

The Living Church.

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

VOLUME I.

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Current Events.

Some Foreign Notes.

A Thumping Preacher—Hard Times—The "Heathen Chinese"—The Gallican Church and the "Concordat."

Written for the LIVING CHURCH.

The Rev. Mr. Husband, of Folkestone, one of the best known English clergymen, is breaking any quantity of lances now, in a tilt about written or extempore sermons. He tells the following good story and makes a good point:

Your correspondent last week, who signs himself "A High Church Curate," says that "enormous power is lost by the preacher having to take his eyes off his congregation in order to look at his manuscript." I quite grant that the eye has a great power when used by a finished orator like, for instance, Mr. Gladstone. But has your correspondent ever studied the eye of a preacher who is trying to struggle through an extempore sermon for which he has no aptitude? When the eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," darts about in a wild, desponding kind of way, seeking rest and finding none? I cannot think there is much "power" in such an eye, except to produce giddiness. I am afraid that with a certain few, noise carries more "power" with it than the eye. I shall never forget talking with a preacher who felt obliged, for certain reasons, to attempt extempore sermons, but who utterly failed in the attempt, and had the honesty and candor to acknowledge it. And I said to him, "When you get in a great difficulty to know what to say, what do you do?" "Then," he said, "I say what I've got to say in a very loud voice, and thump well the pulpit-desk, and they think it beautiful!" But thump as he will, a sermon of this type, like the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, has very little in it.

Then some knight, who is tilting against him, replies as follows:

Sir,—Surely the advantages and disadvantages of preaching from MS. must vary much with the class of people in the congregation, and with the ability of the preacher himself. A highly educated and intelligent congregation may be best pleased with a quiet, thoughtful sermon, delivered calmly from a MS., with distinct and emphatic utterance. But who can doubt that the hold which Nonconformists and Roman Catholics have gained over the poor and the working classes generally, is in great measure owing to the influence of extempore preaching, although the sermons themselves may often be wanting in originality and thoughtfulness, and may frequently be delivered without true eloquence?

The English own a good deal of land, but it doesn't happen to be all in the right place, so that every Englishman can have a farm within the limits of the sea-girt isle. On the contrary, 1,400 people own the half of the whole island. These 1,400 lilies who toil not, neither do they spin (though the grandfathers of some did, and thereby got the money to buy the land), naturally enough want to get all they can out of their fat acres, and they charge the most enormous rents. We Americans, however, are pressing in upon them with avalanches of pork, and beef, and butter, and cheese, and all sorts of good things; so that the tenant farmers can no longer pay their rents and live. The first consequence has been the notice which we see every day in the English press, that Lord So-and-so generously reduces his rents. Lord Derby, one of the largest landholders, declares a reduction of 20 per cent not impossible. This is equal to a loss to the land owners of \$100,000,000. Already do the liberal newspapers commence to hint more or less darkly at the necessity of a change in the land system, and broach the doctrine of "selling land to people who want to buy." It is enough to make the old dead dukes and squires turn in their graves, but it will, sooner, or later be done, and the great estates be given over to small farmers, and England become the real home of Englishmen. Of course the effect on the position of the nobility will be immense. A duke, now, with his millions of acres, is a tremendous thing; with

only a few hundred acres, his strawberry leaves would not strike such awe to the hearts of all beholders. We say this, because it is right; but after all, our sentimental feeling is strong for the splendid ancestral homes, and abounding acres of the far-famed English aristocracy.

Another proof of the advance of the Chinese. They are discontinuing the culture of poppies, out of which opium is made, and the report of the English consul, says that it is a wide spread belief among the Chinese that the famines from which they have been suffering are a just judgment sent from heaven on account of their encouraging the growth of the opium plant. The villagers of Shansi refuse to cultivate the drug, although starvation is staring them in the face, and although the opium crop yields more than double the money value of a crop of wheat. We would consider Americans vastly advanced on a better road, if, for example, they refused to cultivate tobacco, on moral grounds, believing that its use was injurious; and yet we see here the "heathen Chinese" doing a parallel thing. The Chinese Government is making a heroic struggle against opium eating—heroic, because it affects their purse.

The trouble between the French Government and the Church brings up a curious question. What would have been the future of the Gallican Church if Napoleon I. had not made the Concordat with Pius VII.? Before that was made, and after the Reign of Terror, when the Churches were opened again, there were married bishops who had been appointed by synods, and who ruled over married priests. The Eucharist was administered in both kinds, confession had ceased to be compulsory, and the worship of the Virgin Mary and Saints had been pronounced by twenty-seven sees to be heretical. Is fact the status was very near an Anglican one; but the Concordat forced the French Church back under the Romish domination. The Concordat, however, had very stringent resolutions about subservience to the Pope, and if the French Government go to carrying it out, there will be some very hot work.

Lord Ebury, in the English Parliament, has proposed a bill to amend the Prayer Book by striking out from it all reference to absolution and confession. He must be a root and branch man, who would cut off a head to cure a pimple on the nose. Happily, God does not dispose, in all cases, what men propose, and Lord Ebury is fated to see his bill go to the tomb of the Capulets. He does not go back far enough, but should arrange a bill to strike out some of the comfortable words of Holy Scripture, where we find not only the "germ" of absolution, but the doctrine full grown. It is true that the Prayer Book may be misinterpreted, as it is by many, but so also the Scriptures are sometimes wrested to the destruction of some. There is now no end to the vagaries of men; the only remedy is to stand by the old path. No powers of earth or hell can finally prevail against the Church; we believe in her inflexibility, though we scout the infallibility of the Pope, or of any other teacher.

Mrs. T. L. Brown, of South Adams, Mass., offers a lot and \$15,000 to build a church there, if others will give \$10,000. Rev. Dr. Tatlock, when a student at Williamstown, began services there as a lay reader, casting bread upon the waters, and, lo, after many days it is found again.

Let us do justice to one of this year's crop of Doctors. The degree was conferred by LaFayette College, Philadelphia, and the recipient being present, responded in an elegant Latin oration, which doubtless was thought wonderful by the venerable Trustees, the unknown being always wonderful.

From the Far West.

Over the Hills and far Away—Staging in the Rocky Mountains—Annual Convocation of Montana, Idaho, and Utah.

Correspondence of THE LIVING CHURCH.

The Sixth Annual Convocation of the Missionary District of Montana, Idaho, and Utah, has recently closed its sessions. It met this year, for the first time in St. Paul's Church, Virginia City, Montana. It is no small undertaking for clergymen and laymen to attend a Convocation in this region of "magnificent distances." It means long journeys, time, and heavy expense. To enter a dilapidated stage coach and ride one, or two, or three hundred miles, over rough mountain roads, or through the clouds of Utah dust of the great Snake River plain, oppressed by day with the heat, and irritated by night by mosquitoes, is far less attractive and agreeable than to be whirled over the blooming prairies of Illinois in a luxurious palace car. However, one can accustom himself to almost any condition, and find enjoyment, even under the most trying of circumstances. The exhilarating mountain air, the glorious mountain views from the summits of lofty ranges, the gorgeous sunsets, all combine to cheer and rest the weary traveler. I know of nothing more healthily exciting than to sit high up on the "box" with the driver of a coach, with four or six horses in front, and to be rapidly rolled down a steep grade, and around sharp turns, with rocks towering far upward on the one hand, and a bright, clear stream dashing over the rocks hundreds of feet below, on the other. You feel yourself watching with a vital interest that right foot of the driver as it presses the brake, and wondering whether it is going to slip; you feel yourself rapidly calculating if that next turn can be made successfully; but when you look up to the calm, confident, weather-beaten face of the man who holds the reins, your doubts disappear. The horses are controlled by a master. Any one who has ridden over and down mountain divides, will understand the feeling perfectly. Many years' experiences have not made me any the less conscious of this peculiar feeling.

At the Convocation, of the five clergymen present, with the exception of Rev. Mr. Prou, who resides at Virginia City, none of them came from a less distance than one hundred and twenty miles, while the Bishop and Mr. Gillogly were from points, five hundred miles away.

Of course, in view of this state of things, it is impossible to get a full attendance of clergy. The three Montana Missionaries, Rev. Messrs. Stewart, of Missoula, Prout, of Virginia City, and Gilbert, of Helena, were in attendance; and also Rev. Mr. Gillogly, from Ogden, Utah. The usual amount of business was transacted. The reports from nearly all the missionary stations were encouraging, and it was felt there was every reason to be cheered. Rev. R. M. Kirby was re-elected treasurer, and Rev. E. G. Prout, secretary, for the ensuing year. The sermon before the Convocation was preached by the Rev. M. N. Gilbert. The Bishop, in his annual address, paid a fit and touching tribute to the memory of Rev. H. H. Prout, who died in Salt Lake City, in April. Mr. Prout was formerly in charge of the Church at Virginia City, and was the father of its present pastor.

St. Paul's Church, Virginia City, is the oldest church in Montana, having been built in 1867. Bishop Tuttle at that time was living there. Mr. Prout has been in charge for five years, and is greatly beloved by his people. The town itself is dull, but it has, however, certain elements of prosperity, which will always make it a place of considerable importance. Many Montana towns were built up during the days of gold excitement, and as the Placer Mines became worked out, they lost greatly in population. The development of other industries, however, has to a certain

extent given them new life, and their downward course has been checked.

Important Missions have been established and successfully worked by Mr. Prout, in the Madison Valley, and at Sheridan.

Montana is ripe with the promise of a great future. Its mineral and agricultural resources are wonderfully extensive and inexhaustible. Its boundless grazing lands will support millions of cattle and sheep. The great drawback to the progress of the Territory, in the past, has been its isolation. Soon this condition will cease to exist. The Utah and Northern Railroad will enter her southern boundaries this year. The Northern Pacific will ere long span her whole area, from east to west. The present towns will rapidly increase, while others will spring up and flourish. The Church ought to be ready for the incoming thousands. Our Bishop realizes the necessity, but his hands are practically tied, first by want of money, and second by lack of men. It is almost an impossibility to get missionaries for this field. The Bishop called fourteen men for the important town of Butte, ere he succeeded in obtaining one. Has the spirit of adventurous missionary enterprise died out among the young men of the clergy? A man of sense, energy and moderate ability, who will come to Montana to stay, will accomplish a great work for the Church.

Moreover, Montana ought to have a Bishop of its own. This need Bishop Tuttle urges and urges every year. To all his arguments the House of Bishops turns a deaf ear. Rather than add one more to the force of Missionary Bishops, the Church will permit other bodies to occupy the field before her, will wear out our noble Bishop by forcing him to carry a work which in reality should be borne by three Bishops. Montana, Idaho and Utah, three empires in extent, one Bishop now must travel every year, enduring all the toils, privations and hardships incident to a frontier life. Twelve years have these weary journeys been made, without one word of complaint. Will the Church longer permit this to be? It is cruel to ask it of him. His life is too precious to be broken down in its prime. Let relief come, ere it be too late.

