

The Living Church.

A Weekly Record of its News, its Work, and its Thought.

VOLUME I.

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Current Events.

Foreign No'es.

An Archbishop in Court—The Vatican Vote—Vive la France—The Alban Pie—The Rock that ought to be "Rocked."

Written for the LIVING CHURCH.

This is hard. An English clergyman gets tired of his profession, or rather, not to put too fine a point on it, lives in such a worldly way, that, having a sort of conscience, he could no longer exercise his profession. But suddenly a fat family living falls vacant, and quite as suddenly our clergyman feels a great yearning again for his dishonored calling. The Archbishop of Canterbury, his diocesan, very properly refused to allow him to be inducted to the benefice. Forthwith my gentleman commences a suit against him, and such are the charms of English law, that the Archbishop will most probably lose the suit and have to pay some \$15,000 costs. We complain, often, of our lax discipline, but it is not as bad as that. In this diocese (Illinois,) a clergyman appealing to the civil court, when under ecclesiastical trial, is "ipso facto" condemned. Certainly, English Churchmen ought never to rest until this frightful wrong is righted. Any way, we hope they will "chip in," and reimburse the poor Archbishop.

A cloud no larger than a man's hand is rising in the Italian sky, and it may breed some pretty big storms for Garibaldi's, etc., before long. The "faithful," i. e., good Catholics, are commencing to vote. At the beginning of the new Italian Kingdom, the word came down from the Vatican to all those who wished to save their souls, "Let the whole thing alone! Do not vote, do not accept any office! It is Gebal and Ammon and Amalek!" The Vatican people, however, though their optics are generally constructed after the manner of bats, have some members who do keep one eye open, and these saw that this voting could be made to work two ways, that enough papal votes would elect papal city councillors, and that would not be a bad thing. Pius IX., with great difficulty, was at last got to consent, and though they did not make much progress for some years, yet they made a clerical political party, and soreheads of other political divisions joined it to help on their own animosities against those in power. Within the last month, that large party in Italy, which, while thoroughly loyal to the King, did not believe he ought to live in Rome, have thrown in their influence; the consequence is, that in Rome itself, which ten years ago seemed to be the most unfriendly place to the Pope in all Italy, there have just been elected out of thirteen municipal councillors, nine fast friends of the clerical party. Only think of two such fanatics as the Princes Borghese and Chigi, being on the Aldermanic Board! Why, this may go on until a Parliament is elected which will vote the seat of government back to Florence, and then Leo, or Gregory, or whoever sits in the Vatican, will have a tolerably easy time of it. Look out, ye Romans, and find some way of clipping the wings of this suffrage business! It is a very sharp tool to play with.

After the disgust at the scenes in the French Chamber, provoked by Cassagnac, it is pleasant to think that France is really making splendid progress in the noble art of republicanism. Her government, her legislature and her people, have displayed "the courage of their convictions." The Republic, we may say, has made a conquest of France by first making a conquest of itself. It has reconstituted the external form of its political life, and, as a symbol of its reconciliation; and, therefore, self-confidence, it has resolved that its law-making power shall rest from Versailles to Paris, and domicile itself in the heart of the state. M. Waddington, the Premier, said well: "After a great party, a great

democracy, a country of universal suffrage, has passed through a year like 1877, through a long crisis during which passion ran high, not only in the Capital but throughout the land, and not a flagstone stirred or a drop of blood shed, this great party of republican democracy may truly be said to have won the esteem of the public powers and to have a right to their confidence, and henceforth it is impossible to impute to it other schemes and other wishes than to solve everything by the law and the electoral vote." This is the true ground. The confidence of the people demands confidence in the people on the part of the legislature. Like should beget like. Jealousy and mistrust never yet awakened popular esteem, nor tended to popular tranquillity. Nor, in the present case, have jealousy and mistrust of the people any well founded basis. "There is nowhere," we are told by high authority, "a trace of secret societies or conspiracies; never has France been more calm." The assurance is no empty boast. Here is another and conclusive evidence of the truth that the self-government of civilized nations is the safest and most tranquil of all government.

