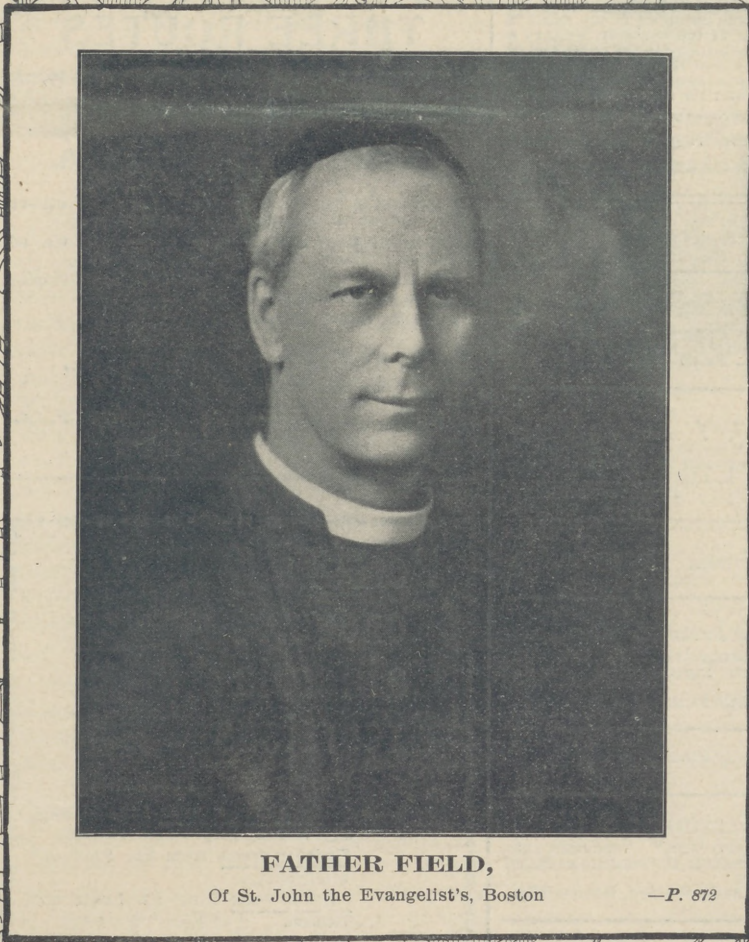
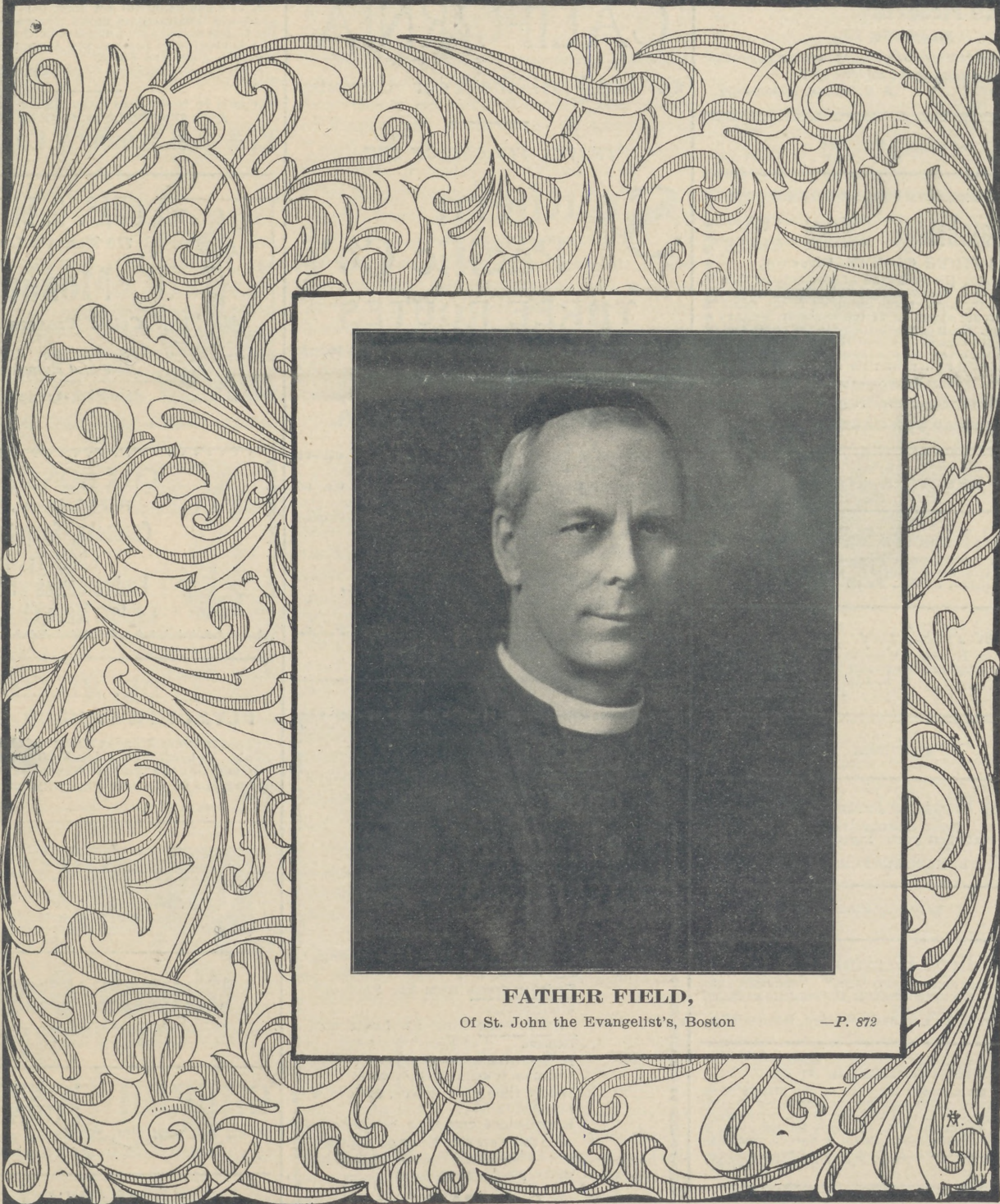


# The Living Church

H. A. de France 1300N  
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A Weekly Record of the News, the Work, and the Thought of the Church



FATHER FIELD,  
Of St. John the Evangelist's, Boston

—P. 872



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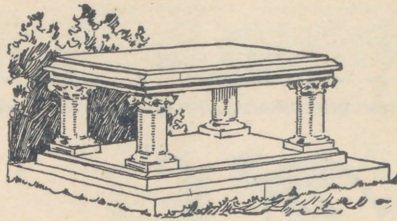
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# The Living Church

Rev. Charles Wesley Leffingwell, Editor and Proprietor

## Notes of the World's Progress

**B**USINESS ACTIVITIES OF 1899 IN the great producing and manufacturing regions bordering upon the great lakes, are illustrated by the report of the business passing through the Sault Ste. Marie canal connecting Lake Superior with Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, which has just been received by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics. It shows an increase in number of vessels, number of passengers, quantities of freight, and in practically all of the classes of freight passing through that great waterway, and makes for the year 1899 the highest record of business activity on the great lakes.

**T**HE NUMBER OF SAILING VESSELS increased seven per cent. as compared with last year, the number of steamers, fifteen per cent., the number of unregistered vessels, twenty-nine per cent., the quantity of registered freight, eighteen per cent., the quantity of actual freight, nineteen per cent., passengers thirteen per cent., lumber, sixteen per cent., and that great factor in manufacturing activities, iron ore, thirty per cent. In all these important features which show the activities of the producing and manufacturing interests, the record of lake commerce in the year 1899 surpasses that of any preceding year, the only case in which the year's record falls below that of any preceding year, being in wheat and flour, of which the supply of 1899 was slightly below that of one or two preceding years, and the foreign demand materially below that of 1898.

**A**NOTHER TANGLE HAS BEEN MADE in the struggle between citizens of Milwaukee and the mayor and council. In spite of an injunction to the contrary, the council passed the objectionable ordinance, which action may lead to contempt proceedings. Whatever may be the merits of the Milwaukee street railway case, it is certainly not an edifying spectacle when men in power exercise their authority in the face of organized opposition, and dispose of privileges which belong to the community. The honor or integrity of the Milwaukee gentlemen who did this is not questioned, yet in disposing of valuable franchises and presenting the streets of the city to a corporation, the will of a majority of the people should govern, and if there be a question as to the wishes of the people, undue haste on the part of officials is not seemly. The situation in Milwaukee affords a strong argument for municipal ownership.

**G**OOD EFFECTS OF THE ADMINISTRATION of General Leonard Wood are already being felt in Cuba. Not only are measures being adopted which meet with the approval of the people, but the previous record as well as the present course of the governor, have inspired a confidence in him which will have an effect of quieting a discontent which was becoming widespread. One of the acts of General Wood was to prod

the slow-moving courts. A great number of prisoners, many of whom were unacquainted with the charges against them, have been confined for many months, and some of them for years. They are now being brought to immediate trial, and in the majority of cases discharged. Replacing American appointees by native Cubans has a pacific effect upon those agitators who sought to prevent the so-called Americanization of the island.

**F**RANCE HAS VINDICATED HER honor, at least in so far as punishment of conspirators against the government is concerned. Deroulede is banished, Guerin is imprisoned, and several minor offenders are similarly dealt with. It is a question, however, if the punishment fits the crime, or if the crime, particularly in the case of Guerin, was of sufficiently grave character to merit punishment. Frenchmen view some things seriously, and the spectacle of Guerin, barricaded in his house and defying arrest, was looked upon as most serious. In order to arrest him the government called the military into requisition, and after a protracted siege Guerin capitulated. In an American city a policeman would have arrested the man single-handed. Guerin now occupies quarters once inhabited by the Duke of Orleans, and has nothing to complain of.

**T**HE MICHIGAN STATE LEGISLATURE, which was called in special session by Governor Pingree, for the specific purpose of passing measures pertaining to the taxation of corporations, has adjourned, after refusing to act favorably upon any measure introduced at the instigation of Mr. Pingree. This seems to indicate one of three things, that Pingreeism is on the wane, that public sentiment is not honestly represented in the legislature, or that the legislators for some occult reason refuse to fulfill the will of the people. During his incumbency Governor Pingree has been the author of a number of radical measures, many of which have never been applied, and while earnest and sincere, has nevertheless created strong political enemies. To these may likely in a measure be attributed the barrenness of the special legislative session.

**S**NOW BEING UNUSUALLY LIGHT throughout the North this season, so much so, in fact, that white pine lumbermen are beginning to despair of being able to conduct logging operations on anything on the usual scale, it is somewhat interesting to read of a region where contrary conditions exist. In far-off Alaska, the rush for gold was closely followed by enterprising capitalists, who sought to facilitate matters by supplying facilities indispensable in more populous regions. Among these enterprises was the White Pass & Yukon Railway Company, a corporation which overcame the dangers and difficulties of White Pass by constructing a railroad. Operations now are interrupted for an indefi-

nite period, by reason of the fact that in some places the road is buried beneath two hundred feet of snow. Against this mass rotary snow plows are helpless.

**W**ELCOME NEWS COMES FROM THE Philippines that American prisoners have been safely returned to the American lines after months of hardship and peril spent within the shifting lines of the fleeing Filipino army. Their rescue, or pursuit, which lead to their abandonment by the Filipinos, is one of the heroic actions of the war. Conditions in the islands are practically unchanged. The insurgents are broken into bands which maintain a guerrilla warfare, scattering at the approach of an armed force, and reassembling as soon as imminent danger of a pitched battle has passed. Opinion of those conversant with the situation is that the complete suppression of the Tagals will be a very difficult matter. Instances of their savagery are becoming more numerous.

**T**HE PAST WEEK WAS MARKED BY the virtual completion of one of the greatest engineering enterprises ever undertaken—the Chicago drainage canal. The project has been under way several years, and has cost the district benefited \$33,000,000. It is expected the canal will, by turning water from Lake Michigan into the Mississippi River, via the Chicago River, give the city a supply of pure water. The Chicago River has been noted for several things, particularly its peculiarity of congealing in winter and softening in summer, also of exhaling a perfume, compared to which a glue factory is a rose garden. But all this is to be changed, and the passing of the Chicago River will be mourned only by those gentlemen of the press to whom it has been a fruitful source for jest and gibe. When the canal is finally opened through its entire course, 600,000 cubic feet of pure water per minute will pass through this new gateway to the Gulf of Mexico.

**T**HERE IS A STRONG PROBABILITY that the New York Legislature will repeal the Horton Law, which was passed to promote the boxing contest industry, but which in reality has made legal pugilistic encounters of every sort. The whole country is more or less interested in the repeal of the Horton law, as it has encouraged brutal and disgusting exhibitions, to which the daily papers have devoted no inconsiderable amount of space for the edification of the home circle. Spanish bull fights, which were promptly suppressed by American authorities upon acquisition of Spanish possessions, were tea parties compared to some "finish" encounters which the Horton law has permitted, and it will be highly creditable to the commonwealth of New York when the law is changed. Viewed from the standpoint of athletics, boxing has its uses, but in its degenerate form, it should be suppressed, not encouraged.



# The News of the Church

## The Church Abroad

Canon H. J. Ellison who died during the last week of the year, will long be remembered as the founder of the Church of England Temperance Society, and its moving spirit for 37 years. It says much for his breadth of view and adaptability to circumstances, that he consented, in 1872, to the proposal to change the principle of his society from total abstinence to the broader one of temperance.

It is announced that the next general meeting of the Bishops is fixed for Jan. 16 and 17, at the Church House, Westminster. Two days later, viz., Friday, Jan. 19, the Archbishop of Canterbury will receive at Lambeth Palace the protest originated by *The Church Review*, and signed by nearly 14,000 lay-communicants of the Church of England against the Archbishops' "Opinion" upon the use of incense and processional lights. The protest will be presented by the Duke of Newcastle.

Among the clergy who are left at their posts in the Transvaal is the Rev. George Perry, who is still maintaining the services at Jeppestown, a suburb of Johannesburg. Writing on Nov. 18th, he mentions all the other suburban churches were then closed, and that he was thankful to be allowed to stay, as there were a good many women and children and a few men still left. Mr. Perry spent eleven years in the Orange Free State at Harrismith, and has been for the last seven years at Johannesburg.

The Bishop of Zululand (Dr. Carter) writing on Nov. 15th from Eshowe to his friends at home says: A letter received from St. Augustine's, states that a large raiding party of Boers crossed over near Rorke's Drift into Zululand, and paid a surprise visit to Mathieson's, going along the Zululand side of the river in full sight of our house. They took his horses, but nothing more at that time. But another and larger force crossed at the same place yesterday (Sunday (Nov. 5th) morning early, just as we were going to early Celebration. They looted the store and took three men, Money, McKenzie, and Dr. Williams, prisoners. They also looted the Arab store, and took Mr. Codd prisoner. In the afternoon they sent word here to us that they were coming to pay us a visit, and also coming to take the goods from Mr. Hall's store, which is rather too near here. Of course, we can do nothing but wait. The natives think that they will want me to go with them for their ambulance work. . . . We are trying to carry on the work as though a commando of Boers were not in our neighborhood. We had a grand day yesterday (Nov. 5th). I admitted 58 catechumens and baptized some adults. We were obliged to have the service under the trees, as, of course, our present building is very much too small. Some short time ago the Boers sent a playful message to the effect that they hoped to use our new building as a stable for their horses. (I hope they will put the roof on first before they use it!)."

The C. M. S. has still good news from Uganda, from whence Bishop Tucker writes: "The prospects are most cheering. Attention is being paid to Kavirondo, at the north-east of the Victoria Nyanza, and men will shortly be required there." Bishop Tugwell started on the 2nd of December last, with two clergymen and two laymen, one of the latter a doctor, for the Western Sudan, to found a mission among the Hausa people who have lately been added to the British Empire. It is likely that a third native bishop will shortly be appointed to superintend the native church of Bonny, on the Niger Delta. The name of a suitable man, who is also acceptable to the Delta Christians, has been submitted by Bishop Tugwell to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Vigorous attempts are being made by the Jerusalem and the East Mission to raise £20,000 for

the endowment of a new bishopric in Egypt. Of this sum, over £11,000 has now been subscribed.

A new Superior of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, the Rev. E. F. Brown, has been elected in place of the present Bishop of Madras. The Hon. Montague Waldegrave, a younger son of Lord Radstock, is on his way to Peshawar to work as a lay evangelist in connection with Dr. Ray Lankester's medical mission.

The Archbishop's Assyrian Mission to the Nestorian Church continues to flourish, and by a friendly arrangement with the missionaries of the Russian Church, has been able to extend operations among the East Syrians in Turkish territory, in the mountains of Kurdistan, or Ararat.

## The Woman's Auxiliary

### Missionary Lectures in Washington, D. C.

The Rev. J. Addison Ingle, of Hankow, China, has recently given two more beautifully illustrated lectures on mission work in his field. One was largely attended by members of the Woman's Auxiliary, at St. John's hall; the other was of special interest to the many friends of the late Mrs. Winslow, being illustrated by slides prepared by her for use with a lecture she intended giving for the benefit of the Woman's Hospital at Wuchang. Mrs. Winslow was the wife of a naval officer, and, as she herself said, went to China with a strong prejudice against foreign missions, but from personal observation and investigation became a warm and earnest friend of the cause, and returning to this country, was about to give a series of lectures in behalf of the work when her sudden death last spring put an end to this hope. The slides have been given to the Woman's Auxiliary at the Missions House, and are being used this winter in various parts of the country.

### The Chicago Branches

The regular monthly meeting of diocesan and parochial officers was held in the Church Club rooms, Jan. 4th, Mrs. Lyman presiding. There were about 60 women present, representing 22 branches. Noonday prayers were said by the Rev. W. C. DeWitt. The motion to change the hour of meeting from noonday to 11 A. M., was carried by a rising vote. The subject for the day was the Junior Auxiliary. Mrs. Duncombe who took the chair, gave a good account of the junior branches in this diocese, under which name is included the Babies' Branch, the Ministering Children's League, and various guilds of young girls. Miss Banks gave an account of the Junior Auxiliary Publishing Company which provides for young people much interesting information on missions and missionary work. Miss Prophet followed with a talk on the Ministering Children's League in Trinity parish, where boys and girls both are taught to work and pray for missions. She urged that boys be invited into the Junior Auxiliary, and gave proof of excellent results from this method. Mrs. Duncombe introduced the Rev. Mr. DeWitt who spoke on the necessity of the Junior Auxiliary in its relation to the Woman's Auxiliary; how it prepares the young people to take their place in parish and missionary work, and gives them training which will develop a greater life in the Church than can be reached by any other means. The president announced that Mrs. Duncombe and Miss Fuller would be glad to meet members of the auxiliary and talk about junior work. She also gave notice that Mrs. Fullerton, Mrs. Hopkins, and Mrs. Street would be glad to visit branches wherever invited. It was decided that the meeting of Feb. 1st should be a general missionary meeting to which the Bishop and clergy should be invited and asked to speak on missionary subjects.

## Brotherhood of St. Andrew

### Pittsburgh Local Assembly

The annual meeting and election of officers was held on the evening of Dec. 21st, in the Sunday school room of St. Peter's church. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: President, William Robbins, Calvary, Pittsburgh; vice-president, George H. Randall, Trinity, Pittsburgh; recording secretary, John Sharpe, Trinity, Pittsburgh; corresponding secretary, H. N. Westerman, St. Thomas', Oakmont; treasurer, Ernest McKinley, Good Shepherd, Pittsburgh.

## Chicago

### Wm. Edward McLaren, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop

The Rev. D. W. Howard having taken up work as rector of St. Matthew's, Wheeling, W. Va., it is likely that the Rev. C. H. Bixby will not, till after Easter, have an assistant at St. Paul's, Kenwood.

The Rev. S. B. Pond commenced with the New Year his ministrations as rector of Christ church, Woodlawn. On Thursday, the 4th, he met the vestry at an entertainment in his and his wife's honor, given by the senior warden, W. J. Lafferty, and Mrs. Lafferty.

It is stated that of those confirmed last year, 38 per cent. were not originally baptized members of the Church.

At New Year's, the St. Barnabas' Guild for Trained Nurses, which is one of the many local agencies of Trinity, held a reception for their friends in the parish house on 26th st.

The Rev. J. Chanler White has resigned the rectorship of Holy Trinity, Hartwell, Southern Ohio, to become assistant to the Rev. Dr. Stone at St. James'.

The attractive chapel in which the Rev. Harold Morse conducts the services of the new and growing mission at Longwood, was formerly a stable. An organ has recently been donated by Mrs. Curtis, and a beautiful brass memorial altar cross by Mrs. E. P. Hilliard.

### Sermon by the Bishop

The Bishop, in the absence of the rector who has been unwell for some days, preached last Sunday morning in St. Peter's. The sermon, while forceful as an argument for belief in the revealed Word, was also a touching appeal in regard to the Epiphany of all time. Bishop White, acting for the Bishop of Chicago, held a Confirmation in Christ church, Ottawa, on Sunday.