The Bishop is now in Boyeman and will reach Helena next week.

M. N. G.

HELENA, M. T. July 26, 1879.

For a society that does not believe in Bishops, our Reformed Episcopal Society seems to have no little trouble with what it calls by that name. The congregation of St. Bartholomew's, Montreal, charges Bishops Nicholson and Fallows with "acting during their visit in a pert, undignified and unchristian spirit." "It is truly lamentable," they say, "to behold two Bishops from the United States come to Canada, and try to stir up, in a very unchristian manner, animosity against a brother Bishop." We doubt if real Bishops ever do worse than that. Later news assures us that the only remedy for their discords is the election of another Bishop, and Bishop Latane has convened a Synod for that purpose. If they go on making Bishops at the same rate, the supply of Presbyters will soon be exhausted, and the Bishops will be obliged to oversee each other. There is one crumb of comfort however, in the fact that the Greggite schismatics are outnumbered in the Synod. On the whole, we fear Episcopacy is "a germ," and that it was a mistake to leave it in the revised Prayer Book.

Friends in Montreal write us of the great elegance and beauty of St. George's Church in that city, of which Dr. Sullivan is rector. It is built of blue stone, and is cruciform with very beautiful stained glass windows and a fine chancel. The singers occupy the choir, and consist of both men and women. It was a new "use" to see women in that part of the church. Dr. Sullivan was absent on a vacation. The church will seat 2,000 or 2,500.

Twenty Years in a Parish.

Abstract of the Anniversary Sermon of the Rev. Clinton Locke, D. D. Preached in Grace Church, Chicago, July 27, 1879.

Thanks be to the Lord, for He hath shewed me marvelous great kindness in a strong city.—Psalm xxxi, 23. (Prayer Book version.)

On the Seventh Sunday after Trinity, twenty years ago, I entered on my duties as the rector of Grace Church. Job Taber and Robert Fabian were the wardens; J. Mason Loomis, Robert Gilmore, Jerry Nottingham, Henry Hinsdale, William Hibbard, and James Johnston the vestrymen. Of all these, only two, Messrs. Loomis and Hibbard, still remain connected with the parish. Some of the others are dead, and some have moved away to other places. Of the families then connected with the parish perhaps some ten or twelve remain. I found the parish in a sad condition. Its congregation had dwindled down to a handful. It was loaded with debts, both funded and floating. Its building was a mere flimsy wooden shell. Its resources were so small that my salary was but \$1,500, and that partly made up by subscription. This certainly was not promising. I did not, however, feel in the least disheartened. I felt confidence in the vestry. They were nearly all young men, determined to see the battle through; and the senior warden, Job Taber, was one of the most persevering, most devoted, most affectionate parishioners it has ever been my pleasure to meet. He has been, I trust, for many years now with the Lord, whom he loved, in the paradise of the blessed.

In 1863, I collected, by my own exertions, money enough in the parish to erect a handsome parsonage in the rear of the church. In 1864 the church was so crowded that it was determined to enlarge it, and 250 sittings were added, making a capacity of 700. Many will remember the awkward, ugly building, so insufferably hot in summer, so starvingly cold in winter. In 1867 it was evident that we must move further south. This lot was purchased, and this church erected. You will remember the glorious Easter of its opening in 1869. It was the beginning of a new style of architecture and church decoration in this city. You will see, on an inspection of any of the churches built after it, how powerful an influence it exerted. Like the rest of Chicago, we plunged gayly into debt for the building of this church. Debts seemed very little things to the people of this city then. The reckoning day was in the future, we said; and when it comes, why, we will be ready to meet it. But alas, it came amid the ruins of a smoking city, and a financial crisis which upset the whole land; and 1873 found this parish with a funded debt of \$40,000, some floating debts, and everybody dispirited, depressed, frightened at the rapidly decreasing value of their own property and the uncertainties of the future.

Let me add to this my own condition. A nervous difficulty had been paralyzing, for a year or more, half my usefulness, and filling me with the darkest forebodings. I would have resigned and sought some lighter field of labor, I had almost determined to do so, but at the Easter meeting of 1874 the splendid unanimity of my people, rallying around me with enthusiasm, dispelled all my fears, gave me a fresh life, did more than all the medicine in the world to relieve my ill-health, which soon entirely disappeared. In that year \$15,000 were paid on the bonded debt, and our finances then stood at a funded debt of \$25,000 and a floating debt of \$5,000. A large portion of this floating debt was paid at the next Easter, and all looked fair again.

But in May, 1876, a fearful tornado swept over the city, which blew down our beautiful spire, and damaged our church in the most serious way. This called for an outlay of over \$4,000. It was cheerfully met. The expenses of the parish were ar-

ranged to suit the changed times. The floating debt has been gradually reduced, until now, unless something unusual occurs, it will all be paid by the following Easter, and with the \$5,000 which I hope and trust will be the memorial offering to-day, our funded debt will be reduced to \$20,000.

Such is the history of twenty years, as far as the church fabric goes. During that time there have been 1,002 baptisms, 405 confirmations, 473 funerals, 370 marriages; and there have been contributed for objects, inter and extra parochial, in round numbers, \$420,000. I cannot tell how many sermons I have preached, or how many services I have had, I have never kept any account; but I can say, that for all these twenty years the sermons and lectures count up by thousands, and have been nearly all written out in full, with careful preparation. With the one exception of four months' absence in Europe, and three months at the East, I have never been absent from my post more than three weeks at a time, and even then quite rarely; and only three Sundays in all that time from illness. But these bare figures do not show anything of the earnest, vigorous work which has been done by this parish during twenty years. Burdened as it was with its own heavy necessities, it never faltered in its work of charity and unselfishness. Take the sad times after the great fire. For about two weeks 2,000 people a day were fed from this church, and about 2,000 clothed. Three hundred people were furnished with shelter, and from the parsonage 1,400 persons besides were furnished with clothing and other necessities, many of them in large quantities. In 1864, we founded St. Luke's Hospital, gave it to, for a year or so, all its support. Then it became a general church charity; but we have ever been its fast friends, and, with money and work, ever its earnest supporters. We founded St. Stephen's Church, and contributed for years greatly to its support. We have carried on a large and flourishing Sunday School and industrial schools, and are just now commencing a new mission. We have aided liberally in all the works of the diocese, and our men and women will be found earnest helpers in all the great charities of the city. This has been no sleepy parish, exclusive and selfish, but a warm and living centre of Church work.

As for the inward and spiritual work—the growth of grace in the hearts of men, the outcome of this Church in lives of holiness and good works—some only of all that, can now be seen of men. The greater part of it must be hidden from every eye but that of God, until the judgment. Thank God, I have had many tokens that such a work was going on. If I had not, think you I could have continued at my post all these years? I feel confident that in the services of this Church, and by the help of God's Holy Spirit working through this Church, very many souls have been brought nearer to their Saviour Christ and raised above the level of worldliness in their aspirations toward a better life.

Twenty years! What changes I have seen! Changes in the nation; changes in the city. When I came here it had but 100,000 inhabitants, and was in many respects a very rough, crude place. This very street was worse than some of our present worst streets, often almost impassable; and this place where we now are, remote from the business centre, and hardly dreamed of as becoming "down town" in twenty years. Changes in the diocese! Changes in the city churches! Rectors have come and gone. Parishes have come into existence, and passed out of existence. Great plans heralded with flourish of trumpets have come to nothing, and little obscure ventures have developed into permanent and useful auxiliaries. Unless I am mistaken, there is not now settled over any religious body of any kind in Chicago the same pastor who occupied that post when I came here. I smile sometimes, when I think of the religious sensations I have seen in Chicago. Men coming and drawing tremendous crowds, and making a great hubbub, and gradually sinking down into the common crowd, as unnoticed as anybody else.

Changes in the parish! Oh, what changes! So many who began with me full of health and life, now laid to sleep amid the waving trees of Graceland or Rose Hill. Some in far-off Southern States, where they fell in battle. So many with changed fortunes—then rich and prosperous, now, in the everlasting turning of the wheel, poor and struggling; or, on the other hand, then poor and unknown, now leading citizens and families in church and state. The children whom I held in my arms at my coming, now come to stand before me for the blessing of their marriage, and bring to this font little ones like themselves, brought to me twenty years ago.

May I ask those who have accompanied with me from the beginning to bear witness to one thing, namely, that the preaching from this pulpit has always been "Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of sinful men," and that doctrine set forth according to the Catholic faith and in the ways of the Catholic Church. Whatever else I may have done or left undone, I have preached the Gospel in the church according to my light. I have never compromised the position of the Church in any way. I have never given in one inch to any popular and passing theology, but have struggled

to maintain intact the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Slowly, but steadily, the ritual of this parish has advanced in dignity and in beauty, and I hope the advance will continue. I have never thrust upon you any novelty which was obnoxious to you, and in all these years have never heard one objection to any ritual change I have seen fit to make. What I have done in this way has ever been, and what I shall do shall ever be, in submission to the authorities who are over me in the Lord. May God keep me from any disingenuous, traitorous attempt to introduce false doctrines under any exaggerated forms of outward devotions.

But let me recall to my mind and to yours the text, "Thanks be to the Lord, for He hath shewed me marvelous great kindness in a strong city."

If any man in the world could ever utter that text out of a sincere heart, I can; for certainly no man has had it more fulfilled in his life. Oh, my people, I cannot tell how grateful I am to my God and Father for all the kindness He has shown me, for the care with which He has watched my steps, for the friends He has given me, for the honors all so undeserved He has heaped upon me, for the trials He has spared me, for the sweet, happy, honorable life He has permitted me to live in this "strong city," where He placed me. And, under God, I thank my beloved Bishop and my diocese for the confidence ever reposed in me, and the offices of trust conferred upon me. I break through the sanctities of my private life, and I thank her as I ought to thank, my wife, associated so thoroughly with me in all the works and all the welfare of this parish. And, above all, I thank you, my people, and my friends, for kindnesses innumerable, for the forbearance of twenty years with my many faults and shortcomings. You know them better than I do. A man deceives himself very greatly in such things. But rest assured, I know many of them; and when I see you so kindly overlooking them, it makes me feel very humble and very grateful. I thank you for all the ready aid you have given me in the parish work. I thank you for the countless hosts of attentions you have showered upon me and mine. I thank many here for the priceless gift of their friendship, their unflinching encouragement, their love. God may mean us to remain together many years longer, and He may soon separate us. All such relations are very uncertain, we well know. But whether I go or stay, I pray God to send down upon your bodies, upon your souls, and your spirits, the choicest blessings He can bestow; and whenever we do part, may we, by His grace, be enabled to look forward to a final and a changeless reunion in that Paradise where Jesus goes in and out among His people.

