

Miss S V Smiley 15mar01
1316 N St

The Living Church

VOL. XXIV.

MILWAUKEE AND CHICAGO, DECEMBER 1, 1900.

No. 5.

Beginning the Year of Romance

THE CENTURY

NOVELS AND STORIES

during the coming year by

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ELECTRICAL PROGRESS.

PROF. BEDELL, of Cornell has made some discoveries that may decrease the cost of transmitting electrical power. Direct and alternating currents can be sent over the same line and each behaves as if the other were not present, so that the same wire may be used for the transmission of two different systems of energy. Half the time the alternating increases the direct current, but this gain is neutralized by its action during the other half. Tesla has a new patent for a system of insulation that, he claims, will do away with all danger in handling and in coming in contact with live wires. Still more, he claims that currents of high voltage power can be transmitted to great distances without any loss of power, at least to no appreciable extent. The scheme appears to be little more than sending the current through water frozen by an artificial process. If the discovery should prove to be commercially valuable the power of Niagara, or other water falls, may be sent for hundreds of miles. Some of Mr. Tesla's inventions have not been so practically successful as they promised, and, in fact, some of his writings read as if they were bordering on the undiscovered country. M. Tomassi has devised a means by which wireless telegraphy may be made more practical. He would use two systems of dots and dashes, one entirely meaningless. In case anyone should undertake to interfere or read the message, except the person to whom it is transmitted, the meaningless marks would make it utterly unintelligible. This is accomplished by a difference in the ranges of the two systems. Still there appears to be no near prospect of the wireless telegraphy becoming commonly useful.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

SPARROWS PUNISHING CORN THIEVES.

NEAR the village of Half Day, Ill., lives a one-armed man named Lester Mowers, who has a large field of corn. Mr. Mowers' corn had scarcely appeared above the ground when a band of crows swooped down upon it. They hopped gleefully up and down the rows, pull up the delicate green blades with their beaks and eating the seed kernel that still clung to the corn. Mr. Mowers set a scarecrow in the field, but these crows were evidently old hands at robbery, for they utterly disregarded the ragged sentinel. Then he tried shooting at them, but a one-armed man is not half as quick as a crow and he failed to kill or cripple a single one. They would fly clumsily away at each shot, jeering and "haw-hawing" in derision, returning as soon as he had left the field. Finally a colony of sparrows came and started to build nests in a thicket near the corn. Hardly had the small couples made their summer housekeeping arrangements before they began to drive the crows away. Every black robber who came into the field was set upon and pecked vigorously, the sparrows following him a quarter-mile to administer punishment thoroughly. In a week a visit from a crow was a rarity. Mr. Mowers replanted his corn and now throws a handful of bread crumbs to the sparrows each morning.

THE HELPEULNESS OF THE APOSTLES' CREED.

OH! the grand old words of the Apostles' Creed! How often, when wearied and distracted with the din of petty but bitter controversy, have I said the dear old words with a swelling heart, feeling, Here is my war-song; here is my chant of praise; here are the simple, glorious eternal facts on which I build my salvation. Yes; doctrine is precious; controversy is often needful. But there is something before doctrine, and that is History; there is something more blessed than controversy and that is Faith.—*W. Walsham How, D.D.*



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The Living Church

VOL. XXIV.

MILWAUKEE AND CHICAGO, DECEMBER 1, 1900.

No. 5

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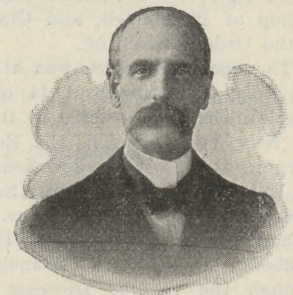
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The Church at Work

NEW APPOINTMENT FOR PORTO RICO.

THE BISHOP OF SACRAMENTO having declined the appointment to the charge of the Churches in Porto Rico, the Bishop of West Virginia has accepted the Presiding Bishop's appointment, and expects to go to Porto Rico in January.

CLERICAL UNION.

THE GENERAL COUNCIL of the Clerical Union for the Maintenance and Defence of Catholic Principles assembled at the Church of the Advent, Boston, November 20 and 21. Choral evensong was sung by the Rev. Aug. Prime, President of the Mass. Catholic Club, and a special sermon on Defence of the Catholic Faith was preached by the Rev. Dr. Fiske of St. Stephen's Church, Providence. A solemn high celebration followed, with the Rev. W. H. Van Allen, Vice President of the Union, as celebrant, the Rev. R. H. Prime, deacon, the Rev. Dr. Rudd, sub-deacon, and the Rev. S. McPherson, master of ceremonies. Merbecke's Plain Song Mass was sung by a choir of priests. At the close of the service, the council was convened with Rev. W. H. Van Allen, Vice President, in the chair, Rev. Arthur Ritchie, General Secretary, Rev. Robert Ritchie (Philadelphia), Rev. R. H. Paine (Baltimore), Rev. H. B. Gorgas (Brooklyn), Rev. Aug. Prime (Brighton, Boston), Rev. W. B. Frisby, D.D. (Boston). By vote, the members of the Mass. Catholic Club were recognized as guests of honor. Admirable and able papers were read and presented for discussion as follows: "Uniformity of Ritual Observance," by Rev. Dr. Frisby; "Catholic Literature," by Rev. H. B. Gorgas; "Change of Name," by Rev. Robert Ritchie. Press of diocesan business prevented the attendance of the Bishop of Milwaukee, President of the Union. The council were entertained as guests of the Massachusetts Catholic Club.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GUILD OF ST. BARNABAS FOR NURSES.

THE annual meeting of the Council of the Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses took place on Wednesday, November 14, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York City, the Right Reverend Cortlandt Whitehead, D.D., Bishop of Pittsburgh, and Chaplain-General of the Order, presiding.

The opening service was a celebration of the Holy Communion at 11 o'clock, by the Chaplain-General, assisted by the Chaplain of the New York Branch, the Rev. D. Parker Morgan, D.D., with a devotional address on the Epistle for the preceding Sunday, Philipians i. 3-11, by the Right Rev. H. C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York. The Guild now numbers twenty-three Branches, scattered through the various Dioceses from Massachusetts to California, and Minnesota and Virginia, and of these all but a small number had a delegate or delegates in attendance, many members and associates of the various branches who were not delegates also being present to add to the interest and enthusiasm of the occasion.

At the close of the service reports were read by the Chaplain-General, the General Secretary, and Treasurer, as well as the report of the *News-Letter*, the official organ of the Order. By the kind courtesy of the New York Branch, all the members of the Guild present as well as of the Council were entertained at luncheon at the Hotel Manhattan. At the afternoon session, with one or two exceptions, reports were read from all the Branches, showing the work of the Guild to be in a fairly prosperous condition, two new branches having been organized since the last meeting of the Council. Some amendments were made in the Constitution, and there was

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was made a little lighter by the receipt of cash donations.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, Irving Park, has just been completed and was opened on Wednesday evening, November 21st. A new pipe organ was also used for the first time on that evening.

THE RT. REV. the Bishop of Niagara (Dr. DuMoulin) is in Chicago, and was tendered a reception by the Men's Club of St. Peter's, on Thursday evening. The Rev. Frank DuMoulin, rector of that church, is the Bishop's son.

THE ANNUAL day for Prayers for Missions appointed by the Woman's Auxiliary of this Diocese, falls on St. Andrew's Day, Nov. 30th. Services will be held at 10:30 a. m. with missionary sermons, at St. Chrysostom's, Grace, and the Epiphany. The clergy in the parishes too distant to be represented have been requested to arrange a special service for this day in their respective churches.

A LARGE MEETING of the members of the "Linco" Committee of St. Luke's Hospital, which has just closed its first year, met in the Church Club rooms, at 11 o'clock, on Thursday, Nov. 22nd. Miss Margaret Enders was in the chair; she called first upon Mrs. Shepherd, President of St. Luke's Hospital Auxiliary Branch, to address those present. Mrs. Shepherd's words were full of love and encouragement, but she warned all to remember how easy it was to begin anything, how hard to continue faithfully to the end, referring—for their example—to the one who, true to her trust, was President for 28 years, and only gave up her work when called by her Master to lay it down.

Mr. Curtis, the Superintendent, next explained why the Hospital needed so much help. St. Luke's was laboring under the disadvantage of being called rich, when in reality, it was poor; to become a real charity, it must have more funds; he also said that to have 800 sheets always on hand, with other linen in proportion, seemed a large amount, but with 290 beds to be changed every day, it was an absolute necessity for the stock of linen to be constantly replenished. St. Luke's president—Mr. Leslie Carter—being absent in New York, wrote a letter of thanks and congratulation to the committee on what they had accomplished in so short a time.

Mrs. Stires of Grace Church, gave an account of the three guilds which worked for this purpose, one composed of very poor women, who gave their time, one of school girls, and one guild earned the money to support a bed. After an earnest address from Bishop Anderson, and a half hour spent in social converse, the meeting adjourned.

CONNECTICUT.

C. B. BREWSTER, D.D., Bishop.
New Haven Convocation.

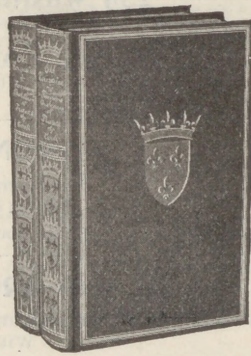
THE NEW HAVEN CONVOCATION gathered at the Church of the Ascension in that city on Nov. 13th, opening with a celebration of the Holy Communion at which the Dean, Rev. A. T. Randall, was the celebrant, the preacher being Archdeacon L. N. Booth of Bridgeport. Among the papers discussed was one on the subject of Associate Missions by the Rev. F. W. Baker, D.D., of Trinity Church, New Haven; on The Missionary Situation in Connecticut by the Rev. J. M. Peck; on The Church's Burden in Connecticut by the Ven. Archdeacon J. A. Biddle. The subjects were afterward opened for general discussion.

DELAWARE.

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Corner Stone at Townsend—Woman's Auxiliary—Church Club.

RECENTLY the Bishop laid the cornerstone of St. Mary's Chapel, Townsend, a mission of St. Anne's Church, Middletown, of which the Rev. W. J. Wilkie is rector. The propriety of the name given by the mother church to the daughter church is obvious.

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x ver 2.
2 K. 18, 7.
2 Or, he
possessed the
mountain.

19 And ^x the LORD was with Jū'dah; and ² he drave out *the inhabitants of the* ^{mountain; but} ^{hill country;} for he could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had ^y chariots of iron.

20 ^z And they gave Hē'bron unto Cā'leb, as Mō'seš ^{said:} ^{had spoken:} and he expelled thence the three sons of Ā'nāk.

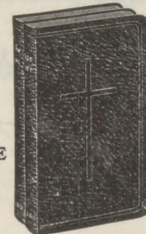
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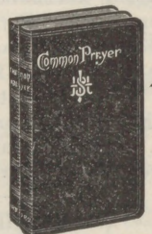
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THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Woman's Auxiliary was held in Dover, with a large attendance from the various parts of the Diocese. Addresses were delivered by the Bishop of the Diocese, the Bishop of Haiti, the Bishop of Kyoto, and the Rev. Dr. Guilbert of Connecticut. Encouraging reports were made from the various departments of the organization, and much interest was shown in all branches of work. Steps were taken to enlist more thoroughly the women of the various parishes in the cause of diocesan missions. The social feature of the gathering was, as usual, prominent and greatly enjoyed. The good people of Dover were very hospitable.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL DINNER of the Church Club was held on the evening of the 16th ult., and was largely attended. Among the speakers were the Bishop of the Diocese, the Rev. Dr. C. Ernest Smith of Baltimore, Francis A. Lewis, Esq., of Philadelphia, and Robert L. Harrison, Esq., of New York. Among the themes discussed were: The Coming Churchman, Men and Missions, The Church and the Municipality.

IOWA.

T. N. MORRISON, D.D., Bishop.

Vested Choir at Charles City.

A VESTED CHOIR has been organized for the church at Charles City and is now in training, with thirty voices.

KENTUCKY.

T. U. DUDLEY, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop.

Advent Sermons at the Cathedral.

SPECIAL Advent sermons on each of the four Sundays of the season will be preached at the Cathedral in Louisville by the Bishop of the Diocese as follows: First Sunday: The Reign of Lust; Second Sunday: The Reign of Luck; Third Sunday: The Reign of Law; Fourth Sunday: The Reign of Love.

LEXINGTON.

LEWIS W. BURTON, D.D., Bishop.

Observance of Thanksgiving Day—Ashland Seminary—Work at Altamont.

THE BISHOP, in his call for the proper observance of Thanksgiving Day, "earnestly hopes that there will be no church or chapel in this Diocese, which does not resound with notes of high praise to Almighty God, on the 29th of November."

ASHLAND SEMINARY at Versailles, the diocesan school, reports an increase of day pupils. Two new teachers have been added to the faculty. There has been recently installed a course in Church History.

MISS EMMA J. MORRELL has accepted the appointment of missionary worker at Altamont and will conduct an Industrial School there, upon the stipend promised by Miss Sybil Carter.

Miss Morrell did good work as missionary teacher in Beattyville some years ago, and goes to Altamont with a devoted spirit.

MR. CARL G. ZIEGLER, the Head Master of the Episcopal High School at Beattyville was removed to the Good Samaritan Hospital, in Lexington, Oct. 29th, suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

LONG ISLAND.

A. N. LITTLEJOHN, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop.

Re-opening of St. George's, Brooklyn.

A FEW MONTHS after they had celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of the organization of their church, the members of the congregation of St. George's, Brooklyn, were made homeless by a fire that, while it did not entirely destroy the church edifice, did so much damage to the interior and the roof of both the church and the adjoining chapel, prac-

(Continued on Page 213.)

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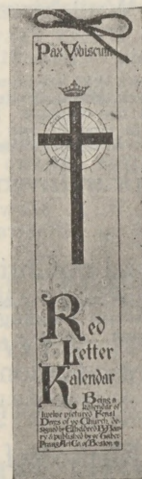
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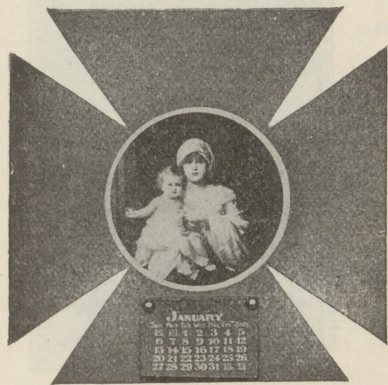
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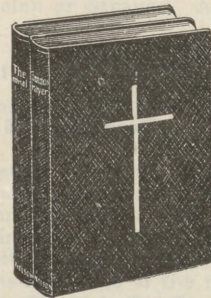
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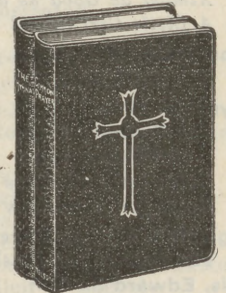
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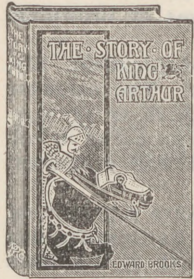
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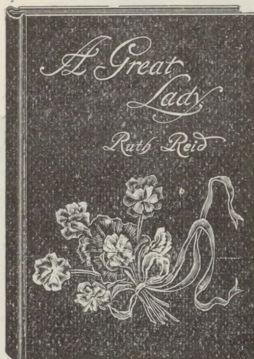
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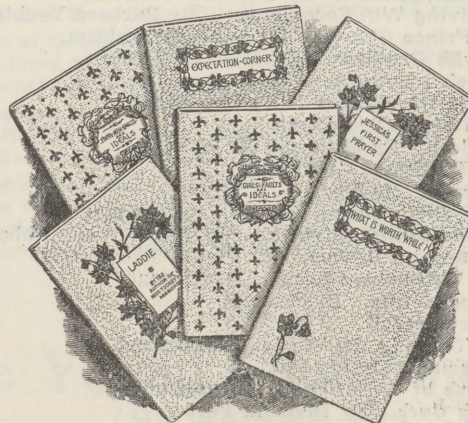
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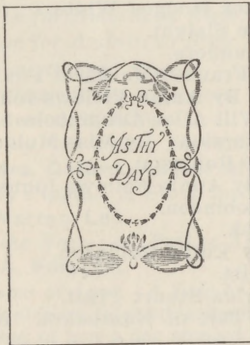
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The Living Church

VOL. XXIV.

MILWAUKEE AND CHICAGO, DECEMBER 1, 1900.

No. 5



News and Notes



AS WE GO TO PRESS on Tuesday, a telegram is at hand stating that Bishop Hale is "slowly failing, beyond hope of remedies, and needs constant attendance." Certainly the prayers of the Church will be offered for him very widely, and many will remember him with warmest affection in their intercessions before the Throne of Grace. Whether in this world or in the waiting place beyond, may the divine benediction rest upon him!

THE RECEPTION of President Kruger in France must certainly be disconcerting to Englishmen in general. While the French government has acted with much tact and discrimination in the matter, the unanimity of the French people in showering sympathy upon the doughty Boer is beyond question. Marseilles, and also Paris, have been given up to the celebrations in his honor, and every mark of esteem has been bestowed upon him short of official recognition. It must be admitted that the French government is itself in a somewhat delicate position, standing as it does between the necessity for observing the neutrality of the government, and its technical friendliness to Great Britain, and on the other hand its natural desire to be in sympathy with the French people themselves. In a way England is herself to blame for the delicacy of the position of France and the other European Powers which may receive visits from President Kruger, since there has been no official notification to the governments of the world of the British annexation of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, so that it is quite within the bounds of international requirements that Mr. Kruger should be recognized as President of a nation, when Great Britain has not officially notified the Powers of any contrary status. We have ourselves thought it strange that this length of time has been allowed to elapse without such formal notification from the British Foreign Office. In the meantime, the reports from South Africa are not encouraging to those who looked for a speedy end of hostilities, and it is even said that the British army may be obliged to reconquer the whole of the Orange Free State, which seems to be again in open revolt.

THE DEATH of Sir Arthur Sullivan removes one whose name has long been a household word throughout the United States. Probably no similar production ever reached the popularity of *Pinafore*, and even in England there was not quite the craze over the opera that there was throughout the United States some twenty years ago. The later productions of the celebrated composer in combination with Dr. Gilbert, though popular in many cases, never attained the wide popularity of *Pinafore*. *Patience*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and *The Mikado*, were nevertheless such successes as would insure fame to any other composer, who had not already partaken so largely of sympathetic applause. The later operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, however, are hardly known, and it is said that the last work of Sir Arthur, in collaboration with Captain Hood, a play entitled *The Emerald Isle*, is now about to be put on the stage at the Savoy in London. Long after Sullivan is forgotten for his operatic works, however, he will be remembered as composer of the popular tune to "Onward Christian Soldiers," from which he is the recipient of a fame which the fleeting successes of comic opera could never give.

IT IS PLEASING to learn from a letter to the *Chicago Tribune* signed by several of the leaders in the call for the recent mass

meeting at Denver, one of whom is the Rev. John H. Houghton, rector of St. Mark's Church, that the published statement is untrue to the effect that the meeting failed to express itself against the lynching of a negro which had recently disgraced the state, and only condemned the barbarous form in which that lynching was carried out. The letter declares positively that such an inference as to the sentiment of the meeting was absolutely incorrect, and denies that there was any infusion of politics in the meeting. We are glad to learn all this. There is one point, however, that may be made from this unhappy episode, and that is that there is a great responsibility resting upon those States which have abolished the death penalty for the most abhorrent crimes, and which can legally punish such only by penalties that will seem to people in general, wholly inadequate. When therefore such a revolting crime as that of this negro is perpetrated, the population is inflamed against the criminal by the knowledge that the law is itself powerless to inflict the punishment that the criminal deserves. To our mind the only right way and the only preventive of lynchings—and of course even this will not wholly prevent them—is to amend the law so that punishment will be adequate and will be very speedy. We are therefore decidedly in favor of the restoration of the death penalty, both in our own State and wherever else it has been abolished through the refinements of a mawkish sentimentality. We esteem the recent Colorado horror as the direct result of that abolition in the State of Colorado.

A SOMEWHAT novel decision from the Supreme Court of the United States has been handed down, in which the Tennessee law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes within the State is held valid except in so far as it refers to original packages received in the course of interstate commerce. The Supreme Court of Tennessee, in passing on this law, had taken the ground that cigarettes are "inherently bad and bad only." This extreme language is not endorsed by the federal Court, but in a somewhat extended examination of the question, the Court holds that the product of tobacco has been continuously recognized by Congress as a legitimate article of commerce, and it is not even prepared to hold that cigarettes are themselves possessed necessarily of such evil nature as declared by the Tennessee Supreme Court. Notwithstanding this, however, it is held that it is within the province of any State to prohibit their sale, and that the prohibitive act in question is legally justifiable as a protection of the public health. The decision, however, received the assent of only five out of nine members of the Court, and of the five, one based his assent upon grounds entirely different from those set forth by the other concurring Justices. The opinion was handed down by Mr. Justice Brown.

WE HOPE that Congress will, at the approaching short session, pass either what is known as the "Spooner Bill" with relation to the temporary government of the Philippines, or something like it. This bill, it will be remembered, vests the government of those islands in the hands of the executive for the present and until further arrangements may be made by Congress. This is entirely in accordance with the precedent set by Congress at the time of the Louisiana purchase, when that extensive territory was under the immediate control of President Jefferson, if we recall rightly, for several years. The fact ought not to be left out of consideration, that so long as war continues, the Philippines are in a transition state, in which it would be most hurtful to settle upon any positive and final

form of government, and practically impossible to set such government into operation. The obvious thing to do is to make haste slowly. At best we have a formidable problem on our hands, and we should not attempt its solution until we can do so "at best."

It is now generally admitted that the negotiations of the Diplomatic Corps at Peking have resulted in utter failure. Four cabinets, those of Russia, France, Japan, and the United States, have declined to sanction the severity of the punishment demanded by the diplomats, and the result is that a degree of coolness has been developed between these four and the remaining four Powers. The United States has now suggested to the Powers the formation of a joint international commission to sit elsewhere than in Peking, for the purpose of beginning consideration of the terms to be demanded, *de novo*.

In so far as the position of the United States represents the futility of making demands upon China for indemnity that she cannot possibly pay, we altogether agree with our own State Department. The amount said to be fixed on for such demands is \$600,000,000; and it is as absurd to ask China to pay that amount as it would be to demand a million dollars of a tramp who might be placed under arrest. Such a demand could only result in territorial partition of the empire to satisfy the creditors, and this is undesirable.

But the impossibility of obtaining from China any sufficient indemnity to pay the actual losses and expenses incurred by the Powers, without even touching the question of punitive damages, only makes it the more obligatory on the part of the Powers, in our judgment, to insist with the utmost rigor on the severest punishment being inflicted on the persons of the greatest culprits—those highest in authority. Who can measure in dollars the damages sustained by driving cultured American women naked through the streets and finally killing them by lingering deaths after subjecting them to the most revolting barbarities which only oriental cruelty and lust could conceive? Who can estimate the value of lives wantonly slaughtered and of insults continually offered to our own diplomatic representatives in Peking? We should impress upon the Chinese mind that the United States spurns her tainted silver and will not touch it as even approaching any punitive damages, accepting it only as partial indemnity for actual money losses, and for nothing else. We should impress upon them that not only has this government expended millions of dollars already, but that there are hundreds of millions more of American money ready to be spent in demanding and obtaining punishment of these culprits; that the honor of American women and the lives of American citizens are not commodities to be measured in Chinese silver nor in American gold.

So far, however, from maintaining such an attitude, this government has from the first stood in the way of any adequate demands being made upon China for punishment. If Chinese susceptibilities are to be the first consideration, how can any penalty be exacted? If fear of an answer in the negative, with the corresponding necessity for force, is to preponderate, how can any demand at all be made? Water down the demands of the Powers to the farthest limits possible, and the contingency must finally arise when the Chinese government must say Yes or No to the Powers, and the Powers must be ready—and their readiness must be known to the Chinese government—to cope with a No; unless indeed the Powers are to sail away from China with an apology for their intrusion, or are to dally with the question until all the leading culprits are either dead from natural causes, or are spirited away where they cannot be followed.

In July, the United States stood first in the councils of the nations; to-day—we say it with shame—she stands last. She has parted company with those European nations which represent the highest ideals of civilization, and has cast her lot with the two nations lowest in the scale, both of whom have their own national axes to grind in China; and with a third nation whose foreign policy is invariably dictated by the necessities of her alliance with the Czar.

NEW YORK LETTER.

THE RE-OPENING of St. Peter's Church, West Chester, after its restoration, occurred on Sunday morning, Nov. 18th. At the early celebration an address was delivered by the Bishop. The preacher at 11 was the Rev. Wm. Harman Van Allen, and there were several congratulatory addresses in the evening.

The church has been restored to its original condition, and

a number of improvements have been added, notably the beautiful and devotional windows, the new and enlarged organ, the handsome memorial books, the dossal and other enrichments of the chancel. Through the generous gifts of a large part of the congregation this complete refurnishing and restoration of the church has been accomplished without adding one dollar to the debt of the Parish.

The three chancel windows are given by Mr. and Mrs. John A. di Zerega as a memorial of their only daughter, Lady Frankford, who, after a brief married life, entered into the rest of those who die in the Lord.

The central window represents satisfactorily that most difficult of all subjects, "Our Blessed Lord," who stands with raised hand to bless all who will receive His benediction. His Divine figure leans slightly forward, while a look of heavenly love and encouragement lights up His face.

On the left side the window represents the call of the faithful soul to Paradise. An angel brings the message to a beautiful declining figure who answers with outstretched hand and look of holy joy.

The window on the right side shows the Blessed Virgin standing in "a vesture of gold wrought about with diverse colors." Her face, though full of tender beauty, is touched with the sword of sorrow that pierced her heart when her divine Son was crucified.

These windows do great credit to the English House, Heaton, Butler & Bagne, who designed and executed them, because they escape that crowding of figures so often seen in English glass where the point of interest is lost in a confusion of subjects, and they are also free from that lack of warmth of coloring sometimes seen in otherwise beautiful glass from the other side.

These windows are warm and full of feeling, helpful in lifting the heart of the worshipper to that unseen world of the King in His beauty, and of those who rest not day or night in their most perfect service.

Another window in memory of Mr. John C. Furman, late vestryman of the Church, represents the Call of St. Peter. The colors are singularly rich and warm and the design is simple and full of feeling. The blue sea of Galilee and the lines of the shore of Capernaum form a background from which the figure of Our Lord stands forth full of dignity and purity. His face is turned towards St. Peter, who kneels in adoration at the Call of "The Son of the Living God."

THE PRO-CATHEDRAL.

Benefactors' Day at the Pro-Cathedral was observed in a slightly different way this year. Usually the day has been devoted to showing to the supporters something of the work. This year, following a short service during which the names of benefactors who have died during the year were read, there was a platform meeting, the Bishop presiding. As the first speaker, he introduced the vicar. Mr. Paddock said:

"As most of you know, the Pro-Cathedral tries to reach every class, and one might almost add, every creed also. We begin at the bottom with the kindergarten and day nursery, and through the children we try to reach families and homes. With clubs we seek to reach young men and young women, and to hold children who have grown up to that dignity from our schools. If we can get hold of one thousand children in our schools we can reach five thousand people in their homes. We have added a service in German during the year. We have taken part in a great civic question, and in the past have not received the help from the authorities that it was possible for them to give. I feel sorry for the uptown rector who does not know the joy that comes from working here. If he knew how these people strive to better their condition, he would want to come and labor among them, I am sure."

Other speakers were from Settlements in the same neighborhood, among them James B. Reynolds of the University Settlement, and Miss Wall of the Nurses' Settlement. There were present Archdeacon Tiffany, the Rev. Dr. Nelson, and the Rev. R. G. Quennell.

THE BISHOP ON CIVIC PROBLEMS.

Twenty-five hundred men and women, chiefly the former, crowded into old St. Paul's Chapel last Friday noon to hear Bishop Potter speak upon the topic "God and the City." Those who could not get inside, contented themselves with listening from front and rear porches. Among the men were many leaders in different walks of life. Adhering to the dignified position which he has maintained from the moment his protest against police insolence was sent to the Mayor, the Bishop refrained from criticizing the municipal authorities. He took a far more

comprehensive view of the movement, and called upon the people, first to pray and then to work for the suppression of evil. Throughout the address there was a vein of hopefulness, without which the true reformer of our day is handicapped. The address was one in the regular course of the Friday services at historic St. Paul's under charge of the Noon Hour Guild. We shall have the pleasure of printing the Bishop's address next week.

CHURCH CHARITY FOUNDATION.

