

The Living Church.

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

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WHOLE No. 119.

Rev. W. J. Knox-Little.

Written for the Living Church.

Pain every day is with him; yet he stands,
Foremost 'mid those whose mission is to teach;
Fighting, with silver weapons of sweet speech,
The evil of the world. God's dear commands
Are to him, health, and joy, and love, and life;
Therefore, he does not pause for falling breath,
But looks with dauntless smile upon the face of Death,
With whom his life is closed, in constant strife.

God, in his lips, a word of power hath placed,
An utterance of great love, that must not fail;
And so he fears not, till that word prevail,
But pours his whole life forth with glorious waste,
Not sparing dearest loves, nor vital breath,
Till God shall crown him, faithful unto death.

M. L. S.

The Lakeside Letters.

NO. VII.

MY DEAR FABIOLA:—With what joy do I learn that my dear god-son is soon to receive his degree and enter upon the practice of the therapeutic art. Marcus was a noble lad when I taught him his catechism, and I am as ready now as ever to stand sponsor for him and believe that he will make a wise, gentle and skillful doctor.

Tell him that I am most anxious he shall cultivate a high sense of the dignity of professional life. The framers of our national constitution were guilty of a "glittering generality" about human equality which is very untrue in its specific application, and has been the fertile source of many popular fallacies. There are differences among men. Some come of better physical stock than others, like your Marcus. Some lift themselves to superiority by the development of their mental and physical faculties. There are degrees in society, and the very act by which dear M. is shortly to be advanced to a recognized position in the medical profession is proof of it. His parchment will represent the essential circumstance that he has devoted years to the acquisition of knowledge and to the methods of its application, and that he is duly qualified to enter upon the practice of a profession on which the welfare and happiness of society so largely depend. He will then become a member of the aristocracy of educated mind which must become the dominating power in this land. Wealth puts on lordly airs; "merchant princes" set up their thrones; King Corporation grinds us beneath his iron heel; but their tenure of power is temporary and will cease when the peculiar conditions which have generated their usurpation shall be modified. The true sovereignty follows the line of education rather than of acquisition. The "blue blood" of American aristocracy has its fons et origo in the school and the college. He who has the most may be a very good man, but the best man is the man who knows the most.

It would be a piece of arrogance should we claim that the higher walks of educated mind monopolize the intelligence of the nation; still it is undeniable that the average status of the men who have been carefully trained and graduated for what are called "the learned professions," is easily eminent above all others in intellectual development. Mind is power. Educated mind is power intensified. Not matter but spirit, not brute force but ideas are omnipotent, and those men are the noblesse of the land who can generate ideas most readily and apply them most skillfully to the wants of man. Please tell Marcus I would not foster a caste-spirit in his bosom. It is quite sufficient that the Chinese should mark their scholars, each by the color of his buttons and set them above the common herd. What I want to impress upon the dear boy is that professional position should not foster a sense of aristocratic pride but a sense of aristocratic responsibility. If education implies the possession of superior capabilities, it implies equally the bearing of heavier burdens and the performance of large duty. We hold all our gifts as trustees and what we have we are bound to use for the common weal. Gifts unused are gifts misused, and the fuller the fountain of one's natural and acquired powers is, the greater his obligation to impart of his abundance.

There are many professional men who have no nobler sense of their mission than the exchange of their quid of brains pro quo of other people's money, but these are the miserable chiffonniers whose souls never could soar above the ash-barrel and the swill-tub. Every sentiment of honor in the bosom of our Marcus will compel him to rise infinitely beyond that sordid level. If our fledgling doctor will permit his god-father to do a little more sermonizing, let him patiently listen. In the course of his preparation, he has been brought face to face with what Lord Beaconsfield calls "Madre Natura." He has closely studied nature's laws in order to bring himself and others into harmony with those laws. He has discovered the omnipresence of law. Every atom of the human anatomy is under the sway of chemical and mathematical law. The changing types and conditions of disease are controlled by law. Law dictates the exhibition of all remedial agencies.

"The very law which molds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source—
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."

The studies of the medical aspirant have also introduced him to the material side of things,

and these have absorbed his attention to the comparative exclusion of psychological study. It is, moreover, his lot to live at a time when the sovereignty of law is often emphasized as though there were no sovereign law-giver; and when a materialistic philosophy widely prevails. He is in danger of loss of proportion and symmetry in acquiring knowledge. I have recently read of the engineer of an ocean steamer who acknowledged that his boilers were insecure, and when asked how he dared to put to sea in such a condition replied, "Well, we engineers get to feel that we control the machine." Is there not a tendency among those who study nature and manipulate her laws to feel that they "control the machine?" It is not surprising, perhaps, when we consider what scientific men have done; how they have stemmed the tides and braved the storm and bridled the winds and chained the lightning and tamed the thunder; how they have stopped the march of pestilences, and suspended the sensation of pain, and revealed the hidden places of man's physical organism to their penetrating diagnoses; how they have "transformed the almost viewless vapor into a superhuman power almost repealing Heaven's statute of human toil, annihilating time and space, and drawing into one familiar brotherhood the most distant and estranged of the human family"; how they have revealed to microscopic gaze a world below us, and to telescopic gaze a world above us, each more illimitably grand and wonderful than our own world; how they have realized the phantasy of Shakespearian imagination and "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes"; how they have not only measured the weight of stars and suns, but analyzed their chemical constituents in the delicate crucible of the spectrum; when, I say, we contemplate what modern science has accomplished, it is not surprising to find much idolization of humanity and much arrogance of selfhood.

But it is wholesome in such a time to dwell upon our limitations. Nature is master still. What though man can chain the lightnings and make them do his errands; what though he can dictate to the tumultuous seas; what though his skill can rob epidemics of their terror; yet electricity runs riot over the world where it will, steam enacts tragedies of blood on land and sea, and the cemeteries are filling up now as of old time. Science has its limits, and man sees not yet all things put under him. It seems to me, therefore, that the disciple of material science ought in justice to himself to beware of partializing his development and losing intellectual symmetry.

It would be well that every young man should inquire what is to be gained (and what lost, too,) by making light of the proposition that law implies a lawgiver and creation a creator. I am not one of those who tremble to think that God may be jostled from His throne. I believe in the absolute harmony of natural and revealed religion, though there may be temporary difficulties of interpretation. On the one hand, scientists may prematurely generalize on incomplete inductions and give too much scope to their imaginations in stating their theories; while on the other hand religionists may contend unwisely for interpretations which might be surrendered without impeachment of the Bible. Doubtless there will always be eyes in the world which cannot discern God, but I do not believe that all the world is going blind. Nature and revelation will lie down in peace together, and, as the result of their reconciliation, we shall be able to catch the meaning of the universe better than ever, while their voices sing in perfect unison the glory of God. In the meantime, do not let us loosen our grip on the idea of an infinite Person Who is first and final cause of all things. Was there not a depth of good sense in the inquiry addressed to the man who held that he had developed from a yeast fungus, "What brewery furnished the yeast?" There is not one tittle of evidence to show that species are not fixed. Doubtless there is a truth underlying the idea of development, but it is according to the law of "each after its kind," and each having "its seed in itself." Identity must be preserved all along the line when the process of development begins, the oak producing the acorn, the acorn the oak, the man the child, the child the man, and when this law is broken we do not call it development, but *usus naturae*.

I think there is a special reason why physicians should resist the temptation to materialistic views, because if consistent with such views they cannot become successful practitioners. No doctor ever practices on a severely materialistic basis. Unconsciously will he treat the body with reference to the presence of that other factor, the soul. Precisely as the Berkeleyan idealist who says matter is not, acts as if matter exists, the materialist who denies spirit acts as if mind were an entity distinct from matter. But it is true that he who avows and recognizes the immaterial tenant of these fleshy tabernacles is more likely to do full justice to the necessities of his patient. How much more noble, too, his ministrations seem! Is it not an honorable calling which ministers through the body to that spirit within which possesses the attribute of immortality? To give medicine to sick men as a mechanic to a machine—a material organism out of repair—this is to reduce science

to handicraft, and to rob the mission of the physician of its true glory.

I doubt whether Marcus could have chosen a profession, outside of Holy Orders, with as great opportunity of ministering to souls. How many a sinful life he may warn to flee from the certain doom! How many a weary spirit he may comfort with a whispered message of divine consolation! How many a lesson of righteousness he may proclaim within chambers of suffering that are closed to every foot but his! Jenner was known to have said "I am not surprised that men are not thankful to me, but I wonder that they are not grateful to God for the good which He has made me the instrument of conveying to my fellow creatures." This is the higher view of the physicians, calling—that he is the agent of God; and he who acts upon it will be happier, wiser, more skillful, more successful for it.

Transatlantic News.

A Descendent of Kings—The Church in Madagascar—The Boers—Lust of Dominion—The Greeks.

For the Readers of the Living Church.

A historical personage, and yet but little known to history, has just passed away, Charles Stuart, Count of Albany, who was generally believed (especially in Scotland), and who certainly believed himself to be, the legitimate grandson of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the "Young Pretender," who secretly committed his son to the care of Admiral Allen, who died in 1800. The Count was marvellously like the Royal Stuarts in face and in manner; and though of late years quite poor, bore his poverty with right royal grace. Of most dignified mien and carriage, he usually appeared in public in an undress dark military coat of a foreign type, with his numerous orders on his breast; having personally, when a mere youth, received that of the Legion of Honor from the hands of the great Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, for marked valor and bravery. It is believed that his numerous Jacobite relics, many of which, of singular interest and value, have been exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, have been left by testamentary disposition to the Marquis of Bute.

