

The Living Church.

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News and Notes.

ABROAD.

THE Anglo-Indian invasion of Afghanistan, which was begun on the 21st ult., was undoubtedly very ably planned, and for some days, the operations of the invaders were attended with decided success. The latest news, however, indicates that the tide of success has been checked, and there is reason to fear that one or more of the attacking columns may have encountered serious disaster. The expeditionary army was divided into three forces, namely: that under Gen. Browne, which moved from Fort Jamrood by the Khyber Pass; that under Gen. Roberts, which moved from Thal by the Khurum Pass, and that under Gen. Biddulph, which started from Quettah by the Pishin Valley. A distance of about three hundred miles separates the right and the left wings of the invading troops. The first decided resistance encountered by Gen. Browne's column was at Fort Ali Musjid, in the Khyber Pass. He bombarded it all day Thursday, and after some very brilliant artillery practice, which demoralized the Afghan troops, the fort was evacuated in the night and occupied by the assailants on the morning of the 29th. Gen. Browne then pressed on toward Jelalabad; but a large force, composed of the hostile hill-tribes, have occupied a strong position in the Khyber Pass, in his rear, thus cutting off his communication. Several determined attempts to dislodge this force have proved unsuccessful, and grave fears are entertained for Gen. Browne's safety. Meanwhile, Gen. Roberts' column has received a disastrous check, the Afghan artillery being strongly posted on the summit of Peiwar Pass, and being served quite as brilliantly as the guns of the Anglo-Indian army. The news from the Quettah column is equally discouraging. In consequence of the loss of camels, it is believed that aggressive operations must now be postponed till spring. In England, the opposition under Mr. Gladstone's virtual leadership, is making much capital out of the alleged injustice of the Afghan war. It is charged that the only possible objects are either the securing of a "scientific frontier" for India, or the delivery of battle to Russia. The former is denounced as a mere whim of diplomatic pedantry. The latter is deprecated as both unprovoked and unjust. Lord Beaconsfield's power is said to be already on the wane, and a single decided reverse in the East will probably restore the Liberals to office.

THE unexpected and highly sensational acquisition of Cyprus by England turns out to be a dearly-bought diplomatic triumph. It was claimed by Lord Salisbury that it was effected without in the least degree rousing French susceptibilities. It now appears, however, that the French Minister insisted, before the agreement to the Turkish Convention was allowed at Berlin, that England should disown in writing all designs of an exclusive character on Egypt, and all intentions of effecting a lodgment at any point on the Asiatic coast. The result of all this is, that England loses what she has all along tacitly claimed, and what all the other Powers have tacitly conceded to her—the right to occupy Egypt whenever she pleased, and to control it in the mean time, as necessary to the security of her communication with India. Ever since the battle of the Nile, Egypt has been looked upon as a sort of dependency of the British Crown. The acquisition of Cyprus, however, has changed all this. The jealousy of France and Italy has been thoroughly aroused. Both claim the right, as Mediterranean powers, to dispute any further assertion of British supremacy in the Levant, and to have a share in all that England may do in the way of the supervision of Egyptian and Syrian affairs. Moreover, if France will not permit the English to land on the Asiatic coast, it is difficult to see how the acquisition of Cyprus will help England to defend the Euphrates Valley against the danger of Russian invasion. It may turn out to be another instance in which "vaulting ambition overleaps itself and falls on the other side."

THE sinking of the steamship Pomerania in English waters recently, adds another to the long list of similar horrors which have been so frequent of late years. The details of this disaster leave no doubt of the most culpable negligence in the ship's administration, and of the utter lack of discipline among the officers and crew. In the first place, the collision which sent the Pomerania to the bottom, must have resulted from a bad lookout, or bad management; for, though the night was dark, it was not thick, and there ought to have been no difficulty in seeing the lights. In the next place, the doors to all the water-tight compartments were open, and therefore, that most desirable contrivance in an iron steamer, where the hull is liable to be broken by almost any collision, was utterly valueless. Last of all, both officers and crew seem to have been panic-struck, and utterly demoralized from the first. No orders were given, and the crew appear to have acted in the most selfish and disorderly manner, appropriating life-boats and other

means of escape, and leaving the passengers to perish. It is significant that a very much larger proportion of the officers and crew are saved than of the passengers. This will admonish the traveling public to look a little more carefully to the administration and management of the boats on which they travel. None but well-established lines, able to keep their seamen long enough to train them, and with officers competent to manage them and keep their vessels in proper condition, should be patronized. The coolness and self-sacrificing courage of one of the victims deserves to be recorded. The following is taken from the *N. Y. Sun*: "Young Clymer, the son of Mrs. W. B. Clymer of Philadelphia, soon after the crash made by the bow of the bark against the side of the Pomerania, found his sisters, Miss Mary Clymer and Rose, on the deck of the steamship, whither they had hurried from their state-room. He placed his oldest sister in a life-boat, and Rose was thrown in by a sailor. The boat was full, and the cowardly sailors were endeavoring to get in it. Clymer thought his mother and the remaining sister were in the boat. He did not hesitate. To save the lives of his sisters he cut the ropes which held the life-boat to the steamship and turned it adrift, standing himself on the deck of the doomed vessel. He said good-by to his sisters, realizing that he would never see them again."

A VERY dismal story comes to us from the most distant island of the South Seas. Some Wesleyan missionaries employed in evangelizing the native of New Britain have been murdered and eaten. Cannibalism is therefore not yet extinct, and Sidney Smith's well-meant hope for the departing missionary to the South Sea Islander is still in order. The Superintendent who had charge of the mission to which the murdered missionaries belonged pursued the most heroic measures. He gathered a sufficient force of Europeans and native Christians and made war upon the offending tribe, killing many and burning their village. The chief difference between him and the cannibals seems to be that he did not eat his victims; but this moral and æsthetic superiority is partly obscured by the fact that he and his party killed women as well as men, and that he killed at least ten heathens for every Christian that was slain. The victorious Brown then forgave the frightened residue of the cannibals and at last accounts the work among them was resumed with better chances of success.

"MAN'S extremity is God's opportunity;" and it is also the opportunity of all who desire to be "workers together with God." The recent famine in China called forth the

most generous contributions from Englishmen both at home and abroad, and the following acknowledgment has just been transmitted by the Chinese Government to Lord Salisbury. It will be observed that, under the impulse of the gratitude which Christian charity elicits, the "heathen Chinese" begins already to write like a Christian. The letter of the Chinese Minister says: "My Lord, I have been instructed by the Tsung-li Yamen and the Grand Secretary Li to request that your Lordship will have the goodness to present to the subscribers of the China Famine Fund the grateful acknowledgment of the Chinese Government for the generous alacrity with which, on hearing of the fearful calamity which had befallen the northern provinces of China, they hastened to the assistance of the suffering population. The noble philanthropy which heard in a far-distant country the cry of suffering, and hastened to its assistance, is too signal a recognition of the common brotherhood of humanity ever to be forgotten, and is all the more worthy of being remembered, because it was not a mere passing response to a generous emotion, but a continued effort persevered in, until, in sending the welcome rain, Heaven gave the assuring promise of returning plenty, and the sign that the brotherly succor was no longer required. Coming from Englishmen residing in all parts of the world, this spontaneous act of generosity made a deep impression on the Government and people of China."

THEY are having a great lottery in Paris, and peasants and artisans are winning, under sanction of the Government, the most wonderful prizes in statuary, articles of vertu and money. But the French are a philosophical people, and under the Republic they are practical, also. Naturally, they are beginning to ask, *cui bono?* A peasant wins a heroic statue of Louis Philippe. Immediately he becomes the prey of sharpers through whom or to whom he must dispose of his artistic elephant. Thereby the peasant is cheated and dishonesty is encouraged. But worse still is the fate of the honest peasant who wins money. Thereby he is taught, and so is his neighbor, to look for some royal road to fortune. The result is that honest contentment is disturbed and honest industry abandoned. The lesson is plain enough. Will not all honest governments heed it and cease to license such demoralizing instrumentalities?

THIS has been an *annus mirabilis* in more respects than one. Never have there been such inventions. The telephone has lifted up a million voices and carried them across incredible distances. The peculiar accent of a Yankee at Lincoln was recognized, the other day, by a Cockney at London and the fact was forthwith recorded in the *Times*. Pretty soon, we shall hear of English mammas deciding through the telephone whether

their daughters at Paris are being taught the true accent which the *beau monde* approved in the days of the Citizen King. But one of the most remarkable inventions or discoveries of this wonderful year is the report that Mr. Norman Lockyer has found out that all the so-called elements may be resolved into only one, of which hydrogen is the known form. Years ago, Faraday predicted that the sixty odd "elements" would eventually be reduced to one. It is claimed that the prophecy is verified, that the result is already virtually achieved, and that hydrogen is the present name or expression of the one substance whose various forms and combinations make up the physical world. Strange to say, the instrument which made this discovery was neither the balance nor the crucible. Mr. Lockyer was not a chemist, but an astronomer, and the instrument which he used was the spectroscope. It is claimed that by the use of this instrument there is only one substance that Mr. Lockyer is not able to break down into its hydrogenous elements, and that is pure aluminum. When this alleged discovery is confirmed, we shall have something to say of the final result.

SOME English body has recently pointed out that the English are distinguished by one peculiarity: they always accept the situation. For instance, no matter what cause they adopt, the moment it is lost, or seems likely to be lost, they abandon it and, if necessary, espouse the other side. It is a policy worthy of a commercial people, and it seems to be illustrated by a recent notable case. The late King of Hanover, a Guelph and near kinsman to the Queen of England, took the wrong side in the Prusso-Austrian war. He was beaten and became a "poor relation" at London and Paris. At last he died leaving an heir, who is also the heir of the Duke of Brunswick. The Duke of Cumberland, for so the heir of Hanover and the heir apparent of Brunswick is called, is now betrothed to the Princess Thyra of Denmark, and therefore the King of Hanover and Duke of Cumberland is soon to become the brother-in-law of the future sovereign of England and of the future Emperor of Russia. Meantime, he has not given up his title to the crown of Hanover. The *Times*, with true British prudence, advises him to accept the situation, to give up his claim to the Hanoverian crown and take the subsidy which Bismarck is willing to grant him. It also suggests that it is better to be an English Prince than a German King, and counsels him to come and live at Hampton or at Richmond, as an English gentleman. Where is the *ancien regime* who preferred right to ease and luxury?

AT HOME.

THE Forty-fifth Congress assembled at the National Capital on Monday, the 2nd instant, and the President's message has been given to it and to the country. The

chief topics discussed in this important document are the financial question, the yellow fever, and the political condition of the Southern States. Happily the financial question is righting itself. The resumption of specie payments has already been practically attained, and it is gratifying to note that, even if Congress should attempt to inaugurate disturbing legislation, the Presidential veto will render all such legislation nugatory. It is to be hoped that the Southern question will also settle itself, as it undoubtedly will if the President's hitherto wise and statesmanlike policy is adhered to. As to the yellow fever question, it is very gratifying to notice that the President recommends the enforcement of national quarantine regulations. The pestilence is always imported, and nothing but rigorous exclusion can protect the country from it. The matter concerns the whole nation, and there should be no hesitation in adopting at once the most stringent measures, authorizing the employment of the naval forces to carry them out. Meantime, we hope that the reiterated suggestion of the LIVING CHURCH may be adopted, that a National Department of Public Health be established as soon as possible.

THE proposition to transfer the management of the Indian Bureau to the War Department continues to agitate official circles at Washington. While the President does not discuss nor even allude to the transfer in his Message, it is said that he favors the establishment of a new department of business and commerce to which the management of Indian affairs should be intrusted. A writer in *The Nation* advocates a similar plan with much clearness and force, recommending, among other things, that the Indians be encouraged to engage, some in the industries of what is known as the "factory system" so successfully adopted in Canada, and that others on the plains be encouraged and assisted to engage in cattle-raising and such like pastoral pursuits. What he says about the necessity of helping the Indian over the stage of ethnical development, from the savage into the pastoral state, at which they are now halting, is very suggestive, and certainly deserves attention. Meanwhile, however, and until the inauguration of such a plan of fostering ethnical development, it is to be hoped that the charge of the Indians will be transferred to the War Department. As we have already said, by this means the undeniable evils of the agency system will be avoided, and the feeding of the Indians will be intrusted to the hands of honest professional gentleman strong enough to govern them. In his last report, written from the midst of the disaffected Indians, Bishop Tuttle earnestly advocates the transfer, and says: "The army in full charge means, to a large degree, honesty, efficiency, economy, avoidance of Indian wars, a valuable system

for fixing responsibility and inflicting penalties, to the Government; substantial justice, protection, real mercy, to the Indian. At present, alas! the degree of these good things gotten by either Government or Indian in this far-away region must be rated low indeed."

FEMALE suffrage has had a fair trial and the result is claimed to be a failure. The experiment has been made in the Territory of Wyoming, where women vote the same as men. It was hoped there that by means of female suffrage an element could be introduced into politics that would do much to counteract the preponderance of the rough and unscrupulous people who usually do so much to control the elections. The result has been, however, that the respectable women cannot be induced to vote, and that what female influence is exerted at all is mostly exerted by the disreputable women who vote in favor of the worst men on the ticket. This lack of interest is not due to the exposure of the female voters to the rudeness or the jostling of the mob, for separate polling-places are provided and candidates are only too glad to send carriages for their female constituents; but it is due to the fact, which sensible people have always understood quite well, that politics lies out of woman's legitimate sphere. She has a far more tremendous power than the voting power. If she will, she can exercise the power behind the throne, which is greater than the throne; but she abdicates that power and descends to the level of her subjects when she lays aside her womanliness and tries to act the part of a man.

