

The Living Church.

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

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WHOLE No. 90.

Foreign Letter.

Paul de Cassagnac is a tremendous fire eater and "stormy petrel," but he is a very bright fellow. Gambetta censured him the other day for calling somebody a liar. "Well," says Paul, "you did the same thing once to M. de Fortou, and you were only called to order, not censured." "Oh, yes," replied Gambetta, "but that was at another time and in another place." M. Paul de Cassagnac then called down an approving laugh from all sides of the house by the ready, apposite and witty parody of the well-known *mot* of Louis XII., "Ah! I see that the King of France has forgotten the interruptions of the Duke of Orleans." I may remind those whose historical memory is faulty that when the Louis in question came to the throne he comforted those who had fought and conspired against him as Duke of Orleans with the assurance that "The King of France forgets the calumnies of the Duke of Orleans." Gambetta had nothing to say. It hit him hard.

Lord Ripon took Colonel Gordon to India for his private Secretary, and everybody thought the Marquis had a good secretary and Gordon a good berth. But he has resigned and has gone to China. There he will do his utmost to avoid the outbreak of war between China and Russia, and if war breaks out will probably be found in his old position at the head of an "Ever-victorious Army." Of all that is passing in Kuldja and its neighborhood, little is accurately known in Europe, and from Russian sources, nothing is likely to be accurately known. But all tends to the conclusion that a fierce conflict between the two most dissimilar civilizations of China and Asiatic Russia is already under way, and Gordon is a very strong card for the Chinese. They know him. They believe in him, and, unless we are mistaken, Russia will soon feel that a master-hand is beckoning on the pigtail.

The following dispatch from *the London Standard*, British Envoy to the Porte, will serve clearly to show just what the Turks are, and how useless any attempts to reason with them. He thus expresses himself: "I have exhausted every diplomatic resource in endeavoring to bring the Sultan and his advisers to a sense of the danger to which the Empire is exposed in consequence of the state of things I have described. I have used every representation and remonstrance—I may also say menace—to induce them to put into execution, and to carry out loyally and fully, the promised reforms. I have made incessant personal appeals to the Sultan himself. I have placed before him, even in writing, without reserve, the condition of his Empire, and the consequent disaffection of his subjects. I have exposed to him the incapacity and corruption of his Ministers, and of high public functionaries. I have pointed out to him the inevitable consequences of his disregard of the warnings which he has received, the forfeiture of the sympathy and friendship of England, and the possible dismemberment of his Empire, if the European Powers should find themselves compelled to interfere to put an end to the anarchy which exists, and to insure justice and good government to the suffering populations under his rule. But hitherto in vain. His Majesty is ever ready to give promises, which are unfortunately not fulfilled, owing to the evil influences always ready to counteract the impressions that may have been made upon him by myself or by any other foreign representative who may hold the same language to him. It is of no use making threats which are not to be put into execution. If we are in earnest in wishing to save this country, but at the same time to reform its administration, so that its populations may be justly and impartially governed, we must be prepared to go further than mere menaces.

They have got the Communists all pardoned in France now. Only nine are said to be exempted. Under one or other clause of the bill, all the rest can come back, and declaim their wild theories, and crazy projects, in the Paris clubs. It does seem odd to thoughtful men, that after capturing your tigers, and getting them shut up in cages, you should deliberately open the cage doors and let them out again, crying, "Poor tigers, they will not do so any more." Tigers (and Communists are for the most part human tigers) will do it all the time, after they have once got the taste of blood. It does seem to us that if any men deserved shutting up, and being kept shut up, they are the men who shoot an innocent Archbishop, and a whole crowd of priests, whose holy lives had been devoted only to the doing of good and the worship of God.

Antiquarians have been blessed with a great "find" in Norway. There was a hillock near Sandeherr which was known to be artificial, but had never been dug up. At last, and with the hope of finding treasures, it was undertaken. Not much gold or silver was discovered, but what was a great deal more interesting, a buried galley of one of the old Sea-kings. The length of the war vessel is about seventy-five feet from stem to stern; and the completeness of its equipments seems to show that it belonged

to what may be called the best type of men-of-war of the period. The arms found in it consist chiefly of halberds or battle-axes and defensive armour of several kinds; but there are also spades, which were no doubt used, when any landing was effected, to make a rampart round the ships, after the fashion described in Homer. The shape of the shields is easily conjectured from the form of the iron or metal covering, which was originally fixed on to a backing of wood, but is now left alone, owing to the decay of the softer material. These shields were found hanging in a regular line round the ship's sides, in almost exactly the same way as they are depicted in the Bayeux tapestry commemorative of the Norman expedition to England. In the sternmost part of the ship were found the skeletons of three horses, but nothing is said of any skeletons of men. As to the other equipment of the ship, it is stated that parts of one mast remain in tolerably perfect preservation, and that there are even scraps of sails and a considerable number of ropes. It is, indeed, hoped, that with a little care the old ship may be got afloat again, and sailed round to Christiania by sea. But the mariners who make her new crew had better not trust to the tackle left them by the seamen of the deceased Viking.

The sad and sorrowful Eugenie has accomplished in safety her pious mission to pray at the spot where her young Caesar breathed his last, and she is on her way back to England. It may not be uninteresting to many to know the present state of affairs in Zululand. John Dunn is the name of the chief who has the greatest authority. He says that the natives have returned to their agricultural pursuits, and the young men are marrying freely and building their huts. The guns left among them are being gradually brought in, and no Zulu is allowed to have arms in his possession. Communication between the Zulus and Natal Caffres is not permitted; the drifts are guarded. On our asking Chief Dunn as to the probable effect among the Zulus of a Liberal Government restoring Cetewayo to his throne, we received the reply that civil war would certainly ensue. At Ekowe the Rev. Mr. Oftebro, missionary, has returned to the former scene of his labors, on the invitation of Chief Dunn.

War seems inevitable between Turkey and Greece. Each country is full of the bustle of preparation for it. Greece is concentrating a large military force on the frontier and enrolling large numbers of volunteers, principally Thessalians and Epirotes. The general opinion is that the war will bring about the dissolution of Turkey, and the establishment of several semi-independent principalities in its European possessions.

From New York.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1880.

The heated term is upon us in all its accustomed fury, and we unfortunates, who have to stay at home, swelter, and bemoan our lot. Possibly we may comfort ourselves that we do not have to pay exorbitant rates for indifferent accommodations, at some alleged watering place, but still the perspiration pours, and the deferred hope of a storm, makes the heart sick. The usual phenomenon of closed churches, tells us how many of the clergy have settled the question of mid-summer duty. Times have changed since the days of New Amsterdam, when all the world staid in town and went to church. Those were the rare old days, in which congregations had the right to put chains across the streets, during service, in front of their churches, to prevent disturbance by ungodly passers by. Now, the chains are on the inside of the church-doors.

Possibly the quaint, old Dominies of the Dutch regime stood firmer better than the modern pastor; or, it may be, there was less fire to stand, for climates, as well as men and fashions, do change. But the fact remains, that the dog-days develop the clerical *hegira* to an alarming extent, while congregations flee away to mountain shade, or briny surf, or foreign shores. There are pastors who have told their people, they were ready to keep up the services faithfully all the year round, whereupon much kindly interest in the pastoral health was made manifest. "He needs rest, and it would be cruel in us to demand full work through all these torrid months. We really insist that he shall go—all the clergy do, and why should ours be excepted?" A very charming plea for themselves, that with better conscience, they may betake them for the summer to the rural retreat!

The Coney Island Beach, with its wealth of palatial hotels, and its magnificent surf, is the chief resort. Fifteen to twenty thousand persons, bathe along that coast every day. Sunday gets but indifferent treatment as a religious feast. Some of the clergy follow their flocks thither, and try to edge in a little preaching at a convenient lull in the festivities. A Boston divine was there, last Lord's Day. Whether the "word spoken" was heeded, is more than tongue can tell; but certainly the bathers batted on, and the gay throng laughed, chatted, lunched (and no doubt punched), with most provoking perseverance.

There are some who imagine that the absurd notion that preaching is the great Gospel ordinance, gets its absurdity well illustrated in these sea-beach harangues.

It may not be generally known that one of our greatest Bishops (recently deceased), uniformly declined to consent to the consecration to the Apostolic Office, of one who had been more than once married. It was a heroic application of the rule set forth by the great apostle, to the Gentiles, in his first letter to Timothy (chap. iii. 2). It has excited some amusing comment here, to learn that the new Bishop of Liverpool (the "evangelical" Canon Ryle), has been the husband of four successive wives. It seems that a clergyman sent a protest against his consecration to the Archbishop of York. He observed, that if the apostolic law does not mean one wife absolutely, and one only, and not one after the other, it has no meaning at all. He argued that, otherwise, it would imply that a person, not a Bishop, might have two or more wives at one and the same time. But, however sound the inference, it did not present any impediment.

A Methodist paper is down upon alphabetization, if there is such a word. It does not fancy the Methodist Episcopal being called, "the M. E. Church." Our objection would lie against the last word as well, but let that pass. Certainly the soul of wit (which is brevity), has much to do with the nomenclature of the denominations. We have the R. D., the M. E., the R. E., the U. P., the U. B., the M. P., and I can't tell how many other "churches." Alas, we have heard, too, of such a thing as the "P. E.!" The shortest way of getting rid of all this array of capitals is to come back to primitive unity.

The authorities of the General Theological Seminary, are understood to have in mind, vigorous plans for the future, with reference to the efficiency of this honored and beloved *alma mater* of so many of the Church's clergy. The needed financial aid will be reached in due time; but not by the policy of surrender, so much as by the principle of fidelity to the noble history of its past. It has been said that the Seminary must regain general confidence. That is something which it has not lost. The adjective "general" was not nicely chosen. When concessions are made to gain the confidence of a particular set or cortege, the "general confidence" will have been forfeited, and the glory will have departed. There is a surprising intolerance in the position that one's gifts must secure the propagation of one's opinions. The Seminary will cease to be "General," when for filthy lucre's sake, it binds itself to the narrowness of any particular school. It may be added, as the opinion of many venerable observers, that there is no shortcoming in the Seminary, so serious as the Simoniack tendency, so largely prevalent in the Church, which seeks to control the gift of God by the denial or bestowment of pecuniary help. This is one of the "burning questions."

Personal.

The Rev. W. T. Pise has accepted the rectorship of All Saints', Minneapolis, Minn. His address is 353 Franklin Avenue.—The address of the Rev. C. P. Jennings, D. D., is Skaneateles, N. Y.—The Rev. J. Henry Chesley, has been called to St. Paul's Church, Calvert county, Maryland.—The Rev. P. McFarlane has resigned the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Mayville, and the Mission at Hartfield, and has accepted charge of the new parishes at Salamanca and Randolph, N. Y. The change takes place on Sept. 1st.—The Rev. Edwin Coan has resigned his position as Canon of All Saints' Cathedral, Albany, and become Rector of Zion Church, Morris.—The Rev. Geo. W. Dean, S. T. D., Rector of St. Stephen's, Schuylerville, and Chancellor of the Cathedral of All Saints', Diocese of Albany, has been elected Latin Professor at Union College.—The Rev. John N. Norton, D. D., with Mrs. Norton and Miss Juliet May Norton, left New York for England, in the steamer "Algeria," Cunard Line, July 14th, to be absent until October.

WISCONSIN.—The services on St. Peter's Day, at Neshotah, and the meeting of the Trustees, are events of especial significance this year. A class of eight received the degree of B. D. At the Trustees' meeting, the Bishops of Missouri, Wisconsin, Western Michigan, Illinois, Fond du Lac, Quincy, and Springfield, were present. The receipts for the year have been good, and the prospects for the coming year, both as regards income and students, are encouraging. On the Sunday following St. Peter's Day, two of the graduates were ordained in the Cathedral, Milwaukee, the sermon on the occasion, which was eminently able and appropriate, being preached by the Bishop of Springfield. In the evening Bishop Seymour preached a most eloquent and instructive sermon, on the lessons of our National Anniversary.

ASHIPPUN.—On Thursday, July 8, the Bishop of Wisconsin visited this rural parish, of which, for nearly thirty years, the Rev. Dr. Kemper, of Neshotah, has been the faithful pastor, and confirmed, with an address, an interesting class of four members of the Sunday School.

By Rail, Over the Mountains.

Correspondence of the LIVING CHURCH.

OGDEN, UTAH, July 11, 1880.

The wind was blowing a moderate gale at Sherman, the "Summit," when I dated a letter to you last week, more than eight thousand feet above sea level. The air was delicious, and so light that one was constrained to breathe long and deep. It is this effect, together with the dryness and purity of the air, that makes it so strengthening to the lungs. It is said that animals, human and otherwise, that live in these high regions, increase greatly in measure of lungs, from the habit of breathing deep. It is the sluggish circulation of the blood in the upper part of the lungs, and its imperfect oxydization in all parts of the system, that predispose to consumption.

Amid the "skull rocks," bare boulders of granite, worn smooth by wind and storm, or polished, perhaps, by the action of water and ice, in some far off age, we began our descent. But the Rocky Mountains are not to be descended like the Alps, by a few hours' ride, passing at once from glaciers to orange groves. We must go nearly to San Francisco, before we get down nearly to the level of the sea. For a thousand miles the road is almost a mile above tide-water, and on either side, stretching away to the frozen regions of the north, and with little interruption, to the farthest point of South America, are ranges rising into the regions of perpetual snow. A country that has a back-bone of granite so broad, ought, for a long time, to defy the ravages of time.

Before we reach the Laramie plains, on our western way from Sherman, we have some wonderful exhibitions of the effect of time and tide. Near the base of this slope of the Black Hills, down which we move so smoothly, the "Red Buttes" lift their fantastic forms, like the ruins of ancient Aztec cities. In remote ages, the whole valley was doubtless on a level with the summit of these, and by the wear and wash of wind and flood, the softer drift has been carried away, leaving them standing, like so many dismantled forts, along the plain. Composed of soft red and yellow clay-stone, they gleamed in the sunset with all the rich glow of Italian villages. It was on these plains that we saw the first sheep and heard the bleating of lambs. Sheep husbandry is destined to become the great industry of this vast region. All night we roll on at ease, where, a few years ago, the buffalo ranged, and the long wagon trains of the emigrants camped with all the precautions of an army in an enemy's country. As late as 1875, the Indians stole a herd of three or four hundred horses, near the line we are now passing. The air is deliciously cool; the dust and smoke are blown away by the brisk mountain breeze, and we sleep as peacefully as though rocked in the cradle of the deep. Many, indeed, are much happier than they could be on the water.

