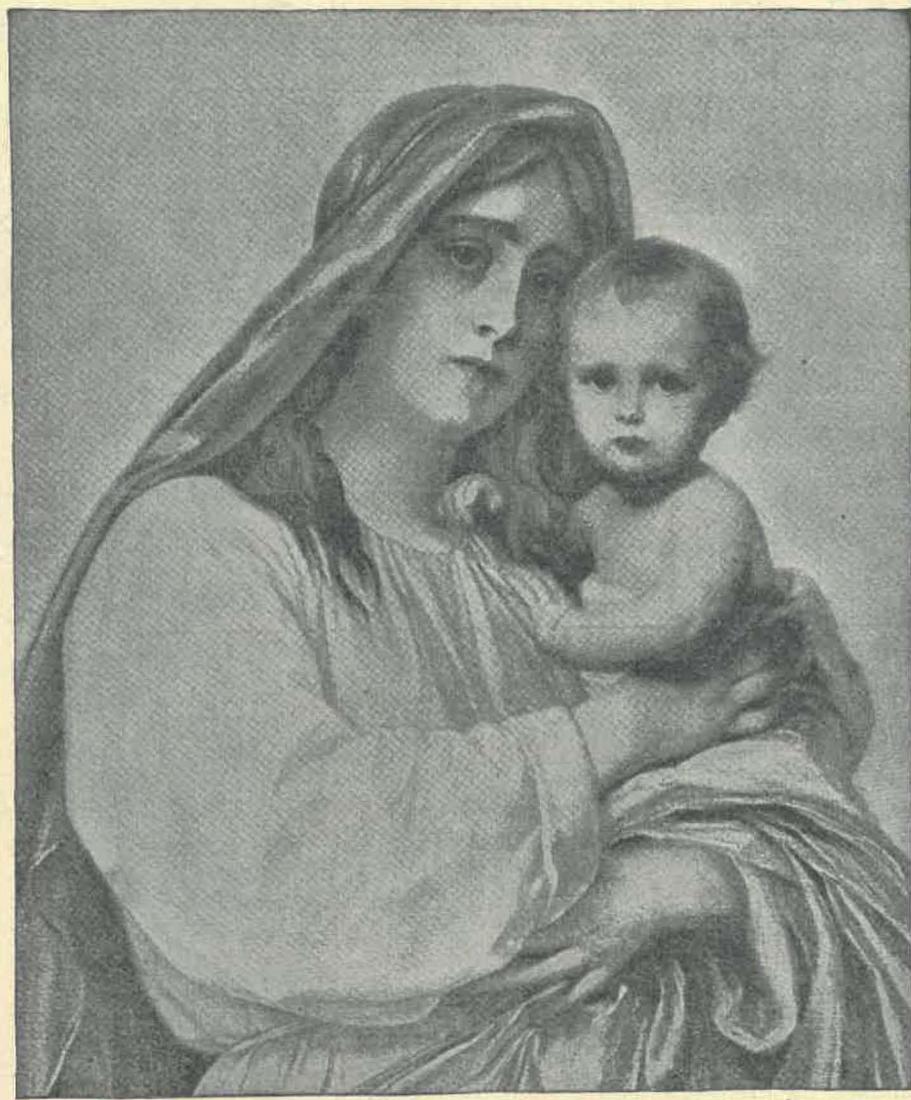


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Finance and Commerce

The difference between prosperous times and panics is a difference in confidence. Of course there are material causes external to the minds of men which affect confidence, causing it to expand and contract, but these material causes would have but comparatively small effect upon the volume of business if they did not operate to create or cancel credits. Take the last panic of 1893. There were just as many desires to be satisfied by commerce during and following the "flush" times, preceding it, and just as much labor anxious to produce and exchange the things necessary to satisfy these desires. There was also as much money in the country to carry on that production and exchange. In fact, there was just as much of everything necessary to what we call business, during and after the panic as there was before, except confidence. Confidence alone was lacking. The result was, credit vanished. A large per cent. of the business of the country is done with the use of credits. When credit could not be had, the business stopped. There isn't anything like money enough in the world to carry on the world's business. Credits perform very much the greater part of it, and do it much cheaper and better than money.

We are now going through a period of expansion in confidence. There are no more desires to be satisfied and no more labor anxious to be employed to that end than there were three or five years ago, but now labor finds employment, and the bank clearings show a volume of business beyond all precedent. Deposits in the banks have increased enormously, those in the New York banks reaching a total of about eight hundred million dollars, while money is reported "easy" everywhere and in all kinds of business. All this reflects simply confidence. There has been some increase in the amount of gold contributed to the channel of trade the last two years, but nothing like enough to account for the increase in bank deposits and the general plentifulness of "easy" money. The bank deposits are swelled by credits, and the additional credits that are offered keeps money easy. It is all a question of confidence. Pretty much everything is in demand. Investments, securities, and stocks have steadily advanced, and as yet show no signs of more than fractional reactions. Holders who have heretofore taken their profits hoping to replace at lower prices, have lost their investment or been obliged to replace at higher prices. Cotton is working higher, as are its manufactured products. Provisions have advanced sharply from the bottom. Wheat the last few days has shown a reactionary tendency from recent low prices, and corn is slowly reaching towards higher figures. Confidence is extending to the ownership of nearly all kinds of property. Farmers are holding their corn, and, with the exception of the extreme Northwest, their wheat, also. The indications at the end of the year are that nearly all kinds of standard property will pay owners better profits in 1899 than money will.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 24, 1898

News and Notes

CONGRESS may settle prospective disturbances by paying arrears due the Cuban and Philippine insurgent forces. These armies have been clamoring for pay, and will not disband without disorder unless their demands meet with compliance. General Merritt says there are only about 12,000 insurgent troops in the Philippines. These could be paid off as auxiliaries of the United States troops and disbanded, with an expenditure of about \$1,500,000. The Senate has so amended the urgent deficiency bill as to appropriate \$3,000,000 "for an emergency fund to meet unforeseen contingencies constantly arising, to be expended at the discretion of the President." It is said this is the only way the question can be handled, and that \$3,000,000 will enable the President to meet the emergency of disbanding the insurgent armies in both Cuba and the Philippines without friction, and without leaving these men helpless, to become vagrants or worse, to give trouble to our troops. There is no legal obligation upon this government to pay the Cuban insurgents for their service, but since the United States is to take possession and assume control of the island, the Cuban troops have no government to look to for their pay, and it is believed that the money will be well expended to dissolve that army without grounds for complaint of hardship forced upon the men who fought for Cuba's cause. The money so used can be returned to the United States treasury from the revenues of Cuba.

IN spite of the loss of her colonies, and reduced rank as a power, the physical condition of Spain to-day is such that by good management the country may be brought to a greater state of prosperity than has been enjoyed for many years. The burden of debt is, however, a heavy one, but has been acquired voluntarily, in the hope of supposed benefit. It is figured that including the Philippine and Cuban debt, and not deducting the \$20,000,000 which will be paid by the United States, the total debt is about \$1,875,000,000. That is an enormous sum. Reckoning the population of Spain at 18,000,000—a low estimate, since it was more than 17,500,000 eleven years ago—that is an indebtedness of about \$104 a head. Our own debt in 1865 was actually much larger, being \$2,680,000,000; but owing to our larger population it was proportionately smaller, amounting to about \$81 a head. The debt of France to-day is no less than \$6,250,000,000, or three and a third times as large as that of Spain, and despite her much larger population, it is also proportionately much larger than Spain's debt, amounting to no less than \$162 a head—more than 50 per cent. larger than the Spanish debt. At the close of the Franco-Prussian war, despair seized French statesmen, and the country seemed hopelessly ruined. But France is to-day one of the richest and most prosperous countries in the world. So far as resources are concerned, Spain is situated much the same as France, and what France has done Spain can do, provided common sense, thrift, and energy are developed.

A WRITER in an Eastern exchange thus sums up the business situation of 1898: We have sold to other nations more of our products than we ever did before, the figures being \$1,280,000,000 this year, against \$1,099,714,807 last year, a gain of more than \$180,000,000 in one year, and a gain of \$405,000,000 over 1895. We have sold more goods to other countries this year than has any other nation in the world, our exports exceeding even those of Great

Britain by more than \$60,000,000. That is to say, we have become the greatest exporting nation in the world. We are buying less than ever before of other nations, so that our excess of exports over imports is nearly double what it ever was before. In 1897 it was \$357,000,000—the highest figure ever reached. This year it is \$600,000,000. And there has been an excess every year since 1890. It is no wonder that, besides paying off an enormous indebtedness abroad and buying enormous amounts of American securities there, we have imported during the first eleven months of this year about \$135,000,000 in gold to balance accounts.

MEXICO has a plan whereby it hopes to reap some benefit from the late war. A proposition has been submitted to the Spanish authorities in Havana providing for the colonization in Mexico of Spanish soldiers who do not wish to return to their mother country. To such as will go, free passage is offered to Mexico, where necessary tools, seeds, and implements for agricultural work will be furnished, and in addition oxen and small houses will be given to the immigrants, and a certain tract of the public lands of Mexico will be provided for colonization purposes. The government is to take a lien upon the products and exact a return of 20 per cent. a year until the supplies are paid for by the colonists, after which the lands will become their own. For those who do not care to accept this proposition, arrangements have been made by the government of Mexico to supply a large number of Spanish soldiers with labor on the public works and in the mines, at the rate of \$18 a month. The government will be able to provide for several thousand, and can furnish suitable tracts of land to all who desire to go to Mexico under the conditions named.

IN a recent interview with Wm. T. Stead, the Czar of Russia expressed fully his attitude toward the proposal for international disarmament which was brought before the powers by Count Muravieff. The Russian Emperor does not believe the results to be obtained by European acquisition of territory not now occupied by European powers, would be good, either for the races coming under control, or for the powers coming into control. As for the latter, he holds it to mean a continual increase of suspicion, jealousy, and rivalry; the heaping up of fleets and armies in order to take part in a scramble with the world, with the result that the army and navy are swallowing up more and more millions that should be used for the welfare of the people and the advancement of the world. On top there are a few rich and comfortable. Down below with an ever-increasing pressure of taxes for armaments, is the great mass of poor people whose position is not good. "There is," he says, "an ever-increasing multitude of those below, with their brooding discontent ripening into socialism, and developing into all kinds of anarchy."

"WE have at the present moment arrived at this stage, that we have put our best manhood in the army. So much is this the case, that we cannot mobilize the whole of our troops in European countries without dislocating the whole fabric of the social community. War has become so expensive that no state can stand the strain of protracted war without looking bankruptcy in the face, and we are so perfecting our modern weapons of destruction, that no army can go into the field without losing so large a proportion of its officers that when the war is over, even if that army be victorious, the war will have inflicted irreparable loss on

the country. What with disconnection caused by mobilization; what with an empty exchequer; what with decimated ranks of leading and governing men, I see nothing before any nation, but a terrible heritage of revolutionary anarchy."

THE sub committee of the Senate committee on commerce, has prepared an exhaustive report on floods in the Mississippi valley, their cause and prevention. The committee finds that the cutting of timber adjacent to the head waters has no effect on the overflow, as the heavy growth of underbrush which takes the place of felled timber, holds moisture equally as well. The committee presents quite a comprehensive historical sketch of levees and jetties in the Mississippi. With reference to the levees, it says the experience of 1897 indicates that a complete inclosure of all the river basins will require from three to four feet higher levees in Louisiana, and from four to six feet to the Yazoo levees. The committee concludes that no substantial relief from the floods can be obtained by means of outlets; hence the further conclusion that only through properly constructed levees can the proper relief be secured. The committee furnishes an estimate of the cost of completing the levee system from the head of St. Francis Basin to the head of the passes, putting the figures at from \$18,000,000 to \$20,000,000, and the time necessary at from four to five years. The opinion is expressed that with this expenditure levees sufficiently high and strong to afford complete protection could be assured.

THE rebellion in the western province of Szechuen appears to have gotten wholly beyond control of the Chinese government. The leader, Yumantze, has gathered a force of 5,000 men, who are uniformed and thoroughly disciplined. They are determined to rid China of all foreigners and stamp out the Christian religion. There are 6,000 Catholic refugees in Chung King, and the property destroyed by the rebels is estimated at 5,000,000 taels. During their raids, they have rendered 20,000 people, mostly native Christians, homeless, and sixty-two lives have been taken, including several European missionaries. Yumantze recently beheaded two Catholic missionaries whom the city of Yunchuan gave up to him as hostages. He offered them their lives if they would renounce their religion. They refused. J. Fleming, an English missionary, has been killed by natives and soldiers at Tsing Ping. France demands 5,000,000 taels damages for the destruction of the French missionary property. As China has refused to submit to the demand of France, the outcome of the matter is problematical.

OFFERS to the naval department are now under consideration which may result in an effort to save the battleship Maine, now half buried in the harbor of Havana, and the Cristobol Colon, partially sunk and destroyed in the engagement off Santiago. Experts in the employ of a Swedish wrecking agency are investigating the situation and condition of both vessels, and if the report be favorable, as it is expected it will be, a determined effort will be made to add both vessels to our naval force. A proposition has been made by an American concern to raise both vessels and deliver them at a government navy yard, payment to be \$250,000 for the Maine, and \$1,000,000 for the Colon, plus one-third their appraised valuation when the work of raising them has been accomplished. The government is not inclined to consider seriously an offer in which the exact amount to be paid is not specified.

Church News

Canada

At the meeting of the Dominion Board of Examiners in Divinity in St. Alban's cathedral, Toronto, on Nov. 23d, it was decided to change the time of the examinations, which will be held after this in the end of May, instead of the beginning of October, as formerly. The Bishop of Toronto was in the chair, and representatives were present from Trinity, Huron, Wycliffe, and Bishop's College, Lennoxville. The annual service of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood in Toronto, took place at All Saints' church, Toronto, Nov. 29th. A large number of the city clergy were present. The preacher was the Rev. Frank DuMoulin, of Cleveland, Ohio. The Woman's Auxiliary held their December meeting on the 8th, in St. Philip's church. A conference on missions, for women only, was held in Toronto, from Dec. 6th to 9th. The day meetings were conducted by Miss Gollock, from the C. M. S., England. The Bishop of Huron addressed the evening congregations. Bishop Sullivan's Coffee House plan is progressing rapidly. It is intended as a practical effort in the cause of temperance on the part of those who are not in favor of prohibition. The Bishop confirmed a large class at Trinity church, Toronto, Nov. 13th. Prizes were presented to the Church Boys' Brigade in St. Philip's Sunday school, Nov. 13th. The church of the Ascension, Toronto, held its 21st anniversary on Advent Sunday.

The largest number of candidates ever presented in the history of the parish in Gorrie, was confirmed by the Bishop of Huron, Nov. 27th. A good sum was realized for the church building fund of St. James', South London, by a concert, Nov. 28th. At the anniversary services of St. Alban's church, Appin, Nov. 26th, a Communion set was presented to the church by a London lady. Provost Watkins, of Huron College, has sent in his resignation. Bishop Baldwin called a second meeting to consider the matter, on Dec. 16th. St. Ann's church, in the parish of Adelaide, has been much improved. A new chancel has been added, and two memorial windows, lately.

A resolution urging upon the executive committee of the diocese of Ontario, that an assessment be made upon all the parishes, so that the money may be raised at once, and a coadjutor-bishop appointed, was passed by the deanery of Lennox and Addington. The gifts in England to Archbishop Lewis' jubilee fund amount to \$3,070. The Archbishop has taken up his residence in England and broken up his household in Canada, having notified his clergy that his doctors forbid him to winter there. At the meeting of the diocesan mission board, vigorous action to raise the necessary funds to secure the coadjutor bishop was earnestly advocated. All the missions in the diocese of Ontario are filled but one. A dedication service to open the new schoolhouse in connection with St. John's church, Portsmouth, was held Nov. 30th. The new building is a handsome one of stone, costing about \$1,800, of which nearly all is paid.

Bishop Thornloe, of Algoma, returned to Sault Ste. Marie in the beginning of November, after a round of visitations in his diocese. The Port Arthur chapter of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood, at the annual meeting lately, showed by the report that it was in a very satisfactory working condition. All Saints' church, Huntsville, is to have a stone foundation. The work is already begun.

A Mission was held in Ottawa in November, by the Rev. H. C. Dixon, Toronto diocesan missionary. The Cowley Brothers also held a Mission there in November. The Church parade held in Ottawa before the departure of Lord Aberdeen, was the largest ever witnessed in the city. Bishop Hamilton, of Ottawa, has undertaken the work of Archbishop Lewis in Ontario for the coming winter.

At the November meeting of the executive committee of the diocese of Montreal, the Bishop said that he would appoint St. Andrew's Day, or the Sunday following, as the day of intercession

on behalf of foreign missions. The report of the Mission Board showed that while seven congregations had increased their offerings by over \$100, 12 had decreased by nearly \$200, while 29 had given the same as last year. The Bishop presided at the annual meeting of the St. George's Y. M. C. A., Nov. 21st, in St. George's schoolroom. The Rev. Mr. Hackett, the new principal of the Diocesan Theological College, made an address. He also gave a very interesting account of his 18 years' work in India, at a missionary meeting in the College Hall, Nov. 29th. Dean Carmichael made a very eloquent address, warmly urging the cause of home missions to the Indians, Esquimaux, and Chinese who come to the Dominion. The Rev. H. C. Dixon, of Toronto, held a Mission in St. Jude's church, Montreal, the first week in December. A public meeting was held in the Synod Hall, Nov. 22d, under the auspices of the Gleaner's Union and Woman's Auxiliary, the Bishop in the chair, at which the C. M. S. deputation from England, Miss Gollock and Miss Bird, gave addresses, with limelight views.

New York

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

CITY.—The St. Luke's Home for Old Men and Aged Couples has just celebrated its 26th year with a reception at the new building to friends of the institution.

The Bishop-elect of Rio Grande, Brazil, will be consecrated on the Feast of the Epiphany at St. Bartholomew's church.

Bishop Potter was elected one of the vice-presidents of the National Civil Service Reform Association at its annual meeting, Dec. 16th.

The 26th anniversary of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes was celebrated by a special service at St. Thomas' church, Sunday, Dec. 18th.

The Rev. Thomas McKee Brown, rector of the church of St. Mary the Virgin, died Monday morning of pneumonia, after an illness of brief duration.

St. Thomas' church, the Rev. John Wesley Brown, D.D., rector, will celebrate during Christmas week the 75th anniversary of its founding, with an octave of services.

At Grace church was celebrated, Dec. 10th, the wedding of Dr. Jean Edouard Ceresole, son of President Ceresole, of the Swiss Republic, to Miss Nella V. Wilder, of this city.

At the cathedral of St. John the Divine, the services soon to be opened will be under the temporary oversight of the Ven. Archdeacon Tiffany, D.D., until a clergy staff can be organized.

At the New York Churchman's Club, the Rev. Samuel D. McConnell, D.D., D. C. L., has just given an address on "How shall the Church adjust her discipline and her methods to modern society."

Mr. Alfred M. Collett, of Oxford University, gave an illustrated lecture at the first "Fireside" of the Church Club, describing Tintern Abbey, and giving some interesting information as to English cathedral chimes.

At St. Agnes' chapel, Sunday morning, Dec. 18th, Bishop Potter held his Advent ordination and celebrated the Holy Eucharist. The preacher was the Rev. J. Lewis Parks, D.D. Details will be found under the usual heading.

The congregation of the former chapel of the Transfiguration, which had discontinued services temporarily, has been called together again in a private house by its former priest, the Rev. L. C. Rich, who has recovered from his recent sickness.

The December meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the diocese was of special interest as the first held in the Church Missions House. The Rev. Joshua Kimber presided, and Bishop Leonard, of Salt Lake, gave an address on "Education in Utah."

The rector emeritus of St. Mark's church, the Rev. J. H. Rylance, D. D., has sailed for a prolonged trip in southern latitudes, on the German Mediterranean steamship, "Augusta

Victoria," for Genoa. He hopes to recover from the serious illness affecting his voice.

A second gift of \$1,000 has been given to the Church Temperance Society for the support of the new Squirrel Inn. This gift is from Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Mr. R. Pierpont Morgan has given \$500. The amount so far subscribed, but far below what is needed, is \$3,500.

The Rev. Chas. A. Briggs, D.D., is to give a special series of lectures at the Union Theological Seminary, to lay workers, on "The introduction to the study of the Bible," and to the same class of students a course of lectures will be delivered by the Rev. John P. Peters, D.D., Ph.D., on "Social missions of the Church."

The Rev. Henry Mottet, D.D., rector of the church of the Holy Communion, has been compelled by a severe attack of asthma to seek relief, under medical advice, in a sea voyage. He is to return immediately, having merely touched at Liverpool, and is expected to be in his chancel on Christmas Day, arriving by the Cunard steamer "Lucania."

The New York Clericus has just commemorated its 15th anniversary, at the Hotel St. Denis, by a lunch, at which more than a score of clergymen were present. Addresses were made by the Rev. Mr. Kinsolving, of Brooklyn; the Rev. Mr. Geer, of the New York Churchman's Association, and the Rev. Horace F. Fuller, of Philadelphia.

At St. Andrew's church, the Rev. George R. Van De Water, D.D., rector, a public service was held Sunday evening, Dec. 18th, in the interests of the City Mission Society of the Church. Bishop Potter presided. Addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. C. H. Snedicker and Brockholst Morgan, and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie.

The Alumni Association of Columbia College held a meeting Dec. 10th. Mr. Dwight L. Elmendorf showed photographic views of the movements of the army at Santiago de Cuba, taken by himself, and Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, late minister to Spain, recounted many facts of historic interest not heretofore known, in an address on "The war and its results."

The burial service of Miss Susan Ogden Hoffman, daughter of the late Lindley Murray Hoffman, and long known for her activity in charitable works of the Church, was held at the church of the Incarnation, Dec. 15th. She was about 70 years of age, but remained active to the last, her death being mainly due to recent over exertion in Church work. The interment was in Trinity cemetery.

A meeting of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association was held Dec. 12th. General preparations were made for a large collection, but it was announced that as Hospital Sunday falls this year on Christmas Day, a number of the parishes of the Church who contribute a large proportion of the funds of the Association, would postpone the date of their offering to another time.

The new "Open Door" mission of the United States Church Army, under Mr. Henry H. Hadley, and with the Rev. Drs. E. Walpole Warren and Wm. M. Hughes, as clerical directors, held its first service Sunday, Dec. 11th, in a restaurant, which has been secured by the workers of the army as headquarters. The treasurer is Hon. Thomas L. James, ex-Postmaster-General under President Grant.

The residence of Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, of the church of the Heavenly Rest, was the scene last week of a notable gathering in the interest of Miss Foster's self-denying labors in the city prisons and the law courts. Miss Foster gave an account of her work, and addresses were also made by Messrs. Vernon M. Davis, Wm. Travers Jerome, and H. B. Hinsdale, all connected with public service of this city, and personal observers of this now independent mission.

The death is announced Dec. 14th, of Mr. John Alexander Clinton Gray, a leading mer-

chant, and the father of two well-known priests of the Church, the Rev. Geo. Zabriskie Gray, D.D., former Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., and the Rev. Albert Zabriskie Gray, D.D., late warden of Racine College. A surviving son is Judge John Clinton Gray. Mr. Gray enjoyed the friendship of a wide circle of literary men, including Horace Greeley and Wm. Cullen Bryant, in this country, and Richard Monckton Milne, Lord Hughes, and the late Canon Kingsley, in England.

