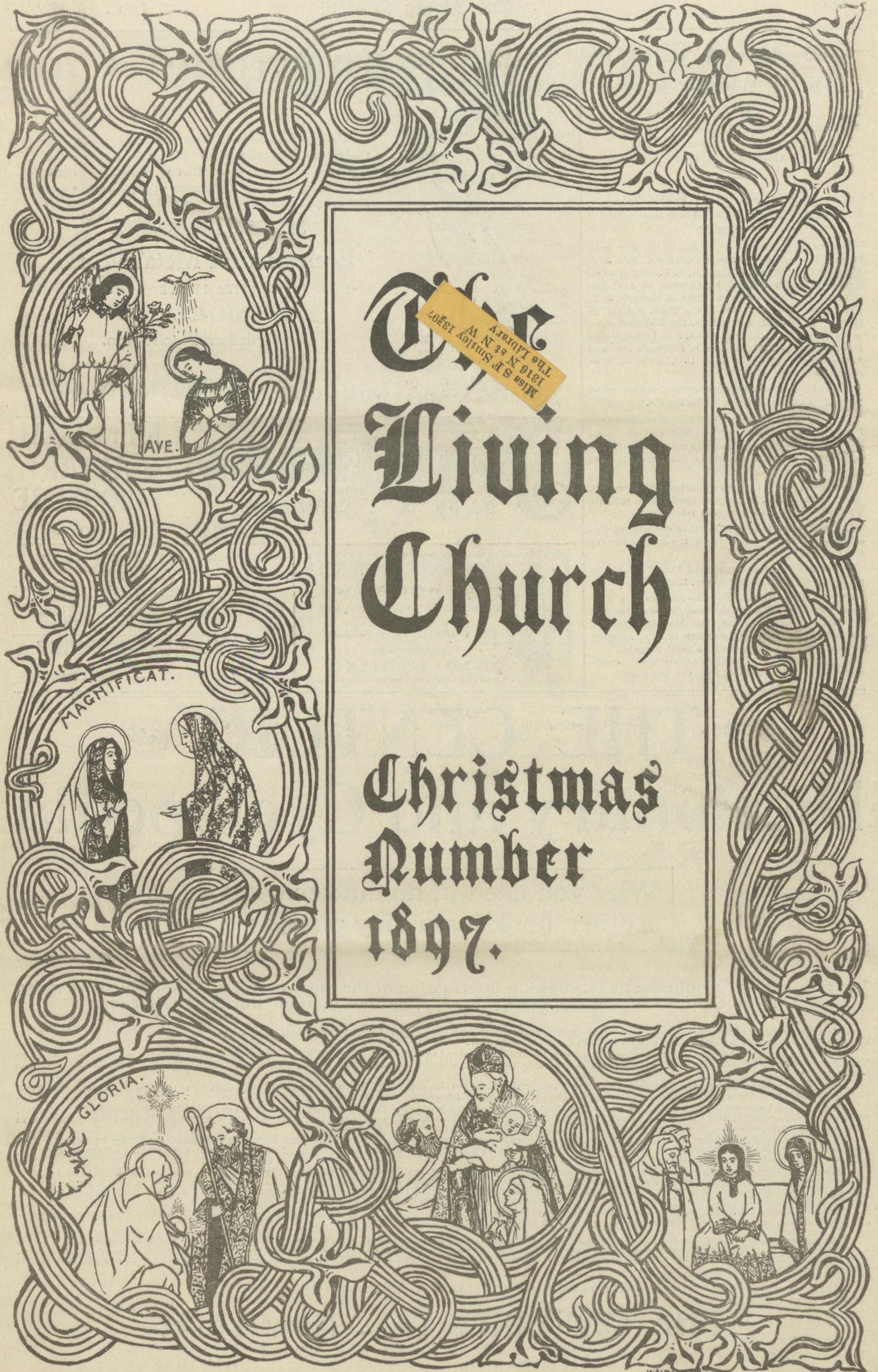


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The Living Church

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The Living Church

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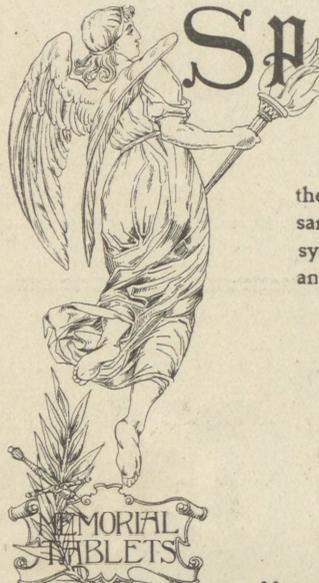
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The Living Church

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

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 25, 1897

News and Notes

SOCIAL and moral improvement has resulted from the enforcement of the curfew law compelling all children under fifteen years of age, to be in their homes by 9 P. M., unless accompanied by their parents or absent with leave. The law has now been adopted in some 300 towns and cities among which are Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, Des Moines, etc., and the testimony to its effectiveness is decided. Mayor Graham, of Lincoln, Neb., reports a decrease of 75 per cent. in the arrests of youths during the first month after the ordinance had gone into operation. In St. Joseph, Mo., there has been a reduction of 50 per cent. in the commitment to the reform school from that city. It is gratifying to find that so simple a regulation is producing such good results and meeting with such general approval. It is a step in the right direction for as "the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;" a saying trite but true.

THE Board of Managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society has elected as general secretary to succeed the late Rev. Dr. Langford, the Rev. Edwin Stevens Lines, D.D. Dr. Lines belongs to an old Connecticut family, and has passed his entire ministry in that diocese; is a graduate of Yale College in the class of '72, and subsequently did post-graduate work there. In 1874 he graduated from Berkeley Divinity School. He was for a time rector of the church at Naugatuck, and for many years has been rector of St. Paul's church, New Haven, serving various interests of the diocese, and being a deputy in the General Convention. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Yale University. He is a conservative Churchman, of scholarly habits, and popular in his parochial relations. The choice of the Board is a good one. Dr. Lines will bring to the work, should he decide to accept, the energy, enthusiasm, and careful administration which will command success.

A DINNER of the New Vagabond Club in London, Dec. 10th, produced something of a sensation. Though accounted a "Christmas dinner," it was presided over by a Jew, Mr. Zangwill. But the speech of the evening was made by Rear Admiral Sir Charles Beresford who made a slashing attack upon the deference now paid to wealth in English society, and the lack of moral principle in the highest circles. "Money," he said, "is now everything amongst us. Any vulgarian, of whatever nationality, whether he has gained money honorably or disgracefully, can buy his way among those who are described as the best and proudest in the land, but who worship the golden calf." This is popularly interpreted as a reference to the Prince of Wales and his supposed predilection for the possessors of wealth. The doughty naval officer proceeded to castigate high society, some of whose notable representatives were before

him, for its zeal in casting the screen of its protection around one of its members who had committed a notoriously dishonorable act, instead of hanging him to the nearest tree. When such things are possible, he said, "our old empire is on the down grade." He appealed to those before him to do every thing to bring about a return to the "old love of chivalry and patriotism, the abhorrence of everything sordid and selfish." Words like these have a sterling ring, and are always wholesome when they come from one who, like the speaker in this instance, has an unimpeachable standing, and can hardly be considered as influenced by any private grievance.

WITH the assent of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a remarkable dramatic exhibition was lately given at Canterbury, said to be the only drama that has been produced with episcopal approval since the days of the Puritans. It was not, however, a play in any sense of the word, but a series of ten tableaux, entitled "The Conversion of England," divided by hymns and illustrated or explained by sermons and episodes from the Ecclesiastical History of the Venerable Bede. The performance opens, as a matter of course, with the meeting between St. Gregory the Great and the Saxon slaves in the Roman market place. Next is presented a scene representing the pagan rites of worship in Britain. St. Augustine first appears in the refectory of the monastery of St. Andrew at Rome, after which successive scenes present the struggle between fear and faith, the dangers encountered by the missionaries on their journey to the coast, their arrival at Arles, and, finally, the meeting of Augustine and King Ethelbert. The series is completed by the Baptism of the King, the Consecration of St. Augustine, and the union of the British and Scotch Churches. The manner in which the tableaux were presented received high praise. The performers were anonymous, being advertised simply as "divers persons connected with the church of St. Peter, Vauxhall." The costumes were copied from the records in the British Museum. The performance attracted large audiences, and the profits are to be appropriated to the fund for restoring the chapter house.

RECENT reports state that a movement is on foot in England to obtain for Cardinal Vaughan a seat in the House of Lords. A petition to that end has been sent to the Prime Minister, the Marquis of Salisbury, by the Duke of Norfolk. The Pope is, naturally enough, kindly interested in this scheme. The Bull of his holiness having failed to effect "the conversion of England," it is in accordance with the traditions of the Vatican to try political methods. There are now in the House of Lords a number of Roman Catholic peers, such as the Duke of Norfolk himself, the Marquis of Ripon, Baron Petre, and others. But they are not there as representatives of their religious communion, but by virtue of their temporal rank or hereditary descent. The

only persons who sit in the Lords as representatives of religion are the the bishops of the Church of England. It is difficult to conceive of any principle on which such a distinction could be conceded to Cardinal Vaughan which would not establish an equal claim for the leaders of the several larger dissenting or Non-conformist bodies. There is not the slightest probability that this move on the part of the Vatican will be successful.

AMONG the interesting features of THE LIVING CHURCH during the present year will be a series of papers on the Church Year, by the Rev. A. W. Snyder, the first two of which will be found in this issue. They will be signed "S." It is a subject upon which, we are aware, much has been written, but we believe that Mr. Snyder will be able to present the old truths and facts enshrined in the Christian Calendar, in a helpful and impressive way. He is known to many of our readers as the writer of the "Living Church Tracts," the most popular Church leaflets that have ever been published in this country. His contributions to that series have been published in a volume entitled "Chief Things."

ON St. Andrew's Day occurred at St. Paul's cathedral, London, the consecration of the new Suffragan Bishop of Stepney, Canon Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram. Owing to the indisposition of the Archbishop, the consecration was by commission entrusted to the Bishop of London, who was assisted by the Bishops of Lichfield, St. Alban's, Rochester, Bristol, Marlborough, Southwark, and Colchester. The preacher was the Rev. Prebendary L. E. Shelford. While the Bishop-elect was vesting, Gounod's "Lovely appearing over the mountains," and the chorus, "The Lord be a lamp unto thy feet," from Sir Julius Benedict's oratorio of "St. Peter," were given. The cathedral was well filled, the choir to which entrance was by ticket, being crowded. The sermon was from the text, "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven," Rev. xiv: 6. The new Bishop's familiarity with the scene of his future labors, where he has so long done a successful and unusual work as a priest, makes it easy to predict for him a most useful career as a bishop. A more worthy successor of Bishop Browne could hardly have been selected.

JOHN LOUGHBOROUGH PEARSON, a distinguished English architect and member of the Royal Academy, died a week ago. Since the death of Sir Gilbert Scott he had been architect for Westminster Abbey. He built Holy Trinity church, at the foot of Vauxhall bridge, a building remarkable in many ways, but principally by being groined throughout with stone and brick, the first modern instance of this treatment. Mr. Pearson was the architect for Lincoln cathedral, St. George's chapel, Windsor; Bristol cathedral, Exeter cathedral, Truro cathedral, and Peterborough cathedral. He restored the west side of Westminster

Hall, and made additions to the University Library at Cambridge. He had been for many years a fellow of the Royal Institute of Architects, and one of the consulting architects of the Incorporated Church Building Society. In 1874 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and was elected in 1880 a full member. The French government awarded him a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition, and he was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor. From the Royal Institute of British Architects he received the Queen's gold medal.



At a meeting of the Ruri-decanal chapter of Britton on Nov. 26th the Bishop of Bristol announced that he had absolutely prohibited the issuance of marriage license to any divorced person, "innocent" or guilty.—There has been a falling off in the receipts of "Peter's Pence," which constitutes the main source of the Papal revenues. Efforts will be made on the coming New Year's Day to increase the fund, especially in the United States where the offerings have fallen off during the last few years. Formerly the United States was among the largest contributors to Peter's Pence.—In one of the addresses at the recent National Conference in Philadelphia, it was stated that forty out of forty-five State Constitutions contained acknowledgements of God; that recent revisions have retained such acknowledgments, and in the case of Kentucky and Virginia have inserted them for the first time.—In Belgium, workmen are encouraged to put their savings into homes, by being exempted, under certain restrictions, from paying building, paving, and sewerage taxes, when the dwelling is for individual use of the builder.



The Church Abroad

The University of Oxford has experienced a great loss by the death of the Rev. James Legge, professor of Chinese, at the great age of ninety-two. Dr. Legge was the authority of the day on Chinese literature, and had passed nearly forty years of his life in China, whither he went as a missionary from Scotland when about twenty-four years of age. Dr. Legge remained to the end of his life a Nonconformist, though numbering Churchmen and members of other communities among his intimate and closest friends.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh who recently resigned the bishopric of Mauritius, was instituted to the archdeaconry of Canterbury, together with the canonry annexed thereto, at Lambeth Palace on Dec. 6th.

A meeting was held at Wakefield, on Dec. 7th, to receive the report of the committee appointed in October to promote a memorial to the late Bishop of Wakefield. Mr. J. A. Pearson recommended that Wakefield cathedral should be enlarged at an estimated cost of £20,700. The report was adopted, and it was also decided that a memorial window should be provided by children; £1,200 were promised in the room, and £400 had been previously offered.

The sudden death is announced of the Rev. Dr. W. C. Lake, late Dean of Durham. Three years ago, after holding the deanery for 25 years, Dr. Lake was induced by failing health and his advanced age, to resign the post which he had filled with distinction and success. It was during his incumbency that the interior of the great minster was restored, and the Newcastle College of Science was founded in connection with Durham University. Dr. Lake's life-long interest in educational matters especially fitted him for the task of extending the usefulness of the Northern University. The English Church

Union, of which he was a prominent member, will miss his valuable support, and Churchmen generally will have reason to regret his loss, for it was owing in some measure to his moderating influence that ritual prosecutions have gradually ceased.

The Masonic services at St. Paul's cathedral, Dec. 2nd, to celebrate the bi-centenary of its reopening after reconstruction by Sir Christopher Wren, subsequent to the Great Fire in 1666, was unique in character. The congregation was estimated to number about 6,000, every seat and all the open spaces being occupied. Grand and provincial grand officers alone had the privilege of introducing ladies, with the exception of whom the enormous congregation was composed of members of the craft, wearing full Masonic clothing and jewels. The scene in the cathedral was exceedingly striking. The Lord Mayor and the sheriffs attended the service in full state, as well as a large number of members of the Court of Common Council, who wore their mazarine gowns. After the civic procession had been conducted up the nave, there followed immediately another, formed of the clergy, and which included the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Bristol, the Dean, Canon Scott Holland, Canon Newbolt, Prebendary Whittington, and the Archdeacon of London. Sir William Richmond was also in this procession. A third procession followed, consisting entirely of grand officers. The service was preceded by the processional hymn, "Blessed city, heavenly Salem," and was fully choral, the choir being increased by about 100 voices. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Sir George Martin, the organist to the cathedral. The Archdeacon of London, past grand chaplain, intoned the service. The Bishop of London preached from the text I Chron. xxii: 5, "The house that is to be builded for the Lord must be exceeding magnificent, of fame and of glory throughout all countries." The service was brought to a close with the national anthem. The collection, £809, is to be devoted to the fund for decorating the cathedral, and some definite panel or portion will be assigned by Sir William Richmond and the decoration committee to the Freemasons.

The Board of Missions

At its stated meeting, Dec. 14th, there were present eight bishops, 13 presbyters and 10 laymen. The order of the day was the consideration of the report of the committee on the nomination of a general secretary. It was

Resolved: That the Rev. Edwin S. Lines, D. D., rector of St. Paul's church, New Haven, Conn., be unanimously declared to be elected general secretary.

A special committee, consisting of Bishop Whitaker, Dean Hoffman and Mr. Goodwin, were appointed to communicate to the Rev. Dr. Lines the fact of his election and to urge his acceptance. The other officers were re-elected for the ensuing year, and the Standing Committee reconstituted. The treasurer stated that the contributions from Sept. 1st to Dec. 1st were larger by \$1,715 than at the same date last year, and larger by \$6,745 than they were for the same term two years ago. The Board was informed that Henry E. Pellew, Esq., having returned from abroad, has again resumed his duties as acting secretary of the Commission on Work Among the Colored People. (His address is 1637 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D.C.) Several small additional appropriations for stipends of native workers in Alaska, etc., were made, the Bishops' continued appointment of missionaries now in the field was approved, and the associate secretary was instructed to issue a call for a clergyman and a layman for the work of the mission to be located on the Yukon, opposite the mouth of the Tanana river, and for a deacon and a matron for the girls' school at Anvik; appropriation was made for their salaries and travelling expenses, to be binding in the event of their several appointments.

Some question having arisen, as appeared from the report of the Rev. J. G. Hammarskold, general missionary among the Swedes, as to the use of the Prayer Book in the vernacular of the

people ministered to, the Committee on Foreign-Speaking Populations, stated that in their judgment no change in the policy and practice of the board now in force, is at present expedient or desirable; whereupon, by resolution, the expression of the committee upon this subject was declared to be the judgment of the Board of Managers.

A message was received from Liverpool that Dr. Walrath had sailed upon her return to duty at Cape Mount. The Rev. Mr. Pott, of the China mission, who is home for a short term, with the approbation of the Board, for the purpose of raising sufficient money to erect a Science Hall at St. John's College, personally reported that the Bishop had authorized him to try to secure six clergymen, two physicians, and four trained women to go to China before next autumn. The Board was glad to know that at least three clergymen are now looking for such appointment. Bishop McKim presses for new missionaries, one of whom, a clergyman, he says, should be appointed at once.

The Board being informed that the Rev. Mr. Duhring of Philadelphia, was proposing to use a leave of absence in interesting clergymen and Sunday schools in the Lenten Offering of the children, with which movement in the diocese of Pennsylvania, he has prominently been identified for a number of years, it was

Resolved: That the Rev. Herman L. Duhring be authorized to represent the Board in making addresses, etc., with a view to increasing the Lenten Offering.

The Rev. Reese L. Alsop, D. D., was elected to membership in the Board, to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Dr. Brewster to the episcopate.

Canada

The strong effort which is being made to collect the sum due for the deficit in the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy fund, and the diocesan mission fund in Toronto, is already very successful. Several of the city churches have subscribed over the amount for which they were asked. Bishop Sullivan, rector of St. James' cathedral, Toronto, has been seriously ill, but is better. Toronto Brotherhood men had a corporate Communion on St. Andrew's Day at 7 A. M. in St. James' cathedral. Provost Welch, of Trinity College, was the preacher at the evening service. The annual meeting for the election of officers was held in St. Thomas' church. The reports given of the work among the sailors at the docks, and the hospital work were very encouraging. A paper by Dean Carmichael of Montreal, was read at the meeting of the rural deanery of Toronto, Dec. 6th, on "The Colonial Clergy Act." The Bishop of Toronto presided at the meeting of the Board of Examiners for degrees in divinity, in connection with the Provincial Synod, which was held in the library of St. Alban's cathedral, Toronto. A number of candidates passed.

St. George's church, Sarnia, diocese of Huron, was consecrated by the Bishop, Nov. 28th, and the 50th year of the parish was celebrated at the same time. The church property, consisting of church, parsonage, and school house, is now valued at \$35,000. Some recent improvements include tubular chimes and a new organ. Only a debt of \$3,000 remains on the school house. Bishop Baldwin confirmed a large class at St. Paul's church, Wingham, and another at Hensall lately. Bishop Baldwin has consented to accept the position offered him by the London Christian Citizens' League, as their honorary president. St. Mary's church, Warwick, has received a gift of \$700 to build a church hall, and \$100 for putting a cellar under the rectory, from a parishioner who is removing to another place and wished to make a parting donation.

At the quarterly meeting of the rural deanery of Stormont, the plan of making Ottawa the metropolitan see of Canada was approved. The Bishop of Ottawa presided. A series of Advent services was held in St. George's church, Ottawa, beginning Nov. 28th, conducted by the Rev. Osborne Troop, of Montreal. The incumbent of Mountain memorial church, Cornwall, Dr. Mountain, has been made an honorary

canon of Christ church cathedral, Ottawa. The Bishop held a Confirmation in St. George's, Ottawa, Nov. 21st.

Bishop Dumoulin presided at the annual meeting of St. Peter's Infirmary and Home for Incurables, Hamilton, diocese of Niagara. The report of the warden, the Rev. Thomas Geoghegan, showed the expenses and receipts to be about equal. The new rector of St. Thomas' church, St. Catherine's, has received a very warm welcome. Bishop Dumoulin will apply at the next meeting of the Ontario legislature for legislation by which certain powers now vested in the synod of Toronto or the Bishop of Toronto, in trust for the diocese of Niagara, may be transferred to the synod of the latter diocese.

The Bishop of Quebec held a Confirmation at Hatley, Dec. 4th, and at Lennoxville on the 5th. The Bishop had a meeting at the latter place on the 6th to consider the best plan of providing the needed additional accommodations for students at Bishop's College, Lennoxville. He held a confirmation in the college chapel in the evening. The annual meeting of St. Francis' District Lay Helpers' Association was held on Dec. 8th, at Sherbrooke. The Deanery Board for the same district met in the morning. A meeting of the Quebec Clerical Association was arranged for the 14th in Quebec, and a special general meeting of the Church society for the 16th, in the same city. Three "oufit-grants" of \$75 each were made to young clergymen entering upon mission work, at the November meeting of the Board. The chancel windows in the new church at Eustis are paid for, and a handsome font has been presented to the church of St. Barnabas at North Hatley, by Miss Jennie Daves, of Baltimore, in memory of her brother. Money has been collected to enable the people at Little Gaspé, to finish their church. A chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was formed in November, in connection with St. Luke's church, Magog. The Bishop arranged to hold the Advent ordination in the cathedral, Quebec, on the 4th Sunday in Advent.

The Bishop held a Confirmation at St. Matthews' church, Halifax, diocese of Nova Scotia, Nov. 21st. The people of St. Paul's church, Halifax, have contributed a larger amount than for many years, to the Colonial and Continental Society. The Children's Missionary Guild continue to provide a cot at the Indian Harbor Hospital. A ten day's series of Mission services, conducted by the lay evangelist of St. Paul's, was held in November at Country Harbor, and along the eastern shore to Port Beckerton.

A ten days' Mission was held in St. Mary's church, Richbucto, diocese of Fredericton, conducted by the Rev. R. P. McKim, rector of St. Luke's church, St. John, which seems to have been very successful. The new choir-room and chapel of St. Paul's church, St. John, was dedicated by Bishop Kingdon. The preacher was Bishop Dunn, of Quebec. The chapel will be used for the holding of mid-week services.

It has been decided to have a surplised choir in the church of Holy Trinity, Winnipeg, diocese of Ruperts' Land, and it is expected they will be in their places at Christmas. The new stone church was consecrated at Gainsboro, lately, by Bishop Grisdale, of the diocese of Qu Appelle, who also held a Confirmation in the church the same day. The financial condition of the parish is very good.

Archdeacon Lofthouse, of Moosonee diocese gave a very interesting address on his work in the far North, in the Synod Hall, Montreal, Bishop Bond presiding, at the beginning of December. The archdeacon has been isolated from civilization in that bleak and desolate country for upwards of nine years. He made an earnest appeal to the audience to help these poor, lone people of the North, who are making so brave a struggle to reach the Gospel. Women bring their children 100 or 150 miles over the ice and snow to be baptized. The Bishop of Montreal held a Confirmation in St. Simon's church, Montreal, in November. The Rev. Mr. Blackman of St. Paul's cathedral, Fond du Lac, Wis., preached at the church of St. John the Evange-

list, Montreal. At the last quarterly meeting of the executive committee, it was decided that a meeting should be held on Jan. 13th to adopt the report to be made to the next synod, which meets in Montreal, Jan. 18th, 1898. The treasurer's report of the executive committee was, with one exception, the mission fund which is overdrawn—very satisfactory. The annual meeting of the Montreal branches of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood, was held on St. Andrews' Day in St. Georges' church school room. Dean Carmichael gave an address. The report of the year's work revealed a most encouraging state of things. Two city chapters have been formed in the year, one in connection with St. Luke's and the other with St. Mary's parish. It is expected that two others will soon be formed.

New York City

Bishop Potter held his Advent ordination on the morning of Sunday, Dec. 9th, at Grace church.

The parish of the Archangels is making vigorous efforts under the care of the Rev. John W. Gill to recover its strength, affected by the recent sale of its sacred edifice.

The church of the Ascension, Mt. Vernon, the Rev. F. M. S. Taylor, rector, celebrated the anniversary of the completion of the new church building, by a parish reception recently.

