

# The Living Church.

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

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WHOLE No. 93.

## Foreign Letter.

Written for the Living Church.

Pope Leo is said to be of a vacillating turn of mind, "neither cold nor hot," in Biblical language, "letting I dare not wait upon I would" in Shakespearean, expresses Papa Pecci's character precisely. Nervous indecision, amounting to positive incapacity for forming a resolution and for maintaining it, has given rise to an unjust idea that Leo XIII is deceitful and double-minded. Coming as he did after Pius Nono, but two alternatives were open to him—to follow strictly the *non possumus* policy, or to accept the new order or things and adapt his ecclesiastical policy to it. Old Pius Nono, hated by some, adored by others, was obeyed absolutely by all his own subordinates. Foreign Governments, as in the case of France and Austria, were won over to his cause; otherwise he defied them to the uttermost, as in the case of Prussia. With regard to Italy, he never yielded one iota. He induced the heads of the Moderate party to humiliate themselves, and make concessions of which the nation would have disapproved; then, at the last, sent them back like children hounds to the cry of *non possumus*. The Archbishop of Perugia felt the strongest repugnance for this policy. Of the world, and living in the world, he knew that the temporal powers had passed away for ever; that the law on Papal guarantees was one as advantageous to the Holy See as any future Italian Parliament would be likely to pass. Hence his own instincts inclined him to accept the civil list of four millions and a half, and to drop the absurd fiction of being a prisoner in the Vatican. And in fact he decided on the day of his election to impart the Benediction to the people from the outer balcony of St. Peter's. But at the last moment he faltered, and it was given inside, and from that hour the see-saw policy of the Pope was initiated. Not even in the Vatican itself has he been able to enact a real reform. Cardinal Franchi, his first Secretary of State, had pluck and energy for anything. He began by snubbing the Jesuits and turning out the Camarilla; but with his sudden and mysterious end all reforms ended also.

It is impossible not to perceive how imminent is the peril of a European war. Hostilities have already broken out between the Montenegrins and the Albanians, and the match once lighted it is difficult to foresee how wide the conflagration may spread. Mr. Gladstone will find that it is easier to let loose the dogs of war than to restrain their ravages. The Porte, firmly resolved not to accede to the demands of the Berlin Conference, is already making formidable military preparations to guard against the dangers which a calculated obstinacy may provoke. The display of force on the Greek frontier is sufficient to entirely destroy the warlike ardor of Greece. The Greek government is not likely to engage in the desperate enterprise of forcibly occupying the new territory that has been accorded to it unless assured beforehand of powerful alliances. The Albanians appear quite able to defend their independence and the integrity of their territory against the restless aspirations of Greece. It is impossible to understand why Europe should be concerned in transferring a high-spirited population to an alien and detested rule. It certainly appears that the Albanians are entitled to a voice in the decision of their own destiny. It seems that the engaging proposition of Russia to provide a *corps d'armee* for the purpose of facilitating the occupation by Greece of the proposed new frontier has not been enthusiastically received, even by Mr. Gladstone's Government.

Bismarck is quite ill again, and all England is in a ferment about Gladstone's sudden illness. How it proves our weakness, the power to control a continent and the powerlessness to keep off a cold. We are not apt to think of Bismarck as troubled with any doubts as to his system, or its results, but he has his hours of weakness, and, like Solomon, every thing seems vanity sometimes to him. He said lately to a friend at Varzin: "But for me three great wars would not have occurred, 80,000 men would not have fallen in battle, and parents, brothers, sisters, and widows would not have mourned." "Nor sweethearts," someone added. "Nor sweethearts," he repeated in a monotone. "That, however, I have settled with God. Still I have reaped little or no happiness from all that I have done; but, on the contrary, much vexation, anxiety, weariness and ill usage."

The German bonanza, as we used to think the Franco-Prussian war was, has turned out to be no rich bonanza after all. There is no state in Europe, excepting Russia, where there is more discontent, more uneasiness, and more real hard times. Prof. Hillebrand, a keen observer, somewhat of a pessimist, says in a late article: "The lower orders are becoming demoralized; manufactures and commerce are growing unscrupulous; the Press has fallen into the hands of the Jews, government into that of place-hunters; even science herself has become a lifeless trade, or a means for attaining ends she is a stranger to; the simplicity of former times is disappearing, yet richer, more elegant forms of existence do not take its place; higher culture is steadily

decreasing, while material affluence, which at any rate, would bring substantial comfort in its train as a compensation, is still wanting; the refined Idealism of the olden time is at an end, but the Realism of to-day makes its entrance without that unpretentious simplicity which might be its excuse; the wide cosmopolitan views of our youth have given way to a narrow, coarse Chauvinism, yet the new-flangled patriotism, while ever ready to boast, shrinks from self-sacrifice. The continual interference of Parliament is corrupting our excellent bureaucracy, but the "Geheimrath" do not allow a healthy development of genuine parliamentary life to take place; on the one side there is nothing but servility, militarism, and rigid drill, on the other, insubordination, disrespect, and the free and easy ways of the *carabin*; on all sides half-culture.

Russia has not enough trouble at home with the Nihilists, so she is putting her finger in other people's pies. She cannot keep her eyes off Constantinople, and certainly we do not care how soon she gets it. Just at present she is heating the Bulgarian water very hot. It is not denied that a formidable army is being constituted in Bulgaria, with Russian help and under Russian auspices. Russian officers and Russian soldiers are proceeding to the Principality, and there are large importations of arms and the *materiel* of war. The preparations for an attempt to bring about the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia by force of arms are open and notorious. How long it will be before a fresh conflict breaks out in the Balkan peninsula is alone doubtful.

The French people have changed their Fourth of July. It used to be the 15th of August, but they have changed it to the 14th of July. However that is nothing new. It is as unreliable in France as Easter or Ash Wednesday. It was in honor of Napoleon a year or two ago, now it celebrates the taking of the Bastille. It passed off with great *eclat*, but, with all the great material prosperity, things are not all *couleur de rose* in France. On the one side, M. Gambetta and the present rulers of France provoke the hostility of the educated and respectable classes, who are none too well affected to the existing state of things, and it sets itself in relentless antagonism to the Church, which is still a power in modern France. On the other hand, attempts are made to conciliate the revolutionary classes, who disdainfully reject all overtures for a transaction. M. Gambetta revolts the natural allies of order, and has to meet the attacks of the inevitable enemies of power. M. Gambetta will fail to successfully compete with Henri Rochefort or Felix Pyat for the affections of Belleville. It may yet be found that the exile of the Jesuits and the return of the Communists stirred up forces that involve the overthrow of the Republic in France.

## Notes from New York.

From our New York Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6, 1880.

The watering places abound with representatives of the cloth. Rest is good—necessary; but there is danger of overdoing it. An England prelate, a year or two prior to his being raised to the Episcopate, remarked to a friend, that a visit to Switzerland had long been a day-dream with him, which he feared might never be accomplished. He is less likely to reach it now. The English clergy, as a rule, take less recreation, in the way of absence from home and intermission of work, than we do. On the other hand, they indulge more in athletic sports, and have less need. Less need, because less dyspepsia and nervous exhaustion. This latter, by the way, is called the American disease. It is the penalty we pay for lack of common sense in our modes of living. The English papers tell us of the Rev. John Russell, nearly fifty years Vicar of Swynbridge, in North Devon, and known as the "brave old hunting clergyman," who has been transferred, now in his 86th year, to the valuable and pleasant benefice of Black Torrington, by Lord Poltimore, and has been presented, at the residence of the Duke of Bedford, by the Prince of Wales, Earls Fortescue and Devon, and a number of nobles and gentlemen, with a silver tureen and a purse of £350, as a token of affection. He is one of the best riders to hounds in England, and rarely missed a meet, but was most attentive to all his duties, greatly respected and loved by his flock, and an admirable preacher. His Bishop, the late Dr. Philpots, once exclaiming, after hearing him, "What an admirable sermon." Sir Thomas Acland said: "Oh, you ought to see him on the pig skin, my lord." Last year, at Sandrigham, he danced the old year out and new one in, with the Princess of Wales for partner, as light as a feather. The old parson would seem a *rara avis* to us in this country, but he would need no vacation.

Our Presbyterian friends in Scotland have determined to push Prof. Smith, again, for heresy. And now comes a case of "liberalism" in the Buffalo Presbytery. There is a great deal of uneasiness at the bottom, about the old doctrines of Calvinism. They are doomed to be revised, recast, revamped, say some. Others, equally emphatic, pronounce against any confession except the Ancient Creeds. It is really refreshing

to hear Presbyterians say, "We have the Episcopal Creed in our hymn books," referring, in their simplicity, to the Apostle's Creed. The slur, which the Presbyterian press are wont to cast upon us, when they speak of Dean Stanley, and a dilution of him on this side the water, comes with rather poor grace, from a body which has so much trouble with internal heresy. Your Prof. Swing is more than matched by men who hold their own in the Calvinistic fellowship.

While on this point, let me say, that a prominent Brooklyn preacher has been defining his position. Strange, that this erudite genius, iconoclast among the creeds, a very Ishmaelite in theology, should be stumbling upon Catholic principles, and announcing them as his latest discovery. Who would imagine him to believe in the binding authority of ecumenical dogma? He says:

"We believe that God's Holy Spirit still moves upon the hearts of men, and that truth is still sprouting, growing, and bearing precious fruit in the minds and lives of His people; and, while the light vouchsafed to the individual, is only for the comfort and guidance of the individual, and without authority upon the conscience of others, yet, when such truth has gone through the experience of multitudes, and has approved itself not special and personal, but wide and universal, it becomes of value and binding authority, though it has no command in Scripture; and that the truths of Scripture are to be discovered, understood, and taught, according to the moral sense of God's people, in every age, enlightened by the Holy Spirit."

This all sounds very like the truth, and it is not surprising that the eloquent speaker of "Plymouth" declares that he has taken refuge from the tangle of medieval and modern theology, in the sublime simplicity of the Apostles' Creed. "If I am a heretic," he adds, "I am a heretic after the pattern of the early Church." The world does move, indeed.

*Per contra*, we have a development of liberality in another direction. Father Hewitt, one of the Paulist Fathers, a very charming man, and notable scholar, by the way, endeavors, in the *Catholic World*, for July, to disprove that the Romanists think that they have a monopoly of salvation, and in their thoughts assign all their fellow-beings, who are outside of the pale of their own Church, to the flames of hell. The essential and total depravity of human nature, Father Hewitt says, has no place in Catholic dogma. The Church willingly recognizes all the goodness that exists beyond its boundaries. Even the unbaptized Jews, Mohammedans, or Pagans, if they diligently walk by the dim light given them, may find their way to heaven, according to Father Jewett. Were you aware that this good Father owes his doctorate in divinity to a staunch Protestant college in New England?

We are not permitted to forget that we live in the era of the reformation. There are Reformed Dutch, Reformed Presbyterians, Reformed Episcopalians, &c. Now, there is a sect called the Independent Catholic Church. The Priests are of Roman orders, and they have established several small congregations in the city. They renounce celibacy with surprising unanimity. Father O'Connor tells the public that Father McNamara, "in the calm deliberation of his mature years, seven years after he left the Church of Rome, and three years after he embraced the 'Holy Catholic Church,' married a young woman who is past her twentieth year, and feels that he is the most blessed man in America." But, there's another one, Father Goodwin, who thinks he is blessed, too. As for Father O'Connor, he is exuberant over his nuptials. He "thinks he is more blessed than falls to the common lot of man, being married to his own cousin!" This prophet of a new dispensation waxes eloquent as he appeals to his former brethren: "Dear Roman Priests, come to us Independent Catholics, and marry your lady loves in an honorable, Christian way, and tell the Pope, and Bishops, and our brother priests, to do likewise, and we shall all be more blessed than we could be otherwise."

## Personal.

Rev. Wm. Ballard has resigned St. Michaels, Boise City, Idaho, and taken charge of Trinity Church, Santa Barbara, Cal.—Rev. Charles T. Susan has accepted a call to Trinity Church, Berlin, Wis., and desires his mail addressed accordingly.—Rev. A. W. Snyder, of Immanuel Church, Rockford, Illinois, has gone East for a short vacation.—Rev. Dr. Schetky, of Paw Paw, Michigan, is officiating at Calvary, Chicago, in the absence of the Rector, Rev. Luther Pardee.—The Rev. Professor A. Jaeger, D. D., of the University of the South, has accepted the position of Professor of the Hebrew Language and Literature at Bexley Hall (theological seminary); and also that of Lecturer on History in the Seminary and in Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.—Rev. John Bayley, having recovered his health has become Rector of Trinity Church, Camden, N. Y.—Rev. Thomas D. Pitts, of St. Paul's, Steubenville, Ohio, has resigned. He goes to Florida, by reason of illness in his family. The resignation takes effect November 15, 1880.—The address of the Rev. J. M. Stevens, Assistant Minister of St. James' Church, Chicago, is 4 Washington Place.

## From Virginia City to Bozeman.

Correspondence of the LIVING CHURCH.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, July 19, 1880.

It was almost sunrise on the mountains, but no ray of sunlight had slanted into Alder Gulch, as our "jerky" toiled out of the narrow defile and wound its weary way over the pass that leads to the Madison valley. Two miles, and we had climbed 1,200 feet! The air was cold, the prospect glorious; the sunlight, streaming down over the hills, bathed all the slopes and valleys in gold more beautiful than ever yet was washed by mountain stream. Our faithful horses, as if exhilarated by the upper air, and proud of having achieved the long and steep ascent, struck out bravely over the rolling upland, and down grade the leaders galloped to the rough music of rattling stones and creaking brakes. We pass the neat stone cottage in a ravine where, years ago, a notorious outlaw lived and concealed his booty. The vigilantes made short work of him at last, so short that his poor wife, flying into Virginia, over the rough mountain trail, on a bare-back horse, arrived too late to find him alive. We move leisurely along the green meadows and meandering streams of Madison valley, the snow-streaked mountain ranges closing in on every side. Up and away again, after a hearty breakfast in a neat log cabin, over another "divide," with fresh horses and unabated enjoyment.

Our driver is kind and careful, one in whom you would have confidence from the first. He knows the tricks and manners of all his horses, calls them by name, praises some and expresses his contempt for others. These leaders that we now have are natural fools, and he gives them a crack of the whip as he tells you so; you can't teach them anything (another crack); it takes a long time to "wake them up" (crack), and when you get 'em waked up they are about as good as no horses at all (a volley of cracks). It is amusing to see them dodge when they hear the lash humming in the air, and then they get another for dodging. But it is all good natured, and helps to keep the flies off. These much-abused leaders are fat and frisky, and make a fine contrast with the sedate and business-like wheel-horses.