In the morning, about 850 miles from Omaha, we come to the region of Green River, and begin to realize that there is something like scenery to be found in a railroad ride over the Rocky Mountains. The formation is like that of the Red Buttes, apparently, and the effect has been produced by the like means; but all is on a grander scale. We are not passing over a plain, but through a gorge, along the precipitous banks of a rushing stream, that seems to have ploughed its way through the soft clay-stone of the table land, cutting a wild canon, and carving its sides as with the chisel and hammer of the Titans. At one moment the opposite cliffs resemble the palisades of the Hudson; we move on, and the next turn we are in the valley of the Rhine, save that all vegetation is gone; the forms of the hills and cliffs are there in precise outline, and castles crown the summits, as along the famous river; at another moment, a magnificent temple or palace looms up across the ravine, and battlements look down six hundred feet, upon the eddying stream. One bold promontory of sculptured stone looked like Heidelberg, king of ruins. It was a grand sight, and would have been perfect, had there been the foliage and verdure of eastern scenes to soften its roughness. All was bare and stern. Even the bed of the canon was a dull, dusty and forbidding valley, the seedy-looking sage brush being the only relief to the monotonous alkali, sand and gravel. All day we roll on, sometimes up grade, sometimes down, now through a tunnel, now through a snow shed, now among trees. The snow-crowned Uintah range diversifies the scene upon our left, but even its peaks become monotonous, as they stand there apparently in the same position for hours. They are so far away, our progress makes little difference in the perspective. At Hilliard we pass under the "flume," a large wooden trough or aqueduct, extending from the mountains twenty-four miles away, to the railroad, and bringing down, with a rush and a leap, the wood that is cut among the boot hills. We are over seven thousand feet above the sea, and the flume starts two thousand feet higher. Over two million feet of lumber were used in constructing it. Most of the timber that it brings down is burned to charcoal, in conical pits or kilns. There are twenty-nine of them, the larger ones taking forty cords of wood at a firing. About 100,000 bushels of charcoal

are produced each month. This is mostly used in smelting ores.

We have now traveled a thousand miles west from Omaha, which is twenty-four hours' ride from Chicago, and sixty hours west of New York, and the Pacific coast is still far away to westward a thousand miles. And now the Rocky Mountains deign to give us a glimpse of their picturesque power. The train almost leaps down the grade into Echo Canon, and we are among the giants. The rocks and cliffs here are of soft, light-red sand-stone, and the effect of the wind blowing up and down the enormous ravine, along the line of their stratification, is peculiar and picturesque. It has worn away the softer seams, and the floods, co-operating from above, have wrought out wonderful forms. Colossal monuments loom up five hundred feet; serrated and honey-combed ledges are piled upon each other with oppressive ponderousness, so that it gives one a feeling of weariness to look at the mass; fantastic and freakish forms of stone are perched in perilous places, seeming ready to topple at the next storm; the red-stained columns of a "Cathedral" front the grand amphitheatre of the opposite cliffs, and "pulpit rock" projects out boldly into the valley, which would be a commodious auditorium for a million hearers. We glide rapidly through Weber Canon, amid similar scenes, past the thousand mile tree (a mean little scrub, as all the trees are, so far), and approach Ogden, the terminus of the Union Pacific and the beginning of the Central Pacific. The scenes of the last four hours have been exciting, and are long to be remembered. But all was bare and hard, not even softened by the atmosphere, which is here so dry and thin. How I longed for the vines of England and the Rhine, and the green, pointed pines of Switzerland, to soften the harshness and clothe the nakedness of the landscape! It was almost fierce in barrenness of rock and sand, as though it had been blasted out but yesterday from the bowels of the earth. No wonder many of its places are associated with the name of the Devil!

But the weary eye at length finds rest in the green and fertile valley of the Weber, that leads us to the thriving city of Ogden. Here we pause for an hour, to take a new start, to explore the strange land so widely known for its Salt Lake and its so-called "saints."

Church News.

SPRINGFIELD.—Rev. Mr. Bonnar, Church of the Redeemer, Cairo, has been called East to Davidsonville, Md., by the sudden death of his father, the Rev. James Bonnar, from a second stroke of paralysis (he had recovered from the first, and a memorial altar was erected last Easter in his church in consequence). During his absence, which will necessarily be somewhat prolonged, the Rev. Mr. Acomb will take his duty.

The parishioners of the Church of the Redeemer, Cairo, and friends of the late Wm. H. Morris, have placed in the church, a handsome, polished brass Lectern, in memory of the faithful and valued services he gave the Church there. It bears this appropriate inscription, "In Memoriam, William Henry Morris. Died January 20, A. D., 1879."

ILLINOIS.—The Convocation of the North-Eastern Deanery met Monday, July 12th inst., in Trinity Church, Aurora. There were present, the Dean, Rev. Clinton Locke, D. D., Rev. Samuel S. Clarke, and Edward Benedict, Rector, of Aurora; Rev. Wm. A. Fiske, of Naperville; and the Revs. Frederick Courtney, John H. Knowles, T. N. Morrison, Arthur Ritchie, and Henry G. Perry, of Chicago. In the evening, Divine Service was held at 8 o'clock, the Dean, the Rector, and Rev. Messrs. Perry and Ritchie, officiating. The sermon was by the Rev. Frederick Courtney, from II. Tim. iv. 5, "Make full proof of thy Ministry."

On the morning following, was early Eucharistic Celebration, the Rev. Messrs. Knowles and Ritchie officiating. At the later Administration, at 10 o'clock, the Dean was celebrant, with the Rector of the parish as deacon. At the close of religious services, the Deanery Chapter convened, the clerical members, above named, all present; the Dean presiding, and Rev. H. G. Perry acting Secretary. By order, the next meeting of the Deanery was fixed for November 8th, 10 o'clock A. M., at Grace Church, Chicago. The expediency of mission work at certain needy points, was taken into earnest consideration. A vote of thanks, also, was given the Rev. Arthur Ritchie, and choristers of Church of the Ascension, Chicago, for services upon occasions of sacred worship during the session. As appointed essayist (unavoidably detained from being present), the Rev. James T. Lytton's article upon Hidden Light was then read by the Rev. Wm. A. Fiske, who was subsequently designated to prepare a paper for the next meeting. Customary remarks and suggestions having been made by the Dean and clergy, the Chapter adjourned.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.—St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, is engaged in a sore struggle with debt, and has been obliged to dispense with the services of a paid choir.

In Switzerland.

Geneva, Lake Lemman, Chillon.
Correspondence of the LIVING CHURCH.

GENEVA, June 21st, 1880.

It was refreshing, after a long night's ride from Paris, without the comforts and conveniences of a Pullman sleeper, to alight from our close compartment at a station near the border of France and Switzerland, and partake of a plain Swiss breakfast. It was not the first time we had been out of the coach, however, for, being unable to sleep, we had put our head from the window at every station, and shouted at the guard in good old French, "Combien de temps ici?" It was about the only French we knew, and we acquired this from the "Conversational Guide," but still it answered the purpose, for receiving a favorable reply, we would sally forth in quest of a breath of fresh air and a bit of refreshment. To receive a favorable reply was to be let alone; an unfavorable, to be pushed back in the coach and have the door slammed in our face, for we did not understand a word the gentleman said, being a little rusty on the French numerals. From the time we crossed the Swiss border until we reached Geneva, our compartment was filled with ejaculations, exclamations, and interjections, expressive of delight, surprise and wonder, for, "the scenery was grand." We feel that we must put this in quotations. It is not ours, and we shall not be guilty of plagiarism. "The scenery was grand!" How many thousands, in as many different tongues, have used this same expression. We suppose it has been used for hundreds of years, and yet, some one must have said it first, and owns it, even if he did not have it copy-righted. So we shall always be fair to the unknown author and put his immortal phrase in quotation. We began to be lavish with our adjectives before we landed at Liverpool, and by this time they were nearly all gone, and we had left our dictionary at home. What were we to do? How were we to express our admiration when we beheld the waters of Lemman, and Lucerne and all the wonderful beauties of Switzerland? We at last decided that we should have to invent new forms of expression, but keep them out of print.

At 10:30, we reached Geneva, and proceeded at once to the Grand Hotel, Beau Rivage, which we commend as the model hotel, we have thus far found in Europe. We would like to stay at the Beau Rivage a year, and attend its "Table d'Hotel" three times a day. By afternoon we felt entirely recuperated, and started on a tour about the city. We shall say little about Geneva which is well known in America. It was here that the doctrines of Reformation met with such zealous support, and where Calvin lived and preached. It was here that for many years the Protestant youth of Great Britain, Germany, and France were educated. It was at Geneva that so many eminent men have lived. Necker, Sansure, Sismondi, LeSage, Rousseau and D'Aubigne. And it was here that the famous arbitration was held that adjusted the difficulties arising between Great Britain and the United States. And we are compelled to say that it is also here, and in the surrounding parts, where the seeds of extreme Protestantism and Calvinism were sown the thickest, that the seeds of infidelity have blossomed forth in many forms and colors. Nowhere have we seen such an utter disregard for the Church and its discipline, for Sunday and its observances, as along the shores of Lake Lemman. Sunday afternoon, we visited the grand old Cathedral of St. Pierre where Calvin preached. Within those venerable walls, all was quiet, peaceful and Calvinistic. Without, it seemed like the 4th of July. The rattle of the muskets at the "Tir a la Carabine" was deafening. The shouts of the pedlars selling their wares on the street corners, and of women calling for the bystanders to try their chance at the wheels of fortune, filled the streets. While in the more quiet portions of the city, the street musicians ground their plaintive strains, and here and there merry crowds, under handsome awnings, made music by the clicking of their beer mugs. Not a store was closed as far as we could see, and it did not seem half as much like Sunday as Saturday did. We must not give the impression, however, that no one here cares for Sunday. There are several Churches, and many who attend, but we are informed that very few of these are native citizens. We went to the pretty little chapel of the American Church, where the Bishop of Iowa preached in the morning, and in the afternoon administered Confirmation to a class of three. Both services were well attended, and were very impressive, particularly the latter, for it was a strange and beautiful scene to have a Bishop from the western country lay hands on candidates for this holy rite, in this far away land of the Swiss. It did us good to hear every body call this chapel by its right name, "the American Church," and we pray that the day is not far distant when by this name it will be spoken of as freely in our own good land, when it will be understood that the Church of Christ protests against error, where ever it is found, at Rome or at Geneva, without disregarding it by tagging on to the name given by God, a needless adjective of man. During our happy stay at Geneva, we

spent a day in going up Lake Lemman, on the steamer, and visiting the gloomy old castle of Chillon which is one of the most striking features in the scenery of the lake. The ride up the lake seemed to be one of the most delightful experiences of our life. It was a lovely day and the beautiful blue of Lemman's water shone brightly under the sun's rays. On all sides were high mountains, some with snow enshrouded peaks, pretty chalets with green vineyards decked the hillsides, and here and there, at the foot of the mountains, lay pretty towns and hamlets, all renowned as being for a time the home of many distinguished men and women.

"Rousseau, Voltaire, our Gibbon and de Stael.
Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore."

Landing at Montreux, we hired a Swiss boatman, with a boat with a pretty canopy, to take us to the old castle of Chillon, and for the sake of the exercise and the pleasure of rowing, we handled a pair of oars, so heavy and so rude, that they would disgrace a Mississippi scow. Arriving at the Castle, which stands on an isolated rock connected with the shore by a bridge, we were shown through the buildings by a very pretty Swiss girl, who seemed to know what she was talking about, a new thing for a guide. Part of the castle is said to have been built in the 9th century, but most of it was erected by the Duke of Savoy, in 1238. It was at once the defense of his state, an arsenal, and a point from which to undertake new conquests. We entered the deep, dark dungeon, and saw the iron ring in the stone pillar to which Bonivard, the heroic defender of Genevaan liberty, was chained six years. The stone floor near the pillar is deeply worn by the feet of the poor unfortunate, as a long enduring mark of his sufferings. There were other cells, darker and deeper still, where prisoners were consigned to a living death, and with no other communication, even with their keepers, than through a hole pierced in the vaulting of their prison. The apartments of the Duke and Duchess in the upper stories, seemed very rude and cheerless to one accustomed to the home comforts of the 19th century. In reality the Duke and Duchess had rooms little better than the cooler apartments below. We wonder if the Duke ever thought the time would come when his old castle would be reached by a railway and steamers, which would bring thousands of people from a world then undiscovered, who would call him a mean old wretch, and shed tears over the stones, worn by the feet of poor Bonivard. We wonder if he thought a great poet would make his prison, and his prisoner, the subject of a great poem, which would be published in pamphlet form, and sold for a franc at the door of his castle. We think the Duke never imagined such things would ever be. The Duke has gone. Soon the thousands of visitors will pass away, and in the ages to come, the old prison itself will fall to pieces, and its history will be lost amid the buried archives of the past.

D. C. G.

Too Good a Rector.

From our New York Correspondent.

We see by the secular papers that there is a parish in one of the New England States, where the rector, instead of being supported by, seems to be the sole support of it. In addition to the usual Sunday duties that naturally fall to his share, he rings the bell, plays the organ, leads the singing, sweeps and dusts the church, and cuts the wood for the fires. It was proposed that he should superintend the Sunday School, so as not to waste in idleness any of his spare time. We fear that in doing all these things, he is also, worse than all, doing a great wrong to his people. It seems to us one of those cases, where actions that might otherwise be right or indifferent, take on an evil moral quality from the circumstances that surround them. If this parish were made up of sick people entirely, or cripples, those, who from disqualification of a physical nature, could not do these duties nor assist in them, the minister might, possibly, have some excuse for taking them upon himself. Otherwise, he deprives them of what ought to be a privilege, and is clearly a duty, and by not allowing them to do it, teaches them to shirk the responsibilities. He is making it hard for them and for his successor. We have heard of such parishes before, and shall not, be considered personal. We purposely refrain from giving the locality, lest there might be a sudden demand for the services of such a man in other and kindred fields. His present salary is not stated, but whatever it is, we fear he gets all he earns. There is a law of right as between rectors and parishes, and we doubt if anything is gained by overstepping it. There may be emergencies that call for the obliterating of all lines, but they should not be the product of selfishness and indifference.

THE WORSHIP OF THE BODY.—He who by his Incarnation and atoning Blood ransomed the Body, as well as the Soul, requires a worship of the Body, as well as the adoration of the heart and soul.

If a man's religion compels him to pay his debts, you may be sure it is genuine.

Diocese of New York—Monticello.