As we go to press the sad intelligence reaches us of the sudden death of the Bishop of Louisiana. The untimely demise of this distinguished prelate is a calamity to the whole Church. He was a ripe scholar, a profound thinker, a writer of singular grace and elegance, and an eloquent preacher. As a bishop he was the father of his people, enforcing an authority which he did not need to claim by qualities which made it delightful to obey and honor him. In a word, he was a gentleman as well as a dignitary, a good and loving as well as a great man. To our bereaved brethren of the Diocese of Louisiana we tender our heartfelt sympathy, and we mingle our grief with theirs.

The Church at Work.

ILLINOIS.

A meeting of the Joint Committee of the three Dioceses in Illinois, to which was referred the subject of Provincial Relations, was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, December 2, at the call of the Bishop of Illinois. There were present from the Diocese of Illinois, Bishop McLaren, the Rev. Drs. Locke, Harris and Morrison, Messrs. Otis, Judd and Whitehouse; from the Diocese of Quincy; Bishop Burgess, Rev. Dr.

Leffingwell, Rev. T. N. Benedict, Rev. T. I. Holcombe, Hon. Wm. A. Grimshaw; from the Diocese of Springfield, Bishop Seymour, Rev. Dr. Easter, Rev. D. W. Dresser, Rev. M. R. St. J. Dillon-Lee, and Mr. R. P. Johnston, representing Judge Treat.

On motion of Bishop Burgess, Bishop McLaren presided; the Rev. Dr. Leffingwell was chosen Secretary.

The Chairman called attention to a resolution of the last Annual Convention of the Diocese of Illinois, relating to the tenure of Church property, referred to the Committee on Provincial Relations, and asked that it might be considered by the Joint Committee. It was, after some discussion,

Resolved, That the subject of the tenure of Church property be referred to the following subcommittee, with the request that they procure such legislation by the State of Illinois as they may deem proper: Committee, Messrs. Edsall, Judd, Treat and Grimshaw.

The following resolutions were adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That it is expedient that the several Dioceses of Illinois proceed to establish for themselves a Federate Convention or Council, according to the provisions of Title III, Canon 8, of the General Convention, in full recognition of the supreme authority of the General Convention in all matters pertaining to the Constitution and Canons of the Church, the said Council to be known by the name and style of the Federate Council of the Province of Illinois.

2. *Resolved*, That a subcommittee of three from each Diocese, of whom the Bishop shall be one, be appointed to prepare and report to the next Diocesan Convention a constitution for the proposed federate council or province.

3. *Resolved*. That it is expedient and desirable that the Church in the several Dioceses of the United States should provide for the better enjoyment of provincial relations, and that to this end it be recommended that the several Diocesan Conventions in Illinois shall petition the General Convention to associate the several Dioceses into provinces upon such principles as shall promote the peace, growth and prosperity of the Church.

4. *Resolved*, That the subcommittee be instructed to furnish to the members of this joint committee, as soon as may be convenient, a copy of the Constitution that they prepare for recommendation to the next Annual Convention. The subcommittee consisted of the following gentlemen, appointed by their respective Bishops, the Bishops being members of the same: The Rev. Drs. Locke, Benedict and Easter; Messrs. Judd, Grimshaw and Johnston.

The subcommittee held its meeting on the 3d day of December, at the same place. The following is a copy of the Constitution proposed, as furnished us by the Secretary:

I.

The Dioceses in the State of Illinois, viz., the Diocese of Illinois, the Diocese of Quincy, and the Diocese of Springfield, hereby associate themselves as a Province, to be called the Province of Illinois, and establish a Federate Council, as permitted by Canon 8, Title III. of the General Convention.

II.

Each Diocese, by its Convention, shall elect and appoint ten Deputies, five of whom shall be clergymen, and five laymen, who, together with the Bishops in the Province,

shall constitute the Council. Thirteen members, of whom two shall be Bishops, shall constitute a quorum; a less number may adjourn from time to time.

III.

The Federate Council shall hold its first meeting in Chicago on the last Tuesday of September, and afterward once, at least, in each year, on such day, and at such place as the Council shall determine by a standing resolution, or by adjournment.

IV.

In the Council the Bishops, two, at least, being present, may, on their own motion, vote as a separate body; and the clergy and laity may also vote by orders, upon the demand of any three members.

V.

The Presiding officer of the Council shall be a Bishop, to be selected by the Bishops of the Province.

VI.

The Council may exercise all powers not in conflict with the Constitution or Canons of the General Convention, or with the Constitution of either of the Dioceses of the Province.

VII.

This Constitution shall be in force in all its provisions, as soon as it shall be adopted and confirmed by the three Dioceses.

The subcommittee requested the Bishops to call another meeting of the Joint Committee at Springfield on the 29th of April, in order to consider and act on the above before it is presented to the Diocesan Conventions.

Thanksgiving Day was generally observed by the Chicago churches. Many of them were appropriately dressed with the fruits of the earth. The daily papers gave accounts of the services at St. James, Grace, Trinity and the Cathedral.

We learn that Rev. W. H. Moore will take charge of Trinity Church, Aurora.

The Bishop visited Elgin during the last week. For some reason the Church has never taken root in that thriving city. But we hope on, hope ever, and trust another and more successful effort may be made.

Tuesday evening, November 26, the Bishop made a visitation of St. John's Church, Naperville. The church has recently been enlarged to about double its seating capacity and otherwise improved, and was now re-opened for public worship. The services were of unusual interest, and the congregation was very large. At the close of the sermon, which was by the Bishop, a class of ten were confirmed, nearly all of whom were adults. St. John's has now one of the finest churches in the Diocese, and the parish, under its indefatigable Rector, Rev. Dr. Fiske, is in a most flourishing condition. During the services at the re-opening, Canon Knowles, who was minister of the parish when the church was built, made an address in which he spoke of the loyal support of the Bishop and the Church as the secret of the prosperity of the parish. Dr. Locke followed with some appropriate remarks. The Rector followed and the Bishop closed with a few words of congratulation.

We have now received the Parish Handbook of Emmanuel Church, Rockford. Besides the names of the parish officers and the calendar of services, it contains much useful matter, extracts from the Can-

ons, and suggestions to the parishioners touching their duties.

When the Rev. Dr. Morrison resigned Christ Church, Oak Park, the Wardens and Vestry passed the resolutions below, and they have just reached us.

At a meeting of the Wardens and Vestry of Christ Church, Oak Park, held October 1, 1878, to consider the resignation of the Rev. T. N. Morrison, D. D., as Rector, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, that the Vestry of Christ Church, Oak Park, in bidding farewell to the Rev. T. N. Morrison, D. D., who has resigned the rectorship of the parish, do so with feelings of regret that our pleasant relations with him as our Pastor are so soon to be dissolved, and we desire hereby to testify to the high respect which we entertain for his character. We join in the wish that he may long be spared with health and strength for the Divine Master; wherever his lot may be cast he will carry with him the sincerest good wishes of the Vestry and Congregation for his welfare.

Attest: T. S. RATTLE, Clerk."

The Rt. Rev. George F. Seymour, D. D., Bishop of Springfield, preached at the Cathedral on the morning of December 1, and at Grace Church in the evening. Bishop McLaren was present at both services, confirming a candidate at the latter. At Grace Church Bishop Seymour chose for his text "The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing." The clear, forcible and practical sermon was listened to with evident favor by the congregation, which was large, notwithstanding the fact that the weather was cold and rainy.

The Sunday school of St. Paul's Church, Kankakee, had a "Harvest Home Festival," Sunday evening, November 24. The decorations consisted of a large arch of corn over the altar, with mottoes in the center, the drooping cover of which was made of fern-leaves and the altar was heaped with fruit. The chancel-rail was draped with cloth bordered with autumn leaves, and in the center, a portion of the text, "Thou givest—they gather." At the foot of the rail were grouped fruit and flowers, and the font was beautifully decorated. After the service and a discourse by the Rector, Rev. Mr. Phillips, the nineteen classes presented their offerings in order, and the proceeds of the collection, \$36.15, with the vegetables and fruit, helped to make a Thanksgiving for the poor. The Sunday school now numbers 200, with an average attendance of 150.

The service on the following Tuesday was duplicated by the Sunday school at Momence, but on a reduced scale. The chapel was full and was decorated with a beautiful arrangement of grains, fruits and flowers. The Sunday school numbers ninety, with an average attendance of sixty-five; there are nine classes.

QUINCY.

Bishop Burgess has called a meeting of the Peoria Deanery, at St. Paul's, Peoria, Wednesday evening, and Thursday, January 8 and 9, 1879.

He has also called a meeting of the Diocesan Board of Missions at St. Paul's, Peoria, Thursday, January 9, 1879, at 10 A. M. Holy Communion at 9 o'clock.

A new lectern of polished oak has recently been placed in the chancel of St. John's, Knoxville, in place of the old

pulpit. It is the work of the Rev. E. H. Rudd, Rector of the parish, and is a suitable companion-piece to the prayer-desk presented by him to the Church last Easter.

The church has been painted inside and the chancel tastefully decorated during the autumn; it is now one of the pleasantest and most comfortable of our rural churches.

On the first Sunday in Advent, Dr. Leffingwell visited the Mission at Galva, and held service morning and evening. The little Chapel that belongs to the Mission was well filled; the singing and responding were hearty. Nine communicants received, and most of the congregation remained at the celebration. If the scattered sheep could be gathered at Galva, there would be a goodly fold. There are, at least, thirty communicants in the town and vicinity. A large class was confirmed under Dr. Chase's instruction, a year or two since. The people remember and speak of the venerable Dean with great respect and admiration. Though the Mission has been doing some sort of work for nearly fifteen years, it has not made the progress that in such a thriving town could have been reasonably expected. It is hoped that the Bishop may be able to put the Mission in the care of some competent priest, who will organize its fragments into unity and efficiency. Lay services, though conducted with faithful regularity, by Mr. H. G. Whipple, who has been from the first deeply interested in the Mission, do not seem to call out the attendance or enlist the sympathy of the people. It is a great pity that such a fine town as Galva should be without the services of the Church, and the effect of longer delay in the work must be unfavorable to the growth of the place. Joined with Kewanee, there is no reason why Galva could not have regular services and pastoral care.

SPRINGFIELD.

The Board of Missions of this Diocese, consisting of the Rev. Deans Easter, Dresser and Dillon-Lee, the Rev. Messrs. Chase, Martin and Howard, and Messrs. Edwards, Candee and Johnston, held a meeting at St. Paul's, Springfield, on Thursday afternoon, November 21, Bishop Seymour presiding. Encouraging reports were made by the Deans of missionary work in their respective Deaneries, showing a commendable degree of Church life in this new Diocese. A missionary meeting was held in the evening, at which eloquent addresses were made by the Bishop, the Rev. Messrs. Easter, Dillon-Lee and Martin, and Mr. H. H. Candee.

On Friday night, the Bishop administered the rite of confirmation to a class of twelve, presented by the Rev. J. W. Phillips, Rector of St. Paul's. The Bishop preached from the text "Put on the whole armor of God." The sermon was full of eloquence and force, and, with the touching and admirable address to the candidates, was listened to by a large and attentive congregation.

Bishop Seymour's appointments for the Middle Deanery, will be as follows: December 4, Carlinville; December 5, Chesterfield; December 6, Jerseyville; December 8, Alton; December 9, Bunker Hill; December 10, Gillespie and Litchfield; December 11, Collinsville; December 12, Greenville; December 13, Carlisle.

On the 24th of November, Bishop Seymour visited St. Matthew's Church, Bloomington. After morning service and a

sermon by the Bishop from the words, "He is my Shepherd," a class of seven received the rite of confirmation.

KANSAS.

Missionary Convocation.—At the last meeting of the Convention, the Executive Missionary Committee were instructed to arrange for the holding of Missionary Convocations in such parishes as might invite them for that purpose. The first gathering of this character was held in the mission in Marshall County under charge of the Rev. Charles Holmes. There were present, the Bishop, Revs. T. W. Barry, William H. Hickcox, F. O. Osborne, and the Missionary in charge.

The opening service was held on Tuesday evening, November 5, the Bishop preaching to a large and very interested congregation. Bishop Vail has endeared himself to the people on this Mission, and is always greeted by large audiences, many even who are not Church people looking forward with pleasure to his visitations.

Wednesday, at 10 A. M., there was a Litany and Communion service, with an excellent sermon on "Lay Co-operation," by Rev. F. O. Osborne.

At 2 P. M., there was a discussion of the question, "How can our Missions be made self-supporting?" This discussion was continued on the second day.

At 7 P. M., evening service was said and confirmation administered. The preacher for the evening was Rev. T. W. Barry, the Bishop following with an earnest address.

Thursday morning, Morning Prayers and sermon by Rev. Wm. H. Hickcox, a veteran missionary, who has been doing faithful service in Kansas for well-nigh twenty years.

At 2 P. M., the discussion of the question, "How to make our Missions self-supporting," was resumed. We give a synopsis of the addresses on both afternoons.

The first speaker called by the Rt. Rev. Chairman was Rev. Charles Holmes, who called attention to the difference between mission work in large cities and in Kansas, which is a State of small villages of from three hundred to two thousand persons. The towns in Kansas having more than five thousand people could be counted on one's fingers. It was not to be expected that parishes in such small places could be self-supporting. Hence, to become so, mission parishes must be grouped and accept a limited supply of clerical service, making up for it with lay service. But there is no reason why a layman qualified to conduct the service should not be made Deacon and continue to give his service to the parish gratuitously.

Rev. T. W. Barry urged the appointment of unmarried men to feeble missions. Their freedom from family cares gave them more time to go from place to place, and they could live on less salary than could a married man. The Church should send her young men out to do mission work, and when they had won their spurs call them back to larger parishes and give them the chance to marry.