At the meeting of the board of managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, held at the Church Missions House, Dec. 13th, there was a large attendance of bishops and other members. A number of names were under consideration for the position of general secretary, in succession to the late Rev. Wm. S. Langford, D.D. After some discussion, the question was deferred to a subsequent meeting. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, after a long illness, was present for the first time, and was heartily greeted. Bishop Rowe, of Alaska, gave valuable information of the work in his field, and other interesting reports of missions were received.

At Columbia University, the treasurer, Mr. John McLean Nash, reports for the year a deficiency in the income for current expenses, of \$32,164.34. The total cost of the new site, the erection of the new buildings, and repair of old ones, is now for the first time published, and is: For the library building presented by President Seth Low, LL.D., in memory of his father, \$1,197,579.47, or nearly \$200,000 in excess of what he originally offered to give; the other buildings, purchase of land, improvement on grounds, and other incidentals, bring up the total to \$6,879,011.90. The university holds stocks, bonds, and cash for particular purposes, amounting to \$899,832.86.

On Tuesday evening, 13th inst., a meeting was held in the parish house of Holy Trinity church, in the interest of the Fort Valley High and Industrial School, located in the "Black Belt" at Fort Valley, Ga. This institution has been in operation for eight years past, and has nearly 600 pupils enrolled this year. The annual expenses are about \$6,000, of which the pupils contribute \$2,000. A quartette of jubilee singers from the school rendered some musical selections very creditably, and Mr. J. H. Torbert, the vice-principal, made an interesting account of the work already done for the colored pupils and the outlook for the future. An offering was taken.

As already announced in the columns of THE LIVING CHURCH, the officers of St. John's Guild have been anxious to add to its equipment a new floating hospital for the work of next summer. At the last meeting of the board of managers, the pleasing announcement was made that Mrs. Henry C. Juilliard, of this city, had agreed to subscribe the entire amount necessary, \$52,000. A vote of thanks was passed, and it was decided to name the new floating hospital after the donor. Work will begin at once for the construction of the new boat, and it is hoped to have it ready for launching by July. The guild is now anxious to make a corresponding increase in the capacity of the Seaside hospital in Staten Island. The present daily capacity is 350 child patients. It is hoped to increase it by 150, making a total daily capacity of 500. This, of course, will increase the cost of the operation of the guild during the summer months, and greatly enlarged income will be an absolute necessity. This, the guild is now endeavoring to provide for, and two committees have been appointed, the chairman of one being Mr. Wm. Sherer, manager of the Clearing House Association, and the other Mr. John P. Faure, of St. George's parish, late Commissioner of Charities of the city.

At the annual meeting of the Association for Promoting the Interests of Church Schools, Colleges, and Seminaries, just held, there was a notable gathering, including the Bishops of New Hampshire and Delaware, President Geo. Williamson Smith, of Trinity College; President

Jones, of Hobart College; President Pierce, of Kenyon College; Prof. Baldwin, of Yale University; the Rev. Drs. Wm. R. Huntington, A. C. Kimber, and E. O. Flagg; Gen. J. Grant Wilson, Mr. Silas McBee, and others interested in Christian education. Prizes have been awarded by the association in the four principal Church colleges during the past year, and other practical steps taken to co-operate with the Church's institutions of learning. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Wm. W. V. Hoffman; treasurer, Mr. Geo. Zabriskie; secretary, the Rev. S. De Lancey Townsend, D.D.; Mr. Wm. M. V. Hoffman and Mr. John Sabine Smith were elected to the board of directors for two years, and Mr. Chas. F. Hoffman, Jr., was chosen to fill a vacancy in the board caused by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Geo. R. Van De Water.

Bishop Tikhon, appointed by the Russo-Greek Church to the see of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, long a regular diocese of that Church, arrived in the city Dec. 12th, on the French steamship "La Champagne." He is staying a few days with the rector of the Russian chapel before departing for San Francisco, which, for convenience, has been the usual residence of the bishops of this Russian diocese. He has incidental care of members of the Russo-Greek Church wherever scattered in the United States and Canada. It has been the custom of the bishops of this see to maintain especially cordial relations with the bishops of the American Church wherever their relations cross, especially with the Bishop of California. There are about 100 congregations of Russians in the bishopric Bishop Tikhon now administers. On his arrival he was received formally by the Russian Consul-General at this port, Mr. Teploff, and by the Rev. Alexander Holovitzky, of the church of St. Nicholas, and a delegation of the Russian colony. He was at once escorted to the church, where a thanksgiving service was rendered for his safe arrival, and this was followed by a popular reception, at which Russians, Poles, Servians, Armenians, Montenegrins, and other nationalities of the East, were represented. On Dec. 14th he celebrated the Holy Eucharist and ordained a deacon.

NEWBURGH.—St. George's church, the Rev. Dr. Applegate, rector, has lost one of its vestrymen, by the death, Dec. 13th, of Mr. Eugene A. Brewster, a prominent lawyer of the State, who was over 70 years of age, and had been a vestryman for 33 years. For 14 years he had been a member of the Board of Education.

Pennsylvania

Ozi W. Whitaker, D.D., LL. D., Bishop

PHILADELPHIA.—The Rev. C. B. Carpenter, junior curate of St. James' church, has been appointed an archdeacon of the diocese of Central Pennsylvania.

The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford delivered a lecture before the students of the University of Pennsylvania, on Wednesday evening, 14th inst., in Houston Hall.

At the annual meeting of the Free and Open Church Association held at the Church House on the 13th inst., the following officers were elected: President, J. Vaughan Merrick; general secretary, the Rev. John A. Goodfellow; treasurer, C. W. Cushman.

The Lincoln Institution for years past has received an annual appropriation from Congress (\$33,500) for the education of Indian children. The estimates of the Indian Bureau for the present year have omitted this grant entirely, and increased the amount usually granted to the Carlisle school from \$121,000 to \$150,000.

The class rooms in the guild house of St. James' church, the Rev. Dr. J. N. Blanchard, rector, which have been occupied for some months past by the municipal Board of Education, will be vacated as soon as a suitable location can be obtained. The vestry will continue to furnish yearly the sum of \$300 toward paying the salary of one teacher.

Special services connected with the matriculation of the class of 1901, were held on Thurs-

day morning, 15th inst., in the chapel of the Divinity School. Bishop Whitaker celebrated the Holy Communion. Dean Bartlett presented 13 persons qualified to matriculate as members of the junior class, who were addressed by the Bishop. Among the congregation there were 46 clergymen from town and country.

On Sunday, 11th inst, the Rev. W. W. Steele assumed charge of St. Mary's church, West Philadelphia, in succession to the Rev. Dr. T. C. Yarnall, whose rectorship exceeded a half century in duration. Mr. Steele is a graduate of Racine College and of the Nashotah Seminary. After his ordination by Bishop McLaren, of Chicago, he labored for some time in Illinois and Ohio, and for the past eight years has been rector of St. Mary's, Ardmore, Pa.

Chicago

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

On Sunday the Bishop, having returned from the East, resumed his visitations, confirming a class of 10 candidates in St. Matthew's, North Evanston, presented by the Rev. H. C. Granger, and one of 29 in St. Luke's, South Evanston, by the Rev. D. S. Smith; of whom four were from Rogers Park, and one from St. Chrysostom's.

The annual meeting of the Diocesan Sunday School Association in Apollo Music Hall, Chicago, on the evening of the 15th, was attended by 100 teachers, and the following clergy: The Rev. Messrs. C. P. Anderson, C. E. Bowles, W. C. DeWitt, H. C. Kinney, T. D. Phillipps, T. A. Snively, Drs. Stone, Edsall, and Rushton. Dr. Stone presided in the absence of the Bishop. The secretary reported three meetings of the executive committee, and that at the last in November, it was decided to depute one clergyman and a layman to visit such parishes or missions as might wish to receive the delegation, to bring before them, individually or in groups, the cause of Sunday schools, with a view to increasing interest in that branch of Church work. The treasurer reported the receipt of a personal subscription of \$20 from the first vice-president, \$10 from offerings at meetings, and 3,763 cents from that number of Sunday school attendants for the year, in all \$67.63; while the expenditures has been \$67.61. It was not deemed advisable to ask more than the one cent *per annum* for each scholar; but that an effort should be made to draw in the other three-fourths who have not yet given their financial support to the association. The following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: President, the Bishop; vice-presidents, the Rev. J. S. Stone, D.D. and Mr. D. B. Lyman; secretary, the Rev. J. Rushton, L. H. D.; treasurer, Mr. J. LeMoyne; these constitute the executive, with the committee men, viz: The Rev. Messrs. W. C. De Witt, F. A. Larrabee, W. C. Richardson, C. Scadding, T. A. Snively, and A. L. Williams; and of the laity, Messrs. A. L. Copelin, J. M. Griggs, I. P. Montross, H. J. Ullman, David Unger, and W. P. Wright, the principal parishes being thus represented. At the conclusion of the business, addresses were made by the Rev. C. P. Anderson, the Rev. T. A. Snively, and Dr. Edsall. The first-named spoke on the subject, "What can the Sunday school teacher do to counteract the indifference, laxity, and impatience of the people." He dwelt upon the vast religious indifference of the day, insisting that while most persons were ready enough to tell us what they did not believe, comparatively few had a positive religious belief. Therefore it was needful that a teacher should teach, and that plainly, by example no less than by precept. Mr. Snively, who spoke for Dr. Morrison, dwelt upon the importance of teachers recognizing their work as a duty, and having clear-cut ideas as to their great responsibilities. The chairman at this point, when introducing the last speaker, made a fine eulogium upon Dr. Edsall, affirming that while the Bishop of North Dakota would have the vigorous support of the whole American Church in this new work to which he was about to be sent, it should be an especial encouragement to him to know that he might expect this diocese to be at his back. Dr. Edsall after acknowledging the kindly feeling of those pres-

ent, as voiced in the generous expressions of the Chair, proceeded to impress upon teachers the importance of training those under them to the privilege and blessedness of support of the missionary cause. He stated that on the previous Saturday he had been called upon to address the Trinity branch of the Ministering Children's League, the members of which under Miss Prophet, were that day assembled with the offerings they had collected for the Christmas boxes they were sending out to distant missionaries, and expressed his gratification at finding how well acquainted they were with the situation and limits of the several missionary jurisdictions as laid down in the large map on the wall of the room in which they were meeting. He closed this second annual meeting of the Sunday school association with the blessing.

On the 12th there was a pleasant gathering of some 30 of the wives of the clergy at the residence of the wife of Bishop elect Edsall. The next monthly meeting will be held at Mrs. Dewitt's.

On the afternoon of the 3d Sunday in Advent 60 persons attended the first Church services in the new mission at Kenilworth. One week later, the Rev. Dr. Rushton held the first service of the Church in the new mission at Harvey, in a public hall, with an attendance of over 80, a very promising beginning in this flourishing suburb of extensive factories.

CITY.—On the 14th, at the Church Club rooms a few prominent clergymen and laymen met to discuss the propriety of an effort to advance the movement for the further endowment of the diocese.

At Grace church, on the 15th, were held a successful supper and sale in aid of the church charities. We regret to announce that the rector, the Rev. E. M. Stires, was taken seriously ill at the Hotel Metropole on the evening of the 11th, only one week after his convalescence from a previous trouble.

On Monday, most of the city clergy met at the Church Club, the Rev. Dr. Clark, professor of mental and moral philosophy in Trinity college, Toronto, who is visiting Chicago for the first time. He preached in St. Chrysostom's on Sunday morning, and for Mr. Scadding, one of his Trinity pupils, in the evening. On Monday evening he lectured on "Books and Reading," in the old Grace church, Oak Park, for another of his Canadian pupils, the Rev. C. P. Anderson. Dr. Clark is an M. A. of Oxford, and an honorary LL. D., of Hobart College, Geneva. He is vice president of the Royal Society, of Canada, and gave the second of the Baldwin lectures at Ann Arbor, in 1887.

Towards midnight of Friday, the 16th, fire of unknown origin did several hundred dollars worth of damage in the basement of St. Chrysostom's, Dearborn Ave. There was the usual Sunday school and morning service, last Sunday, but no evening service, as the gas supply was cut off. This defect will be remedied in time for the full service at Christmas.

The Rev. F. Du Moulin, assistant for a time to the late rector of Trinity, was a welcome visitor on Sunday and Monday. He preached at Trinity last Sunday evening.

California

Wm. Ford Nichols, D.D., Bishop

The regular fall meeting of the San Francisco Convocation, the Rev. W. H. Moreland, Bishop-elect of Sacramento, dean, was held in St. John's church, Oakland, the Rev. F. J. Mynard, rector. The services were opened with a celebration of the Holy Communion. The Bishop of the diocese was celebrant. The Rt. Rev. F. R. Graves, Bishop of China, preached the sermon. The clergy of the convocation having charge of the missions gave five-minute reports of the work being done. The afternoon session was made of great interest by speeches from the returned deputies to the General Convention. The Rev. Archdeacon Emery described the "Meetings of the Board of Missions," and made an urgent appeal to all to co-operate with the Bishop of the diocese and the clergy in making the Convention in 1901 a splendid success. The

Rev. Dr. Spalding gave a splendid address on "The Catholic spirit of the Convention," declaring that never before had any General Convocation reached such a high standard of Catholicity as did the last. The Rev. R. C. Foute paid a fine compliment to the women on raising over \$80,000 for missionary purposes. Bishop-elect Moreland gave one of his interesting talks on "Church Extension," and Bishop Nichols closed the meeting by stirring the convocation up to the splendid possibilities for Church life and work in 1901. The Rev. Messrs. W. C. Shaw, Hamilton Lee, and E. J. Lion were nominated for dean, the election resulting in the selection of the Rev. Edgar J. Lion, rector of St. Stephen's church, San Francisco. The convocation endorsed the plan for the formation of a diocesan Sunday school institute. At the evening session Mr. Vincent Neale, one of the deputies to the General Convention, told of the parliamentary rules broken and observed at the Convention. The address of the evening was given by the Rt. Rev. John McKim, Bishop of Tokyo, Japan, who dwelt with great interest on his work in Japan.

The annual convention of the diocese will open in St. Paul's church, San Francisco, on Tuesday, Jan. 24, 1899.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Rev. W. H. Moreland, rector of St. Luke's church, has accepted his election as Bishop of the Missionary Jurisdiction of Sacramento and will be consecrated in his own church on Wednesday, Jan. 25, 1899, St. Paul's Day.

The corner-stone of the new St. Luke's church was laid on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 4th, by the Bishop of the diocese, a large number of the clergy assisting.

Springfield

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

A "special service" in the interests of Church work among deaf-mutes was held at the church of the Redeemer, Cairo, on Monday evening, Dec. 5th, with large attendance. Bishop Hale and several clergy, delegates to the synod opening on the following day, were present. The Rev. Mr. DeRosset, the rector, read the service and sermon, Mr. Mann interpreting for the mutes worshipping with the regular congregation.

Nebraska

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

COLUMBUS.—On Thursday, Dec. 8th, there passed away one of the most distinguished men in the mission field of the West, the Rev. Samuel Goodale, D.D. Dr. Goodale was born in Berkshire Co., Mass., in 1814. He was graduated from Union College in 1833. He taught school in Wheeling, W. Va., for several years, entering the General Seminary in 1838, and graduating in 1841; the same year he was made deacon at Providence, N. I., by Bishop Griswold, and advanced to the priesthood in 1842 by Bishop DeLancey. For a time he was stationed at Syracuse, N. Y., and then at Kalamazoo, Mich. In 1853 he went to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, when he was the most western missionary in this Church. In 1855 he crossed over the border into Illinois, and was at Rock Island till 1866, in which year he accepted the appointment of general missionary in Nebraska and along the line of the Union Pacific system, making his headquarters at Columbus. His face was familiar in the early days in all parts of the State. He established the churches in Lincoln, Ashland, Fremont, Silver Creek, and many other places. He was chosen chaplain of the State senate, and served during the eighth legislature. A few years ago Dr. and Mrs. Goodale spent several months in Europe. He was present at the last General Convention, and on his return to Columbus the 1st Sunday in Advent gave a very interesting account of the proceedings of the General Convention, and stated that it was the most helpful of the several which he had attended. Dr. Goodale was the only living member of the seven founders of the Psi Upsilon at Union College, which now numbers over 6,000. Though in his 84th year, he was a regular at-

tendant at the Church services, took a special interest in the Sunday schools, and occasionally in the absence of the rector held the service. The burial service was at Grace church on Monday, the 12th, where his body lay in state during the day, watched by those who tenderly loved him. The rector, the Rev. C. A. Weed, had charge of the service, and was assisted by the Rev. Messrs. H. B. Burgess, I. Johnson, A. E. Marsh, D. C. Pattee, and J. B. Van Fleet. The burial was at Columbus.

Indiana

John Hazen White, D.D., Bishop

On the 2d Sunday in Advent, at 9 A. M., the Rev. Austin W. Mann conducted service at the State school for deaf-mutes on East Washington st., Indianapolis. At 11 A. M., in the guild rooms of Christ church, the Holy Communion was celebrated. In the evening, with the co operation and assistance of the Rev. Mr. Carstensen, a "combined service" was held in St. Paul's church. On the following Tuesday and Wednesday, services were held at Logansport, Peru, and Fort Wayne.

Washington, D. C.

Henry Yates Satterlee, D.D., Bishop

CITY.—The Rev. Norman Williams Camp, D.D., for 60 years a priest in the Church, entered into the rest of Paradise, Nov. 10th. Dr. Camp was born in May, 1817, and was the eldest son of the Hon. David Manning Camp, first lieutenant-governor of Vermont. He was educated in the schools of his native State, and in the University of Vermont, studied for orders under Bishop Hopkins, and was by him ordered deacon and priest. The active ministry of Dr. Camp was passed in the dioceses of Vermont, Mississippi, Indiana, New Jersey, New York, Albany, Long Island, Pittsburg and Maryland. During the Civil War, he was chaplain of the 4th New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, and hospital chaplain U. S. V. In 1838 he married Matilda Theresa, second daughter of Bishop Hopkins. Dr. Camp was a strong Scriptural preacher, an unremitting student until his sight failed a few years ago, particularly on matters concerning Church history and the Prayer Book, and the author of a "Ritual Handbook of Praise and Prayer," which was favorably received by liturgiologists at the time the revision of the Prayer Book was occupying the best minds in the Church.

The monthly meeting of the diocesan Sunday School Institute was held in St. Andrew's parish hall, on the evening of Dec. 12th. There was a full attendance of Sunday school teachers and officers, and many of the clergy were present. The Rev. Dr. Mackay-Smith gave an exceedingly interesting model lesson, the subject being the Christ Child, and a paper on Sunday school Christmas festivals was read by Mr. Holdsworth Gordon, of Christ church, Georgetown.

Bishop Satterlee met with an accident when alighting from a street car, on his way to the pro-cathedral, on Sunday evening, Dec. 11th. He was thrown to the ground, and one arm was dislocated. While painful, the injury is not dangerous; he was doing well the week following, and expected to be able to hold the Advent ordinations on the 18th.

The Rev. James Clark, rector of St. James' church, who was quite broken down in October from the effects of overwork, and who has been absent from the city for some weeks, has returned to his parish very much improved in health.

Long Island

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

A memorial tablet to the Rev. Edward A. Bradley, D. D., late vicar of St. Agnes' chapel, New York city, is to be placed in his former parish, St. Luke's, Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN.—A handsome painting has recently been presented to St. Martin's church, the Rev. Frederick Wm. Davis, rector, and was unveiled with a service of benediction on the patronal festival. The painting represents St. Martin consecrating the elements at the Holy Eucha-

ist. The picture is the work of a parishioner, and the frame the gift of the Men's Social Club of the parish.

On Advent Sunday a handsome silver lavabo, in memory of Frederick R. Pearsall, was presented to St. John's church.

GLEN COVE.—On the evening of the 14th, the Rev. John W. Gammack, rector of St. Paul's church, entertained the vestry at a dinner, the occasion being the presentation of a loving cup to General Pearsall, the senior warden, who this year completes the 50th of active service in the church as vestryman and warden. The presentation was made by Mr. W. M. Dudgeon, junior warden. Mr. Gammack also made a short address.

BABYLON.—The South Side Clericus held its December meeting on the 13th. There were seven members present. The Rev. Henry B. Bryan was the essayist, his subject being, "A missionary's experience among the soldiers," and consisted mainly of what he had observed while at Camp Wykoff, Montauk, in August and September last. An interesting discussion on the paper was held after its reading.

Pittsburgh

Cortlandt Whitehead, D.D., Bishop

GREENSBURG.—Dec. 3d, the congregation of Christ church celebrated the 7th anniversary of the opening of their handsome church. At 10 A. M., there was the service of the Holy Eucharist and an address by the rector, the Rev. Arthur J. Fidler; in the evening, at 7:45, choral service and a masterly sermon on music, by the Rev. Robert Grange, and a practical talk by the Rev. John Lightbourn, on the work of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. The annual choir cross was presented to the most faithful of the junior choir, and a chapter of the Brotherhood, consisting of eight men, was instituted.

Delaware

Leighton Coleman, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

The recent meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary in Trinity church, Wilmington, was one of the largest and most enthusiastic thus far held. The old officers were unanimously re-elected. Besides Bishop Coleman, there were present Bishops Morris, White, Rowe, and Garrett.

The archdeaconry of Wilmington held its autumnal meeting in Immanuel church, Wilmington. Various timely and interesting topics were discussed. The session ended in a well-attended missionary meeting, which was addressed by the Bishops of Alaska, Indiana, and Dallas, and by Mr. William R. Butler, of Central Pennsylvania.

The archdeaconry of Dover held its meeting in Smyrna, closing with a missionary service addressed by the Bishop of the diocese and the archdeacon.

The semi-annual dinner of the Church Club was a very successful affair. Nearly 100 members and guests were present. Speeches were delivered by Bishop Coleman, the Rev. Dr. Brown, of New York; the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Baltimore; the Rev. R. H. Nelson, of Philadelphia; Judge Grubb, of Wilmington, and others.

The Clerical Brotherhood met at Bishopstead, on the 6th inst., and was well attended. A paper was read by the Rev. J. H. Simons, which led to a general discussion of questions concerning Christ's Incarnation. The Bishop of Oregon was present, and delivered an earnest missionary address.

The Rev. Arthur F. Lewis was lately instituted by the Bishop into the rectorship of Delaware City, in the presence of a number of the clergy and a goodly congregation. The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. B. Phelps. On the preceding evening, a largely-attended reception was given in the parish building.

The contract has been let for the restoration of the Old Swedes' church, Wilmington, built in 1698. The work will be carefully done, under the supervision of a competent architect.

The local assembly of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew's held a service and meeting on the

eve of St. Andrew's Day, in Calvary church, Wilmington, when addresses were delivered by Bishop Coleman, the Rev. H. D. Henry, the Rev. H. W. Cunningham, Messrs. John S. Grohe and C. M. Curtis.

East Carolina

Alfred A. Watson, S.T.D., Bishop

EPISCOPAL VISITATIONS

JANUARY, 1899

1. M. P., Grace, Woodville; E. P., St. Mark's, Roxobel.
2. St. Mark's, Roxobel, Communion.
3. E. P., Advent, Williamston.
4. Advent, Williamston, Communion.
6. Grace, Plymouth.
8. M. P., Holy Innocents, Avoca.

Iowa

The following letter has been received from Dr. Morrison announcing his provisional acceptance of the election to the Bishopric:

CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, }
CHICAGO, Dec. 15, 1898. }

DEAR BRETHREN.—I received your notification of my election to the episcopate of Iowa some days ago. I was, of course, sensible of the honor the diocese had conferred upon me, but I was fully conscious that an election to the office and work of a bishop in the Church of God was not to be considered merely as an honor. The serious question was whether I could, with a good conscience, declare that I was persuaded that I was truly called according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ. I was conscious of my own unworthiness, I knew the heavy responsibilities of the office, I shrank from leaving a work with which I was familiar, and from going to a new field of labor. If I could, with a clear conscience, have declined the election, I would have done so, but after taking the wisest counsel I could secure, after seeking to find what God's will is, I am constrained to believe that the election is God's call, and an expression of His will. I do, therefore, in His strength, and trusting to His guidance, accept the election, subject to the ratification by the Standing Committees, and the approval of the House of Bishops.