A free *musical* for working women was held at St. Bartholomew's Lyceum Hall, on the evening of Dec. 17th. The programme included music, tales of travel, and helpful suggestions. Hot tea and cakes were served to the 400 working men who attended from all parts of the city. A series of such evenings have been arranged for during the winter.

At Columbia University, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 12th, a memorial service was held in commemoration of the late Prof. Drisler. A large number of students and friends assembled in Schermerhorn Hall, where addresses were made by several members of the faculty, including Prof. Van Amringe, dean of the college, and President Seth Low, LL.D.

In the guild rooms of St. Matthew's church, the Rev. Edw. H. Krans, rector, a social gathering of deaf-mutes was held on Dec. 10th in celebration of the 110th anniversary of the birth of Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of deaf-mute educational work in this country. Addresses were made by his son, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, and others.

The guild of St. Barnabas for nurses has secured a new club room in lower 5th ave., which will be the centre of its energies. The new quarters were opened with a social gathering which was largely attended. Several clergymen were present. The first of a series of special services under the auspices of the guild has just been held at the church of the Incarnation. Further services of this character are arranged for St. Bartholomew's, Grace, and St. Mary's churches and St. Agnes' chapel of Trinity parish.

The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes celebrated the quarter century of its founding on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 19th, at St. Bartholomew's church. Bishop Potter presided. The society is doing a large spiritual work for deaf-mutes in the Eastern States, and has stimulated such work elsewhere in this country. It also maintains charitable work for this class of unfortunates who suffer from poverty. Increased gifts and endowments are earnestly appealed for. The mission recently lost, in the death of Mr. Chas. H. Controit, a liberal giver, who had contributed many thousands of dollars, more particularly for St. Ann's church for Deaf-mutes, and the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-mutes.

The first of three services to be given during the winter by combined choirs, under the auspices of the American Guild of Organists, was held Dec. 16th, at Calvary church. An address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. Lewis Parks. The renditions were Dr. Messiter's setting of the processional hymn, "Rejoice, ye pure in

heart," sung without accompaniment as the choristers passed up the aisle; a voluntary, Guilman's "First meditation," played by the new organist of the church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, Mr. S. T. Stang; Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God"; Dr. G. H. Parry's "Hear my words, ye people"; Dr. Martin's "Hail, Gladdening Light," and Bach's Toccata and Fugue, the latter played by Mr. Frank Taft. The music was of a professional rather than popular character, but was enjoyed in its exceptionally perfect rendering, by a congregation that filled every part of the large edifice, and that included a large number of musical specialists.

At the meeting just held of the Association for Promoting the Interests of Church Schools, Colleges, and Seminaries, the annual report was of exceptional interest. To Racine Grammar school \$9,000 has been loaned, and a loan of \$45,000 under specific conditions has been arranged for the University of the South. Prizes have been offered for student work at Hobart, Kenyon, and St. Stephen's Colleges, and the University of the South, in the form of three awards of \$300 each, and all three were won by students of the latter institution. Prizes for excellence in the classic languages, in English, and in physics, and mathematics, will be awarded during the coming year in these colleges, \$500 being the prize for members of the senior and \$500 for members of the junior class. It is announced that the family of the late Rev. Dr. Chas. F. Hoffman learned after his death of several intended benefactions of his, and will continue his contemplated generosity to the cause of Church education which was so near to his mind and heart.

The Rev. John Gough Brick died on the afternoon of Dec. 13th, at St. Luke's Hospital, at the age of 60. He was a native of England and came to America when young. After taking Holy Orders he went as a missionary to British Columbia, and in addition to his spiritual labors, endeavored to improve the general condition of the Indians. Finding them entirely dependent on hunting, he introduced farming among their tribes, which proved of great beneficence. His work involved serious hardships, which were shared by his wife and family, until his wife's declining health compelled him to abandon his field a few years since; her death followed shortly after his return to this country. He accepted the rectorship of St. John's church, Barrytown, N. Y., which he held the remainder of his life. He came to St. Luke's Hospital in failing health three months ago. The burial service was held in the chapel of the hospital, Dec. 15th, Bishop Potter officiating, assisted by the Rev. Geo. S. Baker, D.D., superintendent of the institution, the Rev. Geo. S. Clover, and the Rev. Chas. E. Freeman.

The new annex of St. Bartholomew's parish house was opened Dec. 10th, by the rector of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Greer, who made an address. A large number of persons were present and inspected the new building which has been presented by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. The new addition adds 35 ft. to the 42nd st. front, making the parish house 130 ft. front by 100 ft. deep, and nine stories high, thoroughly fireproof. Although the various departments are all designed with a view to benefiting those who are members, the idea of charity is carefully avoided, and men, women and children who receive the moral, social, educational, and mercantile advantages which are offered by the institution sacrifice no self-respect and are never pauperized. A nominal fee is charged for everything, and a larger appreciation of benefits seems to result. The institution has now become not only the most notable of its kind in the metropolis, but probably in the world. The men's club has a membership of about 500, the boys' club of 600, and the girls' club of 900. These clubs are not limited to parishioners, but are open to persons from all parts of the city. On the top floor of the new building is the office of the rector of the parish, the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer. There are also the headquarters of the Oriental mission, and the Chinese Guild,

the latter now having a membership of 200. St. Bartholomew's chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew has its chapter room here also. On the next floor is the women's tailor shop, under the supervision of Mrs. Mary C. Hepburn. Just off the woman's department is the meeting room of the cadets, and below it are reading rooms for the boys' club, and class rooms where competent instructors teach boys. Lower down is the great gymnasium with all sorts of athletic fixtures and an elevated running track. Regular instruction is given in calisthenics. The girls' club is on the fifth floor. The club is divided into sections, and while some members attend only for social advantages; others are instructed in bookkeeping, embroidery, dressmaking, typewriting, sewing, and similar branches. A room is provided for cooking classes, and is supplied with tiny stoves. There is a board room and a large assembly hall, used for a variety of purposes, including a large sewing class Saturday evenings. There is also a kindergarten, and an employment bureau—through the latter more than 2,000 worthy people gained employment last year. The Penny Provident Fund and the Loan Association also have quarters. St. Bartholomew's parish press does all the parish printing in the building. A notable feature is the beautiful chapel, where services are regularly provided. On the ground floor of the old building, the space which was formerly the rescue mission hall has been re-decorated and converted into a lyceum hall, where it is proposed to have a series of lectures and popular entertainments. St. Bartholomew's parish house which has cost the larger part of \$1,000,000 to its private donors, is now visited every day by 2,000 persons who seem keenly to appreciate its advantages.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The Pierre Jay prize for the best essay on "The Motives for Foreign Missions," has been awarded to Mr. Thomas Worwall, of the graduating class, by a committee of judges consisting of the Rev. Drs. E. A. Hoffman, and Morgan Dix, President Seth Low, LL.D., of Columbia university. The new catalogue for 1897-98 has just been issued. In the list of officers the Rev. John Chas. Roper is substituted for the Rev. Dr. G. H. Somerset Walpole, as professor of dogmatic theology, and the place of the late Rev. Prof. Oliver, D. D., is left vacant. The roll of classes shows a total of 153 students as against 132 last year. The competition for the Seymour prize—a gold watch—for the encouragement of extemporaneous preaching, will take place Jan. 15th. The Rev. P. K. Cady, D. D., professor of the evidences of natural and revealed religion, has been elected sub-dean of the faculty. The Very Rev. Dean Hoffman gave a reception to members of the junior class at the deanery, Monday evening, Dec. 13th. The Rev. Yaroo M. Neesan, of Oroomiah, Persia, addressed the students Tuesday evening, and Dec. 16th, the Rev. A. A. Brockway delivered an illustrated lecture on Jerusalem.

Philadelphia

The Rev. George Bringham, rector of the House of Prayer, Branchtown, who has been seriously ill for several months, is somewhat improved.

The Sunday school rooms of St. Paul's church, Chestnut Hill, the Rev. Dr. J. Andrews Harris, rector, have been handsomely refurnished and decorated.

The third annual service of St. Agnes' Guild, connected with St. Stephen's church, Manayunk, the Rev. E. J. Perot, rector, was observed on Sunday evening, 12th inst. The Rev. W. N. McVickar made an address.

On Friday morning, 17th inst., in the chapel of the Divinity School, 11 students presented by the Rev. Dean Bartlett, matriculated, to whom Bishop Whitaker made an address, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion.

The Rev. Dr. E. A. Foggo, late rector of old Christ church (1869 to 1891) is about to sail for Bermuda, where his family is well known, his father having been Chief Justice of those islands.

He will remain there during the winter, and in the early summer depart for Gloucester, Mass.

At the 15th annual meeting of the Indian Rights Association held on Monday, 13th inst., in the hall of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Bishop Whitaker was elected vice-president for the ensuing year. Among the directors chosen were the Rev. Dr. J. Andrews Harris and Herbert Welsh, Esq.

The third sermon of the series before the parish chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, connected with the church of the Holy Apostles, the Rev. H. S. Getz, rector, was delivered on Sunday evening, 12th inst., by Bishop Potter. Taking St. Luke iii: 12, 13, as the text, his subject was "The inequalities of existence."

At the regular meeting of the Clerical Brotherhood on the 13th inst., the Rev. Dr. C. S. Olmsted, presiding, the Rev. Dr. J. DeW. Perry delivered an address on the affirmative side of the question whether the higher criticism should be dwelt upon in Sunday school and general parochial work. A general discussion followed, some agreeing with the dean, and others taking an opposite position.

The very sudden decease of Mr. Thomas W. Dickson, president of the Philadelphia Traction Company, occurred on Sunday noon, 12th inst. He was a life-long member of St. Mary's church, where the Burial Office was said on the 15th inst. by the venerable rector of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Yarnall. The will of the deceased was probated on the 17th inst., and a contingent bequest of \$200,000 is left to the Old Man's Home; and if this institution has ceased to exist or if the trustees of the estate shall consider it as incompetent to receive it, the amount is to be added to the endowment fund of the Episcopal hospital.

At the church of the Incarnation, the Rev. Dr. J. D. Newlin, rector, the vested choir of men and boys, under the direction of E. Chomeley-Jones, choirmaster, and Walter Denning, organist, rendered a special musical service on Sunday evening, 12th inst., which included Gore-Ouseley's "It came even to pass"; Elvey's "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way"; and "Fear not," by Sir John Goss. It is the intention of this choir, every three months, to present some of the finest choral services and anthems of the more modern school of English Church music.

Bishop Potter of New York, addressed a large gathering of students and professors of the University of Pennsylvania, in the auditorium of Houston hall on Wednesday evening, 15th inst. Provost Harrison, who presided, introduced the distinguished speaker, and referred to the fact that the Bishop and himself were students together at the Episcopal academy in this city. He also stated that the Bishop's father had been for 20 years a trustee of the university, and said the institution had always been under the influence of Christian men, and he expressed the hope that such a relation will always exist. Bishop Potter's theme may be entitled, "The way to look at your profession."

About four years ago, some benevolent Churchwomen, including the late Mrs. J. Dundas Lippincott, became interested in an entirely new charity called "The Home for Females," which has for its object the temporary shelter of women out of employment and destitute of means to support themselves until they can secure a place to work. For the sick, abundant provision is made in the city; but little though—previous to the opening of this home—had been given to the class who most needed a shelter. Experience has taught the managers that much more good may be done by establishing many small homes, than by having one central refuge. There is hardly a section of the city where a branch is not urgently needed. The present home is located at No. 4103 Ogden st.

The Rev. Sidney Corbett, D. D., formerly rector of the church of the Transfiguration, West Philadelphia, entered into eternal rest on Friday, 17th inst., his death being sudden, from heart disease. Dr. Corbett was born about 70

years ago, in Western Massachusetts; at the age of 21, entered a business life in New York city, during 10 years of which he continued his religious study, and could not disregard the call to the ministry. He traveled in England, Egypt, and the Holy Land, in 1859 entered Nashotah Seminary, and in 1863 was ordained to the diaconate and the priesthood by Bishop Kemper. His diaconate was served at Kenosha, Wis., under Dr. Hugh Miller Thompson, now Bishop of Mississippi. After a year as rector of a church in Milwaukee, he accepted a call to St. John's church, Quincy, Ill., remaining there ten years, and making many additions to the church, and rousing the congregation to enthusiastic work. He became rector of St. Mark's church, Minneapolis, in 1875; and, in 1880, accepted the call of St. Thomas' church, Battle Creek, Mich. Four years later he became rector of the church of the Transfiguration, Philadelphia, and was active as a rector until a severe illness prostrated him, and in Jan., 1896, his resignation was accepted. He was regarded as an eloquent preacher. It was during his rectorate that the debt was cleared from the church of the Transfiguration, and the edifice consecrated. He served as a clerical deputy several times in the General Convention of the Church.

Chicago

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

At the cathedral Sunday morning, Dec. 19th, the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Fleetwood, of Waterman Hall, Sycamore. At that service there was placed on the altar \$1,125 for the work of the Sisters of Mary, connected with the cathedral—\$1,000 of this sum having been contributed by the Woman's Auxiliary of the diocese. The Bishop will, D. V., preach the sermon at the 11 o'clock celebration of the Holy Eucharist on Christmas Day.

Waterman Hall, the diocesan school for girls, at Sycamore, entered upon its Christmas recess Dec. 18th. The school will re-open on Jan. 4th. The term has been a very prosperous one for the school, the attendance being within 10 of the full capacity, making a large increase over last year.

At St. Mark's mission, Geneva, the Rev. T. D. Philipps, priest-in-charge, the annual supper and sale was given last week by the Women's Guild. They cleared \$60, which is unusually large for the mission. On Christmas morning Mr. Philipps will conduct a special service at the State Home for Female Juvenile Offenders. The Evening Prayer of the Church is now used regularly once a month at this institution.

The Rev. E. H. Clark has been appointed priest-in-charge at Pontiac, El Paso, and Fairbury.

In connection with the ordination to the priesthood of Dr. Fawcett, recorded under the usual heading in another column, Morning Prayer having been said at 9 o'clock, the Holy Communion was celebrated at 10:30. The Bishop was assisted by the Rev. F. W. Keator, of Freeport. The sermon was preached by the Rev. C. P. Anderson from the text, "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you and ordained you that ye might bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." It was an exceptionally strong, though simple, presentation of the office and work of the Catholic priesthood, bringing out with great clearness the fact that all grace and truth come from God, and that their order of working is from above downward, not from below upward. The Christian faith and the grace which helps us to lead holy lives do not originate with the people. They come from God, and are given to the people through His ministers. Luncheon was afterward served at the Briggs House to about 15 of the clergy who were present.

CITY.—Three lectures have been delivered during December before the Sunday school of St. Mark's church, the Rev. W. W. Wilson, rector. The first was by the Rev. C. E. Bowles, on "A journey through the Holy Land"; the second, by the Rev. Charles Scadding, on "Lon-

don from an omibus"; the third, by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, on "Beauties of Japan."

At St. Peter's church, the Rev. S. C. Edsall, rector, the choir rendered very beautifully the *Inflammatus*, from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, as an offertory, at morning and evening service Sunday, Dec. 19th. The soprano soloist, Louis Klein, has developed a remarkably rich and melodious voice under the careful training of Mr. Thomas Train, the choirmaster.

Mr. John K. Ochiai, a Japanese student at the Western Seminary, delivered an address on "Missions in Japan," at the monthly meeting of the Trinity branch of the Woman's Auxiliary. About 50 women were present.

WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The Rev. Dr. Wm. J. Gold, professor of liturgics and exegesis, and acting dean of the seminary, delivered a very interesting and stimulating lecture on "Edward Bouverie Pusey," before the students on Friday evening of last week. On Saturday, Dec. 18th, the seminary closed for a two weeks' Christmas recess.

MAYWOOD.—The Bishop visited the church of the Holy Communion and confirmed five presented by the Rev. Colin C. Tate, priest in charge, who has resigned to take effect Jan. 1st, 1898. The mortgage on the church has been paid, and the church which was unfurnished when he took charge, has been beautifully furnished and carpeted and lighted by electricity. The altar and font and altar ornaments were made by Mr. Geissler, of New York. The early celebration of the Holy Communion has been established and a vested choir instituted, with reverent services. Various guilds and a chapter of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood has been organized. The church has been consecrated, and two additional lots bought for a rectory and paid for except \$350. All assessments and insurance are paid, and the foundation is laid for a parish house sometime in the future. There are about 100 communicants.

Maine

Henry Adams Neely, D.D., Bishop

The first quarterly meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary for this season was held in Grace church, Bath, on Dec. 1st. After the usual service in the church, the auxiliary held its business meeting. Ten parish branches were represented by 24 delegates. A paper was read by the president, containing, in addition to plans for the year's work, some account of her late visit to London at the time of the Lambeth Conference, and in particular, a vivid description of a service held in the ruined Abbey of Glastonbury. A letter was read from Mr. Flournoy acknowledging contributions; aid for a Maine missionary was asked, and pledges of money were desired for three other objects in the diocese, viz., a furnace for the Norway church, the scholarship of \$100 usually given by the auxiliary, and repairs for the roof of the church in Thomaston. The president urged the study of missions and missionary literature. A report of the work of the Junior Auxiliary was given by its president. A report was given by Miss Gerrish on the work for isolated Churchwomen, with the suggestion that some of the publications forwarded by the Periodical Club be used for this object. A bountiful lunch was served in the parish house at 1 P. M. At its close Mrs. Houghton who has been more than five years in Japan, and has much personal knowledge of Japanese missions and missionaries, spoke on the work in that country.

The first annual meeting and banquet of the Church Club in Maine was held at Riverton, near Portland, Nov. 17th. The annual reports were read and the following officers were elected: president, John Marshall Brown; 1st vice-president, J. B. Coleman; 2nd vice-president, John M. Glidden, New Castle; 3rd vice-president, H. E. Tebbetts, Saco; treasurer, John H. Ridge; secretary, T. H. Eaton. Thirty-three sat down to supper. Bishop Neely was the first speaker. He said that the Club was one of the most helpful agents in the progress of his work. In this diocese parishes are scattered far and wide, railroad

fares are high and it is hard for laymen of the different parts of the State to meet together. It is a helpful sign of the times however, that this club is growing and that its influence is steadily spreading. Gen. Brown introduced as the second speaker, Mr. E. L. Davis, of Worcester Church Club. He thought all members of the clubs should remember that they are all members of the great Church of God, not of this or that parish, a narrow feature of the Church life. A club leads to larger things, to the unity of dioceses, to the great associations of the Anglican connection wherever it exists. The Rev. Lucius F. Waterman spoke of the immense importance of such a movement as this of laymen's clubs. The Rev. Henry W. Winkley opened with a stirring description of Grand Manan and a becalmed boat, which he applied to the relative work of the laity and the clergy in the life of the club. The Rev. John McG. Foster thought it ought to be the duty of the Church Club to correct misapprehensions as to the Church, and to spread its missionary spirit. The Rev. Jos. Battell Shepherd spoke of the indifference of men to their spiritual duties. If there is anything the Church needs more than anything else it is men, consecrated, active Christian men. The Rev. George F. Degen called attention to the great error that many churches were making in calling pastors from one pastorate to another; a man who is called of God to care for the souls of men should be called of Him to go into new fields of labor.

New Hampshire

William Woodruff Niles, D.D., Bishop

PORTSMOUTH.—Christ church has been richly blessed the past year and a half under the rectorship of the Rev. C. le V. Brine, late of St. John's church, Hamilton, Ontario. The work is entirely dependent for support on the weekly offerings of the little flock of poor people who compose the regular congregation. The parish organizations, the altar guild, Woman's Auxiliary, Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Layman's League, are all kept busy in their various departments; as also the choir of men and boys, and the choir of women who sing at the weekday Celebrations. Improvements in and around the church have been numerous. The relation between priest and people could not be happier. The Church's seasons are abundantly emphasized by the many and beautifully ordered services, aggregating 1,025 the past year, daily Matins and Evensong included. The attendance has been over 30,000. Special harvest, choir, and St. Andrew's Brotherhood festivals have been held, each beautiful with its own significance. The setting forth of the Catholic faith and practice, in its purity and fullness, is steadily and surely gaining a firm hold on the hearts of the people, and its power is extending in various directions. This comparatively new parish is become one of the leading parishes of the diocese, and the Bishop has given the rector jurisdiction over all the villages and towns in the vicinity which are not included in other cures. He has baptized 26 persons the past year, and presented 28 for Confirmation. The people have given \$125 to missions; but these statistics furnish but a faint outline of the tireless labors and constantly increasing influence of the rector, to whom, under God, the growth and advance of the parish is due.

Connecticut

John Williams, D.D., LL.D., Bishop
Chauncey B. Brewster, D.D., Bishop Coadjutor

The November meeting of the Litchfield archdeaconry was held in St. John's church, Salisbury (of which parish the archdeacon, the Rev. Jas. H. George is rector), Nov. 11th and 12th. The Bishop-Coadjutor of the diocese was present for the first time. A much larger number of the clergy attended than is usual at these meetings; there being but four absentees. On Thursday, shortly after mid-day, the clergy gathered at the Warner House for luncheon which is always the first order of business at archdeaconry meetings in Litchfield Co. This matter disposed of, the clergy came to order in the rector's study for a business meeting. The

missionaries made verbal reports of their work, some of which were really pathetic, others developed some amusing features, and all were interesting. After Evening Prayer Bishop Brewster spoke briefly on the general subject of missions; the Rev. David L. Sanford, of Ballow's Falls, Vt., talked about foreign missions; the Rev. H. N. Cunningham spoke upon domestic missions, and the Rev. Storrs O. Seymour, D.D., closed the series with diocesan missions. It was a very rainy night and the congregation was small, but the music was good, the responses were hearty, and everybody seemed deeply interested. On Friday morning an exegesis was given by the Rev. Storrs O. Seymour, D.D., on the prayer for missions, with especial reference to the meaning of the words: "We pray Thee shortly accomplish the number of Thine elect, and hasten Thy kingdom." In place of the usual book reviews, the Rev. Henry Tarrant gave an interesting talk upon the "Geographical limits of Shakespeare's plays." The speaker showed a wonderful grasp of his subject, giving a brief outline of each of the 87 plays and stating the localities covered by each. At 10:30 A.M., the Holy Communion was celebrated with the Bishop-Coadjutor as celebrant. The Bishop preached an excellent sermon. At 3 P.M., the parish gave a reception to Bishop Brewster in the Scoville Memorial Library, a beautiful building well adapted to the purpose. This function was not bounded by ecclesiastical lines, for everybody came to do honor to the guests of the archdeaconry. The Knights of Pythias turned out in full uniform. Each man met the Bishop personally and the Knights afterwards gave an exhibition drill.

On Friday evening at 7:30 P.M., Bishop Brewster made his first visitation to the parish of St. John's, where he preached a sermon and confirmed seven presented by the rector. This class was especially interesting to him as two of his daughters were among the number. Another was a member of the Knights of Pythias, and the members of his lodge were at church in full uniform.

Bishop-Coadjutor Brewster made his first official visit to Hartford, Dec. 12th. At Trinity church he preached the sermon on the theme, "Duty not measured by our ability," and in the evening delivered a sermon at Grace chapel, Parkville, and confirmed a class of 13. He said in substance: "Confirmation is the ordination into the priesthood of God. We should all be priests in the service of God. From service we come to life service. Life as service brings privileges, and privileges bring responsibilities. Every man has his work given him in God's service. The prayer of all of us should ever be 'Lord, what will Thou have me to do?' One does what he can when he gives himself to the Lord's work. People may be trying to serve God and find it irksome, wearing, tiresome, and monotonous. That which will transform this is enthusiasm. Your life and my life needs a motive. I give you for this motive power, priestly service for Christ's sake. What has greater power to uplift and glorify life?"

Bishop Brewster will make his residence in Hartford at 98 Woodland St. The house is being remodeled and will not be ready for occupancy until about the middle of January.

President Smith, of Trinity College, has issued a circular note to friends of the institution, stating that the college is in pressing need of a building for the work in natural history, which includes geology, zoology, botany, physiology, and mineralogy. The trustees have authorized an effort to raise funds for the erection of a building which shall contain the museum, lecture rooms, and laboratory. The cost of such a building, together with a small fund for its maintenance, is estimated at \$60,000, and it is hoped that an additional sum of \$50,000 may be obtained towards the endowment of a professorship of the department. The new catalogue shows but few changes in the courses of study. During the past year information has been received of a legacy of \$2,000, from Mrs. Flavius A. Brown, of Hartford, for the endowment of a

prize in English. Among other urgent needs of the college, the catalogue states, are a chapel, a library, and a building for the use of the department of natural history (for which a fund has already been begun by the alumni).