Correspondence of the LIVING CHURCH.

On Thursday, June 24, the Festival of St. John Baptist, the corner stone of the new St. John's Church building was laid. It was a great day for all the members of that church, who have labored for ten years for the new church. The day began with a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 A. M. The Rev. Geo. D. Silliman, a former Rector of this parish, now of Middletown, was the celebrant, the Rector, the Rev. Geo. W. West, assisting. At 10:30 there was a second celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the Rector of the parish, celebrant. The church was well filled, and the music excellent. Mr. Harry Stewart, organist of Grace Church, Middletown, presided at the organ. The service was choral throughout, except at the Canon of Consecration. The altar was decorated with flowers, the loving work of the devoted girls of St. John's Guild, as was also the beautiful floral processional cross, which stood at the front of the chancel, by the side of the white banners. The sermon was by the Rev. John Sword, Rector of Holy Innocents, Hoboken, N. J., from the text: "I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eyelids to slumber; neither the temples of my head to take any rest, until I find out a place for the Temple of the Lord; an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob." It was an eloquent appeal for sacred places, for honoring the sanctuary of the Lord and keeping it holy. A church is different from every other building. It is the House of God. It should be built differently from every other building, of the most enduring materials, and it should not be desecrated by any secular uses. In the old world, the church was the principal building of every little town or village; so it was to be here. The sermon was every way appropriate, and carefully listened to by the large congregation.

At 12 o'clock, the services at the old church closed, and six boys of the Sunday School advanced to the chancel rail to take the processional cross and the Sunday School banners—three in number. The choir led the procession, the Sunday School came next, then the vestry, then the clergy in surplices and birettas, and last the congregation. As the procession approached the site of the new church, the choir began the hymn,

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching on to war,
With the Cross of Jesus,
Going on before."

The service appointed for the laying of a corner stone followed. The Rector read a letter from the Bishop, regretting his inability to be present, and authorizing the Rector of the parish to perform the office. A brief history of the parish was read by Mr. J. P. Treman, Warden, closing with an eulogy of the Rev. Edward R. Fowler, the first Rector of St. John's, and who held his office for nearly forty-three years. The history was deposited in the stone. Then came an Address by the Rev. Mr. Silliman; the deposits were made, and the box placed in the stone by Mr. Wm. H. Cady; the stone was placed by the Rector, who struck it thrice, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Prayer followed for all benefactors, people, workmen, etc., closing with the Benediction. The following is a list of the deposits: 1. Holy Bible; 2. Book of Common Prayer; 3. History of the Parish; 4. Picture of the old church, with its first Rector; 5. Church Almanac; 6. Church papers; 7. Local papers; 8. History of Sullivan County, with picture of Author; 9. Catalogue of Monticello Academy; 10. Other articles of local interest.

St. Paul's Church.

WATERTOWN, WIS., July 12, 1880.

To the Editor of the Living Church.

St. Paul's Parish, Watertown, enjoyed a rare treat, on the seventh Sunday after Trinity. The Rev. Harry Thompson, B. D., who has just graduated at Nashotah, was advanced to the Priesthood. Mr. Thompson has served St. Paul's Parish during his senior year at the Seminary, and on Easter last, it became evident that closer relations between the parish and himself, would be to their mutual advantage. So, at the Easter meeting, it was proposed, with the consent of the Rector elect, that a memorial be sent to the Bishop of the Diocese, praying him to depart from the usual custom of ordaining at the Cathedral in Milwaukee, and that Mr. Thompson might be advanced to the Holy Order of Priests in their own Parish Church at Watertown.

The Bishop, considering the great facilities the parish possessed for such a service, in having a surpliced boy choir, and other appointments, kindly acceded to the wishes of the parish, and appointed Sunday, July 11th, as the time for the Ordination.

The services began with Morning Prayer, at 9:30 A. M., and at 10:30 the clergy and chorists met at Mr. Howell's house, opposite the church, and there robed, the vestry being too small for such a large number. The procession was formed as follows: The fourteen chorists, Mr. John J. Moulding, Precantor, the Revs. W. A. M. Breck, H. Thompson, C. L. Mallory, Milwaukee; Rev. Dr. Kemper, Nashotah; and lastly the Bishop of the Diocese. At the gate, leading to the western door of

the church, the Processional, "Glorious things of thee are spoken," was begun. The Rev. Dr. Kemper preached the sermon, from the text, "Faithful unto death." He also presented the candidate. The Litany was intoned by Rev. C. L. Mallory, to which the responses by the choir and congregation were in a high degree devotional and hearty. The *Veni Creator* was sung responsively; the Nicene Creed, to a Gregorian chant. A large number of communicants enjoyed the Feast of the Holy Eucharist, and, after the Benediction by the Bishop, the *Nunc Dimittis* was sung, after which the choir began the Recessional, "I love thy kingdom, Lord," returning across the street to disrobe, singing, as they went, of that love which made many a heart swell among the worshippers at St. Paul's that morning.

One very interesting feature, and especially appreciated by Mr. Thompson, was the presentation of an Ordination stool, by the chorists. It was handsomely made and beautifully finished. The top was of black velvet, exquisitely embroidered by Mrs. Hawkins, a communicant of the parish, upwards of eighty years of age. It was quite a surprise, and will serve for years to come, to remind the new Rector of the pleasant associations of the commencement of his ministrations in the parish.

In the evening, the Bishop preached an excellent sermon, on the stability of the Church of God, and His abiding love for her. The Offertory in the morning was \$125, part of which was for special purposes. A beautiful polished brass Altar Rest was presented on the occasion, by one who desired to give expression of her thanks to God. Mr. Thompson enters upon his labors with the hearty sympathy and willing co-operation of all the parish. May God shower down His abundant blessings. W.

The Parochial System.

To the Editor of the Living Church.

The *Guardian* of the 10th inst., quotes Gov. Andrews at the Watertown Centennial, as saying something concerning Municipalities, that are "worth remembering"—by Churchmen; and does this under the heading of "THE PAROCHIAL SYSTEM."

"It was no light thing," said the Governor, "to form a colony in those troubled days. But the men of the place, Waterbury, were far-seeing, they felt that municipal town meetings were the primaries of political science, and that within them liberty grew and permeated all the people. It is local independence which makes a nation independent and strong, and in those gatherings the roots of liberty struck down into deep and permanent soil. If it had not been for the towns in New England, there never would have been any Declaration of Independence nor any Revolutionary War." And, without them, may we not ask, what would have become of the Church of God in this wicked world? But the Governor continues: "So, when the little parish of Waterbury became large enough to be clothed with the panoply of municipality the State clothed it. Nowhere in the world have towns the independence they have in this State. People came and planted settlements in Wethersfield, and Hartford, and Windsor, and elsewhere, and were subject to no one. They came together and formed a colony, and so are the nearest, under the sun, to true democracy. Every man was interested in good and safe government, and must continue to grow for all time."

Upon this, remarks the *Guardian*, "If the Church adopts a system which crushes out Municipalities, she goes against that Order of Providence, which is as immutable as the Laws of God. There is no Divine sanction for such a proceeding. The Primitive Church took the world as she found it, and so must we." Now, if our wise Governor and the venerable editor of the *Guardian* of the "Parochial System," knew exactly what they were talking about, *I certainly do not*. But somehow the town of Waterbury, incorporated in 1686, in common with many similar "municipalities," is pointed to as an example, to teach us Churchmen, of 1880, "how to take men as we find them"—as the Primitive Church did. Parishes should be, we infer, like Connecticut towns of the 17th century—"independent," "subject to no one," not even a Bishop, till they unite and form a diocese.

But what were the powers of these old towns? Waterbury, in common with many other towns in the colony, was a "House of Wisdom;" an organization civil and ecclesiastical. The town was the Church, and the Church was the town. From among the men of the congregation (or town), seven were selected who were termed "pillars." None could vote in town Church meetings but Church members. And no other form of religious organization was tolerated. All people must pay taxes for the support of the ministers and to build meeting houses; and those who did not attend public worship were fined. The members of the Church of England fared no better than others. The town "hired or settled" the minister. These towns, let it be remembered, were as strictly Church-State establishments as was the Church of Israel under Moses. The peculiar glory of these "municipalities" is, that they secured liberty to all people with-

in their borders—except the minority of voters, and these not legal members. A more perfect tyranny than that of majorities in a pure democracy was never devised by man, and, without doubt, the first Episcopal "Societies" were modeled after these purely Congregational bodies. Without these ecclesiastico-civil "municipalities" of Connecticut and Massachusetts—(one shudders to think!) there might not have been any "Declaration of Independence, nor Revolutionary War," nor any such "Parochial System" as ours for the *Guardian* to contend for!

At the same Watertown centennial, spake the editor of the *Guardian* of the "Parochial System," by way of apology for the Rev. Mr. Scovel, the first Anglican Missionary in Waterbury and Watertown: "I think it due to his memory, and to the truth, to say, that the Protestant Episcopal Church, as such, was not opposed to the Revolutionary War."

If the Church of England in America was not, as a body, loyal to the King, then our Church Histories will have to be rewritten. In my study is a very ancient copy of the *Homilies*, which were read and re-read here, before and during the Revolution, till one part of that "against *Wilful Rebellion*" is worn out. And the "Protestant Episcopal Church, as such," in her Articles, endorses the same Homily as agreeable to the word of God. Such were the teachings of the Church Clergy of New England, (in whose towns the Revolution had its birth); and they repeatedly testified that their flocks were almost entirely loyal.

If the "Parochial System" has no better "Guardian" than one who ignominiously falls by his own sword, what will become of that "System?" CONN.

The Church's Doctrine.

To the Editor of the Living Church.

The doctrine of the Church is that which her great Builder taught in the Temple, uttered on the mountain slope, on the shore of the sea, and on the deck of the heaving ship. The doctrine of the Church is not in her canons, it is not in her articles, but it is woven into her prayers, it permeates her songs, and comes ringing forth from her Scripture lessons. And when her children say the Morning Prayer, or the Evening, they send up to God an incense of prayer and praise, and the doctrine is borne heavenward in the out-breathings of her worship.

The Prayer-book is Scripture in fact and in sentiment; in fact, because nearly five-sixths of it is Scripture; in sentiment, because every sentence of the remaining one-sixth is imbued from God's written word, and is taken from it, not in word, but in substance. The Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Apostle's Creed, are her catholic doctrine. The *Gloria in Excelsis*, and the *Te Deum Laudamus*, hearing the impress of the voices of almost nineteen centuries, are her grand song. These, the Church cannot change, because they enter into her very structure; and the succeeding decades clothe not her worship in any new dress, but, like the sun, always bright and glorious, the Church shines in the same light, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.

Do you look for the doctrine of the Incarnation? It is in the Creed. Do you look for that of the Resurrection? It is in the Creed. Do you look for that of the Trinity? It is in the Creed. Do you look for that of Life? It is in the Creed. Do you look for the doctrine of casuistry? It is in the Commandments. Do you look for that of the Fatherhood, of Forgiveness of Sins, and of the Kingdom? These are in the Lord's Prayer. All these are echoed again and again in the Litany, in the Collects, and in the prayers of the Sacraments. Thus, as we utter the Morning Prayer, our children grasp the doctrine of the Church, and it is woven into their lives with a simplicity as beautiful as when we behold the atmosphere blending into the delicate blue of the sky. The doctrine of the Church is her worship. W.

A CALL AT PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.—The clipper ship *Wandering Jew*, which has made the passage between Hong Kong and San Francisco in 33 days, the quickest run on record, in February last, touched at Pitcairn's Island, and, 23 days out from San Francisco. The Pitcairns, it will be remembered, are descendants of the mutineers of the English ship *Bounty* and their Tahitian wives. They exchanged hospitalities with the crew of the clipper ship. The lady passengers were delighted with their visit on shore, and brought away many interesting presents. A present of a barrel of beef, another of flour, and a third of bread, made the Pitcairns happy, who in return gave generous gifts of fruits and fowls.

In the present stage of science, I may safely lay down the postulate, that Man has a beginning. He appeared upon the plane of Nature with an organism that Nature fails to account for, and with powers for which Nature furnishes no precedent.—*Rev. J. D. Thompson, D. D.*

Let your zeal begin upon yourself, then you may with justice extend it to your neighbors.—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

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Summer Travel.

De Tocqueville, in his well-known work on America, calls us a people of Bedouins, in so far as our migratory propensities are concerned. We do travel a vast deal. First, because the spirit of the age is restless and mobile; second, because our facilities of inter-communication are so great. Two score of years since, a tour of an hundred miles was "immense." Now we think nothing of traveling a couple of thousand of miles between two Sundays.

With most people now a-days, who have the time and the money, the summer trip is an indispensable feature of the year's programme. Hither and thither, all over the land, all over the world, go the tourists: Some to the Springs to flaunt in the false glare of fashion and frivolity; some to the mountains to breathe the pure airs of heaven and luxuriate in the glories of nature; some to the backwoods to catch glimpses of pioneer life and watch the westward progress of the "star of empire;" some to the great lakes, around whose flashing shores cluster many memories of the romantic past; and some to "cultivated Europe," which "The Stranger," in one of his misanthropic moods, terms "the lazarus-house of civilization."

In this day of ocean steamers, a transatlantic voyage is an easy recreation, and so cheap as to be within the reach of persons even of moderate circumstances. The more frequent and easy the trip becomes, the less will it be an object of pride or ambition. The truth is, the manner in which the tour of Europe is usually made divests it of importance. The tourist rushes from Liverpool to London by rail, crosses the channel in an hour or two, hurries at lightning speed to Paris, runs out of the gay metropolis to spend a day here or a half a day there, obtains a glimpse of Italy and a glance at Switzerland, squints at Mount Blanc, gets a breath of Chamouni's airs, and returns with an indiscriminate jumble of ideas in his head, utterly "without form and void." This kind of travel is useless—worse than useless. It is no credit to any one to boast of such a tour.

"I have been on the Continent," said an English exquisite.

"So have your trunks!" rejoined a common-sense man.

It is a singular thing that book-making travelers almost always go to foreign countries for their materials. It would be much more sensible to stay at home, write about "their own—their native land," and send their books abroad. A man is much more competent to write about his own country, which he knows by long years of observation and experience, than about a foreign country, which he visits with wondering eyes, and of whose social life he is in as profound ignorance as he is of its language. One of the best books of travel ever written was Dr. Dwight's travels in New England, the land of his nativity.