I confide to my knight of the whip the main object of my visit to join Bishop Tuttle in his missionary tour to Helena. Did he ever hear of Bishop Tuttle? Bless you! who hasn't heard of him, hereabouts? Everybody knows Bishop Tuttle. There isn't a mine, or mill, or log cabin on the road, that doesn't know him. Like him? "Stranger, I reckon you're a pilgrim, or you wouldn't ask that question." (Pilgrim is a synonym for tourist, in Montana; Tender-foot is another appellation.) "I tell you," says the driver, with a tremendous crack of the whip, for emphasis, "he's a hard man to get away with!" Just what that means, Mr. Editor, cannot be fully expressed in classical English. It is a Western idiom that caps the climax. Nothing more can be said, after that.

And here he is, as hearty and jolly as ever, waiting for us at Red Bluff, in his stage clothes! Not such a suit as a play-bishop might don for the dramatic stage, but such as a sensible, live bishop would find most serviceable in three thousand miles of Montana staging. He is evidently no longer a "pilgrim" in these parts, but quite at home. The driver re-packs the mail bags, unloads a half dozen kegs of beer from the capacious box, and makes a place for the Bishop by our side, aloft.

Forward again, over barren foot-hills, along green valleys and sparkling streams, through rocky canons, amid thickets of willows and wild roses, till we reach the broad valley of the West Gallatin, where a supper of mountain trout awaits us. Dinner was had in a lonely log hut, and one of the best meals I have found on the road. But I cannot go back to describe that, nor to tell of the good Baptist landlord who hesitated to take anything from Ministers; but the Bishop insisted that he should take it when he had a chance, for there would be enough that couldn't pay if they would. I think the Bishop enjoyed paying for my dinner, as he had learned from truthful James, the driver, that I had forgotten to pay for my breakfast, and he is having much fun at my expense; I would not mention it now, but he says I would never dare to tell the LIVING CHURCH! I take my revenge for this compulsory confession, by telling a good story about him, that has not yet, I believe, got into print.

At one of his recent visitations in the mountains, he was preaching in a "hall," or large upper room of a log building. In the midst of his discourse, the room being crowded, and the house poorly constructed, the floor began to give way, sinking down gradually, several inches, with some noise and considerable raising of dust. The only door was just behind the Bishop, and the stairs led outside to the ground. By some process of unconscious cerebration and involuntary muscular activity, the Bishop placed himself and his robes, with astonishing rapidity, outside that door and on the ground. He was the first man out. The flock were following the shepherd, in a panic of fright, when he immediately faced about, shouting, "Not so fast! not so fast, brethren! you will crush the women and

children!" He immediately perceived the ludicrousness of the situation, and had a hearty laugh, at himself. The sermon was resumed, after an examination of the floor, but about one-half the congregation departed, declining to be trapped a second time.

We will now resume our journey to Bozeman, fifteen miles away, at the head of the valley. The long twilight, of this northern latitude, is gently fading in the sky, and the moon, almost at full, is hastening over the hills to prolong it through the night. The distant mountain ranges seem to nestle down to sleep under the mantle of dim, mingled light, that falls over them from east and west. Even the drowsy hum of the mosquito is hushed, as the cool air of the evening floods the valley. It is a time of rest and peace. We take our seat upon the box, in a spirit of happy contemplation, and moonlight reverie. Our gallant four are brought out from the stable with a rush, and the scene begins to change. The coach is changed, the passengers are changed, the driver is changed. James has driven sixty-five miles, and must be relieved. But there is something in the air of this young man, that disturbs our reveries. He moves about like one upon the war-path. Must it be? Yes, we had better go "inside," the road is a little rough, and he is in a hurry "to get there." The moonlight vanishes, the twilight deepens to gloom, as we sorrowfully seat ourselves in the black cavern beneath. But "John," our Chinaman, must stay outside, for there are ladies now within, and a Chinaman is a most fearful wild-fowl to ladies. "Hang on, John!" is the driver's ominous exclamation, as he cracks his whip, and the "jerky" gives its first leap into the air.

I pause for breath, as I recall the first hour of that ride in the Gallatin valley. The road was nearly level, with an occasional plunge into some stream, and slow ascent of the farther bank. But the road, if it may be called a road, was scattered over with large stones, and cut in deep ruts by heavy freight wagons. These the driver heeded not. He seemed to be actuated by one mad resolve "to get there." The horses were of his mind and temper, or he soon made them so by his vigorous application of the lash. From the first bound, to the time we reached the smooth road, the four wheels were never on the ground together, and scarcely two of the five passengers on the inside were on the seats at the same instant. We were all pilgrims, except the Bishop, and the driver knew it. At every groan from the depths, he plied his whip the faster. The horses heard the faint shrieks of the ladies, and redoubled their efforts. The old coach seemed to enter into the conspiracy, and sharpened up all its angles, loosened its straps, and gave itself up to confusion and chaos.

I tried to help the ladies, but succeeded only in pounding them harder. I tried to think of home, of wife and children, and the undulating prairies of Illinois, but my mind would dwell only on trip-hammers and nitro-glycerine. I tried to look at the moon, but it danced about so it made me dizzy. There were four moons, at times, and brilliant constellations of stars that I had never seen before. The skies were all ablaze with comets, perhaps they were sky-rockets, perhaps chain lightning. And we are struck! No, we are all right, for the cheerful voice of the driver greets our ears with, "How do you like that?" There is a crash; surely, something has given way; we shall, at least, be suffered to walk the rest of the way. The driver dismounts, and finds it is only John's stick, caught in the wheel and torn to shivers. Poor John! He has watched that stick all the way, with anxious eyes, but now he is so afraid for his life, he can only rejoice that it was not himself that rolled off. The driver mutters something (I am afraid it was very naughty), and goes on. We have to pay dearly for John's stick, for the time must be made up. We must "get there." And so we did, at last, bruised and benumbed and dazed. The Bishop, being an old stager, found a soft spot in the coach, and laughed himself sore at our torture.

Some things in this account may not be exactly reported. The recollection of the ride is so like a horrible dream, I cannot tell just what is true and what is not.

Moral for "pilgrims" in Montana: Look out for the men who want to "get there." Stick to the old drivers.

DAKOTAH.—The question—"How are the privileges of the Church going to be extended to the population that is pouring into western and north-western States and Territories?" is daily assuming greater importance, and cannot fail, we should think, to claim the earnest consideration of the approaching General Convention. What can our Bishops do? Take one illustration that lies ready to hand: Between Fargo and Bismarck, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, a distance of 200 miles, along which towns and villages are rapidly springing up at very short intervals, there is not a single missionary of our Church stationed. Since last January, only very occasional Church services have been held; and, in the meantime, the country is filling up, fast, with a cultured and intelligent population. The Bishops, certainly, are not to blame for such a state of things; but it behoves the Church at large to deal with the problem, and we devoutly trust that her counsels may be guided to a hopeful consummation.

## Rome—"The Eternal City."

Its Antiquities, Churches and Palaces.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

FLORENCE, ITALY, JULY, 1880.

In common with the generality of mankind, a visit to Rome, the "Eternal City," has been one of the fondest dreams of our life. When a child we listened with rapt attention to the story of the founding of the beautiful city of seven hills by the wolf-nurtured brothers—Romulus and Remus. In later years, through the portals of history and the classics, we have almost constantly looked back to Rome, as the home of so many great warriors, philosophers and statesmen; as the scene of so many events in the history of the world's progress; as the once proud conqueror of the nations of the earth. Often have we longed for but a glimpse of the ancient city, where the Caesars ruled, where Cicero spoke his great orations, where Horace and Ovid lived and wrote, and where the pure-souled Juvenal satirized the vices and corruptions of his day. Therefore we felt very happy when, one bright morning in June, this dream was about to be realized, this longing to be satisfied. Leaving the sea coast at Palo, where Pompey and Antoninus Pius once had beautiful villas, we crossed a country yellow with ripened grain, and entered the valley of the Tiber. Here we obtained our first view of Rome, the prospect extending over the Campagna and the Alban hills beyond. The feelings awakened by this sight were such as we shall never forget. It seemed to be the grandest moment of our life; and leaning from the window of our coach we gazed intently at everything we passed, until crossing the Tiber, and skirting the Aurelian wall we entered the city and stopped at the central station. It is rather an unusual circumstance for foreigners to go to Rome at this season of the year, and consequently we found the hotels quite deserted, and the city very free from strangers. Often were we warned of the great danger arising from going to Rome in the summer months, and one enthusiastic individual at Chamounix, assured us that he would soon roll down Mt. Blanc to accompany us to Rome. We are free to say, however, that we consider these fears entirely groundless, and the reported danger greatly exaggerated. Only two foreigners have died at Rome during the year, and it is not proven that their sickness was in any way connected with the climate. We were in the capital altogether five days, and during the latter part of the time the weather was said to be very warm, and yet the mercury was never over 80; and we were not uncomfortable in the least. They do not know what hot weather is in Italy. We venture to say that the mercury averages ten degrees higher for the summer in the Mississippi valley, between St. Louis and St. Paul. And, strange as it may seem, during the time we were walking the streets of Rome with perfect comfort, over one hundred persons died in New York city from the effect of the heat.

So much for the climate. Of the city itself, what shall we say? We were there five days. We have known of persons to live there five winters without seeing one half that is to be seen. It would take a lifetime to fully know and see Rome, and yet we are happy in believing that by careful planning and constant exercise we saw the grandest sights among the antiquities; the best of the churches, the most celebrated of the palaces and galleries; the loveliest of the villas. In the evening twilight we walked by the Forum Coliseum; along the Via Sacra; under the arches of Titus and Constantine; and through the ruins of the once magnificent Baths of Caracalla. We visited the beautiful churches of Santa Maria Maggiore, St. John Lateran, and the church of churches—the noble Basilica of St. Peter. We went to the Vatican, Capitol, and the Borghese and Barberini palaces; and here, for hours, gazed enraptured on the greatest works of the greatest artists of the ages. What we saw was but a small part of what we longed to see, and yet we felt satisfied at having improved every minute of that precious time, and having secured at least a good general idea of Rome and all the rich possessions it contains.

That vast assemblage of palaces—the Vatican—far exceeded in magnificence and beauty our highest expectations. For three hours we wandered through an almost infinity of saloons, galleries, chapels and corridors. Here we saw the Sixtine chapel containing the great and celebrated fresco of Michael Angelo: *The Last Judgment*; here also, in a long open gallery we saw the *Loggia di Raffaele*—a suit of fifty pictures, occupying, four by four, the vaulted arches of thirteen arcades. In the Picture Gallery we beheld two of the most celebrated pictures in the world—the *Transfiguration* by Raphael; and the *Communion of St. Jerome*, by Domenichino. And in the museum we saw the celebrated pieces of statuary—the *Tovso* a favorite study of Michael Angelo; the *Apollo Belvedere*; *Laocoon*; and *Mercury*.

Close to the Vatican is the greatest glory of Rome—*St. Peter's*. Accordingly it was the first place we visited; and here we had the queer experience of being at first greatly disappointed, and then overcome with wonder and delight. When we entered through the great door we were prepared to give

vent to the greatest enthusiasm, but instead, we calmly surveyed the whole interior while a feeling of sad disappointment came slowly over us. It seemed neither extremely high, nor long, nor broad, and we kept asking ourselves, "Can this be *St. Peter's*?" Soon, however, as we walked down the great central aisle and gazed above into the lofty dome, its vastness began to dawn upon us. Soon we began to see how great it was, and to feel, indeed, that we were standing in the largest, grandest structure reared to God. We afterwards discovered that ours had been the usual experience in regard to *St. Peter's*—that it appears at first sight really less than it is, and Addison, like many others tries to explain it on the principle, that the relative proportion of the different parts is so well preserved, that for some time we do not perceive the largeness of the scale. *St. Paul's* at London, seems to us to have just the opposite effect—appearing larger than it really is. The interior of *St. Peter's* surpasses the wildest dreams of the imagination.

"Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame  
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies  
In air with earth's chief structures, tho' their frame  
Sits on the firm set ground—and this the clouds  
must claim."

It seemed to us a sight that would never tire; that we might visit day after day and always find something new to admire. There is a richness about the interior that surpasses anything of the kind in the world. There is nothing of the tawdry, nothing of the poor and mean. It abounds in magnificent mosaics and paintings, and beautiful statuary of bronze and marble.

As we contemplate the magnificence and grandeur of *St. Peter's* and the Vatican, we could not but think of the wonderful influence Christianity had exerted upon the people of Rome, and we could not but contrast all this gorgeous beauty and wealth with the condition of the early Christians; with the poor despised disciples hiding in the dark catacombs; with *St. Peter* chained in the Mamertine prison; with the poor Asiatic monk, *Telemachus*, torn to pieces by the lions in the Coliseum for trying to suppress the cruelty of the people. And we felt that notwithstanding the corruption and heresy of the church of Rome to-day, we must respect it for its noble heritage, while we prayed for light to lighten its darkness, and more truth to take away the errors of its ways.

It was a cool beautiful evening when we took our last drive in the grand old city. And after going through the lovely villa of *Pamfilii*, and taking one last look at the ruins of the ages, we stopped at the *Fon-tana Di Trevi* to drink of its waters, and throw a coin in its basin, that good *Fortune* might bring us to Rome.

D. C. G.

## The Convocation System of Indiana.

From our Indiana correspondent.

The Bishop has recently divided the entire Diocese into Missionary Districts or Deaneries, thus making three, instead of one, as heretofore. In order that all may understand the system, and thus lend intelligent and effective co-operation, the Canon "of Convocations," the boundaries of the Deaneries, and the commission of the Dean are here given.

CANON XVII. OF CONVOCATIONS.

The Diocese shall be divided into three or more Missionary Districts. These districts shall be represented by Convocations, each to be composed of the clergy-men residing within its limits, and of three laymen chosen in each parish or missionary station by the vestry or congregation. These Convocations shall be organized under the direction of the Bishop, who shall preside in them when present; but each shall have its own President, with the title of Dean, who shall be appointed by the Bishop, and whose duties shall be prescribed by him. Each Convocation shall meet at least twice during the year, and shall act as auxiliary to the Board of Missions.

BOUNDARY LINES.

*Northern Deanery.* All that part of the Diocese north of the south line of the counties of Benton, White, Carroll, Howard, Grant, Blackford, and Jay, containing the parishes of Michigan City, LaPorte, South Bend, Mishawaka, Elkhart, Goshen, Bristol, Lima, LaGrange, Fort Wayne, Warsaw, Plymouth, Peru, Logansport, and Delphi; and the Missions of North Liberty, Garrett and Columbia City. *Dean,* the Rev. J. J. Faude, Plymouth.

*Middle Deanery.* All that part south of said south line, and north of the south line of the counties of Vigo, Clay, Owen, Morgan, Johnson, Shelby, Rush, and Franklin, containing the parishes of Terre Haute, Attica, LaFayette, Crawfordsville, Indianapolis, and Richmond; and the Missions of Hillsboro, Cambridge City, Muncie, Frankfort, Connersville, St. George's, and St. James, Indianapolis. *Dean,* the Rev. J. Sanders Reed, Indianapolis. *Southern Deanery.* All that part of the Diocese south of the last named south line, containing the parishes of Worthington, Vincennes, Evansville, Can-nelton, New Albany, Jeffersonville and Madison; and the Missions of Bloomington, Columbus, Lawrenceburg, Aurora, Vanderburg Co., and New Harmony. *Dean,* the Rev. E. Bradley, Madison.