Nashotah Seminary.

Bishop Robertson thus speaks of Nashotah in the last number of the *Church News*:

Last year nine of the nearer western Bishops were elected into the Board, in order to widen the interest and to share the anxiety which has for many years been carried by Dr. Cole alone. A committee was appointed at a meeting held in December to examine into the affairs of the House, which committee made its report at this meeting. The result showed a condition anxious indeed, but not so alarming as had been intimated. An address stating the situation will shortly be put out, but it may now be briefly stated that in the thirty-five years of Nashotah's life two hundred clergymen and more have been sent forth into the Church; a domain of 640 acres and a dozen and more buildings, including four of brick and the professors' houses, a library of seven thousand volumes, have been secured, and all this held without encumbrance. This can hardly be worth less than \$80,000.

On account of the increase in the number of theological seminaries since Nashotah began its work, and the diversion of funds caused by the projects started by the missionary bishops, Nashotah has incurred a floating debt which now amounts to \$40,000. As against this there are permanent investments bearing interest for the institution amounting to \$51,000, and legacies due, but not yet paid, to the sum of \$20,000. Last year, with a diminished income, the Seminary did not fall behind a dollar, and it is anticipated that there will be no difficulty for the coming year. There has not been a dollar of bad investment. While the situation demands that the friends of Nashotah shall show themselves now and act, there is every reason for encouragement.

—Concerning the late "Union Meeting" of the Jews and Baptists in St. Louis, the *Independent* "records" its judgment thus: "Bound as we are to express as positive an opinion as the facts will allow on every current religious question, we record our judgment that in this case there was no denial on either side of their respective faith, but that there was a creditable delicacy and fraternity of sentiment exhibited, which we would call Christian, but which the members of the *Shaaray Emeth* would call Jewish."

News From the Churches.

INDIANA.—*Fort Wayne*.—The Rev. C. C. Tate, for the past seven years Rector of Trinity Church, has resigned, to take effect August 1. During his rectorship much has been done upon which any Rector might look with a justifiable feeling of pride. Important changes have been made in the Chancel, and now whatever we look upon is churchly. The large organ has been lowered from the gallery to its proper place on the floor. One of the finest altars in the West (it is a magnificent one, of many kinds of marble,) has been placed in the church, as a memorial gift. A beautiful solid silver Communion set serves to keep alive the memory of another former member of the parish. A large and handsome Chapel and Rector's room of stone has also been built and entirely paid for. Mr. Tate has labored with zeal and patience among the poor. Over his removal many of these will grieve, as only the destitute can, over the loss of a true friend and sympathizer. Since the resignation of the rectorship of the Church of the Good Shepherd by the Rev. Walter Scott, several years ago, Mr. Tate has had charge of that parish as a Mission of Trinity, and has regularly held services in connection with his own uninterrupted parochial services and duties. It seems unfortunate that a change is imperative, but the financial crisis of a few years ago, deaths and removals of members, and the fire which occurred last year, when the church was, for the fifth time, struck by lightning, have seriously crippled the finances of the parish.

Mr. Tate will be missed in the Diocese, as well as in his parish. A Deputy to General Convention, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop, and Dean of the Northern Convocation—these things show how he is esteemed by his Bishop and by his clerical and lay brethren. His many friends in parish and diocese greatly regret his departure.

MICHIGAN.—The address of Dr. Stocking, to August 15, is Orient, Long Island. —The Standing Committee have expressed a desire to have the Consecration of their Bishop take place in St. Paul's Church, Detroit. —July 13, the Bishop of Western Michigan, at St. John's Church, Detroit, admitted to the order of Deacons Mr. John William Prosser, B. D., a graduate of Nashotah. Mr. Prosser has been from his youth a member of St. John's parish, and he is the twelfth candidate for the ministry that this parish has given to the Church under the present Rector. —For the above items we are indebted to *Our Diocese*.

MISSOURI.—Rev. G. C. Betts will preach the sermon at the consecration of St. Paul's Church, Ironton, on Sunday, August 3. The occasion will be one of more than usual interest as the men and boys of Trinity choir will furnish the music, and will go down on Saturday the 2d prox, in a special car kindly furnished by Supt. Soper of the I. M. R. R., and return to St. Louis on Monday. Many of the congregation of Trinity will avail themselves of this pleasant occasion.

The corner of the first thousand dollars has been turned on the Children's Cot, St. Luke's Hospital, toward the endowment of it to the amount of three thousand dollars. —*Western Church*.

The resignation of Rev. Dr. Ingraham, recently tendered to the vestry of St. John's Church, St. Louis, has finally been accepted, and will take effect on the 30th of September. The acceptance was reluctantly given, Mr. Ingraham having passed eleven years of a very pleasant and harmonious pastorate in the Church. Resolutions of respect and affection accompanied the vestry's acceptance of the resignation.

Memorial Cross to Dr. DeKoven.

Presented to His First and Only Parish.

On the evening of St. Peter's day, the Bishop of Wisconsin, with the Bishops of Missouri and Western Michigan, and seven Clergy, attended evening service at the Church of St. John Chrysostom, Delafield. The Bishop of Western Michigan preached a most admirable sermon, and the friends of the late Dr. DeKoven, who had been for five years Rector of the Church, took advantage of the occasion to present a very handsome altar cross of brass in memory of his rectorship.

As to the feeling of his former parishioners in Delafield, and of those whom he taught in the school during those years, we need only say, having most intimate knowledge, that we know it is a memory filled with thoughts of reverence and gratitude of the strongest kind. Matters of Church history or debated questions of Church doctrine do not come in to the thoughts of the people at all—it is with them simply that they love the memory of their former rector, as in their experience the best of pastors and of Christian educators.

Messrs. John A. Bevington and James Wilkinson, teachers of the Delafield Sunday School, presented the cross after the sermon before the congregation.

Their written address was as follows: "To the Rector, Wardens and vestry of St. John Chrysostom's Church, Delafield."

"Several of the friends of the late Rev.

James DeKoven, D. D., being desirous of placing some permanent token of affection in the church of his first administration, do hereby present to the parish of St. John Chrysostom an altar cross inscribed to the memory of Dr. DeKoven. We beg your acceptance of the same on behalf of the donors."

The cross was then received by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Adams, with the following words:

"We receive gratefully this beautiful cross as a memorial to Dr. DeKoven. He was for five years rector of this parish, and during that time conducted a school in connection with this church."

Here were those first talents trained that afterwards made him so renowned through the Christian world, as a Christian educator. Here he prepared and made himself ready, and conceived those first thoughts and plans that elsewhere had such wonderful success. In this village there are now many consistent Christians in the maturity of life who received their first impressions in their childhood from him in his school—many there are in Delafield and Pine Lake, baptized and confirmed during his rectorship—many persons aged now, who were his parishioners in their maturity, admired his powers and loved him as their pastor. In the hearts of all these the fragrance of his memory dwells as a blessing to their souls. And in the name of all these I return most hearty thanks to the donors of this monumental and memorial cross, to stand always, before our eyes, upon the altar of this Church. 'Blessings are upon the head of the righteous in this life; and when he is gone into Paradise, the memory of 'the righteous is blessed,' of all those who have learned from the example of his life, and the teachings of his lips, the truths of the Gospel of God and his Christ."

The cross was then solemnly placed upon the altar. The hymn, "For all thy saints," was sung, and Bishop Welles concluded the service with prayer and a benediction. —*Wisconsin Calendar*.

Correspondence.

PITTSBURGH, PA., July 17, 1879.

To the Editor of the LIVING CHURCH:

The specimen copy of the LIVING CHURCH you sent me has given me great pleasure and I send you my subscription. Such a newspaper cannot but continue to delight and interest its readers. I don't know your special correspondent for the occasion of Bishop Riley's consecration, nor what he said; but if he didn't tell you that it was the feeblest attempt at a great service he ever witnessed—peeped and muttered and wheezed and mumbled, as the greatest part of it was, he must have suppressed something he should have written. Probably more than half of all that was said and done, until after the Offertory, was lost to the majority of the vast congregation, among whom were Romanists as well as Presbyterians, etc., and who were unusually quiet and attentive. This was the more unnecessary as there were very competent readers among the Bishops in the Chancel. The service was further despoiled of its rightful dignity, and its unity was sacrificed to the foolish practice of allowing it to be parcelled out in small portions among a variety of persons, so that one scarcely knew what next to expect, or whether anyone in particular (except at the Epistle and Gospel) was in charge of anything or not. It was throughout painfully impressed upon the mind, how much greater is this occasion than the men taking part in it!

The intense individuality of Bishop Riley and his sweet humility and earnestness of manner, were no doubt a great relief to the pure life tameness and positive dullness with which much of the service was rendered. When our Bishops talk a little less about the grandeur of the majestic services in the Prayer Book, and do a little more toward making those services what they should be, the poor laymen of the time can understand them better.

R.

To the Editor of the LIVING CHURCH:

The recent baptism, by immersion, of some twenty-four persons, by Canon Williams, at Llanelly, suggests the question whether the Church makes sufficiently known her willingness to immerse, on request. Tell a non-churchman, or even some of our own churchpeople, that any Priest will use this mode, and ten to one, you will surprise him greatly.

In the two parishes which I have had, there have been instances of immersion; in the former, one; in the latter, two; and I have found them useful in opening the eyes of people to the broadness of the Church. We who are called "formalists" care not which "form" of baptism is used! It spikes many a gun to be able to point to an instance or two of immersion by the Church.

PRESBYTEROS.

A Sanitarium for Missionaries is about to be opened by Bishop Schereschewsky in the city of Che-foo in the Shan-tung province. This city is in the north of of China, and is washed by the waters of the Pe-chili Gulf, and Yellow Sea. It is one of the Treaty Ports, and is considered a very healthy spot. The Mandarin Dialect is spoken in the province, which contains about thirty millions of the heathen.

White Earth, Minnesota.

For some weeks before Sunday, the 22d of June, the Indians of White Earth were on the tip-toe of expectation. They had heard that their beloved Bishop and best friend was about to pay them his annual visit, and not only so, but that he was to be accompanied by a large and distinguished party. This news threw them into a state of pleasurable excitement, and so at the suggestion of their Rector, the Rev. J. J. Emmegabowh, they gave up digging snake-root for the time, at which they had been scattered all over the prairie, and quietly awaited at their homes the coming event. We can hardly understand how big a thing it looks to the Indians to have a party of distinguished persons come from a distance to see them. Each of them looks on it as a personal matter, and for the time, it is the only thing talked of. When, therefore, the party of fourteen arrived on the afternoon of Saturday, it was soon noised abroad, and many of the Indians could not restrain their impatience to see them till the morrow, but assembled in groups in the vicinity of where they were, and around the church. They were not aware that there would be service that day, else the church would have been filled; nevertheless, when a service was hastily proposed and the bell rung, a goodly congregation was found to be present, though many had gone home from the cause we speak of.

