

The Living Church

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

The Epiphany

BY Y. Y. K.

The Christmas carols die away,—
The strains of holy mirth
With which that blessed natal day
Is hymned by heaven and earth;
The Church in triumph now doth sing
That Bethlehem's babe is Christ the King;
And, while the Magi bend the knee,
She hails his glad Epiphany!

Once over trackless realms of night
The voice of God was heard,—
The voice that said, "Let there be light!"
And light sprang at the word.
The morning stars then sang for joy;
A nobler theme is our employ
When, Light of Lights, we bow to Thee,
Hailing Thy blest Epiphany!

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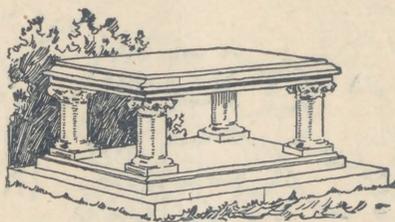
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Notes of the World's Progress

REPORTS APPEARING FROM TIME to time in the daily press, particularly those of the advanced school of journalism, hint darkly at alleged Fenian and Hibernian plots, and imply that a not distant project is the invasion of Canada, provided that colony does not relax enthusiasm and effort to aid the mother country in the South African struggle. While there are doubtless many Irish-American citizens, as well as of other nationalities, who sympathize with the Boers, such a project as an invasion of Canada could be conceived only in the mind of a mentally unbalanced enthusiast or an irresponsible newspaper writer. There are such things as neutrality laws, and the United States would do for England as for any other country—see to it that neutrality is strictly observed. One has a right to hold an opinion, and even express it, but if the opinion assume the form of an action which is violation of law, it is a far more serious matter.

IN SEVERAL LARGE CITIES SYMPATHY for the Boers is assuming substantial form. Funds are being raised, and in one instance an extremist sought to enlist men to go to South Africa. His enterprise, however, was quickly stopped on advice of a United States attorney. There is no doubt a number of adventurous spirits have gone to South Africa, but the majority of these are of the sort who would be found at the scene of any armed difficulty. Journals of France whose utterances mean nothing and whose influence is small, attempt to create feeling over the recent seizure by England off Delagoa Bay of a cargo of American flour. As the cargo was in British ships, England acted entirely within the restrictions of international law, and there cannot possibly be any complications, particularly as England is bound in any event to reimburse the owners of the cargo, whether intended for the Boers or not.

THE STATE OF IOWA HAS BROUGHT into legal existence a corporation which is decidedly unique, being organized for the prosecution of good citizens who suffer from that particular form of kleptomania known as tax-dodging. This corporation has made propositions to boards of supervisors of several counties, offering to make investigations to determine whether any persons, firms, or corporations in any given county carelessly or fraudulently omit any part of their personal property or real estate subject to taxation in their statements furnished to the assessors. The company purposes to report all such property that it may find to the proper official for assessment, collection, and entry, and assist in collection after the method of bad debt collection agencies. The corporation modestly asks for its fee 50 per cent. of the amount thus collected. The plan has its good features, as it would tend to a more equal sharing of the burden of taxation, by forcing honesty in returns to assessors.

A SIGNIFICANT HAPPENING IN THE move to unseat Senator Clark, of Montana, on the ground that money was used to purchase his election, was the disbarment of a Mr. Wellcome, for some years attorney for Senator Clark. The charge was that Wellcome, acting for Mr. Clark, paid \$30,000 to certain members of the Montana Legislature. Disbarment is in no sense proof of the truth of charges presented, yet it is a significant fact, if the statement be true, that Mr. Wellcome did not appear before the Supreme Court of Montana to deny the charges. Mr. Wellcome claims that the financial transaction was instigated by Marcus Daly, the copper king, who for many years has been a commercial and political rival of Senator Clark, and who bended every energy to prevent the election of the latter. The ways of politics are dark and inscrutable.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GRIGGS HAS decided that he cannot, in any official capacity, do anything for the commercial bodies who petitioned him to take action to restrain railways from putting a new freight classification into effect Jan. 1. The Attorney-General decides that the anti-trust law does not apply to the case in point, as there is no law against one railway adopting a classification used by another, nor can the sixty-odd railroads be prevented from taking simultaneous action if they so chose. As interested shippers are well organized, further action will likely be taken in the matter, but in the meantime the new classification will be in effect and shippers will "pay the freight." The contention is that any agreement as to classification comes under the same head as an agreement as to rates, which under the recent decision in the case of the Joint Traffic Association was declared illegal.

EXTENSION OF RURAL DELIVERY IS threatened. Sixty-three fourth-class postmasters in Maryland whose official incomes average \$75, have made a formal protest against an innovation which threatens to curtail their usefulness to the government. These official gentlemen value so highly their annual stipends that the matter of increased postal facilities to a mere matter of 40,000 people, is not worthy of consideration. The government has chosen Carroll County, the abiding place of the opponents of free rural delivery, as the place for a thorough test, and upon results achieved there will depend in great measure the introduction of the system generally. A few weeks ago four delivery wagons were started on their routes, those in charge having authority to issue money orders and register letters, functions which have never before been performed outside regular postal stations.

WASHINGTON DISPATCHES STATE that all countries interested in the dismemberment of China, or all which are bend-

ing their energies toward the creation of "spheres of influence," have, with one exception, signified to the Secretary of State their intention of keeping the door open, or, in other words, allowing the United States the fullest commercial privileges. The one exception, Italy, will likely extend similar assurances. These replies are in response to an interrogation from Secretary Hay, and their tenor will greatly influence the course of action of the United States in the Far East. This is the first time in history that this country has definitely asserted itself in Oriental affairs, and the time was opportune, inasmuch as China is being rapidly appropriated. Our commerce in the Far East has become very important, and an understanding as to the policy of European nations will enable American merchants to shape safely future plans.

IT IS FITTING THAT AT THE COMING Paris Exposition, the United States should present a memorial typifying the friendship that has existed between the two countries, and particularly of friendship extended to this country in one of its darkest hours, when the question of independence and success of the Revolution was very problematical. To this end, the project was conceived of erecting on a suitable spot a memorial statue of the great Lafayette, to whom the United States was so greatly indebted. In order to raise a fund sufficient to meet requirements, Lafayette souvenir coins of the denomination of fifty cents have been issued to the number of fifty thousand, which will be sold for two dollars each. The first coin to be struck was given to President McKinley, by whom it will be presented to President Loubet, of the French Republic. The public has shown a laudable interest in the matter, as shown by demands for the souvenir coins.

THE WISCONSIN STATE FORESTRY Association, an organization whose object is to conserve the timber interests of the State, has asked the State University to establish a division of forestry, under the charge of a special professor, where may be trained men competent to care for timber with a degree of knowledge equal to that required for the cultivation of any other crop. The association sets forth the fact that forests are being depleted far more rapidly than they can be replenished by nature, which is a lamentable fact. It is also true that the action of the Forestry Association is taken at a time when pretty much all the timber land of the State has been denuded. White pine timber land is a property greatly increasing in value, and it is probable the arguments of the Forestry Association will not overbalance the dollars and cents feature in the minds of timberland owners. In a few years, when white pine becomes a scarcity, there will remain a fruitful source of supply in the yellow pine forests of the South.

The News of the Church

Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, Christmas Day, 1899.

DEAR LIVING CHURCH: Your Christmas issue greeted me away out here on "the Coast" this Christmas morning, a good evidence that you are still living, and that the rollers of Regan's great presses are not frozen. A blizzard was blowing when I came through Kansas twelve days ago, and we were delayed for hours by snow in the mountains. Here we have sunshine and flowers, and a blessed blue sky. But with all these abounding, I was glad to look upon your face again, and I trust that many readers in this region were also pleased with the beautiful picture of Madonna and Child upon your first page. I notice now what I did not when I saw the photograph, that in the composition there are several suggestions the Cross. The little feet of the Infant are placed to form this symbol; the delicate fingers of the Virgin are interlaced in the same form, and the strong line of the left arm across the body gives to the whole figure the semblance of the Cross. The striking attitude of the Child, with outstretched arms, shows us the Cross at the first glance, and it dominates the whole composition.

The shadow of the Cross was even upon Bethlehem. There was no human shelter for the Mother in the birth-hour of the Son of Man, while she bore the Cross for Him upon whom it afterward rested, until from it, on the unsheltered hill of Calvary, He was proclaimed the Son of God. Then indeed she must have remembered how it was said: "A sword shall pierce through thy own soul also." Yet, though the Nativity suggests and leads up to the Cross, the festival is the most joyous of the year. The beauty and sweetness and pathos of the old, old story have touched the heart of the world as nothing else can. Truly, God did prove to us that He is love, when He gave His Son to the tenderest relationship of our humanity—an Infant in a Mother's arms.

We are having a delightful, summery day. Everything is serene, as we fancy Christmas may be in Palestine, and there is not a sign of the terror that overtook us last night. Not a glass front on the streets seems to be cracked, nor a brick displaced, yet a few hours ago this city and the region round about were heaving with an earthquake such as the memory of the oldest inhabitant does not recall. Two small towns, not far away, are said to be destroyed, with loss of several lives. It was my first experience with "tremblons," and I must confess it gave me the tremblers! Think of being wakened from a sound sleep, in a room utterly dark, on the third floor, with the bed bouncing under you as though some one were jumping on it! In an instant I realized it was an earthquake, and from the vigor and continuity of the shocks, there was little doubt in my mind that everything in Los Angeles would go to pieces within a few seconds. The queerest thing about my experience was that I calmly counted the seconds after I became convinced that the end of that end of the world was near! Allowing two seconds for getting awake, and two for preliminary consideration, I made the time to be twelve seconds, and that is just what the papers report this morning. I can't imagine why I

was so anxious to ascertain the precise time that should elapse before I tumbled into the cellar, or a mile or two below; perhaps it was simply an instinct to keep from getting excited. I remember that I was thinking rapidly, all the time I was counting, as to whether it would be well to try to get out, but I concluded it would be more comfortable to die in bed; as to whether it might be well to pray, but I remembered that I had said my prayers and preparation for Communion, before retiring, and that anything I could offer in my scared condition would not count for much. It was all over, as I said, in about twelve seconds (and that seems a long time under such conditions) and after watching awhile, listening for fire alarms, I went to sleep. That there was no damage done in the city must have been from the notion being vertical, without undulations. That the motion was very great, all admit. Water in my bath-room tank was slopped over upon the wall and floor, and it stands four inches below the top of the tank.

I was a grateful communicant at the early Celebration at St. Paul's, and the preacher at the High Celebration at St. John's. At both churches there is much gratifying indication of progress. St. John's has been enlarged and a rectory has been built since I was there. I hear on all sides of the good work that Bishop Johnson is doing.

C. W. L.

The Sunday School

A New Departure

The executive board of the Sunday School Association of Pennsylvania, in order to provide increased opportunities for the study of the joint diocesan series of lessons by the teachers of the Sunday schools of the Church, has arranged to discontinue the meetings heretofore held on Saturday afternoons at the Church House, Philadelphia, and in their place to establish, in various centres of the city, meetings for the weekly study of the lessons, where will be taught every Friday at 8 P. M., the lesson for the ensuing Sunday: at the church of the Holy Apostles, by George C. Thomas; church of the Saviour, by the Rev. Dr. W. B. Bodine; church of the Nativity, the Rev. L. N. Caley; St. Matthew's church, the Rev. R. W. Forsyth; and every Saturday at 8 P. M., at the church of the Messiah, Broad and Federal sts., by Arthur G. Dickson.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew

Toledo, Ohio, Local Assembly

At the December meeting a motion prevailed cordially endorsing a law-enforcement movement lately started by the Ministers' Union. A committee of that union has succeeded in persuading the leading theatrical managers of the city to close on Sundays. If the other managers refuse, they will be duly prosecuted according to law. The open gambling, the saloons open Sunday and nights, and the Sunday theatre have become a nuisance in the eyes of all law-abiding people. There are signs of a reaction, and the Brotherhood has added its influence to the right side of the question. At this meeting the \$30 were made up in full to pay back to the Rev. T. N. Barkdull, money he had kindly advanced to expenses for St. Luke's mission. This mission was started by the Brotherhood some years ago, and has been closed for a time because the majority of the Church people near it had moved away. It has lately been placed under the care of the Rev. R. W. Ferris, the new rector of Calvary, and it is hoped that it will soon be revived.

Chicago

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

The diocesan assessments are virtually all paid up to Feb. 1st, an unprecedented, but very pleasing condition.

At St. James' the rector is resuming his interesting studies on the Bible, interrupted by the holidays. Barnby's difficult cantata of Isaac and Rebekah was successfully rendered by the choir, after two months careful preparation by Mr. Smedley.

The Rev. S. B. Pond enters upon his duties as rector of Christ church, Woodlawn, on Sunday morning next.

On Tuesday morning, at a special service in the cathedral, the Bishop confirmed two young men, presented by the Rev. W. R. Cross, of Grace church, Hinsdale.

Christmas at Emmanuel

At Emmanuel, LaGrange, more individuals made their Christmas Communion at the three Celebrations, than on any other previous occasion since the parish came into existence. The offering was \$338. A similar report as to communicants, to that by the Rev. C. Scadding, is made by the Rev. H. C. Moore, of Winnetka.

St. Mark's, Evanston

On the feast of the Holy Innocents, there was a beautiful choral service for the children of St. Mark's. Immediately after the processional hymn, the superintendent of the Sunday school, Mr. Henry G. Sawe, on behalf of the school, presented a stained glass window. The rector, Dr. Arthur W. Little, formally accepted the gift, in the name of the vestry, and ordered the window to be unveiled. Two of the youngest children in the school pulled the cords, and the curtain fell, revealing a work of ecclesiastical art not surpassed in the diocese. After a brief office of benediction, the children sang the hymn, "I think when I read that sweet story of old." The window, which is in the south aisle, near the font, represents "Christ blessing little children," and was designed by Mr. Thomas Curtis, of Ward & Hughes, London. This is the first of a series of windows with which this church is to be filled. Designs are now about to be submitted for the great east window above the high altar, for which the sum of \$4,000 was bequeathed by the late Mrs. Franklin G. Beach.

Ordinations at St. James'

On Sunday morning last the Bishop ordained to the priesthood in St. James', the following: The Rev. Harold E. Addison, presented by the rector, the Rev. J. S. Stone; the Rev. Messrs. Frank E. Brandt and Webster Hakes, presented by Dr. Gold. This is the first ordination held in St. James' during the present episcopate. Mr. Addison's family have long been connected with the parish, he himself having been a chorister here, for a year a superintendent of the Sunday school, and as lay-reader and deacon ministering in St. John's mission. Having won a scholarship at Harvard, he is pursuing there a post-graduate course, to which he has returned. Mr. Brandt is in-charge of St. Augustine's, Wilmette, and of the new mission at Lake Forest; Mr. Hakes, of St. Mary's, Park Ridge. The sermon with which the service commenced, was by Dr. Stone who, from I Cor. iv: 1, "Let a man so account of us, as of ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God," preached a strong sermon on the dignity of the priesthood as God-given, and with the exaltation of Christ as the sum and substance of the aim of its work, and so demanding the prayers of the people for the bestowal of divine grace upon these ambassadors of Christ. The rector said the litany, and assisted the Bishop in the Celebration, only the priests receiving.

Annual Report of St. Luke's Hospital

Among the 1,976 patients treated in the year ending Sept. 30th, there were 345 Romanists. 277

Episcopalians, 124 Methodists, 87 Presbyterians, 57 Baptists, and 50 Congregationalists, etc.; 785 were not religiously classified, 131 died, and 102 remained under treatment, which was above the daily average. The number of days paid treatment given was 21,785, or 56 per cent.; of free treatment, 14,773. In the free dispensary there were 10,183 cases, and 10,805 prescriptions were filled at or below cost. In the training school for nurses, now so comfortably domiciled in the Stickney Memorial Annex, there were 43, including four probationers; but applications in the year numbered 567. Miss Augusta C. Robertson and Miss Flora B. Patch have recently succeeded Miss Florence Hutcheson and Miss Margaret Woodworth as superintendent and assistant, respectively. Turning to the financial condition of this splendid institution, we find the disbursements to have been (a) by the financial committee, \$75,150, chiefly on construction account; (b) by the treasurer, \$57,130, current expenses. A sum of \$219,500 being investment in the hospital property itself, does not produce income. The principal of endowed beds and rooms aggregates \$217,500. As indicating need of greater income, it may be said that the floating debt is some \$30,000, but in his twofold capacity as secretary and resident superintendent, Mr. Louis R. Curtis is credited during his four months' tenure of office, with an improvement of \$5,000 over last year's condition, which has been brought about by retrenchment and collections. The reports of the acting resident chaplains for the year, the Rev. Alfred S. Perkins and F. Wyndham White, show, in addition to the regular Sunday and Saints' days Morning and Evening Prayer and Celebrations in the chapel, daily service in the four open wards, 11 Baptisms, 2 marriages, and 7 burials. The staff of medical officers is unsurpassed by that of any similar institution in the city or country. The officers are: Honorary president and chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke; president, Arthur Ryerson; resident chaplain, the Rev. G. B. Wright; secretary, F. T. West; treasurer, Harris A. Wheeler.

New York

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

The church of the Holy Cross passed on New Year's Day under the charge of the Rev. John Sword.

Sale of Old St. Stephen's Church

The vestry of St. Stephen's church has just been successful in selling their former church edifice, in 69th st., from which they some time ago removed "up town." Deeds have been passed by which St. Stephen's receives as proceeds of the sale the sum of \$75,000.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine

The trustees held a meeting on St. Stephen's Day. In the absence of Bishop Potter, the Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Huntington presided. After attention to current reports and routine, the board proceeded to election to fill two of the three vacancies in its membership. This resulted in the choice of Messrs. J. J. Astor and Francis Lynde Stetson.

General Theological Seminary

Missionary addresses have lately been delivered to the students by Bishop Moreland, of Sacramento; Bishop Hare, of South Dakota, and the traveling secretary of the Students' Volunteer Association, Mr. Lee. The next convention will be held at Gambier, and the Students' Missionary Society of the seminary have elected as its delegates, Messrs. H. K. Barton and James Wise. The Very Rev. Dean Hoffman has gone South for a visit of several weeks.

Memorials in Holy Trinity, Harlem

A handsome memorial window from designs by Lathrop, was unveiled in the gallery on the last Sunday in Advent. It is in memory of Mrs. Harriet M. Crawl, and represents the Epiphany. In the south transept is about to be placed a window designed by D. Maitland Armstrong, and erected by friends of the late rector, the Rev. Charles DeWitt Bridgman, D.D., and to

commemorate his faithful work even unto death. It will be the central theme of the transept.

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

At St. John's chapel, Trinity parish, the vicar, the Rev. Phillip A. H. Brown, celebrated his 25th anniversary on the Sunday after Christmas. There were special musical features at the morning service, including Le Jeune's "Light of Lights," as a processional; Schubert's Communion service in G; an anthem, "The Lord is my Light," sung as offertorium, and composed by Le Jeune for the occasion. The clergy and congregation of St. Luke's chapel, closely allied to St. John's chapel, united in the celebration.