### Girls' Friendly Society

There was a good attendance of the officers of the G. F. S. in the Church Club rooms, on the 2d, when delegates to the late annual meeting in Brooklyn, and chief among them, Miss Fanny Groesbeck, the diocesan president, presented interesting reports, which showed how, among other good works, the G. F. S. was an aid to missions.

### Trinity, Highland Park, Destroyed by Fire

About 5 P. M. of Saturday, Dec. 30th, the church was discovered to be on fire, the cause being, presumably, overheating of the furnace. In spite of the dense smoke, the Rev. P. C. Wolcott succeeded in saving the brasses on the altar, the vestments and hangings which were in the sacristy, the lectern and Bible; also, through the heroic efforts of some young men, the piano from the choir-room adjoining. All else was completely destroyed along with the sacred edifice, a wooden structure, on which was carried insurance for \$7,500. The rectory was saved with difficulty, and is unimpaired, none of its contents having been even removed. Temporary arrangements have been made for carrying on the services. As soon as adjustment of insurance loss has been completed, it is intended



to get out plans for a new edifice, and it is hoped that there will be no loss of time in securing erection and occupation of a portion, at least, of a building at once handsomer and of more enduring construction than the last.

#### The Southern Convocation

The autumn meeting was held last month in Christ church, Ottawa. "The Gospel and the New Gospels" was the subject of the sermon on Tuesday evening, the 12th, by the Rev. J. H. Edwards. On Wednesday morning there was a Celebration at 7:30, followed by a business meeting at 9 A. M., when the rector, the Rev. G. W. Farrar, read a paper. After Morning Prayer at 10:30, a sermon was preached by the Rev. E. H. Clark. After lunch, reports of work done were made. At Evensong, 7:30 P. M., the following addresses were delivered: (a) "Pastor and People," by the Rev. A. W. Higby, of Mowatt; (b) "What is the greatest need for successful work in parish and diocese?" by the Rev. W. B. Walker; (c) "Reminiscences of 20 years as dean, and outlook for the future," by the Rev. D. S. Phillips, D. D., dean of the Southern Convocation. In all, the appointed programme was well sustained, and the meeting an entertaining one.

#### Christmas Offering at St. Andrew's, Chicago

While in very few of our churches was there anything like a special financial appeal at Christmas, in St. Andrew's the figures were remarkable, as showing what can be done by a united congregation which is far from wealthy. Since the organization of the parish in 1878, the ground on which the church, with its several enlargements, is built, has been leased, with option to buy. Inasmuch as the Easter offering will be devoted to the purchase of the land, persistent effort has been made for the liquidation of the debt on the building, \$3,000, with the result that on Christmas Day \$2,800 was placed on the altar; the remaining \$200 may be said to be "in sight." Among the component parts of this large offering were found the following: two of \$300, one \$200, one \$150, two of \$100, eight of \$50, one \$40, one \$30, nine of \$25, two of \$20, two of \$15, twenty-five of \$10, one \$6, thirty-nine of \$5, one \$4, two of \$3, one \$2.50, fourteen of \$2, one \$1.50, five of \$1, and one half-dollar. Seventy women and girls averaged \$8.13 each, a total of \$569. The rector, the Rev. W. C. DeWitt, is encouraged by this mark of appreciation of twelve years' work.

#### Progress at Epiphany Church, Chicago

The Sunday school has increased to nearly 400. The fortnightly organ recitals of Prof. Hemington have been well attended. The choir camping fund is much benefited by the increased offerings on the evening of the first Sunday in each month. The superb rendering of Barnby's "Rebecca" after Evensong on Advent Sunday, and of Gaul's fine cantata "Israel" last Sunday, elicited special commendation. The rector, the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, hopes to inaugurate the 20th century by clearing off the parish debt of some \$12,000, chiefly on the rectory; an earnest appeal from a communicant shows that an average contribution of four cents a day from each confirmed member of the parish, would bring about this much desired result by Epiphany, 1901.

#### Parish Sexton for Twenty-five Years

There passed away on Sunday one who has been intimately connected with Trinity parish for over a quarter of a century, and whose well-known features will be sadly missed by parishioners old and new. Born March 20th, 1816, in New York, Gideon B. Mowry had passed the "four score years" which so few men see; more than a quarter of which numbers found him faithful in the discharge of his duties of collector and senior sexton. The rector, the Rev. W. C. Richardson, officiated at the funeral services in Trinity, the interment being at Graceland, and vestrymen acting as pall-bearers. His activity up to within a few days of his death, will make the shock all the greater to the parish he served so well.

## New York

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

At St. James' church, the Rev. Dr. D. Parker Morgan conducted a Quiet Day on Jan. 3d.

The chapel of the parish of the Heavenly Rest has had its chancel newly decorated, at the private expense of Mr. Howard P. Frothingham.

At the last meeting of the Church Club, the Rev. Prof. Body, D. D., of the General Theological Seminary, gave an address on "Holy Scripture."

#### Columbia University

Over 700 volumes and 1,000 pamphlets have been given to the library by Mr. A. P. Marble, of Worcester, Mass. All deal with education, and have been placed at the disposal of the Teachers' College.

#### Death of John H. Odell

One of the oldest organ-builders in the city died Jan. 30th. He was builder of the organs in several important churches, including those of St. Paul's church, and the new St. Agnes' chapel, and supplied organs to many of our churches throughout the United States.

#### Death of the Rev. Charles C. Fiske

The Rev. Charles Carroll Fiske died Jan. 4th. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Horatio Potter, in 1865, and was for some time curate of Calvary church, under the late Rev. Dr. E. A. Washburn. He had lived abroad for the last ten years, and returned only last autumn. He was in his 72d year. The burial service took place from Calvary church, Jan. 5th.

#### New Rectory for All Angels' Church

The offerings of Christmas-tide reached \$30,000. The vestry have undertaken the erection of a rectory for the Rev. S. DeLancey Townsend, Ph. D., he making a condition that it should be completed without debt, and the gifts were for that purpose. A marble pulpit, for which funds are in hand, will be made a subject of competitive designs from artists.

#### Farewell to Medical Missionaries

A service was held on St. John's Day at the Church Missions House by the associate secretary, the Rev. Joshua Kimber, bidding farewell to Dr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Teusler, who have departed as medical missionaries for Japan. Mr. Kimber celebrated the Holy Eucharist, and made an address, in which he called attention to the importance of the medical work in the foreign mission field.

#### Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes

At the 27th anniversary recorded in a recent issue of THE LIVING CHURCH, the general manager, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, reported for the year, receipts of \$5,063.49, and expenditures, \$4,999.60 in the New York department; receipts of \$2,260.25, and expenditures of \$3,633.60 in the domestic department, leaving an over draft of \$654.94; receipts of \$2,056, and expenditures of \$2,691.70 in the farm department, leaving an indebtedness of \$635.70.

#### St. Andrew's Church, Walden

For the first time in the history of the parish the choir appeared in vestments at the Christmas service, and the rendition of the special music displayed much taste and spirit. The decorations were very effective, and included a well-designed rood-screen. The children's festival came off on Holy Innocents' Day. General gifts were made to the children, and a token of appreciation was presented to the rector, the Rev. James G. Lewis, D. D., by one of the churchwardens, on behalf of the people.

#### Rifton Glen

The pretty chapel dedicated to St. Thomas, in charge of the Rev. Henry Barker, rector of All Saints', Rosendale, was used for service for the first time on Sunday, Dec. 31st. The service was Evening Prayer and sermon, with special dedication prayers. There was a large congregation, and the chapel was much admired. The rector said the service, and the Rev. Thomas

Burrows preached the sermon. The chapel and furniture cost about \$2,000. The sum of \$300 is to be taken up on mortgage, and about \$200 is needed to clear off the floating debt.

#### Chime Ringing New Year's Eve

The Seguin chimes in the belfry of St. Andrew's church, Harlem, were rung to welcome in the New Year. "Lead, Kindly Light," "Abide with me," and other hymns were given. At the stroke of midnight they rang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," followed by "Red, White, and Blue," and other selections. The New Year was ushered in on the chimes of Trinity church, ringing "Concerto in Rondo," by Dr. Hodges; "Sunday Evening Bells," "Hark a burst of heavenly music," Luther's "Judgment Hymn," and many other tunes. There was so great a disturbance caused by the blowing of horns by the vast crowd assembled, as seriously to interfere with the beauty of the effect. The bells continued ringing until after 1 o'clock.

#### Centennial of Washington's Funeral

Sunday, Dec. 31st, being the 100th anniversary of the funeral service held in this city by the Masonic fraternity, on the occasion of the announcement of the death of Washington, several Masonic lodges attended religious services. St. Paul's chapel was crowded in the afternoon at such a service. The Rev. George R. Van De Water, D. D., officiated, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. W. Montague Geer, Robert Morris Kemp, and T. J. Crosby. At a service of St. John's Lodge, the Bible used in the first inauguration of Washington as President of the United States was exhibited, and an address was delivered by the Rev. John T. Patey, Ph. D. Services were also held at the church of the Epiphany. The Grand Lodge attended in regalia at St. Andrew's church, Harlem, the Rev. Geo. R. Van De Water, D. D., preaching on the character of Washington, whom he referred to as a Churchman and a Mason.

#### Rev. P. A. H. Brown's 25th Anniversary

At the commemorative service at St. John's chapel, Sunday, Dec. 31st, referred to in our last issue, the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix. Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, and the Rev. Prof. Riley, D. D., of the General Theological Seminary, were present. A handsome offertory bason was presented by members of the congregation, bearing the inscription,

To the glory of God, and in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary in St. John's chapel, Trinity parish, New York city, of the Rev. Philip Auld Harrison Brown, M. A., vicar 1875-1900.

In the evening the Bishop of Delaware made an address, and the vicar gave a review of his 25 years of service at St. John's, with the following statistics: Baptized 3,570, confirmed 2,443, burials 3,398, and marriages, 908. Some 25 of the clergy were present at this service, and many prominent laymen. On the evening of Jan. 3d, a reception was tendered to the Rev. Mr. Brown and his wife, which was attended by about 800 persons. The vicar was presented with a handsome and artistic loving cup adapted from the times of Henry II., of France, costing together with the alms bason, \$1,000. A personal gift of a handsome white stole was also received by Mr. Brown.

## Pennsylvania

### Ozi William Whitaker, D. D., LL. D., Bishop

#### Holy Trinity, Lansdale, Consecrated

By Bishop Whitaker on the 30th inst., in the presence of a number of visiting clergy and a large congregation. Morning prayer was said by the Rev. Messrs. J. H. Converse, W. Herbert Burk, and J. M. Hayman. In the Communion Office Bishop Whitaker was celebrant, the rector, the Rev. Samuel Ward, epistoler, and the Rev. H. J. Cook, gospeler. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. E. T. Bartlett.

#### Bequest for Church Work

In the will of Miss Emily Barclay, probated 2d inst., estate valued at \$95,000, the sum of



\$25,000 is bequeathed to a trust company, to pay the income semi-annually to the Society of St. John the Evangelist in Boston, for work in America, and this bequest is valid so long as such work is maintained; but should the society be withdrawn from America, then the income shall be divided equally between St. Barnabas' Hospital, Newark, N. J., and the House of St. Michael and All Angels, Philadelphia.

#### **Emmanuel Church, Holmesburg**

To which has been added recently a handsome new chancel, choir room, and sacristy, which have been fully described in these columns, was reopened for divine service on Sunday, 7th inst., when the new vested choir of the church sang therein for the first time. The Rev. Dr. W. W. Silvester preached at the morning service, and the Rev. J. A. Goodfellow in the evening.

#### **The Hospital Mission, Philadelphia**

Founded in 1860, has 600 communicants, and its Sunday school and Bible classes (including 70 teachers), has a total membership of 2,215, the largest in the diocese. These figures are exclusive of St. Nathaniel's mission, its outgrowth. Bishop Whitaker has appointed the Rev. George A. Latimer to the charge of the Hospital mission, who entered upon his duties Sunday, Jan 7th.

#### **Death of Founder of St. Alban's, Roxboro**

In St. Alban's church, corner of Fairthorne and Ridge ayes, Roxboro, the Burial Office was said on the 30th inst., over the mortal remains of Frederick Falkner Fairthorne who entered into rest at Woodbury, N. J., on the 30th ult., in his 81st year. He was a son of the late Thomas Fairthorne, of St. Alban's, England, and was the donor of the ground, founder, and principal contributor in organizing the church some 40 years ago. The rector, the Rev. Charles S. Lyons, officiated.

#### **Memorial of Rev. B. Watson, D. D.**

Through the liberality of a wealthy Philadelphia Churchman whose charities are large and invariably private, and a number of other individuals whose names are withheld for the present, the new edifice for the congregation of St. Paul's church, West Philadelphia, recently referred to in these columns, is to be erected as a memorial of the late Rev. Dr. Benjamin Watson, for 32 years rector of the church of the Atonement, Philadelphia, and for a long series of years president of the Standing Committee.

#### **New Year's Eve Services**

Were held at a late hour on Sunday night, 31st ult., at Christ and Calvary churches, Germantown, in the church of the Holy Spirit, the Nativity, St. Matthew's, and Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, which marked the closing hour of the old year and the dawn of the new. At the last named church, an immense congregation was in attendance; the rector, the Rev. F. W. Tomkins, officiated, and made an address. The few minutes before and after midnight were spent in silent prayer, followed by a hymn, which marked the close of the service.

#### **A Baton for Prof. Taylor**

A very pleasant gathering of the members of the choir of St. Matthias' church, Philadelphia, the Rev. Dr. H. Anstice, rector, took place on Friday evening, 29th ult., in the parish building. After the rendition of some excellent music by the choir, Professor Aaron R. Taylor, choirmaster, was presented by the choir with a very handsome baton in recognition of his faithful services as teacher and leader. Arthur K. Bains, for many years organist of the parish, made the presentation speech, to which Prof. Taylor feelingly responded. The choir, a mixed vested one, has, through their efficient leader, been brought to the front rank in the rendition of brilliant sacred music.

#### **Dinner of the Last Man's Club**

In September, 1857, a number of the alumni of the Episcopal Academy of Philadelphia, formed an association, making it a Last Man's Club, with no more members to be added. At the

same time a bottle of rare wine was sealed up, to be opened by the "last man," when he should sit down in solitary state. On Wednesday evening, 3d inst., the 43d annual dinner was given at the Union League. There were 19 members present; among these were Bishops Coleman and Hare, the Rev. Messrs. Francis D. Hoskins, of Hartford, Conn., and the Rev. Dr. J. Andrews Harris. The sealed bottle was on view, as is usual at the annual dinner. There are three honorary members, including Bishop Potter, of New York.

#### **The Episcopal Hospital**

On Tuesday, 2nd inst., the contributors met and elected eight managers to serve three years—three clerical; viz., the Rev. J. B. Falkner, D. D., J. Andrews Harris, D. D., Floyd W. Tomkins, and five laymen. On Thursday, 4th inst., the board of managers met and reorganized, re-electing the Rev. H. M. G. Huff, secretary, and W. W. Frazier, treasurer. From the report of the superintendent, it appears that 2,737 patients were admitted, and 3,026 treated during the year; while 34,100 new and 72,595 old patients were treated in the dispensary department. The daily average of dispensary patients was 348. The attention of the managers was called to the large and increasing number of daily dispensary patients, which, it was said, was only exceeded by the number at the Girls' Hospital in London. The necessity for a new dispensary building was shown. The managers' report recommended that in the near future, the Aspinwall ward for "poor, white, female orphan children who have been ill, and are convalescent," be erected. The fund which will enable the hospital to build this ward will come into its possession at an early date, and has a cash value of \$200,000. It was bequeathed to the institution several years ago for the support of a ward bearing the name of the donor, by Anna Ross Aspinwall, of Pittsburgh. The Rev. W. W. Taylor has resigned as chaplain of the hospital.

### **Minnesota**

**Henry B. Whipple, D.D., LL.D., Bishop**  
**W. N. Gilbert, D.D., LL.D., Bishop-coadjutor**

#### **St. Mark's, Minneapolis**

The attendance at its Christmas Sunday school festival was unusually large, and afforded the younger Church workers an opportunity to meet and greet the rector, the Rev. Thomas W. MacLean, for the first time. A Christmas tree of spruce, 25 feet high, was in the chancel, surmounted by clusters of lighted tapers emblematic of the Star of Bethlehem. The service was bright, and the procession around the church, led by the vested choir, inspiring. Bishop Gilbert added to the general joy by being present and making a happy address to the scholars. Mr. MacLean dwelt on the season's lesson, and Hector Baxter, the superintendent, addressed the scholars and teachers upon their faithfulness. The Advent offering for diocesan missions amounted to \$75, the largest Advent offering in the history of the Sunday school. The salary of the diocesan missionary is paid from the Sunday scholars' Advent offerings.

#### **St. John's Chapel, Lake Harriet**

Held its Christmas celebration on St. Stephen's Day. The Advent offering was \$10, the largest ever made by this mission Sunday school.

### **Washington**

**Henry Yates Satterlee, D.D., LL.D., Bishop**

#### **St. Monica's Mission**

On the afternoon of the Sunday after Christmas, in the south-western part of the city, held its first service. The large room secured for the purpose has been turned into a really tasteful and attractive chapel, with an altar and brass cross, a lectern, and all necessary chancel furnishings. A small organ has been furnished, and, on this occasion, two violins and a brass instrument also accompanied the vested choir from Emmanuel church, Anacostia, which ren-

dered the music. The service was conducted by the Rev. C. C. Mapp, M. D., the colored priest-in-charge, and the Rev. Dr. Devries and Mr. Rhinelander. The Bishop made a happy and appropriate address. Several of the other city clergy were present, and many friends interested, and the rest of the available space was crowded with colored people from the neighborhood.

### **South Dakota**

**William Hobart Hare D.D., Bishop**

#### **Black Hills Deanery**

Dec. 15th, the Bishop, with Archdeacon Ware and the Rev. Arnold Sutton, drove from Deadwood to Spearfish, 15 miles. At the service held in the evening, addresses were made by the Bishop and the archdeacon, and seven persons were confirmed. The next morning the Rev. William H. Pond was admitted to the sacred order of priests. The sermon was preached by the Bishop. There was a large congregation present, 36 of whom partook of the Holy Communion. Mr. Pond, by his faithful and diligent work during more than four years, has well earned the good degree of priesthood. As the result of his two years' ministry in Spearfish, a beautiful stone church is nearly completed and furnished, a tower has been built and a bell placed within it; the property has been enclosed by a neat and durable fence, and there is no debt. The Trinity guild has raised over \$300, St. Agnes' Guild, \$113, and St. Cecilia's Guild (of little girls) and the Sunday school have given large sums. Mr. Pond, working from Spearfish as a centre, officiates in Belle Fourche, Terry, Centennial Valley, and "other places near by," and has held services at Sturgis, 23 miles from Spearfish, during the past six months. Saturday afternoon the Bishop and the three clergyman drove to Deadwood; from which town the Bishop and Mr. Pond went by rail to Sturgis. Sunday morning the Holy Communion was administered, the Bishop being celebrant and preacher. After the service the Bishop called the people together to consider the question of a new incumbent; and it was decided to appoint some one as soon as possible, perhaps early in the ensuing year. In the afternoon the ambulance was sent to convey the Bishop to Fort Meade, a large and very important cavalry post, where there is a large number of Churchmen. Services were held by the Bishop and Mr. Pond. In the evening the Bishop took the train for Rapid City, and Mr. Pond remained to hold services in the evening. Sunday evening, the 17th, the Bishop held services at Rapid City. Monday morning he visited the government Indian school, and addressed the children; and in the evening he held services and preached at Buffalo Gap. The two above-named places and Hot Springs are in charge of the Rev. Mr. Sutton, who has labored faithfully in a large and thinly populated field. The work in the Black Hills generally during the past year has been blessed with a large measure of success. In making this visitation the Bishop traveled over 500 miles.

### **Newark**

**Thomas Alfred Starkey, D.D., Bishop**

#### **St. Alban's Church, Newark**

The Bishop visited this parish on Christmas Eve, and confirmed a class of 15. To the great pleasure of all he was able to announce that the efforts of the congregation to pay off the debt on the church building had been successful. In addition to this, the church has received a Christmas gift of \$2,000, which, it is expected, will be applied to the purchase of some choice corner lots, in view of a future and larger building.

### **Quincy**

**Alexander Burgess, D.D., LL.D., Bishop**

The Bishop has forwarded from Vermont the following note to his clergy: "The Bishop of Quincy highly approves of the plan proposed by the General Board of Missions, that in each



parish there be held on the second Sunday after Epiphany, a service for children and young people of the congregation, with prayers and praises for missions, and an especial address on their behalf. He asks his brethren of the clergy in the diocese to take up and carry out this plan. He authorizes for use the order of services prepared by the Bishop of Pennsylvania, and prays their acceptance and blessing of our Lord. Copies of the form of service may be obtained in numbers sufficient for general use by application to the Rev. Joshua Kimber, D. D., Church Missions House, 4th Ave., New York City. The service may be held in any part of the Sunday named, January 14th.

