dennison House, spoke concerning the Consumer's League, and referred to the conditions of health as being better in Boston than in New York, but deplored the starvation wages paid to women for sewing. Miss L. T. Ames made an address upon "Economics in dress," Miss Edith A. Sawyer, of Wellesley, followed with a paper on "Books useful in solving the problems of working women."

Father Field, of St. Augustine's, has been exhibiting specimens of the "black art" in the parish rooms of Trinity church, for the benefit of his work. There were also in the display, brasses representing bishops and abbots, the most famous is that of Archbishop Crawley, of Dublin, 1417, which is the only monumental brass representing an archbishop with a pallium. One curious piece is from the tomb of Richard de Heylesdon and wife, Beatrice of Norfolk, 1370. The inscription is in old French and promises that those who will pray for the souls of Richard and Beatrice shall have ten years and forty days of pardon. This is the first exhibition of this kind, ever held in this country, and the descriptions given by Father Field were most interesting.

FALL RIVER.—St. Stephen's church was opened Dec. 5. Holy Communion was celebrated at 8 a. m., and at 11. Morning Prayer was said, with a second Celebration, the Rev. Herman Page was the preacher. Bishop Lawrence administered Confirmation at 4 p. m. and the Rev. Prof. Steenstra, D. D., preached at the evening service.

MARLBORO.—Nearly \$550 has been paid towards the rectory debt of Holy Trinity parish.

NEWTONVILLE.—The Rev. Abel Millard, who has just taken charge of St. John's church, was tendered a reception Dec. 9, at the residence of Mr. Charles F. Avery. About 150 were present.

CAMBRIDGE.—At the last meeting of the City Missions, addresses were made by Bishop Lawrence and Archdeacon Van Buren. The following officers were elected: The Rev. Edward Abbott, D. D. president; Mr. William Wall, secretary; Mr. H. L. Carstein, treasurer.

NEEDHAM.—This missionary parish has got well into its 4th year, and seems to be established. The Bishop paid his second official visit on Nov. 26th, and confirmed a class of eight persons, two of whom had been baptized as adults. Next spring a strong endeavor will be made to build a church.

The Living Church

Chicago

Rev. C. W. Leffingwell, Editor and Proprietor.

A CORRESPONDENT doubts the statement that the Roman Mass lacks the Invocation of the Holy Spirit, and quotes the prayer, *Veni Sanctificator*, "Come, O Almighty and Eternal God, the Sanctifier, and bless this sacrifice prepared for the glory of Thy holy Name." This prayer occurs among the prayers at the offertory and cannot be identified with the liturgical Invocation in the canon, and so far as we know it is not so identified by any competent writer. Roman writers generally are not concerned to claim that there is anything in the Roman order corresponding to the Invocation in the Oriental liturgies (which the Scotch and American portions of the Anglican Communion have adopted). The Abbe Duchesne, however, one of the greatest living authorities on the Roman side, contends that the prayer which immediately follows the Oblation in the Roman Mass is equivalent to the Eastern Invocation (*Origines Du Culte Chretien*, p. 173). This prayer is to the effect that "these things may be carried by the hands of Thy holy Angel to Thy altar on high in the sight of Thy Divine Majesty, that whosoever of us by partaking of these gifts on Thy altar shall receive the most sacred Body and Blood of Thy Son, may be filled with every heavenly grace and blessing." Whatever may be the value of this theory, it has not often been insisted upon. It is even inconsistent with the explanation of this prayer given by the majority of earlier writers. Scudamore, *Notitia Eucharistica*, asserts that the Roman Invocation is the prayer preceding the Consecration, that the Oblation may be blessed and accepted, "that it may become to us the Body and Blood" of Christ. The simple truth is that the presence of the Invocation in the Oriental forms, and its absence from the Roman, have been a bone of contention between the two Churches for centuries. The adoption of it in the Prayer Book of the American Church takes away one of the bars to the union of the Eastern Churches with our own, even though we may not attach the same importance to this formula which is attributed to it by modern theologians of the Eastern Church.

THE *Interior* says that the Episcopalians are not debating the Thirty-nine Articles, and that it is not probable that many of them believe more than the few essentials which their Creed contains, but in well-managed, practical Christian work that Church is taking the lead. The Presbyterians, it complains, have fallen into a semi-lethargic condition. The Assembly, it seems, has not helped matters, but has devoted itself to controversies of an unseemly character, "fatal to all spiritual and general religious interest," and then rushing through its routine, has made haste to adjourn and go home. *The Interior* hopes and even prophesies better things hereafter. There must be enthusiasm and there must be confidence. Attention must not be diverted from the work of education, evangelization, philanthropy, and rescue. We have not followed the affairs of the Presbyterian Communion closely enough to be familiar with its present condition. It appears to us that the defense of an orthodox faith, if that be at

stake, is an exceedingly practical matter, and that "evangelization" must fail unless it is settled what the evangel is. Philanthropy, likewise, may be nothing more than a perfectly secular humanitarianism. As to ourselves, we are happy to believe that there is a good deal of earnest practical work being carried on in many directions. The Catholic Creed, containing as it does the essentials of the Christian religion, suits us very well, and it has always been a fortunate circumstance that among us the Creed has not been burdened with additions of modern origin, whether Roman or Protestant. As for the Thirty-nine Articles, it is a mistake which has been corrected a hundred times, to assume that they have the character of the Protestant confessions. Some of them, it is true, are explanatory of the Creed, on the precise lines of the doctrinal decisions of the Church. Others are corrections of popular errors of various kinds such as existed when they were drawn up, and go no further than was necessary for their purpose. Others, again, are simply apologetic in reference to the changes which had befallen the Anglican Church. They explain what is not essential rather than define what is. Manifestly, statements of these latter classes are not *de fide*, and may be assented to by all who think the Church was justified in setting them forth. Understanding what the Articles are, and the purpose they were meant to serve, there is no inclination on the part of any large number of people to abolish them. The rather flippant slurs which used to be indulged in by some of the High Church school are no longer heard. During the period of Prayer Book revision both the old Church parties were at one in the jealousy with which they regarded any seeming attack upon the Articles, however indirect.

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The Bible in Christian Missions

IT is reported that the American Bible Society is in difficulties, and that the Bible House, one of the old religious landmarks of New York City, is to be sold. An appeal, however, is to be made to the churches of New York and Brooklyn before the final steps are taken. A significant cause is assigned—we do not know whether by authority or not—for the decline of the society. The loss of interest is said to be due to the adoption of other means than the circulation of the Bible for promoting the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands. If this is true it shows that the directors of missionary work are at last beginning to learn wisdom.

To our mind, the American Bible Society and kindred organizations have all along committed themselves to two capital errors. The first is that it is a desirable thing to translate the Scriptures into aboriginal languages of every description, irrespective of the possibility of expressing in them sacred or lofty ideas. Serious mischief, it is believed, has been done in this way. Surely little profitable use can be made for Christian purposes of a language all of whose religious terms and expressions are so connected with the lowest superstitions that it is next to impossible to purify them. And what can be done with a language in which there is no more exalted idea of superior being than that conveyed to our ears by such expressions as "Bully Fellow" or "Boss"? Such forms of human speech are inevitably destined to pass away, or at least become altered beyond recognition with any

progress of education and enlightenment. The only security for the progress of Christianity is the introduction of an entirely new vocabulary, and this must be a work of time. It can only be harmful and obstructive of true progress to attempt to give a fixed literary form to a language which is essentially vulgar and degraded, much more to endeavor to express the Christian revelation in terms which are necessarily maimed, inadequate, and misleading. It is fairly open to question whether some of this work of translation, laborious and painstaking as it may have been, was not worse than time and toil thrown away.

The second error is perhaps still worse. The early Christians, influenced by a sanctified common-sense, were extremely careful to guard their sacred formularies from the knowledge of the vulgar populace. The Creed and Lord's Prayer were kept back even from the catechumens until they had been thoroughly tested and were on the eve of Baptism. The Christians were surrounded in every city by a multitude whose depravity of speech, replete with every kind of profane and obscene expression, was probably many degrees worse than anything which can now be found in the slums of the worst of Christian cities. It was intolerable to the Christian mind that the pure and holy things of the Gospel should be cast as pearls before such swine, supplying fresh material for foul and sacrilegious use. There is sufficient evidence of the horrible profanation of sacred themes and formulas which did ensue when by any accident they became the common property of the heathen mob. These people, as the Christian leaders well knew, must first be influenced by the example of holy lives; they must be aroused to a sense of sin, and made to realize the misery and degradation of their spiritual and moral condition. They must be awakened to the hope of better things, here and hereafter. Then they might by gradual steps be led on to a knowledge of the way of salvation and instructed in the great facts and doctrines of the Christian Faith, and ultimately initiated into full fellowship in the Holy Mysteries.

The condition of things which surrounded the Church in its early missionary days is that which still confronts the Christian missionary in the great strongholds of heathendom. But too often they have not realized how this should influence their methods, and have, especially in this matter of the circulation of the Bible, proceeded upon the same lines to which they were accustomed in a Christian country; though it may be questioned whether even there the cheapening of the Scriptures by a system of promiscuous circulation has been attended with any good results. It is a strange fact that when a copy of the Bible is all but forced upon every one who can be induced to accept it, the general ignorance of its contents is greater than it has ever been before.

But as to the heathen countries of which we are speaking, there can be little question of the positive harm which has been done. An experienced traveler who is also a trained observer, speaks in very plain terms of the effect of this indiscriminate circulation of the Bible in China, as if the sacred volume possessed some magic charm to bring about the conversion of every reader, however unprepared for the apprehension of spiritual truth. The Protestant missionaries have been the chief offenders. It is they who have circulated the

whole Bible in a popular dialect. This has resulted in parodies of the most vital doctrines being spread all over China, "of a brutality so revolting and ferocious as to be beyond all possibility of mention." This author says, what we have heard also from other sources, that these missionaries have begun to see their error, and are considering the advisability of following in the footsteps of the more circumspect Roman Catholics, and withholding certain parts of the Scriptures obviously unfit for Oriental comprehension.

If the same conclusion is being arrived at in other countries where mission work is attended with the same conditions, we can understand how it may be true that the Bible Society finds its vocation restricted. If it means that more common-sense methods are coming into use for the evangelization of the world than the universal distribution of Bibles, at home and abroad, the decline of the society will not be an unmixed evil.

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The Advent

IN the Revelation of St. John the Divine, Christ, through His servant, sketches the course of events. And what a sketch it is! Then at the close He says, "He which testifieth these things saith, surely I come quickly." He had been here once; He would come again. Within these few, brief words, the whole wide stretch is spanned between the first and the second Advent. Now let us mark how the Church of God replies. The Church has an intense interest in this question. She has been the faithful witness during all past ages since Christ's first appearance, to the reality of that appearance. She has never ceased to lift up her voice, trying to give force to His instructions, testifying as to the nature and meaning of the Incarnation. As the centuries have rolled by she has been incessantly directing attention to her Lord. She has insisted upon the great mystery of godliness, that "God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."

It is impossible not to feel the pathos of this passionate cry of the Church of Christ for the return of her Lord. Christ says, "surely I come quickly." To Him it may be quickly, however many ages may elapse. "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." But to his people it is not so. To them the time is long! How much the Church of God has suffered during all the slowly passing centuries! The Kingdom of Heaven has been an exotic in this world. Nothing of heaven has been kept here but by the force of heaven. It has not thriven here. The soil has not nourished it. The air has been chill and unfriendly. How often it has been buffeted by the rough winds; what hate it has excited; how little its divine beauty has been understood or appreciated.

The Church of God has been here for nearly two thousand years, carrying on its blessed work, exercising its gracious offices, stimulating devout souls, doing its best to promote the virtues and graces that tell of a better world. But yet how hardly it has been treated. No wonder that when Christ says "surely I come quickly," the Church cries, "Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

She is anxious that the time of her warfare shall be accomplished. Whatever

purity the fires of persecution may have wrought in her; howsoever her patience and meekness may have been shown under her manifold indignities; though her moral splendor has flamed up like a beacon in the dark night of her trial, yet, the time is long!

Even in the ancient days she uttered substantially the same cry. Before the glory of the Incarnation had refreshed and gladdened her heart, she could say: "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say more than they that watch for the morning."

But since His first appearance, this desire has been more distinct and more intense. Her conception of what she looks for has worked itself clear of the haze and uncertainty of the earlier times. She has been the eye-witness of His majesty. She knows what to look for. She has had a taste of his gracious and loving companionship; and so with clarified vision she gazes into the future and anticipates his return.

And He will surely come. Though He tarry, yet He will come. This cry, this prayer, which has been upon the lips of the Church for so many ages, will not ascend in vain. We do not know the time. That rests with God; but the hour will strike, and no one can tell how soon.

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Five-Minute Talks

BY CLINTON LOCKE

CXXXIII.

A GOOD brother in the far North-west begs me to make a Talk about people remembering their clergymen at Christmas. This is what he says: "You know well how we all serve willingly the outside world in every possible way without fee or reward, and we do the same for stingy and sponging Churchpeople. Now, a benefit received unthankfully, or as a mere duty, or with the mean sense of an unpaid obligation, is not of spiritual benefit to the recipient. Whereas, if these people were taught just now, in your 'Talks,' to show thankful gratitude for such ministrations by Christmas gifts to God's Church or His priests, they would be spiritually helped, and parish churches and priests would be encouraged by such appreciation. Many a missionary in his 'hired house,' and many a rural rector, might have better share in Christmas cheer. They are now forgotten by the crowd, except when there is sorrow or a funeral. Of course all this applies to the city as well, but I have in view our lonesome, single-handed priests amid the coarser, ruder surroundings of primitive village life." There is a great deal of sense in this, and the little touch, "hired house," shows a fine taste of humor. I was much amused in thinking how the poor fellow would be roasted, if his name were known, for calling that self-conscious village, where the women have a Browning Club, and wear the feathers from two ostriches on one hat, "coarse and rude and primitive;" but I will not give him away. He appealed to just the right person, for I am nobody's rector, and there is no congregation to say mean things behind my back, and accuse me of fishing for Christmas presents. If I can stir up even a few to send their rector some little remembrance on Christmas, I will feel that I have done a good work.

Some may say: "Why, we thought every rector was just loaded down with little gifts at holiday time. We read of fifty pairs of

slippers being sent to a popular clergyman." Now, the slipper story ranks with the one about the father kicking out the late courting youth, or the one about the little girl who had never heard of God, and other such tales. It is purely apocryphal. No clergyman ever had so many slippers that he had to trade them off for other things. I was a tolerably popular rector for thirty-six years, and I do not think I had three pairs of slippers given me in all that time. Of one thing I always had too many, and that was "picture books." I do not care for picture books, but the parish seemed to think I did. The booksellers, however, were very obliging, and took them off my hands, giving me books I really wanted in their place, so that it did not matter.