The Rev. Dean Knickerbacker took charge of this service. By his direction, Rev. Charles Wright had a short service and a few prayers in Chippewa, and then addressed his fellow-Indians in their own language, telling them the great honor which was done them by being visited by such a large and distinguished party, because they were now Christians, whereas in their old wild state such a thing never occurred, because then, being heathen, they were regarded only with contempt, and urging them to carry themselves suitably to the honor which was done them. After this several of the clergy made their addresses, which were interpreted by their Rector. When the congregation had dispersed, and were sitting in groups about the church, they were made happy by having their Bishop go among them and shake hands with his old friends and address a few kindly words to each.

Next morning, Sunday, an overflowing congregation assembled in the church. Rev. Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia, preached to them. When the offertory was to be made the Bishop held the ams basin in his hand, standing in the chancel, and the Indians, as their custom is, came forward, one by one, and deposited their offerings. There were little children crowding forward, and old people, and all kinds; some with money, some with bead work, or napkin rings, or whatever they could find. This novel feature greatly impressed the white visitors, seeing it for the first time. They declared that looked like making an offering indeed—more than anything they had ever seen. There seemed some heart in it, some reality, when the plate was not thrust into their faces, but they came forward themselves with their gifts in their hands to offer unto the Lord. When afterward the amount was counted it was found to be \$22. "There is one thing about my visit here," said the Bishop when he had counted it, "I am always sure of a good offering for missions here," and he might have added, from the poorest people by far in his diocese. Many of the laymen present drew very unfavorable comparisons between the offerings of the Indians and those in their own parishes, but we must not repeat them.

Yet this was no exceptional one, to show off before the Bishop and visitors. Last fall \$27 were laid upon the plate at a single offering. They had just received their payment from the government of \$8 a head for a year, and out of that pittance which yet was so much to them, some put one dollar upon the plate. There are no people who give so liberally out of their little all as they for the religion they have adopted. A very large number remained to the Holy Communion, probably the largest that ever attended any communion in the church.

One feature that the visitors were particularly struck with was the wonderfully good singing of the Indians. Without an instrument or any one to lead them, their singing was yet good, full of soul, and inspiring. By this service, by the sight of nearly three hundred well dressed, intelligent Christian Indians filling the church, by their hearty joining in the service, by their singing, by their offerings, the visitors were completely carried away, and those who had come skeptical or indifferent, became enthusiastic in the cause of Indian missions. There was but one expression, and that was that it was far beyond their expectations.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock, another service and confirmation were held, when nine Indians were presented by the Rev. J. J. Emmegabowh. After confirmation a number of stirring addresses were made by the clergy. —*Minnesota Missionary*.

The more a man knows about any subject the greater will be his charity for and sympathy with views differing from his own. —*Sunday Afternoon*.

Church Calendar.

August, A. D. 1879.

- 3. Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
10. Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
17. Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
24. (St. Bartholomew) Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
31. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

Newspaper Paragraphs.

The situation seems to grow worse and worse, in England, and the State rule of the Church is openly disregarded. The Church Times, June 27th, says:

The Courts are perfectly irresponsible and irreformable. It is not so with the ordinary tribunals of the country. The Privy Council can decide whatever it pleases, and, even if it were possible to pass bills to correct its vagaries—which it is not—the remedy would be at least as bad as the disease.

If, then, we are asked what it is we want, we reply, the restoration of the Church's legislative powers. Till we get them, it would never do to go on acquiescing in doubtful judgments of a State Church, or obeying under protest till some really serious attack had been made upon the Faith.

Miss Ellen Hopkins, the English lady-preacher among the poor, in her book on "Work among Working-men," speaking of preaching to the laboring class, says:

And now as to the speaking, the most important point, and always the difficult one. In the first place, it must be good, simple, hearty, and to the point. The mission-service must not be trusted to the first raw curate or earnest lay stick who offers—men to whom the incumbent of the parish would never think of entrusting his own pulpit, knowing that he would empty his church if he did.

A remarkable article on the Evangelical movement, written by Mr. Gladstone, in the British Quarterly Review, has been the subject of much comment in the press. The comments illustrate very forcibly the necessity of some theological knowledge in those who write on theological questions.

This is as suggestive as it is curious, and indicates a reaction which apparently is going on, among our Congregationalist friends. If there is nothing particularly "fresh" in the Westminster Catechism, which we suppose is meant, there must be a charming "freshness" and "novelty" in the sight of those young people studying and reciting the same.

It appears hardly possible to exaggerate the debt which the modern English Churchman of "moderate" views, owes, both to the Evangelical and the Tractarian schools of thought.

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Marriage and Divorce.

The subject of marriage and divorce has become a serious question of discussion in our Church conventions as well as in the Roman Catholic community. The teaching of the Church is that marriage is the most sacred relation which can exist between the contracting parties—a solemn obligation to continue while life lasts.

The last General Convention adopted as one of the canons of the Church, a prohibition of Episcopal clergyman marrying any divorced person during the life time of the party from whom he or she is divorced, except where the divorce is obtained for adultery charged and proven.

We are tempted to take into consideration the method of dealing with manuscripts, adopted by the new editor of the Brethren at Work. In the most prominent place in his paper he prints the following:

"REJECTED.—Behold, I come quickly," by H. P. Brinkworth. Too poorly written. "Correspondence," by Anna M. S. Written, illegibly and very much scattered."

THE following appeared in the Advance, our Congregationalist neighbor, a few weeks since:

Dr. Noble, of the Union Park Church, Chicago, has struck upon a novelty. The church are greatly pleased with it, particularly the younger part. The scheme has the merit both of freshness, and a most obvious adaptation to meet, in a reasonable way, a profound need.

This is as suggestive as it is curious, and indicates a reaction which apparently is going on, among our Congregationalist friends. If there is nothing particularly "fresh" in the Westminster Catechism, which we suppose is meant, there must be a charming "freshness" and "novelty" in the sight of those young people studying and reciting the same.

It is hoped that this is not the attraction which brought so large a congregation together. The whole matter is really very queer. We are greatly interested in it and shall be curious to see how long the "novelty" which the good preacher has "struck," shall last.

It appears hardly possible to exaggerate the debt which the modern English Churchman of "moderate" views, owes, both to the Evangelical and the Tractarian schools of thought. To the first he owes that he at length appreciates in all their consoling significance, the long neglected sacraments of his Church.

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THE PRICE PAID.—The Chinese are exceedingly mercenary. They will do almost anything for money. They have no notion of any man taking a course which does not tend to profit.

Some people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter to be the easiest work in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work done on a paper.

The Methodist exclaims against the abandonment of the Church in hot weather. "The ministers have been pretty freely abused for long vacations; it is time to say that the laymen are very much more to blame and take more vacation with much less excuse than the ministers."

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The Living Church.

Chicago, August 7, 1879.

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Some Thoughts for the Clergy.

The Rector of one of our large parishes has just celebrated his Twentieth Anniversary, and our best wish for the parish is that he may be with them yet another twenty years.

So long a rectorate challenges more than a passing compliment, however sincere and hearty it may be. The tenure of the pastoral office is so slight, and changes are so frequent, and so many minds seem to be in the dark about the reasons why, that we think the clergy may wisely consider what lessons they can learn from the successful and honorable career of Dr. Locke in Grace Church.

We mean nothing deprecatory of him when we say that there are no special conditions in this case which might not lead to similar results in the cases of most of our clergy. The causes contributing are not extraordinary or exceptional. They are such as, if supplemented by equal wisdom, patience and persistence, would insure any man of average capacity the sweet blessing of a permanent relation to a particular flock.

1. A prime factor in pastoral success is keeping closely at one's work. In this instance, the Rector (making the exception of a trip to Europe, which was fairly won and therefore helpful), says: "I have never been absent from my post more than three weeks at a time, and even then quite rarely." The vacation is reasonable and right, particularly when health is delicate. But the successful rectors are the men who are always on hand. They love their work and they feel their own personal responsibility for its prosecution. No one else can attend to its manifold details as well as they. A single sick parishioner will forbid the pleasant trip to a convocation. A possible death chains them to the place of duty. If the summer be sickly, home supplies them the best of summer resorts. A leading railway officer, when asked the secret of his advancement, said to us: "I was always around when anybody wanted anything done!" There is a vast deal more in this than there is in Greek roots and Hooker's "Book VI.," important as these are to the theological student.

2. Another element of pastoral success is the capacity to bear burdens. Not to sink under them; not to shirk them; not to run away from them; not to fret and worry over them, untidly. The clergy who look up from afar and fancy that the large city parish is Arcadia itself, exhibit marvelous powers of imagination. The truth is, the larger the responsibilities and the more prominent the position, the heavier are the burdens of care and anxiety. Our city clergy are subject to severe and continuous taxation of all their powers. They must "strike twelve every hour," in the pulpit. They must look after the spiritual wants of many. They must minister to the physical necessities of the poor. Indeed, their work is too manifold to be particularized, and too exacting to be described. In the instance before us, there has been manifested a capacity to rise above not only great calamities by fire and tornado, but also above the more trying and vexatious under-currents of trouble that flow through every parish. It is a great gift—one to be coveted and prayed for. It is better than brilliant powers of oratory, more to be desired than the theological acumen of great Doctors. It is just that particular kind of manliness, to meet and rise superior to life's little worries, which we almost dread to say, many of our clergy

are sadly lacking in; and for this cause many of them spend their substance in freight bills.

3. One thing more may be mentioned, of the many elements that have made up the success of the rector of Grace Church. He says, "for all these twenty years, the sermons and lectures count up by thousands, and have been nearly all written out in full, with careful preparation." This suggests the thought that has already been expressed in these columns,—that no priest can claim to be a faithful priest who puts a low estimate upon the importance of his pulpit duty. We have no patience with the cant we sometimes hear, which seeks to honor the Altar by depreciating the Pulpit. Such cant is the cloak that covers conscious incapacity or unpardonable sloth. It is not without some travail that a good sermon is produced. For a good sermon implies a divine message, adequately conceived and suitably delivered, by an ambassador of Christ, speaking in the presence of undying souls. He who performs this duty superficially, is unjust to himself, to his people, and to his God. We would utter this sentiment with as much sorrow as emphasis, because we are convinced, from long observation, that not a few of our clergy, more or less habitually fail in that kind of enthusiasm which induces "careful preparation." Far be it from us to accept the unrighteous imputation of a Presbyterian divine, that ours is "an imbecile pulpit;" unless it be imbecile to insist that, important as the sermon is, it is still subordinate, as a means of grace, to the Sacraments of Christ's institution. But there is no reason why we, who accept the Sacraments at their full value, should be less earnest and painstaking with our sermons, than those who make the sermon the only means of grace. This implies sustained study, wide general reading, and what we have already spoken of, as the travail of composition.