NEW BRITAIN.—St. Mark's church was the recipient last week of a neatly designed brass pulpit mounted on quartered oak. The Bible stand is of solid brass and adjustable. The front of the pulpit is a cross and on either side, the brass arrangement is symbolic of the "tongues of fire."

NEW HAVEN.—The United States Church Army having leased for three years a large building, Col. H. H. Hadley, of New York, opened it as headquarters of the Army in this diocese, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 15th. The first floor is fitted as an auditorium where meetings are held every night. The second and third floors of the building are to be turned into a hotel, with 50 rooms, for men only. There will be a cheap restaurant in the basement, and the lodgers will have the benefit of the coffee bar at the present post room in Temple st. This room will be re-furnished and changed into a palm garden or music hall.

New York

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

PEEKSKILL.—The new organ of St. Peter's parish was blessed and an organ recital held on the evening of Dec. 13th. Tickets were issued to 600 persons for the occasion, and the service was conducted by the rector, the Rev. Wm. Fisher Lewis.

MIDDLETOWN.—The choir of Grace church, numbering 35 voices, under the direction of Mr. Harvey Wickham, rendered Dudley Buck's cantata, "The coming of the King," on the evening of the 7th inst. The performance was very successful, the principal solos being taken by Miss Julia Wickham, alto of Christ church, Greenwich, Conn., Mrs. Harvey Wickham, soprano of Grace church, Mrs. C. H. Sweezy, of the First Presbyterian church, Mr. H. A. Fisher, tenor, Mr. Z. K. Green, tenor, and Mr. David Eikenberger, bass, all of Middletown.

Long Island

Abram N. Littlejohn, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

The Queens County Clericus held its regular monthly meeting at the residence of Archdeacon Cooper, in Astoria, on Tuesday, Dec. 14th, Archdeacon Cooper presiding. An essay was read by the Rev. Wm. H. Barnes, on the subject, "Is Prayer a divine law of the Kingdom"? After luncheon there was a discussion of the subject. On motion of Canon Henry B. Bryan, fraternal greetings were extended to the South side clericus, for the organization of which the consent of Bishop Littlejohn has recently been obtained by the clergymen of the south side of Long Island. At the invitation of the Rev. William Wiley, rector of Grace church, Oyster Bay, a number of the clergy met at his rectory, and formed a temporary organization by electing the Rev. Thomas N. Martin, president, and the Rev. Mr. Wiley, secretary. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and submit a report at the next meeting, to be held at St. Mark's church, Islip, on Jan. 4th.

Before the Church Club of the diocese, at its rooms, on Friday evening, Dec. 10th, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Wellman gave an illustrated lecture, the subject being "Ben Hur."

BROOKLYN.—There have been during the past six weeks nearly as many bazars and fairs as there are parishes in the city, all of them attractive and with features of especial interest, and most of them very successful financially. One of the most novel entertainments of the kind was held in the parish hall of St. Luke's church, and called "The festival of holidays," as the artistic booths were arranged to represent some of the leading holidays of the year.

At St. Ann's church on the Heights, the Rev. Dr. Reese F. Alsop, rector, there has been formed a preparatory or subsidiary choir, to which a weekly rehearsal is given. It is intended to train boys and keep them in reserve to fill

vacancies that may occur in the regular choir.

Canon Cheyne brought the course of lectures, which he has been delivering in the Art Building, upon "The Religious life of the Hebrews after the Babylonian exile," to a close, Tuesday night, Dec. 14th. The subject of the closing lecture was "Judaism, its power of attracting foreigners, its relation to Greece, Persia, and Babylonia." In closing, the lecturer expressed the hope that he had been the means of promoting the study of the Old Testament Scriptures.

Louisiana

Davis Sessums, D.D., Bishop

NEW ORLEANS.—The diocesan free kindergarten mission school began its yearly session on Dec. 3d. Its opening was delayed this year owing to the yellow fever.

The first setting apart of women to the work of a deaconess in this diocese took place on Dec. 8th in Christ church chapel. The two graduates of the Church Training School, Misses Meta Grimshaw and Edith Sansum, were set apart by Bishop Sessums, D.D., the office used being that of the diocese of Long Island. The clergy of the city were all in attendance. Dr. Warner presented the candidates, and the Bishop preached the sermon.

The Training School for Deaconesses opened on Saturday, Dec. 4th, with appropriate exercises. The Bishop and city clergy were all present. After Morning Prayer short addresses were made. The officers and faculty are as follows: President and special lecturer, the Rt. Rev. D. Sessums, D.D.; warden and lecturer on Old and New Testament, the Rev. Dr. B. E. Warner; lecturer on Prayer Book, the Rev. E. W. Hunter; on theology, the Rev. M. Brewster; modern Church history, the Rev. Dr. J. Percival; ancient Church history, the Rev. J. W. Moore; sociology, Prof. J. H. Dillard, M.A., Litt. D.I.; hygiene, Dr. A. McShane.

On the evening of the Festival of St. Andrew, the first united service of all the chapters in the city of St. Andrew's Brotherhood was held in St. John's, addresses being delivered by the Rev. J. Wilmer Gresham and the Rev. E. R. Edbrooke. Although the youngest chapter of the Brotherhood in the diocese, St. John's is one of the best and strongest. Notwithstanding the yellow fever epidemic, all the regular services have been kept up and all the societies been uninterruptedly at work. During the absence of the rector, the Rev. A. J. Tardy, from the city, Mr. A. W. Skarden, of the University of the South, candidate for Holy Orders, had charge of the parish.

North Dakota

Jas. D. Morrison, D.D., LL.D., Bishop in Charge

Dec. 7th, at Larimore, the Rev. Frederick J. Tassell, rector of St. John's church, died suddenly. Mr. Tassell was born at Perry Court, Wye, Kent, England, Jan. 12, 1841. When a young man he came to America and settled in Faribault, Minn., where he graduated from Seabury Hall. He entered the ministry and took charge of his first parish at Cannon Falls, Minn., under Bishop Gilbert, in 1873. The same year he married Miss Louisa Collis, of Perry Court, Wye, Kent, England. He had charge of parishes in various parts of Minnesota, under Bishops Gilbert and Whipple, until 1888, when he was assigned a church at Devils Lake, N. D., under Bishop Walker. In June, 1892, he came to Larimore where he has since resided. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Anthon Gesner, of Grand Forks, representing the Bishop of North Dakota, and the Rev. Samuel Currie, of Euclid, Minn., assisted by other clergymen. After the Church services the Masons took charge of the body and laid him to rest under the impressive burial service of their order. Mr. Tassell leaves a wife and five children, and the entire community mourns the loss of a good citizen, a man of strong Christian character, devoted to his Church and his fellowmen. His death leaves only seven clergymen in the whole of North Dakota, a district nearly twice the area of New York State.

FARGO.—Sunday, Nov. 28th, Bishop Morrison instituted the Rev. R. J. Mooney into the rectorship of Gethsemane church. Mr. John E. Green in behalf of the communicants promised the allegiance of the parish, and presented the keys of the church to the Rev. Mr. Mooney. The new rector accepted the keys and the charge committed to him, and promised to be a faithful shepherd to the flock. Bishop Morrison then presented him with the books that were to guide him in caring for his new trust, and urged him to be a faithful and earnest minister to his people. The Bishop preached the sermon and confirmed a class of 17.

Central New York

Frederic D. Huntington, S. T. D., LL. D., Bishop

The choir of Grace church, Utica, the Rev. Dr. C. T. Olmsted, rector, rendered Dr. Garret's impressive cantata, "The two Advents," on the first Sunday evening in Advent.

A memorial service to the late Rev. Dr. A. B. Goodrich was held in Calvary church, Utica, Dec. 16th, the first anniversary of his death. The service was in charge of the rector, the Rev. E. H. Coley, and the following clergy were present: The Rev. Dr. C. T. Olmsted, the Rev. Messrs. J. R. Harding, J. J. Burd, J. E. Ramsdell, R. W. Pritchard, and A. L. Byron-Curtiss. An address from the text, "The memory of the just is blessed," was delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Egar. He was followed by the Rev. J. K. Parker, who paid a deserved tribute to the late Dr. and Mrs. Goodrich.

After a brief illness, the Rev. James A. Robinson, an aged and well-known priest of the diocese, departed this life Dec. 16th, at his home in Cortland. He was a chaplain in the Civil War, and formerly rector at Jamestown and (from 1875 to '85) rector of Grace church, Cortland. The Burial Service was said in Grace church, Cortland, Sunday, the 19th inst., and interment made at Hornellsville, N. Y., the following day, the rector, the Rev. Amos Watkins, officiating.

Easton

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

CORDOVA.—The chapel of the Good Shepherd, the Rev. Wordsworth Y. Beaven, rector, was consecrated by Bishop Adams, Dec. 9th. The Rev. James A. Mitchell preached the sermon. The clergymen present were the Rev. Messrs. Leonidas B. Baldwin, James A. Mitchell, J. Gibson Gantt, T. C. Roberts, D.D., Edward R. Rich, and George S. Fitzhugh.

POCOMOKE CITY.—At St. Mary's church, the Rev. George C. Sutton, D. D., rector, a preliminary chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew has been formed by gentlemen who have expressed a determination to assist the new rector to add to the membership of the church. The surpliced choir of 20 voices is progressing rapidly.

QUEENSTOWN.—A sad loss to the congregation of Wye parish was the death of Mr. J. Philip Davidson, a vestryman and lay-reader, who was esteemed and loved, not only for his usefulness, but for his lovely Christian qualities. His funeral took place from Wye church, the rector, the Rev. Algernon Batte, being assisted in the services by the Rev. James A. Mitchell.

EASTON.—On the feast of St. Andrew, a new double window, representing in one panel St. Anna and the Virgin as a child, and in the other, the salutation of Elizabeth, was unveiled by Dean Rich, in a brief service of benediction. The window was executed by Geissler, and placed in the church by Miss Amelia G. Pinkney, of Annapolis, in loving memory of her mother, Mrs. Mary Sherwood Pinkney. There was already a window in the cathedral to the memory of Dr. Ninian Pinkney, Miss Pinkney's father, who was a brother to the late Bishop William Pinkney, fifth Bishop of Maryland.

PORT DEPOSIT.—The annual meeting of the St. James' branch of the Woman's Auxiliary was held in the parish room recently, the rector, the Rev. Alex. M. Rich, presiding. The treasurer's report showed that about \$60 had been collected during the year, and that they had sent away

about \$75 in clothing to missionaries. There are 12 members, and seven belonging to the "baby" branch of the auxiliary. The diocesan president, Mrs. Anna E. Physick, made an able address.

Spokane

Lemuel H. Wells, D.D., Bishop

ELLENSBURG.—Grace church was consecrated Nov. 14th. It is complete in every part, with nave, apsidal chancel, porch, vestry rooms, and stained glass windows. A vested choir of 24 voices sang for the first time. In the evening the Bishop confirmed five.

ROSLYN.—The Bishop ordained the Rev. Andrew Bard to the priesthood, Nov. 15th, and in the evening confirmed a class of four. This earnest little congregation has built a church, and the Rev. John Antle has been placed in charge, he being the first resident minister.

PALOUSE.—The children of Holy Trinity church Sunday school have purchased a stove and presented it to the new parish house.

SPOKANE.—The Woman's Auxiliary held its second annual meeting during convocation in October. There were stirring addresses and papers by the ladies, and the various reports showed an increased interest over last year. There is in All Saints' parish a branch of the auxiliary, a junior branch, and a babies' branch. All are deeply interested and earnestly working for missions.

Vermont

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

SHELBURNE.—Plans are completed for a rectory for Trinity parish, the Rev. B. W. Atwell, rector, and work will commence as soon as the frost ceases the ground. The architecture will be in harmony with that of the picturesque church, and the new structure will adjoin the church on the north and connect with it. The building will serve as a parish house, and a chapel will be provided for week-day services.

New Jersey

John Scarborough, D.D., Bishop

The corner-stone of the new parish building at Christ church, New Brunswick, mentioned in our issue of Nov. 20th, was laid by the Bishop on Dec. 8th. There were also present the Rev. Messrs. A. B. Baker, D.D., C. E. Phelps, Alexander Mann, and J. H. Ferguson, and a large number of lay visitors. After the corner-stone had been laid, service was held in the church addresses being made by the Rev. E. B. Joyce, rector of the parish, and by the Bishop, the Rev. Dr. Baker, and the Rev. Mr. Mann. The new parish house is on the corner of Neilson and Paterson sts., and will be a very handsome structure of brick and stone. The architect is George K. Parsell, of New Brunswick. In the corner-stone were placed copies of the local and the New York papers, plans of the building with the list of incorporators, building committee, and sub-committees, photographs of the church, the choir and the rector, list of officers and members of the guilds, coins, etc.

Massachusetts

William Lawrence, S. T. D., Bishop

EPISCOPAL VISITATIONS

JANUARY

2. Boston: A. M. Mattapan, church of the Holy Spirit; Evening, church of the Good Shepherd.
4. Evening, Mansfield mission.
6. Calvary church, Danvers.
9. Boston: P. M., (Jamaica Plain), St. John's church; Evening, (Dorchester), St. Ann's church.
16. Lowell: A. M., St. Anne's church; P. M., House of Prayer; Evening, St. John's church.
23. A. M., St. Stephen's church, Lynn; P. M., Grace church, Everett; Evening, St. Paul's church, Malden.
30. Evening, Christ church, Fitchburg.

FEBRUARY

2. Evening, St. Luke's church, Malden (Linden).
5. Evening, Christ church, Rochdale
6. A. M., St. John's church, Worcester; P. M., St. Thomas' church, Cherry Valley; evening, St. Matthew's church, Worcester.

20. New Bedford: A. M., Grace church; P. M., St. James church; evening, St. Martin's church.
23. Evening, All Saints' church, Worcester.
25. Evening, St. Stephen's church, Boston.
27. A. M., All Saints' church, Brookline; P. M., Christ church, Hyde Park.

MARCH

1. Evening, Trinity church, Stoughton.
2. Evening, Trinity church, Melrose.
4. Evening, church of the Epiphany, Winchester.
6. A. M., Christ church, Cambridge, St. Paul's Society; P. M., St. Andrew's church, Boston, mission for deaf-mutes; evening, Emmanuel church, West Roxbury.
8. P. M., church of the Epiphany, Walpole.
9. Evening, St. John's church, Boston Highlands.
11. P. M., St. Mark's church, Southborough; evening, church of the Holy Trinity, Marlborough.
12. Evening, Christ church, Andover.
13. Lawrence: A. M., Grace church; P. M., St. John's church; evening, St. Andrew's church, Boston.
15. P. M., St. John's chapel Groton; evening, All Saints' church, Boston (Dorchester).
18. Evening, St. Paul's church, Brookline.
20. A. M., church of the Messiah, Boston; evening, Christ church, Quincy.
22. Evening, St. Andrew's church, South Framingham.
24. P. M., Trinity church, Wrentham.
25. Evening, church of St. John the Evangelist, Haverhill.
27. A. M., St. John's church, Boston (Charlestown); P. M., St. Paul's church, Peabody; evening, St. Peter's church, Salem.
29. Evening, St. Paul's church, Brockton.
30. Evening, Grace church, Medford.
31. Evening, Trinity church, Boston.

The Sunday School Institute held its 13th meeting in St. Paul's church, Malden. The afternoon addresses upon "Christmas festivals" were given by the Rev. Messrs. N. K. Bishop and H. M. Torbert. In the evening Miss Laura Fisher gave a description of "Some of the methods of the kindergarten." The Rev. F. J. V. Huiginn spoke upon the topic, "Progress in Sunday school teaching."

BOSTON.—The Rev. Father Fields made an address upon the religious life in England before the Monday Clericus, Dec. 13th. He showed the efficiency of brotherhood life and its growth and popularity in that country.

QUINCY.—Christ church was reopened after extensive repairs on Dec. 16th. Addresses were made by the Rev. R. H. Howe, D. D. the Rev. C. P. Mills, and the rector, the Rev. W. R. Breed. The service was largely attended, and the music was exceptionally good. It was rendered by the vested choir. The repairs cost \$2,500 and there has been collected all but \$800 of that sum. Christ church is the oldest in the diocese and the second oldest in New England. The old cemetery, which marks the site of the first church building from 1727 to 1833, is kept in repair by the parish. The old Prayer Book, which was in use at the time of the war of the Revolution, is still preserved, and shows the disfigurements made by the Yankee soldiers, who cut out the portion, containing prayers for king and royal family. The chalice was given by "Black Caesar" the slave of Dr. Miller, the first rector, and cost five pounds sterling. This is also in possession of the parish. The present church building is the fourth in the history of the parish and was consecrated in 1875 by Bishop Paddock. During its long history, the parish has had 22 rectors. With the exception of Dr. Miller, the Rev. H. E. Cotton, who resigned in 1894, had the longest rectorship. During his term of office, the parish house, costing \$5,000 was built, and the missionary work at Wollaston begun. The present rector has done much to advance the interests of this old parish. A new organ, costing \$3,000, has been put in place, and paid for, and a stone church erected at Wollaston in 1894.

CHELMSFORD.—All Saints' church has newly erected a cloister, porch, and rector's study. The new structure is of field stones to harmonize with the church. The cloister is 42 ft. long and eight ft. wide inside, and leads from the choir room in the tower to the porch, which runs at right angles to the cloister, and is 32 ft. long, and of the same width of the cloister. The

study door is opposite the cloister. The room is 11 by 15 ft., with a bay window on the south, 7½ ft. square, shut off by three stained glass doors. A comfortable window-seat occupies the space under the five lights in the bay; on the opposite side of the room is a window filled with stained glass. At the east end is a massive granite fireplace and chimney, on each side of which are book-shelves. The walls are of stone on the interior. The roof is high and open, showing the rafters. Plenty of book space is well distributed, and the study is richly furnished with old carved oak, some of which came from an ancient church in England. A large original painting of much merit, 100 years old, by an Italian artist, and representing the crucifixion, hangs over the mantel. The doors to the bay window, seven ft. by nine in size, represents the return of the prodigal son. They were executed by Kelly & Co., of Boston, and were exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876, and are only now brought into use. This addition to the church is to be part of the proposed rectory, to be built in the future. The plans were drawn by John Galen Howard, architect, of New York, after suggestions by the rector.

LAWRENCE.—The memorial in Grace church to Miss Wetherbee will be in place at Christmas. It is a rose-colored tablet, surrounded by a richly variegated mosaic, composed of the best and rarest marbles, and is a fine piece of workmanship.

METHUEN.—During the rectorship of the Rev. J. A. Foster a stronger interest in the work of St. Thomas' church has been evident. A floating debt of \$500 has been canceled, many improvements in the interior of the church have been made, and a young people's society of 30 members has been organized, and at the recent visitation of the Bishop a class of 12 was confirmed.

Maryland

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

Bishop Paret has requested the Rev. John W. Heal, missionary at Sparrow's Point, to add to his charge for the winter the care of the mission at Curtis Bay, and has appointed the Rev. G. I. Kelso, deacon, to assist him on Sundays. He has also appointed the Rev. H. G. England, deacon, to take charge of St. Andrew's chapel, Baltimore Co., and the Johns Hopkins orphan asylum, temporarily.

Kansas

Frank R. Millsbaugh, D.D., Bishop

Christ's Hospital at Topeka, has received a gift of about three acres of land adjoining it from Miss Vail, she intimating that it was the desire of Bishop Vail that the hospital should some time have it. The friends of the hospital who know that no hospital of the size has done more charity work, will be sorry to learn that the \$8,000 left as a legacy by a patient two years ago, is to be contested.

New Mexico and Arizona

(Including Texas west of the Pecos River.)

John Mills Kendrick, D.D., Bishop

The Bishop made his official visitation to the parish of St. Clement's, El Paso, Texas, the Rev. M. Cabell Martin, rector, on the 1st Sunday in Advent, and after Evening Prayer administered the Apostolic rite of Confirmation to 21 persons, including eight men. Four had been confirmed earlier in the day, making a total of 25. The Bishop preached an able sermon. He has just returned from a visitation to the Mexican Episcopal church.

Fond du Lac

Charles C. Grafton, S. T. D., Bishop

ONEIDA.—The Church Hospital on the reservation is soon to be re-opened, the work to be under the charge of the missionary. The doctor from the government school will undertake the medical department, and the Indian nurse who was formerly employed, will resume her duties. It is earnestly hoped that the early friends of this unique institution, whose interest gave it birth, will now give to the missionary that support which is necessary for its maintenance.

The Living Church

Chicago

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

Antiphon. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. ALLELUIA!
V. Mercy and truth are met together. ALLELUIA!

R. Righteousness and peace have kissed each other. ALLELUIA!

A MERRY Christmas to all our readers! "Merry" is a good old Bible word and need not be associated with mere trifling gayety. "Is any merry? let him sing psalms." (St. James) v: 13.) So let us keep the word in our Christmas greetings and have the spirit of it in our Christmas temper.

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THE Pope's Encyclical on Anglican Orders has evidently failed to achieve the objects hoped for. The Roman ecclesiastics so misinterpreted the attitude of those Anglicans who showed a strong interest in the Papal inquiry into this subject, that they really seem to have supposed that a considerable body of the more learned English clergy and laity were ready to rest their allegiance to the Church of England upon the Pope's judgment. The readiness of Mr. Lacey, Father Puller, and others, at the request of the Roman theologians, to present the facts and arguments on the Anglican side, was completely misunderstood. Only let the Holy See declare finally against the Orders of the Anglican Church, and these scholarly men, with a multitude of their adherents, will immediately seek refuge in the Roman fold. Such a blow will be struck at the Church of England as has never been inflicted before, not even by the defection of Newman and his followers. How the result has frustrated all such hopes! Not one of the conversions so confidently looked for has taken place. We do not count the case of Maturin, whose departure does not appear to have been determined by this controversy. The conversion of one of the rank and file here and there signifies no more than the insignificant leakage which always goes on, and is more than balanced by the accession of Roman priests to the Church of England, and the return of some who have, after a brief trial, found the atmosphere of Rome congenial. In fact, the famous encyclical has proved a boomerang, and it is probable that the leaders of Catholic thought in England were never less inclined to Rome than at present. The reply of the Archbishops clinched the matter and has gone far to unify the general feeling of loyalty to the mother Church. Much unhealthy hankering after Roman things has been checked or cured. The blow has recoiled upon Rome herself so far as her designs upon England are concerned.

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IT now comes to light that the encyclical has not had the effect hoped for within the Roman fold itself. It has not settled the matter. There are broad differences of opinion as to the authority of the papal document. It appears that while Rome claims to possess an Infallible Voice, it is extremely difficult to tell when the voice is speaking infallibly. It is a controverted point which apparently not even the Pope's own opinion as to his intention can entirely settle. A letter from his Holiness to the archbishop

of Paris, which has appeared in several Roman newspapers, is a curious illustration of this. He states that his intention was to judge in an absolute manner and to settle completely this grave question relative to Anglican ordinations, "already rightly determined by our predecessors, but which we were willing to examine anew." The arguments presented were, he thinks, so weighty that there ought to be no doubts about the decision. "As concerns Catholics, their duty is to accept it with full and entire submission as perpetual, definite, and irrevocable." But he complains that this has not been the case: "We cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that such is not the reception it has met with among certain Catholics, and at this we have felt a great chagrin." There is something very curious about all this, when we view it in the light of "The Infallible Voice." The Pope examines anew a case already "rightly determined by his predecessors." He does not treat his predecessors as infallible, since he reopens a question which they have settled, yet he expects his own decision to be regarded as final. Again, he does not in the Bull, deliver his decision as an infallible *ipse dixit*, but bases it upon arguments derived from the facts of the case and theological principles applicable to such a matter. But if arguments are presented it is to be presumed that they are intended to be examined and accepted according to the conviction they carry. Finally, an infallible decision must be backed by discipline in the case of those who reject it. But the Pope only complains and expresses his "chagrin." Altogether we have here a curious puzzle. The question arises again, What is the precise benefit of the Infallible Voice?