Barnard College

The American Humane Society has offered a prize of \$200 to the undergraduate who writes the best essay on "Vivisection." Scholarships have been given as follows: by Mrs. W. R. Clarkson, in memory of her daughter; by Mr. J. Pulitzer, with a like memorial; the Daughters of the American Revolution, in honor of their regent, Mrs. Donald McLean; the Brearley League of students and graduates of the Brearley School, and two by Miss Emily H. Bourne, in honor of Mrs. John S. Barnard and Mrs. Emily James Putnam, dean of the college. Students of Barnard are helping in the College Settlement, and are conducting classes in American history, literature, and science for the philanthropic work of the People's University Extension Society.

Hospital Saturday and Sunday

On Sunday, Dec. 31st, and the day preceding, large gifts were made for the hospitals of New York. These institutions cared last year for 34,740 bed patients, of whom 21,052 were treated freely, and 300,995 were dispensary patients. The total cost was \$1,653,038 40, and to cover this vast outlay, there was the income of \$304,514 30 invested funds; fees received from paying patients aggregating \$411,111.17, and a grant by the city of \$150,964 45; leaving the large sum of \$786,448 57 to be derived from the benevolence of the public; by far the largest proportion from any single source coming from the offerings of the parishes and individual gifts of laymen of the Church. The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, which is largely managed and sustained by Churchmen, and is an indirect offshoot of St. Luke's Hospital influences, raised last year, \$70,675 72. The hospital necessities steadily increase with the growth of the city and the expensive requirements of modern medical science, and enlarged resources are seriously needed.

Society of St. Johnland

The annual meeting was held on St. John the Evangelist's Day, in the rectory of the church of the Holy Communion. The reports for the past year showed that 181 persons had been cared for, as against 141 the year before. Of this number, two thirds were cared for free. The annual election resulted in the choice of the following officers: President, the Rev. Henry Mottet, D.D.; vice-president, Mr. Wm. Alexander Smith, succeeding the late Cornelius Vanderbilt; secretary, Mr. Francis E. Hyde; treasurer, Mr. Francis M. Bacon. Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, was elected an additional trustee, and Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt chosen on the board to fill a vacancy. The committees of last year were reappointed.

Pennsylvania

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

The ancient custom of carol-singing on Christmas Eve was revived at Yardley when, at the midnight hour, the carolers visited the principal residences of that borough, rendering appropriate selections. The object was to raise funds for the purchase of a new organ for St. Andrew's Sunday school.

The Bohlen Lectures

Were to be delivered by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Jaggard, Bishop of Southern Ohio, in the parish

building of Holy Trinity church, Philadelphia, on Jan. 2, 3d and 4th, at 3:30 p. m. Subject, "The personality of truth"

St. Paul's Church, West Philadelphia

The plans for the erection of a stone church for this new parish have been prepared by Messrs. Furness, Evans & Co., architects, and estimates are being asked for the construction of the same. It will be located at the southwest corner of 47th st. and Kingsessing av.

Death of Robert M. Lewis

A well-known, highly esteemed citizen and prominent Churchman, died suddenly on Wednesday evening, 27th ult., from heart disease, aged 71 years. He was for many years actively engaged in the management of several corporate institutions. During the civil war, from Oct., 1862, until its close in 1865, he was the efficient superintendent of the Philadelphia department of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. He was also chairman of the board of managers of Christ church hospital, a manager of the Children's hospital, and for many years a vestryman of old St. Peter's church, Philadelphia, where the Burial Office was said on Saturday, 30th ult.

The Episcopal Academy

The Commendation Day exercises were held on Friday morning, 22d ult., in the New Century Drawing Room, Philadelphia. After the *Adeste Fideles*, there were declamations by the pupils, and the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" was given by six of the young men. Dr. Wm. H. Klapp, the head-master, read the names of those commended; viz: With the highest honor, 43; with honor, 47; commended, 46. An address was made by Bishop Whitaker congratulating the teachers and pupils on the recent enlargement of the academy building. There has also been a large increase in the number of pupils. After the carol, "Good King Wenceslaus," certificates were presented by the Bishop to those commended with the highest honor.

Christmas at the Church Institutions

Santa Claus arrived at 2 A. M. at the Indian department of the Lincoln Institution, bearing gifts from the managers and from Mrs. Mary McH. Cox. Religious services were held, and afterwards the gifts were distributed. For three hours on Christmas morning the City Mission had 500 children as visitors to receive the gifts designed for them; 500 families were also made happy by the distribution of poultry. A fine dinner was given the male consumptive patients at the House of Mercy, City Mission; covers were laid for 10, while the same number were given turkeys to take to their families, and sent to pass the day at their homes. About 50 of the female patients in the hospital at Chestnut Hill (City Mission) were at the well spread tables, while several others spent the day with their families. After dinner, addresses were made by Dr. Mann and the Rev. Dr. Duhring, superintendent. At the parish house of the church of the Crucifixion, Philadelphia, groceries, provisions, and other gifts were distributed generously among the poor of the neighborhood.

The Christmas Services

In all our churches were very well attended, and in some were exceptionally large. It is a well-established custom at St. Luke's-Epiphany church, Philadelphia, on the great Church festivals, for a large number of little children to enter the edifice, singing carols, and after marching through the aisles, to group themselves around the chancel and blend their voices with the regular vested choir. Such a scene was witnessed there on Christmas morning. At St. Mark's, preceded by a solemn procession, the fourth celebration of the Holy Eucharist was offered by the Rev. W. K. Damuth, of the clerical staff. Schubert's Mass in C was rendered by the full vested choir, under the direction of Minton Pyne, and at the offertory, Gounod's "Nazareth" was sung. The sermon was preached by the rector, the Rev. Dr. A. G. Mortimer. The number of Communion were very large, especially so at the second Celebration at 7 A. M. The chancel of Holy Trinity church was beauti-

tully decorated. From its lofty dome immense cables of evergreens were pendent, and in the centre was a large star of red immortelles. The rector, the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, preached. There were three celebrations of the Holy Communion, and the number receiving was very large, and the same may be said of all the churches and chapels in the city and suburbs.

Springfield

Geo. F. Seymour, S.T.D., LL.D., Bishop
Chas. R. Hale, D.D., Bishop-coadjutor

Sunday School Celebration

The children of St. Mary's Sunday school of East St. Louis, enjoyed a happy Christmas, in the celebration provided by the friends of the school. The exercises were held in the Livingston building, where the congregation has worshiped, through the courtesy of the owner, since the sale of the former Church property. The exercises of prayer and singing of Christmas hymns were followed by the distribution of gifts, provided for the school by friends. Under the successful and earnest ministration of Rev. J. A. Antrim, the services of both church and Sunday school have been faithfully kept up, and greatly improved and strengthened. People are looking anxiously for great growth of the parish, when a new church edifice shall be erected on the new location already chosen.

Washington

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

Christmas Services

Were everywhere bright and joyous. Old St. John's is beautiful with holly and laurel. The music was finely rendered by the choir of men and boys, and on St. John's Day the Sunday school held its festival. At St. Paul's there was festival Evensong on Christmas Eve. There were two early Celebrations, with a very large number of communicants, and a choral Celebration. The chancel was beautifully decorated. Special Christmas Eve services were also held in the pro-cathedral, when the Bishop preached; and the church of the Epiphany, where on Christmas Day the music was especially well rendered by the choir. In this parish, a pleasant incident on St. Stephen's Day was the gathering together, by one of the working societies, of a number of poor children. They were brought in coaches to the parish building, and there made happy for one evening, feasted, and entertained, and sent home with such things as all children love. Holy Innocents' Day was universally kept as the children's day, with carol services, Christmas trees, etc.

Alabama

Richard Hooker Wilmer, D.D., LL.D., Bishop
H. Melville Jackson, D.D., Bishop-coadjutor

Parish Freed from Debt

The Rev. Owen P. Fitzsimmons, rector of St. Mary's church, Birmingham, was given leave of absence during the war with Spain, to accompany the regiment of which he was chaplain. On his return he found his parish in debt and disorganized. Under his energetic administration, everything has been straightened out, and the debt, amounting to \$1,500, has been paid. The 1st of December the system of pew renting in this church was abolished. During the coming year steps will be taken towards putting in more suitable windows in the church.

For a Free Scholarship

A plan is on foot, at the instance of the Alabama branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, to found a scholarship to be bestowed upon a daughter of a clergyman in "Noble Institute," to be known as the Richard H. Wilmer scholarship.

New Organ for Trinity Church

The "Trinity Workers" of Trinity church, Mobile, are making efforts to raise funds for a new organ in their church. At a concert recently given in Mobile, \$271 was recently added to the fund.

Massachusetts

William Lawrence, D. D., Bishop

A bust of Bishop Brooks has been placed in Trinity church. It is made of marble, tinted, and is pronounced by competent critics a striking likeness of the late Bishop.

The Christmas services at the church of the Advent, Boston, were unusually well rendered. There were hourly Celebrations to 11 o'clock. The choir gave Gounod's Christmas Pastoral in C, including "O sing to God your hymns of gladness," and "The Mount of Olives." The decorations were very elaborate, and over 100 trees were used. At all the other churches, the decorations were profuse.

St. John's, East Boston

Is nearly completed. This parish is growing in size and strength. The prospects for the future were never before so bright. The debt upon the parish has been reduced to \$500.

All Saints' Church, Brookline

Was occupied for the first time on the 4th Sunday in Advent. The pulpit is the gift of Mr. Henry E. Raymond. It is Gothic in form, and was designed by Mr. G. Goodhue. The other gifts are sanctuary lamps and a reredos in five panels of mosaic; each panel measures 4½ feet in height. The organ will be in place in two weeks. The rector, the Rev. D. D. Addison, in his sermon said that few realized the bravery of the little band of Churchmen purchasing almost an acre of land on Beacon st., and boldly securing designs for the contemplated group of buildings. The well-defined plan of the parish was to build its church in sections, thus extending over a series of years an undertaking which would have been impossible to finish at once. It is not complete, as it now stands, but is the main body of the church. The tower is yet to be built in front, and in the rear the stone chancel and transepts are to be added. The parish was organized in 1894, with 35 communicants. It now numbers over 300 communicants.

Colorado

John Franklin Spalding, Bishop

Christmas services were bright and earnest everywhere, from the cathedral throughout the diocese. The Advent season has been more carefully kept than usual. The only vacancies are St. Stephen's, Colorado Springs, Canon City, and Silver Cliff, besides the new and extensive mission in the South Park.

Southern Virginia

Alfred M. Randolph, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

In this diocese there are 11 counties in which there are no Episcopal churches or clergymen, one of these counties having a population of 5,320. The total population of these 11 counties where the voice of the Church is never heard, is 136,000.

There are now at work in Southern Virginia as missionaries, 27 clergymen. This number will be increased to 30 or 32, if the churches now vacant are supplied. These missionaries are working in 34 counties, and have under their charge 70 churches.

Serious Loss by Fire

The St. Paul Normal and Industrial School, Lawrenceville, in charge of Archdeacon Russell, has met with a serious loss, in the destruction by fire, on the night of Dec. 22d, of the "Maddock Memorial Hall," one of the dormitories. There was a partial insurance on the building, but the furniture and students' clothing destroyed are a total loss.

Recent Confirmations

Bishop Randolph has just returned from a visitation to the churches in Pittsylvania and Mecklenburg Cos. In the former county he confirmed at Chatham 11, at Mt. Airy 7, at Peytonsburg 26, at Franklin Junction, where a new church has been erected, 2; at New Castle 3, making 49 in all. These churches are in the charge of the Rev. C. O. Pruden and his assist-

ant, the Rev. Chiswell Dabney. In Mecklenburg Co., where the churches are in charge of the Rev. Sterling Gunn, the Bishop confirmed at Chase City 4, at St. Luke's 2, at Boydton 5, at Christ chapel 8, at St. Andrew's 11; in all 30.

Consecration of St. Luke's, Blackstone

On Sunday morning, Dec. 17th, by Bishop Randolph, assisted by the Rev. W. T. Capers, and the Rev. C. R. Kuyk, the rector.

North Carolina

Joseph Blount Cheshire, Jr., D.D., Bishop
Anniversary Celebration

The Rev. P. P. Alston recently celebrated the 16th anniversary of his rectorship of the church of St. Michael and All Angels', Charlotte. The occasion was one of unusual interest, as the rector showed how during these years, from a small beginning of three members and a little wooden dwelling, the church had been brought to its present goodly proportions, with 167 members, a training and industrial school of over 100 pupils, and one of the handsomest church buildings in the city. Addresses were made by Dr. Saunders and Professor Davis, of Biddle University; the Rev. Dr. Wyche, of the Presbyterian Church, and Dr. N. B. Houser. At the conclusion of these addresses, Mr. J. S. Leary, on behalf of the church and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, presented the rector with several handsome gifts. This is a colored parish, with a colored priest, the results of whose work cause him to stand high among the people of Charlotte. This church has a fine vested choir of 36 voices.

Liberal Bequests

By the will of the late Mrs. Mary A. Bryant, of Pittsburgh, Pa., over \$100,000 dollars is left to institutions of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Among the bequests is one of \$3,000 to St. Augustine's School, Raleigh.

Long Island

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

Services in Brooklyn

On Christmas Day, with few exceptions, three services were held in the different churches. The early Celebration was followed by a second with sermon at eleven, and in the afternoon Evening Prayer was read. The churches were beautifully decorated, and programmes of a high order of music were finely rendered.

Handsome Memorial

On Sunday, Dec. 17th, at the morning service in the church of the Incarnation, the Rev. Dr. John G. Bacchus, rector, a new stained glass window was unveiled. The subject is, "The presentation of Christ in the temple," and is one of a series of nine depicting the life of Christ, to be placed in the chancel. It was presented by Mrs. Edward Erskine Tucker, in memory of her mother.

All Saints' Church, Brooklyn

Of which the Rev. William Morrison is rector, has had a most prosperous year, according to the report of the treasurer. On Christmas Day the choir of All Saints' presented to the organist, Frederick Ressequir, a fine Morris chair, as a token of appreciation of his painstaking care and attention to their instruction and comfort.

Tenth Anniversary Observance

On Sunday, Dec. 17th, the congregation of Christ church, Clinton st., celebrated the completion of 10 years' rectorship of the Rev. A. B. Kinsolving. The chancel was tastefully decorated with palms and lilies, and a special order of music was rendered. The lessons were read by the only son of a former rector, James H. Canfield, LL. D., now librarian of Columbia University, New York. A cordial letter of congratulation from the Bishop of the diocese was read by the senior warden, Mr. Alexander E. Orr, who also made an address on behalf of the vestry and congregation. The sermon was delivered by the rector who, after briefly sketching the circumstances of his taking charge of

this important parish, and paying a tribute to his predecessor, thanked the congregation for all that their loving fidelity, energy and liberality had enabled the parish to accomplish. During the past 10 years there have been 300 Baptisms, or including the chapel mainly supported by the parent church, 925; 230 Confirmations, or with the mission, 800. When he came there were 600 communicants; 450 had been added, leaving the number now, despite deaths and removals, considerably above 700. He also spoke touchingly of the parish on its spiritual side, of the tokens of God's favor which the parish had enjoyed. Then followed a resume of the financial record of the church. Within the period reviewed a new organ has been placed beside the chancel, with handsome choir stalls; the Sunday school room has been renovated; four memorial windows and two mural tablets have been erected in the church; a large mission Sunday school and parish building has been added, costing \$26,000, at Red Hook Point, and a substantial and Churchly chapel, to replace the old one, is now nearing completion, which will cost when finished, nearly \$30,000. During the decade Christ church has given for the work and buildings at the mission, nearly \$70,000; for the Church Charity Foundation, more than \$12,000; for the cause of foreign missions, \$13,700; for domestic missions, \$2,200, and for other charities and benevolent objects, \$35,000. Total amount during the decade, \$280,000. An endowment fund, started in 1894, has already made substantial headway.

Easton

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

An Old Prayer Book

Holy Trinity parish, Easton, possesses the folio Bible and Prayer Book which were used before the Revolution. St. John's parish was then located in the northern part of Carolina, near what is now Bridgetown. Holy Trinity, Greensboro, being nearer to the original locale than Hillsboro, has been thought to be the rightful custodian of the books. Each one is stamped on the cover in gilt letters, "St. John's Parish, Maryland, 1767." The Prayer Book contains the canons of the Church of England of 1703.

Michigan

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

St. John's Church, Detroit

Through the untiring efforts of Mr. F. Fruttchey, the organist and choirmaster, the music of the parish has risen to a high standard of merit. The vested choir consists of some 40 boys and men; the parts are well balanced, and the singing is characterized throughout for its heartiness and the maintenance of that accuracy of pitch, purity of tone, and clear enunciation, without which nothing can be attained worthy the name of music. Besides the salient features of a hearty Christmas celebration, the offertory anthem, Beethoven's Hallelujah Chorus from "The Mount of Olives," was admirably given, while West's full Communion service, including the Nicene Creed, *Sanctus*, *Agnus Dei*, and *Gloria in Excelsis*, was given with dramatic coloring and rich harmony, for the first time in Detroit. The rector, the Rev. Dr. Prall, preached an excellent sermon, and the offering was in aid of the fund for the retired clergy of the diocese.

Virginia

Francis M. Whittle, D. D., LL. D., Bishop
Robert A. Gibson, D.D. Bishop-Coadjutor

In Christ church, Charlottesville, was unveiled on Dec. 12th, a tablet erected to the memory of the Rev. Frederick Winslow Hatch, D. D., the first rector. An address was made by the grand master of Masons in Virginia, Judge Duke.

In all the churches in Richmond on Christmas Day, special music was the order, and this was particularly the case in those having vested choirs. As is the rule in Richmond on this festival, there were celebrations of the Holy Com-

munion in all the churches at the 11 o'clock service, and in Epiphany, Barton Heights, an early Celebration, also.

Special Services at Richmond

On Sunday morning, Dec. 24th, Bishop Gibson visited Monumental church, preached, and confirmed nine candidates. In the afternoon a service was held, which constituted a farewell for Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Teusler who are about to sail for Japan, the Dr. having been appointed a medical missionary by the Board of Foreign Missions. The Rev. Lindsay Patton, missionary to China, preached.

Quincy

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

Services at Meyer

On the evening of St. John the Evangelist's Day, Christ church, Meyer, which has been for some time in course of erection, was first used for service. The Rev. T. A. Waterman had on the previous Sunday held the last service in the public schoolhouse which had for three years been used for this purpose. Temporary seats and an altar had been arranged in the new edifice which was festooned with evergreens. Presents were given to the children, and an address delivered by the archdeacon. There is still a debt of \$100 on the building, which it is expected will be cleared by Church-people elsewhere. Meyer is in the section known as "the Mississippi bottoms," where the people generally are very poor, with the spiritual destitution equally as great. Until the services of the Church were begun in the summer of 1896, there were no services of any kind, and no Sunday observance in the town.

