

The Living Church

A Weekly Record of the News, the Work, and the Thought of the Church

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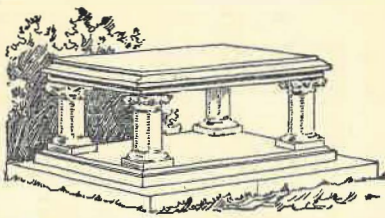
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The Living Church

Rev. Charles Wesley Leffingwell, Editor and Proprietor

Notes of the World's Progress

A PROPOSAL LAST WEEK TO form an American company to control commercial interests in China indicates a desire on the part of China to have a friendly nation assume direction of branches of commerce which would otherwise ultimately be taken in charge by some one of the nations engaged in appropriating the country. Coming from a Chinese official of high standing, the proposition possesses a significance which would not characterize it if from another source. This official states that the Chinese government is ready to grant every trading, contracting and commercial concession, such as an American might ask for. To prevent total annihilation, the kingdom is obliged to secure a commercial alliance with some strong nation. Under present conditions, requests by foreign interested powers for commercial privileges amount practically to demands, and China herself is powerless to repel aggression.

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IT IS NOT UNLIKELY THAT AT THE coming session of Congress some steps will be taken to modify the Chinese Exclusion Act. As in force at present, no exception can be made, and thus its operations are at times diametrically opposed to justice. The principal object of the Act was to relieve labor of a condition which threatened disaster to American workingmen in sections where Chinamen could be hired at a mere nothing. It is, of course, essential that legal bars be not let down to cheap Chinese labor, but circumstances arise at times when exceptions to some provisions of the Act should properly be made. For example, on board the "Olympia," which is now bearing Admiral Dewey toward New York, are a number of Chinamen who served with distinction in the engagement at Manila Bay. These men were servants, but when emergency arose they rendered valuable assistance. Under the terms of the Exclusion Act, they may not set foot on American soil, but should they do so, it is probable no action would be taken.

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REVOLUTIONISTS HAVE OVERTHROWN the government in San Domingo. President Figuero resigned his office Aug. 31st, this action being the result of a series of revolutionary successes which demonstrated the power and influence of the insurgents. It is probable that Juan Isidoro Jimenes, who instigated the trouble, will be elected to the presidency. A curious feature of the affair is the indifference with which the revolution was regarded by a large percentage of the population of the island. The approach of rebel troops was, in most cases, immediately followed by surrender of the government forces, and alliance of the latter with the rebel cause. It is probable that, inasmuch as the president has resigned, cities now holding out will surrender without further resistance. Except in cities where business was naturally depressed, ow-

ing to disturbances, the commerce of the island has not been particularly affected, and the whole country is in a prosperous condition.

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THE ANNUAL REPORT OF H. CLAY Evans, Commissioner of Pensions, shows that while the list of pensioners decreased during the year just closed, the amount expended increased, being now \$131,617,961. This is due to the higher average annual value of pensions. The total number of claims filed during the year, including those on account of the war with Spain, was 48,765. The administration of Mr. Evans has been on the whole satisfactory to the majority of those with whom he or his subordinates had to deal, although much antagonism was aroused over his efforts to prevent abuse of the pension privilege. The generosity of the government affords an opportunity for unprincipled claimants to take advantage of measures enacted for the benefit of the worthy. Precautions taken by the administration in making a physical examination of every soldier before giving him honorable discharge, will probably be of great benefit in years to come in preventing unworthy claimants from obtaining pensions under false pretenses.

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SAM JONES, MAYOR OF TOLEDO, is a candidate for the governorship of Ohio, running on an independent ticket. Mr. Jones has already achieved a reputation for the manner in which he disappointed the politicians of his State in the recent campaign for the mayoralty of Toledo. Leaders of political organizations and newspapers were against him, and they are still marveling because of the magnitude of his majority over "regular" candidates. Mr. Jones made his mayoralty campaign on a platform consisting of the Golden Rule, and his campaign for gubernatorial honors is being conducted on the same basis. There is a similarity between Mr. Jones and Governor Pingree, of Michigan. Both were for the people. Mr. Pingree moved from the office of mayor of Detroit to that of governor of Michigan, and if the people of the State of Ohio manifest the same spirit as did those of the Wolverine State, there is a possibility that while Republicans and Democrats are waging bitter war against each other, somebody else may make away with the bone of contention.

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OPTIMISTS CLING TO THE HOPE that differences between English and Boers in the Transvaal may be settled without resort to arms, but developments of the past week are somewhat discouraging. The greatest activity prevails in the Transvaal, women and children being sent to places of safety, while other inhabitants are leaving localities where anti-British feeling is strongest. Nearly every Boer capable of bearing arms is prepared to resist to the utmost the demands of Great Britain. Within

the week, it is reported, President Kruger has withdrawn concessions offered for a peaceful solution, and his attitude indicates that the question of British suzerainty must be conclusively decided. Correspondents of foreign papers have left Johannesburg, thereby avoiding arrest. Should war break out, it is feared the whole of South Africa would be embroiled.

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ANOTHER MOVEMENT IS ON FOOT for the organization of farmers of the Mississippi Valley, the ruling spirit being W. N. Allen who organized the Farmer's Alliance, which rose, flourished, and faded. The new body is known as the Farmers' Federation of the Mississippi Valley, and is capitalized at \$20,000,000, divided into shares of a par value of \$10 each. The object of the federation is to do away with the present method of handling and selling grain, and save to members that amount of money now retained by buyers, commission men, etc; to regulate and control the sale and shipment of farm products, and to do such banking business as may be convenient for the organization to accomplish its ends.

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SENATOR BEVERIDGE, OF INDIANA, believed to be the youngest man ever elected to the United States Senate, suddenly finds himself in the public eye, especially on account of his reticence. Mr. Beveridge has just returned from a trip to the Philippines, where he made an exhaustive study of the situation, and on his return to the United States was given an opportunity by the press to give his "views." This he politely but firmly declined to do, so in lieu of opinions, the advanced school of journalism regaled the public with descriptions of the clothing worn by the Senator and his wife. So far, Mr. Beveridge has made no expressions, and probably will not until the Senate assembles. As a conspicuous example of silence and eminent modesty, Senator Beveridge stands unparalleled.

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AND NOW IT IS THE TURN OF BRAZIL to take the centre of the South American revolutionary stage. It is a time of depression when Central or South America cannot furnish a revolution to order. This time it is the people of the State of Amazonas, Republic of Brazil, who are discontented, not by reason of dissatisfaction with the government of Rio de Janeiro, but because of a well grounded belief that the State of Amazonas is unduly taxed to maintain less wealthy and less productive States of the Republic. Brazilian finances are not in the most excellent condition, but the prosperity of Amazonas has been uninterrupted. The rubber industry in that State, which is about the size of Texas, is in a thriving condition, and furnishes the government with revenue to be expended in less prosperous States. The people have therefore concluded they should be free and independent, and have a government of their own.

The News of the Church

Canada

Diocese of Huron

A fine baptismal font has been placed in St. James' church, St. Mary's. A special service was held to dedicate it, when nine children were baptized. At the recent Confirmation held by Bishop Baldwin in St. John's church, Walpole Island, 46 candidates received the rite. Hellmuth Ladies' College has been transferred to buildings in the city of London, which have been fitted with all the latest improvements. The Bishop held a Confirmation at the church of the Messiah, Kincardine, July 23d.

Diocese of Ontario

The building committee of St. George's cathedral, Kingston, have decided to adopt a different style of pews from those which were in the old building before the fire. The new ones will be like those in St. James' cathedral, Toronto. Archbishop Lewis has gone to England. During his absence Archdeacon Jones was appointed commissary.

Diocese of Ottawa

The diocesan report shows what progress has been made in Church work there during the past year. Five new churches have been built, and there are in the diocese at present 120 churches and 100 Sunday schools. There were 927 infants and 42 adults baptized during the year, and nearly 800 persons confirmed. A liberal collection in aid of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was taken up in all the churches in the diocese on the first Sunday in August. Success is meeting the efforts of the committee appointed to canvass the parish of St. John's church, Ottawa, to ask for contributions to clear off the debt. Clergymen have been appointed by the Bishop to the two new missions of Maberly and Russell. The deputations to visit the parishes throughout the diocese, and hold meetings, and in other ways increase interest in the mission work of the Church, have been appointed by the Bishop.

Diocese of Algoma

Several changes have been made amongst the clergy, in consequence of which Bishop Thornloe has one or two vacant missions, and would be glad to hear of suitable men to fill them. The Bishop was visiting posts up the Nepigon river in July. The Rev. A. F. Allman preached his farewell sermon in St. Paul's church, Uppington, July 30th. He has undertaken the charge of St. Mark's church, Emsdale.

Diocese of New Westminster

Much regret is felt at the serious illness of Bishop Dart, who has lately returned from a hard winter's work in England, in the interests of his diocese. Much diocesan work was awaiting him, many Confirmations are necessary, and there are seven new churches to be consecrated. It is thought that Bishop Perrin, of Victoria, however, will kindly perform episcopal functions during Bishop Dart's illness. The new chancel of St. Peter's church, Revelstoke, was used for the first time in July.

New York

Henry Codman Potter, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

St. Bartholomew's parish has lost one of its most prominent members, in the death of Gen. T. A. Davies.

Farewell Sermon

The Rev. B. F. De Costa, D.D., preached his last sermon as rector of the church of St. John the Evangelist, on Sunday, Aug. 27th, taking for his text "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

Brotherhood of St. Andrew

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew, of Westchester Co., held its August conference at St. Mark's

church, Tarrytown. There was a largely attended and interested session in the afternoon. At the night service, the Rev. S. A. Weikert, of Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, was the preacher.

New Rector at St. Mark's

The vestry of St. Mark's church has issued a circular to the congregation, announcing its action in the election of the Rev. Loring W. Batten, Ph.D., as rector of the parish, and bidding him a hearty welcome to his new duties. The Rev. Dr. Batten entered upon the rectorship on the first Sunday in September.

Intercession for Sunday Schools

It is announced that days of intercession for Sunday schools are appointed for Sunday, Oct. 15th, and the day following. An effort is making to have a general observance in parishes, with Eucharistic celebrations, devotional meetings of teachers, and services for children, and with request that the clergy will call attention to Sunday school work in sermons or addresses.

New Rector Chosen

At a meeting of the vestry of the church of St. John the Evangelist, on Aug. 23th, the resignation of the Rev. B. F. De Costa, D.D., as rector, was accepted, and he was elected rector *emeritus*. At the same meeting the vacancy in the rectorship was filled by the election of the Rev. Arthur B. Howard. The Rev. Mr. Howard is a graduate of Ohio State University, and of the theological department of Kenyon College, Gambier, O.

Work at St. Peter's

New evidence has been discovered strengthening the theory that the burning of St. Peter's church, Westchester, was caused by an incendiary. Services in the chapel will be continued indefinitely, as it will probably be several months before repairs to the church will be sufficiently far advanced to permit of its occupation. A retreat for clergy will be held in this parish during September, despite the fire. It will be conducted by the Rev. J. O. S. Huntington, of the order of the Holy Cross.

Notable Missionary Gathering

A notable farewell service for Missionaries was held in the chapel of the Church Missions' House, New York City, on Friday, Sept. 1st, at 11 o'clock. The Holy Communion was celebrated by the Bishop of New Jersey who is the chairman of the committee of the Board of Managers on China and Japan. The address was made by the Rev. Dr. Beverley D. Tucker, of Norfolk, Va., the father of one of the appointees. More outgoing missionaries were brought together at this time, it is believed, than ever before. Departing for Japan for the first time, are four young clergymen and two young women who have been trained in the Philadelphia Deaconess House. They will be accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. Patton and Ambler (re-appointed) and their families, and Miss Williamson, who are returning to the field. For China, there are two young clergymen and a young woman from Hartford. Passages have been engaged by steamer, sailing from San Francisco on Sept. 19th, for all except two of these. Miss Williamson may possibly go by another vessel, and the lady appointed to China will delay her departure for a month or two. The Rev. Barnabas T. Sakai, S.T.B., who came from Japan for higher education and is now about to return, was also present.

Boise

Rt. Rev. J. B. Funsten, Bishop

Episcopal Visitations

It is seldom that a parish in the mission field has the privilege of entertaining, at the same time, two bishops, but that has been Boise's good fortune, in having the first Bishop of Idaho, Bishop Tuttle, and the new bishop within its borders. It is 33 years since Bishop Tuttle

came to his vast jurisdiction and found the present structure of St. Michael's church at Boise, the only church within the limits of Idaho, Utah and Montana. During his years of hard labor in those pioneer days, he built churches and made Churchmen, so that on his visit this year he finds the children of those whom he baptized years ago, the mainstay of the Church in many missions. It is an interesting fact that Bishop Tuttle when elected, had not reached the canonical age for consecration, but after a hard year's work, went to New York and was consecrated. Large congregations greeted him wherever he went, people driving long distances to see him again. No less hearty is the welcome given Bishop Funsten, who is going over the jurisdiction, cheering the missionaries and the faithful, so long without a chief shepherd. The Bishop spent a week at Boise, preaching in St. Michael's at the morning and the evening services on Aug. 20th. The people are delighted with his personality and spirit of deep consecration.

Indian Work

An interesting development in Indian work promises to be that of the Fort Hall reservation. The Conn. Indian Association has deeded to the Bishop a tract of 160 acres, equipped with a school and other buildings necessary for work among the tribe. The Bishop spent a day at the reservation, and was much pleased with the many encouraging features he found. The Bishop visited Silver City and De Lamar, two mining camps far removed from a railroad. The people of Silver City have been for several years without a missionary, but have built by their own efforts a beautiful little church, at a cost of \$2,000. At the first service held in it in June, by the Rev. C. E. Denel, of Boise, there were 13 Baptisms, and it was a significant fact that the first offering taken was devoted to foreign missions.

New Church at Boise

At Boise the contracts have been let for the basement of a new stone church, to cost about \$15,000. Mr. H. L. Congdon, of New York, is the architect, and it is hoped there will be no further delay in the erection of a structure so much needed. It is hoped and expected that the Bishop will make this place his see city.

District of Laramie

Anson R. Graves, D.D., LL.D., Missionary Bishop

Bishop Graves' Visitations

The Bishop has finished his spring and summer visitations, having made 67 visitations and confirmed 152. A large number of these stations he had never visited before, being in that portion of Wyoming which was set off to him last fall. More than one-half of the clergy have changed since Bishop Graves took charge of these places. Still all the places are now occupied, and the work going on successfully. The Rev. A. W. Ball, lately from Texas, is now in charge of Sheridan, which was then vacant. The Rev. Wm. Toole is in charge of a string of missions in the Snake River Valley which were never worked by a clergyman before. The Rev. Mr. Dodds is in charge of Rawlins, which was resigned by Mr. Bateman in June. The Very Rev. James Cope is now dean of the cathedral at Laramie, which had been temporarily filled by the Rev. J. M. Johnston. The Rev. C. E. Snively has charge of the missions in Crook and Weston counties, most of which had been vacant for some time. The parish at Kearney will be filled Sept. 1st by the Rev. W. S. S. Atmore, lately from Jacksonville, Fla. Mr. A. A. Gilman, one of our divinity students, has been filling the vacancy at Grand Island during his vacation. The Rev. Charles Ferguson has just left the stations of Broken Bow and Callaway for Tucson, Arizona, and his place will soon be filled, it is expected, by the Rev. Mr. Hardman, of Idaho.

The Rev. L. A. Arthur has come to us from Detroit, and taken up the work at Ord and neighboring stations. The Bishop put in his summer at Laramie getting the cathedral parish in good working condition for the new dean, and will take his own vacation the latter part of September near Lake Itasca in the woods of Minnesota. Everything is in good shape for the fall and winter's work, with every prospect of a general advance along the whole line.