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THE *Episcopal Recorder* of Dec. 2nd, refers to the disappointments which have attended the career of the Reformed Episcopal Church. At first it was anticipated that it would have a rapid numerical growth. We, ourselves, remember very well the hopes of this nature which were indulged by some of the early leaders. It was almost taken for granted that all the old Evangelical leaders and their people would make haste to join the new organization. It was also imagined that the Reformed Episcopal Church would supply a widely felt want on the part of many members of the various sects who were discontented with their present environment, people who hankered after liturgical worship, but without sacramentalism, sacerdotalism, or other "Romanizing germs"; and those who wanted an episcopacy that should be an "historic episcopacy," but without any "doctrine of Apostolic Succession." These hopes have not been realized. *The Recorder* sees no reason why it should have been expected that any large secession would take place from the old Church. There are, we are told, certain "troubled ones" who sometimes "doubt whether there is any reason for our separate existence as a Church, because we have not grown as they had hoped," but they forget that "we were precluded from such growth by the very fact that one of our objects has been to maintain a refuge for those who were opposed to ritualism in the Protestant Episcopal Church, a class necessarily limited in numbers." Yet there still remains the other class, indefinite in extent. Why has it not been drawn in any large numbers to what our contem-

porary regards as an ideal Church? It must seem an instance of the strange perversity of human nature, that when men have been drawn away from their denominational connections by any yearning for liturgy or for Episcopacy, it has for the most part been the old Church, Romanizing germs and all, which has received them into its fold. *The Recorder* has no direct explanation of the fact that the Reformed body has failed in this direction as well as the other, but seems to imply that recent action, by removing certain long existing differences, has opened the door to a grand forward work in the future. This can only refer to the action of the last General Synod, by which the Eastern brethren triumphed over those of the West, and the narrower party gained the day. We hardly comprehend the sanguine hopefulness of *The Recorder*. It does not look as if the long existing points of difference had been in any degree removed. The Western Synod has uttered a strong protest against the action of last summer, and if all reports are true, a movement wonderfully like what would once have been called "ritualism" is now going on with accelerated speed in the bosom of the Reformed Episcopal Church in this part of the world. We fear *The Recorder* and its friends are destined to new disappointments. The signs point rather to the accentuation of differences than to their disappearance.

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A WRITER in *The Southern Churchman* thinks there is cause for anxiety as to the present tendency of things in the Evangelical Education Society. His criticisms are founded upon certain statements of the secretary of the society in his latest annual report, and are apparently well founded. The society, as every one knows, was established in order to impress upon the candidates for orders whom it undertook to assist, the principles of the old Evangelical party. But the secretary now states that "changes have been made in our principles and methods to keep in line with new circumstances and conditions. Our distinct position differs considerably from that which was occupied by the Evangelical party at the time of the organization of the Evangelical Knowledge Society in 1847." He gives as an instance the surrender of Calvinism, and as he says that this was the "basis" of Evangelical work, such surrender is little less than a revolution. Dr. Matlack further says that "practically we have a new theology," and thinks that in the past we have relied too much upon our orthodoxy. He goes on to assert that "prominent Christian men are throwing off as fetters and hindrances to the divine life, articles of faith which were once thought important, if not essential," and thinks we should "hail with delight any revolution in theology which will bring God nearer to man," etc. This is certainly strange talk to come from any one who has ever known the power of the Incarnation. The critic finds the key to the secretary's position in this sentence: "There is a unity of thought and feeling in our articles which indicates a broader theology and a higher spiritual life, which has its best representative in the Evangelical Broad Churchman." The ideal then which the secretary considers that the society ought to conform itself to, is the type commonly known as "Low-Broad," low as regards its estimate of the Church and th-

ministry, broad as regards the Faith. We do not wonder that the critic, who signs himself "A Friend of the Society," is in fear lest the secretary's remarkable paper will discourage further aid to this society from those who have hitherto supported it.

— X —

The Word Made Flesh

THE Church has no reason to regret any storm and stress of controversy which may have marked its way in this scientific and cynical age, if it has succeeded in planting its standards on heights from which they can never be torn down. It is astonishing to note what an almost superhuman effort has been made by professed admirers of Christ in the flesh to do away altogether with His Divine Essence. It sometimes seems as if half the great novels of the day are written largely for the purpose of deifying human reason at the expense of the plain Gospel narrative. These insidiously extol the human teacher of Nazareth in order that they may the more plausibly strip Him of every really supernal attribute!

It was never intended in the scheme of man's redemption that the Second Person of the Trinity should have special interest as an historical portent. It is as God Incarnate by an act of wondrous humility, that He has given us any right to call him the heir of David's line. The Word Made Flesh cannot be compared with Oriental sages, or the thought-leaders of any epoch, without insult to His Majesty and opening of His wounds afresh. The heresy of Christ as the mere teacher, is the most dangerous of all—and more so in that it is not a mere scholastic quibble, as were many which came under the review of mediæval councils, but it is a total overthrow and denial of the whole plan of human redemption.

Of course, Christmas reminds us of this fact as no other season can at this time, and in all our Sunday school and ante-confirmation teaching, it cannot be too carefully inculcated that Christ was not a mere historical phenomenon, that every line of the Nicene Creed is to be thoroughly and unquestioningly accepted by every catechumen, and that "this Church" has no room for speculation as to the position of the man Christ Jesus in comparison with the "thought-leaders" and "epoch-founders" of the world. This polished and insidious Unitarianism must find no lodgment in the Episcopal Church; for it pulls the very keystone from the arch.

"The word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

— X —

Christmas: What Does it Stand For?

BY THE REV. A. W. SNYDER

WHEN I was a boy I once heard a worthy Presbyterian minister preach a sermon against the observance of Christmas. His text was "Ye observe days, and months, and times and years. I am afraid of you," an example of the sin, the very common sin, of wresting Scripture, that St. Peter warned men against in his day. The excellent man spent much time in trying to show that no one knew the exact day when "Jesus was born in Bethlehem in the days of Herod the king," and that even if they did it would be a superstitious, if not wicked thing to observe it, because St. Paul said: "Ye observe

days, and months, and times, and years; I am afraid of you." Of course the "days and times" that St. Paul warned the Galatians against observing were the old Jewish days and times. No Presbyterian minister—no sensible one, and they are generally sensible men—would now preach such a sermon. They have bravely outgrown those old prejudices. They know now that their fathers made a grave mistake in discarding these great days. The observance of the Christian Year no longer needs apology or defense. No sensible Christian objects to the observance of Christmas. It is in fact observed somehow by every one throughout Christendom. The light that shone from Bethlehem's manger has penetrated to the ends of the earth, brightening every home and hearthstone the world over. Every nation has its own special days and observances, but they are national or local. The observance of Christmas is universal. It has come to be every man's day. It is observed not only by Christians, but after a fashion even by "Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics." It has pervaded the life of the world. No man can afford to ignore the time. It will not be ignored. It asserts itself in a thousand ways; in business, in family and social life; on the street, in the shop windows, in art, in literature, and all the common affairs of life.

Indeed the world has so appropriated the time that there is danger of its being overlaid with a mass of myth, legend, folk-lore, and curious customs, and so there is danger lest many should think more of all this than of what the day stands for. Christians should think less of the mere social aspects of the time, and far more of its stupendous spiritual significance. It commemorates the fundamental fact of the Christian Faith. It witnesses to a fact, the supreme fact in the history of the world; the fact that "God who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son." This with all that goes with this (not only the fact of the Incarnation but of the atoning death, the Resurrection and Ascension of the world's Saviour) was the substance of the Gospel preached 1800 years ago; the Gospel the world needed then and needs now. Mr. John Morley, the English scholar and statesman never spoke wiser words than when he said: "The great question of our day is not whether there is a God, or whether the soul is immortal, but what think ye of Christ?" Manifestly it is the great question, because aside from Christ we have no such knowledge of God as would lead us to love or trust in Him, or such revelation of the life of the world to come as would make it a thing to be much desired.

All thoughtful men believe in a God of some sort. Herbert Spencer is regarded as the very Corypheus of Agnosticism, and yet he says: "It is absolutely certain that we are in the presence of an infinite and eternal energy from whence all things proceed." But what a mockery is it to tell us that and only that. The question is not whether there be a God, but who is He? Can He be loved and trusted? Does He care for us? Why should we care for Him? And the question is not whether the soul is immortal but what sort of immortality is it that awaits us? There is no help or comfort in believing simply in an infinite and eternal energy, and little or none in supposing that something survives death in a ghostly realm. No! We want to believe in an immortality

worth praying for and striving for. Absolutely the only adequate answer to these importunate questions as to God and the life of the world to come, is to be found in the fact that Christmas stands for. Did Jesus Christ speak with authority? Why do we believe in what He said?

Because we believe in Him. The Christian Faith is everything or it is nothing. Surely the average man has sense enough to see that it rests on the truthfulness of the one only infallible authoritative teacher. It is something to believe that there is an Almighty God. But of itself that is not enough. Who is He? Is He good? Does He love me? Should I love Him? If Jesus Christ has not answered these questions for us they are not answered and cannot be answered. In some sense God has always been known to men. He has made Himself manifest in the work of His hands, in Nature, in the ordering of the world, in the course of events, in human life and history; in the intuition of the soul, in the voice of conscience, in the monitions of the Holy Spirit, in the inspiration of seers and prophets, in the universal premonitions of rewards and penalties in the world to come. But more was needed, and more was given. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us—and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father—full of grace and truth."

Believing this we can believe that "God is light and in Him is no darkness at all"; that for us men and for our salvation." The eternal "Word was made flesh and dwelt among us"; that "God was manifest in the flesh," in our very nature; that he has spoken in a human voice that we can hear, and in his human soul has felt as we feel, and so we can look up to Him, every man through very God, and say:

"Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear."

— X —

Five-Minute Talks

BY CLINTON LOCKE

CXXXIV

Those of us who have listened to some of the grandest voices God ever bestowed on mortals must feel, when we think of the song that was sung on the first Christmas morning, and of the singers, as if all the Pattis, De Reszkes, and Marios, who waked the wildest applause from excited crowds, were tuneless and voiceless by the side of that. You often hear some matchless singer and over against him or her is the record of a sinful, selfish, luxurious life. The notes are pure but the lips which utter them are far from pure. What a contrast the angelic singers were! I love to think of them as Fra Angelico painted them, rank above rank with sweet, calm faces lit by the pure flame of love and their robes of blue and rose delicately outlined on the golden background, with lute and harp and trumpet and viol they are accompanying the entrancing song, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will to men." The Bible tells us there was a multitude of them. What a choir! What tenors! What bassos! What altos! What sopranos! For there can be no heavenly as there can be no earthly music without harmony, and that is based on fundamental principles which prevail for all time. Think of the feeling with

which they sang. You know the difference between artistic singing and sympathetic singing. One is cold, clear, brilliant, the other has tears in it, and as you listen, your heart beats, your eyes glisten and you forget the world. Think then of the loving feeling of those angels on Christmas morning.

We know from Scripture how supremely interested the angels in our affairs, that even the tones of a penitent sinner, no matter how low they may be, cause them joy. Think of the absorbing interest they had taken in all the career of man. They had watched him struggle up from savagery to a splendid civilization. They had seen his idea of God rise from a low and brutal idolatry to the noble portrayal in the Hebrew prophets. They had sorrowed over his wars and his cruelty and his blindness. And now the hour had struck. Through all their bright abodes had spread the tidings that God, Himself, was to put on human nature, be born of a mortal mother, grow up a holy child, become a perfect man, and found a Church where He would be ever present, the Remedial Agent in a world where men despaired of self-redemption, God Incarnate. I cannot think the angels understood this perfectly, for what created being, no matter how lofty, can understand the Incarnation of God, but they understood it so much better than we can. And when they heard it, they felt just as any high-souled creatures would feel at such news. They burned to tell it. They besought God to let them troop down to earth, and break the barrier between their world and ours, more often broken than we are apt think, and sing a burst of glory upon it. And leave was granted them, and "Upon the midnight clear," on Christmas Eve, "there came that glorious song of old," *Gloria in Excelsis*. We know that song as we know our alphabet. There is not a little Church child who cannot sing it. There is never any season of joy, or service of honor in the Church where it does not appear. When we get up from our knees after receiving our Lord's Body and Blood, we burst into the strain, "Glory be to God on High." When to the hushed convention it is announced that a new Bishop has been chosen for the Church of God, the song goes up, "Glory be to God on High." When a council of the Church has finished its labors and we pause a moment before we say good-by, there bursts from the lips of clergy and laity the words, "Glory be to God on High." Yes, history tells us that the martyrs sang it when they marched into the Coliseum to await the ravaging beasts.

Think of the second part of that dear song, "Peace on earth, good will to men." How far yet from being fully realized. How slowly, how painfully does the world toil up to it. Sometimes we think we are learning the lesson, and then the alarm of war rings out and there are marching armies and horrible battlefields, and widows and childless mothers and public misery. Yes, the pace is slow, but there is an advance and each year sees arbitration a little nearer the throne that bloody war now occupies.

How is it with you, my brother, my sister, can you sing with feeling on Christmas morning "Glory be to God on High, and on earth peace, good will to men." That is my Christmas greeting to you, and when I wish you Merry Christmas, that is what I mean. I wish you a peaceful home. Nothing around your fireside but joy and love and blessing; a peaceful Church, each one striving to

serve God and love his neighbor; a peaceful country, no war within its borders and no foreign foes to call away its soldiers. Above all else, I wish you a peaceful heart, not torn by the storms of anger, or lust, or greed. Not swept by the icy wind of selfishness. Not dried up with the hot sun of worldliness; at peace with God, at peace with men, dutiful, loving, unselfish, aspiring. Blessed be those who have this peace. I cannot explain it, for it is the peace which passeth understanding.

— X —

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The Times and the Teaching of John Wesley

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

IV.

Extracts from Wesley's voluminous writings have often been printed in tracts, pamphlets and *catenæ*, showing what sort of Churchman he was. I give here, from among many, some of the more important of his sentiments and exhortations, arranged in chronological order from 1744 to 1791, proving thus that he never abandoned the orthodox position so long as he lived.*

At the first meeting of all our preachers in conference, in June, 1744, I exhorted them to keep to the Church. (1744)

I dare not renounce communion with the Church of England. As a minister, I teach her doctrines; I use her offices; I conform to her rubrics; I suffer reproach for my attachment to her. (1746)

My brother and I closed the conference, by a solemn declaration of our purpose never to separate from the Church, and all our brethren cheerfully concurred therein. (1756)

In 1758 he wrote a little book entitled "Reasons against a Separation from the Church of England against all Dissenters."

Whoever separates from the Church separates from the Methodists. (1760)

He was asked: "Can you constantly charge your people to attend the worship of our Church and not Dissenter's meetings?" He replied: "I can; this is consistent with all I have written, and all I have done for many years." (1760)

We are in truth so far from being enemies to the Church, that we are rather bigots to it. I advise all over whom I have any influence to keep steadily to Church. (1769)

While in Scotland, in 1772, he writes:

I attended the Church of England service in the morning, and that of the Kirk [the Presbyterian] in the afternoon. Truly no man, having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new! How dull and dry did the latter appear to me, who had been accustomed to the former!

He had no liking for Presbyterianism. The Scottish reformers he described as "fierce, sour, and bitter of spirit." When he saw the massive ruins of the Abbey of Arbroath (which Sir Walter Scott has immortalized in *The Antiquary*), which the reformers had burned, he exclaimed: "God deliver us from reforming mobs!"

I began preaching without delay, and warned them of the madness which was spreading among them; namely, leaving the Church. Most

*These quotations are from the Oxford edition of Wesley's works, of 1828, containing the last corrections of the author, made in his old age. I give the *dates*, but cannot, in this brief article, give references, though I have them. Nearly all of them, with others, will be found in that excellent *catena* entitled "Pastoral Advice of the Rev. John Wesley, M. A., Edited by the Rev. James S. Pollock, M. A.," to which I acknowledge my indebtedness, and to which I refer the reader.

of them will, I believe, take my advice; I hope all that are of our Society. (1773)

The Methodists at Oxford were all one body, and, as it were, one soul; zealous for the religion of the Bible, and of the primitive Church, and in consequence, of the Church of England, as they believed it to come nearer the scriptural and primitive form than any other national Church upon earth. We do not, we will not, form any separate sect; but from principle remain, what we always have been, true members of the Church of England. (1777)

When the Methodists leave the Church, God will leave them. (1777)

A warning which he often repeated.

I believe there is no liturgy in the world, either in ancient or modern language, which breathes more of a solid, scriptural, rational piety, than the Common Prayer of the Church of England. (1784)

Finding a report had spread abroad [in Bristol] that I was just going to leave the Church, to satisfy those that were grieved concerning it, I openly declared in the evening that I had now no more thought of separating from the Church than I had forty years ago. (1785)

We fixed both our morning and evening service, all over England, at such hours as not to interfere with the Church. (1786)

I told them [the Methodists at Deptford, that "den of lions" who, in Wesley's opinion, "had neither sense nor even good manners"] if you are resolved, you may have your service in church hours, but remember, from that time you will see my face no more. This struck deep, and from that hour I have heard no more of separating from the Church. (1787)

Unless I see more reason for it than I ever yet saw, I will not leave the Church of England, as by law established, while the breath of God is in my nostrils. (1789)

In the same year he preached a memorable sermon to his "lay-helpers," in which he says:

Did we ever appoint you to administer sacraments, to exercise the priestly office? Such a design never entered into our mind, it was the farthest from our thoughts. And if any preacher had taken such a step, we should have looked upon it as a palpable breach of this rule, and consequently a recantation of our connection. I wish all of you who are vulgarly called Methodists would seriously consider what has been said; and particularly you whom God hath commissioned to call sinners to repentance. It does by no means follow from hence, that ye are commissioned to baptize or to administer the Lord's Supper. Ye never dreamed of this for ten or twenty years after ye began to preach. Ye did not then, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, "seek the priesthood also." Ye knew, "No man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." Oh, contain yourselves within your own bounds! be content with preaching the Gospel! Ye yourselves were at first called in the Church of England; and, though ye have, and will have, a thousand temptations to leave it, and set up for yourselves, regard them not. Be Church of England men still.

I dare not separate from the Church. I believe it would be a sin so to do. (1789)

We come now to the saddest, most inconsistent, most culpable, most fatal blunder in the life of this zealous and godly man—his so-called "ordinations."

As commonly reported, the story is that this priest consecrated another priest, Dr. Coke, as bishop, and ordained two laymen as priests, for America, and soon after some more for America and some for Scotland.

The history is miserable enough, God knows, but not quite so bad as commonly reported.

As to Dr. Coke's case, it must be remembered that Coke was a priest of the Church, in the same order as Wesley himself, and

could as well have consecrated Wesley a bishop, as Wesley have made Coke a bishop. Wesley never intended to make Coke a bishop. He repudiated the very idea of such a thing, and bitterly repented the whole transaction, to which, in feeble old age, he was "overpersuaded" by the crying necessities of America, and the importunities of a self-seeking, ambitious, and disloyal priest, Dr. Coke.

The Churchmen in America were broken and scattered by the Revolution. They, including Wesley's followers, who were still in the Church, were as sheep having no shepherd. To get bishops for America seemed utterly impossible. Even Dr. White who afterwards became the loyal and High Church bishop of Pennsylvania, lost heart and proposed the appointment of superintending presbyters who should perform episcopal functions, including ordination, as a temporary expedient, until the "episcopal succession" could be obtained.

At this juncture, Dr. Coke, an able, hard working, unscrupulous priest-associate of Wesley, knowing Wesley's weakness as to the possibility of priests' ordaining in cases of necessity, persuaded him that here was such a case.

The old man at length yielded, and performed what appears to have been the sacrilege of a mock and schismatic ordination. His brother Charles so considered it. At the same time Wesley so guarded his action as to prevent its being an ordination, even had he been a bishop and thus capable of conferring Holy Orders. The act was deficient in matter, form, intention, canonicity, and every attribute of lawfulness and validity. It was, in fact, an inane and desperate fiasco.

Secretly, before day-break, in his private chamber, without consulting his wiser brother who was in the same city (Bristol), the old man of eighty-two years laid his priestly hands on the equally priestly head of Dr. Coke, and "set him apart as a superintendent." He carefully avoided the word ordain and the word bishop. He appointed him or set him apart as superintendent. Superintendent of what or of whom? "Of many people," says he, "in the southern provinces of North America, who desire to continue under my care, and still adhere to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England." He attempts to excuse himself for acting upon his absurd hypothesis as to the powers of presbyters, by the plea of necessity, on account of the failure of all efforts to get help for America from the English bishops, and by imagining himself—doubtless in all sincerity—"to be providentially called, at this time, to set apart some persons for the work of the ministry in America." He probably meant it to be a temporary makeshift; and he protests again and again that it does not and shall not involve him in any separation from the Church of England. Even now he still forbids his American followers to hold any services at the church hours in any place in which there is an Episcopal church.

In the case of the two whom he is said to have ordained priests, he himself says he had "appointed them to act as elders," whatever that may mean.

The day following he appointed three more for America, and soon after several for Scotland (which was still less excusable, and a more aggravated offense, as there were bishops having canonical jurisdiction in Scotland). But he would never allow

these appointees to act as ministers, or to wear the surplice, or to be addressed as reverend, when they set foot south of the Tweed; *i. e.*, within the jurisdiction of the Church of England, to which he was even now, inconsistently, loyal. Indeed, in his desperation, he fell back on a sort of Erastianism, against which he had uniformly protested, and declared: "Whatever is done in America or Scotland is no separation from the Church of England." (1)*

When his wise brother Charles, from whom he had concealed his strange act, heard of all this, it broke his heart and aroused his righteous indignation. Most pathetic are his letters, most keen is his sarcasm.

His satire is well known:

How easy now are bishops made,
At man's or woman's whim;
Wesley his hands on Coke hath laid,
But who laid hands on him?

And that other line:

'Twas age that made the breach, not he.

Our rash old zealot's heart is also touched. He at first tries to defend his amazing conduct and to apologize for it; but he certainly regrets it. He writes to his brother: "If you had kept close to me, I might have done better." He admits that he was "overpersuaded."

Dr. Coke himself knows that it is no ordination. On four different occasions, after he had gone into schism, he offers to conform again to the Church, if only he can be ordained a real bishop.

Meanwhile, Dr. Coke goes back to America; lays his hand three times on the head of a pious, unscholarly layman, Mr. Asbury, appointing him successively deacon, elder, superintendent. Then he and Asbury call themselves "bishops," and break with the Church; and Asbury is said to have destroyed a large invoice of Prayer Books which Wesley had sent to America.†

Our zealot has started an avalanche which he cannot control. In vain he writes to Mr. Asbury, including Dr. Coke also in his scathing rebuke:

How can you, how dare you, suffer yourself to be called a bishop? I shudder, I start at the very thought! Men may call me a knave, a fool, a rascal, a scoundrel, and I am content; but they shall never by my consent call me a bishop. For my sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, put a full stop to this. Let Presbyterians do what they please, but let the Methodists know their calling better.

Hampson, Wesley's earliest biographer, writes: "Sometime before his death Mr. Wesley repented of the steps he had taken" (in the so-called ordinations); and the Rev. James Creighton, a priest in Anglican Orders, one of Wesley's most trusted clergymen, employed by him to celebrate the sacraments in London, and who was induced to unite with him in the "ordinations," has testified that Wesley repented with tears that he had ordained any of his lay-preachers, and that he expressed his sorrow for it at the conference of 1789, and occasionally afterwards until his death, in 1791. In the last six weeks of his life Wesley exclaimed: "The preachers are now too powerful for me!"

*The charge that Wesley "ordained" any for work in England proper has never been proved, and is undoubtedly false. See "The Churchman's Life of Wesley," by R. Denny Urlin, pp. 183-4; also Overton's "John Wesley," p. 206. The total number of "ordinees," according to Mr. Urlin, was "about nine."

†A few copies escaped, and one is preserved in the library of the General Theological Seminary, in New York.

We cannot forbid him to tread the *via poenitentiae*.

Oh, had he been content to wait but three short months, his followers in America would then have had, in the person of Samuel Seabury, a true successor of the Apostles, a bishop after Wesley's own heart, and one, too, who would gladly (as he told Charles Wesley) have ordained all the lay-preachers in America who were fit to receive Holy Orders.

Thus the American Methodists drifted away from the Church, to our great loss—as we freely admit—and to their own great loss, as many of my Methodist friends have acknowledged to me.

In England the Methodists remained true to the Catholic Church until after Wesley's death. Then the most of them trampled his life-long teachings under their feet, and ceased to be Wesleyans.

I cannot go into the history of the unfortunate schism. Suffice it to say, it was the greatest blow the Holy Church throughout all the world has received during the last three hundred years, and was in defiance of the convictions, the hopes, the plans, the warnings, and the commands of the founder of Methodism.

Our aged priest, after his sad and repented blunder, lived on some five years; still prayed, still preached, still loved. And his love for the dear old Church grew stronger and stronger as the light of the New Jerusalem streamed in upon his ripening soul. The only cloud in his horizon was the dread lest, after his decease, some of his followers—he feared perhaps "a third" of them—should leave the Church. Dear, credulous heart! He little knew; he little knew! But he left it on record that if they left the Church, they left him, and God would leave them. When his friend, Alexander Knox, asked him how he would wish his friends to act in case the Methodists should withdraw from the Church, his answer was: "I would have them adhere to the Church and leave the Methodists." Fifteen months before his death, he said:

I declare once more that I live and die a member of the Church of England; and that none who regard my judgment or advice will ever separate from it.

The calm and the peace of Paradise were now upon him. He kneels on Jordan's brink awaiting the Master's call. His last words are, "Bless the Church and King, and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—"Farewell."