Pittsburgh

Cortlandt Whitehead, D.D., Bishop

On Christmas Eve, at Calvary church, Pittsburgh, there was a midnight celebration of the Holy Communion, the Bishop officiating. There was shortened Evensong at 11:30, with a brief address, the service of the Holy Communion beginning at midnight. The music was furnished by the double quartette choir, augmented by some extra voices. There was a large attendance, and about 150 persons received.

Centennial of George Washington's Death

Was observed in Trinity church, Pittsburgh, Dec. 14th, by a service given under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Bishop of the diocese was in charge. The church was decorated with palms and flowers, and many flags, those of the society being mingled with the national colors. The service began with the singing of "O God of Bethel, by whose hand," as a processional, and was largely musical. The lesson was taken from the 44th chapter of the Book of Ecclesiasticus, beginning with, "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us." This was followed by the singing of the *Te Deum*, creed, versicles, prayers for the president and country, and a commemoration of George Washington. Before the address, a metrical version of the 100th Psalm was sung. Bishop Whitehead made a few remarks, introducing the Rev. Dr. Arundel who read extracts from "Washington's Farewell Address." The national anthem was sung, and after the closing prayers and blessing, the service was completed by the rendering of "God of our fathers, bless this land," as a recessional. The music was furnished by the large vested choir of Trinity parish.

Newark

Thomas Alfred Starkey, D.D., Bishop

Church of the Holy Innocents, Hoboken

Services to commemorate the 25th anniversary of its founding by the late Mrs. Martha B. Stevens, of Castle Point, in memory of her daughter, were begun on the Feast of Holy Innocents, the preacher being the Rev. Geo. M. Christian, D. D., of New York. On Thursday there were three low celebrations of the Eu-

charist, followed by High Celebration, at which the preacher was the Rev. Wm. Walter Webb, of Nashotah. The music was rendered by the choir of 40 voices, assisted by an orchestra. At Evensong, the Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer, D. D., of Philadelphia, gave an historical account of the parish. On Sunday there were Eucharistic celebrations and special music. The Rev. Charles C. Edmunds preached. On Tuesday, Jan. 2d, a parish reception was held in Quartet Club Hall.

Delaware

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

St. Matthew's church for the colored people of Wilmington, is in process of erection.

Bequests for Church Work

The will of Mrs. Elizabeth C. Judd, a communicant of St. Andrew's church, Wilmington, who died recently, contained among others the following bequests: St. Luke's Hospital, New York, \$5,000; Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for the education of Indians, \$5,000; General Clergy Relief Fund of the Protestant Episcopal Church, \$5,000; St. Andrew's church, \$500; diocese of Delaware, \$1,000; Delaware Hospital, \$500.

Mission at Highlands

A ten days' mission is to be held at Emmanuel church, Highlands, the Rev. Kensey J. Hammond, rector, from Jan. 8-17th. The missionary-to-be is the Rev. Edwin S. Hinks, of Leesburg, Va.

Christmas Services

Reports from the various parishes of Wilmington indicate that the number of communicants at the Christmas celebrations was large, and the services well attended. In all the churches there was special music of a very worshipful character. On Christmas Day, the Bishop attended and celebrated at the 10:30 service at St. John's, of which he was once rector. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Henry Ward Cunningham, rector of Calvary church. The Sunday school of St. John's is the largest in the diocese, and on Sunday, Dec. 31st, united with the congregation at the morning service. The Ven. Archdeacon Geo. C. Hall, D. D., is rector.

Services Renewed

Services at Calvary church, Brandywine Hundred, which have been discontinued for some time past, have been renewed, the clergy of Wilmington assisting the Bishop and archdeacon in turn

Ohio

Wm. Andrew Leonard, D.D., Bishop

Church of the Incarnation, Glenville

Since the coming of the Rev. G. F. Patterson, of Sedalia, Mo., to this parish, the work along all lines has been materially strengthened and well organized. Being a suburb of Cleveland, the growth of the town itself is very rapid, and the Church work has kept full pace. The people are loyal in their support and assistance of the new rector in his work. The Sunday school is growing rapidly, and the chapel is well filled by the congregation, the large percentage of men being very noticeable. On Christmas Day there were a number of gifts made to the church, an altar and lectern of oak handsomely carved, a massive brass altar cross, and a beautiful chalice and paten of silver. The re-organized vested choir of men and boys was placed in the chancel for the first time, and rendered well the musical parts of the festival service. The congregation enters the new year with great energy being exerted in all departments of parish work.

Central New York

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

A litany desk given by Mrs. John Stebbins in memory of her mother, the late Mrs. Helen Childs Fairchild, was used for the first time in St. Peter's church, Cazenovia, upon the 4th Sunday in Advent.

Editorials and Contributions

The Epiphany

THE Epiphany is the "manifestation," the shining forth of Emmanuel, God with us; the revelation of the Divine Being to humanity and through humanity. The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, the express image of the Father. Christ was the Epiphany of God; in His birth, His life, His miracles, His teaching, His death, His mighty resurrection and glorious ascension. In Christ shone forth the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and in Him this Light became the life of men.

In the earliest age this season was observed as a part of the Christmas festival. As the Nativity was the first act in the manifestation of God, the Epiphany was its continuation. It was not until the fourth century, probably, that the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles became a prominent feature of the observance by the Gentile Church.

The appearance of the star to the wise men, with which this phase of the Epiphany was begun, is an incident that has always been regarded with interest, and has called forth considerable discussion. It has been suggested that the "star in the East" was the light that shone upon the shepherds at Bethlehem, seen from afar. It is represented in some old paintings as a radiant child bearing a sceptre or cross. Others have held that it was the conjunction of two planets, known to have occurred about that time, which the Magi were led by inspiration to interpret as a sign of Christ's birth.

But neither of these hypotheses fulfills the conditions of the simple narrative. It was "His star," appearing in the East, and it went before them so that they could follow it; so near, and so apparent in its motion, that they could see when it stood over where the young child was. The wise men were doubtless directed by God's Spirit to recognize and follow the star, while many others, perhaps, only regarded it with idle curiosity.

So now, many of the quiet, unobtrusive leadings of God's providence are referred to mere natural causes, or to chance, or are not observed at all. We see "His star in the East," and the Spirit whispers to us the Name that is above every other name, but we take no heed; we let it pass by, and do not dream that the wonderful Epiphany is still going on.

Many, even of those who believe the story of the Nativity and the Magi, seem not to know that there is such a reality as Emmanuel, God with us, now, and that He still manifest- Himself to us Gentiles.

As at the first it was through the body prepared for Him that Christ became the Epiphany of God, so now it is through the body prepared by Him that this Epiphany is continued among men.

The Church, in its organic and sacramental character, is a perpetual Epiphany of God—the basis and bond of union between the seen and the unseen. His body, the Church, is "the fullness of Him that filleth all in all."

To be worthy members of that Body implies something more than to be in a spirit of humble receptivity. Our very Baptism, in which we are made members of that body, pledges us to be soldiers and servants,

—that is, to do something in it, and not merely to get something from it.

To let our light shine before men is one of the first of our Christian duties, and it is as binding upon us collectively as individually. Christ is still a Light to lighten the Gentiles, as well as the glory of His people Israel. But that light must shine through the missionary zeal of the body to whose keeping it is intrusted. It is only through this activity of the Church that our light can shine afar, and manifest for it the beauty and glory of the Gospel.

It is a sad season for the Church when this missionary Epiphany is eclipsed or hindered by the worldliness or indifference of its members. It is a solemn warning that Christ is not present in the temple. If so, it will not be of much avail to cry: "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we." It is written, and God forbid that it be written of us: "Many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac in the kingdom of heaven, while the children of the kingdom shall be cast out."

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Emancipated Unity

AMONG recent contributions to the perennial discussion about Christian unity, its principles, and the methods by which it is to be achieved, is a pamphlet from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Crapsey, of Rochester. This pamphlet has obtained favorable notice in some Eastern periodicals. Anything of a revolutionary tendency proceeding from a clergyman of the Church is sure to attract attention. It is worth while, therefore, to devote a few words to the positions which Dr. Crapsey maintains. It is to be said, in the first place, that he writes with a feeling and sincerity which are worthy of all praise, even though we are compelled to characterize his views as simply destructive. To attack Christianity in its organized form is logically and practically to attack its essence. The one cannot long exist without the other. We do not propose to review the entire pamphlet, though we may say in passing that the facts of history hardly bear out the author's view of the disorganized condition of the Roman Empire in the first century. Nor do we admit that our Lord's "Plan of Unification" was only internal, and such as left men to "separate themselves into a distinct company," so that the outward organization must be regarded as a mere human device. Dr. Crapsey thinks that this plan which had only one "unifying principle, the union of each with God and of each with all," was successful up to the fourth century, but that it has been a failure ever since.

WHAT were the causes of this failure? According to Dr. Crapsey, they are two: First, the assertion of the principle that "the Church's unity centres in her own official organization"; second, that "the unity of the Church centres in her own formal doctrine." Under the first head, the author attacks the view that an outward organization, with officers deriving their authority from Christ and not from the people, is essential to true unity. The form of his statement is arbitrary. It is not true that the Catholic doctrine makes unity

"centre" in the official organization. That charge may be made against the papal claims, but it does not apply to the Anglican or to the Oriental Churches. In those Churches there has certainly never been any question that Christ alone is the "centre" of unity." But it seems that the view Dr. Crapsey is combating is one which holds to two centres of unity, of which the second is doctrinal. Without criticising the mode of statement, it is sufficient to observe that what is deprecated, in the second place, is the insistence upon any fixed or formal statement of belief. Both the order of the Church and its creeds are obstacles to unity, and ought to be done away. Such, in plain language, is the contention of this pamphlet. It has, of course, been said before, and is constantly being said in different forms of speech to-day, but we do not expect it from one of our own clergy. It is precisely the "liberal" platform, as illustrated by the "Mid-continent Congress of Religions" in Chicago the other day.

WE are not positive that Dr. Crapsey will admit what seems to us as clear as day, that his reasoning tells against any form of doctrine which holds to a visible Church of divine origin and sanction as well as against any creed whatsoever. With this necessarily goes all idea of authority in religion, which, ultimately, means that there has been no revelation from God. The pamphlet arrays with telling force all the abuses to which the principles of the Catholic Church have been subjected in history, and makes them an argument against the principles themselves. It is not seen that the liability to abuse is inseparable from visible institutions, and that the abuse of a thing is no argument against the use of it. Abuses of the kind alleged, and deplorable breaches of unity, do not date from the fourth century. There were already sects and heresies before the first century had run its course. The bodies which called themselves Christian, even so early as the second century, were numerous and multifarious, and the Fathers of that century insisted as vigorously as those of a later time upon these principles which we now find denounced as "obstacles to unity." The earliest traditions point to St. John, the Apostle of love, as uncompromising to the last degree. The greater his love, the deeper his hatred of heresy. How different it might have been if the Catholics had only been willing to tolerate the Unitarian Ebionites, or the spiritualizing Docetists; to welcome the various forms of Gnosticism as at least allowable speculations, and Montanism as a true revival! How like a happy family they might have lived, content if only all had as definite a belief in Christ as that of Ralph Waldo Emerson whose name is here coupled, as a Christian, with John Wesley, John Henry Newman, Savonarola, and other well-known names! Indeed, if the Church of those early days had but seen that what were fondly supposed to be the great defences of religion were really obstacles to its true and proper development, the "merging" of existing forms "into a higher form" large enough and broad enough to include them all, would not have had to wait for its realization until the twentieth century.

THE unity which this pamphlet anticipates is defined as a "reunion in God and in humanity." It is said that "a belief in Jesus Christ as the spiritual head and centre of the human race is the goal of human thought; and a union, through Him, with God, the end of human life." These are noble statements, and most true, but they do not help us to understand what it is of which Dr. Crapsey dreams, under the name of Christian unity. If that unity is expressed by the statement that the various Christian bodies are but the keepers of a "common Christianity," and that it is quite the right thing for men to "pass easily from Church to Church, and from denomination to denomination," we have already, without doubt, in this period of the world's history, taken long steps in the right direction. Indeed, many have passed from Church to no Church, and thus have escaped the trammels of sect altogether. They are free, if they will, and if they can, to enter into that larger union with God and their fellow-men without the obstruction of organizations or creeds. To achieve the kind of unity which seems to be set before us in these and similar writings, it is only necessary to "lengthen the cords" and widen the boundaries until they include all existing forms of Church order and of belief; and, indeed, bearing the instance of Emerson in mind, there must be a breadth sufficient to take in all who are supposed to "love the truth." Then, when we have a fraternity like this, which must be held to include every one who is not morally depraved, we are to call it "unity," and to persuade ourselves that the prayer of Christ is answered.

WE have ventured to express the matter in this practical form, because only so—by putting aside vague and general expressions—can we see precisely the bearings of the theory which has been presented. We do not think we have misrepresented it. There is to be "a belief in Jesus Christ," but Christian unity must include "the various Christian bodies"; further than this, it is incidentally to include men of the type of Emerson, that is, the teachers of pantheistic systems; and, in a word, it must embrace all who "love the truth." It is difficult, it must be confessed, to define the word "unity" under these circumstances. It is clear that in its effects such a view does away with all that comes under the head of things necessary to salvation, whether they be matters of faith or of obedience to authority. One creed is as good as another, and all are alike indifferent. The spirit is one of absolute tolerance in every sense. There are no closed questions, nothing in which the wearied soul can rest as on the fiat of God. "The mind is emancipated, and can never be re-enslaved." Every man must think out everything for himself and rest as well as he can in his own conclusions. We say, "as well as he can," for it requires much self-assurance to attain such "rest," in view of the fact that every other man is also "doing his own thinking," and hardly any two of them arrive at the same results. On this broad platform the Unitarian and the Trinitarian, the Theist and the Pantheist, they who hold to the Deity of Christ and they who deny it, may stand together, their differences merged in a higher unity. Nay, it would be narrow and uncharitable to exclude the Christian Spiritualist and the Christian Scientist.

And why not accept as Christian in this wider sense, the Jew who calls upon God and "believes in Christ" as a great rabbi?

"CHRIST," we are told, "is the centre of humanity." But who is Christ and what? Who can tell us anything about Him which we can be sure is true? Where is "the unity of the Faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God"? These are questions which cannot be suppressed, and to say that they are to be submitted and re-submitted and submitted again to "the trained intellect," and that the Church has no power to answer them, is equivalent to asserting that they have no answer which any one is bound to accept. It is vain to say He is "the centre of humanity," unless we can know who and what He is and how He is the centre of humanity. Here is the gravity of the situation. Men know that Christ prayed for the unity of His Church. Inspired by that knowledge, they cast about for means to bring it about. They are met by the difficulty that in multitudes of cases men refuse to render obedience and faith to the divine revelation as the Church has received the same. They cannot be brought within the walls of the City of God. The difficulty seems insuperable. It is therefore proposed to remove the walls and cast down the foundations. The Church is to be made co-terminous with the world, that wherever men may stand they may still be within her borders. And this is to be called unity in Christ. We are told that this "movement will come from below, not from above," and in a profounder sense than that intended, we fear that that statement is true.

Studies in the Prayer Book

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

—THE RULE OF INTERPRETATION

THE somewhat unusual interest in the affairs of the English and American Churches which is being exhibited at this time, has directed attention to the Prayer Book as the standard of the Church's doctrine and ritual. In perfect fairness and sincerity, appeal is made to the book by the contending parties for justification of their teaching and practices. There is shown no desire on the part of any one to alter the book to suit his views, nor to deny its authority; and yet both parties claim to represent the integrity of the book.

The fearlessness of these appeals arrests one's attention, and calls for a fresh and critical examination of the Book of Common Prayer. We are, perhaps, in a better position to-day than ever before to make such an examination, for within recent years new information, brought out by historical research, has been placed before us respecting the men and the events of the sixteenth century in England. And besides this, we are sufficiently removed from the agitating surges of thought of the early years of the Catholic revival to be able to view dispassionately the work and the effects of that movement. The connection between these two statements may not be as apparent as they are real; but it exists.

During the whole of the eighteenth century, and up to nearly the middle of the present century, the Reformation was universally regarded as a Protestant movement, and the Book of Common Prayer was thought to be the intentional and deliberate exponent of those Protestant principles that were

attributed to all the reformers. But the Tractarian movement attacked this belief so vigorously as first to make men angry, and then to make them inquire. The first reply to the Oxford men was invective abuse; the second reply was a somewhat anxious question whether the current belief was not correct after all.

The way was thus opened for investigation, and archives were searched, and ancient documents were examined, and history was read again by the light of a new theory. The result of this careful research is the claim made to-day that the reformers were careful to preserve the Catholic character of the Church of England in its continuity, and in its doctrine, sacraments, orders, polity, worship, and ritual; that they sought only to purify the Church from abuses; that whatever Protestant ideas they had, they received from the continent chiefly after the publication of the Prayer Book of 1549; and that these ideas were embodied in the book of 1552. This book had a legal life of only eight months, was never used outside of the city of London, and there is no certain proof that it was ever adopted by convocation.

These papers are a fresh study of the Prayer Book, with a candid effort to interpret it according to this rule:

1. The reformers sought to purify the Church, and not to change or modify it in any respect.
2. They had no thought of schism in their minds.
3. They took advantage of the civil repudiation of the Papacy to make reforms.

In order to understand properly the acts of the reformers, and to interpret the Prayer Book, we must agree that the book is the embodiment of their beliefs and their wisdom. And we must search for their opinions, their motives, and their deeds in the Prayer Book, the canons, and other authoritative decisions of convocation. We must endeavor to discover the ecclesiastical law and the ecclesiastical traditions, rather than the enactments of Parliament and the injunctions of the king.

Perhaps the best way of illustrating the rule of interpretation is to make a brief review of the recent archiepiscopal "Opinion" on the use of incense and processional lights.

The fatal flaw in the English Archbishops' decision is the foundation upon which the argument is made to rest. Their inquiry is not what the ecclesiastical law requires, but what the civil law allows. They do not seek to know what the Church intends, nor what she intended at the Reformation, but what the king and Parliament intended. The government might enact restrictive and repressive laws, and might enforce them upon the clergy by fine, imprisonment, and deprivation of benefice, but no one can say that such laws represented the mind of the Church. As a matter of fact, great wrongs were done to the Church of England by Tudor tyranny, and many of those wrongs were continued under the Stuart dynasty. Indeed, the Church is groaning to-day under oppressive Tudor laws, enforced by a government that pays homage to a sovereign of the House of Hanover.