Nebraska

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

Anniversary at Omaha

On August 24th, St. Bartholomew's Day, the anniversary of the ordination of the rector, the Rev. Dr. Reilly, was observed at St. Matthew's church, Omaha, by celebration of Holy Communion. Dr. Reilly was celebrant, assisted by the Rev. G. E. Walk, M.A., of Council Bluffs, Iowa. The Rev. R. D. Stearns, of the diocese of Michigan, was epistolar, and the Rev. T. I. Purdue, of DeWitt, Neb., was gospeller. The Rev. C. H. Young, of St. Andrew's, Omaha, preached a forceful sermon on the office of priesthood in the Church of God. About a dozen visiting clergy and a large congregation participated in the service, and the vested choir rendered the music efficiently. The rector was the recipient of many expressions and tokens of esteem from his parishioners and others. After the service, the clergy were entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Reilly at the rectory.

Oklahoma and Indian Territory

Francis Key Brooke, D.D., Missionary Bishop

Mission at So. McAllister

A glorious Mission of eight days has just been concluded at All Saints', So. McAllister. The Mission was conducted by the Rev. F. E. J. Lloyd, M.A., of St. Mark's church, Cleveland, O. The spiritual tone of the mission has, apparently, by God's blessing, been greatly elevated. Adults have been brought to Baptism, children have been baptized, and from present indications, we should have from 12 to 15 well instructed candidates for Confirmation upon the next visitation of our beloved diocesan. Dr. Lloyd, during his vacation, conducted a Mission with similar results in St. John's, Vinita, I. T., where his venerable and devoted father is in charge.

Long Island

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

The Rev. Wm. T. Fitch, assistant at St. Bartholomew's church, has been in charge for several months past, during the absence of the rector, the Rev. Turner B. Oliver, in Europe. He is now taking a vacation at Northfield, Vt., where he will remain until October the 7th.

Will Erect a Chapel

The members of the church of the Nativity, Mineola, have decided to build a new chapel to cost about \$2,500, and subscriptions are already being received for the fund.

Work at Hicksville

A chapel is to be established at Hicksville, to be in charge of the clergy at Garden City, cathedral of the Incarnation.

New Chapel at Babylon

The chapel erected by Mr. August Belmont, on a site in the rear of his residence on the Nursery Farm at North Babylon, is now completed and practically ready for consecration. It is a handsome edifice of brick, Gothic in architecture. The interior woodwork, also pews, choir stalls, lectern, etc., are of chestnut. There is a fine pipe organ on the left of the chancel. In the spire is a small, deep-toned bell. It is Mr. Belmont's intention to have regular Sunday services, and the Rev. George Downing Sparks, rector of Christ church, West Islip, will be asked to officiate. There is to be

a commodious carriage shed erected near the chapel, and the grounds surrounding it and sloping down to the large lake, are to be laid with flower beds and shrubbery.

Resigns His Curacy

The Rev. William Worthington, curate of St. Peter's church, Brooklyn, having accepted the rectorship of St. Luke's church, East Greenwich, R. I., will enter upon his duties there the second Sunday in September. He conducted his last service as assistant at St. Peter's on Sunday, Sept. 31. Mr. Worthington has been connected with St. Peter's for a number of years, and is very much beloved by rector and parishioners.

Maine

Henry Adams Neely, D.D., Bishop

Fiftieth Anniversary

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Grace church, Bath, took place August 19th and 20th. The evening of the 19th, a reception at the parish house was tendered to the members and friends of the parish. Sunday morning, the sermon was by the Rev. Charles F. Lee, of Newcastle, Me., and at the evening service remarks were made by the rector, the Rev. Walter C. Stewart, the Rev. John Gregson, of Wiscasset, a former rector of the parish; the Rev. Herman Lillenthal, of Wethersfield, Conn., and Robert H. Gardner, Esq., of Boston, grandson of the first rector. Letters had been received from former rectors and friends unable to be present, and one from the Bishop read. Besides those of the clergy mentioned above, the Rev. John Williams, curate of the church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, assisted in the morning service. Special music added to the celebration.

Arkansas

Henry Niles Pierce, D.D., LL.D., Bishop
Wm. M. Brown, D.D., Bishop-Coadjutor

Bishop Pierce Ill

The readers of THE LIVING CHURCH will be sorry to hear that the Rt. Rev. H. N. Pierce, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Arkansas, is critically ill at the home of the Rev. James J. Vaulx, Fayetteville, Ark. The Bishop, who is nearly 80 years of age, left his home in Little Rock about the 10th of August to make a special visitation at Eureka Springs, Ark., which is a summer resort among the Ozark Mountains, 200 miles north. On the way, he stopped off to see his old friends at the Fayetteville rectory, where he has long been accustomed to spend two or three weeks every year. While there, he was taken ill. His condition soon became serious, and has continued so ever since. His son, the Rev. A. W. Pierce, is with him. His many friends throughout the State, both in and out of the Church, are much concerned. In all the churches the prayer for the sick is being offered on behalf of our venerable and beloved diocesan.

Ohio

Wm. Andrew Leonard, D.D., Bishop

The Rev. Henry E. Cooke, of Trinity church, San Francisco, has accepted a call to Christ church, Warren, formerly in charge of Archdeacon Abbott. He will begin work Sept. 15th.

Gaylord—Carmen

The Rev. Herbert Lee Gaylord, curate of Trinity cathedral, and Miss Elizabeth Carmen were married in the cathedral chapel, on Tuesday, Aug. 29th, Canon Hall officiating. They left at once for a trip up the lakes, and will be at home at the Cathedral House, about Oct. 1st.

Improvements at Gambier

The summer vacation is likely to prove too short for the extensive repairs and building operations that are in process of carrying out at Gambier. Through the generosity of Mr. Samuel Mather, a new heating plant has been provided for Bexley, Rosse, and Ascension Halls. Bishop and Mrs. Leonard are remodeling and

enlarging the chapel of the Theological Seminary. For services on Sunday, the theological students attend the college church of the Holy Spirit, but on week days, prayers are said in a small chapel in Bexley Hall. Some time since the Bishop provided the chapel with beautiful oak stalls, and he is now making extensive changes which will add greatly to the beauty and solemnity of the little place of worship. But one addition will be made this year to the corps of instructors. James Byrnie Shaw, Sc.D., has been appointed instructor in mathematics.

Missouri

Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, D.D., Bishop

By special invitation, the Rev. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, general missionary to the deaf in Western and Northwestern dioceses, officiated for the second time as chaplain of the alumni association of the Missouri State School for the Deaf, on the occasion of its third re-union at Fulton, Sept. 1-5

North Dakota

Samuel C. Edsall, D.D., Bishop

New Rector at Dickinson

Bishop Edsall has appointed the Rev. Charles E. Dobson, formerly of Dickinson, to take charge of the Episcopal work at Park River, Milton, Langdon, and Inkster. Mr. Dobson will reside at Park River, and will begin his duties next Sunday.

The new rector, the Rev. H. B. Ensworth, arrived in Wahpeton, Tuesday evening, Aug. 22d, and officiated at the service Sunday morning, at Trinity church. For several weeks Dr. R. H. Devine has been acting as lay-reader. The people are united and enthusiastic.

Urgent Need for Workers

It seems to us that the success of missions is in no wise more strongly emphasized than by the bishops' calls from the world over for more workers.

We thank God and congratulate ourselves that the Board of Managers has been able to respond to so many such calls during the year which closed on the 31st *ultimo*. It is a source of great regret, however, that no response has been made to Bishop Rowe's urgent and long-standing request for a clergyman for Point Hope, Alaska, and his wish for one or two other appointments. It is, moreover, a great disappointment to all that the plan for sending a Presbyterian to take the immediate charge at Cape Mount, Liberia, has so far failed by the final declination, after full acceptance, of the one who was chosen.

Bishop Graves needs two more physicians (several names are now before the Board), and Bishop McKim is asking for a missionary physician for Tokyo, and writes hoping that all the women who apply, being found suited to the work, after training, may be sent out to him.

These demands, however, come not only to us. There is scarcely a mission in the various foreign fields that is not in most urgent need of more laborers. For an instance, in the diocese of Guiana there are a great many aboriginal Indians besides the 150,000 negroes, 130,000 East Indian coolies, and some thousands of Chinese, and the missions to each of them are insufficiently manned. Concerning those to the Indians, the Rev. J. G. Pierson, of the diocese, in addressing the members of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, said that they suffered materially from the lack of workers.—*Spirit of Missions*.

ONE thing that I think differentiates us from most, if not all other, Christian bodies is the feeling we have towards the Church, as that of children towards their mother. This is an eminently proper feeling; for the Church is our mother. She cares for, protects, nourishes, and instructs us.—*Bishop Coleman*.

Editorials and Contributions

WE printed last week an appeal for poor Puerto Rico, issued by the Bishop who is in charge of the interests of this Church in that island. The appeal should be emphasized until a wide response enables our representatives at Ponce, San Juan, and elsewhere, to extend intelligent aid in the name of Christ and the Church, to the poor people who have been so terribly smitten. It is hoped that our clergy and laity will see the need of turning their donations in this particular direction, rather than in others where the Church will not have the credit, nor her faithful agents on the island the disbursing. And there should be no delay. In some of our dioceses the bishops have authorized a general collection in all the churches.

SOUTH AMERICA seems, from most accounts, a most unlikely field of Church reform. Indeed, we have become accustomed to the idea that reform within the Roman Catholic Church on that continent is a simple impossibility, and that there is no way out except to plant Protestant missions there. We have seen a map of South America which conveyed to the eye the impression that the whole land was enveloped in the darkness of paganism, save a few favored spots where such missions have been established. Recent events in Peru, however, may serve to show that a reform of the old religion is still among the possibilities. The new Archbishop of Lima, with the hearty co-operation of the papal nuncio, is engaged in putting an end to some of the superstitious observances which, with the connivance of the hierarchy in times past, have multiplied exceedingly in that country, and assumed most extravagant forms. This year, for instance, he forbade the strange and childish observances connected with St. Peter's Day, as injurious to the morals of the people and a reflection upon their intelligence. He has also begun to put a stop to the street processions, which occurred every week or two, in which figures of saints were taken from church to church to visit each other! The policy of the Archbishop, it is said, is to reorganize the Church of Peru on the North American plan. He is a young and vigorous man, and is surely worthy of commendation for his desire to elevate the souls entrusted to his care. But the task which he has undertaken is one which might well appall the stoutest heart. When we think of the moral and intellectual condition of the priesthood and the ingrained semi-paganism of the people, the labors of Hercules seem a light matter in comparison with the task Archbishop Tovar has set himself.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, whose "letters to *The Times*" did so much to fan the flames of dissension last fall, has made haste to send up a shout of triumph over the recent decision of the Archbishops. He regards it as a complete endorsement of his own position, and as committing the episco-

pany of England to a course of action which will cut up by the roots the whole system and operation of the "Catholic Revival." If anything were needed to provoke disobedience, it would only be necessary to convince the High Church clergy that Sir William is right in this assertion. Make it clear that the episcopacy, under the leadership of Canterbury and York, intend to initiate a new reformation of this description, and nothing more would be needed to drive them into an absolutely unyielding position. But nothing is more certain than that the Archbishops have not seen the logic of their position in the same light with Sir William, and that they will hardly be coerced into adopting such a line of action. It is much to be hoped that the clergy and laity most concerned will keep their heads, and not suffer themselves to be influenced by political declamation. The attempt to cut at the roots of the Catholic revival has been made at least twice—once in the early days of the movement, when the bishops were unanimous in their attack upon it; and again through the "Public Worship Regulation Act." The results were not reassuring to those who thought thus to defeat a great cause. The present decision is not a renewal of such attempts. It is only necessary to read the text of the present decision to see what an immense advance has been made, as compared with the episcopal utterances of fifty, or even twenty-five, years ago. If the clergy and others who are touched by this decision adopt a wise course, we are of opinion that Sir William Harcourt and his friends will find themselves disappointed.

WE agree with *The Churchman* in the statement which recently appeared in its columns, that "we are producing no missionary literature worthy of the name." Much of what we find in our journals, in the shape of letters from missionaries, reports of the Board, selections from various writers, and the like, appears to be written or edited to meet the intellectual level of Sunday school children. It is absolutely without effect upon most educated people. The real problems which confront our various missionary undertakings remain almost unknown. We have only incidental references to movements going on in the countries in which we are working, such as are calculated to affect in a profound degree the welfare of missions. Many illustrations might be given of failure to furnish the kind of information which well-informed people desire, and which is often necessary in order to counteract impressions hostile to missions which are so frequently produced by the sayings of travelers, or, nowadays, in some cases by native representatives of the countries concerned and of their ancient religions. Plausible people of this description have had a wide hearing since the Chicago Exposition. *The Churchman* thinks the defect would be remedied by the appointment of more secretaries. If so, let us have them by all means. But we would suggest that something might be done by men on the spot who would give us somewhat wider information of the circumstances under which they are working.

The American Spirit in Literature

MR. CHARLES JOHNSTON, in *The Atlantic* for August, discourses on "The True American Spirit in Literature," and decides that it has two distinctive characteristics, which he describes as the absence of the religious atmosphere, on the one hand, and of the aristocratic atmosphere, on the other. In the Old World "the great tradition and mystery of the Church" is everywhere present. Mr. Johnston delineates this with such beauty of expression, that, for a moment, we are almost led to believe that he is under the fascination of its influence. "The atmosphere of the Church," he says, is "an emotional sense of hidden things which quite alters the outward and visible values of life. It wraps to-day round with a sense of past ages, full of divine dealings with the world, taking us back to the sunlit lands of bygone years, to dim, old races that lived in the dawning of the earth. The Church fills life with a sense of the past; it fills life with a sense of the other world, a brooding divinity hovering within this world, yet high above it." All this and much more, with some qualifying expressions which betray the writer's point of view. All the great literary masterpieces of the Old World are saturated with this atmosphere. Contrast with this the atmosphere of Bret Harte's stories and the works of Mark Twain. For it is in these that we find the "true American Spirit." The atmosphere of the Church has faded away, and it leaves us "a set of red-shirted pagans and unprejudiced barbarians," of whom the best that can be said is that they are "very good company and full of purely human kindness."

IN the same way, Mr. Johnston contends that the atmosphere of aristocracy is equally alien from the American spirit. And in the form in which he regards aristocracy, this is no doubt nearer truth than his first proposition. We have no privileged class by hereditary right to stand in convention and tradition for "the best." The relation of master and dependent, with its good side and its bad side, has passed away. This relation, whether it wore the form of owner and slave, lord and serf, or landlord and tenant, was capable of great abuse, yet it also developed elements of character on both sides which it is hard to think may not somehow be perpetuated under other and better forms. As there will always, while the world stands, be a stronger and a weaker element in society, so there will always be a better and also an inferior class. Some will be wiser, some more foolish. There will be types of moral excellence, to inspire respect and reverence. In spite of the influences in education which tend to reduce everything to a dead level, there will still be a more cultured and refined class to stand as a practical ideal of attainment to our youth inspired with the noble desire to excel.

WE do not find fault with Mr. Johnston's statement of the facts as they stand. Doubtless what is most characteristic in American literature may be described in

the terms which he employs. It is only another way of saying that that which is seen in certain American writers, as it is seen in no others in the world, is a reversion to the naked pagan and barbaric spirit. But what amazes us is to have this treated, not as a phase belonging to an elementary stage of things, corresponding to the experience of the pioneer settler, cut off from the advantages of civilization, compelled to rough hew his way in the primeval wilderness, and make use of the simple instruments which forest and plain afford, but as a desirable development, a newer realm of life and thought, in advance of that of the Old World. Instead of a warning of the danger which lies in the direction of a too exclusive treatment of the crude forms of life to be found in the mining camp and among the boatmen and wharf-rats of the Mississippi, the writer would actually exhort the rising author to regard the spirit of such life as the spirit to be cultivated, as not simply a striking feature of a certain aspect of American life, but as that which is to be infused into all American literature to make it truly American. "The writers of the future," he says, "must give up everything which depends on the atmosphere of the Church, with its mystery and tradition," and they must equally give up the atmosphere of the palace, the castle, and the court, which latter is a summing up of the writer's conception of "aristocracy."