The Church's work in Madagascar is being nobly done. The Bishop, who is there, has won the confidence of the natives, especially those of the higher classes. He has just returned to the island from England, and he writes back urgently for four priests to go out and help him. The departure of Archdeacon Chiswell, on furlough, at the moment of the Bishop's arrival, leaves but four English ordained missionaries (besides the Bishop) in Madagascar; of which number one is in charge of the college, two will be at the capital, and one on the coast. The time is come to pray earnestly—as the need is urgent, and indeed vital—that two or three priests, who are ready to risk and sacrifice something for the sake of the Gospel, may choose this Mission as involving more of sacrifice perhaps than others. The work will be done in God's time; but are there not two or three who feel even now that they are free to undertake some great work, and to whom this urgent need may seem to be a call?

The Boers are standing up to the fight; and while it may be very wicked, a great many very good people hope (since there is to be a fight), that they will have the best of it. British troops are pouring in; but Sir George Colley, the commander, must be on the anxious seat. He felt certain that, with the force on the way, he would be a match for the Boers; but the news that they have been already joined by some of the native chiefs, and that they are endeavoring to rouse the natives, is a formidable addition to the perils of the situation. An English paper says: "Our experience of South African wars shows that though in the end we may confidently reckon on holding our own, yet in the process an expenditure of valuable life no less than of money must be looked for." And an English Church-paper says, of the Boers—"They have as good a right to be in South Africa as we have, and we cannot understand why they should not be left alone."

When the "Ins" were the "Outs," they used to hurl all manner of curses at the devoted head of Lord Beaconsfield, for his lust of dominion, in annexing Cyprus; but it seems that the pure heart of Gladstone can beat with the same wicked sentiment. A fresh act of "territorial aggrandizement," which, if committed during the rule of the late Administration, would have furnished doubtless the theme for much rabid declamation in Midlothian, has just been perpetrated under the mild and parochial despotism of the Hawarden woodcutter. Friday's *Gazette* contains the announcement, that, in compliance with a request from the native chiefs, the Queen had directed letters patent to issue, declaring the island of Rotumah to be annexed to the colony of Fiji, as part of Her Majesty's dominions.

The Greek war spirit will not be laid. They will not listen to arbitration, for they know pretty well the Turkish tricks, and how they have "pulled wool over the eyes" of all Europe, for the last hundred years. They undoubtedly feel, that Russia will lend a hand; and she would be foolish not to do so. The Greek King and the Greek Premier are resolved—or profess to be re-

solved, for the game of brag can be played at Athens as well as at Constantinople—to trust to the arbitrament of the sword rather than to that of the European Powers. The rumors of a collision on the frontier which are current, may be incorrect; but in the strained state of the relations between the two countries, very little may kindle a flame which it will be difficult to put out by any number of pamphlets.

Our English Letter.

The Persecutionists Worsted Again.—The Bishops Listening to Reason.—Improved Tone of the Guardian.

From our London Correspondent.

LONDON, Jan., 20, 1881.

I have this week to chronicle a new defeat for the Persecution Company. The Court of Appeal has decided the writ *de contempte capi-endo* was informally issued, and that Messrs. Dale and Enraght must therefore go free. The event is not, however, of much consequence, for it leaves the grievance of Churchmen just where it was; or, rather, it re-asserts that Parliament had a right to thrust into the Court of Arches a Judge who did not possess the canonical qualifications, and who has not endeavored to comply with the directions of the Canons. Hence, the quarrel will go on just as before. Those clergy-men who do not think that the Church is the creature and slave of the State will continue to set at naught the decrees of the Privy Council and Lord Penzance; and, if the Church Association thinks fit to go on with the litigation, they will be thrown into prison again, and stay there until the end comes. There are, however, some striking indications that the heads of the Church are becoming alive to the peril which the Persecution Company is bringing upon us. For instance, the Bishop of Gloucester has stated in his New Year's Pastoral, that the grievances even of "extreme men" must be listened to; and he urges a concentration of effort upon "the rehabilitation of the Final Court" of Appeal. But Bishop Ellicott does not appear to have a very clear perception of what the grievance is. Churchmen complain that a committee of lawyers, impelled by a sense of what they call "policy," should have inserted a "not" in a rubric, and then have punished clergymen for doing exactly what the law bade them to do. The Bishop seems to think that such a dealing with the law would be taken over by "any equitable Court;" whereas it is the fixed resolve of hundreds of clergymen, that they will not give place by submission to it, no, not for an hour! Perhaps the most striking sign of the times, however, is the fact that yesterday, the *Guardian*—the well-known organ of cautious, moderate High Churchmen, went over bodily to the side of "imprisoned clergymen."

Two bits of statistics have reached us from your side, which may well afford the thoughtful reader food for reflection. One is, that the inhabitants of the United States are now 50,000,000; the other, that—according to *Whittaker's Almanack*—the number of Communicants is only 345,841; an increase upon last year of 20,846, or about 6 per cent. Now, I suppose we are bound to hold, that by right, America belongs to the Anglican Communion; but if so, our Church cannot be said to have conquered and subdued more than about a hundredth part of the territory which should be hers. For that matter, the Church at home has nothing to boast of; quite the reverse, indeed. But the Communicants in a thoroughly efficient parish in this country are sometimes as many as 20 per cent. of the population. Ten per cent. is often reached; and certainly no Anglican has a right to be content with less, wherever the English races find a home. But it will be idle to look for anything like rapid progress, unless we can deliver ourselves from that wretched spirit of parochialism, which, in some form or other, is the besetting sin of all Churches which possess the priceless boon of self-government. A motive to kindle an enthusiasm for conquest may, however, be found in an attentive study of the first Pentecost, on which the author of "Words for Peace," noticed in your Christmas number, largely bases his argument. It will be seen that the miracle of tongues was addressed almost exclusively to the foreign Jews. It was they—the Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the rest of them, who heard, in their own tongues, the unlearned Galilean peasants declaring in their mother speech the wonderful works of God. The "others"—the home-born Jews—only mocked. Hence, we may conclude, that on that Whitsun-evening, the Church consisted of three thousand foreign Jews, and the five hundred native brethren, to whom our Lord had shown Himself at once. These foreign Jews, it must be remembered, had come in pilgrim bands, each of which, on its return home, would form a Church; and so Christendom, far from starting with a single parish in Jerusalem, was the Catholic Church from the very first. From St. Luke's narrative, we learn that it embraced the vast space from Parthia to the Eternal City. And it is probable that it extended yet farther West; for the expression, "strangers of Rome," seems meant to imply persons still more remote, who had wintered there

on their way to Palestine. I will not repeat here what the author of the book in question says about the simultaneous rooting, in so many places, of the Primitive Liturgy, and the subsequent impossibility of seriously tampering with it, so that in the substantial identity of the Primitive Uses, we have an infallible witness to primitive doctrine. It is enough to point out the inference which must be drawn from the broad foundation which the Master Builder laid down for His Church; namely, that nothing can be more unworthy or less Christian than to be content with the prosperity of one's own parish, diocese, or even National Communion.

Church Life in Baltimore.

St. Paul's Day in St. Paul's—Church Work among the Colored People—A Veteran gone to his Rest.

From our Baltimore Correspondent.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 30, 1881.

The festival of the Convention of St. Paul, which occurred on Tuesday last, while duly observed in many of our churches, was celebrated with special solemnities in St. Paul's Church, the mother church of our city. At 7:30 A. M., the Holy Communion was celebrated; and at 11 A. M., there was a second Celebration, preceded by Morning Prayer. At 5 P. M., Evening Prayer was said. These Services were conducted by the clergy of the Parish, the Rev. Dr. Hodges, Rector, and the Rev. Dr. Hale, and the Rev. Messrs. Wayne and Johnson, Assistants. At night, a third Service was held, at which were present, in addition to the clergy of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Paine, of Mount Calvary Church, and the Rev. Mr. Kirkus, of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels; the latter of whom was the preacher on the occasion. This Service was even more beautiful and impressive than that of the morning, which, in like manner, was entirely choral. The anthem, "Tell it Out Among the Heathen," was beautifully rendered by two of the chorists, assisted by the full choir. The solo, "Then Shall the Righteous Shine," from the Oratorio of Elijah, was sung at the Offertory.

The Committee on increased Services for the colored population of our city, appointed by the Convocation of Baltimore, held a meeting at the Church-Rooms, on Friday last. The subject of work among the colored people, and of the utter inadequacy of the three present places of worship for the supply of the spiritual needs of a population of 40,000 souls, were fully and freely discussed. The importance of holding general Missionary meetings in behalf of this people, in Baltimore and Washington, at which distinguished speakers should be invited to take part, and also the subject of an itinerant for the purpose of exciting an interest throughout the Diocese, in this work, were unanimously agreed upon. And it was resolved, that a meeting of delegates from the several colored congregations and Sunday Schools, be held at the Church-Rooms, at an early day. It is to be earnestly hoped that the good work, which gives promise of being successfully inaugurated, will be carried out so as to produce practical results. The Rev. Dr. Hammond, of St. George's Mission, has volunteered to give, every Sunday afternoon, and as much time during the week as he can spare from the work of St. George's, to the establishment and keeping up of a new Mission for the colored people; if a suitable room, and proper lay assistants can be secured. If the Churchmen of Baltimore will provide the means, the work, God helping it, will go on.