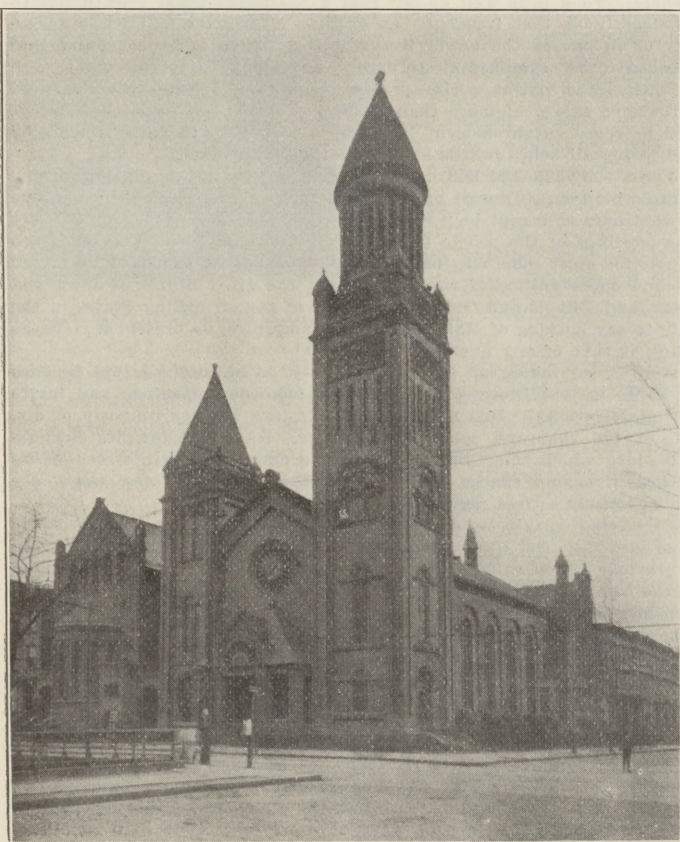
The Church Charity Foundation, Brooklyn, is making its last appeal to the Diocese for help. On February 6th it closes its fiftieth year, and by that date \$100,000 is needed, almost all of it for debt. The retrenchment committee, working hard the past year, have discovered nothing upon which any considerable reduction of expenses can be made. It is declared by friends of the Foundation that so large a sum cannot be secured by popular subscription within the time required, and that the only hope is the organization of a friendly trust to come to the rescue.

STATE CONFERENCE ON RELIGION.

The sessions of the Conference on Religion were attended by crowds and the Church was largely represented upon the platform. The opening evening session was held in the Church of the Holy Communion; and the other evening sessions in a Unitarian and a Presbyterian church. The singing book, without tunes, compiled by Dr. Thomas R. Slicer (Unitarian), Rabbi Gustav Gottheil (Jew), and the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton of All Souls' Church, was interesting as showing how broad a thing can be made, and yet have some depth. Some said there was not much of the latter, it is true, but at least it was interesting. For the most part, however, the Conference was attended by Unitarian and other "liberal" beings, the scheme itself having been first advanced by an Unitarian, the Rev. W. C. Gannett, of Rochester. The Church was represented by the Rev. Percy S. Grant, Prof. Henry S. Nash of Cambridge, the Rev. Dr. Newton, the Rev. Dr. A. S. Crapsey of Rochester, the Rev. Dr. L. W. Batten, and Mr. Ernest Crosby. Mr. Grant spoke along the same lines as at the Church Congress and Mr. Crosby talked single tax theories and against illicit wealth. Dr. Batten discussed the political ideals of the New Testament. Dr. Crapsey spoke on social problems in New York.

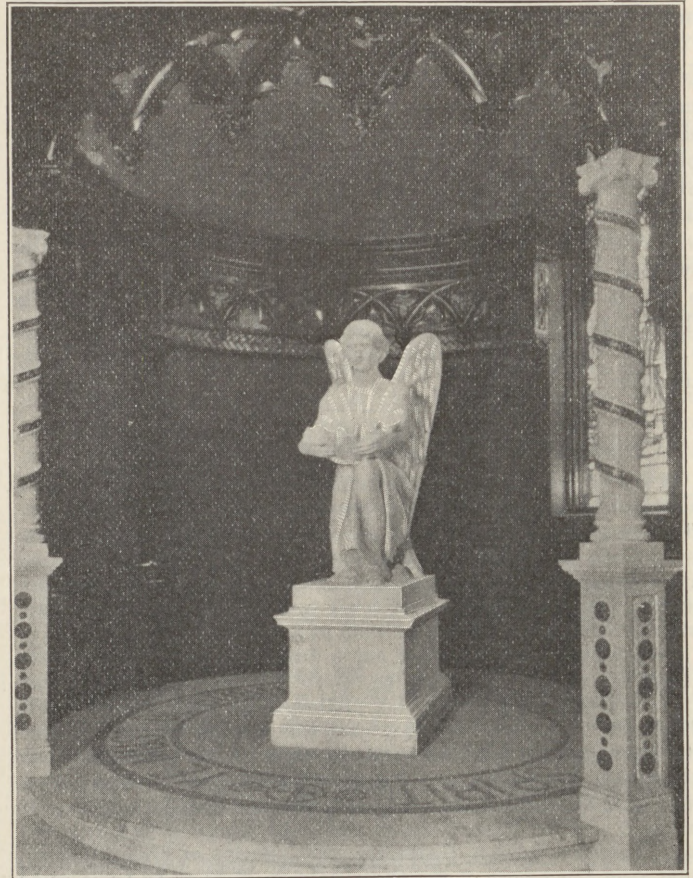
SEMI-CENTENNIAL AT THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, BROOKLYN.

A NOTABLE celebration was held in the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, all last week. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the church, and the first anni-



CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, BROOKLYN.

versary service, held Sunday morning, Nov. 18th, was fittingly used for the dedication of the new Baptistry and Font which have just been erected in memory of the late Rev. Dr. Charles R. Baker, who was for 25 years rector of the parish. It had been expected that Bishop Littlejohn would be present to dedicate the memorials, but his health is so poor that his physician



BAKER MEMORIAL FONT—CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, BROOKLYN.

had forbidden him to leave his home; and the dedication service was therefore read by the Rev. Dr. George S. Baker, superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital, New York. Following the dedication, a biographical sermon was preached by the rector of the Messiah, the Rev. St. Clair Hester. The life of the late rector was outlined by the preacher, who was well qualified to speak of it, as he had been the assistant of Dr. Baker in the Church of the Messiah and is his son-in-law as well. Bishop Potter of New York was the speaker at the evening service of Sunday. He congratulated the parish of the Messiah for its splendid history and upon the great work it has done in Brooklyn.

Services were held on Monday and Tuesday evenings, at the former of which the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. William M. Grosvenor of the Church of the Incarnation, New York. The Rev. Dr. H. Richard Harris, rector of Grace Church, Philadelphia, was the preacher Tuesday night. On Wednesday evening a congratulatory service was held at which many of the pastors of neighboring churches spoke. Among those present at this service, were the Rev. Dr. H. C. Swentzel, rector of St. Luke's and Archdeacon of Northern Brooklyn, the Rev. Dr. McLeod, pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, the Rev. Dr. Goodell, pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, the Rev. Dr. Humpstone, pastor of Emmanuel Baptist Church, and the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, pastor emeritus of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church.

A reception was given by the rector, wardens, and vestrymen of the Messiah on Thursday evening to present and past parishioners of the church and to the clergy of the Borough of Brooklyn. The final services of the anniversary celebration were held Sunday, November 25th, the preacher in the morning being the Rev. Dr. Frank W. Baker, rector of Trinity Church, New Haven, and in the evening the Rt. Rev. Dr. A. Leonard, Missionary Bishop of Salt Lake.

The Church of the Messiah was organized in 1850 by the Rev. William H. Newman. A building was at once erected on Adelphi Street and was used for services until 1865, when the present edifice at the corner of Greene and Clermont Avenues was purchased from the congregation of the Greene Avenue Presbyterian Church. The building was entirely remodeled at

the time of purchase and in 1893 a beautiful chancel was erected to mark the twentieth year of Dr. Baker's rectorate. Memorial windows, chancel furnishings, paintings, etc., have been added from time to time in the 35 years during which the services have been held in the Greene Avenue church and the beautiful Baptistery and Font placed in memory of Dr. Baker add a further touch of beauty to what was already one of the most beautiful church interiors in Brooklyn.

The illustration gives an excellent idea of the new font. The subject is a kneeling angel holding a shell in extended hands. It was carved from Carrarra marble by Mr. William Ordway Partridge and is one of the finest examples of this popular sculptor's work. The Baptistery is a gilded canopy supported by richly ornamented marble columns. The floor is mosaic and is two steps higher than the floor of the church. The architecture of the Baptistery is Byzantine, which is the prevailing style of the church. The Church of the Messiah has one of the finest church properties in Brooklyn. Its value is fully \$250,000 and there is no debt except a very small one on the parish house. The church has nearly sixteen hundred communicants.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DIOCESAN CONVENTION.

THE 99th Annual Convention of the Diocese of New Hampshire was opened by the Bishop in the chapel of St. Paul's Church, Concord, Tuesday, Nov. 20 at 4:30 p. m. The roll call showed an unusually large attendance of both clergy and laity, all the clergy, parochial and non-parochial, with one exception, being present during the Convention. After the reading of some reports the Convention adjourned to meet in the church at 7:30 as a Board of Missions.

This meeting always brings out a large attendance and arouses the greatest interest. The meeting opened with the singing of Hymn 288, "O Spirit of the Living God," followed by prayers said by the Bishop. The Rev. Dr. Roberts, chairman of the Standing Committee and vicar of St. Paul's Church, Concord, acted as chairman of the meeting. The first report read was that of the Woman's Auxiliary which showed that 33 boxes had been sent out during the past year and that the contributions, including boxes and money, equalled \$1541. The Rev. Edward Goodridge, D.D., Rector of Christ Church, Exeter, read the report of the Committee on Visitors to parishes to arouse a missionary spirit and to inaugurate systematic giving to Missions. The report stated that 18 out of 32 parishes had been visited and that the systematic giving to mission work gave promise of greatly increased receipts. H. H. Dudley, Esq., Treasurer of the Diocesan Board of Missions, reported receipts for the year of \$2,682.

MISSIONARY MATTERS.

The Rev. G. W. Lay, Secretary of the Board of Managers of Diocesan Missions, spoke of the increasing interest in Missions as shown by an increase of \$730 in contributions during the past year. He also proposed several practical improvements in the methods of the board, among them the division of the Diocese into five districts for missionary purposes, each district to have a secretary to guide missionary work in his district; also the appointment of a financial secretary who should present the cause of Missions to individuals and churches.

Mr. Lay's proposition to follow the example of Quebec and Vermont and have the missions receiving aid from the board send their share of the stipend to the board each month, which in turn should send the entire stipend to the missionary, caused an animated discussion. The object was shown to be to ensure the prompt payment of missionary stipends and to show that the missionary was not alone but had the support of the board behind him. Action on the resolution was deferred until the next day, when it was passed by a large majority of both orders.

The greatest interest was shown in the report of the Rev. E. M. Parker for the commission on canvass. The attempt is being made to conduct a house-to-house canvass of the Diocese, town by town, looking up people with Church connections who live out of reach of the Church's ministrations. This year canvassing has been done in 26 towns, hundreds of Prayer Books have been distributed, the Sacraments have been administered in remote regions, names of 70 communicants hitherto unrecorded and uncared for have been found, and occasional services, especially Christmas and Easter Eucharists, have been arranged. It is through such work as this that the Church has been enabled to start permanent work in places hitherto unknown to her. An example is the town of Walpole with the neighboring village of Drewsville, with all the adjacent region which has long been unknown territory to the Church, except in an occasional way. As a result of a canvass made this summer, there is prospect of a priest being settled there as a fixture. This is but one instance of many of the great value of the house-to-house canvass, done by both clergy and laity, largely at their own expense.

After open discussion of the strategic points of Mission Work in New Hampshire the meeting closed with Hymn 34, "Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing" followed by a collect and benediction by the Bishop.

Wednesday morning the Convention opened with a corporate celebration of the Eucharist at 9:30. The Bishop was the celebrant, the Rev. Geo. P. Huntington, D.D., gospeller, and the Rev. Lucius Waterman, D.D., epistoler.

BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

After a brief meeting in the chapel the Convention moved to the church where the Bishop read his annual address. As is his custom he began with a reference to those of the Episcopate who have died, paying a warm tribute to the late Bishop Wilmer and Bishop Gilbert. Then followed reports of Episcopal acts for the past year. Attention was called to the greatly increased work in the rural regions done by priests from neighboring towns. Reference was then made to bequests paid in during the year, especially the Knowlton bequest of \$100,000 to Holderness School for Boys, putting it out of the want against which its 20 years existence has been a continuous struggle. Following the local matters, he made the following extended reference—the first public statement made by any member of the Board of Managers—to the considerations which led to the action of the latter last spring in resolving to withdraw missionary aid from organized Dioceses and its subsequent partial reconsideration:

ACTION OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS.

In May, when missionary appropriations for the year are wont to be voted by the Board of Managers in New York, it was decided to cut away from the sum before given to Missions in "Organized Diocese" (as distinguished from Missionary Districts chiefly in the far West), 20 per cent. for the year beginning in September, a second 20 per cent. the next year, and so onward until in five years no grants shall be made for work among white people in any Organized Diocese.

The motives which led to this action were, I think, mainly two. First, a necessity laid on us. The Board of Managers is each year confronted with a large deficit. Last May the deficit for the financial year seemed certain to reach almost \$100,000. We were spending more money than we had. Plainly we must either expend less or get more. To the majority of the Managers it seemed most reasonable and least injurious to reduce the grants made to Dioceses.

Beyond this, every one knows that a Mission or a Diocese, is apt to acquiesce in receiving aid just about as long as the aid comes without challenge. New work ought to be constantly undertaken. Some part of the old it seems right to expect to take care of itself, as the years go on, or to secure its help from its own Diocese.

Both these considerations have real worth and weight. Yet I was unable at the time to perceive in either, or in both, the needed relief, and the fair adjustment. And I deeply regretted the action then taken.

I thought it less burdensome, and more natural, when that can conveniently be done, that considerable tracts destitute of the Church, and, some of them, little under the influence of religion as set forth by any Christian people, that these tracts, I say, should remain connected with even a weak Diocesan centre, which would feel interested in them, and would furnish some part of the missionary help needed, and which at the very least, would by its Bishop supply the requisite Episcopal oversight; that this was less burdensome to our missionary treasury in New York, than that, by a withdrawal of all aid from Missions in Dioceses, these very tracts should be set off (as some have been) as purely Missionary Districts, each with its own Bishop, for whose salary and for the stipends of the missionaries in the District, our Central Board would be wholly responsible. Then it is well known that a healthy, normal growth has gone steadily on, that frequently an original Missionary District in a Territory or in one of the newer States, has gathered a modest fund, and has asked to be organized as a Diocese, and admitted to full union with the General Convention. This process, each time, relieves the Board of the Bishop's salary of more than \$3,000. To this self-respecting step it would be small encouragement if we were to punish the new Diocese by withdrawing all help towards salary of every missionary.

For a body like the Board of Managers it certainly is difficult to discriminate between a Diocese or a Mission that ought to have help and one that continues to accept help when the work could go on without it. Yet if the offerings of the people for Missions are to go where they ought to go, just this must some way be done. Who can doubt that so far as need goes, and opportunities of wide usefulness, the great States of Iowa and Kansas, and Illinois and Oregon, and some of the struggling States in the South, to say nothing of Maine and New Hampshire, do present a claim as genuine as that of any unorganized district?

And as for taking up "new work," is it to be inferred that because they lie in an old Diocese, places do not offer new openings and invite fresh ministrations? Has not almost every lean Diocese its town of six, eight, or ten thousand souls, as we have,—its Rochester, its Somersworth—into which this Church is asked to enter, but with which in its feebleness it cannot charge itself? No, alas! Calls for "new work" are not all in newly settled regions, by any means.

Perceiving certain serious difficulties in carrying fully into effect the vote of last May, the Managers at the meeting in October voted to rescind this previous action so far as it declared a policy for the future, retaining only the cutting away of the 20 per cent. already made. This leaves New Hampshire with just four hundred dollars less in its grant than we heretofore received,—a four hundred dollars which we ourselves must supply. For we cannot think of drawing in any part of what we have now in hand.

But what is the General Board in New York to do for its recurring deficit, if we are not further to reduce the grants? Plainly somebody must give more money. Of this we ought to do our share. This Diocese has long received aid. I do not now doubt that it will long require it, and have it. Freely we have received; let us freely give. I will never be content until every parish and mission here, which has a minister and is blessed with at all regular services, is on the contributing list for General Missions. I cannot be content until every person in each congregation, having any income at all of his own or of her own, joins in this our Lord God's war. Recently by the Board of Managers I was placed upon a committee and made its chairman, to report to the board

what shall be done to secure a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand dollars increase of revenue to the missionary treasury, that there may be extension of Missions and no curtailment. What shall I say?

Of course the people should be taught,—should be shown what is doing, all over the world, and what ought to be doing amid the amazing responsibility of this wonderful age.

The Bishop made known in touching language the death of the Vicar General of the (Roman) Diocese of Manchester, whom he spoke of as "our dear Father Barry," and in a singularly striking eulogy of his character, closed with the words:

"A public-spirited citizen, a compassionate, loving neighbor, a Christian gentleman, a good Priest—what more needs one say? Even outside of his own Flock no other death could have brought sorrow into so many homes. May he rest in peace! 'The Lord grant him mercy in that Day!'"

OTHER BUSINESS.

The day was filled out with various routine business, and next day, when the final session was held, there was further consideration of missionary and other topics; the time for the opening of the Diocesan Convention was changed from Tuesday to Wednesday; the Bishop was requested to appoint a committee to make plans for the celebration of the centennial of the Diocese in 1902; and elections resulted as follows:

Clerical deputies to the General Convention: The Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, D.D., the Rev. Joseph H. Coit, D.D., the Rev. Edward A. Renouf, D.D., the Rev. Lucius Waterman, D.D.

Lay deputies to the General Convention: Hon. Frank W. Rollins, Judge Robert J. Peaslee, Messrs. Josiah Carpenter, and Horace A. Brown.

Clerical provisional deputies: The Rev. James Goodwin, the Rev. Edward Goodridge, D.D., the Rev. Charles S. Hale, the Rev. W. Northey Jones.

Lay provisional deputies: Messrs. Stephen N. Bourne, I. N. Boucher, A. B. Woodworth, and W. H. Beasom.

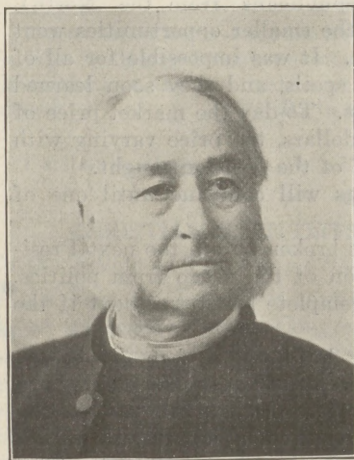
Board of managers of missions: The Rev. George W. Lay, the Rev. W. Northey Jones, the Rev. Edward Goodridge, D.D., Messrs. H. H. Dudley, Stephen N. Bourne, and James W. Garvin.

Standing Committee: The Rev. D. C. Roberts, D.D., the Rev. Joseph H. Coit, D.D., the Rev. Edward A. Renouf, D.D., Messrs. Horace A. Brown, R. J. Peaslee, John Hatch.

Treasurer: Mr. Herbert W. Bond.

DEATH OF DR. SCHUYLER.

THE venerable rector of Grace Church, Orange, Dr. Anthony Schuyler, died of heart failure on Thursday morning of last week, in his eighty-fifth year. He had been a man of much activity, and his years sat lightly upon him. He preached two Sundays ago, and on the evening before his death attended a lecture. He was to have preached last Sunday morning, and had arranged to do so on the last Sunday morning of the year and of the century. He has been rector of Grace Church since 1868, and for several years his assistant, who is also his nephew, has been the Rev. Alexander Mann.



REV. ANTHONY SCHUYLER, D.D.

Dr. Schuyler was sixth in descent from Philip Pieterse Schuyler, the founder of the family in this country, who settled at Fort Orange, now Albany, married there in 1650, and became a magistrate in the service of the West India Company. His cousin and life long friend, the Rev. Dr. Montgomery Schuyler of St. Louis, died four years ago. Dr. Schuyler was born at Geneva, N. Y., in 1816, and was graduated from Geneva, now Hobart College, in the class of 1835. For ten years he practised law at the Ithaca bar, and in 1850, after a course of study, was ordered deacon. This past summer he celebrated in a quiet way the half century of his ordination. He became rector of Christ Church, Oswego, and of Christ Church, Rochester, coming from the latter place to Orange. In 1859 he was granted the degree S.T.D. by his *alma mater* and he has long been prominent in his Diocese. Two volumes of his sermons have been published. By a first wife he leaves two sons, one of them Montgomery Schuyler. A second wife, whom he married in 1860, survives him, as does also a son by her, the Rev. Hamilton Schuyler, of Trenton. The funeral took place on Saturday, in Grace Church, and many of the clergy of the Diocese attended.

A QUIET heart is God's gift to those who wait on Him.

CHRIST AS PROPHET, PRIEST AND KING.

BY EDNA ST. JOHN.

THE Jews, thinking of the Messiah who was to come, always looked upon Him as a ruler,—one for whom they could have a sort of fear or reverence; and it would hardly seem to them that one born in a home so lowly and brought up amid surroundings so simple, could be their great and long-expected Monarch. But the Magi, led also no doubt by the revelation of a prophet, presented to Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh, saying, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" and that before He was old enough to claim His authority.

That Jesus Christ is a King is evident to us in many ways. A king in the first place, must have an hereditary right to the throne or he is a mere usurper,—Christ's claim to His kingdom lay, on the human side, in the line of the kings of Israel with David at the head, and on the Divine side, from God, His Father, the King of all kings, to whom, through His whole ministry, He looked for authority.

As a king has officers to enforce his laws and to represent Him, in different parts of his kingdom, Christ chose His Apostles, commissioning them with the oversight of His people and sealing them with the seal of His Spirit which no one could take from them. No one but a king could do this and though the Jews little knew it, they emphasized His title on His entry into Jerusalem by spreading palm branches in His way and crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord!" And again, even when they were reviling Him before His crucifixion, they clothed Him in the garments of a king—a purple robe and a crown, even if it was a crown of thorns, "placing in His hand a reed for a sceptre."

The wise men presented to the infant Saviour, myrrh, showing that He was to be a prophet; and again the Jews acknowledged Him as such. He fulfilled this office in teaching His Apostles, and by them instructing us, and in teaching those who came to hear Him when He was with men on earth. In foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem and of other things which were to come and have come, He was also a seer, which is but another word for prophet—one who sees. He completed this office in His prophecy on the Cross to the penitent thief, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Last of all, the wise men, in presenting to the Infant Saviour frankincense, acknowledged His Priesthood—His office of offering sacrifices and of mediation. He completed the sacrifice as Priest and Victim upon the Altar of the Cross, coming between His people and their offended God—the Mediator with the Father; leaving as a perpetual memorial to us by His Apostles, the sacrament of the Holy Communion.

Even in His last agony on the Cross, His threefold character was testified to. A King, by the inscription over Him; a Priest by His sacrifice—the Victim as well as the Priest; and a Prophet by His words, He proved to us thus that He was the Son of God and for the Jews that He was the promised Messiah.

THE LIFE IN CHURCH COLLEGES.

"I CAN SEE no adequate reason for the maintenance of a Church College in which there is not as real and definite a place assigned to the acts and exercises of the religious life provided by the Church as is given to the development of any other side of the student's manhood. By this I do not mean that the Church College should give instruction in Theology—the Seminary is the place for that. I do mean, however, that in the Church College there should be given the fullest opportunity for participation in those activities of the spiritual life which the Church has set forth as her ideal for her children. Those of us who have received our education at some of our great secular and secularized institutions of learning, remember, with all the bitterness of regret for lost opportunities, how the total ignoring of the realities of the spiritual life produces inevitably that gross materialism and undisciplined individualism which are the chief reproaches of our modern American education. As the College is not a primary school, in which the untutored savage may learn his alphabet, so the Church College is not a missionary agency for the conversion of heathen, but presupposes in the student not only a certain preliminary intellectual training, but also certain spiritual beginnings, out of which there may be developed, by the best of all educational methods—that of practice and experience—not a theory of Religion, but a religious life. The man who has no spiritual aspirations has no place in the Church College, and the Church College that makes no definite provision for the development of the spiritual life of her students has no real reason for existence."—*From the Inaugural Address of the Rev. L. T. Cole, Ph.D., as Warden of St. Stephen's College.*

Correspondence

All communications published under this head must be signed by the actual name of the writer. This rule will be invariably adhered to. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed, but yet reserves the right to exercise discretion as to what letters shall be published.

AN ARKANSAS SCHOOL.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

WILL you kindly allow me to call attention to an appeal which appears in your issue for November 17, 1900? I refer to "St. John's School," Siloam Springs, Ark.

Anticipating that your readers may infer that the "School" actually exists, and that it is under Church or Diocesan patronage, since its appeal is made through a Church paper, I beg to say that the project is not, and never has been, related in any way to the Diocese, or to the Church. So far as I know it has no board of directors, trustees, buildings, or teachers; and, because of recent developments, I withdraw any encouragement or endorsement which I may have given to it.

WM. M. BROWN,

Little Rock, Ark., November 17, 1900. *Bishop of Arkansas.*

THE SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

MY attention has been called to two rubrics in the Prayer Book, one of which seems to contradict the other. As I am unable to accomplish the difficult task of reconciling them, I desire to place the matter before your readers, and see if some who are more learned in liturgics than I am can offer a satisfactory solution.

On page vii., under the title "Concerning the service of the Church" is the following: "The Order for Morning Prayer, the Litany, and the Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper or Holy Communion, are distinct services, and may be used either separately or together."

On page 221 we find the following title to the office which begins on that page: "The Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper or Holy Communion."

Now on page 240 in this same office is the following rubrical direction: "Upon the Sundays and other Holy Days (though there be no sermon or Communion), shall be said all that is appointed at the Communion, unto the end of the Gospel, concluding with the Blessing."

This rubric is mandatory and I have been accused of breaking rubrics because I do not use any part of the office for Holy Communion unless there is to be a celebration. If one is desirous of obeying the rubrics of the Prayer Book and believes, as the Prayer Book states, that the three mentioned offices are separate and distinct, how can we get over this mandatory direction?

W. M. PURCE.

Oscro, Ill., Nov. 19, 1900.

[There seems to be no contradiction here. The intent of the Church is that there shall be a celebration of the Holy Communion at least on every Sunday or Holy Day. This, however, is not made mandatory except to the extent of the requirement that the Order for Holy Communion be used on each Sunday or Holy Day at least to the end of the Gospel. The rubric on page vii. authorizes the Holy Communion (in full or in part) to be said separately or in connection with Morning Prayer. That is the only option allowed. The intent of the Church is that both Morning Prayer and Holy Communion shall be said on each Sunday, but only the latter (in whole or in part) is absolutely mandatory. If therefore your Sunday service consists of Morning Prayer with no portion of the Order for Holy Communion, it is clearly contrary to the provision quoted from page 240; though you have the option of making one or two distinct services.—EDITOR L. C.]

PROBLEMS OF THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

IN "News and Notes," in the first column of page 87, in your issue of Nov. 17, speaking of the Southern States, you refer to them as "those States whose fidelity to the Democratic Party, regardless of issues or of principles involved, is the most pathetic spectacle in American history."

Such expressions, even if true, are out of place in a Church paper, unless it is prepared to appeal only to the people of a section in its Church work. I regret exceedingly that so prominent and influential a publication, and one usually so fair as THE LIVING CHURCH, should have been guilty of so

grave an indiscretion, not to call it by any harsher name. The South will always be true to Democratic "principles," regardless of party; just as the North, if the masses ever get in control over the politicians, will always be true to the principles of true republicanism. In the election just passed the South did not show "fidelity to the Democratic Party" at all; but it was faithful to the Democratic principle that the people should rule. Under existing circumstances there is, in the South, for each party, a single issue in a national election; and naturally that issue is a different one for each party. The Republicans of the South keep up their party and do their voting for the sake of the offices that may come to them through federal appointment. In the rare cases where higher motives actuate them, they live in the hope that their party in the North will not always keep the South "solid," but will some day so act that there will be a South in which self-defense will not force the Southern people to vote against the Northern political organization. The masses of the whites in the South know but one issue, and they vote the Democratic ticket for their own safety. The only question presented to them is: Shall the intelligence, the virtue, the manhood of the South govern the Southern States, or shall this portion of the union be turned over to an ignorant and superstitious race to be governed for the benefit of Northern Republicans?

Say what you will; appeal to what testimony you may; the fact still remains that the masses of the negroes in the South have not only not made any advance since freedom, but they have retrograded. Whatever the real purpose may have been in giving them the right of suffrage, there was a universal belief that they would at once begin to rise to their responsibilities, and in one or two generations would be fitted for citizenship. It was generally believed, too, that giving them the ballot at once would hasten the day when they would be trusted and valued members of civil society. The experiment has been a lamentable failure. They are less desirable now, as voters, than they were the day they were called from the cotton patch and the corn field to assist in "governing" the nation. Then they voted the Republican ticket, all of them, either through gratitude to the party they regarded as their deliverers, or because they thought that party the best one in the interests of good government. It took but a few years for them to learn that the fat offices and the big stealings went to the leaders (generally white Republicans from the North), while only the minor offices and the smaller opportunities went to the smartest of their own race. It was impossible for all of them to have the richest of the spoils, and they soon learned to make the most of their chances. To-day the market price of a negro vote is from one to ten dollars, the price varying with the honors and the "emoluments" of the position sought.

And this condition of things will continue until one of two changes takes place.

1. The "solid South" can be broken before the next Presidential election by the elimination of the negro from politics. And the breaking will be more complete and permanent if the movement begins in the North.