The European tourist may shield himself behind the maxim, "*de gustibus non disputandum*," but we believe his time and money would be employed much more profitably to himself by limiting his tour to our own continent. This boundless land affords endless material for his eye and his pen. We have Rhines in abundance, though they be not castled. We have heaven-piercing Alps, though they may not boast an eternal crown of snow. We have immense cities though they may not possess the dreamy romance of the "Bride of the Adriatic." Our scenery is more beautiful and on a larger scale. Lakes, rivers, rural scenes of agricultural beauty, forests, prairies, mountains, cataracts, &c., are here in higher perfection than anywhere beyond the seas. Europe cannot show a Hudson, a terrible Niagara, a majestic Erie, a Lake George brilliant diamond, set in a chasing of mountains—or an imperial Mississippi, queen of western waters. What could the tourist desire more grand than the sublime peaks of New Hampshire, the crystal lakes

of Western New York, the vast inland ocean of the North West, or the expanses of prairie land in the far region where the sun sets.

We should like to see more interest taken—nay, more curiosity felt, in our land. We should like to see domestic travelers greeted by the applause of American audiences, for their discoveries, their anecdotes of travel, and their lucid topographical description. But no: to secure applause, obtain a hearing, they must have haunted Parisian cafes, rolled in the diligence of France, and eaten macaroni at Naples. This feeling we hope will disappear in time. When it becomes more fashionable to make American tours than to cross the ocean, then we shall begin to have a proper appreciation of the superiority of our country over Europe in all the elements of natural grandeur, beauty and wonder.

Entertainment and Mileage.

It seems that the Presbyterians have an entertainment and mileage fund for defraying the expenses of Commissioners to their General Assembly. *The Churchman* thinks this one of several features of their late Assembly. "which might well teach a lesson to our own Church." We are quite willing to learn of Presbyterians, or any one else, but we doubt whether, in this particular, we are likely to copy them. Of course dioceses are free to pay the expenses of their delegates to the General Convention; if they choose to do so. Yet few are likely to. Nor do we think there is any urgent necessity for so doing. We have never yet seen any lack of those willing to be elected delegates. Quite the contrary. And so long as there are plenty of good men, both of the clergy and laity, who are anxious to serve the Church in this way, we do not see any necessity for holding out additional inducements. As a rule, those elected are those who can afford to pay their own expenses. When this is not the case, a way is generally provided. We have never yet known men to decline an election on the score of inability or disposition to meet the expense incurred. If an entertainment and mileage fund were created, there might be, even more than there are now, those who would willingly offer themselves, but in that case, more yet, we might have an embarrassing wealth of candidates, and we doubt whether better delegates would be elected. Furthermore, it is to be remembered that our parishes have annual assessments in no small amount, which Presbyterian congregations do not have. And these, in a great majority of our parishes, are not easily met. Our opinion, decidedly, is that our diocesan councils will show their wisdom in endeavouring to reduce rather than increase these assessments. As to money matters *The Churchman* is no doubt a careful calculator. But as in other respects, so also in our generosity we do well to heed the admonition to "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on things of others."

The Appeal, the organ of the Reformed Episcopalians, sends out the following Jeremiad: "Our Reformed Episcopal Church, from some cause, does not make the progress which its friends expected, and our Low Church friends, instead of favoring the cause, are quite as much opposed to it as the extreme High Churchmen." It goes on to say, that their only hope is from outsiders. It is not often that the whole Church gets a compliment like this, from that much edited paper, and we are glad to lend it circulation. A more causeless schism, we think, never arose in the world, and, even now, it is finding that the way of the transgressor is hard; it needs the success, that sometimes gives a veneer to sin.

We commend this to the *Covenant*: Little Robbie, aged three years, has attended Sunday-school one or two months. He is an apt scholar, and gives early promise of bearing rich ethical fruitage. At play with an older brother the other day, his original Adam so far got the better of him as to cause him to clinch his little fist and strike his brother. Brother Tom was about to retaliate with his more formidable weapon, when Robby cried out, "No, no, no! Teacher says oo must n't strike back when oo is hit.—*Boston Transcript*."

We were about to resent the attempt to transfer the *Covenant's* well earned lecture in Natural History to the *LIVING CHURCH*, when the above met our eye. We remember its weakness, and let the blow of its puny fist pass without notice.

Results.

The Rev. George Chainey, a Unitarian minister, of Evansville, Ind., preached on a recent Sunday in Chicago, to a "large and appreciative congregation." This is a sample of what he said: "The subject of my lecture is not a dead hero, but a living one. I believe that no man living to-day is doing half as much good for the race as Robert G. Ingersoll. I most sincerely wish that we had a hundred more just like him, to go into every city, town, and hamlet in the land, to smite with all their power the idols of superstition. The work most demanded by the present age, is exactly that which Mr. Ingersoll is doing so well." But seldom did Mr. Chainey condescend to such tame language. For the most part, what he said was in exalted strains of this sort: "We must make way for liberty, though some of us, like brave Arnold Winkelreid, have to gather a sheaf of the tyrants' spears into our hearts. The light of the coming age has dawned upon the distant hills, where stand the loftiest and noblest spirits of our time; but the darkness lingers among the people.

This is a sample of what else he said: "Shine in heaven like a star,—wheeling regiments and battalions of words,—the storm-tossed soul hushed before the silent grandeur of the Infinite,—as sensitive to the voice of bird, or tree, or flower as the Aeolian harp is to the gentle whispers of a summer breeze,—Luther,—garden of Wittemburg,—Church of Rome,—science,—criticism,—Greece,—Rome,—Jean Paul Richter,—Shakespeare,—Goethe,—Emerson,—Victor Hugo,—George Eliot,—in human creeds,—superstition,—dark shadows of despair,—sectarian bigotry,—rolling seas,—blushes in every flower,—shimmers in every drop of dew,—railroads,—telegraphs,—telephones,—let the people have faith in science, and woo the healing power,—orthodox conception of God,—we stand beneath the magnificent dome of the skies,—we do not dogmatize, and say there is no God, but if there is somewhere in the unknown, shoreless vast, some being whose dreams are constellations,—theism is the stronghold of superstition,—changing sun,—shine and shadow that flick the horizon,—crown of eternities,—the fierce storm that shakes the mountain,—rotting wharf of theology,—tyrannies left behind,—destruction of these old dogmas,—white sails dot the purple and gay-crested billows,—new civilization,—higher type of humanity,—all creeds and dogmas of religion are destructive of this fine grace of life,—every creed is a nursery of falsehood,—plague and pestilence of the soul,—car of Juggernaut,—despairing sob,—hollow, heartless priest,—the true liberal gathers pleasure from every blooming flower,—each hour flies by on golden wings,—the mind of man has become a temple,—beneath the spacious dome of his uplifted forehead, dwell and worship Reason, Love and Truth, while through every cell and corridor thereof trembles and vibrates the music of human joy."

Herein Mr. Chainey evidently speaks for himself. But he does not pretend that as yet he has attained to the high estate of Mr. Ingersoll. Mr. Chainey tells us that "Anyone who knows him can see that his life is overflowing with perpetual joy. All the beauty of nature, the heroism of humanity, and inspirations of the truth fill full his cup of life. Though he beholds the darkness in which many walk, yet he sees the sunlight that crowns every peak of the future with glory. It is because of this he can say: "Strike with hands of fire, oh weird musician, thy harp-strings with Apollo's golden hair. Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ's keys. Blow, bugler, blow until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and charm the lover's wanderings mid the vine-clad hills."

Various theological seminaries have lately graduated a number of young clergymen. Many of them, doubtless, are ambitious to excel as preachers. Few can hope to dwell habitually in the empyrean, as do these great souls. But a free and constant use of certain words and phrases will help them very much. They should never presume to preach without reference to the latest thought, the advance of science, the spirit of the age, modern research, evolution, the latest scholarship, the fore-minds and advanced thinkers. They should not fail to refer to Galileo, Hegel, Huxley and Herbert Spencer. A quotation from

George Eliot will please many. The Vedas and Zendavesta should be mentioned and reference made to Homer, Virgil, Plato, Raphael and Michael Angelo. Scripture should not be often quoted. Short and simple words should be avoided. Sermons to young men, and on "the times," should be frequent.

Attention to a few rules of this sort will make a popular preacher. But that we think of writing a book on the Popular Pulpit, we might give some regular receipts for sermons suited to the day.

Jottings.

The *Guardian* (N. Y.), in its account of the Consecration of St. Mark's Church, Islip, says the Bishop administered "the Sacrament of Confirmation;" pretty "high" for an organ that raves about ritualism. Of course the explanation of the incongruity is that, like most of its Church news, the report was copied without acknowledgment.—There is a Methodist *Advocate* published in Salt Lake City, with a circulation of 2,000. How many Church papers are circulated in the Rocky Mountain Territories?—Our flying correspondent "out West" has been bathing in Salt Lake. He writes that the deepest waters are perfectly safe, except for those who can't keep their mouths shut!—The *Interior* has a very sensible editorial on Church attractions. It also grows a little restive under a late remark of ours, that "schism is the peril of a degraded ministry," but that was to be expected. The truth makes the *Interior* "free," though not quite in the way that the Scripture means.—The Rev. E. G. Hunter, of Janesville, Minnesota, called on the *LIVING CHURCH* last week.—We are vigorously trying to retain our usual modesty, but such words as the following, sent with a renewal of subscription, makes it difficult: "Allow me to congratulate you on your success in making a live parish paper. It has principles and is not afraid of them as is the—. I have taken great pleasure in commending it as the best parish paper."—Selwyn College, Cambridge, is to be built when the subscriptions amount to £25,000. At present about £21,000 have been raised for the Selwyn memorial, £19,000 being available for the college. An eligible site has been purchased, and estimates for the building have been prepared.—The Oregon *Churchman* gives up its editorial space in its last issue to the report of Convention, and the sensible address of Bishop Morris, at St. Paul's School, Walla Walla. It also publishes a supplement containing the address of Prof. Hills, at the closing of St. Helen's Hall, Portland. We congratulate our contemporary in getting so much of present interest in this quiet season.—The *Baltimore Church News* says: "I go a fishing, consequently no paper will be issued for July 2d." The same paper says, quoting the *Catholic Mirror*, "The latest crime laid to the door of General Hancock is that he is an Oatholic." And what may that be? Is it that he is a profane man?—It is said that Cardinal Newman is busy writing a reply to "Plain reasons against joining the Church of Rome." It will be easy to write a reply, but can he answer it?—Darwin's ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.—The *Standard of the Cross* took a vacation last week. It must have worked a little meanwhile, for the paper is equally good now its vacation is over.—His grace, the Duke of Westminster, is said to have an income of \$7.40 a minute. If his grace would like to take a vacation from spending this, we could be induced to offer our services in the interim. The *LIVING CHURCH* thinks it could use such an income advantageously.—The oldest Bishop in England is Dr. Oliphant Llandaff, who was born in 1798, and consecrated in 1849. The oldest in Ireland is the Right Rev. Dr. Knox, of Down, who was born in 1808, and consecrated in 1840; and the oldest in Scotland is Dr. Eden, of Moray, who was consecrated in 1851.—We have received the Journal of the fifty-second Council of the Diocese of Kentucky. The summary is, Bishops 2, Priests, 27, Deacons, 6—total 35. Communicants 3,904; Offerings \$59,743 90.—The admirable charge of Bishop Burgess, at the third Annual Council of the Diocese of Quincy, has just been issued in pamphlet form, from the *LIVING CHURCH* Press. We trust every one will read this

—among the best Episcopal charges ever delivered.—A special committee has prepared and published a statement bearing on a part of the proceedings of the Ninety-seventh Convention of the Diocese of Maryland. It gives a full history and the "other side" of the late troubles in that diocese.—The Bishop of Brechin, of the Scottish Episcopal Church, says that when disestablishment in Scotland, to which the present government was at least inclined, comes, it will make an enormous difference to the Episcopal Church in that country.—We acknowledge the receipt of a very handsomely gotten up invitation to the Consecration of Saint Paul's new stone church, Marquette, Michigan. It is to take place on August 15th; and this day is also to be observed as the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the parish. We extend congratulations, and express our regret that we cannot be present, none the less so just now, from Marquette's proximity to the Manitoba wave.—The annual announcement of the Female Institute, Winchester, Virginia, is out, and has been kindly sent us. Dr. Wheat, the Principal, has borne a prominent part, for the last forty years, in girls' education, in Maryland and Virginia.

Ten Years in Ogden, Utah.

Correspondence of the *LIVING CHURCH*.

One of the most promising young cities on the U. P. road, and the point of its junction with the C. P., is Ogden. The pilgrim to the city of the "Saints," here leaves the main road, and goes South along the shore of the Great Salt Lake, about 36 miles. Ogden is a city of about 6,000 population, pleasant for situation, and favorably located for business. Besides the railroads already mentioned, there is the narrow gauge Utah Northern, reaching 300 miles north over the mountains, and opening the way to the rich mines and grazing lands of Montana.

Ogden is also one of our centres of Church work in the far West, in Bishop Tuttle's jurisdiction. It is, in reality, an associate mission, the parish of the Good Shepherd being the nucleus, Rev. J. L. Gillogly, Rector. Almost with the completion of the great road to the Pacific, Mr. Gillogly was on the ground, and unfurled the banner of the Church. It was a Mormon settlement, as all Utah was then, and is largely now. Many were the prognostications of failure from the Latter Day Saints. "We have tried your religion," they said, "and found it wanting." "It cannot stand by the side of ours. In less than five years, you and all your people will be in the Mormon Church," they said.

Our courageous pioneer began his services in the passenger room of the railroad station. A peanut stand in one end of the room supplied food for the body, while the pulpit, at the other end offered food for thought. Men could take their choice, pulpit or peanuts, and some took both! This was just ten years ago this summer. A Sunday School was opened with six scholars, and in October, 1870, a day school, with 16 scholars. The same schools now number, respectively, 135 and 175, on their rolls. More than 500 children have enjoyed the advantages of the day school, for longer or shorter periods, since its start. The Rector's assistant, is the Rev. Peere McD. Bleeker, 18 years, late of the General Seminary. The Principal of the school is Mr. Charles G. Davis, a postulant. Many of the pupils are, and have been, children of Mormon parents.

There is a good stone church, and brick school-house, and rectory lot, owned by the Church, the title being in the Bishop as Trustee, as are all titles to Church property in this Territory; such terms having been sought by legal advice. The number of communicants is 75. There are organized Societies of Presbyterians, Methodists, and Roman Catholics, in the city. The latter have a Convent, which is fairly successful, and the former are doing something in the way of education, but nothing yet of much importance.