## THE DEANS' COMMISSION.

"Whereas, it has been thought fit, after deliberation, by the Annual Convention, to establish in this Diocese the ancient use of Rural Dean, with a Missionary District assigned to each officer, within which he may exercise such administration and superintendence for the maintenance and furthering of clerical communion, and for the local advance of the Church, as may be consistent with the established polity of the Diocesan Church, the vested rights of its clergy and parishes, and in due obedience to the Ecclesiastical authority; and,

Whereas, in accordance with Canon XVII., of the said Diocese you have been duly nominated by the Convocation of your district, now,

Therefore, we, your Bishop, having confidence in your piety, diligence and prudence, do hereby appoint you, our well beloved Presbyter, as Rural Dean of the —Deanery. And We do affectionately exhort you to use all right endeavors, in full co-operation with the faithful clergy and laity, within your Deanery, to promote the extension of the Church, the fellowship of the Ministry, the love and activity of the lay members, systematic and liberal gifts and oblations, the building and improving of places of public worship, the securing and improving of parsonages and glebes, the organization of new parishes and missionary circuits, the employment of Lay Readers, under our License in places destitute of the Ministry, as helpers to the clergy, the provision of itinerant duty by the settled Ministry or others, the larger circulation of a wholesome Church Literature, and all the goodly efforts which the clergy and laity within your Deanery may from time to time contrive and sustain.

This office is to be held by you during the good pleasure of the Bishop and the Convocation, and so long as you, the Rural Dean, shall remain a settled Minister in good standing within the district for which you are hereby appointed.

It shall be your duty to keep us, your Ordinary, duly advised of matters affecting the well-being of the Church within your Deanery, and of the plans and operations for the advance of the several objects above indicated.

In testimony whereof, we have hereunto set our hand, and affixed our Episcopal seal, the day and year first above written. God bless the Diocese of Indiana!"

N. B.—The Bishop requests that each clergyman—the wardens, in a vacant parish—acquaint his congregation with the foregoing.

## Work for Deaf Mutes.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

BALTIMORE, MD., Aug. 6, 1880.

Grant me space to return thanks to the clergy and laity throughout the Southern Dioceses where I have just closed, for the summer, most pleasant missionary work, for kind attentions shown and encouragement given in the prosecution of my labors among my fellow unfortunates—the deaf and dumb.

Since my ordination, as deacon, last January, I have traveled in the Dioceses of Va., W. Va., Md., Ky., Mo., Ark., Tenn., La., Miss., Ga., Ala., S. C., and N. C., stopping at prominent points and at places where the interest of the deaf and dumb. I have been cordially received and every facility granted me for the advancement of the work committed to my hands.

I have found the deaf and dumb gratified and happy, in the prospect of having the word frequently dispensed to them. I humbly believe that labors in behalf of the deaf and dumb are bearing and will bring forth much good fruit.

May the good work be carried on until the day of the coming of the Lord, when ears, now deaf, may hear, and tongues now mute may join in eternal praises.

With love and fervent good wishes for all who labor for the advancement of the Gospel in whatsoever capacity. I am humbly yours in Christ,

JOB TURNER,  
Deaf Mute Missionary.

The book of Common Prayer witnesses to the Catholic truth that a weekly Sunday celebration should be the minimum practice of a true and living branch of the Church of God, in her arrangement for a special Eucharistic office for every Sunday in the year, while she provides such an office for many week-days besides, and authorizes a celebration on any day. These special Eucharistic offices for the Sundays indicate the Church's desire for the perpetuation of the primitive weekly Sunday celebration, and she simply permits, not enjoins, her clergy to dismiss the people after the ante-communion.—*Rev. C. S. Hale.*

Do young persons ever think how little it takes to stain their character? A drop of ink is a very small thing, yet, dropped into a tumbler of clear water, it blackens the whole. And so the first wrong act or thought of evil, may seem trivial, but it leaves a stain upon the character. Look out for the first stain.

## Saint Mary's by the Sea.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

POINT PLEASANT, N. J., Aug. 2d, 1880.

This delightful resort has now a permanently established Church, easily accessible from both sides of the inlet. Those who desired to attend Divine service were obliged, heretofore, to ride to Allaire, but now stated worship will be held in the Church of St. Mary-by-the-Sea, every Sunday, during the summer months. This Church was founded by the Rev. Dr. Hills, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Burlington, after which it is named. The lot, 110 by 346 feet, was given by Captain Arnold, on the 8th of September last. It is centrally located, and within easy walking distance from all the principal boarding houses. Mr. W. D. Hewitt, of Philadelphia, is the architect, and Mr. James Wilson, of Burlington, the master builder. The contract was signed on the 24th of April, the ground broken on the 15th of May, and the fabric was completed and ready for use, on the 1st of July.

The building is a beautiful specimen of modern Gothic architecture, tastefully finished and decorated, having stained glass windows and sittings for two hundred and fifty.

The chancel is 19 by 19½ feet, with altar, altar-cross, vases, credence, stalls, lectern, font, organ, etc. The main object in the east window is the ark buoyed up on the billows; and in the head-light, the dove, with the olive leaf, flying in the sky. To the left, is the anchor in the water; and on the right two fishes in the water; while above these, on either side, are a sheaf of wheat, and a cluster of grapes. These symbols are executed very handsomely, and are very significant to those "that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters."

The Church was formally opened on Sunday, the 4th of July, Dr. Hills officiating. The music for the occasion was furnished by a volunteer choir. The ceremonies were interesting and impressive, and Dr. Hill's admirable discourse was attentively heard by a large and appreciative audience. The opening was the event of the time in this vicinity, and St. Mary's-by-the-Sea will henceforth be a centre of attraction for multitudes.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. McLaren, Bishop of Illinois, who is passing the summer here, with his family, often favors the congregation with his services. The attendance is uniformly large; and the music and responses are hearty and fervent.

Since the above writing, the railroad extension from Sea Girt to Point Pleasant has been completed, and twenty-eight trains daily will soon be running from New York on the one side, and Philadelphia on the other. Many Chicago people have already found their way here, and all the hotels and boarding houses are filled to overflowing.

## All Around the World.

A company has been making successful experiments in Florida, with palmetto for paper-making purposes, and will erect about twenty paper-mills in the various portions of the State, where there is an abundance of palmetto trees and good shipping facilities.—The Afghans have defeated General Burrows with great loss: Sir Bartle Frere has been recalled, but there is great uneasiness in England.—The site selected for the obelisk, in Central Park, New York, is near the museum of art. There has been some objection to the location because, as the trees in that portion of the park attain a higher growth, the obelisk will be entirely hidden except from those who pass up and down the east drive or walk adjacent thereto.—Smyrna has had a strong shock of earthquake.—The Queen of England has taken the unusual course of writing a personal letter to the Sultan, asking him to accede even at a sacrifice, to the wishes of Europe.—Mr. George Bancroft began, fifty-five years ago last month his History of the United States. In a few weeks he expects to celebrate its completion.—A dispatch from Dublin says the corn and root crops of the island promise more than an average yield, and that the general aspect of the country is cheering.—There was a heavy snow storm on Mt. Washington on the 29th.—There is no longer any doubt that the vessel which recently fired on two American schooners in Cuban waters belonged to the Spanish navy. The Spanish authorities have justified the act on the grounds that its competent for Spanish vessels, to fire upon suspicious vessels whether carrying the American or other colors, within two leagues of the Cuban shore.—The chairman, manager, and auditor of an English insurance company have been sentenced to hard labor for periods varying from six to eighteen months, for falsifying the company's accounts. A little more copying of England's example, in this country would do no harm.—Spotted Tail, the Indian chief, has removed his children from the Training School, and the tribe have asked the President to depose him and appoint a new chief.—The next decennial census of England and Wales will be taken April third (Sunday), 1881; and the results will be known and published within a week thereafter. England does not create for the purpose of a

census, a new and illtrained army, but orders its constabulary to do the work, and to do it in one day.—Of all the distinguished personages—judges, bishops, and other officials—that shared in the ceremony of Victoria's coronation, forty-two years ago, not one is now living. She alone survives.—Mr. Parnell has accepted the presidency of an amnesty movement for Irish exiles.—The reports of the impending changes in the Italian ministry are denied.—Senor Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, so popular in London, was in his youth a blacksmith at Pampeluna. He is a homely man, with a beautiful voice. For the season at Convent Garden he gets \$12,500.—The waters of the Nile are very healthful, and are to be bottled for export.

Not content with stealing Egypt's obelisks, we are now going to carry off her immortal river.—At the Cobden Club dinner, in London, recently, M. de Lesseps said he had French capital, and American capital was coming, and that after a year's preparation, and six years' work, the Panama Canal would be completed.—Cape Cod has had a furious hail-storm, which damaged crops and farm buildings extensively.—Lady Burdett Coutts is really about to marry the naturalized American, Ashmud Bartlett. It is said that she will sacrifice £100,000 income by marrying a foreigner.—Captain Eads has declined the proposition of Dom Pedro to accept the charge of the Brazilian Engineering Department, recommending, however, an American engineer, who has been appointed.—July 1 there was in this country, according to the closest calculations, \$300,000,000 in gold coin and \$100,000,000 in silver coin—total of the "coin" of the laws and contracts, \$400,000,000. Of this some two-thirds is held by the banks and the government.—Gambling at the London clubs runs as high now as it did in the days of the regent, when estates were risked on the turn of the dice at Brooks. At the new club, where ready money only can be staked under the club regulations, an officer lost \$55,000 one night in May, another \$20,000, and a "well-known viscount" won \$40,000 at a sitting.—It is reported that Austria and Germany are determined that the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin with respect to Montenegro and Greece shall be strictly carried out.—It was stated in the House of Commons, on the 22d ult., that the English Government would favorably consider any proposal for an international copyright.—Hopes are entertained that the war between China and Russia will be averted; but the Czar will not receive the Chinese ambassador.—The Porte still refuses to comply with the terms of the Berlin Conference.—E. M. Marble, the commissioner of patents recently said, in an interview, that not two patents in 100 pay the cost of obtaining them. This, however, is denied by the Secretary of the Interior.—Partial returns of the local indebtedness of the country from 19 states, nearly all in the North, give an aggregate of \$764,206,299.—"My daughter, never tell any one your private affairs," said a mother, in sending her daughter away upon her first journey. "Monsieur, a third-class ticket, if you please," said the daughter, at the ticket office. "For where?" asked the employe. "Is that any of your business?" answered Mademoiselle, indignantly, remembering her mother's advice.—An English missionary and his two servants have been murdered at Ismidt, Asia Minor, near Constantinople.—The latest news from Tashkend does not indicate that any very urgent preparations are making by China on the Kashgar side. Ten thousand regulars are expected to occupy Kuldja. Many Europeans, including Englishmen, are in the province of Djitisher.—Mr. Ruskin has permitted himself to be nominated for the lord rectorship of Glasgow University by the Conservative Independent Clubs.—The lead pile at the Richmond mine, at Eureka, Nev., is increasing rapidly in size, and has now reached 8,970,000 pounds, or 4,485 tons. At the present rate of lead, this lot would amount to nearly a million of dollars.—Dora has completed a grand case picture, entitled "Moses before Pharaoh," which is said to be one of the finest and wholly original pictures of the great artist, and will rank among the greatest of his productions.—Abdurrahman Khan has been formally recognized as Ameer of Afghanistan, by the British.—The Empress of Austria carries her hunting tastes even into the decoration of her table. She has ordered in London a magnificent china service for breakfast, dinner, and dessert, which is to be ornamented with hunting scenes, after designs by the best English animal painters.—The feelings of the small boy can better be imagined than described, after he has spent half an hour crawling under a gospel tent, to find that it is not a circus.—Victor Hugo, according to *The Parisian*, intends to leave all the Manuscripts of his works to the Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris. They are written on paper of all kinds—cards, backs of letters, and envelopes.—Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic cable fame, at his country-seat on the Hudson, "Ardley," has nine habitations occupied by his son and daughters, and four others are used by his relations.—M. Alphonse Daudet, the novelist, was one of a family of seventeen brothers and sisters. He is a native of Nismes.

Church Calendar.

Table with 2 columns: Date and Event. Includes dates from Aug. 1 to 29 and events like '10th Sunday after Trinity', 'Friday, Fast', etc.

Delight thou in the Lord, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire. PSALM XXXIII:4.

The Christian hath his heart's desire in quietness and confidence. His great desire and delight is God; and by desiring and delighting, he hath Him.

Whatever my God ordains is right, His will is ever just; How'er He order now my cause, I will be still and trust.

A Respectful Disclaimer.

To the Editor of the Living Church. Will you permit me to enter, in your columns, a respectful disclaimer of certain aims and purposes, which are now commonly attributed to those who are responsible for the present discussion of our parish system.

Ten, at least, of our Bishops have now publicly spoken, with more or less fullness, upon the subject of the relations between the clergy and their parishes. Others have very probably done the same, of whose words I have not, so far, heard.

Some, however, have approached this discussion as dissentients from "the proposed policy" of superceding the parochial by some other, possibly a cathedral, system; while some have entered a protest against certain remedies which it is supposed have been urged upon the Church.

Now I respectfully submit that were not the whole Church already prepared for it—were not the grievance already felt everywhere, no words of mine could have aroused such general interest. But so far as I am responsible for this discussion, permit me to protest against the supposition, which is beginning to grow common by repetition, that it has been proposed to give up the policy of parochial subdivision of Church work.

The fourth patient visited was a prominent newspaper man. He confessed that he suffered so terribly from catarrh that for two years he could only breathe through one nostril. Since his trouble was treated by inhalation his health has been completely restored, and he is able to give all his time and attention to his business.

The Provincial System.

To the Editor of the Living Church: RIDGELY, MARYLAND, July 15th, 1880. I have not read anything lately in the Church papers, which has struck me so forcibly as the following paragraph from the LIVING CHURCH of last week.

tions will, to some extent, take the place of the General Convention," you add: "If this should be the case, we trust that some of the powers, which have been absorbed by the General Convention, will be remitted to the several Dioceses."

I have taken the liberty to underscore that sentence, in your article which seems to me to sparkle on the surface of the subject, which you touch in passing, like some of those auriferous indications which, although unnoticed by the uninformed, assure a prospecting expert that there is a gold-mine under his feet.

By the way, I think if your Philadelphia contemporary will read carefully certain articles, which, under the signature of "C. M. B." are just now passing from the pen of one of Pennsylvania's ablest men, through his columns into public view, he may have reason to be less confident that the "Provincial System" or any form of it, is likely to be accepted by the Church.

Inhalation.

The readers of the Tribune have long been familiar with the writings of Dr. Robert Hunter, of this city. His theories in regard to the proper treatment of throat and lung diseases have been widely discussed.