2. The "solid South" will be broken when the negro masses become intelligent and well-informed voters.

The outlook now is that this second condition can only be brought about by the Episcopal Church, or by the use of her methods by the denominations. Wherever the Church plants a mission among the colored people she tries to, and generally does, plant a school with it. Then she keeps herself in touch with the work she has begun, and, admitting them to her councils and her conventions as a right, she gives to them the same episcopal supervision the whites have, and provides them with colored teachers who are themselves under guidance of carefully chosen white men. Not one in a hundred of the colored denominational congregations has any connection with any white Church organization. They cannot lead, teach, elevate themselves. It is a conspicuous example of the blind leading the blind. In this case, however, it is not a ditch into which they fall. They are surrounded by a vast mire of ignorance, and as they flounder around they sink deeper and deeper into it. And "this Church" has only touched the borders of the work.

"Sometime a statesman will arise in the South who will recall to its people the example of their fathers who placed principle before partisanship, and voted the ticket which they believed embodied right principles."

This quotation is from the same article. The fact is to-day, North and South, the masses of the people vote the ticket which

they believe embodies right principles, and sometime, when the citizens of the North come to know something of the situation in the South, they will throw off the domination of the present crowd of "statesmen," and from that time on there will be an end of what you think "the most pathetic spectacle in American history."

HARRY CASSIL.

Brunswick, Ga., Nov. 21, 1900.

PARADISE OR HEAVEN.

IN re a late discussion in your columns, I append the following extract from the address of the vicar of All Saints', Margaret street, London, on All Hallow's Eve (*Church Times*, Nov. 2nd), with a letter called out thereby in the next issue of the same paper:

EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS:

"It will be observed that the hymn 'O Paradise, O Paradise,' is not about Paradise, but about Heaven:—

"Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight."

"Or, at least, if Faber meant it to refer to Paradise he unconsciously passed from the thought of Paradise to that of Heaven. The nearest approach in our Hymn Book to a hymn on the subject of Paradise is perhaps Hymn 437, but even in this hymn the language appropriate to the two states is intermingled, and it is only in the 6th and 7th verses that the two are clearly distinguished:—

"The golden evening brightens in the West,
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest,
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest,

Alleluia.

"But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day,
The saints triumphant are in bright array,
The King of Glory passes on His way.

Alleluia."

LETTER TO THE CHURCH TIMES:

"Sir:—In the address to the parishioners of All Saints', Margaret street, the Rev. W. A. Whitworth quotes, as Faber's words:—

"Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight."

"Now, Faber's words really were:—

"Where faithful hearts and pure
Released from sin and pain,
For ever dwell secure
Till Christ shall come again."

"Just before the last but one Revision of Hymns A. & M. I wrote to the late Sir Henry Baker respectfully suggesting the restoration of the original in the new edition of Hymns A. & M., but all to no purpose. M. D., in *Church Times*, Nov. 9, 1900."

Respectfully,

Faribault, Minn., Nov. 21st, 1900. UPTON H. GIBBS.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS AND THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

THE Rev. Dr. Donald is quoted far and wide as having said at the recent Church Congress, that "a Christian Scientist may be a member of the Episcopal Church." This is a most misleading statement. People will gather from this that there is nothing to prevent a thorough-going Christian Scientist from obtaining or retaining membership in the Episcopal Church, whereas a thorough-going Christian Scientist does not desire membership in our Church, nor is it possible for one who accepts Mrs. Eddy's fundamental claims, including her personal claims, to remain an orthodox Christian. I have no doubt that we have Unitarians in our Church, and heretics of every name and nature. But they have not avowed themselves as such, and are there because it is impossible always and everywhere to apply the discipline of the Church in instant and perfect measure. It is unfortunate that people continue willingly to say the Apostles' Creed, when they do not receive it as the Church intends it. It is less correct to say that we have two creeds, than to say that we have two forms of the one creed. No Christian Scientist could really accept the Nicene Symbol.

G. MOTT WILLIAMS.

EARL HALL NOT A CHURCH INSTITUTE.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

IN YOUR issue of November 10th you describe Earl Hall at Columbia as a Church House. In the interests of accuracy I would call your attention to the following statement of the founder, recently published in the *New York Evening Post*:

"All theological and formal religious features are to be entirely eliminated from the work of Earl Hall. It will be for the use of Catholics, Protestants, and Hebrews alike, though belief or membership in any faith is not required. In the main, it will be a thoroughly appointed club-house without the objectionable features of some such places. Charge of the building has been given to the Y. M. C. A., acting under the direction of the University authorities. It will not be a Y. M. C. A. hall, but as that is a permanent organization and accustomed to somewhat similar work, I thought it could care for this building more efficiently than any newly created board."

I wish that there might be a Church House at Columbia, but regard Earl Hall as an institution of a different sort.

Very truly yours, CHARLES H. HAYES.

November 23, 1900.

rites, rights, and wrongs.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

MENT one of your suggestions in connection with the discussion of the late Consecration Services, which is certainly pertinent, if not practicable; we do certainly need a congregation of *Rites*,—and it would seem also according to the venerable Bishop of Western Michigan, of *Rights* as well,—the more especially as we have, according to our different schools of thought, so many congregations of divergent and inexcusable *Wrongs*.

Yours faithfully,

FRED'K S. JEWELL.

URGENT NEEDS IN TEXAS.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

DEAR SIR: If the clergymen ministering in the district swept by the recent hurricane in Texas have refrained from publishing their local losses and needs, it has been in the interests of order and for the avoidance of confusion, and in full confidence that their Bishop would best represent the general interests of the Church. There is a class of needs, however, of which the Bishop, with his manifold cares, cannot, in the nature of things take special knowledge, and for the relief of which he can make no provision. I refer to the many continuous, pressing appeals for help which are being made to the clergy by individuals and families impoverished by the storm. While I am speaking now with special reference to our own experience in Houston, it is with the consciousness that similar conditions must still prevail on Galveston island where that great hearted hero, the Rev. J. R. Carter of Grace parish, has remained to minister alone to the daily needs of a soul-stricken and impoverished people. To understand why there should be distress in Houston also, it is necessary to know that this city is very near the centre of the devastated district; that very many homeless and destitute people from Galveston and from the desolated towns and country round about have sought refuge here; and that the general relief boards have long since closed their work. As a natural consequence the needy are turning for help to "the churches." Our relief societies and our Woman's Auxiliary have done a splendid work, but their resources are quite inadequate to the demands. Besides those of our own "household," very many of whom have refrained, even in their destitution, from pressing in with the throng for public relief, and who have had to be quietly sought out and privately relieved, there is a large class whose impoverished condition makes them the worthy objects of the Church's charity. While writing the above few lines I have been appealed to three times for relief which I am unable, except in small part, to render: one for rent money, one for groceries, bedding, and fuel, and one for clothing and a trunk. One of my applicants to-day was a woman nearly seventy years old who lost everything in the flood. Seven weeks ago she was furnished with a single set of garments which is her all. A cold snap or "norther" will multiply the applicants for underwear, bedding, footwear, and fuel; and the winter is before us. Two parishes recently sent to my care generous supplies of groceries and clothing, and they were exhausted within forty-eight hours. We need at the present time at least ten such supplies, including blankets, fall underwear, and shoes, and shall probably need many more before the winter is over. The rail-ways and express companies have been very generous in franking relief supplies. Perhaps they will continue this beneficence. If not, I would suggest that the charity asked for include the prepayment of freight.

To avoid the possibility of an over-supply being sent, I

would suggest the advisability of first writing to the Rev. Charles P. Dorset (Llano), the Rev. H. J. Brown (Houston), or to me.

HENRY D. AVES,

Rector of Christ Church, Houston, Tex.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF DR. NEWTON.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

THE Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton has again been making himself conspicuous. This time it is in the discussion of "the possibilities of Common Worship" that he brings himself into notice.

Dr. Newton (who, sad to say, is a priest of the Church, though the Church were better off did he not occupy that holy office), together with Dr. Gottheil, a Jew, and Dr. Slicer, a Unitarian, has prepared for publication a "Manual of Common Worship."

It seems that the Church's Book of Common Prayer does not satisfy Dr. Newton.

The reverend gentleman apparently thinks it much better to have something with little or no doctrine in it; something which heretics and schismatics can approve of, instead of a book of worship which inculcates Catholic doctrine and practices.

"As the sense of a common life grows, the sense of a possible common worship grows with it," says Dr. Newton. There is a possible common worship, and that is the worship of the Holy Catholic Church. Would that Dr. Newton would try and teach the true Faith, and not attempt to lower the Church's standard!

The N. Y. *Sun* in commenting on Dr. Newton's words quoted above, says:

"But must not worship, to be common, proceed from a common conception of the Being worshipped? It is based on faith, and faith differs radically in Christian, Jew, and pagan. Without doctrine directing it, the worship has no intelligent impulse."

It were much better for Dr. Newton to teach the doctrines which it is his duty to teach, than to be exploiting new theories.

It is well for the Church that all its priests are not of Dr. Newton's stamp; if they were, what would become of the flocks committed to their care? "From heresy and schism good Lord deliver us."

CLARENCE M. LINDSAY.

UNAUTHORIZED CHANGES IN PRAYER BOOK OFFICES.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

THE eighth article of the constitution of the Church makes it an unchanging principle of the American Church that "no alteration or addition shall be made to the Book of Common Prayer" except as therein provided.

In Canon 24, Title I, it is made obligatory upon all ministers that in the public service of the Church they shall "use the Prayer Book as the same is, or may be established." It is perfectly plain that the purpose of constitution, and of canon is to prevent unauthorized changes in the service of the Church.

Now there are only two ways by which changes in the Prayer Book Offices can be made. One is by omission from the prescribed forms, and the other is by addition to the prescribed forms. One of these is just as truly an alteration of the service as the other. If alteration by omission is an act of disloyalty, then alteration by addition is equally an act of disloyalty. For the disloyalty consists,—not in the particular method by which the canonical service is changed, but in refusing to use the Prayer Book service "as the same is * * * established."

Therefore I must hold that you are perfectly right in saying that omission from a Prayer Book Office "constitutes disloyalty, for it is a distinct, intentional disobedience to the requirements of the Church." And I must also hold and teach that that able liturgical scholar, Mr. T. A. Lacey, is equally correct in saying that the clergyman who changes a Prayer Book Office by addition is just as disloyal as the one who changes the same Office by omission.

ALFORD A. BUTLER.

CONCERNING ADVENT.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK VAUGHAN,
Curate of St. Augustine's, Fulham, S. W.

IT has been increasingly difficult in recent years to keep Advent well. It is not likely to be more easy this year. The difficulty is to realize the particular feeling which the season should inspire, while Christmas, or an aspect of Christmas, is anticipated so early and in so many ways by business. For

example, the Christmas numbers of illustrated papers, which we used to obtain a day or two before Christmas Eve, are now issued at least a month beforehand; and, all through the season, Christmas presents, amusements, dainties, and decorations are offered in every conceivable variety of form. Thus the air is full of Christmas before Advent begins! Many are so busy preparing for Christmas that they cannot keep Advent, although it is the appointed preparation. The pressure is greatest upon Christian people engaged in business, and who are working beyond their strength. And yet, for the most part, it is not Christmas as a Festival of the Church, but Christmas as a holiday, a time of feasting and merry-making, which is anticipated. For multitudes *this* year there will be little or no thought or care for Christmas in any Christian aspect of it. Christmas in name, it will be little better than a heathen saturnalia, almost worse in the absence of *any* religious motive for its observance, and much worse considering the age of Christianity in which we live.

The difficulty in keeping Advent is therefore two-fold: (1) Christmas comes too soon, and (2) It is not Christmas, as a Christian festival, for which, generally speaking, there is so much preparation. This twofold difficulty is not to be overcome without effort. Of course Advent is more than a preparation for Christmas. It is the season which links the thought of Our Lord's First Coming with the expectation of His Second Coming. Between these two Advents, however, there are many intermediate ones. There was the Advent in the year 70, when in the destruction of Jerusalem some of Our Lord's most solemn words were fulfilled; and since that time there have been many great epochs in history which have left their mark of improvement upon the Church or the world, in which devout souls have recognized comings of Christ. And there is a coming which is an individual one to each of us, in which He says: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me" (Rev. iii. 20). He is never far away. "The Lord is at hand." But all intermediate Advents lead us the more earnestly to expect that glorious appearing which we speak of as the Second Coming.

Some think little of Advent because, they say, we ought *always* to be preparing for the Second Coming, which is undoubtedly true. But surely they are most likely to be best prepared who seize the opportunities which the Church offers for deepening their impressions, as they have the best idea of the value of time who remember that one day in seven is specially named the Lord's Day. The sacredness of the one Day helps them in the hallowing of all their time. As, therefore, there was a preparation for the First Advent, so also there must be for the Second. Surely the events which take place in our own day, as in past days, have a voice; and is not the burden of it the same? "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." The thought in your hearts that your King is on His way, and that soon, it may be, the cry will be raised, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," will give an added value to all earthly duties, if done as in His sight and for His glory. Motive is everything here. And so you will not only be preparing for a really happy Christmas, the commemoration of His Coming Who, in the beautiful words of St. Irenaeus, "came down to earth to become what we are, in order that He might raise us up to be what He is," but also for His final, glorious appearing—you will be "waiting for the coming of Our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Church Monthly*.

ROUGH WORK POLISHES.

IT is the rough work that polishes. Look at the pebbles on the shore! Far inland, where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land and, expanding into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mountains, sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep, the pebbles on the beach are rough, not beautiful—angular, not rounded. It is where long white lines of breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled about the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. As in nature, so in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls as well as stones their lustre; the more the diamond is cut the brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing their God has no end in view but to perfect His people's graces.—*Thos. Guthrie*.

HE HAS DONE himself a great wrong who has lost faith in people. The chief corner-stone of happiness is trust. The sacredness of home and the stability of reputation and character are gone when we no longer believe in other people. Living is a burden and love impossible when doubt is sceptered and crowned.—*Cumberland Presbyterian*.

Holiday Gift Books.

THE FIRE GODDESS AND HER VICTIMS.

[From *Kelea, the Surf-Rider*. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.]

As the young chief Hookama and Lou his guide strode along the summit of the volcano, it was evident that they were approaching the lake of fire (Hale-mau-mau) with its nine miles of circumference, by the immense masses of cooled lava which through the centuries had flowed over the lip of the crater, and by the sulphur beds which lie towards the west.

About a mile from this sulphur plain, and before the travelers came upon it, they arrived at a depression in the mountain, covering hundreds of acres and filled with rank grass and a few scrubby plants. "Here," said Lou, "are the wild hogs from which we will get a couple for Pele, the Fire-Goddess. It is the custom, and we may as well conform to it, because, if we chance to meet Pele's priestess, who lives in Hilo and comes up now and

this chaotic depression they had to scramble bearing their noisy and active victims. Arrived at the "house of everlasting fire," each cast his struggling victim into the seething cauldron of molten lava, and though it was required of Pele's worshippers to invoke her favor by a formula of submission, Hookama forgot all about it, and Lou thought such a waste of good pork needed no waste of words. Thus, the final squeals of the victims were the only ritualistic utterances that accompanied the sacrifice.



THE LAKE OF FIRE COLLAPSED.

[From "Kelea the Surf Rider." New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Copyright.]

then to sacrifice, she will tell Keawe that we did not give the goddess any offering. Then woe to me! Oh, she is a terrible woman. If she points out a native, the priests have him secretly strangled, and even the Chief Keawe is afraid of her wrath. But now take care; this low ground is full of pit-holes and seams"—and without further remark away ran Lou, as rapidly as if the entire area were safe as a road and smooth as a floor. It was only a few moments after the guide's disappearance, when Hookama heard his voice calling for help. His cries were intermingled with squeals. He followed the musical sounds and discovered Lou at the bottom of a big hole struggling with a porker. It was no easy thing to subdue a wild hog in a hole in the ground.

Hookama was inclined to take the part of an amused spectator, while the contest assumed a comical aspect, first the guide over the pig and then the pig on top. Occasionally the beast slipped one side and the scramble became lively. At last Lou managed to sit on the pig and having an interval of repose looked up at Hookama with a pathetic expression while his bow-legs were wound around the animal, holding him fast.

The guide's expression of utter helplessness threw the young *alii* into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which angered Lou and gave him strength enough to grasp the pig by the tail and the long snout, and throw him up towards Hookama. The athletic youth somehow caught the animal, and now it was his turn to sit on him while Lou scrambled out of the hole. The scion of many generations of chiefs, with the help of the guide, managed to tie the four legs of the pig together with a cord of cocoa-nut fibre, and then Lou went off for a second offering to Pele, which was procured more easily, and, each taking one pig upon his back, they struggled towards the crater.

At last they emerged upon the brink of the immense circle whose cliff-like walls enclosed the area of the crater. Down into

The Cathedral Library:

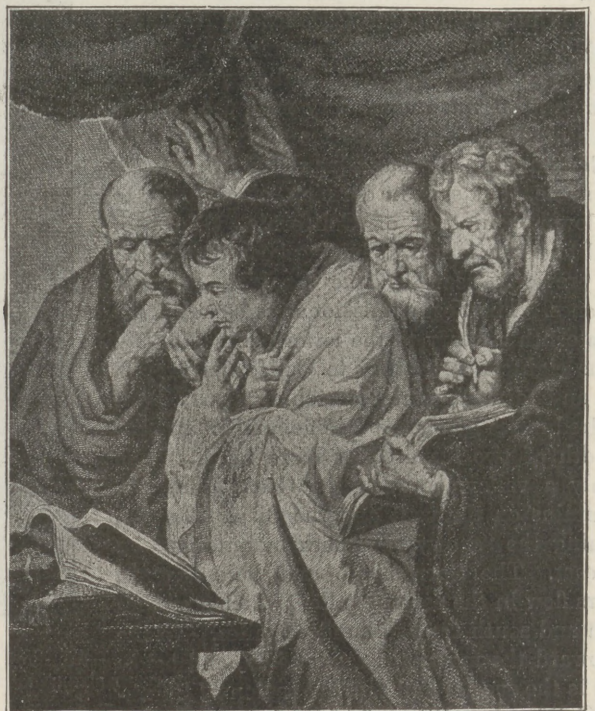
1. *The Life of Christian Service*. By the Dean of Canterbury Cathedral, the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D.
 2. *Helps to Faith and Practice*. By the Canon and Precentor of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Rev. Henry Scott-Holland, M.A.
- Two vols., white and gold, gilt top, in box. New York: Edwin S. Gorham. Price, \$2.50 per set.

This set of books, which is very attractively made, contains devotional matter which many will appreciate and desire to have. Dean Farrar's volume of course carries with it the limitations which the defective theology of the Dean himself would suggest. There are passages in the volume which are totally deficient from a Churchly standpoint, but on the whole there is so much of good and so much of devotion beautifully expressed, that the volume is to be generally commended.

Canon Holland's accompanying volume possesses all the good points of the first together with a greater accuracy in theological expression, and consequently is incomplete and impossible without a than that by Dean Farrar. One realizes in reading this how the highest devotion is incomplete and impossible without a constant dependence on the faith of the ages, unchangeable, and not subject to whim or caprice.

The Four Evangelists in Classic Art. Edited by Rachel A. La Fontaine. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price, \$2.50.

The plan of the volume is that under the general editorship



THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

[From "The Four Evangelists in Classic Art," by Rachel A. La Fontaine. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Copyright.]

of Miss La Fontaine there are chapters on the representations in art of each of the Four Evangelists by different writers. St. Matthew and St. Mark are treated by Miss Caroline Frances Little, St. Luke by the editor, and St. John by Helen Marie Fogg, each of whom is well known to Church people from previous literary work. The text is very well written, the selections of poetry which are interspersed through the volume well chosen, and the illustrations remarkably well selected and printed. Of the latter there are one hundred and thirty-five, all from the hands of masters and all relating either to the Evangelists themselves or to some phase of the Gospel story upon which the Evangelist lays stress. The preface is happily chosen in a paragraph from Bishop Wordsworth's *Introduction to the Four Gos-*

whom it is said that the charming climate offered them no inducements to develop savagery, so that when the conversion time came they were easily made serfs for the Missions, and worked in a way that few other Indians ever did.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

[From *America, Picturesque and Descriptive*, by Joel Cook. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. 3 vols., price, \$7.50. Copyright.]

The wagon-road from Mount Washington summit down to the base, is on the eastern side, and is a little more than eight miles long, with an average gradient of one to eight, descending into the Glen and displaying magnificent views. The descent occupies about one hour, and the ascent five hours. On the southeastern side of the mountains is Tuckerman's Ravine, a huge gorge enclosed by rocky walls a thousand feet high. This ravine usually displays the "Snow Arch" until late in August, formed by a stream flowing out from under the huge masses of snow piled up in winter, until it gradually melts away and collapses. The main Glen is formed by the deep and thickly-wooded Pinkham Notch at the eastern base of Mount Washington, its floor being at two thousand feet elevation, and this Notch continues north and south in deeply carved stream beds, the Peabody River flowing northward to the Androscoggin at Gorham and the Ellis River southward to the Saco. The Peabody descends rapidly to the Androscoggin, entering it at about eight hundred feet elevation, the active town of Gorham being located here in a beautiful situation, and having two thousand people, at the northern gateway to the White Mountains. The Androscoggin, having drained the eastern mountain slopes, flows away into the State of Maine to seek the Kennebec, and thence the sea. In the Glen, in the coaching days, the old Glen House was the headquarters at the foot of the road down Mount Washington, but it was burnt in



MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CALIFORNIA.

[From "America, Picturesque and Descriptive," by Joel Cook. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Reduced from Photogravure. Copyright.]

pels. We do not recall any other work in which the reproduction of Gospel studies on canvas from early to late Christian art, are so conveniently collected and so handsomely printed.

CALIFORNIA.

[From *America, Picturesque and Descriptive*, by Joel Cook. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. 3 vols., price, \$7.50. Copyright.]

This wonderful land of California into which we have come has a name the meaning of which is unknown. One Ordenez de Montalva in 1510 published a Spanish romance wherein he referred to the "island of California, on the right hand of the Indies, very near the Terrestrial Paradise." When Cortez conquered Mexico, his annalist, Bernal Diaz del Castillo, gave this name, it is said in derision, about 1535, to the lower peninsula of California, then supposed to be an island, it having been discovered the previous year by the Spanish explorer Ximenes. The Jesuit missionaries came in the seventeenth century to the lower peninsula, and in the eighteenth century to California proper. It is an enormous State, stretching nearly eight hundred miles along the Pacific, and inland for a width of two hundred or more miles. It is mainly a valley, between the Coast Range of mountains on the west and the Sierra Nevada, meaning the "snowy saw-tooth mountains," on the east. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers flow in the central valley, which stretches north and south for five hundred miles. To the northward the mountain ranges join, and below them is the special and favored region of Southern California. When first settled, there were established from San Diego up to Sonoma twenty-one Jesuit Missions, whose ruins and old buildings are now found so interesting, and these early establishments converted the Indians, of

1894, and has not been rebuilt. To the eastward, bounding the Glen, rise the Wild Cat Ridge and the impressive Carter Dome, which would be a grand mountain elsewhere, but here is dwarfed by the overshadowing Presidential range on the western side. From the Pinkham Notch the little Ellis River goes southward, and below the outlet of Tuckerman's Ravine is the beautiful Crystal Cascade, where



LOG BRIDGE OVER THE WILD CAT, NEAR JACKSON, N. H.

[From "America, Picturesque and Descriptive," by Joel Cook. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Reduced from Photogravure. Copyright.]

it pours down eighty feet over successive step-like terraces. Another lovely cataract it makes is the Glen Ellis Fall, which is considered the finest in the White Mountains, on the slope of

the Wild Cat Ridge. The stream slides down an inclined plane of twenty feet over ledges, and then falls seventy feet through a deep groove, twisted by bulges in the rocks and making almost a complete turn. Thus sliding, foaming and falling, the stream leaps nearly a hundred feet into a dark green pool beneath. The Glen broadens as it progresses southward, and soon becomes a widened interval, having many houses for summer boarders.

HOLLAND CHARACTERISTICS.

[From *Odd Bits of Travel with Brush and Camera*, by Charles M. Taylor, Jr. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. Price, \$2.00. Copyright.]

The prevailing foot-covering for men, women, and children is a heavy woollen stocking; this fits the foot snugly, and pro-



"THE STREETS AND SIDEWALKS ARE KEPT SCRUPULOUSLY CLEAN."

[From "Odd Bits of Travel with Brush and Camera," by Chas. M. Taylor, Jr. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. Copyright.]

fects it from the hardness of the clumsy wooden shoe or clog as it is called. These shoes are carved from a single block of wood; when they are worn and shabby they are painted black, and a strap is placed across the instep. They are of all sizes, but only one style or pattern. In the larger cities, however, such as Rotterdam, one can obtain from the manufacturers a painted wooden shoe, with buttons and stitches carved upon it as ornaments. But this variation is found only in men's shoes. In Holland the ordinary American slipper is frequently worn by both men and women.

The clatter of the wooden shoes is at first an unpleasant sound, especially when several persons are walking together, but the ear soon becomes accustomed to it, as to all other odd noises. There is a young man in this place, who walks with a peculiar shuffle, all his own. He is so strange looking altogether that I snap my camera on him one day as he innocently passes by me. The peculiar sound of his walk has taught me to know that he is coming long before his figure is visible. I sometimes feel like telling him in the words of Byron, that

"He has no singing education,
An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow."

The streets and sidewalks are kept scrupulously clean, as

the women of each household scrub not only their sidewalks, but half-way across the street in front of their dwellings. One may thus imagine what a charming and inviting place this is for the pedestrian.

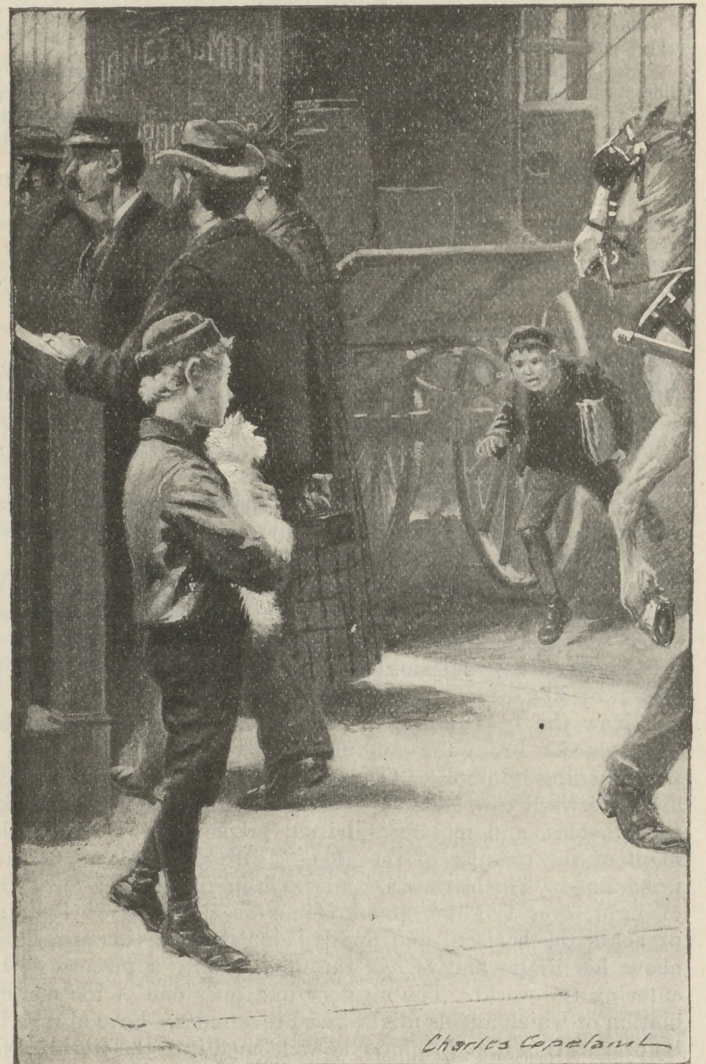
LIMPY AND HIS DOG.

[From *Aunt Hannah and Seth*, by James Otis. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, 50 cts. Copyright.]

A small boy with a tiny white dog in his arms stood near the New York approach to the Brooklyn Bridge on a certain June morning not many years since, gazing doubtfully at the living tide which flowed past him, as if questioning whether it might be safe to venture across the street.

Seth Barrows, otherwise known by his acquaintances as Limpy Seth, because of what they were pleased to speak of as "a pair of legs that weren't mates," was by no means dismayed by the bustle and apparent confusion everywhere about him. Such scenes were familiar, he having lived in the city, so far as he knew, from the day of his birth; but, owing to his slight lameness, it was not always a simple matter for him to cross the crowded streets.

"Hi, Limpy!" a shrill voice cried from amid the pedestrians in the distance, and as Seth looked quickly toward the direction from which had come the hail, he noted that a boy with hair of such a vivid hue of red as would attract particular attention from any person within whose range of vision he might come,



"HI, LIMPY!" A SHRILL VOICE CRIED.

[From "Aunt Hannah and Seth," by James Otis. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Copyright.]

was frantically trying to force a passage.

Seth stepped back to a partially sheltered position beneath the stairway of the overhead bridge, and awaited the coming of his friend.

"Out swellin', are you?" the boy with the red hair asked, as he finally approached, panting so heavily that it was with difficulty he could speak. "Goin' to give up business?"

"I got rid of my stock quite a while ago, an' counted on givin' Snip a chance in the park. The poor little duffer don't have much fun down at Mother Hyde's while I'm workin'."

"You might sell him for a pile of money, Limpy, an' he's

(Continued on page 199.)

Editorials and Comments

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THE ADVENT SEASON.