Our parish school at Ogden, as at the stations connected with it, of which I shall speak, is founded and conducted as a missionary enterprise. Such schools are our main instruments of influence in any new country, and must be especially in a Mormon country. These people cannot be reached by argument, cannot be got to listen to preaching, are bigoted and ignorant and obstinate, to the last degree. But,

strange to say, they will send their children to "Gentle Schools," if they can be well taught without much charge to their parents. There are exceptions, of course, but most of the ignorant Mormons value education, which their leaders are determined they shall not have, if they can prevent it. There is a grand opportunity for the Church, all through this Territory, to teach the children. Such an opportunity exists, I believe, nowhere else. The ground is, for the most part, unoccupied; there are no public schools of any merit, and will be none as long as the Mormons can out-vote us. The schools that we have so far established, are principally supported by "scholarships," each to the amount of \$40 a year, contributed from year to year by individuals and institutions at the East. A small charge is made for most of the pupils, but many have to be received without charge, and the "scholarships" afford scanty support to the work. The amount of good that can be done is limited only by the amount of gifts received from the faithful.

So far, I have spoken only of the work done at the Centre. At Plain City, ten miles away, is the mission of St. Paul, with a Sunday School of 45 pupils, and a day school of the same number. A semi-monthly service is held here. At Logan, 50 miles north, is another mission, with 27 communicants, and a Sunday School and a day School of 60 pupils each. The Church owns a good school-house here. Monthly service. At Corinne, 25 miles west, we have a church, and monthly service is held. At Evanston, 70 miles east, in Bishop Spalding's jurisdiction, a service is given every two months. Occasional services have also been held at Osgood, 75 miles north, in Idaho. All these places are in the care of the two clergy in Ogden, with occasional assistance of Rev. Mr. Unsworth, of Salt Lake City. There are several more towns within a radius of 15 miles, where schools ought to be opened, and with one more clergyman, several more schools could be superintended. It is a grand work already, a credit to the Church, and a monument of the wisdom and energy of the Bishop and his clergy. I will speak of our work in Salt Lake City, in another letter.

Current Literature.

Biographies of Musicians: Life of Mozart, by Louis Nobl. Translated by John J. Lalor. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago. Cloth, pp. 235. Price \$1.25.

In early life, at almost infancy, Mozart was what we term, a musical prodigy. At four years of age, he learned to play on the harpsichord; at seven, he was surprising on the violin; at nine, he wrote the six sonatas, for violin or harpsichord accompaniment for the Princess of Orange; at twelve, he had written two or three small operas, a Stabat Mater, and his first mass, on commission from the Emperor. His first opera, the Idomeno, was the production of his twenty-fifth year. The Elopement from the Seraglio, the Marriage of Figaro, Don Giovanni, and the Magic Flute, were the later and more matured works of the wonderful genius, which expired to this world at thirty-five.

The work before us gives a clear and fascinating introduction into the private and public life of the man and the artist. On his first journey from home, in company with his sister and mother, one is touched by this passage, in a letter to his father—an appeal to our deepest feelings: "There is nothing wanting to complete our happiness but papa." And what naïveté of soul-felt genius sparkles out in his letter from Mannheim:—"They think that, because I am little and young, I have not much that is great in me; but they will soon see." Even in pleasure-seeking, voluptuous Mannheim, Mozart, untouched by the seductive influence, poured out his young heart to a love as beautiful as it was pure, for Constance Von Weber, cousin of the great composer, C. M. Von Weber. In her family, he found the refined pleasures and sympathies of a home-life. At the close of one of his letters, in this period, he writes: "I have the inexpressible pleasure to have formed the acquaintance of thoroughly honest and Christian people." Here, it was, that he composed that marvellous and touching aria, Non so d'onde viene: "I know not whence this tender feeling." From this union of love, so greatly blest to him, through his remaining days, we hear the sweetest echo of his life's motive, the joyful notes, in every work and circumstance of his strange, changeable being, of a pure and tender passion; and its inspiration makes Mozart's lighter works, a very minstrelsy of love.

In all his work for the Church, Mozart is noted for the grand religiousness of its character; he had deeply studied Palestrina; and indeed he often claimed to understand the pure, Churchly style of composition better than any other of his confidants in the sacred art.

The Altar's worship was an incentive to his noblest genius. To one who had derisively and profanely spoken of the folly of the greatest artists, in music as in painting, giving their best powers to the debasing and mind-destroying sub-

jects of the Church, he retorted, with indignation and sadness, in this strain: "With you, enlightened Protestants, as you call yourselves, when all your religion is the religion of the head, there may be some truth in this. But with us it is otherwise. You do not at all feel the meaning of the words, Agnus Dei, Qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem. [O, Lamb of God, Who take away the sins of the world, grant us Thy peace.] But when one has, from his earliest childhood, been introduced into the sanctuary of our religion, and attended its service with fervour, and called those happy, who kneel at the touching strains of the Agnus Dei, and received the Communion, while the music, gushing in tender joy from the hearts of the faithful, said, Benedictus Qui Venit, [Blessed is He Who cometh in the Name of the Lord], it is very different; and when now, these words, heard a thousand times, are placed before one, to be set to music, it all returns, and stirs the soul within him."

The religious music of such a man could never be the bare product of certain mathematical relations and progressions. We have often wondered what might be the condition of mind, with which Mozart rose from the completed task in that matchless Gloria of his "Twelfth Mass"—the splendor of its triumphant melody, the massive polyphony of its organ scoring. As the last measure dies upon our ear, we find that we have been listening with suspended breath; it seems as though the spirit had been raised up, and out of the body, by this unearthly burst of praise, and we ask, "Can the mind of man ever reach beyond this sublime expression of heaven's praises?" and we incline to think that, in such a moment, Mozart's spirit, must have been lifted above, as we know St. Paul's once was, when the Apostle heard things that were impossible to utter, save, perhaps, in echoes of the heavenly music, heard through the genius of the messenger to earth, of those unspoken harmonies.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the accompaniments to Handel's Messiah, as still performed, are largely indebted to the additions which the original thin scoring received from the wonderful ear of Mozart.

This book contains a well-told history of Mozart's many trials,—from envy, depreciation, captious tyranny on the part of those he so grandly served, the slight remuneration for most of his immortal works, the intrigues of opposition, and the frequent poverty of condition, which clouded his natural sunny-mindedness, and harassed and sometimes maddened him in his struggling cares for wife and children,—till at length, his slight, sensitive, and handsome frame found its foreboded rest in an unknown grave.

The circumstances of the composition of his requiem, the presaging sadness in which he slowly and intermittently strove to finish his last work, are related with pathetic interest; and the periodic visitations of that sombre-garbed stranger, who commissioned the work that struck Mozart's spirit with so much mystery, and fatal apprehension, are accounted for with a plausible naturalness.

Our Sins or Our Saviour. Parish Sermons, by the Rev. Sydney William Skeffington, M. A. Pott, Young & Co., New York. Price \$2.25.

This series of sermons, following the course of the Christian Year, will be found helpful to the reverent layman as well as to the clergy. It is well adapted to private reading. The author's "Sinless Supper" has reached its tenth edition, and this is a good indication of the merits of his work and its adaptability to the needs of the people. All the books published or imported by Pott, Young & Co., can be ordered from them by mail when they are not to be had at our book-stores.

The August Atlantic brings some chapters of Mr. Aldrich's "Stillwater Tragedy" so interesting as to make readers forget the hot weather. Dr. Holmes, in a characteristic poem, entitled "The Archbishop and Gil Blas," sings with a pathetic felicitousness of growing old. John Burroughs, one of the most charming of out-door writers, contributes "Pepacton: a Summer Voyage." Luigi Monti, the "Young Sicilian" of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," writes a very interesting article on "Sicilian Hospitality." Mark Twain has a very pungent tale entitled "Edward Mills and George Benton," which satirizes keenly certain forms of pseudo-philanthropy. F. D. Millet describes the method of teaching practiced by Hunt; Mrs. Wallace, wife of General Lew. Wallace, Governor of New Mexico, writes "Among the Pueblos;" F. H. Underwood has a curiously interesting paper on "The Preceptor of Moses," Richard Grant White's English article this time is "Taurus Centaurus." "An English-woman in the New England Hill Country" is very well worth reading. The short story is "Sylvia's Suitors," by Louise Stockton. The political article discusses "The Republicans and their Candidate" whom it regards as wholly worthy of confidence and enthusiastic support. Col. Higginson and Susan Coolidge furnish poems; and reviews of new books and an attractive variety in the "Contributor's Club," complete a capital Summer number of the Atlantic.

Please send a gift to Nashotah to aid in preparing Candidates for Holy Orders for Ordination, care Rev. A. D. Cole, D. D., Nashotah, Wisconsin.

Trinity School.

Experience has shown that, in the long run, the most satisfactory schools are those which add to well-appointed buildings and conveniences, together with careful and thoroughly prepared instructors, the influence of surroundings of natural beauty. No place in this country, and few, if any, in the old world, presents the scenery that is the glory of the old river of the Knickerbockers. Of all spots, it seems to us, the banks of the Hudson are the place to find that natural surrounding which is such an addition to the attractions of a boarding school. Trinity School at Tivoli, on the Hudson, justifies its claim to be one of the best located schools in the East. Surrounded on all sides by the classic spots whose

names and beauties occur so often in the early history of the old Dutch state, there is a liberal education in the very features of the country. But though it is where it catches the breezes of the Sleepy Hollow, the good natured Rip's glen being in full view from the building, yet there is no Sleepy Hollow life in the school. Dr. Clark, the Rector, is well known as an educator of no mean abilities, and he, together with his corps of assistants, sees that the course of study is attended to, to its utmost. The school is a Church one, and each pupil is under the personal supervision of the Rector; and, as an indication of this religious care it is to be noticed that the graduates this year were all communicants. One needs only to read the beautifully printed catalogue, together with the long list of the names of references and patrons, to feel assured that this is no Do-the-boys-hall, but a good, well-conducted, admirably situated boys' school.

Deaths.

STREET.—At East Downer's Grove, on the 15th July inst., of Cholera Infantum, Harold Lupton, only child of William D. C. and Emily A. Street, aged nearly 18 months.

MOORE.—In Decatur, Ill., Thursday, July 8, 1880, of cholera infantum, Walter Adriance, infant son of Rev. W. H. and Julie L. Moore, aged 4 months.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me." BONNAR.—On St. Peter's Day, Tuesday, June 29, 1880, at the Rectory, Davidsonville, entered into rest, the Rev. James Bonnar, D. D., Priest, and Rector of All Hallows' Parish, Anne Arundel Co., Maryland.

He sleeps in Jesus. May he rest in peace. PUNDERS.—At Cleveland, July 13, 1880, the Rev. Ephraim Punderson, aged 79 years.

YERGER.—Fell asleep, June 16th, 1880, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Dan. Scott, Friars Point, Miss., Mrs. Elizabeth Brown Yerger, wife of Col. Alexander Yerger, of Rosedale, Miss.

Called away when an active morning and noon-day had passed, and the evening, calm and beautiful, had come. A communicant of Grace Church, Rosedale, where her own active, earnest labors had chiefly contributed to the erection of the House of God, she leaves a parish to mourn her loss, along with her loving children, devoted husband, and admiring friends. When her grand life was finished, her evening closed sweetly and calmly, like a cloudless sun sinking in the beautiful sunset. R.

WANTED.—A second-hand Cabinet Organ, for use in a Mission Chapel. Any one desiring to sell or donate, please address, Rev. W. H. L. BOOLE, Decatur, Ill.

WANTED.—By a Churchwoman, a situation as teacher in a school or family. Address "Rector," LIVING CHURCH Office. Refers to the Bishop of Illinois, and to the Editor of the LIVING CHURCH.

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Brainard's Musical World, 158 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

The Bettie Stuart Institute. A Day and Family Boarding School for Young Ladies and Children. The course is comprehensive. The Languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, Elocution, each is thoroughly taught. For terms address Mrs. M. MCKEE BOMES, Springfield, Ill.

Educational

Brownell Hall, Omaha, Nebraska. Protestant Episcopal Seminary. Seventeenth year begins Sept. 1st, 1880. The school is noted for good health. Situation delightful. Home comfortable. Twelve male and experienced teachers. For Register and particulars apply to, Rev. R. DOHERTY, M. A., Rector, Omaha, Neb.

St. Margaret's Diocesan School for Girls, Waterbury, Conn. The sixth year will open (D. V.) on Wednesday, Sept. 15th, 1880. Instrumental music under charge of J. Baier, Jr., a private pupil of Plaidy, of Leipzig Conservatory. French and German taught by native teachers. The Rev. FRANCIS T. RUSSELL, M. A., Rector.

The Divinity School OF THE Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, 39th and Walnut Streets, will re-open on Thursday, September 16th, 1880. Applicants for admission will meet the Faculty at 11 A. M. All students are requested to be present at 9 P. M. of that day, when the Rev. Professor Butler will deliver an opening address. J. A. CHILDS, Secretary of Boards.

Mrs. J. H. Gilliat, Newport, R. I. Receives into her family a limited number of girls to educate. English, Mathematics, and Latin thoroughly taught. A foreign lady will reside in the family to teach French and Music. Competent teachers also employed for other branches. The delightful climate of Newport, and its freedom from malarial and epidemic diseases, make it a most desirable location for a school.

Trinity School, Tivoli-on-the-Hudson. The Rev. James Starr Clark, D. D., Rector, assisted by five resident teachers. Boys and young men taught for the best colleges and universities or for business. This school offers the advantages of beautiful location, home comforts, first-class teachers, thorough training, assiduous care of health, manners, and morals, and the exclusion of bad boys, to conscientious parents looking for a school where they may with confidence place their sons. The Fourteenth year will begin Sept. 7th, 1880.

Church School, Philadelphia, Pa. Young Ladies' Institute, Boarding and Day Pupils. No. 173 Spruce St. Best advantages in Literature, Languages, Music, &c. A superior city home. 20th year. Address Rev. E. H. SUPPLEE, A. M., Prin.

Christ Church Seminary, Lexington, Ky. Rev. Thos. A. Tidball, D. D., Rector. A boarding and day school for girls. Number of boarders limited. Special attention given to the cultivation of graceful and elegant manners, in addition to thorough and careful intellectual training. The Christmas term of the fifteenth year begins Sept. 13, 1880. For circulars apply to Miss HELEN L. TOTTEN, Principal.

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The Selleck School, Norwalk, Conn. The academic year of this school commences on the third Wednesday of September, and closes on the last Thursday of the following June. Pupils received at any age, or prepared for College, for the United States Military and Naval Academies, or for business. Terms: for board and tuition, \$350.00 per annum.