Perhaps we ought to apologize for this use of the name and work of a contemporary. But the occasion of his twentieth anniversary amply justifies, we think, any suggestions that may be applicable and helpful to the present nomadic habits of our clergy.

One sermon a Sabbath (we suppose it means Sunday), is a subject for discussion in *The Evangelist*. We know a good many parishes, who would be glad to compromise, if they could get a real sermon once a quarter, a sermon that contained either meat for men or milk for babes. They have plenty of forms of sermons, but the substance is wanting—they are skeletons, and the bones are very dry. There is nothing the mind can take hold of or that can reach the heart, they are not the beaten oil that is worthy of the sanctuary. The preacher seems to be stepping away from us, and it remains to be seen, if the pastor is able to entirely fill the place. If we expect the sheep of our flocks to look up to the rack, we must fill it with fodder. We are glad to know that there is a prospect that one sermon a week is to become the fashion again.

BISHOP GILLESPIE of Western Michigan has issued a circular to all keepers of jails and poor-houses in his diocese, asking for information as to the provisions made for the religious instruction of the people in their charge. The good Bishop, wherever he goes, never fails to look after the unfortunate and erring. It is a following of the Blessed Master, that cannot be too closely imitated.

Was the Monkey man's progenitor? Two facts are mentioned that would seem to strengthen Darwin's argument. Monkeys swim like men, and not like other animals; and they are the only animals who can be taught a liking for strong drink. They are often, when in a wild state, made captives by setting bowls of liquor in their way, and it is said there is a wonderful resemblance between the antics of a drunken man and a drunken monkey.

A learned brother on one occasion went to church but forgot to take his sermon. At the conclusion of the service he dismissed the congregation, and frankly gave them the reason. He seemed to have no faith that the miracle of Balaam would be duplicated in his case, and made no attempt to open his mouth.

BRIEF MENTION.

Wanted, at this office, a correspondent that will drop into poetry now and then, without extra charge.—One of our oldest missionaries writes: "Every number of the LIVING CHURCH illustrates the propriety of its name.—An almost unprecedented thing is heard of under the sun,—a Roman Catholic Seminary (theological), has been closed at Cincinnati, by direction of Archbishop Purcell. Reasons, a heavy debt, the Archbishop's financial embarrassments, and a sufficient supply of priests.—Mrs. Van Cott is an evangelist. She rejected, as an insult, \$36 for twelve days' work in a Methodist church in Poughkeepsie. She says she would rather borrow money, and pay interest therefor, than to accept such a beggarly sum.—The Rev. A. W. Mann, missionary to deaf mutes, on account of sickness, has been obliged to recall some appointments, one for Chicago among the number. We are pleased to report his health improving.—Give the Pope his due! Leo has forbidden the sale of relics. He says the traffic has become an abuse.—A parish in Hartford voted, last Easter-Monday, to employ only baptized persons to sing in the choir.—Some one gives this sensible advice to mothers: train the girls, and restrain the boys.—The *Church Times* (London) says: "There is no argument against Episcopacy but Bishops." Bad boy!—Rev. A. B. Allen, of Lowville, N. Y., has been called to Trinity parish, Rock Island.—A correspondent of *Our Dioceses*, probably a layman, says: "One of the sore evils which the Church is called upon to meet, in these days, is a secular clergy content with the lowest level of spiritual attainment." It would be well for us to consider if there be some truth in this.—In Boston there are 8000 women who pay taxes and are entitled to vote for school inspectors. Less than 200 have registered for that purpose, although the most urgent appeals and convincing arguments have been addressed to them through the papers and on the platform.—St. Mark's Church, Chicago, has begun a mission in the neighborhood of the Stock Yards, and it is flourishing.—Rev. Nelson Ayres, rector of the Church of the Advent, Brownsville, Tex., has been visiting friends in Illinois. He preached at the Cathedral, recently.—Asa Packard, by his benefactions, did not impoverish his family. Each of his three children will have an income of \$200,000 a year.—It is said there are 15,000 Jews in Chicago. In London there are more Jews than in the Holy Land. They most do congregate in the large cities.—Copies of Dr. Newton's Sermon, "Seven good reasons for not joining the Reformed," can be had by application at this office. The only fault with the sermon is, the reasons ought to be multiplied by ten.—The *Omaha Church Guardian* for July is an interesting number. It begins a series of historical sketches of parish Churches. An excellent plan, and one that we commend to all diocesan papers.—The Rev. Eben. Thompson, of Wisconsin, is officiating in St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, during the summer vacation of the rector, the Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Paddock.—We are sorry to announce the illness of our New York correspondent, Rev. Dr. Cushman. The malarial fever will, it is hoped, yield to treatment in a few days.—The *Nation* says one of the hindrances to Harvard's usefulness lies in the fact that a large body of Christian parents believe it to be a hot-bed of Unitarianism, and do not like the Unitarian mode of "vitalizing the hearts of men."—The Rev. W. H. Tomlins is engaged in Missionary work in the diocese of Springfield. His address is Mattoon, Ill.—A clergyman in Maryland writes, "I like your paper immensely;" and emphasizes it by sending cash for several subscribers.—We have another subscriber for the series of Church tracts; this time from West Virginia.—Bishop Niles, New Hampshire, has gone abroad for much needed relaxation and rest. Bishop Odenheimer, Northern New Jersey, is failing day by day, and we may hear of his death at any time.—St. Paul's Church, Medina, New York, is to have a parsonage. A man who has a wife and children has given hostages to fortune, and so has a parish with a parsonage.—The Icelanders are coming! Eighty of them arrived in New York recently, in summer suits of furs.—Bishop Herzog has administered

confirmation to six persons in Paris, at the Chapel of M. Loyson. He acted at the request of the Primus of Scotland.—Virginia consents! Having satisfied herself that the Episcopate of Michigan is vacant.—St. Louis has an Ice Mission for the sick poor; the coldest charity yet recorded.—Rev. L. P. Tschiffely, Louisville, Ky., officiated at Plymouth, Ind., July 27. He was the first rector of that parish. A cordial reception was given him.—The *Southern Churchman* says: "We are afraid of Altars. The Prayer Book knows nothing of them." How much does that editor know about the Prayer Book? Give it up.—The *Chicago Evening Journal* says: "Illinois never had a more conscientious or efficient public officer than Mr. James K. Edsall." We do not know to what "party" Mr. Edsall belongs, but we know him in the Church, as one of her worthiest sons. He announces his intention to retire from politics at the end of his present term as Attorney General.—The *Hotel Scribe*, in Paris, is to be sold. Mrs. Partington will be astonished that a republic in this nineteenth century should allow a scribe to be sold.—Rev. A. J. Vater resigned the parish of the Good Shepherd, Memphis, April 1, to seek a field in a Northern latitude. His address for the present is, care of the LIVING CHURCH, Chicago.—Multitudes who know Prof. Swing as a genial writer and speaker, will sympathize with him in his recent bereavement. His personal friends mourn with him the loss of his wife, one of the "perfect women nobly planned."—We call attention to our school advertisements on the fifth and eighth pages. The institutions represented are among the first in the land and the list is a large one. The present month is the time to make engagements for rooms.

Editorial Solo.

The melancholy days have come; the hottest, and in many respects the saddest of the year. Starch is vanity, and clothes are a vexation of spirit. "Society" is a trial during the dog-days; and close rooms, upholstered furniture, gas-light, and the whole category of human contrivances, are to be shunned. Truly by the sweat of his brow, man not only earns his bread, but also pays the penalty of his civilization.

The question sometimes arises, Is it worth while to struggle so long and so hard to make ourselves uncomfortable? In spite of all teaching and preaching, there still lingers a longing for the wild life and freedom of our Saxon forefathers. We have an instinct for savagery which is never entirely eradicated. We see the indications of it every summer, when multitudes abandon the city palaces for the wigwam in the wilderness; when the newspaper is laid aside, the desk is locked, and in place of the tools of commerce the disguised savage takes to himself the more congenial weapons of the woods and the streams.

So we find comfort in the reflection that we are true to civilization, remaining at home to wield the pen and to guard the interests of church and nation; while our brethren who are bathing in the surf, or cooling off in aboriginal costume among the northern lakes, are a degenerate race, only a little removed from the savages whom they delight to imitate!

Virtue is its own reward. We contemplate, with great complacency, the summer exodus of fortune's favorites. Let them relapse into barbarism if they will. Let them go back to the savage solitudes from which their heathen ancestors were rescued. We will stand by civilization; we will make our dwelling place in the home of art; we will stay where books are made, and churches are built, and the rattle of machinery is heard.

And when these wanderers of the wilderness return, demoralized, tattered and tanned, we will generously receive them back to the homes that they deserted, and extend over them once more the ægis of the civilization that we have perpetuated through all the dust and perspiration of the dog-days. Then they will rise up and call us blessed,—and enquire for back numbers of the LIVING CHURCH!

I have no confidence in cross Christianity; it is not the Christianity of the Cross; and it denies the Master as openly and effectually as ever Peter did when he said, "I know not the man."—*Sunday Afternoon.*

Our New York Letter.

Free Church Pews "occupied."—Clam-av-i at Coney Island.—Clergymen's Insurance League.—Murder as a means of Grace.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4, 1879.

Some time since, we had a paragraph noting the large numbers of free churches in our Communion, being something like half of the whole number. The report of the Free Church Association since received, assures us that more than a third of the Communicants, and about one-fifth of the offerings of the thirty-three dioceses reported, belong to the free churches. The contributions of the free churches were \$1,183,616, of which \$161,504 were for extra-parochial purposes. This is a better showing than we feared could be made, for it has been charged upon the free churches, that their charity began and ended at home. We fear it is not thoroughly understood what a free church is, as we note that in some of them are reserved seats. We stepped into one of the noblest of them all, where there is daily morning and evening prayer throughout the year, to say our own prayers. Noting a congregation conspicuous for its absence, and thinking there should be a proper balance between the church and the body of the church, we sought a place in one of the pews rather than in one of the stalls. But, lo and behold! on many of the most eligible pews, we found a card, upon which was printed in large letters the word, "Occupied." It may have been so, but the occupants were not visible to our eyes; and when we, despite the warning, took a seat in one of the occupied pews, we observed no jostling nor disturbance, and we were not at all crowded. The sexton came to us and said something, but we thought it a good time to be conveniently deaf and blind, as many lay people in the pews are. We did not know but he might have a contribution box under his coat. When we have opportunity, we shall enquire what "occupied" upon the pews of a free church means. Just now the clergy, who might enlighten us, are out of town.