In view of the claims put forth in favor of this treatment and the great prevalence of these diseases in our climate, the matter was well worth investigating. A Tribune reporter was commissioned to examine the proofs. His investigation resulted as follows:

In the first place, he was permitted to examine the correspondence of patients, representing every degree of social standing, and from widely distant parts of the eastern, western, and southern States.

The letters agreed in the one main point, the success which had attended the treatment, by inhalation, of the writers or their friends. Many of the letters referred to the successful treatment of three or four different persons,—cases of catarrh of long standing effectually removed, the progress of consumption arrested, and in many instances gratitude expressed for lives saved.

The third patient visited was a prominent merchant. He told the reporter that his sister-in-law was rapidly sinking from the formation of tubercles in the lungs. Inhalation had arrested and dried up these tubercles, and they became perfectly hard. She had coughed up great quantities of dead tubercles looking like particles of lime.

The sixth patient, a German merchant living on the North Side, told the same story. A terrible case of chronic catarrh, where the inflammation had invaded the chest and affected the lungs, was cured, six years ago, by inhalation, and has remained cured since.

These testimonies, coming from such very different sources, yet agreeing in every particular, are well worth considering. We submit them to a discriminating public to draw their own conclusions. The true test of medical theories and of medical practice is the success which attends them.

The validity of Mr. Hayes' title may always be questioned, and his administration criticised, but the payment of one dollar gives a valid title to one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and its administration can never be criticised in cases of coughs, colds, incipient consumption, and general debility, for leading physicians of all schools endorse the Discovery and prescribe it in their practice.

Prices, 75 cents and \$1.25. Large size the cheapest. Ask your druggist for HUNT'S REMEDY. Take no other. Send for pamphlet to Wm. E. Clarke, Providence, R. I.

THE DETROIT SAVING FUND INSTITUTE. Established in 1849. Re-organized July 18, 1871, as the DETROIT SAVINGS BANK. And with Individual Liability of Stockholders for \$500,000 additional, to remain as Security for all Deposits made in the Bank.

Advertisement for Dr. F. L. Gauss's 'DAY'S KIDNEY PAD'. Includes an illustration of the product and text describing its benefits for kidney ailments.

Rev. F. L. GAUSS, Galena, Ill., writes: "For over ten years I had been a great sufferer from pains in the small of my back and region of the kidneys, which was most excruciating and at times most insufferable. Doctored brought no relief, and I was finally advised to go abroad and seek the climate of Germany and Switzerland, eminent physicians, after close examinations, declared my sufferings to arise from disease of the kidneys, of long standing, and could do me no good."

For sale by druggists, or sent by mail (free of postage) on receipt of the price—Regular Pad, \$2.00; Special Pad (extra size), \$3.00; Children's, \$1.50. Our motto is "How a Life was Saved," giving the history in this new discovery, and a large record of most remarkable cures, sent free. Write for it. Address: DAY'S KIDNEY PAD CO., Toledo, O.

Advertisement for 'KIDNEY WORT THE ONLY MEDICINE'. Claims to act on the liver, bowels, and kidneys, relieving various ailments.

Advertisement for 'KIDNEY WORT' with detailed text: 'That Acts at the Same Time on THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS. These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect; if they become clogged, dreadful diseases are sure to follow.'

Advertisement for 'HUNT'S REMEDY FOR KIDNEY'. Includes a testimonial from Hon. Joshua Tutthill, of East Saginaw, Mich., who suffered from kidney disease for twenty years.

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Advertisement for 'ELGIN WATCHES'. Features 'GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS' and 'PITTSBURGH' watches.

Advertisement for 'PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS'. Shows an illustration of a Pullman car and text describing the service.

THROUGH CARS TO Kansas City, Topeka, Atchison, St. Joseph, and the other line all points on Missouri, Kansas & Texas, and Houston & Texas Central.

DETROIT R. R. TIME TABLES. DETROIT AND BAY CITY RAILROAD. Start line to the Saginaw Valley. Trains leave Third street depot as follows, by Detroit time, and pass Woodward ave. depot 30 minutes later.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD. Arrival and departure of trains. Depot foot, Third street Ticket office, 154 Jefferson Ave. and depot. All trains start and depart on Chicago time.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN. Depot foot of Brush street. Trains run by Detroit time. On and after Nov. 9, 1879, trains will run as follows:

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. Depot foot of Third and Brush streets. Trains run on Detroit time. Atlantic Ex.—Ar. 10 p.m., Lv. 4 a.m. Day Ex.—Ar. 6:30 p.m., Lv. 8:35 a.m. New York and Boston Ex.—Ar. 9:45 a.m., Lv. 7 p.m. Detroit Ex.—Ar. 12:45 p.m. Steam boat Ex.—Ar. 7 a.m.

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY. Depot foot of Third street. Ticket offices, with Michigan Central R. R., 154 Jefferson Ave., and in depot. Trains run by Detroit time.

CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY. Depot foot of Third street. Buffalo Trains. Atlantic Ex.—Lv. 4 a.m., Ar. 9:45 p.m. Fast Day Ex.—Lv. 12 p.m., Ar. 5:55 p.m. Lightning Ex.—Lv. 11 p.m., Ar. 9:25 a.m.

WABASH RAILWAY. The Great Fast Through Route East and Southwest. Three express trains leave Detroit and Toledo daily, except Sunday.

DETROIT, GRAND HAVEN & MILWAUKEE. Depot and ticket office foot of Brush street. In effect Dec. 14, 1879. Trains run by Detroit time.

DETROIT CITY RY. TIME TABLES. Jefferson Avenue, 3/4 Miles. Leaves going East; Leaves going West. Third St. 6:10 a.m. Mt. Elliott ave. 6:30 a.m.

Woodward Avenue, 3/4 Miles. Leaves going North. Leaves going South. Jefferson Ave. 6:22 a.m. R. R. crossing, 6:12 a.m.

Michigan Avenue, 3/4 Miles. Leaves going West. Leaves going East. Jefferson Ave., 6:00 a.m. Junction, 6:00 a.m.

Gratiot Avenue, 1/2 Miles. Leaves going North. Leaves going South. Jefferson Ave., 6:00 p.m. Dequindre St., 6:22 p.m.

The Living Church Press,

162 WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO. Church and School Printing, A SPECIALTY.

Orders for Convention Journals, School Catalogues, Business Cards, Letter Heads, Programmes, Tracts, Special Services, Etc., ARE SOLICITED.

Prompt attention and satisfaction are guaranteed. Send for estimates.

Advertisement for 'C. & N-W ROUTE'. Shows a map of the route and text describing the service.

Chicago and North-Western RAILWAY. Is the OLDEST! BEST CONSTRUCTED! BEST EQUIPPED! and hence the

LEADING RAILWAY OF THE WEST AND NORTHWEST. It embraces under one management nearly

3,000 Miles of Road!

And forms the following Trunk Lines: Chicago, Council Bluffs & California Line. Chicago, Sioux City & Yankton Line. Chicago, Clinton Dubuque & LaCrosse Line.

Council Bluffs, Denver, and California Line. Is the best route between Chicago and all points in Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan and Australia.

St. Paul and Minneapolis Line. Is the best line between Chicago and all points in Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and all points in the Great Northwest.

LaCrosse and Minnesota Line. Is the best route between Chicago and LaCrosse, Winona, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm, and all points in Central Minnesota and Dakota.

Green Bay and Marquette Line. Is the only line between Chicago and Janesville, Watertown, Fond du Lac, Neenah, Menasha, Oshkosh, Green Bay, Marquette, Houghton, Hancock, and the Lake Superior Country.

Freeport and Dubuque Line. Is the only route between Chicago and Elgin, Rockford, Freeport, and all points via Freeport. Its

Chicago and Milwaukee Line. Is the old Lake Shore route between Chicago and Highland Park, Waukegan, Racine, Kenosha and Milwaukee, and all points via Sheboygan, Manitowish, Green Lake and Ripon.

It is the only road in the West running Pullman Hotel cars between Chicago and Council Bluffs. Bear in mind no other road runs Pullman Hotel Cars, or any other form of Hotel Cars THROUGH between Chicago and the Missouri River.

It is the only road running Pullman Sleeping Cars either way between Chicago and St. Paul, or any point North of Chicago.

New York Office, 415 Broadway. Boston Office, 5 State Street. Omaha Office, 1324 Farnam Street. San Francisco Office, 2 New Montgomery Street. Chicago Ticket Office, 62 Clark Street, under Sherman House, 75 Canal Cor. Madison Street; 59 State Cor. Randolph Street; Palmer House; Grand Pacific Hotel; Kinzie Street Depot Cor. West Kinzie and Canal Streets; Wells Street Depot Cor. Wells and Kinzie Streets.

For information, folders, maps, etc., not obtainable at Home Ticket Office, address any agent of the company.

"THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE"

Calls your attention to the following REASONS WHY, if about to make a Journey to the GREAT WEST, you should travel over it:

Large advertisement for the Rock Island Railway, featuring an illustration of a train and detailed text about its routes and services.

## The Living Church.

August 12, 1880.

Entered at the Chicago P. O. as 2nd class mail matter.

Subscription, To the Clergy, \$2.00 a Year 1.50 "

ADVERTISING RATES.  
Per Agate Line, each insertion, 15c  
Reading Notice, per Line (count), 20c

Remittances by P. O. Orders or Drafts on Chicago, payable to the undersigned.

C. W. LEFFINGWELL,  
102 Washington Street, Chicago.

### A Ritual Decision.

It is not, this time, a question of lights or copes or bowings. It is a question of responses. We have been supposed to monopolize the ritual troubles, but our Methodist brethren are having their share at last. We are dying to know how we shall get a court of appeal which shall give review and adjustment, if injustice is done in lower tribunals, but the Methodists have found it in a Jersey City Police Court.

A preacher in that city, with a sensational gift, advertised a sermon on the Narragansett horror. He denounced the Captain and his crew as a set of "poltroons and cowards." It happened that Captain Young, who commanded the ill-fated vessel at the time of the disaster, was present. Now, the proper thing, ritually speaking, for the Captain, was to shout "Amen," or "Hallelujah," or, at least, to have ejaculated an emotional "Glory;" or, further, had he been somewhat doubtful as to the appropriateness of these expletives under the circumstances, he might have compromised by a groan, or an unctious "ugh," or a long-drawn sigh. But, with a surprising disregard of the proprieties, and in utter contempt of the Methodist ritual, he rose and called the preacher a liar!

This novelty, so disturbing to the peace of Methodism, and particularly to so much of it as occupied the pulpit, created a decided storm, which even a Captain of so much experience was not able to weather. He made port, but it was not precisely his "desired haven," having more bolts and bars than are consistent with personal liberty. This immediate resort to the civil authority in matters of ritual observance has its advantage. It expedites decision. How much controversy we should have been saved had we known of this expedient some decades since. We can almost forgive our Methodist brethren this disregard of Wesley's last wishes respecting schism in view of this contribution to human experience.

Judge Peloubet was the judge upon the Jersey City bench, and he discharged Capt. Young from custody, basing his decision upon the law of Methodist ritual, which permits a person to express his approval of the services while they are in progress. It is ritually allowable to shout "Amen" during the "long prayer." Equally proper is it to put emphasis into the preacher's rhetoric by a vociferous "That's so," or to indicate the receptive condition of the hearer, under the hortative energy of the preacher, by exclaiming "Just now, Lord, just now." The calmly logical mind of the Judge could not but infer the ritual propriety of an ejaculation of disapproval. It might not fall so sweetly on the flattered preacher's ear, nor stir the spiritual emotions of the mothers in Israel as gently, but, as a matter of law, the ritual which finds a place for "That's so," must not refuse to recognize the rights of "That isn't so." Omission is not prohibition. Whereupon the Captain went forth to his freedom, and a great question of Methodist ritual is settled. While we congratulate the Captain on his enlargement, we suggest that to make a habit of calling his preacher a liar would seem almost an abuse of his rights, and, further, we would intimate that the Judge's decision applies only within the Methodist pale.

A southern contemporary speaks of "the balance of the year." We should like to see it. This is the most unbalanced year, in some respects, that we remember, and if the balance can be found, we shall all rejoice. Now that we are in a critical mood, we venture to say a word for the infinitive mood, which we find going around in the papers in a disjointed state. If our contributors send it to us, with the head separated from the body, we shall be likely to fall into the imperative mood. At present we content ourselves with the indicative mood.

### Schism.

In a late article, we pointed to the real root of the matter complained of in an overture of the Presbytery of Iowa City on the "Perils of a Degraded Ministry." We said "the evils complained of exist to a large extent among us." Commenting upon this the *Interior* says, "This is a confession that the Episcopal Church is schismatic, which is to say that the Roman Church is the only true Church." The implication passes our comprehension. We supposed our meaning plain enough. We take it that ordinary mortals see that the endless discussions that exist among Christians are a manifold source of evils of all sorts, evils, too, which, in one degree or another, affect and impede the work of every body of Christians in the land. If the *Interior* does not see, it must be because it does not want to. But there are Presbyterians who do. In a late number of the *Independent*, the Rev. Dr. J. H. McIlvaine, a Presbyterian pastor of Newark, in an article on Sectarianism, speaks of the "Protestant Church" as "shivered into a thousand disjointed and angular fragments, and which has well nigh obliterated from the bosoms of her people and clergy even the sentiment of catholic unity—of that unity upon which the salvation of the world depends. For, what else than this can we understand from the words of the Lord, in which he prays that his people may be one, in order that the world may believe? We see, also, that while the Church was thus engaged in rending the body of her Lord, and in separating his bleeding members as far from each other as possible, she lost all consciousness of being Christ's missionary society, and for more than two hundred years never sent a missionary to the heathen. When it was proposed to do so, her leading minds scouted the idea.

"Other evils of this state of schism throughout the whole Church are without number and beyond all computation. It is, perhaps, the least of them that in every village of a thousand inhabitants, where there should be but one congregation, there must now be four, or five, or six, with all this enormously increased expenditure and waste of the Church's resources. Each of these superfluous organizations, also, lies under the sorest temptation to draw away the members of the others to itself; and thus the Christian community in every such village tends to become a pack of wolves," which prey upon each other, in place of the lambs of Christ's fold." As these are the words of an eminent Presbyterian, perhaps the *Interior* will admit that they are true. Possibly, too, upon long reflection, it will admit that among "other evils of this state of schism" is the "Perils of a Degraded Ministry." The *Interior* tells us that there "has been schism in every division." We think so, too; further, that schism is a sin, as much a sin in our day as it was in St. Paul's day. Being a sin, schism is not justifiable in any case or in any circumstances whatever, never has been and never will be. But the *Interior* says that "the schismatics are those who pervert the simplicity of the gospel." It is the old justification that has been urged from the beginning. The Arians of old said so. The Montanists and Donatists said so, too. It has been the plea urged from the beginning; from the day of Athanasius to that of the Anabaptists; from Cromwell's day down to ours. "The simplicity of the gospel." Ah! dear *Interior*, the "simplicity of the gospel" is nothing compared to the simplicity of many who believe it.