Need I say, dear brethren, that I will go to Iowa with the purpose of giving myself unreservedly to the work of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, to love and serve you for His sake, and to know nothing but His interests and the good of all men, both within the Church and without?

Surely I can depend upon you all to give me love for love, and to work with me for the cause of the Lord Jesus.

Will you not pray for me without ceasing, and when I come among you, receive me gladly for the Lord's sake?

Trusting, if the election is approved by the Bishops and Standing Committees, to begin my work early in February, I am

Affectionately your brother,

THEODORE N. MORRISON.

FORT MADISON.—The special Advent services at Hope church are attracting considerable local attention this year. After Vespers in the afternoon, there is a popular evening service, consisting of Tallis' ferial Litany, one appropriate lesson, and an anthem. The rector, Dr. Berry, is giving a series of brief talks on "The four last things," which are much appreciated. Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," is given in place of the offertory anthem by the large and efficient choir, supported by organ and grand piano.

Massachusetts

William Lawrence, S. T. D., Bishop

BOSTON.—The lectures upon the Church which Father Osborne has been giving in St. John the Evangelist's church during Advent, have been largely attended and appreciated.

There has been contributed during the past month \$3,087 to city missions. Trinity church gave \$1,893 of the amount. The Rev. F. B. Allen, superintendent of city missions, who is an artist of much ability, has sold his original compositions in water colors and given the sum of \$300 to missionary work of the Church in the city.

The Rev. R. Heber Newton spoke before the Unitarian Club on Dec. 12th upon "The Truths of Unitarianism." He thought that this teaching affirms the first condition necessary to any right thinking in theology as well as in science and philosophy. The second condition laid down by him was that Unitarianism showed the utter unreasonableness of Calvinistic Christianity, and he argued that reason in religion is the only logical solution of the vexed problem of authority. The address was received with great applause by the Unitarians.

EAST BOSTON.—The teachers of the public schools have sent the Rev. W. T. Crocker of St. Mary's church, a formal letter of thanks for the manner in which he has improved the moral condition of the youth in his neighborhood, by his gymnastic and reading classes, as well as moral instruction.

ATTLEBORO.—All Saints' mission has purchased a lot of land 78x100 ft. in the centre of the town for \$1,500. The owner will give \$100 at the conclusion of the purchase. The mission has already \$1,300 towards a church building. The communicants number 96, and 49 persons have been baptized during the year. The Rev. James L. Tryon, who has this work in charge, has labored amid many trying circumstances, to bring the Church to the people of this place, and there is growing evidence of a deepened spiritual life as the result.

LOWELL.—The parish of the House of Prayer tendered a reception to its new rector, the Rev. Warner E. L. Ward, and Mrs. Ward, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 7th, from 8 to 10 o'clock, in the choir room of the church.

Milwaukee

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

A meeting of the Madison Convocation was held in St. John's church, Portage, on Dec. 13th and 14th. The rector, the Rev. Dr. Jewell, welcomed the neighboring clergy in the substantial new church which will soon be ready for consecration. At the opening service, the Rev. F. C. Jewell, of Oconomowoc, was the preacher. The Bishop made a short address. On Wednesday morning, Dec. 14th, Bishop Nicholson celebrated and gave a very helpful meditation on the character of St. John Baptist, and the example of his fearlessness and faithfulness as a preacher. At 9:30 Dr. Jewell spoke of the *personae* and proceedings of the late General Convention, and reviewed some of the important work done by that body. The remainder of the morning was spent in discussing parochial money-making schemes, their use and abuse. Dr. Jewell opened the afternoon session, with an exhaustive paper, "Recreation not amusement, the Christian idea, law, and privilege." The writer took an advanced position, and the ideal set forth called out an interesting discussion on the attitude of the Christian toward various amusements, and the place of recreation, mental and physical, in the priest's life. The Rev. Fr. Gonter treated "The subversive influence of woman's Church guilds on the vestry," in an original and entertaining manner; he asked for a more general appreciation of the work of the women of the Church, and urged the vestrymen to share the labor as well as the credit, with them. The Rev. C. L. Barnes spoke on some missionary difficulties in the diocese. The meeting concluded with Evening-song, when the Bishop preached on the Christian's idea and ideal of strength; it was a sermon which will be long remembered. While the attendance at this meeting was not as large as expected, it was throughout a very helpful one, particularly to the clergy.

St. Peter's, North LaCrosse, is proceeding with its new building, under the Rev. Chas. A. Corbitt's direction. The foundation is dug and the stone wall laid. The church structure will go up at once.

The new guild hall at the church of the Nativity, North Milwaukee, is now completed, and is a most useful addition to the work of that interesting mission. Mr. George R. Schroeder, lay-reader, is faithfully serving this congregation, under the supervision of the Rev. George F. Burroughs.

The Living Church

Chicago

Rev. C. W. Leffingwell, Editor and Proprietor

Christian Side of Christmas

WHAT other than a Christian side should Christmas have? It has as many sides in the world as there are angles at which Christianity is viewed. Agnostics keep Christmas of some sort; at any rate, they give Christmas gifts. In the universal and, for the most part, meaningless observance of the day, there is danger of profaning the holy tide by making it a mere national or world's festival. We have sometimes thought that even the Roundhead, Cromwellian aversion to Christmas was not more out of joint with the true meaning of the day than that other idea that Christmas is a mere time of junketting, of matinees, of games, dances, and the like. We are unkindly enough to quarrel even with old Santa Claus, if that household legend could possibly obscure or weaken in the child's mind the idea of a Personal Saviour coming to earth as the Babe of Bethlehem. The fact is, Christmas is inwoven with such a mesh of poetic conceits, legends, folk lore, national observances, traditions, and art fancies, that the true, spiritual meaning of it is the one thing most in danger of being neglected.

Christmas is, first of all, a Catholic feast. It is not a season so much as a day. Advent is a season; and so, from Christmas to Epiphany may be called the Christmas season—indeed, we might call it the Christmas season from Christmas Eve to the eve of Septuagesima. But the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, is the one thing that Christmas means, or should mean, with Christian people. We rejoice for such a gift to man; but the Church never yet taught license in rejoicing. There is something of a profanation in a round of visiting which disqualifies for attendance at church services; or of such a wild craze in Christmas shopping that every cent is spent before the alms basons of Christmas morn go down the cedar-wreathen aisles. There should be some time and place left for the theology of Christmas, so to say; for the apprehension anew, as years roll by, of its spiritual meaning; for the fixing deep in one's mind the image of the Infant Redeemer in His mother's arms in Bethlehem.

We say these things because the whole tendency of modern theism, of every cult that is anti-Catholic, ranges itself in either silent disregard or insidious attack of the supernatural event which Christmas commemorates. There does not live a man in Christian lands, we believe, who reviles Christ; very few there are who refuse to credit Him with exalted virtues; and yet to credit Him with less than He claimed for Himself, is to make Him an impostor. There can be no human Christ without a Divine Christ, for "Christ" means "Anointed," and "Jesus" means "Sent." The Church must hold the Image of the Manger not second even to that of the Cross and the rended Tomb.

We plead then this year for a Catholic, Christian Christmas. Is it possible that there can be in "this Church" a single communicant, even one, who makes much of the first Sunday in the month, and yet could neglect Christmas Day? Is Christmas Day to be loaded down with mere scenic and

gastronomic features, and are the superb services of the Church to be neglected? One almost wishes there were plain dinners on Christmas Day, and that the feasting came in later during Christmas week. As to revelry, forbid the thought! Christmas is not a festival of Bacchus or Thespis. It is not a cornucopia day, or day of tin horns and firecrackers. It is strange how much even the Church in some places falls in with the world in its thoughtless treatment of Christmas Day. Let it be less of a holiday if necessary, to make it more of a holy day. The Church ought to teach the lesson of true Christmas observance, and make it a quiet, spiritual, heavenly feast.

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A Blessing in Disguise

THERE are many indications that the present agitation in England against "Ritualism" is by no means an unmixed evil. The real danger lies in the possible interference of Parliament in directly religious matters, which, as that body is now constituted, would put a tremendous strain upon the consciences of loyal Churchmen. But, aside from that possibility, which may be averted, it is clear that, as Mr. Geo. Russell says in *The Churchman*, the crisis has been "in many ways advantageous." It has been very noticeable that, aside from the crass vulgarity of Kensit and his associates, the objections offered in the public press to certain features of the Catholic movement have been less acrimonious and more discriminating than would have been thought possible forty years ago. This is true, for instance, of confession, notwithstanding the revival in some quarters of all the old accusations against it. The tendency is marked to admit its proper use, at least under certain circumstances.

But to our mind, the chief value of the agitation has been in its effects upon the "advanced" clergy themselves. It has forced them to reconsider the position into which they had drifted, in which every man was becoming a law unto himself, and to revise decisively their relation to authority. There are many circumstances in the history of the last thirty years which explain, and go far to excuse, the headless condition of things which has existed of late years. It was a matter of conscience with the men of the Catholic movement to refuse to acknowledge the legitimacy of a purely secular court in ecclesiastical matters. Some of them went to prison rather than render obedience to the decisions of such courts. On the other hand, the bishops, to a considerable extent, failed to appreciate the position of such men, and made themselves the instruments of putting these decisions in force. Those who refused obedience were called "law-breakers," whereas their contention was that, in ignoring the secular law courts, they were obeying the law of the Church. Thus came about a wide chasm between the bishops and many of their clergy. The latter ceased to look to their spiritual superiors for direction and guidance, regarding them as having evacuated their office of its real authority by making themselves mere officers of the State. It was an unfortunate condition of things and could not fail to lead to serious evils.

Among other things, the thoughtful friends of the Catholic movement in the Church of England, have seen with regret and anxiety a tendency to play fast and loose with the Prayer Book, to alter, re-

arrange, or omit, according to the good pleasure of the individual priest, and to bring in new devotions of various kinds, virtually superseding the appointed offices, and certainly changing the whole spirit of the services. Such a course must, in the long run, be fatal to the movement, as far as its existence in the Church of England is concerned; and it has had the further evil of encouraging the growth of liberalism. The fathers of the Tractarian or Oxford school occupied an impregnable position when they planted themselves firmly upon the law of the Prayer Book and became strict observers of the rubrics. Their successors, in departing from this position, gave up a vantage ground from which they were able to defy all assailants, and in which they strongly witnessed against laxity and lawlessness in other sections of the Church.

We should regard it as worth all it costs if the present agitation results in the restoration of the normal and proper relations between priest and bishop; in other words, if the authority of the Church as represented by the bishop comes to be again recognized. The history of events in the great diocese of London during the past eight months is completely reassuring on this head. This was made evident by the voluntary action of the great majority of the leaders among the advanced or so-called ritualistic clergy, and by their ready acquiescence afterwards in the bishops' directions on the subject of additional services.

As to the more faithful use of the Prayer Book, the prospect is equally satisfactory. Nothing can show this better than a recent editorial on "Loyalty to Our Formularies," in *The Church Review*, commonly taken to be the most "advanced" of English Church papers. This paper begins by congratulating the Church on the changed attitude of the episcopate to-day, as compared with that of forty years ago. While doubtful whether it would be well to give the bishops unrestricted powers of discipline, *The Review* considers that there can be no such doubt as to one point; namely, that the power of the bishops "to make priests stick to the Prayer Book" ought to be strengthened. It then proceeds:

The clergy have no right to play tricks with that Book. They are very angry, and righteously angry, when the Privy Council inserts a "not" into the Ornaments Rubric, and when bishops try to make the words of that rubric of none effect by their tradition. But how about the priests who take any amount of liberties with the Book of Common Prayer? The laity of the Church of England have a right to expect when they go to church that they shall hear the service as it is in the said Book prescribed, but they do not always get it. A devout Catholic some morning goes to his parish church to make his Communion, and in simplicity and guilelessness provides himself with a Prayer Book. He finds the Ten Commandments and the Prayer for the Queen left out. He then turns to the collect for the day, and cannot make out what the celebrant is saying. He finds out afterwards that a proper collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the festival of St. Bag-o-Bones have been used. Quite as likely as not he will find the priest going on to the *Sursum Corda* after the Prayer for the Church Militant, and perhaps omitting the Comfortable Words; but he will not find that the priest has any hesitation in keeping the congregation waiting while he says an interminable quantity of private prayer. He does not object to priests saying their own devotions before Communion—he is not such a fool as to mind that—on the contrary, he is

rather glad of a little silence for his own private devotions—but he does not think that the prescribed order should be mutilated so that the clergy may have plenty of time for their *secretæ*, nor does he think that twenty out of the thirty-five minutes that the service lasts should be spent in silence. English Catholics have not yet been “educated up” to saying the rosary while the priest is celebrating Mass, and they never will be.

Then after referring to the recitation in church of forms of devotion which are, to say the least, destitute of authority, the editor declares that “it must be felt that the priest who acts thus must be in his heart of hearts a Protestant in spite of this veneer of Catholicism, and one asks, ‘what right has an individual priest to go behind the prescribed order of the Prayer Book—an order to which he has pledged himself when he was licensed as a curate or inducted as an incumbent?’ ‘This kind of thing can only be called Protestant nonconformity.’”

We call it Protestant because it is simply an exercise of private judgment. It protests against that which the Church orders, and introduces that which the Church, rightly or wrongly, has abandoned. We call it nonconformity because it refuses to do that which the Church prescribes, and introduces that which it thinks to be better. The whole principle of the thing is wrong, and this being so, no good can come from it. Never yet in the history of the world did a man or a body of men, mend one mistake by making another; never yet in the history of the Church was God’s cause served by the rejection of lawful authority. What we have in the Church of England is thoroughly Catholic. We have during the past few weeks shown—conclusively, as we think—that the Church and her Book of Common Prayer are in the truest sense of the word Catholic. Let us use what we have got, and let us use it loyally; let us build up our fellow-countrymen on Church of England and Prayer Book lines; and we may be sure that the result will be that the English Churchmen of the next century will be sound and thorough Catholics. If we refuse to do this, the Catholic movement is doomed sooner or later to be the victim of disintegration, and the only people who will profit by it will be the Roman Communion on the one side, and the forces of Antichrist on the other.

Nothing could be more forcible or more just, and the Kensit disturbances, however unwarrantable in themselves, will have fulfilled a providential mission of inestimable value, if the result is to bring men back from side paths into which they have strayed, and to vindicate the sound principles upon which victories were won in times past, and upon which alone they can be won in the future.



Five-Minute Talks

BY CLINTON LOCKE

CLXXXVI.

IT is the day before Christmas, and our own dear Lord is the Hero for whose coming all that is noblest and best in the world is waiting. We honor Him ever, but to-morrow above all days. We honor our father every day and love him and comfort his declining years; but once a year there comes his birthday, and then our love grows warmer and our devotion is more touching. So with the Lord Jesus. Each day the devout heart breathes softly the aspiration, “Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee,” but to-day (the Church often anticipates) that love flames into gleaming brightness, for this is the day of His Birth. This is the day when He came unto “His own.” What do we mean by “His own”? Rather ask, what we

do not mean by it? What is not His? The sun that rose and set on Bethlehem was His. The stars that shone upon His Birth-night were His. The great city Rome that called itself the world’s ruler was His. This glorious land which we call a Republic is His. This city is His own. Every dollar of your property belongs to Him. You are His, your bodies, your minds, your souls. There is nothing in all the whole mighty periphery of creation, not the furthest planet in the dimmest space, that can lift up its voice and say: “Jesus Christ does not own me.” “All power is given to Him in heaven and in earth.”

I am well aware that my text, “He came unto His own,” has a closer meaning than the one I have just given. When He came there was in the world a nation particularly favored by God, and which He called “His own.” This will not strike you as strange, for you consider yourselves just such a people now. Do you not with justice speak of this as a favored land, as one which God seems to smile upon with a sunnier smile than upon, for example, Spain? Have there not always been favored people and always favored individuals? The Jews had preserved more than any other people the idea of the one God, of the awful sanctity of duty, and therefore God had favored them. Those are the reasons why He favors us, and like the Jews, when our worship of Him becomes a mere idle form and all the life is gone out of it, we, too, must lose our place and another nation take our crown. So then it was among the people called God’s people, in the land called God’s land, descendant of its ancient kings on His Mother’s side, that Jesus came. I know the full text is, “He came unto His own and His own received Him not.” But on this festal day, I will not recall the sad story of His rejection. There were some who did receive Him, not only Jews, but Gentiles. The flame spread. Wider and wider grew His empire, and as the years went on, and men pitched their tents on the Atlantic shore, there, too, He came and found a resting place in hearts. And with the emigrant wagon and the rushing train and the printing press and the holy women and the God-fearing pioneer, came His word and His story and His glad tidings.

The Queen of England had times without number ridden through her capital city, but on her Jubilee Day there was a pomp and a ceremony and a joy as if never she had appeared there before. So now, we know that our Lord is ever coming to us, that in every Sacrament He offers Himself to our hearts; but we love to mark His coming to-day, His Birthday, as we do no other time; just as the city was decked for the Queen with color and banner and joyous device, so do we deck the city of our God for the coming of our King. The pine tree from the wood yields up her spicy branches. The cedar and the fir give up their fadeless beauty. We place upon His gleaming altar our loveliest flowers. We sing sweeter hymns of praise, and again and again goes up the cry, *Gloria, Gloria, Gloria in Excelsis*. We gladden the hearts of our children with gifts and pleasures. We spread the poor man’s table. We cover the beggar’s rags. We brighten the dimmed links of the chain of friendship. We feel a warmer flowing of the heart blood. We smile a kindlier smile. We forget the wretchedness and the horror of much of life, and from every nook and corner of the English-speaking world ring out those lov-

ing, holy, venerable, priceless words, “Merry Christmas.”

There are ghosts that come back at Christmas. Phantoms not terrible but dear as our very lives float across our memory. Dead fathers and mothers and children come trooping through our hearts and say: “Do you remember when you and I spent Christmas in the past?” Sad thoughts, indeed, but O, dear God, do not take them from us.”

He comes to His own. Surely you will receive Him. There are those who shut their heart doors against Him, but you will not. You know that it is not the beauty and the splendor of the house you visit that makes it a pleasant house to enter, but the welcome you receive; just so with the Lord Jesus. It is not the culture, or the rank, or the knowledge of a heart He looks at, but the welcome it gives Him. He enters in wherever He sees the beckoning hand, the yearning glance, wherever He hears the whispered prayer. He enters in wherever there is a desire to serve Him better; wherever there is a feeling of loyalty to His person; wherever there is a purpose to do Him service in the persons of His representatives, the Church, the poor, the sick. These, indeed, are “His own.” Come, Holy Child, come, glorious Lord, enter into our hearts! Pass us not by! We are Thine own.



The Church Idea

FROM THE ANNUAL ADDRESS OF THE BISHOP OF SPRINGFIELD TO HIS SYNOD, DEC. 6, 1898

“Brethren.” Let us fix our minds upon this title of address, as containing the inspiration of foundation truth and fruitful ideas which ought to fill us with love and zeal for the majestic work which Providence seems to impose upon us, as a branch of God’s Church, and the multiplied duties which this closing year’s experience of our nation’s life demands of us as a diocese.

The foundation truth wrapped upon the word, “brother” is “the Church idea”; the idea of the family, as distinguished from any voluntary association, as a guild, or club, or party; or legal organization, as an incorporated society, or bank, or commercial company. These institutions do not present the Church idea. They are all, so to speak, accidental; they are all made by man, and may come to an end of themselves, or be dissolved by the agency which created them.

The family, on the other hand, has its genesis directly from God, and is beyond the control of man, either to essentially change it or destroy it. It came into existence with man, and with him it must continue to the end. What it was when our first parents were addressed as father and mother by their offspring, it will be when the last child is born. Our introduction into the family is divine. We come into it by natural birth, and in it we must perforce remain; we cannot get out of it. God’s hand wraps around the hearts of its members the ties of kindred, and man’s hand is powerless to unbind them. The family, then, is permanent, universal, and strong. As such, it is chosen by God, in the Incarnation of His Son, and in His Holy Word, to set before us in clear outline and familiar detail the essential character and features of His Church, our heavenly home, that is, to give us the “Church idea.”

It is necessary to insist upon this truth, and press it home upon our attention and thought, because it is largely out of sight at the present day, either obscured, or forgotten, or refused. Men have degraded the majestic and holy ideal of the Church as God’s family, “the whole family of heaven and earth,” named after Jesus Christ, into the conception of a voluntary association of people who happen to agree in opinion, or belief, or interest, and hence they speak of “joining the Church.” No stronger proof could

be supplied of misconception of thought than the current speech which reveals thought. God's chosen object lesson of His Church, taken from the holiest, and best, and most familiar experiences of every man—the family, demonstrates the error.

We understand well enough that the family is not an artificial arrangement contrived by man, and hence our language never betrays us. We never by any chance speak of "joining a family." If we did, we would be justly laughed at, as uttering what was absurd. When man and woman marry they do not, either of them, join a family, but they unite in holy wedlock, under the similitude of Christ's union with His Church, His bride, to create a new earthly family.

The Incarnation has its root in the family. The union in holy wedlock of St. Joseph and St. Mary was the safeguard of the Blessed Virgin, and "the power of the Highest" which overshadowed her, called into requisition human birth as the door of entrance into this world of the Son of God as the Saviour of mankind. Do you seek for Jesus as He comes? You find Him the centre of the family circle, "wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." Do you seek Him at the end? You find Him on the Cross, creating by His word the spiritual family, as He ties the holy love knot between St. Mary and St. John, as He crosses and recrosses the sacred names, mother and son. "When Jesus, therefore, saw His mother and the disciple standing by whom He loved, He said unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son. Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother. And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." The first recorded word of our Saviour was, "Father," when He said: "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" and His last was, "Father," when He cried: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit; and having said this, He gave up the Ghost." Christ is "the Head of the Church," and He comes to take His place among men as such, not only as "the Son of Man" among men, but as "born of a woman," and as a Child in the midst of the Holy Family. The Church is Christ's Body, and it must be essentially the same as its Head. Its origin and its characteristics must be the same. Holy Scripture justifies these anticipations in its description of the reality. The Church is ushered into this world by birth, as explicitly stated by Christ: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." Its root idea is the fellowship of the family, impressed upon every believer whenever he obeys the Divine Master and prays, for Jesus commands: "When ye pray, say Our Father who art in heaven."

Never does the Word of God in the Old Testament or the New, in Law, Prophets, Gospel, Epistle, or Apocalypse, suggest any other idea as illustrating the organic relation of the members of the Church to the Head and to each other, than that of the family, the one earthly institution created directly by the hand of God. The one earthly institution which is more permanent than all others, since it began before them, it has come down the centuries with them, and it will survive them; more comprehensive than all others, since it embraces the whole human race; stronger than all others, since without armies, or navies, or civil service, or ramparts, or fortifications, it endures, and will endure even to the end.