THE point of view which we have been considering involves much more than at first appears. We are asked to strip away all these things, as the mist vanishes before the rising sun, and to leave simply "plain humanity, standing in the daylight, talking prose." When this is well considered, it is seen that it is, in effect, to ask us to strip away the past, to act as if the world of men had had no history; and not only to strip away the past, but all the influence of the past upon the present. All the long upward struggles of history and the influences and motives which have most powerfully affected the minds of men are to be treated as if they had never been. The treasury of learning and philosophy handed down through the choice spirits of successive generations, and enhanced by the contributions of the greatest minds of every age, is to be cast to the owls and the bats. The glorious masterpieces of the world's literature are to be treated as effete and antiquated, with no more to do with the present than the fossils of the ancient rocks. The religion which has made the most enlightened part of the modern world what it is, is to be completely wiped out as with a sponge. All that is associated with the sentiments of respect for that which is more excellent, of reverence for that which is holy, is to be swept away. "The other world," and all that appertains to it, becomes the subject of a jest, and no sense of hidden things is to be admitted as altering the "visible values" of life in this world.

BUT the spirit of literature is not a thing by itself. It is the expression of the life and thought of men. If it is desirable that our literature should insist upon such ideals as have been described, it is because it is desirable that here in America such should be the ideals of life. The sway of these ideas should be extended to every department. We do, in fact, see much of this tendency in many directions. In politics and in

economics it is a common, and perhaps an increasing, tendency to scorn the lessons of history and the results of human experience, under the notion that to this country and its conditions the doings and sufferings of the men of other lands and other times have no relation. They have nothing to teach us. We shall succeed where they, time after time, have failed. What proved the ruin of nations in the past will but enhance our greatness. Again, we have not only put an end to aristocracy in the formal and conventional sense, but we seem to be witnessing the upgrowth of a generation destitute of the sense of respect for any kind of superiority, unless it be of a physical character; and with this goes the capacity of reverence for that which is noble, for moral grandeur, for that which has hitherto been recognized as the goal of human perfection. But, we ask, Is this desirable, Is it to be accepted and fostered? In conclusion, let us say that the writer with whom we have been dealing is woefully wrong when he asserts that the sense of the world invisible and a present God has no relation to morality. In truth, in these things have been found the most powerful of moral motives, and the only ones which are permanent in their influence and in any real sense uplifting. Americans may not, any more than other peoples, continue to be a great and beneficent force in the world without that development of character which can only come from a supernatural religion.

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Money Power

FROM THE ANNUAL ADDRESS OF THE
BISHOP OF WASHINGTON, 1899

WE are wont to boast of the progress of the nineteenth century; wont to compare its beginning with its ending; the America that Washington, Adams, and Jefferson knew, with the America of to-day. We think of the magnificent cities we have built in North and South, and East and West; of the railways and telegraphs wherewith we have covered the whole country like a net-work; of our enormous increase of wealth. And our people, forgetful of the religious beginnings of our nation, are saying more and more in their hearts, "It is my power and the might of my hand hath gotten me all this wealth." Contrast the sordid spirit which now animates the American people with that of the framers of our Constitution. Contrast the stalwart life of those ancestors, their homespun simplicity, their fidelity to principle, their robust faith in God, with the love of ease and luxury, the all absorbing passion for money, which characterizes our people at the present day. Apply to our own nation the kind of lesson that Gibbon draws in tracing the decline and downfall of the Roman empire; and then think whether in the midst of our boasted progress there are not also signs of decay.

* * *

Gold and silver are the gods to whom our people look for protection, prosperity, and safety. Gold and silver and the balance of trade are the watchwords which express their highest ideal regarding the welfare of their fatherland. Gold and silver is the ruling thought of young men and maidens, of fathers and mothers, of rich men and poor men, of merchants and statesmen, of day laborers and tradesmen; the one ruling passion that blots out the thought of God

and of country, blots out family life; and the one ruling aim to which all else is sacrificed as the myriads go forth each day to their work and their labor until the evening.

What a mockery it seems to speak to those in whose breasts such a ruling spirit reigns, of "seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," or of doing their duty and getting their own living in that state of life in which it shall please God to call them. "We must be practical," they answer back. Well, let us really be practical.

The growth of trusts at the present day is undoubtedly a kind of evil that is threatening the freedom of the people. The vast accumulation of great wealth in the hands of a few, who think only of their private ownership, never of the divine stewardship of wealth or of the tremendous responsibility of those who possess wealth, is another cause for alarm.

There is a mysterious sacredness about money which to me is appalling. With money power we can purchase almost any other kind of power. Not only can we use it in building houses, buying for ourselves lands, securing for ourselves works of art, position in society, education, and the companionship of the great, but we can relieve the necessities of the poor, build hospitals and colleges and churches, send missionaries to the heathen, help in many ways those who are doing God's work in this lower world. The more sacred any power is, the greater is the temptation to pervert it; and by all the warnings of the Bible, and by all the lessons of human history, we learn that wherever or whenever money power is thus perverted, wherever or whenever the stewardship of wealth is thus ignored, a terrible judgment of God upon the land inevitably follows.

We cannot but recognize the prevalence and growth of this evil of irresponsible wealth. Side by side with it we cannot but admit the growing discontent among the masses. Here in America we have no fear of European socialism. But there is something else, a spirit working far below the surface, that we may well dread. It is a feeling of injustice among the masses; a consciousness that they are somehow being wronged; a scowling determination that those wrongs shall be righted. And, like the rumblings of an earthquake, these hidden fires beneath our feet every now and then manifest their presence and their smouldering activity.

Well! Filled with the love of God and of your country, you go among the masses; you become the friend of the poor; you talk to the factory hand and the workingman; you get their point of view, and see more clearly and feel more strongly than ever, that on the laborer's side there are bitter, burning wrongs to be righted; but one gigantic obstacle uprises which prevents their being righted. The poor are just as sordid and covetous as the rich. Give the poor man the opportunity of wealth, or let him once change places with the rich man, against whom he cries so bitterly, and he will become just as cruel and unjust himself. There is, however, this enormous difference between the two. Where the covetous poor man is ignorant, pressed with want and shut out from all opportunities of knowing better, the covetous rich man lives in ease and luxury, possesses ability, education; and, with every opportunity of knowing the truth about himself, deliberately shuts his eyes to

it. The ultimate responsibility, therefore, rests with him, for he has the power of righting evils which the poor man is helpless to change.

* * *

If there is a responsibility resting upon the American people, there is a greater responsibility resting upon the Church of God. The Church of God, indeed, recognizes no distinction of persons; it identifies itself with no particular class of men. We are not to take the poor man's side against the rich, or the rich man's side against the poor. Moreover, it is not the business of prophets and priests of God to know about capital and labor, or the needs of commerce. We must leave the intricacies of all such questions to those experts who make political economy their life long study. But we do know something about the human motives which actuate men's lives. And we have as a weapon in our hands that Word of God which is sharper than any two-edged sword in cutting down to the thoughts and intents of the heart. We are pledged to God to stand out as witnesses to the everlasting truth that covetousness is idolatry; and we are bound to teach that truth, in season and out of season, whether our people hear, or whether they forbear.

Once more the Church of God has her own crying temporal needs; she knows just how the poor man feels; she knows just how St. Paul and the first Christians felt. But she should be free from either rich man's or poor man's spirit of covetousness, crying aloud just as St. Paul did at the very time when he was oppressed daily with the care of all the churches, that covetousness is idolatry; and setting all outsiders the example of entire confidence in Christ's holy promise, "Seek you first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

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Open Air Processions and Street Preaching

BY THE REV. DUNCAN CONVERS

SEVERAL of the clergy have been interested in the experiment we have been trying, during this summer, at the church of St. John the Evangelist, Boston. Some ask about it. It is easier to send a communication to the papers than to answer individually.

There are two well-defined types of open-air work. One, an independent service, meant to be complete in itself, and the other, auxiliary to a service to be held later in the church. The latter is the kind we have aimed to have.

Why should we? One reason can be given in words overheard as we passed. A mother and daughter stood watching us, when the former asked: "What are they doing?" The daughter answered: "Why, mother, they are following the example of Christ who went out into the streets and lanes of the city to seek the lost." Perhaps the Master's words at His trial, "I ever taught in the synagogues and in the temple," with explicit reference to the same on many occasions, may justify the inference that He usually taught in buildings set apart for religious purposes. But the sermon on the mount, the teaching given the crowd from the ship, and the like, show it was not confined to such buildings.

Ecclesiastical practice in the past makes it older than the modern, unchurchly mode used by the Salvation Army. Out door processions were known to St. Basil, used by St. Ambrose in Milan. Bingham's Antiquities (Book xiii, Chap. I: § 11-12) tells of early ones in Rome and Constantinople. The article in Smith's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities, p. 1716, says: "About the same time the Arians at Constantinople

sang hymns, antiphonally, as they went through the city to their church, whereupon St. Chrysostom, to counteract the effect of such public demonstrations, organized processions of the orthodox, in which silver crosses given by the Empress, and lighted tapers were borne, and psalms sung. . . . It is probable that all litanies ordered for a special purpose were sung in procession, though it is not always so expressed." How astonished some of those worthies would be should they know that our "litany" is generally said in a church, and that some of our people are so ignorant as not to know that such were first intended to be processional.

If we are to be "missionaries on a mission," we are to look on ourselves as "sent," not merely to minister to those who come to us into our churches, but to go to seek for those who will not voluntarily come. And such we find on the open streets.

One of the ever present temptations of an unendowed church is to work only or mainly for the rich and the well-to do. If we are to conquer this temptation, and to preach the Gospel to the poor—to those whose surroundings are like those chosen for Himself by God Incarnate, we must get beyond the walls of the churches. We can find them on the streets. A worker with us said to a man evidently interested: "Come to church with us." "Oh, I'm not dressed to go," looking down on his rough working clothes. "Come anyway; don't mind your clothes." He took a second survey. "It's not so very bad. Do you think I'm too bad to go?" Of course he went, and was glad of having done so.

What have we done? You can improve on our plan, no doubt. We tell you our experience to enable you to begin thinking. We made our procession, headed by a cross bearer, carrying a broad-faced wooden cross, gilded, which was made for us at a cost of \$7.50. Behind him marched, two and two, the men, clad in cassocks and cottas, wearing skull cap, and having a card of hymns. The hymns are mostly processional, or hymns of invitation to church, and are sung to the best known tunes we can get. There are fourteen on our card, but the ones we generally use are:—

The Church's one Foundation.

O happy band of pilgrims.

Souls of men, why will ye scatter?

Rejoice, ye pure in heart.

At the Name of Jesus.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus.

Onward, Christian soldiers.

There is a fountain filled with blood.

After the singers, two cornetists in cassocks and cottas. Then the priests. It is important to have two, if possible, as the effort to sing on the street and preach at the stations, tires the throat. One alone will probably find that he has no voice left to sing the service and preach in the church afterwards.

Behind comes the auxiliary procession of those who do not wear cassock and cotta, one of whom will take charge of the pulpit; *i. e.*, a wooden chair without a back. Others have the hymn cards to give to any men who seem interested, and who will join them in the auxiliary procession. After the addresses at the stations, and while the cornets are playing over the tune, they offer the cards to the men in the crowd and ask them to come into the procession. Usually we have not had as many ready to do so as we hoped. To the man in the crowd it seems like "confessing Christ before men" to take the open step of leaving the crowd and becoming one of our auxiliary procession. Still, those who do so are sure to come with us to Church and make part of the congregation. We hope some day to learn better how to effect this.

The women interested go on the sidewalks, and not in the street. They are asked to sing the hymns and to invite those they see are interested to come to church. Children are not especially wanted.

As the evenings grow shorter, and it is dark by the time we get to the church, we give each man in the choir or in the auxiliary procession, who starts with us from the church, a torch;

i. e., a candle burning in a clear glass shade on the end of a pole.

At starting, we have gone into the church, and kneeling before the altar, asked God to bless us and our work. Then we sing a hymn, as we go to our first station, where a short address five to eight minutes long, is made. Sometimes, while standing still, a hymn has been sung; but the numbers did not increase during it—on the contrary, lessened slightly. As the crowd was so well behaved, we have sometimes said a prayer. "Hats off, please, while we say a prayer." Nearly all uncover their heads. We commonly said: "O Saviour of the World, who by Thy Cross and Precious Blood hath redeemed us," the rest answering, "Save us and help us we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord," with the Lord's Prayer.

The crowds have been large. Sometimes five or six hundred men—perhaps fifty women; and of children, from twenty five to a hundred. When we start, a few half grown girls giggle, but before we get to the first station they are silent. The men behave well—better than most congregations in church. There is scarcely any talking, no jeers or sneers; but all are respectful. It is a great thing to preach five minute sermons to several hundred men who seldom go to church. It is a gain to have many of them follow into church and stay for the service.

Opinions will differ as to what the service should be. Some will make it a Mission service, in order to make as little demand on the newcomers as possible. Others will think it best to have the Prayer Book office in its integrity, as teaching them more. The first will be the more attractive to the greater number, no doubt. It would be a fatal mistake to neglect the service and sermon in the church, as the procession is a special way of inviting men to come; and if you will not give them something to come for, they will not return, although they may come in once.

After a few weeks, some begin to understand what is coming, and are ready to co-operate. Helpers will come to sing and work. Little knots of people will be found waiting for you. You may find, as we have, active helpers in the police. It was a day of rejoicing when we saw the officers listening to the sermons, taking off their helmets at the prayers, stopping a cyclist as he rang his bell and shouted for the crowd to give way before him, running down the street to stop a carriage from breaking in upon a prayer, and heard of their talking amongst themselves in the station of "the impressive services."

It was a cause for thanksgiving to see how reverent and well behaved the crowds have been; to see how many were ready to accept the invitation to come to church. It gave fresh point to the saying, "Our age longs to be religious."

Circumstances may make other plans than ours the best for your locality. Yet our experience points to the conclusion that in any densely populated city, an invitation so given on Sunday evenings will be largely responded to. We say "Sunday evenings," for it is impossible to get voluntary helpers each week night, and the crowd would not gather in such numbers then. Yet it might be a grand thing where possible. Our experience makes us say to any working in a dense population where crowds are on the streets in the evening, "Try it. You will not regret that you have so followed the example of Christ."

Letters to the Editor

SUNDAY GOLF

To the Editor of The Living Church:

I thank you for your editorial upon the Sunday golf question in your issue of Aug. 26th. However people, clerical or lay, may differ as to the right or wrong of Sunday golf playing, there cannot be any doubt that it is utterly wrong to allure boys from Church or Sunday school for the purpose of caddying. That it does take boys from religious influence, and from

what is often their only religious influence, I have sad proof in the two missions under my charge. In the immediate neighborhood of these mission stations three sets of golf links, two of them owned by large and prosperous clubs, have been recently established, and now on Sundays it is extremely difficult to get any but the smallest boys (too young to caddy) to attend either Sunday school or Church service. Inquiry after boys who used to be regular at either or both is almost invariably met with the information that they are caddying now, and therefore cannot come. As most of the people in the mission field are poor, the money that the boys can pick up as caddies is a great temptation to parents to overlook their desire for the spiritual welfare and instruction of their children (which desire is often weak at best) and to think only of their temporal needs.