The Rev. Robert Prout, one of the oldest clergymen of the Diocese, has recently entered into the rest of Paradise. After having served his Divine Master in the Ministry of the Church, for fifty-seven years, "he was gathered unto his fathers," at the good old age of eighty-three.

He was Ordained to the Priesthood in Christ Church, Alexandria, by Bishop Moore, in 1823. In 1824, he entered upon the Rectorship of Durham Parish, Charles County, in this Diocese, where he remained until 1840, when he removed to St. Paul's Parish, Calvert County, continuing there until 1845. He then returned to Durham Parish, of which he was Rector when God called him from his earthly labors. May he rest in peace, until he shall be called to enter into the full glories of the Redeemer's presence! J.

DELAWARE.—The ladies of St. Andrew's Church, Wilmington, are actively engaged with purse and needle, in preparing articles of necessity and convenience for missionaries of the Home field. They carry on the work with a zest that speaks well for heart and hand.

The Bishop of the Diocese will deliver the first of his winter course of lectures on the Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany, in St. Andrew's Church. Last year he gave quite an interesting course on the Church and Sacraments.

During Advent, Dr. Frost, Rector of Trinity, announced that a gentleman living out of the city, and with whom he had but a slight acquaintance, had kindly and unexpectedly donated a bond of \$1,000 to Trinity Chapel, the annual interest of which had been made payable to the Rector, to be used as a "Charity Fund." This gift will aid the Reverend Doctor considerably, in extending that assistance to the poor of the parish, which the severity of the winter makes more necessary.

The Clergy in the Parishes.

III.

Written for the Living Church.

CAPE LOOKOUT, Jan. 14th, 1881.

Hon. Godly Layman, Warden of St. Lawrence's, Goldston; Deputy, etc., from the Diocese of Rutledge.

MY DEAR SIR:—From the window of my somewhat lonely parsonage, I was looking out, this morning, over the narrow sandy island and troubled waters and thinking of you, when I heard of the death of your old former Rector, Dr. Fatherly. I thanked God, through my tears, that his sorrows were at last ended, and he at rest; and I thanked God, too, for the saintly example he has left us.

Some years ago, in my own earlier ministry, I visited him in St. Lawrence's rectory; about the time, I believe, when you first removed to Goldston. You remember him, of course, as I do. The once robust form was beginning to be bowed, and his hair was white; but his thoughtful brow, and calm quiet smile made me feel how truly experience had ripened to faith and hope, and an abounding charity. Thirty years he had then ministered to that parish; and he loved it as a part of his life, and its members as his children. The strong tones of his voice had not broken, but only softened; the once impetuous energies had sobered to a ripe wisdom, and to a greater fullness of spiritual power. As he stood in the pulpit and preached the Word, I felt that there was one whose only thought was to deliver his Master's message to the souls of his people; not to entertain or even try to edify them with his own ideas. I doubt if he ever thought he had any of his own, worthy of utterance from a place so sacred. He certainly, alike in words and in life, "preached not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord," and himself the servant of his people "for Jesus's sake." However little he thought of it, his wise counsels were precious to many a perplexed heart and hardened conscience. Oh, that this impatient age but knew the worth of such a man, and could but cherish, as its most precious inheritance from a passing generation, such ministers of God!

He was, perhaps, a little quaint; and the newcomers and some of the young people thought that he was behind the times. These new elements in the parish had, indeed, the less occasion for the good man's counsels, as they rarely had any doubts of their own sufficient wisdom, or any serious spiritual experience of any sort. One would have thought, to hear them, that the church was only a high-toned lecture and concert-hall. They began to talk of the need of a young man; and Mr. Commerce, the rich merchant, who had just come over from the Methodists, and taken a pew in the old church, made a casual remark, that if they had a live man, who could preach more attractive sermons, he would be willing to give a thousand dollars toward re-arranging the chancel and decorating the walls.

I had heard of this in the town; and, as I heard it, I thought that the faithful pastor was, probably, at that moment absorbed in earnest study for his flock, or, on his knees praying for spiritual insight and wisdom, to guide some bewildered parishioner out of his difficulties and doubts. I entered his study, and can never forget the look of anguish which for a moment crossed his face, as he told me that it had been intimated to him that it was time for him to give way.

You well remember what followed in St. Lawrence's:—how the tempting offer of Mr. Commerce filled half the parish with a new set of ideas; and how, at Easter, a "progressive" Vestry was elected. Every sober mind in the parish knew that the Rector had never been so truly valuable to them, as a Christian minister and pastor. But some of the new Vestry, especially Mr. Commerce, had heard an urbane, self-confident young minister, somewhere, whose rush of flowery rhetoric, had quite carried him away; and he induced the Vestry to pass a vote requesting the Rector to resign.

Dr. Fatherly never thought of himself, but only of the flock for which he must answer to the Great Shepherd. How could he then abandon them as a hireling? He wrote a meek letter to the Bishop, asking his help. The Bishop replied with much personal sympathy, but declined to interfere. Had there been any one to step in and rebuke the secular spirit which was thus taking control of St. Lawrence's, Dr. Fatherly's holy influence and self-devoted labors might have been saved to the church, to the parish, and to the faithful ones of his flock. But he was not the man to contend, especially for himself; and his resignation was accordingly sent in, and accepted; Mr. Commerce offering Resolutions of "sincere esteem, regret," etc.

At sixty, if a clergyman cannot be suffered to remain in charge of those whom he has long served, and who are devoted to him, still less can he contend successfully with younger men for a new parish. But Dr. Fatherly had too deep a reverence for his Office, to permit the attempt. This was, therefore, for him a virtual thrusting aside from that sacred shepherding of souls to which he had given up his life. His thoughts were filled with this. In comparison with this, he scarcely thought that it also meant hardships and poverty and suffering for the remainder of his days. I fear that, in their indifference to everything but worldly and social and purely business considerations, the new men who now had control of the parish, thought little of either. He withdrew to the home of his childhood, where his wants would, perhaps, be fewest. No one ever heard him speak a reproachful word. He mourned for his people; he never ceased to mourn for them; and very many of them never ceased, as you well know, to mourn for him.

It is over now, thank God again! But oh! my dear sir, tell me honestly, as you recall with me this unrighteousness, do you think that your parish has not suffered for this deed, in the decay of its spiritual life? And what shall be said

for a Church where such things are quite within the range of ordinary events,—with neither Canon law, nor Church principle to forbid; the great body of those whose spiritual interests and dearest affections are involved, utterly helpless to protect themselves, and no Episcopal power upon which either pastor or people can call for protection.

You had no special responsibility for this, for you were not at that time on the Vestry; but my dear friend, who, if not you, can effectually put forth the hand to save the Church, and the Dr. Fatherly who yet remain to us and to their flocks that love them as true shepherds in Christ, from the dangers which threaten them all, when Mr. Commerce comes over to us, and takes a pew in the old church? VOX CLAMANTIS.

Fact minus Canon Law.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

A correspondent, in your number of Jan. 6th, takes issue with D. B. S., of Westminster, Md., on the Common Law of the Church. I do not wish to be so discourteous as to step in between these combatants, especially as I am no lawyer. Doubtless we shall hear from Westminster again.

But I desire to ask, by what law are the clergy to be governed, especially as concerns vestments and ritual, if the brief of D. B. S. is a worthless one? The fact is, that the tendency in our Church is to follow the English Ecclesiastical Law, particularly the "Ornaments Rubric," in the matter of vestments and ritual. There is no legislation of our Church upon the vestments of the ministry. There is a document of the House of Bishops in Bishop White's day, issued about 1808, which prescribes as the clerical dress, "The gown, the bands, and the surplice;" also a Canon of our present code, which enacts that Lay Readers are not to wear any of the vestments appropriated to the clergy. What, then, are the distinctly clerical vestments?

If the Ornaments Rubric has not the force of common law in the American Church, and the law (?) as it was in Bishop White's day be notoriously obsolete, as it is, why are the clergy, or at least a section of them, stigmatized as "lawless" by certain Church prints and publications, and made the subject of side thrusts in Pastoral Letters and Episcopal Charges. The writer, when a candidate for Orders and a lay-reader, was averse to reading the Service in frock-coat; and he innocently supposed that as choir boys wore cassock and cotta, he would not be transgressing the Canon of Lay Readers, if he wore the same dress when reading the Service that he did when singing in choir. So he wrote, very innocently, to his Bishop for permission to wear cassock and cotta, and received the following reply: "As to your request to wear a cotta, I am much obliged by your description of it. But it is evidently a garment not known to our Church. The House of Bishops, in Bishop White's day, described the garments clerical to be the gown, the bands, and the surplice, and expressly forbid candidates for the ministry to wear either. I cannot give you permission to wear either of those; nor can I allow you to wear a garment not known to the Church, in the Diocese of —."

If D. B. S. is wrong, will some one, besides merely affirming him to be wrong, kindly point out the Ritual Law of the American Church.

T.

Another Note on Genesis xlix. 10.

What is gained by taking the ground that the words of the prediction in Genesis xlix. 10, are less extensive than the fact predicted? If it be insisted that the word "sceptre" must have a certain sense, how much better is a date prior to the appearance of that sceptre at all in history, than a date after the disappearance of such sceptre in the sense assumed?