Rev. F. O. Osborne urged the duty of more liberal giving. Giving is a divine ordinance, and should be inculcated as such. It lays at the bottom of the question of self-support. Few parishes do as well as they can. Everybody ought to give; children ought to be taught it as a Christian duty. Every member of the Church is in duty

bound to help support it by his gifts, no matter whether rich or poor, young or old.

Rev. Mr. Hickcox pleaded for system in parish matters. He had been using the envelope system with success. His parish was small—only a new mission—but had been very successful. A great part of that success was due to the efforts of a few very earnest workers. The laity could do much to help solve the question. His vestry did not confine themselves to Church people when raising funds, but went to all who could be interested.

Mr. Keeney, a layman, thought one point had been omitted by the clergy. He remembered when he went to Methodist meetings hearing a presiding elder say, when discussing the question of repairing their house of worship, "to get money for this you must first get a congregation." So the first thing must be to get a congregation. It is easier for a large congregation to support a Rector than for a small one. The Rector of a small parish must be a busy man, and build up his parish.

The Bishop closed the discussion by giving instances of successful work. He did not agree that a celibate clergy could be more easily supported than married clergy. Had just had two letters from clergymen willing to come to Kansas; one married, who thought he could live on \$800 a year; another single, who would be content if he received \$1,500. There was a practical difficulty with respect to the Church sending single men out on to Missions, and calling them back when she thought they deserved it. A single clergyman almost always consulted with some young lady about when he could be married rather than the Church. He thought that in most parishes the money-salary might be supplemented by gifts of produce that would very materially lessen the cost of living. The opportunities before the Diocese for extending the Church, called for very earnest effort on the part of all our Mission stations to relinquish a part, if not the whole, of the aid they are receiving.

In the evening there was divine service with a stirring sermon, by Rev. Mr. Barry, on the "Manliness of Serving Christ," which seemed to make a deep impression on the congregation. Two persons were then confirmed, and the Bishop made a very warm address to them.

After the close of the service, a reception was given the Bishop, at the La Belle House, in Blue Rapids, which was very largely attended.

So closed the first Mission Convocation held in obedience to the order of the Convention. The Missionary believes it has strengthened his hands and encouraged both himself and his people. At its close, the Rev. William Hickcox invited a like Convocation to meet in his parish of St. John's, Wakefield, in January. The Bishop expressed himself as highly pleased with it, and accepted the invitation for a Convocation in Wakefield.

Fort Scott—Girard.—The Rev. D. W. Coxe, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Fort Scott, delivered his fifth anniversary sermon on the morning of the 17th Sunday after Trinity, October 13, in which he made the following statement of Church work done in this parish and elsewhere during the five years of his rectorate: Five years ago, our parish records contained the names of 47 families and 55 communicants, and, up to that time, 65 persons had been baptized and

30 confirmed. Since then, there have been baptized in this parish, 58; at St. John's chapel, Girard, 26; at Nevada, Mo., 7; making a total of 91 baptisms. Those who renewed their baptismal vows in the apostolic rite of confirmation number in this parish, 39; at Girard, 27; at Nevada, Mo., 3; making a total of 69 persons presented for the "laying on of hands." The whole number of marriages solemnized is 32. The impressive words of our burial service have been read 42 times. Most of these marriages and burials have been of persons not connected with this or any other parish. The whole number of services held in this parish on Sundays, holy days and week days is 672; at St. John's, Girard, 148; at All Saints' Nevada, and other places, 53; making a total of 873 public services. Nearly all of these have been accompanied by the preaching of the Word of God. As shown by parochial reports and private memoranda, the amount of money raised and expended for all purposes up to June 1, 1878, including salary, is, at Ft. Scott, \$7,485.29; at Girard, \$775.84; at Nevada, Mo., \$350; making the total sum of \$8,611.13.

OHIO.

State of Religion in Cincinnati.—A few weeks ago the Rev. I. N. Stanger, of Christ Church, preached an excellent sermon on the condition of our down-town churches, which furnished food for reflection to all minds, thoughtful newspapers and sermons for other pulpits. A sure test that the theme was timely and important.

It has been felt for many years by earnest Christian people that our Protestant churches were not up to the usual standard of prosperity of the churches of other cities, and the inquiry has been made whether the cause lay in the population, the atmosphere, the topography, or the godlessness of our city, which the Cincinnati *Commercial* enthusiastically christened the Paris of America. Certainly, the Protestant churches do not have very large congregations, especially in the evening, and the sum total of communicants in them all is said to be only 12,000, in a population of say 250,000, in the old portion of the city, leaving out of view for the present the suburban districts.

All of these causes, in our judgment, are operative to produce the result. Cincinnati has in its very bosom a foreign city with about 75,000 inhabitants. From the Miami Canal, which bisects the city, northward to the tops of the hills, and from Mt. Adams in the east to Central avenue, is a district inhabited almost exclusively by Germans, who speak their own language in the main, and attend churches entirely in the German language. A large discount must be made for this German element, which we never see in our English Protestant churches.

Then the topography of Cincinnati is peculiar, and unfavorable to the prosperity of our down-town churches. The population of Cincinnati up to 1830 was contained within the limits of Deer Creek on the east, Central avenue on the west, the Ohio River on the south, and the Miami Canal on the north. Here the old and wealthiest churches of Cincinnati were located. Now this entire area is mostly given up to business, and the English Protestant population has chiefly retired to the northeastern and northwest portions of the city and the suburbs.—*The Standard of the Cross.*

OREGON.

The Bishop returned on Thursday of last week from an extended visitation in the eastern and northeastern portions of the jurisdiction. He was absent from home over six weeks, and made a journey of nearly twelve hundred miles. He visited and held services at Canyon City, Baker City, Union, Cove, La Grande, Wallowa Valley, Prairie Creek, Pendleton, Weston, Walla Walla, Dayton, Pomroy, Lewiston and Fort Lapwai.

Half a century hence, how surprised the inhabitants of Oregon will be to read the following extract from a communication to THE LIVING CHURCH, written by the Rev. R. D. Nevius, D. D. It refers to a ride of four hundred miles which he made in his own buggy in company with Bishop Morris: "I recall two services during this last ride, which furnished several scenes which I would rather, if I were able, reproduce in etchings than in word-painting. It is Sunday morning. Services are to be held in a schoolhouse near the place where we are hospitably entertained. Not a person in all the congregation familiar with "our ways." The schoolhouse is stockaded with a double wall of logs planted endwise in the ground. The Bishop, the missionary, host and hostess, each on their way, and each packing small benches, chairs, or camp-stools, into a wagon. Again, outside in one of the two bastioned corners, is the fit robing room, and through the winding *entre porte* between the walls, an unusual but picturesque processional. Inside, the benches and blocks supporting boards, of all lengths, stand all ways, and in the attempt to face the congregation the minister's desk, surmounted by a small box (dried fruit label), is thrust into a corner for a lectern; in vain we attempt to face the congregation, a part of which, before a roaring fire in the open chimney, face both ways to the preacher.

"Again, it is Sunday evening. The place is a small log dwelling-house of one room. The missionary has been detained to hunt vainly for a large Bible. Entering, he sees the room full, and the Bishop complaisantly and somewhat triumphantly surveying his improved lectern thrust far into a corner for the same reason as before. This is built up by three shake-blocks (shakes are simply riven and undressed shingles), one placed endwise on the other two. The question of lights had been settled as to fact, if not to satisfaction, by a helpful boy on the way; 'Oh, we shall have plenty of light; I have got four candles; the Methodists had only three.' One of these the Bishop had already spiked to the wall beside his sermon, and the missionary's lamp hung by its side; and yet we had a delightful service."

ALABAMA.

The first number of *The Old Church Path*, a monthly magazine conducted by the Rev. George H. Hunt, Rector of Christ Church, Tuscaloosa, is received. It is designed to afford instruction to the laity in Church matters, and "to point out the same old beaten pathway wherein our fathers trod, and where our children may still safely walk without wandering to either extreme and without being cramped or hindered in the exercise of that liberty of opinion in which the Church herself affords due and ample scope." It promises to be interesting and instructive, and we wish it success.

TEXAS.

The following pastoral and prayer should be of use to many, not only on Thanksgiving Day, but for many days after. The obligation to be thankful is one too apt to be forgotten.

Inasmuch as, in addition to His other signal mercies, our Heavenly Father hath been pleased to preserve us from the late heavy and dreadful visitation which has fallen upon many in other places, the following prayer is appointed to be used after the general and special Thanksgiving:

"O God, who declarest Thy almighty power chiefly in showing mercy and pity, and, notwithstanding their shortcomings and sins, didst of Thy gracious goodness hear the prayers of Thy people, and bless the means which were used to stay the approach of the pestilence; we give Thee humble thanks for this Thy great goodness in turning away from us the scourge that has sorely visited other parts of the land, in the midst of judgment remembering mercy for us miserable sinners, delivering us when we were in peril from the jaws of death; and we offer unto Thy fatherly goodness ourselves, our souls and bodies, which Thou hast preserved, to be a living sacrifice unto Thee, always praising and magnifying Thy mercies in the midst of Thy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

ALEX. GREGG,
Bishop of Texas.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Our venerable brother, the Rev. Joseph R. Walker, D. D., has been presented by the congregation of St. Helena Church, Beaufort, with a silver pitcher and salver, engraved as follows: "Presented to Rev. J. R. Walker, D. D., as a token of the loving regard of his congregation, St. Helena Church, Beaufort, So. Ca., September, 1878."—*The Monthly Record.*

In 1848, Mr. John Hoff bequeathed \$3,000, upon the death of his wife, to the "Bible Society of the P. E. Church, located in Charlestown, at present under Bishop Godsdén." Mrs. Hoff has recently died. Her immediate relatives are not willing to have the money paid to the "Female Bible, Prayer-Book and Tract Society of Charlestown," claiming that the Society just named was not the one to which the bequest was made. Zealous efforts are, however, being made to establish its claims to the legacy, with a reasonable hope of success.

In furtherance of this, the testimony of Bishop Howe, the Rev. Messrs Trapier and Welch, Mr. Laurens Toomer and Mrs. A. R. Young, Directress of the Society, has been taken and forwarded to Philadelphia, to the effect, that this present Society is one and the same with that appearing in the will of Mr. Hoff, above referred to.

VIRGINIA.

Report of Committee on Mission Work in Convocation of Southwestern Virginia.—Your Committee beg leave to report: That the mission work to which this Convocation is pledged is now confined to two points as centers, viz.: Dublin, in Pulaski County, Rev. G. S. Gibbs, and Amherst parish, Amherst County, Rev. J. P. Lawrence. Amherst parish has been aided for the past three years to the amount of a yearly stipend of \$100, payable in quarterly installments of \$25. This parish is also aided by the Diocesan Missionary Society to the amount of \$150 per annum. Your Committee are satisfied that the appropriation of the Convocation to this field is a judicious one. The Rector has given evidence, not only of zeal in the missionary field he occupies, but of well-directed effort for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the waste places around him.

But it is to the work at Dublin, and the large surrounding field under the charge of

Rev. G. S. Gibbs, that your Committee deem it their duty to call your especial attention. This has been and is the work of this Convocation. Pulaski parish (Emmanuel Church) and those therein who have been gathered into our communion, are peculiarly the offspring of this Convocation—the children of our prayers, of our labors, and now, thank God, of our high hopes. Three years ago, at the Convocation which met in this place, it was determined to concentrate our missionary effort upon Pulaski County. For this purpose an appropriation of \$400 per annum was voted, and a committee appointed to secure at once a missionary. Rev. G. S. Gibbs undertook this work upon the pledge of Convocation for the yearly amount of \$400, and in addition \$300 to be collected in Pulaski County.

The state of the work when he took charge three years ago, was, in the town of Dublin, two communicants and no church building. The state of the work in Dublin to-day is (including those awaiting confirmation) twenty communicants, thirty-six children baptized, and a handsome Gothic church of brick, paid for and awaiting consecration; also a church at Martin's station, contracted for and funds in hand and pledged to complete it. All this has been accomplished in about two years' time under God's blessing, by the faithful, self-denying labors of Rev. G. S. Gibbs.

MARYLAND.

The Convocation of Baltimore, met at the Church of the Messiah, November 20 and 21. There was a large attendance, and the meeting was one of unusual interest. The first day was, besides religious exercises, devoted to business. The marked feature of the second day was a paper on "Amusements," read by Rev. Dr. Hoff. It was an exhaustive essay upon the subject, and even those who could not join in all the conclusions, were compelled to admire the outspoken words of the essayist. A general discussion of the question followed, and an earnest desire was expressed that the essay might be printed in the newspapers, rather than in sermon or tract form, so that it might reach the people. Dr. Leeds trusted the essayist would follow up the paper by another on "The Amusements in Which a Christian Can Indulge."

PENNSYLVANIA.

Will of the late Sarah R. Beam.—Among the bequests made in her will, by the late Sarah R. Beam, are the following of interest to the Church; She gives to the Church Home the sum of \$200; to the Domestic and Foreign Committee of Missions, \$400, and to the Convention of the Church in the Diocese of Maryland, \$200, to be administered by the Trustees of charities for the use of the permanent clerical sustentation fund.