The "Church idea," then, is presented by the family, the most familiar institution on earth. Let us grasp this idea, and embrace it in our minds and hearts. In our minds, as a logical conclusion which cannot be dislodged; and in our hearts, as an object demanding our supreme veneration and love. Be assured the current thought of the day has drifted far away from this idea, and confuses the Church with mere earthly institutions which man makes, just as the world lost sight of the true idea of the Messiah when Jesus was here, and confounded Him with ordinary men, so that the great Forerunner could boldly say, as touching Christ, to the men of his age, "there standeth One among you,

whom ye know not; He it is, who, coming after me, is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose." It must not be said in like manner to the men of this age, of the Body of Christ, His Church, there exists among you an institution which ye know not, as essentially distinguished from all other organized bodies on earth. This it is which is man's spiritual home, the suburbs of the city "whose Maker and Builder is God," the heavenly Jerusalem where will dwell forever the whole family, named after its Divine Head, Jesus Christ. At all events, this awful arraignment must not be made against the clergy and laity of this diocese, if any words and arguments and appeals of ours can prevent it.

The Church idea, as God reveals it in Scripture and displays it in the genesis, and sacraments, and nomenclature of His divine organization for man's salvation, the Church, is full of love and sweet comfort for all. If there is any condemnation, it is the condemnation men pronounce upon themselves when they choose the evil and refuse the good, when they prefer darkness to light, and ruin to salvation.

The spirit of the Church is breathed in her first letter to her children (Acts xv: 28-29): "For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," she writes, "to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things; that ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication; from which, if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well. Fare ye well."

Here are the words of temperate and generous admonition, an admonition which might have gone further and added many things, but stops with the few "necessary things," because our tender, considerate mother would lay no greater burden upon her children than they can bear. She utters no threats in case her injunctions are unheeded. She simply urges that if her counsels are followed all will be well. She leaves the consequences of disobedience as inevitable inferences to be drawn by all who stop to think. This has always been her way, to teach and speak the truth in love. Her creeds, her offices, her formularies of worship, are all positive. They teach the truth; this is their substance and matter, and they teach it in the spirit of love. "I believe" is the affirmative position of the Creed, and the declarations run on in this manner to the end. Baptism gives the spiritual birth, Confirmation the breath of heaven, the Holy Eucharist the children's divine meat and drink, and the other offices bring each their benediction for life, or sickness, or death, and the worship, beginning with "Our Father," reaches its consummation when the Blessed Jesus says: "Take, eat; this is My Body; drink, this is My Blood." No word of condemnation is heard, no threat is ever uttered, no alternative of accept this or "be damned," is ever presented. Contrast this, the matter of the Church's teaching,—truth and her manner—love, with the spirit and method of the earliest sect which appeared in the Christian body. Here it is, as described in the New Testament (Acts xv: 1): "And certain men which came down from Judea, taught the brethren, and said, Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved."

The matter of this teaching—the perpetual obligation of circumcision, is, as was soon demonstrated, false, and the manner in which the teaching was given was imperious and arbitrary. It breathed the spirit of individual self-assertion and of an intolerant demand for unconditional acquiescence and obedience, with a threat expressed that unless submission was yielded salvation was forfeited; in a word, it was the position of those who insist that every one must agree with them or be eternally ruined.

So inherent is this spirit in those who separate themselves, that even when they adopt infidelity and ideas of universal salvation as their platform of principles, they will, when made angry by those who oppose themselves, consign them to Gehenna, in which they profess not to believe.

Our mother, the Church, is majestic in her strength, and hence she can afford to be tolerant. She is Catholic in her comprehensiveness and hence she insists only upon necessary things, generic principles, and leaves out of account specific differences which are incidental and transitory. She is filled with the love of Christ by the Spirit who dwells in her, and hence her teaching is positive, "I believe. I believe"—the faith; and her action is positive, "I do, I do"—obedience. Her only negative is renunciation of the devil and all his works, and her nearest approach to severity of tone is the gentle, affectionate advice and warning as she mentions forbidden evils, "from these things, if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well."

We wish with all our heart that we could correct and banish the misapprehension which so widely prevails on this point, that the Church is narrow, exclusive, and threatens with perdition those who do not agree with her in her teaching and administration. Nothing could be further from the truth. On the contrary, she insists that every one will be judged according to that which he hath, and not according to that which he hath not; that every one is bound in conscience to live up to the light which he can see. The Church has no threats, no anathemas, save for open and awful sin and immorality. She rests upon the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Hence comes the substance of her teaching, "truth"; hence comes the spirit of her teaching, "love." She is the household of God, the whole family in heaven and earth, named after Christ. In her circle there are no surnames, only Christian names; no titles of earthly distinction, or gradations of social rank. All are on an equality, all are brethren in Christ, and children by the Spirit, crying, "Abba, Father."

Christians have drifted from the Church idea. Let us seek to win them back. It took them a long time to wander away as far as they have gone; it must needs require a long time for them to return from the far country. Let us hope to gain them by holding up before them the Church idea, and teaching them that they can best interpret it and understand it by recalling the past in childhood's memories which centre in their home, or by fixing their minds upon the object and the scenery which it brings into view, which by common consent have the deepest and the firmest hold upon the affections of mankind in the present—the family, and thus learn to say: "I will arise and go to my father." Let us assure them that there await them a glad welcome and generous hospitality which will share with them the richest and the best in bounteous profusion.

The title, "Brethren," then, takes us down to the foundation truth, that the Church is God's family, that He is the Father, and that we are His children, potentially through the Incarnation, and actually and really as we are born again by water and the Spirit in the laver of regeneration. Thus the brotherhood of Christ binds us together in a spiritual solidarity and puts us in possession of a heavenly home on earth, where as trustees for God we hold in charge room enough and to spare for boundless hospitality, treasures of untold value, and privileges of infinite worth.

Here our duties begin, duties which arise out of the foundation truth, the Church idea, the Christian family, the duties of brotherhood; of brotherhood to those near at hand, first, and then to those far away, to those primarily whom neighborhood places within our reach, and afterwards to those, however far removed in space, whom the hand of God brings into association with us.

Our home missionary work is not less than it was, its demands have increased, and we have now what may be termed legitimate foreign missionary work. We say "legitimate," because in the past there were many who contended that our missions to Africa and China and Japan had no just claim upon us, that they were outside our boundaries, and beyond our sphere of obligation as debtors to the heathen. It was urged that our immense sweep of territory from

ocean to ocean, through the most productive and genial zone of the earth, was swarming with foreigners from all lands, and that we had most emphatically foreign missions at home. Whatever force there may have been in this reasoning is of little consequence now, since within the limits of the eight months last past, we have been lifted by the hand of God out of our domestic seclusion and hurried abroad into strange seas, and forced to become partners in the concert of European Powers.

We are, almost without our will or wish, or consent, the owners of new possessions in the East and the West and the South. We have become, it would seem, unmistakably by the hand of God, His trustees, and have been given charge of foreign races and tribes, to educate them and Christianize them. Our sphere of responsibility has been tremendously expanded, and our burden of duties has been correspondingly increased. We have foreign missions now beyond dispute, and our work for Christ must carry us, as laborers in His harvest, to Hawaii and Puerto Rico, and Cuba and the Philippines.

We cannot reach out at once and meet the limits of our obligations by one leap, as it were, but we can prepare ourselves for our great and glorious task, so that when the times comes, as very soon it will, we shall be ready.

It is for this reason we have been lifting up before you the Church idea, as the divine family, in order to inspire you with the devotion and the enthusiasm which would fitly qualify you to pray and give and labor, as the Lord requires and expects. If one's family does not lay under contribution a man's best thought and energy and severest self-denial to support it, as a rule, nothing else will. Hence our effort is to deepen and strengthen in you, our brethren of the clergy and laity, the Church idea, that it, thus rooted and grounded in you, may bring forth fruit in strengthening things at home, that you may be able to reach out and help things abroad.

Weak as we are comparatively, it is no reason why we should not do our best. It is the proportion, not the amount, which God weighs, and of which he takes account. We have done fairly well, but we can, and we ought to, do better. Our proportion is not up to the measure which the love of home would prompt, and the devotion of a child would give.

The salaries of our clergy might easily be increased. A little more self-denial on the part of some would in many a field bring comfort to a rector who, with his family, is pinched for the necessities of life.

Our laity might pay for the support of the Blessed Gospel as a matter of obligation, the sweet obligation of love, and not, as we fear most do, as a gift, grudgingly bestowed, and often measured as to amount, not by their ability to pay, but by comparison with what others contribute.

Our missions, dependent upon outside aid, would after a time release the helping hand, and bid us reach it out to some other mission which was just starting forth to live as they did years ago.

We have been in the diocese twenty years, and in only a single instance has the missionary appropriation been voluntarily surrendered. Making the largest allowance for the excuses and explanations which are offered, this state of things is not as it should be. There must be something wrong somewhere, or missions would not be forever learning to swim, the helping corks would be willingly and gladly surrendered to novices who were just entering the water and beginning to buffet the waves.

Offerings for diocesan missions, and the maintenance of the episcopate, and other objects which claim our support as a matter of canonical obligation, should be cheerfully made, and steadily increased in amount, as home duties which we discharge without urging or admonition.

A spirit of lively interest in all that concerns the welfare of the diocese, and the strengthening of its institutions and funds, should be cultivated, and as love has no limits, this zeal for

God's Kingdom would embrace our larger mission fields and outside claims as they offered themselves.

In the same way, the Church idea, grasped and held in the hearts and minds of the clergy, would relieve the hard condition of their lot, as it ordinarily falls into their lap, of much of its drudgery, and make them feel like children laboring in their home, and not as servants working for hire in the fields of strangers.

The relation between the clergy and their flocks is not that of hired operatives; it is in theory a life tenure of office and of the tenderest character. The pastor acting under the authority and following the example of "the Good Shepherd," goes before his sheep, leads them, calls them by their names, baptizes the little ones, feeds them all with food convenient for them—milk for the babes, strong meat for men. In a word, he presents a lovely reality of the ideal sketched in the Ordinal: he is a "messenger, watchman, and steward of the Lord," and as such he goes out and in among his people "to teach and to premonish, to feed and to provide for the Lord's family; to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ forever."

What a marvelous and blessed change for the better would pass over our clergy and laity, over our parishes and missions, our Sunday schools, and agencies of all kinds in aid of Christian life and work, if the "Church idea" permeated the heads and hearts of us all. If we all understood as we should, and believed as we ought, that the Church is God's family, like our earthly home in its origin and essential elements, but transcending it, as carrying us in the embrace of its circle of love beyond the reach of sin, sorrow, and death, and placing us crowned with immortality and bliss and glory before the throne of the Eternal Father in Heaven. Is it not possible for us to saturate ourselves, so to speak, with this idea? Can we not think of it whenever we say, "Our Father," in private and public devotion? Can we not recall it whenever we enter the earthly temple, and say to ourselves, this is our Father's house, we are at home here? Can we not feel within ourselves that every Baptism gives us a new brother or sister in the Lord, and that all the sacred offices have a personal interest for us as relating to those who are of our spiritual kith and kin? Cannot our clergy sometimes dwell upon the lovely idea in their sermons, and hold up to their people the conception of "the whole family in heaven and earth," named after our Lord Jesus Christ? (Ephes. iii:14 15.) Cannot we, as we recall the past, and think of our loved ones departed, console ourselves with the real, substantial comfort ministered to us in the assurance of faith that they are in the same home, only gone up higher at our Heavenly Father's bidding, and that death no more breaks the family bond than it dissolves the impress of personal identity? If we choose, we can fill ourselves with the Church idea, the home idea, and then the strongest love which can thrill and rule the human heart will draw us to our work with enthusiastic devotion in mission, parish, Sunday school, Woman's Auxiliary, guild, club, or whatever it may be. We shall be, children, men and women, clergy and laity, and bishop, as busy as bees. Our diocese will hum with activity, and we shall become strong at home, and thus we shall be equipped and ready, in proportion to our ability, to help others abroad.

To be stronger at home, then, we plead for larger offerings, not collections, contributions, gifts, but offerings, payments of interest on our Heavenly Father's investment in us, in ourselves, in the raw material which he loans to us, and in the health and strength with which He blesses us, to enable us to get gain. We owe God at least one-tenth, we should pay more. One-tenth let us pay, as a debt of love, due to our Father in Heaven. He will receive it, and as He receives our oblations of bread and wine, and returns them to us with the gift of His Eternal Son's Body and Blood added spiritually

by the power of the Holy Ghost, so he restores our alms to us, to dispense as in our judgment seems best, to promote the advancement of His Kingdom, our own home; and He at the same time enlarges our hearts, and sweetens our dispositions, and improves and enriches our spiritual natures, as an additional reward bestowed upon us when we are obedient and honest, and honor God "with the first fruits of our substance."

To be strong at home, we ask for larger salaries for our clergy, for more consideration for their comfort, and more generous provision for extending the hospitalities of parish and mission to our neighbors in the next city and hamlet.

To be strong at home, we need increased zeal in our clergy in devotion to their calling, representing as well the pastor in the homes of their flocks, as the priest in the sanctuary and at the altar, holding up always and everywhere, the ideal of a life consecrated to the Master's service.

With clergy and laity united in the tender relations of the spiritual home, and striving together with all fidelity to co-operate with each other in the discharge of their duty, missions and parishes will flourish, the diocese will increase in strength, and we shall be prepared to take our proportionate share of responsibility in meeting the demands for expanding missionary work, which must soon crowd upon us from our new acquisitions of territory and people.

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Letters to the Editor

ONE DOLLAR!

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

What are the facts about the General Clergy Relief Fund? When was it organized? What has it accomplished? What are its sources of income, and what its present prospects? It is certainly not a new society, for it was organized by the General Convention of 1853. It was intended, like domestic missions, to cover the entire field of the Church. Any clergyman, any widow or orphan of a clergyman, can apply to it for assistance, and since the year 1871 the Board of Trustees have responded to all appeals so far as a limited income would allow them. I suppose the average yearly distribution for this whole period would be about \$10,000 a year. This amount has been realized from interest on the capital, the royalty on the new Hymnal, the gifts of individuals, and collections in churches. I may have overestimated the amount disbursed in the last twenty-six years, but supposing it to have been twice that sum, it would have been but the half of what this great, rich Church of ours could and should have given for so worthy a cause. The most that any one beneficiary has received in a year up to this present time is the small sum of \$100, and the prospects for the future are really no better than in the past. It is true the General Convention of 1895 designated one day in the year for parish offerings; viz., Quinquagesima Sunday (or some Sunday near it), but this will accomplish little for the increase of the fund until the clergy themselves are converted to a personal interest in the subject.

But how shall such conversion be accomplished and what shall be the sign of a conversion except a personal contribution on the part of the clergy themselves? By sending one dollar for each clergyman, the diocese of Easton has signified its conversion to the idea of clerical contributions. Why could not all the clergy fall in line? I believe they can, and will, do "this one thing." Self-interest or a desire to help others, ought to persuade every priest of the Church to join this national project, but will they do it? I think so, and am loath to believe there is any soul among them unwilling to stretch out the hand of assistance when once persuaded that the scheme is practical. And again, there are good reasons why the dioceses should officially recognize this work of general clergy relief. Individuals in sixty-four dioceses and districts have been assisted from this fund in the last three years, and that includes nearly, if not all, as recipients. Are the clergy generally

aware of this fact? Has it been reported at conventions as an interesting piece of information? If not, then it certainly should have been. Can benefits be received without recognition? We are quite certain this state of things will not continue if the clergy "awake out of sleep" and contribute the one dollar a year. Of course no clergyman would necessarily confine his contribution to this small sum of one dollar a year. We should not expect Dean Hoffman to cut down his annual five hundred dollars to one dollar a year; rather, "may his tribe increase." But certainly there are very few of the poorest of the clergy who could not by hook or crook save one dollar for a fund in which his entire family are concerned. One establishes a moral right to consideration and assistance by personal gifts.

We all know that diocesan provision for the old clergy, their widows and orphans, is, except in a few instances, totally inadequate. There is absolutely nothing for these wards of the Church in the western and southern dioceses—nothing certainly in any of the missionary jurisdictions—at home or abroad. It is only to this poor, neglected, almost forgotten fund that any of these can turn for relief. Think of it, my brother clergymen, and give your dollar a year! Think of it, ye wives of the clergy, and help on, for your own sake, the good work! Think of it, ye women of the Auxiliary, and tithe your next generous offering! These are God's special poor, ye rectors who handle all the Communion alms of the Church, a tenth of which, say ancient usage and the General Convention of 1880, belongs of right to the superannuated clergy. Let us not cry out: "Shame on the Church for her neglect of the old clergy," but shame on ourselves that out of the means at our command we do not give as we are abundantly able, "that there may be meat in God's house," and then believe as Christians should, that "God will pour us out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

THEO. I. HOLCOMBE.

Advent, 1898.

STRICT DIVORCE LAWS

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

The stand you take in connection with divorce laws is especially gratifying, and it is a source of great comfort and safety to Church people here in North Dakota, where we are so unfortunate as to have such a poor law on this matter. The attitude our Church assumes on this question is winning many warm friends and admirers among the different denominations. Some say they would enter the Roman Catholic Church if no other afforded them a shelter and defence against this shameful state of affairs caused by divorce laws. May you live long, and prosper to uphold the dignity, purity, and power of our Church.

F. P.

PRIMITIVE SECTARIANISM

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

Of the distinction of spiritual governors there was never in ancient times made any question. Nor did it seem disputable in the Church, except to one malcontent, Aërius, who did indeed, get a name in story. He never made much noise or attained any vogue in the world. He found very few followers in his heterodoxy. No great body, even of heretics, could find cause to dissent from the Church on this point, but all Arians, Macedonians, Novations, Donatists, etc., maintained the distinction of ecclesiastical order among themselves, and acknowledged the duty of the inferior clergy to their bishops. (Barrow's Sermons, I. 506.) The line of Donatist bishops ran on till the times of Pope Siricius, A. D. 390, and gave occasion to the orthodox in North Africa and other parts of the West, to dwell more than had previously been the case, upon the succession from St. Peter as a test of the Catholic Church; namely, in the city of Rome. (Rev. Dr. McLean, Church Hist., 326.) In Augustine's time, wherever the Catholics had a bishop, the Donatists had one also. And not only the Donatists, but the Arians too, pursued the same policy. Indeed, almost all the sectaries took care to have their bishops, for they knew very well that it would

be a millstone about the neck of their system to be without that officer. (Rev. Dr. Bowden, Letters V.) In the year 330, one of the councils of the Donatists consisted of not less than 270 bishops. In the conclusion of the fourth century it appeared that the Donatist community in Africa was so extensive as to have more than 400 bishops. (Mosheim Hist., 341.) The Donatists, though orthodox in the Faith, were schismatics because they refused communion with the true Catholics, accounting them too lax in discipline. The Romanists now refuse communion with all Churches which do not acknowledge their pretended universal jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome. They are therefore precisely in the condition of the Donatists, within whose dioceses the Catholic Church never hesitated to send bishops. (Hon. Hugh Davey Evans' Elements of Church Institution, 233).

H. C. RANDALL.

USE OF THE WORD "MASS"

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

Having been from home on a visit, I had not read until now, the letter in your issue of Nov. 26th, entitled, "Use of the Word Mass." It seems passing strange to me why a word that can be used with impunity by the Protestant Church of Sweden, seems to be such a bugbear to some members of the Anglo-Catholic Church.

I was brought up a sectarian, but the parish which had the most influence in determining me to become a Churchman, was one in which the word "Mass" was used and the Catholic religion taught and practiced boldly. The ceremonies, lights, vestments, incense, etc., which first astonished me in what I then supposed was a Protestant sect, were at last the means of opening my eyes to the truth, and bringing me into the old Faith. I had often seen the Church service in the little provincial city in which I was born, but had never been attracted by it until, on a visit to a large city, I happened to enter a church where the full Catholic ritual was used. It was a revelation to me, and the turning point in my life. From that day I became a Churchman, in belief, at least.

I hope the time has come when the Church has permanently abandoned the short-sighted policy of robbing her own children for the sake of pleasing the sects. Is it wise to worry and harass those who are already in the Church, for the sake of conciliating some "dear souls" who would perhaps enter the fold if the Church did not use the Prayer Book, or teach the doctrine of the Apostolic Succession, or the Real Presence, or require them to be confirmed, or this or that excuse?

Read your history, Layman, and see how much the Church has gained in the past three centuries by such a course. The word "Mass," prayers for the dead, the anointing of the sick, and many other Catholic practices, were dropped from the First Prayer Book of Edward VI., to please the Presbyterians and Independents. Were they satisfied? Did they return to the Church? Did strife cease, and was a blessed peace ushered in? Then the process of conciliation was carried still further, and forms and ceremonies, vestments, incense, weekly Communion, fasting Communion, confession—things still ordered or permitted by the mutilated Prayer Book—were allowed to fall into disuse, and the Church became, as far as external appearances go, a Protestant sect. Did she hold the Wesleyans by such a policy? Did the Independents like her any better because she had apparently "sold her birthright for a mess of pottage?" Did the clergy become more spiritual?

Tippling, fox-hunting, gambling parsons who never enthused except at the old fanatical cry of "No popery," did not seem especially successful in attracting "dear souls" from the sects, or in holding the sheep.

And now when the Church is putting on her beautiful garments once more, and the glorious movement which started at Oxford is infusing new life into her debilitated body, with the experience of the past to guide us, in the name of common-sense, why should the same old time-

serving arguments of expediency be brought forward?

If the term "Mass" is so objectionable, why not do as the famous Mr. Thomas Tidey advocated in Parliament some years ago; viz., change the name of Christ-Mass to Christ-Communion?

The churches where the word "Mass" is used are mostly in the large cities where there are a large number of parishes of our Communion. If any one objects to the term, he or she can very easily attend some other service. The congregations who support these services are Catholic congregations. They love the term Mass, because of its antiquity, because it was a word used by St. Augustine and the Fathers, because of its brevity, and because it was the word used in our first English Prayer Book. High Churchmen would not compel their Low Church brethren to use the term if they dislike it; why should not Low Churchmen show equal toleration to Catholic parishes? Especially when the late Convention has opened the door to a certain extent to greater diversity of service, have not those who are already in the Church a right to look for at least the same consideration and toleration as is to be shown to outsiders?

I have, for the last three years, been obliged to attend a church where the service is extremely plain, but I have not tormented the rector because he does not teach exactly the doctrine which I believe, or because the ritual is not so ornate as I would desire. My opinions have not changed in the least, but I defer to the wishes of the rector and the majority of the congregation. If a Low Churchman is by chance thrown in a ritualistic parish, it seems to me that he should accept the service as he finds it, and not try to compel a whole parish to change their opinions and ritual to suit his particular fancy.

The sectarians who are really weary of negation and wish to find rest in the old Faith, distrust the sincerity of a Church which tries to soften, or conceal, or explain away a doctrine; and the ones who give this or that ceremony or doctrine as an excuse for not coming into the Church, in all probability would not come under any circumstances (unless the Church happened to be the fashionable denomination in their town), and if they did, would only be a source of trouble for their rector.

A convert myself, my experience has been that the great majority of workers in the Church who have come to us from Protestant bodies, are enthusiastic Ritualists, and in hearty sympathy with the doctrine of the Mass.

ANOTHER LAYMAN.

THE RESTLESSNESS OF THE CLERGY

This restlessness of the clergy and people to which I have referred, is one of the most significant factors connected with western life. Almost two-thirds of the clergy in our western dioceses change every six years. They come and go until sometimes it seems to the bishop who stays, that it is an ever-moving procession of unsettled clergy, with no fixedness of purpose or high spirit of self-denial or self-sacrifice. His heart aches, his brain throbs, his spirit is tried to the uttermost. His never-ceasing care by day and by night is to care for the fields left vacant by the changing shepherds. On the tombstone of many a bishop could be truthfully written: "Sent to his rest by the restlessness of the clergy."—From an address before the *Missionary Council*.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

Well, why shouldn't they be restless? Why should not a clergyman remove from a parish when the means provided for his support are utterly inadequate, to one that promises him a better living? Is it fair to charge him with "no fixedness of purpose or high spirit of self-denial or self-sacrifice," because he is unable to live on the salary that was promised, and is not always paid? Would a bishop stick to his post any better if he had the chance and the power of removal from a diocese that paid him \$500 to one that would pay him \$5,000? Would his high spirit of self-sacrifice stand for a moment in the way of a change?