**Kansas**

**Frank Rosebrook Millspaugh, D.D., Bishop**

Two institutions which Kansas has reason to feel proud of are "The College of the Sisters of Bethany" and "Christ Hospital," both located at Topeka. Bethany, with a few more students, has all she can comfortably accommodate. Christ Hospital, founded for mercy's sake, and receiving and welcoming all who come to it, is known far and wide. Some have given largely of their means to support it, so that it has now no mean endowment. Nearly all the nurses are communicants of the Church. A few weeks ago, a class was confirmed by Bishop Millspaugh. On Holy Innocents' Day, nearly all the nurses received the Blessed Sacrament together.

**Massachusetts**

**William Lawrence, D. D., Bishop**

The Rev. Robert Codman has announced to his people of St. John's, Roxbury, that he will accept the episcopate of Maine.

A large missionary meeting was held in Emmanuel church, Jan. 5th. Bishop Lawrence presided. The speakers were the Rev. Dr. Abbott, of Cambridge, and the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, the general secretary.

On Sunday afternoon, in the church of the Redeemer, South Boston, Mr. Harry Lloyd delivered a paper on "William Morris in his relation to working men."

**All Saints', Worcester**

Col. and Mrs. Hopkins royally entertained 45 members of the Girls' Friendly Society at the rectory on St. Stephen's Day. Selections from Dickens' "Christmas Carol" were read by the rector, and carols from the Hymnal were sung. The Kalendar for 1900 was afterwards distributed to the members as a gift.

**An Unitarian Address**

At the laying of the corner-stone of the church at Cohasset, an Unitarian minister made an address, and deposited in the box his historical sermon upon the town. The Rev. Dr. Frisby, the Rev. Edward Osborne, and others, have written to the Bishop of the diocese, condemning this act. A reply has been made by Bishop Lawrence justifying it, and this has been sent throughout the diocese.

**Indiana**

**Joseph M. Francis, D. D., Bishop**

**Semi-Centennial of St. Paul's, Richmond**

The 50th anniversary of the consecration of St. Paul's was celebrated very happily. At the Festival service the Bishop was celebrant, the Rev. Dr. Wakefield, a former rector, preaching the sermon which was chiefly taken up with a loving tribute to the first rector, the Rev. George Fiske. The Bishop also made a short address. The vested choir rendered excellent music, and there was a large congregation. One candidate, a member of the vestry, was confirmed. An informal reception was held in Fiske Memorial House, at which the Bishop, and Dr. Wakefield and Miss Wakefield, were the guests of honor. Miss Strickland read a carefully prepared and interesting history of the parish, and brief addresses followed by Dr. Wakefield and the Bishop, the senior warden reading a pleasant letter from the Rev. George Fiske Dudley, of St. Stephen's church, Washington, D. C., grandson

of the first rector. The parish during its whole history, since the first few months of its existence as a mission in 1836-7, when the Rev. G. P. Waldo, deacon, began services in Richmond, has had but five rectors.

**Central New York**

**F. D. Huntington, D.D., LL.D., Bishop**

Preparations are completed for the Mission to be held in St. John's, Oneida, the Rev. John Arthur, rector, and the Rev. Dr. C. H. Mockridge, missionary, Jan. 14-19th. The Mission in Zion church, Greene, the Rev. H. E. Hubbard, rector, and the Rev. C. F. Lowe, of Ontario, Canada, missionary, is also being earnestly prepared for by rector and people.

The Utica Clerical Union met in Grace church parish house, Monday, Jan. 8th. An essay was read by the Rev. A. G. Singsen, and discussion followed.

**Bishop's Appointments for January**

- 12. Whitney's Point and Chenango Forks.
- 14. Chittenango.
- 17. Cortland and Homer.
- 19. Evg., Utica, Holy Cross.
- 23. P.M., Cazenovia.
- 25. P.M., Elmira, Trinity.
- 26. Elmira, Emmanuel.
- 30. A.M., Earlville; P.M., Hamilton.

**House of the Good Shepherd, Syracuse**

Plans are completed, and work begun, on the new structure. It is proposed to enlarge and improve the plant of this excellent hospital by the erection of an administration building, boiler house and laundry, four stories high, and 41 by 72 ft. The estimated cost is \$100,000.

**Milwaukee**

**Isaac Lea Nicholson, D.D., Bishop**

**Trinity Parish, Janesville**

The Christmas season has been one of happiness and of many blessings to this parish. The choir of over 30 voices, by much painstaking labor, under the careful leadership of their faithful choirmaster, H. E. Ranons, brought their rendering of Eyre's Communion Office near perfection, and mingled with it a spirit of devotion that greatly helped the worshipers to lift up their hearts. Pipe organ, piano, cornet, and violin afforded beautiful music, rendered entirely by communicants of the parish. At the midnight Celebration, a large congregation was present, and nearly a hundred persons made their Communions. At the two succeeding Celebrations, the number of communicants for the day rose above 130. Items which added largely to the joy of the parish just at this time, were the completion last week of a large and well-appointed guild room which was largely the fruit of the leadership of the junior warden, John Thoroughgood; and the blessing of a beautiful altar, the gift of H. E. Ranons, a member of the vestry, and eight large brass candlesticks, given by various members of the parish.

**St. Matthias, Waukesha**

As has been the custom in this parish for some years, there was a Celebration at midnight on Christmas Eve. It was well attended by Church people and many others. There was a silent procession by the surpliced choir and rector, a light being carried by each chorister, which was placed on the altar. It was a solemn and impressive service. There were Celebrations also at 7:30 and 10:30 A. M., and in the evening Sunday school festivities in the chapel.

**Arkansas**

**Wm. M. Brown, D.D., Bishop**

**Christmas-tide Services**

The feast of the Nativity was generally celebrated throughout the diocese, and many of the churches were beautifully decorated. At St. Luke's church, Hot Springs, the Bishop conducted the service, and on the Feast of the Holy Innocents he officiated at one of the most brilliant weddings ever witnessed in the State, the bride being the daughter of Col. Rugg, one of

the leading members of St. Luke's, At Trinity cathedral, and Christ church, Little Rock, and St. Agnes' church, Morrilton, the music during Christmas-tide was offered by well trained vested choirs.

**General Missionaries**

The Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., about three years ago a prominent Congregational minister in San Francisco, but lately a curate of the church of the Holy Apostles, New York, and the Rev. R. W. Rhames, M. A., rector of Newport, have commenced their labors as general missionaries of Western and Eastern Arkansas, respectively. Mr. Rhames' address for a month will be Newport, while that of Dr. Williams will be Fort Smith during January, and after that both will reside at Little Rock.

**The Guild of Mercy**

After ten years of existence as a society known by the name of "The Medical Guild of the Misericordia," it has been deemed best to change the title to "The Guild of Mercy," for the following reasons:

The work of the Roman Catholic Fraternity, the original "Misericordia," of Florence, Italy, is so world renowned, that any use of the word "misericordia," in connection with the work of mercy outside the Roman communion, seems inadvisable.

Another reason, is that the Anglo-Catholic Church, of which our members are communicants, prefers the use of the English to the Latin language. Hence it is decided that Guild of Mercy is more suitable in the Anglican communion than the mixed title, Guild of Misericordia. Beautiful beyond doubt is the Latin word made more sacred by the unselfish and noble lives of the Brothers of Mercy in Florence. The name "Misericordia" will be retained upon the sacred emblem of our guild. It is also deemed more practicable to determine upon definite objects of mercy, rather than the seven so well known to all Catholics and to be found in most manuals on spiritual guidance. The professed objects of the Guild of Mercy will hereafter be known as follows:

- I. To provide for those unjustly accused and condemned.
- II. To visit and relieve prisoners and those under restraint.
- III. To minister to the sick and suffering and the dying.

Members of the Guild obligate themselves to engage in any or all of the above works, whenever occasion offers, and to consider it their especial duty to watch for opportunities to help others. In a word, the object of the Guild is to impress upon, and keep before the minds of its members, the duty of doing works of mercy, both corporal and spiritual, whenever it is possible. "Wherever there is suffering, there is our opportunity."

The special work of introducing prayers for a change in the Anglo-Catholic communion will be omitted, and no pretence will be made of attempting to influence ecclesiastical opinion, avoiding thereby the suspicion of meddling, and of handicapping the admission of worthy members.

The Guild's work is for peace, harmony, brotherly love, and mercy to all.

Membership has heretofore been invited from medical men only. Experience shows that while noble, devoted physicians in many lands, and in the remote islands of the Pacific, have joined, the number of medical men available as members is too limited.

Then, too, it has been observed that among nurses, and others caring for the sick and the unfortunate, desirable candidates can be found, and so the membership in the Guild is open to all communicants of the Anglo-Catholic Church, but it is especially desired to include medical men, and those used to the care of the sick and suffering.

Funds are needed for printing and other expenses. For further information, address Dr. W. T. Parker, P. O. Box 288, Westboro, Mass.



## Editorials and Contributions

### Count Tolstoy's Experiment

COUNT TOLSTOY, as is well known, has entertained advanced socialistic theories, and has endeavored to put them in practice in his own person. He has dressed and fared like a peasant, and has worked like a peasant. He believed that in this way he could come near to the inner soul of the poor man, and gradually lift him up to higher ideals. It was a noble ambition, and there is every reason to believe that he was thoroughly sincere. He was accustomed to quote the teachings of our Lord, and to apply them with rigid literalness; indeed, in many instances, his insistence upon the letter could not but seem to the thoughtful observer to involve a flagrant violation of the spirit. We need only mention his indiscriminate almsgiving. He held himself so bound to give to every one that asked, utterly regardless of circumstances, that this alone was enough to frustrate all his plans for elevating the lower classes. They probably looked upon him as an amiable idiot, and only heeded his counsels so far as seemed necessary in order to secure his bounty.

THERE is something pathetic in the confession he has lately made, that his theories were mistaken, and the harsh conditions of life he imposed upon himself a failure. He has found that, though men are conscious of their degradation, there is nothing they resent more than the advice which might improve their condition if they would but follow it. He seems to conclude that, therefore, self-sacrifice is useless. But is he right in this conclusion? Even granting that the sacrifice is complete and unreserved, is it to be expected that it will, in a single case, and in one man's life time, produce its full fruits? To bring about a reform of society from its very foundations—and nothing less than this was involved in the task which the Count set before himself—is not an achievement of a day. No man has a right to say that because he has failed, therefore the thing cannot be done. There have surely been, however, many cases where a life of sincere self-devotion has produced very tangible results. We might begin with St. Paul and cite scores, and even hundreds, of such instances since the dawn of Christianity. In ancient times it was said: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." But perhaps it is true that in the case of Count Tolstoy the failure has been complete, and that he has sown no seed which will spring up and flower and bear fruit. For aught that can be seen, he has done nothing among the peasants of his native land, or even of his own neighborhood, that is likely to be of any lasting benefit. May not the solution be sought in some flaw in the sacrifice?

WITHOUT in the least questioning the honesty of purpose of this remarkable man, or disparaging the very real character of his renunciation of the luxury and ease which belonged to his station and rank, it is nevertheless true that there was something of the dilettante about it all. He took upon himself the toil of the laborer in the field; he wore the peasants' dress; he cobbled his own shoes, and on occasion, went barefoot; he walked when he might ride; he accommo-

dated himself to the talk of the peasant, and dispensed with the customary tokens of respect. But with all this, he failed to win the peasant heart or stir in the peasant mind any ambition for real self-improvement. The fact was that it could not escape the shrewd perception of the rustics with whom he herded that his case was not like theirs. He had a substantial and comfortable roof to shelter him. He could, and did, rest from physical labor when he felt wearied and ill. He could command the services of the best physicians and pay the highest fees for himself or his family. He had a house in town as well as the home in the country. He also had time to write the books which have given him fame all over the world. None of these things were within the reach of the rustic folk with whom he thought to identify himself. They were within his reach simply because of his higher rank and greater wealth. We do not condemn him for these things. But we submit that they made the kind of experiment to which he devoted himself, impossible of any real success.

OTHER methods were in his power by which great good might have been done. But these methods were dependent upon the wise use of the opportunities which money and position had put in his power. It is undeniable that those who have these advantages are able to confer many lasting benefits upon their fellow-men. It is the Christian view of things that such things as wealth and the influence of a superior station, or the possession of power, constitute a stewardship which a man is called upon to administer with a deep sense of responsibility. He is not justified in using them for selfish ends. Such a man is sometimes able to improve the conditions of life for a whole community, and that, too, in ways that aid in building up self-respect and manliness, and in developing a higher moral tone, long after his own presence has passed from among men. Doubtless every man who in life's struggle has even a small advantage over his fellows, is called upon to do his part, slight though it may be, to make the world the better for his having lived.

GREATER than this, without question, is the renunciation, once for all, of wealth and station, followed by entire devotion to a life of service. Of this our Lord spoke when He told the young ruler to go and sell all that he had and give to the poor. This is for those who are able to receive it. But the renunciation must be complete and irreversible. We can imagine that one who has taken this step, and has then made himself a working man among working men, might be able to do something to introduce among his fellows higher ideals of life. He would have it in his power to show, by example and influence, that it is possible, without any material advantages, to rise above harsh circumstances and sordid conditions into a purer atmosphere of thought and action. Men may understand and appreciate the lesson when it is imparted by one who has no artificial helps, no aid from material circumstances. If we are to hope even for social improvement along such lines, it can only be through such complete renunciation and unreserved identification with those whom we hope to aid. It was in this that Count

Tolstoy's experiment, lacked the essential conditions of success. Of higher objects than social improvement he took no thought, for he had forsaken the Christian religion, except so far as he considered that it had a mission to aid in the temporal elevation of the race. By and bye, when all these fine experiments have failed, it may be that it will come to be seen that the words of Christ are true to the end: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The Apostles preached the Gospel and left social conditions to take care of themselves. They were of the other things that should be added.

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### Peace on Earth\*

THE Bishop of New Jersey has wisely said that the future possibilities of the Church in this country are very great, if we can only manage to be tolerant of one another. The remark coincides literally with opinions frequently expressed by THE LIVING CHURCH. The Good Lord deliver us from Hotspurs and Don Quixotes of all schools! Let breadth and wise counsels and charity rule among the bishops, the other clergy, and the laity, and the Church will achieve marvelous things on this continent.

But an armed toleration, with right hand always on the pistol-pocket, is one thing, and toleration grounded on Christian charity and fraternal confidence, is quite another thing. And why not come to this at once? Do gentlemen who represent the extreme wing of the High Church school dream that they are going to convert the whole Church into just what they are? Or, do the old men of the Hobart school think it possible to make everybody what they were when they were youths? Or, do the Low Churchmen imagine they will ever see the day when the Church will conform to their notions? Or, do the rationalizers nurse the tender hope that all of us will finally fall in love with smoke?

The Church of A. D. 1900 will be as none of these, but will be something to which all these elements will have contributed largely. The era of absolute homogeneity will not have arrived; but, as we read the signs of the times, twenty years are going to work wonders for us, as the policy of toleration, or rather as the power of fraternal love, tells upon us. Neither canonical legislation, episcopal inhibitions, nor other repressive expedients, will prosper, nor succeed in "putting down Ritualism." Nor will anything else, that somebody else doesn't like, be "put down" by any sort of violence. The law of force in matters of belief has had its day in the world. But what cannot be done by controversy and contention and penalty, will be done in a grander way by the law of love. We must learn to put up with each other, and commit our ways to Him whose prerogative it is to mould all our contrarities into harmony. God is more interested in His Church than any of us, and yet He is far more patient than we are! And are there not some so narrow and intolerant that, just because others will not accept their shibboleths, they are ever uncorking their bottles of wrath against them? Nothing is

\*Just twenty years ago this editorial appeared in THE LIVING CHURCH:



gained by hatred and hard words. The God of truth will take care of the truth, and we shall hasten the day of its outshining victory the more faithfully we illustrate the Christmas song of the angels—"on earth peace, to men, good will."

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### Studies in the Prayer Book

BY THE REV. HENRY H. OBERLY, D. D.

#### II.—THE ORIGIN OF THE PRAYER BOOK

THE popular mind exhibits a curious facility in accepting some propositions and holding them with tenacity, and at the same time shows an obstinate refusal so much as to consider other propositions.

For an example of this mental inconsistency, we have only to point to the persistency with which a great many people outside the Church continue to assert that the Anglican Church was founded at the time of the Reformation. The statement has been denied again and again, and the apostolic origin of the Church and its unbroken continuity have been proved over and over, yet the error crops out with a frequency that is surprising, and in quarters where one would expect lucidity of mind, instead of density.

The same sort of misconception prevails in regard to the Prayer Book. For instance, it is asserted, in defiance of facts, that the book was an original composition; that the first book was a tentative effort on the part of the reformers; that it was their intention to supersede it with a Protestant and radical book as soon as they thought it safe to do so; that the book was a hasty work roughly put together; that it did not express the real opinions of the reformers; that it was a protest against Romanism; that it was a concession to those who were anxious to retain the old order of things, and so on. It is disheartening to think of traversing such an array of wrong-headed and utterly unfounded opinions, and yet they must be denied and disproved, for the truth is the exact opposite of them all.

The aim of this paper is to show briefly and simply the source and origin of the Book of Common Prayer, but before proceeding to the argument, it will be advisable to clear the ground of some of the encumbering false ideas.

Let us consider first the statement that the book was put forth as a protest against Romanism. The people of the sixteenth century did not mean what the people of the nineteenth century mean by the words Romanist and Papist. These words nowadays mean ritualism, confession, transubstantiation, invocation of the saints, purgatory, and, in general, everything that is not recognized as Protestant. The reformers understood the names Romanist and Papist to mean one who acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope, and conceded to him supreme spiritual and temporal power.

It must be torn in mind that the great movement which is known as the Reformation was the result of two causes—one political, the other, ecclesiastical. The struggle between the popes and the successive rulers of every kingdom in Europe had been going on for centuries. The effort of one pontiff after another had been to extend and solidify his power over nations, with the inevitable result of a conflict with nearly every sovereign who came to his throne. While this contest for political supremacy was going on, abuses crept into the Church, and religion suffered. The charge is made without

modification that the Pope indirectly fostered these abuses, because he would not permit kings, councils, or bishops, to reform them, and not infrequently he cast the mantle of his protection over offenders if they belonged to religious orders. By this policy he increased the growing army of men and women who were independent of civil and ecclesiastical rulers, and responsible to the Pope alone. As a result of this conflict of authority, lawlessness in Church and State, immoralities in society, and heresies in religion, flourished to such a degree as to alarm Europe. Cries for a reform of the Church were heard for many years before the Reformation began, and demands were made for a general council to inquire into the errors and abuses, and to set the Church in order.\* But the cries and demands were futile, for the reigning Pontiff either refused to call a council, or, having promised to summon one, found an excuse to break his promise. This course was repeated so often, that in time all the evils existing in the Church became associated in men's minds with the Papacy, with the claims, the encroachments, and the broken promises of the popes.

The domination of the Pope had been forced upon the English by King John, as the price of the crown which he had usurped. There was but one man in Europe who could help him to keep the crown on his head, and that man was the Pope. He was only too glad to make the most of the opportunity to extend and strengthen his power. The price the king paid was the surrender of the crown to the Pope, to receive it back again as the vassal of the Pope. The English people, both as citizens and as Churchmen, were always restive under the Papacy thus forced upon them. The convocation of the Church never acknowledged the jurisdiction of the Pope over the Church of England, and the barons at Runnymede had sternly inserted in Magna Charta the words, "The Church of England is, and shall be forever, free."

When Henry VIII. repudiated the authority of the Papacy, he touched the popular heart. The people probably cared very little about the motive which led the king to act, whether it was zeal for the Church, or jealousy of a claim that overtopped his own regal power, or a desire to be divorced from his wife. What gave joy to the realm, to both clerical and lay people, was the fact that the tyranny of a foreign prince had been removed, and that England was once more free.

The reformation of the Church was the logical consequence of the rejection of the Papacy. The king, Parliament, and convocation were free to act; there was no longer a question of interference from a foreign power, and no possibility of appeal from disloyal bishops, abbots, or religious orders. The opportunity was seized without delay, and as every one in power knew what was needed and was prepared to make reforms, no time was lost in bringing about such changes as seemed desirable.

The English reformers were not bent upon revolutionary measures. They had no intention of breaking with the past, and no idea of bringing in new doctrines or ceremonial or any novelties in religion. They simply took advantage of the break with the

\*Two English bishops, as a deputation from the Church of England, boldly asked for reformation at the Council of Pisa, in 1409, and these demands were repeated at the Council of Constance a few years later.

Papacy to purify the Church. The men in authority in the Church were men of learning, piety, and wisdom. They knew what the corruptions were, and they were scholarly enough to know what doctrines and customs were of the Faith, and what were superstitious and unlawful accretions. They frankly and boldly appealed to the doctrines and practices of the primitive Church in justification of their acts, and they claimed antiquity as the standard of their reforms.