On Wednesday evening, November 6, Bishop Stevens visited the chapel at Fall-sington, where he preached and administered the rite of confirmation to a class of eight candidates. This neat chapel was erected in this village, where mission services had been held by the Rev. Mr. Brinckloe, by Miss Williamson, of this city, who has contributed generously for its erection and maintenance. The Rev. T. P. Hutchinson officiates in it at stated intervals, and at other times the Church services are read by a lay reader. It is quite a promising point for mission work, and the fine class presented for confirmation is an encour-

aging result from the effort.—*Episcopal Register.*

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

Calvary Church, Tamaqua.—The Bishop of the Diocese visited this parish November 21, 22 and 23. On Thursday evening, the Rite of Confirmation was administered to four candidates. The church was beautifully trimmed for the occasion; the altar was tastefully decked with flowers and a very handsome floral cross. Across the chancel was placed a word-screen of evergreens, and over the arch was the Confirmation sentence, "I will accept thee, saith the Lord." The church was crowded to the utmost, both gallery and nave being filled. There were present of the clergy, the Rev. Messrs. C. Whitehead, Kilgour, Chapman and Burk. After evening prayer, which was rendered chorally throughout and in a very spirited manner, the Bishop preached the sermon. On Friday morning, the 22d, the Bishop proceeded to the institution of the Rector, the Rev. W. J. Miller, who has lately taken charge of the parish. The sermon was by the Rev. Cortland Whitehead of Bethlehem. In clear and concise terms, he set forth the relation of pastor and people, giving words of counsel and encouragement to both. The newly instituted Rector then proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, of which a large number of the communicants partook. At noon, a collation was served by the ladies, in the Sunday-school room, where the members of the parish had an opportunity of welcoming and meeting in a social way the Bishop and attending clergy. In the evening, a third service was held, at which the Rev. Chas. G. Gilliat, Ph. D., of Pottsville, was the preacher. On Saturday morning, a fourth service was held, the occasion being the anniversary of the Junior Aid Society of the parish. This is an organization composed of the younger communicants, its design being to keep, strengthen and deepen, by associated effort under the direction of the Rector, the spiritual life of the members. After Morning Prayer, the Rector set forth the object and scope of the guild and then called on its Vice President, who read a report of work done during the year. The Society was then addressed by the Rev. H. P. Chapman, of St. Clair, and the Bishop, who closed the service and gave to these youthful workers for Christ his blessing. The Society has a membership of twenty-four persons. It was an enjoyable service and we wish that space could be afforded to set forth the work and object of the association more fully. But time and space forbid.

St. Philip's, Summit Hill.—The Bishop also visited, on the evening of the 22d, this parish, which is connected with Calvary, Tamaqua, the Rector visiting it every Sunday afternoon. Here, also, the Bishop was greeted by a very large congregation, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The Rector presented eleven for confirmation, eight of whom are young men. Church life in this parish is strong and healthy, and the people full of zeal and active in all good works. The Rector has much to encourage him.

PITTSBURGH.

Mr. J. L. Bowman has conveyed to Miss I. L. Sweitzer a property, consisting of three acres and a large brick tenement house, which she intends conveying to the Trustees of the Diocese, for such charitable purposes,

in connection with St. John's Church, West Brownsville, as may appear most desirable. The property is valued at about \$3,000.

The Ladies' Prayer-Book Society of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, during the year, distributed 381 Prayer-Books. Of these, 36 were given to parishes in Kentucky, and 150 to those in West Virginia; \$25 was also appropriated for printing Mexican Prayer-Books. At the Church Home there were 36 boys, 30 girls, and 7 aged women, 3 of whom are over eighty years of age. The expenses of the Home were about \$6,000; of this sum the Trustees advanced \$1,000. The boys, as they grow old, are placed in work-shops; they then pay \$1 each per week to the Home, for their board, and, after their day's work is over, come back to a comfortable supper, a cheerful sitting-room, and are amenable to the rules of the Home.

Attached to each parochial report is a statement of the time when the present Rector began his rectorship. Four have been in charge of the same parish more than ten years; five between five and ten years; *thirty-nine*, less than five years. It may well be doubted whether the length of the American pastorate averages four years.

Two excellent features of the work in the Diocese of Pittsburgh are the care of the Trustees of the Diocese over property in dead parishes, and the distinction between Missions in connection with the Convention and with parishes.

The address of the Bishop commences with some remarks about the riots of July, 1877. "Concentrated, material wealth (it is there declared), as held by corporations or great firms, and the more widely spread individual interests, all equally need that the conscience toward God, and the love that Christ enjoins among men, should be dominant amongst us. * * The law and fear of God, the sense of duty to Him, the spirit of Christ, are needed all around. No mere social philosophy, no artificial scheme of society, no balancing of material interest, will avail. No increase of police or military alone will prevent such outbreaks, * * unless a fear and a power greater than any that is human, be engaged on our side."

MASSACHUSETTS.

Grace parish, Lawrence, where the Rev. Dr. Packard labored for thirty years, has placed in the chancel of its church a very fine triplet window of stained glass, to the glory of God and in memory of their faithful Rector. The central panel represents the Good Shepherd holding in his arms a lamb. In this and the other panels are various Christian symbols, foliage and inscriptions. At the bottom of all is the legend, "Rector of this parish for thirty years from its foundation." The window cost \$1,000, the expense being met by the past and present members of the parish, who thus have testified their love for one who sought to be a true pastor.

The parishioners of Christ Church, Waltham, have purchased a very commodious rectory. It is surrounded with pleasant grounds in one of the most beautiful parts of the town, and, as thoroughly refitted with all the modern conveniences, it has been made one of the most desirable residences in the town.

We clip the following from the Boston journals:

"A Correction" Corrected.—To the editors of the Boston Journal: My attention

has been called to an article in the *Journal* of October 30, entitled "A Correction," and signed R. M. Neill. The writer speaks as follows:

In your issue of Thursday last, the following paragraph appeared:

"Rev. R. M. Neill, who has been officiating in a branch of the Episcopal Church, at Fall River, has been silenced by the Bishop of the Diocese, on account of fraudulent practices. He has imposed himself upon Baptist and other churches as a regularly-ordained minister, while he is not."

I would ask you, as a matter of justice, to allow me to make one statement. The first part of the paragraph is incorrect; but I will not burden you with any discussion on that point. As to the latter portion of it, I would simply refer to the following from the *Chicago Standard* of October, 1876:

[Here follows a notice of his ordination as a Baptist minister on the 9th of October, 1876.]

Mr. Neill concludes with these words:

"The attacks which have been made upon me, and which have resulted in damaging paragraphs published in the newspapers, have resulted from personal malice, which, working in underhanded ways, is difficult to circumvent.

R. M. NEILL."

I cannot conscientiously allow such a *seeming* denial of Mr. Neill's gross misconduct in sacred things and his long-continued dishonesty to pass unnoticed, lest other Christian people and societies may suffer in the future as not a few have in the past. Your first item is true in every word, unless, possibly, in the name "Baptist." Mr. O'Neill (his true name) began his career in this country not later than 1873, since which he has served Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist and Episcopal Churches in four or five States between Vermont and Iowa. Having been "an assistant preacher in a religious society in England," but not "an ordained minister," he has repeatedly made use of *forged letters of ordination* and also a *forged letter of recommendation*, and through these has gotten places and salary as a lawful minister of the Word and Sacraments. These documents he exhibited to the Ecclesiastical Authority of the Diocese of Vermont, about three years ago, was confirmed and became a communicant there; but disappeared when letters were written to England, and was soon a recognized minister among the Congregationalists of the West. No longer ago than last summer, before a Baptist Council at Billerica, he claimed that the fabricated papers were genuine; and as the Council had "proof of their forgery *thrice furnished by parties having personal knowledge of the facts*," the unanimous decision was reached "that he ought to be excluded from the Church and deposed from the ministry."

It can do no good to the cause of righteousness, after such statements, to add evidence of this man's false dealing with the writer, under the most searching investigation and the invoked presence of Him who knows all hearts. But it is proper to add that when, three weeks ago (after about a month's candidateship for the ministry of the Episcopal Church) I discovered and laid before him the full detail of his wicked career, it was confessed with many tears, declared the subject of bitter repentance day and night, and a longer probation pleaded for most movingly. His lay reader's commission was canceled his candidateship vacated, his privilege as a communicant withdrawn, and the usual notice in case of a dismissed candidate will soon be in the hands of every Bishop in the United States.

Were this man really penitent, and had his wretched past been buried, it were, perhaps, charity to be silent. But by his denial and explanation, as above quoted, it would seem that the old attitude is to be defended and his claim to honesty maintained. I judge it, therefore, my duty—and the duty of the religious papers, also—to see to it that this iniquitous course be so exposed that falsehood and forgery may be arrested, and that the deceiver may henceforth find it impossible to be counted anywhere as a true "Ambassador for Christ."

BENJ. H. PADDOCK,
Bishop of Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Nov. 12, 1878.

CONNECTICUT.

In our issue of the 23d ult., speaking of the parish at North Haven, we put the average attendance at Holy Communion much too low. It is a rural parish, and the number of communicants is 130; the average attendance will reach 75.

EASTON.

Bishop Lay continues seriously ill. The difficulty is disordered action of the heart. He is ordered South by his physicians, and the expense will be immediately provided for.

CANADA.

The Rev. Henry H. Neals, the Rector of the parish in Richmond, N. B., referring to a mission lately held in his parish writes in the following terms to the *Dominion Churchman*:

"The object of the mission was eminently fulfilled, if we may judge from externals. The visible, direct or indirect, results were that large numbers of people had the Gospel forcibly preached to them. Six adults and three infants were baptized, and about thirty were added to the roll of communicants. A guild was formed for carrying on the work of the parish in a more systematic way, the whole community was solemnized and a new zeal produced, which, added to the deepened conviction gained by many that the Church's doctrine and practice are the doctrine and practice of the Apostles, are a grand preparation for the ordinary pastor's labors. An advance has been made in one week which, under ordinary circumstances, would have taken years of hard work."

ENGLAND.

In 1809, when the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews was founded, it was said that the most diligent search could find only thirty-five Christian Hebrews in the whole of England. Since then, more than 29,000 have embraced the faith and have been baptized.

The "Church of England Temperance Society" has been organized on principles which are sure of successful results, if they be strictly adhered to. They are precisely such as on several occasions I have commended from this chair. Enforcing temperance on all, and abstinence on all who are inclined to indulgence, it wrestles with the demon of strong drink by providing neat and homelike retreats for the people, with wholesome beverages and the diversion of music and singing. To create such rivals to the gin-shop, and to enlist the rich in friendly efforts to improve the homes of the poor, is far more likely to secure a good result than the mere circulation of pledges, and the enforcement of duty with respect to them by impassioned declamation. Let

others do good in other ways; but let us not be ashamed to adopt the less popular but more logical course, which gives us reason to hope for permanent reformation among all classes."—*Bishop Coxe's Annual Address.*

SCOTLAND.

Diocesan Synod of Argyll and the Isles.—The annual Diocesan Synod of Argyll and the Isles was held in Christ's Church, Lochgilphead, on the 5th of September. The attendance of clergy and laity was smaller than on previous occasions. The Assistant Bishop of North Carolina was present throughout the whole of the proceedings.

The Bishop delivered a very impressive charge, in which particular reference was made to the benefits and the harmony of the late Lambeth Conference.

The following resolution was adopted with but one dissenting vote: "That this Synod, whilst recognizing the extreme importance of completing the organization of the Church by the restoration of the metropolitanical authority to the See of St. Andrews, does not deem the present moment an opportune time for the restoration of the said metropolitanical power."

At the close of the session, Provost Noyes expressed the satisfaction that all felt at the presence of the Assistant Bishop of North Carolina that day, and concluded by thanking the Bishop, in the name of the Synod, for the honor that he had done them.

In reply, the Assistant Bishop of North Carolina expressed the satisfaction, that he himself felt in being present at a Synod of the Scottish Church. He said that this was the only Synod that he had ever attended out of his own district, and observed that every American Churchman must feel the greatest interest in and regard for the Scottish Church.

FRANCE.

Marbeuf Chapel.—The Prince of Wales has subscribed one hundred guineas to the fund for rebuilding the Marbeuf Chapel in Paris. Down to 1824, the only Church of England services in Paris were held in the ballroom of the British embassy. In that year, the Rev. Lewis Way, still remembered as an affectionate pastor and eloquent preacher, built, at his own expense, a small but beautiful chapel, attached to the Hotel Marbeuf, in the Rue Chaillot. The larger chapel, erected in 1844, in the Avenue Marbeuf, by Mr. Allen Way, only son of the Rev. Lewis Way, has become dilapidated, and must soon be pulled down. Hence the effort now being made to rebuild it in more creditable style and in a better position. On account of its present surroundings (so different from those of thirty years ago), it is facetiously called "the Church of England in the Mews." It is proposed to have a substantial ecclesiastical building which may in some degree worthily represent the Church of England in France.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHURCH WORK.

How to have a good semi-annual missionary meeting. To the Clergy: Let every clergyman who possibly can attend.

Be present at the opening, and stay through the meeting.

Be prompt at all the sessions.

Join in the discussions and let there be no pauses.

Do just as you would be done by were the meeting in your parish.—*Bishop Gillespie.*

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The Living Church.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

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GEO. F. CUSHMAN, D. D., Associate Editor.

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SOME RECENT TRACTARIANISM.

Some one has kindly sent to us seven controversial tracts, some of which are published by the Church Association, and others dated from Toronto. We are obliged for the kindness; but we cannot approve the purpose or the contents of the documents which we thus acknowledge. They seem to us to be utterly inane; and, worse than that, to have been published in a spirit of accusation and uncharitableness which ought to be always and everywhere rebuked. Three of them are directed against the use of the cross or symbol as a sign in any way whatever. "The image of the cross" is set in antagonism with "the doctrine of the cross," as if an "image of the cross" on a church or on an altar must imply a rejection of the doctrine which it represents. "The cross," we are told, "represents a dead Christ, a buried Christ. It does not represent Christ's triumph, for that was accomplished at the resurrection." This is very strange; for, to our minds, the cross seems to represent the atoning triumph of the living Christ, submitting to death, even the death of the cross, and thereby "overcoming death, and opening unto us the gates of everlasting life." His resurrection was the first fruits of the triumph of the cross. Were it otherwise, it seems to us that the death of Christ would still be no unseemly thing for Christian people to remember. He Himself "hath instituted and ordained Holy Mysteries" "for a continual remembrance of His death;" and unless it can be shown that crosses on churches or elsewhere tend to make men forget His death, or to forsake His sacrament, we submit that charges of abandoning the doctrine of the cross, and broad insinuations of idolatry, are as silly as they are vexatious. It is well that literature of this sort has but small place among ourselves; and we should think our Canadian brethren might find better work to do for the living Christ than to be wasting time, talent and money in bringing railing accusations against their fellow Christians.