The priests of the Church are no more mercenary than the bishops. A priest would, in most cases, prefer to remain where he is, if he could

live without worry and pay his way. But the trouble is in our system. We allow parishes to call a man on a meagre stipend and to have his full time and care. He must settle in one place and let that one parish have the monopoly of his services. What wonder that he goes to a parish that pays him a living salary if he gets the opportunity!

The cure for this restlessness is simply to give a clergyman enough to live upon. Let the bishop say to the parishes of his diocese: "I cannot consent to a priest coming into it unless he is furnished with a salary of \$1,500, at least. If a parish will only pay \$750, then that parish can have only half his time and services, and let another be found who for \$750 can have the other half. If it can only pay \$500, then combine it with two more \$500 parishes, and let him divide his time among them. I am unwilling to allow any single parish to monopolize the services of any priest and pay him for them the meagre salary of \$750, or less. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.'" If the bishops will guarantee every clergyman at least \$1,500 a year, they will not have to complain often of the restlessness of the clergy. It is not fair to expect the priests of the Church to do all the work of self-denial and self-sacrifice. But the bishops will say, "the parishes of my diocese will not consent to this division of services between two or more of them." Well, then, if they are so unreasonable, if they demand service at one quarter or one half its value, let them take a "vacancy sweat." It will do them good, and awaken them to the sense of their responsibility, and get them to look at the matter in a common-sense sort of way. If the bishops wish a set of clergy who "stay put," if they want a staff of permanent priests, let them leave no stone unturned to provide them with salaries that will enable them to live and support themselves and their families with decency and ordinary comfort, and without the weight of ceaseless worry and anxiety. Then there will be few bishops on whose tombstones could be written: "Sent to his rest by the restlessness of the clergy." JUSTITIA.

TRAINING OF MISSIONARIES

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

A committee was in November appointed by the Board of Managers of Missions to consider and to report upon the desirableness and, if desirable, the feasibility of establishing a college or seminary for the better training of persons intending to serve as missionaries in this country or abroad. At a meeting of this committee held in New York, on the 13th day of December, it was voted to invite, through the Church newspapers, suggestions which any would care to make, and which might be helpful to the committee. Such suggestions may be sent to the Rev. Dr. G. Williamson Smith, of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. And they will be equally of use whether they favor the endeavor to establish an institution for the purpose in mind, or point out other ways of reaching the same end.

The committee consists of the Bishops of New Hampshire and New York, the Rev. Dr. Williamson Smith and Dr. W. R. Huntington, Mr. Elihu Chauncey and Mr. James J. Gorwin. Its next meeting will be held about Jan. 9th.

W. W. NILES, Chairman.

Concord, N. H., Dec. 17, 1898.

OUR MISSIONARY RESPONSIBILITIES

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

From various sources I have seen it suggested that the religious organizations of the United States should have a meeting of their various missionary bodies, and arrange some plan of work for the recently acquired territories of the United States. In *The Spirit of Missions* I saw it stated that the Board of Managers had decided to do nothing until it was seen whether such plan could be carried out or not. If I am mistaken in this, I hope to be corrected. Now in all honesty, how can the Church enter into any such agreement? If the Church has any responsibility devolving upon her in respect to the

people of the new possessions of the United States, and I believe she has, she cannot delegate any part of that responsibility to the innumerable sects in this country, and how any one could for a moment seriously contemplate such an arrangement, passes my comprehension. The Protestant denominations would indeed be doing well to unite under one society, for the difference between them is so slight that not one in a hundred of their members can tell what it is. But with the Church the case is far different, for to unite with them in missionary work, or to make any arrangements with them, would be giving up the whole position of the Church, and a confession that in the past we have been in the wrong. It would also amount to a virtual condemnation of our self-denying home missionaries who maintain missions in towns and villages where there are many denominations at work.

WILLIAM M. PURCE.

Grace Church Rectory, Osco, Ill., Dec. 8, 1898.

"Gloria in Excelsis"

The *Gloria in Excelsis*,
That anthem rich and grand,
The one which angel voices
First echoed thro' the land!
The vine-clad hills of Judah
First heard thy glorious strain,
And every echoing valley
Gave back the glad refrain.

O, chant with which the angels
Announced the Babe Divine;
What beauty and what grandeur,
What melody are thine!
A-down the darksome ages
The holy martyrs throng—
The *Gloria in Excelsis*
Hath been their martyr song.

And through the many changes
Of eighteen hundred years,
Thy sweet and solemn music
Still falls upon our ears,
Thro' all the coming ages
Thy tide of song shall roll,
Uplifting and ennobling
The weary human soul,

Till at the Resurrection—
The "Advent" of our King—
The *Gloria in Excelsis*
Shall o'er creation ring.
With all the countless myriads
For whom the Saviour came,
Who join in giving glory
And honor to His name;
With every radiant seraph,
Who adoration pays,
The *Gloria in Excelsis*
Shall be the song of praise,
And thus the glorious anthem,
Which hailed His life of pain
Shall greet the Saviour's coming
In victory to reign!

—CLAUDIA COPELAND.

Personal Mention

The address of the Rev. H. L. Clode Braddon is 27 Vine st., Haverhill, Mass.

The Rev. H. M. Denslow, Grace church, Muncie, is president of the Standing Committee of Indiana, and Judge J. M. Winters, Indianapolis, is secretary.

The Rev. George Fisher has accepted the rectorship of the church of the Messiah, Woods Holl, Mass. His address will be at that place on and after Jan. 1, 1899.

The Rev. Frederick Foote Johnson has entered upon the rectorship of St. John's church, Boulder, Colo.

The Rev. Charles H. McKnight entered upon his duties as rector of St. Paul's parish, Troy, diocese of Central Pennsylvania, on Advent Sunday.

The Rev. S. A. Potter, late rector of St. Paul's church, Pekin, Ill., has accepted the rectorship of St. Mark's parish, Johnstown, Pa., and began his duties there Dec. 1st. Please address accordingly.

The Rev. A. W. Stein has accepted the rectorship of Christ church, Cincinnati, diocese of Southern Ohio.

The postoffice address of the Rev. T. A. Waterman is Mendon, Ill., not Canton, Mo., as in *The Quarterly* for 1899, though he also officiates at the latter place, and in Christ mission, Meyer, Ill., and is sometimes in residence at Canton.

The Rev. Albert B. Whitcombe has accepted a call

to the rectorship of St. Andrew's church, Jacksonville, Fla., and will enter upon the work immediately.

To Correspondents

NOVUS ANNUS.—1. It is commonly asserted that Washington attended the services of Christ church during the time of his residence in Philadelphia. We should like to know the authority for the statement that he "worshiped" in a Presbyterian church at that time. 2. It appears that "legal" New Year began on the 25th of March in England until 1752—all legal documents must be dated in that way. But January 1st had been popularly and generally accounted as New Year's Day long before that time. It was common to designate the days between these two dates in an alternative or double style, thus: "Feb. 1, 1703-4."

Ordinations

In St. Paul's church, Steubenville, Ohio, on Dec. 7th, the Bishop held an ordination service, in which the Rev. Albert C. Jones and the Rev. Sherwood Fison were advanced to the priesthood, being presented by Canon Watson. The preface to the Ordinal was read by the rector of the church, the Rev. Geo. W. Hinkle. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Frank Du Moulin, on the text, "That I may speak boldly," his subject being the ministry of preaching.

At the chapel of the Good Shepherd, General Theological Seminary, Bishop Littlejohn held an ordination on Dec. 14th, together with Bishops Starkey, of Newark, and McLaren, of Chicago. The Rev. Charles W. Shields, D.D., LL.D., professor in the theological seminary of the Presbyterians, at Princeton, N. J., was admitted to the order of deacons, the Rev. A. B. Baker, rector of Trinity church, Princeton, being the presenter and preacher.

Dec. 18th, in St. Agnes' chapel, New York city, Bishop Potter admitted to the diaconate Mr. Chas. D. Weeden, who has been a lay-reader at St. Agnes' and advanced to the priesthood the Rev. Messrs. A. C. Montgomery, R. W. C. Merington, J. LeB. Johnson, and J. H. McIlvain, D. D., late of the Presbyterian Communion, and pastor of the Brick church in New York city.

Ordained to the priesthood, by the Bishop of Milwaukee, on Dec. 16th, Friday in Ember Week, at the church of the Holy Communion, Lake Geneva, Wis., the Rev. John Walling Areson, of Elkhorn, Wis., and the Rev. Rudolph Stahley, of Prairie du Chien, Wis. The candidates were presented by the Ven. Archdeacon P. C. Webber, who also preached the sermon. The rector of the parish, the Rev. I. N. Marks, acted as master of ceremonies. The other clergy present and assisting were the Rev. C. L. Mallory and the Rev. C. H. H. Bloor.

Ordained to the priesthood, in All Saints' cathedral, Milwaukee, by the Bishop of Milwaukee, on the 4th Sunday in Advent, the Rev. Robert Clayton Hindley, Ph.D., of Racine; the Rev. George Frederick Burroughs, of Milwaukee; the Rev. William John Webster, of West Bend, and the Rev. Richard Rowley, of Rice Lake. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Canon St. George, of the cathedral, who also acted as master of ceremonies. The candidates were presented by the Rev. Canon St. George, the Rev. Stuart L. Tyson, and the Rev. Dr. C. B. B. Wright.

Died

DYAR.—At Mesa, Ariz., Dec. 5, 1898, Katherine, daughter of Joseph and Frances M. Dyar, of Marietta, Ohio, and niece of Bishop Kendrick.

GOODALE.—Entered into life eternal, the Rev. Samuel Goodale, D. D., in the 84th year of his age, at his home, Columbus, Neb., on Thursday eve., Dec. 8th. Burial at Columbus, Dec. 12th.

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.)

Upon application the following reports submitted to the Board of Missions at Washington may be had: The Triennial Report of the Board of Managers (single copies), the Report on Domestic Missions with reports from the Missionary and Diocesan Bishops receiving appropriations from the society and the Report of the Commission on work among the Colored People appended, and the Report on Foreign Missions, including the reports of the several Foreign Missionary Bishops and the Bishop of Haiti. The Domestic and Foreign Reports may be had for distribution. Address Secretary, 281 Fourth avenue, New York.

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.

The Editor's Table

Kalendar, December, 1898

4. 2nd Sunday in Advent.	Violet.
11. 3d Sunday in Advent.	Violet.
14. EMBER DAY.	Violet.
16. EMBER DAY.	Violet.
17. EMBER DAY.	Violet.
18. 4th Sunday in Advent.	Violet.
21. ST THOMAS, Apostle.	Red.
25. CHRISTMAS DAY.	White.
25. ST. STEPHEN, Martyr.	Red.
27. ST. JOHN, Evangelist.	White.
28. The Innocents.	Violet.

Christmas

BY WILLIAM B. CHISHOLM

Through the skiey arches ringing
Strains of promise and delight,
The celestial heralds singing,
Shepherds heard who watched by night:
Out of heaven's opened portals,
Holier, richer radiance streamed
Than had blessed the eyes of mortals,
Than the heart of man had dreamed.

"Glory in the highest! glory,
Father, God, be unto Thee,
Let the sinless ones before Thee
Who behold Thy Majesty,
Sing aloud, and sing forever,
Glory unto Thee and praise;
Let them laud Thee, ceasing never
Through the everlasting days.

"Peace be on the earth so weary
Of her travail, woe, and strife,
Cease the jangling discords dreary,
Cease the discontents of life.
Swords be intoploughshares beaten:
Wars among the nations cease:
Bread of strife no more be eaten;
Over all the earth be peace.

"Unto men good will! ungrateful
And rebellious they have been,
Many are their sins and hateful,
Yet God takes away their sin.
Though unfilial their behavior,
The great Father loveth still.
Christ is born this day a Saviour;
Unto men, good will, good will!"

Though the storm of strife still rages
Though the angel choir be dumb,
Though unbettered seem the ages,
Though the promise does not come,
Set, my soul, this hope before thee,
That again this song shall fill
Earth and sky: "To God be glory,
Peace on earth, to man good will."

— ❧ —

CHRISTMAS is preeminently a Church festival. The Puritans, seeing only the superstitions and disorderliness with which Christmas had become encumbered, strove with all their ardor to destroy it, but happily did not succeed. The argument sometimes used against it, that the Birthday of the Child Jesus is not known, and therefore cannot be observed, does not prevail against the almost universal longing to celebrate in some way this great event. So we are not surprised to learn that in the first centuries of the Christian era, Christians, though generally celebrating the Nativity, were not unanimous in the time chosen for the festival. At least a part of the early Church observed the sixth of January, not only to commemorate the Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, but also the Birth of Jesus, and it was not until the end of the fourth century, perhaps not until the beginning of the fifth, that the present date, December 25th, was generally accepted. One of the important pieces of evidence in fixing the time when the Church in the East began to celebrate the Nativity as a festival by itself, is a homily of St. Chrysostom's supposed to have been delivered to the people of Antioch on

December 25th, A. D., 386. In it he speaks of his gratification at the large congregation there assembled, and congratulates the people upon the progress made through their zeal in establishing this new festival which they had borrowed from the Western Church. The "Christmas season" is sometimes used to designate the time between December 16th and February 1st, more often the fortnight between December 24th and January 6th. During all this period there was formerly, and still continues to be, a spirit of joy and festivity which entitles it to be called "the holidays." The vigil of the Nativity, or as we now call it, Christmas Eve, was observed from the first with exceptional devotion, perhaps because the Birth of our Lord occurred in that night. Unlike other vigils, it continued through the night, and made with Christmas itself, one great solemnity. — *Mrs. Lyman Abbott.*

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THE EDITOR regrets his inability to respond to many requests which are made, from time to time, to give special notices of pamphlets, sermons, booklets, and minor publications. It is utterly impossible to keep up with the printing press, even to notice that which might interest our readers. Acknowledgment among "Pamphlets Received" is all that should be expected, except in case of books which have permanent value, or are of sufficient importance to deserve criticism. To this department we are giving a large amount of time and space—perhaps too much.

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MUCH has been said in regard to the gold altar service presented by Mr. Hooley to St. Paul's cathedral, and the dean and chapter have been much criticised for retaining it after the true facts of Mr. Hooley's career have come to light. It is proper that the true position of the matter should be understood. The plate was presented to the cathedral when Mr. Hooley was at the zenith of his fame, and no breath of suspicion had been connected with his name. It was accepted as the gift of a pious layman, and publicly acknowledged. It was used on but one occasion, but having been so used, it was impossible it could ever cease to be the property of the dean and chapter. The downfall of Mr. Hooley followed, and the public exposure of his business methods. It certainly did not seem desirable that the Church should profit by the possession of property appropriated to the most sacred purpose, which had been obtained by fraud, to the detriment of those who had suffered by Mr. Hooley's dishonest methods. The dean and chapter, therefore, entered into communication with the official receiver in bankruptcy, who accepted the estimate of experts who valued the plate at the sum of £1,500, or about \$7,500. This amount has accordingly been paid over by the dean and chapter to the trustees, and the cathedral becomes the owner of the property by legitimate purchase. In view of these facts, it will be seen that the authorities of the cathedral have placed themselves beyond the reach of criticism.

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IT is announced that Lord Halifax, president of the English Church Union, is preparing a volume which promises to be of considerable interest and importance as connected with the religious movements of the

closing years of the century. His lordship had a leading part in the discussions which led up to the recent examination at Rome of the validity of Anglican Orders, culminating in the famous Bull on that subject. Conflicting accounts have been given of these transactions, and Lord Halifax has come in for a good deal of censure. We shall now have an authentic account of the whole affair. It is stated that the book will contain a summary of the incidents which led to the effort toward reunion, and a report of the meetings which took place between Lord Halifax and the representatives of the Roman Church. Such a work will be looked for with much interest.

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"In Bethlehem of Judea"

Oh Bethlehem! Sweet Bethlehem!
The birth-place of our King:
In lowly stable erst He sleeps,
Without, the Angels sing.

Oh Bethlehem! Dear Bethlehem!
The shrine of our dear Lord;
His throne, a crib; His bed, a stall;
The One, Incarnate Word.

Oh Bethlehem! Great Bethlehem!
True "House of Bread" is thine;
To Thee came first the "Bread of Heaven,"
With It—"Fruit of the Vine."

Oh ancient town of Bethlehem!
World-wide, thy glories ring;
And Christmas song, with Christmas joy,
The world, to-day, will sing.

H. G. BATTERSON,

— ❧ —

Christmas Customs

THE *piece de resistance* at the Christmas feast used to be the boar's head. In former days Chaucer alludes to it, and Holinshed relates that in 1170, King Henry himself brought up the boar's head to his son, amid a great flourish of trumpets. The two head serving men of the establishment usually carried it between them on a silver dish garnished with bay, rosemary, and lemon; and a carol similar to many which, dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, have come down to us; was always sung on its approach. The custom is still retained in all its old-fashioned pomp at Queen's College, Oxford.

Many will ask, what is the origin of our plum pudding and mince pie? but of the former, it is almost entirely lost. Our ancestors used to serve a composition that they called "plum porridge," which was probably its precursor, and though Scott has named it as part of the feudal feast, we must venture to think he has done so on his own authority, for the earliest mention we have been able to discover of it occurs in Shepherd's "Epigrams," published in 1651. After that, we hear again of it in a very curious book, entitled "Round About our Coal Fire," which appeared somewhere near 1730, while an allusion to it is contained in one of the earliest studies of English customs, by a French author, which came out four years later, under the name of "*Le Voyageur Francois du (sic) la Connoissance de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Monde*," and is worth citing, as it shows how old is the French antipathy to "Plomb Pooding." "They also serve up on the same day (*i. e.*, Christmas Day) a mixture of dried raisins and boiled prunes, of which they make a detestable pottage. Is not this what used to be called plumb porridge?" Mince pies are supposed originally to have been emblematic of the spices brought by the Wise Men of the East, and

we meet with earlier allusions to "shrid pies," as they were also called. There is mention of them in Bishop Calfhill's answer to Martiall's "Treatise of the Cross," published in 1565. The ingredients used for them seem to have been much the same as our own; for Misson, an old Tudor writer, terms it "a most learned mixture of neats' tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon, and orange peel, various kinds of spice-ry, etc." But these must not be confounded with the "Christmas Pyes" of old fame, which were somewhat large specimens of culinary art, as will be seen from the following recipe for one of these, written in 1394, and preserved among the records of the Salters' Company, in London: "For to make a most choices pasty of game, to be eaten at the Feast of Christmas: Take pheasant, hare, and chicken, or capon, of each one, with two partridges, two pigeons, and two conies, and smite them in pieces, and pick away clean therefrom all the bones that ye may, and therewith do them into a foyle (i. e., crust) of good paste, made craftily in the likeness of a bird's body, with the livers and hearts, two kidneys of sheep, and forced meat and eggs made into balls. Cast thereto powder of pepper, salt, spice, eysell, and fungus pickled (i. e., vinegar and mushrooms), and then take the bones and let them seethe in a pot to make a good broth therefor, and do it into the foyle of paste, and close it up fast, and bake it well, and so serve it forth, with the head of one of the birds at one end of the foyle, and a great tail at the other, and divers of his long feathers set cunningly, all about him." Herrick speaks of its being customary on Christmas Eve for someone to sit up all night to guard the fare from depredators. In 1770 we hear of a pie being made for a baronet which weighed twelve stone, and was nine feet in circumference at the bottom. Its principal component parts were two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, two ox tongues, four wild ducks, and twenty-seven smaller birds. At least our dishes do not give the impression that we have larger appetites than our ancestors.

It may surprise some to learn that the usage of decorating our houses and churches at Christmastide is of undoubtedly Pagan origin. The councils of the Church used to forbid the Christians to deck their houses with bay leaves and other green boughs at the same time as the heathen, but this was after the Church had countenanced such proceedings so as, in a measure, to accommodate its own ceremonies to those to which people were formerly accustomed. The mistletoe, we know, was the sacred plant of the Druids, and was regarded as so emblematical of Paganism that its use was never sanctioned for ecclesiastical decoration. In very old church calendars Christmas Eve used to be marked *Templa Exornantur* and in several of the London parishes' churchwardens' books such entries as the following occur:

"Holme and ivy at Christmas Eve, iij^d." (St. Mary-at-Hill.)

"Item for Holly and Ivey, ij^d, ob." (St. Martin Outwich. 1524.)

Though to a certain extent people still decorate their houses at Christmas, the custom is neither as general nor as significant as when Herrick wrote his *Hesperides* in 1648, warning lazy servants when they took down the decorations that for every leaf left behind they must look to see a gobl.n.

But fashionable churches to-day certainly cannot reproach themselves for the part they take in keeping up the old use.

Of the yule cakes, or yuledough—a sweet-spiced cake—space forbids more than mention; and the yule log ceremonies we must pass over very briefly. The log was as large as the hearth would hold, and a small piece of the block was rescued ere it was consumed, and carefully put by to light the next year's fire. The omission to do this was deemed exceedingly unlucky by the superstitious.

The feasting and enjoyment lasted in old days from St. Thomas' Day when the poor went round from door to door "a gooding," that is to say, asking for a trifle in money or kind towards a merry Christmas, or "Thomasing," as it is now termed by a few of the very poor who practice it even yet in some of the remote country districts. The small gift was seldom refused, and from the few apples given here, the handful of flour or rabbit elsewhere, all were able to have their better meal. The rejoicings culminated in one more great feast on Twelfth Night, to mark the end of the festive season; and the cake was on this night the most important part of the feast, and by means of a pea and bean hidden in the cake the king and queen of the evening's amusement were selected—the two in whose slices these were found being elected to the honors. To judge from Fosbrooke's "Dictionary of Antiquities," this custom too is but a continuation of a Pagan one, for he states that at the feast of Saturn, which occurred about Dec. 17th or 18th, the King of Saturnalia was chosen by cunningly concealed beans. The Twelfth Cake is as old an institution in France as it is with us, and a few lines from a very singular poem, originally in Latin, by Thomas Naorgeorgus, written in 1553, alludes to a coin taking the place of the bean:

Then also every householder to his abilitie
Doth make a mighty cake that may suffice his companie,
Herein a penny doth he put, before it come to fire.

* * * * *
But who so chanceth on thepeece where in the money lies.

Is counted king among them all, and is wth showtes and cries
Exalted to the heavens up.

and is only one of many Tudor quotations we might give on the subject.

After this, work was resumed by degrees. January 7th was known as St. Distaff's Day, when the idlers among the men who, after their spell of license, were unwilling to go back to employment, were not satisfied with being idle themselves, but did their best to hinder the women from their labors also, by burning their flax and cotton for spinning. The women in return reserved to themselves the right of throwing buckets of water over those who teased them, and they did it very freely, to the great amusement always of any bystanders. Not, however, until after the first Monday after the twelfth day, "Plough Monday," might things be said to fall back into the even tenor of their way. One of the largest ploughs obtainable used to be dragged through the nearest towns and villages by thirty or forty of the working men, who, in hats and jackets adorned with gay ribbons, collected what pence they could, and finished up the day with singing and dancing. Saving May Day and Midsummer Day there would be no more real interruption until next year after this.—*The Rock*.