Who will deny that Judah had a tribal pre-eminence gradually developed, and conspicuous to the very last of his national existence? Who cannot see there was in Judah such a superiority in numbers, position, ability, influence, culture, and the like circumstances, as steadily and naturally made him not only the most potent element in, but the very centre of, the Hebrew nationality?

But at the time when the Tabernacle came to "rest" in Shiloh, there was no such prominence as there was afterwards. The distinct nationality of Judah had not then come to the surface of events. There was as yet no actual "sceptre" in any of the tribes. Judah was, so far, the foremost of equals, not as yet the acknowledged superior. His distinctive "praise" was yet to be elicited. No "lawgivers" had then appeared to give him eminence by the devotion of their lives to the study and teachings of the Laws of God. Nor was there as yet any "gathering," either out of the other tribes, or out of other peoples, into the distinctive nationality of Judah. All these things were in the future.

But, as time advanced, the regal position of Judah became more and more pronounced. From the Disruption of the Commonwealth in the days of Rehoboam, and especially after the 70 years' captivity, there was a constant influx of individual members of other tribes into the nationality of Judah, as well as a continual accession of individual proselytes from various Gentile sources. All were incorporated into Judah; and for the last 500 years of his national life, the nationality of Judah was the sole, visible Israel.

And then the true "Shiloh" came—He who "is our Peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition" between Jew and Gentile, making in Himself of twain one new man, so making Peace." He came, who is the "Rest" of all the weary who will hear His voice and truly come to Him. He came, the distinctive, declared object of Whose Coming was that He might gather together in one the

children of God that were scattered abroad." Is there any accepted etymological sense of the word "Shiloh," which is not applicable to our Lord Jesus Christ as "the Lion of the Tribe of Judah?" Do not the historical facts justify a wonderful breadth of meaning in the words of the prediction? J. W. BANCROFT.

HASTINGS, WESTERN MICHIGAN.

What Shall We Do?

To the Editor of the Living Church:

The Dioceses of Connecticut and Albany have each passed Resolutions adverse to the clergy preaching on trial, as candidates for parishes. This action is right and proper. If it could be enforced, it would be of great mutual benefit to the clergy and the parishes. But, like the Pope's bull against the comet, such resolutions amount to nothing, so long as the parishes demand the sacrifice.

The Church in this land has practically placed her clergy in such a position as to render them absolutely helpless to repair the evil. Every year, the practice is growing worse; and its baneful effect is becoming very marked, both on the clergy and the parishes. The clergy feel very keenly the degradation of their sacred Office, and the surrender of their self-respect; and the laity suffer spiritual loss far greater than they realize. But, what shall we do? The majority of the clergy are married men, with children dependent on them for support. Subsistence must be had. It is an age when the clergy cannot devote their time and energies during the week to secular pursuits, and at the same time be able Ministers of the New Testament. It is a fact, which cannot be hidden, that our congregations, especially in the smaller towns, are not content to have one Pastor continuously. No matter how faithful and true a Minister may be, there is always an "outside" element that cannot be depended upon for contributions, except there be frequent change; and most of the parishes feel that these "outside" contributions are necessary to their maintenance.

Then again, business changes; and removals of laymen who have been mainly depended upon for the pecuniary support of a parish, often leave a pastor no choice, but to go or starve. Sometimes, the unfitness of the minister himself will render a change desirable.

But, no matter what the cause, the minister must have a new field, or his ministry be abandoned. Even if he be not adapted to the parish he was in, he probably would fit in some position, and do good service for the Church. Well, like a loyal Churchman, the minister first turns to his Bishop. Should there be a vacancy in his Diocese, the Bishop may nominate him. The chances are, that the vestry of the vacant parish will pay no heed to their Bishop's nomination. If they do, it will almost invariably be to invite the clergyman to preach, and exhibit himself to the congregation, with the intimation that they will call him if he gives satisfaction. Suppose he declines, and refers them to his record, etc., etc., unless he be a man of considerable prominence in the Church, that is the last he is likely to hear of the matter. He then offers himself to other Bishops, who are constantly calling for more men; and they reply that they have work only for single men. He discovers at last, that it is useless to rely upon Ecclesiastical authority, but that he must deal directly with vestries; and that means, he must join the throng of parish hunters (whose name is legion), and push his way by art and contrivance until he can secure a Church that will "hire" him. The clergy, by such means, suffer the loss of their manliness, and their distinctive position as Ambassadors of Jesus Christ. They have indirectly, at least, consented to become men-pleasers; and how can they thus make full proof of their Ministry?

Having presented themselves for the suffrages of the people, they have implicitly forfeited the right to speak and act only according to the terms of their Divine Commission. The result of this wretched state of affairs is, that many parishes are a long time without pastors, getting more and more into a spiritual decline; and clergymen going to their work with a sense of weakness, and the enthusiasm all taken out of them. But who is to blame? The Church has no practical system by which the clergy can be sent by authority to where they may be needed, with any assurance that they will be received and sustained.

The clergy do not, as a rule, resort to candidating until dire necessity drives them to it. The man who will not do it, must, if he be a married man, turn to secular pursuits for support. Years of experience in the Ministry, record of faithful work, and honorable character, all counts as nothing to secure a place to continue the work of the blessed Master in the Ministry of "this Church."

The clergy are not asking for always agreeable places and fat salaries; but they do feel that when they have made a good record, though it be in a limited field, and have gained experience in the work, the Church ought to make provision to still employ them in some capacity with a reasonable support, without subjecting them to the indignity of begging congregations to "hire" them.

There is, no doubt, work enough that ought to be done, to employ an increased number of clergy; but without some happier systems of placing men, and sustaining them, the greater increase, the more hopeless the confusion. The clergy will generally bear suffering cheerfully, when the dear Lord requires it for the good of His Church; but they cry out against unnecessary cruelty and injustice to themselves, when it works positive hindrance to the real progress of the Church. I do not think that I have exaggerated the case. Facts abundantly prove the truth of what I have written. Single clergymen cannot remedy this state of things. It can only be done by unity of action on the part of Bishops, Priests, and Laity. And the Bishops should be the ones to begin the movement, in some decided and practical manner. C. B. C.

Fact and Common Law versus Assertion.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

The English Common Law—*lex non scripta*—does exist, is recognized, and enters into the jurisdiction of every State in this Republic, except the Louisiana Purchase, and possibly, in some sense, Florida; and it is of the Common Law of the respective States, without formal re-enactment. Some States declared the Common Law and English Statutes (until separation), so far as applicable, as a system to be the law of such States. And law students very well know that there is a wide difference between declaring what the law is, and enacting or re-enacting law. You can not enact that which now is the law. It is already the law. It is declared to be law, in aid of those whose perceptions are more obtuse. It is the just boast of an Englishman, that he carries with him in his conquests—by discovery or war—the very atmosphere of the Common Law, "the wisdom of the ages." The Thirteen Colonies did not obliterate their existence. They said they were, not they would be free and independent States. And they maintained their declaration. Their Common Law was then, and continued to be the Common Law excepting only as modified; repealed by legislative enactment, or the logic of independence of the Mother government. Says the great Chancellor, James Kent: "But, though the body of the Common Law consists of a collection of principles, to be found in the opinions of sages, or deduced from universal and immemorial usage, and receiving progressively the sanction of the Courts, it is, nevertheless, true, that the Common Law, so far as it is applicable to our situation and government, has been recognized and adopted as one entire system, by the Constitutions of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Maryland. It has been assumed by the Courts of Justice, or deduced by statute, with like modifications, as the law of the land in every State. It was imported by our colonial ancestors, as far as it was applicable; and was sanctioned by royal charters and colonial statutes. It is also the established doctrine, that English Statutes, passed before the immigration of our ancestors, and applicable to our situation, and in amendment of the law, constitute a part of the Common Law of this country." I. vol. Kent's Com. star pp. 472-3.

"Our ancestors" also "imported the Ecclesiastical *lex non scripta*, in the same manner. Not her Acts of Parliament (e.g. Public Worship Regulation Act), but the *lex non scripta* of the Catholic Church."

When did the Church in the United States become such a sovereign power, that it might separate itself from the Catholic Church and "act as a sovereign power, re-enacting Discipline, Doctrine and Worship, as it sees fit?"

Suppose that "it saw fit" to refuse to "re-enact," would it be without the Apostles' Doctrine, for instance? Or would it be without the Canon of Holy Scripture, which are believed to contain some Doctrine, Discipline, and Worship? Suppose "it saw fit" to so frame its Discipline, Discipline, or Worship, as to deny or change the Faith? Does its sovereign power extend to the "enactment" of a Sacrament? or of an Order? Is it within such sovereign power, to repudiate Apostolic Fellowship? or to substitute something else for it? An obstacle in the way of "—a splendid assertion, is—that the Sovereign Power of the Church rests in Its Head, and is illuminated by the Holy Ghost. All things, even discipline, must be subordinated to the only Sovereign Power. There is some difference between regulating and enacting as a sovereign power as it sees fit." There is some distinction between infallibly witnessing to and teaching, and sovereignly enacting laws. G. W. WILSON.

Rome, Ga., Jan. 20, 1881.

A Change of Creed.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

I was interested in your editorial, in the LIVING CHURCH of the 6th inst., under the above caption. Having myself, in common with many others, traveled the same road with Bro. Seller, who has just withdrawn from the Presbyterian Communion with a view of entering the Episcopal Church, I am the better prepared to understand what is involved in this "change of Creed."