WHAT is the purpose of Advent? One easily sees the appropriateness of the various festivals marking like mile-posts the events in the human life of our Lord. To pass over Christmas or Easter unmindful of the events of the days, would be like forgetting a loved one at rest, on his birthday when instinct suggests that he should be remembered. So the days sacred to the saints seem only natural memorials of those who were foundation stones in the structure of the Church. So again the feast of the Angels, and even the day set apart for the contemplation of the Blessed Trinity, seem like natural anniversaries that it would be unnatural and unloving to forget.

Is there any sufficient motive then for remembering the season of Advent?

Now the Incarnation did not dawn upon earth absolutely unheralded. From the sublime feast of the Annunciation to the crowning triumph of Christmas Day, at least one pure soul, and afterward two, then three or more, were pondering momentous themes, and making spiritual preparation for the fulfillment of the promise of the angel. Life never comes to earth unheralded. The birth of the sun each morning, with foretokens of light, ever brighter and brighter as the king of light approaches the horizon, and finally, almost in an instant, bursts above his limits and brings the day, is only a picture of life entering the world. The mystery of life is one at the contemplation of which angels might kneel in wonder. Love always has its preparation that Life may be welcomed into the world. New life brings new love in its train, and the very expectancy of forthcoming life shows the impossibility of its unheralded approach.

NOW THE HUMAN life of the Son of God is the yearly theme upon which the Church delights to dwell. So far as she is able to do, she lives over again each year the life of her Lord and Love. She makes real the manger scene in Bethlehem. The chorus of angels on that star-lit night seems to be prolonged in an endless echo, so that "Glory to God in the highest" again breaks the stillness of a slumbering world.

And if the birthday scene is made real by loving contemplation, so, even though the Church had forgotten her Advent season, the devout soul could hardly have failed to create it. The coming mystery of the birth of Him who was before the worlds were made could never approach unheralded to one whose

love is real. The sacred life of Him who is the fount of Love would attract by every impelling force of love, before life had entered upon its earthly manifestation. The very love which we bear Him whom we delight to honor, makes an Advent season of preparation for His coming, and demands that once more Life should beget Love, and Love be ready to welcome Life.

NOR IS THIS ALL. Life is the most surpassing mystery which earth has revealed. What so elusive as the mystery of life? It bursts into being, it develops consciousness, it says *I am*; and then it vanishes into nothingness, and behold the mystery of life is enveloped in the mystery of death. Has life then failed? And if life gave birth to love, how then can love refuse to bury itself and be no more, when life goes out? Is love more tangible than life?

Love would be a paradox on earth if life ended at the grave. If the preparation for the coming life brings love with it, then how paradoxical, how altogether illogical, that love should survive life!

No, love does not survive life; but both life and love are eternal. Love kisses life and welcomes its entrance into earth; and it kisses again in one fond embrace and promises that though life pass beyond the barriers of earth, love will follow. Love bids defiance to death, and follows life beyond the grave as easily as water follows the course of its forward stream.

Now the life beyond the grave, like the life on earth, requires a preparation; an opportunity for training and developing a love that will welcome this coming higher life. This preparation time again is supplied by the season of Advent. Life to come, life expanded, life ennobled, life intensified; this is the mystery of life which laughs at death, and swallows him up in victory.

Let Advent, then, be an honest preparation for the more abundant life beyond the grave. Let love be strengthened and be ready to welcome the unfolding of the new eternal life, when it shall have its natal day, and angels shall, even for us, herald our Advent into the life that knows no end.

IT is a pleasure to give space to the very courteous letter of Archdeacon Cassil, of Georgia, on certain political matters. With the great bulk of the remarks of our correspondent we agree entirely; and we may perhaps venture to add that from a very close and personal knowledge of the South we claim a right to speak from the inside and not from the outside. We quite agree that *in State elections* it is necessary for the intelligent people of the South to hold together; we do not agree that the same necessity exists—though undoubtedly it once existed—in federal elections. The attitude of President Cleveland toward the colored race was the same as the attitude of each Republican President since Mr. Hayes. There is no reason to doubt that Mr. Bryan's attitude would be the same, and certainly there was nothing in the Kansas City platform to suggest a change. Our friend simply fails to discriminate between state issues and national issues, which ought not to be confounded.

There is one test of the accuracy of our statement which it is not at all improbable may become applicable. If at the next Federal election, the Democratic party should recede from the terms of the Chicago-Kansas City platform, and the Populist party should re-assert those principles, the test then would be: if the South should unanimously and overwhelmingly vote the Populist ticket, we would be proved to be wrong. If it continued to vote Democratic, we would be shown to be right.

We cordially agree with the statement of our correspondent as to the two conditions which would tend to break the "Solid South," and we maintain that the first of these conditions has already come to pass. Only the smallest, most insignificant minority of the North desires that the white race should lose control of the Southern states. The North, and particularly the Republican party, is as heartily ashamed of the Reconstruction period as it is of the slave trade of the early part of the century. There may be a question as to fixing the blame, but there is only shame for the period itself. But the world has moved beyond that point, and this is

not the year 1870, but the year 1900. We must all alike wake up to the fact that there are new questions to be solved to-day, and the intelligent, patriotic men of the North yearn for the help of the intelligent, patriotic men of the South in solving the questions. We want the assistance of the South, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forward unto those things which are before." The great bulk of this nation has grown to manhood since the death and utter failure of Reconstruction, and we of the North are tired of an isolation from our own brethren in the South which we long ago ceased to regard as "splendid." We are not seeking to extend our own rule over our brethren in the South, but are longing to have them work with us to solve problems that concern us all. We ask for their help.

Archdeacon Cassil's statement of the relation of the Church to the negro problem could not be improved. We gladly make it our own. Indeed there is almost nothing in his paper that does not have our endorsement. But yet we cannot recede from our former statement.

One thing more. Our friends must bear with us in matters political. It seems necessary that the comments on current secular affairs in the News and Notes should be continued. THE LIVING CHURCH goes to a great number of people who cannot expect to have the great city dailies nor the secular weeklies. THE LIVING CHURCH must assist in informing them concerning public affairs, and must help them to digest the news, domestic as well as foreign. Every effort is made to keep that department free from partisan bias; and we do not feel that our efforts have been unsuccessful. It may not be amiss to say that though each of the two important Church papers of the East is edited by a Southerner, both of them were more outspoken in favoring the Republican candidates prior to the election than was THE LIVING CHURCH, while the latter has not hesitated to express disapproval of the policy of the Administration where such criticism seemed called for, as in connection with the Chinese imbroglio. We shall continue to maintain an independent attitude in matters of politics, while yet we do not feel that we can consistently evade such questions altogether, and yet fulfil what is rightly expected of a weekly paper in these days.

WE observe with regret that civil proceedings have been commenced in England against three estimable priests of the Diocese of London, one of whom is the Rev. Harry Wilson, author of *Why and Wherefore*, a little book well known in this country through its American edition. The charges against the clergymen are the ceremonial use of Incense, the celebration of Holy Communion without communicants receiving, other than the priest, and the Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. Proceedings are instituted under the Clergy Discipline Act of 1840, a purely Parliamentary law, passed during the period of the suppression of the Houses of Convocation. Under the law the Bishop has the absolute right of veto and may thus quash the proceedings entirely. Whether he will do so or not cannot yet be said, but to do so would require a large amount of courage, for the Bishops have been vigorously assailed by the Protestant agitators for suppression of litigation in the past by the exercise of the veto; and moral courage is not the most preëminent of the virtues of the English episcopate.

We are not certain that the three priests under prosecution have been absolutely justified in all they have done, or are alleged to have done, in these courts. But the fact remains that they are undergoing prosecution for offenses—if offenses they be—that are not more than slight exaggerations of their bounden duty as Catholic priests. All around them priests unhesitatingly deny articles of the Christian Faith, close their churches when they ought to be open, neglect their priestly duty, conduct services irreverently and slovenly. Only those are prosecuted who have perhaps been led by the very intensity of their devotion into some excess of outward reverence. Straining at gnats and swallowing camels—this is the attitude of those who relentlessly follow up the noblest flowers of the English priesthood, and seek occasion to bring them into trouble. How long, O Lord? Surely the sufferings and anxieties of Catholic Churchmen in England have again almost approached the point, as they did a quarter century ago, of actual persecution. The Church has often survived persecution from without, and is strengthened by it; but she has never undergone persecution from within without receiving a terrible blight which has left its mark for long periods to follow. Can Englishmen afford to tolerate the taint of Erastianism to corrupt their national Church?

IT is no Anglophobia, as was charged at the Church Congress, but is hatred of this Erastianism, which leads many of us to oppose relentlessly any organic connection or alliance between the national Church of the Anglican Communion. We love the Church of our fathers in England, and yield to no man in respect and reverence for her. But the Church of England has fallen into unhappy times. She cannot appoint her own Bishops, but must receive those thrust upon her by the Prime Minister of the day, be he Churchman, Presbyterian, or infidel. One shudders to think what would have been the fate of the Church if the Liberal party had succeeded at the last election. So long as the Bishops, almost to a man, quote Acts of Parliament as the law of the Church; so long as Her Majesty's Privy Council claims and is accorded the right of final appeal in matters ecclesiastical; so long as State-appointed Bishops are forced upon the Church under threat of praemunire, that long we shall oppose any alliance (except of courtesy and of brotherly affection) which can bring English and American Bishops on the same bench for the hearing of any appeals or corporate applications for "advice," however informal. And we deny absolutely that the term *Anglophobe* rightly describes this attitude, or applies to us.

WE are pleased to learn that the authorities of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge have invited the Rev. Dr. Beckwith, Professor at the General Theological Seminary, to take Prof. Nash's classes during his lamented illness, which at this time bids fair to be of greater length than had been anticipated. We may say that we felt confident that the matter would be arranged satisfactorily. We are unable to say at this writing whether Prof. Beckwith was able to accept the invitation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. K. A.—The Russian and Polish Bishops who were present at the consecration of Bishop Weller did not assist in the laying on of hands, for the reason that they are Bishops not in communion with this Church.

So far as the Russian Bishop is concerned, he belongs to a communion which is on increasingly friendly terms with our own and there have been many mutual courtesies between the two bodies similar to that shown at Fond du Lac, though the Holy Synod of Russia declines permission to her Bishops to assist in the laying on of hands at Anglican ordinations. In the case of the Polish Bishop, his position in this country is somewhat anomalous and this Church has never at any time taken any official cognizance of him or his work. It was therefore no doubt felt that it would hardly be within the province of any one Bishop to accord so important recognition to him where the Church has not in her official capacity acted.

J. G. J.—(1). Whether a congregation should stand or remain seated during the singing of the Anthem is a question upon which authorities disagree. The Anthem is an offering of praise, not on behalf of the congregation, but on behalf of the choir. Consequently from that aspect, it would seem as though the congregation might remain seated as not being competent to assist in the offering of the choir. Some hold, however, that where it is an Offertory Anthem, the congregation should remain standing as being the proper attitude at the time of the Offertory, regardless of the Anthem.

(2). When the Blessed Sacrament is reserved and is not entirely consumed in communicating the sick, the priest restores to the tabernacle and afterward reverently consumes what may remain. It is not expected that the reserved Sacrament shall remain in the tabernacle for any purpose longer than a week at most.

(3). Whether there are priests of this communion who reserve "whether there are any sick to receive or not, keeping the Sacrament on the altar that the faithful may adore their Lord, in His Sacrament," we cannot say. There are, however, churches in which the Sacrament is habitually reserved in order that it may always be in readiness for sudden calls for communicating the sick. Such sudden calls in large congregations of people who have been trained to value the Sacrament are by no means rare.

(4). Reservation for the purpose of adoration only and not with the intent of communicating the sick, is not legal in this communion, and so far as we know, it is allowed by none of our Bishops.

(5). The office of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is purely Roman, and though we have occasionally heard of it being introduced in this Church, it may be said to be an anachronism and its use among us is extremely rare. The office consists of devotional hymns and collects, after which the priest takes in his right hand the Monstrance containing the reserved Sacrament, which is then exposed to the view of the people, and the priest silently makes the Sign of the Cross with the Monstrance in his hand; the intention being that the benediction may come from Almighty God direct through the Sacrament without the intervening ministrations of the priest. The practice is objectionable, first, because it is purely Roman, distinctly modern, and altogether unauthorized in this Church; and second, it is objectionable on theological grounds, since it overlooks the distinct teaching alike of this and of every other branch of the Catholic Church, that Almighty God "hath given power and commandments to his ministers to declare and pronounce to His people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins;" and that they are authorized to bless in His Name. Benediction is by the authority of our Lord a part of the ministrations of the priesthood. Consequently it is unnecessary to seek the blessing of Benediction through any other channel than the priesthood, and the desire for such is closely allied to the

Protestant inclination to obtain blessings from God without going for them to God's appointed ministers of reconciliation and blessing. It is a case where extremes meet.

(6). When a Bishop celebrates the Holy Communion, the proper vestments for him to assume are the same as those proper to the priest for the purpose, the chasuble, the stole, etc. In celebrating the Holy Communion, the Bishop acts as a priest rather than in his episcopal character.

HELPS ON THE Sunday School Lessons

JOINT DIOCESAN SERIES.

SUBJECT.—The words of the Lord Jesus as found in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John.

By the Rev. EDW. WM. WORTHINGTON, Rector of Grace Church, Cleveland.

THE LORD JESUS WELCOMES DISCIPLES.

FOR THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Catechism: Q. 3. TEXT: St. John i. 47. Scripture: St. John i. 35-51.

This lesson has to do with the first two days of our Lord's public ministry. "In Bethabara beyond Jordan" (v. 28) He gathers the first fruits of His kingdom: disciples (learners), who were afterwards to become apostles (messengers).

I. *The testimony of John Baptist.* The work of the forerunner was to prepare the way (Is. xl. 3). He baptized the multitude with the Baptism of Repentance, bidding them make ready for Him that should come after (vv. 15, 27, 30). He gathered about himself disciples, not his own disciples permanently, but his only till the hour should come when he might transfer them to Christ. It is clear that he taught these disciples to watch for the One greater than himself, for they followed Christ immediately and readily, calling Him "Rabbi" (vv. 38, 49): an intimation, perhaps, that thenceforth they would sit at His feet, that He would be their Master and they would be His disciples.

We are especially concerned to note in what terms John Baptist bore his testimony: "Behold the Lamb of God" (v. 36; compare v. 29). These words proclaim the purpose of the Incarnation, reveal the office of Christ, and unfold the character of the Gospel of the Kingdom. Not, as some would have it, a mere opportunity to behold a perfect example, One who is lamb-like in character, gentle, humble, innocent; but the taking away of sin through the offering of Him who came to be the Lamb of Sacrifice (Rev. xiii. 8). No devout Jew could hear these words, without thinking of the paschal lamb (Exod. xii. 3) and the lamb of morning and evening sacrifice (Numb. xxviii. 3, 4). The first disciples had no misunderstanding on this point. They came to Christ with belief that He was the Lamb of God.

If one is interested to know that it was probably on Friday that John Baptist bore this testimony, pointing to Jesus as the Lamb of God, he will find the proof in Edersheim's "Jesus the Messiah," Book III. Ch. 3.

On this day, the first of Christ's ministry, our Lord and John Baptist were together probably for the last time. So far as we are informed, they never met again, in this life.

II. *The first day of Christ's Ministry.* Of the two who heard John Baptist's testimony, followed Christ, were welcomed by Him, and spent the whole day with Him (v. 39), "one was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother" (v. 40). No one doubts that the other was St. John, the writer of this gospel. What came to them, they shared with others. St. Andrew brought "his own brother Simon" (v. 41); and the fact that it is stated thus, "he first findeth," has led to the belief that St. John afterwards performed the same good office for his brother, but modestly conceals the fact, just as previously he makes no mention of his own name in connection with the transaction. If this be true, the fruit of the first day of our Lord's ministry was four men, afterwards His chief friends, the inner circle of the Twelve: "Simon who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother; James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother" (St. Matt. x. 2).

These four were from Galilee, fishermen, partners in trade (St. Matt. iv. 18-22; St. Luke v. 7-10). Their attachment to John Baptist had led them to the Jordan valley, "where John was baptizing" (v. 28). There they found Him of whom they had been told, for whom they had been taught to watch, and whose disciples they were to become. It was their first contact with Christ. We are not told that Jesus called them, but that they with the help of John found Him. Twice were they called,

later on: to the ministry, in general terms (St. Matt. iv. 18-22), and specifically to their apostleship (St. Matt. x. 1-2).

Him whom St. Andrew brought, Christ welcomed with the words: "Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone" (v. 42). The unstable Simon was to win through divine grace the new name Cephas (a Syriac name, the same as Peter in Greek), when he, by transformation of his character and the strength of his confession, should become in very truth the "rock-like" apostle.

III. *The second day of our Lord's ministry.* About to return into Galilee (v. 43), Jesus found Philip, a fellow townsman of Andrew and Peter (v. 44), also probably a disciple of John Baptist, and bade him follow Him.

He, as St. Andrew, sought immediately to share with another his holy privilege. He found Nathanael (probably the Bartholomew of the other gospels). Nathanael was reluctant to believe that one who hailed from Nazareth could be the Messiah; but he yielded to the appeal of Philip: "Come and see" (v. 46).

To understand the conversation that passed between our Lord and Nathanael, we must bear in mind the fact that there was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of Christ's having seen Nathanael under the fig tree (v. 48). What amazed Nathanael was the power of Jesus to read his thoughts, or to know at least what he had been doing in his seclusion under the fig tree. It was this which evoked his question of surprise: "Whence knowest Thou me?" (v. 48).

Probably Nathanael had been reading, or meditating upon, the story of Jacob's life, particularly those portions recorded in Genesis xxviii. and xxxii.: the vision of heaven opened and the ladder, the wrestling with "the angel" whereby Jacob had won his new name "Israel," a prince of God. From his seclusion under the fig tree he went forth with Philip to meet Jesus, whose possession of divine power was immediately manifested. Nathanael apparently was astonished at being addressed wholly under the imagery and in the language of his own secret thoughts. We may reverently fill out the picture thus: "Thou hast been thinking of Jacob and his new name 'Israel.' I saw thee. I know thee, that thou too art Israel, a prince of God; not as was Jacob at first, crafty and deceitful (Genesis xxvii.), but 'an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile' (v. 47). Thou wast thinking of the ladder and the angels. As my disciple 'thou shalt see greater things than these: heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man' (vv. 50, 51).

Well might Nathanael say: "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel" (v. 49).

The fruit, then, of the second day of our Lord's ministry was two men: Philip and Nathanael, disciples, destined to become apostles.

Let us remember:

The proof of our finding Christ, is seen in our finding our brother and bringing him to Christ.

Nothing, not even our secret thoughts, is hid from Him, "unto whom all hearts are open."

"CHURCH."

WE DO NOT KNOW of any word that has more meanings attached to it than the word "Church."

As to a structure it is used to indicate the House of God as distinguished from all houses used for secular purposes. A Parish Church is distinguished from numerous kinds of chapels or private oratories.

It is used as descriptive of the common, historical and legally recognized place of worship of the people of a parish, as distinguished from the numerous places of worship belonging to religious bodies or societies outside the Communion of the Church.

In the spiritual and ecclesiastical sense of the word Church means the whole community or body of Christ's faithful people, comprehended under the designation the "Church Catholic" or the "one Catholic and Apostolic Church," or "the Catholic Church of Christendom."

The "Church Militant" is the Church on earth considered in her conflicts with the powers of evil.

The "Church Triumphant" is that portion of the Church which has fought the good fight, been victorious over evil, and has entered into glory.

The "Visible Church" consisting of its visible professed members upon earth—as it appears to men—is distinguished in a spiritual sense from the Church mystical and invisible as seen by God alone.

The Church, again, is considered as a spiritual society consisting of members called out and separated from, and in opposition to, the world.—*Western Churchman.*

LIMPY AND HIS DOG.

(Continued from Page 195.)

a heap of bother for you," the new-comer said reflectively, as he stroked the dog's long, silken hair. "Teddy Dixon says he's got good blood in him——"

"Look here, Tim, do you think I'd sell Snip, no matter how much money I might get for him? Why, he's the only relation I've got in all this world!" and the boy buried his face in the dog's white hair.

"It costs more to keep him than you put out for yourself."

"What of that? He thinks a heap of me, Snip does, an' he'd be as sorry as I would if anything happened to one of us."

"Yes, I reckon you are kind'er stuck on him! It's a pity, Limpy, 'cause you can't hustle same's the rest of us do, an' so don't earn as much money."

"Snip has what milk he needs——"

"An' half the time you feed him by goin' hungry yourself."

"What of that?" Seth cried sharply. "Don't I tell you we two are the only friends each other's got! I'd a good deal rather get along without things than let him go hungry, 'cause he wouldn't know why I couldn't feed him."

"A dog is only a dog, an' that's all you can make out of it. I ain't countin' but that Snip is better'n the general run, 'cause, as Teddy Dixon says, he's blooded; but just the same it don't stand to reason you should treat him like he was as good as you."

"He's a heap better'n I am, Tim Chandler! Snip never did a mean thing in his life, an' he's the same as a whole family to me."

As if understanding that he was the subject of the conversation, the dog pressed his cold nose against the boy's neck.

Women of the American Revolution. By Elizabeth F. Ellet. With introduction by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. In 2 vols., illustrated. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. Price, \$4.00.

It has been a happy factor in the life of the American people, which has only of late years been developed, that the long discredited science of genealogy has been revived. We say it is a happy factor, because pride in one's birth and pride in one's honorable ancestry is one of the best incentives to an honorable life in one's self. It develops the instinct of *noblesse oblige* as perhaps nothing else does.

In connection with this renaissance in American history, a very considerable number of biographical volumes concerned with the early settlers in America have made their appearance. One of these which is just at hand, and one of the best of them,



ABIGAIL ADAMS.

[From "Women of the American Revolution," by Elizabeth F. Ellet. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. Copyright.]

is that which is published in two volumes, with the title of *Women of the American Revolution*.

This work consists of a number of studies in the lives of

pioneer women of America, of whom the records are not forgotten. Mary Washington heads the list in the first volume and Martha Washington in the second. Among other names are many of those which have been honored in fiction as well as remembered in real life, and the names of Schuyler, Livingston, Philipse, Gibbes, Adams, and many others as well known, are perpetuated within the fifty chapters of these twin volumes. The work is one which all interested in American genealogy and history will be glad to have.

CAPTAIN ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[From *Historic Americans*, by Elbridge S. Brooks. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, \$1.50. Copyright.]

He was a tall, raw-boned specimen of the young Western borderer, long-armed, long-legged, awkward, and most unsoldierly looking.



"TAKE IT OUT OF ME, IF YOU CAN, BUT YOU SHAN'T TOUCH THIS INJUN."
[From "Historic Americans," by Elbridge S. Brooks. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Copyright.]

But there was determination in his eyes. He had gained many lessons in discipline from his hard experiences trying to discipline this unruly Sangamon company.

At once his glance fell upon the badgered Indian, and, dashing in among his men, he scattered them to right and left and placed a protecting hand upon the red fugitive's shoulder.

"Stand back, all of you!" he shouted. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves—all of you piling on one poor old redskin? What are you thinking of? Would you kill an unprotected man?"

"A spy! He's a spy!" cried the discomfited soldiers, gathering again about their prey. The poor old Indian read his fate in their eyes. He crouched low at the captain's feet, recognizing in him his only protector.

"Fall back, men; fall back!" the captain commanded. "Let the Injun go. He hasn't done anything to you. He can't hurt you."

"What are you afraid of?" demanded one of the ringleaders, brandishing his rifle. "Let us have him. We're not afraid, even if you are a coward."

The tall young captain faced his accuser and proceeded to roll up his sleeves deliberately and with unmistakable meaning. "Who says I'm a coward?" he demanded.

The implied challenge received no response. The Sangamon boys knew the length and strength of those brawny arms.

"Get out, cap'n; that's not fair," they said. "You're bigger'n we are, and heavier. You don't give us a show."

"I'll give you all the show you want, boys," said the captain. "More'n you'll give this Injun. I'll tell you what: I'll fight you all, one after the other, just as you come. Take it out of me, if you can, but you shan't touch this Injun. When a man comes to me for help he's going to get it, if I have to lick all Sangamon county."

There was no acceptance of that challenge, either. The Indian, who proved to be one of the friendly Indians from General Cass's Division, was given over to the captain; the men dispersed; the trouble was over; no man in that camp, or all the camps together, had any desire to try a wrestle with Capt. Abraham Lincoln. For the captain who protected a fugitive Indian from the ferocity of that unruly set of raw recruits was Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois.

YOUNG JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[From *Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days*, by Geraldine Brooks (art., "Abigail Adams"). New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, \$1.50. Copyright.]

It was during this memorable summer of '76, after the Declaration had fired all patriotic souls, great and small, with a zeal to serve their country, that Mrs. Adams' eldest son entered upon his first public office—that of post-rider between Boston



"JOHNNY," THE POST-RIDER.

[From "Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days," by Geraldine Brooks. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Copyright.]

and Braintree. Probably Master John, at that time a little fellow of nine years, felt fully his own importance mounting his horse, riding under danger of capture the eleven miles to Boston and the eleven miles home, bringing his mamma all the latest news and carrying in his pocket the welcome letter from Philadelphia.

Mrs. Adams has not failed to leave us a picture of the young post-rider. "I sent Johnny last evening to the post-office for letters," she writes. "He soon returned and pulling one from his gown gave it me. The young rogue, smiling and

watching mamma's countenance, draws another and then another, highly gratified to think he has so many presents to bestow."

"Johnny," the post-rider, and his sister, and brothers were, like their parents, brave and loyal patriots. "John writes like a hero glowing with ardor for his country and burning with indignation against his enemies," says his proud father. "Charles' young heroism charms me; kiss him."



ST. BRIDGET AND THE WOLF.

[From "Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Copyright.]

The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The restraining influence of sanctity on the lower animals has ever been a study out of which much legendary lore has arisen. Some of these legends are collected in pleasing style by the author of this little book, to which we now allude, and the stories herein gathered are quaint and beautiful. The book is one that young people will read with much pleasure and the illustrations in mediæval style add much to the work. The book is a valuable addition to our somewhat scanty literature concerning the legendary saints, and some of those of whom history is more certain.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. With an introduction by Henry Codman Potter, D.D., LL.D. The Century Classics. New York: The Century Co. Price, \$1.00 net.

The volumes which The Century Co. announce as arranged to appear in their series of Century Classics include in addition to this volume, Bacon's *Essays*, Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*, Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Poems* of Robt. Herrick, and Kinglake's *Eothen*. If, as no doubt is the case, this volume of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is a fair sample of the series, it is pleasing to say that booklovers will have an opportunity of purchasing these classics in a remarkably handsome edition at the very low price mentioned. The paper used is heavy and well adapted to the purpose, the type is clear, the notes are along the side of the page, and the frontispiece illustration is a fine reproduction. Bishop Potter's introduction to the present volume not only shows an appreciative knowledge of the work, but pleasingly introduces it to readers in general. The binding is very attractive.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

William Shakespeare,—Poet, Dramatist, and Man. By Hamilton Wright Mable, author of *My Study Fire*, etc. With 100 illustrations, including nine full pages in photogravures. 8vo, bound in velvet. New York: The Macmillan Co.

It takes a poet to interpret a poet, on the principle that spiritual things must be spiritually discerned. Hamilton Mable is not technically a poet, but he might be if he chose, for his prose has all the characteristics of the best poetry except metre and rhyme, which are, after all is said, but subordinate features of true poetry. He has never written more in the spirit of the poet than in this study of William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man.

Mr. Mable is under little temptation so much as to notice the question of the Baconian authorship of the plays that have borne Shakespeare's name so long, much less to discuss it. He



MARY ARDEN'S COTTAGE.

[Copied and reduced from a photogravure, in "William Shakespeare," by Hamilton Wright Mable. New York: The Macmillan Co. Copyright.]

barely alludes to it, in telling the story of Shakespeare's education, when he says:

"A careful study of Shakespeare's opportunities and a little common sense in reckoning with his genius will dissipate any confusion of mind which has made it possible to regard him as uneducated and therefore incapable of writing his own works."

He traces carefully the development of the poet's powers in the grammar school at Stratford, and during his "apprenticeship" in London, and shows the evolution of the full blown genius manifest in his greatest works, as explicable a progress as that of the rose from the bud.

Other interpreters of Shakespeare have made more acute analyses of the writings of the poet, but no other has so splendidly placed the man himself before us as a background to his works. This is the invaluable service of this book to readers of Shakespeare. Every one knows how the personality of great living authors adds to the enjoyment of their writings. To have seen or heard the man, and to be able to keep his face and manner and tones in mind while reading what he has written, make the printed page rich with his personality. The inner eye and the inner ear are busy all the time with the face and voice of the author. Mr. Mable's sympathetic and noble portraiture of Shakespeare has a like effect, as nearly that of actual seeing and hearing, as is possible in the case of an author removed from our living contact by three hundred years.

It will be no surprise to any one familiar with Shakespeareana to find Mr. Mable admitting so freely the use by Shakespeare of other sources than his own invention in the construction of his plays, but his treatment of this interesting fact will help many, doubtless, to accept it, and at the same time to understand its consistency with the originality and honesty of the poet's genius. "Originality," he says, "does not consist in invention, but in insight, grasp, selection, and arrangement, and, above all, in vitalization."

Shakespeare's originality was something better than invention. In that minor excellence of poets some of his contemporaries excelled him. But in "masterful dealing, not with images of his own making but with the actualities of human experience," he has "an originality identical in its methods and operation with the originality of Homer, Dante, and Goethe, who share with him the splendid loneliness of supreme literary achievement."