Chicago, of course, is sometimes represented, as everywhere else, so also at Coney Island. Two of your city clergy a while ago went down to that wonderful place by the sea. It was hardly necessary, but the older of the two cautioned the younger, that Coney Island was not at Land's End, but in the very center of all the world. Everybody would be there; you may see there some of your own parishioners. Hence the necessity of the utmost discretion! They were soon at the island with a pleasant party of lady friends. They sniffed the ocean breeze, roamed in the moonlight upon the beach, listened to the inspiring strains of the music, and finally attacked the bivalves, occasionally saying, when one was more luscious than the rest, clam-av-i! Virtue is its own reward. In the midst of their enjoyment, surrounded as they were by thousands of strangers, who should walk up to the table, but the warden of one of the clergymen! He also was at Coney Island, a stranger in a strange place, and was glad to find his rector enjoying—clams. It is easy for one to be lost in such a crowd, but there are always eyes upon each member of it, and at every turn you may come upon a friend. Do well and you need not fear them; no, nor the policeman who stands hard by.

The Clergymen's Mutual League is about to take a new departure. There is every indication that the death-rate will hereafter be materially reduced, and that the long arrears of deaths will be closed up by the next annual meeting. The assessments have been from six to nine months behind, and that was a sorrowful outlook to some poor clergyman, who would fain make some provision for his wife and children. He could perhaps pay the annual death-rate, but upon what principle was he called upon to pay some eight or ten assessments, which were long past due when he became a member? We have no doubt, in fact we know, that the method of doing business, however it came to be adopted, has stood in the way of the success of the League; and we are glad it is to be done away. The League has been a great instrumentality of good, and has paid to the heirs of its deceased members not less than \$275,000; it has been liberal in its treatment of the lapsid; it has not lost a dollar of its funds, and the receipt and disbursement of its revenue has cost only 15/8 per cent. No society can make a better show-

Home and School.

My Bird and I.

The day is young and I am young,
The red-bird whistles to his mate;
He sits the tender leaves among,
I swing upon the garden gate;
He sings that life is always gay—
"A day so fair can never die."
I laugh and cast my flowers away;
We are so happy, he and I.

Deep wading through the yellow wheat,
My sheaves unbound within my hand,
I sink, to rest my tired feet,
And noontide heat broods o'er the land;
The red-bird falters in his song—
We fear the day will never die;
The minutes drag the hours along—
We are so weary, he and I.

I stand alone; my work is done;
The bird lies dying at my feet;
There's promise in the setting sun;
The evening air blows soft and sweet.
My blinded sheaves I lay aside;
The day is dead; I too must die.
When stars come out at eventide,
We shall be resting, he and I.

—Sunday Afternoon.

Duties of Parents.

A Series for the LIVING CHURCH.

XII.

On Hereditary and Hygiene.

Health is one of the chief elements of happiness and a prime factor of success in life. Beyond question, in most cases, it depends upon heredity and the home-life of childhood. Later conditions may effect it, and do, no doubt, sometimes greatly modify it for better or worse; but, as a rule, the constitution of the man or woman, is determined by the constitution and care of parents.

The Duties of Parents are not discharged by attention to the moral and intellectual culture of their children. They have no right to let them grow up in disregard of the laws of health; nor, by their own neglect of these laws, to entail upon them physical weakness, deformity and misery. It is their duty to secure, as far as possible, to their children, a healthy constitution. To do this, they must live rightly themselves, before they are parents. They must lead a temperate, healthful life, not only because such a life is best for themselves, but because it is the only life that they have any right to perpetuate and hand down to others. It is a solemn consideration for young men who are "sowing their wild oats," and for young women who are enfeebling their constitutions by unhealthy habits of dress and social dissipation, that they are laying up in store misery for children's children. If we could admit that a man has a right to do what he will with his own, and to put his constitution into bankruptcy by a profligate life, we could not admit that he has a right to pawn the health of his children in advance, and to squander their patrimony on his own sinful or selfish pleasure. He is worse than the man that stole the oats from his own horse!

Practically it amounts to the same thing, though morally there is a difference, if the physical health and vigor of parents be impaired by the work and worry of business, and the cares of life assumed too young. In this respect the high pressure of our American life is fearfully fatal to the children. Our young men press into the rivalry of business and study, with a fierce energy that consumes them. Our young women, nay our girls, wear the train and bear the burdens of society, or shatter their nerves in competitions for prizes and applause at school, deform and weaken themselves by foolish fashions, and marry, all jaded out and broken down. And what sort of children do we have from such marriages? They are puny and short lived, or feeble and powerless if they do live. It is not the children of such parents that come forward to take their place. The great business of the great cities is mostly carried on by men who were born in the country and reared in quiet homes. They inherited good nerves and good blood from their parents, and their childhood has been passed in healthful exercise out of doors. Compare such children with the pale, precocious, sharp-faced little men and women, that loiter feebly on the shady side of our fashionable streets! It is easy to see from which class is to come the future kings of commerce and the future queens of society.

It has always been so; it always will be

so; young men and women who have inherited a good constitution may draw on it and abuse it, and "never feel it." But their children will feel it, and their grandchildren will not have strength to rise up and call them blessed. We are all debtors to the past and bondmen to the future. We have no right to consume the capital of blood and brain that belongs to our children.

So much for Heredity; a word about Hygiene.

The great ambition of most parents seems to be to push forward the education of their children, and to have them excel. The opinion is prevalent that the body will take care of itself; that the natural law of growth will insure physical development, without any particular attention or parental care. It is a mischievous mistake, and parents ought to know better. It is true, the body will take care of itself, for the most part, when it has nothing else to do. But when it has to bear the strain of study and social excitement; when the brain is overwrought, and the blood is deprived of oxygen, and the muscles are denied exercise, and the nerves are refused rest, then the immature body does not and cannot take care of itself. It is slowly sacrificed to the ambition or ignorance of those who are responsible for its health.

I do not mean to discourage the education of children. Study is as healthful, when wisely directed, as any exercise; but no exercise is good for a child that is continued with monotonous severity. Children need change, and they need physiology as well as philosophy; not so much the study of it as the practical, every-day application and use of its principles. A youth may not "graduate" quite as soon, who eats and sleeps and plays as a youth ought; but when graduation day comes, dyspepsia will not come with it; disease will not be included in the Diploma; the A. B. will not mean "A Blunderer." Nothing is more clear to my mind, than that the health of children is one of the most important considerations of parental duty; and that by attention to this, or by the neglect of it, as much as in any other way, parents have it in their power to make or mar the happiness and success of their offspring.

We recently heard a preacher say, quite impressively, that often, when preaching to his own people, and looking down upon their multitudinous upturned faces, he saw another audience of indefinitely vast proportions beyond the sound of his voice—the great number that cannot hear and that will not come within his reach. He was haunted, he said, while feeding his own flock, with a vision of the gaunt faces that stood and stared in the unapproachable and unapproaching distance. We suppose there is not one earnest preacher in any great city who is not often moved in the same way, and who will not be sympathetically touched by the representation of the great masses with whom, and with whose needs, he finds it impossible to place himself in helpful relations. How to reach with Christian truth and influence the poor, the degraded, the unbelieving, the vicious, the careless, who never cross the threshold of a church or hear the sound of a preacher's voice, is still a problem unsolved. To the poor the Gospel is not preached as it ought to be, and as it must be, before the hopes and expectations of the Christian world are realized.

"Every one will get to heaven who could live there." This saying of an old divine was probably suggested by such scripture truths as these: "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." If heaven were a Mohammedan paradise, then a voluptuary might enjoy it. If heaven were a region for digging and amassing gold and silver, a miser might enrich himself there. If heaven were an arena for contests for superiority, an ambitious man might become great in it. If heaven's services consisted in showy externals, a formalist would be an acceptable worshipper. But if heaven is inhabited by the pure in heart, the unregenerate, the unholy, would never feel at home there. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Old Phineas Rice was one of the quaint types of itinerant Methodist preachers. He had a hard patch to cultivate once, and when he made his report to the Conference following, he reported the Church "looking up." The Bishop presiding expressed his pleasure, but asked for an explanation, because no one expected success in that parish. Dr. Rice was equal to the occasion, and added; "Well, Bishop, the Church is on its back and can't look any other way." "There was a roar of laughter all over the Conference.

"What Answer Shall I Give?"

By Rev. R. W. Lowrie.

A Series for the LIVING CHURCH.

XI.

What mission has your Church to other Bodies of Christians?

That there is a certain tendency toward an appropriation of many Churchly observances by Dissent, in its numerous varieties, is not to be denied. "Meeting" has given place to "church." Easter and Christmas are, in a sort of way, observed. A tendency is clearly manifested toward a pre-composed form of public worship. The Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments are being revived in public use. Our Te Deum and other Anthems are borrowed. Gown and bands are in vogue, in at least one place of extempore service. The Psalter, with Gloria Patri, has now long enriched the service of a certain Presbyterian congregation. Not long since a Methodist pastor called up a class of his catechumens and "confirmed" them in open meeting. The old Presbyterian Prayer Book, set aside by the Savoy Conference, is now republished, and its use is not without advocates. The old pious, eight-by-ten window-pane has given place to heathen Gothic and irreligious stained glass. Illuminated texts decorate frescoed walls, and imposing colonnades, all in due perspective, afford a pleasing background for the gestures of the preacher; while the "Devil's Bag-Pipe" is heard all over the land, where the society is able to get one for a third cash and the balance in two, three, and four years. Even saintly Glasgow has heard the sound of the organ which has stood mute these three hundred years.

All this is so, and more. Children have not the parental prejudice against the body of Christians known as Episcopalians. Old bitterness has largely died out. In fact, Dissent is more fully at peace within itself than in former days. But whether this truce in denominational hostility spring from an increase of religious indifference in the land, may well be made a question for thought. At any rate, that less ill feeling exists against the Church than hitherto, is palpable. Yet more. We do certainly recruit our ranks to a very great extent from the ranks of other Christians. Some for one reason, some for another, some for what one might call no reason at all, multitudes, in the course of a year, change their religious connections. Of these, many come to us. Out of every confirmation class presented, there is a proportion, at times a majority, of this sort. No doubt one-half would not be too large an estimate to be allowed for these recruits.

And more. Our clergy list is yearly augmented by additions from the ministry of other bodies of Christians. If you were to keep a list of the cases of this sort which reach the columns of our Church press, you would be surprised. Over eighty, in a few weeks, were recently reported: thirteen Congregationalists, two Lutherans, two Unitarians, one Moravian, one Adventist, twelve Baptists, twenty Methodists, and other Wesleyans—in all some eighty. The late Bishop of Louisiana tells the brief story of three hundred gathered to the Church of which he was a Bishop, from the fold of Romanism.