Let us talk, now, a little seriously about this thing. We will leave out of view the big city rectors. They do get many gifts at Christmas, for it was true long before our Lord said it, that "to him that hath shall be given." That is a great natural law neither you nor I can alter. We will consider only the vast majority of the clergy living in towns and small villages. As I have said before, no men and women in the world make a little go a long way as well as the clergy and their wives. It is, however, very hard work, and when Christmas comes round, and the ends of the year are made to meet, it has only been by the most pinching economy. His eyes run longingly over the list of tempting books spread before him in his Church paper. His student mouth waters, but they are not for him. Coal is needed and the bill must be paid. She thinks of the pretty things she sees in the parishioners' homes, and wishes she had something like that with which to decorate her "hired house," or some little extra finery for her dear little girls; but no, Mary and Johnnie need winter flannels, and she must pay for them, so nothing remains over. Remember, these are educated people with refined tastes, and they miss little luxuries much more than people who never had them. Now, cannot you spare a couple of dollars for a good book for the rector, and will it not be easy for you to send the rectress some pretty china, or some useful household thing, and not a mean little cardboard motto? A missionary's wife told me she had longed for some pretty toilet table articles for her guest room, as much out of her reach as the moon. One Christmas they were sent her, and though she needed coal and shoes and flour, she felt happier than if she had got them all. Foolish woman, you think. Well, I differ with you. If you prefer, however, send the coal, or the flour, or the turkey, or the new dress, or the order for a new suit of clothes, or the barrel of apples, or the sack of potatoes, or the pail of butter, or the toothsome mince pies. They will all be welcome at the parsonage, especially if some little kind word goes with them. How they will cheer up those two dispirited people, heartsick over the slow progress of the parish, and the faultfinders, and the kickers, and the backsliders. I am going to speak of another class. They do not read THE LIVING CHURCH, but you might send them this copy. I refer to those outsiders of whom my friend speaks, who hasten for the priest for a burial or a Baptism, and never think of doing anything for him in return more valuable than a cold "thank you." Now is your chance. Think of something the priest needs who served you in your need. Buy it and send it to him with your Merry Christmas.

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The Times and the Teaching of John Wesley

BY ARTHUR W. LITTLE, L.H.D.

III.

WESLEY now entered on a career of work such as no other mortal man ever accomplished, a career which can be appreciated only by understanding the sloth, the formalism, the Protestant Erastianism, amid which he blazed forth like a comet athwart the midnight sky. From 1739, when he was thirty-six years of age, until 1791, in his eighty-eighth year, he traveled, mostly on horseback, by bad roads and no roads, two hundred and twenty-five thousand miles, an average of four thousand and five hundred miles a year, preaching (in addition to conference addresses) more than forty thousand sermons, an average, say, of one thousand a year, an average of three or four every day, the first always at five o'clock in the morning; preaching in churches and houses, but chiefly in the open air, sometimes to audiences of twenty thousand at once. Nor was this all. His powers of organization and of leadership were like a Loyola's or a Napoleon's. He founded hundreds of societies, and governed them with more than Napoleonic vigor and mastery of detail. He established and managed schools and hospitals. He wrote infinite letters. He maintained his old studies. He kept abreast of the literature, the science, the politics, the controversies, the philanthropies of the age. He edited papers and magazines. He wrote and compiled more than two hundred volumes.

He conceived and created within the Church a vast body of lay preachers, or "lay helpers," as he commonly called them, something like our lay-readers, but more like our preaching friars of the thirteenth century. His work was chiefly among the poor, the outcast, the neglected—as he says, "the lost sheep of the Church of England." Though a gentleman, born and bred, and at home in the best society of the age, with such men as Dr. Johnson and Bishop Lowth, his heart was with the lowly. The worldliness, the sensuality, and the materialism of the rich he could not abide. "Cultivated pagans," says he, "commonly called Christians"! His preaching was such as England had never heard before. Crowds hung breathless on his simple, earnest, pragmatic, and awful words. Throughout the length and breadth of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the adjacent isles, he raised the fallen, enlightened the ignorant, strengthened the faithful, roused the indifferent, and brought back thousands and tens of thousands to the Mother Church.

His followers he gathered into classes and conferences, a vast guild or brotherhood within the Church—something like our great Brotherhood of St. Andrew. They met together for prayer, Bible study, exhortation, and the singing of hymns, to supplement the work of the Church, but only at such hours as would not clash with the hours of the regular Church services. Wesley compiled the first vernacular hymn book of the English Church.

Schism or separation from the Church he regarded not only as unnecessary and inexpedient, but as a folly and a deadly sin. Dissenters he allowed to attend his ministrations, with a view to reclaiming them; but every feature of dissent he conscientiously detested and abhorred, making it a habit of his life—from which he rarely ever de-

parted—not to set foot inside their conventicles. Even dissenting Baptism, "lay Baptism," as he called it, he (mistakenly, I think, but emphatically) refused to allow.

That such zeal in the midst of sloth, such Catholicity in the midst of a fossilized Protestantism, such trumpet blasts in the catacombs of the dead, should stir up the dry bones and rouse opposition, is not strange. The wonder is that the hostility was not greater. It must be remembered, too, that our zealot began this great work under the influence of Moravian heresy which merited anathema. Then the excesses and bad taste of his followers—though Wesley himself was never guilty of bad taste or anything vulgar—caused natural suspicion. The novelty of his methods, such as the employment of lay helpers, and preaching in the open air, with his disregard of parish bounds (for which, however, he claimed a technical justification), * led many to fear that the movement was really sectarian; while, on the other hand, his bold proclamation of Catholic doctrine and practice produced a widespread suspicion of Romanism, so that this loyal Anglo-Catholic was constantly greeted with the silly cry of "No popery!"

At the start, therefore, most of the parish clergy, very naturally, refused to invite this zealot and his brother Charles to preach in the parish churches. Yet, be it well understood, no formal ecclesiastical censure was ever visited upon them. Most of the bishops treated them with courtesy and consideration, some with friendship and confidence. The worst opposition they encountered was, first, from low mobs, and, second, from Calvinists. As their loyalty to the Church became apparent, they were in demand as preachers in the parish churches all over the land. And they themselves would have died rather than leave the Church. Certain it is that, in spite of their giving offense and some reasonable grounds of suspicion, they were treated an hundred times better than Keble, Pusey, Neale, Littledale, Lowder, Mackonochie, Tooth, Enraght, Bell-Cox, the Bishop of Brechin, the Bishop of Lincoln, and many another true Methodist of our day.

I propose now to show the *status* of this Anglican zealot on certain fundamental principles of the Church, and his loyalty to the Church.

As to the three Creeds and the Articles, as to the Bible and Prayer Book, with all that they contain, he believed them all, he stood for them all, he fought for them all. He was even far above the average Anglican priest of to-day in what—for want of a better word—we may call Churchmanship.

He always believed and taught the Catholic doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. He never denied it; he never doubted it; though unfortunately he used the word regeneration in a secondary and figurative sense also, as equivalent to conversion. This was a mistake, a far-reaching blunder. But the blunder on his part was philological rather than theological.

In his "Treatise on Baptism," published in 1756, and republished by himself *verbatim*, in 1773, he says:

*His alleged canonical excuse was as follows: "Being ordained a priest, by the commission I then received, I am a priest of the Church Universal; and being ordained as fellow of a college, I was not limited to any particular cure, but have an indeterminate commission to preach the Word of God in any part of the Church of England. I conceive not, therefore, that in preaching here by this commission I break any human law."—*Wesley's conversation with Bishop Butler.*

By Baptism, we who were by nature children of wrath, are hereby made the children of God. And this regeneration which our Church in so many places ascribes to Baptism is more than barely being admitted into the Church, although commonly connected therewith. Being grafted into the body of Christ, we are made the children of God by adoption and grace. This is grounded on the plain words of our Lord, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." By water then—as a means—we are regenerated, or born again. . . . In the ordinary way there is no other means (than Baptism) of entering into the Church or into heaven.

As to the Holy Eucharist (which is after all the real test of Churchmanship), Wesley believed it to be a true sacrifice offered to God as a perpetual memorial of the one great Sacrifice on Calvary; that only a priest, episcopally ordained, can consecrate the Blessed Sacrament; that the Lord's Table is properly (as the English canons affirm) an altar. He believed in the Real Presence and in Eucharistic adoration. He maintained Sunday and holy day Communion, and daily Eucharists during the octaves of the high festivals. He was far in advance of his age in insisting on the "mixed chalice" and the use of the credence or prothesis. He and his brother believed the daily celebration of the Holy Eucharist to be the Church's ideal, as the following verse of one of their hymns shows:

O would'st Thou to Thy Church return,
For which the faithful remnant sighs,
For which the drooping nations mourn;
Restore the daily Sacrifice.

The following extracts from his Eucharistic devotions and instructions speak for themselves:

I come to Thee with hope and reverence, and believe that Thou art present in this Sacrament.

I enjoy Thee in this Sacrament truly present, though hidden under another representation.†

We freely own that Christ is to be adored in the Lord's Supper; but that the elements are to be adored we deny.‡

That both John and Charles Wesley held the highest sacramental doctrine is evident from their hymns, which they continued to publish as long as they lived, and for the teaching of which each held himself to be individually responsible. It would be difficult to state the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist more clearly than it is stated in these hymns. Notice, for instance, the following extracts:

Now on the sacred table laid,
Thy Flesh becomes our Food,
Thy Life is to our souls conveyed
In Sacramental Blood.

Yet may we celebrate below,
And daily thus Thine offering show,
Exposed before Thy Father's eyes;
In this tremendous Mystery
Present Thee bleeding on the tree,
Our everlasting Sacrifice.

Thou dost even now Thy banquet crown;
To every faithful soul appear,
And show Thy Real Presence here.

A thoughtful and accurate writer has observed:

As to any supposed change in Wesley's principles respecting the sacraments, over and over again did he declare that he had never varied at all from the doctrine of the Church of England. Three years before his death he published a sermon on "The Duty of Constant Communion," "written above five-and-fifty years before for the use of his pupils in Oxford," in which the Holy Eucharist is termed a "sacrifice," and the

†Wesley's "Companion for the Altar."

‡Note that these words written in 1740 were reaffirmed and reprinted by Wesley himself in 1773.

Lord's Table an "altar;" "thanking God that he had not yet seen cause to alter his sentiments in any point which is there delivered," and that "in the course of fifty years he and his brother were not conscious of varying from the Church in any point of doctrine."

With respect to the grace and authority of Holy Orders, Wesley wrote in 1745:

We believe it would not be right for us to administer either Baptism or the Lord's Supper, unless we had a commission so to do from those bishops whom we apprehend to be in a *succession* [the italics are Wesley's] from the Apostles. * * * We believe there is and always was in every Christian Church (whether dependent on the Bishop of Rome or not) an outward priesthood, ordained by Jesus Christ, and an outward sacrifice offered there by men, authorized to act as ambassadors of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God. We believe that the threefold order of ministers is not only authorized by its apostolic institution, but also by the written Word.

In 1748 he wrote:

I believe that bishops are empowered to do this [*i. e.*, to convey the ministerial authority] and have been so from the apostolic age.

He thoroughly approved the constitution of the Church. His belief in the priesthood or "sacerdotal office," as he called it, was clear and sound. He thoroughly believed in the episcopate. He spoke reverently of his own diocesan as "the High Priest of God," and of an ancient bishop as *Summus Sacerdos*. Yet here it must be noted that on this point John Wesley was not always consistent. At times the confusion of titles in the Apostolic Church confused him. And at times he entertained puerile doubts as to whether "in case of necessity," the Apostolic Succession might not be handed down through presbyters, on which supposition he made the one fatal blunder of his life.

He believed also in auricular confession as a help to sin-burdened souls.

He loved every detail of Church worship, and approved of every sacrament, ordinance, rite, and ceremony of the Church. The Christian Year was his delight. He loved its round of festival and fast. He used to teach that a man can no more go to heaven without fasting than without praying. Very precious to him was the dear feast of All Saints. The communion of saints was to him a reality. He believed in prayers for the faithful departed, and devoutly used them. He always spoke of his loved ones who had died in the Lord, as being in Paradise.

Next to the oracles of God he bowed his will to the authority of Holy Church. As he believed, so he taught, through evil report and through good report, declaring in his old age, two years before his death, "I have uniformly gone on for fifty years, never varying from the doctrine of the Church at all."

(To be continued.)



FROM NEW JERSEY:—"THE LIVING CHURCH has been a regular weekly visitor to my study for several years past. I prize it more and more as years go by. It is always the same—safe and sound in the Faith once delivered to the saints. In this age of misbelief it is a source of devout thankfulness to know that we have such a staunch champion of Catholic principles and usages as is THE LIVING CHURCH. It ought to be in every Church family."

§The writer begs to refer to his "Reasons for Being a Churchman," chapter IX., "Primitive Episcopacy and its Official Titles."

The Bible and its Critics

DR. C. B. WARRING, commenting on a recent lecture before the Y. M. C. A., in a letter to the Poughkeepsie *Daily Eagle*, says:

"There is a spirit of unrest, of doubt and cavilling abroad in the land, a disposition to look upon the Bible as suspect, a witness whose word is to be taken when corroborated sufficiently, but not when it stands alone, and never if some unknown maker of an inscription says something which can be forced to oppose it. And this too, when the inscriptions abound in notorious exaggerations, and downright lies. It was common enough for one inscriber to chisel out the name in some ascription of glory to a dead king and chisel in the name of his successor. It shakes one's faith in the identification of names to find one translator calling the same combination of marks, Izdubar, (George Smith), and Kibirra, (Sayce), and again Gilgame, (Prof. Haupt). What is called Xisuthrus in Sayce's, Geo. Smith, is Par-Napistim in Prof. Haupt's translation.

I read in one account, Sayce's of the flood: Xisuthrus speaks to Izdubar.

Haupt renders the same line:

Then Par-Napistim said to Gilgames, Haupt. The Lord of inscrutable wisdom said by them. Sayce, same line. His minister heard and proclaimed attentively.

In Sayce (line 25 and 26) the size of the ship is given; 600 cubits shall be its length, 60 cubits its breadth and height.

But Haupt omits all measurements and says simply, its lines were long and its height and breadth were equal.

In another place, line 57, Haupt, the translation says: On the fifth day I began to join the hulk together.

Its sides were 120 cubits high on the outside.

And 120 cubits the breadth of its decks.

Then I built six decks in it.

Thus I divided it into seven stories.

Each of the seven stories I divided into nine apartments.

I drove water pegs in all over.

I sought out a mast and the needed fittings.

Six sar of pitch I used to caulk it.

Three sar of naphtha I took on board.

This seems to be the translation of what Sayce calls column II, which he and Smith give thus:

On the fifth day it rose.

In its circuit were in all fourteen girders.

In all it contained fourteen above it.

I placed its roof. I enclosed it. I rode in it the sixth time. I divided its passages the seventh time.

Its interior I divided the eighth time.

I cut off the leaks for the water.

I saw the rents, and the wanting parts I added.

Three (or six) sari of bitumen I poured over the outside.

Three (or six) sari of bitumen I poured over the inside.

If the translators of the Bible had made such work as the above what a howl of derision would come from its opponents. I could multiply indefinitely instances of variation and contradiction, but these will suffice.

It was refreshing in these days of doubt to hear one speak so positively of the inspiration of the Bible. The Doctor appealed to two facts which do not admit of successful denial, the unity of character and teaching in this series of fifty and more books

written by all sorts of men through many centuries, and, secondly, the existence of a great number of more or less direct and particular prophecies which found their fulfillment in Jesus Christ.

The first fact is unique in the world's history. There is nothing like it in the history of Greece or Rome. I doubt very much whether fifty independent books by writers, some contemporaneous, some centuries apart, can to-day be found by search through the libraries of the world, where such oneness of teaching prevails. Never once, from Genesis to Malachi, does one dispute or even disagree with another in any matter of doctrine whether as to man's duty, or God's character.

As to the prophecies, tradition may be in error in reference to the time when they were written, it is not for me to say. I am not a higher critic. But on one thing all agree, the Old Testament, prophecies and all, was written years before the birth of Christ, and at and after that date was in the possession of his bitter enemies. Hence no prophecy could have been cooked up to suit His case without instant detection. These two facts exist, and need to be accounted for whether Moses or Ezra wrote the Pentateuch. I may add yet another fact which is to be explained. On the theory of certain writers we have book after book whose highest aim was to make men upright, written by various men whom all the world has hitherto esteemed honest, which they knew they themselves had composed, and attributed to authors who died long before.