Christmas Tidings

BY FRANK H. SWEET

Solemnly, pleadingly, church bells are ringing

To us a message across the white snow,

Tenderly, lovingly, to us are bringing

Tidings that first were brought ages ago:

Tidings that make men's hearts

Soften and glow,

As on that Christmas Day

Ages ago.

Joyfully, tenderly, church bells are chiming

To us their greeting across the deep snow,

Bringing fresh hope to the hearts that are climbing

Upward in search of that feeling of glow,

Such as the shepherds felt

Ages ago

When they were called by the

Star's tender glow.



A Plea for Puerto Rico

It would be well for the writer to state in the beginning, his claim for the knowledge of that whereof he speaks. During the late campaign of the American forces in Puerto Rico, I served as chaplain of the 16th Pennsylvania, U. S. V., and until corrected, I also claim to be the only priest of the American Church on the island from July 27th to Oct. 12, 1898, and was able during that period to make many observations of the condition of the people, and the prospects for missionary work among the hundreds of thousands about to be brought under our jurisdiction.

The matter of missionary work is a burning one, and why cannot we "strike while the iron is hot," before the Christian denominations all over the land have struck first? There is a duty in this matter which, it seems to me, we are allowing to slip by unattended to. But it never struck me so forcibly as to-day, when a hard-worked priest of the Church said to me that if the Church would undertake to do something definite in Puerto Rico, he would offer his services at once.

As far as I have been able to discover, nothing has been done, although the field is amazingly fertile. The Roman Church as a Christianizing influence and teacher on the island, has reached the bodies and pocket books of every inhabitant, but the souls and hearts of these same inhabitants, it seems to have neglected absolutely. In other words, the people are priest-ridden to extremes. For this reason, I say, the soil is fertile for us. The make-up of the people demands, and will have, ornate, ritualistic, and Catholic forms of worship. According to their constitution, which they cannot change, nor can we change it for them, nothing else will appeal to them. And as a Roman priest on the island said to me: "What other Christian body can fill these wants without suggesting the at-present hated priestcraft of debased Romanism and mediævalism, except your Church, when it comes before the people with all the desired beauties of the Catholic ritual?"

I agreed with him thoroughly, and feel sure, knowing the kind of people we have to deal with, that any work attempted on the so-called "Broad Evangelical grounds" will result in immediate failure and waste of time and money, much as this same class of work may seem to appeal to many of our cold-blooded Northern brethren.

I know some of my brethren will say that the Roman Church should be allowed, after a reformation of her work on the island, to take care of those who by right of first conquest are her own. But those who had reason to know, acknowledged to me that several generations must die before the Roman Church can successfully carry on and re-establish the truly great work done on the island by her missionaries of one hundred years ago; and in the meantime an opportunity to better their condition, and save many souls, will be lost, unless we quickly open our eyes to the splendid opportunity before us.

There is one Anglican church on the island, at Ponce, in which services were maintained, when possible, by the Church of England, for the English-speaking people from the near-by

British colonies. This property, I am told, will be turned over to us,—another thing that makes the work easier.

Then there is the continual influx of Americans to the larger cities, looking for new business chances; we owe a duty to these people, which must be met, and that also must be met quickly.

It will not be hard to find priests and workers willing and ready to undertake the work, if the Church as a body will only "put her shoulder to the wheel," and offer them the opportunity to come forward. The climate, flora, and scenery of the island make it a missionary field to be desired by all lovers of the beautiful in nature.

Possibly I am misinformed as to the work not yet having been inaugurated. In that case, I merely wish to reiterate my former statement of the only kind of work, I am satisfied, will be successful in bringing souls into the Kingdom, and that is work carried on under what is known in conversational parlance, as "advanced Catholic lines." In this way only can the work be begun on "the ground floor," as it were. And in this way only shall we be able to convince the native Puertorican that we are not representing some new form of religion, utterly unknown and unheard of by him, up to that time. He will be found naturally moral and religious; but owing to his southern temperament, his soul will be most easily reached through an appeal to his senses; and never by a bold, and to him unmeaning (in his present untutored state), exposition of the Gospel, in an unadorned service.

These few suggestions are thrown out for two reasons: firstly, through an earnest desire for the spread of Christ's Kingdom, strengthened by humanitarian desires to see these new peoples lately added to our Union, bettered and helped, not only commercially by that Union, but also religiously; and secondly, with the hope they may meet the attention of any who may, now or later, be appointed by the Church to look into the matter.

WALTER BIDDLE LOWRY,
Chaplain 16th Pa. Vol. Inf.

Corry, Pa.

Deus Incarnatus

King eternal, immortal, invisible,
Thou our flesh dost deign to own;
God of God, in light unapproachable,
Mary's arms are now Thy throne;
See! Thy star in the East is shining,
Thou in the manger low art reclining.

Mystery marvelous! Mercy unsearchable!
God revealed to mortal gaze,
Shine Thou upon us with glory celestial,
Sinners who echo angelic lays;
Thou so humble, welcome our laud,
Son of the Virgin, yet Son of God!

FREDERICK W. TAYLOR.

The Dear Everydayness of Life

One must, perhaps, be a good way along in life and have had deep experience of trouble and sorrow to rightly appreciate the preciousness of days in which nothing happens. To hear the familiar sound of the rising bell in the morning; to open the eyes on the bright sunshine, conscious that all is well beneath the home roof—little ones all safe; no illness to distress; no special anxiety or trouble to burden the heart; to note the pleasant aroma of the food that is being prepared for the peaceful morning meal—all this is a blessedness that we cannot appreciate until after we have experienced conditions in every way opposite. Oh, the desolation of watching for the dawn beside the bed of a loved one who has passed a long night of painful struggle for breath! Oh, the bitter despair of waking from heavy slumber to realize that the light has gone out of life because of a new made grave in the churchyard! All these sorrows Time, the healer, and the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, mitigate and finally soften into a resignation that is peace. But it is just such experiences that teach us to say with the poet,

"Oh, blest are uneventful days,
And blest are uneventful years."

When we open our eyes on the days when

none of these griefs distress us, surely it is the least the Christian heart can do to be filled with thankfulness, and even joy, for the dear everydayness of life which blesses our home and the homes of our neighbors and kindred. How appropriate does it seem to hear the sound of the morning hymn of praise and the voice of prayer and thanksgiving ascending to God from homes thus blest. One of the most touching, most beautiful, incidents of village life, in the morning, is to hear such sounds of praise and thanksgiving from the open windows of simple, unpretending, quiet homes. And we should have even more happiness and joy over the blessings of peaceful, uneventful days, did we but reflect more upon and learn to appreciate them more highly. In expressions of thankfulness and joy in God's goodness, the Psalmist is our great example, and his inspired songs the best medium for expressing our full hearts. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. . . . who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things." Days of sorrow will come to all; wearisome nights are appointed to all lives, yet to most of us in this Christian land such days and nights constitute but a small portion of our lives. For the dear, common everyday let us heed the admonition of that sweet Christian poet, Frances Ridley Havergal:

"Forget not all the sunshine of the way
By which the Father led thee—answered prayers,
And joys unasked, strange blessings, lifted cares,
Grand promise echoes! Thus each page shall be
A record of God's love and faithfulness to thee."

—The Interior.

Book Reviews and Notices

Jane Austen's Novels. Edited by Richard Brimley Johnson. With Colored Illustrations by C. E. and H. M. Brock. Ten volumes in box, \$10. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Twenty years ago, when "literature" was studied from a single manual, by a method similar to that then also employed in the teaching of geography and kindred branches, there was in use, in many high schools and seminaries, a certain text-book, deservedly popular. Turning over the six hundred pages of this bulky volume, one seeks in vain for an account of Jane Austen among the five-score authors of whose life and work a careful and fairly complete account is given, with "extracts" ranging from one to ten pages. Patient investigation reveals at last in the historical introduction, the insignificant name of the novelist tucked away amongst other obscure personages. Of the forty bright boys and girls who studied their daily lesson from that text-book in literature, not one, we dare assert, had ever heard of Jane Austen, unless he or she, during the process of education derived from "tumbling about in a library," had noted on the shelves clumsy volumes of "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," "Mansfield Park," "Persuasion," "Northanger Abbey," and "Emma." From this by no means isolated instance, it is reasonable to infer that a "Jane Austen revival" was needed. Well, it has come! And all lovers of the good and gentle novelist will rejoice at the new and growing interest in her wholesome stories.

Among Miss Austen's contemporaries, there was no more appreciative admirer than Sir Walter Scott. Perhaps a modern reader's best introduction to the former's genius is to be found in the great romancer's well-known estimate of a work so widely different from his own: "I read again, and for the third time, Miss Austen's story of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements, the feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things interesting, is denied to me." For the reason that she does write of "commonplace things," in a plain and matter-of-fact style, Miss Austen has found more admirers among men than among women. The former include such readers and critics as Macaulay, George Henry Lewes, and

Tennyson. But, on the other hand, Charlotte Bronte demanded wonderingly of one of her famous literary correspondents, "Why do you like Miss Austen so much? . . . I find her only shrewd and observant." Those who hate vulgarity, sentimentality, affectation in all forms, who like to have the mirror held up to nature, and to see reflected therein the actual life of a period, will enjoy the finished work of this "painter of miniatures," as she called herself. One is not called upon to agree with Macaulay and Tennyson, that she "is equal, in her own small way, to Shakespeare"; or, if not equal, "at least second to him," in order to be included among her admirers. Those attached to what has been called "chromo literature," will find it dull reading, these accounts of life as it was, precisely. They will regret that no Byronic heroes, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" stalk across the little stage. They will miss their villains and their impossibly good people (Miss Austen said that pictures of perfection made her "feel sick and wicked"), their wondrous beauties. They will deplore the fact so frankly admitted by the sensible novelist who was herself without "pride or prejudice," and recognized her own limitations, that she could "no more write a romance than an epic poem." But many more will rejoice in the existence of these charming new volumes, so dainty and so quaint. The pretty illustrations in color which adorn the ten little books in their garb of green and gold, are perfectly adapted to the spirit of the novels, and complete the perfection of an edition that will be counted among the chief attractions of the holiday season.

Through Asia. By Sven Hedin. Two volumes, copiously illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. Price, \$10.

Since the appearance of Nansen's "Farthest North," this is the most notable work of travel and exploration that has been presented to the world, and is scarcely less exciting in the way of adventure and struggle with hardships and perils, than the book of the great Arctic explorer. It is notable not merely as a narrative of a daring traveler, but also as the record of a thoughtful man. In this respect, its charm is similar to that of Nansen's narrative. We recognize the presence of a personality with whom it is a delight to converse, and whom we follow through sunshine and storm with admiration and confidence. The author accomplished much in the way of scientific observation, geographical, geological, botanical, and in the survey of hitherto unexplored and very extensive routes of travel, the most of this material being reserved for a future work. The present volumes are intended for the general public, as a description of travels and of experiences in regions hitherto but little known. There are nearly 300 illustrations, from sketches and photographs by the author, in this respect excelling, perhaps, any other book of travels which has been produced. The plates are exceptionally fine, and in fact the whole make-up of the work is of the highest order: This great journey through Central Asia, begun in 1893, and ended in 1897, has placed the author in the first rank of explorers. In his terrible conflicts with snow and ice in the country of the Pamirs, his progress often was made only on his hands and knees. His indomitable spirit kept him from giving way to hunger and thirst, and brought him triumphantly through deserts, across rivers, over mountains, and through almost impassable wildernesses.

In Palestine, and other poems. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Company.

The poet-critic, Richard Watson Gilder, after a silence of five years, has put forth a new volume of verse. Like the author's previous poetical work—from which his editorial duties do not keep him—the poems are polished, many of them high and deep in thought. "The Poet's Day," and others in the same division, reveal the poet's passionate devotion to his art. Especially timely are the selections in the third part which is devoted to songs of peace and war. Among the latter are some relating to the Spanish-American War, "Through All the Cunning

Ages," and "When With Their Country's Anger," showing Mr. Gilder's disposition to consider more than one phase of a subject. One portion of the book is devoted to poems suggested by travel in Palestine, Egypt, and Greece; the fourth is composed of those relating to especial occasions. The cover design is tasteful and suggestive.

A Lover's Revolt. By J. W. De Forest. New York: Longmans Green & Co.

Of good stories about fighting there seems to be no end these days. This is one. It is all about colonial days, the "embattled farmers," "the shot heard round the world," Paul Revere, and Boston; but there are also accounts of matchmaking and theatricals, with their causes and results. The opening paragraph strikes the keynote: "It was a famous time long past, a time full of wrath and wrangling and wretchedness, for man best remembers man when he is a combatant or a sufferer or a tormentor." The sequel is given in verse. The latter is not hopeful, as it but poorly disguises the author's contemptuous opinion of modern American ideas and manners, as compared with earlier and more heroic times.

A Yankee Volunteer. By M. Imlay Taylor. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25.

The author of "On the Red Staircase" is known to be able to tell an interesting tale. This is a story of the Revolution as witnessed by a volunteer in the war. There are charming descriptions given of Salem, where the scene is laid, and also of the two little sweethearts who lived their early days there together. Later they became royalist and patriot, and thereby was the course of their lives affected. It is a good story—this of the Yankee rebel—"so gallant in love, and so dauntless in war," and of the sweet Royalist who at last became a "rebel" for love of him.

The Lord's Prayer. By the late E. M. Goulburn, D. D., sometime Dean of Norwich. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: John Murray. 1898.

When "Goulburn's Thoughts on Personal Religion" made its appearance many years ago, it met with a wide welcome. There was that in the book which sent it at once to the heart. Its quiet, and its earnestness, alike, commended it; and as one read, the thought came that its pages expressed that which had been felt before in the spiritual being of the reader, but hitherto had been unuttered. The book became part of one's religious life, and was prized as a helpful friend who enabled us to know ourselves as never before. Such a book is this posthumous publication, consisting of meditations on the Lord's Prayer. We are told in a preface by Berdmore Compton, that Dean Goulburn had frequently used those meditations for the instruction of various congregations. It was a happy thought to give them in their present form to the Church. For clergy and laity alike they will be found most useful and helpful. As a book for private reading, it will be found valuable; and as an inspiration for sermons on that inexhaustible theme, "The Lord's Prayer," it will be especially useful.

The Life of Our Lord in Art. [With some Account of the Artistic Treatment of the Life of St. John the Baptist. By Estelle M. Hurl. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898. Price, \$3.

A fitting companion for the well-known works of Mrs. Jameson is this well-filled volume. It evinces much intelligent and painstaking labor. There is a modest simplicity in its style, and a thoroughness in its arrangement, which must win for it wide appreciation. It traverses a vast field of art, selecting illustrations from the Old Masters, as well as from the more modern schools of our own day. Indeed, as a devotional book, it has a certain value, for the text of the New Testament relating to our Lord's works and life, is given in full, and in the accepted chronological order. One may not always agree with the theology of the writer, as, for instance, where, in the preface, it is said that our Lord "awoke to His sacred mission at the age of twelve," but despite such flaws, the book is an

admirable compendium of what art has done to commemorate that Life, which, our author says in her preface, "is the grandest subject in sacred art, the culminating point of interest of all study in this direction." The spirit in which the work is conceived and carried out may be learned from the motto on the title page: "In Him was Life: and the Life was the Light of Men." The book will form a valuable addition to any library, and as a Christmas gift, nothing could be more fitting.

In the Forbidden Land. An Account of a journey into Tibet. Capture by the Tibetan Lamas and Soldiers, Imprisonment, Torture, and Ultimate Release brought about by Dr. Wilson and the Political Peshkar Karak Sing-Pal. By A. Henry Savage Landor. In two volumes. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

In these two sumptuous volumes, with all their wealth of illustration, we have the story of extraordinary adventures. It reads like a tale of destiny. Before he makes his start for Tibet, he visits the wild woodmen or Raots, a mysterious people, who dwell in the dense forests, claiming for themselves royal descent, and utterly refusing all mingling with the outer world. When he ventures among them one of them exclaims in melo-dramatic fashion: "No man has ever been here but a Raot. You will soon die. You have offended God!" These strange people look at him in silence as he packs his camera and takes his departure; they do not acknowledge his farewell, and if he had been at all superstitious he might have been uncomfortable. "But," he adds, "it all came back to me with horrible intensity later on, when I was suffering the agonies of hell, and when I seemed to re-live in every moment the experiences of my whole former life." He refers to his horrible treatment and torture at the hands of the Lamas which he minutely describes further on in his recital. The volumes contain much that is new and interesting, somewhat marred, however, by the self-assertive style of the author. One cannot help feeling that such a traveler, with his rifle, his retinue, and his camera, must have been a sore shock to the denizens of the Forbidden Land. Orientals, cased about with precedent, usage, and all the ritual of daily life, could not but look on such a wilful creature as a monstrosity. It is a fearful tale, and if the author's energy and push were taken by the Tibetans for impertinent and insolent intrusion, as doubtless they were, he paid dearly for all in the diabolic tortures inflicted upon him.

An Antarctic Mystery. By Jules Verne. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.50.

The fact that a book is written by Jules Verne presupposes something mysterious and improbable in its contents. The present volume does not belie the author's reputation, but is as delightfully impossible as could be desired. The plot of the story is ingenious, and is strongly worked out in its details, while the narrative is clear, vivid, and convincing. The author, with the license of the imaginative writer, takes us through the ice-wall of the Antarctic seas to the South Pole itself, making us so thoroughly conversant with our surroundings there that we feel that the labors of future explorers will be but wasted, as but little remains to be learned of these hitherto unknown regions. The tale is interesting from beginning to end, its unusual character aiding to make it so, and the work of the translator has been well done.

Six Young Hunters, or the Adventures of the Greyhound Club. By W. Gordon Parker. With illustrations by the author. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.25.

Mr. Parker was either very much of a boy himself, and has not forgotten it, or he has had much experience with boys and learned to know them thoroughly. He has made a book for them so full of thrilling adventures, of struggles with wild animals of every degree of ferocity, and of exciting encounters with bloody-minded outlaws that he deserves a high place among their favorite authors. The story is not, however, of the "Nick Carter" variety; it is healthy in tone,

the boys are manly, honest, and of good principles, and the tale of their wondrous doings offers enjoyment of a wholesome sort to the youthful readers of the land.

Under Dewey at Manila. By Edward Stratemeyer. Old Glory series. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.25.

What a field has been opened for the host of tellers of tales for youthful readers by our late difficulties with Spain, and how promptly these writers are seizing their opportunities! The Revolution, the Rebellion, the War of 1812, and our various Indian uprisings had furnished themes innumerable, and the boys were clamoring for something new—what wonder that the war party was so strong in the land! And now, that peace is finally assured, the heroes of the struggle have joined with our familiar boy-heroes, and are fighting the Spanish tooth and nail throughout the length and breadth of storydom. A part of this glorious struggle is made familiar to us in Mr. Stratemeyer's tale; he tells it well, and he has put a waving flag and a picture of Dewey on the cover of his book. Needless to say, many boyish hands are stretched out for the volume.

Stories of the Cherokee Hills. By Maurice Thompson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898. Price, \$1.50.

These "yarns"—and good ones they are—give us, in laughing mood, an insight into the difficult problems of social life in the Southern States. Who is there that does not sympathize with such problems, and those who are involved therein—the white race and the colored race—and all the far-reaching relations of ordinary life and politics. These stories, full of true pathos, of irresistible fun, and of a clear understanding of all the difficulties, as they exist, are well worth study. They have already appeared in the magazines, but will be welcomed in their present attractive form, having also the added interest of some telling illustrations.

Woods and Dales of Derbyshire. By the Rev. Dr. J. S. Stone. Philadelphia. Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. Price, \$1.

We had the pleasure of reading this charming bit of English history and scenery in its *édition de luxe* some time ago, and we are heartily glad that it is now put before the public in a shape within the reach of moderate purses. As the author says in the preface, "The more an American knows of history and literature, the fonder will his heart go out, not only to the regions beyond the Alps or beside the Rhine, but especially to the countries where his own mother tongue is spoken, and the books and men he admires are known and cherished." Derbyshire, illustrated in this book, is full of beautiful scenery and historic memory, and both of these points are delightfully treated by the well-known author.

The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. By Gullielma Zollinger. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25.

This is a quiet little story of real merit. How the courageous Irish widow, left by the death of her husband empty-handed to begin the fight with the world for the support of herself and her seven boys, faced and overcame her difficulties, is told simply and interestingly, and there is many a quaint bit of humor, many a strong, sound lesson in manliness and womanliness which must appeal to us in the telling. The story was probably written for children, but it will interest older people as well.

Old Chester Tales. By Margaret Deland. Illustrated by Howard Pyle. New York: Harper & Bros. Price, \$1.50.

This volume of short stories represents an interesting departure. Mrs. Deland made her name first as the author of "John Ward, Preacher," about the time that Mrs. Humphrey Ward came into prominence through "Robert Elsmere." Of late, both writers have abandoned the story with a purpose for the more purely literary field. "Old Chester Tales" deals with the life of an ancient town in Pennsylvania, where the ideals of the last generation are

only beginning to give way before modern advancement. The stories are connected by the presence in each of some of the characters, and especially Dr. Lavendar, a clergyman of the old school, to whom the heroes and heroines of the stories seem sooner or later obliged to turn for true, old-fashioned consolation. Mrs. De-land has caught the atmosphere of village life which has now all but disappeared in America.

In the Brave Days of Old. A Story of Adventure in the Time of King James the First. By Ruth Hall. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

The adventures of two boys, three hundred years ago, form the theme of this story. The first chapter contains a striking account of the death of Queen Elizabeth. The ten years following this event are the beginnings of a nation. This narrative of adventures and personages connected with early days among the colonists, should be of benefit to young American readers. The book is handsomely bound.

Dorothy Deane, A Children's Story. By Ellen Olney Kirk. With illustrations. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898. Price, \$1.25.

The illustrations in this volume have peculiar merit, and help out the story well. There are only six in all, but they are all worth looking at. The story is one that will appeal to young people; just the thing to read aloud to a listening child. The interest is continuous, the action rapid, and the incidents thoroughly true and sincere. There are no goblins or fantastic creatures, but out of the stuff that every day is made of, the writer has put together a charming, pleasing, and improving book.

The Associate Hermits. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Stockton may be depended on to be original and interesting, whichever way he turns. It is the unexpected which always happens. One queer event grows out of another so naturally that it seems to be true, while all the time we know that it is all very absurd! Out of a wedding journey by proxy comes the association of hermits, which is decidedly Stocktonian.

Blessed Are Ye. Talks on the Beatitudes. By F. B. Mayer, B. A. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Cloth, ornamented; pp. 142. Price, 75 cts.

From an industrious and able pen in studies on the Scriptures, we have here, as the latest issue, a devotional exposition of our Lord's teachings from the Mount of Blessing; its ten chapters opening to our contemplation the octave of gates through which His disciples may blessedly press on into the City of God.

Vacation Days in Hawaii and Japan. By Chas. M. Taylor, Jr. With over one hundred illustrations. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

The Hawaiian Islands are especially interesting to us now, and if we get so far on the way, we must not fail to visit Japan. The Philippine Islands, perhaps, we had better leave out of our vacation plans for a few years. Mr. Taylor's account of his travels will help us to enjoy and understand both countries better, whether we visit them or not. The publishers have made a very handsome book of it, from cover to cover.

Among the Forest People. By Clara Dillingham Pierson. Illustrated by F. C. Gordan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1898.

A thoroughly charming book for the little people, which grown folks can read also, with many a satisfied chuckle at its slyly insinuated "morals," and inimitable mingling of human sentiments and affairs in the wild life of "the Forest People." The illustrations have really artistic value; thoroughly well done, with a pleasing combination of the conventional in form and light and shade, they are also clever and accurate in drawing.