And so the Church grows. None of the bodies about her but contributes to her membership, and many of them are manifesting an inclination to copy some of her forms. For one, I am truly thankful for these indications. Unity is desirable. This Church of ours longs and prays for it. But whether these few small straws are to be relied on as signs of it, is a question. The *Liberal Christian* grows delighted with the straws. Says it: "We have an impression that it (the P. E. Church) will finally absorb Methodism, as it originally excreted it, and that a very large portion of orthodox will ultimately fall into its hands." Methodism and a very large portion of orthodoxy! May the Church, if this take place, know better how to use such a blessing, than she did the blessing which she had and of which she was reprehensibly ignorant, in the person and zeal of a Wesley and of a Whitefield, in days of yore. It may be well open to question, whether some of us would know what to do with such an increase to our family, if it should be even an hundredth part of what the *Liberal Christian* so generously predicts.

But no such freshet need be feared; our "orthodox creed, a much better organization, besides a greater number of the necessary elements," to the contrary notwithstanding. Taste, fancy, accident, and a host of other causes lead nine out of ten of our lay converts into our ranks. The converts from the ranks of dissenting orders are no doubt more intelligently influenced and have grown more nearly up to the standard of our Church principles. But there is still left behind the large mass, indifferent, perfectly contented with the place they hold in the Christian world, and unable to comprehend unity, its necessity, its beauty, or its value, even when it is urged on them.

The drift is all right. But what comes down the stream is, after all, only drift-wood. Our externals are somewhat imitated. Our peculiarities are ceasing, year by year, to be any longer distinctive. That

the Church is not linen and stained glass, gables and arched windows; that the devil of the days of Faust has not fled from all other print and taken refuge in a harmless Book of Prayer; that to keep Christmas is not wicked, and crosses, and marriage-rings, and anthems, and organs, are not marks of the beast, this, multitudes of Christian folks have learned, some of them in their old age; and the Church, by her quiet living, and holy praying, and simple preaching, and tender dealing, has been the teacher, from whom, though it may be unconsciously, a great deal of the lesson has been learned. But that the deeper lesson of the need of the cessation of sectarian warfare is learned, I am unable to believe.

Herein lies a part of the mission of the Church to-day in our land, and beyond it. Its mission—besides preaching a personal, historic, crucified, risen and ascended Christ, and a Church erected upon His eternal promises—is to witness for unity. To testify, though none should hear and heed, that oneness is strength and discord weakness, is her privilege and duty. To tell of peace and to stand ready with the most generous terms of reconciliation; to point to the evils of schism; to show men the wounds that are bleeding in the Body that should be one; to educate her own, and, as far as may be, those who are not, up to the grand thought of which the seamless robe, which stony-hearted soldiers dared not rend, was a beautiful figure and prophesy; behold in this, a part of her mission and of her message in this age of strife.

"We hope the Protestant Episcopal Church in America appreciates its mission," said a journal of late; and then goes on to speak in praise of our worship. This leads me to note other branches of the Church's "mission," and that is, to witness for worship side by side with preaching.

Another mission, too, she has, and that is, to bear witness for reverence in things religious; to make her Houses, Houses of Prayer, and not of amusement; to frown down the spirit of levity which carries buffoonery into the pulpit, and familiarity into the prayer desk.

And another, to witness to primitive authority; to point men to the Church as it was while it had yet upon its garments the aroma of Him who had been anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows.

It has a mission, too, to teach the value of sacramental appointments; to say to one set of brethren, "Brethren, you have rent the mystical Body of Christ, 'which is the company of all faithful people,' for the sake of one particular form of one of the two Divinely appointed sacraments: *don't*, now, after making so much of the mere form of the sacrament, turn around and say that the sacrament itself is of no consequence." To say to another set of brethren, "Brethren, you baptize your children and make them Christians; *don't*, when they come of proper age, tell them they are heathen, and the children of the devil, and that they must go through some whirlwind of feeling before they can become the children of God." To say to others, "Brethren, after insisting from Dan to Beer-Sheba, that conversion is indispensable to salvation, *don't*, next, terrify the anxious and harden the indifferent, by assuring them that they, themselves, have nothing whatever to do with it, cannot reach forth and meet it, in order to be saved, but must wait idly for an effectual, irresistible call.

Yes; a special mission to other Christians, have we. A mission of love and peace; of the broadest charity and brotherly kindness; a truce to party spirit within, to sectarian dissensions, to indifference to our common dangers; a bugle-call to united action against our common enemy. Let the "drift" go on. Let us rejoice over accessions and grieve over losses; but most of all, exult in the growth of ideas, rather than of numbers; of the idea that the Church should be one. We are not the strongest, numerically. But one man, even, is in the majority, if he is in the right. Perhaps coming days will thank us, and other generations rise up and call us blessed.

The words of Mr. Lecky in his "History of European Morals," more than once quoted, are worthy of being placed on record in many places by those who serve and honor Jesus Christ as their Lord. "It has been reserved for Christianity," says this historian, "to present to the world an ideal character which, through all the changes of eighteen centuries, has filled the hearts of men with an impassioned love; has showed itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments and conditions; has not only been the highest pattern of virtue, but the highest incentive to its practice, and has exercised so deep an influence that it may be truly said that the simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists.

Very wise was that noted musician who once said, "When some one comes to me and says that another person has slandered me, I always ask him if he is willing to go with me immediately to that person and tell the same thing."

Minimizing the Faith.

Canon Liddon, in a recent sermon at Oxford, has some good words upon the popular tendency to union among Christians, on the basis of negation. Our "common Christianity" would do well to read, mark, and inwardly digest the following:

There is a vague but creditable desire for fellowship in religious sentiment which belongs to our day, in religious sentiments rather than in religious truth. This desire for religious fellowship is most Christian in its origin, and it is aided by the great facilities for intercommunion which our modern life has created. But when it becomes practical, what is it that frequently happens? The smallest of several cooperating creeds becomes of necessity the basis of the cooperation. Its mutilated and impoverished form is assumed, with whatever amount of hardihood, to contain the whole substance of revelation, to be what we call, with a strange indifference to its variable and ever shifting area, "our common Christianity." As each applicant for admission to the alliance comes, bringing with him a smaller and yet smaller creed, the process of minimizing necessarily goes forward, and in the end it seems to be supposed that a service is somehow rendered, at once to Christ our Lord, and to Christians, if a Christian religion can be shown to cover very, very little ground indeed. And thus men have come to substitute for the Apostolic injunction, "Therefore, leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection," the modern exhortation, "Therefore, leaving the Creeds of the Apostolic Church, let us do what we may to reduce the Christian faith to a working minimum." Everything is discarded on which there have been difficulties. Men retain only that on which for a moment they agree, and so they tell us sometimes that the character of God and the character of Christ are the only permanent elements in Christianity. But surely such a Christianity as this, if it can be accepted as meriting the name, is, in reality, open to at least as many critical objections as the larger Creeds which it is meant to supersede. Who does not see that our Lord's human character can only be described as perfect, if His right to draw the attention of men in terms which befit only a super-human person, be frankly conceded? Who does not know that the existence of a moral God, the Maker and Ruler of this universe, is more clearly and forcibly contested by a large class of influential writers, than any subordinate or derived truths whatever—that whatever may have been the case in the last century, atheism is even more earnest in rejecting, in our own day, the specific doctrines and the Creed which comes from Jesus Christ? Surely, then, brethren, it is our wisdom, as Christian believers, while the day of life lasts, to make the most, and not the least, of such religious truths as we know.—

Death of the Neepigon Boy.

Those who read the touching account of the death of a boy from Lake Neepigon, in the *Shingwauk Home*, taken from the *Church Guardian* a few weeks since, will, we think, read with interest the following letter from the poor pagan father, written to Mr. Wilson when he heard of his son's death.

RED ROCK, May 31st, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER.—I am told that my poor boy is dead. So our talk is dead too. I cannot send any more of my children to the Home. But I hope you will do what you said you would do, and build us a "teaching wigwam" here, so that the Indian children may learn. After what has happened, I don't think any of the Neepigon Indians will let their children go to the Home. All my brother's children want to learn, if you will put up a small "teaching wigwam" here, and we will help to pay for the land. I do not think I can ever visit my poor boy's grave. I wish you could have sent me his body on the fire boat. I feel very sorry for what has happened. My heart is sore. I do not know what to do. Did my boy say anything before he died? Surely he said something about his father; if so, let me know when you write. I do not blame anybody about the death of my boy, but I am most happy for the care you have taken of him. I want you to send me an Alphabet, and a small book with words of two or three letters.

I have nothing more to say at present. I am very sick at heart. I hope to see you soon, or to hear from you. Please write all my son's last words, as I would like very much to know them.

I am your friend who loves you,

OSKAHPUKEDA.

P. S.—Tell all the boys, I send them my love. And the boy that he liked best, I shall think of him as my son.

"This, dear children, is the shoe of a Chinese lady. See how little it is; what a very narrow sole it has." "I'll bet it ain't as narrow as Deacon—'s. Father says his soul will fall through a crack in the floor some day and get lost!" was the shrill comment of a boy given to sharp listening. The superintendent put the Chinese shoe in his pocket, and requested the school to sing "Pull for the Shore."

Summer Outings.

At the Springs.

From our Special Correspondent.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

Places, as well as people, sometimes awake to find themselves famous. This is notably true of Waukesha. Less than twenty years ago, it was scarcely known beyond the county of which it is the seat. Now, if you look over the register of any of its hotels, you will find recorded the names of visitors from all parts of the country. From the four quarters of the land, if not the globe, they come. And to what shrine? That of Hygeia and Fashion. In other words, Waukesha is a popular watering-place. Bethesda Spring has made it famous, and the pretty village has its annual "season," where hotels are full, and private families take summer boarders.

It seems that some years ago a gentleman out of health was visiting in these parts. A daily walk led him to this spring. Its pure bubbling water was inviting and he never failed to take a refreshing draught. It was as free from taste as homoeopathic medicine—one drop in two tumblers of water—and he drank without any idea of especial benefit beyond quenching his thirst. After a few weeks he began to feel decidedly better. To what should he attribute the change? He persevered in a daily walk to the spring, quaffing freely at each visit. He became entirely cured. A clear relation between cause and effect. It must have been the water! He took a bottle of it to the city for analysis. The chemist discovered therein traces of medical salts—as he probably would have done in any spring water, subjected to such tests. The invalid kept his own counsel until he had made himself owner of a goodly tract of land around the spring, and then he brought to bear—the "pressure of the press." The spring—which he named Bethesda—doubtless as suggestive that one might there be cured of whatever disease he had—was extensively advertised, with accounts of remarkable cures following the use of the waters. Invalids began to resort to Waukesha; the water was offered for sale in different cities, and is now in steady demand far and wide, commanding, at wholesale before shipping, four dollars a barrel! Bethesda water flows, to its owners, over golden sands.