With much to praise in Dr. Pierson's address, I regretted greatly to hear him say that were some of our beliefs overthrown, even one, I think he said, as to certain books being inspired, the fabric of revelation would be overthrown. That kind of talk is so old that it is musty. It has been a stock argument against advance in almost every department of knowledge. It was said that the world must be flat, because to deny it was to deny the Bible; that it could not revolve around the sun else the Bible is not true. And so of many other things. It is very dangerous to tie our traditions so firmly to the Bible that overthrowing them means to us overthrowing the Bible.

The Bible is no such fragile structure that taking away the scaffold men have built around it, will cause it to fall. No one who believes the Bible to be from God, need have any fear as to the result of the most searching investigation. Nothing that is true will be lost."



Letters to the Editor

FROM AN OCTOGENARIAN

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

Having read the "Five-minute Talks" in your excellent paper, (the last issue), allow me to make a few remarks upon the important subject of Bible reading. I have so much deplored the fact that it is so little read in this age, (the latter part of this wonderful nineteenth century), when Bibles are so abundant, millions printed and in so many languages, and yet a spiritual famine self-imposed. It is indeed wonderful to an octogenarian. I contend the simple reading of the Bible is an enlightenment. In my experience which has been large and wide, I have seen its effect upon an individual where little other literature was available. So I deeply regret this state of things. Every parent should early instil the habit of reading it, if so we need not deplore so much its being excluded from our

public schools. If boys were familiar, (say, with the Proverbs), we might hope for purity and temperance. If the example and precepts of the Master were familiar to the young of both sexes, what an incentive to a noble character. O that parents realized their great responsibility, and we might see mighty results in the future.

M. ATWILL.

THE EASTERN COMMUNITIES AT CAIRO

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

I think your correspondent is mistaken with reference to the Eastern Communities at Cairo. I was on a committee which was formed for assisting the Coptic Church in its efforts for self-improvement. The question of its relation to the orthodox Communion was thus brought before my notice. The orthodox Patriarch has quite an insignificant following. The Coptic is the Church of the Egyptian Christians generally. These two bodies live-alongside of one another on very friendly terms, but there is no inter-communion; occasionally on great occasions they attend one another's services. I think I have heard of an American bishop being recognized as Bishop when present at the opening of an organ in a Roman Catholic church. It is only in this way that there is any fusion between the Orthodox and the Copts. The latter are subject to distinct taxation, as natives, from the adherents of the Orthodox who are regarded as foreigners. I think I may say confidently that there is no inter-communion.

R. M. BENSON.

Boston, Dec. 11th, 1897.

THE END OF THE CENTURY

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

In your issue of Dec. 4th, a writer speaks of the year 1899 as "the closing year of the century," whereas, 1900 is the closing year of the century. In the numerals we start on a set of fresh figures in 1900, but that year closing the century will not be complete till midnight, Dec. 31, 1900. The first century began just after midnight preceding Jan. 1, A. D. 1; the first hundred years were not complete till Dec. 31, A. D. 100, 12 o'clock, midnight. So each century from then till now. I find a good many writing up the same error; it certainly needs no argument more than I have above written.

F. W. BASSANO.

Personal Mention

The Rev. John Antle, of Newfoundland, has been placed in charge of Calvary church, Roslyn, jurisdiction of Spokane.

The address of the Rev. Reese F. Alsop, D.D., is changed from 82 Pierrepont st., Brooklyn, to St. Ann's church, Brooklyn Heights.

The Rev. Frank Hilliard Barton has been transferred by the Bishop of Milwaukee to the diocese of Western New York, and is now assisting the Ven. Archdeacon Lobdell, D.D., in the missionary work of the archdeaconry of Buffalo.

The Rev. Robt. E. Lee Craig has accepted the position of associate rector of the church of the Holy Communion, St. Louis, Mo.

The address of the Rev. H. M. Clarke is wrongly stated in *The Living Church Quarterly*. It should be Indiana, Pa.

The address of the Rev. Alonzo Cushman Stewart is 417 Locust ave., Burlington, N. J.

The Rev. S. W. Derby has accepted the rectorship of Tioga and Antrim, Pa.

The Rev. William Montgomery Downey has accepted a unanimous call to the rectorship of the church of the Redeemer, Plainfield, N. J., and entered upon his duties the 2nd Sunday in Advent.

The Rev. J. M. Francis, having under medical advice, resigned from the Japan Mission, has accepted a unanimous call to the rectorship of St. Paul's church, Evansville, Ind., and will enter upon his duties on the first day of January. Address, 613 Upper First St., Evansville.

The Rev. John Ulric Graf has resigned the cure of Trinity church, Prairie du Chien, Wis., and his address at present is Hibbing, Minn.

The Rev. G. Benson Hewitson has accepted the charge of St. John's church, Harlem, Iowa.

The Rev. D. C. Loop, of Baltimore, having been appointed to the charge of the church in Green Cove Springs, Fla., requests all letters and papers directed accordingly until April 15th, 1898.

After re-consideration, the Rev. D. B. Matthews has withdrawn his resignation of the church of St. John the Divine, Syracuse, C. N. Y.

The Rev. Dwight A. Parce has re-signed the charge of St. Mark's, Candor, and the mission at Slaterville, and accepted the cure of St. Sacrament, Bolton, on Lake George, C. N. Y.

The Rev. Robert Perine, of Patterson, N. J., has accepted appointment to become general missionary for the jurisdiction of Spokane.

The Rev. Dr. A. Toomer Porter has resigned the rectorship of the church of the Holy Communion, Charleston, S. C., and been elected rector *emeritus*. He is succeeded by his son, the Rev. Theodore A. Porter, long his father's curate in the parish.

The Rev. J. J. Saunders has resigned the rectorship of Trinity church, New York.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel N. Watson has accepted the rectorship of St. Paul's church, Chillicothe, Ohio, and is already in residence. Address accordingly.

Ordinations

At Calvary church, Roslyn, Wyo., the Rev. Andrew Bard was ordained to the priesthood, Nov. 15th, by the Rt. Rev. L. H. Wells, D. D. The candidate was presented by the Rev. H. M. Bartlett.

Official

DIocese of MASSACHUSETTS

At a regular meeting of the Standing Committee held on the 7th inst., consent was given to the making of sundry changes in the constitution and by-laws of Calvary church, Danvers, and the church of the Reconciliation, Webster. Consent was given to the election of the Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, D.D., LL. D., Missionary Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho, to be the Bishop of the diocese of Central Pennsylvania. The canonical testimonial of the Rev. William Neilson McVickar, D.D., Bishop coadjutor-elect of the diocese of Rhode Island, was signed by a unanimous vote. Applications were received from Albert Danker, Wm. Wilson Gardner, Frederick William Roberts, and Arthur Wheeler Moulton, postulants, to be recommended to the Bishop as candidates for Holy Orders, and the same were laid over one month under the rule. The next meeting of the committee will be held Tuesday, Jan. 4th, 1898, at 3 P. M.

EDWARD ABBOTT,

Secretary of the Committee.

Diocesan House, 1 Joy st., Boston.

DIocese of SPRINGFIELD

The Standing Committee of the diocese of Springfield, on Dec. 7th and 8th, gave consent to the consecration of the Rev. W. N. McVickar, D.D., Bishop coadjutor-elect of Rhode Island. Consent to the translation of the Missionary Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho was withheld, because in the judgment of the committee his translation would not seem to be for the best interests of the western missionary region of the Church. Mr. Nathaniel Bernard Atchison was recommended for admission as a candidate for Deacons' Orders only, and the Rev. Charles John De Coux (late a Congregational minister), for admission as a candidate for Holy Orders with full qualifications. The Rev. Messrs. John Addams Linn and Wm. Henry Robinson, deacons, were recommended for advancement to the sacred order of priests.

Informal consent was given to the consecration of the Ven. Wm. M. Brown as Bishop-coadjutor of Arkansas, as his election had not yet been officially made known to the Standing Committee, for lack of time.

Died

DELAFIELD—Entered into the rest of Paradise, at the rectory of the Transfiguration, Chicago, on the 3d Sunday in Advent, Mrs. Louise M. Delafield, aged 83 years. Interment at Forest Home, Milwaukee.

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

LEWIS—Entered into rest, at his home in Austin, Ill., on Friday evening, Nov. 12th, 1897, William Cooper, eldest son of Helen J. and the late Rev. Albert C. Lewis, aged 35 years. Interment at Niles, Mich. "O Paradise, O Paradise, who doth not crave for rest?"

MULLEN—Died at her home, in Petersburg, Ill., Monday afternoon, Nov. 22d, 1898, Mary A. Mullen, wife of Richard Mullen.

WARNER—Entered into rest, in Hartford, Conn., Dec. 7th, Nellie M., daughter of the Rev. George R. and Sarah M. Warner.

Obituary

REV. JOHN ROUSE

The trustees of St. Luke's Hospital sympathize deeply with the parish of Trinity, the Church in the diocese of Chicago, and the bereaved family of the Rev. John Rouse, whose death this whole community has been so suddenly called upon to deplore.

They wish to express also their sense of the loss which the institution under their direction has sus-

tained in the death of Mr. Rouse. Within a month or two after his coming to Chicago he became one of the trustees of this hospital, and has ever since been one of the most faithful and devoted members of our board, and his prudent and highly prized counsels will be greatly missed.

It is a great comfort to the trustees that in this hospital which he so dearly loved, his last hours were surrounded by every aid that the best medical skill in the city could afford, and it is a great sorrow to them, that, in the wisdom of God, those aids proved so un-availing.

It is resolved that this expression of their sympathy be transmitted to the family of Mr. Rouse; be spread on the records of the hospital, and communicated to the press for publication.

CLINTON LOCKE.

ARTHUR RYERSON, *Committee of Trustees.*

D. B. LYMAN.

Appeals

(Legal title [for use in making wills]: THE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.)

Domestic Missions in nineteen missionary districts and forty-one dioceses.

Missions among the Colored People.

Missions among the Indians.

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

Provision must be made for the salaries and traveling expenses of twenty-one bishops and stipends of 1,478 missionary workers, besides the support of schools, orphanages, and hospitals.

Remittances should be made to MR. GEO. C. THOMAS, treasurer, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York. At present, please address communications to the Rev. JOSHUA KIMBER, Associate Secretary.

Spirit of Missions, official monthly magazine, \$1.00 a year.

N. B.—The Advent and Epiphany Appeal is now ready for distribution. Send also for copies of the report on domestic missions and for copies of the report on foreign missions in shorter form, for use of your congregation.

IN our appeal on Dec. 4th, for Grace church, Gladstone, Mich., it is stated that "we require about \$5,000 all told." It should be, "we require about \$2,000," etc.

THE WIVES OF AARON AND HUR.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES

The 25th anniversary will be held in St. Bartholomew's church, New York, on Sunday, Dec. 19th, at 4 P. M., the Bishop of the diocese presiding.

CHRISTMAS LETTER MISSION

The Christmas Letter Mission sends each year many thousands of Christmas letters throughout the land to the sorrowful, the suffering, and the sinful, in prison cells, hospital wards, and along the by-ways and hedges of life. Each year some field must be neglected and application refused for Christmas letters, because there is not money enough to provide for all. Dear reader, will you give towards this beautiful work as God has prospered you? If you have little give of that little. If you have much give liberally. Those who wish to distribute Christmas letters can obtain 30 English, 20 French, Swedish, German, Chinese, Italian or Arabic, with cards and envelopes, for one dollar for each set; 25 children's letters for one dollar. Reports and full information gladly given. Contributions, inquiries, and order to be sent to MISS M. M. PENDLETON, Central Secretary and Treasurer, head of Christmas Letter Mission, 1220 Pacific st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Church and Parish

WANTED.—Experienced Church musician seeks post as organist and choirmaster (or choirmaster only) in parish; Catholic, choral services, and where music aiming at true worship is desired. C. M., care Box 296, Peoria, Ill.

A PRIEST of the Church is open to an engagement either in mission or parochial work. Satisfactory references. Address X. Y., 175 S. Elliott place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE widow of a New York lawyer, cultured, refined, and competent, desires to be self-supporting, by caring for invalid. Good housekeeper where servants are kept; or traveling; has been abroad several times; would take charge of small party; middle-age. Address H. R. H., care of THE LIVING CHURCH.

A PRESBYTER of experience at home and abroad, 25 years in the priesthood, still in his prime, up to the mark as to qualifications, adaptive, efficient, successful, is in urgent need of work. Best references. Address, MISSIONER, LIVING CHURCH.

BOARD for one or two children not under four years of age, in a refined Church family, with kind, motherly care. Terms moderate. Address D, THE LIVING CHURCH, 55 De rn st

The Editor's Table

Kalendar, December, 1897

5. 2nd Sunday in Advent.	Violet.
12. 3rd Sunday in Advent.	Violet.
15. EMBER DAY.	Violet.
17. EMBER DAY.	Violet.
18. EMBER DAY.	Violet.
19. 4th Sunday in Advent.	Violet.
21. ST. THOMAS, Apostle.	Red.
25. CHRISTMAS DAY.	White.
26. ST. STEPHEN, Martyr, Sunday after Christmas.	Red.
27. ST. JOHN, Evangelist.	White.
28. THE INNOCENTS.	Violet.

"The Lord is My Shepherd"

BY MARGARET DOORIS

The fields are broad and pleasant, the grass is soft and green;
 No sweeter pasture for the sheep the eye hath ever seen.
 How cool with great refreshment the deep still waters flow,
 How beautiful in brightness the fragrant flowers blow.
 'Tis there my Shepherd calls me with voice of love untold,
 No foe hath power to hurt or harm within His blessed fold;
 My soul from sin He turneth, my hand in His He'll take,
 And lead in paths of righteousness, safe for His dear name's sake.
 And when the shadows lengthen, after the setting sun,
 And night shuts in the valley, and all the day is done,
 I will not fear, though Death is close, my Shepherd at my side,
 His rod and staff will comfort me, no evil can betide,
 They that would trouble me shall see how oft He doth prepare
 A table for my strengthening with tenderness and care.
 My cup of blessing day by day is full to running o'er,
 The mercy which He hath bestowed will follow evermore,
 Until at last, at peace, at rest, led by my Shepherd's love,
 I dwell secure from every ill, safe in His fold above.
London, Ohio.



WITH reference to the late Rev. Edward Bradley, curate of St. Agnes' chapel, New York City, a correspondent writes:

A rector occupying a prominent position in the Church has of necessity many outside demands upon his time and strength, consequently he is not privileged to go in and out among the people and care for their individual needs. This blessed work the curate does, and in proportion to his success does the parish grow in strength and holiness. It is a Christ-like work, and was nobly done by Edward Bradley, priest. Day by day he sat at his desk, ready always to cheer and encourage with the needed word of praise or suggestion, any of the many who went to him. Mothers of the kindergarten children, readers of the books from the free library, those engaged in any of the various branches of Church work, the poor, the sick in heart or body, the listless or the careless—all found in him a wise and sympathetic counsellor and friend.