While not holding the parents free from blame, it is fair to place the main responsibility upon the Sunday golf players. They do thus plainly put a stumbling block in the way of Christ's little ones, and I cannot but think that if this were brought to their notice many would hesitate thus to imperil the souls of others, even if they stop not at risk to their own. I venture to suggest that Sunday golf players should make it a rule to do their own caddying, for at least part of the day—say up to noon or 1 p. m.—and so give the boys an opportunity of attending Sunday school and Church. Surely no one bearing the name of Christian could object to so slight a modification of Sunday amusement for the sake of those whom the just and loving Christ warned his followers so strongly against hindering in the Way of Life.

Perhaps it may strengthen this suggestion in the eyes of some, when I add that I do not hold that Sunday golf is necessarily sinful. Of course there are limitations, but speaking generally, I think that when religious duties are first attended to (not left till the close of the day when, tired and sleepy from exertion or excited by play, the player is in no fit condition for worship), health of body and relaxation of mind may be sought in golf or any other lawful exercise on Sunday.

H. NEWMAN LAWRENCE.

New York City.

THE ARCHBISHOPS' JUDGMENT

To the Editor of The Living Church:

The Archbishops (two) of the Church of England, in their judgment lately delivered, declare incense to be lawful in the Church of England if used to sweeten the church, but unlawful otherwise. This is an unsatisfactory decision. One may use incense during a service to sweeten the church. It would have been far better to have declared its use unlawful at all times and under all circumstances, or lawful. However, in conclusion they "press on all the clergy alike, to submit to episcopal authority in all such matters as these." Well and good; if the clergy now using incense give up its use, will the clergy now failing to use certain lawful adjuncts to worship employ these adjuncts in the future? It is unjust and unreasonable to insist upon a priest's giving up a certain adjunct to worship on the score of its being unlawful, and not to insist upon another priest's using certain lawful adjuncts which he before neglected to use. Sins of omission need to be looked after as well as sins of commission. As I read the Ornaments Rubric, the language concerning the use of these ornaments is mandatory, the words being "shall be in use," and not "may be in use." For the sake of the peace of the Church, which the Archbishops declare "we all so much desire," will the Archbishops see that, not only in ritual but also in doctrine, and the general use of the Book of Common Prayer, all the clergy in word and deed, as exponents of the Church, express the mind of the Church?

From a layman's view, it seems to me that sins of omission are far more numerous and more dangerous to the Church than sins of commission. Uniformity on the lines of definite authority, and in keeping with the apostolic character of the Church in matters of Faith, of service, and of ritual alone will produce the peace

"we all so much desire." Lack of uniformity in these matters must always produce friction. The Church, as a teacher, ought not to be like a weather cock, blown this way and that way by contrary winds. She doubtless has a standard; suppose the Archbishops give us in few words that standard, and insist upon all the clergy, "for the peace of the Church," modulating their expressions concerning the Faith, ordering their services at the different hours, and using the ritual and ornaments in connection with these services, in strict keeping with that standard. Not a Ritualist would object to this, but would the Lows and the Broads do so? If not, who is responsible for any lack of peace in the city of confusion? What we laymen want is doctrine, ritual, and services according to the standard or a standard. If there is a standard, what is it? The Episcopal authority ought to be an authority and enforce conformity on the part of all to that standard. It is idle to talk of peace until with equal justice our bishops enforce conformity on the part of all—Low, Broad, High, and Ritualistic—to the standard in ritual, ornaments, doctrine, and worship.

HENRY E. WISDOM.

Personal Mention

The Rev. Dr. Samuel E. Appleton is visiting at Bellport, at the sea coast of Long Island.

The Rev. Clement T. Blanchet, of Philmont, N. Y., was appointed grand chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the State of New York, and re-appointed Deputy Grand Master for the District of Columbia, at the annual session of the said Grand Lodge, recently held in New York city.

The address of the Rev. C. S. Brown, chaplain of the New York City Mission Society, is now 9 West 114th street, New York city.

The Rev. Chas. Donahue has accepted a call to St. Paul's parish, Grand Rapids, diocese of Western Michigan.

The Rev. Chas. Ferguson has accepted the charge of Grace church, Tucson, Arizona.

The Rev. Thos. Henley has been officiating during August in St. Paul's church, Muskegon.

The Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy is seeking rest in Concord, Mass.

The Rev. James M. Magruder has accepted the rectorship of the church of the Advent, Spartanburg, S. C.

The Rev. C. L. Pindar, M.D., has resigned the rectorship of Trinity Church, Apalachicola, Fla., and the Rev. G. W. Southwell is in charge of the parish till October.

The Rev. Richard Rowley, of Rice Lake, is in temporary charge of Trinity church, Baraboo, Wis., during the absence of the rector.

The Rev. Alexander W. Seabrease has been seeking recreation at the Oriental Hotel on the seacoast at Brighton, N. Y.

The Rev. Geo. R. Van De Water, D.D., has returned from a visit at Lake George, to his country house at Quoque, L. I.

The Rev. James E. Wilkinson, Ph.D., after some twelve years' labor in school and parish at Grand Haven, Mich., has resigned his work, and is to take a three months' rest at the University of Chicago.

The Rev. W. Walton, Sr., has resigned the rectorship of Moorhead, Minn., and has accepted that of Little Falls, Minn., his address now being to the latter-named place.

The Rev. James H. Woods, Ph.D., has been appointed one of the special lecturers in the department of philosophy of Harvard University.

Acknowledgments

Sixty dollars have been received most gratefully towards rescuing the library of a New England missionary from a mortgage foreclosure. One hundred and forty dollars more are required. Will not kind friends send their aid towards this amount to the treasurer, the REV. CAMPBELL FAIR, Omaha, Neb.?

Official

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN.

Examinations for admission will be held Tuesday Wednesday, and Thursday, September 19th, 20th, and 21st. Christmas term begins with Evening Prayer in chapel at 5:45 P. M., Thursday.

GEORGE WILLIAMSON SMITH, Pres't

THE Berkely Association of Yale University is an association of Churchmen for the purpose of keeping the Church before the Students of Yale.

It maintains weekly services on Friday evenings in

Dwight Hall, provides an annual course of sermons in Trinity church, and from time to time arranges for other addresses setting forth the claims of the Church.

Rectors of parishes throughout the country may greatly aid the association by telling young men entering Yale the name and objects of this society, by urging them to attend its services and assist in its work, and by sending the names of Churchmen and others entering Yale to the officers of the association.

WILLIAM B. STOCKOPP, 1900 President,

13 Vanderbilt Hall,
New Haven, Conn.

Died

BAILEY.—Entered into Paradise, August 6th, Ernest Glentworth Bailey, the younger son of the Rev. and Mrs. C. R. Bailey. The funeral was at Grace church, Manchester, N. H., August 9th, the officiating clergy being the Rev. W. Northey Jones, of Manchester, and the Rev. Dr. D. C. Roberts, of Concord, N. H. Music was furnished by the vested choir of Grace church, of which choir the deceased was a member.

"Grant him O Lord eternal rest, and let light perpetual shine upon him."

WALLS.—Elsie Sophia Bissell, beloved wife of Marion C. Walls, born Oct. 15, 1865, at Montague, Mass., entered into life immortal, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 10, 1899. Burial at Plymouth, Ind., Aug. 12th, from St. Thomas' church, the home parish for a score of years.

"In the confidence of a certain faith."

PATTERSON.—Entered into the rest of Paradise, after some years of painful and patient suffering, Anna Caroline Pulveraugh, beloved wife of Otis H. Patterson, Plymouth, Ind., Aug. 31, 1899. Born, Chicago, Ill., March 4, 1860.

"In the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope."

Appeals

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

Domestic missions in seventeen missionary districts and forty-one home dioceses; missions among the colored people; missions among the Indians; foreign missions in China, Japan, Africa, Greece, and Haiti; support of the clergyman of this Church appointed to counsel and guide the p esbyters and readers in Mexico.

Provision must be made for the salaries and traveling expenses of twenty-four bishops, and stipends of 1,700 missionary workers, besides the support of schools, orphanages, and hospitals. Contributions are, moreover, asked specifically for the salaries of workers and support of schools in Mexico. One thousand dollars per month is the estimate of such expenses.

Remittances should be made to MR. GEORGE C. THOMAS, treasurer, 281 Fourth ave., New York. At present, please address communications to the REV. JOSHUA KIMBER, associate secretary.

Spirit of Missions, official monthly magazine, \$1 a year.

THE third annual Retreat for priests and seminarians will be held in St. Peter's church, Westchester, New York city, beginning Monday evening, Sept. 18, 1899, with Evensong at 7:30, and concluding with celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 7 A. M., Friday, Sept. 22d. The expense for board and lodging for the period of the Retreat will be \$5. The conductor will be the Rev. J. O. S. Huntington, Superior O. H. C. The reverend clergy who expect to attend, will kindly send their names to the REV. R. R. UPJOHN, committee, 296 Clinton st., Brooklyn, N. Y. City.

Notwithstanding the destruction of the church by fire, the Retreat will be held, *Deo Volente*, as already announced.

Church and Parish

WANTED.—A working housekeeper for a boarding-school for girls in the west; family numbers seventy-five; must be experienced and capable. Address promptly, Miss M. B., care THE LIVING CHURCH.

THE fourteenth year of study by correspondence as conducted by the Society for the Home Study of Holy Scripture and Church History, president, the Bishop of Washington, will begin on Oct. 1st. A few more students and readers can now be entered. For circulars, address Miss SMILEY, the Library, 1316 N street, Washington, D. C.

ENGLISH priest, age 31, musical, nearly seven years' experience, home and abroad; good extempore preacher, B.A., Cambridge, Eng., with 1st class in theology; highly recommended by Bishop and others, desires sphere of work in America. Please give details. All replies answered. Address H., office of THE LIVING CHURCH.

The Editor's Table

Kalendar, September, 1899

3.	14th Sunday after Trinity.	Green.
10.	15th Sunday after Trinity.	Green.
17.	16th Sunday after Trinity.	Green.
21.	ST. MATTHEW.	Red.
24.	17th Sunday after Trinity.	Green.
29.	ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.	White.

A PARTY was going the round of the Tower the other day, and on being shown the instruments of torture, one said: "Yes, its those dreadful things the High Church party wish to bring back."

— x —

AT the close of a forenoon session of a ministerial conference, in announcing the opening subject for the afternoon, the presiding officer said: "Elder H. will present a paper on 'The Devil,'" Then he added earnestly: "Please be prompt in attendance, for Brother H. has a carefully prepared paper, and is full of his subject." The *Homiletic Review* says that it was some minutes before the presiding officer understood the laughter which followed his remark.

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RUDYARD KIPLING recently received the degree of Doctor of Laws from McGill University, Montreal, whereupon the *London Academy* exclaims:

"Why have you been so long, McGill?
Where were you when our friend was ill?
It's surely wrong to wait until
He's well before you 'doctor' him."

— x —

COMMENTING on some recent experiments with alcohol, the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* says: "Professor Atwater's announcement that if a man absorbs no more than two ounces of alcohol per diem the liquor gives sustenance, is interesting. But its practical value is damaged by the fact that many men, in the fear that they will not get the full two ounces, take two ounces and a half, or even more, in which case the effect is deleterious, not to say disorderly. An overdose of beefsteak and potatoes does not produce such vociferous and undesirable results."

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THE attention of English-speaking visitors to the Milan cathedral is readily attracted by the following notice, which appears over an alms-box: Appelle to Charitables. The Brothers, so-called, of Mercy, ask slender arms for the Hospital. They harbor all kinds of diseases, and have no respect to religion.

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JUDGE MARTIN GROVER, of Troy, N. Y., was at one time approached by a young citizen who wished to be nominated to the State Assembly. The shrewd old Judge had certain doubts about him, which he expressed somewhat freely, and yet he was willing to afford him a trial. He therefore addressed the aspirant in this way: "Young man, if you will give me your word that you won't steal when you get to Albany, I'll see what kin be done about sendin' you thera." "Judge Grover," replied the young man, drawing himself up with great dignity, "I'll go to Albany unpledged, or I don't go at all."

BISHOP GILBERT lately was the guest of the Bishop of Kansas. After his departure, Clarkson, the little son of the latter, asked his father with great earnestness a question which the Coadjutor-Bishop of Minnesota may consider vital: "Papa, is Bishop Gilbert a rich-ulist or a poor-ulist?"

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THE *London Academy* recently awarded the prize for the best imitation of the nonsense verses of Edward Lear to a woman in Newcastle, who sent the following:

"Our minister, Ian Maclaren,
Of copy will never be barren,
Just a smile and a tear
In a dialect queer,
And he's read from the Thames to Loch Carron."

— x —

"CAN'T afford it." What? Why, the Church paper that costs two dollars a year! Pause a minute, good friend, and consider. It is an enormous sum, isn't it, to pay for 2,500 columns of reading matter, equal to 5,000 pages of book print, or twenty good-sized volumes! You couldn't buy the bare paper in that form for the money. This reading is composed and selected for you, at great outlay of time and money, and sent to you, postpaid, regularly, in convenient form. It is what you cannot get in books—about the news, the work, and the thought of the Church of to-day. You cannot afford two dollars a year to keep informed about this? How much do you expend for papers and magazines that have no serious purpose and serve for nothing but entertainment? Think it over, and consider whether you cannot, after all, venture on a half-cent a day to secure a good Church paper which will be of benefit and interest to every member of your family—we refer of course to THE LIVING CHURCH.

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CONVENTION reports this year show generally a healthy and sturdy growth. The figures of increase are very gratifying. But occasionally there is an item which strikes a discord, and sets one to thinking. The growth is at times peculiar to say the least. For instance, the 1899 Journal of Chicago shows, in comparison with that of 1898, an increase of 408 families, which is a wholesome percentage. But there is reported a growth of only 340 souls, and the question is at once suggested as to the character of these families who have come in, bringing so few souls with them. The question is emphasized by the report of one parish in the diocese which reads thus: "Families, 104; individuals, 50; souls, 100." The rector of this parish will be likely to have a serious task on his hands in explaining the grounds of his opinion concerning his parishioners, should this report come to their notice. The bookkeeping of parochial reports is often a marvelous thing, but we have never before seen perpetrated such a wholesale slaughter of souls.

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A MOST upsetting interruption to a preacher, and one richly deserved, is narrated in the very entertaining "Life of Bernard Gilpin," the "Apostle of the North," by George Carleton, Bishop of Chichester about 1630. When Bernard was a little boy, a certain begging friar came one Saturday

to the house of his father, intending to preach on the morrow. "The holy friar at supper-time ate like a glutton, and like a beast could not give over tossing the pot." Preaching on the morrow, "he presumed to grow hot against some sinners of the time, and among the rest to thunder boldly against drunkenness. Young Gilpin having but newly got the use of his tongue, and having observed the hateful baseness of the man the night before, as he was sitting neere to his mother's lappe in the church, suddainely crieth out in these words: 'O mother, doe you heare how this fellow dare speake against drunkennesse, who was drunke himselfe yesternight at our house?'" Whereupon we are informed that "the mother made speede to stop the childe's mouthe with her hand, that he might speake no further." We may conjecture that he had spoken far enough for the feelings of the "wand'ring companion" in the pulpit, as also for his chances of a collection.

— x —

NOW comes the time for work. Thoughts, like persimmons, need the frost for ripening; the rough blasts of autumn and the snows of winter to shake them from the boughs. Vacation and summer-time are good for growth; but the product is not fit to harvest till cold weather comes. Winter work will be a test of summer play. If we have been growing, gathering strength, renewing our vitality, by rushy brook or on the beached margin of the sea, it will appear in the new life and vigor that animates us. We welcome the clergy back to the old paths, and offer THE LIVING CHURCH as a helper in the renewed work that they now undertake. We bid the laity good cheer for the fall campaign! Will the clergy and laity give us a helping hand? Let every Churchman who wants a live paper, send us his name and two dollars.