A Presbyterian can scarcely be said to have changed his Creed, on coming into our Communion, viewed from a mere doctrinal stand-point. There are no people in all Christendom more sound in all the essential doctrines of the Christian religion, than that body of people. They can truly say that they "believe all the Articles of the Christian Faith, as contained in the Apostles' Creed." And whoever believes thus much, all orthodox bodies recognize as being sound in all essential truth. This Creed contains a system of doctrine, a body of truth, whose parts are mutually dependent, and inseparably connected, every one of which commends itself to our judgment and conscience. For instance, we there learn that there is One Living and True God; that He is our Creator and Benefactor; that this great Being subsists in the three-fold Personality of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; that the Son took upon Himself our nature, and in it lived and died for us; that His life was a true fulfilling of the law of righteousness in our behalf, and His death a true propitiation and satisfaction for our sins; that He rose from the dead, and ascended again to the right hand of the Father in Heaven, where He now liveth to intercede for us; that the Holy Ghost, the Third Person in the adorable Godhead, is now at work in the world, through the Word and the Ordinances of the Church, bringing order and harmony out of the great moral chaos that everywhere reigns, that the righteous may look forward to a glorious resurrection and blessed immortality through this great remedial scheme.

These and kindred truths, as revealed in the Gospel, are as clear as the noon-day sun, and hence may become, in the true sense of the term, Articles of Christian Faith. They have been so accepted by the Church of Christ, for eighteen centuries. They are not the opinions of men, but God's revealed truth. Presbyterians believe these Articles as firmly as Episcopalians. Hence, neither Mr. Seller nor any other Presbyterian changes his Creed, so far as any essential truth of the Christian religion is concerned, in coming into our Communion.

But what he does effect is this: he gets rid of a system of doctrine, as binding upon the conscience, known as Calvinism. That system, in the main, is a plant of modern growth, a set of opinions concerning the Mind of God, which certain speculative minds have added to the ancient Creeds. In the Presbyterian Communion, these opinions, which men may hold or reject without in any manner affecting their loyalty to Christ or their Christian character, have been elevated to the dignity of a Creed. Hence, the minister in that body must take the solemn vow that he believes all the doctrines of this system, as set forth in the Westminster Confession of Faith; or he is not admitted to their pulpits.

Now, it is vain to deny, that the public mind of the present day has measurably rejected the doctrines set forth in the Westminster Confession of Faith. Take, for example, the following: "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others are foreordained unto everlasting death;" and the number of each is "so certain and definite, that it cannot be either increased or diminished." Again, "others not elected, although they may be called by the ministry of the Word, and may have some common operations of the Spirit, yet they never truly come to Christ, and, therefore, cannot be saved. Much less can men not professing the Christian religion be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature, and the law of that religion they do profess; and to assert and maintain that they may be saved, is very pernicious, and to be detested." Here we are denied the privilege of entertaining a hope that some may be saved, of all those, from whom the Christian world has for eighteen centuries withheld the written Word.

I have not quoted the above in any sectarian spirit, but simply to show what the Presbyterians require their ministers to believe and teach, under penalty of being branded as heretics.

In coming from that ministry into the Episcopal Church, the person is simply relieved of the burden of believing these Calvinistic tenets, if he does not wish to believe them. He has liberty in the matter. They are only opinions of men. Just as learned and pious men in the Arminian ranks controvert every distinctive tenet of Calvin, and yet their labors are equally owned and blessed of God.

What is true in entering our fold from the Presbyterian ranks, holds equally good in coming from any other sectarian body. All the person has to do, is, to drop as essential truths the distinctive tenets that give character to his sect, and simply to accept, as Articles of Faith, the ancient Creeds. Here and here only is the hope of our Protestant Christianity, nay, of Christendom. Rome as well as Protestantism has her modern Creeds, which stand in the way of the unity of the Body of Christ. She has imposed upon her subjects dogma after dogma, as conditions of salvation, unknown to the Apostolic and Primitive Church. Against her novelties, as well as the modern creed-writing of sectarian bodies, it is the work of the Anglican Church and her American branch to bear a solemn testimony, whilst their doors should stand open to receive all who would enter their fold upon the broad platform of the Ancient Creeds and Apostolic Ministry. A. J. YEATER.

Corsicana, Texas.

A Substitute for Sunday School Libraries.

The Rev. Samuel J. French, Rector of Trinity Church, Houghton, Michigan, has kindly sent us the following account of a plan that has been adopted in his parish, for providing the young people of the community with wholesome literature. He says:

A good thing has been done in this parish, by way of counteracting the influence of the vile literature which is now-a-days circulated so widely among children and young people. The people of the parish and of the community at large, have, at the instance and solicitation of an earnest layman who is in charge of the Sunday School, contributed liberally of their means, for the purpose of placing in the hands of the young, secular literature of the best and purest kind. This literature is circulated through the children of the Sunday School; they having the first reading, on condition of giving the papers to others who cannot afford to take them. These subscriptions took the place of the usual gifts of toys, etc., at Christmas, at which time the ladies of the parish spread a feast for the Sunday School, when the plan was made known. I am glad to be able to say that this style of Christmas gifts was hailed by the children as the most satisfactory of anything of the kind that they have ever had.

As to the details of the plan, the funds being limited—not sufficient to provide a paper for each child—the children of two or three families who are near neighbors, are united in one subscription. They read it in turn, and the last reader gives it to some poor child whom he selects, who is not a member of the Sunday School. The papers chosen are Harper's *Young People* for the younger ones, and *St. Nicholas* for the older. Of course, this reading-matter is not a substitute for, but is in addition to, the usual Sunday School religious papers. It does, however, do away with the desire for the Sunday School library, which consequently has become a thing of the past.

"CONCERNING WOMEN!"—The *Boston Transcript* has a department headed as above. Now, we like to see justice done, and, therefore, call on the *Transcript* to institute another department "Concerning Men."

The Household.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to THE HOUSEHOLD, 225 East 19th St., New York.

My Good-For-Nothing.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

What are you good for, my brave little man? Answer that question for me if you can— You, with your fingers as white as a nun, You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun. All the day long with your busy contriving, Into all mischief and fun you are diving, See if your wise little noddle can tell What you are good for—now ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet Came with a patter to climb on my seat; Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee, Under their lashes looked up unto me; Two little hands pressing soft on my face, Drew me down close in a loving embrace; Two rosy lips gave the answer so true—"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you!"

It is a great accomplishment for a lady or gentleman to be able to carve well at his or her own table, and a few hints, as to how this may be done, which we select from the Domestic Monthly, may be acceptable to some of our readers.

No good carver is expected to stand while carving. The knife should be in perfect order. Fowls should be laid on the platter, breast uppermost. Put the fork into the breast firmly. Take off the wings and legs first, without changing the position of the fork or turning the bird; then take off the wish-bone; this done, cut all the slices from the breast neatly; then cut out the collar bone, and divide the carcass in two pieces. Be sure to separate the joints of the wings and legs before putting them on the plates.

A Sirloin should be placed on the platter with the tenderloin underneath; cut thin slices from the side next to you, then turn the piece over and out from the tenderloin; serve with a slice from each part.

When carving a leg of mutton or ham, begin by cutting across the middle of the bone. A boiled tongue should be served from the middle.

In carving a forequarter of lamb, first separate the shoulder from the ribs, and then divide the ribs. Pork and mutton should be carved in the same manner.

In carving a fillet of veal, begin at the top. The breast should first be separated from the brisket, then carve nicely, serving a piece of each.

The art of not hearing may be cultivated to an almost unlimited extent. So many things are said which are coarse, abusive, profane—so many others rasp the temper, that the better way is to cultivate one deaf ear, and turn that to all such things. The power of the will in this respect is astonishing. Many a quarrel would be saved if the one to whom a hasty, cross word is spoken did not hear it. The art of seeing is as valuable as that of not hearing, and both should be taught and practiced in every well regulated family.

A well-bred man or woman never hears a vulgar or ill-natured remark, even when made to him personally, unless it is so made that he cannot avoid noticing it.—N. Y. Examiner.

How to prevent dried apples from becoming wormy: We have frequently heard the complaint that dried apples—which by the way may be prepared into several palatable dishes—no matter how carefully dried, will, during the Winter or early Spring, become wormy. A friend, who has repeatedly tried the following simple remedy, assures us that it has proved perfectly effectual: After the apples are thoroughly dried, or even after they have been stored away for use, spread in thin layers on tin pans, and place in a moderately hot oven, for fifteen or twenty minutes, not allowing them to cook at all, but merely that the heat may destroy the eggs deposited upon them by insects while they were drying. The same applies to any kind of dried fruit.

The festivals occupy a good deal of time, but it is time well spent in making home a charming place and laying up in store pleasant memories for future years. Happy children are far less liable to get into mischief and vice than those whose minds are idle or filled with unsatisfied longings. So we always celebrate the birthdays, Christmas and New Year's, the Fourth of July, Washington's birthday, and find most unalloyed satisfaction in the joy reflected from the smiling faces around our table.—Mrs. Kate Hunnibee.