We said, a week or two ago, that England was henceforth to have a finger in the Afghan pie. We now give the depth to which the finger is to be allowed to go. It will be so deep: "Complete control of the Ameer's foreign policy by the British Government; a British Resident to be permanently established at Cabul, with a suitable staff and escort; deputy British agents to be appointed on the frontiers of Afghanistan whenever deemed necessary; Khoorum, Peshin and Sibi to be assigned to the British Government, and the surplus revenue, after deducting the charge of civil administration, to go to the Ameer. The British Government retains in its own hands complete control of the Khyber and Mishni passes; and a telegraph will be laid between Khoorum and Cabul. The Ameer has promised to improve the high roads along which trade passes from and to India, and to protect these lines. For the improvement of the present system, under which taxes and transit duties are levied, the Ameer agrees to enter into a commercial treaty within the year. A full amnesty is promised to the Sirdars and to all who have had intercourse with the British authorities during the war. An annual subsidy of £60,000 is promised, and will probably be increased." This does not leave the poor Ameer much, but he is a good deal of a Britisher, and feels everlastingly grateful to them for letting him out of prison. So he will be content with playing King.

The very Low Church party in England do not seem to dwell together like brethren in unity. The *Rock*, (and we would like to see its editor well "rocked," as we say out West,) lately attacked Canon Ryle, because in a sermon he only said our Lord's name three times, and the word "church," ever so many times! That is delicious! What would he say to the Book of Esther, in which the word "God" does not occur? The Low Church Nestor, Dean Close, has really been worked up into issuing a pronunciamento, in which he says, "An asperity and bitterness, the result of self-confidence and dogmatism, protrude very unpleasantly." Even the *Record* is shocked at the talk. "We cannot wonder," it says, "that many of the Evangelical brethren object to the indiscriminate application to all Ritualists, of such opprobrious epithets as 'traitors,' 'Belial,' 'harlot,' or 'harlot's daughter.'" We should think not; but it has always been thus, *vide* Perry's history of the English Church.

The man whose honor cannot be trusted in a business transaction is an infidel, though he superintends a dozen evangelical Sunday Schools, presides at the noon-day prayer meetings, and is accounted the most polished pillar of his church.

From the Cool North

The Tour to Lake Superior—The Early Jesuits—Delightful Weather.

Correspondence of THE LIVING CHURCH.

SAULT DE STE MARIE, July 16.

An occasional glance at the papers from "Below" (as the residents here term all the rest of the States), intensifies our gratitude that we are here and not there. Overcoats are resorted to almost daily, and not unfrequently have we found furs adding to our comfort. Tourists abound, but the wonder is that they are not ten-fold as numerous, for this region is most attractive and delightful.

After the interval of a quarter of a century, we return to these old familiar seas and shores, to find no changes, except in the growth of the towns that have remained, after the sifting process which the mining interests have undergone. We return also to revive memories of the "dim olden day," whose story we once studied with such interest. Perhaps a rapid *resumé* of that history as it is connected with the point where this is written, may interest your readers.

Bawekigsepe, or the river of the falls, was the Objibwa name of this river, which, as you know, is the link of connection between Lakes Superior and Huron. The early Jesuit missionaries, with characteristic devotional preference, gave it the name of the Blessed Virgin. The falls were "le Sault," and on the remarkably correct map of the lakes prepared by the Jesuits in 1672, the Mission then existing here was denoted the "Mission de Ste Marie du Sault."

Visiting this interesting spot, we are reminded that we stand on historic ground. Europeans reached this remote point, and here the Roman Catholic Church planted the Cross, twenty three years before the founding of New York city, two years before the union of the Colonies of New England, forty years before the settlement of Pennsylvania, and only thirty-four years after the settlement of Jamestown. In 1640, the Jesuits on the eastern shores of Lake Huron received invitation from the Chippewas of the Bawekigsepe to come and teach them the new religion, and supply them with the new articles of traffic, of which they had heard. Accordingly, in September, 1641, Fathers Jacques and Raymbault left Penetanguishene and arrived at the Sault on the 4th of October. Here they found 2,000 Indians, who received them kindly. A council was held, but winter approaching, the Jesuits returned to the Huron Missions. Neither was destined to return. The gifted Raymbault passed to Paradise from Quebec in the following year. His faithful compeer suffered martyrdom in 1646 among the Mohawks of New York, "as an enchanter who had blighted their harvest."