Episcopal Female Institute, Winchester, Va. Rev. J. C. Wheat, D. D., Principal, assisted by competent and experienced teachers in the departments of English, Modern Languages, Music, etc., etc. The terms are moderate. For circulars containing full particulars, apply to the principal at Winchester, Va. The next session opens Sept. 9th, 1880. References: Rt. Rev. T. U. DUDLEY, Louisville, Ky.; Rt. Rev. W. E. McLAREN, Chicago, Ill.

Cottage Seminary For Young Ladies, Pottstown, Mont. Co., Pa. The Thirty-first annual session will open on Thursday, the 16th of Sept., 1880. First-class buildings, with gas and water, and excellent drainage. Large and highly improved grounds. Experienced teachers and full course of instruction. Number limited. For catalogue apply to GEO. G. BUTLER, A. M., Principal.

St. Mary's Hall, Faribault, Minn. Rt. Rev. H. B. WHIPPLE, D. D., Rector. Miss S. P. DARLINGTON, Principal. Is under the personal supervision of the Bishop, with 11 experienced teachers. It offers superior advantages for education, with an invigorating and healthy climate. The 15th year will begin September 16th, 1880. For registers, with full details, address the RECTOR. Prices reduced.

Keble School, Syracuse, N. Y. BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Under the supervision of the Bishop of Central New York. Rt. Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON, S. T. D., Bishop of Central New York, President of the Board of Trustees. Terms for board and tuition in English, Latin and French, \$350 per annum. The tenth school year will commence on Wednesday, September 15th, 1880. For circulars apply to MARY J. JACKSON, Syracuse, N. Y.

Brook Hall Female Seminary, Media, Pa. Will open on Wednesday, Sept. 15th. The high reputation of this school will be sustained by increased advantages the coming year. Several teachers of eminence will be added to the already efficient corps. For catalogues apply to M. L. EASTMAN, Principal.

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St. John's School, Sing Sing, N. Y. REV. J. BRECKENRIDGE GIBSON, D. D., Rector. The School Year will begin Sept. 14th.

Racine College, Racine, Wis. Will re-open Thursday, Sept. 9, 1880. The College includes a School of Letters and a Scientific School. There is also a Grammar School, which prepares boys for college or business. Thorough intellectual training is combined with true discipline, religious care, and high culture. New scholars will be received at any time during the year. Boys from ten years old and upwards are received in the Grammar School. Special care is taken of the younger boys by the matrons. For catalogues and other information apply to The Rev. STEVENS PARKER, S. T. D., Racine, Wis.

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Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wis. Under the charge of the Sisters of S. Mary, will re-open on Tuesday, Sept. 21st, 1880. (Terms reduced.) Address the Sister in charge.

St. Agnes' School, Chicago, Ill. Will commence its Fifth Year Wednesday, September 8th, 1880, and remain in session till June 21, 1881, with the usual vacations.

St. Agnes School, Albany, New York. The tenth year of this School begins (D. V.) Wednesday, September 17th, 1879. Terms \$350 a year. Entrance fee \$25. For circulars containing full information apply to Rt. Rev. W. C. DOANE, SISTER HELEN, or MISS E. W. BOYD, St. Agnes School.

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Home and School.

The Love of God.

Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet look dropping
In the little face below.

Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Fearless, noiseless, safe and slow,
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down, and watching us below.

And, as feeble babes that suffer
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,

So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is, that God's great patience,
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O! Great Heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be, nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost.

Love Divine! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost,
Cost of love, which all love passing
Gave a Son to save the lost.

—Selected.

Three in a Bed.

Gay little velvet coats,
One, two, three;
Any home happier
Could there be?
Topsy and Johnny
And sleepy Ned,
Purring so cozily,
Three in a bed.

Woe to the stupid mouse,
Prowling about!
Old mother Pussy
Is on the lookout.
Little cats, big cats,
All must be fed,
In the sky parlor
Three in a bed.

Mother's a gipsy puss—
Often she moves,
Thinking much travel
Her children improves.
High-minded family,
Very well bred;
No falling out you see!
Three in a bed.

—Dominton Churchman.

A Vascillating Bear.

My negro gardener came to me one evening in great alarm, and stated that his twin sons, Mango and Chango, had taken out his gun that morning, and had been missing ever since. I at once loaded my rifle, loosed my Cuban blood-hound, and followed the man to his hut. There I put the dog upon the boys' scent, following on horseback myself.

It turned out that the young scamps had gone on the trail of a large bear, though they were only thirteen years old, and their father had often warned them not to meddle with wild beasts. They began their adventure by hunting the bear, but ended, as often happens, in being hunted by the bear; for Bruin had turned upon them, and chased them so hard that they were fain to drop the gun and take to a tree.

It was a sycamore of peculiar shape, sending forth from its stem many small, but only two large, branches. These two were some thirty feet from the ground, and stretched almost horizontally in opposite directions. They were as like each other as the twin brothers themselves. Chango took refuge on one of these, Mango on the other.

The bear hugg'd the tree till he had climbed as far as the fork. There he hesitated an instant, and then began to creep along the branch which supported Chango. The beast advanced slowly and gingerly, sinking his claws into the bark at every step, and not depending too much upon his balancing powers.

Chango's position was now far from pleasant. It was useless to play the trick—well known to bear-hunters—of enticing the animal out to a point where the branch would yield beneath its great weight, for there was no higher branch within Chango's reach, by catching which he could save himself from a deadly fall—thirty feet sheer.

Three more steps, and the bear would be upon him, or he would be upon the ground. Brave as the boy was, his teeth chattered.

At this moment, Mango, nerved to heroism by his brother's peril, moved rapidly from the opposite limb of the tree. Stepping behind the bear, he grasped with one hand a small higher bough, which extended to where he stood, but not to where his brother lay; with the other hand, he seized the animal firmly by its stumpy tail. The bear turned to punish his rash assailant; but, angry as he was, he turned cautiously. It was no easy task to right about face on a branch which already had begun to tremble and sway beneath his weight.

Chango was saved, for the bear evidently had transferred his animosity to Mango, whom he pursued, step by step, toward the extremity of the other limb. But Chango was not the boy to leave his brother and rescuer in the lurch. Waiting until the enraged brute was well embarked upon Mango's branch, he pulled its tail, as he had seen his brother do before. Again Bruin turned awkwardly, and resumed the interrupted chase of Chango.

The twins continued their tactics with success. Whenever the bear was well advanced on one limb, and dangerously close to one twin, the other twin would sally

from the other limb and pull his tail. The silly animal always would yield to his latest impulse of wrath, and suffer himself to be diverted from the enemy who was almost in his clutches.

After two hours of disappointment, he learned his mistake. He was now, for the tenth time, on Chango's branch, and very near Chango. In vain Mango dragged at his hinder extremity; he kept grimly on till Mango, forced to choose between letting go the brute's tail or the higher branch which enabled him to keep his feet, let go the former.

Chango could now retreat no farther, and he was hardly a yard beyond the bear's reach. The branch was swaying more than ever, and the beast seemed quite aware that he might tax its strength too far. After a pause, he advanced one of his fore feet a quarter of a yard. To increase the bear's difficulty in seizing him, the terrified boy let himself down and swung with his hands from the bough.

He was hanging in suspense between two frightful deaths. His heart was sinking, his fingers were relaxing. Then the deep baying of a hound struck his ear, and his hands again closed firmly on the branch. In a moment, a blood-hound and a horseman sprang through the underwood.

Chango held on like grim death—held on till he heard the sharp report of a rifle ringing through the air; held on till the falling carcass of the bear passed before his eyes; held on till I had climbed the tree, crawled along the branch, and, grasping his wearied wrist, had assisted him to get back to the fork of the tree, and rest a bit.

If that bear only had understood in time that a boy in the hand is worth two in the bush, he might have lengthened his days and gone down with honor to the grave!

—St. Nicholas.

Misquotations from Scripture.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The Scripture form, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."—Prov. xii: 10.

"A nation shall be born in a day." In Isaiah it reads, "Shall a nation be born at once?"—Isa. lxxvi: 8.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend."

"Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."—Prov. xxvii: 17.

"That he who runs may read." "That he may run that readeth."—Hab. ii: 2.

"Owe no man anything but love." "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."—Rom. xiii: 8.

"Cleanliness akin to godliness." Not in the Bible.

"Prone to sin as the sparks fly upward." "Born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward."—Job. v: 7.

"Exalted to heaven in the point of privilege." Not in the Bible.

Eve was not Adam's help mate, but merely a help meet for him; nor was Absalom's long hair, of which he was so proud, the instrument of his destruction; his head, not the hair upon it, having been caught in the boughs of a tree. (2 Samuel, xviii: 9)

"Money is the root of all evil." St. Paul said, 1st Timothy, vi: 10, "The love of money is the root of all evil."

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."—Gen. iii: 19. Commonly quoted brow.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." From Sterne's Sentimental Journey to Italy. Compare Isaiah xxvii: 8.

"In the midst of life we are in death." From the burial service; and this, originally, from a hymn of Luther.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Not in Scripture.

When any one wishes to have a clergyman's attendance at a funeral, he should consult with him before announcing the hour at which the service will take place. In many instances, all the arrangements are made without reference to the clergyman's other engagements, often to his great inconvenience, and to him a serious loss of time. Whenever a particular time is desirable, he will, as a matter of course, try to make matters give way; but it not infrequently happens that appointments are made for him by others several days in advance, and the unexpected notice of a funeral, already announced, compels him at the last moment to make other arrangements. Especial care should be taken in this matter when he is expected to go to the cemetery. Funerals on Sunday should always be avoided, if possible, and the clergyman should not be expected to go to the grave on that day.—The Epiphany.

Man alone of all animated beings, forms a complete family. The animal takes life as it finds it, without, in any way, modifying it. Man, on the contrary, takes life according to his will; for all the regions of the globe form a part of his domain; and he can, in a thousand ways, vary the mode of his existence.—Thompson.

Never refuse to receive an apology. You may not revive friendship, but courtesy will require, when an apology is offered, that you accept it.

A Reminiscence of Dr. Osgood.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

"There was one great man in your Church," said an old Knickerbocker to me, "whose very limited success in the ministry I never could understand. I will tell you how I first became interested in him, and you will appreciate my disappointment at his later career."

The death of the great novelist, Cooper, excited deep feeling in the metropolis, where, as a resident of New York State, he was well known. A memorial mass meeting was announced to take place at Tripler Hall, then the pride of New York, on Broadway, near Amity St., but since burned down. Many well known literary characters were to be present. Daniel Webster was to preside; Irving, Bryant, Bancroft, and others were announced to speak. I was then a young, married man, closely engaged in business, but, like many other New Yorkers, cherishing a love for literature and art. I determined to be present. Slipping a fee into an usher's hand, I secured a camp-chair in one of the aisles, very near the immense stage. The large hall was packed with a representative New York audience of the more cultivated kind. After a time, the literary men of the city and vicinity, with many prominent visitors from a distance, entered the stage in a body, and took their seats. It was a noble gathering, such as one rarely sees in a life-time, and every face was scanned with natural interest. The great orator and statesman sat in the chair for a few minutes until the audience was hushed, and then rose to make a brief address, introductory to the proceedings. But, to the great mortification of all, Webster was not in favorable condition, and his sleepy eyes, low-muttered and incoherent remarks, pleaded guilty to the accusation that he was addicted to drink. The audience was somewhat relieved when the chairman's poor effort was closed by the introduction of William Cullen Bryant. The poet was even then an old man, but he possessed the hearty esteem of every citizen of New York. He was not a fine speaker, but his eulogy was thoughtful, elegant, and appropriate. He was followed by the historian Bancroft, who delivered a forcible speech, somewhat lacking in grace, in an emphatic manner and with a powerful voice. The audience then cried out for Washington Irving, a very popular man in New York, whom, however, no New York audience had ever heard before in a public speech. There was no response. The loud cries awakened the great senator, who had fallen asleep in his chair. He rose and went privately to Irving, who, after a hasty remonstrance, with a smiling face, but very much embarrassed, presented himself before the audience, which, of course, greeted him with loud applause. When this subsided, Mr. Irving, in the most informal, almost boyish way, professed his utter inability to make a public speech, declaring the announcement of his name among the speakers totally unauthorized, and any thought of him as a speaker, manifestly absurd. The audience took intense enjoyment from the great author's plight, and applauded his impatient excuses with utmost good nature. Then there was much confusion and they began to call out a name that I could not catch. Repeating it with rising excitement, at length a plain looking gentleman came forward in a humble and embarrassed manner, not presenting himself before the chairman in the center of the stage, but on one side, a little in front of the inconspicuous seat he had been occupying. He began in a halting manner, and there was a painful pause, which the audience, to my great surprise, broke with expectant, instead of scornful, applause. Again a few words, a pause, and I dreaded a breakdown, wondering at the strange impulse that should call out so poor a speaker in the presence of so many literary men of mark. Another attempt at encouragement by courteous applause. The speaker resumed, and after a little time, I found myself much interested in his face, lighting up, beautifully, as he began to warm with the inspiration of his subject, and soon, too, I listened with rapture to his words. The audience heard with breathless and satisfied attention. It turned out to be a well conceived and highly finished—though partly extemporaneous—eulogy. The lofty and ingenious thoughts clothed in appropriate diction; the tender, pathetic undertone of sorrow, moving, yet chastened by calm, philosophic contemplation; the high, æsthetic appreciation of the dead author's best work, as well as of the exalted mission of literary genius in general; the delightful modulations of his musical voice, and the simple grace of his gestures—they were a revelation to many in that gathering, and before he had finished his brief speech of twenty minutes, I found myself trembling as under the entrancing strains of sweet music. I was struck too, with the manifest change in the demeanor of Mr. Webster. An hour or more, to be sure, had passed away since the commencement of the meeting, and possibly time had caused the dull fumes of incipient intoxication to pass away. Yet I could not but think that it was the chaste eloquence of the unknown speaker that had fairly awakened the drugged intellect of America's greatest orator. And when Mr. Webster, in plain sight of the audience, rose from the chair to congratulate the hero of the hour with

a warm grasp of the hand, renewed applause was offered by all, and you may be sure many inquired, as I did, the name of the successful eulogist of Dr. Cooper.