Another of these tracts is devoted to a severe reprobation of the use of the Greek letters Alpha and Omega in churches. "All mystic devices," it says, "are devices of the enemy"—a piece of triviality which needs no comment.

Another is entitled "P. P. P." "Popery's Poetical Pioneer." The alliteration is worthy

of a penny-a-liner; and when it is known that the "P. P. P." in question is "Hymns Ancient and Modern," our readers will understand the value of this tract. In spite of its grand version of "*Vexilla Regis, prodeunt*," we would gladly take the collection condemned by the Church Association in exchange for the queerly compiled Hymnal which we now have.

Another tract is devoted to a vigorous reprobation of Gothic architecture in churches, because "their normal plan is in the form of a Latin cross!"

Still another is intended to demolish "Apostolical Succession." The argument is that there have been many wicked Popes; and therefore Apostolical Succession is impossible!

The last tract gives an engraving of a celebration of the Lord's Supper, copied from a book published in 1674. The object being to prove (what everybody knows to be untrue) that altars were *usually* placed tablewise, "even fourteen years after the restoration of Charles II." It gives, also, a quotation from the same book to "exhibit the sound doctrine which was then taught." For our part, we find the doctrine very good. We reproduce it, italics and all, as printed by the Church Association.

"Q. How do we verily and indeed receive CHRIST'S BODY AND BLOOD?"

A. By faith. *The cup which we bless, is it not the Communion of the Blood of Christ? who is present there.*

Q. Believe, saith St. Augustine, and thou hast eaten. *How many manner of ways may Christ be said to be present?*

A. 1. He is present as God in all places. Ps. cxxxix. 7; Jer. xxiii. 24.

2. He is present as Man on the right hand of God, *making intercession for us.*

3. He is present by his grace in the hearts of believers. Ephes. iii. 17.

4. He is present by a special blessing, *whenever two or three are gathered together in his name?*

5. He is present effectually in the Sacraments. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17."

Another question and answer show what were "the vestments" used in the churches of 1674.

"Q. What think you of his habit, as his gown, surplice, and tippet? Can you hear him [i.e. the minister] in them?"

A. It's no more to me what habit he prayeth or preacheth in, than it is to him what habit I hear him in: all our cloaths should be decent and comely: but the Word of God doth not depend upon the cloaths of men; his garments can no more hinder his preaching, than mine do my hearing."

If the Church Association had only learned the spirit of sound common sense contained in the last answer, England would have been spared much senseless wrangling, and some Churchmen in Canada, perhaps, would have found something better to do than to be publishing the silly stuff which we have noticed, possibly at more length than it deserves.

A HIGHLAND PROVERB.

Some of our very good friends seem to be anxious about us. They fear that we are in danger of being selfishly non-committal on subjects of importance. They are anxious that we should forthwith raise some flag of our own, presumably that somebody

else may fire at it. They beseech us in various ways to attack somebody or something. They exhort us to fight, or, at least, to put a chip on our shoulders and challenge the world to knock it off. Well, we are quite willing to gratify them. We have raised a flag on which is emblazoned, "Peace on earth, good will towards men!" We intend, in every number of THE LIVING CHURCH, to attack the enemies of peace. The chip on our shoulders has "Peace!" written all over it, and we defy the world to knock it off. That war is sometimes the only way to lasting peace, we are well aware; and when the peace of the Church is assailed, we shall be quite willing to take our part in the conflict. Happily, there is no such necessity at present. Therefore, we do not feel it to be necessary, like Mr. Snodgrass, at Ipswich, to make "a furious assault upon a small boy;" nor do we think it necessary, like Mr. Winkle, to notify the crowd that we are "just going to begin." We trust there may be no necessity for beginning the unwelcome work of controversy. We pray that the days of peace may long continue. We hardly know how we should feel in a controversial battle. Our armor has not yet been proved, and there is a Highland proverb in which there seems to be a good deal of wisdom. It is this: *You do not know what sword is in the scabbard until it is drawn!* Our modesty leads us to think that it is well on all accounts to leave our untried blade just where it is. The Highland proverb certainly has a good deal in it. You never know what sword is in the scabbard till it is drawn!

MINISTERIAL failures, as they are called, are not without precedent. There were places where Jesus "could do no mighty work;" and the apparent fruits of His whole ministry numbered "about one hundred and twenty" souls.

When ministers "fail," it is not always their fault. The soil has something to do with every harvest; and in the field of the world there are the waysides, and the stony ground, and the thorns, as well as the good ground.

Ministerial failures are sometimes not failures at all. "Except a grain of corn fall into the ground *and die*, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Ministerial successes are not always so great as they seem. "Wood, hay, and stubble," make a larger show than "gold, silver, and precious stones." "Judge nothing before the time, for the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 28, 1878.

En route for the noble little city of Mobile, I find myself, on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, rolling over the magnificent bridge which spans the Mississippi,

and through the horridly ill-ventilated and ill-smelling tunnel which runs under the streets of St. Louis. Emerging into daylight, a few minutes suffice to settle our party at the Lindell Hotel, where the outer man is cleansed and refreshed and the inner man is fortified by a good breakfast. Trinity Church, we learn, is celebrating the day by a joint service with Christ Church, which it would have been pleasant to attend, if the desire to meet an old friend and parishioner had not led me away up the hill to the Church of the Holy Communion. I regret to say that, notwithstanding the recent admonition of one of our correspondents, I was late at church and missed a part of the service. I was in time, however, to hear a capital extemporaneous discourse from the Rector, Rev. Mr. Robert; and, after the communion, I had a delightful half-hour with him and my old friend, Gen. J. H. Simpson, of the U. S. Engineers—one of those sterling Churchmen who are always to be found at church, when the church is open.

Hurrying away from them, I reached St. George's Church just in time to see an immense congregation pouring from its doors. The event of the day has been at St. George's, the Thanksgiving service being specially applied to the recent entire relief of this beautiful church from its heavy burden of debt. A week ago, St. George's owed no less than \$56,700. To meet this, one member of the congregation gave \$20,000, another \$13,000 and four others gave \$2,500 each; and the whole amount of the debt has been raised by about fifty persons. Mr. Holland's success during the four years of his rectorship here, has been very great, and the position of St. George's is now assured. I have but one fear for it, and that is, that the congregation may let their brilliant Rector kill himself with overwork. Bishop Robertson preached to-day at St. George's. It was a glad day for him, too. He looks young and well as ever. To-night he sets out on a little episcopal tour of two or three thousand miles, perhaps; his first stopping-place being just next door to St. Louis, that is to say, 250 miles off.

Dr. Schuyler is said to be well, but is sadly bowed down by his recent sorrowful bereavement. The debt on his church, too, which was supposed to have been entirely paid, is said to amount to some \$40,000 or \$50,000. Why should not the example of St. George's stimulate Christ Church to make a final and successful effort to free their magnificent church from the incubus of debt? And why should not the same example produce a like effect upon the congregation of Holy Communion? When I looked at that beautiful church to-day—a model of a parish church—my first question was: "Is there any debt upon it?" And when I learned that it owed something less

than \$15,000, my second question was: "Why isn't it paid?" Under Mr. Robert's management it will not long remain unpaid. F.

Our Book Table.

[The figures appended to each notice under this head are used to indicate the number of subscriptions to THE LIVING CHURCH, fully paid, for which the book will be sent gratuitously to the canvasser.]

THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH; Being a History of France from the Beginning of the First French Revolution to the End of the Second Empire. By HENRI VAN LAUN. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 500 and 450. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co., Booksellers. (3).

There is no epoch of French history so distinctly separable from the epoch which preceded it as that which the author of this volume has chosen as his theme. All that comes before is a perpetually-shifting panorama in which one never seems to know whether the France of our generation is or is not to be the France of another. It is only by degrees and through interminable conflicts that the monarchy at length became in part the sovereign of the feudal peers of France; and even when that had been accomplished, France could not in any moral or philosophical sense, be said to have been united. The centralization of the powers of government around the King and the submission to him of certain privileged classes, could not alone blend the people of France into a real nationality. What the true people of France had been after their first subjugation by their Frankish conquerors they still remained; that is to say, subjects by force. "All authority, wealth and privileges in France were in the hands of three classes of persons: the clergy, the nobles and the King—to the utter spoliation of twenty-five millions of men." The misery of the people was thus described by La Bruyere a century before the Revolution. "Certain savage-looking beings, male and female, are seen in the country, black, livid and sunburnt, and belonging to the soil which they dig and grub with invincible stubbornness. They seem capable of articulation, and when they stand erect, they display human lineaments. They are, in fact, men. They retire at night into their dens, where they live on black bread, water and roots. They spare other human beings the trouble of sowing, plowing and reaping, and therefore should not be in want of the bread they have planted." If it even chances that a few chicken's feathers are seen before their doors, they are thought to be living too well, and "the taxes will be much increased this year;" that is, the two-fifths of the poorest lands in France, which belong to the subject-class will be further ground by taxation, while the remaining three-fifths of rich land which belong to the King, the clergy and the nobles, will remain exempt from taxation. Such was the State of France for a hundred and fifty years; but it was a state which could not last forever.

In the first book of these two volumes the author graphically and very philosophically describes the gathering of the storm; the wretched condition of the finances caused by maladministration and visionary schemes of finance; the growth of self-asserting public opinion formed and expressed by men of letters; the passionate use of the new-found word *citoyen*, which Rousseau had adopted; the influence of women of rank in aiding

the new tendencies of public thought; the gradual but sincere adoption of just views by nobles like the Marquis de Lafayette: "Never," says M. Taine, "was an aristocracy so deserving of power at the moment of losing it; the privileged class, roused from their indolence, were again becoming public men, and, restored to their functions, were returning to their duties." Alas, it was too late! Kings had assumed that they alone were the State, that the nobles, as their immediate vassals, had rights which must be respected; but that the Commons, or the third estate, as they were called, were nothing. Very different language had come to be used: "What is the third estate?" asked the Abbe de Si yès, and he answered that the third estate was everything. The third estate was the nation! When the necessities of the treasury required the calling-together of the States General, the deputies of the third estate remained standing and covered in the King's presence. Formerly the clergy and the nobles alone had done this, while the deputies of the Commons had been bare-headed and, if they spoke, were obliged to kneel while speaking. So, in a significant way was made the first self-assertion of the third estate.

In the rest of the first volume the author rapidly but fully and sufficiently shows how the long-chained people, who had been "nothing," roused into a frenzy of ferocity when they began to think they were "all;" how the States General was followed by the Constituent Assembly; and that by the Legislative Assembly; and that again by the Convention; the trial and execution of the King; the victory of the Mountain; the reign of terror; the death of Robespierre. This was a drama of convulsions which revealed the horrors of festering disease moral and social, with which the whole body of France had been infected. All that followed—the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire—has been simply the necessary process of reconstruction; and to that subject the second volume of this work is directed. M. Van Laun has given us, for the period which he covers, the best history of France which any ordinary reader could undertake to read at length. The large works are too large; the lesser ones are quite unsatisfactory. M. Van Laun's work is not large and it is satisfactory. He has done for this epoch of France what Mr. Green has done for England in his "Short History of the English People." What we now want is a readable, short, general history of France; and we understand that Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co. have such a work in press.

FRENCH PICTURES, DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL. By the Rev. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D. D. With illustrations by English and foreign artists. 4to, pp. 212. London: Religious Tract Society. Chicago: Mitchell & Hatheway. (3).

To young or old who cannot make a journey through the "sunny land of France," this superbly illustrated book will give much of the pleasure and none of the fatigue of such a journey. The author's plan is admirably well contrived. He carries the reader through an ideal journey, showing with the pencil the scenes which present themselves to the traveler, and with his pen doing the duty of an instructive cicerone. Entering France at Calais, we pass up the valley of the Seine, making a detour to the East and, among other things, looking at the grand cathedrals of Amiens and Beauvais. Then we visit

Normandy and Brittany, after which we travel up the Loire by rail; thence to Auvergne, and the Cevennes and the Alps of Dauphiny. Southwestern and Eastern France come next. A rapid trip from Lyons to Paris takes us past many memorable spots, such as the world-renowned Abbey of Cluny; and the last chapter leaves us in Paris, the paradise to which all good Americans are supposed to go when they die. If ever we have time—and, alas, money—enough to spend a month or six weeks in traveling through France, we shall take Dr. Green for our conductor and his book for our guide-book.

MACLEOD OF DARE A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK, author of "A Princess of Thule," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 408. New York: Harper & Brother, Publishers (1).

In Mr. Black's studies of character, and particularly of Highland character, there is a fidelity to nature that amounts to realism, together with all the imaginative ideality of a poetic artist. To sketch the story of Macleod of Dare in a very few words would be easy enough; but it would represent the story just about as faithfully as a blackboard outline would represent a Dutch painting. The interest and power of it lie in the study of the hero. He is a genuine Macleod—inheriting something from the wild ancestry of the Western Highlands, to whom revenge was sweet, and burning, slaughtering and devastating were the ordinary means of vengeance. The clansmen are tamed, however, in these latter days. "We are all sheep, now," says Macleod of Dare. As introduced to us at first and as represented to the very hour of the catastrophe in the last chapter, the young Highlander is brave, sweet-hearted, loyal, trustful, nobly generous. How, the reader asks, is the *denouement* to combine the elements of the study in one homogeneous whole? When the end is reached, one sees—what no one ought to learn without reading "Macleod of Dare."

SUGGESTIONS in aid of Devotion and Godliness, designed chiefly for choristers. By W. T. Seabury, D. D. 32mo, pp. 100. New York: Pott, Young & Co.