The Iroquois war, which has been so graphically described by Parkman, broke out in 1642, and resulted in the subjection and dispersion of the Hurons and the termination of the Missions. These vast regions were thus closed upon the European, and it was not until fourteen years passed that the Jesuits began to regain their hold upon the "angels of Hurons," as, in their missionary ardor, they termed them.

But previously, that is, in 1654, (as we learn from Ba croft,) two young fur-traders, smitten with the love of adventure, started on a two years' trip into the great unknown regions, and returning, told of the wonders they had seen. They were the first white men to visit and explore Lake Superior.

In 1656, Father Jean de Quien, superior, and Fathers Dreuilletes and Gareau, were chosen to plant again at the Sault the Cross which Jacques and Raymbault had reared there seventeen years before. Attacked by a band of hostile Mohawks, Gareau was killed, and his companion returned. Two years later De Groseilles and a fellow trader reached the lake and wintered on its shores. They returned to Quebec,

bringing, like the spies whom Moses sent to the Promised Land, specimens of the rich products of the country they had traversed.

Again the Church determined to occupy the unknown regions; and in 1660 Rene Menard, formerly of the defunct Huron Mission, reached the Sault, "trusting," he said, "in the Providence which feeds the little birds of the desert, and clothes the wild flowers of the forest." Instructed to found a Mission at some central point, he proceeded up the great lake. He was the first Christian priest who ever floated on the waters of Lake Superior. Passing the Pictured Rocks, he reached Keweenaw Bay, and established a Mission. His labors continued nearly a year, when he received tidings that portions of his once happy and ever beloved Hurons had settled on an island at Chegoimegon (now Madeline island). He determined to relinquish his work at Keweenaw and join them. His course was through Portage Lake. He reached the head of the lake, and his voyageurs carried his canoe over the intervening land, but Menard was never afterwards seen. He was lost or slain. Thus again the efforts of the Jesuits to plant the Cross in these regions were paralyzed.

Father Claude Allouez, a resolute and enthusiastic man, left Quebec, and after much suffering arrived at the Sault in 1665, but he did not stop here. "He explored," (says Shea) "in his frail canoe, the whole southern shore of the vast upper lake, whose icy waters contrast so strangely with the fantastic scenery of the shore." Sorrowfully he passed the scene of Menard's death, "where," he reported, "I met two Christian women, witnesses of his labors, who had preserved their faith, and sparkled like two stars in the midst of the darkness of infidelity." Passing on, he reached Chegoimegon Bay, which had been Menard's destination, where he raised an altar and erected a chapel, and began the "Mission du Saint Esprit." On that spot (La Pointe) the tourist may still visit an old church, with an ancient painting in oil. This was the first permanent Mission north of the Georgian Bay.

Returning to Quebec for recruits, he remained there but two days and pressed back to his work. His representation induced Le Mercier, the Superior, to send other missionaries. Father James Marquette was accordingly deputed to the Sault. Reaching this point in May, 1668, he chose a delightful spot on what is now our side of the Rapids, and erected his cabin. Joined in the following year by Father Dablon, they built a chapel. Here he continued until the following year, when Allouez left La Pointe to establish a Mission at Green Bay on Lake Michigan. Marquette was chosen to succeed him at La Pointe. About this time, influenced by information received from his tawny neophytes, Marquette conceived the idea of finding a great river (Mesisepe) to the westward.

In 1671, with his beloved Hurons, he removed to Mackinaw, from whence, in subsequent years, he made his renowned tour of discovery, and where his bones now lie, if we are to credit the report of their recent discovery under the channel of the old church on Point St. Ignace.

This taste of early history must suffice for the present. A trip, purposely devoted to rest and recreation, does not justify much exertion in the way of reading and writing. This much is due to a promise rashly made. If it proves as weary a task to read as it has been to write it, I shall willingly excuse myself from resuming the story, and resign myself to delicious inertia. M.