It is not beyond the bounds of soberness to claim that this is the only historically and morally accurate rule by which to measure the Reformation. And the Prayer Book must be interpreted in the same manner, and not by the modern nebulosity of thought that confuses Catholicity with post-Reformation Romanism, and Catholic doctrine with the decrees of the papal Council of Trent. And least of all can the Prayer Book be judged by that narrow prejudice that condemns every doctrine, rite, and custom that is not found in the miscellaneous collections of Protestantism.

The Prayer Book was not an original composition, nor a hasty work, nor a tentative effort, but was a compilation from the service books which had been in use for centuries, and which had grown by the contributions of the saints and scholars of the Catholic Church through the ages. The compilers of the book had at hand a vast store of devotional wealth, and they had only to select the best. They had been trained by life-long habit in the principles of worship, and they knew, almost instinctively, how to arrange and dispose the liturgical elements at their command.

We must look further back than the sixteenth century for the beginning of the reformed Prayer Book. The first step was taken as early as 1516, when a revised edition of the Sarum Use was published, most probably under the influence of Cardinal Woolsey. An edition, further revised, was issued in 1531.

"In 1541 another amended, and still further reformed, edition of the Salisbury Breviary was published, in the title page of which it is said to be purged from many errors. By order of convocation (March 3, 1541), this was adopted throughout the whole province of Canterbury." (Blunt, Ann. Pr. Bk.) In the next year a committee was appointed by convocation and the king to revise and reform the various service books. The committee labored for eight years, and their last work was the Book of Common Prayer, published in 1549. In 1543 they were occupied with the ceremonies of the Church. In 1544 the Litany was set forth in English, revised from a form that had been in use for a hundred and fifty years. In 1547 the "Order of Communion" was set forth. This was in the nature of an additional service for communicants, and was said after the conclusion of the Latin Mass\*

In support of the theory that the book of 1549 was a hasty, incomplete, and crude work, it has been pointed out that the rubrics are so meagre as scarcely to serve as a guide to minister and people in public worship. Yet this insufficiency of the rubrics is one of the best proofs we could have in evidence that there was no departure from the old order. It would have been ab-

\*The "Order of Communion" included the exhortation, the invitation, "Ye who do truly," etc., the confession, the absolution, the prayer of access, the administration, and the benediction.



surdly superfluous to instruct the clergy about those matters which they knew perfectly well; as, for instance, to tell a priest how he was to enter church, and in what part of the edifice he was to read the service. That sort of incompleteness is in our own Prayer Book, and there is a good deal of it, too. But it proves the parentage of the book; it shows that it had an ancestor. In the book of 1549 the "Order of Evensong" does not cover three pages, and such rubrics occur as this, "as before is appointed at Matins," or this, "Then the suffrages before assigned at Matins." The clergy of that day were familiar with that sort of rubric, it being quite common in the Latin books from which the Prayer Book was compiled; for example, "As at Lauds in the Nativity of the B. V. M."

The Prayer Book of 1549 was a deliberate work that had been in process of formation for many years. It expressed the mature judgment of the wisest bishops and priests as to doctrine and ritual. It preserved all that they believed was of Catholic antiquity, and it rejected all that they regarded as false or injurious in the current belief or practice. There was no thought of a new religion, or a new Church, or a new mode of worship. All that the reformers aimed at was the purification of the Church.

(To be continued.)

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### Priest and People

THE relationship between clergy and laity is a reciprocal one. If the rector or diocesan has a duty to his flock, not less does the latter owe one in return. If the pulpit has its responsibility, there is on the part of the pew an obligation no less distinct, though often not clearly recognized. Doubtless a major portion of every congregation is just, appreciative, and loyal to the Church, and to the rector, both in his official capacity and personally, but there are none of us who may not occasionally ask our own hearts, "Do we do our whole duty?" Certainly there are in every hundred a larger or smaller percentage of those who for no other cause than thoughtlessness, and with no worse motive than carelessness, evince a very lively appreciation of the clerical "note," coupled with an extremely minute perception of the lay "beam."

Laying aside all questions of charity in judgment, let us bear in mind considerations of simple justice in the verdict that is so often hastily rendered, concerning the "doings" or "not-doings" of these men who are, so to speak, "set upon a hill," and frequently judged by a critic whose point of view is from one very restricted side of the same hill's base. One must sometimes wonder, with inward chuckles, how the self-constituted critic would look were the positions reversed and the clergy to evince as minute and censorious interest in his conduct of professional and personal affairs.

Might it not be as well to suppose that our "minister," of whatever rank, knows quite as well as we how to conduct his charge? That he is quite as anxious for the success of his "business" (which is, too, the Lord's business) as we could be, and that he can see it from more sides than we? There is probably no one thing that wounds in so tender a spot as injustice from those who ought to know better, or, at any rate, should be chary in speaking adversely; yet I doubt if there be, from highest to lowest, a member of our clergy (of our world in general, for that

matter) who has not, at some time, so suffered.

There be shallow minds that consider fault-finding ("criticism" they term it) an evidence of superiority on their part; it more often betokens sour temper and mental laziness, or lack of ability to weigh.

As to those instances where corrupt life, inattention to duty, or absolute inability to preach, should debar, there is nothing to be said here. Such cases are few. The average ability among the clergy is, to say the least, quite as high as the average in the pew, and there are many who tower. For the very reason that his office brings him so prominently forward, is it true that the minister is oft a subject of criticism. Because people, almost unconsciously, associate perfection with that office, is every imperfection so glaringly apparent to the on-looker who does not stop to think.

There be those in this world who deem every possible virtue included (on the minister's side) as an equivalent for salary to be paid him. Pray pardon here a short story. Long years ago I heard a dear old gentleman say to a young woman just beginning house-keeping (and somewhat appalled by the "servant-troubles" predicted by her seniors), "My child, don't expect absolute perfection in your servants; you can't buy the cardinal virtues for dollars and cents." Said the young housekeeper, "I'll try to remember I'm not 'absolute perfection' myself."

If we be of those who consider the clergy no better nor worse than other men, subject to like limitations, were it not as well to mete out to them a leniency we'd desire for ourselves; a remembrance of mitigating circumstances when arraigning them before the bar of our opinion for laxness in some parochial service, deficiency in oratory, insufficient intellectual scintillation, or such?

If, on the other hand, we deem the three-fold ministry with its unbroken ancestry of nineteen centuries, as deserving of our respect, at least, as the old families of far less antiquity; if we acknowledge authority conceded necessary by every member of even a social or civic organization; if we believe in the divine institution of the ministry, its perpetual guidance by the Holy Spirit; if we have any reverence for the official position of the clergy, any love for them personally, any loyalty—what then? Rest assured that a great deal, a very great deal, depends upon us; and upon the use we make of our opportunities, no less than the character of what is offered us, here and hereafter. In years of church attendance my experience as a listener has ranged from some of the great preachers of the earth to some who would be termed very poor ones. No one more heartily enjoys and values fine oratory, eloquence, deep learning; yet it may be truthfully said that no sermon ever spoken in my hearing has failed to carry some message worth having; some thought, if but by suggestion, worth taking home, to remember or to dilate upon. Your very attitude of receptivity is a value to you. If the preacher cannot tell you something you never knew, he may recall, either by analogy or contrast, something you did know. If he gives you no new thought of value, he can revive an old one; and just bear in mind that if one office of the Holy Ghost is to "teach," another is "to bring all things to your remembrance."

Do we stand ready to receive from our clergy, or do we wait to be hammered upon like an obdurate metal?

Do we realize (the holy Apostle did) what

it is to have "the care of the Church" pressing on heart and shoulders?

Do we give them the opportunity to help us find "the straight and narrow way" through our personal difficulties, by going direct to them for help?

Do we complain "we scarcely know them personally because they visit us so seldom," when we might occasionally visit them?

Do we remember how many griefs their sympathetic hearts help bear for their flocks, when we see them look depressed or worn?

Do we remember the mere writing of a sermon is a small matter compared with the preparation for it? That in a few pages may be condensed days of study of various authors or authorities, and oft amid manifold interruptions?

Do we give them our support, moral and financial, remembering that who, or what, we pray for we work for; and what we work and pray for we "stand" for? How loyal are we?

Do we pray for them, from the bishop down? Whenever the voice speaks from the chancel floor, "The Lord be with you," does all our heart go forth in the response, "And with thy spirit"?

Oh, believe me, nothing worth having can be one-sided; no service, no loyalty, no love! Think of it; try it. Even to the benediction, which may be reciprocal; for when the minister, be he of high or low degree, pronounces, "And may the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always," your own heart may well, in gratitude and reverence and tenderness, interpolate, "And you."—S. G. Hamilton in *The Bishop's Letter*.

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### Letters to the Editor

#### THE CHURCH BEAUTIFUL

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

Perhaps the following from "Between Showers in Dort," by F. Hopkinson Smith, would be of interest to your readers:

"I have always believed that duty and beauty should ever go hand in hand in our churches.

"To me there is nothing too rich in tone, too luxurious in color, too exquisite in line, for the house of God. Nothing that the brush of the painter can make glorious, the chisel of the sculptor beautify, or the T square of the architect ennoble, can ever be out of place in the one building of all others that we dedicate to the Creator of all beauty. I have always thanked Him for His goodness in giving as much thought to the flowers that cover the hillsides as He did to the dull earth that lies beneath; as much care to the matchings of purples and gold in the sunsets as to the blue-black crags that are outlined against them."

"With these feelings in my heart I have never understood that form of worship which contents itself with a bare barn filled with seats of pine, a square box of a pulpit, a lone pitcher of ice water, and a popular edition of the hymns. But then I am not a Dutchman." (Page 109.)

F. Hopkinson Smith cannot be a very ardent admirer of Oliver Cromwell.

R. A. SHEPPARD.

Englewood, N. J.

#### THE EPIPHANY

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

It has seemed to me from year to year that too little is done to make the observance of the feast of the Epiphany worthy of the place it occupies in the calendar of the Church. As a commemorative day, as a day of lofty and holy teaching, it is not very far behind Christmas. And yet, I venture to say, that if on the feast day, you were to ask the average Churchman



what day it is, he would give you the day of the week, or say, it is the 6th of January; nor unless it fell on Sunday, would it occur to him to go to church. A faithful few, the few, mostly women, who attend the saints' day services are there, and no more is made of the day in the parish church than of the saints' days.

It is a day that ought to be observed as an occasion for awakening and strengthening missionary enthusiasm and zeal. Every parish should have its missionary gathering, preferably in the evening, when men and women of business could attend; and the church should be filled, and could be, if furthering the coming of the kingdom was to our hearts what it ought to be. And the children should have some part in the day; as it is now, they scarcely know it; and yet it is a day that might so easily, in its objectiveness, be made to appeal to them.

And all through the Epiphany-tide the cause of missions should be prominent in our homes, our parishes, our churches. Christ for the world, the world for Christ.

Have we with the shepherds hastened to Bethlehem? Let us come also with the Magi to worship, and pledge ourselves to spread the glad tidings that shall be unto all people. Y. Y. K.

**Personal Mention**

The address of the Rev. T. B. Angell, D.D., is 823 Adams st., Wilmington, Del.

The Rev. W. R. Blachford resigns the parish at Clinton, Mich., to take the Bay City missions. His address from the 12th of this month will be West Bay City.

The Rev. L. C. Burch has resigned the rectorship of St. Jude's church, Brunswick, Ga.

The Rev. John Chipman has entered upon the charge of Christ church, Augusta, Ga.

The address of the Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer is 11 Mason st., Rochester, N. Y.

The Rev. C. C. Edmunds has resigned the rectorship of Trinity church, Trenton, N. J.

The Rev. Rufus Emery has resigned the rectorship of St. Paul's church, Newburg, N. Y., which he has held for twenty-seven years.

The Rev. Isaac Gibson, rector emeritus of St. John's church, Norristown, Pa., has been elected president of the Norristown Library Company.

The Rev. George Henderson has resigned the curacy of St. Thomas' church, Brooklyn, and has become associated with the Rev. Dr. Robert Rogers, the recently elected rector of the church of the Good Shepherd, in the same city.

The Rev. Jesse Higgins having accepted temporary work under the rector of St. Mark's, Philadelphia, should be addressed at 1625 Locust st.

The Rev. Fleming James, D.D., has charge of All Hallow's chapel, at Wyncote, Pa.

The Rev. F. A. Juncy has taken charge of St. Michael's church, Savannah, Ga.

The Rev. H. S. Lancaster will assume charge of St. Mark's church, Pittsburgh, on Jan. 15th. Mr. Lancaster comes from Berkeley, Va.

The Rev. Henry B. Martin, M. D., has resigned the rectorship of St. James' church, Hestonville, Philadelphia.

The Rev. H. B. Phelps, of Chesapeake City, Md., has accepted the call to the rectorship of the church of the Messiah, Central Islip, diocese of Long Island.

The Rev. L. B. Richards has resigned the charge of Trinity church, Jacksonville, Ill., diocese of Springfield, and has accepted the charge of St. George's church, Belleville, in the same diocese. Address Belleville, Ill., after Jan. 3rd.

The Rev. T. C. Tupper, D. D., has taken charge of the churches at Dublin, Cordele, Hawkinsville, and Tifton, Ga.

The address of the Rev. Geo. Paull Torrence is now No. 522 So. Branson st., Marion, Ind. Please address accordingly.

The Rev. William Thompson has resigned St. James' church, Pittsburgh, to take effect on Jan. 15th, after a rectorship of over 16 years. Mr. Thomson will spend the winter in Southern California, hoping in the milder climate to regain some measure of his former strength and health.

The Rev. Francis S. Williams has resigned the rectorship of All Saints' church, Pontiac, R. I., and accepted that of Trinity church, Milford, Mass.

**To Correspondents**

PRIEST.—The rubric seems clear. The Decalogue may be omitted, provided it be said once on each Sun-

day. If there are two services, it is left to the priest to decide which shall omit the Decalogue. It may be omitted on all week days, whether they are holy days or not.

**Ordinations**

On Wednesday, Dec. 20th, in St. Andrew's church, Wilmington, by the Bishop of Delaware, Mr. Charles B. Dubell to the diaconate. The candidate was presented by the Rev. W. M. Groton, and the sermon preached by the Rev. T. B. Angell rector of St. Andrew's.

On Saturday, Dec. 23rd, in Trinity church, Cayton, Del., by Bishop Coleman, the Rev. Clarence Dexter Weeden to the priesthood. The candidate was presented by Archdeacon Hall, of Wilmington, and the sermon preached by the Archdeacon of Dover, the Rev. Geo. Bond.

On the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, Dec. 27th, at St. Peter's church, Morristown, N. J., the Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, D. D., Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, advanced to the priesthood the Rev. Walton Hall Doggett. The sermon was preached by the Bishop. The Rev. Wm. M. Hughes, D. D., presented the candidate. Mr. Doggett will serve in the missionary jurisdiction of Laramie, having charge of Broken Bow, Neb.

On St. Thomas' Day, Dec. 21st, in St. Peter's church, Philadelphia, the Rev. Richard J. Morris was advanced to the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. O. W. Whitaker, D. D. The candidate was presented by the Rev. R. H. Nelson, rector of St. Peter's, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. A. G. Mortimer, rector of St. Mark's church, Philadelphia. Mr. Morris is curate at St. Peter's.

At the church of the Ascension, Pittsburgh, on the 4th Sunday in Advent, Dec. 24th, the Rt. Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, S. T. D., advanced to the priesthood the Rev. Laurance Foster Bower. The sermon was preached by the rector of the church, the Rev. R. W. Grange, D. D., who presented the candidate, and with the Rev. Mr. Warnock, united with the Bishop in the laying on of hands.

**Died**

UNSWORTH.—On Dec. 6, 1899, after a lingering illness, Ellen M., wife of the Rev. Samuel Unsworth, rector of Trinity church, Reno, Nev., and daughter of the late John and Harriet Hoyt Cleveland, of New York city.

DUBOIS.—Entered into rest, on Sunday, Dec. 31st, 1899, at the home of his parents, Bristow, Iowa, John Matthew Dubois, aged 38. "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

GRAY.—Entered into rest, on Jan. 1, 1900, Louise, daughter of the Rev. Edward P. and Anna L. Gray.

RAUS.—At their home, on Monday morning, Dec. 18, 1899, after a brief illness, Magdalena, wife of Adolf Raus, in her 51st year. And on Thursday morning, Jan. 4, 1900, suddenly, of heart disease, Adolf Kraus, aged 59 years. Funeral services were held at St. Augustine's chapel, Trinity parish, New York, on St. Thomas' Day, and on the Feast of the Epiphany.

Thus again re-united, grant unto them both, O Lord, Thine eternal rest!

ROOT.—At St. Luke's Hospital, St. Paul, Minn., on Jan. 5, 1900, in his 52nd year, the Rev. Herbert Root, retired priest, of Valley City, N. Dak.

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

**Obituary**

"A TRUE MAN"

These words were said over the casket of the late John P. C. Shaw who departed this life in Wickford, R. I., Dec. 15, 1899.

He was born in Wickford, Dec. 30th, 1850; the only son of Dr. William A. Shaw and Ann P. Case, and in the paternal line descended from Gov. William Brewster, Roger Williams, and Gov. Cranston. His education was at Cheshire Academy and Trinity College. After his graduation he was "head master" at "DeVeaux" for six years.

A beautiful tribute to his memory was the presence at his funeral of many friends from afar, who knew and loved him well. Among these were five clergymen, two of whom assisted in the burial service, and one of whom, the Rev. Dr. Fiske, was his colleague at "Trinity."

Mr. Shaw's fine, intellectual culture, and delicate, gentlemanly manner, made him a delightful acquisition to the social circle. To his refinement and politeness was added a genuineness that betrayed more of heart than of mere good breeding and conventionality, so that he was sought and cherished, not for the simple diversion of the hour, but rather as an all-time friend, who could never be forgotten nor dropped. In the sanctity of his home, his rare tenderness and affection were felt as nowhere else in all the world—so sweet, so gentle, so invariable. He will be sadly missed by all who have had the privilege and happiness of any connection with him. But, thank God, he

has only "gone before," and the time is coming when we shall see his face again, and together rejoice in a most blessed reunion in the land of everlasting light and love. F. B. G.

**Appeals**

THE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth ave. New York. Officers: RIGHT REV. THOMAS M. CLARK, D. D., president; RT. REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, D. D., vice-president; REV. ARTHUR S. LLOYD, D. D., general secretary; REV. JOSHUA KIMBER, associate secretary; MR. JOHN W. WOOD, corresponding secretary; REV. ROBERT B. KIMBER, local secretary; MR. GEORGE C. THOMAS, treasurer; MR. E. WALTER ROBERTS, assistant treasurer.

This society comprehends all persons who are members of this Church. It is the Church's established agency for the conduct of general missionary work. At home this work is in seventeen missionary districts, in Puerto Rico, and in forty-three dioceses; and includes that among the negroes in the South, and the Indians. Abroad, the work includes the missions in Africa, China, and Japan; the support of the Church in Haiti; and of the presbyter named by the Presiding Bishop to counsel and guide the workers in Mexico. The society also aids the work among the English-speaking people in Mexico, and transmits contributions designated for the other work in that country.

The Society pays the salaries and traveling expenses of twenty-two missionary bishops, and the Bishop of Haiti; 1,630 other missionaries depend in whole or in part for their support upon the offerings of Church people, made through this Society. There are many schools, orphanages, and hospitals at home and abroad which but for the support that comes through the Society, would of necessity be abandoned.

The amount required to meet all appropriations for this work to the end of the fiscal year, Sept. 1, 1900, is \$630,000. For this sum the Board of Managers must depend upon the voluntary offerings of the members of the Church. Additional workers, both men and women, are constantly needed to meet the increasing demands of the work (both at home and abroad).

The *Spirit of Missions* is the official (monthly) magazine—\$1 a year. All information possible concerning the Society's work will be furnished on application.

Remittances should be made to MR. GEORGE C. THOMAS, treasurer.

All other official communications should be addressed to the Board of Managers, Church Missions House, 281 Fourth ave., New York.

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

THE missionary at Star Prairie, New Richmond, Downing, and Amary, in Wisconsin (diocese of Milwaukee), is in great need of funds wherewith to purchase a rig (and cutter for winter use) for his many journeys over his wide field of work, covering the above points, and others soon to be added; each one from six to twelve miles apart. He needs one hundred dollars to do this. His entire stipend does not reach \$500 a year, and there is no rectory. Hence he is unable himself to make this outlay.

The Bishop of Milwaukee very earnestly commends this appeal, and will receive contributions, or they may be sent direct to the REV. WM. A. HOWARD, JR., Star Prairie, Wis.

**Church and Parish**

WANTED.—Consecrated men and women for rescue work in the Church Army; training free. For further particulars, address MAJOR MARTHA H. WURTS, 299 George st., New Haven, Conn.