Any clear-sighted and philosophical view of the work of the English Reformation must perceive that the Church had no thought of breaking with the Catholic Church of either the past, the present, or the future. There were but two things the reformers had in view, and these were the rejection of the

usurped authority of the Pope, and the purgation of the doctrine, worship, discipline, and inner life of the Church from the errors and evils that had crept in or had been forced upon her through many generations. Every intelligent and godly man in England, whether cleric or lay, desired the removal of these corruptions with his whole heart, and he was ready to aid any possible movement that would accomplish the purification of the Church. But there was no desire to separate from the whole Catholic Church, nor any idea that removing errors would create separation. The aim and effort of the reformers was not a new idea, nor one that they alone possessed. It had been seething in the minds of bishops and priests and kings and princes all over Europe for more than a century, and one attempt after another had been made to carry the reformation of the Church into effect, but the papal power always interfered, and prevented reform.

The history of that whole period is curious reading, and one is amazed at the obstinate blindness of the Pope and his court. The fatuity that refused to hear pleas and cries for reform that came from every quarter of Western Christendom is so marvelous as to be almost incredible, and one is forced to say that either the Pope did not believe there was corruption, or that he did not want to begin the work of purification, for fear that it would upset the Papacy itself. The first hypothesis cannot be held, for the evidence is most abundant to prove that every Pope of the period knew the true state of affairs, and we are driven to the second supposition as the true explanation of the papal attitude against reform.

The Church of England, neither in the sixteenth century, nor in any other, had acknowledged the papal supremacy by synodal action. That supremacy had been informally introduced into England by William the Conqueror, but it was reserved for King John to formally acknowledge it as the price of the crown he had seized. Henry VIII. repudiated the supremacy, Mary I. re-introduced it, Elizabeth again repudiated it, James II. treacherously tried to bring his realm again under the papal domination, and lost his crown and nearly lost his head in the attempt, and then an outraged people made a law that forbade, for all time, a member of the Roman Catholic Church to sit on the throne of England.

In all this march of history the Church of England had no part, so far as the papal authority was concerned. It was purely a matter of the State and of politics. What the Church did was to take advantage of the banishment of papal power from the realm to reform abuses and set in order her house and the lives of her children. Before Henry VIII. rejected the authority of the Pope the Church was powerless to move hand or foot, but by the act of the king she became free again.

We must repeat that the authorities of the English Church had no remotest thought of inventing a new religion, or changing any of the doctrines, ceremonies, or customs that tradition had handed down from antiquity. The reformers expressed their position very plainly and intelligently. They made the beliefs and practices of the primitive Church the standard by which their acts were to be judged, and their constant appeal was to a General Council which should judge whether they were right or wrong. That appeal still stands; and if such a council

should be summoned, the acts and history of the English and American Churches would be presented to the council for review and justification.

It is evident, therefore, that the authorities of the Church had no idea of abolishing incense, any more than they had of forbidding the use of chasubles or copes. The argument is sometimes put forth that none of these things are mentioned in the Prayer Book. Neither is a surplice or a stole or a black gown. The fact that none of these things is mentioned in our present Prayer Book, and have not been mentioned in any Prayer Book for nearly three hundred and fifty years, is a strong proof of the continuity of the Church. Some of these things are mentioned in the book of 1549, and some are not; chasubles and copes are mentioned, and stoles and maniples are not. Candles are mentioned, and incense is not. There are some rubrics giving directions for the conduct of divine worship, but they are utterly insufficient. For example, in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist there is only one posture indicated for the people, and that is to kneel at the confession. That rubric was inserted because the confession was a novelty in the service. As to all the rest, the people knew exactly what to do, for the service was but a translation of the Latin Mass, with a few additions and omissions. The paucity of the rubrics proves that the clergy intended no changes but such as involved reforms, and where no change was indicated none was to be made. Nothing was said about standing at the Gospel and the Creed, and therefore the people were to stand as they had been accustomed to do. Nothing was said about a stole, and therefore a stole was to be worn as usual. Nothing was said about incense, and therefore incense was to be used in the customary manner.

We must insist again and again, that the reformers were neither fools nor scoundrels, and that they knew what they were about. It is true that Ridley was heretical, and that Cranmer was vacillating and weak, and that he and others yielded to the pressure of the king and the duke of Somerset and the plausible sectarians who flocked from the continent to England. But the martyrs' monument in Oxford is the daily witness that these men retracted their errors and sealed their faith by giving up their lives at the fiery stake. Suppose we grant the truth of the charges brought against these men, and hold that they had erroneous belief in regard to the Holy Eucharist and Holy Orders, nevertheless, such concession does not affect the claim that they believed in the continuity of the English Church, in the supreme authority of a General Council, in the necessity of membership of the Catholic Church. Unless we accept this claim we cannot understand the history of the Churches of England and America, nor can we interpret the Prayer Book.

Article XXXIV of the Articles of Religion states: "Every particular or national Church hath authority to ordain, change, and abolish, ceremonies or rites of the Church ordained only by man's authority." That is good, sober ruling, and no man can question it; but there is a limitation—the ceremony or rite must be of "man's authority." Incense lies outside of that limitation, for it is not of "man's authority." The reformers knew this, and so they left it where it was, whatever may have been their private opinions about it. They could not afford to endanger their claim to being part of the whole

Church by making such a radical change as the abolition of incense, even though they may or may not have liked it.*

There is another link in this chain of argument, and it is an important one. The Archbishops say: "It must be remembered that the Church has never spoken of incense as an evil thing." And, "We are far from saying that incense, in itself, is an unsuitable or undesirable accompaniment to divine worship. The injunction for its use by divine authority in the Jewish Church would alone forbid such a conclusion."

Therefore, the Church has never condemned incense; it has been used universally in the Church for nearly two thousand years; it was commanded by Almighty God under the old Covenant, and has been continued by all parts of the Catholic Church under the new Covenant; it is neither a novelty nor a corruption; the English reformers retained it; and it is the law of the Church today.

This article dwells at length upon the single point of incense, not for the purpose of giving it special prominence, but because being before the public mind, it is convenient to use it to elucidate the principle upon which the English Reformation and the Prayer Book are to be interpreted; viz: The Church is continuous, and her life is unbroken, and in evidence we produce from her history the facts of her unchanged doctrines, ceremonies, orders, and customs.

(To be continued.)

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"Protestant Episcopal" Missions

FROM *The Church Eclectic*

SOMEWHAT more than three hundred years ago the Church of England reached a climax in certain strained relations with the rest of Western Christendom, which resulted in a boycott of her on the part of the Christian Churches on the Continent of Europe, which withdrew from all friendly relations with her. Confident though we be that in the main England was right and Europe wrong, only the narrowest intellect can see in that result anything but a dire misfortune, even though it may have been unavoidable.

More than two centuries after that severance of those loving ties which should bind all Christians together in the Catholic Church, the American Church entered upon her national existence. Did she take a broad view of the whole Catholic Church throughout the world, and resolve that she, an independent, national branch of the Catholic Church, would make it her life-work to bring back into one Communion the estranged national Churches of the world? No! She perpetuated in her very name the memory of that Old-World quarrel. The name of the Protestant Episcopal Church must suggest to the minds of those who have neither part nor interest in the quarrels of Church history, very much what would have been suggested if we had chosen to dignify this American Church with the title, The Church of the Perpetual Quarrel. The term "Protestant" of necessity suggests dissension. If a national Church could throw overboard all obligations to the world

* "The use of incense without doubt existed in our own Church on the very eve of Elizabeth's first Act of Uniformity"; *i. e.*, 1559.—Prof. W. Sanday, D.D.

at large and the Church at large, and exist only for the convenience of her own members, who are perfectly contented to perpetuate an ecclesiastical quarrel in which they rather exult, and upon which many of them lay greater stress than they do upon their own Catholicity, there would then be little harm done by our legal title beyond the perpetuation of the *status quo* in the ecclesiastical world. If, however, the heart of the American Church ever really wakes up to the desire to evangelize the world, if she ever becomes so truly Catholic as to love her fellow-men, then the idea of going abroad into the pagan world bearing the title of Protestant Episcopal will seem so absolutely ludicrous, so manifestly and beyond question absurd, that her children will wonder what had become of the much-vaunted American sense of humor in the days of their forefathers, that they could not see it. See the Hawaiian protest against the name; see the impossibility of translating it into Chinese; think of the bewilderment alike of the cultured Japanese and the savage African as they try to reconcile the Gospel of good will with a name which suggests a quarrel as the crowning attribute of the Church; and, since the two are absolutely impossible to hold together, ask which shall be the main aim and object of the American Church—to evangelize the world, or to accentuate the sixteenth century quarrel?

And if the question appears in this light as it relates to missions among pagans, it is enormously intensified from the aspect of missions to apostate Roman Christians in those islands which have come suddenly within our American sphere of influence. Which is the stronger aspect in which to present Anglican Christianity to simple Filipinos, Cubans, and Puerto Ricans—that of a pure, primitive, truly Catholic Church, or that of a body glorying most in negative protest against another? Read the letter of those Filipinos quoted by the Bishop of Albany in his admirable paper before the Missionary Council, printed in this issue—and ask what will be the effect upon those simple Filipinos when they find that “the Celebration of Mass,” for which they express such gratitude, and which they so gladly attend “every Sunday at eight in the morning,” is, in the popular estimate of thousands of Protestant Episcopalians, the one thing above all others against which this Church lives to protest? “We have made an estimate of the Anglican Church,” they continue, “and we have found it true, righteous, and replete with holy truth”; do they know that this is the Church which advertises by her title, not that she is the Anglican Church (imperfect though that description also would be), but that she is the Protestant Episcopal Church? Are those Filipinos willing to become Protestant Episcopalians?

Take it where you will in the foreign field—China or Japan, Hawaii or the Philippines, Cuba, Puerto Rico, or Brazil, Africa, everywhere—the narrowness of our intellectual perception at home, which refuses to see things in their right relations one to another, and advertises our weaknesses instead of our strength, by our name, stands in the way of our achieving any large successes in missions. Do our people realize that one Greek bishop in Japan has, in our own day, single-handed, made more Japanese converts several times over than the whole American Church in all its history has

made? Do they realize that our weakness abroad is only the mirrored picture of our spiritual weakness at home? Who could arouse any enthusiasm toward making Protestant Episcopalians out of Filipinos? Who can fail to see that only in proportion as we hide our ecclesiastical quarrels and come among them simply as Catholic Christians, as evidently Chaplain Pierce has done, can we hope to have any effect on the Filipinos?

If ever we had tried to make Catholics in the pagan and apostate Roman world, we should, no doubt, have had something like the success the Greek bishop in Japan has had, which recalls the successes of St. Paul.

And is a name that is too bad for pagans altogether the best name for us in America?



Personal Mention

The Rev. E. H. J. Andrews has accepted a call to the church of St. Paul, Greenville, Tex., diocese of Dallas.

At the recent annual meeting and dinner of the “Society of Mayflower Descendants in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,” held at the Hotel Somerset, Boston, the Rev. C. A. Brewster, rector of Trinity church, Vineland, N. J., was re-elected “Elder” of the society for the year 1900.

The Rev. A. E. Bentley, of Sea Cliff, has accepted the rectorship of All Saints’, Bay Side, L. I.

The Rev. Wm Fletcher Cook has resigned the rectorship of St. Luke’s church, of Utica, C. N. Y., to accept the position of general missionary of the diocese of Indiana, tendered him by Bishop Francis. He begins the work in Indiana Jan. 1st.

The Rev. William T. Dakin has taken charge of the church of the Epiphany, Walpole, Mass.

The Rev. Joseph A. Foster has resigned charge of St. Thomas’ church, Methuen, Mass.

The Rev. R. W. Huggell has accepted a call to Calvary, Danvers, Mass.

The Rev. Benjamin Hartley has been re-elected rector of the church of the Saviour, San Gabriel, Cal., and is again occupying the rectory. Address accordingly.

The Rev. Dr. Arthur Lawrence has declined the professorship of ecclesiastical history recently offered him at Berkeley Divinity School.

Bishop Lawrence has been elected chaplain of the Society of Colonial Wars.

Chaplain W. F. Morrison, U. S. N., has been ordered to the training-ship “Monongahela,” which is about to sail for the West Indies. Address care Navy Department, Washington D. C.

The Rev. R. S. Nichols, *locum tenens* at St. Stephen’s church, Pittsfield, Mass., has accepted a chaplaincy in the army.

The Rev. Reginald Pearce has accepted charge of the church of the Ascension, Ipswich, Mass.

After Jan. 1, 1900, the address of the Rev. G. H. Purdy will be Warrensburg, Warren Co., N. Y.

The Rev. George S. Sinclair has resigned St. Paul’s church, Holyoke, Mass.

The Rev. John Sword has accepted charge of Holy Cross mission, New York, and after Jan. 1st, his address will be 300 E. 4th st.

The Rev. E. W. Tibbald has resigned the rectorship of Canon City, and has accepted that of Boulder, Col., where the State University is located.

The Rev. J. C. S. Weills who has served for seven years as chaplain of Sing Sing State Prison, has resigned, to take effect Dec. 26th.

Ordinations

On the festival of St. Thomas, at the church of the Ascension, Pueblo, Colo., William Henry Haupt was admitted to the priesthood by Bishop Spalding. The Rev. B. Brewster was the preacher. The Rev. Mr. Haupt returns to the Arkansas Valley as missionary under the Archdeacon.

On Sunday, Dec 10th, Mr. John Belton Brown, a young colored candidate for Holy Orders, was ordained to the diaconate in Grace church, Norfolk, Va., by Bishop Randolph. Mr. Brown has been assigned to the charge of the churches for the colored people in Mecklenburg Co.

On St. Thomas’ Day, in St. Luke’s chapel, Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn., the Rev. F. C. H. Wendel, Ph. D., was advanced to the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Wm. A. Johnson. The Rev. Sylvester Clarke, D. D.,

presented the candidate. Dr. Wendell is minister-in-charge of St. Paul’s church, Huntington.

Died

BONNAR—Entered into rest, on Sunday, Dec. 24, 1899, at Vineland, N. J., Eliza, widow of the Rev. Jas. Bonnar, B. D., and mother of the Rev. D. A. Bonnar, aged nearly 81 years.

May she rest in peace.

EASTON.—On the morning of Wednesday, Dec. 13th, 1899, at Berkeley, Cal., after months of lingering decline, following nearly half a century of faithful pastoral labor, the Rev. Giles A. Easton, rector *emeritus* of St. Mark’s church, passed to life eternal.

RAUS.—At her home, on Monday morning, Dec. 18th, Magdalena, wife of Adolf Raus, in the 51st year of her age. Funeral services were held at St. Augustine’s chapel, Trinity parish, New York, on St. Thomas’ Day.

“Grant unto her, O Lord, Thine eternal rest, and let perpetual light shine upon her.”

TIFFANY.—On Friday evening, Dec. 22, 1899, after a brief illness, Julia Wheeler, wife of the Rev. Dr. C. C. Tiffany.

VAN PELT—Entered into rest, on Sunday morning, Dec. 17, 1899, Alexander Van Pelt, warden of Christ church, Duaneburgh, N. Y., and fifty-seven years a member of the vestry, in his 86th year.

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*; 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.

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.

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The Editor's Table

Kalendar, January, 1900

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| 1. 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. |

Sometime

BY C. N. HALL

Sometime in the future, and God knows when,
I must leave my place in the ranks of men
To go on a journey, and all alone,
Into a strange, far land unknown.
And shall it be well with me then?

Sometime in the future, and night or day,
When the Master calls, I must away;
And none may point out the path, or mark
My faltering footsteps through the dark;
And shall it be well with me then?

Sometime in the future, my soul, alone
Must stand for judgment before the throne,—
Alone; for of all the souls that be,
Each must be judged in his own degree;
And shall it be well with me then?

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Pen-and-Ink-lings

IN an article entitled, "Where the New Century Will Really Begin," in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, it is stated that the first moment of the new century, the first second of January 1, 1901, will occur in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, along a line conforming in general to the meridian of one hundred and eighty degrees east and west longitude from Greenwich. The first people to live in the twentieth century will be the Friendly Islanders, for the line above mentioned lies just to the east of their group. At that time, although it will be already Tuesday to them, all the rest of the world will be enjoying some phase of Monday, the last day of the nineteenth century.

THE same writer goes on to say: "Of course everybody knows that the twentieth century will begin on Tuesday, January 1, 1901. It is true that some individuals have obscured the matter by hasty expressions of opinion, setting the date for January 1, 1900. But such persons have forgotten that we begin to count with 1, and that the hundred is not completed till the two ciphers have appeared, and then the new hundred begins, as did the old one, with 1. Just as the year 100 with its close marked the completion of the first century, so will the 1900 with its last moments end our nineteenth century, and 1901 begin the twentieth." *The Review of Reviews* says: "None of the people who have proposed to allow ninety-nine years to go for a century, would suppose that a nineteen-hundred dollar debt had been fully met by a tender of \$1,899. There would remain due just one hundred cents."

SOME of the curiosities of our chronological reckonings are mentioned by this writer. All who cross the Pacific Ocean gain a practical knowledge of the change of day at the date-line. Vessels going west, when they reach this line, skip a day, while in going east a day is repeated, so there are two consecutive days of the same name in a week of eight days. If a vessel happened to be becalmed just on the meridian on Sunday

night, Dec. 30, 1900, it would be possible to walk aft into the nineteenth century, and forward again into the twentieth, a veritable turning back of time in his flight.

A GOOD work among colored people in Texas is being done by Mr. R. L. Smith, himself a negro. He has encouraged efforts to buy homes, to resist lotteries and saloons, and to raise the standard of living. At the end of six years of such endeavor, Mr. Smith states that there are eighty-six organizations of colored people, with 2,340 members, in the State of Texas, who are paying, and have paid to a great extent, on 46,000 acres of land, worth \$10 an acre. He says: "We are working to build up a self-assuring manhood and womanhood, that will not need any bolstering." Mr. Smith's work is appreciated, and he has been elected a member of the Texas Legislature.

IN Chilvers Coton churchyard is a highly complicated epitaph, which goes beyond anything ever carved on the gravestones of most countries. It reads as follows:

Sacred to the memory of

ANN
wife of WILLIAM HILL
who died Feb. 1, 1857
aged 37 years
also
ANN

wife of the above
who died June 2, 1857
aged 67 years
also
ANN

mother of the above
who died March 7, 1857
aged 77 years
also
HARRIET
daughter of the above
who died Dec. 14, 1846
aged 18 years.

"Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is."—Mark xiii: 33.

WALTER BESANT thus describes East London: "It is a city of working bees. As we linger and loiter among the streets multitudinous, we hear, as from a hive, the low, contented murmur of continuous and patient work. There are two millions of working people in this city. The children work at school; the girls and boys, the men and women, work in factory, in shop, and at home; in dock and in wharf and in warehouse, all day long and all the year round, these millions work. There are among them many poor, driven, sweated creatures, and the sweaters themselves are poor, driven, sweated creatures; for sweating, once begun, is handed on from one to the other as carefully and as religiously as any holy lamp of learning. They work from early morning till welcome evening. The music of this murmur, rightly understood, is like the soft and distant singing of a hymn of praise. For the curse of labor has been misunderstood; without work man would be even as the beasts of the field."