The active brain, the tireless body, the loving heart of the Anglican zealot are at rest forevermore.

He was taken away from the evil to come. He did not live to see his lay-preachers usurping the priesthood, and mutilating their founder's tomb.* He did not live to see inexcusable apostacy sweeping not "the third part," but nearly the whole, of his followers from the Catholic Church he loved, into the schism he abhorred. He did not live to see his one mistaken and repented act of outrage upon the poor American Church, bereaving her of millions of her children—nourished at her breast, but now lifting up their heel against

*Strictly speaking, I refer here to the memorial tablet which was placed in the City Road chapel, with the inscription: "The Patron and Friend of the Lay Preachers." After the lay-preachers had affected to usurp the priesthood they quietly replaced the original tablet with another bearing the inscription: "The Chief Promoter and Patron of the Plan of Itinerant Preaching."

their Holy Mother. He did not live to see his own works garbled, expurgated, suppressed, mistranslated, misapplied, and himself, Josiah that he was, unjustly placed in the gallery of popular history as a son of Nebat who made Israel to sin. He did not live to see his lifelong pleading for unity within the Kingdom of God, answered by the great defection from that kingdom, and that defection itself went by centrifugal disintegration into a score and a half of sects, a swarm of meteors dancing, in their oblique, eccentric, individual orbits, through the kosmos of God!

Sleep, noble zealot of the Catholic Church! Dream, if thou can'st, that thy children are still in the dear old homestead. Or, if angel-message have made known to thee the catastrophe, yet of this be assured: thy labor was not all in vain. Thou did'st rouse from her slumber the Bride of Christ in the realm of England. Her waking was slow. But oh, that thou could'st see her now!—awake beyond thine utmost vision, alive above thy fondest hope!

And those wandering children, mayhap, God, in his own time and way, will "fetch them home," that the followers of John Wesley, restored to the Church of John Wesley, may be Wesleyans once more.

THE END.

—x—

An Ode to St. Mary

BY THE REV. J. A. M. RICHEY,

Mary, the fairest name adorning earth,
Except the holy name by Gabriel given
To Him, who of this Virgin took His birth,
When He by Holy Ghost came down from Heaven.
Blest Mary! within whom both God and man—
The gulf betwixt poor earth and heav'n can span.

O sweet, pure maid, whom God hath deigned to bless,
As second Eve and mother of all living,—
To set at nought the first Eve's sore distress,
And to her daughters a new life be giving;
We find in thee the purity and grace
Of Him whose sacred eyes first saw thy face.

If we would find within our human race,
The maid most worthy of thy benedictions,—
A Mary she would be, with thy sweet grace
And all thy pure and holy predilections.
Oh, holy Mother, thou hast daughters yet,
In whom—thy virtues rarethou dost beget.

—x—

The Message of Christmas for the Sorrowing

BY MAZIE HOGAN

HAPPY, holy Christmas-tide has come again, bearing its message of peace and good will for all, from the innocent child with heart untouched by care, to the aged Christian who has lived past the varied sorrows of life and is tranquilly waiting the dawning of a more glorious day.

There is no anniversary, human or divine, so fraught with memories as this, the birthday of our Lord. The recurrence of the wedding day, or birthdays, Easter and Epiphany tide, the days on which our loved ones entered paradise, all bring to us sweet or painful thoughts of the past; but those thoughts, one and all, crowd upon us at this season, and to most of us who have passed early youth, sadness predominates, making it a time more of pain than pleasure. This, spite of our knowledge that Christian joy should fill our hearts.

The wide-spread observance of Christmas among different classes and faiths, while attesting the truth and influence of Christianity, has necessarily contributed to the secularization of the festival; for the large majority of those who observe it have little

thought of its purely religious character. So has come about its observance as a day of family reunion, of kindly feeling and good cheer, of the Santa Claus myth among the children, all originally having their root in the "goodwill toward men" of the angels' song, but having wandered far from its purpose.

What wonder then that the recurrence of the day with the family feast and annual merry-making, should only accentuate the changes and separations so sadly inevitable; that the vacant places at the board should seem even harder to contemplate at this time of rejoicing; that the husband should miss the wife no longer by his side, and the wife the husband, more poignantly than on ordinary days; that the mother should turn with tearful eyes from the children's uproarious mirth, thinking of the little one who was with them last year. Not only to the miser Scrooge does the Ghost of Christmas Past come with its insistent pictures of what has been; we have all been visited by the spectre, and shall be yet again.

Therefore, it is little wonder that we often hear those who have troubles to oppress them—and which of us has not?—say that to them, Christmas is the saddest time of the whole year.

Yet is this as it should be? Surely not. Has not the babe of Bethlehem a message for the mourner? Is this blessed season for the light-hearted and care-free only? Did not the angels proclaim "glad tidings of great joy" for "all people," not for the happy alone.

More than any other season of the Christian year does this bring home to us the one great source of comfort, the human Christ. The Incarnation, the tabernacling among men of the Holy One of God, while it assures us of God's love to us, giving even His only Son for our redemption, also gives us what we so often long for, a Friend both human and divine, the brotherly love supplying what we frequently find lacking in human affection.

Then for further comfort, "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." Our blessed Lord, although the Incarnate God, yet as helpless babe, dependent child, and very man, has felt all our pains and cares and sorrows, our trials, and can and will give us the tender love and sympathy which we often seek in vain from our nearest and dearest. So Christmas-tide should bring us comfort in our sorrows, and joy that the Christ Child is come among us should lift our hearts above our griefs, and lead them to the true source of comfort and of joy.

"Think on the eternal home
The Savior left for you.
Think on the Lord most holy, come
To dwell with hearts untrue.

"So shall ye tread untired
His pastoral ways,
And in the darkness sing
Your carol of high praise."

But in spite of resolute faith and trust and hope, our hearts are sore and our eyes are wet. We long for our loved ones back, and cannot be comforted. What must we do that we may keep our Lord's birthday in the right spirit?

Let us leave our darkened rooms of sorrow and go out into God's sunshine and fresh air, and then let us forget our own sorrows in the attempt to alleviate those of others. Grief is essentially selfish and prone to consider itself unique. If we look abroad we

shall find many in sorer case than ourselves. To them let us minister. We shall find that the effort to bring comfort to others shall unaccountably cheer ourselves. Take the hoarded belongings of our dear dead ones, the dainty garments laid away in lavender, the books and pictures and trinkets so treasured and wept over, and bestow them where they are needed and will give pleasure. Spare a few of the flowers so jealously cherished for the dear graves, for the sick and the poor, and let it all be done for the sake of Him whose birth we celebrate, and we shall find our hearts glow lighter and our griefs press less heavily upon us.

We shall not forget our loved and lost, but our memory of them shall have in it less of the bitter pain of parting, and more of rejoicing that our loss is their gain. So yearly as this hallowed season approaches, we shall feel that

" 'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in paradise our store."

—x—

The Angelic Symphony

BY ISABELLA D. BRITTINGHAM

As the shepherds lowly watching
O'er their flocks, 'mid starry night,
Heard the Message of the Ages,
Saw that wondrous, radiant light;
And with awe-struck faces lifted,
To the thronged and shining sky,
Listened to the rapturous choral,
"Glory be to God on high!"

So that song with trumpet grandeur
Rings through changeless centuries,
Bringing joy to toiling pilgrims,
Bringing love, and light and peace,
And the Star still marks the manger
Where the new-born Babe Divine,
'Neath His mother's soft caresses
Slumbered 'mong the wondering kine.

Star, and song, and lowly manger,
Shrined in hearts that love Him best!
Hearts that in the Christmas dawning
Greet anew the blessed guest!
Let us by these memories holy
Prove our love in offerings meet.
Bringing all our richest treasures,
And ourselves to Jesus' feet.

—x—

Reverence

LET me remind you that among all the definitions and conceptions of worship and the house of God, ours is one that has from the earliest time leaned toward the more strict and conservative view.

With us the church is not a concert hall nor a lecture-room. We believe as firmly as others in intellectual training and in hours of amusement, but they must have their rightful place and that is not the church.

The church is for the worship of God, with those branches that justly concern the upbuilding of the spiritual life and the extension of the kingdom of God. Within the walls of the church, you stand upon a hallowed spot, consecrated—made holy—for the worship of God. As Jehovah spake to Moses, so he speaks to us here, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." * * * A sensitive nature, a nature trained in the ways of culture, will always have respect for, and be reverent in, the house of God during the hours set apart for public worship. A nature that is not so sensitive nor so trained in the arts of a true manhood and womanhood, will not be reverent here nor elsewhere considerate of the feelings of others. It is therefore at other hours in God's house that I ask you to main-

tain the attitude of reverence. When for any purpose you are brought here, whether the first day or the fourth; whether for work or worship, let us not forget it is God's house and do all things as in his presence and for his glory. Enter it not until you have left at the door all worldly thoughts and common-place conversations; be content to separate yourselves from human companionships for the moment, and be glad to walk with God.—From Rev. C. G. Bristol's Anniversary Sermon.

Letters to the Editor

A CONTRADICTION

To the Editor of The Living Church:

Will you be so kind as to insert in your paper the following letter which I have just received from Bishop Graves, of the mission in China. It should forever silence the cruel suspicion which was rife a short time ago in regard to the conduct of the mission, and effectually prevent any such a story being again put into circulation.

GEO. WM. LINCOLN.

St. Barnabas' church, Brooklyn, Dec. 11th, 1897.

[COPY]

HANKOW, NOV. 10th, 1897.

THE REV. G. W. LINCOLN, DEAR SIR:—No one in this mission ever imagined the use of tea for wine in the Holy Communion, still less practiced such a violation of Church order.

The whole thing is simply that a carelessly-worded sentence has been interpreted in the most uncharitable way.

I disdain to answer such a charge (which no one who knows the mission would believe) in the press; but if there is any manliness left in the men that made it they will give the same publicity to the denials that have been made on our behalf as they gave to the false accusation.

Yours faithfully,

F. R. GRAVES.

CORRECTION

To the Editor of The Living Church:

In notice of the late Rev. Dr. Houghton (page 772, LIVING CHURCH of Nov. 27th), it is stated an actor "was refused burial by a neighboring Presbyterian pastor." This is an error. It was a Reformed Episcopalian pastor. It is said that his reason for refusal was a previous engagement. There is no such prejudice in New York city against actors as to lead any to refuse them Christian burial, unless Roman clergy, bound by old canons or ecclesiastical restrictions. So the reason for the refusal commonly assigned is antecedently incredible.

W. ALLEN JOHNSON.

Middletown, Conn., Nov. 29th, 1897.

A REMINISCENCE

To the Editor of The Living Church:

In those very interesting reminiscences of the Rev. Dr. Holcombe, frequent mention is made of the Rev. Mr. Peake, now chaplain of St. Mary's Hall, Faribault.

I had the honor to know intimately his noble son who met with an almost tragic death while a student at St. Stephen's College. He was a splendid example of true Christian manhood, large-hearted, generous, industrious, persevering, conscientious, sympathetic, and affectionate. Bishop Walker once said, "George Peake is one of God's noble men." Dr. Fairbairn spoke of him as the best scholar and most perfect example of a young Christian gentleman that ever came in the college.

In connection with his studies he was always earnestly and actively engaged in mission work, in which he was wonderfully successful, because in whatever he was engaged it was with his whole heart. One who succeeded him in his mission told how like Ab-salom he "stole the people's hearts," and with what pleasure his bright, cheerful, and handsome face was always welcomed at each farm-house door.

After his father's visit to Annandale he prevailed upon him to stop off at Nashotah on his

way back to Minnesota, and wrote to me to receive him. It was with great pleasure that I went about with Mr. Peake as he renewed his old associations with the place, his only visit there since his student days.

When typhoid fever made its appearance at St. Stephen's, it found George an easy victim, because of a constitution weakened by over-work. He quickly succumbed to the disease, and his spirit passed quietly away, leaving on his face a sweet smile, the reflection of a life given to God.

The devoted life of a father and mother in a hard mission field had something to do with the moulding of such a beautiful character in their son.

R. BANCROFT WHIPPLE,

Rector of Christ church, Tashua, Conn.

Personal Mention

The Rev. Edward Bornecamp has resigned the charge of St. John's, Duxbury, Mass., and accepted the position of second assistant at Trinity church, Boston.

The Rev. William F. Cook, rector at Constableville and Port Leyden, Lewis Co., C. N. Y., has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. Luke's memorial church, Utica, and will enter upon his duties on Christmas Day.

The Rev. Louis DeCormis, rector of St. Paul's church, Columbia, Pa., diocese of Central Pennsylvania, has recently had conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor in divinity, by the Northern Illinois College, of Fulton, Ill.

The Rev. S. J. Morgan has withdrawn his resignation of the rectorship of All Hallow's, Snow Hill, Md., at the urgent request of the people of the parish.

The Rev. S. D. Phillips has become assistant at the church of the Crucifixion, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Rev. Walter B. Stehl has accepted the curacy of Memorial church, Baltimore, Md.

The Rev. John Y. Shurtleff has accepted the care of St. Luke's church, Auburn, Cal.

The Rev. Henry Martyn Saville's address needs to be corrected from that given in the Church almanac, to No. 1 Eldon st., Dorchester, Boston, Mass.

The Rev. H. A. Stonex has resigned the charge of St. Paul's, Brighton, Mich., to accept the rectorship of St. James' church, Dexter, made vacant by the death of his venerated father, the Rev. William G. Stonex.

The Rev. Carl Taylor has accepted the rectorship of St. James' church, St. Paul, Minn.

The address of the Rev. Isaac Van Winkle, since April 1st in charge of St. Luke's chapel of the church of the Holy Trinity, Paris, is No. 102 rue de Vaugirard.

The address of the Rev. John Chanler White is changed from Springfield, Ill., to Hartwell, Ohio. Please address accordingly.

To Correspondents

NOTE.—A subscriber desires information in regard to a little poem about Leonardo da Vinci's "Virgin of the Rocks." Will some one kindly send us a copy?

Official

THE Standing Committee of the diocese of Iowa organized for the year 1897-8, by electing the Rev. Thos. E. Green, S.T.D., of Cedar Rapids, as president, and Hon. J. J. Richardson, of Davenport, as secretary. Correspondence should be addressed accordingly.

MATTER intended for the secretary of convocation of Arizona, may be sent to Bishop Kendrick, at Phoenix. The Rev. B. Gifford Lee, secretary, has resigned his Arizona missions, and will go to San Mateo, Cal.

KANSAS

At a stated meeting of the Standing Committee of the diocese, unanimous consent was given to the consecration of the Rev. Wm. N. McVickar, D.D., as Bishop-coadjutor of Rhode Island, and to the transfer of the Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, D.D., LL.D., to Central Pennsylvania. They also recommended the Rev. Robt. H. Mize, deacon-in-charge of Hiawatha, to Bishop Millspaugh for Priests' Orders, and Mr. Will P. James, lay-reader at Manhattan, for Deacons' Orders.

Ordinations

In St. Paul's church, Holley, W. N. Y., on Nov. 19th, Bishop Walker advanced to the priesthood the Rev. C. O. S. Kearton, who for the past two years has been deacon-in-charge of the parish. The Holy Communion was celebrated. The Ven. Archdeacon Washburn preached the sermon. The Rev. Chas. W. Hayes, D.D., presented the candidate; other clergy assisting in the laying on of hands, were the Rev. Messrs. H. Rollings and H. S. Gately, of Middleport.

In Christ church, Norwich, Conn., Dec. 18th, Bishop

Brewster ordained to the priesthood the Rev. Reginald R. Parker. The Rev. Prof. W. A. Johnson, of the Berkeley Divinity School presented the candidate and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hart, of Trinity College, preached the sermon. The Rev. Messrs. Francis Hoskins, A. H. Wright, H. N. Wayne, and John Huntington assisted in the service.

The Rev. M. E. Fawcett, Ph.D., was ordained to the priesthood, Dec. 15th, at the church of the Redeemer, Elgin. Bishop McLaren performed the office. The candidate was presented to the Bishop by Dr. Cleveland, of Dundee. Those who assisted in the laying on of hands were the Rev. Dr. Fleetwood, the Rev. Messrs. F. W. Keator, E. H. Clark, and E. F. Cleveland, M.D. Dr. Fawcett received the Eucharistic vestments and the *porrectio instrumentorum*.

Died

BOLMER.—At St. Luke's Hospital, New York, Dec. 2, 1897, the Rev. William Brevort Bolmer, rector of St. Luke's church, Troy, N. Y., was called from the Church militant to the Church triumphant.

ELDER.—Entered into life eternal, at Atlantic City, N. J., Nov. 30th, Henry L. Elder, in his 78th year. Funeral services were held at Christ church, Philadelphia; interment at Laurel Hill.

"Lord All Pitying, Jesu Blest,
Grant him Thine eternal rest. Amen."

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.

PROVINCE OF ILLINOIS.
ORPHANAGE OF THE HOLY CHILD

The Orphanage of the Holy Child, Springfield, Ill., an institution of the Province of Illinois, urgently appeals for funds and donations of staple groceries, clothing, etc., etc. The Orphanage is in charge of the Sisters of St. Monica. Offerings at Christmas-tide, and at any other time, will be most thankfully received. Gifts of money to meet current expenses throughout the year are most needed. Please send cash to the VEN. F. W. TAYLOR, D.D., treasurer, 312 E. Adams st., and boxes to the Orphanage, 220 E. Adams st., care Mother Caroline Delano, Springfield, Ill.

Acknowledgment

RECEIPT of the following sums in aid of parish school: From "Edith," \$25; I. V. M., \$20; C. W. H., \$25; R. F. W., \$25; C. C. H., \$10; G. C. F., \$10.

J. J. N. THOMPSON, Priest.

Headmaster of Parish School, church of the Good Shepherd, Mobile, Ala.

Church and Parish

WANTED.—Experienced Church musician seeks post as organist and choir-master (or choir-master 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.

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 Dearborn st.

A VACANCY caused by illness may be filled at the opening of the winter term. Price for the remainder of the school year \$100. Address, St. FAITH'S HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Saratoga, N. Y.

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.

Song, Maiden, and Child

BY THE REV. WILLIAM C. SHEPPARD

'Tis Christmas! O listen--a song.
The sweetest that ever was sung,
Proceeds from the lips of a throng
Of God's holy angels among
The mountains of Palestine, where
A wonderful light fills the air.

'Tis Christmas! Behold, a fair maid--
As pure as the lilies is she,
A lily herself, ne'er to fade,
Blest Mary of dark Galilee;
Behold her where rough cattle stand--
"No room in the inn" close at hand.

'Tis Christmas! The song is of One
Who lies on that fair maiden's breast--
The Christ-child, her Son and God's Son,
Humanity's brightest and best,
The fullness of time is now come,
Immanuel here makes His home.

O Christ-child, Redeemer of all
From manger to cross is Thy path:
For sinners Thy pure blood shall fall,
Thy feet tread the wine-press of wrath.
'Tis Christmas! We give Thee our love,
O Gift from the Father above!

The song of the angels to-day
Floats over all parts of the earth,
While nations their glad homage pay
To Him to whom Mary gave birth--
A-bloom is earth's once dreary wild--
Thank God for Song, Maiden, and Child!

—x—

The Story of a Short Life

THE grand death of the first Christian martyr may well be commemorated on the day next after the Feast of the Nativity. It is little that we know of St. Stephen, but that little is enough to win for him the loving admiration of every generous soul. He ran a brief, but glorious, career. He was born to pre-eminence. Wherever he stood, he stood at the front. He was the first deacon, the first in administration, the first to see just what Christianity involved, the first great Christian preacher, and, to crown all, the first of the noble army of Christian martyrs.

And this many-sided pre-eminence was attained in the very dawn of the rising of the Sun of Righteousness upon a sin-sick world. St. Stephen had been a Christian for only six or eight months. In that brief space of time he did his work, his great work for God and man; ran his great course, and went to his rich reward. He was a young man. No doubt he loved life. He certainly loved his work, and did it as only a man who loves it can. It is "the story of a short life." The world accounted it a wasted life. But God's way is not that of the world. He judgeth not as man judgeth. When He has a work that must be done by a man for men, He raises up the man that can do it. Humanly speaking, no other follower of the Lord could then have done for Him what St. Stephen did. The eleven were good, honest men, but not of a ready mind intellectually. The Lord had chosen them for what they were. They were just the men to be the

best of witnesses to the facts of which they had been eye-witnesses, but they were slow to see just what those facts meant for men. St. Stephen, however, was of another sort—a young man, a Hellenist. He was of larger mental mould than the Galilean fishermen. His Hellenistic training made it unnecessary for him slowly to outlive the prejudices of those hampered by Judaic narrowness. He was young, clear-headed, courageous—the one man that could then have done the work that God gave him to do. He did it; did it as only a hero and a saint could have done it—did the work it was given him to do; proclaimed boldly the truth God had revealed to him, and then poured out his life's blood, a glad and willing sacrifice to the Lord who lovingly looked down on him as he closed his eyes in death to see "eye to eye" in the light and peace of Paradise.

Such a death of such a man must have seemed then to the followers of the Lord a strange, most mysterious providence. But we see that it helped to give to the infant Church the one man in all the world that was then most needed. Saul of Tarsus, the gifted young Pharisee, had, no doubt, disputed with Stephen "in the synagogue of the Libertines, and of them of Cilicia." He had, doubtless, heard Stephen's great defense and magnificent outburst of impassioned eloquence before the Sanhedrim. He kept the clothes of those that stoned Stephen, and was, he tells us, "consenting unto his death." And so he had seen his face when it had shone "as it had been the face of an angel," and heard the Christ-like prayer that fell from the lips of the dying saint and martyr.

In the great truth that St. Stephen had preached and died for, we discern in germ the great doctrines that St. Paul was to expand, vindicate and establish for all time to come—the insufficiency of the Mosaic law, the passing of Judaism, the freedom of divine grace, a world-wide redemption and a world-wide Church. We can now see it all; that St. Stephen's was not a wasted life; that he did far more for God and man in his brief day and by his grand death than he could have done in any other way. All this is clear enough to us now, in the case of St. Stephen. In the case of many of our day, however, it may not seem so. No; not now, but it will be clear in that day when He will claim His own, and every man shall have his own reward. That day will amply vindicate the ways of God, and be the final explanation of many a hard lot here, and many a seemingly inexplicable Providence.

S.

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QUITE a large number of the Anglican Bishops followed secular professions before their ordination. For example, the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of St. Helena and Colchester at one time held commissions in Her Majesty's army. Among the American Bishops, owing to the comparatively recent civil war, it is perhaps natural that the profession of arms should be more largely represented. Thus the Bishops of South Carolina, Florida, Kentucky, New Mexico, Spokane, Tennessee, Western Texas, West Virginia, and Southern Virginia, and Bishops J. B. Newton and C. C. Penick, all served in the war, most of them as combatants, while the Bishops of Minnesota, Rhode Island, and Pittsburgh served with the sanitary commission. Moreover, the Bishop of Auckland was an army chaplain, and the Bishop of Korea was a

navy chaplain. The legal profession is represented by the Bishops of Hull, Melbourne, East Carolina, North Carolina, Easton, Fond du Lac, Marquette, and New Mexico, and Bishop Reginald Courtney, most of whom have actually practiced as lawyers. A knowledge of medicine is almost a necessity to a missionary, and it is therefore natural that the Bishops of Bloemfontein, Lebombo and Likoma, in addition to the Bishops of Rangoon and Tennessee and Bishop J. B. Newton, should be fully qualified as doctors. The Bishops of Quebec and Southern Ohio were at one time engaged in commercial pursuits, the Bishop of Milwaukee was a banker, the Bishop of Mackenzie River was a farmer, and the Bishops of Rockhampton and Newark were engineers.

—Bishops of the Day.

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THE Prince of Wales recently visited Lambton Castle, an interesting place near Durham, in the possession of one of the ancient families in the North of England. It is on the river Wear, and in the midst of a region of coal mines. The present proprietor enjoys the title and estates through being born half an hour before his twin brother. The father, however, left another (unentailed) estate to the second son. The family appears to have made itself beloved by the pitmen and poorer people in the neighborhood in a rare degree. On the death of the countess, the mother of the present lord, a memorial window was placed in Burnmoor church, unprotected by the usual wirework, as it was thought it would be more than any one's life was worth to throw a stone at it.

—x—

ON a recent Sunday evening the congregation of the parish church of Bishopstone, Wiltshire, was driven out of the church by an invasion of bees. The evening was warm, and the unwelcomed visitors began to arrive as soon as it was lighted up. As the service proceeded their number increased, several lamps were broken through the insects clustering about them in such masses as to stop ventilation. A number of persons were stung and the people began to leave the church. The vicar struggled on till the sermon, when he was himself assailed and compelled to beat a hasty retreat. The service was brought to an abrupt conclusion.