WANTED.—An active Church member to sell the Christian Year Calendar in every parish. Price 75cts. Liberal commission. Address the CHURCH KALENDAR COMPANY, 2 West 14th st., New York city.

PEOPLES' WAFERS, 25 cents per hundred; priests' wafers, one cent each. The Sisters of All Saints, 801 N. Eutaw street, Baltimore, Md., also invite orders for ecclesiastical embroidery.

WANTED.—An organist and choirmaster for vested choir of men and boys. Must be active and competent. Address with testimonials and salary required, 78 South Prospect st., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A CURATE is desired for mission work in New York city; a young man just priested, of conservative views, preferred; \$1,400 and room. Please address, with particulars and references, CYPRIAN, care W. H. H. Pinckney, 342 Sumner ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED.—A working housekeeper in a young ladies' seminary; one thoroughly familiar with the supervision of servants, and competent and willing to discharge any duty of a subordinate should occasion arise. References required. Address J. B., care THE LIVING CHURCH.



## The Editor's Table

### Kalendar, January, 1900

6. CIRCUMCISION.	White.
6. THE EPIPHANY.	White.
7. 1st Sunday after Epiphany.	White.
14. 2d Sunday after Epiphany.	Green.
21. 3d Sunday after Epiphany.	Green.
25. CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.	White.
28. 4th Sunday after Epiphany.	Green.

### The Star of Bethlehem

BY E. MURRAY

"Oh, Morning Star! swing back, swing back!  
The planets all are sweeping  
In ordered circles, while around  
The subject moons are leaping."

"A Great Sun draweth me."

"Swing to thy station, Morning Star!  
Where is thy beauty vanished?  
Hast thou for fault or fading light,  
Been from our heaven banished?"

"A Child's face calleth me."

"Back to thy circle, swiftly back!  
O shining Star of morning.  
Arcturus calls thee in the dark,  
Orion ere the dawning."

"The Child's eyes look on me."

"Oh, Star! Oh, Star! Thy empty place  
Awaits thee in our heaven;  
Where is thy lamp, and where the rank  
To thee forever given?"

"This place is given me."

"Oh, wide and far through boundless space  
Thy fellow-stars are swinging;  
With thunderous harmonies for aye  
Our myriad spheres are ringing."

"This is enough for me."

"He who created thee for praise,  
O glorious Star of Morning,  
Shall He not miss that jeweled light  
When His great day is dawning?"

"My Maker smiles on me."

Frogmore, S. C.

— x —

FROM figures compiled by *The Independent*, it appears that there has been a net gain of about one per cent. in the membership of Christian bodies in the United States, during the past year. In some the gain has been more, in some, less. Our gain has been about 11,000 in a membership of over 700,000. The entire membership of the Christian bodies is about 28 millions. Except in the Roman Catholic Church only adult members or communicants are counted. If we include in the total the children of Christian families, it will be seen that a very large majority of our population is Christian.

— x —

REMARKING upon these statistics, *The Times-Herald*, Chicago, says:

With an army of nearly 28,000,000 American people actively affiliated with Churches, it cannot be said that the assaults of agnosticism upon the foundations of the Christian religion have seriously affected its power, nor have they weakened the allegiance of its communicants. The fact that there was a net increase of 4,581 ministers is also proof that the attacks of infidelity are not driving young men away from the choice of the ministry as a life vocation.

— x —

THE following, says *Catholic Champion*, is from a Roman Catholic paper:

"Mr. Vilatte, otherwise 'Mar-Timotheus,' has left Rome, dissatisfied with his long visit, because the Holy Office of the Inquisition was unable to recognize his Orders as valid or to recognize in him the proper penitential disposition for reception into the Church."

### Pen-and-Ink-lings

A MULE on one side of a fence was discontented because he was not on the other side. He finally jumped over, when he was equally discontented because he was not back again. "Which side of the fence do you want to be on?" asked a horse. "It does not matter," replied the mule, "provided only I am on the other side."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT makes discriminating comment in *Scribner's Magazine*, to the effect that a republican form of government does not of necessity secure freedom for those living under it. He says: "England, in the present century, has shown how complete may be the freedom of the individual under a nominal monarchy; and the Dreyfus incident in France would be proof enough, were any needed, that despotism of a peculiarly revolting type may grow rankly, even in a republic, if there is not in its citizens a firm and lofty purpose to do justice to all men, and guard the rights of the weak as well as of the strong."

A GOOD story is told of Oom Paul Kruger. In a question about the division of some property, two brothers agreed that his judgment should be accepted. Kruger listened patiently to both, and then, turning to the elder, said: "I decide that you, being the senior, shall have the dividing of this property; but," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I also decide that your brother shall have his choice of the two portions!"

WE are inclined to think, says *The Critic*, that novels have a larger sale than any other class of literature. This is a great mistake. No novel ever written has reached the sale of "The Imitation of Christ," or in later days, of Mr. Sheldon's "In His Steps." It is said that of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons one hundred million copies have been sold; quite double that number have been circulated in newspapers and other ways. A writer in the London *Puritan* says: "It may seem incredible, but I believe it is quite true, that the number of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons sold since 1855, exceeds the number of Bibles circulated since the beginning of the century." One English publishing firm sells twenty thousand copies of Mr. Spurgeon's books and sermons every week. Over half a million volumes of these have been sold in the United States. Fiction, after all, takes a less prominent place in the affections of the reading public than we have supposed.

AN association called The Women of Calvary, is about to establish in New York city a House of Calvary, for the purpose of ministering to persons suffering from cancer. The members of this order are women of the world of any denomination, without special vows, and without separation from either the duties or the pleasures of society, who have it for their special mission to take into their homes indigent women who have been discharged as incurable from cancer hospitals. The tremendous increase in the number of persons afflicted with this disease, emphasizes the work of this society. Ten years ago only one person in six hundred had cancer, and to-day it is one in three hundred. Houses of Calvary have been in

existence in France since 1842, and hundreds of women are provided for in this beautiful Christian way.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY constitutes a large portion of the conversation of some people, says Mr. W. G. Jordan in his book, "The Kingship of Self-Control." It is not really conversation—it is an uninterrupted monologue. These people study their individual lives with a microscope, and then they throw an enlarged view of their miseries on a screen, and lecture on them, as a stereopticon man discourses on the microbes in a drop of water. They tell you that "they did not sleep a wink all night; they heard the clock strike every quarter of an hour." Now there is no real cause for thus boasting of insomnia. It requires no peculiar talent—even though it does come only to wide-awake people.

IN the cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is an old slab with the following inscription:

Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:  
Ye call me Master, and obey me not;  
Ye call me Light, and see me not;  
Ye call me Way, and walk me not;  
Ye call me Life, and desire me not;  
Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;  
Ye call me Fair, and love me not;  
Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;  
Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;  
Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;  
Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;  
Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;  
Ye call me Just, and fear me not;  
If I condemn you, blame me not.

— x —

### Father Field's West End Mission

BY PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

OF Boston one cannot say, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," for a short walk from the handsome square that lies between the State House and Pemberton Square, brings the pedestrian into that degenerated quarter of the city known as the West End.

A half century ago this section was the abode of Boston's most fashionable set. Old ladies who remember the stately dinners and fine balls that made Bowdoin Square and its vicinity famous for its lavish hospitality, speak of this quarter as the "Court End" sometimes, when in reminiscent mood, and the words seem a commentary on the mutability of fashion. Some of the old houses still stand, indeed, mute protests against the fickleness of men's minds, but the old life and character of the place is gone. Swarms of colored children play about the doorsteps, or throng the narrow, uneven pavements, for a portion of the West End belongs almost exclusively to the negro population of Boston. Notwithstanding the unattractive appearance of this region, there are some unique phases of life to be found here—phases of life that have no exact counterpart in any other American city, for here the Cowley Fathers of the mission order of St. John the Evangelist have established themselves.

This order, which had its origin in England several decades ago, is Anglican in faith, doctrine, and teaching, though the "Fathers" are bound by the three vows of "chastity, poverty, and obedience." The visitor who invades the precincts of the West End is almost sure to see one of these good men



in his long clerical gown, girt in by a cord about the waist, and wearing a peculiar-looking hat, abroad on some errand of charity. Such a figure is mediæval and picturesque to the casual observer, but to the "lame, the halt, and the blind," the poor and lonely, and the suffering, he is the harbinger of bodily, as well as spiritual comfort, the friend, counselor, and, above all, the priest. It is the thin veil of mystery about these men who wear the visible sign of the Cross upon their bosoms and the no less visible sign of self-sacrificing love for mankind in their faces, that invests them with a mighty authority in the minds of the ignorant. In every city or community where there is such a class, the influence of the Fathers is immediately and distinctly felt, and this fact warrants their presence and their especial work among all denominations of Christians who are trying to make men better. Even a brief glimpse of the Cowley Fathers inspires more than a passing interest in their work and their lives. Of the latter, as far as the daily round of that existence that does duty for home life is concerned, the outsider can see but little, for visitors rarely get farther than the general reception room, the bareness of which is indeed eloquent of self-abnegation and asceticism, but one hears no details of the domestic life of these men.

A five minutes' walk from the State House Square will bring the wayfarer into Temple Street, and if he has the instinct of curiosity, he will pause before a high, wooden gateway that bears the legend, "Mission of St. John the Evangelist."

This gateway leads into a long, narrow brick-paved alley or court, since it is entirely enclosed, which extends to the end wall of the church of St. John the Evangelist. There is a passage-way between the mission house and the church, but visitors are requested to come by the way of Temple Street.

The writer of this article, who has visited the mission priests at No. 44 Temple Street more than once, remembers the strange old-world impression of her first visit. As the gateway closed behind her there was a distinct feeling of having, in some mysterious fashion, slipped back into the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The small panes of glass in the old-fashioned windows of the mission house seemed quite unlike all other small panes of glass. The little earthen pots of scarlet blooms that stood along the narrow border of grass that lay like a green ribbon against the gray wall of the church, seemed out of place; the vivid blossoms looked like exotics and not *en rapport* with the sober surroundings. Two or three steps led up to the door, and a pressure of the bell produced a clanging noise that disclaimed any connection with the modern alertness of electrical invention. After the jangling ceased, the visitor was ushered into a bare room, guiltless of carpet or rug, and furnished with a deal table and some plain, hard chairs. There were pictures on the walls; good pictures of churches and holy men, and there were books on the shelves along one wall; but of ornament or any attempt at comfort, there was none. And yet, in spite of the bareness, there was an atmosphere of peace and of dignity about the room.

Across the hall-way the visitor caught a glimpse of the refectory. Like the reception room, it was almost destitute of furniture,

but there was one thing in the room that was interesting because of its singularity: This was a table with a hollow square like that used by the Apostles of Jesus, about which the reverend Fathers partake of their simple fare. The table is so set that those at the board face the emblems of Christ's eternal love for man that grace the wall, and sitting thus, the priests eat in silence while he who is at the head, reads aloud from some holy book. The viands are of the simplest, say those who have had an opportunity to judge, but as visitors rarely see the inner side of the mission house life, there is a paucity of detail that provokes a keener interest. About their life and themselves the Fathers do not talk much, but any questions concerning their work are most graciously answered.

Although the entire community of the mission priests in Boston has had an especial care over the negro population of the West End, this branch of the work has been Father Field's own mission for the last eight years, during which time a great deal has been accomplished toward securing better conditions of living among the colored people of that section. Better temporal conditions almost always, if not always, follow better spiritual conditions. Not only has the negro population of the West End improved under the ministrations of Father Field and the benefactions radiating from 44 Temple Street, but the entire tenement population of the locality has been elevated, if the elimination of evil be counted the first step toward the substitution of good.

When Father Field first assumed the charge of the mission work among the negroes, there were certain quarters of the West End that bore an unsavory reputation among the police who, although suspicious, could not bring actual proof of crime. There was one house on what was called London Bridge—a tenement house in which forty families lived—about which so many outward incidents appeared to centre, that the people in the neighborhood began to have a fear of the very walls of the great shakely building, in which black and white, foreign and American tenants, lived in promiscuous filth and disorder. Scarcely a day passed that some man (and sometimes it was a woman) was not discovered lying in an unconscious or semi-conscious state in the vicinity of the house of ill-repute, who upon being brought to his senses, would declare that he had been robbed of purse and clothing, although he could give no very clear story as to how, when, or by whom. In many instances these unfortunates would turn out to be prosperous, respectable men who produced witnesses that could not be doubted.

The police often made unexpected visits at the London Bridge Tenement, but discovered no clue. The men of the house always told glib stories about "drunken beats" whom they had found on the sidewalk, and for whom they usually had a word of sympathy because of their evident condition of "hard luck." Father Field who in his capacity of mission priest, saw more, perhaps, than any other person, of the destitution and degradation of the people among whom he labored, became convinced that there was something sinister about this particular tenement, and he made vigorous appeals to the members of the Board of Health for better sanitary arrangements in this establishment, as he had become aware that there were no bathrooms in this house that shel-

ters forty families! After repeated appeals, the "Board" took the matter in hand. An order was issued that certain improvements, considered necessary to health and decency, should be made in the tenement house on London Bridge, and workmen were sent to make the stipulated repairs and additions. A series of appalling revelations followed the rehabilitation of the rickety tenement—revelations that laid bare a system of crime and bloodshed as terrible as any ever exposed in the worst quarters of London or Paris. In taking down one of the inner walls, the space between the two partitions was discovered literally lined with empty purses. These were the mute yet eloquent witnesses of as many robberies, committed and concealed with equal ingenuity. "There was a blind stairway," concluded Father Field, who told me the strange story, "down which the victims who had been sand-bagged were made to slide, after having been despoiled of watches, purses, or clothing, the latter being exchanged for the most disreputable-looking garments, and this was the secret of the 'House of Forty Thieves.'"

"What became of the thieves?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, they took good care to get out of the way at the first hint of improving the building," he said, with a laugh. "And there's not much danger of their returning. But it was a dreadful place. You may call it a regular system of crime."

Upon inquiry, the inquisitive visitor learned that this den of iniquity had been torn down to make room for a more respectable, if less interesting, building. After Father Field had finished his story of the House of Forty Thieves there was a pause during which a sudden conviction dawned upon the mind of the hearer. Here was a man belonging to an order that a great many people consider impractical, yet here was a practical result of his work, which the so-called practical element of society had failed, not only in effecting, but had also failed to conceive a necessity for.

Some further talk led to an interesting account of the work done at St. Augustine's, which is one of the strongest influences in the spiritual development of the West End negroes. The ritual of the Episcopal Church appeals strongly to the imaginative, susceptible temperament of those of tropical race, and it is not strange that the colored children under Father Field's training should readily imbibe the reverence for sacred things that is an essential part of the education given them.

In the church which is theirs by right of especial foresight and design, as well as natural predilection, there are large colored prints of sacred subjects in art, which tell the Scriptural stories clearly and distinctly to the childish minds which are peculiarly susceptible to the impressions received through form and color.

Here during the different seasons of the Church year, the children hear the story of Christ's life and death, and the great prints on the walls emphasize the words of the preacher. One of the most interesting features of the training received by the children of St. Augustine's, is the production of what Father Field calls the "Mystery Plays." These plays are given with the object, on the part of the rector, of making a more lasting and deeper impression on the minds of the children, of the solemnity and



beauty of the Easter and Christmas seasons, as well as fixing the different Bible stories, with their lessons, in their memory.

These productions not only fix the seasons and their lessons in the children's hearts and brains, but they inspire a sort of personal love for, and interest in, the characters that they portray, bringing them in closer touch with those personages of sacred history whose lives embody certain examples and warnings to all generations.

But not only are spiritual lessons taught to the colored boys and girls who attend St. Augustine's services, and are "children of the Faith." Father Field has at different times established industrial schools for the boys, sewing guilds for the girls, and a newspaper for the older members of the congregation. The newspaper, which was published under the title of *The Boston Reflector*, had a twofold mission. It was devoted to the interests of the colored people of the city, and was issued also as a means of raising money for the establishment of a public library in the West End. The boys who had learned printing in the industrial school helped to print the weekly issues of *The Reflector*, which was a potent influence in the colored community.

Father Field had often noticed an old, disused church in the neighborhood, and the idea occurred to him that this building, with its weed-invaded plot of ground in front, might easily be converted into a public library, which would be a counteracting influence among the hosts of grog shops that infest the vicinity of Cambridge Street. He immediately turned his attention toward this effort, but there were many difficulties in the way. During this period he was sent, or went, to England, his native country, and while absent his plans were nearly frustrated. He was cabled to come back and set matters straight, but there were duties on the other side to be done, and he was unable to return at once. A second cablegram, however, resulted in his hasty departure for America. He determined as soon as he arrived to go before the people, and make an appeal for the library, and with this end in view, made several speeches in the City Hall.

His intimate knowledge of the locality, its people, and its needs, gained a hearing, and the result of his efforts was an appropriation of \$100,000 for the purchase of the deserted church, and the establishment of a branch of the great Public Library in one of the "slum" districts of Boston.

The fact that about 400 volumes are taken out of the West End library each day in the year, is sufficient proof of the wisdom in placing it there. It has been an enormous factor in the uplifting of that section, for quiet, wholesome recreation is in itself wonderfully healthy in its moral effect. Men who learn to care for books gradually become indifferent to idle loafing and places of boisterous amusement. The schools did great good while in operation, for many boys were fitted for trades who might otherwise have had no such apprenticeship, and *The Reflector's* influence established social reforms that are still felt, but the West End Library is a permanent benefaction, the direct result of one earnest man's ceaseless efforts and prayers.

There is a very general idea that the men and women who separate themselves from their fellows by a distinctly different mode of life, fail to come sufficiently in contact with the outside world to accomplish the amount of good that it is their aim and purpose to

do; yet when one realizes, as one does now and then in some moment of communion with God, that the power of concentrated thought is mysteriously mighty, and that as Mrs. Browning says: "Every wish with God is but a prayer," it seems that these good men and women who detach themselves from the ties and bonds of the world, that they may be better able to give themselves, not only in spirit and in thought, but in unselfish action, to the suffering and the sinning, must form a tremendous spiritual and mental force in the world. In the mad rush and whirl of our modern life, there is need of just this element, not as a picturesque bit of mediævalism, but as a spiritual force counteracting somewhat the trend toward materialism. Whatever may be the individual opinion, a visit to the little mission house in Temple Street, and throughout the West End where their "deeds do follow them," must arouse a feeling very nearly akin to reverence for these workers and their work.

Father Field's work among the colored people of the West End will yield an abundant harvest in the future, for much of his effort is for the children.

Recently the Fathers have revived an old English custom of marching through the streets, with the cross-bearer leading, and the surpliced choir and priests following, to the church, inviting the people in the streets to come to the services. Many join the musical procession, who would no doubt spend their Sunday afternoons in idling about the gardens, groves, and commons, if not influenced to spend a small fraction of the day in a house of worship. The spectacle is a singular one, reminding the observer of quaint prints in old books that tell of long-gone customs and forgotten pageants.

There is a diversity of opinion regarding these innovations of old fashions revived. But after all, the best things of earth are the old-fashioned things—love and faith and unselfish devotion; these are the old-fashioned factors that have wrought into vital existence Father Field's mission in the West End.



### Book Reviews and Notices

**Bishop John Selwyn.** By F. D. How. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$2.50.

John Richardson Selwyn, son of Bishop George Augustus Selwyn, the great missionary bishop, was born in 1844, in the northern part of New Zealand, the region of his future apostolic labors as Bishop of Melanesia. John Selwyn grew up among the native Maoris, and in after years they with much pride claimed him as one of themselves. The direct influence of his father, the great Bishop, was necessarily not very marked in his boyhood and youth, owing to the Bishop's protracted missionary excursions and the lad's own absence from his parents' home when at school in England. In maturer years, however, there came into John Selwyn's life an intense and enthusiastic admiration for his father's gifts and character and work, which profoundly influenced his own character and ideals and efforts. During his early boyhood in New Zealand, the mother was the constant companion and guide of her son, and from this sprang a mutual devotion and strong attachment that was never allowed to grow dim. Their letters express this affectionate attachment in a beautiful manner, and the mother was constantly turned to for advice, even when her son became a bishop. At the age of ten the boy was taken by his parents to England, and left at Eton College. The contrast between the primitive life among the native Maoris, and the life and companionship of the sons of the aristocracy at Eton, must

have been rather bewildering to the little New Zealander, John Selwyn. From Eton he went up to Cambridge, matriculating at Trinity College. His academic career was not a distinguished one intellectually. He gained, however, some eminence in athletics, and twice rowed in the University crew, and displayed among his fellow-students some of the characteristics of the future leader and missionary chief. After taking his degree, Selwyn returned to his home in New Zealand. His intention at this time was to take up the study of the law and fit himself for the legal profession, but after accompanying his father on one of his apostolic expeditions, which lasted six weeks, the current of his thoughts and ideals began to change, and he finally determined to give his life to missions. The next year, 1867, saw Bishop Selwyn, his wife, and son in England. It was the year of the first Lambeth Conference. Bishop Selwyn was urged by the Queen to accept the vacant see of Lichfield, and with great reluctance the work in New Zealand was relinquished.