Some one ought to relieve the distress of the *Covenant*. In a late number it says: "We would just like to know, how our Low Church brethren, of the olden time, feel, when in the Morning Service, they are required to read Ps. i., 17. 'Whereas thou hatest to be reformed; and hast cast My words behind thee?' Will some one just 'screw up his courage to the sticking-point,' and tell?"

We cannot answer for our Low Church brethren, for we belong to no party school of Churchmanship; but we cannot help wondering how our friends of the "R. E. C." feel when they read in St. Peter's second Epistle, about those which "have forsaken the right way and are gone astray."

The old Catholic Congress meets this year at Baden-Baden, on the 19th of September, and continues in session two days.

### Brief Items.

There is talk of a new Church at Harvard, Illinois. The Rector and vestry have begun a course of studies in plans for churches.

As an instance of what a woman can do for the cause of Christ, read the touching letters of Mrs. Buford in the August *Spirit of Missions*.

A correspondent writes: "Nearly fifty copies of the *LIVING CHURCH* are taken in my mission, and, of course, there must be progress."

The *LIVING CHURCH* seems to have received a new name. Articles in many of our exchanges taken from our columns, are credited to "selected."

The interior of Emmanuel Church, Rockford, Illinois, has lately been re-decorated. The work is spoken of as being tastefully and well done.

It is reported on good authority that the debt on Trinity Parish, Rock Island, has been wholly paid, and that the new mission church has been already begun.

The *Standard of the Cross*, speaking of the *tableau vivant*, in our last issue, says, "the satire might have been aimed higher." We trust the *Standard* does not feel in need of rebuke.

Certainly no parent ought to beat a loss for knowledge of schools to which to send children. Our advertising columns offer an abundant collection of the best schools in the country.

The number of Churches and Chapels in and around Cincinnati, Ohio, has increased one hundred per cent. during Bishop Jagger's Episcopate, and the clergy list has increased thirty per cent. in the same period.

The Journal of the Diocese of Rhode Island is at hand. Rhode Island is a small state, but the Church there is not small. There are 48 clergy and 6,388 communicants. The offerings for the past year were \$157,500.08.

Thanks to the paper mentioned for the following compliment:

"THE *LIVING CHURCH* is just as sprightly as ever, and we are indebted to it for much that goes into the columns of the *North Texas Churchman*."

Alas, for the ritual knowledge of the innocent! A Sunday-school teacher, somewhat inclined to ritualism, recently asked a pupil, "What is incense?" "Copper, ma'am," was the innocent reply. "Ma says cents are made of copper, and sometimes they make them of nickel."

A contemporary labors over the question, "Where shall we go?" Though we are not among the number invited to give an answer, we venture to offer one. Seek the Church which is not a sect; in other words, the old Church which was doing God's work long before any of these one-idea bodies were heard of.

In a school catalogue recently issued, parents are advised to send their children some good weekly newspaper while at school. If the advice had been more definite, and the *LIVING CHURCH* had been mentioned as the proper paper to send, we might praise it, and perhaps give the name of the school.

A correspondent in an eastern Church paper, complains of "dull, ponderous and dead and alive concerns." We wonder if he has seen the *LIVING CHURCH*. There were, in our last issue, just a column and a half, the story in Home and School Department, that was not written directly for us, and not from manuscript. The *LIVING CHURCH* does not believe in dead matter.

The Unitarian minister, Mr. Chainey, of Evansville, Ind., who recently startled his congregation by the declaration that he had lost his faith in God, has been expelled from the Masonic fraternity, according to the *Baltimore Sun*, quoted by the *Southern Churchman*. The latter paper lets him down gently, and tells him not to be afraid, it will come right by and by. The exact language is:

However we shall hope better things of Mr. Chainey, unless his denials of the faith have come from wicked living. If they be only intellectual doubts, let him not fear; the God in whom at present he believes not (if not from wickedness), will manifest Himself sooner or later to every troubled soul who cries out in the darkness, "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him."

### More About the Ottawa R. E.'s.

OTTAWA, CANADA, Aug. 5, 1880.  
To the Editor of the *Living Church*.

About six years ago Bishop Cummins, the founder of the American R. E. Church, in response to a request from a number of heads of families in this city, who had left the Episcopal Church, on account of its ritualistic practices, and allied themselves with his movement, sent Mr. Mason Gallagher to organize them as a congregation, and officiate as their Pastor *pro tem*. On entering upon his duties, his reverence proceeded to explain the points of difference between the Church which they had left, and the one with which they had identified themselves. Of these I may mention the use of the words *Altar* and *Priest* in the former, which he denounced as germs of Sacerdotalism, and the cause of all the ritualism that was sapping the Protestant life blood out of it, but which he declared, over and over again, with all the force he could command, the latter had thoroughly eliminated from its system. Who that has listened to Mr. Gallagher, in the Court House, has not heard him declare that the R. E. Church would know no *Altar* but Calvary, no *Priest* but Christ, and that in its Prayer Book and ceremonies these words would not be found,—hence the destruction of ritualism for all time to come. These are the principles which Mr. Mason Gallagher, before the citizens of Ottawa, solemnly declared would be the principles of the organization which our people had adopted. Now, sir, as a member of the R. E. Church, who has taken a very great interest in its progress, and watched with anxiety its career throughout these six years, I charge Mr. Gallagher, and the church with which he is so closely connected, with having broken their most solemn pledges, and violating their declaration of principles to the people, who, on their faith, joined their movement. To prove my charges beyond dispute, it will be only necessary for me to refer to a description of an exhibition that was held in the Metropolitan R. E. Church, Chicago, Bishop Cheney, Rector, on Easter Sunday last, and will be found in the *Appeal*, of the 15th of April. It runs thus: "Christ's Church, Chicago, was crowded to its utmost capacity Easter morning. The aisles were filled with camp stools, and many persons stood out the protracted service. The floral decorations were confined to the Chancel and *Altar*. Bishop Cheney officiated, assisted by the Rev. Charles M. Gilbert. The front of the Reading Desk was ornamented with a magnificent floral cross of white lilies, bearing the sacred monogram, 'I. H. S.' in purple, white and red. On the pulpit were two large stars composed of Easter lilies, and on the font a cross composed of white carnations, roses and Easter lilies. Beneath the pulpit cross was deposited a memorial casket with the words 'To Letta,' in variously colored flowers. The Chancel Rail bore a profusion of floral crosses and stars, mostly white, and smaller than the others. Calla and Easter lilies, carnations and white roses formed the basis of these, and in some instances they were relieved by delicate borderings of green or light red. The service included the full ritual, with a sermon, confirmation service, and the celebration of the Holy Communion. The music was a distinctive feature and embraced chants, hymns, and anthems. In the afternoon the church was again crowded, but with a very different audience. This was the Easter Anniversary of the Sunday School; and the children, to the number of several hundred, came dressed in their best and bearing floral offerings. The church was one vast flower garden; and the sweet faces of the children, and the fragrance and the beauty of the flowers, lent a charm to the scene. The services consisted of prayer and praise, reading of responsive verses, the singing of carols and Easter hymns, and the presentation of flowers. A large gothic arch was thrown across the chancel, and on this the flower letters were arranged, until they formed the appropriate motto, 'Now is Christ risen.' Bearing in mind that the *Appeal* is the authorized organ of the American R. E. C., that it is edited by four of its Bishops, including him who was recently sent to Canada, besides a considerable number of the lesser lights, with Mr. Mason Gallagher as Assistant editor, and also the fact of the officiating Priest at the *Altar* being Bishop Cheney himself, (here I am only applying Mr. Gallagher's principles,

that where there is an *Altar* there must be a Priest), we can safely conclude that the very same sacerdotalism which Mr. Gallagher, in a letter to the Bishop of Dover, and published in the *Appeal*, charges four rectors of this city with, was authoritatively restored to the communion which he represents on Easter Sunday last. Recognizing this fact, several other congregations held exhibitions similar to the one described, as will be seen by the same and subsequent issues of the same paper. We have now the sacred monogram, which his reverence so often denounced when he was in Ottawa, six years ago. We have the *Altar*, and, of course, the Priest, with all their belongings, without a single word of adverse comment. Although a part of the service, we are told, consisted of the celebration of the Holy Communion, we find that the "table" is conspicuous by its absence. We have the audience of pleasure seekers and sensational religionists, in place of the congregation, who were wont to worship God in spirit, and in truth, on each returning Sabbath day. With all these, we have a Church turned into "one vast flower garden," with our Metropolitan for its Rector, and, of course, an example for other congregations to follow. Under these circumstances, Mr. Gallagher's duty, from which he cannot honestly shrink, is to show cause why those remaining of the congregation, which he established, should not return back to the various Episcopal congregations which they left, on the ground that they, are to-day far less sacerdotal than the American R. E. Church.

ROBERT QUAIL.

### Mission in the New North-west.

MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA.

St. John's Church is the only organized parish in the north-western part of the diocese; or, to speak with greater precision, what is called "The New North-west." There are many mission stations, however, in this region, at which the Services of the Church are held at stated periods. Of these, Crookston, Ada, and Breckenridge, on the St. P. M. and Manitoba Railway, and Glyndor, at the junction of that road with the Northern Pacific, as well as Wadina and Verndale, about 100 miles east, on the last named road, are under the charge of the Rev. E. S. Peake, a Missionary of the A. C. M. Society. Between the northern-most and the southern-most of his stations there is an interval of 110 miles. Ninety miles north of the most northern of his missions, is the dividing line between the Canadian and the United States territory. In the course of the past year Mr. Peake, in company with the English Missionary, officiated, on one occasion, at Emerson, in Manitoba, and at St. Vincent, three miles south of the border. He officiated, also, on the evening of the same day, at Pembina, in the Dakota Territory. The above mentioned three towns, together with West Lynn (the old fort of the Hudson Bay Co.), form an interesting group on the extreme border; being only divided from each other by the Red River in one direction, and the international line in the other. Of course, the services at the various points spoken of, can, as a general rule, be held only on week-day evenings.

The Chicago Exposition this year will present more than usual attractions. It will open on September 7th, and close on October 23d. The conservatory and agricultural hall have both been made part of the main building. The special features of the exhibition of 1880 will be, amongst others, the presence of the celebrated potter, Mr. Hewes, of Boston. He has decided to be present with all his tools and paraphernalia. It is his intention, besides reproducing other works of great antiquity to manufacture, where all can observe his process, imitations of many of the works discovered by Dr. Schlieman in his Trojan excavations. Lathes, furnaces, special tools, &c., are all to be brought, that every one who attends the exhibition may see how it is done. In the Art Gallery there are promised thirty-two of America's finest paintings; of these, nine will come from the celebrated collection of "Tom" Scott, of Pennsylvania. One of the special paintings of this year will be the "Reception of Columbus," by Leuteze. In Music some of the special features will be the well known drummer Carrington, who will play several solos each day besides as-

sisting in the orchestra. It is also promised that Libretta, the cornet player, the rival of Levy and Arbuckle, will be present to add to the musical attractions.

Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda, one of the countries discovered by Stanley, while on his travels through the dark continent, has ventured upon diplomatic relations with England, and has sent three nobles of his court to the Queen with letters soliciting an exchange of international friendship.

Theodore Mommsen, the distinguished German professor and antiquarian, lost forty thousand rare volumes by the burning of his villa at Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin, recently. Professor Mommsen was himself severely injured.

Marriages.

TOMLINS-BOOTH.—On Thursday morning, Aug. 5, in Trinity Church, Mattoon, the Rev. Wm. H. Tomlins, M. A., Priest in charge at Mattoon, and Miss Elizabeth Cornelia Booth, by the Rt. Rev. Geo. F. Seymour, S. T. D., LL. D., Bishop of Springfield, assisted by the Rev. C. J. Hendley, The Holy Communion was celebrated in connection with the marriage service.

Deaths.

McKIMMIN.—On Thursday, July 29th, 1880, at her residence near Pulaski, Tenn., Mrs. Jane McKimmin, in her 86th year.

Notices.

FOR RENT.—A cottage adjoining St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Ill., containing seven rooms; has a summer kitchen, good cellar, barn, garden and fruit, well and cistern. A family with daughters to educate is desired as tenant. Rent \$150 a year. Apply to the Rector of the School.

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.

A graduate of Amherst College, Mass., a Churchman, desires a situation as teacher or tutor. References given. Address G. H. L., P. O. Box 241, Newburyport, Mass.

WANTED.—A male teacher for a Parish school in a healthy locality. Compensation small; possibilities large. One in Deacon's orders and a musician preferred. Address Rome, care LIVING CHURCH.

A Clergyman of the Church, who has had twenty-five years experience in teaching, and has occupied the Chair of Mathematics in two colleges, one in the South and the other in the West, desires a similar position in a college or high school. The best of references given. Address "Teacher," this office.

A lady desires a situation as teacher in a school or family, in or near Chicago. Is competent to teach the English branches, with the rudiments of French, German and Latin. Reference, Rev. W. R. Mackay, Rector St. Peter's Church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Rt. Rev. J. B. Kerfoot, Bishop of Pittsburgh. Address M. D. H., 85 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Penn.

A Bed for Incurables. Contributions are solicited for the endowment of a bed for incurables in St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago. No hospital receives incurables except in very rare instances, and the unfortunate people who cannot recover, are often reduced to great suffering for the want of proper care. One bed at least in St. Luke's will be set apart for that class, for which purpose \$3,000 is absolutely necessary; on its being obtained the income of that amount will be used for its support. Any sum will be acceptable, and acknowledgement will be made in this paper. Rev. Clinton Locke requests that all who feel inclined to aid in the good work will inclose their contributions to Miss Olive Lay, 321 Michigan avenue, who has kindly consented to take charge of this fund. Sunday School St. Paul's Church, Hyde Park, Ill. \$ 60 27 Previous Contributions, 1,662 40 Total, \$1,722 77 MISS OLIVE LAY, Treasurer.

Gannett Institute for Young Ladies.

This successful school has been in existence for twenty-six years; during all of this time it has been steadily gaining ground in capability and advantages; now it justly ranks as one of the best schools in the land. Situated at 59 Chester Street, in one of our oldest and most cultivated cities, it presents inducements not attainable by other schools less happily located. The principal is the Rev. George Gannett, who has had many years' experience in teaching and who has proved, by the name that Gannett Institute has won for excellence, that he is well fitted for the position. He is assisted by a faculty of twelve instructors, besides numerous occasional lecturers. The school is an excellent one.

Bishopthorpe School,

BETHLEHEM, PENN. We have before us, as we write, a photograph of this well-known school for girls. Knowing its worth and the honest reputation which many of its trustees and teachers have won, we could almost wish for the days of childhood again, and that as a girl we might attend this excellent school. Bethlehem, near which the school is situated, is one of the old Moravian towns, and one of the most beautiful and attractive places in Pennsylvania. The course of study in this school is well calculated to lead the pupil on from the first rudiments to the fuller scholarship that comes after long years of patient study. The principal is Miss F. I. Walsh, who has an enviable reputation as an instructor and she, together with her accomplished assistants, all of whom are ladies, furnish that instruction which is the earnest of success in education.