Miss Gardner of Boston, who obtained an honorable mention for her picture, at the Paris Salon this year, is believed to be the only American lady who has ever been granted this distinction, or a prize of any kind, at a French exposition of fine arts.

The Liberty of the Children of God.

Extracts from a Sermon before the Students of the Gen. Theological Seminary, by the Rt. Rev. William Crosswell Doane, D. D., Bishop of Albany.

From the Church Eclectic.

It is considered, I know, by some people, a token of weakness in the Church, that she does not hold all her teachers to the same doctrinal interpretation of her standards. As though the type of man was lost or impaired by the varieties of color and of countenance that prevail throughout the world. Holding that in this liberty, within limits of law, lies our strength, I want you to notice one thing, which needs stating as to the Church's position between the Roman Schism and the Protestant sects. Standing between the two, a *via media*, it is not because the Reformers happened to hit upon a compromising course between extremes, as though the extremes were first, and our pathway an afterthought, a happy discovery of three centuries ago. It is because our pathway is the *via antiqua*, the *via sacra*, in which the Saints walked, who were nearest Christ, and found His footsteps to direct their way. Starting from the top of the Mountain of the Ascension, it leads to the Upper Room in Jerusalem and to Samaria and to Antioch, to Ephesus and Arles and Lyons, and to Canterbury and Aberdeen, and so to us truly "*orbe remotus*." Its waymarks are in the catacombs and by the martyrs' graves, and he can scout us as pretenders, who can find in our doctrine or our discipline, any vital departure from the primitive Church. Of course there are children who cry out "Baldhead," scoffing at this antiquity, as senile even to puerility. But the two she-bears, one named Heresy and the other named Schism, have torn and do tear all such despisers into the pieces of sects and societies of unnumbered names. The point for us to notice is simply this; that, plainly as you can track foot-prints in the wintry snow of accumulated ages, or in the mire of hopeless confusion, or in the dead leaves of autumnal decay, the points of departure can be marked where the foot-prints of the Isidores, and Hildebrands, and Luthers, and Calvins, and Cokes, and Williamses turned, with their followings, one side or the other side from this old beaten track, which rings and is radiant with the footsteps of the Saints, and left the old path in the middle, *not because it chose its way between two extremes*; but because they diverged from it, and left it to go on the even tenor of its way. Even in the comparison of organizations of modern names; even if the Church of England had not retraced "the steps the Fathers trod," hers is the older way. For Tridentine, much more Vatican, Rome is more recent than the English Reformation, and the Protestant bodies of to-day, are younger even than Rome. And walking in this path, is not the feat of the rope-walker, or of the walker of a plank. It is a wider way, a larger room in which our feet are set; and it is the part of ignorance and bigotry, either to mistake it, for the middle way of our selection, or to insist that every man must walk just in the middle of this middle way. Rather it is "the glory of the liberty of the children of God," that close to the wall, or out into the open field, very near to the hard and human upbuildings of mediæval error, or over, towards the wide unguarded ranges of undefined Protestantism, they may wander at their will! restricted of their liberty only, when, like Balaam's ass, they go out into the field, or crowd against the wall.

Now this very liberty is the danger of our day. Untrammelled, it becomes license; lawless, it degenerates into self-will, and I want to suggest to you, what these needful limitations are; needful not because liberty is dangerous, but because liberty is endangered without them.

At first, these limitations are inherent and natural. It is true in faith as in morals that good becomes evil by excess. Vice,

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The Supper of the Lord.

It is not our intention to write a treatise on the mystery of the Real Presence. Too much, we believe, has been said of late, in papers and pamphlets, upon this solemn theme; we have gone before the public so often with our views and theories, with our differences and divergences, that we are beginning to be known as the Church of the Eucharistic Controversy. We think it is not to edification, to prolong such discussions in the public prints.