For a time this changed the course of John Selwyn's life, as far, at least, as related to his missionary aspirations. After ordination he settled in an English curacy, and his father placed him afterwards in a divided and disorganized parish as curate-in-charge. Here he wrought wonders, and unified and pacified the parish. About this time he accompanied his father to Baltimore. The great Bishop had been invited to attend the meetings of the General Convention of 1871. It may be of interest if we quote a few extracts from John Selwyn's diary, anent their visit to the United States.

The train was full of bishops who speedily came crowding round to bid us welcome. The heartiness was extreme, but there were sundry shocks to be undergone, even in the midst of the greatest cordiality. A bishop in a white coat and pot hat is startling to one's English notions, but one learnt to forget that in one's admiration of the man who had bearded Brigham Young in his very stronghold at Salt Lake City, and had laid the material foundations of his Church there so deep that the Saints themselves said, "These Gentiles mean to stop."

Here is an account of their introduction to the Convention:

We stood on the dias, and then the president proceeded to introduce us *seriatim* to the Convention, and what was worse, we had *seriatim* to make speeches. I do not think we disgraced ourselves, but it was trying. After the ceremony was over, up jumped a member, and said: "Mr. President, I propose that the House now take a recess of twenty minutes for the purpose of shaking our distinguished visitors by the hand." "Seconded," said some one, and resolved *nem. con.* Thereupon we had to go down the centre aisle, shaking hands vigorously as we went. Special seats were then assigned us, and the synod went on.

The account of a visit to hear Henry Ward Beecher is quite interesting, but we have not space to quote further.

On their return to England, the Selwyns learned of the tragic death of Bishop Patterson, of Melanesia, at the hands of the natives. This fact stirred up within John Selwyn his old missionary aspirations, and he resolved to go out to the Melanesia mission. He resigned his parish, and with wife and a friend sailed for New Zealand. The headquarters of this missionary enterprise is at St. Barnabas' Station, on Norfolk Island. The work there was twofold. "The Southern Cross," the mission ship, made several voyages each year to the various islands, those who sailed in her being left for longer or shorter periods at different places to start, or encourage, schools, and to help such native teachers as were working among their own people. On her return journeys the ship brought as many boys as possible to be trained at St. Barnabas' School. The other part of the work of the mission was mainly with the school. John Selwyn had no thought of succeeding Bishop Patterson in the Melanesian mission when he offered himself as a missionary in New Zealand, but the eyes of all concerned instinctively turned to him who bore the charmed name of Selwyn. The name of John Selwyn was consequently submitted to the General Synod of



the Church of New Zealand. Permission for his consecration was given. Space forbids our following the young Bishop (he was only 33) in his missionary adventures. His life was full of labors, and also very full of perils and dangers by land and by water. He devoted himself without measure to the work of evangelization among the natives. Apostolic zeal and self-sacrifice, and an indomitable spirit, shine out with great lustre in the history of his missionary enterprises. But, alas, the Bishop's health gave way, and he became to the end of his life a very great, but very patient, sufferer. Exposure, ague, and hardships induced maladies from which there was no relief. The sinews of one of his legs contracted several inches, and no medical skill could effect a cure. In this sickly condition Bishop Selwyn was literally carried to England. There the best surgical and medical skill could do nothing, save to pronounce the permanent impossibility of the return of the heroic Bishop to his own people. This was a severe blow, and it seemed as if nothing but comparative inactivity and years of suffering awaited him. At this time the mastership of Selwyn College, Cambridge, was vacant. Selwyn College stands to Cambridge as Keble does to Oxford; viz., a strictly Church of England college furnishing academic training at more moderate expenditure than other colleges in the University. The headship of this institution was offered to John Selwyn, and was finally accepted. The new master was not after the order of the traditional, stiff college head; in fact, he was rather unconventional, but while being on easy and familiar terms with the students, yet, as a leader of men, he knew how to administer discipline. His presence and example were a blessing, not only to his own college, but to the whole University. Here was a man who had sacrificed everything to become a missionary; at one time strong and athletic, now in pain and weakness; at one time an oar in the University crew, now a hopeless cripple on crutches; here was a living sermon on the text, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Such a presence among young and enthusiastic men at a University, could not fail to tell for the service of God and men. He who had borne hardness as a good soldier of Jesus was soon called to his eternal reward, and the Churches of England and New Zealand mourned for that noble-hearted servant of God, John Selwyn.

Mr. How in this memoir does not profess to give the history of the Melanesian mission. His aim is to sketch in broad outline the life and character of Bishop Selwyn, and he has certainly given us a charming account of that life, so manly, so noble and heroic, so full of apostolic zeal and self-sacrifice, and we cannot refrain from expressing our wish that all our readers might have the pleasure and edification of its perusal. It is a model memoir, and we put down the book with genuine regret that Mr. How has not given us more.

**Reminiscences—1819-1899.** By Julia Ward Howe. With portraits and other illustrations. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2.50.

The life-time memories of such a woman as Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, extending over such a lengthened period of this great nineteenth century, possess more than an ordinary interest. They show us early New York, where the childhood of this gifted woman was spent, when the Battery, near which place she was born, was the centre of fashionable life. They bring us face to face with the most prominent names in American history; and by the remembrance of conversations with those who were old when Mrs. Howe was young, we come in touch with Washington himself and the great spirits of the romantic age of our great Republic. One finds in this volume, also, a record of the great anti-slavery movement, and accompanying mention of the interesting men and women who took part therein, all of them unconscious factors in the great events which led on to the War of the Rebellion, and the consequent fact of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. All this is told with modesty and a freedom from

any affectation whatever. If Mrs. Howe did nothing else but write the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," she would have made herself immortal. The incident of its production is pleasantly told, and the trifling circumstances which led up to the momentous fact of writing a song for a nation. The work gives us pleasant reading, brodered over with fancies by the way. It is interesting, for instance, when in the account of the consecration of Leo XIII., she innocently mentions that her chief pleasure on that occasion was that she found herself able to follow the Greek of the Gospel, as Leo XIII. read the same. Here is another good bit about a breakfast with Gladstone, where she held her own against the great man, even on his own chosen classic ground. "The talk ran a good deal upon Hellenics, and I spoke of the influence of the Greek in the formation of the Italian language, to which Mr. Gladstone did not agree. I ventured a timid remark regarding the great number of Greek derivatives used in our common English speech. Mr. Gladstone said very abruptly: 'How? What? English words derived from the Greek!' and almost

"Frightened Miss Muffet away."

One can fancy Gladstone's Jovian rage on the occasion, but it did not silence Mrs. Howe who calmly records her verdict of the great man thus: "He was said to indulge habitually in disputations, and I thought that this must certainly be the case, for he surely knew better than most people how largely and familiarly we incorporate the words of Plato, Aristotle, and Xenophon in our every-day talk." This is delicious. These are but random pebbles picked up on the beach, and there are many such in this book of readable reminiscences of eighty years in our eventful century. There is a special value in the experience of this literary woman regarding the value of good house-keeping, which she thus records after a full confession of her trials and tribulation in housewifery:

As I now regard these matters, I would say to every young girl, rich or poor, gifted or dull: "Learn to make a home, and learn this in the days when learning is easy. Cultivate a habit of vigilance and forethought. With a reasonable amount of intelligence, a woman should be able to carry on the management of a household, and should yet have time for art and literature in some sort."

**The Epistle of St. Paul the Apostle to the Galatians.** Explained by A. W. Robinson, B. D. London: Methuen & Co.

This is one of a series of expositions which, under the title of "The Churchman's Bible," is "intended to be of service to the general reader in the practical and devotional study of the Holy Scripture." It is intended, while not neglecting the results of recent scholarship, to emphasize the permanent truths and principles underlying the text, and to give them practical application to the life of the present day. In the introduction an attempt is made to set the situation before us. It appears to us that the picture is altogether too vague to convey a correct impression or to attract the general reader. The position of St. Paul on the one hand, and of his antagonists on the other, is not made clear. We observe that Mr. Robinson dismisses the idea that "Galatia" signifies the Churches of the first missionary journey, as unworthy of consideration, which seems to us unfortunate. Nor do we think that in the general treatment of the Epistle itself, the author makes the best use of his opportunity. It may be true that people think they do not like anything "dogmatic," but, in fact, clear and definite statements do attract readers more than mere pietism. The Epistle to the Galatians cannot be made interesting or intelligible in any other way so well as by putting it in its place as a part of the great battle of dispensations in which St. Paul was forced to engage. Was salvation to be through the Old Dispensation or through the New? Through Judaism or Christianity? And if through Christianity, was it a Christianity which was to supersede Judaism while taking up into itself all that was of permanent value in it; or a Christianity

which was to take shape simply as a new and advanced Jewish sect? This last is the question chiefly dealt with in this Epistle. But our author seems to rest in the idea that the question is one about the relative merits of subjective "faith" and "works," ceremonies, and spirituality, according to the Lutheran tradition. The volume is neatly gotten up, and of a handy size.

**Judea From Cyrus to Titus, 537 B. C.--70 A. D.** By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1899. Illustrated. Price, \$2.50.

We may say that this is rather an unexpected contribution from the facile pen of this favorite author, and as delightful as it is unexpected. She herself explains in the preface how she was led to write the book, having become interested in this period of Jewish history when she translated Renan's "*Historie du Peuple d'Israel*" several years ago. The fact that she has made considerable use of her translation of that work in this volume does not detract from its merits. The book is her own throughout, in spite of quotations, and written in the lively and interesting style which has made her various books on other nations so popular. Mrs. Latimer's account of the period of Jewish history from the Return after the Exile till the Destruction of Jerusalem, is very clear and complete. While the subject has hitherto been more seldom treated than any other period of Jewish history, it is now of such prime importance in order to a correct understanding of many of the results of archaeology and of Biblical criticism, that a book of this character was really needed by the reading public. It is not a volume for scholars, but for the people, and we are glad to commend it to that large class of readers who take an interest in historical studies. We may add that Mrs. Latimer has shown rare tact in not endeavoring to insert a life of our Lord into her narrative, confining herself strictly to the history of the Jews; and in not treating unsettled critical problems as if they were settled according to the theories of certain advanced scholars. She is not unmindful of the existence of these problems, several of which are grave enough, and she is well informed in regard to the latest evidence obtainable. For instance, on pp. 240-1 she has a note on the recently published arguments of Prof. W. M. Ramsay in support of St. Luke's statement about the "taxing" or enrollment under "Cyrrenius" (Quirinius), and on the evidence of the Egyptian papyri discovered and deciphered lately, that such an enrollment took place in Judea between B. C. 10 and 7 or 6.

**Fairy Tales from Far Japan.** Translated from the Japanese by Susan Ballard. With a Prefatory Note by Mrs. Isabella L. Bishop, F. R. G. S. Illustrated by Forty-seven Engravings from Japanese Originals. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 75 cts.

The tales are very interesting, and sometimes amusing. The introduction gives an excellent insight into Japanese common life. The printer, engraver, and binder have combined to send forth the author's work in a most attractive form. Every one interested in Japan, its people, and history will find these fairy tales well worth perusal.

**Differences.** By Henry White. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

This is a well written story, far above the average, and yet you lay it down with a sense of annoyance and discomfort. It is not because the scene is laid in those grimy and depressing regions about Hull House in Chicago, but because the leading idea of the book is an unpleasant and unnatural one. A young lady, well born, well bred, a volunteer in Settlement work, becomes interested in the children of a young working man, a widower who seems to us to be somewhat of a cad. His good looks gradually impress themselves on the girl who at last fairly throws herself at his head. He wakes up, offers himself to her, and they are married. We predict that the marriage will not be happy. A man can marry a woman beneath him with some chance of hap-



pinness, for if the woman be clever, she will soon raise herself to his level. A woman, on the contrary, cannot marry a man beneath her with any surety of permanent happiness. There will always be a rift in the lute which will grow wider as his physical attractions wane. The scenes at the Settlement House and the ride of the tramps in the box car are well done, and the book is worth reading.

**The Wild Ruthvens.** A Home Story. By Curtis Yorke. Illustrated by E. F. Manning. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.

The title admirably describes the principal characters of the book. They are a family of boys and girls whose father and mother died while they were yet children. Ruthven Court is an English country home. The Ruthven boys are as full of mischief as it is possible for boys to be, and the Ruthven girls are constant subjects of the pranks and teasing schemes of their brothers. In invention of mischief, all sound, healthy boys excel, but these boys added to this a skill in carrying out their plans that places them in the front rank. Some of the schemes partook of the nature of want of consideration for others, but none of them arose from vicious intentions. The reader will love the boys, though deploring the results of some of their tricks. The book has a healthy tone that makes it suitable as a gift book for boys and girls, for it deals with real characters who with all their mischief have the marks of gentlemen in their make-up.

**Betty Leicester's Christmas.** By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.

A lovely story of a Christmas spent in a great house in England by two American girls. It is made the vehicle of much useful counsel as to good manners and proper behavior, all most valuable, and told in such a way as to attract. Good advice and wise directions, if given in a hard, dry way, is often repellant and defeats its own purpose; but here all is so gently administered as to win its way into the heart and affections of the little readers for whom it is intended, and old folks too can be benefited by its teaching.

**Three Times Three.** A Story for Young People. By Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy), Faye Huntington, and others. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 50 cts.

A collaboration of nine celebrated writers for children is sufficient guarantee for this charming story in nine chapters, each one by one of the nine, yet all possessing a harmony and unity that is interesting and helpful. The book is a capital one to put into the hands of boys and girls old enough to understand the temptations that arise in their school life. It is attractive in appearance, and beautifully illustrated.

**Hits and Misses.** By Charles Frederic Goss. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$1.

This is a book of nine sermons dedicated to the congregation to which the author preached them. There are some good and useful thoughts brought out. But for Churchmen, there are so many more excellent books of sermons published, that we fail to find much in this work that would make it valuable. No doubt the delivery of the sermons found fruitful soil, but printed sermons, as a rule, lack that which is essential to conviction—personality.

**The Queen's Twin.** and Other Stories. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899. Price, \$1.25.

Eight well-told short stories, in which simple material and everyday incident are glorified by the truthful light in which they are seen. There is a rare humor and much pathos in "The Queen's Twin," and "The Night Before Thanksgiving" will surely draw forth a tender and sympathetic tear, as one reads of the poor and independent old soul, rescued from the impending doom of the poorhouse! Such stories help us to see the beauty of common things, and enlarge our pleasures and our sympathies, much as a knowledge of nature does in the relation of physical things.

THE handsomest and handiest little Prayer Book and Hymnal we have seen is the New Oxford Elongated Red Rubric edition, just published. It is printed on the famous fine India paper, or on finest white paper, and can be furnished in sets or in separate volumes. Every part of the work has the finish of a jewel. [Oxford University Press, American Branch, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York.]

THOUGH late in making its appearance in this part of the field, the "United Offering Calendar" deserves the favorable attention of Church people as a missionary work of interest and promise. Such a reminder on the wall of every Churchwoman's home would help to fill the missionary box. The "United Offering Calendar" for 1900 is published by the Woman's Auxiliary of All Saints' church, Syracuse, N. Y., and contains twelve pages. On each page, above the calendar for the month, is the picture of one of our missionary bishops, with an appropriate missionary Scripture text. Below are the Church days and colors. On the reverse side of each page is given information regarding the United Offering, its history, and other items of missionary interest. The calendar is printed on good bristol board, size 9 by 11 inches. Retail price, 25 cents each. In quantities of 25 or more, 20 cents, postpaid to any address on receipt of price. Orders should be sent as early as possible to Miss E. A. Coon, Sec'y, 1524 S. State St., Syracuse, N. Y.

### Books Received

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

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Priest-Craft, Roman and Other. By H. Martyn Hart, D.D., Dean of St. John's Cathedral, Denver. 25c.

The Temple of Pleasure, or Seeing Life. By the Rev. J. W. Bonham. Second edition, enlarged. 50c.

Biblical Introduction. Old Testament. By W. H. Bennett, M. A., Professor of Old Testament Exegesis, Hackney and New Colleges, London. \$2.

An Apostle of the Western Church: Memoir of the Rt. Rev. Jackson Kemper, D.D., First Missionary Bishop of the American Church. By the Rev. Greenough White, A. M., B. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of the South.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Prayer Book and Hymnal.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

The Kingship of Self-Control. By William G. Jordan. 30c.

SAMPSON, LOW, MARSTON & Co., London; THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN COMPANY, Milwaukee

The Hungarian Exiles. By Benjamin Cowell.

D. APPLETON & Co.

The White Terror. By Felix Gras. \$1.50.

The History of American Privateers, By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A. M.

### Periodicals

The *Nineteenth Century* for December is also devoted to South African problems and lessons. "A Negro on the Position of the Negro in America," is a good article by D. E. Tobias. Francis Count Lutzow writes on "Austria at the End of the Century," and Austria is another political problem difficult to solve. "Recent Science—Meteorites and Comets," by Prince Krapotkin, is interesting.

The *Fortnightly Review* for December contains no less than four papers on South African affairs, all worthy of careful attention. Prof. F. W. Maitland subjects Canon MacColl's recent article on the affairs of the Church in the first year of Queen Elizabeth to some very severe criticism. The able series of papers on "France Since 1814," by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, is concluded with this number. The final installment of *The Fortnightly* for 1899 is one of the best of the year.

The advent of a new magazine with the imprint of the Macmillan Company, is sure to awaken interest. *The International Monthly*, "a Magazine of Contemporary Thought," is the new claimant for the favor of scholarly readers, and gives promise of substantial gain to the world

of letters, science, and art. The departments, as announced in the prospectus, cover wide fields of research, and include many phases of modern scholarship. Articles on topics of the day, on music, and the drama, are also promised. The engaged contributors are among the most eminent writers and authorities in their respective departments. There are five essays in the first issue: "Later Evolution," by Edouard Rod, Paris; "Influence of the Sun upon the Formation of the Earth's Surface," by N. S. Shaler, Harvard; "Organization among American Artists," by Charles DeKay, New York; "Recent Advance in Physical Science," by John Trowbridge, Harvard; "The Theatrical Syndicate," by Norman Hapgood, New York. [Subscription price, \$3 a year.]

### Opinions of the Press

*The Congregationalist*

THE "WOMAN'S PAGE."—If any one imagines that in the progress of the world the difference between men and women in mental attitude and interests is in a fair way to be wiped out, a glance at the so-called "woman's page" of one of our great metropolitan newspapers will show him that there is no present danger. The most convinced woman-hater need look no further for evidence that the editors of these journals, at least, who pride themselves above all things on knowing what people want, believe that what the women of America want is a sugared mixture of gossip, sentiment, and primer-book information, and that they may be trusted to swallow ten thousand words a day of it and ask for more. Nor is the frequent twaddle of the "ladies'" magazines much better. Much of it is written by men, but it is not manly. More of it is written by women, but it is not on the highest plane of womanhood. The first emancipation which women need is emancipation from sentimentality. The first teaching they need is that they must learn to look facts fairly in the face if they are to take their place in the busy world on equal terms with men.

*The Church Times*

LORD PENZANCE.—*The Daily News*, in its Tuesday's issue, aptly cited the following lines which were written on the subject of the late Lord Penzance's appointment as judge in the court commonly named after him:

"Penzance, by Thomson named and Tait,  
To bind together Church and State  
By Worship Regulation;  
Accustomed only to Divorce,  
He'll bring about in speedy course  
Judicial separation."

Happily the prediction was falsified, as the event has shown, but it is worth while to note the reason. It is that the men of the seventies or early eighties made a stand against the intrusion of the State into the strictly ecclesiastical sphere. They turned a deaf ear to the injunctions, the entreaties, the menaces of bishops who made themselves the mere agents of Lord Penzance's behests. They faced the obloquy of the press, the violence of the mob, the contemptuous neglect or the cool betrayal of their bishops, the miseries of the felon's cell—and with what result? Not the "judicial separation" of Church and State, but the absolute consignment of Lord Penzance, his court, and the Act which created it, to the limbo of forgotten shameful things. All which is an allegory, and profitable for the present time. For there are signs abroad of a probable recrudescence of the mania of a quarter of a century ago for ecclesiastical litigation. What happened then will, it is quite likely, be repeated all over again. The adoption of the same defensive tactics will, we may be quite sure, result in a like success. The bishops would do wisely if they were to refresh their memories with the record of events following the passing of the P. W. R. Bill. If they are thinking of withdrawing their protection from priests threatened by "the aggrieved parishioner," let them quietly consider what came of such conduct in the past.



## The Household

### Until Seventy Times

BY EMILY S. WINDSOR

"THERE, can you not almost catch an odor from those violets?" Elizabeth Channing held up the square of exquisitely embroidered silk for her husband's inspection.

His gaze did not linger upon it; instead it wandered to Elizabeth's face and rested there sadly. It was pale, with worn lines around the mouth and dark eyes.

"Your poor, tired eyes!" he said. Then with a burst of impatience, added: "How much longer must this go on? You are killing yourself, Elizabeth."