Always try to have the children go to bed in a good humor; their sleep is so much sweeter, and so is mine when I know they are happy. And happy children are hardly ever vicious and bad. It is restless, peevish, unhappy juveniles that are forever hunting up mischief. Then it takes so little to make children happy; a candy-pulling, a good time popping corn, a game of blind-man's buff, will fill them to overflowing with innocent hilarity and delight.—Mrs. Hunnibee's Diary.

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule, And sun thee in the light of happy faces; Love, Hope and Patience, these must keep be thy graces, And in thine own heart let them first keep school.—Coleridge.

"The habit of prostration is a deadly foe to all prosperity in temporal or moral affairs. Do every duty as soon as it can be done."

A noble motive may dignify the most menial office, and a trifling service done in the spirit of love and fidelity shines with divine lustre. To bear with patience the little ills of life, the daily burden of care, to meet with a smile the changing fortunes of the hour, this is the highest wisdom. It is Christian philosophy.—Selected.

Half of a potato dipped in brick-dust is better than a cork for scouring knives. Never be worried by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell.—Youths' Companion.

A True Reformation.

The Brooklyn papers have recently given an account of the withdrawal of Rev. Y. Peyton Morgan from the Reformed Episcopal ranks. Mr. Morgan will no doubt seek for Ordination at the hands of our Bishops, and find congenial work among us. He is a young man of promise and a vigorous worker, and has in a little more than two years gathered a large congregation and built a church. Mr. Morgan came to Brooklyn from Laurel, Maryland, where he served for three years as the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is a graduate both of the Baltimore City College and Dickinson College of Carlisle, Penn.

"My views," he says, as reported in the daily Times (Brooklyn), "have been undergoing a change. I am like the man who tried to disprove the Bible and became converted. My changed views are the result of a careful study, and were not brought about by any personal or proselyting influences. I have nothing to say against the Reformed Episcopal Church, but I believe in the true Orders of the clergy and the delegated authority of the Bishops. After my four year's experience I have seen the value of the Liturgic Service. I also believe in the Sacraments as special means of grace, when God is present to the heart as not under other circumstances. I find the Prayer book of the Reformed Episcopal Church deficient in many respects, especially in the omission of the Declaration of Absolution. These things if not repudiated are certainly ignored by the Reformed Church. I think I can trace my present position to the law of reaction. The Reformed Episcopalians are drifting from the ritualistic form of worship back to the simple form. There was a period when our ideas met, but now they diverge. I am sorry to leave the people who have always treated me with such uniform kindness."

"Mr. Morgan, have you determined what your plans are as to the future?" "I have not as yet, although there is a possibility of my being called to assist in the work of a large parish in this city. That, however, is not definitely determined, and I can only say at present, I have no fixed plan."

The Late Bishop Atkinson.

We have been requested by friends of the late Bishop of North Carolina to reprint in our columns, the following extract from the Church Messenger, as supplementary to the obituary notice which appeared in our issue of Jan. 13th.

His ancestry were Churchmen, his great-grandfather having been a clergyman of the Church of England. He was himself born, baptized and brought up in the Church, and never belonged to any other religious body. To us who have been so intimately associated with him for this last quarter of a century it sounded strangely to hear the fatal words, "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust" pronounced over his remains. But so it is. After an illness of nearly a year, contracted in the performance of his episcopal duties, and accompanied by considerable suffering, it has pleased God to give him rest. It is probable that the seeds of the fatal disease had been already planted when in the spring of 1880 he set out upon a visitation of the eastern portion of his diocese. His exposure on this journey resulted in a sharp and complicated attack, in consequence of which he was obliged to return home. He spent some time in the early summer in Baltimore, Md., under the care of eminent physicians. Subsequently, he visited with temporary good results the Virginia Springs, but at last came home to Wilmington alarmingly prostrate in body. Still we hoped that the cooler air of winter, and, in the spring, the bracing climate of our mountains, would restore him. But suddenly the call came, and with scarcely a second of immediate warning or of opportunity to feel the touch of Death, he fell asleep.

It is not given to us to read with absolute certainty the heart of any man. But if ever it is permitted to know the tree by its visible fruit, if ever we may confidently say of any one, He has gone to the rest of the blessed, we may say it of our departed father.

His whole visible life for these twenty-seven years that he has been among us, since first he took the shepherd's crook and came to us in the name of the Lord to have charge of this part of the Master's flock, has been that of a sincere, humble and conscientious Christian. It has been so marked in its characteristics, so consistent in its details, and withal so open, so without disguise or concealment, that could we believe it a deception we should never more have confidence in man. That life has been for us—so far as it is ever given to human lives to be—a perpetual lesson of the practice of piety, a living, humble, conscientious imitation of Christ.

We will not here repeat the formal phrases in which his many and great talents and virtues have been already justly enumerated by so many loving pens. Suffice it to say that in our eyes he was both great and good. In all his earthly relations, whether of husband, or father, or brother, or friend, or of citizen, or Churchman, or priest, or bishop, he was at once noble and lovable, intellectually, morally, spiritually and personally. He was much to the Church at large. We have reason to believe that wherever he went he was received with admiration and affection. Among his peers of the House of Bishops his position was confessedly high. But to us of his own diocese he was more than to any or all others a man of God, a true friend, a spiritual father, a wise and gracious ruler. Whatever flaws of judgment the collisions of opinion may have imagined in him, they are all now faded out of sight. We look back to him as our great, wise, kind, thoughtful and courteous bishop, our beloved father in God, whose grave in our hearts will long remain unclosed.

We of his clergy especially cannot forget his affectionate greeting, his ear so open to our troubles and our triumphs, his sympathy always so ready to kindle, his sagacity in questions of difficulty, his happy power and charm as a teacher, his soul devoid of malice or enmity to any man, his reverend and noble presence. They are all still before us as if he could not have passed away. And yet there is upon all a halo as of one seen from another world. God grant that his example may not have been in vain—that to the diocese he loved may descend the inheritance of his virtues. He was laid to his rest under the altar of St. James' Church, Wilmington, N. C., (of which parish he was at one time rector,) January 7, 1881. The large attendance of all classes upon his funeral attested the universal regard in which he was held. Thirty-six of the young men of the city bore in turn his body with their own hands from his house to the church, where it was met by his former assistant, the Bishop of North Carolina, and by the Rt. Rev. the bishop of Virginia. The church was draped in mourning, the Services (the Church's Burial Office) were solemn and befitting such a surrender to earth of human dust. And so his soul is with God, while his body beneath the altar awaits the resurrection, in hearing of the constant prayers and praises of the Church. W.

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Church News and Work.

ILLINOIS.—The Rev. Dr. Jewell, of St. Mark's, Evanston, delivered, by invitation, a lecture before the Garrett Biblical Institute, the Theological Department of the North-Western University (Methodist), of this place, on Thursday last, on "The Comforting office of the Christian Minister."—The "Pastor Consolator." The lecture was exceedingly well received. Profound attention was given, followed at the close by spontaneous applause, and the thanks of the faculty, not less cordially than courteously given.

SOUTHERN OHIO.—An exquisite memorial window has been placed in St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, by Mr. H. D. Huntington, in commemoration of his wife and two children, deceased. A local paper speaks of it as being "a most exquisite work of art." The subject is that of our Lord as the Good Shepherd, with one lamb on His arm, another at His feet, and the mother by the side looking anxiously and tenderly on; having arrived at the entrance to the Eternal City, leaving the Valley of the Shadow of Death behind, and reposing beside the still water in the foreground. This arrangement, with the exquisite coloring of the drapery, makes a fine group, every line being significant. The legend is here appropriately introduced in fine old English lettering, of "Yes, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil." Mr. Edward Colegate, of New York, who is very distinguished in that class of Decorative Art, is the artist.

NORTHERN TEXAS.—A correspondent, writing from Dallas, speaks of the "Free Reading Room" of St. Matthews Cathedral Guild; and adds, "We have opened this—the only thing of the kind in the city for the benefit of the men who flock to this new country, and who are without homes, relatives, or friends. Already, many have availed themselves of the privilege, and we are much encouraged. We have secured a large room in the centre of the city, and furnished it simply, but attractively. Each member of the Guild gives his personal attention on successive evenings to the care of the room. We have about 500 volumes, besides several papers and magazines. Our current expenses, added to the cost of fitting up the room, force us during this first year to ask for contributions from friends abroad. Your paper has commended itself to all for its 'Churchy' tone, its Catholic principles, and its decided views."

Current Events.

Thomas Carlyle is reported again as dying, and this time with good foundation. The danger is still great, that the Chinese will overrun the country. The Chinese professor's class has been doubled this year at Harvard. Last year it consisted of one.

Mr. John Francis will shortly enter upon his fiftieth year, as publisher of the London Athenaeum; a fact said to be unprecedented in periodical literature. Only one of the paper's original staff of writers survives.

There is a strong prospect of a new building for the Public Library at Washington. The joint committee has reported a plan contemplating the expenditure of \$300,000.

The Alexandria Obelisk has been placed in position in Central Park, New York.

A great deal of suffering is reported in England, from the effects of the late severe storm. The Thames was frozen over, the streets of London were badly obstructed with snow, and trade was almost entirely suspended.

The Chilians have occupied Lima, the capital of Peru. This probably ends the foolish and disastrous war.

The main outlines of the arrangement between Russia and China, are, that Russia shall restore all Kuldja, reserving a small territory in the north-west of Ili. China will give a substantial amount over and above the 5,000,000 roubles stipulated by the treaty of Livadia, for the military expenses of Russia.