Every Day Honor. A story for young people. By Fannie E. Newberry. Illustrated by Ida Waugh. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

"One instinctively knew that the family had a good time, that children must over-run it, and could guess that it was a favorite resort for all the young of the neighborhood." That is the missing description of the home into which

the reader of this good story is introduced. It is one that teaches, without preaching, simple lessons in "every day honor," that all boys and girls are the better for learning, and that they will never more willingly acquire than through the bright, attractive medium of an interesting story. The book is gaily bound in red, and suitably illustrated.

We are glad to note a very convenient, compact, and handsome edition of Keble's "Christian Year," by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. While the book is small, the typography is excellent; cover, green and gold; gilt top; price, 75 cents.

MESSES. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, have been sending out many attractive books this season, and not the least in popular estimation will be found the three-volume series of "English, Irish, and Scotch Wit and Humor." These pretty volumes are put up in a box, and make a desirable and not expensive holiday gift. Price of the set, \$1.50.

THE biographical edition of the works of Thackeray has fulfilled all expectations of the introductions furnished by the daughter of the great author. It was his wish that no biography should be written of him, and while this has been respected, the opportunity afforded by this fine edition of his works is being improved, and many delightful fragments and stories of his life, with some of his correspondence, are here given to the world. The circumstances attending the writing of each great work are especially noted, and none, perhaps, are more interesting than those relating to "The Newcomes," which the latest volume of the series contains. From Thackeray's letters could be culled many notable passages, as for example the following, with which the introduction of this volume closes: "I hope men of my profession do no harm who talk this doctrine [of charity] out of doors to people in drawing rooms, and in the world. Your duty in church takes you a step higher—that awful step beyond ethics, which leads you up to God's revealed truth. What a tremendous responsibility his is who has that mystery to explain! What a prodigious boon the faith which makes it clear to him! I am glad to think that I have kind thoughts from you, and to have the opportunity of offering you my sincere respect and regard. Believe me, most truly yours, my dear sir,

"W. M. THACKERAY."

Periodicals

THE publishers make the unusual announcement that the December *Century* is out of print, except for such copies as are now on the dealers' counters. No more can be supplied, as the colored covers were printed in France, and a new edition cannot be had in time to be available.

In the Christmas number of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*, some of the most noteworthy of the famous paintings of the Life of Christ, by J. James Tissot, are reproduced. Clifton Harby Levy writes on Tissot's life and method in painting, and Ernest Knauff contrib- utes a criticism of the portraits from an artist's point of view. The editor reviews the November elections, the progress of our peace negotiations with Spain, and other matters of national and international moment. Some very suggestive and interesting cartoons from recent issues of the Spanish journals are reproduced.

The Christmas cover of the *New England Magazine* is quite in keeping with the character of that monthly, and is attractive in its simplicity and good taste. A beautifully illustrated article on "Prussia's Greatest Artist," Adolph Menzel, is one of the principal features of this number. The writer thinks this painter deserves the title, because of his wonderful ability as a character delineator. Colonial architecture also receives special attention from Mr. E. C. Gardner. There is an interesting account of "A Remarkable Boys' Club." Under the title, "Plantation Hymns," the Rev. Wm. E. Barton gives many which have never before been put in print.

Books Received

D. APPLETON & Co.

Latitude Nineteen Degrees. By Mrs Schuyler Crowninshield. \$1.50.

Foot-Notes to Evolution. By David Starr Jordan, Ph. D. \$1.50.

Cannon and Camera. By J. C. Hemment. \$2.

Paleface and Redskin. By F. Anstey. \$1.50.

LEE & SHEPARD

A Young Volunteer in Cuba. By E. Stratemeyer. \$1.25.

Opinions of the Press

New York Examiner (Baptist)

THE PURPOSE OF PRAYER.—Not to believe in the power of prayer would be irrational, in view of the evidences of its efficacy that have been continuous all through the centuries. Much of history, indeed, is prayer realized. But its realizations have always followed upon the adoption of means whereby the purpose of prayer and the divine intention were immediately carried into effect. Indeed, if the cure of disease; that afflict us may, in every instance, be effected by prayer alone, then we see no good reason why a man who, through no fault of his own, is poor and unable to buy bread, should not also subsist indefinitely on prayer alone. It is a proposition that cannot be successfully assailed, that, since God has provided appropriate natural remedies for the cure of disease, he intends that man shall exercise his intelligence in searching out and applying them. The error of the Christian Scientists consists in the fact that they practically ignore the Divine bounty displayed in nature, the product of God's Hand, and depend altogether upon psychological influences, which, well enough in certain cases, are as ineffectual in others as the panacea of the charlatan.

The Orphanage Record

A PAGAN FESTIVAL.—Christmas is a pagan, as well as a Christian, festival. For there are a great many pagans here in America. These care nothing for the religious or moral side of the festival. To them it is only a time for exchanging gifts and eating dinners and taking part in what the newspapers call "social functions." It is perhaps a little absurd to oppose the childish belief in Santa Claus, as some good people do, but that worldly old saint should not usurp the place in a child's heart which is due to the Holy Child. Those who have been brought up in the Church can hardly understand how little is still made of Christmas by some of the Protestant sects. The old Puritan antagonism to it as a "papistical" observance has not yet wholly died away. There is no Protestant Kalendar, and no Feast of the Nativity is observed in Protestant churches. Many of these churches are not even open on Christmas Day, although there is sometimes a tree for the children on Christmas Eve. No wonder that with the religious aspect of the celebration only vaguely touched upon, these children grow up with comparatively little true reverence for the time. It is especially the duty of Churchmen, therefore, to emphasize the day as a Holy Day of Obligation. Like Easter, it is one of the days when the faithful are expected to receive the Holy Communion, and this alone makes it a solemn day. How can we, then, slight or overlook its religious meaning, and keep it in the worldly manner merely? That it should be a time of joy is true; but is joy incompatible with religion? There is temptation to think so when the purely pagan attitude towards Christmas, of which even professed Christians are guilty, is recalled. Possibly there has been a reaction of late, but a tour of the shops will convince the most doubting that paganism is still very much in evidence. This is especially noticeable in those small and inexpensive remembrances which ought to convey above all else the sentiment of the season. In cards and calendars and other gifts of the sort there is little to remind us of the Star of Bethlehem. Paganism strikes the keynote in nine cases out of ten. The change for the better which, as has been said, seems to be coming slowly, can only come through the earnest efforts of followers of Christ.

The Household

"In Great Humility"

BY F. BURGE GRISWOLD

Children of the human race,
Covet ever highest place:
Jesus came from heaven to earth,
Choosing poor and humble birth.

In His great humility,
Taking guise of infancy,
He has made his cradle bed
In the lowly cattle shed.

Oh, the wondrous, wondrous love
That could leave the realms above
To exalt the souls of men
To their pristine state again!

Holy Babe, at Thy dear feet
Hearts' devotion, pure and sweet,
On this sacred day we bring,
As our fittest offering.

Son of God, we worship Thee;
To Thy Name all glory be!
Songs of gratitude and praise
Unto Jesus Christ we raise.

Christmas, 1898.

Babushka, the Russian Santa Claus

BY LOUISA A'HMUTY NASH

"When she meets a twelve-month child,
She looks in lingering doubt;
Within her eyes a lamp doth shine,
And slowly burneth out.

"She kisseth it with running tears,
Shesighs a soul perplexed;
'This is not He,' then murmureth she;
'But it will be the next.'

"And so she drifts adown the years,
A ghost with questioning eyes;
While faint bells dabble in her ears
And swimming stars arise.

"And so she blows about the world,
A foam-flake on the blast,
Till she do sight Christ's window bright,
And kiss His feet at last."

—FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

"AND will she really come to-night, motherke?"

This was the question that little Olga asked her mother, as keeping fast hold of her hand, she tiptoed with tiny steps across the snow to the village church.

"Isn't Olga silly not to understand?" broke in Ivan who, the elder brother, on the other side of his mother, fancied he understood everything.

"The Babushka will come, won't she, little mother? It is Ivan who can't understand, because he won't. Who brought you your new little sleigh last year? You're an ungrateful, bad boy. Isn't he, little mother?"

"The Babushka's gifts always come to good children," answered the mother.

"Then Ivan won't have any this Christmas, because he's so ungrateful!"

"Little girls can't judge; they don't know good from bad," said the boy.

"Hush, children," said the mother, half under her breath. "Be quiet in the church, and pay attention."

As they passed the "icons" (images), she saw that Ivan's hat was off, and that he made his bow, and the girls their curtsies.

Christmas Eve vespers had followed a day of fast, and the children longed for the service to be ended, that they might be home again for their supper. They knew that their good Christmas Eve supper had been already partly prepared for them.

Olga kept her bright eyes fixed on the black window near them; for she knew likewise that when the stars came out a'peeping, Father Stepan would say the benediction, and they would go.

And as the little groups silently left the church, the men in their long sheepskin coats, the women with their "bashliks" drawn over their heads, little Olga whispered to her mother: "Shall we find the Babushka when we get home?" and Matriona, with her fair hair braided, peeping from under her scarlet bashlik, heard another whisper in her ear: "I am coming with the singing boys to-night. I want you to throw your answer into my bag!"

And Andreas, not wishing to be noticed, passed quickly on.

A bright color came into Matriona's fair face, and she drew a bit of her bashlik over it, and stepped out into the night, that her mother might not see the tear that stood in her blue eyes.

"No rye bread, to-night, no rye bread," shouted out Ivan, as they took their places at the supper table. "We're sick of rye bread, aren't we, Olga?"

"Oh, but the fish will make it taste good!" said Matriona, gently.

And they had all the fish they could eat, prepared in different ways, according to the customs of "Little Russia," "in remembrance," father Nikolayan told them, and he had it from the priest, "that the Greek name for fish was the pass-word of the early Church, when they carried little fishes, too, of ivory."

"Now we can watch for the Babushka," said the baby of the family.

"Not yet, not yet," broke in her mother, as she set upon the table a dish of rice, sweetened with honey, with raisins sprinkled on the top, and mother Nikolayan's face was grave, for it was the dish for the dead; and she thought of her Yarina, her first-born. Was she really dead, as she heard rumored? Dead she was to her, and grievously had she mourned her such. She daren't so much as mention her name, for her father had forbidden it with a cruel oath.

And the mother asked herself: "Is my Yarina in a blessed heaven, forgiven by her Heavenly Father, although the dark waters of the Dneiper flow over her poor body, or is she straying still on the miserable, wild 'steppes of earth?'"

A hush fell on the whole family, for they knew the meaning of the dish of rice, and even little Olga ceased her questionings. And Matriona in her own mind, composed the letter she meant to write that evening to Andreas. She knew what there was to say. But how to say it, without wounding the heart that she knew beat tenderly for her sake!

The "samovar" was still steaming with its hot tea, and Matriona had sliced a lemon into each cup, when the boy's carol sounded up the village street, "God rest you, little children, let nothing you affright;" and mid all the trebles, she thought she could distinguish the one bass voice, which she knew to be Andreas'.

The letter, which she had with difficulty written in a large text hand (for she had

had only the peasant schooling of the village of Roshim) she tied to a heavy lump of sweetmeat, that it might be sure to sink down into his bag when she threw it.

"But the sugar cannot make it seem sweet to him, I know," she thought. She was wrong about the voice she thought she knew so well.

It was the village choir in procession, and the priest come to bless the holy water for the year, that the family should require.

Presently more voices floated towards them, from beneath the stars, through the clear and frosty air, "As Joseph was a' walking, he heard an angel sing," and there was a bass voice, that seemed to tremble, as its tones rang out.

"Little mother, he's plunged in the ice cold water, he'll catch his death o' cold," cried little Paul, taking Matoushka Nikolayan by the hand. "Do please take Andreas in out of the cold, and let him dry by your stove! What will our Matoushka do if Andreas should be sick?"

"Be off with you at once, I say. Don't come round my house, whining like puppy-dogs," was the only greeting given by the father of the family.

"Who told the fool to plunge into the water, because it had been blessed by Father Stepan; go about your business, I say!"

A little creek, tributary to the great river Dneiper, ran through the parish, and, according to custom, the priest had cut a hole in the ice, shaped like a cross, and having blessed the water, Andreas, for luck, plunged in!

There was no joy that night for mother and daughter. Matriona's tears fell fast. "I did not kiss the 'icon' to-day as reverently as I ought, or the Holy Virgin would never let me have this trouble!"

One little spell she'd try! All the family had gone to bed, and according to custom, the door of the kitchen was left open; the supper was still spread upon the table, and the house-door, for that one night of all the year, was left ajar, that when all was dark and still, the hungry souls might come in and feast. Matriona slipped quietly out of doors. Standing in the middle of the road, she took off one of her shoes, and threw it excitedly over her head, backwards. Hurrying to pick it up, she found the toe pointing away from home."

"The good Virgin will help Andreas and me, I know by this. Thanks be unto God!"

Olga was crying as she went upstairs to her own little room, and she heard her mother's voice, trying to pacify her: "Hush, Olga, and I'll tell you the story of your Babushka, and then you can go to sleep, and then by to-morrow she may have brought you a Christ-gift. Father Stepan has taught you about the 'Wise Men' at the 'Catechism,' and you have often sung—

'Three Wise Men from Orient are,
Following as they come, the star.'

Well, the 'Wise Men' called on the Babushka to come with them and find the

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Christ-child. 'I cannot come,' she answered, 'until I've swept my house!' and the caravan went on without her. A little while after the Babushka started, and tried to catch them up, but she was too late and could not do so. Since that day, the story goes, she has wandered forever, looking for the Christ-child. For His sake, and hoping that it may be He, every young child is dear to her. When they get presents at Christmas time, we call them 'Babushka gifts.'

"But, motherke, just let me look out of the window. I saw the crack come in God's dark blue floor, through the church window; and through the crack God dropped His little lamp, to tell us it was time to go home to supper. Just let me look out towards the 'steppes,' and perhaps the Babushka may come that way!"

And dressing her up in a soft fur hood and her own cloak, her mother let her go.

"Yes, motherke, I see her come, a little black speck, right where the 'steppes' join the sky. Do you think she found the Christ-child? for that is where Father Stepan says He went after traveling so many miles, and she has just stepped down from there!"

"I think it is just a tree that you see standing in the horizon!"

"No, no, I should have seen it standing there before, for I often look out to the place where the sky comes down and the earth goes up. There are no trees just there!"

"It might be a little speck on the window-pane that I did not wash off."

"No, no, I have touched it, and it does not move. But the speck is moving though. It is bigger than it was; and it's moved away down from the sky. . . Its coming our way. Its been in the sky, I'm sure, for I see white light upon it, like patches of the moon. . . Yes, it is a woman, and that's what Babushka is. . . She has a bashlik on her head, and she's carrying a bundle . . . a Christmas gift for me, I'm sure," and the little girl fairly clapped her hands with delight.

"Olga, Olga, you promised to be quiet, if I let you look out of the window. You'll never sleep to-night." And mother Nikolayan repented the permission she had given her child.

"Well, motherke, come and look yourself, and you'll see Babushka as well as me. Perhaps she has come for you, too. You were once a little girl like me, weren't you?"

"Yes, I certainly was, but I took the Babushka's gifts quietly, I didn't make so much ado like you."

And the mother came over to the window, too.

"Oh, you can't see her now, because she has got behind those trees, the other side of the prairie; you'll see her again, if you'll wait a minute."

"Nonsense, Olga, come back to bed now, like a good girl! I'll take care of anything she may bring you, and you can be dreaming about what it is to be."

The Nikolayans were but poor peasants; there were many things the mother would have liked to give her children 'in the Babushka's name.' 'I'll go to bed for five minutes, and you'll let me look again, when she has passed the prairie trees, and got into the village street.'

"I'll look for you, and tell you if she comes!"

And the little girl nestled her head, hood and all, on her pillow, while her mother peered forth into the night.

Her fancy wandered, too. It hung around

her long-lost daughter, her Yarina. They were all within the home-nest but one, and that was her first-born. What cruel blast blew her forth? What shelter had her head found since?

Wrapt in her reverie, she drew the curtain, and hearing the soft breathing of her child, she noiselessly prepared for rest.

A footfall on the crisp snow path. . . A creaking of the door, as it opened wider, . . . another step, and then a third on the kitchen floor beneath, . . . then a child's cry, piercing louder than the rest!

Another moment, and she was bending over her Yarina, loosening a babe from her grasp, . . . bringing warm milk to revive her fainting energies, . . . and kissing her pale brow!

The Epiphany (the Russian Christmas), dawned bright and sunny.

A fair child, with a little pale face, but yet with a dimpled hand, lay beside little Olga, as she woke.

"The Christ-child's come, I knew He would!" were her wakening words.

"Father, forgive me, can't you forgive me!" were the heart-broken words the poor girl whispered in Nikolayan's ear.

In a dream that night he had seen her

stand, looking down on to the dark waters of the Dneiper, while a voice shouted in his ear: "Man, thou art responsible; thou needlessly crossed her love, and thy scorn drove her forth. . . Beware, thou repeatest not thine offense!"

It all came back to him in a flash; and answering, he said to her, "I was harsher than I meant to be!"

And he took the babe from her arms, and kissed it on both cheeks.

"As long as we have bread, he shall share it with us!"

Matriona's eyes were swollen with weeping, and she wearily moved about her household work.

The Epiphany sun brought a great manifestation of light into that little peasant home.

The Church service over, Andreas caught up Matriona as she was leaving the churchyard, with a beaming face, and nothing the worse for his cold plunge, he whispered in her ear: "Your father will let me come and see you, he told me he was sorry about last night!"

"I'm glad then you did not have my letter!"

It was still in her pocket, tied to the sweet-meat; and hastily untying it, she tore it up, and putting the sugar-ring in his



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land, said shyly, "take this instead!"

When they all sat down to their Christmas dinner, little Olga said: "The good Babushka, she caught up the Magi after all, and brought them all back to our house; Yarina, though she is only a woman; and the baby, a very little one, and Andreas who Matriona thinks is the best of all!"

The Leland Mortgage

BY MRS. J. D. H. BROWNE

AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE LIVE OAKS," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XII.

IT was a weary week to Joan; the thought of Edgerly haunted her by day and night, a dread that she could not conquer; and with it she felt a feverish longing for tidings from Rothwell, for one word to give her strength and comfort, but none came.

And now the week was at an end, and today she might expect Edgerly.

That morning Bert set out by day-break for Los Angeles, and it was still early in the forenoon when he found himself in the wide, shaded street, with the handsome houses on either side, in which was Lucy Kenyon's home. Little did the boy dream, as he passed in through the gate, with his basket of fruit, what was to result from his doing so.

Lucy was sitting in her pretty morning gown, "making believe" to herself that she was writing letters, but, in reality, lost in very painful meditation. A man's or a woman's nature may be narrow enough in some directions, or mentally cramped or undeveloped, but it will always have room for pain, plenty of room for suffering, according to its kind. Sorrow is a plant that will grow in all kinds of ground, and spread and flourish like a upas tree; whereas the little herb of joy is easily blighted by the adverse winds of misfortune or the chilling frost of unkindness.

"Miss Lucy," said the old housekeeper, coming in softly, "the boy you wanted to see is here. He's brought some fruit. Shall I send him in?"

Lucy started and flushed. "The boy?—Oh yes, you can send him in. You startled me—I did not hear you coming."

"You don't seem quite well this morning, dearie. May be some other time, when you feel better"—

"No, no," said the girl impatiently. "I want to see him now," and Mrs. Goodwin, wondering at the change in her gentle, careless young mistress, disappeared.

Presently there was a tap at the door, and, in answer to Lucy's nervous "come in," Bert Priestly entered. The boy's beautiful, courageous eyes, the counterpart of Joan's, looked inquiringly at the young lady. He held his great straw hat in one sunburnt hand.

"Good morning," said Lucy, a little awkwardly; "sit down for a few minutes, won't you? You bring such beautiful fruit, I thought I would like to see you and ask you about your ranch."

Bert sat down on one of the dainty, satin-covered chairs, feeling a little uneasy, lest it should give way beneath him. "Thank you," he said, "I'll be glad to tell you. I'm glad you like the fruit; it grows finely on grandfather's ranch."

"Where do you live?" asked Lucy, and Bert who was far from being tongue-tied or bashful, was delighted to tell this pretty

young lady all she wanted to know. "You must come out and see the ranch sometime," he said, "it's just a lovely drive through the pass and up into the foot-hills."

Had he any brothers or sisters? she asked, and Bert told her of Joan, his only sister.

"Is she like you?" asked Lucy.

"No," laughed Bert, "Joan's a beauty—she's a regular beauty, she isn't like me!"

Lucy was silent for a moment or two, and then, with a great throbbing of her heart, she said: "Do you remember Mr. Edgerly, that gentleman who was here one day when you came?"

"Mr. Edgerly!" exclaimed Bert, "I guess I do; why, he's got to be a friend of ours, a great friend. He comes up to the ranch ever so often."

"Is—is he a friend of your sister?" asked Lucy with lips that seemed to stiffen as she put the question, but playing carelessly with her watch-chain as she spoke.

"Why, yes," said Bert, "I guess he's better friends with her than with any of us. He's always got a lot to say to Joan."

Lucy's little plump hands clenched each other until the nails wounded the delicate flesh. If Bert had not been a boy, he must have noticed the color flushing and fading in her face, the drawn look of pain about the lips.

"And her name is Joan," she said, with a strange little laugh—"what an odd name. Perhaps, some day, I may ride up to see your ranch and—your sister. Tell me the way again; through the pass, you say? and then?"

Bert gave exact directions as to the road, and then, as the young lady grew suddenly silent, he wished her good-morning and went away. He might have thought more of his interview with her, had he not been so engrossed with his fruit-selling, but he was very ambitious to dispose of his whole load, and as the Leland fruit was of the best quality, he had a good many customers. The little canvas bag was quite distended by the late afternoon, and Bert indulged his pony with a rest and feed at a little ranch house near the pass, where travelers sometimes put up coming and going. He even went into the "guest-room" and had a chat with the rancher's wife, whom he knew, and ordered a cup of coffee and something to eat. So it happened that he did not meet Edgerly in the pass.

It was the Captain, this time, who was waiting for Edgerly, anxiously watching from the piazza; Joan was not visible, as the young man rode up. Was it a good or an ill omen? he asked himself. "Where is Miss Priestly?" he inquired presently, after shaking hands warmly with the Captain. "I should like her to hear what I have to tell you, Captain; she has always taken part in our conferences, and I am sure you like her to know all your affairs."

So Joan was called. She came with a colorless face, and averted her eyes from Edgerly's eager glance, as he rose and held out his hand. It was impossible, before her grandfather, to refuse her own, but a slow, deep flush of helpless indignation rose to her cheek at the passionate pressure Edgerly dared to give it.

After all, Edgerly had nothing to say beyond repeating what he had told Joan at his last visit. The money would be forthcoming in good time to pay off the mortgage, and Captain Leland, instead of being at the mercy of a heartless speculator, would be indebted to one who would consider it a

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pride and pleasure to help a man so worthy out of his difficulties. The rate of interest had been exorbitant; in the future, it should be so moderate that there would be no difficulty in paying it, and should there be any, Edgerly said with a smile, the Captain might rest assured that he would not be pressed for it.

The old man straightened himself in his chair; it seemed as if an actual, tangible load had been lifted from his shoulders. "Mr. Edgerly," he said, in a voice that sounded younger and stronger than his had been for many a day, "it's no use my trying to tell you what I feel. I can only say if ever a man was grateful to another, I'm that man. I've been living on the hopes of this, but now I have it from your own lips."

"Not another word, Captain," said Edgerly, "it's quite enough reward for me to have served you and—your family."