A conspicuous merit of this book is its exposition of the

ministry of Shakespeare to the larger and better life of man. Incidental to this is its defence of the poet against the suspicion that he was a man of vicious propensities and vulgar life. Mr. Mable admits that in his youth Shakespeare was probably not impeccable, but he dismisses as unsubstantiated the vague traditions of the irregularity of his life in London. He was essentially a sound man, living a normal, wholesome life, and this while so many men in his profession wasted their means and their strength in disorderly living. That his writings are ethically fruitful Mr. Mable strenuously insists. The chapter on the Ethical Significance of the Tragedies is a distinct contribution to a better understanding of the underlying morality of the poet's works. It is admitted that Shakespeare did not penetrate into the region of pure spiritual impulse and ultimate spiritual relationship.

"In this fact lies his limitation," said Mr. Mable. "If to his other gifts had been added the spiritual insight of Dante he would have been not only the foremost but the ultimate interpreter of the life of the race." But "the problem of life as it is presented in the Shakespearian dramas is to bring the individual will into harmony with the institutional life of society organized in the family, the Church, and the State; and to bring these institutions into harmony with the immutable principles of righteousness. . . . He shows the inevitable reaction of the deed upon the doer and so strikes into sudden light the massive and all embracing order of life."

In the chapter on the Historical Plays the following passage clearly gives the point of view from which Mr. Mable would have us see Shakespeare's relation to life:

"Shakespeare is one of the greatest of ethical teachers, not by intention but by virtue of the depth and clearness of his vision."

The third chapter, on Shakespeare's Country, is an idyll in itself. Mr. Mable not only loves Shakespeare, and writes of him out of a mighty appreciation of his character and genius, but he seems to love the very ground he once trod on. But he does this, not because he is a mere hero worshipper, but because he is enough of a psychologist to understand something of the share incomparable Warwickshire had in its illustrious son's education, and because he is enough of a nature lover himself to feel the nameless charm of the scenes amid which the poet spent his



A MYSTERY PLAY IN YORK CATHEDRAL.

[From "William Shakespeare," by W. H. Mable. Copyright, by The Macmillan Co.]

boyhood and later years. And Warwickshire deserves all Mr. Mable has said of it. This chapter and many passages in other chapters descriptive of the beauty of rural England, will greatly enhance the value of the book for those who have, like the author, spent happy days in the Shakespearian country.

Another notable chapter is the opening one on the forerunners of Shakespeare. This chapter ought to be made a part of

the curriculum in the education in the history of the stage, of those people who denounce the Drama as essentially immoral. It is a thoughtful and discriminating study of its origins and history, and shows that the stage was born at the foot of the altar, and that the modern drama as well as the ancient began in the development of worship along dramatic lines.

This sumptuous volume will be hailed by all Shakesperians with intense satisfaction. Moreover the book is a delight to the eye of the lover of clear type, generous pages, fine illustrations, and substantial paper, richly bound. The illustrations include ten plates in photogravure and nearly a hundred halftones and cuts in the text. All the worthy portraits of Shakespeare are given, and enough reproductions of the scenes amidst which he passed his life, to furnish all the framing for the grand portraits of the poet one can reasonably require. As a holiday gift, Mabie's *Shakespeare* will have few peers this season.

JUDSON TITSWORTH.

BROWNIE'S NEW HOME.

[From *Brownie*, by Amy Le Feuvre. New York: American Tract Society. Copyright.]

Brownie rose from her seat with a sigh of relief, and taking Buffie's hand entered the little house that was going to be their new home. They turned into the room on the right-hand side of the passage, which seemed at present to be a chaos of boxes and furniture, but which contained the one being who could bring



"WE ARE GOING TO BE VERY HAPPY HERE." Page 9.

[From "*Brownie*," by Amy Le Feuvre. New York: American Tract Society. Copyright.]

comfort and order out of dreary confusion—their mother!

She was on her knees coaxing a freshly-made fire, and as the flames leaped up, throwing a ruddy glow on her slight black-robed figure, she turned to greet the children.

"Come along, chicks! What sober faces! You are perished with cold; come to the fire. Isn't this a dear little house! We are going to be very happy here!"

The bright, cheery tones brought smiles at once to the little faces. Buffie ran forward and was lifted on his mother's knee at once; Brownie knelt by her side and spread out her small hands before the welcome blaze.

"It is so cold and lonely outside, mother."

"Yes, but we're inside now, my girlie."

The House of Egremont. A Novel. By Molly Elliot Seawell. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

The author of *Lady Betty Stair*, and *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac* has given us a more pretentious novel in these five hundred pages, devoted to the family history of *Egremont*, with more or less Elizabethan history interwoven in its lines.

The history is quite good enough for the purposes of the novelist, or for the pleasure of the reader, and the fiction is quite the best Miss Seawell has produced.

The author tells a tale with an eye to the main story, which she builds up with many little fancies and, for the reader's delectation, asides. One can see that Miss Seawell gets to thinking somewhat of her lovers and heroes; that she still has time to look about her, and become acquainted with the friends of these; has even cultivated many of them. This is a goodly company we meet in the House of Egremont. Besides two or three important members of two generations of Egremonts, there are the reigning monarchs of England and France, whose court is open for us and our friends. We have but to fling a graceful compliment at our dear Elizabeth, and couple it with the public punishing of some arrant knave, and at once we may be her follower. If we have pretty curly locks and are young, we that be men, the gracious Queen will fondle them and let us kiss her hand.

Roger Egremont, the neglected son of John, and his friend Dickey, his foil, pass through many interesting experiences, which the reader will follow with increasing interest from the day Roger makes his bow to us, till the day he weds pretty Michelle in the old chapel. Bess Lukens walks her loveless way through the book, a figure and character many readers will love and admire, if not the one she loved. The characters of the book are many, and are arranged and grouped in striking tableaux. The dialogue is sprightly and full of humor and life, the life of the time. Miss Seawell has increased in her power of perspective and the creation of atmosphere.

The Road to Nowhere. A Story for Children. By Livingston B. Morse. Illustrated by Edna Morse. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

The Road to Nowhere approaches in humor and delicacy of treatment very near to that classic model *Alice in Wonderland*. While there is some similarity in method, Mr. Morse has given us a delightful story without apparent adaptation of the earlier tale. Like the journey of Alice, that one of Jack and Kitty is started by a wandering youngster intent on finding something where nothing exists. Then sleep falls upon his weary lids, and in the land of dreams, all things come out clearly. The green cheese backing that forms the opposite side of the moon is demonstrated to satisfaction. The inhabitants of that planet's hither side are held up to our sight and their habits explained in a perfectly lucid and satisfactory manner. There is now no further occasion, since this scientific elucidation of the order of world events, for any further exploration. The signs of the Zodiac seem so simple now, that all children, reading this book, will have no occasion to labor through physics or astronomy in school.

Mr. Morse has a splendid imagination, and Edna Morse has fairly outdone the best, in her happy art of illustrating this dreamy story. The thunder pots, and storm king, the museum, the candy farm, the Town of Toys, have been pictured by Miss Morse in a startling and effective way, which will please the most particular child and parent too. The colors used are all that even old readers of Fairy stories will admire.

SINCE the death of Brahms, a struggle has been going on between his relatives and several societies with regard to the disposition of his possessions. According to the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*, a list of the items composing the estate has just been made, and includes a deposit in the Deutschen Reichsbank of 180,000 florins (\$87,000), to which is to be added an interest in a firm of music publishers to the value of 6,000 florins (\$2,910). The inventory of valuable objects is very lengthy and includes presents made by various public bodies and private admirers; among which may be mentioned a large laurel wreath in solid silver. It is a remarkable fact that he did not possess a piano of his own. His collection of autographs was a magnificent one, and numbered 182. Among others are a musical autograph of Beethoven, many compositions of Mozart, works of Schubert and Schumann, fragments from "Tristan and Isolde" and twenty letters of Wagner; compositions of Hector Berlioz, Cherubini, Chopin, Donizetti, Haydn, Joachim, Liszt, Rubinstein, Sechter, Spohr, Johann Strauss, Weber (six songs and a letter to Spohr); also a letter from King Ludwig II. to Wagner; letters from Goethe, Schiller, and Ibsen; poems by Grillparzer and Rückert; original score of an opera by Turgeneff.

Palestine and the Holy Land. By the Rev. John Fulton, D.D., LL.D. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.

We have had the pleasure of examining advance proofs of this forthcoming book of Dr. Fulton's, which is probably ready about the time this advertisement appears. Dr. Fulton had the pleasure, in which perhaps editors of other religious papers might envy him, of extensive travels through the Holy Land during the past year; though we feel certain that after having



SEA OF TIBERIAS.

[From "Palestine and the Holy Land," by John Fulton, D.D., LL.D. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Reduced from Photogravure. Copyright.]

voted first for himself, every editor would gladly vote the privilege to Dr. Fulton as his second choice, after his first had failed.

Dr. Fulton has, as would be expected, seen what there is to be seen with thoughtfulness and with intelligent knowledge of the value of each location. In writing his book, he is not content to write as a mere traveler, and consequently his book does not partake of that peculiarly guide-bookish style which is so familiar to all who have had occasion to read the works of travelers in general. In reading the pages, one does not keep in mind the red covered *Baedeker*, nor does that classic companion of every traveler intrude itself in all the description, as it so often does in similar works.

In this volume we have not only the description of what the traveler may see in the several localities, though this is given, and is well portrayed; but we have also the historical setting which is needed to give one a true appreciation of the places to be considered. The traveler begins at Joppa, and not only does he have the very readable description of the modern Jaffa, but also some reminiscences of scriptural Joppa, and as well the Joppa of classic lore and ancient and modern history. From Joppa as a starting point, the traveler proceeds by natural stages to Bethlehem, then traces the flight into Egypt, the return from Egypt, and the Holy Land in general, and the various scenes from place to place, which make every rod of the sacred soil dear to the heart of every Christian. We can easily see that the book is one which will be desired by Bible students generally, and by all who enjoy pleasing descriptions of travels, even apart from their love and reverence for the Holy Land.

A DESPERATE CASE.

[From *The Head of a Hundred in the Colony of Virginia, 1622*, by Maud Wilder Goodwin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Copyright.]

It was a strange scene that met our sight thro' the murky air, thick with the smoke of a smouldering fire, and foul with the breath of a dozen men and women crowded together round the bed of pine boughs on which lay the form of a youth in delirium, tossing his arms and moaning and making strange, barbaric noises.

A native medicine-man bent above him uttering weird incantations, and shaking a rattle made from the tail of a snake, which he whirled about his head whilst he squirted water from his own mouth over the youth's body.

As I entered, this man cast on me such a look of malignity as made me sure that it was more to his malice than aught else that we owed our present plight.

Pory, too, caught the glance, and said to me in an undertone, not without grim humor:

"I might have known it. Two of a trade can never agree."

For myself I determined at once to open war with this man. I therefore threw as much disdain as I felt into my tone, as I bade Salvage to ask of the king why he allowed his son to be put to death thus by a medicine-man who knew not his own business.

"He says," answered Salvage, "that 'tis drugs that have brought him to this."

"Of course," said I, "such a powerful and beneficent medicine as the king's vial contained cannot be used carelessly. The cure for cramps may kill in a fever."

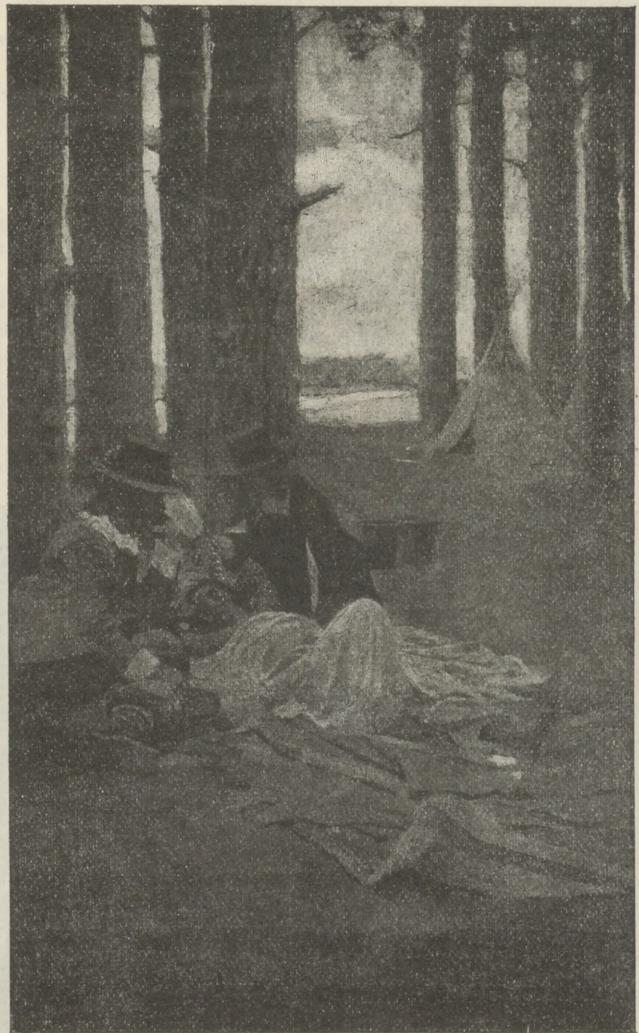
"Listen now, O King! Our lives are in thy hands; and I give up mine a ready sacrifice, and my body to be burned at the stake, if I heal not thy son."

For the first time the dark looks of the king lightened a little as my words were translated to him.

"Try, then," he answered briefly. "Cure and live, or kill and die!"

With the last words a tomahawk fell clashing to the floor, and I saw Salvage shudder. I realized that I was playing a desperate game, but my spirits rose with the danger, and I felt myself master of the situation.

"Your Majesty's trust shall be justified. Give me but my way, and the lad's life is saved. First, send away that man!" I pointed toward the scowling medicine-man, who seized up a bow and arrow at my words, crying out that the One Alone called Kiwassa demanded my blood; but at a signal from the



"KNEELING BESIDE HIM, I HAD MY HAND ON HIS HEAD."

[From "The Head of a Hundred," by Charlotte Harding. Little, Brown & Co.]

king, two braves pinioned his arms and marched him away. I then sent Salvage and an Indian to bring all our blankets, which I piled one on top of the other beneath the shade of a

tree, for the August sun was already waxing hot. To this bed I had the poor youth carried, still waving and tossing his arms. Kneeling beside him I laid my hand on his head—'twas burning hot; then on his heart—'twas beating with uneven violence, like the waves on a rocky coast; thumping as 'twould burst the ribs, and then retiring till I could scarce count its throbbing. I did not hide from myself that it was a desperate case. I had seen men like that die in an hour; but I would do my best. Selecting three Indian youths, I bade them take the leather buckets which we had brought ashore, and fill them at the runlet at the base of the hill, bringing it fresh and cool. While they were gone, I set Pory and Salvage to tearing up their underwear into strips. When the water was come, I dipped my hand therein, and joyed to find it cold as winter. Plunging the cloths into the first bucketful, I drew them out dripping, and covered the body of Oropax from head to foot. So hot was he, that the cloths on the head were heated almost before those on the feet were applied. But I saw with much relief of mind that the second cloths were not so hot, and placing my hand on the heart, I found it calmer.

Opening my medicine-chest, I drew out a vial filled with the essence of the deadly night shade; a rank poison, but in such cases as these, and used with care, a most valuable medication. A few drops I poured into a small tumbler of glass given me by a Venetian in London. To the dose I added a cupful of water, and raising it to the lad's lips, bade him drink.

No sooner had he quaffed than his head and arms ceased to move restlessly, and ere long I saw with delight that he slept. Calling for the queen's feather fan, I waved it above him, thereby both driving away the insects which hereabouts do be most abundant and annoying, and also keeping up a grateful current of air.

In an hour Oropax awoke and called for drink. I gave him freely all he craved, and of the coldest, tho' there be those in London would have found fault with me therefor; but so far from hurting, it did marvelously refresh him, so that he sat up and called aloud for his father.

From this moment I breathed freely. "Hurrah!" I cried to Pory, "we have fought with death and won!"

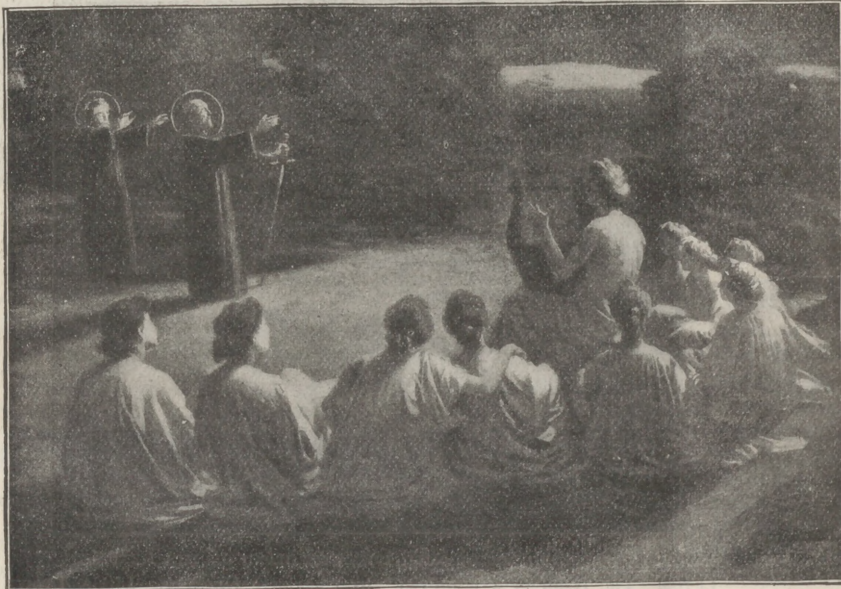
"Lad! lad!" he said kindly, with his arm about my neck, "thou hast saved not him alone, but us all."

THE SAVING OF APOLLO.

[From *The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus*, by Henry Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish original by Jeremiah Curtin. Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.]

Next rose Apollo, the Silverbowed, with a hollow lute in his hand, and walked toward the holy men. Behind him moved slowly the nine Muses, looking like nine white pillars. Terror-stricken, they stood before the judgment-seat as if petrified, breathless, and without hope; but the radiant Apollo turned to Paul, and, in a voice which resembled wondrous music, said:

"Slay me not! Protect me, lord; for shouldst thou slay



"THE MUSES GATHERED TOGETHER LIKE A FLOCK OF WHITE SWANS."
[From "The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus," by Henryk Sienkiewicz. Copyright, 1900, by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.]

me, thou wouldst have to restore me to life again. I am the blossom of the soul of humanity; I am its gladness; I am light; I am the yearning for God. Thou knowest best that the song of earth will not reach heaven if thou break its wings. Hence I implore thee, O saint, not to smite down Song."

A moment of silence came. Peter raised his eyes toward the stars. Paul placed his hands on his swordhilt, rested his forehead on them, and for a time fell into deep thought. At last he rose, made the sign of the cross calmly above the radiant head of the god, and said:

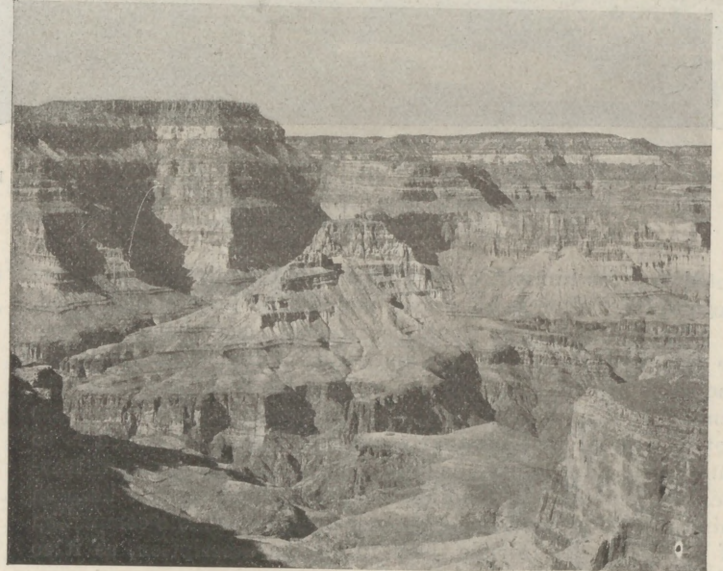
"Let Song live!"

Apollo sat down with his lute at the feet of the Apostle. The night became clearer, the jasmine gave out a stronger perfume, the glad fountains sounded, the Muses gathered together like a flock of white swans, and, with voices still quivering from fear, began to sing in low tones marvelous words never heard on the heights of Olympus till that hour.

THE RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON.

[From *In and Around the Grand Canyon. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona*, by George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Copyright.]

In local parlance the upper edge of the precipice walls that line the Canyon is called the "rim." We never speak of



DUTTON POINT AND MASONIC TEMPLE, FROM THE GRAND SCENIC DIVIDE.

[From "In and Around the Grand Canyon," by George Wharton James. Little, Brown & Co. Copyright.]

the "edge" of the Canyon, or the "banks" of the Colorado River.

It is a popular idea that the Canyon is through a country of mountains. This is a mistake. Instead, it cuts through a series of great plateaux, known on the north as the Kaibab, Powell, and Kanab Plateaux, and on the south as the Colorado Plateau. The singularity of this formation is such that one does not discover the existence of this vast waterway, as he journeys northward or southward, until he is on its very brink. Hence, the tremendous and startling surprise that awaits every visitor. The Canyon springs upon him with the leap of a panther, and, suggesting a deserted world, yawns at his feet before he is aware that he is within miles of it. It overwhelms him by its suddenness, and renders him speechless with its grandeur and magnificence.

No readings, no descriptions, no pictures, no warnings can prepare the mind for that one first stupendous, overwhelming impression. * * * To see women burst into tears and in a tremble of ecstatic fear is a common sight. And to men and women alike impression of that first glimpse often follow them into the realms of sleep.* * *

Far more instantaneously than the fairy transformation scenes in a pantomime emerge from the stage darkness, the great view is unrolled. In this regard the approach to the

Canyon by Bass Camp is immeasurably superior to any other. It is dramatic, awe-inspiring, overpowering. There is no waiting, no walking from hotel to rim. *Instantly*—more like magic than reality—the scene, which *is* magical, mystical, ideal, and yet supremely natural, is in full view.

CHADD'S FORD.

[From *A Godson of Lafayette*, by Eldridge S. Brooks. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. Price, \$1.50. Copyright.]

"What are you doing there, son?" he inquired. Joe laughed merrily. "I do believe he's afraid of me," he chuckled to himself.

"Oh, I'm only going to the mill, sir," he replied. "I was just making believe I was one of the Continentals and that



"AND SO THIS IS WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT?"

[From "A Godson of Lafayette." Copyright, 1900, W. A. Wilde Co.]

you were a Hessian coming down the pike. They had a fight here, you know."

"Sure enough; this is Chadd's Ford, isn't it—where the battle of Brandywine was fought?" the stranger remarked. "Well, I'm only a peaceful traveler, son, and no Hessian at all, so you needn't thirst for my blood. But I did think your stick was a musket. Is there a blacksmith beyond? My horse has cast a shoe."

"So I thought from the way he limped," said Joe, looking at the road. "Have you come far?"

"From Lancaster," the stranger replied; "bound for Philadelphia. It's a vile road, too. Where shall I find the blacksmith, my son?"

"Up the road a bit—half a mile or so," Joe replied; "you can't miss it. It's just where the Creek Road turns off from the village. You can find it easily. I'd like to help you if I can, though; can I?"

The one-horse shay lumbered into the creek, the water cascading from its heavy wheels.

"I thank you, son; but I reckon I sha'n't need your help," the stranger said. "You've got your corn to grind."

Then, as he reined up abreast the white colt, midway in the stream, he looked at Joe closely; looked at the road as it stretched from the ford to the village; looked up and down the placid Brandywine winding through the meadow and beneath its leaning willows.

"And so this was where the battle was fought, you say, eh?" he remarked; "General Washington was in it, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir," Joe replied, "and so were Greene and Wayne. I'd like to have been in Wayne's command. My father was, and Lafayette was there, too. He was just a volunteer, my father says; he didn't have any command. But up on the ridge yonder toward Birmingham meeting-house, he turned back a lot of fellows who were retreating, and that's where he was wounded—up in the woods there. I've seen the spot. You know who Lafayette was, sir; he was the Frenchman, you know."

The man in the one-horse shay smiled at the boy's proffered information.

A REVOLUTIONARY TEA PARTY.

[From *The Pathfinders of the Revolution*, by Wm. E. Griffis. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. Copyright.]

The ninth person at the table was a sad-faced young widow lady, one of nearly four hundred made at Wyoming on June 30, 1778, by the redskins and redcoats. She was a cousin of Mrs. Eyre, who since the slaughter of her husband, a boat-builder on the Susquehanna and previously foreman in Colonel Eyre's shipyard, had found a home in his family. He, the victim, was one of the fourteen men compelled to kneel in a circle on the ground, while the Seneca Queen Esther, whose castle was



"MRS. EYRE TOOK HER PLACE AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE."

[From "Pathfinders of the Revolution." Copyright, 1900, W. A. Wilde Co.]

at Tioga Point, infuriated because of the death of her son, brained one after another with a tomahawk, until the last one of the fourteen was a bloody corpse. The Philadelphia home was like a haven of peaceful comfort, after her weeks of wandering and semi-starvation in the woods.

Mrs. Eyre took her place at the head of the table, and was

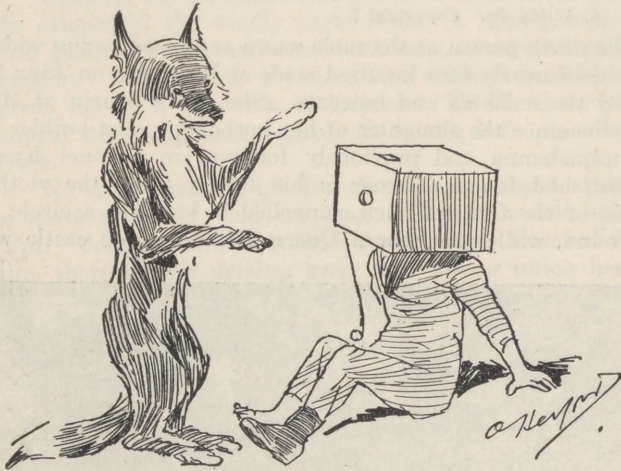
soon serving the fragrant tea, with "trimmings" to suit each taste, for the first patriot tabooing of the leaf of China in 1774 was a thing of the past. Through St. Eustatius, in the Dutch West Indies, with which port Colonel Eyre was in frequent communication, the Amoy tea, though a luxury somewhat more expensive than formerly, was not extra hazardous in obtaining. The swift ships built by the Eyres ran with comparative ease the blockade of the heavy British frigates off the capes of the Delaware and Chesapeake.

As ever, the fragrant beverage lubricated the tongue, and conversation flowed easily.

BILLY'S EYESIGHT FAILS.

[From *The Dream Fox Story Book*, by Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price, \$1.50. Copyright.]

His eye shut with such a bang that Billy was nearly stunned, and his head roared. He heard the voices and music pass and grow faint in the distance. He heard the clatter of knives and forks, and smelled hot gingerbread and the coffee that the dolls were stirring with striped peppermint sticks.



POOR BILLY AND THE DREAM FOX.

[From "The Dream Fox Story Book," by Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: The Macmillan Co. Copyright.]

How hungry he was! He remembered again that he had not had a morsel to eat since he was shut up in the "Dream Fox Story Book."

Horrors! he tried to open his eye, but he could not. He punched the button and shook his head violently, but all in vain—something had broken, and he was blind! He groped about until he found the barn door by feeling, but it seemed to be fastened on the outside.

"I think the Dream Fox might come and help me," he almost sobbed. "He said he'd only be gone a few minutes, and he's stayed hours!"

"Exactly two minutes and a half by the town clock," said the cheery voice of the Dream Fox close in Billy's ear, while Nighty M. gave a snort of recognition, "and you know the town clock always tells the truth."

"Yes, it *has* to, because the wire from the Castle of Time makes it," said Billy. "Won't you *please* help me open my eye, and then fix the pictures I've taken so I can show them to Margery right away as soon as I get out?"

"What's amiss with your eye? Ah! you pressed the button too hard. The spring is broken, and you will have to keep it open with your finger until your head goes to the factory for repairs. Now for the pictures."

A STUBBORN BURRO.

[From *Reels and Spindles*, by Evelyn Raymond. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. Price, \$1.50. Copyright.]

The white burro had a will of her own. So, distinctly, had her mistress. As had often happened, these two wills conflicted.

For the pair had come to a point where three ways met. Pepita wanted to ascend the hill, by a path she knew, to stable and supper. Amy wished to follow a descending road, which she did not know, into the depths of the forest. Neither inclined toward the safe, middle course, straight onward through the village, now picturesque in the coloring of a late September day.

"No, Pepita. You must obey me. If I'm not firm this time, you'll act worse the next. To the right, amiable beastie!"

Both firmness and sarcasm were wasted. The burro rigidly

planted her forefeet in the dust and sorrowfully dropped her head.

Amy tugged at the bridle.

"Pepita! To—the—right! Go on. In your native Californian—*Vamos!*"

The "Californian" budged not, but posed, an image of de-



"SHE PULLED A BOOK FROM HER POCKET AND BEGAN TO READ."

[From "Reels and Spindles." Copyright, 1900, W. A. Wilde Co.]

jection. The happiness of life had departed; the tale of her woe seemed pictured in every hair of her thickly coated body; she was a broken-hearted donkey.

Amy Kaye was neither broken-hearted nor broken-spirited, and she was wholly comfortable. Her saddle was soft and fitted well. The air was delightful. She pulled a book from her pocket and began to read. In five minutes she was so absorbed that she had forgotten Pepita's little mannerisms.