"IT is the necessity of work that makes man human; because he must, he devises and discovers and invents; because he would die if he did not work, he has to subdue the animal within him. The animal is solitary; the man must be gregarious. He must make a friend of his brother; he must obey the stronger; he must make laws; he must fight with nature, and compel her to

give up her secrets. It is only by means of work that man can rise; it is his ladder; in the sweat of his face he eats his bread, yea, the bread of life. Imagine, if you can, what would follow if you held up your hand and said: 'Listen, all. There will be no more work. You may stop the engines, or they may run down of their own accord. You may take off your aprons and wash your hands. You may sit down for the rest of your lives. Your food will be waiting for you when you want it. Eat, drink, and be happy if you can.' If they can! But can they, with nothing to do—no work to do, only like the sheep in the field, to browse, or, like the wolves in the forest, to rend and tear and slay?"

"Ah, me!" she sighed, "'tis much too cold

To go to church to-day;

I fear that I should catch my death—"

Just then she saw a sleigh

Stop out in front—she saw her beau

Step forth and tie his steed,

And the cold at once became a thing

That the maiden didn't heed.

She hurriedly put on her wraps,

Her heart was beating high;

She thought of other sleighs that they

Would go cavorting by;

She took her place beside him, and

Their charger sped away—

It was too cold to go to church,

But not too cold to sleigh.

—Chicago News.

— x —

New Light on Biblical Chronology

THE most telling arguments made of late against the radical Bible critics, have been based on the archaeological finds, especially those made in the Nile and the Euphrates valleys. The use made of these discoveries by Hommel, of Germany; Sayce, of England, and Halevy, of France, has done much to strengthen belief in the historical reliability that formerly by general consent was accorded the Scriptures. The recent discovery of a number of papyri in the old stamping-ground of Egyptian archaeologists, the district surrounding Heracleopolis, the modern Ahnas-el-Medineh, has brought to light data that seem to show that the Biblical chronology of the Exodus and the sojourn of Israel in Egypt, are in harmony with non-Biblical sources. A full account of this find, and its bearings on Egyptian and Biblical history, we have from the pen of the famous Arabian traveler, Dr. Eduard Glaser, in the "Beilage" of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* (No. 213), from which we glean the following particulars:

One of the perplexing problems of Egyptian chronology has been the date of the opening of the era generally known as the "Middle Kingdom," which included the famous eighteenth dynasty and covered the period which runs parallel with the beginnings of the Israelitish people, especially the times of the Patriarchs. As Egyptian research had all along maintained that this period antedated the events described in the chapter in Genesis referring to these times, a conflict has been supposed to exist between Egyptian and Biblical chronology. The new papyrus find shows that the trouble all along has been an incorrect computation on the part of the Egyptologists with reference to this historic period. Professor Meyer has maintained that it began in 2130 B. C.; Brugseh, in 2466; Petrie, in 2778, and Unger, in 3315, so that the difference between the highest and the lowest was one of about twelve hundred years; yet not one could be brought into agreement with

the Biblical records. The new papyrus shows that the beginning of this famous period is to be placed between 1996 and 1993 B. C., and its close, between 1783 and 1780, or fully one hundred and fifty years later than even the low computation of Meyer puts it; and a space of less than fifty years now exists between the current Biblical chronology and that of the Egyptologists, where formerly there was a difference of centuries, and a reconciliation seemed impossible. The near approach of the two chronological systems has been caused entirely by the discovery of errors in the Egyptian calculations, and not in the Biblical.

The way in which the re-adjustment of these chronological data has been effected, is deeply interesting and instructive. The papyri in question consist of temple archives found in the ruins of a sanctuary erected by King Usertesen II., and include letters, official documents, etc., of all kinds. With the information here secured, is also the statement that in the twenty-fifth day of the seventh calendar month of the seventh year of King Usertesen III., the "early ascension" [*Fruhaufgang*] of the dog star Sirius would take place on the sixteenth day of the following, or eighth, month. It so happens that on the basis of similar astronomical statements in other documents, and on the basis of an exact knowledge of the beginning and end of the Egyptian year, the commencement of the preceding era of Egyptian kings, the so-called Older Kingdom, has been carefully calculated. Dr. Brix, an authority on this subject, in accordance with the method of Oppolzer, has calculated the beginning of the Middle Rule, and reached the later conclusions mentioned above, which must be regarded as reliable.

On these premises, the whole early history of Israel, including also the period of the Patriarchs, assumes quite a natural place among the ups and downs of that remarkable age. It appears now, because of the re-adjustment of chronology, that the mysterious Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, reported by Manetho, made their appearance in Egypt shortly before the rise of the Israelites. From many sources in Egyptian documents, it is reasonably certain that at this time the Phœnician power was extending its borders wonderfully, aiming practically at the acquisition of a world-supremacy, the traces of this being found in Babylon in the East, and in Egypt and Northern Africa, and even in Southern Europe, in the West. The Hyksos episode was included in this general movement. Within the limits of this great political upheaval, the Hebrews who in reality were little more than a Phœnician tribe in their primitive history, take a natural and easy place, and from this new perspective, the chronology of the Biblical accounts concerning the Egyptian sojourn agree in a most unexpected manner with the data taken from other sources. There can be no doubt that now the oldest period of the history of Israel has been placed in a clear light by the Berlin papyrus.—*Translation made for The Literary Digest.*



The Humors of "Ter-Na-Nog"

II.

THERE are two enemies hard to conquer in this Country of the Young. One is a belief in witchcraft; the other, a love for "matter out of place." In my district the people really believe in Leprechauns or little people. They still visit a wizened witch-doctor to have "dead hands" exorcised from bewitched butter, and they hunt mythical hares as often as living red game.

Quite lately I was asked to visit a maiden of half a century who was possessed with a "demmur." Now I know Lizzie Redmond is only suffering from loneliness—pure and simple. Her tiny shanty, dumped down in a narrow boreen, is surrounded by acres of golden gorse, miles of peat land, and fields of silky bog cotton. No neighbor, however, enlivens gray existence for p or Lizzie.

Whatever is nonunderstandable to the unprofessional mind in Sallyboggin, is called a "demmur," and is treated as a possession of the evil one. Hence I found Lizzie lying on the mud floor of her cabin in a "stripped" condition. On her naked breast was a penny. On the penny an end of candle. Over both penny and candle rested an inverted tumbler. A "wise woman" was standing, gazing earnestly at her handiwork and muttering a charm.

"Oh! doctor darlint," screamed Lizzie triumphantly as I entered the room, "it's a live demmur! and the wise woman has located it, doctor dear! See it a leppin' an' a risin' into the glass."

I took in the matter at a glance. The wise woman had first exhausted air by lighting her candle-end and immediately covering it with a tumbler. This, of course, acted as a kind of cupping-glass, and flesh rose into the vacuum.

In vain I demonstrated on my own arm (burning a hole in my shirt-sleeve as I did so). Lizzie saw "the too, too solid flesh" thereon following the law of suction as well as the demmur under her breast-bone. But she clung to belief in the wise woman, and I was dismissed with ignominy!

In Ireland we do not take offence at this kind of thing. I wrote to Lizzie's landlord, Lord C—, saying the woman was growing "soft," and by return post received a £1 note to pay expenses of a change for her. A short spell in Dublin worked wonders. The demmur no longer set her heart a gallopin', and the "joulting of the train stopped the beatin' ov her poolse."

My skill was equally slighted by another patient. She told me her liver was troubling her, pointing, at the same time, to a spot high up under her left arm. "God bless us, woman," I roared, "your liver does not lie there!"

"I think I ought to know where my own liver lies," was her dignified, insulted reply. "Haven't I suffered from it these twenty years?"

A third patient was more *grande dame* than either of these twain. On being called in—my "token" being a certain red ticket—I asked: "And what's the matter with you, Mrs. Doolan?"

"I'm thinking that's for you to tell me," was the haughty response, just as if she were paying me a five guinea fee.

I have of course a due circle of patients who firmly believe in every bolus given by any Esculapius. To one such went my friend, the vicar, lately.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Neale?" was the question addressed sympathetically to the greatest grumbler in Sallyboggin.

"Ah! very, very bad. 'Tis the disgestion, your reverence! like a hive of bees a' buzzin' an' a' buzzin' in my buzzum."

"Is it always the same?" inquired the vicar, his eyes twinkling, but with immovable face (for we learn to compose our countenances in Ireland).

"Nay! not at all, your reverence. 'Tis often like a load of bricks a poundin' an' a poundin', that's when the bees ain't a buzzin'. But—" and the wrinkled, smoke-grimed old face brightened—"but the doctor—God bless him—is after givin' me a description, an' if it don't cure me, he'll describe me agin."

I have said that dirt is a giant hard to fight in the beautiful land of Ter-na-nog. The woman who had never heard of "washin' a live wan" is, I think, equalled by an-

other who came to me lately about her sore leg.

"They tell me, doctor darlint, that washin' might scotch the heat out of it! But I wouldn't adventure to do it without askin' your advice. Not for the worlds. I'm an old woman now, doctor dear, an' a drop of water has never gone near my body."

I advised a goodly supply of aqueous fluid, preceded by a thorough application of alkali and potash in the form of soap, and the old woman hobbled off quite satisfied with my scientific words.

In Sallyboggin for years a certain old woman levied a weekly tribute on charitably disposed folk. All at once a "nevy" from America turned up, called on her "patrons," and after thanking them for their kindness, carried off his mother's sister to end her days in comfort. But the widow Hooligan—pronounced "Hooli'han"—did not lay her bones across the water. She soon reappeared. "I couldn't stop in it, mistress dear," she explained to a lady. "Me sister's son is a good bhoy, but, between ourselves, they would ha' washed me to death."

I must close this paper with an anecdote showing that quickness of repartee is not confined to the poor in Ter-na-nog. At a recent licensing case in Dublin, a certain well-known ecclesiastic was being cross-examined. I am sure the genial dean of the Chapel Royal will forgive me mentioning his name, as he is an Irishman, with more than an Irishman's fund of wit.

Scene—a police court. Applicant—a bibulous innkeeper. Witness—the dean, appearing on behalf of the Church of Ireland Temperance Society.

"And you, Mr. Dane, of the Chapel Royal, were in that public house?" came the first question.

"I was, sir," came an unblushing answer.

"And may I ask, Mr. Dane, of the Chapel Royal, did you take anything in the public house?"

"I did, sir."

Great sensation in court.

"Oh, you did, Mr. Dane, did you? And may I ask, Mr. Dane, of the Chapel Royal"—with a strong and derisive accent—*what* you took, sir?"

"I took a chair, sir," answered the quick-witted witness. "And further than that, I took notes, sir; and here they are, sir."

Amidst a roar of applause, the notes were handed up and the license refused.

Any one attempting to delineate the Irishman, without giving due prominence to his confiding trust and confidence in a providential, over-ruling God, is, I feel, omitting the largest and most beautiful trait in his character. But in this paper I have no space to dwell on the reverential attitude of all in the Island of Saints. Well may it be called Ter-na-nog, or the Country of the Young. Neither age nor infirmity can quench their playfulness or dim their credulity. There is nothing in nature—not even its silver setting of breakers and sprays, its lacework of Osmunda Regalis, its crown of waxlike arbutus, or its rings of opal and azure and amethyst—so wonderful as the legends which cluster round every stone of the Emerald Isle.

To the peasantry, Labhradh Loingseach, the kings of Cashel, the Fingal of O'sian, and the little people, still exist. The devil mixes punch in many enormous bowls whenever thunder is heard. The mother of Fin MacCoul eternally climbs her crags.

St. Patrick continues to fling the Evil One over purple mountains into the Upper Lake of Killarney when its surface is ruffled with wind. Fairies dance in ancient raths, and TAO'D noghue rides upon every mountain mist.

Humorous enough seems this faith. But we never smile at it in Ireland. It is part and parcel with the characters of those who live in Ter-na-nog.—*L. Orman Cooper, in The Nineteenth Century.*



Book Reviews and Notices

The Revelation of Jesus. By George H. Gilbert, D. D. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25.

Dr. Gilbert uses the phrase, "A study of the primary sources of Christianity," to indicate the scope of his work. But thus to designate the four Gospels is not in keeping with the facts of the case, and to set the written Gospels off by themselves (as is aimed at in this volume) as primary, exclusive, and absolute, can only lead to serious consequences. Our Divine Lord said to His Apostles, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when He the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth." These words indicate "the purposed incompleteness of Christ's teaching"—to use Canon Liddon's phrase—and "that our Lord's own teaching during His sojourn on earth did not embrace all necessary Christian doctrine." We know that multitudes embraced Christianity without so much as seeing even one of these primary sources—the Gospels. From some other source more primary than the written Gospels came to the earliest Christians the knowledge of Christ, His work and teachings. In any right effort to arrive at the essential import of our Lord's teaching, we cannot see how it is possible to set aside the Epistles and the witness of the Catholic Church.

From the view-point of the Catholic Christian, Dr. Gilbert not only puts the evangelist in an untenable position, but proceeds in his investigations of the Revelation of Jesus on wrong principles. In fact, we can only characterize his canons of Gospel interpretation in their exclusiveness as calculated to lead to destructive conclusions. As indicating Dr. Gilbert's method, we quote his own words: "The revelation of Jesus must be historically investigated, and yet it is so intimately associated with our most sacred thoughts and feelings that a student shrinks from claiming that his investigation is absolutely historical." He further lays down as fundamental that "a theological test for an historical work is no test at all." Dr. Gilbert disclaims any bias in his approach to the Gospels; he sets aside any former views, and puts far off any fear of the theological consequences that may follow his inductions. With marked emphasis he claims to follow the historical method. We wonder if this is a sample of historical method: "It is plainly impossible to take literally the statements that the devil set Jesus on a pinnacle of the Temple, and the devil brought Him to the top of an exceeding high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world in an instant. It was only in thought that Jesus stood on the pinnacle and beheld the kingdoms of the world," and we may suppose further, that Satan "is here only a vivid, concrete designation of all methods of Messianic work which Jesus recognized as false," page 159.

We wish to be fair in our criticism of Dr. Gilbert, but having in mind the general drift of his book, we do not think we are construing him too rigidly when we conclude that his exclusively humanistic and historical method of investigation can only lead to the emptying the Gospel of real supernatural content. Our conclusion, we think, will not be gainsaid by those who accept Christianity as a supernatural religion in any adequate acceptation of the term supernatural. The very many references to German writers, at the foot of Dr. Gilbert's

pages, indicate the kind of theological atmosphere he breathes. "We must go as little children and listen to all that Jesus says." Very devout indeed is this advice, but it is tantamount to the German cry, "Back to Christ," and its real meaning is made plain in context with such language as, "He did not institute a special order of men to do this work. Bearing witness in word and life that Jesus is the Messiah has a basis in each disciple's experience . . . Jesus ordained all His disciples to the same service, and equipped them all with the same power" (page 154). Christ founded no Church, neither did he confer on his Apostles "any official position with reference to believers." We interpret then the pious advice about sitting at the feet of Jesus to mean, for himself each believer must interpret the Gospels. Creeds, Church authority, even the authority of the Epistles, are to be put aside. The Gospels, and the Gospels alone, are the primary and exclusive sources of essential Christianity.

We do not propose to carry our readers into the details of Dr. Gilbert's investigation of all the words of our Lord. We have pointed out what we conceive to be his first principles, and are not astonished at such conclusions as the following: "Jesus indicates that His union with the Father is purely ethical when He represents it as ethically conditioned." "There is nowhere a suggestion that the Father is with Him, or that He abides in the Father, because He is of the same nature or substance as the Father." We and all Catholic Christians must admit a well-grounded theological bias in our approach to the Gospel. Otherwise, the mere theistic believer would be in the best position to understand the Gospels, since he professedly has no temptation to bias, and can approach the study of them as he would approach secular history. But we, and true Christians from the beginning, have received a bias from the Epistles, the Acts of the Apostles, the Revelation of St. John, the Apostolic Fathers, and the Universal Church, whose voice, as the sound of many waters, is heard chanting in all lands: "God of God, Light of light . . . being of one substance with the Father." We do not pretend, therefore, to approach the study of the Gospels without preconceptions or theological views. Nor can we enlist ourselves under the leadership of this new school of exclusive historical method, for the old is better than the new.

Dyonysos and Immortality; the Greek Faith in Immortality as Affected by the Rise of Individualism. By Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California, and Ingersoll Lecturer for 1898-'99. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.

The Ingersoll Lectureship founded at Harvard University in memory of George Goldthwait Ingersoll, by his daughter, Miss Caroline Haskell Ingersoll, provides that there shall be a yearly lecture given at Harvard on the subject, "The Immortality of Man." Hitherto the aim of the lecturers has been to suggest the possibility of the soul's immortality, as if that were the whole man. To any one who thinks, such an immortality of the life principle, when separated from material environment, is reasonable enough, although the subject may divide itself on the question: Is this immortality of the life principle individual or diffused? It would seem as if the crucial test of "The Immortality of Man" is the question if "man in his flesh shall see God." In other words, proof of the resurrection of the body is the only adequate proof of the immortality of the real man. The Christian Faith alone teaches the true immortality of man, body, soul, and spirit. The best that can be reasoned out apart from Christianity is this: "There is a world of the outward and material, ever shifting, unsteady, perishable; behind it is a world of the unchanging norm, the essential purpose, the supreme reality. To the former belongs the body, to the latter, the soul. This mortal life is an entanglement of the soul in the meshes of the material. Still, through the perverting and obscuring medium of that which enfolds it, the soul catches glimpses of the true, and gathers intimations of its own kinship with

the ideal and abiding." From this view, as a stepping stone, the inquiring spirit ought to see the reasonableness of the immortality of the whole man as revealed in the God-Man, Christ Jesus, who brought life and immortality to light.

The Life of James Dwight Dana, Scientific Explorer, Geologist, Mineralogist, Zoologist, Professor in Yale University. By Daniel C. Gilman, President of the Johns Hopkins University. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros.

Professor Dana was one of the brightest men that American science has given us. In his particular branch or branches, for he was a wide reaching student, he was not only an eminent authority, but easily chief of them all. He belonged to the earlier school who did not think it necessary, because they became students of material science, that God should be ignored or denied under the high-sounding name of agnosticism. President Gilman has placed upon the title page, in his designations of Prof. Dana's work, the plan under which he has written this memoir. Following this out, with the assistance of all the documents, preserved with loving care by the devoted wife, the result is both an interesting history of a great and useful life, and also a valuable contribution to the story of the growth of scientific culture in the United States. We think the eminent author rather stretches the evidence in his efforts to rank Prof. Dana under the banner of the full-fledged evolutionists, but that was only to be expected. It would not do to leave so prominent an authority without arraying him on the side of "the wisest and best." It was not, at least, until the last revised edition of the Text Book of Geology, revised and greatly altered since the author's death, that the ordinary readers of Prof. Dana have found this out. Beginning with his earliest years, the life of this hero of science is carefully traced, until we have the final picture of the aged man, full of honor and success in his chosen field, still at work, but with an unchanged, childlike faith awaiting his translation to the region of yet fuller knowledge. A most interesting part of the volume is that entitled, "Scientific Correspondence." Here we have letters to or from Gray, Agassiz, Darwin, Berzelius, Guyot, Geikie, and several others. The letter to Silliman, on the ascent of Vesuvius, written in 1834, is not only a description of a rare experience, but is particularly valuable as illustrating the traveler's already well-developed carefulness in observing phenomena. Another appendix gives ten pages of bibliography, in which are recorded the titles of articles, papers, and books written by Prof. Dana from 1835 to 1895—sixty years! Finally, for all books of a scientific nature a necessity, there is a carefully compiled index. The scientific world, as well as the general reader, ought to be grateful that President Gilman has given us such a complete story of the man and of the work he accomplished.