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Letters From Abroad

BY JOHN HARRIS KNOWLES

VIII.

AFTER a few days of sweet inactivity amid the simple surroundings of rustic life on an Irish farm, revelling in the velvet turf of the fields, and the ever-changing hues of the distant mountains, I found that I had to speed away sooner than I expected. The day of my steamer sailing was inexorably drawing near, and I had yet to finish my circular ticket which took me through Killarney, and after that up into Scotland, round by Edinburgh and Durham, then once more, London, Southampton, and home.

What shall I say of my trip to Killarney! It was a delight from beginning to end, rapid, almost hurried, and altogether inadequate as it was to take in all the glories which there abide. The whole proceeding reminded me of going to a concert and listening to a splendid programme. It would be hopeless to expect a distinct memory or appreciation of all the music, the merits of its

composition, and its many fine points. One ought to be content with the general impression of pleasure, and the consciousness that one had assisted even as a listener, at the production of something noble, splendid, and beautiful, even if utterly evanescent. In some such way as this the rapid trip through Killarney impresses me. The interesting part of the journey begins at once after leaving Cork. I took what is called the Prince of Wales Route *via* Bandon, Bantry, Glengarriffe, Kenmare, and then Killarney.

After leaving Cork a rapid curve through a deep cutting brings one out on a hillside overlooking the valley of the Lee.

It was a lovely pale clear afternoon when we started, giving the whole landscape a strange vividness, and what seemed an unnatural brightness in the greens and grays of trees and clouds and distant hills. The city of Cork was hidden in its valley site, but the three beautiful spires of the cathedral, and the old tower of Shandon where the bells are, and many other church edifices, rising up above the hills, told us where the city lay.

It is but a short ride to Bantry—short from the American view. We left Cork about four, and got to Bantry by six, and one never tired of the rich foliage and the old-time quaintness of all the country passed through.

Bantry Bay, which stretched out before us, is a noble expanse, and could easily give accommodation to the entire British fleet, great as that is. We only stayed in the great old square of Bantry, so Spanish-like, a sufficient time to take the stage coach, and then off in the gathering twilight to Glengarriffe. Falling torrents gave us music on the way, and the tall pines and deep shades whispered of mystery as we sped along. We found ourselves at Eceles' hotel at eight o'clock, and then a good dinner and a good bed brought us to night and pleasant dreams.

I was up betimes in the morning long before breakfast hour, and out to breathe the delicious air of Glengarriffe. It is mild and beautiful at all seasons, summer and winter, and this the great hedges of fuchsia told me, as they welcomed me, arrayed in all their bravery of crimson and green. Passing through a gateway between the flowery hedgerows, I looked out upon the water. The tide was low, but as if to make amends for this daily nakedness of the beach, every rock and shingle was bright with sea weed; but such sea weed and such a beach! Greens as of emerald, pinks and crimsons as of roses, and an ocean purity over all, undisfigured by objects of our baser life, or the painful *debris* of civilization. Froude speaks of the glory of bathing in the crystalline depths of those still sea pools, and it must be delightful. But such bathing to be perfect should be as unconventional as his was, in just such an hour as this, and in like balmy air.

By nine o'clock the coach was on hand, and we arranged ourselves according to our fancy, or as luck would have it. It was hardly worth while to intrigue for the box seat, for strictly there was none, as the driver and two or three others sat on the front seat, which was no higher than the rest. I selected the back seat, for a retro-view without obstruction was often an advantage on the winding roadway.

While we were getting into shape for our start a musician of no mean ability regaled

us with reels and jigs, and quaint old melodies. It is true that his instrument was of the very humblest character, being simply a poor little tin whistle, but his facile fingers made the stops with graceful accuracy, and the time, tone, phrasing, and rhythm were all an artist could wish. His great brown eyes looked out into space as his music poured forth, coming back from the visionary and the unseemly to look intently for our expected coppers. It is needless to say that he got them liberally, and he piped and trilled all the more, like a very Pan. I watched the artistic in him, the dreamy air, the long well-shaped fingers, and the exquisite sense of form displayed in the melodic phrases he gave so well. But through it all he was a poorly clad rustic, and the way he managed to get a good scratch all over by squirming within his old clothes, was something to wonder at. It looked like an animal shaking itself in its skin, and yet in it all he was an artist.

We started off at last on our *char a bancs* and soon our piper was left behind, and his trills were replaced by the piping of the birds and by our pleasant chat. Two friends from Pittsburgh, a gentleman and his wife, were in the company. We had a few friendly spars with the English contingent and some spread eagle now and then, but all in best spirit. Meanwhile, we were climbing up the mountains and getting wider and wider views of strangely romantic scenery. It was weird and lovely, now veiled in mist, and again lit up by sunshine. It was bleak and barren, rocky and unproductive, and yet there was not a square foot that was not beautiful with moss and fern, and flowering plant. It seemed to me as if it were a paradise for hunter or for artist, yes, and for poets, too, as the sea gave gleams of eternity, and mountain and mosses alike gave hint of human life, its achievements and its failures. This weird feeling of the landscape was well voiced by my Pittsburgh lady friend, who said to me after a little silence: "I cannot tell you how strange I feel ever since I came into this locality. It would seem perfectly natural to me if nymphs and dryads and fairies and pixies should make themselves visible to us at the next turn. In fact, I fully believe they are all there, even if we cannot see them." I did not wonder at her thoughts, for Ossian's poetry, and all Gaelic song and story seem to throb and quiver in mist and sunshine, in rain and rainbow, as they alternate rapidly over the wild expanse.

Our journey continued until evening, broken only by a generous stay for a good luncheon. After this was over I had some amusement in watching the quiet chaff of a couple of apple women selling their wares to the passengers, with a devotion to business almost Semitic, but eased off, every possible chance, by all sorts of quizzing asides upon the peculiarities of their tourist's customers.

It was almost dark when we got to our hotel at Killarney, but it was not too late to take a stroll into some woods, and come all unexpectedly on a clearing where chopped timber and felled trees made me think of Michigan and Wisconsin and the far West. The little solitude reminding one of the far away, was delicious, and all alone I sat for an hour, it must be, listening to the evensong of the birds, enjoying the silence, broken only by their melodies.

Emerging from the woods, I came on the full expanse of the lower lake. In the fading light which glimmered over all it was par-

ticularly beautiful, giving the impression of vastness, which vanishes in the fuller light of day.

The first glimpse of the lakes as seen from Kenmare road where the eye can take in the entire system, has a charming effect. I could not help though bringing to my mind the Hudson from New York to Newburgh, and deeming it much finer; but one does bend, after all, to the lady-like charms of Killarney, and the spiritual tenderness and the subtle beauty remain unrivalled.

After a good dinner, a tranquil sleep, and a refreshing breakfast, my friends and myself were ready for our hurried look at Killarney. We had to leave for Dublin at 2:30 P. M., but determination and system will do much. My friends, with true American hospitality, asked me to have a seat in their carriage and be one of their party. Off then, a race for beauty against time! We drove through a lovely demesne, then into the town of Killarney, looked through the Roman Catholic cathedral there, built by Pugin, bearing all the marks of his severe and exact taste, and really a finely proportioned structure. Then we drove out to Muckross Abbey, and saw its venerable ruins so interesting and perfect, the prior's apartments, the dormitories, the common rooms, the nave, the chancel, and chapels all open to the sky, damp with rain and covered with ferns and ivy. It was a most peaceful spot, and one could re-people it as in those turbulent days when its sacred precincts were as much for a safe fastness as for a place of prayer. The most sacred spot to me seemed the little cloister, its four sides all arched, all complete, and all embowered in the dark foliage of the great yew tree, which still lives in the midst of the enclosure. How many hundred years have passed since that, a tender twig as it were, was planted there by some monk's hands. How tiny that little yew youngling seemed, and how frail, but it has outlived the lives of myriad men, and seen changes take place which could not then be imagined; and now in sturdy strength and dark green grayish trunk, it towers up strong and vigorous, and its many branches make a "dim religious light" through every day in the cloister beneath it, silent for ever.

From the silence of the abbey we went to the grace and motion of the waterfall, and admired its tumble and its dash, but I fancy we were not quite in tune for anything after that embowered cloister, and after a prosaic visit to some bric-a-brac shops for souvenirs, we went to the station and waited for our baggage and our train, and were soon off for a flight almost without stops, for Dublin, which we reached in time for dinner and bed.

Before starting from Killarney I looked over the news-stand to get a little reading matter, and my eye fell upon a green covered pamphlet with the title, "The Irish Theosophist"; seeing in it a capital article on Browning, and some curious-old Irish legends of sun-worshiping times, I bought it. As the salesman gave me my change he accompanied the act with this remark, "I have had them things on my stall every day for five years, and you are the first man that ever bought one yet." My Irish friends evidently have mystery enough in their fertile brains, without the necessity of adding a new kind called "Irish theosophy."

My way up to Dublin was enlivened by a thoroughly English afternoon tea, served from a beautiful traveling basket by a

charming young English bride who, with her very much enamored bridegroom, had been doing Killarney on their honeymoon.

I once traveled in Europe with a group of dear Chicago friends; among them were two young ladies who kept diaries. Occasionally we were favored with readings from them, and whenever a more than usually interesting spot was described, the letters H. M. would be inserted and repeated. The mystery was revealed one day, when it was told us that the letters were meant to intimate that the places thus described would be good for a honeymoon. Had they seen Killarney then it would have had its H. M. with especial emphasis.

Christmas

BY HELEN D. BUCK

Sing, ye heralds, sing!
"Peace, peace to the Earth!"
Loud proclaim
The glad refrain,
The Holy Saviour's birth.

HALLELUJAH!

Let the welkin ring!
"Peace, good will to men!"
Loud and clear
Sound far and near,
Repeat, and chant again.

HALLELUJAH!

Sing, ye heralds, sing!
Earth is of darkness shorn.
As with one voice
Rejoice, rejoice!
For Christ our Lord is born.

HALLELUJAH!

Thoughts Upon the Life of Our Lord

BY CAROLINE FRANCES LITTLE

I.

THE INFANCY OF CHRIST

"Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast,
To thee He cried for food,
Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
The Incarnate Son of God."*

IN meditating upon the mystery of the Incarnation we are naturally led to think much upon the holy and marvelous relation of the Divine Babe to His Virgin Mother. Strange and beyond our human conception was the sacredness of their union—a union which is eternal, for she will ever be known throughout all the eons of eternity as the Mother of Christ. Before the foundation of the world, He, Our Saviour, had selected the gentle Mary of Galilee from among all Eve's daughters to be His mother.

"And thee He chose from whom to take
True flesh His flesh to be,
In it to suffer for our sake,
By it to make us free."

Who can comprehend the joy of the maiden mother on that first Christmas Eve, as she held her Holy Child in her arms and knew Him to be her very son, and yet the Son of God? Ah! little does it matter to her that His birthplace was a stable and His cradle a manger; for she who "was half of earth and half of heaven," knew the secret of His being, and she must have been aware of the heavenly presences that filled the lowly cave and bed in adoration around her Child.

Very beautiful is the Cradle-Song of the Virgin, by Lope Felix de Vega:

"Palm groves of Bethlehem
That sway in the tempest,
The winds are loud moaning
As through you they sweep;

*The poems quoted are selected from that valuable book "The Angelus Domini," compiled by Miss La Fontaine.

Restrain your wild fury,
Move gently above us;
Hold quiet your branches—
My Babe is asleep.

"The tempests blow round Him;
Ye see that I have not
Wherewith from my Darling
The cold blasts to keep.
O angels! ye holy
Who o'er us are flying,
Hold quiet the branches,
My Babe is asleep."

Sometimes mingled with sweet Mary's joy of divine motherhood must have been the vision of the Cross, of the sorrow that would come to her only son, and the knowledge that the sword must pierce her own heart also.

"Sleep, Holy Babe;
Ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

"Then must those hands
Which now so fair I see,
Those little pearly feet of Thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me."

We do well to learn lessons from the patience and faith of the young mother, for her life throughout was characterized by dependence upon a Higher Power. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," was ever her motto; submission, the law of her being. When warned by the angel to flee into Egypt, there was no murmur, and no complaint at undertaking the long journey; but, obedient to the heavenly vision, she took the child in her arms, and on a lowly beast of burden, led by her guardian, she started for the land where Joseph, a type of Our Lord, had long ago been sold into bondage.

A beautiful poem by Agnes Replier, upon "Le Repos en Egypt," portrays the Sphinx as saying:

"Yet ever hushed into a raptuous dream,
I see again that night. A halo mild
Shone from the liquid moon. Beneath her beam
Traveled a tired young mother and her Child.
Within my arms she slumbered, and alone
I watched the Infant. At my feet her guide
Lay stretched o'erwearied. On my breast of stone
Rested the Crucified."

Olivier Merson's famous picture upon this subject is most striking.

Unspeakable was the soul-communion which existed between the mother and Child, even before she had taught His infant lips to speak. As Gerard Moultrie says:

"As oft times at her breast in infancy,
In still and steady glow,
Her God had gazed on her from that calm face,
And eye to eye her soul refreshed its stores of grace."

The joy of any mother when her infant first lisps her name is intense, but what must have been the maiden Mary's rapture when her only son began to make use of earthly language!

"From her He learned our human speech,
The lessons of the birds and flowers,
Such simple lore as she could teach,
Through all those precious hidden hours.

"Sometimes He paused, with tiny hand
Laid softly on His mother's cheek;
She thought a thrill passed o'er the land,
To hear the words his tongue would speak."

Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Virgin Mary to the Child," is replete with pathos and beauty, though we cannot agree with her in thinking that He never smiled during His sweet infancy. Rather would we believe as the following lines teach:

"When from her lap the Holy Child,
Sent from on high to seek and save
The lost of earth, looked up and smiled."

Or, as in a Latin poem translated by Edward Caswell, that says:

"Lowly Jesus! gentle Brother!
How I wish a smile from Thee
Meant for Thy immortal mother
Only might alight on me!"

A very beautiful passage from Mrs. Browning is the following:

"And art Thou come for saving, baby-browed
And speechless Being—art Thou come for saving?
The palm that grows beside our door is bowed
By treadings of the low wind from the South:—
A restless shadow through the chamber weaving:
Upon its boughs a bird sings in the sun;
But Thou, with that close slumber on Thy mouth,
Dost seem of wind and sun already weary—
Art come for saving, O my weary One?"

"Perchance this sleep that shutteth out the dreary
Earth sounds and motion, opens on Thy soul
High dreams on fire with God:
High songs that make the pathways where they roll
More bright than stars do theirs; and vis ons new
Of Thine eternal nature's old abode."

We do well to meditate much upon the blessedness of Mary as she watched over Our Lord day by day, caring for His hourly needs, weaving His little garments, and singing Him to rest at night, when the bright stars came out one by one o'er the fair land of Palestine. Can we imagine that now, even amid the glories of Heaven, He ever forgets the devotion of His young mother during those years of His earth-life.

"Shall He forget the mother dear who pressed
His baby lips upon her loving breast,
And bore for Him the scorn and sneer,
And wept for Him the anguish tear?"

Christian Science

A SYNOPSIS OF A LECTURE

BY THE REV. JAMES C. QUINN, D.D.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE is a method of treating bodily ills by persuading the patient that the "body, disease, and pain have no absolute existence or reality whatever." This system, promulgated by a Mrs. Eddy, of Boston, is a mixture of Pantheism, of Paganism, of "Idealism," and of Christianity, and is neither scientific nor Christian. That Christian Science is anti-Christian may be seen by the following from Mrs. Eddy's teaching: "Jesus never ransomed man by paying the debt that sin incurs; whosoever sins must suffer"; "Sin is not forgiven, we cannot escape its penalty." "Asking God to pardon sin is a vain repetition such as the heathens use." "Science decides matter or mortal body to be nothing but a belief and an illusion." Query: If the body is a phantom and sin an error, how shall we restrain criminals, and what right have we to punish?

Mrs. Eddy often quotes Scripture, but usually gives it some other than the common and manifest interpretation. This arbitrary, fast and loose use of the Bible constitutes both an attraction and a very great peril. We may regard Christian Science, therefore:

1. As a crude mixture of Idealism and Pantheism which denies the reality alike of matter and person, and which includes the whole universe under one phrase, "The Infinite Soul." This soul is not a person, but "The All," of which souls are one form of manifestation.
2. Does not believe in the fact of sin.
3. Does not believe in pardon.
4. Does not believe that Christ died for our sins.
5. Does not believe in any personal spirits, good or bad.
6. Does not believe in prayer.

7. It cannot be gathered from the writings of Mrs. Eddy that she believes in any one of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, therefore we conclude that Christian Science is neither scientific nor Christian.

— x —

"The Book of the Generation of Jesus Christ"

BY F. BURGE GRISWOLD

"Son of Man," yet "Son of God,"
He at whose all potent nod
Myriad worlds to being sprung,
And in heavenly space were swung:

Who can solve the mystery
Of that wondrous pedigree!
God begotten, virgin born,
Of his Father's glory shorn.

Little babe of Bethlehem;
Juda's precious diadem;
Incarnated, thus to be
Joined to our humanity.

Jesus Christ Emmanuel,
Come from heaven on earth to dwell;
Living here among our race,
To reveal the Father's face.
In "the Book of books" alone,
Is His generation shown.

Christmas, 1897.

— x —

Book Notices

St. Francis of Assisi. His Times, Life, and Work. Lectures delivered in substance in the Lode Chapel of Worcester Cathedral in the Lent of 1896. By W. J. Knox-Little, M. A., Frontispiece St. Francis [Fra. Bartolommeo], New York: Thomas Whitaker, pp. 328, price \$2.50.

Canon Knox-Little is an evident lover of St. Francis; his spirit burns with admiration, and he writes of him *com amore*, glowingly. Beginning his task with a discriminating and conservative chapter on the value to the Church of a right study of this saint, he remarks on the high value of the lives of the saints as a spiritual and not merely historical study, and points the consideration that, although it is necessary to seek and abide by historical accuracy, there being no possibility of real edification from whatever is not based upon actual truth, yet all such lives require also to be examined philosophically and devotionally. St. Francis may well be studied thus, because of an invaluable heritage he has bestowed upon the Christian Church in what may be called "the Franciscan spirit." Christianity is so large that in it are included many forms of thought, and many expressions of beauty. Christians, and especially saintly Christians, have consequently had their special lines of devotion. Not that these have lost sight of the broad and necessary truths of the Faith, but some of those truths have directly and deeply touched them in a special degree, and moulded their forms of devotion. When we remember this, we see at once the meaning of "the Franciscan spirit." To some it may fairly seem the most perfect representation in poor humanity ever known, of that wonderful vision of beauty and goodness which the Apostle calls "the mind of Christ." No man had passed through more terrible struggles of soul than Francis of Assisi. No man had more utterly renounced all that human nature loves. A deep, tender, personal devotion to "Jesus Christ and Him Crucified" was the mark of his life. No man had more than he to go on, all his life, with self-denial, disappointment, annoyance, trial, suffering to the end, yet no one ever heard a word of impatience from his lips, or a sound of anger on his tongue. With his life of fierce self-conquest and suffering he was, to all who came near him, a power of sunny sweetness, of bright and breezy delight, inspiring them to feel the exhilarating joy of being a Christian, the sweetness, the poetry, the comfort, the exaltation of trying truly to follow Jesus Christ. And, added to this, Francis, like all great saints, had keen intelligence, ready tact, large common sense; unlike lesser Christians who have been unbalanced through

their "shortened thought." Such a character, so exalted, so purified and effecting so mighty a work for his age, was sure to leave behind him a certain tone and temper as an invaluable heritage, and this it is that the author speaks of as "the Franciscan spirit." It has been often said that many men are strong, but their very strength may lead them to be hard, and then unsympathetic; that many men are sympathetic and tender, but then they are apt to verge upon weakness; that many men are clear and decisive in their grasp of truth, but their very decisiveness may lead them to be narrow, to close their eyes to the peculiar conditions and terrible contingencies which hover around mortal lives; that others are broad and generous enough, but then they are misty and vague, they lose the sense of definite truth and are latitudinarian—which means helplessness—dreaming—not Catholic—which means exact but large. The Franciscan spirit did untold work for the saving of souls, for the advance of religion, for the progress of civilization, for the amelioration of the sad lot of sufferers in the society of the time. If, as centuries rolled on, some Franciscans failed in their mission, and were unworthy of their calling—as all human institutions are doomed in time to some measure of failure—it was because they lost the spirit of their founder, and where they have not failed, it is in proportion to the hold they have had upon that spirit, so akin to the "mind of Christ." Thus far we have sought to make a faithful presentment in brief of the great attractions to the life work, and person of this saint, along the lines of our author's preliminary examination. The entire volume forms a fine literary body of the most delightful reading. Of course we meet in it a cautious and philosophical examination of that mooted question concerning the impression made upon St. Francis' body of the Redeemer's passion—marks, concerning which Canon Knox-Little says: Whether then or not the "stigmata" was a literal fact; whether or not intense contemplation of an intense mind had affected the body; whether or not there were miraculous forces at play in the matter; one thing is certain—in some form or other it was believed by his contemporary biographers, it has been looked upon as a true tradition in the Order, and it certainly represents at least the strong conviction of the intense love of St. Francis to the person and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Men may, in too simple faith, in an uncritical age, have accepted literally every detail of the story of the "stigmata," but one thing all felt which was a real truth, without possibility of contradiction, that the prevailing motive in St. Francis' life, and in his death, the prevailing tone which he desired to bequeath to his brethren for ever, was a burning love of God as revealed by Christ Jesus, and from this an intrepid devotion to the service of man. And in his first appendix he sets down these two conclusions: (1) That there can be no reasonable doubt of the fact of the stigmata; (2) That they were in the true sense of the word miraculous—*i. e.*, permitted by Almighty God to his faithful servant, by whatever means, as a closer approximation to his divine master, and a witness to his sanctity.

The book is a handsome piece of press production, and has a very usefully arranged index.

History of Early Christian Literature in the First Three Centuries. By Dr. Gustav Kruger, Professor of Theology at Giessen. Translated by the Rev. Charles R. Gillet, A. M. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.

This work, according to the conception of the author, differs from any other in the English language covering the same ground. Its ostensible point of view is purely literary and, what distinguishes it still more from other handbooks, it substitutes an "organic method of treatment in place of a mechanical sequence based on chronology and biography." The author apologizes for including the New Testament Scriptures in such a scheme, and for the positive tone in which he enunciates his own views concerning the circumstances which gave rise to those writings. The latter feature, he

says, is owing simply to the necessity of being brief. He does not claim to be infallible. In pursuance of this plan, primitive Christian literature is divided under several heads, the first being "Epistles," including those of the New Testament and the later ones down to those of Ignatius. The second head, "Apocalypses," includes the canonical Apocalypse of St. John, and also the Apocalypse of Peter and the Shepherd of Hermas. Under the head of "Historical Books," we have the Canonical Gospels, the Apocryphal Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles. A division is devoted to Gnostic literature, including, first, serious works and, second, romances. The third division of the work is devoted to the age of the Apologists and the conflict with Gnosticism. This completes the first general section, and is followed by a second section treating of Patristic literature in the age of the rise of theological science. Here the writers are classified according to geographical divisions: first, oriental, then occidental. A section is devoted to purely ecclesiastical literature, divided into "Symbols and Creeds" and "Church Orders." In the final section are included "Legends," and "Martyrologies." Such an arrangement has manifest advantages. The several distinct fields of literature are brought before the mind with a clearness which could hardly be achieved on any other method. Nevertheless, to a Catholic Christian the objection still remains to the author's treatment of the sacred books without regard to their unique character. If they possess the character which the Church has always attributed to them, then the distinction is fundamental; to ignore it is either to deny it or to treat it as an open question, and this the orthodox Christian refuses to do. The writer's covert anti-supernaturalism is seen in his reference (p. 48) to the history of the childhood of our Lord in the Gospels, and to His life after the Resurrection as "legendary elements." His bias otherwise is exhibited in the statement that St. Paul and the author of St. John's Gospel (whom Dr. Kruger does not believe to have been St. John himself, but some other "highly endowed soul") created, each of them, "a Christ of his own." The Acts of the Apostles, he considers to have been written long after the events, and that the actual occurrences of the Apostolic Age, and especially the controversies which dominated it, were no longer known to the author. "*Credat Judaeus!*" Either the writer was a companion of the Apostles or else he lived at a later period. If the former be true, he was, of course, familiar with the subjects of which he writes, at first hand. If he was of a later time, he had at hand the epistles of St. Paul, the only source from which our critics derive their knowledge of the "controversies" in question. No one questions that the writer of the Acts was an intelligent man. Our author does not seem to know Ramsay's works, and as regards questions of date, he does not appear to have seen Harnack's latest conclusions, which have been published, probably, since this work was written. In the continuation of the work after the primitive period is passed, there is comparatively little to which exception can be taken. The book, which as a manual, is unusually well done, has considerable value for those who know how to make the necessary allowances for the author's point of view.