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WE commend to the thoughtful consideration of some of our numerous correspondents (we forbear to mention names), the following delicate hint which we find in an exchange:

ALPHA.—We should be very glad to print your letter if we could read it. The writing is just as if a hen had dipped her foot in ink and then ran across the sheet of paper. No one but yourself can read it. If you could dictate the translation of it to some friend, it might prove a valuable contribution.

— x —

Notes from "Eaglesnest"

XI.

CAMPING is one of the eccentricities of our life at Old Mission, and shall have a place in my "Notes." My wife says we are camping here all the time, and she does not care to go from our comfortable wigwam under the pines, to sleep on the ground in a tent, and cook over a smoking fire, and perhaps get caught in the rain. So she stays at home and has the best of it (in a way) while I take the young folks and return to the simplicity of nature.

When I say "simplicity of nature," I use the phrase in a qualified sense, *secundum quid!* and the remark brings a smile to the face of the One who stays at home. She

finds amusing incongruity between my wagon-load of civilized comfort and the "simplicity" to which I refer. Indeed, I have become convinced myself that woven wire springs are not consistent with the ideal to which the poetical or practical camper aspires. I have at last got down to the bosom of mother earth and have slept on the ground. That is to say, very nearly; only a rug and a cot-pad and a comforter and a pillow! An armful of balsam fir branches, picked very fine, completes a bed on which tired nature's sweet restorer is literally "balmy."

While I must admit that the best thing about camping is getting home again, I hold it to be a very helpful and healthful episode of summering. It is a break in the monotony of cottage or boarding-house life; it compels to a degree of physical exercise and hardiness, the benefits of which are felt afterwards; it promotes good fellowship and helpfulness; and if it be well managed, it gives good digestion to wait on appetite. But as I said, it is good to get back to home comforts again, and to be able to appreciate and enjoy them better for the temporary deprivation. There is some such recompense in return from foreign travel. We love our own country a little more after seeing other lands.

Much depends on good management in the matter of camping as well as in other affairs. "Why didn't we think to bring that!" is often the exclamation of the amateur campers who find themselves perhaps without salt for their table in the wilderness. Table? Why, certainly. Would you eat off the ground? I always take a table. Two or three smooth boards tied together can easily be carried in the bottom of the wagon or the boat, with the tent poles. With a hand-ax one can cut and drive stakes and set up the table in a few minutes. Benches may be made in the same way, but it is better to take a bundle of camp chairs, which cost but fifty cents apiece. These can be moved to the camp-fire in the evening, and are convenient in the tents. It is well to have a shelter over the table. This can be made by stretching over it a "fly" from one of the tents. A pretty refreshment tent which opens on one side, can be bought for ten dollars, and can be used afterwards on the lawn at home for a play-house for the children.

Some campers take a stove, but it is not needed. A piece of sheet iron, two by three feet, or less, will serve as well. Even that may be dispensed with. Cut two green sticks as large as railroad ties; square the top and one side of each, and place them a few inches apart, hewed surfaces facing; let the end of a pole hang over a crotch near the end of your fire-place; hang on the kettle, and between the logs build your fire of chips cut from an old stump. There you have a woodsman's range on which you can cook for a party of a dozen people as well as in any hotel kitchen. Of course you must know how to cook, and have material for it. Don't bring a lot of pastry and prepared food (except bread), but have the fun and experience of making things for yourself. You will take bacon, and catch fish (if you can), and forage on the neighboring farms for chickens and milk, and pick berries for dessert. I have a camping memorandum of everything that experience has shown we need on such expeditions, under five heads: Camp use, Provisions, Cooking outfit, Table

furnishing, Personal. A list of the latter is given to each one to be attended to, and includes bedding, toilet articles, etc. One person should attend to the general outfit, packing and unpacking, and keeping it in order.

I see I have given a good many details, and perhaps would only amuse the reader by filling out the list under each head. One thing, however, I must suggest: Don't think that "camping" requires the use of tin plates, cups, and spoons. Use good, honest, crockery and plated ware, which can be easily cleaned, which are quite as "simple" as tin, and far more satisfactory.

There is little space left, if I would set a good example of brevity to contributors, to give any description of this summer's excursion. We went across the bay, several miles inland, into a wild country where Indians are almost the only people one meets. They are "good Indians," even if they are not dead! An old one came to our camp, and we took a lesson from him in the Chipewewa language. After a pleasant hour with us, partaking bountifully of everything we could spare, he took up a collection, and then inquired how much more we would give him to catch some fish for our supper! Yes, they are good, but none too good "for human nature's daily food."

The days passed pleasantly between fishing, rambling, reading, and camp work. The best hour of all was that of the camp-fire. Did you ever see a real camp-fire, where wood is to be had without even asking? It is not worth while to pile it more than ten feet high, for a blaze of twenty feet is about all the eyes will bear with comfort. Stories and songs and jests go round; the fire mounts upward, and the darkness behind us deepens as the flames grow brighter. The world seems to be drifting away from us, as it does in dreams. One scarcely needs a hypnotic suggestion to fancy himself soaring through interstellar spaces on wings of fire, sowing the field of night with stars. But he soon returns to mundane sense and realizes that he is tired. He must be up with the early bird to catch the fish, thankful if he may pass the night without a "bite." The evening hymn is sung; "Lighten our Darkness" is followed by the benediction; the lanterns are lighted, and for a few minutes the translucent tents are all aglow. Then silence and sleep, and the sweet influences of the Pleiades.

Old Mission, Mich.

C. W. L.

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There Was No Singing

DOUBT never yet gave birth to music. The newspaper reports of the funeral services of the late Colonel R. G. Ingersoll said: "There was no singing." The fact was deeply significant.

Some kind of music and song is natural and instinctive among the people of every race. It is a human instinct to be touched by the mystic power of music. Music is loved for two reasons. First, because it is impressive; second, because it is expressive. Music wakens chords in the being and life of the soul which otherwise would slumber. The consciousness of such wakened life and emotion is profoundly agreeable. Especially pleasing is it because it wakens the sense of agreement, a feeling of sympathy. Under this spell of music one seems to be less alone in the world. Something without is felt to

correspond with something within. Somehow and somewhere the subtle impression is made by music that certain sensitive chords in others' being are in unison with and answer to those in our own being. And in this wakened sense of mutuality and responsiveness there is power. Some are of course more sensitive to it than others. With all, it is a quality peculiarly susceptible to cultivation. But the impressive charm of music is universal.

Christianity, if not the mother of music, has developed a music and song of its own. There is to be found no such music in any heathen country as is found in all Christian countries. Naturally and historically, Christian experience gives birth to Christian music. This is because the Christian experience awakens into power emotions that are peculiar to itself, and which crave musical expression. For souls uplifted into glorious cheer and triumphing trust and hope, mere word-language is not enough; the words need to be touched into music in order to fit the case. That Paul and Silas, scourged and thrust into jail, despite their bleeding wounds, made their dungeon and the midnight ring with their song of praise, was perfectly natural; natural to men whose souls were stirred into such ecstasy as theirs of glorious and blessed fellowship with the Divine One who was thus revealing himself within them. The Gospel of Christ has never gone anywhere that music did not go with it. The history of Christianity is traced in the history of Christian song.

There is no living Church anywhere without its music and song. The modern hymnology is something which the atheist only makes himself foolish trying to account for. There is nothing in his philosophy to explain it. That there should have been no song or music of any kind at the funeral of Colonel Ingersoll was altogether natural. Music there and then would have seemed a mockery. Mr. Herbert Spencer who has spent his life and his extraordinary intellectual ability trying to reason out an explanation of the world by reasoning God out of it, and in the strangely unnatural endeavor to put an "unknowable," eternal IT in place of the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, was asked not long ago by Mr. Stead to name some hymns that had been of greatest use and comfort to him. His reply was that he was not aware that any hymn had been of particular use to him. When a boy of seven, he added, he had been forced to commit hymns to memory as a punishment. So cruelly, so horribly, in his case, were his life and his life's philosophy poisoned at the foundation, by a prejudice "deep almost as life!"

It is a miracle of Christian testimony to the truth when martyrs go to the stake with triumphing song. It is something as really natural as it is beautiful when dying saints go home on the wings of song. Music at the Christian burial chords perfectly with the fitness and meaning of the occasion.

Truly, pity can not be too heartfelt and profound when any one dies under circumstances which make music of any kind seem dissonant and out of place. Christian gratefulness can not be too constant or too exultant, in view of the fact that music and the new song are the symbols of the new order of things, as already more and more, day by day, the new heavens and the new earth are seen coming down from God out of heaven.—
The Interior.

New Baconian Cryptogram

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Sun*, like Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, has been delving into the authorship of the works of Shakespeare, and elucidates a manner by which many of the mysteries of those writings may be made as clear as day. "We know that people in the time of Bacon and Shakespeare," he says, "delighted in verbal conceits, and twisted and fashioned their names in riddles and rebuses. Now, Bacon, in hunting for an anagram, must have noticed that the first and last letters of his name formed the abbreviation for *nota bene*. The other letters would give C A O, and the rebus anagram would read: 'NBCAO'—that is, 'Take notice! See! a cipher.' This, perhaps suggested to Bacon the great cryptogram. However that may be, we find in one of the earliest of the plays, 'Romeo and Juliet,' an interlude, referring, it would seem, to the question of authorship. The *dramatis personae* of this play within a play are not given, but we may infer them to be Posterity, Shakespeare, and Bacon himself. Posterity speaks in the Scottish dialect, which Francis Bacon, with the advent of the House of Stuart in view, might believe would become a fashion. Bacon makes himself speak in this dialect, too, as befitting a courtier.

"Posterity, as though overwhelmed with admiration, utters the single word 'Who?' Shakespeare puts himself forward. And then Bacon interposes and emphatically asserts his claim. The interlude is remarkable in having itself for its title, which, too, is very appropriate. The text follows:

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"
Posterity..... WHA?
Shakespeare..... T'S I
Bacon..... NA, NA, ME.

"This short and stirring drama is respectfully submitted through the *Sun* to the literary world at large."

— x —

The Latest Testament

SOME remarkable new versions of the Scriptures are in course of preparation by the British and Foreign Bible Society, among them being the New Testament in Dieri, the tongue spoken by a tribe living some hundreds of miles north of Adelaide. The book is notable as being the first complete Testament issued in any of the Australian aboriginal languages. The rendering has been made by some German missionaries, and was transmitted to the London committee by the Chief Justice of South Australia.

To a translation of the Gospel of St. John, made by the Rev. R. Fletcher, into Maya, the language of the Indians of Yucatan and British Honduras, are about to be added versions from the same pen, of St. Matthew and St. Mark; and one of the last acts of that great linguist, Dr. Wright, was to endeavor to secure a rendering into the language of the Vei people, of the West Coast of Africa. From a philological point of view, this is one of the most extraordinary tongues in the world, and it has written characters that are quite unique.

— x —

The Church Reporter

SCIENTIFIC annals record no instance of a successful attempt to fathom the depth of the average secular journalist's ignorance in regard to matters and terms ecclesiastical. While

he never wholly ceases his operations, the numerous services of Lenten and Easter-tides furnish him especial opportunities to display his talents, which he forth with proceeds to do, to the amusement of Churchmen and the mystification of others. The accompanying specimens of his efforts are taken for the most part from local papers. Charity, which I hold superior to journalistic ethics, forbids more specific credit. I may state at the outset that our friend is not responsible for the italics; these, wherever they occur, are mine.

His ignorance is all-embracing, from vestments and services to architecture. When a certain church was opened for service, a local sheet, in its description of the building, said: "The interior style is that of an English cathedral, with nave and transcript." It intended, presumably, to say "transepts."

Obviously, the next is chargeable to the intelligent compositor rather than to the reporter. In setting up a Holy Week announcement he has changed just one letter, but he has most assuredly succeeded in selecting the least appropriate one of the entire alphabet. Behold the result: "The services on Good Friday will be as follows." Somewhat on the same order is another (probably not by the typo this time): "To day is Ash Wednesday, the festival which marks the beginning of the season of Lent." A Protestant minister in a magazine article on Holy Week observances in Italy, says: "Good Friday is one of the most important festivals in the whole calendar of the Catholic Church." Truly, one must go away from home to learn.

Our branch of the Church is frequently referred to as the "Anglican Church." This expression (which, by the way, once appeared in our diocesan paper) may be said to be rather more complimentary than accurate; but for a genuine, unadulterated compliment, commend me to the following extract from the published account of a Good Friday "Lantern service": "Stereopticon views were used, presenting scenes from the life of the Saviour, each of which was *feelingly described* by the rector." This looks innocent enough, certainly; to appreciate it fully we must go beyond the surface, and employ a little extraneous knowledge to see who is being complimented. The "feeling description" referred to consists entirely of a harmonized account from the narratives of the Evangelists. Certainly the reporter can hardly be complimented on his acquaintance with the text of the Gospels.

Last Holy Week I found this: "Palm Sunday was generally observed with the usual ritualistic services. Bishop N. confirmed a class at Holy Trinity, and a special musical programme was observed at Christ church." Horrors! to what further excesses will this "Ritualism" go? And the funniest part of it all is that the one American church in the city where there was a procession with palm branches and the office of the blessing and distribution of palms was said, was utterly ignored by the reporters.

Speaking of "ritualistic," I have seen a reference to "an 'asperges' service in a spiritualistic church." This, I suppose, is another to the account of the compositor.

Did you ever hear of the "Girl's Friendless Society"? I have; there is a branch of it in a certain city of this diocese, according to a newspaper item.

At a diocesan convention there were said to be in attendance "the following clergymen and deacons." Hear that, ye deacons! Wherefore should you be thus summarily relegated to the ranks of the laity?

One of the statements best adapted to mystify a non-Churchman is the following: "The litany will be said at 10 o'clock Friday." Sometimes it appears in a somewhat more extended form, as "the litany service." Probably this is one of the additional services not allowed by the Prayer Book, but introduced by the benighted Ritualists. Even a Churchman, I think, might well be pardoned for failing to recognize the litany under such a disguise.

The following ludicrous combination appeared as a single line of an Easter programme: "Re-

sponsive reading, 'Gloria's Creed and Lord's Prayer'."

A local paper which prints each day a *resume* of historical events of that date, with the "holidays" falling thereon, had under the latter head on June 24th, "Saints Nativity of John the Baptist, Bartholomew." Where St. Bartholomew came in I have never been able to guess. An Associated Press dispatch once described a funeral as occurring in "Trinity Cathedral Episcopal Church."

In this city there are three vested choirs, two male and one mixed. The last has been called a "vestry choir," and one of the others, a "vestal choir." These may possibly be the reporter's; the third choir has also suffered, but undoubtedly at the hands of the compositor: "The boys' chair will meet this afternoon." It does seem a little singular that this should have been perpetrated just about the time of the introduction of the vested choir, an innovation vigorously opposed by some parishioners; it almost leads one to think it was meant to insinuate that it was something to "sit down on."

The elegant and impressive language in which our secular friend clothes his Church news is enough to make the Church editor "turn green with envy." For instance we read that a holy day has been observed "with appropriate exercises," that "all the bishops wore the *full regalia* of their office" (this from the telegraphic account of the consecration of the Bishop of Los Angeles), or that a marriage has been solemnized "according to the *delightful* form of the Episcopal Church." And read this: "A delightful service of song was held at Christ church last night. Some of the city's sweetest singers were in the choir, and the large congregation present was highly entertained." Will somebody kindly tell us what we go to church for, anyway?