If minute and detailed instructions for private devotion in public worship are ever really useful, this manual is one of the best, if not the very best, we know. The doctrinal expositions are "high," certainly, but guardedly expressed; and Dr. Seabury is incapable of the rash extravagances of statement and phraseology which offend the ears of conservative Churchmen. On the whole, we think our friend Dr. Seabury deserves thanks for this faithful bit of conscientious work.

THE RULE OF GOD'S COMMANDMENTS. By GEO. EDWARD JELF, M. A., Vicar of Saffron Walden. 16mo, pp. 168. London: S. P. C. K. New York: Pott, Young & Co. (1).

A very plain and suggestive treatise on the Ten Commandments. To the old it will tell nothing new. To the young it will give many useful warnings.

1. **LITTLE SNOWFLAKE'S ALBUM.** 2. **HAPPY HOMES IN PICTURE LAND.** 3. **ALL PICTURES AND STORIES.** London: Partridge. New York: Nelson.

1. **AUNT EMMA'S PICTURE BOOK.** 2. **THE CHATTERBOX** for 1878. Nelson.

These five elegant books for children come to us from Mitchell & Hatheway, who are evidently preparing for the good time coming at Christmastide, when Santa Claus will need such things as these to drop down by the bedside of good little children.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The American Episcopate. Lippincott.
The Virginian in Texas. Harper.
Tales of Ancient Greece. Jansen, McClurg & Co.
Tecumseh. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Madeleine. Jansen, McClurg & Co.
The House by the Works. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Pretty Polly Pemberton. Scribners.
Lindsay's Luck. Scribners.
Gates into the Psalm Country. Scribners.
Evelina. Harpers.
Bachelor of the Albany. Harpers.

Public Opinion.

[THE LIVING CHURCH desires to give the greatest possible scope for the expression of opinion. In this department any Christian man who desires to present his views of any subject, with reasonable brevity, over his own signature, and without offensive personality, is at liberty to do so, whether his opinions agree with those of the Editors or not.]

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

BIBLIOTHECA CURIOSA—MUSIC.

NEW YORK, December, 1878.

The bibliomaniac has had recently an opportunity to gratify his fondness for old and curious books. Mr. Odell's library has been sold at auction. Among the rare volumes were Dibdin's edition of More's "Utopia," and the first American edition of Homer in original Greek text, printed in New Haven in 1814. The latter work was sold for \$15. A rare copy of Metialis; a Latin edition of "Mandeville's Travels"; a history, in Latin, of Pope Joan; "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," and an old copy of "Don Quixote." "Don Quixote" always finds readers. Macaulay declared that it was "certainly the best novel in the world, beyond all comparison." While we may doubt the truth of this assertion, it can hardly be questioned that the work is always popular.

All of Mrs. Stowe's admirers are rejoiced that a new edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is in preparation; it is to be profusely illustrated. Besides the bibliography of the various editions and languages in which the work has appeared, it will contain an introduction narrating the origin of the story, and the circumstances which attended its composition, by Mr. Bullen, of the British Museum.

"Golden Thoughts of Mother, Home and Heaven," with an introduction by Rev. Dr. Cuyler, is a volume which has been prepared with special reference to the Christmas holidays. The work consists of selections from more than three hundred American and British authors. The selections, in both prose and verse, illustrate the beauty of domestic life under the influence of religion.

Your Western poet, Joaquin Miller, sends us from over the sea, "Songs of Italy." Italy, "the white walls, the blue hills, my Italy," is for those who have received the "kiss of inspiration," what the Elysian Fields were for the ancients, the El Dorado for the Spaniards. The poets revel in Italy. Their enthusiasm overflows in verses, so that we expect every year poems about Italy as much as we expect the equinoctial storms. I think we are all glad that Miller finds nothing in Italy to compare with the joys of his beloved Sierras. A certain lingering homesickness finds expression in one of his poems:

"O, God, once more in my life to hear
The voice of a wood that is loud and alive,
To sing with the birds that sing for me,
To tread where only the red man trod,
To say no word, but listen to God."

These later poems are—if one might say so—more conventional. They are something more than mere gushes of passion, sorrow and ecstasy.

That grand, standard question of the day: "Where do all the pins go to?" is paling with insignificance before the one which now naturally arises: "Where do all the cook books come from?" Marion Harland now appears in the literary field with "The Dinner Year-Book." It forms a supplement to her previous cookery books, and gives a bill of fare for dinner for every day of the year.

Robert Lowell, who, twenty years ago, made his first appearance as an author, has recently opened a new field in American fiction. His volume of stories, "A Story or two from an Old Dutch Town," gives a swift glance at a few lives and the incidents which absorbed them fifty years ago, in an old Dutch-town, probably Schenectady.

Among the memoirs, one of Motley, the historian, written by his intimate friend, Dr. O. W. Holmes, will be published in December. Memoirs of the life of Anna Jameson, with a portrait, is a new publication.

Elizabeth Johnson has presented the leading and practical rules of art in a simple and popular form in her book, "The Studio Arts." She furnishes a guide to amateurs rather than to professional painters.

Herr Wilhelmj's success in New York retards his progress westward. He will have reason to be satisfied with his American tour, if he everywhere meets with as enthusiastic and appreciative audiences as have greeted him here. Wilhelmj is the fashion, and if you have been to a Wilhelmj concert you are forthwith an interesting person to converse with, provided you have mastered the pronunciation of his rather unpronounceable name. He performs some of his own compositions, and selections from the grand concertos of Beethoven, Lipinsky, Rubenstein and other bright and shining lights in the musical world. Beethoven's concerto in D is one of his strong specialties. It is said that the King of Holland has sent to Wilhelmj a letter, requesting him to direct the musical festivities which will occur at the approaching marriage of the King to his youthful bride.

The musical season has been fairly inaugurated. There are symphony concerts and philharmonic rehearsals and concerts and oratorios.

Madame Gerster has made her debut in New York in Italian opera. The art-critics speak and write very favorably of her. We have had "La Sonnambula," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Rigoletto," and "I Puritani," with promises of other operas, and for the time being New York is complacent and satisfied. FRANCES STEVENS.

THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

Among the very many causes for which the Church is thankful, are the charity and heroism brought into such marked attention during the reign of the pestilence. The times seemed to be unusually hard in more than one respect, and the Christian religion seemed to be losing its hold upon the nation's mind, heart and will. Financial disaster made shipwreck of many a character. The trusted were found to be dishonest, and dishonest although professed followers of Jesus. And just in proportion to the confidence placed in their integrity did their dishonesty make

a heavier and more terrible—more terrible as a more sweeping—calamity. It was just the time for the foes of Christianity to make their attacks, and with telling force. They cried, "The Christian religion is a delusion, a farce, a sham. There is no immortality, no heaven, no hell, no God to take vengeance for sin." These assertions were claimed to be proven by those who fell in the hour of severe temptation, or used religion to mask iniquity. For a time it appeared as if infidelity was to triumph, and that Christian faith and integrity had died out of the nation's heart. Had God forsaken his people? Had He given the nation up to its desire and haste to be rich at any cost and at any sacrifice? Who could tell? God Himself gave the answer. He sent the plague. The South, in its distress, sent up a wail of agony and a cry for help which was answered by the North in such wise as to make the faithful unspeakably thankful. It was not simply money that poured in upon the distressed, but men and women, who, taking their lives in their hands, went to save their fellow-citizens. Many fell. Not clergymen only, not doctors only, not sisters of charity only; but men and women who could have taken their comfort and ease, and have passed the sufferers by. One can imagine angels pointing infidels to these noble men and women, and asking, "Is that a delusion, a farce, a sham, which can inspire such men and such women to such deeds? Could your systems and your animus lead you to do likewise? They love God and His Christ, and therefore love their fellow-men, counting not even their lives dear unto themselves. Martyrs they are, and martyrs shall they be crowned by the King of Martyrs." Shall we not rejoice?

It seems hardly possible but that the charity of the North to the South, the good-will and brotherly kindness so recently exhibited, must effect a reconciliation between the two sections of our common country, and secure a lasting union. God grant that such shall be the result, and that a Thanksgiving Day is not far distant when a united North and South—all old grievances forgiven and forgotten—shall sing a Te Deum of thanks out of a heart full of gratitude to Him who has given domestic peace. F. N. LUSON.

Communications.

A PARALLEL CASE.

TO THE LIVING CHURCH:

The reading of J. N. N.'s communication in a late number of THE LIVING CHURCH, puts me in mind of a case similar to the one related by that writer. Here it is:

For almost a year two young men of exemplary character were regular attendants of the services of the Church in a parish not a thousand miles from Chicago. They were of another communion—the Congregationalist—but had become deeply interested in the Church, and were open to any conviction regarding its claims. The parish referred to was small. Its communicants were a mere handful. There was certainly nothing after the preparation of sermons and the usual pastoral visits to prevent the Rector in charge from ever calling upon or speaking to those young men whom he must certainly have seen every time of their attendance. Yet, strange to speak, those young men never received any sign of recognition from the

one from whom they most expected encouragement and sympathy. They were unnoticed regularly, Sunday after Sunday, week after week, until one day they resolved never again to attend the services conducted by him. They have returned to the communion where they *do* feel that they find congeniality. To the certain knowledge of the writer, a deep prejudice against the Church has taken root in their hearts. A leading opinion of theirs is, that coldness and indifference are characteristics of many of the clergy.

Inasmuch as one of these young men had been an active worker in the Sunday school of that other communion, and had entertained thoughts of entering the ministry, the loss to the Church of these young men need not be considered as a small matter.

The moral enforced by this actual occurrence is obvious. It is superfluous to even mention that it should be impressed upon all who have the Divine commission to preach the Glad Tidings. The great thought that grows upon us in this connection is the power of words and actions that have the backing of earnestness and sympathy. How little will our best words from the pulpit avail unless they are supplemented by active labors in the street, on the highway, by the fireside, everywhere!

W.
CLEVELAND, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1878.

The Fireside.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze at eve
Call'd thy harvest work to leave—
Pray: ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveler, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see;
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

—HEMANS.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF BISHOP STANLEY IN AN ALPINE PASS.

It was in the year 1818 that the Bishop (then Mr. Stanley) arrived in the village of Martigny, a few days after that memorable catastrophe when, by the bursting of its icy mounds, the extensive lake of Mauvoisin was in an instant let loose, pouring forth six hundred millions of cubic feet of water over the peaceful and fruitful valley of the Drance, with the irresistible velocity of sixteen miles an hour, and carrying before its overwhelming torrent every vestige of civilized life which stood within its impetuous reach. The whole village and its environs exhibited a dreary scene of death and desolation; and the traveler found it impossible to contemplate the effects consequent upon so awful a visitation without a corresponding excitement of strong curiosity to follow the devastation

to its source, and learn from personal inspection the mode in which Nature had carried on and completed her dreadful operations. Accordingly, having ascertained that, although the regular roads, bridge-ways, and pathways were carried away, a circuitous course over the mountains was practicable to the very foot of the glaciers of Mont Pleureur, which impended over the mouth of the Lac de Getroz, he determined to make the attempt. During the first day's journey nothing of particular importance occurred. The early dawn of the second morning found our traveler, accompanied by two guides mounted on horseback, and prepared for an excursion, which, under the most favorable circumstances, must be long and fatiguing. For the first three or four hours the road lay sometimes along plains, sometimes along heights, presenting a succession of striking objects among the wildest imaginable exhibitions of mountain scenery. At length the party descended into a valley of considerable extent, affording a flat platform of what had once been meadow land, but was then a wide plain, on whose surface, in every direction, were scattered, in wild confusion, rocks and stones, and uprooted trees of all dimensions, deposited by the torrent, which had returned to its original channel, through which it was roaring over a bed of broken granite, forming a sort of loose and coarse shingle. This valley, though unconfined toward the west, was apparently closed in toward the east, immediately in their route, by a stupendous barrier of precipitous rock, as if a mountain impending over the river on the right, had shot forth one of its mighty arms, for the purpose of arresting the waters in their progress. On drawing nearer, however, a fissure, extending from the summit to the base, through the very heart of the rock, was perceptible, through which the river rushed in a more confined channel. It was evident that, unless they could pass onward through this fissure, there was no alternative but to return. As they approached, the guides evinced considerable anxiety, casting anxious looks at certain blocks of stone imbedded in small pools detached from the main current of the stream.

"The waters are higher than they were yesterday," said one.

"And are rising at this moment," replied his comrade, who was carefully watching the smooth side of one of the detached blocks, half-filling the calm and unruffled surface of one of these diminutive lakes. And again, with scrutinizing eyes, they looked toward the fissure.

"Shall we be able to stem the torrent in yonder spot?" asked the traveler.

"We hope so," they hastily answered; "but not a moment must be lost." And suiting the action to the word, their horses were spurred on at full trot, the eyes of the guides being intently fixed on something evidently in or near the river. One of the men now asked Mr. Stanley if he saw a dark speck at the foot of the left-hand precipice; and being answered in the affirmative,

"Monsieur," said he, "the waters are rising rapidly by the increased melting of the snows; and if that dark stone is covered when we reach the fissure, our passage through the torrent will be hazardous, if not impracticable."

From that instant the fragment was eagerly watched; but instead of becoming more marked and visible as it was more

nearly approached, it diminished in size, and, notwithstanding every effort to urge on the horses, it soon dwindled to a speck, and was almost immediately after entirely lost under the ripple of white foam which broke over its highest point.

"It is all over," exclaimed the guides; and they reined in their panting horses. Alighting from his animal, Mr. Stanley proceeded, in despair, to attempt securing, in a sketch, reminiscence of the magnificent scene before him.