But there are some practical matters in this connection to which, we believe, the clergy will thank us for calling the attention of the people. We all agree that Christ hath ordained two Sacraments in his Church, which are generally necessary to salvation; that is to say, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. Rightly and duly to administer these Sacraments, and to lead the people to faithful participation, is one of the first and most important functions of the priesthood. Whatever theories of Sacramental grace a parish priest may hold and teach, every one will teach his people that to use these means of grace is their bounden duty and service. We may say, too, that every one, at times, feels distressed and disheartened by the sad neglect of these by the members of his flock.

Especially is this the case in regard to the Lord's Supper. From the lowest Zwinglian stand-point, as a memorial, as a symbolic showing forth of the Lord's death till He came, its observance is a distinctive Christian duty and privilege, that cannot be passed by and put aside without a practical denial of Christ. To refrain from it, is to refuse to confess Christ before men; it is equivalent to a renunciation of discipleship and a return to the beggarly elements of the world. No pastor can view the dispersion of his flock when the Table of the Lord is spread, with anything but heaviness of heart and anguish of soul. Their turning away means lack of spiritual life, deadness of faith, worldliness or weakness of character. Whatever be the cause of the neglect, it is a revelation of ignorance or unbelief, in the disciples of Christ, that saddens the life of many a faithful pastor.

There is perhaps no one remedy that may be applied in every instance. Pastoral visitation, rightly conducted, will find out the cause and apply the remedy in many cases. In general, the plain teaching of the nature and obligation of this Sacrament will increase the appreciation and attendance of the people. We take it for granted too much, perhaps, that those who have been brought up in the Church know all these things and need not to be told. But many of our communicants have not been brought up under our teachings; and many that have been, are far from understanding the first principles of the Gospel as this Church hath received it. The ideas and traditions of the Continental reformation, rooted in Calvinism, prevail all around us, and have tinted the faith of some of our own members. They see the Sacrament neglected and despised by others, and they gradually fall away from their use.

One thing, perhaps more than any other, is a hindrance to devout communicants, viz: the sins of other people. Strange as it may appear, if we may speak from observation, this stands in the way of multitudes, compelling occasional, if not habitual, neglect of the Holy Eucharist. The young, especially, who are keenly sensitive to wrong, are held back by almost every disagreement with companions, and are discouraged by provocations in which they themselves are not in the least at fault. There is no mistake more prevalent, no misconception more delusive, than this. A communicant is wronged and feels indignant at the wrong; some unthinking or unprincipled person has spoken or acted so as to give just cause for offence, and a righteous anger is felt. With the young

the feeling is intense, and there is not sufficient self-control to calm the agitated mind. The very grace that is needed is unsought, lest there be a lack of the charity that is enjoined as a condition.

For this, as for other hindrances, there is no remedy but an enlightened understanding and wise pastoral direction. It seems to be clear, that when one is in the wrong, every effort should be made to right the wrong, so that he may come to that holy feast. It is no less clear that where one is hindered only by the sin of others, yet cannot quit his own conscience, he should go to his pastor, "or to some other Minister of God's Word, that he may receive such godly counsel and advice as may tend to the quieting of his conscience and the removal of all scruple and doubtfulness." (See exhortation in Prayer Book.)

Editorial Solo.

There are some men who seem to be born ruffians, and they will be ruffians, at the desk or in the desert. No matter how much education or society you give them, they are essentially crusty and cantankerous in temper, and they make no effort to conceal it. They have the instincts of the bear and the manners of the boor; they glory in their shame, and obtrude their savagery on all occasions. They respect nobody that is not a bigger bully than themselves. Gentlemen they despise and insult, whenever they come in contact with them. Polite treatment is an aggravation to them, and stirs up the beast in them at once. The only way to deal with such people is to have no dealings at all. Avoid them as you would mad dogs.

By some fatuity the names of this tiger-tempered class sometimes get on subscription books, and of course they have to be written to or called on for the money. Then they rave and bluster; abuse the editor, and brow-beat the agent,—swear and storm and tear around, like a whole menagerie let loose!

Some others, a few, of this curmudgeon class, read the papers, mostly for the sake of finding something to growl about. Even a religious paper is sometimes so unfortunate as to fall under their evil eye. Then they write to the editor—chain lightning, rified and double-twisted and sharpened at both ends!