A Texas paper speaks of the late George Eliot, "a talented but very immoral young man," and as having been "the chief actor in the celebrated 'Mill on the Floss.'"

The sensational "State trials" at Dublin have been thus far failures.

Greece has sent a large force to the frontier; and Turkey is taking precautionary measures.

Professor Nordenkjöld contemplates another Arctic exploration, this coming summer. His ship is already building.

"The Eternal City" has inaugurated its first horse railway. Three soldi is the fare from upper to lower Rome.

The noted actor, E. A. Sothern ("Lord Dundreary"), who recently died in London, is said to have earned an annual income of \$157,000, and, it is added, that he spent it almost as rapidly as he made it.

Current Literature.

CERTAIN ASPECTS OF THE CHURCH. By John Cotton Smith, D. D. T. Whittaker, Publisher, New York. pp. 155. 75 cts.

The book comprises four sermons which have been delivered by Dr. John Cotton Smith, the well-learned, thoughtful and broad-minded Rector of the Church of the Ascension, N. Y. They were not written in the ordinary course of pastoral pulpit-work, but for occasion, of special and public interest; the first, at an ordination; the second, in a course of sermons at Trinity Chapel; the third, before the Diocesan Convocation of New York; the fourth, before the Eastern Convocation of the Diocese of Massachusetts. The cast of Dr. Smith's mind is known to be Catholic-evangelical. These sermons will still more build him up in the esteem of progressive and liberal Churchmen. His four subjects are—Charity and Truth; The Liturgy and Christian Union; The Church Law of Development; The Church's Mission of Reconciliation; and the title, "Briar-Hill Lectures," has been given to this volume, because the lectures or sermons which it contains have been written, in the retirement of summer months at "Briar Hill," in the town of Ipswich, Mass.

An earnest devotion to the Protestant Episcopal Church breathes through every one of these sermons, and a whole-hearted loyalty is manifested in every clear and simply-expressed thought. Very noble and often with eloquence, does he show his sincere attachment to the Church, on grounds of purest reason, outside the predilections of his birthright and life-service in it. His private and personal bent would incline him to a loving criticism of some opinions and practices found within it; but, what of that? A Catholic Church of the ages, the spiritual home of men of varying, yet, altogether, progressive minds through the ages, must be broad enough to comprehend all who hold the simple unities of the faith, in the bonds of peace and in righteousness of life. And, while the Church has not the most powerful conservative influences, yet, "at the same time, it admits without difficulty, schools of doctrine which, in any other system, must be followed by the endless process of Division." "The Calvinist and the Arminian, the Baptist and the Pedobaptist, those who hold high views and those who hold low views of the Sacraments, may all find a home in the Church; while, at the same time, the Church, unshaken by these various and conflicting systems, holds forth in her liturgy and creeds, the fundamental truths of Christianity, and proclaiming the remission of sins by faith in Jesus Christ, passes on unchanged through the generations of the world."

Although far from claiming that evangelical truth and feeling are found only in the so-called evangelical school of thought in the Church, yet he would select the Low-Church party as the one with which he would, in the main and on the whole choose to be classed, even though he holds Churchly "views of the Sacraments which very few of them would accept, and of the historic character of the institution of the Ministry, which some, at least, of them, would probably hesitate to avow." He believes, humanly speaking, that the existence of the three great parties or schools of thought in the Church, High, Broad, and Low, seems to be almost necessary, by reason of their mutual action and reaction one upon another, in order to the conservation of a pure Faith. The High-Church element (Sacramentarian, Tractarian, Ritualistic), tends to keep prominent the Sacrifice of the Atonement, Conciliar dogma, and Ancient Order. The Broad stretches forth the curtains of the Church's habitation, promotes modern critical investigation, and its tendency is to reduce essential dogma. It may sometimes approach perilously near to a disregard of the Godward efficacy of the Atonement, "but, in the historic Church, with its unchanging Creeds and universal testimony, this tendency has been kept within bounds; and, we are now to remember, that it is to this very spirit of free inquiry and independence of these traditionalisms, that we owe the Anselmian theory of the Atonement." The three great schools exercise "qualifying and restraining influences" upon each other, besides rendering special service of their own to the cause of Catholic truth.

The rationalizing tendencies of the Broad School are qualified and restrained by association in the same household of faith with their High-Church brethren, and both, Dr. Smith thinks, need the powerful and purifying influence of the doctrines of grace, those evangelical truths which are made the prominent factors in the system of Low-Churchmen. Hence, he would strenuously insist upon the wisdom of any party that may hold the balance of power, putting the others "under saws and harrows of iron." "A canonical system, very simple and general in its character, with a great deal left in question of ecclesiastical practice to the paternal influence of the Bishop," is the sort of rule to be desired. We should "recognize amid all diversities, the influence of that Holy Spirit which maketh men to be of one mind in a house, and under whose guidance, through all the strange vicissitudes of the Christian dispensation, there shall at last be a Church which is high in its historical character, and the traditional system which shall have brought down to the remotest period the Faith once delivered to the saints; broad in its grand catholicity and its grateful appropriation of the best fruits of science and culture; and evangelical in the joyful consciousness of a present and completed redemption, and in acts of glad obedience to Him who hath made all high unto God by the blood of His Cross."

May the Master give the Church many more men like-minded with John Cotton Smith! It were greatly to be wished that all who love our Church should read this book.

THE SANITARY ENGINEER, of New York, a bi-monthly journal, devoted to public health, in its relation to drainage, water supply, ventilation, heating and light, is a periodical no one, contemplating building, should fail to consult. It is no less valuable to those who depend upon renting houses in which to live. If our tenant population, especially in large cities, were more conversant with the topics discussed by this journal, those engaged in erecting tenement houses would be more careful in carrying out the details that are necessary to make healthful homes. Subscribers will enjoy the privilege of consulting experts on all questions relating to the above topics, without cost, where the enquiry is of general interest. We shall, from time to time, give extracts from it, in our Home Department; however, the journal will more than repay its cost to any one, whether designing to build or not, and we therefore heartily recommend it to our readers. Subscription, \$3 per year, post-paid.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. The number of The Living Age for the week ending January 29th, has the following noteworthy articles: The Prophetic Power of Poetry, by J. C. Sharpe, Fraser; The Unity of Nature, Part V., by the Duke of Argyll, Contemporary Review; Don Juan, by Jean Ingelow, Day of

Rest; A Day with a War Balloon, Nineteenth Century; Fina's Aunt, Cornhill; Suwarrow, Temple Bar; Bird-Loft, Chambers Journal; George Eliot, Spectator; and the usual amount of choice poetry.

The new volume of this standard weekly magazine began January 1st—a good time for the beginning of a subscription. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price, (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with The Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

The Misses Nisbett, 43 East 41st Street, New York.

Two English ladies, the daughters and sisters of clergymen, receive a few boarding and day pupils. Instruction based on sound Church doctrine. Resident Parisian governess. The best professors and teachers engaged.

The Selleck School, Norwalk, Conn.

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

St. Mary's Hall, Faribault, Minn.

Rt. Rev. H. B. WHIPPLE, D.D., Rector. Miss S. P. DARLINGTON, Principal. Is under the personal supervision of the Bishop, with 12 experienced teachers. It offers superior advantages for education, with an invigorating and healthy climate. The 15th year will begin September 16th, 1880. For Registers, with full details, address the RECTOR. Prices reduced.

Brook Hall Female Seminary, Media, Pa.

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

St. John Baptist School, 233 East 17th St. New York.

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De Veaux College, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Co., N. Y.

FITTING-SCHOOL for the Universities, West Point, Annapolis, or business. Charges, \$350 a year. No extras. Competitive examinations for scholarships at the beginning of College Year, first Wednesday in September; applications for the same to be filed ten days previously. Rev. GEO. HERBERT PATTERSON, A.M., LL.B., Pres.

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

The sixth year will open (D. V.) on Wednesday, Sept. 15th, 1880. Instrumental music under charge of J. Baker, Jr., a private pupil of Plaidy, of Leipzig Conservatory. French and German taught by native teachers. The Rev. FRANCIS T. RUSSELL, M.A., Rector.

Trinity College, Hartford, Ct.

Examinations for admission will be held at Hartford, on Monday and Tuesday, June 27th and 28th, 1881; also on September 13th and 14th. Commencement is Thursday June 30th, 1881. For Scholarships and for Catalogues application should be made to the President. T. R. PYNCHON, D. D., Hartford, Ct.

School of St. John, THE EVANGELIST, Boston, Mass.

Visitor, Rev. C. C. Grafton, S. S. J. E. For Terms apply to CHARLES HILL, 69 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass.

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.

St. Agnes' School, 717 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

Will commence its Fifth Year Wednesday, September 8th, 1880, and remain in session till June 21, 1881, with the usual vacations. Any further information may be obtained by addressing the Principal.

St. John's School, 21 and 23 W. 32nd St. New York.

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The Living Church.

February 10, 1881.

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The Man on the Dyke.

"The man on the dyke always hurls well." That is, those who sit and look on always think they could hurl better than the players do. The man on the dyke knows just how the game ought to be played, and will tell you how he would play it. He represents the innumerable company of those who know just how everybody else ought to do their work. "The man on the dyke" can tell you what a bishop ought to be and do; what he would do if he were a bishop; how his rector might manage, and how he ought to preach. If he happens to be a clergyman, he can always see what an opportunity the neighboring rector has, and what he might do. But, if there be any one thing more than another that "the man on the dyke" could do, and do well, it is to edit a paper, especially a Church paper. He knows perfectly well what a Church paper ought to be, and what he could make it. Of course, none of our subscribers are like "the man on the dyke." Still, gentle reader, if you think you could improve the LIVING CHURCH, do not fail to tell us how. We are constantly thinking how we can improve it. If you can help us, we should be very glad to have you do so.