While thus engaged, he observed the two men in earnest conversation, walking to and fro, now looking back on the road they had traveled, and then casting their eyes toward the right; the only words he could distinctly hear—for they were more than once repeated—being, "Mais il faut avoir bonne tete; a-t-il bonne tete?"

At length one of them addressed him: "Monsieur, il y a un autre chemin, mais c'est dangereux; c'est un *mauvais pas!*" On being questioned as to the nature of this *mauvais pas*, the guide gave no distinct information. It was neither steep nor fatiguing; but it required *une bonne tete, car, si on glisse, on est perdu!*"

This winding-up was neither encouraging nor satisfactory; but having so repeatedly heard the danger of these mountain passes exaggerated, the courageous traveler expressed his readiness to try this path, if they had made up their minds to guide him. To this they consented, and preparations were instantly made; "for," added they, "the day is waning, and you will find there is much to be done."

From this point of the adventure Mr. Stanley's account shall be given in his own words. "During the ride I endeavored to pick up farther particulars respecting the winding up of our enterprise; but all I could learn was, that in consequence of the suspension of all communication in the valleys below, by the destruction of the roads and bridges, a chamois-hunter had, since the catastrophe, passed over this path, but that it had never before been used as a regular communication, and certainly never would again, as none, but from sheer necessity, would ever think of taking advantage of it. In the course of rather more than an hour's sharp ascent we attained a more level surface in the bosom of a thick forest of pine and underwood, fronted, as far as I could guess, from occasional glimpses through gaps and intervals, by a gray, dull curtain of bare rock.

"We are approaching the *mauvais pas*," said one of the guides.

"Is it as rough as this?" said I, floundering, as I was, through hollows of loose stones and bushes.

"Oh, no; it is as smooth as a floor," was the reply.

"In a few minutes we shall be on the *pas*," said the other, as we began to descend on the eastern declivity of the ridge we had been mounting for the last hour. And then, for the first time, I saw below me the valleys of the Drance spread forth like a map, and that it required but half a dozen steps at most to have cleared every impediment to my descending amongst them, in an infinitely shorter time than I had expended in mounting to the elevated spot from whence I looked down upon them. And then, too, for the first time certain misgivings as to the propriety of going further, and a shrewd guess as to the real nature of the *Mauvais*

Pas, flashed across me, in one of those sudden heart-searching thrills so perfectly defined in the single word *crebling*—a provincial term, expressing that creeping, paralyzing, twittering, palpitating sort of sensation which a nervous person might be supposed to feel, if, in exploring a damp and dark dungeon, he placed his hand unadvisedly upon some cold and clammy substance which his imagination might paint as something too horrible to look at. But whatever were the force and power of these feelings, it was not now the time to get the mastership, * *

and, after all, though there were very unequivocal symptoms of something terrible in the immediate vicinage of the undefined gray screen of rock before me, I had as yet no certainty of its appalling realities. For a furlong or two no great change was perceptible; there was a plentiful supply of twigs and shrubs to hold by, and the path was not by any means alarming. In short, I began to shake off all uneasiness and smile at my imaginary fears, when, on turning an angle, I came to an abrupt termination of everything bordering on twig, bough, pathway, or greensward, and the *Mauvais Pas*, in all its fearfulness, glared upon me. For a foreground (if that could be called a foreground, separated as it was by a gulf of some fathoms wide) an unsightly facing of unbroken precipitous rock bearded me on the spot from whence I was to take my departure, jutting out sufficiently to conceal whatever might be the state of affairs on the other side, round which it was necessary to pass by a narrow ledge like a mantel-piece, on which the first guide had now placed his foot. The distance, however, was inconsiderable—at most a few yards—after which I fondly conjectured we might rejoin a pathway similar to that we were now quitting, and that, in fact, this short but fearful *trajet* constituted the substance and the sum total of what so richly deserved the title of the *Mauvais Pas*. 'Be firm; hold fast, and keep your eye on the rock,' said the guide, as I, with my heart in my mouth, stepped out. 'Is my foot firmly fixed?' 'It is,' was the answer; and, with my eyes fixed upon the rock, as if it would have opened under my gaze, and my hands hooked like claws on the slight protuberances within reach, I stole silently and slowly toward the projection, almost without drawing a breath. Having turned this point, I still found myself proceeding, but to what degree, and whether for better or worse, I could not exactly ascertain, as I most pertinaciously continued to look upon the rock, mechanically moving foot after foot with a sort of dogged perseverance, leaving to the leading guide the pleasing task, which I most anxiously expected every moment, of assuring me that the deed was done, and congratulating me on having passed the *Mauvais Pas*. But he was silent as the grave—not a word escaped his lips; and on, and on, and on did we tread, slowly, cautiously and hesitatingly, for about ten minutes, when I became impatient to learn the extent of our progress, and inquired whether we had nearly reached the other end. 'Pas encore.' 'Are we half way?' 'A peu pres,' were the replies. Gathering up my whole stock of presence of mind, I requested that we might pause awhile; and then, as I deliberately turned my head, the whole of this extraordinary and frightful scenery revealed itself at a glance. Conceive an amphitheater of rock, forming throughout a bare, barren, perpendicular precipice, of I knew not how

many hundred feet in height, the two extremities diminishing in altitude as they approached the Drance, which formed the chord of this arc; that on our left constituting the barrier which had impeded our progress, and which we had just ascended. From the point where we had stepped upon the ledge, quitting the forest and underwood, this circular face of precipice commenced, continuing without intermission till it united itself with its corresponding headland on the right—the only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches; the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock which had, from time immemorial, shaled from the heights above, and lodged on this slightly projecting shelf. The distance, from the time taken to pass it, I guessed to be not far short of a quarter of a mile. At my foot, literally speaking (for it required but a semi-quaver of the body, or the loosening of my hold, to throw the center of gravitation over the abyss), were spread the valleys of the Drance, through which I could perceive the river meandering like a silver thread; but, from the height at which I looked down, its rapidity was invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard. The silence was absolute and solemn; for, fortunately, not a zephyr fanned the air to interfere with my precarious equilibrium.

"There was no inducement for the lesser birds of the field to warble where we were; and the lammergeirs and the eagles, if any had their eyries amidst these crags, were reveling in the banquet of desolation below. As I looked upon this awfully magnificent scene, a rapid train of thoughts succeeded each other—I felt as if I were contemplating a world I had left, and which I was never again to revisit; for it was impossible not to be keenly impressed with the idea that something fatal might occur within the space of the next few minutes, effectually preventing my return thither as a living being. Then, again, I saw before me the forms and figures of many I had left—some a few hours, some a few weeks before. Was I to see them again or not? The question again and again repeated itself, and the oftener, perhaps, from a feeling of presumption I experienced, in even whispering to myself that I decidedly should. '*Si on glisse, un est perdu!*' How horribly forcible and true did these words now appear—on what a slender thread was life held! A trifling deviation in the position of a foot, and it was over. I had but to make one single step in advance, and I was in another state of existence. Such were a few of the mental feelings which suggested themselves, but others of a physical nature occurred. I had eaten nothing since leaving the old convent in which I had spent the preceding night, and the keen air on the mountains had so sharpened my appetite, that by the time I had reached the summit we had just quitted I felt not only a good deal exhausted but extremely hungry. But hunger, thirst and fatigue followed me not on the ledge. A feast would have had no charm, and miles upon a level road would have been as nothing. Every sense seemed absorbed in getting to the end; and yet, in the midst of this unenviable position, a trifling incident occurred, which actually for a time gave rise to something of a pleasurable sensation. About midway I espied, in a chink of the ledge,

the beautiful and dazzling blossom of the little *Gentiana nivalis*, and, stopping the guides while I gathered it, I expressed great satisfaction in meeting with this lovely little flower on such a lonely spot. And I could scarcely help smiling at the simplicity of these honest people, who from that moment whenever the difficulties increased, endeavored to divert my attention by pointing out or looking for another specimen. We had proceeded a good part of the way, when, to my dismay, the ledge, narrow as it was, became perceptibly narrower, and at the distance of a yard or two in advance I observed a point where it ran to nothing, interrupted by a protuberant rock. I said nothing, waiting the result in silence. The guide before me, when he reached the point, threw one foot round the projection, till it was firmly placed, and, holding on the rock, then brought up the other. What was I to do? Like Arthur Philipson's guide Antonio, I could only say, 'I was no goat-hunter, and had no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff like a raven;' 'I cannot perform that feat,' said I to the guide; 'I shall miss the invisible footing on the other side, and—then!' They were prepared for the case. One of them happened to have a short staff; this was handed forward, and formed a slight rail, while the other, stooping down, seized my foot, and, placing it in his hand, answered: 'Tread without apprehension; it will support you as firmly as the rock itself; be steady—go on.' I did so, and regained the ledge once more in safety. The possible repetition of such an exploit was not by any means to my taste, and I ventured to question the foremost guide as to the chance of its recurrence, and the difficulties yet in store. Without pretending to disguise them, he proceeded to dilate upon that portion of our peregrination still in reserve, when the other interrupted him impatiently, and in French, instead of *patois* (forgetting in his anxiety to enjoin silence, that I understood every word he uttered), exclaimed, 'Not a word more, I entreat you; speak not to him of danger; this is not the place to excite alarm; it is our business to cheer and animate;' and, in the true spirit of his advice, he immediately pointed to a bunch of little gentians, exclaiming, 'Eh, done, qu'elles sont jolies! regardez ces charmants fleurs!' Long before I had half accomplished the distance, and had formed a correct opinion as to what remained in hand, the propriety of turning back had more than once suggested itself; but, on looking round, the narrowness of the shelf already passed presented so revolting an appearance, that what with the risk to be incurred in the very act of turning about and forming anything like a *pirouette* in my present position, added to an almost insurmountable unwillingness to recede, for the reasons above mentioned, and the chance that, as it could not well be worse, the remainder might possibly be better, I decided on going on, estimating every additional inch as a valuable accession of space, with a secret proviso, however, in my own mind, that nothing on earth should induce me to return the same way, notwithstanding the declaration of the guides that they knew of no other line, unless a bridge, which was impassable yesterday, had been made passable to-day, and we knew the people were at work, for a man had gone before us with an ax over his shoulder.

"Thus, persevering with the speed of a tortoise or a sloth, these solemn, slow move-

ments of hand and foot forcibly reminding me of that cautious animal, we at last drew near to a more acute point in the curve of this gaunt amphitheater, where it bent forward toward the river, and consequently we were more immediately fronted by the precipice forming the continuation of that on which we stood. By keeping my head obliquely turned inward, I had hitherto in great measure avoided more visual communication than I wished with the bird's-eye prospect below; but there was no possibility of excluding the smooth, bare frontage of rock right overhead. There it reared itself from the clods beneath to the clouds above, without outward or visible sign of fret or fissure, as far as I could judge, on which even a chamois could rest its hoof; for the width of whatever ledge it might have was diminished, by the perspective view we had of it, to Euclid's true definition of a mathematical line—viz., length without breadth. I have no very clear recollection of the mode of our exit, and cannot speak positively as to whether we skirted any part of this perilous wall of the Titans, or crept up through the corner of the curve by some fissure leading to the summit. I have, however, a very clear and agreeable recollection of the moment when I came in contact with a tough bough, which I welcomed and grasped as I would have welcomed and grasped the hand of the dearest friend I had upon earth, and by the help of which I in a very few more seconds scrambled up, and set my foot once more, without fear of slips or sliding, on a rough heathery surface, forming the bed of a ravine, which soon led us to an upland plateau, on which I stood as in the garden of paradise."

THE APOSTOLIC EPISCOPATE.

By an Apostolic Episcopate we understand, then, that the Apostles embodied that element in Church Government which has ever since been represented by the Episcopacy; that the Episcopacy of the Church Catholic, while it has itself continued unbroken, has brought down through consecration, and transmitted by ordination of the ministry—the Apostolical Succession. In the Apostolate as a temporary estate there were powers and gifts which were incidental to the formative period of the Church; a world-wide breadth of labor with a pledged success; inspiration to make the moral and religious teaching infallibly true; supernatural gifts to supplement the personal influence and give attestation to the unfolding economy. To such "*Charismata*," whether as the investiture of Apostles, or descending as they did on the heads of the lower ministry and laymen, dying out as dawn streaks into the confirmed morning, no after age has laid claim; and the name "APOSTLE" was separated in honor, to indicate the peculiarity in the administration of the unchanging trust. But the Commission became the Church's precious gift, which she has kept and propagated among the universals of her Catholic unity. She has measured its honor, gauged its responsibility and vindicated its authority by every passage of awful commission and tender pledge, addressed to the Apostles as a federal Headship. All history attests the fact of the Universal Episcopate. The individual Churches preserve the sacred Successions. The Laws and Discipline, the Councils and the persecutions, reverence and tyranny point to the same shining mark. Round the world and

down its ages the Sacred College has led the great society of Christendom with Headship unquestioned for fifteen centuries, and to-day it groups, in representative solemnity to "set the fair miter" on another downcast head, and clasp in the same brotherhood, another "servant of all" in the strange "foolishness" and "weakness" of an Angel Overseer of the Church of God.

Not more uniform has been the honorable Office in succession and duty, than it has been in reproach and trials. Each true-hearted and laboring Bishop, down in this nineteenth century, finds himself in fellowship indescribable with Paul, the suffering Missionary Bishop, however he may shrink from personal comparison with holy Paul, the Great Apostle. The comparison is not crude, nor are the resemblances merely general. They are alike "men of wonder" in brotherhood of order and individual experiences. Face answereth to face with weird reflection as they line along the bank of this stream from the mount. They see it in the Apostles, and hear it in their manly plaints, while each heart quivers in mysterious affinity,

Brother to Brother binding,
Binding all the closer to the "Prince of all."