THE American tongue interests me greatly. Whoever heard one of them say "America?" It is always "Amurrica." Then "New York" becomes "N'York" as if you put a Hebrew *sh'va* under the N. And the nasal twang is rarely absent, and is very pretty. The French have a name for the speakers. I saw them in one French journal called "Nasillard." I am told by one of them, a lady, that this twang is to be attributed to the fact that the early settlers in New England sang psalms and hymns through their Puritanical noses. "Politeness, hospitality, sociality," says she "I have invariably met with in England, but ever the theme is the American nose. Why may not

an American carry his free nose into the English atmosphere without having its network of catarrhal organs commented upon and found fault with, and compared with the speech of his island cousins?" I quite agree with you, dear madam. I have one more word about American dialect. I am a native of Hampshire, and in New Hampshire books of humor I recognize words which are, as far as I know, peculiar to my native county. For instance, "ornary," meaning ugly, may be more widely spread than I know. It is the regular word among the Hampshire peasantry, and in a collection of American stories before me, a cat which has been well singed in an explosion is described as coming out of it "the most ornary beast" the writer ever saw. "Bimeby" for "bye and bye," and "nary" for "never a," are Hampshire exactly.—PETER LOMBARD in *Church News*.



MR. FREDERICK KEPPEL has been inspired by a stanza of Mr. Kipling's from "The Miracles," to write one of his own. The inspiring stanza runs as follows:

"Dawn ran to meet us at my goal,—
 Ah! day to tongue shall tell again!
 And little folk of little soul
 Rose up to buy and sell again!"

The inspired stanza (attributed by its author to the "Distressed Poet") "voices" a feeling which must be shared by all of Mr. Kipling's contemporaries:—

"Oh, sordid souls! 'To buy and sell'!—
 No man his tale can tell like you;
 Yet joy my 'little soul' would swell
 If only I could only *sell* like you!"



THE *Church Family Newspaper* relates a curious history of Joseph Owen, one of the Brackenbury scholars of Balliol College, Oxford. He worked, like his father before him, in an Oldham cotton mill, leaving school at thirteen, since when he has educated himself at public libraries and University Extension. In 1895 he went to Oxford without any knowledge of Latin and Greek. Entering Balliol College in October, 1895, he won, six weeks later, in open competition, the Brackenbury Scholarship for history, value £80 a year. In eighteen months he had passed "Smalls" and "Mods," and is now embarked on an honors course in history, with every prospect of a brilliant degree.



A GOOD story is told of Bishop Barry. On his leaving home for boarding-school, his mother gave him a £10 note, which was to last him as pocket money for the whole term, and requested him to keep a daily account of his expenditures. This he agreed to do. For the first few weeks he stuck to his agreement, but as the term passed by he became somewhat lax in his accounts, omitting many times and often to post the items for three or four days together. Then came the difficulty of recalling them. On one such occasion, being utterly at a loss to account for the money spent, he appealed to his bosom friend to assist him in recalling the expenditure of the last few days. Needless to say, their joint efforts were futile; but they hit on a happy idea. Every penny they could not account for must be entered against "S. P. G." On his return home his mother, after examining his account book, asked him why he had taken so great an interest in the missionary cause. "Missionary cause, mother?" replied he, "why,

I have not given a penny to the missionaries the whole term." "But surely," said the mother, "'the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel' is missionary work, and I find that more than half your money has been given in small amounts to the 'S.P.G.'" "S.P.G., mother," replied he, "does not mean 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,' but when I could not remember on what I had spent my money, I put S.P.G., meaning 'Something—probably grub.'"



THE following letter was written by the Bishop of Chicago to the women of Grace church, Sterling, Ills., for the Thanksgiving number of *The Sterling Woman*, edited by them:

Your letter to Dr. —, asking for a sketch of my life, was sent by him to Mrs. —, who has turned it over to me. I was never asked to write myself up before, and in attempting it I discover my chief difficulty to be the lack of material. My life has been neither romantic, notorious, nor celebrated. I am only one of millions who have appeared and had their day, hastening on to the common "last of earth." I can not remember any great thing I have ever done. I get credit for some tolerably fine results, but I was only the agent by whom others wrought them out. I have written several books, but they show no signs of permanent survival.

I began life just two-thirds of a century since. In a certain general way my subsequent existence divides itself into three nearly equal parts: the first was spent in getting ready for work, the second in foundering around to find it, the third in doing it, though very imperfectly, I must confess.

There is nothing more to add, except that I have learned to have much charity in respect of the meannesses of human nature, and much joy in its nobilities.

On the divine side, loving kindness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I hope to dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Affectionately yours,

Nov. 6th, 1897.

W. E. McLAREN.



ON our cover page we give a picture of St. Augustine's chapel and mission house, Trinity parish, New York City, the Rev. Arthur C. Kimber, rector. Located in E. Houston street, between the Bowery and Second avenue, it is intended to be, in the strongest sense of the words, a Church for the people; the spiritual home of all who live in its neighborhood. It is a large and handsome building, and at every service every seat is free. All the expenses of maintaining, including the salaries of the clergy, are paid from the endowment income of Trinity parish. The chapel bell was originally cast in the year, 1700, and given to Trinity church by the Bishop of London in 1704. The altar, lectern, and Bible, are the ones that were used in the parish church for over twenty-five years. The cross on the spire, illuminated whenever there is service at night, is seen throughout almost the whole lower part of the city. In the mission house one of the clergy resides, and various agencies for the benefit of the community are carried on daily: parish and industrial schools, night schools for young men and women, instruction in housework, hand and machine sewing and embroidery, cooking and laundry work, and sight reading in music, besides numerous guilds and societies. There is a Sunday school teachers' lending and reference library of about 200 volumes, and a gymnasium for boys. In every way constant effort is made to give spiritual, mental, and physical uplift and help.

Letters From Abroad

BY JOHN HARRIS KNOWLES

VII

IF you have never tried to make an early start from an English hotel, you have no idea of the real easy-going style of life in sensible England. I had to catch an early Irish mail from Euston Station, and when I presented myself at the office of the hotel about half-past six in the morning, my account was attended to by a sleepy porter, and breakfast was out of the question. Fortunately the train I was to take had a dining saloon attached and so all was well.

London in the early morning hours has a vividness all its own. Thoroughfares deserted, queer people about one never observes at other times—a sort of chloroformed sleep on everything which in a moment or two will wake up with a sudden start and plunge on as busy as ever. Through this dozing London I drove to the station. Only a few determined travelers like myself were taking such an early train, consequently the dining car was not crowded. How different it all was to our American style. There was more formality, more attention to you personally, but in every other particular much was lacking. The short, choppy motion of the train was not easy to manage with a full cup, and one remembered with some pride the Pennsylvania Limited and the Empire Express, to say nothing of the wonders further west on the C. B. & Q and the A. T. & K. C., etc. However, we were glad of it, as it was, and the few hours between London and Chester flew by ere we knew it. There we made a stop to see a dear friend and once more look in at the cathedral. When I met my friends on the station platform, I noticed they looked at me rather strangely, the cause of which I did not discover until we were well into the streets of the town. Then a gust of wind made me clap my hands to my head. Lo! where was my hat? I had left it, with a choice Sangster silk umbrella, in the railroad carriage, and I had on a little jaunty, light tweed affair, for use on the ocean and the rail. There was no help for it, I had to borrow a hat to be presentable while in town, and telegraph after my lost goods, which I may as well say here, awaited me safely at Holyhead when I reached there at midnight.

While in Chester I had the benefit of a lovely service well done at the cathedral, and afterward, a look at the new mosaics of Scripture subjects in one of the nave aisles. They are indeed works of high art, yet full of an engaging beauty, attractive to taste in all its stages, a condition much to be desired in such church decorations.

I had also a treat of another kind while waiting at my friend's house until time for the night train for Holyhead. The old city was *en fete* for the benefit of a local charity, and the streets were swarming with children in fancy costume, young men and women in like style, bicyclists, clowns, hobby horses, and other grotesqueries. I turned to my friend and asked him: "Could such a scene be possible in Chester of forty years ago?" "No," said he, "it could not." It was indeed curious to note the social changes of which such a spectacle gave evidence. There was a freedom, a fun, a good taste, a general enjoyment in the whole thing which suggested life on the continent of Europe, and that abandon without rudeness, which is the most noteworthy condition of such fetes

there. There was an Elizabethan picturesqueness about it all, which even the electric lights in the band wagons did not dispel, for was it not Ariel making herself visible, together with Puck and Will-o'-the-wisp, and all the Midsummer Night's creatures that dance through Shakespeare's plays.

The procession over and the music ended, I went to my train, to sleep as best I could in a first-class compartment, all to myself. It was an uneasy slumber, broken again and again, until at last Holyhead and the steamer were reached, and then, rolled up in a rug, I snoozed comfortably across the Irish Sea. I slept too long, however, to see the lovely eastern light bring out to view the villa clad shores of Kingstown and the unsurpassed beauty of the Wicklow mountains and Dublin Bay.

When I awoke to consciousness and unrolled myself from my rugs, I found all those about me getting ready to disembark. Among them was one attractive group, beautiful high bred people; and the nonchalant way in which they got together their belongings was amusing. A handsome young six-footer spread out a traveling rug on the floor; into this he tossed soiled shirts, stockings, golf suit, tennis shoes, and all sorts of odds and ends, and then wrapped all up together, and in less than no time, by the aid of his straps, he had a most swell bundle, with some golf sticks projecting from the ends, proclaiming to all comers, we are out for sport.

It was between six and seven when we landed, and I knew that if London was somnolent at that hour Dublin would be ten times more so. There was nothing in Dublin I particularly wished to see at this time. I was to retrace my steps through it once more, and then, perhaps, I could see my favorite objects there, the bronze statues of Goldsmith and Burke, at each side of Trinity college gate. On then I continued in my train for the south, but as it was a special, and as it did not stop at the small station for which I was bound, I concluded to stay over at some historic site on the way. There were so many to select from it was difficult to choose. But a recent historic event decided me. The ancient cathedral of Kildare had been recently restored, and to assist at its reopening Archbishop Benson came from England. On his return from his Irish visit, while the guest of Gladstone at Hawarden, he died. We remember well the thrill which that sad event gave the Anglican Communion all over the world. We felt it in America, for many had learned to love the gentle, wise, and loving Archbishop.

It took but an hour or so to get to Kildare, and as it was yet somewhat early, somnolence was even more profound in the little country inn at which I put up for breakfast than in London, which I left, or Dublin, which I passed by. I did manage to get a good wash, but the handmaiden told me I should wait a bit for breakfast. One can always find something or other everywhere, and a half hour, or it may be an hour, passed while I regaled myself with a tattered book of Irish songs I found on one of the tables. These, with railroad guides, wiled away the time. Would that I could print *in extenso* some of the songs! Plaintive, weird, historic, comic, Orange, croppy, young Ireland, and sentimental, they all were there and with the music. Soon to me in the poor little parlor came a commercial traveler,

who, after a genial salute, eyed me with curious wonder. "What could I be about?" was evidently his thought. I gave him no chance to find out, and at last his curiosity got the better of him, when he blurted out: "And sir, what in heaven's name brings you to such a hole as Kildare; I have to come twice a month, but what brings you?" "Why," said I very seriously, "have you never heard of the grand old cathedral here and the round tower, of pre-historic interest?"

"No," said he, "I never did."

"And did you never hear of St. Bridget and her monastery, and the holy fire which her nuns kept aflame for hundreds and hundreds of years?"

"No, I never did"; was again the reply.

I soon found he had little taste for the archaic, being much more interested in new goods and disposing of the same. By this time the bacon and eggs were on the table and some pretty good tea, and a huge loaf of ashen-hued and heavy bread. Off this we breakfasted together, and all our talk was of New York, where he had been once, "Are you going back again?" I asked him.

"No," said he, "they are always too much in hurry there."

After breakfast I wandered out to see the sights. It was market day, and one could weave many social romances out of the evidences of the lowly life there set forth. Among the poor little crowd of broom sellers and turf venders were the more thrifty, who brought in their wares of eggs and chickens in donkey carts. Such humble sort of conveyances accorded well with some of the women who drove them, clad in cloaks and bareheaded, or with white caps on; but when evidently a poor lady appeared, in old fashioned finery, with bonnet on, and after a fashion in the fashion, when such an one came in view, driving her donkey and peddling her wares, it needed an explanation. Rents unpaid perhaps, mortgages foreclosed, men all gone away or too proud to descend to the market, and a faithful woman alone, braving all reverses for the sake of others.

But my time was waning fast; soon my train would be on hand. I tore myself away from the green, where not one had the bad taste to ask me to buy anything, and soon I was at the iron gates leading into the cathedral. What a hoary old place it was, with the ancient round tower in one corner of the enclosure, and at the north side of the cathedral a rude mound where once stood St. Bridget's shrine. The cathedral itself is not much when one thinks of England, but yet the site has the hoar antiquity of more than a thousand years. When one enters it now it looks spick and span in its clean effect. The old walls are there, rough and strong, and the old masonry shows its joints all trim and tight with careful pointing. It was delightful to look at the great cruciform space, with well raised choir and chancel and decent fittings of altar and choir stalls. The verger was very proud of his charge, and told how hard the dean worked to get it all ready, and what a man he was for climbing, going over scaffolding and everywhere the workmen went, without quake or fear. "Is he an old man?" I asked. "He has a gray head," was the answer, "but he is young yet." Evidently he was the ecclesiastic I saw in the early morning taking the up train for Dublin, who in all the glory of his very correct dress, skipped down a high parapet at one side of the station and up the other like a chamois, quite ignoring the

bridge across the tracks, which practically declared, all to no use, however, that passengers must pass over it, and not immediately over the railway.

My good verger opened the old round tower and asked me if I could climb. I said yes, of course, and then ascended a good long ladder with some rungs rather loose, up to the opening in the side of the tower. Once in, ladder after ladder mounted upward from loft to loft, until one reaches the top, about 100 feet from the ground. These lofts and ladders are recent arrangements for the convenience of visitors, the old constructions, if there were any, have disappeared. The view from the summit was extensive, giving hint of the importance of such structures for watch and ward in primitive times. As we turned to descend my guide watched how I managed myself with great interest. "Oh" said he, "you can do it elegantly. A big young fellow was here lately, and he lost his head completely coming down. He was in mortal terror. He weighed more than you do, and I had to take him partly on my back all the way down the best I could."

There was yet plenty of time before my train arrived, and this I spent looking at the rough remains of St. Bridget's shrine, where for eight hundred years the sacred fire was kept aflame, as a symbol of love and faith, until extinguished in 1220 by Henry de Lowdres, Archbishop of Dublin. It was afterwards rekindled until it was finally put out by another Henry, the Eighth, of England.

Once more on board the train for the south, it was pleasant to travel under the sunshine and shadow of the changing Irish skies, and to wile away the hours with an officer from the garrison at Buttevant, my fellow-passenger, who regaled me with stories of India and descriptions of wild life and scenes which he had experienced in many parts of the world. I will long remember his genial manners, his splendid physique, his perfect English, his beautiful teeth, his clear blue eyes, and that general litheness of motion which one connects with a deer or a leopard.