The Bible Among the Nations. By John Walter Beardslee. Chicago, New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$1.

The sub title, "A Study of the Great Translations," is a more accurate description of this book. The study of the versions of the Bible is a fascinating one, for it shows the marvelous power of God's Word over peoples the most diverse. There is difficulty, however, in conducting it, because the materials are so widely scattered, and often inaccessible. This book is an attempt to remove some of these difficulties. The author is a learned professor in the Western Theological Seminary of the Dutch Reformed body, a body known for its devotion to the Bible. Dr. Beardslee is well qualified for the work, and has done good service in bringing the scattered materials together, and placing them within the reach of ordinary readers and students. In a volume of moderate size, he has traced in an interesting manner the history of nine of the great versions of the Bible, including the Septuagint, the Vulgate, King James', and Hollandish. The work is carefully done, and will be very helpful to Bible classes, and to those desir-

ing to learn how the Bible has been handed on from nation to nation. There is an evident slip in placing the coming of William the Conqueror in 1071 instead of 1066. There is also one peculiarity in the book which may cause confusion. Dr. Beardslee constantly speaks of the Church previous to the sixteenth century as Roman Catholic. To many this will be a serious defect in an otherwise pleasing book.

Wild Flowers from Palestine. Lowell, Mass.: Dumas & Co. Price, \$1.

The above is an actual description of the volume, and not a mere title. The book contains specimens of seventeen different flowers collected in the Holy Land. Eleven of these flora are mentioned in Holy Scripture. The Hon. S. Merrill, U. S. Consul at Jerusalem, contributes an introduction, from which we learn that the Rev. H. B. Greene has made three different journeys to Palestine for the express purpose of studying its floral wealth and gathering specimens. The chapter on "The Flora of Palestine" is not without interest. The seventeen specimens contained in this volume were collected by Mr. Greene, dried, pressed, and brought home to the United States. Each flower is mounted on a blank page, and opposite is printed the Scriptural reference and a short descriptive article. Of its kind, the book is unique, and cannot fail to be of interest to those who love to dwell on the surroundings of the earthly life of the Incarnate Son of God. This novel collection of flowers will prove a very desirable gift book, and as such we recommend it at this season to our readers.

Beacon Lights: A Series of Short Sermons. By Jos. A. Seiss, D. D. Philadelphia: Board of Publication of Evangelical Lutheran Church.

In this large volume of over five hundred pages, the well-known Lutheran divine, Dr. Seiss, gathers up fifty-nine sermons which follow the order of the Christian Year. Perhaps a quotation from the preface will but describe the spirit and purpose of these discourses:

It is a vital truth, never to be overlooked, nor allowed to sink out of practical regard, that the supernatural elements in our holy Christianity, and not its mere ethical teachings, constitute its characteristic life, and only saving power. The true dignity, inspiration, and effectiveness of the pulpit, as well as the living perpetuity of the Church, depend upon the clearness, emphasis, and supreme prominence given to these elements. If these be explained away . . . all commanding appeals to the human heart and conscience are disabled, the design of Revelation is contravened, and the sublime purpose of the Christian ministry is subverted.

We might with propriety direct attention to several of these sermons, but it will suffice to characterize the sermon for Trinity Sunday as most excellent. We copy from it: "The most, the clearest, and best that the Church has been able to say on the profound subject (the Trinity) appears in what is called the Athanasian Creed." We can only wish that such words could be spoken from all our pulpits anent that strong bulwark of orthodoxy. Dr. Seiss uses clear, direct English, and in these sermons uses much brevity and condensation. We judge them to be good models of an ordinary parochial sermon. They will amply repay looking at.

The Teachings of the Books; or the Literary Structure and Spiritual Interpretation of the Books of the New Testament. A Work of Collaboration. By Herbert L. Willett and James M. Campbell. Chicago and New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$1.25

The prefatory note states that this book has been prepared especially for advanced Bible-class work. The authors have faithfully carried out their intention. As a compendium of information on the books of the New Testament, this publication is eminently satisfactory. It gives the history and the authorship of each book, so far as can be ascertained, in a brief and concise manner. It sets forth the spiritual teachings of the books without intruding personal views. It brings out the characteristics of the four Gospels so as to set them before the reader at a glance. It would be difficult to place in the hands of the Bible-class teacher another work of

this size that covers as much ground, and covers it well and faithfully. The authors have done their work well, and we believe the book will be found most valuable to those who obtain it.

Moody's Stories. Being a Second Volume of Anecdotes, Incidents, and Illustrations. By D. L. Moody. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 30c.

One may readily guess at the contents of this book. Moody is a leader in pulpit story telling. Many of these are most excellent and helpful, and doubtless some of our readers will find many grains of wheat amongst much that Churchmen would care little about.

The Cry from the Sea and the Answer from the Shore. By the Rev. Thomas Stanley Treanor. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$1.50.

The author is chaplain of Missions to Seamen, in England, and has written other sketches of the sea, which are among the best books of their class. In his preface he makes a strong plea for an answer to the cry which goes up for rescue from spiritual perils, from hosts of sailors amid the rocks and quicksands of great sea-board cities. The sketches here collected are intense and of tragic interest, and the illustrations are thrilling. One could nowhere get a better idea of the terrible toils and dangers of rescue at sea than from this volume.

Through Boyhood to Manhood. A Plea for Ideals. By Ennis Richmond. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. 194. Price, \$1.

This is not a book for boys. It is a book about boys for their parents and teachers. It is a thoroughly English book, and parts of its contents have no application under our different conditions of life. But it should be read, and its contents carefully considered, by all who are interested in the training of boys. It seizes upon the three vices which prevail in the great public schools of England—selfishness, lack of self control, and impurity—holds them up to public view, and urges reforms which will strike at their roots. The writer has had long experience in dealing with boys, and is moved by deep conviction upon the truth of his conclusions we do not undertake to pass judgment, but we think they are worthy of serious consideration by all who are responsible for the training of youth.

A Year's Prayer-Meeting Talks. By Louis A. Banks, D. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, \$1.

Fifty-two of Dr. Banks' mid-week prayer-meeting talks are herein printed. The talks are very plain and familiar, without, however, any tendency to vulgarity. They are aptly illustrated, by anecdote, similes, or poetic quotation. Young preachers will find in these familiar addresses a good example of sermon illustration, worthy of study and imitation. We give our readers a few of the titles of these short addresses: "The Unused Diplomas of Life," "Religious Gadders," "Disagreeable Christians," "Art of Receiving Good Advice," "How to Make the Bible a Personal Book."

The Crown of Life. By George Gissing. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Gissing is well-known as a novelist, and has done much good work, some much better than this. The theme is a struggle of a young, clean, and high-minded man for success in life. He has various ideals, and one by one the illusion vanishes. He grows more natural as he grows older, and at last he does gain the "Crown of Life," the love of a good woman who marries him for himself, being perfectly cognizant of the stain on his birth.

In Primo. A Story of Facts and Factors. By Eniled. Chicago, New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$1.25.

This is the life story of a young girl left almost penniless, sent to a school to be a drudge, then suddenly becoming very rich by the death of a near relative. What she did with her wealth, how she cultivated herself intellectually and spiritually, the author tells in an attractive way. It would be difficult to suggest a more useful book to be placed in the hands of youn-

heir or heiress. The splendid development of character, and the wide-reaching usefulness she made of her wealth, give a tone to the life of the heroine that is neither impossible in real life nor beyond imitation. We heartily wish the book could be disseminated largely among wealthy people. It would be equally useful in the hands of all young ladies.

Robert Raikes: The Man and his Work. Edited by J. Henry Harris, with an Introduction by Dean Farrar, D. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$2.50.

The life of the originator of the Sunday school id: a possesses many attractions, and the writer of this book has made a successful attempt to collect all possible facts connected with it. Apart from the question of the usefulness of the Sunday school, this book is well worth perusal as the biography of a man who stood out prominently as a champion for children and their education, in an age that treated the poor as serfs, and their children as unworthy of much consideration in the matter of moral, religious, or mental training. Robert Raikes aroused the mind of England to this great injustice, and thus started the crusade which was carried on by others, until child labor became a subject worthy an Act of Parliament, and child education was brought to its present condition of excellence in English day schools.

The Brahmin's Treasure. By G. A. Henty. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mr. G. A. Henty is a prolific writer, almost too much so to be a very eminent one. If the "Moonstone" had never been written, it is doubtful whether this story would have ever seen the light. It runs along the same uncommon lines as that famous tale—a jewel stolen from a Hindoo temple, and the priest vowing to follow it up until he recovers it. He does follow it up with a vengeance, and after many years, and much killing and stabbing, gets it back. We have added to this, highway robbery by a clergyman's son, which is always thrilling, and a weak love story.

A Confident To-Morrow. A Novel of New York. By Brander Matthews. Illustrated by William L. Jacobs. New York: Harper & Bros. 1900. Price, \$1.50.

One might call this novel of Brander Matthews, "A Handbook of Things as They Are in the Literary and Artistic World of New York." The local coloring, the current thought, the burning questions, all come into view, and through it all is the golden thread of a love romance, which ends happily, as such things in books always should. Why wade through hundreds of pages to end in woe? There is enough of sadness in real life without having to pay for it in books. To those *au courant* with New York life, this novel will give much pleasure. To those who are not thus conversant, it will be as "living pictures" to set forth the reality. The title is inspiring; just what youth needs—"A Confident To-morrow."

Village Life in China. A Study in Sociology. By Arthur H. Smith, D. D. With Illustrations. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$2.

Those who have read the author's former work, "Chinese Characteristics," know exactly what to expect in this book—a careful and trustworthy compendium of valuable information regarding the Chinese. A residence of over a quarter of a century in China has enabled Mr. Smith to write from an intimate knowledge of its people, and his discriminating judgment has presented facts so as to give the best possible facilities for a true and fair estimation of them. At least three-fourths of the population live outside the great cities, and Chinese life and customs in these rural districts form a curious and complex state of affairs. Within these three hundred and fifty pages, Mr. Smith gives in a clear and interesting manner a vast amount of reliable information. The book will be regarded as one of the standard authorities on the subject. The illustrations add to its attractiveness. The closing chapter tells "What Christianity can do for China."

On General Thomas' Staff. By Byron A. Dunn. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25.

This is one of *The Young Kentuckians* series, which is intended to comprise various sketches of men and affairs in Kentucky during the Civil War. The main lines of fact and incident are followed with such embellishments of romantic interest as may make the sketches seem more intensely realistic, while they are none the less true to history. The career of General Thomas is one which perhaps is not sufficiently appreciated by the average reader, and we hope this book may help to bring it more prominently before the minds of at least our young people.

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

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

Plain Papers on the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit. By the Rev. C. I. Schofield, D. D. 35c net.

Gospel Seed for Busy Sowers. By J. ELLIS. 50c.

A. C. MCCLURG & CO.

Moments with Art. \$1.

The Divine Pedigree of Man. By T. J. Hudson, LL. D. \$1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

Christus Victor. By Henry N. Dodge, \$1.25.

JAMES POTT & CO.

Stones Rolled Away. By Henry Drummond, F. R. S. E., F. G. S., LL. D. \$1.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Pompeii: Its Life and Art. By August Mau. \$6.

METHUEN & CO., London

The Workmanship of the Prayer Book. By John Dowden, D. D.

GOSPEL TRUMPET PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Moundville, W. Va.

The Great Physician. By E. E. Byrum. Cloth, 50c; paper, 20c.

THE EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago
Best Hymns. No 2.

BENJ. H. SANBORN & CO., Boston

Mary Cameron. By Edith A. Sawyer. \$1.

New Music

Published by the Minior Company, Cheltenham, England, we have this week a Communion anthem, "I am the Bread of Life," a smooth and devotional composition by J. Sebastian Matthews; organist and choir-master of St. Mary's church, Burlington, N. J. Not too much extended, it will be found well suited to use for an introit, or as offertorium, easily compassed by the average choir, and yet in spirit and treatment of the subject, most distinctly above the commonplace.

Periodicals

"Striving for Fame and Fortune," is the title of a group of articles which *The Youth's Companion* will publish next year. One is on "Character, Credit, Capital," by the Secretary of the United States Treasury; another, on "Ambitions; True and False," by Bishop H. C. Potter, and a third, on "The Habit of Thrift," by Andrew Carnegie. Gen. Wesley Merritt, commanding the division of the Atlantic, has written a description of the thrilling experiences of his staff officers in making a reconnaissance in the Philippines.

The January number of *The Century*, appearing just before New Year's, has a Happy New Year cover designed by Will Bradley, and printed in colors. The magazine is rich in full-page pictures, many of them in tints. These last occur in the decorations of Mr. Kipling's poem, "In the Matter of One Compass," and especially in the reproductions of photographs of Ant-arctic scenery. A humorous incident of Capt. Slocum's "single handed" circumnavigation of the globe, as described this month, was President Kruger's flat denial of the navigator's statement that he was sailing "around" the world; the Transvaal theory as to the form of the earth being a survival from earlier ages. Gov. Roosevelt's essay on "Fellow feeling as a Political Factor," is characteristically vigorous and optimistic. The

great work that is being done at Tuskegee Institute for the elevation of the negro race, is set forth very convincingly by President Washington. John M. Oskison's cowboy tale, "Only the Master Shall Praise," the prize story in the magazine's college competition of 1899, is remarkable not merely as the product of a young man in whose veins flows a liberal admixture of Indian blood.

THE opening chapters of the "Autobiography of W. J. Stillman," which begin the January *Atlantic*, form an interesting and frank statement of his boyhood. In musical language, throughout which the slight flavor of the foreign tongue will perhaps be detected, Zitkala-Sa writes her "Impressions of an Indian Childhood." We are taken into the weather-stained wigwam, hear the weird legends, learn the mysteries of beadwork and coffee-making, and feel the joys, fears, and sorrows of an Indian child. William DeWitt Hyde discusses "Reform in Theological Education." John Bates Clark contributes a vigorous and valuable paper on the best way of "Disarming the Trusts." R. Brimley Johnson contributes an interesting review of "England in 1899," from the point of view of a man of letters. "The Future of the Chinese People" is ably treated by D. Z. Sheffield, president of the North China College near Peking. "Recent Astronomical Discoveries" are interestingly set forth by T. J. J. See. He tells of the exploration of the Southern skies by the Harvard Observatory at Arequipa, Peru, and thinks the discoveries will result in considerable contributions to universal knowledge. In fiction, besides a very exciting installment of Mary Johnston's clever romance, "To Have and to Hold," there are short stories by Jack London and Margaret L. Knapp.

Opinions of the Press

The Congregationalist

TRANSLATED ENTHUSIASMS.—"He amounted to so little practically," said a wise man in reluctant criticism of his friend, "because he never translated his enthusiasms into action." Convictions of duty and visions of opportunity are brought to the test in practical application to the uses of common life. It is not merely that the world has little use for enthusiasms which it cannot understand, but that without embodiment in common speech and vital action, thoughts are only disembodied ghosts. Action is the great test of all enthusiasm. It reveals and sifts. It brings opinions from the rosy-tinted realm of dreams into the clear noontide of the work-a-day world. There is no disenchantment like the criticism of the indifferent and preoccupied. Yet this very criticism which sifts out worthlessness, confirms and increases good. We never know the value of a real enthusiasm until we have translated it into action and seen its working outside our own thought. And by this process also our own character grows strong. It is not merely that what was a theory becomes a working fact, and what was a dream, a reality; but we also change from dreamers of dreams to doers of deeds, and taking hold of practical life go on from strength to strength.

Christian Intelligence (Ref.)

PULPIT TOPICS.—Undoubtedly there has come a great change in the matter of pulpit topics and the method of their treatment, within the memory of those who are yet in middle life. The old doctrinal style given to the clear, logical exposition of the great doctrines of Scripture, if not a thing of the past, has yet become a rarity. Nor can we say that a return to the style familiar to our fathers is in all respects desirable. But it is a fair question whether this reaction has not gone much too far. This treatment of topics—some of them highly religious and some not religious at all—handled with more or less eloquence, and of more or less interest to the average congregation, has found too wide a custom, and that to the cost of the old Gospel. After all, this great variety of pulpit advertisements, that which a sinful man

needs to be told—whether he wants to be told it is another matter—is how he can get his sins forgiven, by whom, and in what way the forgiveness was made possible. But while this is the great need—the presentation of the Gospel of the Cross—it is beyond contradiction that we hear much less of it than in former years; much less of that sharp urgency upon the conscience, under stress of which the sinner is driven to his knees, crying, "God be merciful to me!"

The Outlook

ENGLAND IN ADVERSITY.—Many Americans believe that the war in South Africa is without moral justification; many more that, although English rule in South Africa is to be desired from every point of view, the present war is unnecessary; but it is to be hoped that no American read the story of last week's disasters to the British arms without a deep feeling of sympathy, and that no American has seen the spirit in which England has taken her calamities, without a thrill of admiration. One of the chief uses of great national experiences is the searchlight they throw on national ideals and character. A profound individual experience always brings character out in clear and individual lines. A man is often lost in the rush of activity, but when there comes some tremendous event in his life, the activities cease for a moment, and the man stands revealed to himself and his fellows. In like manner, a great nation carrying on world-wide activities suddenly shows its heart when a great calamity strikes home. The continental press, as a rule, has reported with undisguised delight the story of British disaster, treating the English precisely as it treated us at the beginning of the war with Spain, and for precisely the same reasons—ignorance of our motives, instinctive antagonism between institutions which diverge at fundamental points, and instinctive fear of commercial competition. The English will look to their own colonies and to their kin beyond the sea for insight into their motives. They will expect, as they have received, sharp criticism; but they will also expect, and they will receive, recognition of the essential qualities of character which inspire all their enterprises.