Satan buffeting, and the madness of the people; the adversary beguiling through partisan strifes and sectarian jealousies; personal defects and jealous suspicions; heartless neglect of maintenance and charities; false doctrines and schisms; questions of ritual and sacrament; fightings without and fears within; misconstrued teachings and offense for a word; dishonored discipline and broken vows, and wrecked lives, in the "care of all the churches." Rude violence in Alexander the Coppersmith; covetousness in Demas; false doctrines in Hermogenes and Philetus; envious competition in Diotrephes; irreligious trade-unions in Demetrius the silversmith; woman's jealousy in Euodia and Syntyche; popular buzzing through households of faith, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I Evangelical. There is scarcely a grief or taunt or hardship that the inspired College of the first Bishops did not experience. The "men of wonder" act and speak—brace themselves and tremble in "deep places." Out of the deep they not only cry unto the Lord, but they bring the Lord down as partaker with them; they talk strange languages, as they do strange things. "We are fools for Christ's sake;" "I fill up the sufferings of Christ in my flesh for his Body's sake, which is the Church;" "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus;" "I will rather glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me;" "earthen vessels;" "weakness of God;" "foolishness of preaching;" "beside myself;" "none of these things move me." Then out of all this confusion of human accidents, this bemoaning, worrying litigation and persecuted condition, all surmounted by endurance and transformed by the Christly alchemy into precious joy and triumph—out of all comes the unearthly cry of these men of wonder from heights that eye of the flesh cannot climb and depths which no experience of manhood may plumb: "Who is sufficient for these things?"

In the Epistle to the Corinthians there is contained striking impersonation of all this, among elements of society, types of human

nature and trials of Christianity, which are singularly reproduced in our own day. The New Corinth shared in the proverbial luxury and prodigality which famed the Old before the heel of the "Iron Kingdom" crushed it. But it was in alliance with keen activities and enterprise. Commerce freighted its gifts and its corruptions. Many nations talked in her streets and thronged her amphitheater. Industry plied extensive manufactures. The culture and vices which distinguished the old city, had been largely inherited. But in addition, as to a place fresh and created by imperial will, there was confluent the sciolism, degenerate philosophy, and conflicting ingredients of decomposing heathen society; with wandering Judaism, Eastern myths and Grecian traditions—material, rationalistic, Epicurean, disputations and fanatical—with wealth to gratify desire, and with taste polished to cast over all seductive charm.*

There went Paul, and there entered the Gospel with its divine power, to arrest and convert, and the Christian Church stood on the arena of this motley, enterprising, flip-pant, vicious and passionate throng. We have no place here for detail of what three years developed. But we all know that party spirit, and partisan affinities—the bane of the present ecclesiastical condition, find there the earliest record; while disorders which affected discipline and doctrine, vital morals, and the sacramental of the Holy Communion of the Body and Blood, twined with jealousies and personal slanders of the Apostles themselves. Into this scene of faction and worldliness came the depreciated Apostle weightily by his letters, and we have on that starting line of the Church's course, clearly delineated the reproach and the vindication of the Apostolic Episcopate. Perhaps to no Letter can we better apply, from the divine and human side, the bold figure of Luther: "The words of Paul are not dead words, they are living creatures, and have hands and feet."

The Apostle takes all these confusions and spiritual perils into his own individual life; but, as commissioned minister—the "Man of Wonder." His personality embraces the other Apostles (for the Episcopate produces in its unity a fusion of natures) still dashes on, with its wonderful egoism stirred to its depths. He is administrator of a trust—the mysteries of Christ. He must be faithful to an inflexible standard, however unpopular. Human judgment cannot determine the right or wrong. It belongs not to man's day (*mannes day*—WICKLIFFE), and though even in his own conscience he may be strong in right, this cannot justify. He and the Sent Brotherhood are officially the authoritative source of the gifts, and their godly judgments are imperative. They are the governing dispensers. It was a trust awful and indefinite before the Great Bishop of Souls, but not subject to man's choice or preference. It must be received and obeyed, not compared, blamed or flattered. They bore commission as a college and institution, and the Body of the Faithful grew outside and around them. They had the power of fatherhood and the gifts of government. With irony the Apostle strips the pretensions of conceited individualism, and humiliates the teachers and people who, pampered with the gifts, gloried as if they had not received them.

* Vid. Stanley on Cor.

With almost sarcasm he parades the tinsel assumption, "Now are ye full; now are ye rich; now ye have reigned as kings without us."

But I deem that when he had dictated this passionate burst, glorying in the commission of the Apostolic Episcopate, magnifying his office, and cut to the heart by the overthrow of his labors, and impending dishonor of the Gospel—we may feel that suddenly he choked in the dictation, as the ghastly reality of weakness, shame, toil and anguish closed in upon him. He utters those words of almost horror as the amphitheatre, and the band of gladiators brought in last for death, and the throng of un pitying spectators piled on the seats, to the blue sky line, rose in vision on his dazed heart: "I think that God had set forth us the Apostles last as it were appointed to death, for we are made a spectacle to the world and to angels and to men."—*Extract from a sermon of Bishop Whitehouse, preached at the Consecration of Bishop Pierce, Christ Church, Mobile, Jan. 25, 1870.*

WORSHIP.

Am I mistaken in saying that in our worship of God we tend to run rather into the language of prayer than of praise? That is because we are habitually more given to prayer than to praise; and this, again, because we are more alive to our still ungratified desires than to the mercies which we already have. Let any one recall his ordinary private devotions, and he will find, I think, that they have in them more of *supplication* than of *thanksgiving*. Let him go still farther, and bring under review his habitual thoughts, and see if he is not more anxiously alive to the hourly wants that press upon him than to the innumerable mercies that crown his life. Is not this verily, of man's nature—that his thoughts tend self-ward, not God-ward?

Now, one of the great uses and necessities of "Forms of Worship" is to teach man *how to worship*—to teach him, alike, *how to praise*, and *how to pray*; to take him out of his narrowness and selfishness, and to raise his heart heavenward: as well in adoring praise as in humble supplication. The Form of Prayer given by our Blessed Lord—and this Divine Model of acceptable worship ought to be the standard by which all forms should be tested—gives us the perfect idea of prayer. It begins by turning the soul to the Father always first in Holy Worship—from itself to God—"Our Father"—the always first in the hearts of His children; then the coming of the Father's Kingdom, the hallowing of His Name, and the doing of His Will, as in Heaven, so on Earth. Then, and not till then, come in thoughts of the worshiper's needs—daily bread, forgiveness of sins and deliverance from evil; closing with ascriptions of praise and adoration.—*Bishop of Alabama.*

HELPING THE HOME PARISH.

Some of our parishes are suffering because of the unsettled ways into which many Church people have fallen. There is a tendency, where there are a number of churches within reach, to float about from one to another without taking an active part in the work of any. It is usually far better to be identified with some one parish. It is better for the parishes, and better for the people.

We might have many more strong parishes if the Church people living in their bounds were to settle down and be content to attend the ministrations provided, and to assist in the work.

As it is, the class of floating attendants usually do very little work anywhere. They are apt to be mere hearers and not doers of the word. Our parishes need workers, and there is work for every one. Sometimes the best work lies waiting in the humble Mission nearest home. In many instances the Mission would become a vigorous parish if it had the assistance of those who go here and there, out of curiosity or caprice.

It ought to be a source of great satisfaction to any one to aid in developing one of these humble beginnings.

It may be that the edifice is not attractive, but it need not always remain so. After a while the more comely structure will take its place.

It may be that far more interesting sermons may be heard elsewhere; but, perhaps, if the home Rector be encouraged he may become a much better preacher than he is.

Some vigorous help may effect a complete change in many of the features which now are so unsatisfactory.

Try the plan of settling down in some one parish, and giving it your generous, whole-hearted support.—*The Diocese.*

HOW THE APOSTLES DIED.

1. Peter was crucified in Rome, and, at his own request, with head downward.
2. Andrew was crucified by being bound to a cross with cords, on which he hung two days, exhorting the people till he expired.
3. St. James the Great was beheaded by order of Herod, at Jerusalem.
4. St. James the Less was thrown from a high pinnacle, then stoned, and finally killed with a fuller's club.
5. St. Philip was bound and hanged against a pillar.
6. St. Bartholomew was flayed to death by command of a barbarous king.
7. St. Matthew was killed with a halberd.
8. St. Thomas, while at prayer, was shot with a shower of lances, and afterward run through the body with a lance.
9. St. Simon was crucified.
10. Thaddeus, or Judas, was cruelly put to death.
11. St. Matthias; the manner of his death is somewhat doubtful; one says stoned, then beheaded; another says he was crucified.
12. Judas Iscariot fell, and his bowels gushed out.
13. St. John died a natural death.
14. St. Paul was beheaded by order of Nero.

To meet the wants of his younger pupils, the Rector of St. Mary's School has compiled "A Reading-Book of English Classics," soon to be published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The selections are adapted to pupils studying the common English branches, and are all from standard literature. Most of the great masters of English are represented. Among those who recommend this reading-book and have encouraged him to prepare it, are the Hon. Newton Bateman, LL. D., President of Knox College, and late Superintendent of Education for Illinois; and the Rev. James DeKoven, D. D., Warden of Racine College, Wisconsin. The book will be ready for distribution in February. Special rates will be made for introduction and exchange.

THE LEPER.

Alone on Jordan's plain,
His head all bare to sun and rain,
A leper roamed with garments rent,
And wailing voice, still crying as he went,
Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!

But Jesus passéd by;
And as His blessed feet drew nigh,
He listened, while the suppliant prayed;
And kindly to that dying soul He said,
Be clean! Be clean! Be clean!

By sin thus tainted sore,
I roam earth's barren desert o'er;
My head is bare to storms of woe,
My dreary voice still crying as I go,
Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!

Oh, Thou! who on the Tree
Of Agony once died for me,
With pitying mercy hear my cry,
And kindly to my guilty soul reply,
Be clean! Be clean! Be clean!

—Anonymous.

"SOME ONE IN OUR PEW."

Morning service—stillness
In the village church,
Save for hasty rustle
Of a childish search
For some prayer or lesson
Difficult to find
In the worn old volume
Black and scarlet-lined.

Stillness—for the service,
Aye, is now begun,
And each head is bowing
In the morning sun.
Bowling, yea, but turning
Toward the doorway, where
Stand some late incomers
To the House of Prayer.

Mr. and Mrs. Broadlands—
See, they sweep along,
The important members
Of that bending throng.
Hush!—they pause. The beadle,
Beckoned by the two,
Hears the muffled whisper—
"Some one in our pew!"

Yes, in truth, a stranger,
Slight in form and small,
Crouches in a corner
Of the baize-lined wall.
Some mistake! The beadle,
Without shame or fear,
Breaks into her prayer, with
"Private pew—this 'ere."

"Mr. and Mrs. Broadlands—
From the Moated Grange—
Can't abide intruders—
S'pose you're some one strange.
'Ere, step out; they're coming;
Take your book, mum, too—
Now then Mr. Broadlands,
It is clear—your pew."

Can they worship better,
Shut up all alone?
Will their prayers sound better
At the Heavenly Throne,
That no fellow-creature,
Standing close anigh,
(Miserable sinner!)
Joins with theirs his cry?

Nay, those vile partitions
Keep out brother-love;
Alike we all are sinners
In the Eye above:
Silk and fustian, needing
Pardon, while we pray,
Silk and fustian waiting
One like Judgment Day.

Everything is changing,
Folk lamenting say;
But, for my part, gladly
Will I hail the day
When the squire, the people,
And the stranger, too,
Worship all together,
Shut in no square pew.

—H. A. F., Parish Magazine.

Bishop Morris, of Oregon, when last heard from, was in the vicinity of Cove, Union County, and about to leave for Wallowa Valley. On his journey to Wallowa, he will be obliged to go through in company with a freight-train for protection. As the alkali dust on the road is from twelve to eighteen inches deep the most of the way, we can imagine the discomforts under which he labors.

To tell a lie is *actual* sin; to be inclined to tell lies is *original* sin.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE FOR 1879. The frequent issue and well-filled pages of *Littell's Living Age* enable it to present with a freshness and completeness nowhere else attempted, the ablest essays and reviews, the choicest serial and short stories, the most interesting sketches of travel and discovery, the best poetry, and the most valuable biographical, historical, scientific and political information, from the entire body of foreign periodical literature, and from the pens of the foremost writers.

Such authors as Prof. Max Muller, Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, James Anthony Froude, Prof. Huxley, Richard A. Proctor, Edward A. Freeman, Prof. Tyndall, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, The Duke of Argyll, Frances Power Cobbe, Miss Muloch, William Black, Jean Ingelow, Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Oliphant, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Alexander, Geo. MacDonald, Matthew Arnold, W. W. Story, Julia Kavanagh, Henry Kingsley, Turguenief, Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, and many other leaders in all branches of literature, science, art and politics, are represented in its pages.

The subscription price of the magazine (\$8 a year), is cheap, considering its weekly issue and its more than *three and a quarter thousand* large pages of reading-matter a year, an amount of reading unapproached by any other periodical; while the publishers make a still cheaper offer, viz.: to send *The Living Age* and either one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies, a year, both postpaid, for \$10.50; thus furnishing to the subscriber at small cost the cream of both home and foreign literature.

The remarkable success of *The Living Age* is well attested by the fact that on the 1st of January it begins its *one hundred and fortieth* volume. Published by Littell & Gay, Boston.

FINE Christmas presents in abundance at J. B. Mayo's, under the Palmer House.

WHITTLESEY & PETERS, 131 Madison street, Chicago, manufacture the best Woven Wire Mattresses. In buying, see that their name is on the frame.

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The latest reports from Europe state that laces are worn more than ever. In fact, laces are never out of style, and if ever so old, torn or soiled, they can be repaired, cleaned and worked over in the latest fashion, just like new. MADAME MASURIER, No. 125 State street, Room 5, has a specialty in this branch of business, and guarantees satisfaction and moderate prices.

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