After a while the "Californian" moved her head just enough to gain a corner-wise glimpse of a calm and unresponsive face beneath a scarlet Tam; and evidently realizing that she had become a mere support to the maid who owned her, uttered her protest.

"Bra-a-a-y! Ah-umph! Ah-umph-umph-mph-ph-h."

Amy read on.

Pepita changed her tactics. She began to double herself together in a fashion disconcerting to most riders; whereupon Amy simply drew her own limbs up out of harm's way and waited for the burro's anatomy to settle itself in a heap on the ground.

"All right, honey."

Then she resumed her book, and the beast her meditations.

EVERY morning is the symbol and the assurance of a new hope for everyone who has courage enough left to open his eyes and behold what a fresh day is doing for the world.

To take up the Cross of Christ is no great action done once for all; it consists in the continual practice of small duties which are distasteful to us.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Eve's Paradise

By Mrs. Bray.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FAREWELL TO MOINA.

"We return! we return! we return no more!
Is it hard when the days of flowers are o'er?
When the passionate soul of the night bird's lay
Hath died from the summer woods away.
When the glory from sunset's robe hath passed,
Or the leaves are borne on the rushing blast."

—HEMANS.

IT WAS with a great feeling of relief that Owen had a letter from Margaret, to say that her preparations were now complete, and she hoped to go to Glen Cottage, the home he had taken for her, in a few days.

He knew how Eve was pining for her. Any lingering doubts Priscilla had as to the treatment Eve had received at Moina were swept away by the the delight she evinced when she heard that Margaret was coming. She gave a sigh of relief, and a look of absolute happiness came into her face. She did not seem to have the slightest wish to see Sir Jasper. Indeed, when she thought of him at all, it was with a kind of shrinking. The old childish love had died out of her heart, and a sort of distrust had taken its place.

It was the intuitive judgment of a child on the man who had done his best to spoil her life. The instinct of dislike which a dog shows towards one who will do it harm.

The glamor he had cast over her as a child was gone.

Eve's soul was freeing itself.

Somewhat against Priscilla's will Owen persuaded her to ask Mrs. Vernon to stay with them for a few days whilst the servants were getting Glen Cottage ready, and Margaret willingly accepted the invitation.

The time at Moina had been a very lonely one. Until Eve was gone no one realized how she could be missed.

Every one's care and affection had centered round her, and in her absence the whole place seemed to be a blank.

Sir Jasper could not endure it for more than two days. He missed her white shadowy form going noiselessly from room to room. He missed the sounds of the violin. Even the piano and organ were mute now. How could Margaret touch them when the child was gone?

That he had really lost her affection, he did not believe for a moment.

"This is just a phase in her life," he said to Margaret. "I am quite sure that when I see her again she will be only too ready to come back to Moina. I know what Owen's home is, and I think she will soon be tired of it. It is not possible for her to be happy in a house where beauty and art are considered absolutely unnecessary, if not actually wrong."

Yes! it was quite true; all the beauty, all the refinement had suddenly been taken out of Eve's life, and nothing left but the most bare and prosaic side.

Eve suffered—suffered as only a nature like hers could suffer. And yet she knew in the very bottom of her heart that there was no inducement in the world that would persuade her to return to Moina, though her heart leapt at the thought of Margaret.

The preparations for leaving Moina were at last all made. Everything bright and pretty was put out of sight. The furniture looked ghost-like in its swathings of holland. The pictures were covered, the statues were draped. Moina was like a house of the dead, with only memories of the dream child, with her half-awakened soul.

It was more than Margaret could bear; she left the house and went down to the beach which Eve had loved. That was unchanged. The same sea, the same rocks, the same sunset sky.

An utterly sad feeling came over her. If Eve had died and gone away she could not have felt more desolate.

The child she had cherished and loved was gone, never to return. Gone as much as if she had died and passed into another stage of existence.

True the next stage was a far, far nobler one. The cramped soul was to have full play. The mysteries of life were to be unfolded before her. The bud was to blossom into the flower.

And yet Margaret was sad at the thought of any change.

Why not? Do we not mourn our dead? Oh, so deeply, so passionately.

We know that they are better off; we know that their souls are growing and expanding far beyond our ken.

But oh! we want them so, just the same, not changed, not even more beautiful. They cannot be more beautiful to us. Even their faults, their imperfections, their little weaknesses. Only for one moment we want to put our arms round them just as they were.

This glorified being, can it be mine?

Oh, the dead! the dead!—they never come back any more.

Margaret had been so safe, so quiet at Moina all these ten years. What did it mean this going forth once more into a world which had been so cruel to her?

The waves and the storms which had swept over her seemed to have done their work, and had left her bruised and bleeding indeed, but at peace, like a broken wreck that is cast up by the sea, and left stranded on the sands.

Was the quiet over, would the storms begin anew?

The morning came, and Margaret resolutely put all sad thoughts aside. The morbid feeling was gone now, and, strangely enough, though the longing for Eve was still there, every now and then would rise up the merry laughing face of Elsie, almost blotting out the pale shadowy one beside it.

Which was the dearer to her heart?

Margaret dared not answer that question.

All day long she traveled as though in a dream. Deering was with her, so that she had little to attend to, and she was thankful for it, for the confusion and bustle of the station seemed distracting to her after the quiet life she had had. Her thoughts wandered back to that time ten years ago when she stood waiting for Eve. She could see so plainly the bright, impulsive little child with her wilfulness.

What would she have been under different training? That was a problem she vainly tried to solve.

The journey was over at last. Would Eve be glad to see her? Would Elsie? Or did Elsie still think hard and bitter thoughts? Owen had said she was sorry for what she had done, but why had she misdoubted one who had shown her nothing but kindness?

Poor Margaret debated in her heart until she was tired of thinking, and after all what was the use of it all, when in one moment all the doubts were set at rest.

Eve was clinging to her as if she could not let her go, and Elsie was standing there, half shyly, as though wanting to be forgiven, and only waiting for one word to throw herself into her arms.

"My little Elsie!" No one could know whether the kiss that followed was more tender and loving than that which greeted Eve. Only Elsie wondered why Margaret was so good to her, when she had been so naughty, and only felt that she loved her as she had never loved her before.

The next few days were somewhat strained ones to all but the children. Aunt Priscilla had it on her conscience that it was her duty to speak her mind to Mrs. Vernon.

As a rule she was very good at speaking her mind; but in this case she did not find it so easy.

There was something so dignified and stately in Margaret, that, without the least intending it, she kept Priscilla at a distance, and it would have been a bold woman indeed who could have said an impertinent word to her. Still, duty was duty, and if necessary Aunt Priscilla would have walked straight into the jaws of a tiger.

At last she ventured to say a few words. Eve was playing the violin, which she had welcomed as an old friend returned to her, and this was an instrument which roused a good deal of antagonism on the part of Aunt Priscilla.

In her opinion it was a most unladylike instrument, and as she had no love for music whatever, Eve's wonderful playing did not appeal to her in the least.

So taking the violin for her text, she succeeded in bringing out some of her opinions, though in a much more modified form than she intended.

"It is a strange thing to me, Mrs. Vernon," she began, "how you could have allowed Eve to waste the hours she has done over that heathenish instrument."

"I did not know that it was of heathen origin," said Margaret, smiling. "But anyhow it was Sir Jasper's wish that she should learn it."

"And you could reconcile it with your conscience?"

"I was engaged by Sir Jasper to take charge of Eve and

bring her up according to his wishes. I should have been going against my conscience if I had not done so."

"And you approved of this wicked way of bringing up that child?"

"No! Miss Fairfax, I did not approve. I thought it was very cruel."

"And yet you consented. You became the instrument of letting that child grow up without education, without a religion, without a God."

Priscilla's words waxed hot, for she felt deeply, and her earnestness appealed to Margaret and did not offend her. Different as these two were, they were learning to respect the honesty of each other's characters:

Margaret's answer disarmed Priscilla.

"I was wrong, Miss Fairfax," she said gently; "I was very wrong, and I know it now. You cannot blame me more than I blame myself. God knows I would undo the past if I could. Now all I can do is to try and redeem it."

Priscilla looked at her in astonishment.

"You are not offended at what I said?"

"Offended!" answered Margaret, "oh no! I am past all that. Miss Fairfax, you are a good woman; I wish my conscience were as clear as yours, but perhaps you will think more kindly of me if you know that when I undertook this charge, my faith had been wrecked by trouble. I thought I could satisfy the child, now I know that I have failed miserably—I thought," she continued, after a moment, "that I believed in nothing, and that it would be easy to bring up a child without a God. Now—" her voice faltered a little, "well, you know the story of the prodigal son. I have found my way back to the Father."

Were those tears that were standing in Priscilla's eyes? They looked dim for a moment.

She felt as if she had trodden on sacred ground.

"I am sorry I said anything."

"Why should you be sorry?" answered Margaret; "you thought it your duty. I have learned to value duty as one of the greatest things in the world. Would to God it had been the mainspring of my life as it has of yours!"

It was a strange thing that to Priscilla, of all people, Margaret should unbosom herself and make her first confession of faith. Strange, and yet perhaps not strange; for real genuine earnestness, however rugged, has a marvelous way of getting at people's hearts.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ANSWER.

"Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."

—LONGFELLOW.

A WEEK later, and Margaret and Eve were able to move into their new home. Very small, indeed scarcely more than a cottage, it was a great contrast to Moina; but, nestling on the breezy moors at the foot of the hills, it almost made up to Eve for the sea, which at first she had missed so much that she could hardly sleep for the stillness.

Glen Cottage was not half a mile from Elsie's home, so that the two children could be together as much as they pleased, and no restriction was put upon their intercourse.

Eve was delighted with her small home. It was like a sort of doll's house to her, and there was a sense of freedom and liberty about it which can never be felt upon an island. There is something boundless about the very feel of the moors, with its feeling of vastness. You know that there is nothing to stop your progress, and it seems as though you might go on and on for ever.

Eve did not feel all this at first, but later she came to love those wild moors very dearly, though they never quite made up for the sea.

She settled down with infinite delight. It was so nice to have Margaret all to herself again, and then those dreadful visitors were not allowed to come. Margaret soon found how trying and distressing they were to Eve, and though she laid herself under the imputation of trying to shut the child up, she discouraged them very much, and only allowed Eve to make acquaintances by slow degrees.

All this time Margaret had had no answer to her letter to America. Could Mr. Glendower have gone away, and left no address? Would she never be free from that torturing uncertainty

in which she lived? Would she never know if Elsie were her own child or not?

Over and over again she had questioned Owen as much as she could, without rousing any suspicions, as to Elsie's early history.

The more she heard the more hopeful she became, and yet she dared not breathe a word to any one unless she had absolute proof.

The hope of hearing from Mr. Glendower was almost dying away, when one day a letter was brought to her in his handwriting; but, to her astonishment, the post-mark was London, and not America.

She had not courage to open the letter, though only Eve was there, but laid it down beside her, and went on quietly talking to Eve, though her heart was beating as if it would break, and her breakfast remained untouched.

When Eve had finished, she took the letter upstairs, and locked the door. Even then she sat and looked at it. Not till this moment did she know how much she had counted on it, and how her fate was hanging in the balance.

At last, with trembling fingers, she opened the envelope and drew out the letter.

"Dear Mrs. Vernon," it began, "first I must ask you to forgive me for not having answered your letter before, but it has been following me about from place to place, and it was only a fortnight ago that I received it. I was more astonished than I can describe at the contents of your letter, parts of which puzzled me greatly, and I feel that the matter is so important that I must come and talk it over with you. I have for some time been intending to come to England to see my relations, so it decided me to take this opportunity. I cannot but admit that if you are right in your surmises, the circumstances are so entirely changed that I should have no hesitation in telling you if the child is really yours, you would have a right to claim her. The strange part is, that Mr. Fairfax does not seem to have any doubt as to her being his niece. When Mrs. Stuart adopted the child, she told me that it was with the consent of her friends. Can it be possible that she never told them that it was not her own? I have in my possession an absolute proof, a paper which I made Mrs. Stuart give me. Her brother will know whether it is in her handwriting or not.

"I am writing this on board ship, and shall post it as soon as I land. Let me know whether I shall come to Moina, or whether you will meet me in London.

"I dare not raise your hopes too high, as you may be only misled by a chance likeness."

Margaret laid the letter down, and began to pace up and down the room.

"O God! let it be true! let it be true! I cannot give up the hope now. She must be mine. I know it. I feel it. Surely a mother's instinct cannot be wrong."

Then she looked at the letter. It was now four days since it had been written, and Mr. Glendower had had no answer. There was no immediate hurry; but she must do something, she could not rest.

First she thought she would go that very day to London to see him. But, on second thoughts, this plan was impracticable. She did not like to leave Eve, and as the journey would take her about twelve hours, she would have to remain away at least two nights.

Then she felt sure he would come and see her, and she sat down and wrote a telegram, for the post was too slow for her impatience.

"Have left Moina, and am now living at Glenmorna. Will you come and stay with me? Expect you to-morrow, unless I hear to the contrary."

Then followed an elaborate description as to the best way to come, so that by the time the telegram was finished, it was almost as long as a letter.

She ordered the pony carriage, and drove to the town five miles off, so that the people in the village should know nothing about it.

Oh, the hours that it seemed before the answer came: "Shall travel to-night, will be with you at twelve o'clock to-morrow."

The next day she told Eve that a friend of hers was coming to stay with her for a night, and that she might ask to spend the day with Elsie.

She felt that she could not bear to have even Eve with her, though she was so unobservant that she was not likely to notice the restlessness Margaret could hardly conceal.

Her original intention had been to meet Mr. Glendower

at the station, but when the time came she found that she was trembling so much that she would not have been able to hold the reins. Deering, who had to speak to her about some matters of business, wondered "what had come to Mrs. Vernon;" she had never seen her shaken out of her calm before, except when they had lost Eve.

Mr. Glendower came at last, and the very sight of him brought back vividly to Margaret that terrible time when she had parted from her child, and the ten long years seemed obliterated.

He was changed more than she was, for the years had aged him from a middle-aged man to an old one; whilst Margaret, whose hair had been perfectly white when he saw her last, looked if anything younger than she did then, and her face had lost that haggard, frightened look of terror and despair which it had borne. The peaceful life at Moina had smoothed out some of the deep lines in her face, which was usually one of calm repose, though now she was too deeply agitated to speak of anything else, so he plunged at once into the subject.

He produced the letter written by Mrs. Stuart at his dictation:—

"I promise to take this child, Elsie Vernon, and bring her up in the place of my own child, Elizabeth, whom I have lost, and will give her a mother's love.

"ELIZABETH STUART."

"I insisted on this," he said, "though it was much against her will, for I felt it was necessary to have some proof of the child's identity. I seemed to feel that unforeseen circumstances might arise, so I determined to have it in my power to prove from her own handwriting that she had adopted the child. Now, all that is necessary to prove Elsie's parentage is for Mr. Fairfax to recognize this writing as his sister's. If he does so, the child is established as yours."

"I will send and ask him to come, for I cannot wait."

She sent a note over at once, and received for answer that Mr. Fairfax was out, but would be in at four o'clock, when the letter should be given him. Owen was not much surprised when he heard that Mrs. Vernon wanted to see him, for she was constantly consulting him about Eve, and he did not think there was any trouble; so he walked quietly over; but the moment he saw her face he knew that something unusual had happened.

She introduced him to Mr. Glendower, and then felt as if she could not begin the subject; the lips grew dry, and the words would not come.

"Tell him," she gasped at length to Mr. Glendower.

"I have come on a rather strange errand, Mr. Fairfax," he said, "and I must ask you to pardon me if I touch upon anything that is painful in the past. Years ago I knew a lady in America named Mrs. Stuart, who I have reason to believe was your sister, and it is necessary that I should prove it."

He then asked a few questions as to where Mrs. Stuart had been in America, where she was staying, and when she returned to England, all of which coincided with the time that Margaret had given up Elsie.

"Now, I want to ask you one more question, and that is concerning your niece. Is her real name Elsie or Elizabeth?"

"Her real name is Elizabeth; she was called after her mother; but when she was brought to England her mother said she had called her Elsie for short."

"Should you know your sister's writing if you saw it?"

"Undoubtedly I should."

"Will you look at this paper and tell me if it is hers?"

Margaret's breath came quick and short, and she pressed her hand over her heart.

Owen paused a moment; he was very much puzzled altogether, and wondered what could be the drift of all these questions.

"It is certainly like her writing," he said, and then he read the paper through.

As he did so he changed color a little and compressed his under lip. Without a word he read it all carefully through again.

Then he turned very coldly to Mr. Glendower.

"Is this an impudent forgery, or some American plot in which you are concerned?"

"Neither," said Mr. Glendower quietly; "and I think, Mr. Fairfax, that when you have heard all, you will do me the justice to admit that it is impossible I could be a party to a fraud."

Owen looked up, and saw instantly that the man before him was no impostor.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "but you will not wonder that I was startled. If this writing is true, it contains a very

grave aspersion on the memory of my dead sister. Indeed, I am perfectly at a loss to understand it. That it is like her writing I admit, but it is possible that you may have been deceived, and that it is only a very clever imitation."

"I am afraid there is no doubt about it, Mr. Fairfax, as I saw her write the paper myself; besides, it is not the only proof I have." He took a photograph out of his pocket-book, and handed it to Owen. "That is a photograph of the Mrs. Stuart I knew; you will know if it is that of your sister."

"Yes, it is one of hers," said Owen; "I have a copy of the same photograph myself. But, for heaven's sake, explain the meaning of all this."

"Did your sister never tell you or any of her family that she had lost her little girl of fever?"

"Never! not one of us had the slightest idea of it. It is impossible for me to believe it now."

"I fear it is quite true," said Mr. Glendower, and he explained to Owen all the circumstances of the case. He ended up by saying that he knew the doctor who had attended her, and who was still living.

It was impossible for Owen to help being convinced in the face of such circumstantial evidence. "But if this is true," he cried, "then Elsie does not belong to us at all—is, in fact, no relation."

His face changed color, for Elsie was like a child to him, the very sunshine of his home.

Then Margaret realized what she had lost sight of in her eagerness for her child, that her gain must be Owen's loss, and that he, who had had her nearly all her life, would now have to give her up to the mother who had parted with her as a child.

"Forgive me!" she cried, impulsively turning to him; "I never thought it would be like this."

"Forgive you, Mrs. Vernon?" said Owen; "what have you done that you should ask my forgiveness?"

"Listen, Mr. Fairfax," said Margaret, "you know I have had trouble in my life which I would never speak of. Once, long ago, I had a child, a little girl, the one being in the world who was precious to me. Shall I show you her photograph?"

She handed him the last one that had been done of Elsie before her mother had parted with her.

He knew that photograph also. Mrs. Stuart had sent it from America as a photograph of her child.

At last he turned to Margaret.

"What does this mean?" he said.

"It means," said Margaret slowly, and as if she did not like to speak the words, "that I gave up my child, and that your sister adopted her."

"Then Elsie is——"

"Elsie is my child."

"And now, I suppose," said Owen, speaking a little huskily, "you want to take her from me. You gave her up for all these years, you let her grow into our hearts, and now we are to lose her. What reason you had for doing this I know not, but it must have been a very strong one to warrant a mother giving up her child."

He spoke sternly, and Margaret shrunk into herself, and was speechless.

A painful silence fell upon them all. Owen got up and stood by the window.

"Give up his little Elsie, the child who had crept into his heart, and who was to him as a daughter—it was cruelly hard."

At last Margaret spoke. "Mr. Fairfax, will you hear the whole story; perhaps you will not blame me so much when you know all. If, when you have heard everything, you think I have forfeited the right to claim my child, then, though it should break my heart, I will go away and never see her again."

Still Owen spoke no word; he remained standing by the window whilst the piteous tale was told.

He did not turn, only sometimes he clenched his hands when he heard of the scenes which Margaret had gone through and the treatment of the boy.

As the story was finished, he came slowly towards her, and his eyes were full of tears.

"I cannot blame you," he said; "it may be that you were wrong. I think myself that a mother should not give up her child under any circumstances; but you were sorely tried, and God knows I cannot condemn you. The child is yours; God forbid that I should keep her from you."

"You are very generous," Margaret began, but her voice failed her, and she could say no more. She held out her hand, and Owen took it.

"Only one thing, Mrs. Vernon. I give this child back to

you. Will you promise, by all that you hold sacred in heaven and earth, that you will bring her up as she has been brought up in the fear of God, and in the knowledge and love of Christ? The child has been strangely given back to you; you have a grave responsibility."

"Mr. Fairfax, you can trust me."

Owen wrung her hand with a grasp that had pain in it, and in another moment he was gone.

[To be Continued.]

The Family Fireside

A NEW FRIENDSHIP.

THY life drew near to mine, all unaware,
Like the first coming of a star at eve;
Ere the sky darkens, while we yet believe
There is no star in sight,—lo! it is there,
A breathing, trembling light in the still air,
A new-made joy! So, when I met with thee,
Dear friend, true heart,—'twas twilight time with me,
Much had grown dim that I had once found fair.
I do not know with what sweet ray of grace
Thy soul first touched me, shining through my tears,
When thy soft hand came stealing to its place
Within mine own, and drew me back from fears;
This only do I know,—that in thy face
I found a new light for my coming years.

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

ADVENT THOUGHTS.

BY EDNA ST. JOHN.

"WHOSE IMAGE AND SUPERScription IS THIS?"

AS another Christian Year is drawing to a close, it will be well for all of us to retire for a little time into the quietest recesses of our hearts and meditate upon what advance we have made in Christian living since the Advent of 1899: to look ourselves squarely in the face and see if we have gone one-tenth of the way that we resolved to tread a year ago. Let us consider what have been our motives, our willingness, our efforts for humility, or our forgetfulness that found expression in pride.

But, you ask, how could I be proud? I, who have no reason, no incentive to be so. This, however, is the easiest sin to commit and to be unconscious of its existence at the same time. For too often, when the smiles of the world are upon us, and we supplement them with a feeling that we have not been altogether unsuccessful in our efforts after Christian development, a self-satisfaction creeps into our hearts, our shortcomings dwindle into nothingness or are swallowed up in the genial warmth of the approbation of our friends or their praise. Or it may be that the world lauds us for something that we have not done half badly through God's help and that leads us to feel that we have overcome the greater part, if not all, of the failings to which the human flesh is heir. We get into the notion that we keep all the commands of God and of His Church—in short, we have attained a state of perfectness that gives a surety of our salvation. Is God in it all? Have we taken Him with us all the time? If we have not, this is Pride. Not the commonest designation of the word, perhaps, but the interpretation that God puts upon it in His Word. And He, looking into our hearts, is reading there the first words of the Source of the surer Spiritual Death.

But Humility is not so hard to gain as it would seem when we have discovered that, instead of growing into it we have been getting farther away from the simple, lowly Life of our Saviour, or Perfect Pattern, "who did empty Himself of His glory, taking the form of a servant, even to the death of the cross." It is not hard to learn. In fact, it is so easy and simple that its very easiness leads us to overlook it in our search for something to fit our preconceived notion of what God requires of us. Its greatest hindrance is a desire to do, to act ourselves: its strongest aid is our surrender to Christ and our becoming merely agents of His Will, our true realization that it is not ourselves who do, and that we are absolutely nothing without Him. Even Faith needs Humility, for without it, our faith is likely to be in ourselves, not in God.

The complete surrender of our wills, loving Him because He first loved us and because without Him there is nothing

in the world; the recognition that He loves us, for He was not afraid of ignominy or shame or torture or the Cross, for us; the firmness of confidence in Him in joy or sorrow, but most of all in joy; in poverty or riches, with the quietness of a life buried with Christ in God: all these are marks of the real Humility, without which it is as impossible to please God as it is without Faith. Nor should we relax a continual vigilance against the self that will be forever coming up and that prevents our quiet rest upon God's strength and grace, doing daily each service that comes into our way and leaving the next day and the consequences with God.

There are always some who say that they are not called to work for Christ. This is no small mistake, for, perhaps, they are given the service of waiting. "They also serve who only stand and wait." Our service, in such a case, may not be apparent to us, but is it not possible that we are the showers forth of God's Peace to those who do not know Him, but who need Him? Our love for God, our indifference to the minutiae of worldly things, cannot be other than a light shining before men. Our perseverance in good works, even though that be only living, must be like the dropping of water on a rock to those with whom we come in contact.

This leads to that which sanctifies our work and bears to it the same relation that the purpose of the workman does to his materials. This is none other than a true motive, which must come from God and which we can only hear and receive when our hearts are humble enough. Let us all, therefore, strive after Humility as we go onward. God is always standing with His Arms outstretched to save and bear us up. And if we walk with Him through and over all the obstacles that self puts in our way until we reach the complete surrender of our beings, He will see His mark on our foreheads, and will not need to ask, ere we may pass in at the Beautiful Gate: "Whose Image and Superscription is This?"

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

BY FLORIDA C. ORR.

LIGE came up from Whitehall District every Saturday with a load of toothsome "frys."

Everybody supposed he was a *bona fide* chicken peddler, and he was very popular, for he invariably brought fat fowls.

Late one afternoon he sold a coop of frys to a citizen in the suburbs. As it was almost dark, and Lige had always been found reliable, he was told to deposit the chickens in the chicken house without any investigation from the purchaser.

Sunday morning the family was awakened with a tremendous crowing, and a look showed the "frys" to be a coop of full-grown Bantams, headed by a lively white rooster.

This discovery proved to be the downfall of Lige and his chicken peddling, for it was found that he had been systematically robbing the chicken coops of the Whitehall citizens.

When Lige's trial came off he pleaded guilty, for the evidence was too damaging to be evaded.

"Judge," said Lige, "sumpin *tole* me to let dat biggitty little white rooster alone. Sumpin *tole* me sure, but I went and *disregraded* the voice, and now dat low flung Bantam done gone and give me away!!"

WHAT A GUILD CAN DO.

BY MRS. J. D. H. BROWNE.

MRS. STANFIELD was the President of St. Mary's Guild, consisting of twelve members. The awakening of the Guild and, through the Guild, of the Parish, was directly due to the President, and I give her experience for what it is worth, and recommend it to the consideration of other Parish Guilds. It may prove an incentive to some laboring under the same difficulties and discouragements as those which had beset St. Mary's.

Difficulties are not necessarily discouragements; on the contrary difficulties are often stimulating; but in the case of St. Mary's there was the greatest of all discouragements, a "deadly indifference" which seemed to have diffused itself through the parish, like a "dry rot" eating out the spiritual life of the people.

The rector, be it said, was a man of good gifts and high purposes, devoted to his calling; but he had undertaken the work as a sort of forlorn hope, after a series of failures, each more disheartening than the last, and it was felt by the very few faithful that his coming was an almost hopeless experiment.

Curiosity stimulated the people at first to an unwonted attendance at the services, but the plain speaking of the rector

soon proved unattractive and they dropped off into an irregular or infrequent appearance once a Sunday. The week day services were generally ignored.

It had been a specially depressing Sunday. The scattered congregations had not a third filled the building and the rector's face had worn an expression of stern discouragement. Mrs. Stanfield hurried out of church, avoiding the usual greeting of friends. A thought had laid hold of her and held her all the way to her pleasant home, and grew in strength and distinctness through the evening, and even kept her wakeful for some hours of the night.

It was a thought which made her pray more earnestly when she rose next morning, than she had done for many a day, and which gave a look of earnestness and resolution to her comely face. It was the seed of better things for St. Mary's parish.

At the next meeting of the Guild, all twelve members were present, for each had received a note very urgently asking their attendance.

"I have asked you all to come to-day," said Mrs. Stanfield, "because my mind is full of a scheme for helping the rector and the church."

She spoke so earnestly that the faces of the other ladies turned to her with a look of surprise. "When I saw the shamefully small congregation on Sunday," the President went on, "some people who had not been there for weeks, so many absent who should have been there; when I saw the saddened look in the rector's face, and realized what this state of things must mean to him, when I heard him faithfully speaking the message which has fallen on our inattentive ears so long; I felt all at once what a responsibility rests upon each of us and I determined then and there to speak frankly to you in this matter. If I am preaching, ladies, I am preaching to myself as well as to you. We are Churchwomen and we think we love the church. As a guild we have worked, worked quite hard at times, in getting up sales and entertainments for Church purposes, but we have not done the *only* thing that can make the church grow and strengthen the influence of the rector. We have never as a Guild pledged ourselves to attend with regularity the services of the Church. What is the meaning of a Guild that does not support the church which brought it into existence? Let us make faithful attendance at the services the first rule of our Guild, obligatory upon every member. For my own part, I pledge myself, by the help of God, to allow nothing but illness or some insurmountable difficulty to interfere with my regular attendance at the Holy Communion, two services on Sunday, and at least one during the week. Who will follow me?"

Slowly, and in the case of some reluctantly, the members followed the example of the President. The rule was fairly written out in the Guild book and twelve names were appended.

It may look like a small thing that a little band of twelve women should have taken this pledge among themselves, but the consequences of such a step, even had the number been *two* instead of twelve, must have been far-reaching. It was, in the first place, a recognition of personal responsibility, a resolution deliberately taken to do a definite work for God. It was the turning point in the history of St. Mary's parish. These women became twelve centers of influence more or less potent; their own spiritual life was deepened and strengthened, and that necessarily affected their surroundings. The result soon became apparent in the increased attendance and growing reverence of the congregation.

To-day the rector sees with a thankful heart that his labor is not in vain in the Lord, and a blessing is visibly outpoured upon it.