I took pains to hear Dr. Osgood in his own pulpit. He was an eloquent and suggestive preacher, but uneven, and after a time seemed to lack the necessary inspiration. He was pastor of an influential Unitarian congregation, which moved up town, built a fine temple, and nearly perished from debt. When I heard of Dr. Osgood's joining your Church and ministry, I was on the watch for better success. But he never seemed to consider preaching so specially his vocation as literature. As a member of the Historical Society, I frequently heard him speak and lecture, and always with pleasure. His culture was wide, and his interest in science, art, and all intellectual pursuits, was intense. But he was a virtuoso, rather than a preacher, and his temperament, while not unspiritual, was calmly philosophical, and critically æsthetic, rather than zealously religious after the most common type of ordained ministers. Whether his comparatively insignificant career as a pastor should be accounted a failure, or merely a natural adjunct to his high success in the other field, will perhaps never be known until "the day shall declare it," and his work shall have been "tried with fire."

PAUL ZIEGLER.

By Rail to the Rocky Mountains.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

SHERMAN, WYOMING, July 7, 1880.

They tell me that we have now reached the "highest point" on the road; in fact, there is a board to the east of the station, on which is painted, "Summit of the Rocky Mountains!" So far, however, we have not seen any mountains, except a dim range off to the south, half a hundred miles away. It is very stupid in these railroads to run over prairies and table lands and barren ridges and monotonous deserts, and set a man down on the other side of the mountains without giving him a sight of them. Such a course is especially execrable in this Union Pacific road, which has had all the money it wanted, and charges enough to give us some mountain scenery. It would have been in better taste, to have pushed the road through the wildest gorges and near to the highest peaks; at least, it would have suited your correspondent better. I am told that there will be some fine scenery before reaching Ogden, and so will wait another day, and travel on in hope of better things. We have been now about thirty hours, steaming up grade from Omaha, from worse to worse, as to scenery. To one leaving Central Illinois, the famous valley of the Platte presents no feature of especial interest. It is simply a flat prairie, between low bluffs that are barely visible from either side. Much of it is under cultivation, but little of its corn equals the average of ours; the principal reason, no doubt, is that the cultivation is not so thorough. Passing westward about 200 miles, we leave the agricultural region and enter on the grazing lands. The soil is sandy, little rain falls, there are no farms. An occasional shanty may be seen, where the ranchmen live. The grass changes with soil and climate. It looks to me like a desert, but an old frontiersman tells me it is the best grazing in the world. The plain is covered with "buffalo grass," short and dry-looking, but very sweet. It cures on the stem before the frost comes, and is as good as the best hay, all winter, when the snow covers but a small portion of the ground, being blown over the great plains by the gales, and lodged in the rough places along the streams. Where the railroad has made cuts, or run behind swells of the plain, it is compelled to build snow fences to gather up the drift before it reaches the track; sometimes it has two or three lines of these fences, at exposed points. Where the drifts most do congregate, huge snow-sheds are made to cover the entire track, and the train runs through them as through tunnels. There are many of those, one being nearly a half mile in length. It is not to be supposed that these add anything to the charms of the scenery; nor do they detract much, for the simple reason that there is no scenery.

We have seen thousands of cattle, since sunrise, feeding in the low places, for the season is dry. We passed one "round-up," where several grovers were gathering their horses and cattle in herds. It was exciting to watch two men on fleet ponies, driving several hundred half-wild horses. Riding like the wind along one side or another of the flying herd, their long whips swinging in the air, the whole moving mass seemed to sway with the motion of the arm as the lash descended. I am told that men who follow this life become much attached to it, with all its hardships and dangers.

There is no doubt that these high and dry table-lands are to be the great grazing fields of the world. A ceaseless volume of water rolls along their river-beds, supplied from the inexhaustible snows of the mountains; the native grass is as good for winter as for summer grazing; the mineral qualities of the soil render the "salting" of cattle needless; the way to the market of the world is open and easy. Already this business is one of importance, and it is becoming more and more so, every year.

Occasionally we pass the emigrant wagon, toiling along with tired looking horses or mules, and tired looking men and women, and hungry looking children. We wonder at the patience and endurance that carries them through, over a thousand miles of treeless plains, and perhaps another thousand of even more difficult windings among forests and mountains. When we consider the amount of such emigration and travel, a few years ago, we can but be amazed at the courage and enterprise of our people. To me, passing smoothly over these wide wastes, in a palace car, with every comfort, refreshment, and shelter that I could have in a city home, it is a weary and depressing spectacle; no tree, no shrub, no mound of earth, one long, drawn-out and wide-extended desolation. How weary it must have been to those who dragged their slow way over it by inches, in the early day, rifle in hand, walking by day and watching by night, through long weeks and months! And when they had reached "the summit" they had passed only the pleasantest portion of their journey. For hundreds of miles more, they must wander among sand hills and sage brush, and along barren ridges, where not even a goat can feed. It must have been Eldorado, indeed, that could have tempted them to such toilsome dangers.

We are all working and walking among deserts, if we are in earnest. What daily life is there, if at all given to regular industry, that is not level and uninteresting, in itself? We go through the same motions, draw out the same details of duty, observe the same round. I can imagine that a treadmill would be even more tedious than the Laramie plains; and how much of life is as a tread-mill! If it is only the landscape of life that we regard, surely, for most of us, it is but as a wide plateau, and for some not even carpeted with buffalo-grass. But for many of us there is a little Eldorado at the end of each day's toil among the sand hills with wife and children, and for all whom the Lord loveth, there is an Eldorado everlasting on the other side of the great plains, and treeless deserts, and snow-clad mountains of Life. Thither let us toil with patience, day by day. There remaineth a rest for the people of God.

Clergymen Like the Stand-bys.

The simple presence of such people in the church is of itself, to every minister, a powerful help and encouragement. He is glad, of course, to see new faces coming in from time to time. The poor mother, the stand-by at home, who has a breakfast, and a husband, and half a dozen children to get ready in the morning, so she herself can come out only now and then, whenever she does come is seen with pleasure. The young men of his flock, flowers of the kingdom, whose eyes and religious natures open usually only in the latter part of the day, but who, occasionally, under the inspiration of a new suit of Sunday clothes, blossom out in the forenoon, excite in him, till he learn better, a gleam of hope. The religious casual, the small and infrequent worshipper described by Horace, owning a pew but occupying it so seldom that when he does use it, it has to be found for him by the sexton, is not by any means unwelcome; and there is always an inspiration of some sort in the great crowd of strangers who appear Sunday night, when it is advertised that he is going to speak on the kingdom of Satan, or the doings of the devil, or the sowing of wild oats, or some kindred theme. But after all, it is the stand-bys, the men—usually old ones—and the women, living often farthest from the church, who are absolutely sure of being in their places punctually, every Sunday, and the day, whatever the season, or the weather, or the subject may be—these he looks upon with special delight, and finds to be the fountains of his greatest inspiration.—Selected.

Doctor Mountain, whose wit pleased on all occasions, being at Court with George II., who liked his company on that account, news was brought to the king of a vacant bishopric. "I know not," said his Majesty, "at present to whom I shall give it." Dr. Mountain instantly rose, and, putting his hand upon his breast, said, "If thou hadst faith as a grain of mustard-seed, thou wouldst say to this Mountain, 'Be thou removed, and cast into the sea!'"

True souls are made brighter by sorrow. The ocean is most phosphorescent after a storm.

Some time ago, one of Arkansas' most widely-known statesmen, who is now dead, was passing along a street in Little Rock, when an old colored man, who had once belonged to him, approached, took off his hat and passed a hand over his white wool, as he asked:
"Marster, gin the ole man fifty cents."
"Dan, you are a robber!"
"How?" asked the astonished darkey, opening his eyes, around which roughshod age had walked.
"Didn't you see me put my hand into my pocket?"
"Yes sah."
"Well, you old rascal, you rob me of the pleasure of giving you money without being asked."
The old man received a dollar. Bowing almost to the ground, while tears came to his eyes, he replied,
"Marster, wid sich a heart as you hab, and wid Abraham and Isaac and de Lord on your side, I don't see what can keep you out ob heaben."

All Around the World.

Yellow Jack has made his appearance at New Orleans, where they have had several cases.—Mr. Gladstone has declared that Parliament will be through with its business by the last week in August.—The French National fete began on the 14th. Large numbers of Jesuits have returned. The notorious Henry Rochefort was welcomed on his return by six thousand persons in procession, who sang the "Marseillaise."—Late information from Indian Territory, represents that parties are going in from Texas as well as from Kansas, and that great excitement prevails.—The anniversary of the battle of the Boyne took place as usual on the 12th. The Orangemen made no public demonstration, consequently the regular quarrel and bloodshed was avoided.—The intense suspense in political circles has been relieved. Mr. Garfield has consented to be the Republican candidate for President.—The last steamboat accident reported was on Lake Erie on the 12th, a collision; thirty lives lost.—Dr. Tanner, who is trying to fast for forty days, in New York city, is an Englishman by birth, and came to this country when 17 years old. He is a well-preserved specimen of a nervous-sanguine man, with excessively strong will-power. He has iron-gray hair and sharp features, and looks much more like a Yankee than an Englishman.—The late George Ripley, of New York, as joint editor of "Appleton's Cyclopaedia," had a royalty of eight cents per volume, or \$1.28 on each set. As more than 200,000 sets have been issued, it made him a rich man.—The St. Gothard tunnel has been closed for repairs, and it is officially announced that it cannot be opened until April 1881.—French Jesuits have requested permission of Spain to establish a colony in the Island of Fernando, Pacific Ocean. The request is receiving consideration of the government.—It is said that the efforts to subdue the famine fever, in Ireland, are not very encouraging.—The prince of Bulgaria has confidently submitted to the powers, a scheme by which Bulgaria shall acquire a larger portion of eastern Rumelia, the remainder to revert to Turkey absolutely.—Paul Broca, an eminent French Surgeon, Scientist, Senator, and Radical, is dead.—Abdurrahman Khan, the pretender to the Afghan throne, has only two or three thousand soldiers, and lives in constant fear of assassination.—The first Jew to receive the degree of Doctor of Civil Law from Oxford University, is Professor Sylvester, of John Hopkins University, Virginia.—Having refused to enforce the recommendations of the powers, Turkey is making such preparations for a war with Greece as its depleted exchequer will permit. At most of the great capitals, hostilities are looked upon as inevitable. The Greeks are enrolling volunteers and concentrating troops on the frontier.—Alarm is felt at Madrid about the young queen of Spain. She has had another of the epileptic fits, brought on by her fright over the attempted assassination of Alfonso.—Either the ocean must be made wider or the steamships narrower. Something must be done to enable two ships to pass without attempting to go through one another. Society demands it and the comfort of the passengers would seem to require it also.—Henry A. Garfield, a son of Gen. Garfield, took the prize for English declamation at St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H., last week.—The sultan of Turkey, in consequence of the fears relative to the secret designs of the powers, has an idea of rendering the Dardanelles impregnable by torpedoes and forts, and has ordered the preparation of plans and estimates.—More than half the population of the United Kingdom is composed of the working classes, and Gladstone says that they are the nation.—M. Jules Ferry, the French minister, who introduced the bill for the expulsion of the Jesuits from France, is the direct descendant of a man, who, one hundred and twenty years ago, established several houses of the same order in that country.—The foundations are laid for a new house for Cardinal McCloskey, on Madison avenue, New York, near the great Cathedral. The house will cost \$75,000, and be ready for occupancy by December, 1881.—A self-sacrificing traveler devoted his energies to the work of devouring everything upon a certain railway station dining-counter, and, having at length accomplished the feat, walked away, saying: "There; the next fellow that comes along here will get something fresh!"—On a recent Sunday, Canon Farrar preached what is known as a "flower sermon" in Slough Church, London. There were 1,000 children present. Each child brought a nosegay of flowers, and at the close of the service these were deposited on the steps of the chancel, the offering being intended for the children who are inmates of the Westminster Hospital.—During the past winter, there were at the twenty German Universities 20,172 students. The largest number was at the University of Berlin, which had 3,608. The departments of Philosophy were the most popular, 8,624 being in attendance.—Very innocently an Irish newspaper concludes its account of an imposing ceremony: "The procession was very fine, being nearly two miles long, as was also the prayer of the R. v. Mr. McFadden."

An Englishman has invented a machine that will fire 300 shots a minute and they will pierce an iron-plated vessel at a distance of 1,000 yards.—There were seventeen cases of sunstroke in Chicago on the 13th, eight of them fatal. The day was one of the hottest known all over the country.—Another South Africa war is imminent in consequence of the disarmament of the Basutos. The complaints against Sir Bartle Frere are louder than ever.—Russia has prohibited the exportation of grain, and, crops being poor in Germany, it is believed that the latter country will be, notwithstanding the duties, a large purchaser of American grain.—The commander of the Chilean fleet has notified the Peruvian authorities that he will bombard Lima if peace is not soon made.—Speaking of the yellow fever, Dr. Rauch, of the Illinois Board of Health, expresses the utmost confidence in the ability of the authorities of New Orleans and Memphis to prevent the spread of the malady.—The old communistic project to make the municipality of Paris entirely independent of the government of France, has been revived, but with no prospects of success.—The destruction of Russia's grain crops during the past two years has been simply enormous. Statistics show that the crop of 1879 was reduced fully \$50,000,000 in value by the bad weather and the various pests of the grain, and it is now established that the showing this year will be still worse. The exports of the first six months of the current year, are less than half those of the corresponding period last year.—Grand Island, in Niagara river, near Buffalo, has a population of 1,155, and the mortality figures show it to be the healthiest place in the United States.

A Church Charity.