"Killing myself, indeed! Nonsense. I am not so fragile, my dear boy. Now, I think this table-cover beautiful. I hope that Mrs. Brown will also."

She was carefully folding the dainty thing in white tissue paper as she spoke. Robert Channing sighed, and moved his head wearily.

His wife went on lightly: "Unfortunately, Mrs. Brown is an uncertain quantity. She may be very pleased with this, and want to pay me more than the ten dollars that I am charging her. Or she may declare that it is 'horrid,' and decline to take it. It all depends upon the state of her poodle's health. If he happens to have one of his frequent spells of indigestion, she will be in a panic. The horrid little beast!"

The thought of Mrs. Brown's absurd state of excitement over any ailment of her cherished poodle, as often graphically described by Elizabeth, provoked a smile from Robert in spite of himself. "I thought that you liked dogs yourself," he said.

"Every thing in reason," bending over him and giving a few deft touches to his pillows. "Even you," she added. "You must not worry about me. Now I will wheel your chair to your window. There, now, you can watch me out of sight."

"Elizabeth, you are not going out in this weather!"

She bent over him and brushed his forehead lightly with her lips. "I must, dear. It is not raining so heavily now. Besides, I told Mrs. Brown that I would take this to her to-day." Then, meeting his anxious eyes, "It is no hardship to me to go out in the rain. I think that I rather enjoy it. I shall not be long."

He watched her as she put on her hat and coat. Both were of the style of two years previous—a small consideration to Elizabeth now. Once it would have been a very sharp thorn in her rose. The last button of her glove fastened, she took up her parcel, and turned to leave the room. "*Hasta la vista*," she said lightly, but immediately regretted the words, for her husband's brow contracted in pain. How far off were those sunny days in Mexico!

The rain, which had been falling since daybreak in veritable torrents, had now almost ceased. Elizabeth walked briskly along to the corner, then turned and waved her hand gaily to the invalid at the window. But the corner turned, her steps lost their buoyancy, for in spite of the brightness which she had maintained in her husband's presence, she felt an unusual depression of spirits this morning. She was mentally echoing Robert's question: "How long is this thing to go on?"

A swiftly passing carriage caused her to pause as she was about to cross the street. She had a fleeting view of its costly appointments, and of the face of its occupant. It added to the tide of bitterness welling up within her.

Ruth Marston! How unequal a game life was! But five years before, they had been brides, with life rose-colored in its vista. Why was it that a lucky investment should have made Arthur Marston a rich man, while misfortune after misfortune had followed in Robert Channing's path? "He is so good, he has not deserved it," thought Elizabeth, rebelliously. She had cheerfully borne loss of money and privations, with hard work, to which she had never been used, but to see Robert growing weaker during those long weeks of rheumatic fever, was the crowning trial of all. To know that the change of climate which would restore him was an impossibility, seemed more than she could bear. And even if she could have humbled her proud spirit to ask for help, there was now no one to whom she could apply. During those three years spent in Mexico, so many changes had taken place in their old home, that on their return no friends seemed to remain.

The rain beginning again to come down heavily somewhat diverted Elizabeth's mind from its gloomy train of thought. She opened her umbrella and quickened her steps. Mrs. Brown's house was in one of the aristocratic parts of the city. The distance was long, but she could not afford to ride. There was a shorter cut leading through the mill yards, which she decided to take. As she passed a gate-way leading into one of the yards, a man came out from it—an unkempt and ragged figure. Elizabeth did not observe him, but his glance fell upon her face. He stopped short with a surprised air, looked after her a moment, then called her name. The hoarse tones of his voice falling upon Elizabeth's ear made her turn with horror in her eyes.

"You!" she exclaimed. "You!"

The miserable figure shuffled up to her. "Yes," he said, with a furtive glance at her face. "I didn't know that you were here, Elizabeth. I thought that you were in Mexico."

"And I," said Mrs. Channing, "thought that you were—well, where you ought to be."

"They shortened my time for good conduct."

"I am sorry," she said drily.

"Oh, come now, Elizabeth," he whined, "I am really trying to do differently. I want to get work. I have been trying at all the mills this morning, but I am such a wretched-looking object in these rags that no one wants me. If I could—"

Elizabeth interrupted him coldly. "Did you come out of the—did they send you out like that?"

A dull red mounted his haggard face, and he shifted his feet uneasily. "Well," he said, without looking at her, "I fell in with some fellows, and—"

"Exactly—the old story." She turned to walk on, but he put his hand on her arm.

"Listen to me, Elizabeth!"

She shook him off impatiently. "What can you have to say to me that you have not said hundreds of times before? Promises made, and always broken."

"But if I tell you that I am really going to reform this time? I've not touched a drop of liquor for three weeks. I could have done so, too, for I have been earning

enough by odd jobs to buy food with. If you will help me to get some decent clothes, so that I can look respectable, I think that I could get into one of the offices here. You know that I am a good accountant. I do want to lead a different life. I am tired of the dog's existence I have— After all, you know that I am your only living relation, and you—"

Elizabeth interrupted him passionately. "Yes, you spent my mother's money, and made her last days miserable. Her death is on your head."

He put up his hand as though to ward off a blow. "Don't," he said hoarsely, "I know that I treated her shamefully, the best sister—"

His voice broke. Elizabeth looked at him in surprise. Was he in earnest this time? But she remembered that he was full of wiles, and turned away.

"I have no money to give you if I wished to do so. You know better than I where the money that my father left us has gone."

He made an eager motion towards her. "I don't want money," he said. "I want you only to go security that the clothes will be paid for. You know some of the merchants well. If you will do that, they will let me have the clothes."

"How often have you made similar promises?"

"I am in earnest this time. I shall find work and pay for them. For God's sake, Elizabeth!" His bleared eyes rested on her face appealingly.

"I can't. I must go on. Let me pass," she said.

He stepped aside with a muttered imprecation.

A short walk now brought Elizabeth to Mrs. Brown's door. A servant informed her that that lady was absent from the city and would not be at home until the following week. Elizabeth turned away, sick at heart. She had spent so many weary hours on that piece of embroidery in the effort to finish it at the time that she had promised. She was in such dire need of the money. How could she now procure Robert's medicine? And he must have it. What could she do?

She walked along almost blindly in the driving rain, a feeling of hopeless misery in her heart. A cutting east wind had risen. She was chilled through. She longed to be at home with Robert, but how could she face him while in such a wild tumult of feeling? He must not know how utterly discouraged

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she was, or that their affairs were at such a low ebb.

She was passing St. John's church. Her glance fell upon the notice near one of the doors: "The Church Open. Come in. Rest and Pray."

She had an unspeakable longing for comfort. Would she get it there? Surely God had forgotten her, she thought bitterly. She was so tired. She would go in and rest. Perhaps the quiet would help her.

She entered the church and sat down. There were other persons there, but no one seemed to notice her. Quite near her was a beautiful stained glass window—the Good Shepherd. She looked at it mechanically at first, but insensibly the beauty and peace of the Christ's face drew all her thoughts to itself, and she found herself repeating: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," and soon she was on her knees.

Elizabeth came out of the church calm, and with but one thought in her mind—to show a bright face to Robert.

She went along briskly. As she again passed the mill yards she involuntarily looked around for her uncle. He remained where she had left him, crouched up behind the angle of a wall. It was but poor protection from the beating rain. There was something in the abject lines of his figure which, in Elizabeth's softened mood, stirred a vague feeling of pity in her heart. It was a new sensation for her to experience in regard to him. She recalled the expression of his eyes as he had begged for help—it was a strange one. There had been an unusual tone in his voice, too. "He has deceived me so often," she thought. "There is no good in him. "But some feeling that she could not resist made her turn back and cross over to him. He looked up with a start as she spoke to him. He was drenched with rain, shivering, and wretched.

"I could not go security for you," she said, "but I shall do what I can. We have not been prosperous lately. Come to me in an hour and I shall have a suit of Robert's clothes ready for you. And I shall do anything else that I can. We have rooms there." She took a card from her pocket-book and handed it to him.

To her surprise, he burst into tears. "I was going to throw myself into the river this evening, but now—" he said brokenly.

"You will come? I must hurry home to Robert now. He is ill."

As Elizabeth neared home she glanced up at her window. Robert was not in his accustomed place watching for her. A great fear clutched her heart. Was he worse? She mounted the stairs leading to their apartments in a tremor of fear.

An unaccustomed sight met her gaze on opening the door. Robert was walking across the room holding on to the various articles of furniture as he moved. He laughed gaily at Elizabeth's exclamation of wonder.

"Why, Robert!"

"I am getting in practice for California," he said.

Elizabeth stared. Had he lost his senses? He laughed again.

"I am rather staggering, but I'll soon know to how walk once more."

Then settling himself in his chair, he pointed to an open letter lying on the table near him.

"Everything is going to be all right for us now, dear. The postman brought that

letter just after you went out. It is from Aunt Frances, and she wants us to go out to San Diego and keep house for her. She and Uncle are going off to Europe for a year's travel. And she enclosed a check for our expenses. O, Elizabeth, the sunshine and flowers out there will make a new man of me! I shall be able to work again. How good God is to us! Read the letter, dear."

And Elizabeth Channing's joy and thankfulness were none the less for knowing that she had not refused her wretched uncle's prayer for help.

"I am glad that I was kind to him before I knew of our good news. It is easy enough to be good to others when one is happy. And perhaps he is really in earnest this time!"

THERE was a curious scene in a Yorkshire church, when a child was brought to be christened. In answer to the usual questions, the clergyman was told that the child's name was to be Noah, and he proceeded with the service, referring always to the infant in the masculine gender. After doing so twice, his surplice was plucked by one of the women who whispered to him that it was a lass. "But you said it was to be called Noah; that is not a girl's name." "Yes, it is," said the father. "No, surely," remonstrated the divine. As a parley in church was not suitable, an adjournment was made to the vestry. The father said whenever he had a child to be named he always consulted a *sortes sacre*—that is, he opened the Bible by chance, and the first male or female name, as the case might be, which met his eye was the one he chose. "But where is Noah given to a female?" asked the clergyman. The triumphant father took up the Bible, turned to Numbers xxvi: 33, and there, sure enough, were the words: "The names of the daughters of Zelophead were Noah," etc.

AT a Board school examination in England, an answer to the question, "What is the chief function of the stomach?" began with these words: "The stomach is the organ of indigestion," and, further on, explained that the great use of the bile was to produce biliousness!

## TOO MUCH HONEY

### Palls on the Palate.

A man ate a heaping saucer of Grape-Nuts every morning, because they "tasted so good."

In about ten days he began to turn against the food, and finally lost the pleasure of his favorite dish altogether.

The same thing happens to a child who eats too much honey or candy, or any other good thing. The system gets more than it needs, and Nature revolts, in order to prevent further over-feeding. Grape-Nuts furnish a condensed food, and when eaten in moderation, give one a delicious dish every morning that is looked forward to with pleasant anticipation. When not more than three heaping teaspoons are used at a meal, the system quickly absorbs all of the nutriment, and the person discovers this fact by his improved feeling of health and strength. Use Grape-Nuts steadily, but avoid excess.

THERE was recently held in one of our colored churches, says the Galesburg *Evening Mail*, a funeral of an important citizen of the negro race. It was largely attended. The last sad rites were performed by the officiating clergyman, with a full appreciation of the importance of the occasion. As he finished the funeral service he addressed the audience: "Brethren and sisters, I wish to make an announcement to you now, for there are more of you gathered in this assemblage than I can ever reach at church. I wish to call your attention to the fact that the pastor's salary is now four months over due, and as the winter is coming on, I urge you to bear his needs in mind."

Then, having availed himself of the golden opportunity, the colored brother finished with this instruction: "The audience will all remain standing while the corpse passes out."

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**The Horse in Battle**

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Road* writes: We had in our company a young fellow named Bright. His horse was his especial pride. Sometimes Bright went to sleep without rations, but his horse never. No matter how scarce or how hard it was to get forage, the young fellow's horse always had an evening feed, a thorough rubbing down, a loving pat, and a "good-night, Frank." Many a time have I seen Bright skirmish for a lunch for his horse when we halted to make coffee, instead of preparing his own lunch. While the rest of us stayed in our tents and read or played cards, Bright would keep Frank's company for hours, talking continuously to him. Some of our horses showed lack of care; Bright's was always in good order; in camp he glistened like a new silk hat and seemed as fond of his master as his master of him. When the campaign opened there was not a prouder soldier than Bright or prettier horse than Frank in the corps. Our first fight of note in that campaign was a disaster. Somebody—never mind who—made a mess of it. Our little brigade was thrown against the enemy, and we fought it all day. We started to charge, but were halted in a piece of woods and ordered to fight on foot. We were already under fire, and in considerable confusion, and only a portion of the command heard the order, so it happened that some of us fought as cavalry and some as infantry. Bright remained mounted and did heroic service. Early in the fight his pet was shot. As the animal made little fuss over it, and steadied down quickly, his rider thought it was only a slight wound, and remained in battle all day, having traveled many miles in the performance of important and dangerous tasks, the wonderful animal seeming to enter into the spirit of the work as completely as his master. That night at nine o'clock the brigade camped.

The moment Frank was unsaddled he lay down. His rider thought it was because the horse, like himself, was tired, and after patting him and telling him in fond language what a splendid fellow he had been that day, and thanking him for carrying him safely through one of the hottest battles, he busied himself with getting supper. In the forage bag were several extra ears of corn. After his own repast of black coffee, crackers, and uncooked white pork—such a banquet as many a soldier would have been thankful for at various times during the campaign—Bright shelled the corn and took it to Frank. The horse did not welcome him as usual, did not rest his head on the master's shoulder and look, if he did not speak, thanks for such a master. He didn't hear Bright announce that he was coming with a double ration. Frank was dead and stiffening, showing that soon after lying down life had departed. When Bright realized that his pet was dead he threw the corn down, dropped by the side of the animal, tenderly laid one hand on his neck, and with the other gently rubbing his head, as he had done many times before, and sobbed like a child. In talking about his loss the next day, he said: "My poor Frank couldn't tell me he was badly hurt and ask to go the hospital, as I would have done, had I been shot. He carried me all day as if he thought it was his duty, and that things would go wrong if he didn't, and when the battle was over and I was

getting supper he laid down and died. That horse was a better soldier than I am—than any man in the regiment. Not one of us would have fought all day with such a wound as that. No one would have expected it of us, yet I expected it of Frank, and he did not fail me." With this outburst the poor fellow broke down again, and none of his comrades made light of the young fellow's sorrow, for they knew how sincere it was.

**A Blind Fox Hunter**

NEAR this place among the cliffs of Jessamine county, is the modest home of "Tom" Johnson. Since early youth Johnson has been blind, but notwithstanding this fact he is one of the most enthusiastic fox-hunters in the State. Often he follows his hounds alone among the Kentucky river cliffs, going at a gallop that one with keen vision would not dare imitate, and although he has been doing this for many years, he never met with accident. He knows every nook and crook in the cliffs, and when he comes to a very dangerous point he dismounts, takes hold of his horses tail, and the animal guides him to safety.

A short time ago a party of hunters from Madison and Garrard counties came here, and with the local hunters spent several nights chasing the fox. Johnson was with them, and on the second night they lost their bearings, became separated, and none of them except Johnson, was able to make his way out of the cliffs that night. The following day three of the hunters came together at Wolf's Point. Much apprehension was felt for the safety of the blind man, and they decided to go to his home, several miles away, to learn of him. They did so, and found him seated on the veranda playing the violin.

Johnson owns several fine hounds, and frequently trades dogs, and gets the best of it about as often as he is worsted, he possessing the wonderful ability of telling by touch the animal's good qualities, the color of the coat, and the number of spots on the body, and he can always tell his dogs from the others by feeling of them. Years ago Philip Harrison, an old hunter, died in this county, and in his will he bequeathed his fox-horn to Col. Jack Chinn, of Harrodsburg. A few weeks ago Johnson rode over to Col. Chinn's, and the horn was shown to him. He had hardly taken it in his hands when he exclaimed: "Why, this is Phil Harrison's old horn, and I haven't seen it before in twenty-five years."

It was Johnson who solved the "phantom fox" mystery that for many months puzzled the hunters of this and other counties. Week in and week out this fox led the dogs a merry dance, but each night, after running the dogs nearly to death, its trail would be lost in the blue grass pasture, in the Poor

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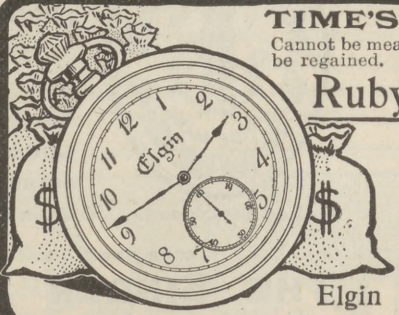
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Nick neighborhood. Johnson heard of this, and sent word that he wanted to hunt the phantom, so a hunt was arranged. On the appointed day hunters from Garrard, Boyle, Lincoln, Madison, Washington and Anderson counties congregated near Ebenezer church with the pick of their packs, determined to give the phantom the run of his life

Reynard was jumped at 8 o'clock at night, and after traversing many miles of country with the dogs in hot pursuit, he reached the pasture at twelve o'clock, and there, as before, his trail vanished. Johnson, mounted on a fine saddle-horse led the chase, and reaching the pasture he heard the tinkling of several bells, and was told that a flock of fifty sheep were grazing in the same pasture. "That explains it," exclaimed the sightless Johnson; "you will find Mr. fox upon the back of one of those sheep." And such proved to be the case. Upon becoming tired the sly animal would strike for the pasture, mount the back of one of the Cotswolds, and take a ride, thus baffling the hunters.—Kentucky Correspondence, Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

DEAN HOLE of Rochester, England, tells of a very innocent and gentle curate who went to a Yorkshire parish, where the parishioners bred horses, and sometimes raced them. He was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. He did so. They prayed three Sundays for Lucy Grey. On the fourth the clerk told the curate he need not do it any more. "Why," asked the curate, "is she dead?" "No," said the clerk, "she's won the steeple-chase." The curate became quite a power in the parish.

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## Children's Hour

### Virginia's Air Castle

A SEQUEL TO "THE GIRLS OF ST. DOROTHY"

BY IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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#### CHAPTER XI.

"THEY'RE all hungry as cub wolves," Eleanor said laughingly, when the Castle was reached, and thereupon each girl made an effort to take one of the visitors under her special charge, and let them all try the raspberries and cream, and the rest of the good things Miss Pugsley had prepared for them.

"Bless their hearts," Mollie said, as she stood in the doorway with Madge and looked at the row of heads around the table. "Did you hear what that little fellow over there with the red hair said when we were coming down stairs?"

Madge shook her head. She was too busy watching the different faces to pay much attention.

"He said to the boy next to him: 'It's a cinch, ain't it, Crip?' And they call the other boy—look Madge, that little bent one next to Dave—they call him Crip, because he's so crippled. He's got something the matter with his spine, and I asked him how it got hurt, and he just said, in an off-hand way, 'Mesister did it when I was a kid. She was only nine, and she had to cart us little ones all around, and she used to get awful tired, so one day she just dropped me.' Isn't it terrible, Madge?"

Madge nodded, and stepped to the table to pour some more cream on Crip's berries. She always believed in showing one's sympathy in a practical way.

If ever there was a happy lot of girls, it was the ten who hovered about the long table, and petted and laughed with their charges, until shy smiles brightened the old-looking, shrewd faces of the boys, and the little girls laughed back, and looked as though they had forgotten there was any place in the world but this wonderful Bonnie Castle, and the princesses thereof.

So all was going on splendidly, when suddenly a head was poked in the doorway, and Bobbie said, in his abrupt, jolly way:

"Have you got any breakfast for my waif?"

"Oh, Bobbie, where are the turtles?" Mollie asked teasingly, but Bobbie never deigned a reply. He was looking at Eleanor and Virginia, and the latter thought she caught a glimmer of earnestness underneath his jesting tone.

"Honest, Bobbie?" she said, and Bobbie smiled mysteriously, and beckoned her to come out in the hall.

"I've got him on the porch," he explained confidentially, once they were outside. "And he's all right, only he's different, of course. But he'll go real pretty with that youngster in there with the red hair."

"Robert, what have you discovered?" Virginia began, laughingly, but when she caught a glimpse of the lone little figure sitting on the veranda rail, his back against the supporting post, his knees drawn up tentwise, she stopped short.

"Why, it's a pickaninny," she said under her breath to Bobbie; then calling over her shoulder, "Nell, come here, quick!"

Not only Nell, but Madge and Mollie came

also, and Jefferson returned their laughing scrutiny with calm good nature.

"He's mine," said Bobbie, triumphantly.

"Aren't you my very own, Blossom?"

"Yass, boss," answered Jefferson promptly, and Bobbie nearly fell over himself with pride.

"There isn't any more room at the table," Eleanor said perplexedly. "I don't know what we're to do with either of you."

"You needn't mind about it at all," replied Bobbie loftily. "We'll go to our friend, Miss Pugsley. Come on, Blossom, I know where there are good things to eat."