The Standard (Baptist)

THE ENRICHMENT OF WORSHIP.—Two definite suggestions may be given for the enrichment of worship in our churches. First, let added dignity be given to the service of worship by the careful choice of harmonious material; second, let the people have a larger part. The Bible is a storehouse of liturgical material. It is rich in sentence prayers, brief psalms of praise, devout petitions, stately invocations and benedictions. For variety of thought and sentiment in prayer and praise, there is really no need to go beyond the Scriptures. Yet in the literature of common prayer, there are ancient petitions that have come down from early times, which are no more the peculiar property of the Protestant Episcopal Church than is the doxology or the benediction which we use; and among these the discriminating pastor may find much that is suggestive in lending dignity and seemliness to the service of worship. Such petitions should not be read; they might, however, occasionally be profitably introduced in the course of pulpit prayer, not in a routine, but as circumstances may require. Second, the congregation should have some further part in the service than the responsive reading of a Psalm. The hymns should be made true acts of worship, as they are not now, in most churches. They should be selected not with reference to the subject of the sermon—at least not invariably so—but for their fitness to aid in the development of the worshipful spirit. The introduction of sentence prayers selected from Scripture may be found helpful. The model prayer of our Lord is always appropriate, if care be taken that its repetition does not become a mere form. That, indeed, is the fundamental principle for the enrichment of worship. Let us have forms, for the sake of order and dignity; but let us never suffer the form to lose its spiritual content. If that loss occur, abandon the form and choose another.

The Household

Life's Answer

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot,
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain,
Or, day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By Breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board,
Above the raving of the gale,
I hear my Lord,

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall,
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light,
He tempers all.

Safe to the land! safe to the land—
The end is this,
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

[Name of the writer of the above is asked by a subscriber who requests publication of the poem.—ED. L. C.]

The Birth of a Soul

BY ELLEN FRIZELL WYCKOFF

THE walls of the church rose from the sidewalk, and the tall spires reached up toward the stars. From the wide-open doors great bars of light stretched across the cold pavement. Soft and low came strains of music from the organ loft. A woman, shivering and forlorn, stopped at the sound of the music, stepping back from the bar of light. A carriage stopped, and a lady wrapped in soft furs alighted and stood where the light fell fully upon her. Her face was young and fair, and the smile that dimpled her cheeks shone in her clear eyes. From the church came softly the old, old Christmas hymn, "Peace on earth, good will to men." From the lady's face the smile faded, and a tender, yearning look came into the soft eyes. "And ye would not," she whispered, turning her face toward the city. It was then that she saw the crouching figure in the shadow.

"Won't you come inside?" she asked, holding out her hand.

"Inside? It's light and warm—warm, and I am cold and tired." The woman stood up and leaned forward, looking inside. "But it is not for such as I."

"It is for whosoever will come. Don't you know it is the Father's house? Come with me."

"But you don't know. I am not fit to go with you." The woman shrank back.

"It is you who do not know. Come." Again the smile, sweet and warm, brightened the fair face. The woman, hesitating and shrinking, followed slowly. Almost at the first pew she stopped and dropped wearily into a shadowed corner. The lady smiled back at her and passed on.

How warm and sweet it was. At first the woman pulled her ragged shawl about her jealously and glanced around with sombre, half-shut eyes. But she met no look of contempt, no smile of derision. No one seemed curious about her. She began to feel more comfortable; a sort of peace stole into her

troubled heart, and a dim longing to be more in harmony with her surroundings, softened her hard face.

The music was louder now. In great waves of melody it surged and rolled through the church, catching up the hearts of the listeners and carrying them back to the dim shores of long ago. For it was an old hymn of the Christmas time, and the tune was old, too, and simple and sweet.

The woman in the ragged shawl trembled. Presently unaccustomed tears splashed softly down on her bare hands. Then the music was hushed, and in the sweet silence a prayer rose. With her very heart the woman listened. It was a humble, penitent prayer, the cry of a simple, troubled heart, to the God who pities like a father and comforts like a mother. It seemed to the woman in the ragged shawl that the very heavens were opened, and that her life, her innermost heart, lay bare before the pitying eye of Him who loves even such as she.

Trembling, almost breathless, she sat, leaning a little forward, her hands clasped. Then only the warm silence throbbed about her. Her heart beat heavily against the ragged shawl. Then in the light that glistened on banks of holly and drifts of flowers, she saw a face. A grave, earnest face, the face of a man who had come up through great tribulation to stand before the holy altar of his God. It was the face of a man who had suffered and conquered.

With a little silent gasp the woman leaned back, her great eyes fastened on the preachers' face. Her white lips moved as if they had framed some word, but there was no sound. He began to speak, and she leaned forward as if no word must be lost. Very simple words they were, so simple that even such as she might easily understand, though it had been long since she had heard any like them. He told the beautiful story of Jesus. She had forgotten long ago, but now the truth stole softly to her heart, and a great peace fell upon her soul. The hard face softened, the great eyes filled with glad tears, and a look like the minister's own settled upon her face. Once or twice she coughed slightly, and a gentle-faced old lady who sat near saw that her handkerchief was stained with blood.

When the sermon was over, the woman in the ragged shawl saw bending over her a softly wrinkled old face with smiling, kindly eyes.

"You are not well. Now I wonder if I could be of any use to you."

"I was tired, and I came in. It was what I needed," said the woman in the ragged shawl, with eyes aglow.

"I am glad of that," answered the cheery old voice. "It is a blessed thing to understand. Where are you going now?"

"Sure enough, I must be going. I—I don't know where. Not—not where I came from, not now that I understand."

For a moment the little old lady hesitated. "I think I know what you mean. I am going to look after you. There is a safe, quiet corner for you, and I'm just going to send you to it. You'll let me, of course."

"It is so long since anybody cared," whispered the woman.

"Somebody has been caring all along, poor child, only you did not know. God and his people have found you at last. I will see Miss Annesley and get her to take you right now, and in the morning I'll run around the first thing to see you. Annis, come this way, please."

The lady with the beautiful eyes and soft furs came quickly towards them.

"Ah, you have kept her, Mrs. Grimes. I was so afraid she had gone. I stopped to speak to Lawrence—I mean Mr. Grahame, you know, and I was afraid of being too late." A pretty flush swept across her fair face, and the little old lady smiled and nodded brightly.

"You are blessed above most women, dear," she said.

The woman in the ragged shawl coughed and wiped her lips, meeting Miss Annesley's startled eyes with a quiet smile. "Please don't be troubled," she said. "It doesn't matter, now." She smiled, gathering her shawl about her and making ready to go, while the old lady whispered a hurried word to Miss Annesley.

Suddenly the thin face whitened, and with a low cry the woman pressed forward. "Let me go, quickly. Don't keep me. I must get away," she said, excitedly. The preacher was coming down the aisle toward them. The great church was almost empty now.

"Wait. O, Mrs. Grimes, have her wait! It is so cold outside, and—ah, here is Mr. Grahame."

With a quivering gasp the woman pulled her faded bonnet over her face, and sank down again.

"I think she has fainted. Lift her, Mr. Grahame, and let's carry her to my carriage. The Home is scarcely out of my way."

Very carefully the strong man raised the slight form, and the two followed him.

It was midnight, and worn and very ill the new inmate lay in the small, white room of the Home. The Christmas stars shone calmly through the little window, and a quiet, sweet-faced woman sat watching the white face on the pillow.

She turned and smiled patiently as the gentle nurse questioned her in kindly fashion.

"It won't matter much if you don't know about me, will it? Once I'd have told you eagerly; but that was before I came to understand, you know—before I heard the message. I was looking in high places because he was going that way, while I—Don't you see? I want to do something for Him of whom I have heard to night, and there is this, only this."

"Is there no one who ought to know—who would be happier for knowing that you are safe here?"

For an instant the woman hesitated, an eager light in her dark eyes. "No," she said gently, "it is better so, far better. It is my Christmas sacrifice. I must have my way."

In the morning Mrs. Grimes came with Miss Annesley. The good old lady heard all the nurse had to tell her, and shook her head gravely.

"It isn't curiosity, my dears, not that; but there may be somewhere a sorely aching heart that is waiting for a word from her. We must try again."

The sick woman smiled her welcome when they had entered the little room.

"Can you tell us all about it, now, my poor child? Haven't you thought that some one ought to know?"

"Don't, please don't. I had meant to tell—to be so glad and happy when all the world should know. Ah, my heart is new indeed, my soul born again; for instead of that—how glad I am to do this for the Lord!

For—for—but no; I must be careful, very careful. It is so new to be carefree and at rest. And my head is queer. I am in danger of going too far. Only," she turned to Miss Annesley and caught her hand with a curiously reverent caress, "the perceptions of the dying are keen—strangely keen, for already the mists are clearing away. Hearts read plainly what the brain alone could not know. He loves you—the minister." Her lips twitched pitifully. "I saw it in his eyes and in yours. I know. Ah, a good man's strong, tender love! I know its value now when it is too late, too late. Oh, be careful!"

Miss Annesley knelt beside her. "I shall remember," she said softly. "Is there some one who loves you—some one who ought to be here now that you are going away from us?" She stroked back the heavy, dark hair with her little white hand.

"There is no one—though it is still my right. He loved me, my husband, my—" her voice broke, and a faint flush dyed her brow beneath Miss Annesley's hand. Then she went slowly on as if she had forgotten that any were listening:

"It was my pretty face, and my vain, weak nature, and the luring of a wicked world that laughs later on at the poor, ruined life. And I drifted from my home, from the safe haven of my husband's love, hardly conscious at first of the danger, for it was only going a little way and back again to laugh gaily at his foolish fears! And all the while the quiet life at home was growing harder for me, and the goings back farther apart, and—the end came and I was—lost." She stopped for awhile, and then went dreamily on: "The dancing in the glare of the footlights, the hollow, empty gaiety of the new life, and he at home alone, studious, thoughtful, his proud head bowed; and for very love of him I died to the old life and left him free. Was I sorry even then when I read the notice that would grieve him so? And so I drifted—no, it was not drifting any more. Yes, I know how gentle he can be," she whispered after a pause.

"You mean the preacher, don't you? Will you see him now?" Miss Annesley bent over her with streaming eyes.

"The preacher? What have I been saying?" The great black eyes flashed open and the woman tried to rise.

"Be quiet, dear. I thought you might like to have him come now that you are going to the Master, and—he is the Master's friend."

The woman closed her eyes, and a sigh of relief trembled across her drawn lips.

"You understand—at last. It cannot be—as—you wish."

A strange, cold pallor settled over her face. Outside merry bells were ringing, and music from a church on the corner stole softly in. Trembling like a lost echo from the angel's song came the faint sound of words: "Peace on earth." The woman's ear caught them, and she smiled like a tired child on its mother's breast. Safe at last.

The white lips moved, a smile of wondrous sweetness lay upon them. Miss Annesley bowed her sunny head to catch the words that came fluttering back from the valley of shadows. "It is the last I can do, the very last, but I'm longing for you, dear, and I'm sorry that I grieved you so, only you cannot know until—after awhile. For your sake—for her sake—for Christ's sake, in re-

membrance of—what has been done for me. It is all—I—"

The words were faint and far apart, and the last was a quivering sigh. Miss Annesley wept softly, tenderly holding the death-chilled hands in her own. "Glory to God in the highest," came in a burst of melody from the church on the corner. And then a strange silence fell upon the little room. The nurse drew the sheet over the smiling face, and Miss Annesley turned away, sobbing.

* * *

It was after the evening service. Miss Annesley and the preacher were going to look again upon the peaceful face in the little room at the Home.

"I have been so interested, you know. It is not an ordinary case. I am sure you helped her, and we'll go together, for we've done what we could for her, and it has been the beginning of—of our new life, dear," and she flushed shyly, and nervously turned the plain little ring that to-day had taken the place of the costly jewels that used to shine upon her slender fingers.

They entered the room, hand in hand, with bowed heads. Tall and strong, the man stood beside the humble bier. There was upon his grave face the flush of a newfound happiness, and the fragrance of the white rose in his buttonhole was like the refrain of a woman's tender promise as it sang itself in his glad heart. All hesitation, all doubt was gone now. The love of the fair girl beside him was a sweet reality, and his right to keep it, to rejoice in it, was assured. The past, the dark troubled past, was gone forever. There was no barrier between him and the happiness God gives a man when a great love comes to him. The last fear was gone. He need not even disclose the pages of the past to the girl who loved him; she refused to hear the story he would have told.

"No, dear, I have no right, no desire to know. Let the dead past bury its dead. In our new world we shall not care for what went before," she had said in her gentle way, and he had been glad to have it so.

Now they stood together above the woman who had died in the holy Christmas time. Very gently she drew the white covering from the smiling face, crying softly the while, as women will.

"How pretty she is, Larry, now that the pain and sin are gone! I am so glad—why, dear, do you mind it so?"

The tall minister was kneeling above the white, smiling face. He seemed not to hear. With his eyes on the dead face he knelt silently.

"Larry!" the girl touched his hair.

"Go, please, Annis, go bring the—the nurse," he said.

"Yes, I will quickly. But, Larry, what is it?"

"Go, please."

She came with the nurse, and they found the minister standing white and calm before the window. On the dead woman's breast lay a fading white rose.

"There is nothing to tell, sir," the nurse said sadly. "She went as she came, a stranger. But I did gather, sir, that there was some one she loved and who would have been here with her, only she felt that somehow it was doing good to die unknown and alone. She said it was for Christ's sake. I'm afraid, sir, she has been a sinner, and perhaps loving hearts have ached for her, but its all over now, and God knows."

"Yes," he said, "God knows."

Without looking at the dead face again, the minister went away, Miss Annesley following silently.

* * *

When the Christmas stars shone again the minister kissed his wife and went out alone, carrying with him a cluster of white rosebuds. When the sun rose it shone upon the roses and upon the white gravestone near which they lay. A simple stone it was, and it bore no inscription below the one word, "Rose"

Nurses by the Hour

THE new departure of hiring trained nurses by the hour is becoming more and more popular in New York, where, three or four years ago, the experiment was first tried, and is being introduced into other cities throughout the country. The suggestion was first made by Miss Kimber, a young English woman who graduated at the Bellevue Training School in the '80s, and after a few years' practice of her profession in New York, returned to her home in England. She pointed out to her associates that only the comparatively wealthy could afford to pay the weekly fees of \$25 to \$30, and also that in the average city household the limited room allowed no accommodation for a nurse.

It happens in many cases of illness that a trained nurse is not a necessity except at certain times of the day. Miss Kimber and a number of other graduate nurses then announced their willingness to pay hourly visits, at the very moderate of fifty cents for the first hour and twenty-five cents for each additional hour or fraction of an hour. Now all the nurses registries in New York keep lists of those who give hourly as well as weekly services, and the demand for them is increasing steadily from the usual private sources, and from physicians who need assistance in trifling operations or in emergency cases.

The plan has been of great benefit to the nurses, as well as their patrons. The profession is one of the most fatiguing in which a woman can engage, and long rests between difficult cases are absolutely necessary to her health. Thus a nurse's income, which seems large, is not really so, owing to these periods of enforced idleness. To be able to earn a little without working many hours in the day, is of manifest advantage to the resting nurse.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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A Thought in Time

THE wise old adage that "a stitch in time saves nine" is no more true than that a thought in time is worth ninety-nine afterthoughts. Too many of us must plead guilty to speaking before we think. Unfortunate speeches which a little forethought would have checked would fill a volume. Many of us remember dozens of tactless remarks to which we have given utterance, and the recollection flushes our cheeks years later. Not long ago, at a luncheon, I sat by a woman who discoursed volubly on the trials that must attend the life of the wife whose husband is a drunkard, and of the certainty that his children would inherit a taste for liquor; and all the while I was painfully conscious that five years ago the husband of our hostess had died in an inebriate asylum, and that her three boys were all that she had to love and live for. Yet the woman by whom I sat knew these things as well as I. She simply did not think.

A young girl came to me recently, her eyes full of tears, her face flushed.

"Oh," she said, "what do you suppose I have done? Mr. D—— and a friend called this afternoon, and, having just read *A Wheel of Fire*, I turned the talk to insanity and suicide. After some time I noticed that Mr. D—— was silent, and that his friend, while he answered my talk, had a constrained manner. Then, too late, I remembered that Mr. D——'s father went crazy and hanged himself."

"But, my dear," I protested, "you knew that perfectly well before you began the conversation."

"Of course I did, but I didn't think!"

It may seem harsh to say that there is small excuse for one's not thinking; but it is true. It is our business to think. We cannot always be on the lookout for our friends' weakness, but we can avoid being so self-absorbed as to forget the great sorrow or disgrace that has shadowed the life of the person with whom we are talking. This thought of others becomes, through cultivation, second nature. Some people are born with more of that heaven-bestowed gift, tact, than are others who really seem utterly devoid of the quality. But if the iron is blunt one should put to it the more strength, and an excellent substitute for tact is forgetfulness of self in thought for others. In fact, it is to be doubted if much of what is called tact is not simply selfishness. He who goes through life trying to put others at ease, to please others and not himself, is not liable to say that which wounds or is rude. A thoughtless word once spoken is so irrevocable, and the effect it produces so lasting, that none of us can afford to be careless about what we say. The thoughtful word, quite as much as the thoughtful act, aids in making up the sum of human happiness.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ONE has often admired on railway bills the announcement that the "ten o'clock train will start at 10:30," and other similar notes; and every one will recall in this connection the old story of the priest who gave out on the 3rd Sunday of Advent, "This being Ember Week, Wednesdays and Fridays will be Saturdays." We remember once hearing at the conclusion of a pastoral, "Given, etc., this year of Our Lord e ghteen thousand and seventy-three." Then the priest, unfortunately for himself, became conscious of some mistake. He paused, looked, and then said, "Yes, eighteen thousand and seventy-three."—*London Tablet.*

A Simoon in the Desert

SO this yellow, sunburned life drags its yellow weight across the endless plains. A fatelike awful march; no hope, no halt for man or beast; but on, on, over the spreading billows of biting sands, of glowing, shifting, sinking sands, with overhead the hot sky, blue and hard, and blazing in its midst the scorching eye that burns and blisters with its sight.

In agony the camels stumble on, beat at the dense hot wall. Desperately the coolies hide their faces in the hot, swaying hunches before them; but through their stupor there beats a wave of consciousness. A shudder brings them to a knowledge of a something awful. Through the sun-steeped, sun-bleached minds there cuts a keener stab. They are awake to what?

Into the coarse camel hair they dig their fists; tighter they press to the living things beneath them; they look not to one another; words they have not. In the presence of this heat they dare not breath. Convulsively they cling to the stumbling beasts; and in low, dry sobs the anguish of body breaks forth. Between the two, the brute and man, there strikes a flash of mutual pain and torment. An instant, and down the camel lire there breaks the brutes' shrill, soul-like cry. In it they voice their all, the pent-up spirit of the bitter yellow beast, burdened and tortured for life. In it comes a question for the shrinking wretches lying on their humps. The bitter sounds fall on the parched tense air and die away.

Far and away comes a gasp—a hot vicious pant. Again it comes—a breath of fire that touched and is gone. The great line halts as one. A blank, dead moment; in it the bosom of the desert heaves, and a breath rolls toward the waiting line. With broken moans the creatures bend their knees and wait the coming of the storm. Another scorching breath—a timeless wait.