The Roman Church fares no better than our own, as the following examples may serve to show. On Rogation Monday: "Rogation services will be held every night this week." On Ash Wednesday: "The celebrant with a *hyssop* marks the cross on the forehead" (referring to the ashes). I should think the sacred sign would be rather straggly and ill defined. On Good Friday, "The stations of the Cross to-night will terminate the *exercises* of the day. The Mass to-morrow will be preceded by the Baptism of *catechisms*." On Christmas: "At the *Benedictus* the 'Holy Knight' was beautifully rendered." On the eve of the Epiphany: "To-morrow the Feast of the Magic will be celebrated." Another is from a Washington paper: "The *order of the pallium* was conferred on Archbishop N. last week."

I have only one more specimen, but it serves as a fitting climax to the whole. It occurs in an article on what the writer—and I think every Churchman will agree with him—calls a "peculiar service" held in Valencia on Good Friday. "The priests kneel in silence while pestilential psalms are sung by a hidden choir."

LAICUS.

(NOTE. The foregoing article is one published in the *Nashville Churchman* about three years ago, with some few additions made to the collection since that time.—Ed.]

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Book Reviews and Notices

A Thousand Days in the Arctic. By Frederick G. Jackson, Knight, etc. With preface by Admiral McClintock, R. N. Illustrated from photographs by the author and drawings. With original maps. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$3.

This latest book on Arctic life and exploration deserves to rank among the first in general interest and scientific value. It is a splendid specimen of book-making, equal to anything that has appeared in this line. Mr. Jackson's expedition was organized by the generosity of a public-spirited Englishman, Alfred Harmsworth, for the exploration of Franz-Josef Land, and resulted in defining it as a number of islands, instead of an Arctic continent. Three years were passed by the party in the

North, with headquarters within ten degrees of the Pole, and sledge journeys were made to points considerably north of this. The monotony of their life (and of Mr. Jackson's book) is relieved by the killing of bears and walrus, eighty-seven of the former being slaughtered. The value of ponies in sledging was first demonstrated in this expedition. They were found to be superior to dogs and reindeer. The most interesting event of the thousand days was the coming of Nansen and his companion over the ice and water from "Farthest North," of which Nansen has written so well. Jackson's description of this is the best thing in his book. His writing is rather dull, at times, and often inexcusably careless. A work of such dignity and importance should have had careful revision. We are frequently told the same things over again, almost in the same words. How many days the author spent in doing "a variety of odd jobs" it would be difficult to count. Indeed, the reader becomes tired of "odd jobs." "Chaps" does constant service as name for dogs and bears and companions. As for rhetorical style and elegance of diction, the author seems to have thrown them to the Arctic winds. "We have had," he says, page 299, "an exceedingly near squeak for it, and it was very nearly ta-ta on many occasions." That may do at dinner in the West End Club, but for a book of world-wide interest it is deplorable. "No one properly appreciates light until they have spent a winter or two," etc., p. 366. They could not keep the sheep longer, "as we require the hay they are eating for the pony." They "fetched in a load of dry moss for firing with 'Blackie' and a sledge, which we stacked on a flat rock behind the hut" (page 372). Mr. Jackson doubtless wrote better English than that before he left school. He might well have exerted himself to come as near to Nansen in the presentation of his work to the world, as he did in doing it.

We note in record of this expedition, as in that of Nansen's, scarcely any reference to religious thought, word, or act. The doctor, however, read the burial service at the grave of a sailor (not a member of the party). On the death of a favorite dog, Mr. Jackson writes: "May he and I meet again to continue our sport together in the next world, and may we bag many a good bear yet. Poor old chap!" Like Nansen's party, this one makes much of Christmas as a day of feasting, but never a Christian hymn or prayer, that we hear of. "We had our hair cut in honor of the occasion and a change of clothes." It is deplorable that picked men, the flower of our Christian civilization, more or less familiar with the Bible and the Prayer Book, should not have Christ in their Christmas, even by the mention of His name. So throughout the thousand days of danger and solitude, facing, sometimes, the grandest and most terrific aspects of nature, in gloom and splendor, there is the same lamentable absence of any reference to God and to the mysteries of time and eternity.

The maps and the appendix give one at a glance an idea of the great amount of geographical and scientific work done by the party, under the most difficult and trying conditions. For men not experienced in Arctic life, they accomplished wonders. Not a man had an hour's serious illness or was excused from duty during the three years.

A Brief Introduction to Modern Philosophy. By Arthur Kenyon Rogers, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25.

The aim of this brief treatise is to open the way for the untrained mind to the understanding of the leading philosophies which have claimed the attention of mankind. These are given as follows: Dualism, Pantheism, and Theism; Materialism and Subjective Idealism; Rationalism and Sensationalism; Kant, Hegel, Agnosticism, Theistic Idealism. From a brief, but fair examination of these, the author shows that Theistic Idealism alone is an adequate explanation of reality. "The ultimate reality which constitutes the universe, is conceived after the analogy, at least, of a conscious life."

English Cathedrals Illustrated. By Francis Bond. One hundred and eighty illustrations from photographs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The study of English cathedrals is not confined to architects or experts in any profession. It is the pleasing pursuit of many who travel leisurely, and might, with a vantage, engage the attention of many more. With such a guide as this convenient and compact book, the study is systematized and facilitated. It can hardly be said that any book makes the mastery of even one cathedral easy, but it is a great advantage to have before us the results of scholarly investigation, and suggestions which come from long observation and experience. The many illustrations in the volume before us are small and do not materially increase its bulk. It is not too large for use of the traveler.

Workers Together with God. A Series of Papers on Some of the Church's Works, by Some of the Church's Workers. Edited by Nathaniel Keymer, M.A., Rector of Headon, Notts; and a Canon Missioner in the Diocese of Southwell. Third edition. London: A. R. Mowbray & Co; New York: James Pott & Co. Pp. 378. Price, \$1.75.

A rich and most useful volume of papers, sixty-seven in number, concerned with almost every possible department of Church work, we should say, in the most actively worked parish, and replete with the experienced counsel and wise, discriminating suggestions of representative clergy and other Church workers in England. We can earnestly commend this book as an invaluable acquisition for help and guidance to all workers in the American Church; and among these, specially to the parish clergy who take order and direction of all parochial activities in their cure. It were hard to imagine any varied phase of Church work that is here left untouched; it is an indispensable *vade mecum* for every path of Church life and parish duty.

Books Received

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

E. & J. B. YOUNG & CO.

Modern Problems and Christian Ethics. By the Rev. W. J. Hicking. \$1.50

The Students' Deuteronomy. By R. B. Girdlestone, M.A. \$1.50.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

Leaves from the Golden Legend. Chosen by H. D. Madge, LL.M. \$1.25.

Robert Raikes—The Man and His Work. By J. H. Harris. \$2.50.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

Life Indeed. By E. B. Coe. \$1.25.

Between Heathenism and Christianity. By Chas. W. Super, Ph.D., LL.D. \$1.25.

The Great Appeal. By J. G. K. McClure. 75 cents.

The Bible among the Nations. By J. W. Beardslee. \$1.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT

Educational Nuggets: Plato. By J. R. Howard.

Pamphlets Received

Sixty-Second Annual Convention of the Diocese of Indiana.

The Foundation of Apostles and Prophets. By the Rev. John Williams, M.A.

Symbolism. By the Rev. J. Stewart-Smith, B.D.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance. By Emilio Olsson.

Opinions of the Press

The Guardian (Eng.)

THE OPINION.—It is not, however, either our place or our intention to criticise the judgment. Our one desire is to do what in us lies to secure that it shall be obeyed. It might conceivably have been expressed in terms which would have made the duty of obedience one of great, perhaps of insufferable, difficulty. It might, for example, have appealed, not to the Prayer Book, but the interpretation placed on the Prayer Book by a civil court. It might have said—Archbishop Tait—in the same circumstances

certainly would have said—that in view of the decision of the Final Court of Appeals in ecclesiastical causes, the unlawfulness of incense must be taken as established. It might have said that incense symbolized this or that doctrine, and as this doctrine was unknown to the Church of England, any ceremony which set it forth is forbidden. All the nice casuistry which surrounds decisions based upon wrong reasons would thus have been brought into play, and the issue submitted to the clergy would not have been, as it is now, between obedience or disobedience to lawful authority, but between obedience or disobedience to lawful authority which had made itself the mere mouthpiece of a secular court, or sought unduly to limit the "liberty of prophesying" in the Church of England.

Church Review (Eng.)

ANOTHER OPINION.—If ever a conclusion was based on the narrowest principles of legal interpretation, it is the one before us. And yet in the course of his remarks the primate definitely declared that practices like the recitation of the General Thanksgiving by the whole congregation are illegal, "but no bishop would be so unwise as to sanction a prosecution on account of them." It would, therefore, appear that the primate, in calling upon the clergy to relinquish the use of incense, has done so, not on the ground of its illegality, but for reasons of "wisdom," or in other words, of expediency. The inference is irresistible from his grace's own words—words which must deprive a decision which never could have had spiritual or coercive authority of any moral weight it might otherwise have borne.

The Times (Eng.)

YET ANOTHER.—The real interest of this Archiepiscopal hearing and decision lies deeper than the comparatively uninteresting, not to say trivial, matters that have occasioned it. Will it be accepted and obeyed, if not by all, at least by the great majority of those clergy whose mistaken zeal has led them to adopt usages and ceremonies not allowed by the authority which they have solemnly promised to respect? . . . It is true that their decision has no legal force. No allusion, we may note, is made in it to any legal decisions by the courts or the Privy Council. The proceedings before them have been a hearing, not a trial; and the result is not a verdict or a judgment, but a decision. But it is a decision which ought to carry great moral weight; and it is hard to see how those who make a strong point of having spiritual matters tried only by spiritual persons, can refuse to recognize it.

The Church Eclectic

A SUMMING UP.—While, therefore, we think the opinion of the Archbishops' one that is untenable under a fair construction of the law, yet we are also of the opinion that the evil resulting from this opinion may be greatly overstated. To our mind the chief practical difficulty of the opinion is in the intense literalness, the narrow failure to adjust law to conditions, the failure to understand history, that are more annoying than the loss of incense and processional lights. These things cannot be condemned without carrying with them everything in the way of reverent usage not expressly mentioned in the Prayer Book, except those acts which undoubtedly fall under the head of gestures. The Archbishop takes care not to declare explicitly that omission is prohibition, but his opinion is tenable on no other theory. If every formal act is a ceremony, and every ceremony not expressly ordered is forbidden, then omission is prohibition. But if ceremonies forbidden are other complete rites when substituted for those of the Prayer Book, as for instance, the Sarum or Roman Mass, which were clearly in the minds of the framers of the prohibition—and every dictionary gives the preference to that definition of the term—then the prohibitions of the Acts of Uniformity have no bearing whatever on the details of administering the rites authorized.

The Household

A Cabin in the Woods

JOHN BURROUGHS, AS INTERVIEWED BY
CLIFTON JOHNSON

FROM *The Interior*

A FEW years ago, John Burroughs bought a three-acre swamp back in the rough woodland near his home on the Hudson. Since then he has cut off the trees and brush, pulled up a good share of the stumps, dug drains, and the former swamp is now devoted to the raising of celery.

The work of reclaiming this wild land stirred the aboriginal instincts of our nature lover so that he presently found himself longing for a wigwam, or cabin, to which he might retire, when he was in the mood, and live a life of rude simplicity. This cabin is now a reality. Its beams, rafters, and supports are of logs with the bark on, and its outer walls are of bark-covered slabs nailed on horizontally, giving it a little the look of a log house. It stands on a shoulder of rock on the edge of the swamp. Rough, wooded ridges are all about, and the only connection it has with the outside world is by a rutted, irregular cart-path. The low roar of a distant water-fall comes pulsing through the air when the wind is right, and in the middle of the swamp a wonderfully distinct echo answers one from the near ledges. Other attractions of the spot are a spring of clear, cool water, and a cave that makes a good retreat on hot summer noons.

The house has a piazza, a cellar, and a roomy loft. Its inner walls are of planed boards, with the cracks between hidden by split birch saplings. All the planning and much of the work on the building are Mr. Burroughs' own. The chimney, in particular, is his handiwork, and he says there is no better one anywhere. It is at the end of the house, and shows all the way up on the outside. The stones of which it is built were picked up close about.

The first night that I spent at "Slabsides" was in March, and the weather was sharp and the ground still snow-covered. As soon as I stepped inside the door, in the dusk of my evening arrival, I was greeted by the pleasant woodsy smell of the birch which enters largely into the cabin architecture, and by the faint smoky odor of the fire blazing and crackling in the open fire-place. Mr. Burroughs at once began to get supper, setting certain things to warm before the fire, and conveying certain other things from a cupboard to the table. This table was a home-made work of art, but it had one lack—you could not get your knees under it. However, this defect has been remedied since.

After supper, we washed and wiped the dishes, threw the dish-water out the back door, and brushed off the table with the broom. Then we sat down before the fire, with a consciousness of duty well performed, and gave ourselves up to talk. The oil in the lamp ran low after a while, but that did not matter; we put out the light, and in the gloom the flames of the fire-place seemed cheerier than ever.

In a birch alcove was a bedstead built of small tree-trunks and slabs, and presently we put all freezable things on the stone mantel over the fire and retired. I can not say what the time was, for we neither of us had watches. Mine, I had by chance left at home, and Mr. Burroughs did not own one.

He said he used to have a watch ten years ago, but he lost it one winter, and did not find it till the next spring. Meanwhile, a cart-wheel had run over it, and he did not take the trouble to get another. He did not much regret his loss, for it was a watch that had a habit of stopping once in awhile for three or four minutes, and then going on again. As a result, he often had to run to catch trains, and he supposed he had hurt his health and shortened his life by the exertion that watch caused him. He said he had not much use for a watch, anyway—he was always able to estimate the time from his inner consciousness, within a few minutes.

Mr. Burroughs affirmed that his cabin was a better one than the log house his grandfather built, or the log house built by anyone else's grandfather. Indeed, he thought if his grandfather were to appear and look over this abode of his he would reprove him for living too luxuriously. Nevertheless, the place was pretty frosty the next morning, and for a time, even after the fire was well started, our backs were chilled through, though our faces were perhaps at the same moment being baked. It seemed to me that if I were going to live the life of an early settler, I would prefer to skip the winters.

Since I first visited "Slabsides" it has been in many ways greatly improved. The stock of rustic furniture has increased, and the more the house is lived in, the more it gains in touches of coziness and home-likeness. Green vines climb the shaggy cedar posts of the piazza in summer, a garden flourishes on the borders of the celery patch, and a flock of hens pick sociably about in the house neighborhood. Of late, Mr. Burroughs has lived at "Slabsides" for months at a time. He prefers it to Riverby, his comfortable modern home, a mile and a half down the hill on the west shore of the Hudson. An older brother, a small dog, and nature, creeping in untamed wildness almost to his threshold, are his companions.

In the glimpses that I caught of this woodland abode and the bit of reclaimed swamp round about, and of its occupants' mode of living, there was something uncommonly fresh and free and interesting; and one spring evening, as we sat after supper watching the flickering firelight, I asked Mr. Burroughs what the pleasures of this sort of life were, and how he came to try it. His replies to my various queries I give as nearly as possible in his own words. He said:

"This place attracts me. The publicity of Riverby on the hillslope overlooking the Hudson, isn't congenial, and I feel more at home over here, with this great rock you see from the window reaching round my house like a protecting arm. There's nothing like having a snug nook or corner where one can live in retirement. Here, we have no yachts of millionaires flaunting up and down the river, no steamboats, no cars, no feeling that you are in the eye of all the world. The Hudson is a great highway. It hasn't the domestic and winning qualities that a smaller stream would have. Its commercial aspect is always intruding, and the dweller on its banks finds its disturbing sights and sounds continually jarring on his sensibilities.