"Joan," said the Captain, "why don't you speak? She's been rather out of sorts lately, and no wonder," he went on, taking his granddaughter's hand in his, and patting it gently, "but we're done with our hard times, please the Lord; cheer up, girlie."

"I've told Mr. Edgerly that we were grateful, grandfather," Joan forced herself

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to say. "It will be a very different life for you now."

"Well, run away now, and help your mother. Tell her we want the very best dinner she can get us to-day."

When she was gone, Edgerly had a struggle with himself. Should he speak to the Captain about her and enlist his sympathy and influence over Joan on his (Edgerly's) behalf? He answered the old man's remarks at random. His lips parted to speak of his love for the girl, but he refrained. The old man, he said to himself, was, after all, such a quixotic fool—he knew him well by this time—that he would rather sacrifice the ranch, even now, than bring any pressure to bear on Joan if she were unwilling to become Edgerly's wife. No, better deal with her alone.

He had come determined to secure an interview with her. The week that had passed had wrought a change for the worse in Edgerly. He had yielded himself utterly to his passion, and thrown any consideration that might weigh against it to the winds. He endured the delay with the best grace he could, but when at last dinner was over, and he was going, he boldly asked her for a few words before he left. She walked with him as far as the old sycamore, where he had sat beside her at his first visit to the ranch. He had crossed the Rubicon, and it was impossible now to go back to their former relations to each other.

It was Joan who first spoke:

"Mr. Edgerly," she said, "I have come with you because I wanted to speak to you. I thought of writing, to spare you and myself, but I knew you would come to-day."

"Let us sit down," he said, "it was here that I felt for the first time that the aim and object of my life thenceforth would be to possess you as my wife. If you have come to ask me to give that up, Joan, you have come in vain."

"You must not speak to me so," said Joan, pale and indignant; "no man can have the right to speak so to a woman who has told him what I have told you."

"What have you told me?" he said. "That you do not love me? How many women, think you, have said that to the men whom they afterwards learned to love? I can afford to wait, Joan, until you learn to love me, but you must not repulse me."

Joan looked at him with a sort of wonder. The audacity and reckless determination with which he addressed her, robbed her for the moment of the power of replying. But it was only for a moment. Suddenly she seemed to hear another voice: "I should like to hear from your own lips," it said, "that you will not forget me." With what true manliness, with what tender deference had those words been spoken! The color came into her cheeks and lips, and her eyes brightened.

"Mr. Edgerly, we owe you a great deal; you have done us a great kindness; were it not for that, I should never speak to you again." She looked almost scornfully indignant as she rose from her seat beside him, but she had never looked so beautiful.

Edgerly rose quickly, too, and for an instant laid his hand upon her arm. "You must listen to me a little longer," he said. You have driven me to say what I had not intended saying, but you leave me no choice, for I must win you, Joan, by one means or another. If you will not accept me for my own sake, then do so for your grandfather's. You know best what it would be to him to

lose this place and go out penniless in his old age into a world that is very hard to the old and poor."

Joan said not a word, only looked at him searchingly, as though she were trying to understand his meaning.

"I must win you," he repeated, and though he flushed crimson under her look, he went on without finching. "It is for you to say whether he shall stay in peace and comfort to the end of his days or go—as I have said. Promise me that you will try to love me, and he shall stay."

The stillness of the late afternoon brooded over the mesa. There was a breathless silence when Edgerly ceased speaking. Joan had turned pale again, and a strained, wearied look came into her face. "And if not?" she said.

"If you reject me, I, on my part, withdraw my promise"

The girl turned her face away; she need not have done so, for Edgerly looked down as he spoke. Shame was strong within him, but his reckless passion was stronger still.

Slowly, and without a word, Joan moved away. She, for her part, could not look at this man who had fallen immeasurably in her esteem. She was learning her first bitter lesson of human selfishness. But Edgerly walked beside her a few paces.

"I will leave you to think of this," he said. "I am ready and anxious to keep my promise to your grandfather; it rests with you—Joan, for your sake I am gladly giving up what most men covet very highly. Only be mine, Joan, and you can make of me what you will. Will you not speak to me?"

"I will think of what you have said," Joan answered faintly, still with averted face. "I beg you will leave me."

He turned away then, and Joan, walking slowly on, heard the gallop of his horse. She sat down on a great bough that had been wrenched from one of the sycamores by a winter storm wind. She could not face them at home; she must have time to recover somewhat before meeting her grandfather. "O Geoffrey, Geoffrey," she moaned, "if you were but here! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

How could she dare to tell her grandfather of her interview with Edgerly? to dash the old man's hopes, when he was so elated, so confident? "It will kill him," she whispered, "it will kill him." She did not doubt that he would give up the place without a moment's hesitation, rather than she should purchase it at such a price, but oh, how hard it would be for him! She looked about her, as it were, with her grandfather's eyes. She loved the old place dearly her-

self; she had been born here, and most of her young life had been spent here, but it was of the old man that she thought. She looked at the purple clusters among the vines, at the orange grove below the sycamores where the pale-gold spheres were already showing among the glossy foliage. This past week the Captain had begun to feel such a strong hope that the place might be saved, he had worked upon his ranch with such a look of happy interest, that Joan's eyes, watching him, had sometimes filled with tears, and to-day, since Edgerly's personal assurances, years seemed to have been lifted from the old man's life. How could she tell him? and on the other hand?—

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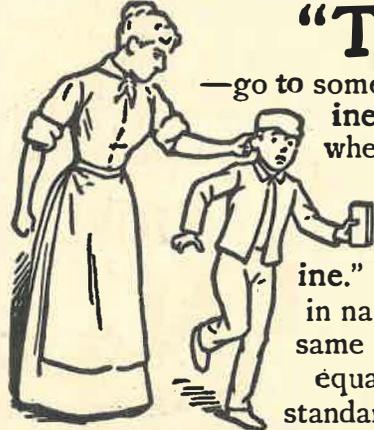
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In the warm stillness Joan shuddered. Could she give herself to this man? If Rothwell indeed were dead, or had forgotten her, it might not matter much what became of her.

She heard her grandfather's step. She had been sitting there a long time without knowing it. The shadows were lengthening. "What's the matter, Joan?" said the Captain; "your mother has been calling you. You look ill, child."

"Nothing, grandfather," said the girl, starting up. "I've just been sitting here thinking a bit." She slipped her hand within his arm, and they turned towards the house.

"The 'Mission grapes' are ripening fast," said the Captain, stopping to look at them. "I'm thinking I'll sell them to the San Gabriel winery this year. Guess I'll drive over there with Bert to-morrow and ask their price." He had not spoken with such cheerful decision about anything for long months past. "I tell you, Joan, things look different to me from what they did. After all, your old grandfather will be able to keep a roof over your heads, and may be leave you all something to live on, when he answers the last roll-call. Eh Joan?"

Joan only answered by a pressure of his arm. She could not speak, and the Captain, in his new-found hopefulness, did not notice how pitiful was the smile on her pale lips, and what a hunted look had come into her eyes.

"Mr. Edgerly's done us a good turn, if ever man did," the Captain went on. "It was a lucky day for us when Lawyer Kenyon sent him. Well, he shan't suffer for his kindness. He shall be promptly paid the interest, and I was talking to him to-day about the water development. He thinks something may be made of it, and if he goes into it with me, it may turn out a good thing for him, too."

Thus it was that Joan's struggle with herself began, a struggle which no one shared, though her mother, keen-sighted in her great, repressed love for the girl, noted her wan, changed looks, and was full of foreboding.

(To be continued.)

I WISH I had time to tell at length the story which lies before me of a good bishop across the Atlantic. He was a widower, he had an only daughter, married and gone to live in the far West, and the bishop was going to spend a happy Christmas with them. It was a four-days' journey by train. There was a large party of travelers, who were moving incessantly up and down the cars, and everybody had a smile and kindly word for the bishop, and he the like for them. But it would be hard to describe the consternation which fell upon them all when first a high wind arose, and then the snow came in blinding sheets, and the drifts piled higher and higher, and the train moved more and more slowly, and at last stopped altogether. And it was Christmas Eve!

Of course there were howls from the poor children and some tears from the mothers. But there was also the bishop. "They would have a Christmas tree anyhow," he said, and they would hope to get to their journey's end in time for some turkey and pudding. He went to the porters and begged for coffee and soup packets, went among the richer passengers and begged for the presents which they were taking to their friends, trusting that they would

either buy more or enjoy the luxury of having bestowed them on the distressed. And he was met with a marvelous response, boxes of bon-bons, flasks of scent, warm mittens, toys and games, and picture books. And then pressing into the service one of the college students in the train, none other than the Harvard "half-back," he and some others got out into the wood with emergency axes, and worked away at the roots of a tree, which was at once dragged into the car, and they dressed it up, and it was verily a glad sight. Then the children were put to bed. There were a great number of Germans among these, and the bishop said a few words to them in their own language, and asked them to say a prayer, and a chorus went forth which they had learned in fatherland:

*Ich bin klein
Mein Herz ist rein
Soll niemand darin wohnen
Nur Jesu allein,*

with the Lord's Prayer following.

The storm ceased in the night, and next morning the train went on its way merrily and reached its destination, and I dare say the good bishop preached a good Christmas sermon in the parish church, but it could hardly have been a better one than he preached in the cars on Christmas Eve.—*The Church Times.*

A Christmas Church

ONE of the oddest and prettiest sights in the shopping district these days is a church made entirely of lawn pocket-handkerchiefs. This curious edifice is shown in one of the big double windows of O'Neill's store on Sixth avenue between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets. The church is a large one, with broad steps leading up to its three doors, and electric lamps burning brightly at the foot of the steps. The vestibule of the church is to be seen, with the inner doors covered with red satin, in realistic imitation of the shiny baize doors of most church vestibules. The walls, steeples, and slanting roof of the edifice are tiled with handkerchiefs, some of them folded so as to represent slates, others in squares or smooth oblongs, to imitate bricks or blocks of marble; a row of ecru-colored lawn handkerchiefs at the edge of the roof looks like a border of cream-tinted tiles. The whole church is sprinkled with diamond dust, which gleams like ice crystals or newly fallen snow. Windows of stained glass, through which light gleams cheerily, relieve the whiteness of the walls, completing this ingenious illusion of a church on Christmas Eve.

WE have a limited number of combination sets of the Prayer Book and Hymnal retailing at \$5 each, which we will send absolutely free to any subscriber sending us two new subscriptions. Address THE LIVING CHURCH, 55 Dearborn st., Chicago.

PITT recommended the great writer and divine, Paley, for a bishopric. "What," said George III., "Pigeon Paley, No! No-No!" The reason he called him Pigeon Paley was from his famous apologue about property, which he described thus: "If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if instead of each picking where and what it liked, you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and refuse, and keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest and perhaps the worst pigeon of the flock, you would see nothing more than what is every day practiced and established among men. Among men you see the ninety and nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this one, too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set, getting nothing for themselves all the while, but a little of the coarsest of the provisions which their own industry produces." This bit of writing cost Paley a mitre, George III. seeing in himself the feeblest and worst pigeon, and revenging himself accordingly.

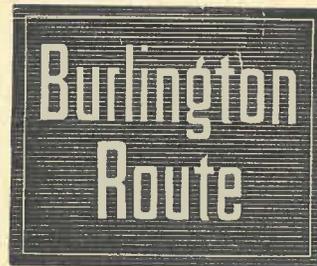
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Children's Hour

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's hour.

His Holy Temple

A True Incident

BY W. B. M.

A CHEERFUL hum of voices greeted the rector as he entered the church. The sunlight seemed full of Christmas meaning as it touched the holly berries and gilded even the sombre green of the cedar boughs. There were earnest faces, busy workers, and a score of willing little messengers to run on errands. The good rector, with a hearty word of encouragement for each group, passed through the church, lingering for a moment to lay his hand lovingly on the head of his youngest daughter, as she set on the steps with her young friends, twining a garland.

"Mr. Lawrence is very ill, and so I must go out in the country, but I leave helping hands everywhere," and the rector was gone, with a smile and a friendly nod for the boys who were breaking cedar on the grass.

Quietly and steadily the ladies in the guild worked, until the chancel, with its beautiful symbols, was finished. Only the star was to be added later in the evening.

They had gone home, and now a group of young people returned with a load of evergreens, for which they had gone unnecessary "miles and miles." With no restraining presence, and with the festive feeling in the air, they forgot they were in the House of God. They did not mean it for irreverence. It was simply thoughtlessness.

"I do wish we could put this here. It would be perfectly lovely," and one girl held a glossy branch of mistletoe against the cedar and holly in the font.

"Irene Howard! How can you talk so! Who ever heard of mistletoe in a church?"

"I don't see why not," persisted Irene. "If those old Druids did have it first, why can't we convert a beautiful pagan custom into a Christmas decoration?"

"Well, for a minister's daughter, Irene, I must say that your theology is mixed," laughingly called out another girl.

"I don't know anything about Druids," Kate Irving said, "but I do know that this piece of mistletoe is going right under the chandelier at home for my Christmas party. O girls! you remember last night?"

A lively discussion followed, and merry laughter filled the church. The taller girls were dressing the gas fixtures, with many cautions from their helpers as to the perilous positions they had taken. The example of the larger girls soon influenced the younger ones, and they came marching in with their garland in a gay little procession and carried it up in the gallery.

"I say, Ned, I can't find those wreaths anywhere, and they're wanted now," called out one small boy. "Oh, here they are up here. Come and get them," was the answer, as Ned leaned over the gallery railing.

"Oh, I'm too tired, just drop them down, will you? I'll catch."

And down they came, one at a time, to the excited interest of the young folks who sat on the railing as audience.

Just as the last one fell, the church door

opened and a lady came quietly in, followed by two tiny little children. The mother walked to the font, saying gently:

"The children planted these flowers themselves. They have been saving them for Christmas. Can you put them here?"

"Yes, indeed. Look at those darling little children. Do look! They think it's church time, and Kate pointed to them.

Hand in hand, and as softly as if it were indeed Sunday, they came up the aisle and entered their own pew. There they sat, with serious looks on their sweet faces, and as impulsive Irene ran down to kiss them, they looked at her wonderingly, and answered in whispers. Their coming had caused a lull in the chatting, but it seemed to go on just the same when they passed out again.

But the message they brought sank deep in one heart. Muriel Wayne's head bent lower, and her fingers trembled as she fastened the leaves around the base of the lecturn. She did not answer Will's gay jest, and the thought of her own childhood came swift and clear to her mind, as he turned away and she was left alone to her task.

She remembered her first impressions of a beautiful church, low, sweet music, the minister with his white robes, saying in his solemn voice:

"The Lord is in His Holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him."

How it seemed as if indeed the presence of God hallowed the building, and she remembered how she would never run past the church, even on week days. Then when she was older, parts of the service were dimly understood, and she could spell out the words above the pulpit in golden letters on the blue vaulted chancel, "Reverence my sanctuary," and mother had explained its meaning. She remembered the thrill of joy when mother had trusted her with the beautiful cross of white roses to carry to church early one Easter morning. She thought of the Hebrews' holy of holies, and felt that only good people like Miss Belle who visited the sick, could be found worthy to help the minister put the flowers in the church.

And why had she changed? When did it begin—this drifting away from her childhood's high ideals? Must she trace it all back to that Saturday so long ago when she had permission to stay if she was needed? How she had lingered, hoping to be sent on some message.

One of the ladies stepped back to survey the chancel rail, critically saying:

"Well, it looks all right from here where the congregation can see it. I don't sup-

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THE LIVING CHURCH, NOV. 19th and 26th

pose Mr. Fenton will mind seeing the strings and ends."

The words came as a shock to the child standing by. They had been studying "The Builders," at school, and whenever she came to that verse:

"In the elder day of art,
Build's wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere."

She had thought that Christians would make even more beautiful the temple of the True God. How could they leave rough edges and strings on one side!

But through the years she had drifted with the tide.

"And a little child shall lead them."

There were tears in her eyes now as she fastened the last leaf in its place. She could not live over the years in which her influence had been on the wrong side. They were gone with their results.

She was alone in the quiet church, and she knelt there and prayed for forgiveness and guidance in the years to come.

Yes, we should come at the holy seasons to make beautiful our Father's house—come with willing hands and ready feet—come as little children, for even a child can help; come as children older grown, gladly but humbly, as Ezra has written in the centuries gone by, "To strengthen their hands in the work of the house of God, the God of Israel."

Lewis Carroll's Child-Friends

S. D. Collingwood, a relative of the late C. S. L. Dodgson, better known as "Lewis Carroll," contributes an article to the December *Century* on "Some of Lewis Carroll's Child-Friends." The following are three characteristic letters quoted in the article:

CH. CH. OXFORD, July 21st, 1876.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE: Explain to me how I am to enjoy Sandown without you. How can I walk on the beach alone? How can I sit alone on those wooden steps? So, you see, as I shan't be able to do without you, you will have to come. If Violet comes, I shall tell her to invite you to stay with her, and then I shall come over in the Heather Bell and fetch you.

If I ever do come over, I see I couldn't go back the same day; so you will have to engage me a bed somewhere in Swanage; and if you can't find one, I shall expect you to spend the night on the beach, and give up your room to me. Guests, of course, must be thought of before children; and I'm sure in these warm nights the beach will be quite good enough for you. If you did feel a little chilly, of course you could go into a bathing-machine, which everybody knows is very comfortable to sleep in. You know they make the floor of soft wood on purpose. I send you seven kisses (to last a week), and remain,

Your Loving Friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

CH. CH., OXFORD, Oct. 28, 1876.

MY DEAREST GERTRUDE: You will be sorry, and surprised, and puzzled, to hear what a queer illness I have had ever since you went. I sent for the doctor, and said: "Give me some medicine, for I'm tired." He said: "Nonsense and stuff! You don't want medicine; go to bed!" he said. "No; it isn't the sort of tiredness that wants bed. I'm tired in the face." He looked a little grave, and said: "Oh, it's your nose that's tired; a person often talks too much when he thinks he nose a great deal." I said: "No; it isn't the nose. Perhaps it's the hair." Then he looked rather grave, and said: "Now I understand; you have been playing too many hairs on the pianoforte." "No, indeed, I haven't," I said, "and it isn't exactly the hair; it's more about the nose and chin. Then he looked a good deal graver, and said: "Have you been walking much on your chin lately?" I said: "No."

"Well!" he said, "it puzzles me very much. Do you think that it's in the lips?" "Of course!" I said, "that exactly what it is!" Then he looked very grave indeed, and said: "I think you must have been giving too many kisses." "Well," I said, "I did give one kiss to a baby child, a little friend of mine." "Think again," he said. "Are you sure it was only one?" I thought again, and said: "Perhaps it was eleven times." Then the doctor said: "You must not give her any more till your lips are quite rested again." "But what am I to do?" I said, "because, you see, I owe her a hundred and eighty-two more." Then he looked so grave that the tears ran down his cheeks, and he said: "You may send them to her in a box." Then I remembered a little box that I once bought at Dover and thought I would some day give it to some little girl or other. So I have packed them all in it very carefully; tell me if they come safe, or if any are lost on the way.

READING STATION, April 13, '78.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE: As I have to wait here for half an hour, I have been studying Bradshaw: (most things, you know, ought to be studied; even a trunk is studded with nails), and the result is that it seems I could come, any day next week, to Winchfield, so as to arrive there about one; and that, by leaving Winchfield again about half-past six, I could reach Guildford again for dinner. The next question is: How far is it from Winchfield to Rotherwick? Now do not deceive me, you wretched child! If it is more than a hundred miles, I can't come to see you, and there is no use to talk about it. If it is less, the next question is: How much less? These are serious questions, and you must be as serious as a judge in answering them. There mustn't be a smile in your pen, or a wink in your ink (perhaps you'll say: "There can't be wink in ink, but there may be ink in a wink"—but this is trifling; you mustn't make jokes like that when I tell you to be serious), while you write to Guildford and answer these two questions. You might as well tell me at the same time whether you are still living at Rotherwick—and whether you are at home—and whether you get my letter—and whether you're still a child, or a grown-up person—and whether you're going to the sea side next summer—and anything else (except the alphabet and the multiplication table) that you happen to know. I send you 1,000,000 kisses, and remain,

Your loving friend,

C. L. DODGSON.

As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

—Thackeray.

With gentle deeds and kindly thoughts
And loving words withal,
Welcome the merry Christmas in,
And hear a brother's call.

—Lawrence.

The poor will many a care forget;
The debtor think not of his debt;
But as they each enjoy their cheer,
Wish it were Christmas all the year.

—Thomas Miller.

CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

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Catarrh of the stomach has long been considered the next thing to incurable. The usual symptoms are a full or bloating sensation after eating, accompanied sometimes with sour or watery risings, a formation of gases, causing pressure on the heart and lungs and difficult breathing; headaches, fickle appetite, nervousness, and a general played out, languid feeling.

There is often a foul taste in the mouth, coated tongue, and if the interior of the stomach could be seen, it would show a slimy, inflamed condition.

The cure for this common and obstinate trouble is found in a treatment which causes the food to be readily, thoroughly digested before it has time to ferment and irritate the delicate mucous surfaces of the stomach. To secure a prompt and healthy digestion is the one necessary thing to do, and when normal digestion is secured the catarrhal condition will have disappeared.

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THE white wooden boxes in which fine table salt is put up make the very prettiest kind of collar and jewelry boxes, ornamented with burnt work, or covered with embroidered linen, which may be gummed on neatly. Line the inside of the box, and cover with thin silk in a contrasting color, gumming it to the edges, and shirring to a point in the centre.

EVERY woman would be glad to receive a hat-pin book as a Christmas present. It is easy to make, and extremely attractive when finished. Cardboard is used for its foundation. Four pieces of cardboard are necessary, as it takes two pieces to make the back of the book and two for the front. The pieces of cardboard are first wadded and then covered with linen, the edges carefully buttonholed. The two pieces of cardboard are then tied together at the back with many bows of narrow ribbon. They fasten in the front with but one bow, only much wider. In making these books it is advisable for the novice to buy stamped linen. Covers for hat-pin books can now be bought, with not only a stamped floral design, but with the inscription, "Hat Pins." The embroidered cover is used for the front of the book, the plain one answers for the back. Of course, the book must be well stocked with hat pins, which are thrust through the wadded cushion inside. An artistic hat pin book may be made of green linen embroidered with purple violets and tied with violet ribbons. The lettering may be worked in a darker shade of green, or in violet, matching the flowers in color.

SHOE-BUTTON CHATELAINE.—Make a little bag of sage-green silk two inches and a half long, with a pocket on one side for the thimble; fill the bag nearly full of shoe buttons; then make a small needle book of the same silk, with leaves of flannel for holding the large, strong needles; next take a half a yard length of many strands of heavy, stout black linen thread, and after folding in the centre, braid the thread loosely in one piece. Now make a flat bow of sage-green ribbon, and fasten a large safety pin on the under side by sewing it to the bow. This bow is intended to be pinned at the waist. Suspend the thread, button-bag, needle-book, a pair of scissors, and a piece of beeswax, with narrow sage-green ribbons sewed on the under side of the bow and varying in length, but averaging half a yard.

A BUNCH of pin-balls carries out the patriotic idea, there being three in number—one red, one white, the other blue. They are made by winding coarse cotton or wool to the desired size and shape, and of the same color as the silk which is to be crocheted around them. For instance, a red ball is wound, and around this is crocheted a red silk cover; the blue ball is covered in blue, the white, in white. Each ball is then fastened to a narrow satin ribbon of its own color, and these are tied to a ring, their ends forming a larger or smaller knot, as desired. The ribbons are of different lengths, thus making the red ball hang below the white, and this latter below the blue. Each ball is stuck full of pins, that bristle out and cause it to resemble a thistle.

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