Whether there is really virtue in the water beyond the fact of its purity, I am not prepared to discuss. But I am reminded of a little story: A dear old gentleman drinking freely of a certain spring, found himself much improved in health, and was disposed to attribute his recovery to the use of the water. This he mentioned to the owner of the spring, who requested him to write for publication a letter detailing his symptoms, and the progress of recovery. The old gentleman set himself willingly at the task, and a task it was. He had had no experience either in writing for the press or in diagnosing. It was no slight undertaking to recall just "how he was handled." That having been done, there remained the no less difficult task of expressing concisely and clearly. He labored faithfully, and at last the letter was finished and signed. Then he sat reviewing the situation, and evidently in some perplexity, until looking over his spectacles at his daughter, he said, "I am not sure, dear, after all, but it was the peppermint I ate. What ought I to do?" "Add a postscript to that effect," was the sly rejoinder.

To the many laudations of Bethesda Spring, might be added a postscript to the effect that perhaps it is the rest from care, the pleasant surroundings, the regular exercise, the pure air, and the purity of the water itself, rather than any especial healing properties of the spring, that are restorative. While I would not undervalue Waukesha's attractions, we may draw from the possible postscript the lesson, that the conditions of health are within the reach of most people who will use them—pure water, pure air, and regular out-of-door exercise.

One other condition of recuperation, however, it is not so easy to get at home. Rest from the mad whirl of nineteenth century existence, the weary victims can find safety only in flight. To such, the village of Waukesha offers a pleasant retreat. Rest is not necessarily stagnation, and after a few days of asking nothing

but to be let alone, the visitor finds a mild and not fatiguing excitement, in making the tour of the springs, quaffing water exactly alike in flavor, since none of them have any taste at all. An omnibus ride is not so bad a thing when one is not going down town; and it is pleasant to watch one's fellow passengers, if only for the relief of seeing people who are not busy.

All of the springs—Bethesda now shares its honors with the Silurian and the Fountain—all of the springs are made attractive with comfortable seats and garden houses. It is pleasant to seek such a retreat with an entertaining book—the wise man now eschews the morning papers with its stock quotations. The nook chosen commands a view of the spring, and there is lazy enjoyment in watching the visitors, who have come on foot, by omnibus, and by carriage, just for a drink. Watching them makes one as thirsty as I used to get when in "meeting" the old Dutch dominie of my childhood, took a glass of water at his "fifteenthly." "It is astonishing how much spring water one can drink!" is the exclamation one daily hears.

The Silurian is my favorite place of retreat. It is on higher ground than the Bethesda, and the grounds are prettier if less elaborate. The grounds at Bethesda are laid out in streets, each a few yards long, and conspicuously marked with its name. Should those streets grow the Bethesda enclosure may become a large town.

The trees in some parts of Waukesha are sadly in need of judicious trimming. There are whole streets into which the sunshine can hardly penetrate. To the visitor from the city with its heat and glare, this may be very inviting, but it is not wholesome. I would wish, too, that the pretty green sward of the parks were not disfigured with staring, white-washed stones. It seems to be quite the fashion to place these at regular intervals just on the edge of the grass, and often at the foot of trees—whether for ornament or use, I cannot say, as neither purpose seems answered, and the eye is certainly offended at the glaring white.

We are staying at the American House, which is well kept, neat, quiet and orderly, with good table, good beds, and moderate prices. There are hotels here where one may see more of fashionable life, and enjoy more of the inestimable privilege of paying roundly for the same. But some people do not seek for such means of enjoyment in "summer outings."

Y. Y. K.

Throat and Lung Diseases.

Just published, a treatise entitled, "Practical Observations on Catarrhal, Bronchial, and Tuberculous Affections of the Air-Passages and Lungs," "The Value of Change of Air," "The Design and Construction of the Proposed Hospital for Lung Diseases," etc., etc., by Robert Hunter, M. D.

This pamphlet was specially prepared for the information and guidance of persons of weak lungs, and those afflicted with bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and consumption. It shows by indisputable facts:

First—That very nearly one-half of those who die in Chicago (and throughout the whole Northwest,) above the age of five years, are destroyed by these diseases.

Second—That chronic diseases of the throat and lungs are wholly incurable by medicines given by the stomach.

Third—That catarrh, sore throat, bronchitis, and asthma, when treated by the stomach, run into consumption, and end in death.

Fourth—That the only way they can be arrested or cured is by local treatment, applied directly to the affected parts by inhalation.

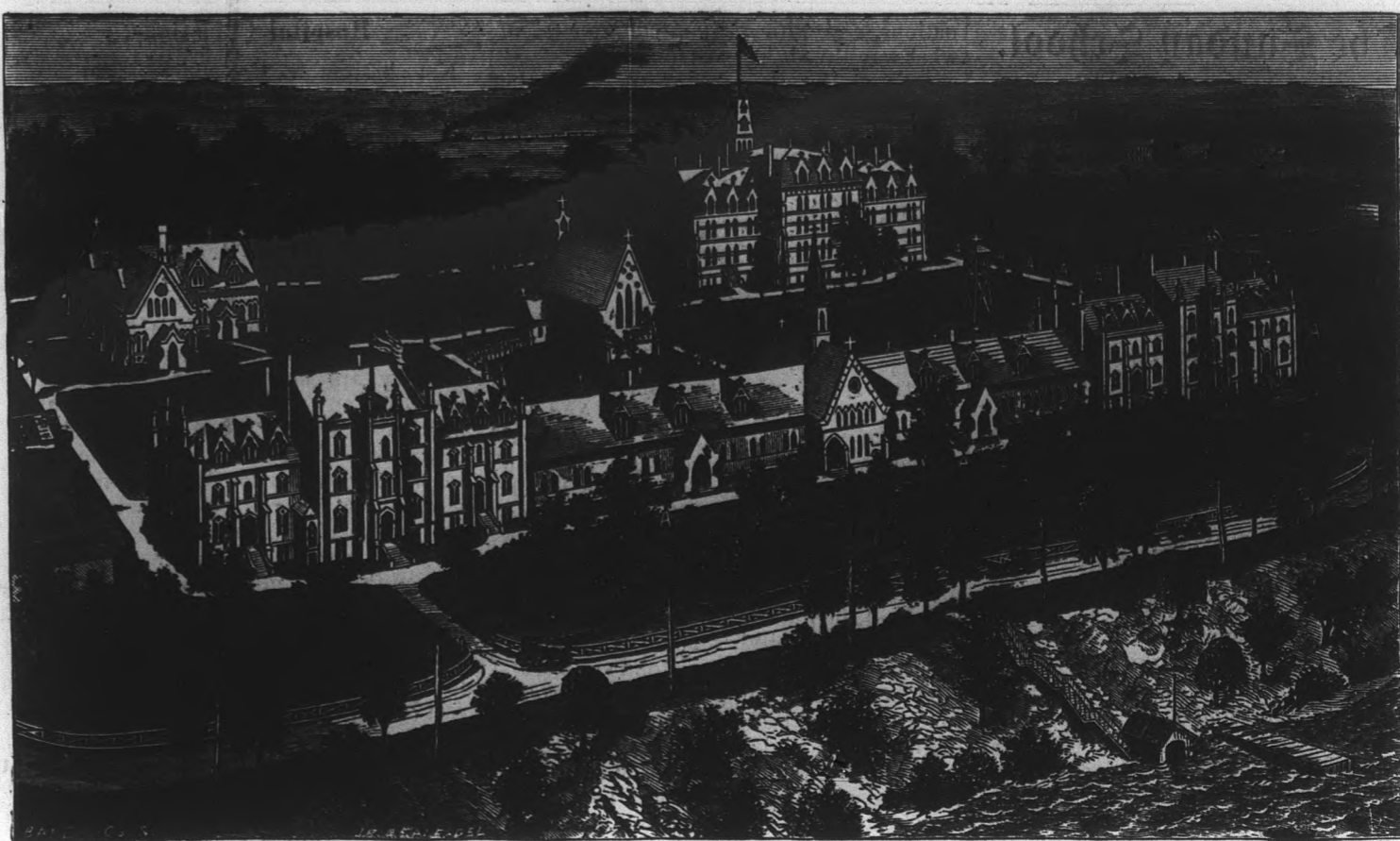
Fifth—That this treatment has been adopted in all hospitals for lung diseases throughout Europe. Those interested can obtain copies free by calling or sending to Dr. Hunter's office, No. 103 State street.

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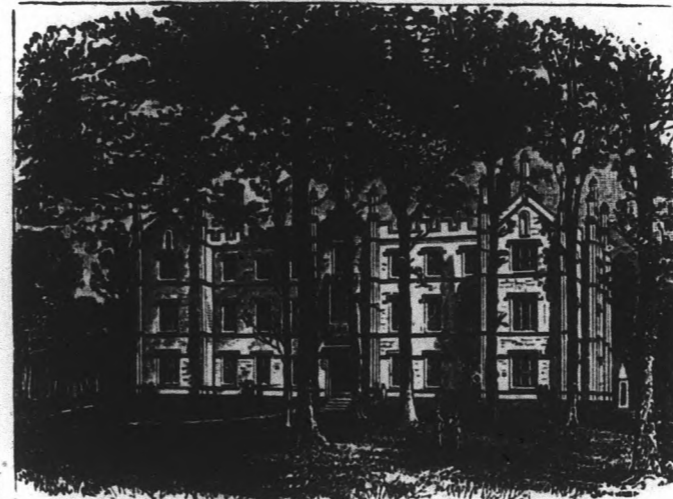
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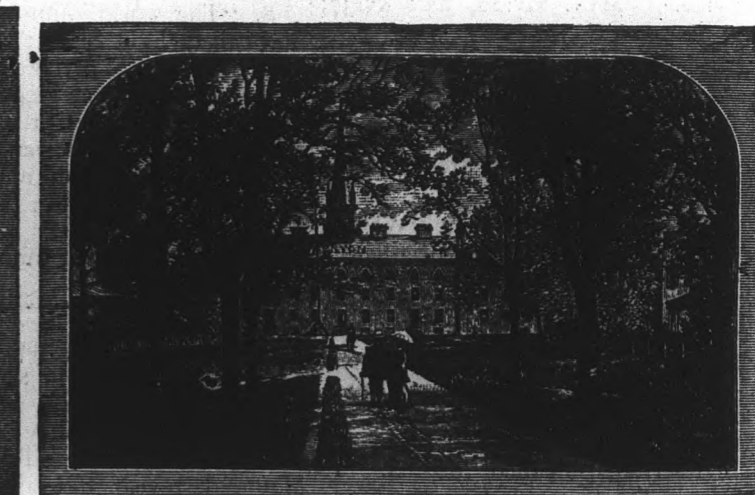
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