Transfigurations of Daily Life

DID you ever go into a cathedral in the evening, when all the light was from within? The windows are dark blots of dull coloring, and have no beauty nor charm. They are unsightly, and one could almost grieve that they took up so much space against the grand old walls. But wait till the sun flings his lances through them. Then they burn and glow with coloring which is rich enough to defy the brush of an artist, the pen of a poet. The gloomy, irregular patches of glass become crimson robes that quiver with the richness of their hue. The dreary white oblongs become angels' silver wings, though which the light streams as if the glory of heaven itself was illuminating them, while faces, tender and holy, shine out in the great windows, and speak to the hearts of heroes and saints who followed the Master of old and would lead others in those same blessed steps. The sunlight transfigures the windows and makes them radiant with unsuspected glories. Just so it is with our daily lives. If we look at them in the shadows of the light that shines out only from self they seem meaningless, marred and blotched with unsightly patches of dull and leaden hue. We can see no comeliness

nor beauty in them, and we may think that if we could but have had the choosing of the events of our lives in our own hands we could have made them much more beautiful. But let the light of God's love stream through them, and in an instant the humblest duty becomes ablaze with beauty. Nothing can be unlovely, dull, nor unsightly that God has ordered for us. He is the great designer, and each part of his work is perfect. Each everyday act becomes a parable of spiritual significance and is transfigured by the divine love. If we would see the beauty that is all about us, we need only to fling open our hearts to God's love, and then we may walk in scenes of the rarest beauty, even although our way may seem but a dreary one to those who know not the beauty that we ourselves can see. The mother whose life is wrapped up in her children, finds a sweeter interpretation of God's love for her, in the care and tenderness that she gives her children, and her desire to give them every good thing and withhold from them only that which is hurtful for them, than she could find upon any written page or hear in any pulpit. The physician going about on his gracious work of healing, walks reverently among the broken and bruised spirits with whom he comes in contact, and he recalls the tender compassion of the Great Physician who in the days of old pitied all who were brought to him, and "laid his hands upon every one of them and healed them," and as he sees disease yield to his skill, or pass out of his control, he finds in each phase some lesson that interprets God to him more powerfully than He could be interpreted in any other way.

To any of us, to all of us, life becomes luminous with meaning, and none are so much to be pitied as those whose spiritual eyes are blinded to the glory with which our slightest contact with our fellows may be invested if God's love but floods our lives.

Nature becomes an unsealed book, second only to the Bible in its lessons of God's ever watchful care, and the seed time and harvest, the budding leaf, and the death of nature's life in autumn to re-awaken in resurrection glory in the spring, are anthems of the eternal life.

We need not go upon a mount like the disciples of old to witness a transfiguration, for life is full of them. Everything that has Christ in it is transfigured by Him, and we live upon the heights of continual privilege if we live beside Him, while our own lives become radiant with the reflection of His transfigured glory.—*The Christian Work.*



Bible Translations

THE question, Into how many languages have the Scriptures been translated? has been considerably discussed recently in both European and American Church journals. The number has been somewhat exaggerated, no doubt, owing chiefly to the fact that partial translations have been included in the list. It is accordingly gratifying that so high an official authority as Dr. J. G. Watt, secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has compiled an authentic list of complete versions of the Scriptures. This list has been prepared chiefly for the purpose of settling the matter in dispute, and its leading data are the following:

Translations of the entire Scriptures there exist at the present to the number of 108.

Of these 40 are in the languages of Europe; 41 in the languages of Asia; 14 in the languages of Africa; 10 in the languages of Australia and Oceanica; and 3 in the American languages. Nearly all the Asiatic versions have been made during the course of the present century and are chiefly the results of the scholarship and industry of Christian missionaries. Several translations into Asiatic tongues are yet in preparation, but it is not to be expected that further versions in European languages will yet be added to the list. Of the 108 complete versions, mentioned in the following list, a few were prepared and published before the organization of Bible societies. The British and Foreign Bible Society, organized in 1804, has alone published 80 of these versions. The rest have appeared from the presses of the other British, the American, the German, and the Dutch Bible societies. The following are the languages in which these versions have appeared:

I. EUROPE—English, Welsh, Gaelic, Irish, Man—a Gaelic dialect on the Isle of Man, Bohemian, Breton, Bulgarian, Dutch, Esthonian, Finnish, Flemish, French, Georgian, German, ancient and modern Greek, Icelandic, Italian, Servian, Lapp—both the Norwegian and Swedish, Latin, Lettic, Lithuanian, Magyar, Norwegian or Danish, Polish, Portuguese, Rumanian, Russian, Romanic—two dialects, Slavonic, Spanish, Spanish-Jewish, Wendish—two dialects, Turkish, Swedish. II. ASIA—Arabic, Armenian—three dialects, Azarbeidshani Turki, Hebrew, Syriac—ancient and modern, Persian, Assam, Bengali, Barma, Karamic, Gudsherati, Hindi, Hindustani, Karen—Sgan and Pwo, Khasi, Maloyalam, Marathi, Pushtu, Sanskrit, Shan, Singali, Tamil, Telugu, Uriya, Siam, Malaic, Batta Toba, Dajakic, Java, Sunda, Amoi, Canton, Futshau, Mandarin, Weni, Mongolian, Japanese. III. AFRICA—Akra or Gae, Tshai (Asante), Yoruba, Esig, Duala, Kafr, Tshuana, Suto, Zulu, Suaheli, Ganda, Amharic, Madagascar, Luganda. IV. AUSTRALIA AND OCEANICA—Aneityum, Fidshi, Gilbert, Hawaiian, Lifu, Maori, Rarotonga, Samoa, Tahiti, Tonga. V. AMERICA—Kri, Dakota, Esquimo.‡

Mr. Watt adds the statement that if partial translations are added to these complete versions, the total will reach almost the figure of five hundred. While there is, e.g., no complete version of the Scripture into the Chinese as such, there are partial translations into sixteen different Chinese dialects. Indeed it can be said that partial versions of the Bible exist in almost all known languages of Asia and in a majority of the languages of Africa.—*The Literary Digest.*



Book Notices

The Skipper's Wooing and The Brown Man's Servant. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, \$1.

Mr. Jacobs has in him the elements of a first-class story teller—he is ingenious, graphic, humorous, entertaining. The two stories of his little book show us the possibilities of the author, and we regret that he has not had a slight touch of the productive mania which sometimes attacks writers. We are reminded, as we read, of half a dozen men whose pens are gifted in this kind of literature, yet the work is purely original. Mr. Jacobs rather shares in the ability of others than borrows from them. His tales deserve to find their way to many readers.

A Little House in Pimlico. By Marguerite Eouvet. Illustrated by Helen Maitland Armstrong. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.50.

We are by no means disposed to echo the harsh criticism of this book—"a flagrant copy of Little Lord Fauntleroy." The coming of an heir to his inheritance, the acknowledgment of a

claims by a rich curmudgeon of a relative, has been common stock among novelists ever since novels have been. Why, then, should Mrs. Burnett have the monopoly of the little boy heir? And isn't each good little boy heir entitled to a good, sweet, womanly mother? It might, indeed, have been the part of wisdom in Miss Bouvet to have read up Mrs. Burnett's famous book, and then to have suppressed in her own work some circumstances which, however naturally suggested, are so well established as Fauntleroy-esque as to lay her open to the charge of plagiarism. As it is, the many admirers of Miss Bouvet's little people will be glad to make the acquaintance of "Master Sedley" and the other inmates of "A Little House in Pimlico."

My Studio Neighbours. By William Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated by the author. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Gibson's "Studio Neighbours" are furred and feathered folk. "Snickering squirrels" play tag on the shingled roof; a wild fox furnishes the artist daily entertainment, while the carol of birds and the hum of bees accompany his toil. But these are not his most neighbourly neighbours. Hornets take his drawing-board *en route* for their store-houses in the bamboo handles of his brushes. Of these neighbours of his, Mr. Gibson discourses with the enthusiasm of a naturalist, while he draws them with his own inimitable skill. The lover of nature and the lover of art will alike find pleasure in this volume of daily devices, while they regret the recent death of this gifted author and artist, who in a different field from that of Chas. Dana Gibson, has given us so much to enjoy.

White Man's Africa. By Poultney Bigelow. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville and from Photographs. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$2.50.

The work undertaken by Mr. Bigelow in the production of this book seems to have been one for which he was peculiarly fitted, and the product of his labor is both valuable and timely. The author is a practical man, an experienced traveler, a clear-headed judge of causes from their effects, and a keen observer of the latter, shrewd in his appreciation of the peculiarities of peoples and individuals, and just and fair-minded in his deductions. Only an American could have written "White Man's Africa," and it will be thoroughly appreciated by Americans. We find many points of similarity between the conditions which exist or have existed in the South African Republics and those which were met in the early times of our own country. Instead of a mass of misconceptions evolved from verbose accounts of the Jameson Raid and other South African matters with which the daily press has teemed since January, 1896, we find ourselves possessed of a fair, general estimate of the republics, their peoples, and their requirements. The sketches of Presidents Kruger and Steyn are well drawn and comprehensive, and the contrasting of the two men and the conditions which obtain in their respective States is both interesting and convincing. The book, on the whole, is admirable and deserves a host of readers.

Historical Memorials of Ely Cathedral. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.50.

Those of our readers who have visited Ely cathedral, will be glad to be reminded, by Dean Stubbs' book, of the superb architecture which they witnessed and the indescribable charm of the place. Others not so fortunate as to visit Ely, but who admire a "sermon in stone" or who find fascination and charm in reading the lives of English saints and ancient worthies as tradition has handed them down, will find in these "Historical Memorials" a real treat. The volume comprises two lectures delivered at Cambridge by the present dean of Ely, Dr. Stubbs. In the first lecture, on the Shrine of St. Awdrey (commonly known as St. Etheldreda), we are told how the Virgin Queen founded the monastery of Ely and became its first abbess. The second lecture takes up the story of Alan D. Walsingham. Appended to these lectures is much subsidiary matter in the form of notes and chronological annals. The volume is in every

way a beautiful book, beautifully printed and bound, and beautifully illustrated.

Poems now First Collected. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897. Price, \$1.50.

The man who knows somewhat of the value and power of poetry has well nigh learned the secret of spiritual force, and how far it transcends all merely material things. This gathering of poems comes to us with all the freshness of an armful of budding branches in the spring-time. It is the eternal, finding in the present a new period of expression. We open the book at random, the first page we light on gives us in words a picture of the poet's home. It may be a pastel, an etching, or an aquarelle, just as we fancy. It is called

EVENTIDE

"The sunset fires old Portsmouth spires,
Out creeps the ebbing tide;
Beyond the battery-point I see
A glimmering schooner glide;
White flares the turning Whale-back light,
The silent ground-swell rolls;
Low and afar shines one red star
Above the Isle of Shoals."

We open once again, and come on the well-known poem on "The Hand of Lincoln." The first two and last stanzas will suffice as example of the whole:

"Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was,—how large of mould

"The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the plowman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

* * * * *
"What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!"

We open, too, at "Ye Tombe of ye Poet Chau-
cer," and Westminster Abbey is before us, and
once again we walk among its mighty dead. We
open again at "Corda Concordia," and the mute
mystery of nature finds voice in the poet's lines.
We open once more and read under the head-
ing

FATHER JARDINE, TRINITY CHURCH, ST. LOUIS
"Around his loins, when the last breath had gone
From the gaunt frame—and death's encroaching
mist,

A veil betwixt earth left and heaven won,
Told nought of all it wist—

"Close to the flesh, sore lashed by waves of pain,
They found the iron girth that ate his side,
Its links worn bright: the cruel, secret chain,
They found it when he died."

This fresh gathering of Edmund Clarence
Stedman's poems will be welcome to all who
love poetry, and they who are or who would
wish to be wise will always love the poetic.

Spain in the XIXth Century. By Elizabeth W.
Latimer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$2.50.

We were sorry to see the announcement by
the well-known authoress herself that this vol-
ume would be the last of the nineteenth century
series of historical narratives. They have been
so charmingly written, so trustworthy, and have
supplied so entirely that sort of information
which every one wanted that it is a pity to think
we are to have no more of them. The history of
modern Europe within the last fifty years, is,
strange to say, much less known to the majority
of people than the Napoleonic period, or the
period of the French Revolution. These books
of Miss (?) Latimer have furnished that knowl-
edge. She had a hard task in this book on
Spain, for if ever there was a jumbled, en-
tangled, maddening narrative it is that of Spain
from the death of Charles III. until the acces-
sion of Alphonso XII. Not a single sovereign,
except the foreigners, Joseph Murat and Ama-
deo, had any ability, any morality, even any
common-sense, and their wives were simply
women of the street, as far as morals were con-
cerned. Isabella's character is well known. Even
now Spain is far from being out of the woods, for
although the Queen Regent is a woman of noble

character and of great ability, the shadow of an-
other Carlist uprising is darkening down upon
her, and the affairs of Cuba are most desperate.
But the whole wretched story, the countless
revolutions, the plots and counterplots, the rise
and fall of favorites, the mean, false, public life,
which sickens an American as he reads, is all
told in this delightful book which we commend
to all who are interested in Spanish affairs, and
those now occupy a good share of the attention
our people have time to give to foreign happen-
ings.

An Unwilling Maid. Being the History of Certain
Episodes during the American Revolution, in the
Early Life of Mistress Betty York, born Wolcott.
By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. Boston and New York:
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897. Price, \$1.25.

A sweetly told tale of patriotism, love, and
adventure, which takes us into scenes of New
England life in the olden times, which brings
us face to face with the British Red Coats in
New York, and lets us see them take ship and
depart as vanquished foes, while Washington
and his victor comrades enter the evacuated
city from the north. In and through this his-
toric setting are woven the golden threads of
the old, old story—love and romance—and "all
ends well." The one weak spot in the book is a
stilted and formal tone, apparent now and then
in the conversations, which even the spirit of the
age does not seem to warrant. For instance,
when the dignified Julian Verplanck finds his
negro butler all in a heap at the bottom of the
stair, having fallen from the top, he hardly
would talk thus: "Pompey, stop groaning, and
inform me at once whether you have sustained
any injury by your fall!"

Lucile. By Owen Meredith. Illustrated by Made-
line Lemaire and C. McCormick Rogers. New
York: Frederick Stokes Company.

The admirers of this poetical novel will wel-
come its appearance in this holiday dress. As
every one knows, "Owen Meredith" is the *nom-
de plume* of Lord Lytton, the able son of a gifted
father. It is difficult to make one's ideas of the
writer of the loves and frivolities of such her-
oes and heroines square with the solidity of
character and the political and executive capac-
ity associated with the personality of a govern-
or-general of India. The scene, covering the
middle period of the century, connects itself with
historical events, culminating in the Crimean
War. It is full of romantic episodes, and the
moral is unimpeachable. The tale fitly closes
when Lucile has completed the conversion of
her two early lovers, and having become a Sis-
ter of Charity, smooths the way of true love
for the son of the one and the ward of the other.
There is a quaint realism about the colored
prints from Miss Lemaire's water colors. One
wonders how people could be romantic in such
costumes. The black-and-white illustrations of
Mr. Rogers are many of them delicate in their
poetic suggestion. Not all of them are equally
successful, but a few are especially graceful.
The binding is a pleasure to the eye of the book
lover.

The Days of Jeanne D'Arc. By Mary Hartwell
Catherwood. New York: The Century Company.
Price, \$1.50.

With a simple sincerity that does not provoke
the smile she feared, Mrs. Catherwood says in
her preface that she was impelled "by a divine
hint" to write the "one more story" of the Maid
of Orleans' sweet, tender, loving, daring life.
But the more practical preparation for the task,
here creditably performed, involved the study
and collection of material in America and Paris;
journeys over Jeanne D'Arc's country, and over
her route from Domremy to Rouen; and, in ad-
dition, a careful general study of the fifteenth
century. The result is this delightfully true
and vivid account of a life that seems but
the more wonderful the more one studies it.
Although more than two thousand books have
been written on the subject, there will be found
room for this story of the one who, though
burned as a witch four centuries and a half ago,
will continue to receive the homage of a majori-
ty of the world, from generation to generation.