"This having a mansion perched up on the heights suits many better than it does me. I think Americans have a liking for extreme publicity. But it is a great mistake. The top of a hill—the most ambitious place—is not the place for a home. It is too exposed, and there is such an absence of coziness and

shelter. The English who build their homes in retired groves, show better taste.

"Some say to me: 'Why do you live back here in the woods when you have a nice place down there on the Hudson?' They can't understand why a man wants to get back to the simpler, ruder things of life. As for me, I expect, if I keep on growing in grace, I shall come to the point where I shall feel that a tent or a hut with one room is all I want. Perhaps that is going too far, but it is better than the other extreme, where a man can find nothing good enough for him, and must have a house of a hundred rooms, with fifty guest chambers.

"My ideal of a country dwelling is a low, rambling structure of stone, built without any reference whatever to outside people and passers-by. It should be made just to suit the comfort of the occupants. The looks can be left to take care of themselves; and after all, I think you would be surprised to find what good architectural effects you would get in that way. I would have broad rooms and plenty of windows, and make the rooms cheerful and nice with open fireplaces.

"What gives me most satisfaction in my place here is the land. It looks different from other land. It is land I made, and it is much more precious than any I could buy. Before I took hold of it there was nothing here in this hollow of the woods but a bit of rude nature, and my land was buried beneath trees, stumps, and bog. I had to fight for it, and it's real land you get that way. It looks to me like the money I got selling sugar-cakes when I was a boy—the only real money I've ever had. The way I earned it was this. Before we began work in the sugar bush, in the first warm days of spring, I would run up to the woods and tap four or five trees, lug the sap down regularly, and, amid the protests of the women folks, make a place for a kettle full on the kitchen stove. Finally I'd have a sugaring-off, and mould the sugar into little scalloped cakes, that I would peddle in the village at two cents apiece.

"That money had value no money has had since. Money I get now doesn't stick to my fingers as that did. Oh, I'd give anything for some more of it! I know I had three dollars in silver quarters one spring, and I was the envy of every boy in town. I had charm; I had power. I would carry it a month or two, till the novelty wore off, before I would begin to spend it. I bought my first grammar, first algebra, and other school books, with my sugar-money.

"It is wonderful money that one earns in boyhood that way. It is the same with my swamp here. This is wonderful land—land I have created myself. If some one had given me a nice piece of tillable land, I wouldn't have thought anything of it, as compared with this. I'd always wanted to own some sort of place in the woods. For years, I'd been dickering with a man way back in the Catskills. I wanted to put up a log or stone house there, but he couldn't give me a clear title to the land. It was a glen among the mountains. I was attracted by the purity of the elements there—they were purer than in any other valley in the world. It was a spot untouched by man; water perfect, air perfect, seclusion perfect—couldn't be beat anywhere. The brook that flowed through the woods over the washed stones was absolutely clean; and there were mountains on all sides—a great brotherhood of them joining hands and circling about you.

"But my surroundings here are a little savager than they would be in that Catskill

valley. There, everything is covered with verdure and trees. Here we are hemmed in by rocks and rugged cliffs. Of course there are places in the Catskills where the rocks frown on you. But I have here a rare combination—you jump at once from beetling crag right down to garden mould; and, though I miss the great trees, this soil, the slow accretion of ages, is to me very suggestive and impressive.

"Some of my friends are troubled because I call my cabin 'Slabsides.' Most people imagine the name is a joke. Those who think I really have named it 'Slabsides' protest. They say such a term is too slangy—too rough. But there is nothing disagreeable or unpoetic about a slab, and the house is made of slabs, and why shouldn't it take its name from them? I couldn't give it a pretty name, like Rock Haven or Echo Lodge. Cragfoot has been suggested, and that isn't bad—still, it's a little bit too pretentious. But give a place like this an ugly name and it always sticks. That's an advantage—and after a time the crudeness wears away, and it comes to have some other association. If I could have gotten a good birch name I would have liked it, but nothing exactly suitable occurred to me. There's a good flavor about birch. I felt the birch when I was young. I've had a sentiment of attachment for it ever since.

"I have been staying up here now for several months—ever since the first mild weather of March. I had the *grippe* when I came, but the air and water and simple living have cured me. Every day I go down to the village for my mail and, before I return, I spend an hour or two at Riverby to keep track of things there. I always walk back and forth. I don't keep a horse, though I have at times in the past. It's too much trouble. I like a horse if some one else drives and takes care of him. I think I was made to be a gentleman. Looking after a horse is not to my taste. Cleaning him, for instance, simply transfers the dirt from the horse to you, and the horsey smell hangs about you for a week.

"I undertook to mop here a few weeks ago. It was a new experience, and not altogether a success. I left a good deal of the candle wicking that the mop was made of, sticking in the slivers of the floor. First, I rubbed soap on the grease spots, then poured on hot water, then sozzled the mop up and down in the water, and afterwards wrung it out dry into a pail. Lastly I sopped up the moisture that remained, just as I had seen my mother do, long ago.

"As you mop, you don't want to walk on the floor you have cleaned; but I got myself in a corner once and couldn't retreat. That was poor tactics—poor housewifery. When you keep house yourself you come to appreciate these little points of management by which you come out right. I shall know better next time—if there ever is a next time. That mopping was a good deal like the experience I had at Riverby in making a cherry pudding once when my wife was away. I'd seen her do it a good many times. She used canned cherries, and cooked them with a crust on top. I poured my cherries in, and then stirred up the dough all right (though I did get my hands badly stuck up), till it came to putting the dough in place for a crust. I couldn't make it float. I got so I could handle it pretty well, but I no sooner let go of it than it plunged down into the cherry juice out of sight. I tried again and again. I had the science of the thing cor-

rect enough, but I hadn't the art. Finally I gave it up, and baked it as it was, with the crust somewhere down in the juice. The cherries turned out first rate, but the crust was a mess that a dog couldn't eat. I do things very much simpler here at Slabsides. If I want a cherry pudding now, I soak some crackers, put the cherries on them, and there I have my pudding. The crackers do for crust, and it tastes very good.

"But brother and I don't spend much time over housework here in the woods. We study to economize labor. There's two wooden plates we use. They are good for about two meals, and then we throw them in the fire. To be sure, they are thin and rather wobbly, and if you put anything wet on them they warp a little before we get done eating; still they serve very well.

"When I first began life here I used to eat my dinner with a newspaper for a tablecloth, but I keep making improvements. You see, my table now is covered with a light oilcloth. I got it light on purpose, so that I'd feel compelled to keep it clean, for the sake of appearances, if for nothing else. There's an immense saving in this sort of living. I don't have to go through any doors to get my victuals to the dining-room, as would be the case in most houses. No, I can get my steak or chop from the coals to the table in two jumps.

"My mornings I usually spend indoors, reading, writing, and thinking. About eleven o'clock I put my potatoes cooking, and at twelve I broil my meat and set on the dinner. If, instead of meat and potatoes, I'm going to have beans, I start them at eight o'clock; and while I bake my intellectual beans, my other beans are sizzling and ripen-

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ing in the pot. Yes, sir! I can live here like a philosopher.

"When a stranger or a friend comes to call, and I see he is going to stay to dinner, I slyly slip an extra potato in the ashes and go on with the conversation. By and by I step out to the spring where we have our larder sunken in the cold water, get a shad, or a steak, or chop, and have dinner ready before the caller knows what has happened. A great many people come to see me; some by appointment, some without warning; some old friends, some strangers I've never met or heard of. The young people from the village are often over to picnic with me, and if celery is in season, I go out and bring in an armful, and we have a celery feast.

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THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.

"Salesrooms in Every City in the World."

"I never lock the door. The place is free whether I'm here or not.

"Go in, look around and help yourselves," it says; and the natives do drift in some to see what they can see, but I never lose anything. There are no gold watches here, and no silver. You mustn't have wealth, and then you won't be robbed.

(To be continued.)

"Pelicantown"

WHY is it that all the eve-swallows in a village place their row of mud tenements under the roof of a certain barn? Every nook in which a nest could be built is occupied by the clay apartments—not one is "to let"; still, none of the birds seem to think of building under the equally favorable roof of the neighboring barn. Their cousins, the bank-swallows, show the same strong sociability, and from miles around they gather to nest in some particular sand bank, the face of which will be thickly pitted with the entrances to their burrows.

It is not because the place chosen is the only one available that the birds nest in flocks. There may be hundreds of barns and banks just as good as the one selected. It is not a question of food, for insects are abundant everywhere, and these strong-flying birds can hunt them over miles of country. It is not because they find "safety in numbers"; rather do they make themselves conspicuous by gathering in such large bodies. As a rule, it is sociability—the desire for companionship—that offers the only reasonable explanation for the great colonies which may be observed at nesting time.

Certainly no other theory will explain the origin of Pelicantown. Its site, like those often selected by human colonists, seems poorly chosen; its natural advantages are few; but so attached to their home are its inhabitants that even the most cruel persecution by their human foes has failed to drive them from the land of their ancestors.

But where is Pelicantown? In spite of its population of nearly three thousand, few maps will show it. Glance with me, therefore, at a map of Florida. Find the Indian River, that long, narrow lagoon on its east coast, divided from the sea by only a ribbon of land. Pelicantown is situated about midway between its northern and southern extremities, near the eastern shore of a bay which here makes the river about three miles wide. It is an island, triangular in shape, containing about three acres of ground. A few bushes and low palm trees grow on it, and there are great patches of tangled grass, but at least one-fourth of its surface is bare sand.

During the nesting season, this barren island is the home of probably all the pelicans of Indian River. Here they come to build their nests, lay their eggs, and rear their young, and from January to May, life in Pelicantown presents many novel scenes and picturesque incidents.

In March, 1898, I visited this city of birds. As my boat approached, I saw signs of life. Files of birds were returning from fishing expeditions; platoons were resting on the sandy points; some were in bathing, others were sailing about in broad circles high overhead; and soon one could hear the sound of many voices—a medley of strange cries in an unknown tongue.

It being quite impossible to count the birds, I determined to count their nests, of which my census showed there were no less

than 845; but only 251 were occupied, though all had been built that spring.

The death rate is high in Pelicantown. Doubtless many young birds die through injuries received while trying to escape from tourists who visit the island and thoughtlessly chase the young birds about. Eggs and very young birds are destroyed in hundreds by fish-crows, that daily come over from the mainland on marauding expeditions. It is not probable, therefore, that in many families three young pelicans live to leave the nest together; hence we may reckon about one and a half pelican to each of the deserted nests. Add to these two parent pelicans to each nest, and we have 2,581 birds on the wing or on foot. But this number is to be increased by the 154 young that were still in the nests, making the total population of Pelicantown 2,735.

This calculation, however, does not take into account the eggs found, from which almost hourly come new inhabitants of the island; and it is with these eggs, or rather in what they are placed, that we may begin our study of a pelican's life.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE sight of a row of forceps has closed the mouths of many sufferers, even after they had seated themselves in the dentist's


chair. Dental surgeons anticipate this, and the following amusing instance of how an obstinate Irishman was made to show his teeth may not be amiss.

Pat came to the dentist's with his jaw very much swollen from a tooth he desired to have pulled. But when the suffering son of Erin got into the dentist's chair and saw the gleaming pair of forceps approaching his face, he positively refused to open his mouth.

The dentist quietly told his page-boy to prick his patient with a pin, and when Pat opened his mouth to yell, the dentist seized the tooth, and out it came.

"It didn't hurt as much as you expected it would, did it?" the dentist asked, smiling.

"Well, no," replied Pat, hesitatingly, as if doubting the truthfulness of his admission. "But," he added, placing his hand on the spot where the boy pricked him with the pin, "begorra, little did I think the roots would reach down like that."—*Tit-Bits.*



Pettijohn's Breakfast Food

Children Love It.

A child's appetite is usually a natural appetite. They enjoy simple, wholesome food. This is fortunate, for children, during the period of rapid growth, require food that feeds—not stimulating, unwholesome stuff. Grown-up folks would do well to follow the example of the children and eat plenty of **Pettijohn's Breakfast Food.**

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OSWEGO
SILVER GLOSS
STARCH**

For The Laundry

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.

Sermons in Flowers

BY F. L. NORTHRUP

A handful of brave little daisies

Have preached us a sermon to-day
That I think we shall all remember
Long after they've faded away.

We gathered them out in the sunshine,
Of which they seemed almost a part,
So deep had they drunk in its richness,
These flowers of the golden heart!

And little, hot, eager hands held them,
And clasped them perhaps "over tight,"
Till the long home journey was ended,
With the drooping down of the night.

Then the children's poor faded treasures
Brought a tender, regretful sigh
That they were not left in their freshness
Out under their own bright sky.

But behold the wonder! This morning
Each face was upturned to the light,
And some one said for a fancy,
"They look like the choir-boys in white."

"We will call them our preachers," said mother,
"And I believe this is their text:
'Wherever the Lord's hand has put you,
Do bravely the thing that lies next."

"Don't droop your head, tired and discouraged,
If there's ever a spring to be found;
There's no time for useless complaining,
For duties lie close all around.

"Try, instead to be cheery and helpful
When things go all criss-cross and wrong,
To nod with a smile to your neighbors,
Or brighten your work with a song

"So gather God's sunshine and whiteness
Into your lives, and each day
Drink from His wells of refreshing
New strength for the hot, dusty way."

Elephants as Scholars

"SCORES of people ask me every day," said Keeper Snyder of the elephant-house in Central Park, recently, "How anything so stupid-looking and thick-skinned as an elephant can be taught anything. I tell them all that elephants are not unlike children. Some are too dull to learn anything, and others catch an idea quickly.

"Tom," he went on, pointing to the large elephant who was busily engaged in throwing hay on his back, "although irascible in disposition, is quite intelligent. The first trick I taught him was to lie down. This was not so easy to accomplish as it might seem, for it took a block-and-fall at front and rear, with a gang of fifteen or twenty men at each end. I stood at one side, and as I said 'get down,' his feet were drawn out from under him. This had to be repeated only a few times, before he learned what 'get down' meant for him.

"To teach him to stand on his hind feet, and on his head, a block-and-fall on a beam over his head, a snatch-block and two 'dead-men' in the floor, and the services of another elephant were, all required. As I said, 'get up,' the elephant in harness walked forward and Tom's front feet went up, while his hind feet were chained together. When I said 'stand on your head,' his front feet, which had been previously chained, remained on the floor, while his hind feet were drawn up until they almost literally 'kicked the beam.'

"These were his first lessons. When he learned to drill, to 'right-about-face,' and

'left-about-face,' I stood on one side of him, and another man on the other, and we each had a prod. As I commanded 'right-about-face,' he was pushed over to the right, and 'left-about-face,' he was prodded in that direction. I taught him to waltz in much the same way, only, as we pushed him back and forth we made him go clear around, and now he is one of the best waltzers in the country. He learned to ring the bell and fan himself in one lesson. Both require the same motion, and they are really the same trick, although people never think of that. Yes, he knows which is which, and never picks up the fan or napkin when I tell him to ring the bell. I only had to put each, one at a time, in his trunk; and with the fan and bell I shook it, and with the napkin wiped first one side of his mouth and then the other. He took to hand-organ grinding like a Mulberry street Italian. It is one of his favorite tricks.

"The elephant is the only animal whose legs all bend the same way. His hind legs bend in, and the position required for creeping is not very comfortable, but he does it as well as a baby. His performances on the harmonica are the most surprising to on-lookers, but the fact is, that all the intelligence required for that is holding the instrument. As he must breathe through his trunk, every breath moves it back and forth. I discovered that he holds his breath when he stands on his hind legs, by trying to get him to do that and play the harmonica at the same time; but his front feet are no sooner up than the sound ceases until they are down again.