To Parish Guilds, discouraged by the general lack of interest, and who begin to feel "tired out" in their efforts to get up entertainments, sales, and the like, I humbly venture to suggest the action of this Guild of St. Mary's for their imitation and encouragement.

PRAYER.

LIKE the heavens, prayer hath a circular motion. Its inspiration, coming from God into the soul, returns back to Him. You look up to the heavens. They are covered with rain-bearing clouds. Whence came they? From the evaporations of the deep, broad seas. They fall in copious showers upon the earth. Whither go they? Evaporating from the land, gliding in brooks, rolling in rivers, they return to the source whence they came. So do all true prayers.—*Bishop Leighton.*

WINTER WINDOW BOXES.

THE CARE OF PLANTS.

To make a window box that will be a thing of beauty all winter is not easy to anyone but the real enthusiast for whom a plant grows and thrives seemingly under all circumstances. It is much the same with the management of plants as it is with children. Some come up and some are brought up. But with both success depends upon the observance of natural laws. Ferns will refuse to thrive in the soil in which roses flourish best and *vice versa*. Some plants require little moisture, and others a great deal, while the atmosphere in which they are kept is largely responsible for the amount of water required.

The first requisite for a window box is a strong, tight box lined with zinc or tin, and provided with two little holes in the bottom for drainage. The latter are needful because there is a general tendency to be over-generous with water. Plants requiring the same general conditions of soil, light and moisture should be put together. For a box containing flowering plants an east or south window is necessary, because they require the sun. A pretty, though formal, arrangement for such a box would be a dracaena, for height, in the centre, and a couple each of geraniums and fuchsias on either side. Carnations and Chinese primroses could also be added, as well as a couple of ardisias, the red berries and evergreen foliage of which remain brilliant throughout the season. Dwarf varieties of ferns will make pretty fillers for the ends of the box, while lycopodium and tradescantia can be filled in around the sides and edges. Dwarf flowering geraniums in white, scarlet and pink will be the best choice. Of dracaenas there are many varieties, and all are attractive. There are a few flowering winter begonias that could be introduced with good results.

For the soil a generous supply of leaf mould and sand will be required. An excellent formula would be one-half leaf mould, one-fourth soil and one-fourth small pieces of charcoal and coarse sand mixed. To protect the plants at night and during exceptionally cold and windy days a sash curtain should be arranged. This will furnish a pretty background when either drawn or open, and can be supplemented by newspapers when necessary. Plants should never be subjected to draughts, and a window should never in chilly weather be opened directly upon them. A sudden chill will set back a vigorous plant and retard its growth oftentimes permanently. If the window must be opened during sweeping, care should be taken that windows and doors opposite are closed. As to water, that must be left to the discretion of the gardener, as it depends upon the temperature at which the room is kept. A good soaking twice a week would be a general rule. When the earth is soft and moist no water is needed. A shelf above the box or brackets at the sides of the windows for pots of plants will contribute to the beauty of the window. For these English or German ivy vines are pretty. Asparagus, with its soft green, is also decorative. Mixed varieties of nasturtiums would give a summery effect, and could be arranged in an entire green. Nasturtiums need rich soil.

For a north window a box of hardy ferns, with a small palm or two, such as the Kentia, arica or choice cocon, is suitable. Excellent for this is the *Cyperus altinifolia*, commonly known as the Nile grass, which flourishes equally well in an aquarium with the goldfish or in an iron garden vase that gets as dry at times as a sandpile. Whatever its resources for sustaining life, the plant will stand erect and flourish when others are dying of too much or too little water. For the north window brackets Chinese primroses can be used, as they will give color and will bloom without the sun.

Rubber plants, palms and the Boston fern are all decorative house plants and are easy of cultivation. The rubber plant wants a liberal supply of water and sun. Given these, and it will stand no end of family abuse. It is about the easiest living thing in the world to care for. The palm needs a good deal of moisture, but no sunlight, and the Boston fern requires absolute shade.

When the edges of the leaves of a plant begin to look yellow and it shows symptoms of poor health it is well to change its position, and to give it more light and water. If in two or three days it does not seem to be "looking up" it is pretty certain to be overpotted. That is, the pot is too large, and the earth has become sour because the roots could not absorb all of the moisture. In this case it should be turned from the pot, and about half the ball of earth removed, with the ends of the roots. To do this the earth should be gently shaken from the roots. Sometimes it is best to wash them clean in a tub of water. The plant can then be put into a smaller pot. While plants are still thrifty it is sometimes well to add a very little patent fertilizer to the water which is given to them.

Gas is especially injurious to all ferns, which seem to be more susceptible to its odor than other forms of vegetation.—*New York Tribune.*

THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Church Calendar.



- Dec. 1—Saturday. (Green.) (Violet at Evensong.)
 " 2—Sunday. Second Sunday in Advent. (Violet.)
 " 7—Friday. Fast.
 " 9—Sunday. Second Sunday in Advent. (Violet.)
 " 14—Friday. Fast.
 " 16—Sunday. Third Sunday in Advent. (Violet.)
 " 19—Wednesday. Ember Day. Fast.
 " 20—Thursday. (Red at Evensong.)
 " 21—Friday. St. Thomas, Apostle. (Red.)
 Ember Day. Fast.
 " 22—Saturday. Ember Day. Fast. (Violet.)
 " 23—Sunday. Fourth Sunday in Advent. (Violet.)
 " 24—Monday. (White at Evensong.)
 " 25—Tuesday. Christmas Day. (White.)
 " 26—Wednesday. St. Stephen, Martyr. (Red.)
 " 27—Thursday. St. John, Evangelist. (White.)
 " 28—Friday. The Innocents. (Violet.) Fast.
 " 29—Saturday. (White.)
 " 30—Sunday. Sunday after Christmas. (White.)

Personal Mention.

THE REV. C. R. D. CRITTENTON, of Ellenville, N. Y., has changed his address to Reynolds, Ill.

THE REV. JAMES CALHOUN ELLIOTT, of Christ Church, Brooklyn, has accepted a call to St. Paul's Church, Newburgh, N. Y., and will enter at once upon his new duties.

The announcement made last week that the Rev. JOHN EVANS had accepted a call to Bathgate, N. D., was, we understand, premature. The call is still under consideration.

THE REV. J. N. FORDE, of Prince Edward Island, Canada, has accepted the rectorship of St. Philip's Church, Belmont, N. Y., and has taken up his residence there.

THE REV. S. E. HANGER has resigned charge of St. John's Church, Mason City, Iowa, to take the rectorship of St. Stephen's, Florence, N. J., on the First Sunday in Advent.

THE REV. W. C. HUNTER, lately rector of Trinity Church, Columbus, Ga., has resigned on account of physical infirmity. He has been elected rector emeritus by the vestry. The Rev. Clarence Wood, the late rector's assistant, now becomes priest-in-charge.

THE REV. J. R. JENKINS has accepted the rectorship of Trinity Church, Bridgewater, Mass., and should be addressed accordingly.

THE REV. ROBERT H. LOCKE, of Staten Island, has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. John's Church, Ellenville, N. Y.

THE REV. CHARLES H. LOCKWOOD, of St. John's Church, Helena, Ark., has been called to be rector of Trinity parish, Little Rock, and *ex officio* dean of Trinity Cathedral. The Rev. Mr. Lockwood now has the matter under earnest consideration.

THE REV. HENRY C. PARKMAN, of Monroe, N. C., has accepted the rectorship of St. Michael's Parish, St. Michaels, Md., Diocese of Easton, and will enter upon his duties early in December.

THE REV. J. F. PRITCHARD has resigned the charge of the missions at Livingstone and Big Timber to take charge of those in the Upper Yellowstone Valley. Address, after Dec. 1st, Fridley, Mont.

THE REV. CHARLES QUINNEY has resigned the charge of Immanuel Church, Miles City, Mont., and will take charge of St. Paul's, Virginia City, and Trinity Mission, Madison Valley, Dec. 1st.

THE REV. JAMES W. ROBINS, D.D., has resigned from the charge of the services in the chapel of Christ Church Hospital, Philadelphia.

THE REV. CHURCHILL SATTERLEE, rector of Grace Church, Morganton, N. C., has accepted the rectorship of Trinity Church, Columbia, S. C.

THE REV. ERNEST V. SHAYLER, rector of Calvary Church, Sandusky, Ohio, has accepted a call to the rectorship of Grace Church, Oak Park, Chicago. He will take up his new work Jan. 1, 1901.

THE REV. W. C. SHEPPARD, of the Church of the Ascension, Cleveland, O., has accepted the charge of St. Mary's Church, Middlesborough, Ky.

THE REV. AUGUSTINE J. SMITH, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is now rector of the Church of the Nativity, Maysville, Ky.

THE REV. J. W. SPARKS has changed his address from Island Heights to Toms River, N. J., having become rector of Christ Church in the latter place.

THE REV. ARTHUR TAYLOR, of Fairhaven, Vt., has accepted the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Southington, Conn.

THE REV. W. B. THORN, of Napa, Cal., has become rector of St. Paul's Church, Marinette, Wis., to succeed the late Rev. Dr. Schepeler.

THE REV. J. J. WILKINS, rector of Christ Church, La Crosse, Wis., has now under consideration a call to the rectorship of the Pro-Cathedral of St. Paul, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE REV. A. C. WILSON, assistant at St. Paul's Church, San Francisco, has received a unanimous call to the rectorship of Christ Church, Sausalito, Cal.

THE ADDRESS OF BISHOP WORTHINGTON has been changed from Pittsfield, Mass., to Hotel Manhattan, New York.

ORDINATIONS.

PRIESTS.

NEW YORK.—At an ordination held at the Chapel of the General Theological Seminary, on Nov. 24th, the Bishop of Salt Lake, acting for the Bishop of Newark and by permission of the Bishop of New York, advanced to the priesthood the REV. FREDERIC SPIES PENFOLD. He was presented by the Rev. F. A. Sanborn, and the preacher was the Rev. John Rathbone Oliver, of St. Mark's, Philadelphia. The Rev. Professors Russell and Roper assisted in the service. Mr. Penfold will become curate at Mount Calvary Church, Baltimore.

WESTERN NEW YORK.—At St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, Nov. 18th, the REV. COLEMAN E. BYRAM, Ph.D., by the Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon Bragdon, who presented the candidate; the Rev. W. F. Faber, who preached; the Rev. M. S. Johnston, who acted as chaplain to the Bishop, carrying his pastoral staff; and the Rev. J. A. Register, D.D.

DIED.

JARVIS.—Entered into rest, Nov. 20, 1900, after a long illness, the REV. WILLIAM OSCAR JARVIS, for nearly fifty years a Priest of the Church, in the 79th year of his age.

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

JOHNSON.—Entered into the rest of Paradise Nov. 22nd, Rev. HUBERT MALCOM, son of Harriet and the late Rev. Reginald Malcom JOHNSON. "Faithful unto death."

SEYMOUR.—Entered into life eternal, November 19th, 1900, the REV. CHARLES H. SEYMOUR, D.D., rector of St. James' Church, South Greenland, Mass. Aged 70 years 6 months.

MEMORIAL.

THE REV. DAVID WALKER DRESSER, D.D.

In the death of the REV. DR. DAVID WALKER DRESSER, the Diocese of Springfield has lost the one living tie of connection, which bound it to the olden time, the days of Bishop Chase, of Abraham Lincoln, of Vandalia as the Capital of Illinois, and Jubilee College in the acme of its glory.

Dr. Dresser's nearly three score years and ten bridged over an interval, which had on the one side, old Virginia, where he was born, and Springfield, a little hamlet in the prairie, whither his father, the Rev. Dr. Charles Dresser, of blessed memory, brought him as a small boy, when he became Rector of St. Paul's Church, now the Pro-Cathedral, and on the other side, the great State of Illinois, the third in the Union, with upwards of four millions of people, and three Dioceses; and he, Dr. Dresser, the Chief Presbyter in his Diocese, President of its Standing Committee, Registrar and Historiographer, Deputy to the General Convention, Rural Dean, and Rector of Emmanuel Church, Champaign, the seat of the State University.

What an interval is this! It requires volumes to tell the story of its details; we think of it simply to note the golden thread of a single

life, which runs through it, and brings the little boy, through school and college days to ordination at the hands of Bishop Whitehouse, to missionary work in Waverly and neighboring points, and parochial charge at Dixon and Carlville, and Chesterfield, and crowning his useful labors with grand success, to Emmanuel Church, Champaign, where he died in the early morning of Sunday, November 18th, 1900. That golden thread of light, made bright by the grace of God, marks the earthly career of David Walker Dresser. The marvelous fact is that the thread runs on *continually*. There are no breaks, no perturbations, no obscurations, its course is steady from beginning to end. Few, very few, can claim this record. There are many brilliant starts in life, and sad falls; there are not so many, who begin in darkness and end in light; there are others, who have their flashes of glory and their failures; but rarely is it true of any one, that he shines right on steadily from first to last, the only change being, that his light grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Such was eminently true of my dear Presbyter, the Rev. Dr. Dresser. Intellectually he had many equals, perhaps many superiors. He was strong in intellect, but his strength did not lie chiefly in brains; it did lie in moral and spiritual excellence. His life was clean and pure, and steady and true.

Small in stature and bodily size, he was a giant in fidelity to principle and duty. That fragile, delicate form brought with it, whithersoever it went, a mightier power than the blow of a fist, or the mere subtlety of logic. It was the presence of a soul responsive to the voice of Conscience illumined by the grace of God. Such a presence was an inspiration to think and do and say what is right; such a presence was a rebuke to meanness, and treachery, and falsehood. In the inner man, in those elements which constitute the warp and woof of real manhood, the Rev. Dr. David Walker Dresser was pre-eminent in excellence. For me his going from us is a loss irreparable. Nothing can take his place. The Diocese of Springfield has lost an association on earth, which changes its aspect in my eyes; it is not a shadow which falls upon it, but a ray from Paradise, which transfigures its past, and makes its present different from what it was. It can never be the same again. Dr. Dresser will not be *here*. Dr. Dresser is now, and will henceforth be *there*, in that other and better world. He is there to help us, as God permits, with all the love and devotion of his pure, noble, faithful nature. He lives on, and in his life we have a perennial source of strength and blessing.

Let no one suppose, that I am writing about the Rev. Dr. Dresser, as though he needed not a Saviour. He did, he knew it, and he always acted upon that knowledge, and hence we believe that he was, and is, saved. That life just closed on earth was what it was, and is what it is, *by the grace of God*, and that grace was given to him and grew in him, because, and only because, he recognized, and claimed, and loved his Saviour, Jesus Christ.

GEORGE F. SEYMOUR.
Springfield, Ill., Nov. 22d, 1900.

HARRIET STUART BAQUET.

HARRIET STUART BAQUET, widow of the late Camille Baquet, LL.D., entered into life eternal on August 26th, at her home in Burlington, N. J., and was laid at rest—by the side of her husband in St. Mary's Church-yard—with all the sweet and hallowing accessories that mark the last offices in that ancient and consecrated spot.

More than one generation of friends will recall Mrs. Baquet as one of those rare spirits who are marked by that peculiar gentleness and tenderness of character which goes with true feminine refinement and culture, and which is the outcome of a strong and simple faith. In such a nature the Church takes deep root and becomes the guiding principle and source of life's inspirations and consolations. Mrs. Baquet was a devoted and intelligent Churchwoman, a meet companion for her distinguished husband who labored long and unselfishly to hold up the hands of the great Bishop Doane in his battle for Christian education at St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College.

In every long life there are lights and shadows, and the shadows seem to lengthen as the evening of life comes on. It was so with this dear soul,—but through all the deepening sorrows and the decline of physical health, and strength there shone out the radiant light of a pure and gentle saintliness, mellowed by time and softened by the chastening influences of God's loving but corrective discipline.

Over such lives we do not mourn, but we

thank God and take courage. We pray for them as for all the saints, and we humbly and reverently ask that it may be ours only to see them once more in the Celestial City, where all is calm and unshaken, and where no cloud rests upon their perfect day. C. H. H.

WANTED.**POSITIONS OFFERED.**

MISSIONARIES.—For Missions among coal miners in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, four clergymen without families, not afraid of hard work, willing and able to adapt themselves to circumstances. Stipends not exceeding \$700. Address, with references, ARCHDEACON COLE, Crafton, Pennsylvania.

POSITIONS WANTED.

PARISH.—Rector of an important Southern City, Oxford M.A., would accept Rectorship in New York State, or would take Sunday duty in or near New York City or Buffalo. Address OXFORD, care THE LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee.

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In our cities and towns are many young men away from home, friendless, lonely, oftentimes unhappy and discouraged.

These young men are exposed to many trials and temptations and oftentimes get into trouble through evil habits, or by being continuously in their association with vice.

In their shame and suffering they shrink from making known to friend or reputable physician that trouble when they most need competent counsel and sympathy. In their friendlessness they are liable to fall into the hands of quack doctors and unprincipled men whose deceitful and fear inspiring advertisements fill our daily papers and even our first-class monthly magazines, and they are thereby robbed of every dollar which can be gotten out of them.

Such misfortune is very often followed by despair, moral and mental degeneration, and serious physical injury. The Guild of Mercy earnestly stretches out its aid to all young men in sin, sorrow, or suffering, and offers the service of a regular physician of twenty-five years' experience absolutely free of all charge.

Letters sent to the Guild of Mercy will be carefully read and returned to the writer with such advice as may seem best suited to the case.

Applicants for advice must enclose a self-directed envelope suitably stamped.

No money should be sent as no medicines will be furnished under any circumstances.

The necessary prescriptions will be sent with advice, plainly written, so that any druggist may prepare them.

No record will be made of the applicant's name or address and his letter having been returned to him, all trace of the transaction will be effaced. Address,

THE GUILD OF MERCY,

Nov. 21st, 1900. Westborough, Mass.

THE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

INCLUDES all the members of this Church, and is its agency for the conduct of general missions. The Society maintains work in forty-three Dioceses and seventeen Missionary Jurisdictions in this country (including Colored and Indian Missions); in Africa, China, Japan, Haiti, Mexico, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. The Society pays the salaries and expenses of twenty-three Missionary Bishops and the Bishop of Haiti, and provides entire or partial support for sixteen hundred and thirty other missionaries, besides maintaining many schools, orphanages, and hospitals.

Six hundred and thirty thousand dollars are required for this work to the end of the fiscal year, Sept. 1st, 1901. Additional workers, both men and women, are constantly needed. All possible information will be furnished on application.

Monthly Magazine, *The Spirit of Missions*, \$1.00 a year.

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Principles of Religious Education. A Course of Lectures delivered under the auspices of the Sunday School Commission of the Diocese of New York. With an Introduction by the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of New York.

Different Conceptions of Priesthood and Sacrifice. A Report of a Conference held at Oxford, December 13 and 14, 1899. Edited by W. Sanday.

THOMAS WHITTAKER.

The Making of a Missionary, or Day Dreams in Earnest. A Story of Mission Work in China. By Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of *The Herd Boy and His Hermit*, etc. Price, \$1.00.

The Path of Life. By George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge. Price, \$1.00.

Present Day Problems of Christian Thought. By Randolph Harrison McKim, D.D., Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C.

Two Boys and a Fire. By Edward Augustus Rand.

The Modern American Bibles Vol. I., *S. Mark*. Vol. II., *S. Matthew, S. Peter, S. Jude, S. James.* The Books of the Bible in Modern American Form and Phrase, with Notes and Introduction. By Frank Schiell Ballentine. Price, 50 cents per vol.

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The Church at Work.

(Continued from Page 177.)

tically everything had to be rebuilt except the foundations and the side walls of the buildings. The work of rebuilding was begun immediately after the fire and it has just been completed. The chapel was first rebuilt, for until it was put into condition for use, the church had to accept the invitation of the Marey Avenue Baptist Church, and hold services in the chapel of that organization. This arrangement continued for a few months and then St. George's congregation were again able to use their own chapel. Work on the church proper was being steadily pushed in the meantime, and on Sunday, November 18th, the first service was held in the rebuilt church.

The interior has been restored to practically the same condition that it was in before the fire, although the walls have not as yet been decorated, plans having been made to do this part of the work next summer. Only two of the permanent chancel windows are as yet in place, but the remaining three will be put in within a few weeks. All the furnishings, including the large pipe organ, are new, and the church presents a very comfortable and cosy appearance.

St. George's parish was organized in 1869 through the efforts of the Rev. Alvah Guion, who had, a year or two previously, started a Sunday School and held services in a small building which was used during the week for a carpenter shop. When the church was organized property was secured on Greene Avenue and the basement of a frame church was completed and occupied early in 1870. The whole church building was not ready for use for a year and a half afterward. Like most other parishes, that of St. George's has had some hard times and there were occasions in its early history when it seemed as though it would be impossible to carry on the work,



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but perseverance and consecration helped the people over the hard places, until in 1883 the congregations had grown so large that a new and larger church edifice was felt to be a necessity. Property was purchased in that



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

year at the corner of Gates and Marcy Avenues, and in June, 1886, the corner-stone of the present edifice was laid by Bishop Littlejohn. A little more than a year afterward the church was completed and was first opened for worship.

The church was built during the rectorate of the Rev. H. Richard Harris, and when he went, in 1895, to Grace Church, Philadelphia, he was succeeded by the Rev. St. Clair Hester, who had been the assistant at the Church of the Messiah. Early in 1899 Mr. Hester was asked to become the rector of the Church of the Messiah, to succeed the Rev. Dr. Charles R. Baker who had just died, and upon his acceptance the Rev. William A. Wasson, then at St. Stephen's, Milburn, N. J., was asked to become the rector of St. George's. He is the present rector and the sixth to hold that office. The church has at present something over eight hundred communicants and is in a very prosperous condition.

MARYLAND.

WM. PARET, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Enlargement of St. Mary's—Baltimore Items—Death of John Mahan.

THE CORNERSTONE of the enlarged St. Mary's Church, Baltimore, was laid on Sunday afternoon November 18th, by Bishop Leonard, of Salt Lake City. The Rev. Dr. Hodges of St. Paul's Church (owing to the absence of Bishop Paret), was to have laid the stone but was too ill to appear. The Rev. Dr. J. Houston Eccleston preached the sermon in the church and was assisted in the service by Bishop Leonard, the Rev. George C. Stokes, and the Rev. F. Ward Denys, rector of the church. In honor of the occasion there was a special choral service held in the church at night.

The addition to the present little structure will make the total length of the nave about 136 feet and that of the transepts about 66 feet, and will much more than quadruple the present seating capacity of the church, besides providing a choir and sanctuary 30 feet square, a chapel, a study, an organ room, and a Sunday-school room large enough to accommodate over 600 pupils. The most expensive single item will be the heating and ventilating, but the work will be as good as science can at present provide.

This enlargement has been made possible chiefly by the devotion of the people and the generosity of one man, who is neither a Churchman nor an attendant at the church. The design and plans were made under the rector's direction.

All the aisles, the choir, and the sanctuary are to be tiled. The design contemplates a large tower at the entrance which, when it is erected, will make the church not only a

picturesque but a handsome structure. Mr. Denys stated that the work will be pushed, and the congregation hopes soon to enter into possession of a completed building.

BISHOP LEONARD came to Baltimore, on Sunday, Nov. 17th, from New York and left on Tuesday, to continue his travels, but expects to return on December 2, for a few days' stay. A general missionary meeting was held on Sunday night, November 18th, at Emmanuel Church. Addresses were made by the Rev. A. D. Gring, of Kyoto, Japan, a returned missionary; by Bishop Leonard, and Bishop Holly, of Haiti.

ABOUT 250 officers and men, members of the Fifth Maryland Regiment, attended in a body on Sunday afternoon, November 18, at Memorial Church, for their annual service. Their chaplain is the Rev. Wm. M. Dame, rector of the church.

THE REV. EDWARD L. KEMP, of Arkansas, will become the rector of the chapel of the Holy Evangelist, Canton, on January 1. Mr. Kemp was, some years ago, rector of St. Mark's Church, Baltimore. He left that charge in 1885 and went West. He will succeed the Rev. Harris Mallinckrodt, who has accepted a call to St. Paul's Church, Winston, N. C. and will leave on December 1. During December, services will be conducted by the Rev. James Briscoe.

A "LABOR EXCHANGE," at which working-men may meet socially and discuss plans for their advancement, was organized Monday night, November 19, at the mission of St. Michael and All Angels' Church. The organization of the exchange was the idea of the Rev. George J. G. Kromer. Officers were elected and a committee appointed to draft by-laws. A house at 2622 Huntington Avenue, will be fitted up for the exchange. Meetings will be held every Tuesday evening and the house will be open every evening as a clubroom.

A RECEPTION was given to Bishop and Mrs. Paret at Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, Wednesday night, Nov. 21st, under the auspices of the Bishop's Guild. The lecture room of the church was used, and Mrs. Charles Reilly, president of the guild, assisted in receiving. About 400 persons called during the hours of reception.

ADVENT CHAPEL, Baltimore, of which the Rev. Charles A. Hensel is rector, is undergoing extensive improvements. The shingled roof is being replaced by slate. Two large dormer windows with stained-glass crosses in the centre have been placed on the north and south sides of the chapel. There will be special services in the chapel on week days during Advent.

MR. JOHN MAHAN, aged 73 years, one of the oldest citizens of Havre de Grace, died on Sunday, November 18th, at his home, of apoplexy. He was a regular attendant of the church. His funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, November 20th, the service being conducted by the Rev. F. Humphrey, rector, and interment was at Angel Hill Cemetery.

MASSACHUSETTS.

WM. LAWRENCE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Death of Rev. Dr. Seymour—New Church at Edgartown—Institution of the Rector at Holyoke—New Chapel at Fitchburg—Varia.

THE DEATH of the Rev. Charles H. Seymour, D.D., rector of St. James' Church, South Groveland, occurred on Nov. 19th at the age of 70 years. Dr. Seymour was for some years a professor at Griswold College, Davenport, Iowa, from which source he afterward received his degree of D.D. Of late years he has been associated with Massachusetts, having been rector of the church at Melrose before accepting his last cure at South Groveland.

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Mellin's Food and fresh milk is, physiologically, a proper infants' food; it contains the correct amount of necessary nutritive elements, and combines them in the right proportion, and does not introduce insoluble, indigestible, and non-nutritious constituents. Mellin's Food is a food that feeds.

I received the little book and sample of food which you sent and thank you most kindly. In the first six weeks of her little life my baby gained only one pound, but after using Mellin's Food she gained a pound in one week, so you may know how pleased we are with it.

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THE CHURCH at Edgartown, St. Andrew's, is about completed, services having been held during the summer though the building was in a somewhat unfinished condition. At this point, services were begun about four years ago by the Rev. Wm. C. Hicks, then rector of Vineyard Haven. Mr. Hicks' strength gave out, however, and his work was taken up by the Rev. Andrew Gray, D.D., during whose administration, the hall, at first used, became so uncomfortably crowded at the services that it was found absolutely necessary to begin the erection of a church building. Valued assistance was received from summer visitors, who come in increasing numbers each year to Edgartown, and the cornerstone of a neat brick church was laid on Sept. 7th,



1899, by the Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, who was spending a few weeks in the town. The building is now complete outside except for the tower and spire which are to be added later. There is a neat baptistery projecting outside the nave, and connected by an open arch with it. The window in the baptistery has for its subject, Christ Blessing Little Children, and has just been completed by La Farge of New York. There are four other stained glass windows in the church, two being memorials. Among other gifts to the church is a reredos of which only the central panel, representing the *Agnus Dei*, is in position. It is the gift of a guild of the Church of the Advent, Boston, in memory of the late Fr. Daniels of that parish.

THE REV. H. H. MORRILL was instituted into the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Holyoke, on Sunday, Nov. 18th, the Rev. David Sprague of Amherst acting in the Bishop's stead by his appointment. Mr. Sprague was also the preacher. Mr. Edwin Burgin acted for the parish in presenting the keys to the new rector.

THE NEW CHAPEL known as the Church of the Good Shepherd, West Fitchburg, which is in process of erection, is the completion of work begun in a small way in 1894, when Christ Church, Fitchburg, was under the charge of the Rev. C. M. Addison. A lot was given in 1899 by the firm of Croker, Burbank & Co. Mrs. M. L. Weyman of Fitchburg gave \$750 for a memorial, which sum was used in building the chancel. The Church people of Fitchburg gave \$1,100, and Miss Fay generously donated another sum. The people themselves have for six years regularly saved a certain sum from their earnings and by means of fairs and suppers, added a substantial sum, which bears witness to their self-sacrifice and zeal.

GRACE CHURCH, South Boston, observed its 25th anniversary Nov. 21st. The occasion was marked by a large contribution towards a parish house, which is much needed in this locality. Addresses were made by the minister in charge, the Rev. W. S. Raymond, the Rev. Reuben Kidner, and the Rev. F. B. Allen. Missionary work was started in the locality of this church, by the rector of St. Matthew's, as far back as 1871.

THE REV. A. B. SHIELDS, in charge of the Church of the Redeemer, has made copies of the figures of the prophets in the frieze by John Sargent in the Public Library, and placed them in the church.

A SILVER CIBORIUM has been given to All Saints', Ashmont, by George C. Folsom, in memory of Mr. Henry M. Snell.

FIFTY PARISHES in the Diocese have sent altogether \$1,800 to Galveston.

A CHURCH BUILDING is being erected for the mission of South Lee, under the charge of St. Paul's Church, Stockbridge.

A PARISH HOUSE is building for the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Hingham.

GRACE CHURCH, New Bedford, has received an endowment of \$20,000 from the estate of Mr. Horatio Hathaway.