The book is tastefully and appropriately bound in golden-brown, with a conventionalized design of the *fleur de lis* in dark blue and gold. It is a gift to be desired by young people all over the land, and will be read with enjoyment by their elders as well.

Seven on the Highway. By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897. Price, \$1.25.

The Seven on the Highway are seven stories and sketches in which one sees the style of Victor Hugo and Emil Zola. The commonplace and the vulgar, so-called, are shown to have their own poetic value, and the lowest lives to be full of pathetic interest. The romantic feeling which surprised us years ago in the author's first work, "One Summer," finds place in these shorter efforts, and there is much also of clever achievement, in which few words and deft touches are made to express much. They combine both schools, the romantic and the realistic, and suggest those brilliant impressionist productions in pictorial art, where apparently inadequate means produce startling and effective results. So in these brief sketches the means are most simple, but the results satisfactory.

Old Virginia and Her Neighbours. By John Fiske. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$4.

The well-known historian has been engaged for a number of years upon a series of books on American history. The present volumes come between "The Discovery of America" and "The Beginnings of New England." The next of the series to appear will be "The Quaker and Dutch Colonies in America." In these two noble volumes on "Old Virginia and her Neighbors," Mr. Fiske begins with the arrival of the first settlers, and gives an account of the colonization of Virginia, Maryland, Georgia, and the two Carolinas. The narrative ends with the year 1753, which marks the end of the period when the history of Virginia can be dealt with by itself, for her part in the struggle against France, added to the efforts so long sustained by New York and New England, resolves the action into that of a continental character. Hereafter, the history of Virginia becomes an inseparable portion of the history of our Federal Union. Great public questions now arise; personages of great future importance come before us. Of Governor Dinwiddie's choice of the young surveyor, George Washington, then a youth of twenty-one, for his first difficult and arduous enterprise, Mr. Fiske tersely says: "History does not record a more extraordinary choice, nor one more completely justified." The historian's prodigious stores of information, his masterly grasp of details, his luminous style, are apparent in this, one of the most important historical works of our day.

The General's Double. A Story of the Army of the Potomac. By Captain Charles King, U. S. A. Illustrated by J. Steeple Davis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25.

For sustained interest, animated recital, and ingenious plot no one of Captain King's many stories surpasses "The General's Double." Incidents, accidents, marches, and battles crowd one another to the music of the bugle and the clatter of charging squadrons, while through it all runs the thread of a simple love story and the soft sound of women's voices. The real hero of the tale is a woman, though perhaps the author never so intended. Mrs. Heatherwood will remind the more fortunate of us of the best woman we have ever known. We are glad that she is not made to join in the periodic fainting spells which attack the heroine. All of Captain King's dramatic company are well and vigorously depicted, and his sweeping style allows no flagging interest until his story is told.

"GOING ABROAD" is a little book by Robert Luce, full of information and suggestion most helpful for those contemplating foreign travel. Even to those who have been abroad, it will be of value and afford a thousand items of information which it would require a lifetime of travel

to gather. [Robert & Lynn Luce, 68 Devonshire St., Boston. Price, \$1. In paper, 50c.]

ANOTHER Church Calendar greets us this season from the Church Publication Company, 103 Devonshire Bldg., Boston, Mass. It is a wall calendar with a handsomely decorated cover. A large page is given to each week in the year, containing order of services, Scripture lessons, historical memoranda, etc. It is handsomely printed. Price, 50c. The cover was designed by Mrs. Addison, of Brookline, Mass., and the contents were edited by the Rev. John W. Suter.

RICH, yet chaste, and exceedingly beautiful, is a holiday volume, the result of the combined efforts of Dr. Van Dyke, the writer, and Howard Pyle, the artist. It is entitled "The First Christmas Tree," and is a story of Winifred of England, the wonderful scholar and preacher—sometimes called Boniface, the Apostle of Germany—and of a certain Christmas in the year 722. In its sumptuous dress of olive and gold, with its four beautiful full page photographs from original drawings, it is an exquisite Yuletide gift for an appreciative friend. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

"FROM A GIRL'S POINT OF VIEW," by Lillian Bell, is a volume of bright essays mostly about men as they appear to some women who see below the surface. It is a book which men, perhaps, will not be altogether pleased with, but they will read it. There is an air of smartness about it which is not at all disagreeable, though sometimes pungent. Miss Bell wrote not long ago about "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid." In the work before us she assumes to tell about husbands, about whom, confessedly, she knows only at second hand. She writes wittily of "A Few Men Who Bore Us." On the whole, the author is kindly disposed towards the *genus homo*, and will continue to tolerate even those who are "under thirty-five."

BOOKS FOR BOYS

Guarding the Border; or, the Boys of the Great Lakes. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.50.

This book is the fifth in the War of 1812 series, wherein the author has essayed to furnish the young American mind with an accurate historical account of the causes leading up to, and the events transpiring, during this war. Dr. Tomlinson is quite conversant with the character of literature most desired by boys, and he is also a judge of the manner of presentation which will best hold the attention of his readers.

The Lost Gold of the Montezumas. A story of the Alamo. By William O. Stoddard. With Illustrations by Charles H. Stephens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.50.

A stirring tale of the Southwest border during the early days when Santa Anna came up out of Mexico to win back the territory he saw slipping from him, and to slaughter the little band of frontier heroes who dared to stand against the advance of his army. Few of this season's books for boys will be better received than this story of Mr. Stoddard's, for herein are all the elements required by the youthful critic, and the tale is told with the skill of one who well knows his hearers.

Pontiac, Chief of the Ottawas. A Tale of the Siege of Detroit. By Colonel H. R. Gordon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

A story of daring adventure that boy readers will like. As a part of veritable history, it may be read with some measure of profit. It deals with Pontiac's siege of Detroit—that attempt of the Indians to perform a great task, in which they failed, with the result that, yielding to the inevitable, they signed a treaty of peace and gave up the contest.

Commodore Bainbridge from the Gunroom to the Quarterdeck. By James Barnes. Illustrated by George Gibbs and others. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.

From the fact that the author is a descendant of Commodore Bainbridge and has had at his command unusual opportunities in the way of

unpublished letters and papers and in a personal knowledge, a peculiar actuality is imparted to the scenes described in his story. Mr. Barnes has avoided the faults common to semi-biographical tales, especially those produced by relatives, and his book is a valuable addition to the juvenile literature of the year.

The Exploits of Miles Standish. By Henry Johnson (Murhead Robertson). Illustrated.

The Red Patriot. A story of the American Revolution. By William O. Stoddard. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst. Price, \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is a patriotic and educational service that the publishers of these tales are doing for the present generation. On the outside cover of the first-named book, in colors, the redoubtable Captain himself faces us; and it is also his "counterfeit presentment," in black and white, from the portrait in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, that forms the frontispiece. To the full account of the early life of Standish, and his work in the settlement at Plymouth, are added a chapter on the red man at home, and many interesting details relating to that band of exiles who have left their impress on American life. The book is printed on fine paper, with broad margins, and has twelve attractive full-page illustrations.

Another suitable gift-book for the season, equally well printed, and handsome in its outward habit of green and gold, is Mr. Stoddard's story of the American Revolution. It tells of Valley Forge and Yorktown, of Patriot and Tory. Its six excellent illustrations really aid the text and set forth more vividly events that girls and boys will not hesitate to call "thrilling."

SOME BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

"THREE PRETTY MAIDS," by Amy E. Blanchard, is a domestic story, which all pretty maids will like to read. It tells in a bright way about the every day, home, and school life of three young misses, and shows how their virtues were developed and their faults corrected. There are some pretty illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.25.]

FAIRY books are always in order, of course, and this seems to be a very good year for them. "The Echo Maid," and other stories, by Alicia Aspinwall, is a large page, large print, illustrated book, full of fairy mysteries and exciting fancies which delight the youthful mind. From the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, to the soup-bush, everything is as fantastic as the orthodox infantile mind could wish. [E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

"PRINCE UNO," Uncle Frank's Visit to Fairyland, illustrated by W. D. Stevens, is a book for children of somewhat older growth. There is more method in its madness. The story, we are informed, was first told to a little boy while he was very ill, and served to beguile his mind in the midst of his sufferings. It will probably serve as well for a preventive of illness to the children who may be fortunate enough to read it. [Doubleday & McClure Company, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

ONE of the best books of the class that we are now considering, is "The Odd One," by the author of "Eric's Good News," etc. The "Odd One" is one of five children, and a dear, little original child she is. When she gets a little dog she is no longer the odd one, for she has a perpetual companion. On every page there are dainty illustrations along the margins, from drawings by Mary A. Lathbury. [Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago. Price, \$1.]

THE crowning work of the season in fairy lore is "The Pink Fairy Book," edited by Andrew Lang. This is a collection of the brightest and best fairy fancies from all quarters of the world. "We see," says the editor, "that black, white, and yellow people are fond of just the same kind of adventures. Courage, youth, beauty, kindness, have many trials; but they always win the battle; while witches, giants, unfriendly, cruel people are on the losing hand. So it ought to be, and so, on the whole, it is and will be, and

that is all the moral of fairy tales." [Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Pp. 360. Gilt edge. Price, \$2.]

In the excellent series of Appleton's Home Reading Books, we have "The Hall of Shells," by Mrs. A. S. Hardy. This is about the pretty things of ocean, attractively presented and illustrated. "Curious Homes and Their Tenants," by James Carter Beard, gives us more about the creatures of the sea, with interesting description of all kinds of constructions produced by animal instinct, both of birds and beasts. "Uncle Sam's Secrets" is a conversation upon national affairs, by Oscar Phelps Austin. It is about the mint, and money, and postal service, and banking system, etc., nicely illustrated.

"QUEER JANET," by Grace Le Baron, is a story of an unselfish little girl who earned for herself the title "queer," because she found her greatest enjoyment in giving pleasure to others. The book will doubtless prove entertaining to the children, though overdrawn in some instances. Jerry, while a thoroughly boyish boy, might have been endowed with better manners, without detriment to his naturalness. In no literature so much as in that for youth, are simplicity and unaffectedness of diction essential. The illustrations are very good. The book is prettily bound in blue and silver, and adorned with the portrait of a beautiful little girl—the author at ten years of age. [Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price, 75 cents.]

"SUNBEAM STORIES," by Annie Flint, illustrated, is made up of a half-dozen delightful short stories. The first four detail the adventures of a band of rollicking sunbeams, and show how, because of too much interference in affairs mundane, they were punished by their father, the Sun. The story of tiny Tom Riley, "mos' twelve," will wring many a tender little heart, by its pathos. "Daisy" who broke grandma's Dresden teapot, is a dear little girl. In fact, all the children in the book are charmingly and naturally drawn. The illustrations are quaint and interesting, the paper and typography of the first order. The book is well calculated to entertain and profit its juvenile readers. [Bonnell, Silver & Co., New York. Price, \$1.]

"STORIES AND SKETCHES FOR THE YOUNG," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, display a delicious naturalness which commends them quite as much to the grown-ups as to the young folks. One recognizes many old favorites—Little Pussy Willow, and Hum, the Son of Buz, and many others. We cannot imagine a better book to be read aloud for the little people, or to let those who are advanced to the dignity of readers browse in for themselves. There are here and there some of Mrs. Stowe's peculiar notions, but the crisp, graceful style, the exquisite fancy and good humor, and the subtle insight into humanity which the book displays, make amends for any little surface fault here or there. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.]

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.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

Sir Toady Lion. By S. R. Crockett. \$1.50.
The School for Saints. By John Oliver Hobbes. \$1.50.
Little Homespun. By Ruth Ogden. \$1.25.

T. Y. CROWELL & Co.

In Tune with the Infinite. By Ralph Waldo Trine. \$1.25.

JAMES POTT & Co.

The Origin and Early History of Christianity in Britain. By Andrew Gray, D.D.

W. A. WILDE & Co.

Select Notes on the International Lessons. By F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. \$1.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.

The Service of God. Sermons, Essays, and Addresses. By Samuel A. Barnett, Warden of Toynbee Hall. \$2.

Iva Kildare. A Matrimonial Problem. By L. B. Walford. \$1.50.

The King's Story Book. Edited by George Lawrence Gomme. \$2.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

The Workers. An Experiment in Reality. By Walter A. Wyckoff. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Social Life in Old Virginia before the War. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Lullaby-Land Songs of Childhood. By Eugene Field. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The Decoration of Houses. By Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr. Illustrated. \$4.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.

John Donne, sometime Dean of St. Paul's. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. With two portraits. \$1.25.

Magazines and Reviews

Blackwood's for November begins a serial entitled "John Splendid: The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn," by Neil Monro, which starts off well. A fine estimate of Tennyson ends with a prediction that Kipling is the coming poet. "Karain: A Memory" is a strange story of the eastern seas. Sir Herbert Maxwell continues "The Calendar of Scottish Crime," which opens with the Gowrie Conspiracy, wherein King James played a manly part, though in defence of his own life, to be sure. We learn from this article that the persecution of witches was scarcely heard of in Scotland till after the Reformation, and that it was especially rife all through the Covenanted times. An interesting letter, dated July 24th, 1821, gives an account of some of the incidents of the Coronation of George IV. by an eyewitness. The concluding paper is on "Disobedience in Action" suggested by Mahan's Life of Nelson. The number, as a whole, is above the average.

The frontispiece of *The American Monthly Review of Reviews* for December is a reproduction of the remarkable painting, "The Raising of Lazarus," the work of the young American negro artist, Mr. Henry O. Tanner, purchased by the French government for the Luxembourg Gallery. Mr. Ernest Knauff, editor of *The Art Student*, contributes a critical study of "John Gilbert and Illustration in the Victorian Era," with many of the drawings of Sir John Gilbert and his contemporaries. "How the Bible Came Down to Us" is the title of an article by Dr. Clifton H. Levy, presenting photographic reproductions of portions of the most celebrated manuscripts and printed texts. The editor discusses the international questions growing out of the seal negotiations with Great Britain and the Cuban situation. He advocates a firm policy on the part of the United States. Irresolution in the past, he says, has cost us much prestige and done us serious harm. "Books of the Season" and current topics are ably treated and cover many points of interest.

The December issue of *The New England Magazine* has for frontispiece a reproduction of a photograph of James Russell Lowell, taken by Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1864. This accompanies an article by Charles Akers, entitled "Personal Glimpses of Our New England Poets." Mr. Ashton R. Willard gives a valuable description of the various "College Libraries in the United States," fully illustrated. "Ludwig Richter, the German People's Artist," has full justice done him by Mr. W. Henry Winslow in a careful study of his life and works, with admirable reproductions from the artist's works. "The Municipality, Old and New," is discussed by James Phinney Baxter who, in his capacity as mayor of the city of Portland, Maine, has had opportunity to judge wherein the municipal government of today is lacking. Mr. Henry C. Lahee, in his "Organs and Organ Building in New England," shows a thorough knowledge of his subject, and gives a comprehensive account of the progress of organ manufacture. Views of many famous organs and portraits of well-known builders and prominent organists illustrate the article.

FROM WISCONSIN:—"We get all the important news in THE LIVING CHURCH. One or two other Church papers seem to be larger, but that I think a disadvantage when we have so much other reading to do. The Church paper editor who helps us most, is the one who sifts well the Church news and gives us the wheat."