But we can pursue the theme no further. It has been a hard day and our nerves are unstrung. We have been, figuratively, knocked down twice, kicked twice, slapped in the face once, shaken up till we saw stars, four times! We have been, literally and personally, (in the person of our agent,) called bad names, cursed, denounced, railed at, threatened, reviled. And with the mercury at 90° in the shade!

Let us have peace! If any of these contrary customers find this paper coming to them from week to week, they will confer a favor by writing distinctly with ink, (not with greased lightning, which is not legible,) on a postal card, price one cent, to have the paper stopped. If we don't stop it suddenly, hang us up by the heels!

HERE is the latest from Emmanuel Swedenborg. We take it from an article in *The Standard*, entitled "Spiritualistic Folly." It purports to be a communication from the spirit of the great mystic to a medium of St. Louis, about a marriage in the spirit land. Col. Eaton, learning that the marriage ceremony is to be performed by Swedenborg, addresses him a letter on the subject. To this Swedenborg is represented as replying in the following words:

Thank you, my dear pupil. Thank you again, for this, another call. You are my most frequent visitor. None so acceptable, depend upon that. What your darling daughter has told you is even so. I am booked to perform the ceremony, June 20, from 11 a. m., to 2 p. m. I will do the best I can to foreshadow the ceremony, that our dear medium may have as full and correct an idea of it as possible. If he is physically well, we can give a full and correct idea of it, and then he will give it to you.

Only think of Swedenborg being "booked" to perform the ceremony! He must be improving in the spirit-land, keeping up with the age, in slang, if in nothing else! But it is of no use to laugh at these poor creatures, that think they can call spirits from the vasty deep.

"Why, so can I, or so can any man: But will they come, when you do call for them?"

The Church Drag.

Teamsters have a way of locking the wheels of their wagons in going down hill: they use what is called a "drag." There are some things besides wagons that require a "drag," or something similar, to hold them back. It would be well if one could be put on every boy on the evening of July third, and kept on for thirty-six hours. Some fast readers that we know would be improved by such an appendage to their "rolling stock." Some newspaper correspondents, and perhaps some editors, need a "drag" more than anything else. Nothing short of a patent "air-brake" would do for some speakers in Convention. They would run away with a "drag," in no time!

When things are going too fast, or going wrong, or going down hill, the "drag" is a very useful appliance, but we never supposed that it would be considered helpful in going up hill. There are some people, however, who use it everywhere and upon all occasions. In fact, they become drags, themselves, and are never so happy as when they are tearing up the gravel under the wheels of progress on the up-grade.

There are some in the Church. They are of different patterns, and their capacities for friction vary inversely as the squares of their importance in other respects. Indeed, they are, as a class, quite helpless for any real work. It requires nothing but inertia to be a "drag." A very little, in that capacity, goes a long way. The smaller the nature, the more it enjoys the appearance of power in putting on the brakes. One small man can stop a train, while it would take a hundred-horse-power engine to start it.

The Church drag is to be found in nearly every congregation. He sits when the congregation stand, and he sits when the congregation kneel. If he responds in the service, he is always one sentence behind; if he sings, he ignores the choir and the time, if not the tune. When the text is announced, he assumes a look of superior intelligence; as the sermon goes on, subsides into an expression of blank indifference. If the sermon is extempore, he carefully avoids every indication of interest or attention. He is too intent on managing the brakes, to go to sleep!

The Church drag somehow manages to be put on the vestry; probably because in that position he can get a better hold of the handle that controls the machine. In the vestry he never votes for anything that he approves, so that he may be able to say, if it fails, that he never voted for it; that puts the responsibility on those who did. He never fails to oppose what he disapproves, and that is nearly everything. He is especially hostile to measures that originate with the rector. He seems to consider himself commissioned as a censor of that dangerous member,—a kind of Tribune of the people, to shield them from the oppression of pastoral despotism.