From our New York Correspondent.
The Floating Hospital, belonging to St. John's Guild, began its tri-weekly excursions last Thursday, when it carried some seven hundred sick children down the bay, accompanied by as many weary mothers. No child over six years of age was allowed to go, who was not ill, and many of the poor things carried the necessary certificates in their faces, and many of the mothers, except in New York, would have passed for first-class invalids. Needed refreshments were put on board the barge, and among them we noticed freezers of ice cream, which, to many of the excursionists, will be a luxury entirely new. The barge is spacious, and generally carries twice as many persons, but this was the first excursion, and was given exclusively to the sick. A tug tows the Hospital, thus removing the danger from fire and explosion. They went down the bay as far as Coney Island, cruised awhile in its neighborhood, and returned about six o'clock, P. M. Two physicians accompany the barge, so as to be ready for any emergency, and there are beds on board for those who are not able to sit up. The excursions are in charge of St. John's Guild, of which the Rev. Mr. Kramer is Master, and they are paid for by contributions from the general public. They have been continued for five years, and the interest in them is growing. It may not be amiss to say that Mr. William H. Guion, of the Williams and Guion line of European Steamers, is the treasurer, for who knows but a contribution may be sent to him from the great West, which has become the granary of the world. Many of these children, if their lives can be preserved, will doubtless be sent to the great prairies, there to find a home and a sphere of usefulness, amid better surroundings, and where they can breathe a pure air. We have a vast domain still to be settled, and the lives of these children preserved will add to the wealth and resources of the country. Excursions are popular here for purposes of pleasure, as well as for health's sake, and about a week since, some two thousand news boys and boot-blacks were sent upon one. The dwellers in great cities can form some idea of what a time they had, for they know what the gamins are; a policeman, to preserve order, is one of the very necessary elements of the party. Some of them, in climbing on board, fell into the dock, but were fished out, one of them with the loss of his inferior integuments. The wet clothes rather added to than took away from their comfort. When they reached their destination, where bathing was allowed, the whole two thousand were soon swimming in the sea, which was black with heads, as a bowl of milk is with blackberries. Many of them did not stay to remove their apparel—some have not much to remove—and they paddled about in the water, as joyous as young ducks. On the boat, with gang planks and boxes, a barricade was erected, from behind which an attempt was made to distribute paper bags, containing a sandwich and a cake. The boys were full of strategy, and, while the distribution was made in front, some of them stormed the rear, and swarmed over the boxes like wharf-rats. There is only one thing they are afraid of, and that is a policeman, a cop or peeler, as they irreverently call them; and by the aid of star and locust club, they were reduced to some sort of order. The annual excursion, given by Mr. Steiner, is the event of the year to them; but Mr. Steiner himself must rejoice when it is well over. They start out with the full determination to have a time, and they do it.

Some American churches might learn a lesson from the fact that in the island of New Hebrides, in the Southern Ocean, three thousand seven hundred pounds of arrowroot were shipped recently for London, by the native Christians who have been gathered in by the Gospel within the last thirty years. Their offering is to make payment for an edition of the Old Testament, as it is now being issued in their language.

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and possibility of it.

Man works by the flexibility of his own nature.—Humboldt.

The best way to have a friend is to be one.

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MRS. S. STAGNER.

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PROVE HOP BITTERS

News from the Churches.

MICHIGAN.—The city of Marquette, situated on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, on Lake Superior, is a busy, thriving town, of about 5,000 inhabitants. It is sustained mainly by the iron interests, being in the neighborhood of extensive mines. Its position, overlooking the bay of the same name, gives it the advantage of a succession of beautiful sites, of which some of the wealthy citizens have availed themselves, with good taste and effect. There are few who do not know of Marquette as a most delightful summer resort. The city itself is scarcely a quarter of a century old, but for the most part is built substantially of stone, quarried in the neighborhood. On the 15th of August, 1855, the service of the Church was held here, as far as can be ascertained, for the first time. A large party of tourists from Milwaukee, on a pleasure excursion, passengers on the steamer "Planet," remained over a Sunday; and, as a clergyman of the Church (the Rev. Mr. Arnault) was one of the party, Divine Service was held on board. On the following Sunday, the Bishop of the diocese visited the place, held service, and organized a parish, which, in those days, was considered the right thing to do at the earliest possible moment; for how could a Church organization possibly exist without a vestry?

It is worthy of remark, that among the earliest settlers at Marquette, were two communicants of the Church, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Everett, who came from Jackson, Mich., and who are still residing here, attached members of our Communion. They were, of course, present on the occasions referred to; and, at the last mentioned service, the Hon. Charles Sumner, of the U. S. Senate, being on a Western tour, was an interested attendant.

In the autumn of the same year, the Rev. Henry Safford was appointed to the charge of St. Paul's parish, and entered upon his duties as Rector. In August, 1857, the first church building was completed, at a cost of about \$3,000; and Mrs. Everett, by her personal exertions, succeeded in furnishing the sacred edifice with the necessary carpets, cushions, etc. The consecration of the church took place in August, 1858. In 1860, Mr. Safford resigned the rectorship; and, in the course of the following year, he was succeeded by the Rev. Josiah Phelps. About five years afterward, a parsonage was built, and occupied by the Rector; about the same time, also, many repairs and improvements were made in the church building, the cost of all which, together with the parsonage, and the purchase of an organ, involved the parish in a debt amounting to \$13,300. In this emergency, Mr. Peter White, an old and honored citizen, generously offered to assume one half of the debt, upon condition that the balance should be secured. The effort to comply with this proviso, was successful, and so the parish was relieved of its ominous burden.

In September, 1866, Mr. Phelps resigned; and was succeeded, in turn, by the Rev. Charles Fay, who took charge in January, 1867. In June, 1869, the Rev. George Wallace was called to be Assistant Minister of the parish, with a view, principally, to the inauguration of Mission-work in the neighborhood; of which the neighboring parishes at Negaunee and Ishpenning are a part of the visible results. To Mr. William Wetmore, and the Hon. Peter White, is due the credit of originating this missionary enterprise; at their suggestion, the Vestry first took action in the matter, and it was they who pledged the first pecuniary aid.

In the Fall of 1869, a gift, in the form of a Chancel window, was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Mather, as a Thank-Offering to God, for the recovery of their son, from the effects of a very serious accident which had befallen him, in the course of the previous summer.

Mr. Fay resigned the parish in the summer of 1870, and was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Pickman, who, in his turn, gave place to the Rev. B. F. Fleetwood, now the respected Rector of St. Mark's, Chicago. During his incumbency, the foundation was laid of a new and permanent stone church structure, which was so far completed, as to be ready for occupancy, on Christmas Day, 1876. After an outlay of about \$50,000, it was found necessary to suspend the work, owing to the financial crisis, and the consequent stringency of the money-market. In the spring of the following year, the Rev. Mr. Fleetwood resigned his charge; and, in view of the great depression of all commercial interests, the idea was seriously entertained, even by some of the most influential members of the parish, of altogether abandoning the enterprise, and allowing the property to be sacrificed under the mortgage which rested upon it. Happily, however, better counsels prevailed; and, in the face of much discouragement, the present Rector (the Rev. Edwin R. Bishop) was invited to enter upon the charge, and accepted. Mr. Bishop found a parish indebtedness of \$22,000; to the liquidation of which he at once addressed himself; and, with the Divine Blessing, his efforts were so completely crowned with success, that, at Easter last, the debt was wiped out, and a small balance remains in the treasury.

On the 15th of next month (being the twenty-fifth anniversary of what is believed to have been the occasion of the first service held in the place), it is intended to offer the new church building for solemn consecration to the worship and service of Almighty God. Upon that occasion, several of the Western Bishops, and quite a large number of other clergy, from far and near, are expected to be present; and it is needless to say that the local interest will be very great indeed, and that the occasion is looked forward to with very excusable pride and with no small pleasure, by the faithful in Marquette. The heart of the LIVING CHURCH goes out in sympathy, both to them and to their most es-

timable Rector, whom we very sincerely congratulate upon the success which has waited upon his faithful labors.

On Wednesday, the 14th inst., the Southern Convocation of the Diocese convened in Christ's Church, Adrian. This Convocation is composed of the counties of Monroe, Lenawee, Hillsdale, and Washtenaw. The Bishop and all but two of the clergy were present, with a few of the laity. The business meeting was preceded by the Holy Communion, the Bishop being the Celebrant, assisted by the Rector of the Parish, Revs. Mr. Magoffin of Dexter, and Phelps of Tecumseh; The Rev. B. T. Hutchins, of Monroe, preached the sermon. His subject was the Offensive and Defensive Work of the Church. Neh. iv: 17.

At the business meeting, particular fields of labor outside of the priest's parochial care were assigned to each of the clergy, and, strange to say, there were no excuses made, although the fields were wide, and the labor committed to their trust will be hard.

The Rev. Wyllis Hall, D. D., of Ann Arbor, was then elected Rural Dean; the Rev. B. T. Hutchins, of Monroe, Secretary; the Rev. Wm. F. Gallagher, of Adrian, Treasurer. The next meeting will take place in St. Andrew's Church, Ann Arbor, on the first Wednesday in September.

New churches of brick are to be built by the congregations at Howell and Brighton.

The Rev. Pursell Todd, late of Oriskany Falls, N. Y., has taken charge of Holy Trinity Mission, Caro.

St. Stephen's Church, Detroit, has been placed in charge of the Rev. Wm. Charles, as one of the missionaries of the Wayne Convocation. Another of its missionaries, the Rev. H. J. Brown, Jr., assumes the care of All Saints', Detroit Junction.

PITTSBURG.—Calvary Church, East End, has two Missions under its care, viz: St. Philips, Bellefield, and St. Stephen's, Park Place. St. Stephen's is steadily growing. At times the congregations cannot be seated. More benches are needed. Much has been generously done toward fitting out the Mission for service. St. Philips' is stronger and healthier than it has ever been. It is doing excellent work in providing service and instruction for the people and children of the parish in the vicinity, not able to attend the parish Church regularly. And it is slowly but steadily, through the faithful work of the superintendent and teachers, bringing in new material. It has some thirty children in attendance, and a congregation, perhaps, more than that.

The Bishop has appointed the Standing Committee the Ecclesiastical Authority for the time being. He is now in Meyersdale, where he expects to spend some weeks quietly. In the early Fall he expects, if well enough, to visit New York and other points. He has improved steadily during the past two weeks, and his physicians are quite hopeful of a full restoration to his accustomed health.

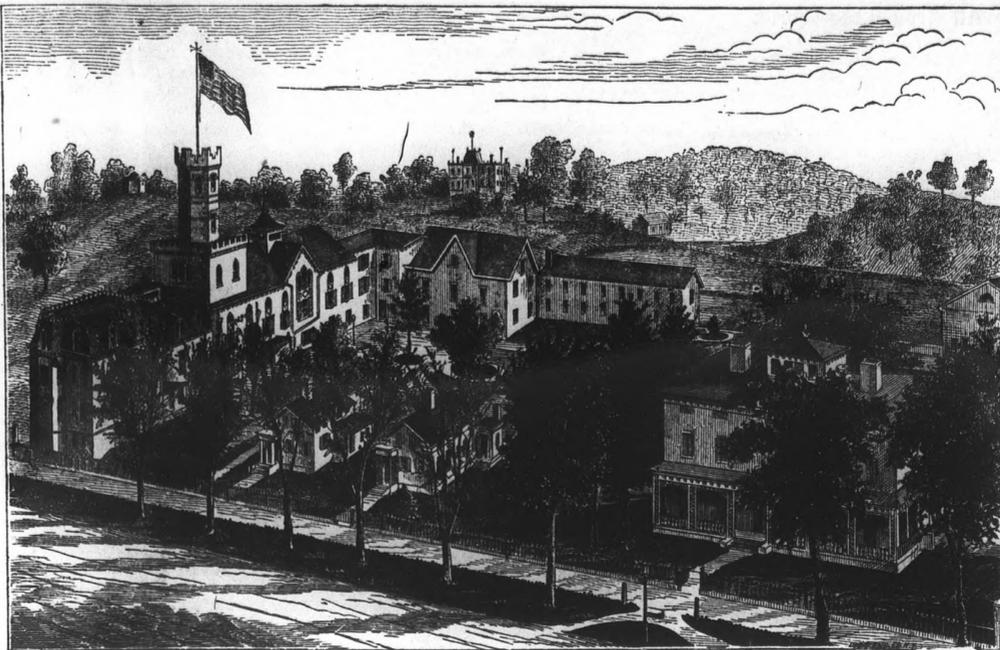
INDIANA.—Church matters in this Diocese are very quiet since Convention, as they probably are elsewhere. With the exception of a short respite, the Bishop remains at his post of duty. But few of the clergy are to take "vacations." The Rev. J. S. Reed, of St. Paul's, Indianapolis, spends the summer in Norway and Sweden; the Rev. E. A. Bradley goes East for a time; the Rev. J. L. Boxer is in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan. We have received several clergymen into the Diocese, the Rev. J. A. Doors, to the Rectorship of Trinity, Logansport; the Rev. B. T. Hall, to that of Aurora with Lawrenceburgh; the Rev. J. D. Stanley at present is assisting in Holy Innocents', Evansville. Some changes have also taken place within the Diocese, the Rev. G. W. Gates from Columbus to Warsaw; the Rev. C. J. Clausen from Lafayette to Connersville. The announcement of the Rev. S. C. M. Orpens' acceptance of the Rectorship of St. James, Goshen, was a mistake. There are a number of vacancies only waiting for earnest, energetic, practical men, and it is to be hoped that they will not long stand vacant. J.

WESTERN NEW YORK.—The ladies who had the charge of the festival recently given at the Church Home, Buffalo, submit the following as the very satisfactory termination of an enjoyable and long-to-be-remembered occasion. The Treasurer reports as follows: Receipts:—Cash donations, \$215.00; refreshments, 247.07; fancy booth, 110.20; flower booth, 66.26; tickets, 191.63; total, \$830.16. Expenses:—\$107.73. Balance, \$722.43. While so many kindnesses were received, it is difficult to particularize one as greater than another. But the ladies would gratefully acknowledge the favors of Messrs. Hersee, Tift, Cutler, and Meacham in sending tables and chairs to the Home and returning them free of charge; to Stafford Bros., for their large gift of beautiful berries; to William Sharpe, for services during the day; to Mr. Richard Cloak, who gave his time and attention to the entrance gate during the entire afternoon and evening, refusing remuneration for his valuable services; to the press, the ladies are greatly indebted for their kindness in publishing notices free of charge; to the friends and patrons of the Home for their hearty co-operation, to which the marked success of the festival is greatly due.

QUINCY.—Trinity Mission, Monmouth, S. Cyprian's Mission, Carthage, and St. Paul's Church, Warsaw, all in charge of Rev. Dr. Lloyd as Priest, have been visited by the Bishop of the Diocese, the Rt. Rev. Alexander Burgess, D. D.

At Monmouth, the Bishop preached, and confirmed three persons. At Carthage, the Bishop preached and confirmed two persons, having, at a previous visit confirmed thirteen.

At Warsaw, the Bishop preached and confirmed four persons. Large congregations were present at all these services. The Parish and Missions are in progressive and promising condition; and other visitations, before Christmas are anticipated. Rich floral decorations were placed on the altars in each church.



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Yours truly,
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A GRAND THING.—A point worthy of especial notice to the many visitors to Detroit will be the giant clothing house of C. B. Mabley. Occupying the whole of six large stores, containing everything for wear in the shape of clothing, and arranged in different divisions, it is a real wonder to all. Every evening the whole is illuminated, and every Saturday evening a special illumination is given. If any of our readers stay during the evening they must not fail to see this sight. A visit to the interior is the grandest sight of all. Let every one visit the place.

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