Blossom, as he was known thereafter in both camp and Castle, obeyed, and they went downstairs together. After they had gone, Virginia looked at the other girls with a comical expression—not exactly dismay, but next door to it.

"What do you suppose the rest will think if we take in a darkey?" she asked.

"I don't think they will think," said Mollie hastily. "He's just the same as any other waif, only he's chocolate-dipped, that's all. We mustn't draw a color line, you know. There's a little Italian in there who's nearly as brown as Blossom, and we've got him, so what's the use of bothering over Bobbie's waif; and he is a jolly, good-natured little coon, isn't he, Nell?"

Eleanor nodded her head approvingly, and Virginia seated herself in one of the low wicker chairs.

"It shall be just as you girls say—" she began, when Dave interrupted her—

"Excuse me, Madame President, but it won't; it will be just as we boys say," he said firmly.

"Why, David Gray!" Mollie exclaimed severely. "The idea of speaking like that."

"Well, now listen a minute," protested Dave. "He's Bobbie's waif, isn't he, and Bobbie is ours, so he's our waif; and we'll have him at the camp, of course. So you girls haven't got a thing to do or say about him. It isn't as if he came from Dr. Atwood. He's our own special property, and we shall be happy to lend him to you whenever you need him."

The girls were silent. It was very seldom Dave made a speech. Jerry and Art, and Bobbie would become eloquent on almost any provocation, but it took the Senator a long time to get thoroughly warmed up to a subject before he made a public expression of his opinion, and when he did, it was always, as Bobbie said, "a settler." He was always so quiet about it, too, so deliberate and positive, that one could not argue a point with him. He simply stated the case,

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and the rest voted "Me too," as it used to be back in the old barn assembly days.

"Well, just as you say, Dave," Virginia said after a time, and there was a tone of relief in her voice. "I only counted him in as one of the other children, and meant to keep him here, but he will be better off with you."

Before many minutes had elapsed, the merry crowd came up from the dining-room, and gathered on the broad veranda.

"Don't you love to see their faces, Nell?" Virginia asked contentedly, as she watched the children. "Look at that little cripple stare at the ship coming in yonder, and those girls over there just asked me if really and truly flowers grew down in the woods, and if you were allowed to pick them, or if it was a park."

It was a pretty sight to see the looks of surprise and pleasure spread over the strange little faces as they gazed off at the great blue lake, dancing and dimpling under the brightness of the morning sunshine, and the glad cries of delight when some gulls swept with their swift flight across the sky beyond the bluffs.

"It's great, Crip," said Reddy, the little chap with the red hair. "It's a cinch. Wonder if we dast go in swimming."

"Yes, sir," said a voice at his elbow, the voice of the editor of the *Comet*. "You 'dast' go right in this minute. We have just decided that the sooner you all go in the better, so come on."

The four boys started with the Excelsiors, and then Crip stopped, his pale, narrow little face anxious and grave.

"Go on," said Mollie encouragingly. "You'll have lots of fun."

"I can't," he replied, slowly. "I can't do those kind of things, 'cause I'm lame, you know."

Virginia leaned forward eagerly from her chair. It was strange to meet someone like herself, and in a moment her heart went out to her little fellow-sufferer.

"Come and keep me company, Crip," she called. "We two will sit up here, and let the others go off and swim if they want to, and we'll have some fun all by ourselves, because I'm lame, too."

Crip looked at her doubtfully. It was queer to think that this dainty, pretty girl all in white, with her fair, soft hair, and gentle ways, was afflicted just as badly as he—a ragged, lonely, little half tramp who had been tossed here and there on the great sea of humanity in Chicago until all life seemed the same to him. It was very strange, but she smiled at him, and drew a low rocking-chair near to her with a winning gesture, so he came forward in his slow, awkward way, and sat down, and leaned his old, battered, chipped crutch up against her velvet-cushioned one, with its silver finishings and polished wood.

After a time, he said hesitatingly, his big gray eyes looking up at her thoughtfully:

"It don't matter what kind of a crutch you have, does it?"

"No, dear," Virginia answered sadly, laying her white hand on the rough, brown hair. "Not a bit. The pain's just the same."

And no more was said between them, but they sat near together and watched the merry group run down the shore to the bathing-houses, and then issue forth, and plunge into the jolly, rippling waves that seemed to spring to meet them and have a romp. Mrs. Ferrall brought some picture books and laid them beside Crip, but he did not touch them, only watched the lake and

the sky and the woods, and, now and then, the delicate, pretty face beside him, and all the time, her last words rang in his head:

"The pain is the same."

It was this trouble that they had in common which would make them comrades.

(To be continued.)

### Nimble Folk of the Tree-tops

BY FRANK H. SWEET

#### II.

GRAY squirrels are much larger than their red cousins, and are almost as common in the northern parts of the United States. They are generally protected, and their presence desired in public parks and in the vicinity of mansions, although they sometimes do considerable injury by gnawing off the top shoots of certain species of trees. Their color is usually light gray, with yellowish-brown head, and longitudinal stripes of light brown, but are occasionally found almost entirely black. They are less shy than their cousins, and have splendid, bushy tails, which curve gracefully over their backs, except when running or leaping from tree to tree, at which time they stretch out almost horizontally.

Gray squirrels are models of regularity, and are awake and stirring at early dawn. The first matter which occupies them is the attention to their toilets. When doing this, the squirrel sits upon his hind legs, rubs and licks himself, combs out his bushy tail, stretches his limbs, until he is fixed up in right trim for the forenoon's ramble. Then, with a jerk or two of his tail, he starts off, and is busy until near noon getting his breakfast or storing up for the time of need. But when it becomes hot, he resorts to his summer nest, which is made of sticks and leaves and moss in the top of some tall tree, and enjoys his nap until near evening, when he is out again foraging. His winter home and nursery, where he rears his young, is in the hollow of some old tree, nicely lined with leaves and moss, and with a goodly store of nuts near at hand for the winter's supply. In very cold weather the gray squirrel is almost dormant, but let a warm, sunshiny day come, and he is out for a frolic.

A curious habit of these squirrels is a disposition to emigrate, generally in an eastern direction. Hosts of them will sometimes leave their native woods and migrate like the black and tawny lemming of the Scandinavian mountains, whether urged by scarcity of food or through some unknown impulse. These migrations usually occur in autumn, and in some sections are regarded with great horror by the farmers. The squirrels advance in a straight course; mountains are no impediment, and although they swim with difficulty, they cross large rivers and narrow bays of lakes. Often the farmers shoot them from their barns and houses and all along the fences. A smaller species, called the Carolina gray squirrel, is abundant in the south-eastern part of the United States, where its flesh is highly es-

teemed. There is also in the South another gray species called the fox squirrel, which is the largest found in America.

But to many country children, the chipmucks, or ground squirrels, as they are sometimes called, are more familiar than either their red or gray cousins; and they are certainly more satisfactory to farmers who have standing grain. The chipmucks are not troublesome, and are very easily domesticated, seldom leaving the house where they have met with kindness. Even the wild ones, if occasionally fed and left undisturbed, will take up their abode in some outhouse and remain for years, venturing into the kitchen occasionally to pick up the stray crumbs. They are only about five inches in length, or ten with the tail, and are beautifully striped, a black line extend-

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ing down the centre of the back, with two white ones on each side, bordered with black, also. The name "chipping" squirrel is often applied to them, from their chipping or chattering cry of "chick-a-ree, chick-a-ree," which is somewhat like that of a young chicken. They are very provident, but rarely attack standing corn, gleaning in the fields and feeding on fallen nuts in the woods. They burrow in holes or hollow trees where they can find them with a hole near the ground, as they never seem disposed to climb to any great height, even to escape from danger. Generally their burrows among the roots of trees are very deep and winding, and well filled with stores for winter use. During the warm season, they are exceedingly busy storing up provisions wherever they can find a suitable place—in holes, under old decayed logs, or in hollow stumps. To aid them in this work, they can make capacious pouches by distending each side of the mouth, which they fill with grain or nuts and carry to their burrows.

The sports of the chipmuck often seem to have all the system of a regular game. Running round some old stumps or over a pile of stones, they will chase each other with all the exuberant frolicsomeness of school boys; and almost uniformly, when one overtakes and touches the other, like boys playing tag, the defeated one turns and pursues his fellow until he retaliates.

Some farmers watch with great interest for the first appearance of the little ground squirrel in the spring, as they suppose it indicates settled weather; but, as in the case of most animal signs, the chipmuck is probably more dependent on the weather than the latter is on him. He merely takes advantage of the first fair days in spring to take his frolic and stretch his legs.

The flying squirrel is not quite so large as the red, but is something like him in shape and color, except when making one of his flying leaps; then he shows two inflated membranes, one on each side, covered with longer hair and somewhat striped. These appendages he can fill with air like a pair of bellows; and when thus expanded, they are capable of sustaining part of the weight of the animal. The under side of these wing-like membranes are somewhat concave, so that when the squirrel makes a leap from tree to tree, they serve in part as wings, prolonging the sweep for several rods, and making the movement exceedingly graceful.

By means of these wings the squirrel is enabled to take extraordinary leaps, gliding for a great distance through the air. The tail also aids to support them, as well as to direct their motion, its hairs extending laterally "in a sort of feathery expansion." In gliding from tree to tree, the flying squirrel descends obliquely and with very rapid motion, until near the tree which it seeks to reach, when it wheels upwards and alights at about a third of the height which it was from the ground on the tree which it left, the distance between the trees often being fifty feet or more. All the species inhabit woods, and the night is their time of activity. They feed not only on nuts and young shoots of trees, but also on small birds. They are easy of domestication, but are rapidly becoming extinct in most sections of the country. In all my rambles through the woods during the past five or six years, I have seen only three or four pairs of the beautiful, shy little creatures.

### Saved by a Thoughtful Dog

ONE evening, W. J. Wilson, of King, was leaving Tottenham by the road leading to the west. He must needs, therefore, cross the railroad, says the *Toronto Mail*. In doing so, the horse shied, and Mr. Wilson was thrown across the track so violently that he was stunned. He would certainly have perished through exposure to the severe weather, or have been run over by a passing train, had he remained there all night.

Old Rover, owned by John Wilson, bailiff, was making one of his nocturnal perambulations through the town about 1 o'clock—no doubt doing duty as night watchman. Crossing the track he noticed the unfortunate individual, and immediately set out to alarm G. A. Nolan who resides in the nearest house to the track. Here he barked and whined until Mrs. Nolan arose to chase him away, but he only returned to continue his howlings. Mr. Nolan then conceived the idea that something might probably be wrong about the mill, as Rover often visited them there during the day and was well acquainted with the premises. He immediately dressed, went outside, and found the dog ready to lead toward the mill. Their way led across the track, but when they got that far Rover's course was directed up the track to where the unconscious man lay. When Mr. Nolan arrived on the scene he saw the cause of the dog's trouble, and took the unfortunate man to his house, where, with good care and proper attention, he revived. In half an hour a freight train went thundering by, and if it hadn't been for the faithful canine hero—ever since the pet of the town—the Wilson family might have been lamenting the loss of a husband or father.

ONE hot summer, the lake in which two frogs lived, was completely dried up, and they were obliged to set off in search of water elsewhere. Coming to a deep and deliciously cool well, one of the frogs proposed that they should jump in at once. "Wait a bit," cried the other; "if that should dry up, how could we get out again?"

### WRECKED BY COFFEE.

Heart Failure Caused by the Seductive Cup.

"I have been a great coffee-drinker for several years. For a long time I thought I could not eat without coffee.

"Have been troubled with my stomach, nerves, and heart. The worse I felt, the less I ate, and the more coffee I drank.

"I have taken many different kinds of medicines, but could not secure any lasting benefit. Up to eight weeks ago I had but few well days in the preceding two years. I could not do ordinary housework, except with great care, because of heart failure.

"I met a friend who said she could not drink coffee because it affected her heart so. I thought perhaps coffee might be the cause of most of my troubles, and so I quit the use of it about eight weeks ago, and took up Postum Food Coffee. I have not taken any medicine, and I have gained so fast that it is a surprise to my friends as well as to myself. I can eat, sleep, and work, and do not have any bad spells with my heart at all. I have been wanting to tell people what a relief it is since I left off coffee and used Postum Food Coffee. I want the fact published, that it may relieve some poor, weak, nervous woman." Emma Pille, South Wabash, Ind.

## The Fear of Humbug

Prevents Many People From Trying A Good Medicine.

Stomach troubles are so common and in most cases so obstinate to cure, that people are apt to look with suspicion on any remedy claiming to be a radical, permanent cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. Many such pride themselves on their acuteness in never being humbugged, especially in medicines.

This fear of being humbugged can be carried too far; so far, in fact, that many people suffer for years with weak digestion rather than risk a little time and money in faithfully testing the claims made of a preparation so reliable and universally used as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Now, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are vastly different in one important respect from ordinary proprietary medicines, for the reason that they are not a secret patent medicine, no secret is made of their ingredients, but analysis shows them to contain the natural digestive ferments, pure aseptic pepsin, the digestive acids, Golden Seal, bismuth, hydrastis and nux. They are not cathartic, neither do they act powerfully on any organ, but they cure indigestion on the common-sense plan of digesting the food eaten thoroughly before it has time to ferment, sour, and cause the mischief. This is the only secret of their success.

Cathartic pills never have and never can cure indigestion and stomach troubles, because they act entirely on the bowels, whereas the whole trouble is really in the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, taken after meals, digest the food. That is all there is to it. Food not digested, or half digested, is poison, as it creates gas, acidity, headaches, palpitation of the heart, loss of flesh and appetite, and many other troubles which are often called by some other name.

They are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package. Address F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., for little book on stomach diseases, sent free.

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Finance and Commerce

AS we start in the New Year's business, while production and distribution are going on at the same high rate, that characterized them throughout the year 1899, there is perhaps a noticeable inclination to refrain from pushing things to a greater extreme, and while the promise for the ensuing year is almost universally regarded as most satisfactory, there is a more general disposition to be satisfied with maintaining the present standard and volume of business. We believe, therefore, on the principle that a frog never jumps further than he tries, that in the general volume of business, the coming year, 1900, will not surpass 1899. At the moment conditions are hardly favorable for further expansion. In the first place financial conditions are not propitious. While severe stringency is not likely, rates are firm at 6 per cent. and upwards, and it is not easy to see where relief is to come from. There is no adequate provision for increasing the volume of gold or currency in this country, and conditions abroad are such as to forbid the hope that foreign gold will come to our aid. On the contrary gold is being exported quite freely, and with bank rates for money 6 per cent. in London, 7 per cent. in Berlin, it is quite likely to continue to go away from us for some time to come. In Wall street the market having rallied surprisingly from the recent panic has resumed a duller, though steadier tone, which hardly promises well to the holders of stocks. Continued exports of gold and succeeding statements of earnings, which in comparison with the splendid showings of last year may not be positively disappointing, yet are likely to lack the stimulus of comparative gains, are too fundamentally bearish factors which the stock market may have to face.

In the iron trade while activity prevails, prices may be said to be without a tendency. In some specialties prices are slightly higher, while in others and perhaps more important ones, there is a tendency towards easier prices. The whole indicates rather that production has overtaken consumption, and naturally the next change will be easier markets.

Cotton has fluctuated considerably. At times the market has shown quite a speculative strength, but previous high prices have not been exceeded. Holders have had to face much larger offerings from first hands than were expected. Manufactured cottons, however, are strong at extreme prices.

Wheat after holding around 70 cents for May for several weeks, has dragged off a couple of cents. The foreign demand is poor, and the speculation load in the country is heavy. There are 58 million bushels of wheat in warehouses included in the visible supply, and enough more in other warehouses in sight to make the load the speculative organism in this country in carrying 100 million bushels. Corn is fairly steady. The stock is small and farmers are more disposed than usual to hold their surplus. The whole speculative interest directly, and to a less acute degree the commercial body as a whole, are watching the military situation in South Africa, and the reported advantage of either contestant is at once taken as a reason for advancing or declining prices as the case may be. During the week there has been more or less apprehension about the possible complications which might grow out of the seizure of vessels under neutral flags by British war ships. The tendency at the moment is towards the feeling that the several governments involved, will reach amicable settlements.



A Saving of One-Fifth Flour.

Pillsbury's Best Flour is the cheapest flour also with which to make Pies and Cakes. Pastry recipes usually are made for flour containing much less gluten than does Pillsbury's Best Flour. In following recipes, except such as are made especially for Pillsbury's Best Flour, use one-fifth less flour than such recipes call for. Think for a moment what it means to save one-fifth of a barrel of flour and yet get as much food out of it!

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Colonial Commerce

COMMERCE with Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Hawaiian, Philippine, and Samoan Islands during the eleven months ending with November, fully justifies the belief that the new relations which these islands sustain to the United States will result in a great increase in our commerce with them, and especially in an increase of our exports to them. The total exports from the United States to the four islands or groups of islands, will amount, in the calendar year 1899, to considerably more than \$40,000,000; the total for the eleven months ending with November, being \$37,854,110, as compared with less than \$20,000,000 last year. When it is considered that neither Cuba nor Puerto Rico has yet returned to anything like normal conditions, and that there has been a condition of actual warfare in the Philippines during the year, the fact that the total exports to the islands in the year exceed those of the palmiest days of reciprocity, shows that when normal conditions return, our exports to the islands will greatly increase over those of earlier years. Our total exports to Cuba, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands in the years of their greatest prosperity under the reciprocity relations of 1893 and 1894, amounted to but about 33 million dollars; while, as already indicated, those of 1899 will be considerably in excess of 40 million dollars, the total for the month of November having been over four million dollars

This increase is found in the case of each of the islands, the exports to Cuba being in eleven months of 1899, \$22,742,141, against \$8,741,729 in the corresponding months of 1898; to Puerto Rico, \$3,365,292, against \$1,220,014 in 1898; to the Hawaiian Islands, \$10,296,157, against \$5,891,755 in the corresponding months of 1898; to the Philippine Islands, \$1,383,765, against \$137,471 in 1898, and to the Samoan Islands, \$66,755, against \$36,829 in the eleven months of 1898.

Foodstuffs, manufactures, and the articles required for agricultural and business development are the chief exports to these islands, and show the most rapid gains. To Cuba the exports of flour in 11 months of 1899 are 50 per cent in excess of those of 11 months of 1898, and three times those of 1897. Corn shows an increase of 50 per cent, while provisions generally, including bacon, hams, lard, butter and cheese, show even more than a 50 per cent increase, and in some cases more than 100 per cent. Cotton cloth shows a remarkable increase, the total for 11 months of 1898 having been \$29,163, and in the corresponding months of 1899, \$683,969, while other cotton manufactures increased from \$16,897 in 11 months of 1898 to \$179,560 in the same months of 1899. Cars and carriages show a very large gain, as do also typewriters, sewing machines, builders' hardware, agricultural implements, books and maps, thus indicating a general revival of business activity as well as an increased demand for foodstuffs and clothing.

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### Household Hints

IF a bathtub is zinc-lined, it can be made to look like a silvertub if rubbed vigorously with a cloth moistened by kerosene. In fact, a housekeeper would do well to see that such a tub gets a weekly rub of this kind all through the year. That distressing water mark which occurs often in the tub of the best-regulated families, needs to be watched, and it can surely be avoided by the weekly kerosene rub. If the tub is marble, and has been discolored by drippings from the faucet, scour it with pulverized chalk, moistened with ammonia. Another good way to clean marble is to use a strong solution of washing soda, into which a little whiting has been dissolved. Cover the marble with the mixture, and let it remain on for about an hour. Then rub it off and polish the marble with alcohol.

BLACK ants and little red ants are difficult to drive away. Three or four good camphor smokings, however, will be found quite effective. Put into the closet a tin or granite pan containing a few live coals; sprinkle over about two tablespoonsful of powdered gum camphor, close the door and allow the fumes of the camphor to thoroughly saturate the closet. Camphor fumigation will drive mosquitoes from sleeping rooms.

THE following three tests are made use of by amateurs in distinguishing a diamond from a crystal:

(1) First boil the stone in boracic acid to preserve the polish on the surface of the stone. Heat the jewel in a gas flame and dip it in cold water while hot. If it is a diamond, it will stand the test without cracking to pieces. If crystal, it will shatter and crumble into little balls.

(2) Take a cup of water (a black cup, gutta percha or any dark stone cup is best) and drop two stones into the water, the one a diamond or supposed diamond, and the other which is known to be ordinary crystal. The diamond, if a true one, will shine a clear white through the water and will be clearly visible, while the other stone will blend with the water in such a way as to be almost imperceptible in the water.

(3) Take a surface of striped cloth or paper—red and white stripes are the best—and pass the stone slowly over the surface. If the colors show through the stone, it is crystal. A diamond will not show the varieties of color, but will look the same over the red as over the white stripes. Of course these tests are only for amateurs. There are numerous chemical tests made use of by expert diamond dealers, but these could not be used by any one not an expert on the subject.

—Self-Culture.

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