Society for the Increase of the Ministry.

Formed 1857: Incorporated 1859. Neither partisan nor sectional in its aims or methods; aids Postulants and Candidates for the Ministry; 450 of its scholars are at present in Orders: 75 in New England, 140 in the Middle States, 71 in the Southern States, 132 in the Western States, 24 in Domestic and 7 in Foreign Missionary jurisdictions; asks general contributions, that its appropriations may also be general. Rev. ELISHA WHITTLESEY, Cor. Sec., Hartford, Conn.

KENOSHA WATER-CURE, KENOSHA, WIS.—A quiet home-like resort for those needing rest or treatment. Summers remarkably cool; climate invigorating; excellent boating. Chronic Diseases, Nervous Diseases, Diseases of Women. For circulars, address, N. A. Pennoyer, M. D., or E. Pennoyer, Proprietor.

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Orders for Altar Frontals, Superfrontals, Antependiums, Pede Mats, Stoles, Bookmarks, Burses, Veils, etc., carefully executed after reliable English designs, by the Chicago Society of Decorative Art, Pike Building, cor. State and Monroe Streets.

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Educational.

De Veaux College,

Suspension Bridge, Niagara Co., N. Y. TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR.—COURSES OF STUDY, Classics, Modern Languages, Mathematics, etc., to prepare for advanced standing at the Universities; for West Point, Annapolis, or business; adapted to the wants of boys from ten to twenty years of age. LOCATION.—The College Domain of three hundred and sixty-four acres, two and a half miles below Niagara Falls, extends for half a mile along the most picturesque part of the Niagara River, and is wholly devoted to the uses of the institution. Its healthfulness is unsurpassed. Six trunk lines of railway intersect at Suspension Bridge. BUILDINGS.—The College Edifice contains Chapel, School and Recitation Rooms, a Library and Reading Room, Dormitories and Common-rooms; it has steam, gas, ample bathing facilities, excellent ventilation, and every needful appliance of health, comfort, and efficient administration. The School-room has been professionally examined by an oculist, and its lighting pronounced typical and beyond criticism; the desks have folding lids to serve as book rests, and to enable pupils to study in an erect posture with the book at a proper distance from the eye. The Gymnasium is new, large, and well appointed. ORGANIZATION, PHYSICAL CULTURE, ETC.—The entire household constitutes, and is treated as, a single family. The formal Organization, Routine, and Discipline are military; at Drill, breech-loading rifles of the Remington "Civil Guard" pattern, made to special order are carried by Cadets five feet or more in height. The Campus is admirably laid out as a Parade Ground. Athletic sports are heartily encouraged, and the opportunities are unrivalled. EXPENSES.—Charges, \$50 a year; Special Rates to sons of the Clergy. SCHOLARSHIPS.—Competitive Examinations for Scholarships are held the first Wednesday in September; applications for the same must be filed ten days previously. Rev. GEO. HERBERT PATTERSON, A. M., LL. B., President. Rt. Rev. A. CLEVELAND COXE, D. D., President of the Board of Trustees.

Female Seminary,

New Market, Virginia. This school will open Sept. 1, 1880, and close May 31, 1881. Special attention paid to manners, morals, and general comfort of each pupil. Terms, including all expenses for nine months, ranging from \$140 to \$200. The salubrious climate, the church privileges and social advantages of the town render the location most desirable. For particulars, address Miss Belle T. Michie, Principal, Young Ladies' Seminary, New Market, Shenandoah County, Virginia.

Female Seminary,

Cleveland, Ohio. Next term begins Sept. 2, 1880. A healthy and pleasant location; ample and attractive accommodations. Music in all its branches. Drawing and Painting, French and German taught by masters. For catalogues or information, address S. N. SANFORD, President, Cleveland, Ohio.

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.

Episcopal High School,

Near Alexandria, Virginia. Established 1839. Fits for college or business. The next Session opens September 22, 1880. Catalogue sent on application to the Principal. L. M. BLACKFORD, M. A., Alexandria, Va.

St. John's School,

Sing Sing, N. Y. Rev. J. BRECKENRIDGE GIBSON, D. D., Rector. The School Year will begin Sept. 14th.

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 able and experienced teachers. For Register and particulars apply to Rev. R. DOHERTY, M. A., Rector, Omaha, Neb.

St. John Baptist School,

233 East 17th St., New York. Under the charge of the Sisters of St. John Baptist. Terms, \$25 per school year. Address the Sister Superior, as above.

St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J.

The Rev. J. Leighton McKim, M. A., Rector. The forty-fourth year begins Sept. 15th, 1880. Charges, \$50 per annum. Music and painting the only extras. For other information address the Rector.

St. Margaret's Diocesan School for Girls, Waterbury, Conn.

The sixth year will open (D. V.) on Wednesday, Sept. 16th, 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.

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.

Episcopal Academy of Connecticut.

The Rev. S. J. HORTON, D. D., Principal. Boarding School for Boys. Military drill. Five resident teachers. A Junior and Senior Department. Terms: Juniors, \$375 per annum; Seniors, \$400 per annum. Special terms for sons of the clergy. Three sessions in the year. The next session begins April 5th, 1880. For circulars address the Principal, Chesire, Conn.

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.

Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.

Extract from Report of Examining Board, July, 1878. In conclusion, your committee cannot too highly commend what has seemed to them the marked and distinguishing features of this institution, the happy combination of the military system of instruction with the departments of sciences and of literary culture, and the more ennobling culture of the heart and soul. Nowhere else have we seen this combination so complete and perfect. We cannot speak of it too highly. It is such a system as fits a pupil for life and for death. Under its guidance he is sure to tread aright the path of duty, virtue, and honor. (Signed) CHARLES DAVIES, LL. D. WM. F. BARRY, Maj. Gen. U. S. A. D. H. COCHRAN, Lieut. Col. U. S. A. J. WARREN GRIGSBY, Kentucky. Session opens September 1st. Apply to FRANCIS H. SMITH, Supt.

College of St. James, Washington, Md.

Diocesan School of Maryland. Bishop Pinkney Visitor. Re-opens on Wednesday, September 15th. For Circulars and information address, HENRY ONDEBONK, College of St. James, Washington, Md.

Church School, New York.

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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 4 P. M. of that day, when the Rev. Professor Butler will deliver an opening address. J. A. CHILDS, Secretary of Boards.

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ST. LOUIS LAW SCHOOL.

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## Home and School.

### A Seaside Picture.

Down upon the seashore,  
Upon the shining sands,  
In the summer sunshine,  
A little cottage stands;  
Happy hearts within it  
And busy working hands.  
Three rooms in the cottage—  
It is not large, but oh!  
Three rooms and a mother  
Are quite a world, you know.  
At least, the blue-eyed baby  
In the cottage thinks 'tis so.  
Pretty as a picture,  
As happy all the day  
As the dark-winged sea-birds  
That flit across the bay;  
Ever quite as care-free  
And restless, too, as they.  
Father is a fisher.  
His boat is on the shore;  
A stronger or a safer  
Rides not the waters o'er—  
So he tells the mother,  
Who stands within the door.  
On a summer morning,  
When the sweet gray light  
Is softly, gladly leaving  
The close embrace of night,  
Giving to the billows  
A crest of flashing white,  
Cheery good-byes spoken,  
Warm kisses given free  
To the little daughter  
Who laughs in baby glee,  
Father goes off, whistling  
The tune of "Nancy Lee."  
Baby cries a little;  
But soon she gayly goes  
To play upon the sea-beach,  
A cure for all her woes—  
Sand so white and sparkling,  
So warm to bare pink toes.  
But when the darkness gathers  
Into his arms the day,  
The big red moon arises  
All dripping from the bay,  
And moonbeams on the water,  
Like fairies, dance and play.  
Then the child and mother,  
Beside the cottage-door,  
Sit and wait and listen  
For the splash of father's oar,  
Then gayly go to meet him,  
As he leaps upon the shore.  
Down upon the seashore,  
Upon the shining sands,  
In the summer moonlight,  
The little cottage stands;  
Happy hearts within it  
As any in the land.

—Independent.

### A Member of Christ.

FUNNY JACK.

"For we are members one of another."  
"What is a member?"  
It was Sunday morning; and in the little ivy-covered school-house, of the sweet country village of Lexden, about a hundred and fifty children, boys and girls, were assembled. It is with a class of lads of from ten to twelve years of age that we have to do now, so we must leave the rest of the youths and maidens alone, to get through the Sunday school lessons, and think only of the boys upon whose ears the question with which this story opens fell.  
"What is a member?"  
No answer. Miss Whitmore, the Vicar's daughter, looked at the row of clean chubby faces in front of her, and saw nothing but hopeless ignorance impressed upon each of them.  
"Come, my boys, surely one of you must know what a member is."  
Thus encouraged, Charlie Howard, the youngest in the class, ventured to speak up.  
"Please, ma'am, is it Sir Henry?"  
Miss Whitmore could hardly resist a smile. Sir Henry Davies, who lived at the Great House, was a member of Parliament, hence Charlie's somewhat vague reply.  
"Well, Sir Henry is certainly a Member of Parliament, that is, he belongs to Parliament, forms, as it were, a part of it. Now will this help any of you to tell me what I really want to know. What do you say, Jack?"  
Let us take a glance at Jack, before we hear his reply. The other boys were healthy, hearty, and chubby; Jack was a pale, thin, very odd-looking boy; his hair standing all on end, his clothes hanging loosely about him, as though they had been made for some one twice his size, and had been cut down to suit his height; whilst his boots looked rather like canoes, in which his feet paddled about at will. "Funny Jack," he was always called. If you had gone to Lexden, and asked for plain "Jack," no one would have known who you meant; no one ever thought of addressing the boy except as "Funny Jack," no one except Miss Whitmore; and I am not sure that on week days she did not do as her neighbors did, only you see she felt obliged to keep up her dignity a little when she was teaching her class of boys; as it was she always felt very much inclined to laugh whenever she looked at him. Now, when she turned to him and said: "What do you say, Jack?" she knew quite well that some rather comical answer would be forthcoming; she saw it by the quaint look of intelligence which lit up the boy's face.  
"Please, ma'am, a member is a limb."  
There was a general titter all around the class; and the color rushed into "Funny Jack's" face.  
"Well, you are quite right, in a way, my boy," answered Miss Whitmore, kindly;

it belongs to the body, and we are members of Christ because—"

"Because we belong to him," answered the whole chorus of clear young voices.

"Did we always belong to him?"

"No," and this time "Funny Jack" spoke out boldly; "we were children of wrath until Jesus came and died for us, and because of that, when we are baptized we are joined like to Him."

"Yes, I see you understand now what a member is: just as our hands, and our feet, and our head belong to our bodies, so each child baptized into the Church is a member of the Body of Christ, and that Body is His Church; the Church which He purchased with His own most Precious Blood. And now I want you to think a little, and to answer me one question, What is our duty to each other as members of One Body?"

"To be kind to each other."

"Yes, to be very gentle and loving and tender to all around us; not to quarrel and provoke one another to acts of sin, to pride and passion and ill temper, but to try in every way we can to help those about us, and to feel that it is a great honor to do so. I daresay if one of you boys went out into the lanes after Church to-day, and found some poor old beggar, or some little child in trouble, you would do your best to help them; you would not grudge them anything you could do for them; you would remember, perhaps, what we have been talking about this morning, and you would think of them as members of Christ, as belonging to Him; is not this the case?"

"Yes, Ma'am." And the lads, who were good lads on the whole, looked bright and eager.

"Well, now can you tell me why I used the word honor? Does it not seem rather a strange expression, when I am talking to clean, tidy boys about helping some old beggar or little child?"

A long pause; no one knew how to answer this. Then a look, that had something of awe in it, came upon Miss Whitmore's face, as she said: "It is an honor to help the poorest and meanest of God's creatures, my dear boys, because in doing so we are helping Jesus Himself. We cannot see Him, you know, we cannot show Him all our thankfulness for His great love in dying for us upon the Cross, and making us one with Him in Holy Baptism, and so He tells us, in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew, that if we are kind to the hungry and the thirsty, and the naked and the sick, and those in prison, we are, as it were, kind to Him. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto me,' are His own most gracious words; and so you see it is an honor to help others, because we help Jesus in the person of His poor. You understand me, do you not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And, on the other hand, if you neglect to do all you can for your fellow-members of Christ's Church, you are, as it were, neglecting Jesus; you are ungrateful to Him Who loved you so well that He died for you."  
The boys looked very grave when Miss Whitmore ceased speaking. Perhaps each of them remembered some little act of unkindness of which he had been guilty, of which he had not thought much at the time, but now it rose up before him as a great sin; because, somehow or another, Miss Whitmore had made him feel that he had been unkind to Jesus, his loving, gentle Saviour.  
I don't tell you that this feeling lasted. I am afraid that it did not; I am afraid that some of those boys, before the bright June Sunday, of which I am writing, had passed away, forgot all that their teacher had said to them; and it may have been that sharp words passed their lips, and unkind deeds left a stain upon their souls, and they did dishonor to their Lord, instead of honoring Him as they ought to have done.

They trooped into Church when school was over, a bright, orderly file, "Funny Jack" the only odd-looking figure amongst them; and to the credit of Miss Whitmore's class, he said, not one of them laughed at him or teased him (as they were somewhat wont to do) on that day. When service was over, he walked home by himself, for his home was a long way off, upon a distant heath, two miles beyond the pretty village.

"I'll try to bear it," he mused as he trudged along the dusty roads, "because of all she said to-day. I'll try to be a better boy, but it's awful hard; I wonder if God knows how hard it is for me to be good."  
You would have felt how hard it was for him, poor little fellow, if you could but have followed him home on that June day.

Such a home as it was: One of two mud cottages upon the heath, so miserable-looking, so dilapidated, that it was hard to believe that they were inhabited, and if there was a choice between them, "Funny Jack's" habitation was just a shade more wretched than the one that stood by its side. A man and boy were sitting at the table, as he lifted the old broken latch and went in. His entrance was the signal for a burst of laughter from the great big lad, who, it was easy to see at a glance, was the little fellow's brother.

"Well, what has the good boy learnt at

Sunday School to-day; have they taught him to strike a blow as he struck at me last night, when I told him to clean my boots for me?"

"If you please, Bill, I'm sorry; I'll try not to do it again."

"Not till next time," answered Bill. "Well, the boots ain't cleaned yet, and I'm going for a walk this afternoon, so please show your sorrow by giving them an extra polish, at once."

Poor Jack glanced at the table, at the small piece of meat which was fast disappearing beneath the knives and forks of his father and brother; then he looked down at his Sunday clothes, which, for all their odd shape, were clean and neat enough.

"Why can't Bill clean his own boots?" he thought, "t'aint my business." Then there came into his mind the lesson of that morning, the duty of doing kind deeds for Jesus' sake. He wondered whether cleaning Bill's boots was one of the things he ought to do. Bill was always so unkind to him, surely there was no need that he should help him in any way.