When the Church drag gets into a Convention (and he is generally there), he has a fine field for the display of his little powers. The up-grade is steep, at the best; the wheels need a good deal of lubricating, and the steam power is none too great. The Church drag is applied, and the wheels are locked. He is serenely satisfied when everything comes to a stand-still. He talks bravely about this "glorious Church," and the rights of the laity who "hold the purse." He prides himself on saving it from the iconoclastic clergy.

We have spoken of the Church drag in the masculine gender. If report is to be trusted, there are several of the feminine sort, that are not to be despised. It is said that a child, by touching the key that connected the electric wires, blew up Hellgate with nitro-glycerine. We have seen some parishes go to pieces about as suddenly; and it was a woman that touched the key!

We leave the subject here, however, without pretending to exhaust it. It is a serious subject, and hardly admits of playful handling. The Church is rousing herself to go forward, and is shaking the dust from her chariot wheels. The way is steep and rugged; the pass is thronged with enemies, and every soldier should put his shoulder to the wheel instead of locking fast with the iron chains of prejudice and suspicion. Spite of all hindrance of friends and opposition of enemies, she moves, and the line of battle is extending along the mountain side.

BRIEF MENTION.

People should be warned not to use the telephone during thunder storms. Nearly every wire, over which a storm passes, becomes charged with electricity, and acts as a lightning rod to conduct the current.

—Thirty Dioceses (more than the number required), have been heard from, confirming Bishop-Elect Harris. The Presiding Bishop has been so informed and will take action accordingly.—*The Interior* takes a vacation. The question was put to the subscribers: "Shall the Editor go a-fishing?" and the vote was 26 in the affirmative. This was counted a majority, and he goes. One subscriber answered: "Do, by all means give us one week's rest, at least!"—A correspondent writes: "What we parsons want is a paper to help us in our parish work. I believe you are making such a paper."—Bishop Kip, in his Convention Address, recently said, "I would rather have the circulation of a Church paper well established in this Diocese, than receive the addition of several missionaries to our list of clergy, much as we need their aid."—Rev. Dr. Locke goes to Montreal, Monday, Aug. 4th. If that "bag of gold" is found, it may be sent on by express!—Bishop McLaren has returned from the Lakes, in good health and renewed vigor. We hope he will go again and write a continuation of the interesting history of the Jesuit Missions on the Northern Lakes. His letter in this number makes us want more.—The Rev. W. Cooper Mead, D.D., rector of St. Paul's, Norwalk, Conn., died very suddenly on the 17th inst. He was one of our oldest and most honored clergy; ordained in 1824, and for many years a member of the General Convention.—*The Southern Churchman* says: "We must protest." Queer, what a grasp some good people have of the negative! One would think that the chief end of the Church was to magnify Rome. The best protest we can make is better fruits. Denying does not vanquish error.—We notice a general reduction in school rates among our advertisers. De Veaux College comes down from \$400 to \$350. We mention this to correct the announcement heretofore made in the advertisement. Racine College is also offering lower terms, which may be ascertained by application to the proper officer.—Kenyon College is making vigorous preparations for next year. Its Annual Catalogue, which is also its Tri-ennial, makes a handsome volume, illustrated with several beautiful engravings.—The Baptist *Standard* says: "What is termed Calvinism is an element in Christianity which is as essential as to the body of man is his soul" (!)—We would like to say to the readers of the LIVING CHURCH, that this paper is not gotten up with "patent inside." Some of the best contributions and original articles are inside. We say this, because we are aware that many people do not open their papers, as a rule, beyond the editorial page, supposing everything inside to be mere "padding."—Now comes the *Central Baptist* and takes two weeks vacation! Who next? When our cue comes, call us!—*The Appeal* admits that Mr. Cleare seceded to Rome, from the ranks of the "Reformed," and thinks we ought to "practice retraction" for saying so. Really, that would be lying to convict ourselves of lying. The proposition to retract is almost as monstrous as Hamlet's "Kill a king, and marry with his brother!"—President Hayes is a graduate of Kenyon College, Ohio, Class of 1842.—It is "dry picking" now, among the exchanges. We have been fishing in a small sea of newspapers for over an hour, and not a bite yet!—Dr. Warring's articles on the Miracles of Moses, have attracted attention, and several letters have been received, expressing regret that they were so few and so short. *Post mortem*, Brethren! can't be helped now. If you had shown signs of interest some weeks ago, we might have secured a much more complete series. Dr. Warring is a man of affairs, and doesn't write for the sake of seeing himself in print.—Our Foreign Notes need no praise, they commend themselves. They are prepared expressly for the LIVING CHURCH, as a friendly contribution, by a prominent clergyman. The paper has had a reputation, from the first, in that department, which we hope to maintain.