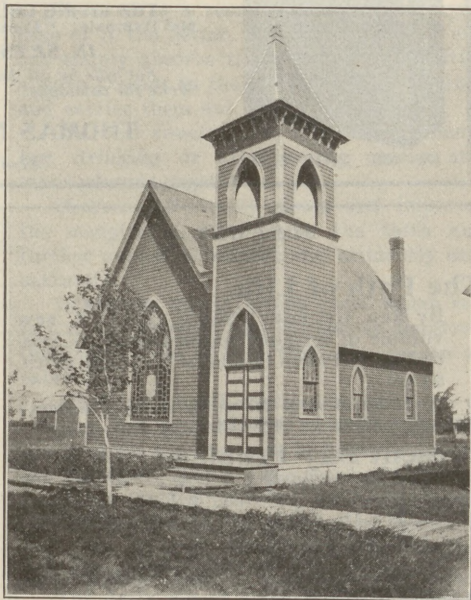
ASCENSION MEMORIAL CHURCH, Ipswich, has been repaired at a cost of \$1,100. The new organ, valued at \$2,500, will soon be in place.

MINNESOTA.

H. B. WHIPPLE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.
Church Consecrated at West Concord.

A LARGE CONGREGATION witnessed the consecration of St. Matthew's Church, West Concord, on Tuesday, Nov. 20th. The service was delayed about an hour owing to the late arrival of the train from the north bringing the Bishop of North Dakota, who officiated at the request of the Bishop of the Diocese.

Bishop Edsall arrived, however, and accompanying him were the Rev. E. S. Peake and the Rev. Upton H. Gibbs, with the lay reader in charge, Mr. W. Howard Mears. The instrument of donation and request for consecration was read by Mr. Mears and afterward handed to the Bishop who laid it on the altar. Mr.



ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, WEST CONCORD, MINN.

Peake read the sentence of consecration. The service following included Morning Prayer, with the Baptism of an adult and the confirmation of five adults, after which the Holy Communion was administered. An interesting historical address was delivered by the Bishop, who told of the beginning of work in West Concord some five years ago by the Rev. John Caldwell and its continuation by the students of the Seabury Divinity School. A letter of congratulation from Bishop Whipple was also read. The church has been built at a cost of some \$1,800 and is entirely free from debt.

MONTANA.

L. R. BREWER, D.D., Miss. Bp.

Church Enlarged at Fort Benton—Progress at Deer Lodge.

THE CHANCEL OF St. Paul's Church, Fort Benton, has recently been enlarged to seat fifty persons. The choir now numbers forty men and boys. Mrs. Brewer of New York has just given them 28 new cassocks. On Nov. 22nd Archdeacon Webber began a mission in this parish to continue ten days. At his last visitation at St. James' Church, Lewiston, Bishop Brewer confirmed a class of four persons. Both these places are in charge of the Rev. H. E. Robbins.

AT DEER LODGE the parish has taken on new life under the ministrations of the new rector, Rev. Geo. H. Mueller. Three new memorial windows have been ordered and it is expected to have them in place by Christmas. The ladies of St. Peter's Church, St. Paul, have given a handsome oak altar desk and a large altar service book and a brass altar cross have also been promised.

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NEBRASKA.

GEO. WORTHINGTON, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.
ARTHUR L. WILLIAMS, Bp. Coadj.

Convocation at Blair—Difficulties Surmounted at Lincoln.

THE MEETING of the Diocesan Convocation was held in St. Mary's Church, Blair (Rev. A. T. Young, rector), on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of Nov. On the opening night there was a service with an address by Bishop Williams on the subject of Lay Help in Church Teaching. Christianity, he said, is not the result of intuitive knowledge. It comes with definite instruction. It is the completed revelation of God having its corporate existence in the Church, which embodies, witnesses, preserves, proclaims, and hands on this revelation. In this work the laity has an important part and duty which it should recognize.

Among the papers of the next two days were included the following: Some of the Supposed Difficulties of Holy Scripture, by the Rev. John Williams; A Criticism of the Sunday School as an Institution and some of its Methods, by the Rev. D. C. Pattee of Schuyler; Neglected Rubrics, by Dean Fair of Omaha; The Layman's Duty to the Church, by the Rev. Chas. H. Young; The Reformation, by the Rev. H. Percy Silver; Missionary Work, by Bishop Graves of Laramie; The Comprehensiveness of the Church, by the Rev. J. C. S. Weills of Norfolk; and Church Music, by the Rev. Samuel Mills of Ashland. At the closing service there was an address by Dean Cope of Laramie on Some Supposed Objections to the Episcopal Church. There was also a very enjoyable reception on the last afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Castetter, the Convocation closing on Tuesday morning with an early celebration of the Holy Communion. The Convocation will meet next year in Norfolk.

THE *Crozier* gives the following account of the somewhat up-hill progress made by the diocesan authorities in removing St. Andrew's chapel, Lincoln, from its present location at Washington and Eighth streets to the north side of the city where it is to be re-named as St. Luke's: "This church reports progress. It is being moved from one part of the city to the other, and has been for the past few months. It has been hindered in many ways; the owner of the land on which it stood did not want to part with it and threatened suit; the contractor who agreed to move it, put it on jacks, cracked the wall, and failed; lightning struck the new foundation and injured it; but still it is moving on. The Rev. John Leach Porter of Dansville, N. Y., has consented to take hold of this work as soon as things are in readiness to commence."

NEW JERSEY.

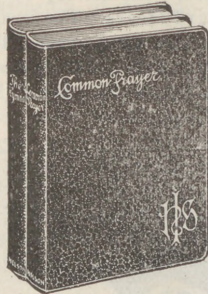
JOHN SCARBOROUGH, D.D., Bishop.

Advent Offerings—Corner Stone at Atlantic City—Anniversary at Camden.

ISSUING his annual appeal for an Advent offering from the Sunday Schools in aid of mission work in the Diocese, the Bishop states that last year he received \$644.80 to be disbursed at his discretion. Accompanying the appeal is a statement of the distribution made of this amount among several weak missions, and the Bishop notes with gratification that every year the number of contributing schools grows larger. He concludes saying, "I ask your help this year again, and without naming any special work as the recipient of your generous gift, I ask you to trust me as your almoner."

THE CORNER-STONE of the new parish house of the Church of the Ascension, Atlantic City, was laid on Tuesday, November 20th, by the Bishop with appropriate ceremonies. The structure will cost about \$40,000. A Confirmation was afterwards held, when the rector, the Rev. John H. Townsend, presented several candidates.

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THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY of the opening of the new St. Stephen's Church, Camden, was celebrated on November 22nd, when addresses were made by several clergymen, formerly associated with the mission work of St. Paul's Church, the mother-parish. The addition to the chapel is in progress, and the prospects of St. Stephen's are very encouraging.

OHIO.

WM. A. LEONARD, D.D., Bishop.

Work among Chinese Women—East Liverpool.

THE LATE visit to Toledo of Dr. Mary Gates, head of St. Luke's Hospital, Shanghai, China, has aroused much interest here. At a reception given to her by the members of the Woman's Auxiliary, she made a most effective address. All hearts were touched as she described the wretched condition of the Chinese women. She says she never saw one that was happy. What with bandaged feet, and slavery to husband, father, brother, son, and mother-in-law, what with ignorance, and superstition, confinement to the house, poverty and disease, the condition of the Chinese woman is lower than that of the lowest in Christian lands. Mrs. Gates described her little hospital as destitute of more modern conveniences, as old, and in need of repair, as being at best quite too small for the 12,000 patients treated there annually, and that without any expense to the Missionary Board.

The earnings of the hospital suffice for its current support; but not for securing a proper building. For this she now asks \$10,000 and no doubt this amount can be raised.

The Doctor told of one woman patient who died, because her mother-in-law refused to permit a surgical operation. The husband was willing but bowed to the decision of the mother-in-law as the supreme authority in the home. Another patient was a little child. The Doctor found the child in bed, with a chicken tied down over its breast, and its bill in the child's mouth, as the parents thought the bird would thus be forced to suck the disease out of the patient. The Doctor is to return to Toledo on her way to China and bring her store of curios to have a money making exhibition.

A PIPE ORGAN is to be given to St. Stephen's Church, East Liverpool, by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, at a cost of \$6,000. The new church is rapidly nearing completion and will be dedicated on Christmas Day.

PENNSYLVANIA.

O. W. WHITAKER, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Anniversary at the Italian Mission—Death of David Howard—Daughters of the King—Home for Crippled Children—Memorial of Mr. Biddle—St. Clement's Anniversary—Death of Benj. G. Godfrey.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY of the Italian mission Church, L'Emmanuello, Philadelphia, was celebrated by that congregation on Sunday, 18th ult. The pretty chapel was crowded to the doors with a large assemblage, composed of nearly all the Italian Church people of the city. At the morning service, the rector, Rev. Michele Zara preached an appropriate sermon in Italian; and in the evening, the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Olmstead delivered an address in English.

At the close of Dr. Olmstead's address, there was a special song service, in which the Italian children sang a number of hymns in their native tongue.

ON SUNDAY, 18th ult., announcement was made at St. Philip's Church, West Philadelphia, that on the Lord's Day following, a new idea would be adopted in the teaching of the younger members of the Sunday School. As outlined by the rector, Rev. Clarence W. Bigham, it is proposed to utilize the successful Kindergarten methods in imparting a knowl-

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edge of sacred things to the little children. Hereafter the infant class will be conducted much on the same lines as a religious kindergarten. The first effort will be to make the teachings interesting to the children. Hymns suitable for the small scholars, and exercises of an instructive character will be the chief features of the new idea. Pictures and diagrams of a character calculated to hold the interest of juvenile minds will be used to impart instruction.

THERE WAS a special missionary meeting held on Sunday evening, 18th ult., at the Church of the Nativity, Philadelphia (Rev. L. Caley, rector), where the Rt. Rev. Dr. Nelson, Bishop of Georgia, preached the sermon.

THERE WERE laid to rest in Fernwood cemetery, on Saturday afternoon, 17th ult., the mortal remains of David Howard, the oldest "rigger" in the country, and the only one deemed competent by the Navy department to rig the "New Ironsides," the first regular iron-clad ship ever constructed, and which made such a glorious record during the Civil War. The Rev. Lyman P. Powell, rector of St. John Evangelist's Church, Lansdowne, officiated both in the church and at the grave. Mr. Howard was 81 years of age, and leaves two sons surviving him, one of whom continues in his father's business, and the other is the Rev. David Howard, rector of White-marsh parish, Diocese of Easton.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the local assembly of the Daughters of the King of the Diocese was held on Tuesday afternoon, 20th ult., in Christ Church parish house, Germantown, the president, Mrs. John Moncure in the chair. The session was opened with a brief devotional service conducted by the Rev. C. H. Arndt, rector of the church, who also delivered an address of welcome to the 47 delegates, who represented 16 parishes. Mrs. Moncure, who was a representative to the National Council held in October at Pittsburgh, read the proceedings of that convention. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. John Moncure, of St. John Evangelist's, Philadelphia; Vice-president, Mrs. M. E. Stockton, of the Incarnation, Philadelphia; Secretary, Mrs. Joseph Woods, of St. Andrew's, Yardleyville; Treasurer, Miss C. M. Lovaire, of St. John Evangelist's. In the evening, a public meeting was held in the church, the rector presiding. Addresses on the work of the Order were made by the Rev. Drs. Henry Anstice and John B. Falkner.

THE 18TH ANNIVERSARY of the Home of the Merciful Saviour for Crippled Children was observed on Tuesday morning, 20th ult., by a service in the chapel of the institution, West Philadelphia. The altar was handsomely decorated with roses and chrysanthemums. The children occupied the front sittings, the girls wearing neat white caps and aprons. The service was conducted by the chaplain, Rev. R. F. Innes, assisted by the Rev. Dr. W. B. Bodine. Addresses were made by Bishop Whitaker and the Rev. Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins. During the past year the grounds of the institution have been greatly improved. There are at present 55 children in the Home, which is principally supported by voluntary contributions.

ST. TIMOTHY'S Workingmen's Club and Institute, connected with St. Timothy's Church, Roxborough, celebrated its 27th anniversary on Tuesday evening, 20th ult., in Institute Hall, Wissahickon. The Rev. R. E. Dennison, president, and rector of St. Timothy's acted as chairman; and addresses were made by Messrs. James Christie, J. Vaughan Merrick, and others.

AN ADDRESS on the life and services of the late James S. Biddle was delivered on Tuesday evening, 20th ult., before the Church Club in the assembly room of the Church

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House, Philadelphia, by Francis A. Lewis, Esq., an intimate friend of Mr. Biddle. In his address, Mr. Lewis gave a short biographical sketch of the professional and business career of Mr. Biddle, beginning with his appointment as lieutenant in the Navy, in 1846, and extending down to his retirement from the Presidency of the Shamokin Valley R. R. Co. in 1863. Mr. Lewis' address, however, had particular reference to the character of Mr. Biddle. He instanced him as the type of a public man which is rarely to be met with at the present day, in local politics at least. As a Churchman the speaker described Mr. Biddle as courageous, sincere, persistent in what he believed to be right, but at all times abounding in charity and courtesy for his opponents.

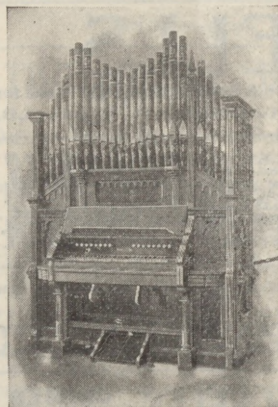
Mr. George C. Thomas, president of the Club, read a letter of regret from the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity parish, New York, who was expected to say a few words at the conclusion of the address. Dr. Dix expressed his regret at his inability to be present, and incidentally paid a very high tribute to the character of Mr. Biddle, whom he described as "a good and noble man."

THE 44TH ANNIVERSARY of the dedication of St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia (Rev. G. H. Moffett, rector), and its patronal festival, was celebrated on Friday, 23d ult., with all the grandeur and solemnity of the Church's ritual. The (black letter) feast of

St. Clement occurring this year on Friday—a fast day—Bishop Whitaker granted a dispensation, allowing services of a festal character. There were celebrations of the Holy Eucharist at 6, 7, and 8 a. m.; and a solemn high celebration was sung at 11 a. m., preceded by a solemn procession, the Rev. A. W. Doran as celebrant, assisted by the Rev. C. C. Quin, gospeller, and the Rev. F. D. Ward, epistoler. The music, rendered by the large vested choir of men and boys, was Mozart's beautiful Mass No. 1 in C. After the singing of the *Credo*, letters were read from the Bishop of the Diocese and from the Rev. O. S. Prescott, a former rector of the parish. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. George C. Houghton, rector of the Transfiguration, New York City, from the text: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God" (St. John i. 12). The parish tea was held in the parish house on Saturday, 24th ult.

MR. BENJAMIN G. GODFREY, who for 30 years prior to 1898 was Treasurer of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, entered into life eternal on Friday morning, 23d ult., after a week's illness of pneumonia, in the 79th year of his age. Mr. Godfrey, who was a lineal descendant of Roger Williams, was born in Providence, R. I., whence, in 1845, he removed to Philadelphia, and for a number of years was a prominent and successful merchant. In 1872, he retired from mercantile pursuits,

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and ever since had devoted his energies to religious and charitable work. He was the oldest member of the Board of Managers of the Episcopal Hospital and a liberal contributor to that institution. At one time he was connected with the Seamen's Mission, and had been for many years treasurer of the Pennsylvania Bible Society. While the late Bishop Stevens was rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, Mr. Godfrey was a member of that parish and a teacher in its Sunday School. He was identified with the founding of Christ Church, Germantown, and also with Calvary Church in the same suburb; and was instrumental in securing the Rev. Dr. J. De W. Perry as rector of the latter. During the rectorship of the late Bishop Brooks, Mr. Godfrey transferred his membership to Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, retaining his connection with that parish until his death.

PITTSBURGH.

CORTLANDT WHITEHEAD, D.D., Bishop.
Semi-centennial at Clearfield.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH of Clearfield (the Rev. Wm. A. Henderson, rector), on November 19th and 20th celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. On the evening of the first day Confirmation services were held. A singular feature of this class is that of the eight persons of which it was made up, not one was born under Church influence. The Bishop's sermon was an explanation of the Lambeth and Chicago "Quadrilateral." It was a denial of the popular idea that the Church of England and America desires unity only by absorption. Historical papers of a reminiscent character were read from Mr. L. J. Crans and Mrs. J. W. Smith, the two persons now living who were adults when the parish was organized. A paper concisely covering the entire period of parish life, prepared and read by Mr. Clement W. Smith, Senior Warden was the chief historical feature of the evening. Special music was rendered by a mixed vested choir. A reception was given to the Bishop and other visiting clergy.

There was a celebration of the Holy Communion on Tuesday morning, with the Bishop as celebrant. The Rev. Frank S. Spalding of Erie, Pa., preached on Individual Influence. He contended that the spirit of over-organization, while having its dangers, after all gave unusual opportunity for the one to influence the many for good.

Dr. Alexander McLeod, afterward a chaplain in the U. S. Army, was the first rector. Several of his daughters are communicants of the parish.

VERMONT.

A. C. A. HALL, D.D., Bishop.

Woman's Auxiliary at Bennington.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY, in session at Bennington, had the pleasure and profit of attending a quiet day conducted by the Bishop of Kyoto, and in the evening the Bishop of the Diocese preached on the subject of Missions. On the second day both Bishop Partridge and Bishop Nelson of Georgia, as well as Mrs. Chapman, wife of an Alaskan missionary, made missionary addresses.

WASHINGTON.

H. Y. SATTERLEE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Woman's Auxiliary—Missionary Loan Exhibit—City Notes.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Washington Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary was held November 19th, in St. John's parish hall, in order that the members might meet the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, Secretary of the Board of Managers. Missionary hymns were sung, and the Rev. Dr. Mackay-Smith, rector of St. John's, opened the meeting with prayer. Several of the clergy were present and a goodly representation of the various parish branches of

the Auxiliary. The Rev. Dr. Lloyd gave an interesting address, in which he spoke of the power of woman's influence in the world and in the Church, and appealed to the women of the Auxiliary to assist in creating a healthy public sentiment in regard to the mission of the Church of Christ, and not to allow the great missionary cause to be slighted or held in contempt without a protest. He thought much of the apathy in regard to the work to be due to ignorance of it, and urged that the *Spirit of Missions*, a very interesting magazine, should be in every family. At the conclusion of the address, the Rev. Dr. Mackay-Smith requested the President of the Woman's Auxiliary to appoint two ladies to receive subscriptions to the *Spirit of Missions*, and many of those present became subscribers.

ABOUT THE END of January there will be held in Washington, probably in Trinity parish hall, a Missionary Loan Exhibition, similar to those which have been held in New York and Philadelphia. The object is to interest and instruct the public in regard to the various mission fields. A committee has been

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BY AN OHIOAN.

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This Cabinet is an air-tight, rubber-walled room, in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and, with only the head outside, enjoys all the



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cleansing, curative, beautifying and invigorating effects of the famous Turkish Bath, Hot Vapor or Medicated Bath at home, for 3 cents each, with no possibility of taking cold or in any way weakening the system.

These baths have truly marvelous powers, far superior to soap and water; celebrated for producing glowing faces, fair skin, bright eyes, elastic figures and perfect health to all men and women who make them a weekly habit, and this invention brings them within the reach of the poorest person in the country.

Clouds of hot vapor or medicated vapor surround the entire body, opening the millions of sweat-pores, causing profuse perspiration, drawing out of the system all the impure salts, acids and poisonous matter of the blood, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, lungs and skin, causing colds, fevers, disease, debility and sluggishness.

Astonishing is the improvement in health, feeling and complexion by the use of this Cabinet, and it seems to us that the long-sought-for method of securing a clear skin, a good complexion, of retaining good health, curing and preventing disease without drugs, has certainly been found.

The makers inform the writer that more than 600,000 of these Cabinets have been sold, and showed letters from thousands of users who speak of this Cabinet as giving perfect satisfaction.

A. B. Stockham, M.D., of Chicago, editor of "Tokology," recommends it highly, as also does Congressman John J. Lentz, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Rev. C. M. Keith, editor "Holiness Advocate"; Mrs. Senator Douglas, Rev. James Thoms, Ph.D., pastor First Baptist Church, Centerville, Mich.; Rev. J. C. Richardson, Roxbury, Mass.; Rev. H. C. Roerhaes, Everett, Kansas; John T. Brown, editor "Christian Guide," and thousands of others.

Ira L. Gleason, prominent citizen of Hutchinson, cured himself of rheumatism and his friends of colds, pneumonia, fevers, gripe, blood, skin and kidney diseases, and made \$2,500 selling

this Cabinet in a little more than 12 months. Mrs. Anna Woodrum, of Thurman, Iowa, afflicted 10 years, was promptly cured of nervous prostration, stomach and female troubles, after medicines and doctors failed. She recommends it to every woman as a God-sent blessing. O. C. Smith, of Mt. Healthy, Ohio, was cured of bad case of catarrh and asthma, and says: "It was worth \$1,000 to me. Have sold several hundred cabinets; every one delighted." O. P. Freeman, an aged railroad man, afflicted 17 years, unable at times to walk, was cured of kidney troubles, piles and rheumatism. Thousands of others write praising this Cabinet, so there is absolutely no doubt of it being a device that every reader of our paper should have in their homes.

This invention is known as the new 1903 style, Quaker Folding Vapor Bath Cabinet, and after investigation we can say that it is well, durably and handsomely made of best material throughout, has all the latest improvements, will last a lifetime, and is so simple to operate that even a child could do it safely. It folds flat in one inch space when not in use; can be easily carried; weighs but 10 pounds.

IT IS IMPORTANT TO KNOW

that the makers guarantee results and assert positively (as do thousands of users) that this Cabinet will clear the skin, purify and enrich the blood, cure nervousness, weakness, that "tired feeling," and the worst forms of rheumatism. (They offer \$50.00 reward for a case not relieved.) Cures Women's Troubles, Neuralgia, Malaria, Sleeplessness, Gout, Sciatica, Headaches, Piles, Dropsy, Liver, Kidney and Nervous Troubles and Blood Diseases.

It cures the worst Cold in one night and breaks up all symptoms of La Grippe, Fevers, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Tonsillitis, and is really a household necessity, a blessing to every family. To please the ladies a Head and Face Steaming Attachment is furnished if desired, which clears the skin, beautifies the complexion, removes pimples, blackheads, eruptions, and is a sure cure for skin diseases, Catarrh and Asthma.

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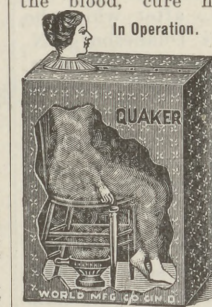
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appointed by the diocesan branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, and is actively at work, preparing for the exhibition.

DR. GAUL'S CANTATA, "The Holy City," was given at the Pro-Cathedral, November 20th, under the direction of Mr. Ernest S. Winchester, organist and choirmaster. The regular choir of the Pro-Cathedral was assisted by a supplementary chorus from St. Katherine's choir, by well-known soloists, and by a sextette of instruments from the Marine Band. The rendition was excellent, and was enjoyed by a large assemblage.

AT THE Church of the Ascension the large Sunday School room has been lately improved by the laying of an entire new floor. This was paid for by the efforts of the young people connected with the Sunday School.

WEST MISSOURI.

E. R. ATWILL, D.D., Bishop.

Woman's Auxiliary—Progress at St. Mary's.

THE NOVEMBER meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions was well attended Nov. 15th in Trinity Church, Kansas City. The Holy Communion was celebrated by the Bishop, assisted by the rector of the parish and the Archdeacon. The sermon was preached by the Ven. Archdeacon MacKinnon. Reports show West Missouri Branch to rank about fourth in the United States.

Upon the resignation of the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. T. Poindexter, Mrs. S. P. Allen was elected to fill the vacancy.

A MARK OF PROGRESS at St. Mary's Church, Kansas City (Rev. J. Stewart-Smith, rector), has been made in increasing the rector's salary from \$1,200 to \$1,500. A circular letter has been sent to the parishioners requesting increased pledges for the parish expenses, and it is pleasant to know that it has met with a cordial response.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

WM. D. WALKER, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop.

Death of Rev. Wm. O. Jarvis—Addition to Church Home at Rochester.

THE DEATH of the Rev. Wm. Oscar Jarvis, one of the senior priests of the Diocese, occurred at his home in Buffalo on Nov. 20th, at the age of 78 years. Mr. Jarvis was ordained to the diaconate in 1849 and to the priesthood in 1850, both by Bishop Brownell of Connecticut. His first ministerial work was at Bridgewater, Conn., after which he had charges successively at Duanesburg, N. Y., Niagara Falls, N. Y., Buffalo, Stockport, N. Y., St. Louis, Mo., Fredonia, Batavia, Brooklyn, and Rensselaerville, New York. He resigned the latter charge in 1881, since which time he has lived a retired life. The Rev. Wm. O. Jarvis, Jr., rector of St. Paul's Church, Westfield, N. J., is a surviving son.

A NEW WING is to be added to the Church Home at Rochester at a cost of some \$10,000, of which \$6,000 has already been subscribed. The wing will be erected on the south, with a large basement, a chapel on the main floor, and the second floor divided into seven or eight rooms for the accommodation of inmates. A two-story porch will be constructed in the rear.

CANADA.

News of the Dioceses.

Diocese of Toronto.

A SPECIAL FORM of prayer was issued by the Bishop to be used at the thanksgiving services for the return of Canadian soldiers from South Africa. Many of the city churches in Toronto held special services for this purpose, Nov. 11th.

THE annual meeting of the Sunday School Association of the Diocese, for the election of officers and other business, will be held Jan. 21st in Holy Trinity school-house, Toronto.

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Diocese of Quebec.

A MEETING of the Central Board of the Church Society was held in Quebec Nov. 20th, the Bishop presiding. It has been decided by the building committee to postpone the erection of the parsonage at Waterville until the spring.

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Mrs. A. H. Gilbert

MRS. GILBERT'S STAGE REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Daly, James Lewis and many other figures of yesterday appear in Mrs. Gilbert's entertaining pages, while of the older leaders of the stage there is a fund of anecdote. The articles are among the most vivacious and interesting of their kind, and will contain a wealth of illustrations.

WALTER A. WYCKOFF, author of "The Workers," will have several new articles in the same field, giving an account of "A Day With a Tramp," "On an Iowa Farm" and other experiences.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT will, from time to time during 1901, contribute to *Scribner's* articles on public topics.



W. A. Wyckoff

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, in "The Diary of a Goose Girl," has written the most charming of her stories, and it will appear in *Scribner's* in three parts, with very attractive illustrations.

NEW STORIES OF THE AMATEUR

CRACKSMAN. A new series of Cracksman stories, by E. W. Hornung, of baffling ingenuity in plot and thrilling interest. The incomparable Raffles is reintroduced to his many reader admirers in a wonderful succession of adventures and hair-breadth escapes. The stories will be illustrated.

SHORTER FICTION. ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON will contribute several of his charming animal stories, illustrated by himself; there will also be short stories by Octave Thanet, Frank R. Stockton,

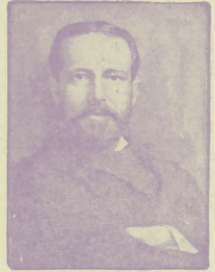


Ernest Seton-Thompson

Henry James, Thomas Nelson Page, F. J. Stimson, Henry van Dyke, A. T. Quiller-Couch, and other well-known writers.

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY, by HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

This notable and timely series of articles, begun in October, will be continued. They are the result of a journey and investigations made especially on behalf of *Scribner's*, and Mr. Norman's comments on present conditions in Russia and her probable future are made in the light of the latest events. The many illustrations from the author's photographs and other sources are a noteworthy feature of the articles.



HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

EVENTS IN CHINA AND THE EAST will be covered in articles by special correspondents.

J. M. BARRIE'S NEW STORY. The magazine will later in the year make an important announcement concerning a new story by J. M. Barrie.



J. M. Barrie

THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEER, by JOHN FOX, Jr.

Several articles in the early part of 1901 will portray this romantic and fast-diminishing type of American character. Mr. Fox knows his subject by experience and special observation, and illustrates his articles from photographs.

NEW YORK LIFE AND SCENES. The studies of New York, which have proved so attractive in the magazine, are to be resumed at intervals during the year.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS will contribute several articles and stories, the first, to appear during the winter, being a travel sketch in a new field to him and one of the best of his vivid narratives.



R. H. Davis

ART FEATURES will include, beside the notable illustrations for "The Regular Army" and other pictorial plans of special importance,

noteworthy papers on art subjects by John La Farge, W. C. Brownell, and other distinguished writers, while the Field of Art will continue to be the most important critical department of its kind, edited by Mr. Russell Sturgis, and contributed to by leading authorities in art matters.

A list of the illustrators for next year includes Walter Appleton Clark, F. C. Yohn, H. C. Christy, Maxfield Parrish, Henry McCarter, A. I. Keller, A. B. Frost, E. C. Peixotto, W. Glackens, Henry Hutt, and many others. There will be

new and original schemes of illustration in colors as well as in black and white, and colored covers.



E. W. Hornung



Reduced illustration from "Russia of To-Day."



Reduced illustration from "No Sincere."



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Rescued from the oblivion of two centuries and now *first published* in America. This work was pronounced by *John Dryden*, then poet laureate, to be the "greatest heroic poem ever written—a companion to Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'" After its first limited edition in 1693 (which sold at a price prohibitive of wide circulation) it lapsed into the seclusion of a few libraries. A century later it received a revision in arrangement at the hands of *Bishop Coke* from whose revision this first American edition is taken.

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