Then the boy's good angel seemed to whisper to him some such words as these: "Jesus never did one wrong thing all through His life, and His enemies mocked Him, and scourged Him, and crucified Him, and He prayed for them upon the Cross."

"Yes, Bill," he answered, "I'll clean your boots, and I'll try and polish them up well."

Bill opened his eyes very wide, and stared at his younger brother. "Go on," he said, in more gentle tones than he had hitherto used, "look sharp, and I'll not eat up all the dinner."

All this time his father had not spoken, but he looked up now, and said: "Let the boy have his dinner before you send him off to work for you."

It was Jack's turn to be astonished now; it was a new thing for his father to interfere on his behalf. He felt very much inclined to choke, poor little man; he could bear harshness well enough—he was so accustomed to it—but a kind word almost always made him feel "just like a great baby."

He did not say anything; he ate the scraps that were left, as fast as he could, and then went off to do Bill's bidding; taking great care to give the boots the desired extra polish.

All through his life, it had been his lot to do the work that others ought to have done; he did not always do it willingly or patiently; he often gave Bill a sharp blow when he tried to make him his slave; but as a rule his anger was but momentary; there was something down deep in "Funny Jack's" heart, which made him really like to oblige every one who came in his way.

There had been one great sorrow which came to him five years before, and which was still fresh in his memory. His home had not always been in the wretched cottage on the heath; he could remember a pretty little dwelling, miles away from Lexden, where he had lived with his father, and mother, and Bill; he had some dim recollection of far away happy days, and then of his mother's illness, and of a cloud that came over the last weeks of her life. He knew now what that cloud was; he knew that his father had taken to drink, and that the knowledge of his sin had made his mother sorrowful as she lay upon her bed dying. He remembered how good she had been, how she had tried to teach him something in the way Miss Whitmore taught him now. It all came back to him sometimes, but he had been too young really to learn very much; only she had made him promise always to say his prayers, and he had never forgotten her wish. Perhaps, sometimes, he had not thought very much about the words he used, but often and often when he had knelt down he had been very unhappy, and God, Who could see into the young boy's heart, knew the burden that was upon his young life, and kept him safe from harm.

Bill had always been a wild fellow, and after his mother died he grew worse and worse; and now Bill Jarvis was a terror to all the fathers and mothers in Lexden, they so dreaded his influence upon their own boys.

Jack often wished that he could go back again to the old place where his mother lay in the quiet, peaceful churchyard. Sometimes he thought, he would run away; he would do anything rather than stay there to be knocked about by his father and Bill. Then he remembered how on the day before his mother died, she had said to him, "Jack, my boy, you'll be good to father, won't you? and to Bill, too." And he had kissed her, and answered, "Yes, mother, I'll try." The elder Jarvis worked in some neighboring mines, and Bill worked or not, just as it suited him, whilst Jack stayed at home, and tried, in his poor little way, to make things as comfortable as he could by the time his father came from work.

There was only one bright day in all the week for the poor boy, and that was Sunday; he had gone to Church by himself, regularly, for the last two or three years. He was his own tailor, and he had cut down some of Bill's clothes to his own size; he knew the other boys laughed at him, he knew they all called him "Funny Jack," but he tried—not to mind their taunts; it

was quite worth bearing all to hear Miss Whitmore speak as she always spoke, and to go to Church, and listen to the music, and join in the prayers as heartily as he could.

But on this particular Sunday of which I am writing, it seemed as though something new and strange had come to "Funny Jack;" things did not seem so hard to bear, now that he understood, better than he had ever done before, what it was to be a "Member of Christ." Work was easier now that he felt however small the thing he did, he was doing it for Jesus' sake; that whatever he did, and whatever he bore, was done and borne because he belonged to Him, had been made a part of Him in his Baptism.

To be continued.

### Dogs.

From our New York Correspondent.

If we have a word to say about dogs, we shall not be without warrant of scripture, where they are frequently spoken of, both literally and figuratively. With the Jews they were objects of contempt, being classed with unclean animals. There was no greater reproach than to compare a Jew to a dog, and especially to a dead dog. It was a name ascribed to the vilest of sinners, and it in this figurative sense that they are excluded from the kingdom of heaven in the book of Revelation, with sorcerers, murderers, and idolaters. St Paul uses the word figuratively, when he tells us to beware of dogs, meaning false apostles. There are then, dogs bi-pedal, as well as quadruped, and of the two, the latter are the most respectable, and it is of these we wish to speak. They are the friend of man, and have many traits that bind them to us. Love me love my dog, is a proverb, and they are often faithful when all other friends are ready to forsake us. It was a tramp, whom Lord Lytton represents, as boasting that he had had two friends, but not in the same hemisphere,—that could not be. They were his dog and Wamba, and Wamba was an opossum. He had lost all heart and hope—had no faith in human friendship. We are told that cities in the east, and especially Constantinople, are overrun with dogs, that they outnumber the human population. It is not quite so bad in our own country, but it is bad enough. The last census showed that there was more money paid for their support than was paid for the support of the clergy of all denominations. Everybody seems to think that they must own one or more, especially among the poor; and they often make night hideous by their baying at the moon. Then, in the season, they have a way of going mad, and snapping at the unconscious passer by, and their bite is fatal. Under these circumstances, our cities not only put a heavy tax upon them, but, at certain times, principally in the warm months, a general raid is made upon them, and thousands often are destroyed. A reward is offered for every dog that is brought to the pound, and the catchers not only seize upon every stray one found in the streets, but will invade your premises in their search, or take the lap dog from a lady's arm. They are all taken to the pound, dogs of every degree, and there they are kept for several days, to see if anyone will redeem them. Many, often, are valuable, and the pound is thronged with persons in search of their canine friends, some noble Newfoundland, or lean hound, or King Charles poodle. Upon payment of a sum of money, they are allowed to take them away, and exhorted to take better care of them. Others are saved and sold, and sometimes at high prices. But the great mass are of curs of low degree, and thrice in the week they are put out of their misery. An iron cage, which will hold fifty or more, is run upon iron rails to the pen, and is filled with the miserable animals. It is then run to the dock, and raised by a derrick, swung over the water, lowered and sunk, and in ten minutes life is extinct. The process is continued until the pound is emptied. As we have said thousands often are destroyed every season; but next year the work is all to do again. The pound is quite an attraction to visitors, and many women are seen there mournfully searching for their lost pets, and, though the drowning takes place early in the morning, the dock will be crowded. The dog most addicted to going mad is the Spitz, and strange as it may appear, it seems to be the general favorite, and more often reach the pound than any other race. During the last week a dog catcher was arrested and tried for snatching a poodle out of a young woman's arms, as she sat upon her own door step. Ladies often lead them by a string along the streets, and now and then, when the lady is at one end of the string, the dog is gone from the other. To the catchers dogs are money, as they look upon them only with an eye to business. They have no antipathy to them, and treat them as gently as possible under the circumstances, but are always glad to convert them into the necessary fee. For ourselves we appreciate the advice to beware of dogs, having on several occasions been bitten by them, and we shed no tears over the drowning of them in the dark. We could faint wish that not thousands only, but that every dog might have his day.

### Staging in Montana.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LIVING CHURCH.  
VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA, July 15.

The last piece of iron road, for the traveler to the new Northwest, is the narrow gauge Northern Utah, running from Ogden northward for 300 miles, and crossing the main range of the "Rockies." We had a very nice "chair car," in which many of my fellow travelers slept soundly all night, but the novelty of the position did not encourage sleep in me. A few short naps, however, and the cold mountain air, brought me out in the morning, fairly refreshed. I experienced the wisdom of a good friend's advice, in Salt Lake, and thanked him at heart for having provided me with a warm blanket. It was none too heavy for the frosty night.

Much of the country was monotonous and uninteresting. Mountain peaks, streaked with snow, were visible nearly all the time, on either side. One scene, just before reaching the "Terminus," was the finest through which I have passed, even finer than Echo Canon. Its cliffs were of limestone, and it was more rugged and wild, with great pines and rushing streams, and the road was carried through the most dangerous places. This was Beaver Canon. The grade of the road is very steep, for miles, and our little engine had to struggle with all its might to climb it. Once we had to run back and take a new start, after sprinkling the track with sand.

The Terminus is a town "on wheels." It follows the road, in its progress, and moves from point to point as the rails are laid. My hotel was moved three times last summer. It is made of rough boards, and may be taken down and put up in a day. Let it not be supposed, however, that it boasts no elegance. The parlor, which opens off the sidewalk, has a Brussels carpet, and a sofa; my bedroom, though a mere alcove, is carpeted; the dining-room is papered, and, overhead, the rough joists are concealed by white muslin, that looks as well as plaster, but is not so warm. Very little plaster is used even in the permanent towns, it is so expensive. Building paper is found almost everywhere, as covering of walls.

This curious town of a day contains about fifty board houses, mostly very small, with one window and one door. Some have canvas roofs, like tents. I notice the sign of "Varieties Theatre" over one shanty, and saw a barber at work in another. Saloons are numerous, and evidently well sustained; one is labelled, "The little church around the corner!" but there is no church in the place. A little bear cub is tied to a stake by one of the stores, and the men are teasing it to make it snarl. Around the town, here and there, are trains of wagons, loading and unloading the freight that can be transported no further by rail. Some are unhitching, and some are "whacking" their mules, and it is a very lively time!

Living in these towns is not altogether pleasant. Of course they are thronged with roughs, at times, and always contain some desperate characters. The "bull-whackers" that drive the freight trains, are always found here in numbers, and they are generally pretty hard cases. But the terminus towns on this little road (only 300 miles!) are much more quiet than those on the Union Pacific were. Such places as Cheyenne and Laramie were almost uninhabitable for decent people, until the vigilantes made examples of a few of the worst desperadoes. Here at Red Rock there are some very good people, and a good many bad ones. I hear of two or three communicants of the Church, whom I shall try to visit on my return. There are not more than half a dozen families, probably, in the place. The remainder of the population are "unattached."

But where does the staging come in? some reader asks. Presently, my dear friend, we shall start. Our convenience is not to be consulted, it seems, for we are called at half-past four in the morning. The stage should start at five, but having got us up, it takes its time, and starts about six. We have four handsome horses, well groomed and well trained. The coach is all that we could ask, better than we could expect, in such a wild country. My first disappointment is in having to ride inside. One of the proprietors must have the outside seat by the driver, so he can examine the road. If the coach were crowded, inside, they would put ten, if necessary outside, but as we are few we must sit low to balance it. I saw the need of this before night, but at first was not reconciled to the orders.

People get acquainted in a stage as easily as on a ship. A common misery levels all distinctions and breaks down reserve. Two of my companions took the journey very hard, a man and wife from Kansas, who had traveled 600 miles in their wagon before they took the cars at Laramie. They were quite worn out, and the motion of the coach made them very sick. The poor woman could not lift her head all the way, but had to lie down on the seat. The man was not quite so far gone, and was able to hold the baby, a sprightly child, that seemed to enjoy the jolting. In contrast with these, there was a wild western boy, who whistled and sang and talked nearly all the way. I forget just how many Chinamen he said he could "lick," but think it was fifteen!

Every ten or fifteen miles we changed horses, keeping on at a very easy pace, most of the time, making about five miles an hour, which included hills and rough places and stops. We frequently passed freight trains and emigrant wagons; the former generally consisted of three large covered wagons joined, and drawn by eight or ten pairs of mules or horses, or by nearly twenty yoke of oxen. In one canon these trains filled the whole defile, and the way was too narrow for us to pass, so we had to drag along slowly after the oxen. By the side of these our stage coach seemed like an express train. One emigrant wagon, by the side of our well traveled road, was marked in bold letters, "TO MONTANA OR Bust!"

and under it, with an oath, "BUSTED!" A dirty looking tent, not far away, with a sign, "Whisky," roughly sketched on a board, afforded, to a reflective mind, an explanation of the "busting."

Whisky and profanity are very abundant in these wild regions. It is a hard life that men lead, for the most part, and they are mostly hard cases that go to make up the rank and file of the pioneer army. There is a rough chivalry about them, and a kind of honor which scorns small meanness and deceit. Men that swear, drink, gamble, fight Indians, ride wild horses, shoot an enemy at sight, and are utterly lawless, are respectful to the humblest woman, gentle with children, and would not allow a minister to be harmed or insulted.

I had heard a good deal of the excitement of staging on the "mountains," but so far have found it rather monotonous. The coach lurches heavily from side to side, up and down and around, like a small ship in the English channel. The jolting sometimes, in a stony place, is trying, and our sick man wishes he only had his wagon again, or expresses the desire that some one would take him out and knock him on the head. We all got very tired before dark, and it seems as though we could stand no more, after seventy-five miles have been made. But we have thirty more, after changing to another route, before reaching Virginia City. We change coaches and passengers, and I secure a seat with the driver. We start on the new course with the moon declining in the west; it is lost behind snow-clad peaks, and the stars, though very bright and beautiful, are not enough to light the rough places. So the lamps are called to our aid, and at two o'clock in the morning we rattle through the once famous gold diggings of Alder Gulch, and enter the deserted streets of the sleeping town.

**The General Convention.**

To the Editor of the Living Church:  
On reading the letter of your New York correspondent, in last week's issue, in reference to the expenses and size of the General Convention, I am induced to say, as I have said in another place, that whatever plan may be adopted in the future, for meeting the expenses of deputies in attendance, the Church has a right to expect that, at the approaching Convention, deputies will be provided for in the same way as at previous Conventions. Since the session of the Convention in 1877, there has been no intimation or hint to the contrary. Deputies have been chosen on this understanding: dioceses, with perhaps a few exceptions, have made no provision for their expenses; and they have accepted the duty laid upon them, with no other thought than that the course, hitherto invariably followed, would be continued this year, and that their stay in New York would be unattended with any considerable cost to themselves. Were it otherwise, many of these deputies—some of the wisest and noblest—would be compelled to decline the position to which they have been elected.

The Churchmen of New York unquestionably recognize these facts, and the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Wildes, the able and efficient Secretary of the Church Congress, to take charge of this matter, means that everything will be done for the comfort and convenience of deputies. Your correspondent intimates that the entertainment of the Convention is too great a burden for the Church of New York. It may be; but is it, after all, such a heavy and oppressive burden to the Churchmen of a great city like New York, to entertain the members of the Convention, once in nine years, or less frequently? For, including the session of next autumn, the Convention will have met in New York eleven times during its first century, or, on an average, once in nine years; while it has already met in Philadelphia sixteen times. (It has also met once each in Trenton, N. J., New Haven, Conn., Richmond, Va., Cincinnati, O., Boston, Mass., and twice in Baltimore, Md.)