"His tub is about two-and-a-half feet high, and it took me about an hour to get him to mount it the first time, and as long to get him down from it once he was up. I had finally to improvise a step from it before he would come down. He went right up again, however, and came down, and repeated the movement several times in the first lesson. Now he mounts it and stands on his hind feet, his front feet, his side feet, and waltzes and charges on it.

"People all seem to think that an elephant has no sense of feeling, because his skin is thick and coarse. The fact is that his skin is as sensitive as a baby's, and if you tickle him with a straw, you will find it out. The flies and mosquitoes are great disturbers of his peace, and he is tossing hay on his back now to dislodge them.

"Tom had his annual bath and oiling a few days ago, and the latter operation prevents his skin from getting too dry. In his native state he treats himself to mud baths and keeps himself in condition.

"The feet of the elephant have to be repaired frequently, for they are as susceptible to corns and stone-bruises as the feet of people, and they have to be cut and trimmed.

What a Sample Did!

We will always be indebted to you for just one sample bottle of Mellin's Food, as it alone saved the life of our oldest child when he was 5 weeks old. Our youngest has never had a sick day, as we gave him Mellin's Food the first time we gave him the bottle, when he was about one week old. I will gladly give any mother, who will send me a self-addressed and stamped envelope, my experience with, and the result of the use of Mellin's Food. Mrs. John H. Robinson, Venus, Ark.

Mellin's Food

is adapted to the youngest infant because it is entirely soluble, it contains the proper elements of nutrition, it contains a sufficient amount of nourishment; but the principal reason is, that Mellin's Food with fresh milk makes a food that is almost identical with mother's milk. The value of Mellin's Food is shown by the testimonials of mothers who have used it.

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Don't boggle

Boggle—To hesitate, as from doubt or difficulty; to hold back, etc. (Standard Dictionary.)

Boggling doesn't pay, in the matter of Pearl-line. Don't do your washing in a harder way that costs more, when Pearl-line has an easier way that's more economical. The longer you do without Pearl-line, the more loss to you. You can't have any good reason for not using it. If you think you have, let some woman talk to you who knows all about Pearl-line.

586

Millions NOW USE Pearl-line

You wouldn't think it, would you, that twice around Tom's frontfoot when he is standing with his full weight upon it, is equal to his height. It is true, and it is a rule that it seldom varies an inch in any elephant.

"The African elephants have only four toes and their ears are very large. The Asiatic elephants have five toes, and their ears are smaller. There are few African elephants in this country, not more than three or four. Not long ago, at an exhibition in this city, there was a skin of leather with small ears and comparatively fine texture (the hide from all elephants has too large pores to make it of use), and it was labeled 'hide from an African elephant.' People don't know anything about them."

As Mr. Snyder said this, he walked to the cage of the third occupant of the elephant house, where the two-horned rhinoceros stood in the opposite corner, looking stolidly in the opposite direction.

"Come here, Boo," he said kindly; and slowly but promptly the stupid looking animal turned and walked up to her keeper, putting her pointed lip through the bars on to his hand. "Open your mouth," he said. "No, open it wider—wider," and after repeated efforts it was opened wide enough to display the two perfectly shaped tongues, one above the other. "Whether this is a characteristic of the two-horned rhinoceros, I do not know," Mr. Snyder said, "because this is the only one in captivity. The only one that has been captured."

"Her strength lies in her huge neck, and her front horn is for stabbing and the back one for tearing. She can be as quick as a cat, and is the most valuable and most ferocious animal in the Zoo. Her eyes are so placed, however, that she can only look straight ahead, and not up or down. When food is placed before her on the ground, she cannot see it, but feels for it. She has to be oiled once a month. She is a beauty," said Mr. Snyder, "but I admit that the dent which involves the largest part of her head doesn't leave much room for brains."

"All of the animals seem to have very long memories," said Mr. Smith who is in charge of the menagerie. "One of the tigresses took a dislike the day she came, which was several years ago, to one of the keepers, and every time she has seen him since, she has spit and snarled and sprung at the bars in an effort to get at him. She knows him in a crowd, and even if I am inside the rail, scratching her as she likes to have me, the moment she catches sight of him she is enraged."

About ten thousand people visit the menagerie every day, and there are frequently as many as sixty thousand on pleasant holidays. "The people enjoy it," said Mr. Smith "more than any other institution in the city." The attendance at the Metropolitan Museum of Art seldom averages over three thousand a day.—CARRIE D. MC-COMBER in *N. Y. Post*.

TOGETHER with the new recruits for the Philippine campaign, several shiploads of cavalry horses are now on their way to Manila. It is a source of wonder to many persons how cavalry horses are trained to become accustomed to fire and military life in general. Each horse for our cavalry service costs the War Department about sixty-five dollars in the initial stage. This is what the government paid for the unbroken bronchos that were acquired for the Rough Riders last year, and the enormity of

this price was one of the standing jokes among the cowboys and horsey men who served in the ranks under Wood and Roosevelt. The real value of the mounts was determined later at the government auction sales next autumn, when most of the horses were sold under the hammer for bids ranging from five dollars to seventy dollars. The average price fetched was twenty-five dollars, but even this was paid for sentimental reasons rather than for the actual quality of the horse-flesh. As a rule, though, most of the horses secured for the regular cavalry are worth their full price, and are apt to advance in value as they continue in service. Mares and stallions are barred. After a horse has been accepted for the service, it is branded with the letters U. S., and has the same initials carved into one forward hoof. Then it is broken to the saddle at one of the government riding schools.

The most trying part comes when the horse has to make its first acquaintance with fire. However easy it has been to train up to this point, every horse is frightened when guns begin to go off. One plan is to strap the animal to a plank and fire revolver shots near its head, accompanied by the rattle of tins.—*Collier's Weekly*.

DON'T HURT SOME.

But Coffee Certainly Ruins Some of the Most Highly Organized People.

"One year I lived where the water was bitter with iron, and I could not bear to drink it, so I began drinking coffee three times a day.

"Gradually I noticed an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach, and more or less constipation. In a few months I began to lie awake at night long after I had retired.

"This increased, until I never thought of going to sleep before three or four o'clock in the morning, and then only after getting out of bed and walking the floor for an hour.

"I was talking of my nervous state with a friend, who suggested that perhaps it was the coffee I had been using. She felt quite sure it was, and stated that coffee would not stay on her stomach at all, but as she felt she must have a hot drink for breakfast, she had been using Postum Food Coffee. She said she didn't like Postum particularly well, and at breakfast the next morning I didn't wonder, when I tasted the flat drink that the servant brought on.

"The same day I was invited to take dinner with another friend, Mrs. Foster. I had visited her often before and knew she made delicious coffee, so when she asked how I liked her coffee, said, 'It is just as fine as usual.' She invited me to have another cup, but I said, 'I would not dare to take the second.' 'Oh, you can drink as many cups of of this as you like; it won't hurt you. This is Postum Food Coffee. We have been using it a year now, and the little children have all they want, and our family have never been as healthy as in the past year.' 'Postum,' said I, doubtfully, 'why, the Postum I had this morning didn't taste any more like this than dish water.' 'Perhaps it was not made right,' said my friend, 'I have known more than one person to be turned away from Postum because it was poorly made. There is no secret in it; only allow it to boil long enough to bring out the taste, and there you are.' I have been using Postum since, and am entirely cured of my trouble. I cannot say too much for it."

GRACE A. FOSTER, Omaha, Neb.

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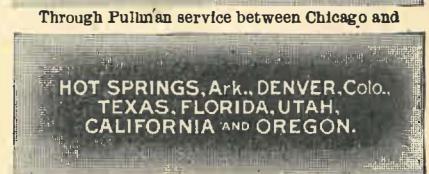
CARMEL SOAP

An absolutely pure olive oil soap.
FOR NURSERY, TOILET AND BATH.

AN EVIDENCE OF PROSPERITY.

It is generally conceded by economists who study the commercial situation of the country, that the great arteries of railway travel are a sure indication of its condition. A depression in commercial lines means abandoned business trips and the cancellation of pleasure travel, while a healthy condition of affairs means business trips and an increase of passengers on pleasure bent.

A good evidence that a business revival has gone broadcast over this country is the "Lake Shore Limited," the star train of the Vanderbilt system, between New York and Chicago, which is daily comfortably filled. With a view to taking the best possible care of its patrons, the New York Central has arranged to increase the equipment of this train by placing an additional standard sleeper on the trains every day. To the regular traveler the appointments and comforts of this train are well known, but if you have never made a trip on it, you owe it to yourself to see and enjoy the advance made in comfort and luxury in modern railway travel. Remember the fare is no higher on this train, except between New York and Chicago, while the accommodations and service place this particular train conspicuously at the head of the list, when compared with other lines.—*Albany Journal*.



If you are contemplating a trip, any portion of which can be made over the Chicago & Alton, it will pay you to write to the undersigned for maps, pamphlets, rates, time tables, etc.

JAMES CHARLTON,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Finance and Commerce

In times like the present, when the tendency is without a ripple of reaction, each week is but a repetition of the previous week. Demand for all kinds of commodities in season is good, and, as a rule, prices are firm. Raw cotton, wheat and provisions are about the only exceptions. In cotton and wheat prices drag a little, because of dull speculative conditions, and provisions are easier because of another outbreak of yellow fever, though why a few cases of yellow fever should be a reason for selling provisions no man can tell. Years ago, yellow fever came along just at a time when the south was heavily long of hog products in the market in a speculative way, and not on a very legitimate basis. Disaster to them resulted, and since then, at the appearance of the fever, people sell provisions. It is a scare-crow the trade has set up for itself, and although all know it to be a scare-crow, each pretends to think the others don't know it, and the whole flock gets off together.

The demand for provisions is good, and yellow fever is not likely to decrease it, while stocks are only moderate. Just at the moment owners of railway shares, enthusiastic newspaper writers, and that large and vague assemblage called the "public generally," with whom it "never rains but it pours," are whooping it up over the tremendous corn crop, which they say "is now practically assured."

Four or five months ago they were doing the same thing over the winter wheat prospects. They kept it up for weeks after we had repeatedly warned our readers that the winter wheat crop east of the Rocky Mountains was one of the worst failures on record. Later, the spring wheat crop was to be the salvation of the country—acreage large and condition perfect, etc. The facts are being demonstrated as we said—acreage 5 to 15 per cent. under last year's yield, poor in quantity and quality; crop at least 40,000,000 bushels under last year. Now the government estimates the corn crops at about 2,150,000,000 bushels, and the newspapers, not to be outdone, place it at 2,300,000,000. In our judgment, both these estimates are too high. There is a large acreage of corn, but it was mostly planted under unfavorable conditions, much of it late; it is notoriously uneven and spotted, the heat and drought of August has materially lessened the yield, and on the whole, we consider it perfectly safe to say that the crop will not now, in any event, exceed 2,000,000,000 bushels. Much of it is not yet out of the way of the frost. Two billion of corn is a big crop, but the old corn is well exhausted, and on account of droughts and poor pasturage over a wide area, and the high price of hay, consumption is, and is likely to continue, enormous. The last New York bank statement is again decidedly unfavorable.

South African Trade

THE increased public interest in affairs in Africa, and especially South Africa, resulting from recent developments, lends interest to some statements just prepared by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics relative to the commerce of the United States with that continent, and the growing demand in all its divisions for our manufactures and products. Exports from the United States to Africa were, in the fiscal year 1899, more than five times as great as they were in 1889. The total exports from the United States to all Africa in the fiscal year 1889, were but \$3,496,505, and in 1899, they were \$18,594,424. From Cape to Cairo and from Liberia to Abyssinia, American manufactures and American

foodstuffs are making their way. Railroad bridges in the Nile valley, mining machinery in the gold and diamond districts, clothing and foodstuffs in the Soudan, all find an increasing demand. Exports from the United States to Africa have grown more rapidly since 1893 than those to any other of the grand divisions of the world, while Asia and Oceanica come next, Europe next, North America next, and South America last in the list showing the relative growth in our exports. To Africa, the increase from 1893 to 1899 is 218 per cent; to Asia and Oceanica, 185 per cent; to Europe, 42 per cent.; to North America, 32 per cent., and to South America, 10 per cent., while the increase in the grand total during that period, has been in round terms, 45 per cent. Manufactured articles form the bulk of our exportations to Africa, and even in those articles ordinarily grouped under the title of breadstuffs and provisions, they are classes which have been so far advanced to a condition for immediate use, that practically all the labor required in their preparation as well as production, is included in the prices received for them when they are put into the market. Flour, meats, lard, tobacco, mineral oils, clothing, machinery, furniture, material for railways, materials for mining industries, and agricultural implements form the large proportion of our exports to Africa, and in all of these the quantity and value of our exports are constantly increasing.

Not only are our exports to Africa rapidly growing, but they are evidently taking the place, to a greater or less extent, of those articles formerly supplied by other countries. The British South African Export *Gazette*, in a recent number, calls attention to the fact that imports into British and Portuguese Africa from the United States are rapidly growing, and that the increase from 1892-3 to 1897-8 was 281 per cent; in articles competing with British goods the increase was 140 per cent., and in non-competing articles, 565 per cent. Commenting upon this subject, it says:

"The great significance of the competitive items of the table is that a general entry has been made into a hitherto English market, and the progress which has been made, shown by the aggregate percental increase of 139.2 per cent. in the five years, is of a nature to challenge most serious attention."

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The Washing of Flannels

IN the first place, flannels are always to be treated by themselves. They are not to be washed in the manner laid down for the cleansing of cottons, as such a course would simply spoil them. It is also very desirable that a dry-bright day be used, so that as soon as washed the woolen articles may be hung out in the clear air and quickly dried. For these reasons, especially in cold weather, it is not desirable to get the washing on the line too soon. The warm hours of noontime are the best for putting out the flannels.

Flannels are *not* to be boiled; they are *not* to be soaked before washing; they are *not* to be needlessly left in the water during any part of the process; they are *not* to be washed in suds which has been used for other goods, or dirty water of any kind; they are *not* to be subjected to the action of soda or any other strong chemical.

Clean, soft water is indispensable; if the family supply should, unfortunately, happen to be hard water, it should be softened before washing is attempted. For this purpose, as has already been said, nothing is better than lye made from wood ashes; but wood ashes are not to be had in every home. In their absence, ammonia makes a very good substitute, and should be added in sufficient quantities to soften the water. No harm is done if more be added than is actually needed, especially for white flannels, as it is helpful in the cleansing of the goods. Borax is also satisfactory for softening the water, and either that or ammonia may be added to the suds to aid the work of the soap. A tablespoonful of borax or of liquid ammonia to two gallons of water will be about the right proportion.

The water which is to be used for the suds and that for rinsing should be of as nearly the same temperature as possible, and not hotter than will allow the hands to be borne in it. A greater temperature will have a tendency to fix any dirt stains which may exist, while too low a degree of warmth will hardly give the thorough treatment desired. The suds should be prepared by dissolving a good quality of soap and stirring it thoroughly into the water, and soap should never be rubbed directly upon the flannel in any stage of the washing. If it is to be applied in any manner in greater strength than comes from the suds, it should be rubbed upon the palms of the hands and then upon the goods. The washboard is not to be used; and the wringer should be run with light pressure, though that method of extracting water from the cloth is less harmful than twisting the clothes. A single article should be immersed in the suds, rubbed gently between the hands, soused and drawn through the water, till it is cleared of dirt and stain; then lightly wrung and passed at once to the rinsing water, which is of the same temperature. As soon as all traces of the suds have been removed, it is to be wrung out, as gently as possible, shaken vigorously, and immediately hung up to dry. There should be no cooling between the two waters, and the entire process for each piece, from the beginning of the wash to the finish, ought to be as brief as possible. If this method is followed, the flannels will be pleasing in appearance, texture, and color. Where it is practicable, the use of a second suds, before the final rinsing water, is recommended.—*Good Housekeeping.*

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