The Social Teachings of Jesus. An Essay in Christian Sociology. By Shailer Mathews, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.50.

The aim of Mr Mathews in this book is to gather from the life and teachings of our Divine Master what first principles we ought to place at the base of the social fabric. He admits that the Gospel furnishes no systematic or scientific treatment of moral and religious, and much less, of social or political life, but by a careful weighing of our Lord's life and actions we have an adequate guide in all the relations of human life. The chapter on the general character of Christian anthropology is an admirable and lucid discussion of man as a being compounded of physical and psychological elements. The interrelation of body and soul is well stated. This

chapter forms an excellent introduction to "Society"—"Society is the union of those who by nature demand social life." The perfection of human life, in its religious, social, and political phases, is found in the joint action of the many individuals who are the elements constituting the solidarity of the corporate life. "Humanity can be normally social only when fraternal."

"The Family," forms the topic of chapter IV. Marriage, is shown to be a primal fact of human life, and not a creature of law. In his discussion of our Lord's attitude towards divorce and re-marriage, Mr. Mathews takes a few positions that we regret, and more so because in the main we heartily agree with him and are thankful for so many sound words. "The State"; "Wealth"; "Social Life"; "The Forces of Human Progress"; "The Process of Social Regeneration," form the headings to the remaining chapters of the work. A few quotations will serve as indications of the author's standpoint: "The test of a theory or fact of government must not be: Does Jesus teach it? but does it make for that fraternity that is his ideal for society"? And again: "A government is Christian, not because it is of this or that form, but because it is attempting to realize the principles of fraternity and love that underlie the entire social teaching of Jesus." "He calls the poor man to sacrifice as well as the rich." "Wealth is a public trust—a principle that is made no less true from the fact that its application to the various problems of any age must be left to the age itself." "According to the social standard of Jesus, two men are equal, not because they have equal claims upon each other, but because they owe equal duties to each other. The Gospel is not a new Declaration of Rights but a Declaration of Duties." Mr. Mathews lays great stress on the Kingdom of God as opposed to the individualism of modern Christianity which has had no place for the corporate aspect of the Church either in its theology or preaching. The salvation of the individual has been all paramount, the Church as the Body of Christ, made up of many members fashioned into an organism, has not been in men's thoughts. The strong emphasis now laid on the kingdom, by Protestant writers, is, we believe, a sign of the times.

We warmly commend this work to the notice of our readers. It will be found a valuable corrective of many theories, social and industrial, which are put forth under the name and guise of Christian, but which have little if any affinity with the Master's life and teaching. Mr. Mathews has aimed to give a fair and reasonable interpretation of Our Lord's words and acts in their bearings on human life in all its ramifications, and as human conditions vary in the process of the ages.

Inequality and Progress. By George Harris, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897. Price, \$1.25

Again and again we have been aroused, our sympathies enlisted, and our fears excited, by the outcries of social reformers, as they arraign the present economic conditions, map out glittering social probabilities, and lay down most astounding methods to render poverty impossible, and insure competency, happiness, and content to be the lot of each and all. Such theories are in the air, and men who cry loud enough often get to the front, and as often do we shudder lest such doctrinaires should obtain office and power; but relief comes when some under current of sound common-sense, or some unforeseen event relieves the situation and we breathe again. To all sober-minded people this excellent book from the pen of Professor Harris will be invaluable. The author is modest enough to say that he does not undertake to construct a definite and complete programme of the coming society, adding these pregnant words: "Ignorance alone has confidence enough to attempt that which is possible only to omniscience." We would most heartily commend the volume as sound and wise, and cannot do better than quote the last paragraph which sums up what the book proves: "The inequality of variety is not merely a stub

born fact which must be set over against vague notions of equality, nor is it simply the inevitable against which it is useless to contend. It is a fact welcomed, a fact on which the hope of progress firmly rests. From first to last this essay has been simply an illustration of that variety which gives the harmonious, sympathetic, and mutually helpful unity of men."

The Mystery of Choice. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.25.

A book of short stories of a somewhat bizarre nature. There is a poetical introduction in which the problem, Why does one do this or that, is stated, and then the stories are told to illustrate the author's theory—

"A voice commands thy every deed,
And it is sounded. And thou must heed."

This is what the Turk says, but civilized people have given over the excuse of the lazy and inefficient, "It is Kismet," and strive to carve out their own way, after ideas of their own. Mr. Chambers injects into one of his stories a slur upon Sherlock Holmes and his peculiar detective methods, but that was his "choice," and why should our author fault him for it, when he claims that he is moved in a different direction by the same "voice." Story tellers, and Mr. Chambers is a good one, would better leave such philosophical speculations alone.

A Fountain Sealed. A novel by Sir Walter Besant. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, \$1.50.

A delightful story with an exceedingly romantic flavor, written with all the delicate charm that belongs to the well-known author. It was published as a serial in one of the Church papers, and found many gratified readers. Those who are somewhat weary of the story with a purpose will find in this one, that is full of quiet attractiveness.

Sunlight and Shadow: A Book for Photographers, Amateur and Professional. Edited by W. I. Lincoln Adams. Illustrated by Original Photographs from Nature. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. Price, \$2.50.

This is a group of papers selected from the columns of *The Photographic Times*, the foremost of America's periodicals devoted to photography. The articles are all the best that can be had, being from the pens of recognized masters. The beauty of the book lies in the original photographs from nature which have been reproduced by photographic methods in a way that nothing can surpass. There is a perennial discussion, "Is Photography an Art or simply a mere Science"? Examine this book with candid mind, and the question needs no further discussion as to what it can be made in the hands of the master.

An Imperial Lover. By M. Imlay Taylor. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. Price, \$1.25.

This is not a bad novel, nor is it written by a "prentice hand." It is clear and wholesome, and it gives one impressions about Peter the Great and Catharine which are somewhat different from those ordinarily entertained. There is a great deal of back stairs and secret doors, and plot and counterplot, "alarums and excursions," but the majority of people like that sort of thing. Several people get hurt, but nobody gets killed, and they are married in the end.

Miss Nina Barrow. By Francis Courtney Baylor. New York: The Century Company. Price, \$1.25.

Miss Nina Barrow, as we meet her in the first chapters of the story, is "one of those dreadful American children" that have never been taught the necessary and wholesome lesson of obedience. "It seems curious that the little princes and princesses of Europe have not the freedom, the indulgence, the exemption from practical training and duties, allowed to this child," was the remark made by the English cousin—a wise mother to her own children, among whom Nina made her home for a time. "What if Nina has to earn her bread some day! For America is the country where money has wings." Ill-health, loss of money, the death of friends, come. But the discipline of work and self-denial transforms her into a noble and attractive woman. The

outline of such a plot sounds priggish; but, in reality, the story is not at all so. It is an attractive book, in its green dress and peacock trimmings, and wholesome for all girls and a few American mothers.

Voices of Doubt and Trust. Selected by Volney Streamer. New York: Brentano's.

A collection of prose and verse ranging in spirit from "the darkness of hopeless doubt" to that "radiance that fills the heart in sublimest trust." Here are found many old favorites, and others not so familiar, but worthy to become known. The extracts and abridgments have been made with care and judgment, in a way to do full justice to the author's purpose, in each instance. While not claiming to "fill a gap in literature," this brief volume will afford a thoughtful reader cheer and comfort.

The Coming People. By Charles F. Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price, \$1.

The "coming people" are the true gentlewoman and gentleman, the writer believes. He urges upon the reader the necessity of taking the Beatitudes seriously. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." The word "meek," so often used in a somewhat ignominious sense, is here employed to denote the "kind, gentle, friendly people who are to cover and hold the earth in the days to come." The titles of some of the twelve short chapters of which the book is composed, will give the prospective reader an idea of the direction of the author's thought: "Heroism, or the Iron in the Blood," "The Problem of the Prosperous," "The Ideal Democracy," "The Happy Life." The book is written in a spirit of manly, reasonable optimism, and is worth reading.

English Lands, Letters, and Kings. The Later Georges to Victoria. By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

The fourth in the series of "English Lands, Letters, and Kings," opens upon that delightful country of hills and waters known as the Lake Country. Later, the reader is taken to London, Edinburgh, Abbotsford, and Newstead Abbey, where he is brought face to face with the scholars and poets of this period who have made those places eloquent. Shadowy glimpses there are, too, of story tellers who have "told their pleasant tales, lived out their time, and gone to rest." This volume, like its predecessors in the series, is pleasantly garrulous in tone, though not especially scientific in its discernment of literary values.

In Simpkinsville: Character Tales. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. Illustrations by Smedley Carleton, and McNair. New York: Harper & Bros. Price, \$1.25.

There is Mrs. Stuart's usual fine work in these seven stories—her remarkable discernment of human foibles, her kindly delineation of them, and her unfailing humor. "The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen," is the most pathetic one. Little Mary Ellen is a wax doll, cherished by a poor lady whose hallucination it is that a misdirected Christmas gift, intended for her niece and namesake, is a child sent to her. How this is "improved" as a text to teach lovely lessons of forbearance, charity, and sympathy, one must read the moving tale to appreciate. Another story, "Weeds," strikes a note in a different key, though presumably, also, in a minor one, as both hero and heroine are widowed—more than once each, in fact. Mrs. Stuart's delicate tact avoids any harsh discords, though the humor of situation and incidents is noticeable. The other five stories are equally good. The whole forms an especially desirable holiday volume, for, besides the dainty cover that gives it a gala appearance, the first is a New Year's tale.

Certain Accepted Heroes, and other Essays in Literature and Politics. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Lodge does not believe that the heroes of the great Greek epics should be accepted as models by modern people. He calls Achilles a primitive savage, "unusually brutal, of colossal strength, treacherous and cruel, ready to sacrifice friends, utterly devoid of generosity towards foes." But he believes in the study of the

classics for other reasons. "Greek and Latin should be learned because they enlarge the mind and train and develop its powers." Besides they open the door to some of the noblest literature and the best thought that the human mind has produced. Six of the essays in this volume are distinctly literary or educational; one, "The Home of the Cabots," is historical; politics form the subject of the last two, "English Elections" and "Our Foreign Policy." Mr. Lodge is a graduate of Harvard, a statesman, and a thinker; and his ideas, even when not wholly accepted, will afford food for reflection and discussion.

Three Margarets. By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated by Ethereld B. Barry. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

There is a delightful variety about the Three Margarets—cousins all—with exactly the same name, but with little else in common when we first meet them. The Cuban Rita, with her tropical temperament, is an admirable foil for the sweet, calm Northerner—the only one called Margaret; while the careless, untrained Peggy is the third of the trio, a "Wild Westerner." Their progress through the various stages of helpful friendship, which is the final result of the summer spent in the home of an eccentric uncle, is told in an entertaining way. It is a thoroughly sweet, well-bred book for girls, by one who knows and loves their ways. Its attractive binding of yellow, with a cover design in silver and black, will aid also in causing it to be appreciated as a holiday gift.

Captains Courageous. A Story of The Grand Banks. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: The Century Company. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Kipling's name would "float" this book, on the Grand Banks or anywhere else. There is a special reason for our interest in it, as it is his first American novel, and the American public has decided that it is a success. It is regarded as the best account of the sea-toilers that has been written; and the journey by rail has scarcely been so well described. There are lessons in life and character, as well as sketches of romantic adventure, which appeal to old and young.

VERY attractive in form is "Three Operas," by H. C. Bunner. The titles are, "Three little Kittens of the Land of Pie," "The Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town," and "Bobby Shaf-toe." They are all in one handsome oblong volume, splendid type and paper, appropriate illustrations, and music very taking and admirably adapted to the words. The writer of this saw "The Seven Old Ladies" presented some years ago at a boarding school for girls, with music from different sources fitted to the words. It was very entertaining, but how much more enjoyable it will be in its new musical dress! If the other two are as well adapted to the refined school stage, this book will indeed prove a treasure. The illustrations will be very helpful in costuming the performers and arranging the stage.

"DREAMS IN HOMESPUN" is the latest work of Mr. Sam Walter Foss, whose "Back Country Poems" attracted attention not long ago. There is not so much of repellent dialect in these verses, though in spite of that occasional clothing one cannot fail to be attracted by the wit and pathos. While humor is the main end and motive of the writing, it is relieved and intensified by touches of graceful tenderness. One does not tire of the fun that is tempered by earnest thought. It is of common life that Mr. Foss sings, of homespun environment, and he often weaves the homespun into a halo. He handles his verse well, as a rule, though how could he be so cruel to the infinitive mood as to say, "To, fiendlike, play"! [Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price, \$1.50.]

LONGFELLOW'S "EVANGELINE" has received a new and handsome dress this season in the edition published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The illustrations by Violet Oakley and Jessie Willcox Smith are unique and effective. Howard Pyle, in a graceful note, calls attention

to these drawings of his pupils, with some remarks upon the progress of illustrative art. The introduction is a charming tribute by the poet's daughter Alice. This "holiday edition" of what has been called America's most popular poem, is well named. It is a gift book of the highest class and one that will be attractive at all seasons. Price in box, \$2.50.

THOMAS WHITAKER, New York, on the first of Advent put out his Church Almanac for 1898, this number making the 44th annual issue of a valued publication which is invariably found exact and reliable in all its particulars of needed Church information, and again makes it appearance in clear typographical pages and excellent form—420 pp., 25c.

Magazines and Reviews

The December number of *The Preacher's Magazine* contains two excellent sermons, one on "The importance of harnessing our thoughts," by the Rev. L. A. Banks, D.D., and another by the English Dr. Alex. Maclaren on "The ray and the reflection." The homiletical department has several outlines of sermons bearing on the coming festival season, by well-known preachers. There are also notes for Sunday lessons, and children's sermons. Pictures of the two above-named preachers, with short sketches of their careers, are furnished in this issue, as also an index of the contents of the year's magazines.

The Christmas issue of *The Bookman* is an especially choice number. There is a long array of strong names in its table of contents. The reader of the first department, "Chronicle and Comment," has the comfortable certainty that he has at his disposal the results of a selection so liberal, yet so discriminating, that nothing significant in the world of letters has been kept from his review, nothing unimportant suffered to bore him. The poetry in this number includes two striking sonnets by James Lane Allen, "Forget me, Death! O Death!" "In Kedar's Tents," the serial by Henry Acton Merriman, is concluded. Harry Thurston Peck has a delightfully droll account of "Uncle Tom's Cabin in Liverpool." In the same department, "The Reader," are to be found other good things, the sixth paper on "Living Continental Critics" (N. K. Michailovsky, by V. S. Yarros); "The Abuse of the Supernatural in Fiction," by Edmund Gosse; a well chosen and helpful list of one hundred books for a village library, by Clement K. Shorter. The reviews of new books are signed by well-known critics, and are honest and illuminating, constituting a valuable lesson for lesser critics in "how such things should be." Next to having the new books and knowing their authors, one would wish to have the account of them in the *Christmas Bookman*. [Doak, Mead & Co., New York; \$2 a year.]

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.

D. APPLETON & CO.

Scientific Aspects of Christian Evidences. By G. Frederick Wright, D. D., LL D., F. G. S. A. \$1.50.

SCOTT, FORESMAN & CO. Chicago
Dante's Vision of God.

THE CHRISTIAN LITERATURE COMPANY

The Expository Times. Bound Vol. VIII.

The Sacred Books of the East. Edited by Prof. Max Muller. Vol. I.

HARPER & BROS.

Lin McLean. By Owen Wister. \$1.50.

A Year From a Reporter's Notebook. By Richard Harding Davis. \$1.50.

The Wooing of Malkatoon. By Lew Wallace. \$2.50.
Harper's Round Table, 1897. \$3.50.

DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE COMPANY

Hymns That Have Helped. By W. T. Stead. 75c.

Prayers Ancient and Modern. Selected and arranged for daily reading. By the author of "Daily Strength for Daily Needs."

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

A World Pilgrimage. By John Henry Barrows. \$2.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

The Reader's Shakespeare. By Charles Dudley Warner. \$1.50.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & CO.

A Hero in Homespun. By Wm. E. Barton. \$1.50.
Threads of Life. By Clara Sherwood Rollins. \$1.

THE CENTURY COMPANY

Songs of Liberty and Other Poems. By Robert Underwood Johnson. \$1.

St. Nicholas for 1897. Bound in two parts.

The Century Magazine. Vol. LIV. May to October, 1897.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

Chauncey Maples, Bishop of Likowa. A Sketch of his Life. \$2.50.

The Camp of Refuge. By Chas. Macfarlane. Edited by G. L. Gomme. \$1.50.

Harold. By Lord Lytton. Edited by G. L. Gomme. \$1.50.

Opinions of the Press

The Standard (Baptist)

CHRISTMAS LITERATURE MINUS CHRISTMAS.—Readers of the December magazines will encounter a phenomenon which they may, if they choose, magnify into a tendency. They will observe upon each of the leading popular periodicals a beautiful and costly cover, symbolic of Christmas, and bearing the device, writ large, "Christmas Number." But on passing, with all festival instincts alert, to a search for "Christmas features," these readers will receive a shock of disappointment; except for a small, dull article or two, and an occasional scrap of humble verse, most of these "Christmas numbers" ignore Christmas. You may scan list after list of "Christmas books" without finding the word "Christmas." You may explore whole areas of "holiday literature" without meeting mention of this noblest of holidays. Editors no longer ask for elaborate, impressive, Christmas stories; sensible or sensitive writers do not offer them. The fact is, that in the desperate scramble for new ground, literary ground, in the prostrating efforts towards freshness, variety, subtlety, the holiday is going out of "holiday literature"—and altogether too many writers and readers rejoice at its exit. Is the literature of festivals defective, impoverished, in a way decadent? Then the services of the best authors should be at hand to give this literature new vitality and loftier character. And Christmas, as a source of literary inspiration, is not to be flung aside with disgust. That festival is not, as some seem to believe, an exhausted topic. Nor can it ever be while it has such beautiful, vital significance for the lives of men and the salvation of men. As long as its human interest endures, an object or an occasion can never lack for literary interest. And the human interest of Christmas can never fail. If this festival is disregarded by writers, the fault is with the latter, not with the festival. Christmas deserves the keenest appreciation and interpretation, the richest flow of the richest imagination, the deftest art. Its threatened abandonment by writers demands protest and potent remedial measures.

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The Household

A Legend of the Mistletoe

FOLK LORE OF THE 7TH CENTURY

BY LOUISA A'HMUTY NASH

"How can I give thee up, good Kentigern!
Thou hast, I know, no faith in what we hold
Most dear!"

"Alchfleda, I have faith in thee,
And is not that enough?"

"I know thou hast,
And thou hast faith in Woden, Freia, Thor;
Then stretch it yet a little more to hold
The truths that we believe."

"I have
No fear for them, Alchfleda, but Weyrd,
With gray, and shadowy form, I do fear her!
Last night, as I was walking on the wold,
And saw the shimmery pathway that the moon
Makes on the little lake, there glid that sprite;
And gliding, I could hear her sigh thy name,
'Alchfleda, come, Alchfleda!' Then she gasped,
And disappeared. I gave her all I had.
My arrows tipped, my flints, some Roman coin,
My clothing e'en. And I would give myself,
To save thee, love; but losing thus myself,
I lose thee, too!"

"Oh, Kentigern, thou'rt surely named
For him, Saint Kentigern, who preached the Christ
Along the border-land of Wales, the same
Who founded, too, St. Asaph's Holy House,
And I have heard my father say as how
His sire was there, at cutting of the turf.
The simple folk, he taught—who feared grim Weyrd—
How greater far, the higher power of Christ!
Weird death, as now we say, was powerless
To hold Christ in His tomb. The dead He raised
That they might live and love again. Thy Weyrd
Is but a moon-mist of the lake. Thy heart
It was that called my name."

"My folk,
Thou dost not know," he said; "cruel and hard,
If we were wed, they'd have the Druids burn
Me to the stake. Can'st answer make?"

"Why, this,
That Christ can turn their cruel hearts, and make
Them kind, Did'st hear that when Paulinus preached,
A thousand souls were won to our dear faith.
The Wigans, and Archdruids, and the king,
At Elhelburga's prayer believed. Wilt thou,
Then, be behind thy king?"

Then into song
Alchfleda did break forth, and stopping short,—
'Hast heard of Cædmon, Streamshalch's monk,
Where Hilda, Abbess, is? And he is there
To tend her kine; and never could he sing
A song to please good Hilda, till one night
An angel came and taught him how to sing.
This song is one of Cædmon's hymns:

"Then Christ, He burst the stone,
'Scaped the bands and seal.
The watch, with sleep o'erdone,
Ne'er did see Him rise;
From the cave he's gone,
Proving He was God."

And on she sang
As on they went. Gray wold and river path
They left, and took the upward path toward York.
The minster had of late been built, where stood
A British church, which to the ground was razed
By Saxon pagans bold. Good Wilfrid was
The bishop, he who Ripon's Holy House
Had built; where stands to day a Gothic arch
Of stone, narrow and small, called by his name,
'Good Wilfrid's Needle.' Here would maidens oft
Creep through to crave God's blessing. To this spot,
Alchfleda made a footsore pilgrimage,
And through the Gothic needle safely crept.

The sun was sinking in the West, as they
The minster neared.

"Come, Kentigern, she said,
'Come in! See, every arch is like your oaks
Which make your temples high. And look, upon
The altar still is left your sacred plant.
'Tis now the winter Solstice. On this night
Was born the Christ to bless the world with light.
And I have heard my grandsire say that 'twas
The mistle tree they cut to make his Cross.
Since then the tree has dwindled, dwindled down
Till now it's but a little three-forked plant,
That cannot grow alone. Yet still it keeps
Surnatural powers,—the blessed Cross's sake;
And so the Bishop holds it high to-day;
Proclaiming 'Pardon, Liberty, and Life'!"
She scarce had ended, when in there rushed
A crowd of pagan men.

"My father and
His friends," did whisper Kentigern quite low,

"Come, let's away!"

"Nay, Kentigern, we'll stay,
May be the Rood hath power to save!"

So hand
In hand, up to the altar steps they went,
The green plant from above just touched their heads,
And from their hearts they prayed this prayer:

"Give faith,
Oh, Christ-Child, save! And let us live for Thee,
And for each other!"

Through the lattice-pane
Gleamed a bright sunset ray upon the plant,
That changed the fruit (as by alchemist touch)
From white to gold. The shadow of the Cross
Embowered the pair. Alchfleda stretched aside
Her snowy arms and threw a shadowy cross
Upon those heathen men. Their hearts were quelled,
They sank down on their knees. And Wilfrid came
Forth from his sacristy and said:

"God bless
My children both, and thou, the sire,
Learn, thou, His holy name!"

A set day soon
Was Kentigern baptized at Wilfrid's hands;
His father and his folk embraced the faith.
The same hands made Alchfleda and himself
Both man and wife.

To cross the dividing stream
Was thus prepared an easy way for timorous souls,
That they might enter to the happy land
Of Christian faith. And this is why we sing,
At Christmas time, this joyous song:

"Bring the holly, rear it high,
Of thorny crown it breathes,
Weave with it the mistletoe,
Green, red, and white your wreaths.

In the olden Christmas-tide
There came a joyful spell
Upon the youths and maidens round,
From mistletoe that fell.

And still on youthful Christian hearts,
Love's silver berries small,
See, as the yule-tides come and go,
Like drops of gold will fall!"

Portland, Ore.

Christmas Gift

BY L. E. CRITTENDEN.

WHEN the coach drove up to Wilson's Corners, the usual crowd of loafers was hanging around waiting for the tri-weekly mail, and any other excitement that the stage might bring to the new mining camp. There was a rustle of interest among the crowd on the platform built around a small, low building, dignified by the name of the "St. Elmo Hotel" as the driver, with a grand flourish threw open his coach door. From the interior there issued a little boy, fair as a lily, with a small Scotch terrier in his arms. The boy frankly surveyed the rough crowd of curious faces that were gazing at him, and then singling out instinctively the mildest looking one among them, said: "Do you know my uncle, Edward Larkins?"

There was a moment's pause while the crowd reflected; the mild-faced man especially looked much perplexed. "Do you reckon" he asked the others finally, "that the kid means the 'Lark'?" Then they turned and looked meaningly inside, where the rattle of dice and the clinking of glasses could be plainly heard.

"I've come to live with him," the childish voice went on. "My mother—is dead" he added with a little choke, "and she sent me out here to him."

Then the driver took up the story. "It's straight goods, boys; the kid was handed to me by the conductor on the 'Frisco, and he 'lowed he was to be handed to the 'Lark'. He's a plucky one, is the kid, and can sing like a seraphim; sung for me coming up. Here comes the 'Lark,' five sheets in the wind as usual," he added in a low voice, as a tall, dark man, staggered out of the door.