Far to the east it starts, across the sands it whirls in circling hoops that form at last a wall. On it curls, swiftly, silently,; with a hot, fierce lurch it falls upon the crouch-

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ing backs, stinging with fangs of fire, pelting, blinding the gasping, panting creatures; with its dry lash whipping out the lives of men and beasts. Faster, thicker, hotter, fall the sands, crushing and burying with a merciless weight—an ocean of burning fire, pouring wrath and strength upon these wretches as it hurls its mad force a ross the desert. The billows toss and heave, and break at last to sweep on—on for other prey.—*Elizabeth Washburn in the July Atlantic.*

NOBODY can deny that postage stamp collecting is a great help in teaching children geography. Jack showed this at school, when the teacher asked him where Nicaragua was, and what it produced chiefly.

"It's on page 98," said Jack, "and it produces more sets of stamps than any other country of its size in the world."

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Children's Hour

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

Virginia's Air Castle

A SEQUEL TO "THE GIRLS OF ST. DOROTHY"

BY IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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CHAPTER X.

THERE were a dozen or more cottages down at Oneida Bay, as the incurved crescent sweep of lake shore was called, but Bonnie Castle was the largest and handsomest of all. It was built directly on the side of a splendid, commanding bluff, with two broad piazzas around it, for trimmings and ruffles, Bobbie said. There were three stories to it in front, but only one and a half in back, as it shaped itself to the bluff, and within were all manner of odd corners and unexpected windows looking out on the lake or on the deep woodland vistas towards the ravines.

None of the rooms was plastered. Instead, there were the bare plank walls everywhere, with their sweet, piney smell, and deep tints of tan and brown; and there were shells and pictures and forest treasures everywhere, and altogether it was the most delightful place imaginable to spend two long hot months in.

There were twelve rooms, and the mothers of the girls had taken a deep interest in the enterprise, so that there was no scarcity of cots and bed linen.

Virginia and Madge were to stay at the Castle all the time, and the others were to take turns, two at a time, for a week, to help look after the children, while down in the glen, a stone's throw away, was Camp Excelsior, its three white tents showing like a new kind of flower among the dark green of the pines, and here was the boys' headquarters, with the cool ferny ravines on one side, and the low, steady sound of the water breaking on the shore ever floating up to them.

The "Majestic" was expected back early the morning of the 1st, and everyone was up with the birds, and standing on the wide piazzas of the Castle watching for the shadow of her smoke on the dim horizon.

The girls had been two and fro in the rooms again and again to see that everything was in its place, spick and span as a new man-o'-war, and Miss Pugsley had given them all hot cocoa and dainty biscuits, with red raspberries and cream, so they were not hungry. Shortly after they had assembled, there had been a shout from the glen below, and the Excelsiors came trooping out in full force to join them.

"Where's Bobbie?" asked Mollie, when they were all settled.

"Hunting turtles," Jerry replied sadly. "We had a whole lot caught yesterday, and put them in the dish pan—"

"The dish pan!" cried Mollie. "Well, before I'd live down at your old camp, if that's what you do!"

"Nobody asked you to," said Jerry serenely. "What's the difference between putting turtles in the dish pan and making turtle soup? Anyway, we had them in the dish pan, and this morning they had all waltzed

off to the river, and Bobbie's gone to find them, because he says they'll tickle the youngsters most to death."

"Smoke off the channel!" called Art., joyously, and they all hurried to the corner of the porch where he stood, to stare at the faint streak of smoke far, far away, as if some giant had been busy putting out the stars, and then rubbed his finger along the edge of the sky as he dropped to the underworld, and left a stain there.

But it was the "Majestic," and for awhile no one spoke, but all eyes were fixed upon the steamer as it drew nearer and nearer, shaping itself from the gray clouds just turning golden under the sunrise glow, and by the time it had reached the channel leading to Black River, Miss Pugsley, too, came up from the dining-room to see the precious boat, and try to catch a sight of the guests Bonnie Castle was to receive. A white handkerchief waved from the forward deck, and was answered enthusiastically.

"That's Eleanor," Madge said. "Can't we all go down to the dock now, and meet them?"

It was a timely suggestion. The distance between the Castle and the dock where the steamer made its first landing was covered in a few minutes, and a laughing, helter-skelter crowd drew up in broken file as the gang-plank was thrown ashore.

"I see three up there beside Nell," Mollie said to Virginia. "Don't they look shy and frightened?"

"No, they don't. They just look happy," replied the latter, her own face full of brightness, as she smiled up at the little ones standing close around Eleanor.

Mrs. Ferrall had three, and Dave had four boys under his wing, but they got the whole brood ashore safely, and started up the path happy as was possible, each one trying to get a chance to say something pleasant to the ten children who listened with wide-open eyes, and stared around them as if they were in an enchanted wonderland.

It was all very nice, but there was one who was having troubles of his own, and very hard troubles at that. It was Bobbie. He had hurried off to the river side to try and recover some of the truant turtles, and had only succeeded in finding three that had come up for an early sunbath on the logs. By the time he had these safe in a pail, the steamer was at the dock, and he started on a run to join the others; but when he reached the spot no one was in sight.

"Where's all the rest?" he asked the purser, Mr. Gifford, whom he knew well, and Mr. Gifford laughed as he shook his head.

"Too late, Bob," he said cheerily.

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"They've all gone on up the beach, but there's one waif they left."

"They did?" exclaimed Bobbie anxiously. "Give it to me and I'll steer it to the Castle."

There was an odd smile on the purser's face as he led the way around the lower deck to the engine-room.

"Down there in the warm corner," he said. "He begged a ride across, and blacked all our boots, and sang and danced last night until he was so tired he just tumbled down in there and went to sleep."

"Well, for evermore," gasped Bobbie, using Mollie's favorite exclamation, as he gazed down at the little curled-up bundle in the corner of the engine-room. "It's—it's a coon, isn't it?"

"It's a colored gentleman," answered Mr. Gifford gravely. "And the only one in Ottawa, too. Do you want to adopt it, Bob?"

Bobbie hesitated, his round face thoughtful and serious, as he balanced the pail of turtles on his forefinger, and then the "colored gentleman" settled his fate himself by waking up and grinning in a most winning manner.

"Want yo' boots blacked, boss?" he asked persuasively, and the "boss" was too much for Bobbie. He straightened up to his full height, and said, with all the dignity he was capable of:

"Not to-day, thank you. What's your name?"

"Jefferson Gibbs," replied the little darky promptly. He was a comical looking little chap, with the blackest of eyes and the whitest of teeth, and Bobbie felt his heart yearning for a waif all his own. It would be a distinction beyond his fondest hopes. He would have a special charge to look after and civilize, and, as a minor consideration of course, a charge who could sing and dance, and do many things, not the least of which was to call him "boss" before all the boys. It was too much to contemplate without losing ones former prejudices.

"I guess you'll have a better time if you come with me, Blossom," he said at last. "We've got a camp up on the shore, and I'll look after you for awhile, and give you a good time. Want to come?"

Did he? He jumped up in a minute, and shook himself like a terrier dog, his lips parted in a broad grin, and Bobbie started off in triumph to the Castle with his turtles and a waif all his own.

(To be continued.)

The Dachshund

THIS is what the boy wrote about the dachshund:

"The dockshound is a dog notwithstanding' appeerencis. He has fore legs, two in front an' two behind, an' they ain't on speekln' terms. I wunst made a dockshound out of a cowcumber an' fore matches, an' it lookt as nacheral as life. Dockshounds is farely intelligent considerin' thare shaip. Thare brains bein' so far away from thare tales it bothers them sum to wag the lattur. I wunst noo a dockshound who wuz too impashunt to wate till he cood signal the hole length of his boddy when he wanted to wag his tale, so he maid it up with his tale that when he wanted it to wag he would shake his rite ear, an' when the tale seen it shake it wood wag. But as fer me, gimme a bull pup with a peddygree."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A King

We talked of kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,
His armies to victory led.
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle, and brave, and so
Wasn't he greater than all the rest?
'T was Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When "No," came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then with a start,
"He wasn't a king—outside," he said,
"But I think he was in his heart."

—St. Nicholas.

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Nimble Folk of the Tree-tops,

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

I.

THERE are few things in the woods that appeal to juvenile hearts of various ages as do the jolly, good-natured, brisk, saucy little folk of the tree-tops, as they bound from limb to limb and from tree to tree, untiring, mischievous, watchful, flashing into view and darting from sight almost in the same instant, chattering to you as they sway the frail tips of some lofty branch, or seek to drive you away with a fusillade of chestnut burs from a limb directly overhead, and again seemingly unconscious of your presence as they race down one trunk and up another in an exuberant game of tag or hide-and-seek. Even the birds are less prominent and interesting to the casual observer. The squirrels have a way of crossing your path, and of chattering to you from a neighboring stump or tree, that is an invitation to sociability. Instead of disturbing them, your presence seems rather to inspire them to greater jollity and exuberance; and if you are in as much of a mood to watch as they are to entertain, the half hour of waiting is sure to be mutually satisfactory.

There are some dozen varieties of squirrels in the United States, and for beauty and gracefulness they surpass any other class of animals. Passing through the woods some clear, crisp morning, we hear the familiar "chick-a-ree" of the little chipmuck as he runs along an old log or fence-rail until he reaches the farther end, where he sits up and looks saucily at the disturbers of his retreat; and the "chick, chick" of the small red squirrel, sitting on the branch of an oak tree, holding an acorn in his paws as he watches our movements; and the short, puppy-like barks of a gray squirrel from his perch on a large beech tree.

Perhaps the most widely distributed, and, consequently, the most familiar of our *sciurus* are the pretty little red squirrels, whose "chick-chick, chick-chick-chicks" have grown dear to the hearts of all wood lovers. He is an active little fellow, and can make surprising leaps from branch to branch. Nut-bearing trees are his favorite foraging ground, and he is especially fond of exploring the wide-spreading limbs of a giant white oak. If you enter his precincts, and do not readily perceive him, pause and glance sharply among the upper branches. The chances are that you will find him watching you curiously, an acorn in his paw, and his bushy tail turned up gracefully over his back.

Morning is generally the time of the red squirrel's greatest activity, except in winter, when he prefers the warmest hours. He is usually busy in the summer and fall in laying up stores for the winter. These consist of various nuts, berries, and grain, and are buried in the ground, hollow logs, or trees, often in large quantities. It is not uncommon to find one of his treasure houses containing a bushel or more of different kinds of nuts.

The squirrel makes a cosy nest of dry leaves, twigs, and moss, curiously interwoven, and most frequently in the fork of a tree at a considerable height from the ground. Here the young are produced, three, four or five at a birth, in the middle of the summer. They continue with their parents till the spring of the next year. Although numbers of squirrels are often seen together, they

live mostly in pairs, which seem to continue attached throughout life.

The color of this squirrel is brownish-red on the upper parts, and white beneath; changing more or less in winter to a grayish brown, and in northern countries to gray, and even to white. Often the same pair of squirrels will have several hoards of nuts, beech most, and grain in different places, made apparently in view of the possibility of one of them being pillaged. The seeds of firs form a very considerable part of their winter food, and is obtained by gnawing the scales away from the cones.

A very curious thing about the red squirrel is his habit of biting off and dropping nuts upon such intruders as disturb him when at work. But whether it is with the hope of driving them away by pelting them, or because he thinks they are after the nuts and wishes in this way to quickly supply them, and thus get them out of the way, is a matter of conjecture. He is seen at all seasons of the year, except on very cold winter days, often venturing to visit the barn, corner, or wood-pile of the farmhouse when his own stores are grown dull. If robbed of his stores, he resorts to pine cones, and even toadstools or bark, which he cuts off as smoothly as the beaver. If you hunt under a tree which he inhabits, you will find abundant evidence of the sharpness of his teeth in the shells of walnuts or butternuts which he has gnawed open and dropped. He knows as well as you do how the meat lies in the nut, and never makes a mistake in gnawing in the wrong place. He cuts off the shell just enough to remove the kernel, and as smoothly as you could do it with a file.

(To be continued.)

At a Dublin Sunday school lately, the following replies have been given:—Question: "What is an Atheist?" Answer: "A devil, sir." "What is the outward and visible sign in Baptism?" Answer: "The baby, sir."

DOCTOR'S PROPHECY.

About Grape Nuts.

Dr. J. H. Hanaford, one of the oldest physicians in Reading, Mass., says in *The Practical Age*: "I firmly believe that Mr. Post has rendered a greater service to humanity than any other man living, in the matter of food.

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"From the acquaintance that I have had with this unusually nutritious article, I am satisfied the statement is truthful and demonstrable. I am inclined to believe the food will effect considerable of a revolution in society, to the extent that it is introduced."

This was written by Dr. Hanaford several months ago. The rapid spread of the use of Grape-Nuts all over the country has demonstrated that the doctor's prophecy has already come true, to an extent, at least. Perhaps never before in the history of food manufacture has such rapid progress been made as with Grape-Nuts. It especially appeals to brain workers.

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Colonial Resources

THE commercial possibilities which await the tropical island Territories which have come into closer relationship with the United States during the past year, in supplying a permanent and growing market in this country, are suggested by a compilation just made by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics of the importation of tropical and sub-tropical products into the United States during ten months of the present year, compared with that of the corresponding months of the preceding year. They amount to the surprisingly large sum of 280 million dollars during the 300 days in question, or an average of over a million dollars for each business day of the year, showing that for the full year the total will reach more than 300 million dollars. This compilation, it is proper to add, includes raw silk, tea, and rice, and the small proportion of our sugar importations which is manufactured from beets; but even if these be omitted, the total which would be clearly entitled to be classed as tropical products would exceed 250 million dollars annually. Sugar, coffee, india rubber, fibres, tropical fruits and nuts, cacao, tobacco of the finer grades, spices, gums, indigo, dyewoods and cabinet woods, form the important features of this large importation, and all of them articles for which the United States is absolutely dependent, with the possible exception of sugar, upon other parts of the world, and for the present, at least, for the large proportion of our sugar.

Curiously, all of these articles can be produced, and are now produced to a greater or less extent, in the islands in question. Sugar, as everybody knows, is produced in large quantities in Cuba, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. Of our sugar importations in the 10 months just ended, Cuba has furnished 683 million pounds, other West Indies 514 million pounds, the Hawaiian Islands 534 million pounds, the Philippine Islands 50 million pounds, while the East Indies have in the present year furnished a larger share of our sugar importations than any other single part of the world, the total number of pounds from the East Indies alone being for the 10 months ending with October, 1,078,907,548, out of a total of 3,767,756,981 pounds. Coffee, of which our importations are growing constantly and rapidly, amounting to about 850 million pounds annually, as against an average of about 550 million pounds in the earlier years of the decade, is successfully grown in all of the islands in question, and at one time was a very important crop in Cuba as well as at present in Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. Fibre, of which the importations in the present year will amount to 20 million dollars in value, can readily be grown in all of the islands, the Philippines already supplying that most important feature of our fibre importations, manila hemp, which alone in the present year will amount to about six million dollars in value. While two or three of the larger items of our tropical and sub-tropical imports, rubber, silk, and tea, are not produced in any considerable quantities in the islands in question at present, experiments which have been made in those islands, especially in tea and silk, indicate at least that their production is possible, and may prove entirely practicable with further experiment.

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**The Defense
of Champagne**

This masterpiece by M. Jean Baptiste Edward Detaille represents one of the most stirring scenes of the Franco-Prussian War. It is hung in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Central Park, New York, having been presented by Judge Henry Hilton, 1887, and valued at over \$60,000.00. It is well placed, being opposite the great painting "Friedland 1807," by M. Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, which was purchased at the auction sale of the A. T. Stewart collection for \$66,000.00, by Judge Henry Hilton, and also presented to the museum, 1887. The "Defense of Champagne" covers a canvas 85 x 48, and was, previous to being purchased by Judge Henry Hilton, exhibited in the Art Salon, Paris, producing an immense sensation.

This is the greatest work of Rosa Bonheur, representing life-sized horses at a market. It at once secured for the artist a world-wide reputation, and is well-known to every child, by means of photographic reproductions and engravings. This picture was first exhibited in the Salon, and in 1855 formed the chief attraction in the French exhibit of pictures in London. It was brought to this country in 1857 by W. P. Wright, of Weehawken, and sold to the late A. T. Stewart for \$40,000.00. It was bought for \$55,500.00 on March 25th, by Samuel P. Avery, for Cornelius Vanderbilt, who the next day presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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Hints to Housekeepers

REMOVING STAINS.—*Coffee.*—Lay the stained portion of the cloth over a bowl, and pour boiling water through it.

Fruit.—Boiling water as above; if ineffectual, rub with a solution of oxalic acid, and rinse in warm water.

Ink—Dip in boiling water, rub with salts of sorrel, and rinse well.

Blood.—Soak in cold water. For ticking and thick goods, make a thick paste of starch and water; leave till dry, and brush off.

Scorch.—Dip in soapsuds, and lay in sun; if fibers are not much injured, dip repeatedly in saturated solution of borax, and rinse.

Mildew.—Wet with soapsuds; lay in sun; spread with a paste of soft soap and powdered chalk and sun it; soak in buttermilk, and sun.

Grass.—If fresh, use alcohol, and rinse; or use Javelle water and rinse thoroughly.

Paint.—Turpentine for coarse goods, benzine or naphtha for fine.

Grease.—Moisten with strong ammonia water, lay blotting paper over, and iron dry; if silk, use chloroform to restore color, or cover with powdered French chalk, and iron.—*Good Housekeeping.*

TO REMOVE INK STAINS FROM CARPET.—Heat some milk very hot; and to save time, heat only a small quantity at first, then while that is being used, more can be heated. Absorb all the ink possible with a blotter; pour the steaming milk liberally on the ink stains, and then wash up the milk with a cloth and warm water. Renew the water as it becomes inky. Apply more milk if needed. A vigorous rubbing of the carpet with the cloth and warm water is necessary. If the milk is not quickly wiped up, it will leave a grease spot, which must be removed with gasoline.

A careless maid dropped a lamp, deluging the hall carpet with kerosene. Oatmeal was sprinkled quickly and liberally over the place, and left until the next morning; when the hall was swept, the oil was found to be completely absorbed, and the carpet rather the fresher for its treatment.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

EVEN the washtub may become a comparative luxury at the chemist's touch. A neutral soap must be used if the color of the fabric is worth considering, and few soaps are neutral. Pure castile is one that enjoys the distinction. The water always should be sufficiently warm to relax the fibres of the texture. The cold water dip for clothes is a mistake. Boiling water is almost as objectionable. It causes too great contraction of the texture. It has a use, and that is to make washed clothes antiseptic. A good test for goods before selecting the soap that will be used in washing them, is by placing a small sample in ammonia and another in vinegar. If vinegar changes the color, the material should not be washed in any acid solution. If the color remains bright, or becomes even brighter, acid soaps may be applied. If ammonia changes the hue, an acid must be used.

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