It has been the custom, hitherto, to provide for the Bishops and clerical deputies. At the coming Convention, the number of these will be about two hundred and fifty. Of these, we may safely say, that at least fifty will receive the private hospitality of friends. It is safe, also, to say (and I judge from observation at the last Convention), that at least ten per cent. of the whole number will be detained from the Convention, or will prefer to bear their own expenses. Deducting, also, the deputies residing in New York and Brooklyn, who will not require entertainment, and we have left less than one hundred and seventy-five, for whom hospitality must be provided. To make this provision, there are in the city of New York (according to the statement in this week's LIVING CHURCH), eighty churches and chapels. Deducting those which may be feeble, and unable to offer any assistance, and we have, say sixty churches, to care for one hundred and seventy-five persons. Perhaps, if the load is too heavy for these parishes, the parishes of Brooklyn, and Jersey City, and the suburbs of New York, might come to the rescue. I believe that many a country place has frequently a really heavier burden in providing for a Diocesan Convention, or Missionary Convocation, for two or three days, than this matter is to the Churchmen in New York, if they are enough interested in the Church to care for her general legislative body. And if all the five thousand Church families, and twenty thousand communicants of the city, are detained at their country homes, in October, is it beyond their easy ability to provide, at hotels, or elsewhere, for the entertainment of these deputies?

Your correspondent refers to an item of expense at the last session of the Convention of New York. (It is not difficult to imagine how certain bills grow to such size, when one remembers the large number of persons, in no way connected with the Convention, who persistently forced themselves upon the noble hospitality of

Trinity Parish.) He also alludes to the expense of the Convention in Boston, in 1877, and I am glad to see he mentions the comparatively small sum of \$15,000. Usually, the amount is stated to have been about \$25,000. Although I cannot at this time verify my figures, yet from my knowledge of what was done in Boston, I think I can with safety say, that your correspondent places the expenses too high, by several thousand dollars.

The work connected with holding the Convention in Boston, was performed by three committees, which were appointed at a general meeting of the churches of the city: The "Committee on Finance," which raised the funds by subscription; the "Committee of Arrangements," which looked after the preparation of Emmanuel Church and Trinity Chapel, for the meetings of the two Houses, and provided whatever was necessary for convenience and comfort during the session; and the "Committee on Hospitality," which provided for the entertainment of the clerical deputies, and secured reduced rates at hotels for lay deputies, and others who might wish to attend the Convention, or the meetings of the Board of Missions.

The Committee on Finance, secured, I think about \$13,000. When the bills were paid, at the conclusion of the session, there was a surplus left of about \$3,000. The cost, therefore, of the Convention, was about \$10,000; and this included the daily lunch. This, certainly, is a large sum, but the Churchmen of Boston gave it cheerfully, and have never, I believe, regretted its expenditure. But, I believe that in any city, where Church families are at home during the month of October, and are willing to entertain privately, that the expenses of holding the Convention would be almost insignificant. At any rate, Mr. Editor, as will be presently seen, the expenses of our Convention are small, compared with those of some other legislative Christian bodies.

In what I have said, I have not meant to argue, that our present plan is best, or even a good one; but the one we have always followed, and until the Church substitutes another for it, we have a right to expect that it will properly be carried out.

As it seems probable that our plan will be changed before long, I beg to explain, very briefly, the system of the Presbyterian and Methodist denominations, in meeting the expenses of their national councils. The Presbyterian "General Assembly" meets annually, and, at present, is composed of 584 members (200 more than our House of Deputies). At the last meeting of the Assembly, in May, at Madison, Wis., 539 were in actual attendance. Like the lower House of our Convention, clergy and laity are in equal proportions. The expenses of all the members are met from two funds: the traveling expenses from the "mileage fund," which is raised by an assessment on the Presbyteries (answering, in their relation to the General Assembly to our dioceses) of five cents, for each communicant. The expense of entertainment is met from the "entertainment fund," which is raised by an assessment, as before, of two cents for each communicant. The last General Assembly was in session twelve days. Board was obtained for the members—who were not privately entertained—at hotels, and at the rate of one dollar a day; and the total expenses of traveling and entertainment, paid from the two funds, amounted to nearly \$28,000. This system of assessment is said to work admirably, bringing in about \$34,000 for the two funds, and leaving, after the above expenses were paid, about \$6,000, as a fund for contingent expenses.

The plan of the Methodists provides only for the payment of the traveling expenses from a general fund, the place where the "General Conference" is held being expected to furnish entertainment for all the members, clerical and lay. The last session of the Conference (which meets quadrennially), was held at Cincinnati; there were 399 members in attendance, and the session, which was shorter than usual, lasted from May 1, to May 28, just four weeks (more than twice as many to be entertained as there will be at the General Convention, in New York, next October, and for a longer time than the General Convention ever sat). The Methodists of Cincinnati provided entertainment for this large number, in their own homes and at hotels. Every hotel, to which application was made, received two guests free of charge. No member was put to any expense for his own entertainment. The traveling expenses of these 399 members were met from a general fund. This fund is raised as follows: A committee appointed by the preceding General Conference lays, what in its judgment is a fair assessment upon the various local Conferences (which have the same relation to the General Conference that our dioceses have to the General Convention); and these smaller conferences meet the assessment by the contributions of the parishes. The total traveling expenses of the members of the last General Conference were between \$24,000 and \$25,000.

Perhaps from these two systems we might devise a satisfactory plan for meeting the expenses of our General Convention; and the facts which I have given show, that as compared with our Methodist friends in Cincinnati, who entertained 400 delegates for four weeks; the Church people of the great metropolis of New York have an easy task in providing for 175 deputies, for possibly, three weeks.

But the plan which your correspondent suggests, of having dioceses pay the expenses of their own deputies is not a good one, and, so far as I can see, has nothing to recommend it. No method could be more unfair to the weaker and more distant dioceses. The Convention is likely to meet, for many years, perhaps always, in the great cities of the larger and wealthier dioceses. They would be at little expense for their deputies, while distant dioceses would be compelled to pay bills which they could ill afford. Suppose this rule were in force this year, and contrast the expense of the Convention to the

dioceses of New York and Nebraska; of Long Island and Louisiana; of Connecticut and California.

Another word in reference to the size of the House of Deputies, which has been very unhappily compared to a "plague of locusts." The figures which I have already given of the size of the Presbyterian and Methodist Councils show that they are both larger than our House of Deputies. That body will number, if every deputy is in attendance, at the next session, 384 members. (There are seldom 300 members present at any one time.) The Methodist "General Conference" numbered in May last, 399; and the Presbyterian "General Assembly" numbered 584, of whom 539 were present. I have not the statistics by me, but I think the National Council of the Congregationalists is twice as large as our House of Deputies. If we look at other deliberative bodies we may find many that are larger than ours. In France, the Senate consists of 300 members, the Chamber of Deputies of perhaps 600 members. In England the House of Commons has not far from 600 members, and lately, a very large proportion of them have been present. The lower house of the Convocation of Canterbury consists of 147 members; but both houses have recently petitioned the government that this number may be increased, and a large increase is likely to follow. It will be many years before our Convention becomes an unwieldy body.

The Convention of 1883 will be the 35th and the last Convention of our Church in the first century of its history. It may be desirable at that time to change our system of meeting the expenses of the Convention; and if a committee should be appointed at the approaching Convention to consider the subject, and report to the Convention of 1883, it might lead to good results.

CHAS. L. HUTCHINS.

YORK, MAINE, Aug. 2.

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TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.  
LESSON, JUDGES, 2:11-16.

The chapter from which the lesson is taken, should be read throughout; it is evidently a summary of the contents of the book of Judges, and partly explanatory.

It informs us that the people fell into idolatry, after the death of Joshua and his generation, and that they were punished for it by being unable to drive out the original inhabitants.

For the thorough understanding of this portion of the book, it is necessary to read, in connection, Josh. xv-xxi; Josh. xiii:13, xxiv:28; Josh. xv, xvi, and xvii, with Judges I. v:11. The children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and served Baalim; this is a plural form of Baal, the supreme male divinity of the Canaanitish nations; the common meaning of the word is Lord or Master. It is generally supposed that the sun was the deity worshipped under this name.

The worship of their idol was of very great antiquity. Num. xxii:41, Baal is found to be the divinity of the Moabites and the Midianites.

The worship of Baal was the prevailing form of Israelitish idolatry. Judges x:10; I. Sam'l vii:4. It became the state worship of the kingdom of the Ten Tribes under Ahab. It is this which forms the special condemnation of Ahab. Jeroboam, indeed, caused a schism in religion and government, but to Ahab belongs the crime of leading the people into absolute idolatry. Kings xvi:31. The serving of Baal and Ashtaroth consisted in the worship of the symbols of the power of nature, it was the deification of nature.

The Mosaic revelation regarded the Deity as a personal Being, distinct from nature, infinitely exalted above it, almighty and omnipresent in it. Canaanitish idolatry worshipped the creating, destroying, and preserving powers of nature. Baal, or the sun, represented the male, and Ashtaroth, the moon, the female principle of deity, and both were worshipped with many abominable ceremonies.

In the generations closely succeeding the occupation of the land, the people who knew Joshua but by tradition, were led more and more to follow the customs of the people of the country.

The period of the Judges, which occupied more than three hundred years, exhibits the patience and forbearance of God with the ignorance and perversity of the people.

During this period, alterations continually occur; for longer or shorter periods, ignorance and sensuality lead to apostasy, neglect of the worship of God, and the adoption of the Canaanitish worship of nature; this is followed by a period of providential chastisement, inflicted in the form of Canaanitish oppression. In their distress, the Israelitish traditions conserve the national life; Jehovah is recognized as the Lord of the nation; there is repentance and contrition which is accepted by Jehovah, and deliverance is given them by means of Judges, whom Jehovah raised up to be the saviours of the people.

In reading the uninterrupted succession of narratives, which the book of Judges affords, we must not allow the necessities of the chronicle to deceive us as to the condition of the people. It was not a continuous period of apostasy, idolatry, and confusion; seasons of repose and peace, lasting as long as forty and eighty years, intervene between those of confusion; these peaceful periods cannot very well be described in the narrative, since the peace and order that then prevailed furnishes no historical material.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.  
LESSON, PSALM XCV, PRAYER BOOK.

This Psalm is an offering of thanksgiving. It celebrates the greatness of God, and his power as displayed in the works of creation. It contains an earnest exhortation to reverence and obedience, founded upon faith in God.

It is generally referred to David as its author; the supposed occasion being the bringing home of the ark unto Mount Zion, the place of God's rest.

All the Jewish commentators refer to it as a prophecy of the time of Messiah; St. Paul appeals to this Jewish opinion in the argument of the Epistle to the Hebrews, chs. III and IV.

The first verse is a common invitation to all, exciting and declaring the singer's object; the same form is seen, Ps. XXXIV: 12; XLVI: 9.

V. 2. Let us come before his presence, is, literally—let us come before His face, the true position of every real worshipper, conscious that he is in a peculiar manner in the immediate personal presence of God, who is a spirit and is spiritually discerned. It is true that God is omnipresent, but man does not properly enter His presence for the purposes of worship, unless he consciously presents himself before God by an inward act of reverence and devotion. Thanksgiving is well described as a confession to God of the good that He has done for us, and the benefits that we have received from Him.

The third verse declares the praise of Jehovah. He is the great and Supreme God. He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords. He is the sovereign ruler of men. When Jehovah is called a great King, above all Gods (Elohim), the word is used as signifying mighty ones, princes and rulers as in another, "I said ye are gods, and ye are all children of the Most Highest."

The figure used in the fourth verse is somewhat obscure; the word translated corners signifies the secret places of the earth, or places sought out. In this we find an explanation of the word strength of the hills, used further on, understanding the strength of the hills, to be the things for which strength is expended, we have

a declaration that God is the rightful possessor of all the things which men search after and labor for—wealth, in a general sense, gold and silver, obtained from the mines by great labor. We may thus paraphrase the verse—To Him belong the mines, His are all the treasures which men seek after in the earth; the silver obtained by great labor is His also.

The fifth verse is a declaration of God's glory as the Creator, and needs no explanation.

In the seventh verse, the word translated pasture will maintain the sense of ruling as well as feeding. It is a larger word than either. It denotes the shepherd's power who is the keeper and leader as well as the feeder of the flock. The Shepherd of Israel is described by the prophets as ruling, by another form of the same word. Hence the meaning in this verse is correctly, "The people of His dominion."

The other part of the verse, the sheep of his hand, is plain. The shepherd directs the sheep by his hand; they live at his hand, that is by his providing.

Faith in God as Creator and Preserver, Ruler and Guide, is thus made the reason for our reverence and obedience; "Let us worship and fall down and kneel, etc." The connection between faith and reverence is a natural one; it is almost impossible to imagine that in what God is, can exist along with irreverence toward Him.

To believe in God, is to believe the being and presence of the All Holy, All Powerful, and All Gracious. Thus to believe and not to reverence, or to worship thoughtlessly and familiarly, is an anomaly unknown even to false religions.

Everywhere the Jew, the Christian, and the pagan have inculcated reverence and Godly fear, by means of manual acts of worship; prescriptive acts, or words, or dress are considered necessary as marking a sense of human abasement, the recognition that God is God, and we creatures of the earth and of a day.

The burden of our lesson is reverence in the public worship of God, to teach us that when we go into church thinking of ourselves and those we meet there; sitting in our seats thoughtlessly without prayer, or at the most bending the head for form sake, using the Church of God, not as the dwelling place of God, but as a place of entertainment, then we venture to do, in God's presence, what Angel nor Cherubim venture to do, for they bow the knee and veil their faces as they utter their praise, in few words. "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God."

MICHIGAN.—Judging from the exterior of Trinity Church, Houghton, the foundation of the parish will date a long way back. It is a fine specimen of "Churchwarden's Gothic," and is colored of a dull ochre hue. With its bell-gable surmounted by a cross, it stands up boldly on the side of one of the hills upon which the city is mostly built, over Portage Lake. The interior of the building is snug and home-like in its character; and, although finished in a plain and unpretending style, is as Churchly in its chancel arrangements, as the nature of the structure will allow. The Altar, being well raised, and in itself of a proper height, occupies the conspicuous position which is due to it; and above it has been placed a beautiful window—designed, if we are not mistaken, by the present Rector of the Parish—as a Memorial of Motherhood, being in memory of a youthful mother and her infant son. The centre of the window is occupied by a full length figure of the Blessed Virgin, bearing in her arms the Holy Child. The remaining details are appropriate; and, beneath the whole, are inscribed the loving prayerful words, "Requiescant in Pace." One of the ordinary side-windows has also been replaced, through the offerings of the Sunday School, with an elegant one of stained glass, executed, as well as the other we have mentioned, by Geo. A. Misch, of Chicago.

The Rev. Mr. French, who has held the parish for something over a year, is doing a good work here, and seems to occupy a warm corner in the hearts of his people. They have the privilege of a weekly Celebration; and a boy-choir is in process of formation.

The great industry of this region is copper mining and smelting. The town of Hancock, whose commercial interests are identical with those of Houghton, is so near, that the two places are, in point of fact, almost as one.

There is no portion of our time that is our time, and the rest God's; there is no portion of money that is our money, and the rest God's money. It is all his; he made it all, gives it all, and he has simply trusted it to us for his service. A servant has two purses, the master's and his own; but we have only one.—*Monod.*

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