"Here's your kid, Lark," said one of the bystanders.

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The man stopped with an oath and stared vacantly at the child, who shrunk back as though some one had struck him. "Are you my uncle?" he asked presently. "My mother sent me to you for a Christmas gift. She told me you'd be good—because you were always good to her."

The "Lark" put his hand to his head, and then shaking it, said thickly, "it's no use, boys." And so saying he reeled off to the pump in the yard, where the stable boy was pumping water for the stage horses. He held his head under the cold stream until he was thoroughly doused, and then came back, shaking his great head as he came. "What is it, kid?" he said, "tell it again, and slow like." And he sat down on the platform's edge, and drew the child to him.

"My mother was very sick—in a hospital—and she died—but—before—she talked about you, and wanted me to get here for your Christmas gift. So she gave me the money—and this letter—and—afterwards—I started."

The "Lark" took the letter in his shaking hands and read it. After that he bowed his head in his hands and sat very still.



A bright girl writes
from Cambridge, Massachusetts:

"Last fall I read an article under the head of 'Earning Money for Christmas.' I was not so much interested in earning money for this purpose as I was in obtaining the necessary sum to attend the Christian Endeavor Convention in San Francisco this summer, and was unwilling to ask my father for assistance. I wrote for information, and took up the work. I worked only during leisure hours, and, thanks to your generous assistance, have earned enough to take the desired trip, including a visit to Yellowstone Park, and to pay all the incidental expenses."

This is only one of hundreds of similar letters received.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

The crowd had mostly gone, though not so far away that they could not watch things with curious eyes. With an electric thrill they saw the man stoop over presently and kiss the child's golden hair. And then the two arose, the child still holding his little terrier with one hand, the other fast clinging to his uncle. They walked down the canyon toward the "Lark's" cabin.

"So you are my Christmas gift, are you, boy?" asked his uncle presently.

"Yes, that's what mother said," said the child.

"When a woman gets a new diamond pin or a furbelow of some kind for Christmas, what does she do?" asked the "Lark" presently.

"I don't know," answered the little fellow, wonderingly.

"Wal, I reckon as how she kindly fixes up things to match," continued the "Lark." "An' I reckon I'll have to do that same—fix up to match my present. I aint a goin' to train with that crowd down to the corners, not nary time no more," he added, evidently feeling that there was strength in an abundance of negatives.

"I'm glad," said the boy simply.

There grew up a perfect sympathy between these two in the long days that followed, though they were often very lonely ones for little Larry, or "Christmas Gift," as his uncle called him. The "Lark" was the best mining prospector in all the country around, and now he was working almost feverishly on his claim. "For 'Christmas' sake I mst strike it," he thought. So he was away much from the little cabin, leaving "Christmas Gift" with his little dog Mac, lonely enough. The "Lark," however, sent to town and bought books and toys, and finally there came a violin. Larry's musical sense was delighted with this, and he soon learned to play simple melodies that the "Lark" never tired of hearing. But best of all he enjoyed hearing the little fellow sing. "I sang in the vested choir in 'Frisco,'" he explained to his uncle, who without any idea of what a vested choir was, became sure that it was something very fine when he heard the sweet voice sing *Te Deums* and *Jubilats*. It all had its strengthening influence on the man, however, and he listened reverently on Sundays, when little "Christmas" read the service from his well-worn Prayer Book.

"You'll build a church up here just as soon as you strike it, won't you uncle?" "Christmas" would ask anxiously.

"Sure thing, 'Christmas,'" his uncle would answer gravely. "An' you shall be chief cook and bottle-washer."

This hope, his books and music, and his dear little dog, kept him from being too lonely as the quiet days passed.

One night, after a day of singularly heavy clouds, the "Lark" came home with a certain air of excitement about him. "I've struck good pay ore," he said as they sat down to supper. "So you kin bet on your church as a sure thing now, son, to say nothing of college and some few little frills of that sort."

"What will you do," asked the boy, "without Mac and me."

The "Lark's" face clouded over. "That is the trouble, son," he said, "but I reckon I'll have to git along somehow till you gits back."

"I've got to go to town to night, 'Christ-

mas," he added, after a few gloomy puffs on his pipe. "There's some things to be got and new machinery, and all that. I'll be back early though, you kin depend on that."

"Can't I go too?" said Larry, coaxingly.

"No, son, not to night. Its boun' to be a nasty night. It was spitting little hard pills of snow when I come in, in that bad tempered way that always means trouble. So you stay an' go to bed, an' I'll plod along. You needn't be afeared of nothing happenin' to your uncle—down to the St. Elmo, 'Christmas,' cause I promised, you recollect."

So, while his uncle finished his pipe, "Christmas" put Mac through all his tricks, and then sang all his repertoire, saveing the *Te Deum* for the last. His uncle went out into the fast-increasing storm with his ears ringing with the inspiring words and melody of the grand old hymn. Larry stood by the window shading his eyes, and eagerly peering into the darkness, that he might watch his uncle as he swung himself down the path, well wrapped in his fur coat,

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE



JANUARY

Roden's Corner

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By J. A. WHEELLOCK

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SHORT STORIES

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Harper & Brothers, New York and London

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and with his snow shoes slung over his shoulders.

The town lay a couple of miles below them, and as the wind was blowing desperately, the "Lark" was almost tempted to give it up and go back, but the feverish desire to strike it rich for his boy still possessed him. "It'll be worse before its better" he thought. I 'low mebbe I couldn't get down for a week or so, and I can't wait."

Since Larry's advent, the "Lark" has wisely kept away from the town as much as possible, relying upon a neighbor who lived half a mile beyond him to do their errands, and when he made his infrequent visits, he generally took Larry along as a safeguard. "But to night I've got his music," he said as he strode along. "We praise Thee, O God" standing out in his memory as sung by his golden-haired nephew, with his head thrown back and his face glowing.

There was another safeguard that the "Lark" did not know about. In the little cabin Larry bustled around and built a huge fire, putting the coffee-pot where it would keep hot. Then after his simple duties were over, he took his prayer book and scanned its pages closely. He knelt down, and after reading all the prayers that he felt bore upon the case, he wound up with, "please keep my uncle safe from that smelly place down there, and bring him safe home again." After which he curled down under the blankets and slept, with watchful Mac on the floor beside him.

The crowd of loungers around the St. Elmo's glowing stove, sent out an uproarious greeting as the door opened and the "Lark" came in, looking like a huge snow image. But to their infinite disgust he sent off a telegram, and made arrangements with some teamsters, and utterly refused to take a drink, although to his chilled senses the smell of liquor was like food to the starving.

"The "Lark's" got religion," said one man sneeringly.

The "Lark" smiled. "I've got a Christmas gift up yonder in the cabin that's watchin' for me back. And I 'low I'll go straight" he said, in his deep voice. There was that in his manner and perhaps in his size, that stopped all further ridicule.

When he stepped outside again the storm was raging fiercer than ever. The snow fell on his face like little points of steel, and the wind nearly took him off from his feet. Only the thought of the little lonely fellow in the cabin nerved him on. "I was a plumb fool to venture out such a night as this," he said to himself as he reached the mouth of the canyon. "Reckon I'd better put on my snow shoes now," he thought. But they were gone! There was no use trying to find them; they had probably been blown off from his back by the fury of the gale. It now became a struggle for life, for all sense of locality was gone. "I reckon I'll never see little 'Christmas' agin," he thought. "I hope some of the fellows will tell him as how I was straight. 'We praise Thee O God,'" he called out as he sank down in a state of torpor; then all at once he heard a child calling and a dog barking joyfully. Then the deadly torpor fled before the new courage born of hope, and he cried out, "this way, 'Christmas,' this way."

It was Mac who found him first, and guided by the little dog they reached the warm cabin only a few feet away from where he had fallen. "It was all Mac, uncle Lark," said "Christmas" after his uncle

could speak, and had swallowed great cups of scalding hot coffee. "He woke me up whining, and he kept running to the door and back again to me until I was ready to go."

"Christmas," said the "Lark" solemnly, "this is the second time you've saved me. An' if everybody has as good-luck Christmas gifts as I have, they'll get along, that's sure."

Larry smiled happily into the fire. He thought he knew something about why things had happened so fortunately, this time at least, for he remembered his little prayer.

THE telephone lines between the United States life-saving stations along the New Jersey coast will no longer be used for any other purposes than official business, orders having been issued from the department headquarters to that effect. This will end the rivalry between several prominent ministers who have from time to time been preaching to the crews of the stations by the aid of the 'phone.

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When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

The Christmas Tree

BY F. S. J.

Up in the morning, we joyful start,
Nimble of limb and light of heart,
Full of our chatter and childish glee,
For this is the day for the Christmas tree;
"Isn't it lovely"? the Christmas tree!

Thither we gather, a happy train,
Flocking like doves to scattered grain;
Who can be tardy, who absent be,
When the lights are aglow on the Christmas tree?
"Isn't it lovely"? the Christmas tree!

Winter has scattered his ice and snow;
Over the fields the frost winds blow;
But it is summer within, you see,
Bright in the bloom of the Christmas tree;
"Isn't it lovely"? the Christmas tree!

Cold is the earth in its snowy vest;
Chill is the wind from the bleak northwest;
But little we care, so glad are we,
Dancing around the Christmas tree;
"Isn't it lovely"? our Christmas tree!

Away then with fretting, unkindness, away!
All should be loving and glad to-day,
For the Christ-child smiles on all, you see,
In the beauty and light of the Christmas tree!
"Isn't it lovely"? our Christmas tree!

How The Christ-Child Came

BY S. ALICE RANLETT

"CLARA, what are you going to give Jesus when He comes on Christmas?" asked little Ruth.

"Why, Ruth, He does not really come," Clara answered.

"O yes, He does," said Ruth. Mr. Grey said so in church, and he is our rector, and he could not make a mistake."

"But, Ruth, I don't think Mr. Grey said that."

"Yes. Didn't you hear him say we must be ready to receive Jesus when He comes on Christmas?"

"But he did not mean He really was coming in that way. If He had come on Christmas Day, I should have seen Him," said Clara.

"But, Clara, did you ever look for Him?" The older sister smiled at the child's fancy, and Ruth, receiving no sympathy from Clara, kept her thoughts and plans to herself, but went on, nevertheless, thinking and planning.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "where He will be when He comes? Not in the house, because Clara would have seen Him if He had come there. O, I know! When He came the first time in Bethlehem, He came to a barn. I've seen pictures of Him lying in the straw among the cows and oxen, so, I suppose, He will come to our barn. That's why Clara never saw Him—she did not look in the barn. I expect Daisy and Buttercup have often seen Him on Christmas Days."

And Ruth ran to the barn and gazed into the gentle, dreamy eyes of the cows, as if she would see in them the picture at which they looked last Christmas Day.

"If they could only tell me," Ruth sighed, "I'd like to get some place ready for Him. It would not be of any use to fix the cribs where Daisy and Buttercup eat their din-

ners, because they'd just tear everything up, but there's the spare manger, I might make that pretty."

The spare manger was in a dark corner of the barn, and in the short, cold December days the men did not linger longer than their tasks required, and no one chanced to notice Ruth's work in the manger. Here, with much thought but small resources, she set herself to making ready a place for Jesus whom she truly expected to come to the farm on Christmas Day. She swept the manger and scrubbed it with soap and sand till it was beautifully clean, then she filled it with a soft heap of fir-needles, picked off the stems with many pricks to her small, cold fingers.

"When He came first," said Ruth, "He did not have many clothes, in His pictures, anyway, so I'll take out my pretty embroidered christening dress that I wore when I was taken to the church to be baptized."

But when Ruth looked at the delicate lawn robe, she thought it was not very warm for Christmas weather.

"But that makes me think," she said, "just what to make for a Christmas present for Him—a pretty, warm afghan; I will knit it on my big bone needles. I have money enough in my little bank to buy the wool, and I know there is some in the store, of light blue, the very loveliest color."

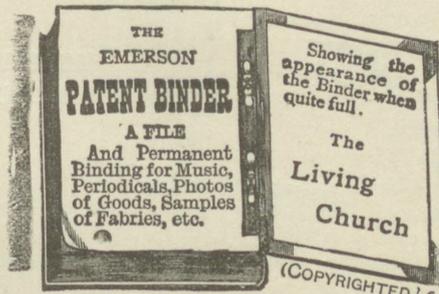
Nobody in the farm-house asked questions at Christmas time, and if any one saw Ruth coming from the village store with a very large bundle, it was supposed to be a Christmas secret, and was duly respected; and if she disappeared in the afternoons and appeared at tea with an expression of mystery on her face, nothing embarrassing was said, so quite unmolested the child knitted away on the soft baby afghan, and made her plans.

In the excitement of Christmas Eve, when every body was trying hard not to see anything and anxious not to be seen by any one, it was quite easy for Ruth to slip unnoticed into the barn. On the spicy fir bed in the spare manger, she laid the dainty white dress, and in it her one ornament, a

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little gold pin holding a cluster of rich red garnets, and beside it the soft blue woolen afghan. On the wall she fastened branches of evergreen and sprays of bright bitter-sweet berries, and placed beneath it her great treasure, a tiny toy candlestick holding a green taper and a bunch of white wax lilies, "so," she said, "it will look pretty and He can have a light."

Then Ruth crept into the house and to bed, and fell asleep and dreamed wonderful dreams of the Christ-Child sitting in a manger, wearing a shining crown with her little garnet pin among its jewels, and of Daisy getting loose and going into the spare manger and eating up the christening robe and the white waxen lilies.

It was with this dreadful thought that she awoke in the morning, and made haste to dress herself; she crept stealthily to the barn; a few stars and the slender moon still hung in the sky, but the flush of dawn was bright, and even in the shadows of the barn, Ruth could see pretty well. Her first glance was at Daisy. O, no, she had not eaten up the wax lilies; there she stood in her own stall, wide-eyed and calm, gazing in apparent surprise at Ruth's appearance at this early hour. Ruth went on, her eyes big and dark with excitement. The green-hung, scarlet-flecked walls of the manger were in sight, and, O, what was that lying on the heap of sweet, fragrant hay which filled the stall?

There was the Christ-Child, surely, and in His mother's arms, just as He is in the pictures!

Ruth stood still and looked with beating heart.

He did not look as she had supposed He would look. In the pictures, He was so plump and fair and beautiful, and now He was wan and pale and not beautiful—and He was dressed in a strange way, in just a very common faded pink calico slip, and wrapped in a torn brown shawl. His mother, too, was not at all like the sweet-faced young mother of the pictures; she was pale and worn, with black circles under her eyes, and untidy hair and very shabby clothes. Both mother and child were asleep.

Ruth gazed a moment, and then thought, "O, she has not found the things in the crib," and, going shyly toward the woman, spoke. The woman, with a start, opened her large black eyes and listened to Ruth as she said, "See, I've made a sweet bed for the little Jesus, and here are some things for Him, my Christmas present," at the moment timidly folding the blue blanket about the sleeping infant. Then she flew into the house and ran from room to room, crying, "He has come! He has come! In our barn!"

"What does the child mean?" asked her mother.

"O, mamma," said Clara, "Ruth has been expecting that Jesus would really come here on Christmas, and, perhaps, it is something about that."

Mamma and Clara hastened to the stable, where, before the decorated manger stood a pale-faced woman holding a wan, sick child while Ruth, in rapt delight, was gazing at them.

Mamma spoke gently to the stranger and asked her how she came there, and the poor woman, in Canadian-French and broken English, told how her husband had recently died, and she was trying to walk from Canada to Milltown, where her sister was working in a great factory; she had grown tired

with the long walk, and the baby was ill, and yesterday, at dusk, as she was passing the barn, the hay looked warm and inviting and she went in and saw the saint's shrine with the flowers and the candle, and she thought the good saint would be willing a poor woman and her baby should sleep in the hay, so she said her prayers and slept till the little mademoiselle came.

Ruth, learning from the conversation that the baby was not the Christ-Child, was bursting into tears, when her mother kissed her and said softly, "Dear, Jesus does not come now on Christmas Day as a child, but I think he has come, unseen, to your loving heart, and He has sent us this poor baby that we may take care of it for His sake; your Christmas present to Him will give Him pleasure when He sees it on His little one."

Ruth's mother took the strangers into the house, fed and warmed them, gave the baby medicine, and, gently laying aside the delicate white robe which Ruth still offered the child, she dressed it in thick flannels and a soft wrapper, and presently it lay snug and warm beneath the pretty blue afghan, with a smile on its lips and a little flush of color on its pale cheeks.

The neighbors came in to see the French woman and, pitying her, brought her homely little gifts of clothing and food; and the next day, Ruth's father wrapped her in buffalo robes and took her in his market-wagon to Milltown, carrying with her a bundle of warm clothing and a basket of butter, eggs, bread, and chickens, products of the farm which would carry good cheer into the poor tenement in the factory village.

No one ever laughed at Ruth for mistaking the Canadian woman and her baby for the Holy Mary and the Infant Jesus. They knew that if the little girl had not gone early to the barn on Christmas morning, the poor woman would probably have slipped

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away without the friendly help which gave comfort to her and life, perhaps, to her sick baby.

When Mr. Grey heard the story, he laid his hand gently on Ruth's head, saying, "Because you were looking for Jesus, little one, He sent you a child to help and love for His Name's sake. Truly, that which is hidden from the wise is, by God's providence, revealed to babes. Go on, dear, always looking for Jesus to come to you, and in some way, He will surely come."

This time, Ruth understood that Jesus does, still, truly come to the world, but in another way than His coming as the Babe of Bethlehem, on the first Christmas Day.

The Christ-Child

BY GEORGIE A. PENTLARGE

THE following Christmas story was written for *The Commercial Advertiser* by the great-granddaughter of Gilbert C. Gammage, author of "Grave of the Year," who wrote under the name "Mongarnier," and was a contributor to that newspaper seventy-five years ago. She is eleven years of age:

It was Christmas Eve. In the great city of Berlin, the streets were brilliantly lighted and the shops vied with each other in display of their holiday goods.

A merry throng were hurrying to and fro laden with paper parcels.

It is wonderful how Christmas affects people. They are so good-natured and jolly that when the crowd pushes or jostles them it does not disturb them in the least. They seem to possess the Christmas spirit of making people happy, and it must be that those sweet words, "Peace on earth, good will to men," are in their hearts.

Before one of the brightly lighted shop windows stood a little girl and boy. They were poorly clad, and their little faces were pinched with hunger and cold.

"Oh, Karl, look at that lovely doll, if I could only have it," the child cried eagerly, pointing to a handsome baby-doll.

"Yes, little sister," responded the boy. "But we are poor, very poor," he added, mournfully. The two children looked long and wistfully at the beautiful toys, and in their eagerness they did not notice a boy who, poor like themselves, was standing by the window.

"Come, Hanchen," said Karl, at length; "we must be going home."

"I wonder," said Hanchen, as they were trudging homeward, "where mamma is!"

"Up in heaven, and some day, if we're good, we'll go there, too, and meet her."

"Oh, Karl, last Christmas mamma was with us, and do you remember how full our stockings were? So full that they dropped on the floor. How different this one will be."

"Never mind, pet, we've got each other; and when I am a man I'll buy you all the dolls and toys you'll want. Why, Hanchen," and he drew himself up proudly, "I'm almost a man now. I'm ten; just think of that."

By this time they had reached the miserable tenement they called home. It consisted of one tiny room with straw for a bed and two broken stools. Hanchen went to the closet and brought out a piece of dry bread for their supper. While they were eating they were startled by a knock at the door.

"Karl," said Hanchen in a whisper, "who can it be?" For they had few visitors.

"I'll see," and taking a candle he opened the door. It was very dark, and at first he could not see anybody. But his eyes soon got accustomed to the darkness, and he saw the figure of a boy. A voice spoke out of the night:

"Please give me something to eat, I'm very hungry."

"Hanchen, shall we; it's our last piece?"

"Yes, Karl, he is more hungry than we are." So saying she handed the bread to the boy, and with a "Thanks," he was off. They said their prayers and lay down to sleep.

When Hanchen woke up the next morning she rubbed her eyes and screamed:

"Karl, look! look!" And what do you think met the delighted eyes of those children?

A Christmas tree stood in one corner of the room, laden with bright balls, candy, and oranges. A beautiful doll like the one in the shop window was suspended by blue ribbons for Hanchen, while there was a fine pair of skates for Karl. There was also nice warm clothing for the children and a purse containing money. But this was not all. At the top of the tree, in big gold letters, they read these words:

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FROM THE CHRIST-CHILD,
TO WHOM YOU GAVE
YOUR LAST PIECE OF BREAD.

IN Maryland there are now 33,388 persons engaged in the oyster industry in its various branches. The vessels employed number 1,624, with 6,554 boats, of a total value of \$2,618,745. The capital invested in the shore and accessory property aggregates \$4,650,500, and the total investment in the industry is \$7,269,245. The year of the last annual report 11,632,730 bushels of oysters were sold.

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Everyone agrees that tea and coffee-drinking undermines the system and produces nervous prostration, dyspepsia, and stomach disorders, but thousands go right on using them just the same. There is, however, a great army of people who are mindful of their health who are using Postum Cereal Food Coffee. This food drink is made of nature's grains, and builds up the systems that have been impaired by the use of tea and coffee. When boiled full 15 minutes after boiling commences, it tastes like the better grades of Java. Postum is not a substitute for coffee, but a pure food drink recommended by the best physicians in America. Grocers sell it at 15 and 25 cents a package.

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Nevertheless, the most common of all diseases, indigestion, and stomach troubles, which in turn cause nervous diseases, heart troubles, consumption, and loss of flesh, requires something besides faith to cure.

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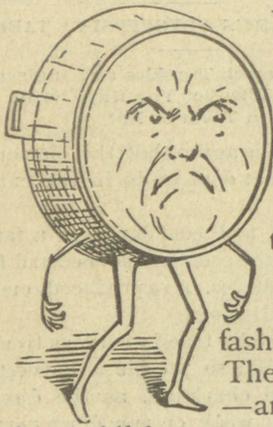
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Christmas-Gifts

A LADY with pretty skill for drawing, and deft fingers, is making a lovely spread for a Delft bedroom. The foundation is one of grandmother's home-woven sheets—linen, of course—and the designs are taken from Delft ware, and represent wind-mills and bits of sketchily drawn Holland scenery, which is being etched in with blue silks. Water lines and cloud effects are given with very good results. It is to be edged with a white cotton fringe, and may prove suggestive to some reader desirous of something odd by way of a spread. A very lovely spread lately seen in a blue room, was of blue and white India cotton, the white very clear and the blue very blue. It was simply hemmed, unlined, and edged with a fringe of the same, and with its surroundings, seemed the right thing in the right place.

SOMETHING that gives lasting pleasure, is a ball of pale green cord, enclosed in a cover of little brass rings buttonholed and sewed together with green silk; one end of the cord is passed through one of the rings, a yard of inch wide ribbon looped through two of them at the top, and fastened in a bow by which it can be suspended, while a yard of baby ribbon is passed through a small pair of scissors and fastened at the back of the bow.

THE boy or girl who accepts the conventional gift calmly, as a matter of course, will become very enthusiastic over some very common offering which has never come his or her way before. Growing plants for the nursery windows, the blossoms of which can be picked without adult permission, packages of flower seeds for their gardens, and pipes and bowls for soap-bubbles are always acceptable. Papers of needles and pins, spools of thread, boxes of different colored beads, and sheets of what is known among children as pin-wheel paper, are welcomed with delight. Tape-measures and a dress-maker's cutting or lap-board are received with rapture. If this lap-board is provided with folding legs it is a great boon to the little ones surrounded by the inaccessible tables and chairs of their elders. On it they can paste and play games to their heart's content, and move it about to suit the different fancies as to location sure to beset the restless child.

A PASTING outfit makes a very acceptable gift. A large wooden box should be enameled in some bright tint, and a small gilt or brass hook and clasp, or a lock and key substituted for the former fastening. Small hinges may be added if necessary. On the inside of the lid tack furniture gimp about one-half of an inch in width and a half-yard in length, making two or more loops in the fullness. The cover of a work-basket holding its accessories may serve as a guide. In these loops place two brushes and two pairs of blunt or rather round-bladed scissors. In the box proper put a bottle of mucilage and a receptacle for paste. A cheap china mustard-pot is very good for this purpose, as its ladle is useful in mixing the flour and water, and the opening in the lid is convenient for the brush. A small sponge, a small towel or a hemmed yard of cheese-cloth, and a yard of white enameled cloth and a square of tin complete such an outfit. The towel is to put the pictures into place after the paste is applied, and the sponge, well dampened, should be placed on a plate to keep the fingers of the workers free from stickiness. The tin is placed under the page that is being pasted to protect the completed work. Such an arrangement protects the work basket of the mother, and saves the household linen.

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