—Rev. B. F. Fleetwood, of St. Mark's, Chicago, has been making a short visit to his old parish in Marquette.

Our New York Letter.

Hogera of the Jews.—An Old School Dance.—History of Old Trinity.—Bip Van Winkle.—Death of the Veteran Dr. Mead.—Miracles of Moses.

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1879.

Many of the readers of the LIVING CHURCH will remember the sensation that was created, about a twelve-month since, by the exclusion of the Jews from a noted hotel at Saratoga. The whole press of the country engaged in discussion upon the subject, and an attempt was vainly made to give it the character of a religious persecution. Judge Hilton, who promulgated the edict, and who has until now stood alone, at last has company. The great Manhattan Beach Hotel at Coney Island has sent forth a similar edict, and for the same reasons: The Jews, who have frequented the house, have by coarse manners and personal peculiarities made themselves offensive to all other guests; and while there are many exceptions, yet no remedy could be found, save in a general law, which applied to the race. It was not a persecution of the Jews as such, nor was the exclusion on account of religion. To the few it is an undeserved reproach, but the sacrifice was made of them because they were found in bad company. Many of the Jewish bankers are the peers of all the world, but the old-clothes men of Chatham street are not pleasant neighbors to those who are possessed of the usual olfactory nerves, for many of them are possessed of neither cleanliness nor godliness. It is an entire abuse of terms to put the action of the hotel proprietors upon the ground of religious or race persecution. It is simply an effort to disinfect their houses.

We regret to learn that the yellow fever has become epidemic at Memphis. It has broken out much earlier than usual, and will doubtless continue as long as there is any material for it to feed on, or until the coming of frost. For full three months business will be suspended, and the poor will have to depend upon the charities of their more fortunate brethren. We have had cases of the fever at quarantine for some weeks, and there has been one case certainly at Brooklyn. It excites no fear, however, except in its immediate neighborhood. There was a time when yellow fever was epidemic in New York and in Providence, but these cities have been exempt for nearly or quite four score years. An inquiry into its cause and cure in these cities might possibly inure to the benefit of the cities of the South. It is a dreadful scourge, and it is the reproach of science, that after so many years it is still discussing its nature and origin.

Newspaper men are obliged to resort, during the heated term, to all sorts of schemes to fill up their columns. The manufacturers of news have gone out of the business. It is the dull season, and one of the dailies thought it a good opportunity to take a census of the throng that passes Fulton street and Broadway during twenty-four hours. We doubt if such a corner can be found in any city in the world; the tread of human feet is never still, night or day. Until one o'clock A.M. they pass and repass at the rate of 1,500 per hour; during the busy hours the number passing hourly is from 12,000 to 15,000, and for the entire day the number passing that corner is 225,000. As Dominie Sampson would say, "it is prodigious." The *Times* devotes an interesting column to the subject, and, if you wish an interesting local item, suppose you send a reporter to the corner of State and Madison to make a similar count.

The newly consecrated Bishop of the Church of Jesus in Mexico, has sailed to England in the interest of his Mission.

The new Dean of the General Seminary has left behind him, in Philadelphia, a vigorous work. There are in his church, St. Mark's, 942 communicants, and their contributions last year amounted to \$36,657.52—a larger sum than is given by many dioceses.

We are afraid that many of the brethren who ought to be under our pastoral care, are going somewhat astray. The Book of Discipline and the Westminster Confession of Faith seem to be losing their restraining influence, and we commend to them a trial of the Thirty-nine Articles. A Presbyterian Sunday School from Brooklyn had a picnic last week, by boat, and danced as fast and furiously as if they expected the