Opinions of the Press

The Chicago Chronicle

A LESSON IN TEMPERANCE.—An effective temperance sermon is preached by the mortal remains of a young millionaire who hastened to impair his patrimony by hard living, which included principally hard drinking. The moral value of temperance in all things will hardly be disputed by any one in his senses. Its physical value was demonstrated by the post-mortem examination held upon this unfortunate who died of acute alcoholism. Not only were stomach and kidneys and liver seriously involved by excess in the use of alcohol, they were so affected thereby that, though the man was young, the organs had ceased to have any semblance to normal organs, and it would doubtless be found, if the post-mortem examination had extended that far, that the brain would be in a like condition of lesion. Human creatures do not, as a rule, hack their members. He is not in his normal mind who would take an axe and cut off an arm or a foot, yet thousands of creatures who would deem such an act madness, deliberately subject delicate vital organism to equally destructive influence of alcoholic drinks. They may not premeditate self-murder, but their destruction is the inevitable end of the good time they are claiming to have while destroying themselves.

The Chicago Times-Herald.

YOUNG PREACHERS WANTED.—While it is true that the young preachers must have a chance to read their profound dissertations to some one, the sudden clamor for the displacement of the veterans cannot be regarded as a healthful religious symptom. Must the demand for young preachers be attributed to a desire for didactic lectures on all sorts of topics outside of the Gospel or to a growing appetite for sensational preaching? Is the "yellow kid" style of preaching crowding the grand old Gospel sermons to the rear? This is not written in disparagement of the young preachers. But to say that the Methodist Church prefers young preachers to the rugged old defenders of the faith, who preach the simple Gospel pure and undefiled, and who know its power to uplift men, is to confess that modern congregations want intellectual or sensational entertainment instead of the Gospel sermons that recognize man as a sinner and in need of redemption.

FROM IOWA:—A number of persons have subscribed for THE LIVING CHURCH from my recommendation, both in New York and Wisconsin. I always speak for it whenever an opportunity occurs. If I were a wealthy man, I would have it sent to a good many at my own expense. I shall "talk it up" in this parish, because it will help my work and improve the Churchmanship of the place.

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The Household

By the Saw Mill

From the German of Justinus Kerner

BY MRS. J. D. H. BROWNE

Down by the saw mill yonder
In sweet repose I lay,
And watched the mill wheels turning,
And watched the water's play.

The saw was keenly shining—
I felt as in a dream—
A pine tree it dis severed
In many a lengthy seam.

The pine methought, was living;
In mournful melody,
Through every fiber thrilling,
These words she sang to me:

"At the right hour, O pilgrim,
Thou camest here apart;
For thee these wounds are piercing
Right through and through my heart.

For thee, when thou hast tarried
A little while earth's guest,
This wood within her bosom
Shall be a shrine of rest."

Four planks—I watched them falling;
Sad grew my heart and chill,
A word I fain had faltered,
When lo! the wheel stood still.

Situation Wanted By Santa Claus

BY DOROTHY DEAN

HUGH MAXWELL sat under a palm tree in Africa, smoking a long and curious pipe that he had picked up somewhere on his travels, he had forgotten in just what country. He had begun to grow gray about the temples, and his bearded face was bronzed by the winds of almost every country under the sun. He was an absent-minded old fellow; indeed, his man Thompson often remarked in private, that, had it not been for his own valuable services, his master would long ago have been minus his head.

Before his indolent gaze, a stretch of plain led away to a mountain wall, but he did not see the plain, nor the mountains, nor the violet skies that over-arched them. Somehow, as he sat there day-dreaming, he felt the tug of old memories strong upon him. Into his dream a face had come, a child's face, lovely and dimpled and winsome; it made his eyes blur suddenly.

"Little Sue"! he said. "I wonder what made me think of her? I should like to see little Sue, and Lucy, and all the children." A sudden light and interest leaped into his face. "I believe I'll go home. By George, I believe I will! I'll start this very day."

A blast on the whistle that hung at his watch chain brought Thompson.

"Look after my bag, Thompson. I'm going home."

Thompson's eyes bulged suddenly. Home! When had his master thought of home before?

"Do you mean to H'america, sir?"

"Yes, Thompson, I'm homesick at last. I want to see the children; four of the prettiest youngsters you ever set eyes on."

"But, sir"—

"Not a word! And you can have that visit with your old mother that you've been pining for. Take a trip on your own account. You've had a long siege of it and have earned a rest. No, don't say a word. I'll get on all right. I'm not helpless yet, if I am lazy. You can see me on board, then off you go. When you've been gone a month, I'll send for you."

"Yessir, yessir; thank you, sir."

But Thompson still looked troubled, and went about his duties with much shaking of the head. Several times he opened his mouth to speak, but each time he recollected himself, and kept silence.

"Maybe I'd best not," he said, shaking his head again as he looked at his master's luggage. "Maybe I'd best not."

So Thompson set forth on his homeward journey, and left Hugh feeling like a school boy out for a holiday. It seemed so odd to be without Thompson. He calculated how soon he could reach home.

"It will be about Christmas time," he said to himself, looking up after a prolonged study of time cards and calendars. "Hurrah! I'll go home and be Santa Claus! And I won't let them know. I'll surprise them." His gray eyes sparkled and shone in his broad, bronzed face; he laughed out like a boy. "I'll load up my pack," he said, rubbing his big hands together. "We'll have a good, old-fashioned, glorious Christmas time together once more."

But few letters had passed between him and his only sister Lucy, while he had been wandering in such haphazard fashion about the world. Some of hers had been lost, and he himself hated letter writing. He did not try to remember just how long he had been away. "I'll ask Lucy," he said to himself, indolently, one day, as he leaned back in a comfortable steamer chair. "Dear old Lucy, how glad she will be!"

The day came at last when he found himself in the familiar street. He opened the gate and strode up the gravel walk, looking about him with a face as eager as a boy's. "How the elms have grown"! he thought, "and they've added some new gables to the roof, and dormer windows, and a tower."

A strange servant showed him into the parlor, and when Lucy came, he looked at her, waiting a moment to see if she would remember him. She had not changed much. Her cheeks were smooth, and a trace of pink lingered in them still; even before his wanderings began the snows had gathered in her soft brown hair. She looked at him a moment in polite inquiry, then a doubt and puzzle gathered in her eyes. "Hugh"! she cried, "it isn't Hugh"? And then she had her arms around his neck, and great big bronzed fellow as he was, Hugh Maxwell found himself blubbing like a boy. But a minute later he shook himself free of her clasping arms, and the next they knew, they were both laughing.

"Lucy, old girl," he said, "are you glad to see your prodigal brother? And where are the children"? he asked, stamping out in the hall. "Don't they want to see their old Uncle Hugh? Where's that little minx Isabel? and Floss? and that rogue Percy? and little Sue?"

Lucy Grafton's face blanched. "Hugh," she faltered, "what are you thinking of? Isabel? Why, Isabel was married five years ago, and has two little daughters of her own. Floss is married, too, and gone to San Francisco. Percy is vice-president of the Merchants' Bank; and little Sue"—Lucy's voice broke suddenly—"little Sue died fourteen years ago."

Hugh Maxwell stood for a moment as if he had been struck dumb, then he gave a great, gulping sob, and went striding away down the hall to his old den, which stood just as he had left it, twenty years before.

Twenty years he had spent wandering over the earth, and in all his home-coming

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he never once had remembered that the children would be grown. Was that what Thompson had been shaking his head about? And little Sue—she would always be little Sue; the years could not change her. But he might travel fast and far, he never could find her. It seemed more than he could bear.

Morning brought him courage. There was Lucy; how happy she was to have him home once more. It was worth coming, just to see her. He fancied she, too, felt the house lonely.

His boxes came, six of them, and were brought in by a surly expressman who grumbled over their weight; and that evening he sat alone in his den, puffing at his long pipe, and looking at the treasures he had unpacked and spread out before him. His Santa Claus costume was there, a jolly-faced mask and a wondrous wig. As he opened one package after another, sometimes he laughed, sometimes his eyes blurred. There was the doll he had bought for Sue—a marvelous doll, with wardrobe most complete. There were curious toys that he had picked up in foreign lands; books full



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of lovely pictures and fairy tales; sashes of gorgeous dyes and wondrous sheen; fans, laces, jewels—this was no evryday Santa Claus. Far into the night he sat there, sometimes puffing furiously at his pipe, and sometimes letting it die out. He fancied the children looking in at the door, just as they had used to do, and peeping at him from this corner and that one. He heard their dear, remembered voices, their happy laugh er, and imagined them climbing about his chair and searching his pockets for treasures that he brought them, and putting their arms about his neck, and their little lips to his.

And next week was Christmas time!

"After all," he said, rising to stretch his long legs and refill his pipe, and smiling grimly to himself, "it's a rare joke on an absent-minded old fellow. Here's Santa Claus out of a job!"

He sat down again and began to scribble, whimsically, on some sheets of paper that lay scattered about. "Situation wanted," he wrote, "by Santa Claus. Salary no object. Hugh Maxwell, 25 Chester place." "There," he said. "Not a word wasted. Neat and to the point. Thompson himself couldn't have done better. Now for my friend, the editor. Let's finish up the joke." He folded the sheets together and thrust them into an envelope and scribbled on the outside the name of his morning paper; then suddenly he tossed the letter away from him onto the table, and dropped his grizzled head into his hands.

Trim little housemaid Jenny came in early next morning to put the den to rights, and found a letter on the table sealed and directed. "Likely Mr. Hugh wanted this mailed early," she said, with her pretty head to one side, turning the letter over in her hand uncertainly. "I'd best drop it at the corner right away." So she pasted on a stamp, exactly in the corner and right side up, for that was Jenny's way of doing things; then she tripped out into the crisp morning air, slipped the letter into the mail box, and tripped back again, feeling that she had done her duty.

Some hours later, Hugh, after dropping into the waste basket the little pile of papers Jenny had carefully gathered up, and so dismissing the matter from his mind, was absorbed in some items of business that had come up to claim his attention. It was while so engaged that a reporter called to see him. He was a young reporter, with light hair and thin cheeks, and a look as if he rarely had all the dinner he needed.

Hugh, with the young man's card still in his hand, stared at him in blank astonishment. "Advertisement!" he said, "I haven't inserted any advertisment. I don't understand you."

"I referred to this, sir," handing him a sheet of paper on which was his carefully worded notice of the night before. "It was received for insertion." "Situation wanted: by Santa Claus. Salary no object. Hugh Maxwell, 25 Chester place."

Hugh read it twice through. "How did you come by this?" he asked.

"It was sent in to the *Morning Monitor*, sir. By mail, I think."

Then Hugh broke into a roar of laughter, and sent for Jenny. "Did you see anything of a letter on my table this morning?"

"Yes, Mr. Hugh," faltered Jenny, the color dropping out of her cheeks.

"What did you do with it?"

"I mailed it, sir." Pretty Jenny was on the verge of tears.

Hugh roared again. Then he checked himself, kindly. "Never mind, Jenny, it was all right."

He chuckled again after Jenny had made a tearful exit, and drew up a chair for the reporter. "Of course it was a mistake," he explained. "I should have needed the pro-tion of a squadron of police if that 'ad' had gone in. I've a good mind to tell you the whole story."

Young Hunter brightened. A good story might be worth a good many dinners to him, just then.

"Only, if I do, I suppose you'll put it in the paper."

The reporter smiled, and in so doing, lost, somewhat, his lean and hungry look. "You know I don't want to be selfish when I get anything good," he said. But even after the young man had gotten his story, he lingered a little. "It isn't often I get up in this part of town," he said. "Mostly, my territory lies down about the flats, and it isn't often I can get stuff that makes cheerful reading. Over in a place called Paradise Row, now, Mr. Maxwell, those poor little things don't know what it is to have a real Christmas. They're starved body and soul. I've seen them take down their stockings Christmas morning and find them empty as a poor man's pocket. I've seen 'em when they didn't so much as have a stocking to hang up. And so," he added, smiling a little wistfully as he rose to go, "it seems odd that good Saint Nick should find himself out of employment." His thin, eager face had lighted up, and his eyes glistened as he spoke. He did not tell of the many times he himself had gone without his dinner, or tramped weary miles through night and rain and snow, that one or another of these hungry little ones might be warmed and fed. Nobody knew the bits of cheer he dropped into these starved lives—only the Father above, and the kind angels, who look down and kept watch, and send succor when human ministry fails.

Hugh had been gazing absently into the fire as young Hunter talked. Now he looked



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up. "Young man," he said abruptly, "sit down. I ain't through with you yet," and an hour later, when the young reporter ran nimbly down the steps, his face was as radiant as the afternoon sunshine.

Hugh went in search of his sister. "Lucy," he said, "I've been twenty years finding out that I'm a selfish, good-for-nothing, idle fellow; now, I'm going to do what I can to make up for it. I'm going down into Paradise Row to give the children there such a Christmas as they never had before. Will you help me?"

And so he did. Down Paradise Row the Christmas sunshine streamed, and the Christmas gladness came shining down into sad little lives that never before had known a gift, or a smile, or a kind word. It was a happy day for Paradise Row, and a happy day for Hugh Maxwell.

"I've thought of little Sue all day," Aunt Lucy said, as they sat together in the dusk. "She was such a kind little soul, it would have made her glad. And I've wondered if, perhaps, she couldn't look down and see us."

"Maybe so, maybe so," answered Hugh, gruffly, and away down in his big, glad heart, he whispered, gently, "It was for your sake, little Sue!"

Burial Customs in Central Africa

MEN of rank, after being attired with their common aprons, are interred either sitting on their benches or are enclosed in a kind of coffin made from a hollow tree. As already noticed in other tribes, the earth is not thrown on the corpse, which is placed in a niche in the side of the grave. Like the Bongo, the Niam-Niam bury their dead with a scrupulous regard to the points of the compass; but commonly enough they reverse the rule which prevails in the former tribe, the men being deposited with their faces towards the east, the women towards the west. After the grave has been well stamped down, a hut is erected over it, though, owing to its fragile character, it rarely survives the weather or the annual burning of the steppe pasture. A Wagogo chief on dying, is washed—perhaps one of the few times in the course of his existence that such a treat is vouchsafed his body—and his corpse placed in an upright position in a hollow tree, to which the people come daily to mourn and pour beer and ashes on the corpse, indulging themselves meanwhile in a kind of wake. This ritual goes on until the body is thoroughly decomposed, when it is placed on a platform and exposed to the effects of the weather, which speedily reduces it to a heap of bones. These are then duly buried. At one time slaves were sacrificed to heighten the dignity of such occasions; but in marked contrast with the elaborate rites attending a great man's sepulture, the bodies of commoners are thrown into the nearest jungle to be devoured by beasts of the field and fowls of the air. Commander Cameron, from whom we glean these particulars, describes the burial of a chief in Urua as accompanied with practices almost unequalled in the annals of savagery. The first step taken when such a dignitary expires is to divert the course of a stream, and to dig an enormous pit in its bed. This cavern is then lined with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and

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knees, and upon her back the corpse of the dead chief, covered with beads and other ornaments, is seated, being supported on each side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet. The earth is then shovelled in over living and dead alike, all the women being buried alive except the second wife, who is graciously permitted the privilege of being slaughtered before the huge grave is closed in. Finally, forty or fifty slaves are killed, and their blood poured over the sepulchre, after which the river is allowed to resume its course. It is said that as many as a hundred women have been buried with one great chief, though smaller men have to be sent to their long homes with only two or three, and their graves drenched with the blood of as many slaves, while the vulgar herd have to be content with solitary sepulchre, the corpse being placed in a sitting posture, with the right forefinger pointing heavenwards, just level with the top of the mound over his grave. Travelling a little out of the Lakes' basin, we find the Mbinda of the Congo country covering their graves with crockery, gin and beer bottles, and, as we have seen is practiced by other tribes, suspending in the branches of neighboring trees the articles which were used by the deceased during life.—*The Peoples of the World.*

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Between the dark
and the day-light,
When the night is
beginning to lower,
Come, a pause in the
day's occupations,
That is known as
the Children's Hour.

Dick's Harvest

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH

DICK thought his grandmother's home the most beautiful place in the world, and was overjoyed when he found that he was to spend the entire summer there, while his mother went abroad with his father, whom the doctor said, must have this change. Uncle Robert preached in the little church not far from the lake, and Dick loved to sit by the open window, from which across the gleaming headstones he could catch glimpses of the water. Somehow sermons preached on those peaceful Sunday mornings, with the lovely country sights and sounds all about him, seemed to Dick just a little different from any others to which he had ever listened, and certain texts were always after associated in his mind with the songs of birds and the rustling of leaves. Then, when the service was over, he would stroll down to the lake and wander up and down reading the quaint inscriptions on the stones, or watching the boats rowing away, for many of the people came to church in that pleasant manner, while he waited for his uncle. And sometimes, as on this particular day of which I write, parts of the sermon would come back to Dick.

"If we, who have many good and pleasant things of this life, would oftener share them with others, the sum of this world's happiness would be increased tenfold, and good brought about which otherwise might never have been attained." This was a sentence from his uncle's sermon, and though Dick did not recall the exact words, the meaning had sunk deep into his mind. He had a great admiration for this uncle of his, though for the first few days he had been rather shy of him, owing to the fact of his being a minister. But that feeling had soon worn off when he found, as he expressed it to his mother in a letter, that "Uncle Robert is—well—just like other folks, mamma. He has such twinkling eyes, and isn't always preaching to a fellow; he knows everything about birds and flowers and animals and trees, and if you could see him row a boat! He preaches tip-top sermons on Sunday, though; things a fellow can understand Monday; and practices them for all he's worth the rest of the week, 'cause I've sort of watched to see if he did, you know. I don't mean I really did watch, only sort of couldn't help seeing it. I guess I can't exactly explain what I mean, but you'll understand; you always understand what I mean, don't you mommy?"

Well, Dick thought a good deal about these words, and about the text which was one he had never heard before, and which said something to the effect that we should "send a portion unto them for whom nothing

is prepared," and was still thinking of them when his uncle and grandmother joined him, and they all strolled up the lake toward home together.

"Robert," grandma was saying, "have you noticed a little boy who plays in the churchyard and along the lake, here? I tried to speak to him the other day, but he darted off like a hare."

"Why, that must be my mountain laddy, as I call him. He lives among the hills and I have tried my best to get hold of him. Now and then I have cornered him long enough to ask him a few questions, but he has only glanced up at me from beneath that dark mop of hair, and bounded off at the first opportunity, like the hare you compare him too. I've tried to get him to come to Sunday school, but he has absolutely refused. I more than suspect that he is often in mischief, and am afraid that farmer Gray was not wrong in laying some of his lost hens at his door. He's a bright little lad, and not really bad, I am sure, if we could only reach him. I would follow him up the hills some day but I do not like to spy out his movements, and I am sure I could never win him in that way. So I must just leave him in better hands than mine and watch my opportunity."

Now Dick had heard no word of all this. He had gone on a little ahead, and was planning out a letter that he intended writing to his mother that afternoon. He hadn't quite made up his mind—for Dick didn't often speak of what he felt most deeply—but he rather thought he would write out as much as he remembered of his uncle's sermon, at least ask her if she had ever heard that text before.

Yes, Dick was certainly learning some

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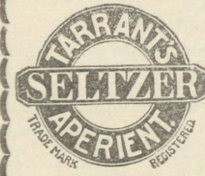
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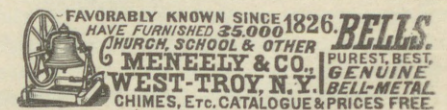
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lessons besides those in natural history, about which his uncle so willingly answered his questions; but nevertheless I would not have you imagine that he thought about these things a great deal, for he did not. There are some things, which, after one has taken them in thoroughly, become part of one's self. At any rate Dick was a real, everyday boy, full of healthy life and fun and spirits, with the serious side of his nature pretty well hidden away out of sight the greater part of the time; but there, to be called upon or appealed to in cases of necessity, and it happened that one of these occasions occurred during the following week.

Grandma and Uncle Robert had gone across the lake one afternoon to make some calls, and Dick, being left to amuse himself took his beautiful little schooner, his father's parting gift and about his most precious possession, and went down to start her off on one of those many voyages of adventure such as no other craft had ever come through unscathed. He hoisted her sails and hung her flag from the gaff and launched her from a certain favorite spot, then followed her, running along the bank till she came presently to a stand not far from the bank, the breeze having failed. Dick broke a stick from a dead tree near by, and leaning over tried to reach and guide his little craft. But the stick slipped from his hand, and the boat lay motionless, casting a pretty shadow in the water. There was no hurry; a breeze might spring up at any moment, and squatting down, Dick sat there waiting. It was a lovely afternoon, and the boy felt its sweet, dreamy influence without understanding exactly where the charm lay. A great beautiful silence was over everything, broken only by the occasional song of a thrush or robin off among the trees across the narrows, as his uncle had named that part of the lake; out near the point a tiny breeze was ruffling the surface of the water, and the sunshine glistened down through the trees bewitchingly. Now the breeze was coming nearer, would soon touch the white sails, and just at that moment a voice close beside him exclaimed: "Oh, I say, ain't she a beauty, though!" It was so sudden and unexpected, for the bare feet had made no sound on the mossy grass, and Dick started violently and only just saved himself from going head foremost into the lake.

"I'm glad you like her," he said, recovering himself, and looking over his shoulder at the boy who stood directly behind him; "but I wish you'd let me know you were coming! I pretty nearly went in I can tell you!"

"I'm glad you didn't; you might have broke her if you'd fell on her. Gracious! ain't she just splendid! never seed the like of her no wheres! Must be a sight of fun to sail her! Wouldn't let me now, would you?"

Let this ragged, dirty boy have his beautiful boat and when he wanted her himself? Well, he should think he wouldn't! and he had turned to refuse with some indignation when the sight of the boy's pleading, wistful face made him pause, and then suddenly those words of which he had not consciously thought for days, came darting into his mind. He had many of the "good and pleasant things of this life," how many, he wondered, did this boy have? Suppose that he should try to add a little to the happiness of the world by giving up his own pleasure and his dearest treasure for a while? But if he should hurt his beautiful boat. No, Dick did not believe that he would; he

would ask him to be careful, and might watch to see that he was. But then another thought came. Suppose he let him have the boat and went away and left him to himself, wouldn't he enjoy it the more. The boy had turned away and was watching the boat again. He probably had never expected Dick to allow him to have it and so had not been surprised or disappointed at receiving no reply, but now he turned with a startled, incredulous expression in his face, for Dick had said pleasantly, with no grudging in his voice, "Yes, you may take her. You will be real careful of her, won't you? and when you have finished will you take her up to the house beside the church, yonder?"

"Do you mean—do you mean to say you're going to let me sail her and ain't going to stay to watch I don't hurt her?"

"Yes," replied Dick, laughing, "that's what I mean. I'm going up the lake to meet my uncle—the minister—and if you wouldn't mind taking her to the house, I won't come back this way. Here's a string you can fasten to the bow and tow her by, if you like. You'll be careful not to hurt her; you see my father gave her to me, and I think a lot of her."

"Honor bright! Then, with utter change of subject: "You're staying to the minister's house, you say?"

"Yes," said Dick. "Why?"

"Just tell him that I will go to Sunday school." And with that Dick was obliged to rest content, for not a word of explanation would he add beyond the words: "You just tell him that, will you?" So, promising that he would, Dick wandered away up the shores of the lake till he caught sight of grandma and his uncle coming across in the boat, and, waiting till they landed, called out laughingly: "I've a message for you from a regular rag-bag of a boy, Uncle Robert. He said to tell you that he would go to Sunday school next week. I don't know what he meant, but that's what he said."

"What sort of a boy? Did he have hair like a thatched roof?" asked his uncle eagerly.

"Exactly!" replied Dick.

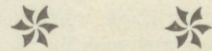


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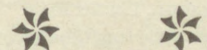
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"You don't mean to say that he sent that word to me! Dick, how did it happen? what have you been doing to him?"

"Why, nothing; only lent him my boat to sail awhile. But that hadn't anything to do with the message to you, uncle Rob; he called that out to me as I was going away. Perhaps he'd come to tell you himself, and when he heard that you weren't at home, he left the word with me."

"You let him take your beautiful new boat! Dick, how did you come to do that?"

A color crept up under the brown of Dick's cheeks and he kicked a stone into the water and watched it splash out of sight. Then he glanced up at his uncle, from under his eyelashes.

"I had to, you know what you said about sharing things and making the world a little more happy? Uncle Rob, come for a row, do!"

"Certainly." But then he laid his hand for an instant upon Dick's shoulder. "Do you happen to remember the end of that sentence, Dick? Do you happen to remember that I said also that such sharing often worked good that otherwise might never have been accomplished? God grant that it may be so in this case, dear boy! and I think that it may! Jump in, old fellow." And when they were seated he added quietly: "I have been working with that boy for months, Dick, trying to get him to Sunday school, or to reach him in any way, but in vain. I am very thankful for this message which you have just given me. I think that we shall be able to do something for him now."

"Yes, he looks as though he might have some good in him"; Dick replied. But he never thought of connecting that message with himself in any way.

"By the way, Dick," said his uncle during a visit to Dick's home the next winter. "I wish that you could see the result of that seed you planted last summer, I never saw more abundant fruit!"

Dick glanced up from the book which he was reading in surprise.

"What do mean, Uncle Rob?"

"Why, have you forgotten lending your boat to a ragged boy one afternoon and his promising you to go to Sunday-school? He has been a different creature since then."

"But, Uncle Robert, he didn't promise me to go; he sent the message to you. I had nothing to do with it."

"You had everything to do with it"; said his uncle decidedly.

"He has told me so more than once. Aye, Dick, but for 'sharing' of your's this particular good might never have been accomplished. Perhaps it wasn't an easy thing for you to do, old fellow. I know that it was not an easy thing to do, I knew it then; but it was well worth doing, wasn't it, Dick?"

And Dick's eyes answered that it was.

Little Lights

SOMETIMES children think they are too small to do any good; they must wait until they are grown, or at least until they are as big as the older brother or sister.

I read something the other day that made me think the smallest might be helpful.

Did you ever see a glow-worm? Perhaps not, but it is a little worm, about half an inch long, which shines with a little light, as fire-flies do. I dare say you have seen fire-flies some evening when you happened

to be riding in the country. What I read the other day was about the good one of these little glow-worms did.

There had been a battle, and some of the men were fleeing from the enemy. Pretty soon they lost their way. They had with them a little instrument called a compass, which would have shown them the way, only it was so dark they could not see which way the needle pointed. They did not dare carry a light for fear the enemy would see it and follow them. Just then one of the men noticed a little glow-worm shining in the grass. He picked it up and put it on the compass, and there was just light enough to show which way the needle pointed. Then the men knew which way their home was. They were very glad, and went on until they got home.

Don't you think these men thought a little glow-worm could do good? And cannot a little child do as much as a glow worm? Bright, sunny smiles, pleasant words, and helpful deeds are a child's way of shining, and they make all the household happy.—*The Orphanage Record.*

"JOHN," said the wife of the citizen who had just settled his freak election bet like a little man, "the next time you want to bet on the election, just agree that in case you lose, you won't make a fool of yourself for three months. It will be quite as difficult as anything else you could undertake, and it will spare the feelings of your relatives."

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In this connection, it may be interesting to know that Dr. Howard Switzer, of Brannon, Ky., in a recent letter, states: "The Postum Cereal Food Coffee not only appeals to my taste, but to my reason, for I should always recommend a food drink, and one that was a natural stimulant. It is exactly the thing for our two bright boys, aged seven and eight, who want coffee three times a day, and now, with the introduction of your beverage into our family, they can have all they want without any injurious effects. I shall cheerfully recommend it to my patients."

Another letter from Dr. A. C. Messenger, physician of the Old Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, of Xenia, O., says: "The first case sent to me was thoroughly tried, and has been perfectly satisfactory. I distributed packages among the several employes, and have heard words of commendation from all who have used the product. The steward will order an additional amount of Postum."

It may be stated that Postum Cereal Food Coffee can be prepared in a weak, insipid style, poorly boiled and poorly served, and this criticism is also true of coffee which, to the writer's mind, is a villainous compound unless it is properly served; but if Postum Cereal Food Coffee be boiled full fifteen minutes thoroughly, and enough contained in the pot to make it black and rich, then treated with pure cream and sugar, it is a wonderfully delicious beverage.

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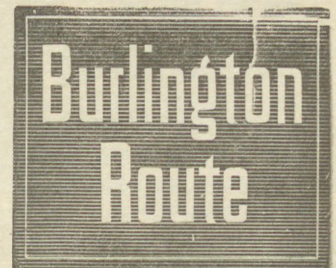
The great English scientist, Huxley, said the best start in life is a sound stomach. Weak stomachs fail to digest food properly because they lack the proper quantity of digestive acids (lactic and hydrochloric) and peptogenic products; the most sensible remedy in all cases of indigestion, is to take after each meal one or two of Stuart's Dyspeptic Tablets, because they supply, in a pleasant, harmless form, all the elements that weak stomachs lack.

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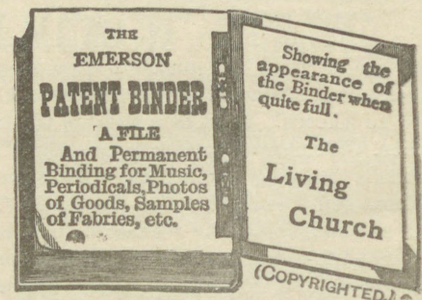
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Christmas Gifts

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For a young girl, fond of dainty surroundings, a white linen cover worked with tiny flowers in a variety of colors, known as the "Dresden style," would be appropriate, and though it might soil easily, if reliable wash silk is used, a visit to the laundry will make it as good as new. Prettier still, if the color in which her room is "done up" is known, would be flowers chosen to match—buttercups, wild roses, forget-me-nots. These covers are made quite loose, in the same way that paper is cut to cover children's school books, and it is well to add a strap of linen, about two inches wide, fastened in the middle of the top and the bottom of the cover, on both sides, to hold them more firmly in place. Those who can use the brush can make very charming covers of paper, decorating with holly and mistletoe, suggestive of the season, or with any flower which may have some special association; but these, of course, will last only a short time.

For a dainty present for the baby, cut one of the little embroidered batiste handkerchiefs in two diagonally from corner to corner; then in the middle of the diagonal, opposite the remaining corner, cut a straight line about three inches long, turn the sides back like the corners of a collar. Hem the raw edge and sew the Valenciennes lace all around the edge, fulling where the points turn back, and you will have a very pretty bib.

Cut a strip of white linen, eighteen inches long and four inches wide, and another strip of coarse white cotton wash-net the same size. Embroider the linen with leaves, or small scattered flowers or figures, either with white or colored silks or linens. Cut one end off both linen and wash-net in a point, turn in the edges of both and run them neatly together. Fold the square end up and sew the sides of the linen together—the linen, of course, outside—making a pocket three inches deep. Run hairpins—of tortoise shell—a little shorter than the width of the linen, through the net until the long flap is filled, and place in the pocket some invisible pins. Sew a piece of baby ribbon, three-quarters of a yard long, to the point, fold the pocket over along the flap until the whole is used, and tie the ribbon in a neat bow around the square package that is thus formed.

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