In any event, let us try more to have that grace which is "the very bond of peace and of all virtue." Neither in Church nor State, nor parish, will things always go just as we would have them. If in any matter we can effect an improvement, let us do so, by all means, and be thankful that we can. But let us not be quick to think that, in this or in that, we could succeed better than others do. It is not always an easy thing to rule a nation, or to administer a diocese, or to care for a parish, or to preach with power. It is not even the easiest thing in the world to conduct a newspaper. If you think it is, we are certain you have never tried it.

As to that wherein we have had no experience, we shall do well to remember the saying as to "the man on the dyke."

The "Known Law" of the English Church.

The Bishop of Ohio, writing to a contemporary in defence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, says: "Let us get the dust out of our eyes. This particular question is not one of Vestments, but of disobedience to known Law. And it will not be loyalty to the Church for any member of it silently to allow a Bishop to be the subject of vituperation for obedience to law."

The known law, as we understand, is that certain ornaments, both of the Church and the Minister, "shall be retained and be in use." That is the Law, the "Known Law," adopted by the "Church and Realm" of England—by the Church in her Convocations, by the Realm in her Parliament; all clergy are bound to it by their Ordination Vows, and Church and Realm have never made any change in it from 1662 to this day.

The imprisoned ritualists obeyed this "Known Law." Not one of the Bishops or Archbishops of England obeys this "Known Law." And they help to persecute the priests who are more obedient to the "Known Law" than themselves.

As to "loyalty to the Church," the Bishops have, first of all, under the leadership of the Archbishop of Canterbury, betrayed the inherent rights of their own Order. From the time of the Apostles down to 1875, the Bishops had inherently the primary power of judgment and discipline in their hands. In that year, they made a present of this inherent part of the Apostolic office to a secularized Parliament, which, since adopting that Ornaments Rubric, as drawn up by the Church in 1662, has first admitted Dissenters, then a nation of Presbyterians, then another nation fourth-fifths Romanists, then Jews, and lastly Atheists.

The Bishops surrendered an inherent part of their Apostolic power to this Parliament; and the whole of their coercive

disciplinary power now belongs to a secular judge, appointed by the secular power alone! This fatal betrayal is their notion of "loyalty to the Church." Naturally they rave with indignation against those who are so loyal to that Church which those Bishops have betrayed, as to be willing to go to jail in hope of regaining that jewel of the Episcopate, which the Bishops themselves have thrown away.

No English Bishop has been "the subject of vituperation for obedience to law," except those few of them who have worn their copes, in obedience to that very "Known Law," and have been abused by the radical Low-Church papers for doing so. But others of the Bishops have accepted the decision of the merely secular court, that where the "Known Law" of the Church says "shall be retained and be in use," the words really mean "shall not be retained and be in use;" and they lend the whole weight of their office to favor the imprisonment of faithful priests, whose only fault is that they will not accept such a non-natural use of the English language, as to consent that the affirmative really means the negative!

We never use the Collect for the "Sixth Sunday after Epiphany," without wishing that there had been added, at the close of the Eucharistic Scriptures for the Season, the Rubric: "When there be not so many Sundays after the Epiphany, this Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, for the Sixth Sunday, shall, except when they are used in Trinity, be used upon the Sunday next before Septuagesima." We refer here to the Collect in particular, because, while the Eucharistic Scriptures are as apt and striking as any set forth for the Season, the Collect seems to us to be both in breadth and beauty, one of the finest in the Prayer Book. The want of such a Rubric is the more apparent, from the fact, that no one of the Epiphany Collects at all compares with this as an apt and expressive link between the two Seasons. Certainly, the Church-idea of anticipatory consecutiveness, so distinctly set forth in the change from the Trinity Season to that of Advent, might not unwisely be recognized at this not less important transition from the great Advent-circle of Festivals, to the great Fast-cycle.

See Bishop McLaren's Appeal for the family of the late Rev. Peter Arvedson, and when found, "make a note on't;" we mean a treasury note. If this fund is not speedily forthcoming, and without personal appeal, we shall have to conclude that there is no virtue in man! We shall give, next week, a memoir of this grand and childlike man, prepared by a lady in Connecticut, who has known him for many years. On seeing it, good reader, you will double the amount you had thought of giving.

We beg to remind our readers that there may sometimes be delay or failure in the delivery of papers, even when the greatest possible care is exercised at the mailing office. In some cases, papers are delivered to the wrong person, having a name very like the one to which the paper is addressed. Sometimes, in the rough handling of heavy mail bags, a package of papers is burst open, and the name of the destination is lost. These accidents do not, however, often occur. Whenever this paper is two days behind its usual time of delivery, subscribers will confer a favor by informing us.

We beg to tender our warmest thanks to several of our subscribers, who, in answer to our appeal, have sent us copies of Nos. 113 and 115 of the LIVING CHURCH. The demand still continues, and it is important that the supplement to No. 113 should not be wanting. Copies of No. 107 will also be welcome.

We hope that some of our young readers will be able to solve the questions proposed to them in the "Bible Studies, No. 2," in this number of the LIVING CHURCH; as well as that which occurs at the close of the first of the same series, in our last week's issue.

Thomas Carlyle died at London, last Saturday morning. He was one of the most eccentric writers, both as to peculiarities of thought and oddities of expression, that have contributed to the lit-

erature of our language. He was born in 1795, his father being a farmer of some means and education. His married life, strange to say for one who was so dogmatic and imperious, was happy, and his wife was a great help to his work and comfort to his life. His principal works were the translation of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, Sartor Resartus, Hero-Worship, and Life of Frederick the Great. With all his rugged peculiarities, he was a man of sterling worth, purity of life, and kindness of heart.

Editorial Brevities.

Much interesting Church News is crowded out this week, but will be forthcoming in an extra sheet next week.—Bishop Lyman has appointed the Opening Service of the next Diocesan Convention, which will be held at Raleigh, on the third Wednesday in May, as the time for the Memorial Service of the late Bishop Atkinson. Bishop Lay has consented to preach the sermon.

The editor of the *Methodist* says: "We are satisfied that the annals of Christendom presents no more valid or regular Episcopacy than our own." In other words, he is satisfied that a stream can rise higher than its source, since Mr. Wesley was only a priest.—The Congregationalists drove Roger Williams out of Boston, nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. Roger Williams was the first Baptist preacher in America, and organized the first society of that body in this country. To-day, the number of the Congregationalists in Boston is 8,561, while the Baptists number 9,673.—A Bishop is the chief Pastor of the Diocese. When the members of a Diocesan Council are about to enter upon the election of a Bishop, they engage in silent prayer for the aid of the Holy Spirit to guide them to a wise choice. A Rector is the head of the Parish, and the choice of a Rector is of as much importance to the Parish, as that of a Bishop to the Diocese. Yet how seldom do we hear of a church vestry engaging in silent prayer for Divine guidance, before proceeding to ballot for a Pastor? May not omission here be one cause why so many unwise selections are made?—The *Christian at Work*, New York, has lately completed its fifteenth year. To commemorate its crystal wedding it came out with an extra and very neat title page, on which were allegorically represented the anniversary of its wedding to literature. The funny part of it is, that the picture, which recalls the marriage, is that of a church chancel and all its accompaniments of lectern, altar, and surpliced Priest!—Bishop Kerfoot is still in a feeble condition. The Bishop of New Jersey is making visitations in his Diocese.—Bishop Elliott, of Western Texas, was, on Christmas Day, presented with a horse and buggy by the congregation of St. Mark's Cathedral, San Antonio.—It is stated that "a priest in good Canonical standing" applied to a Bishop for work in his Diocese. This Bishop had just made an appeal for more laborers to go out into fields white for the harvest. The Bishop replied that he had no place at all for him in his Diocese. The inference was that the Church has ministers enough already. This conclusion, however, does not necessarily follow. There is scarcely a Bishop who will not say the same to some "priests in good Canonical standing." Bishops usually desire in a minister other qualities than "good Canonical standing."—It never thaws, out West here, but it floods. Here is Chicago, submerged in slush; St. Louis, threatened with ten feet of water marching down from the Northland; New Orleans, sitting like a new Venice amid the waves.—The Report of Convocation in Kewanee will appear next week.—Bishop Brewer has recently spent a few days with the Rev. A. W. Snyder, at Rockford, Ill., going from there to St. Paul, Minn.—The revised version of the New Testament will soon be published. The work has been carried on for ten years by some of the ablest scholars of the English speaking world, and the result cannot fail to be of value, even should the version fail of general acceptance in the place of the old translation.—The Journal of the General Convention of 1880 is published and is already in the hands of many. The Secretary, Rev. C. L. Hutchins, has done this work, as he does everything, well, and deserves all praise. For order, neatness, and accuracy, it could hardly be excelled.—Messrs. E. & J. B. Young & Co. will soon publish the address of the Rev. Knox-Little, delivered in Boston, on Ritualism.

Church News and Work.

WISCONSIN.—On Tuesday, Feb. 2nd, being the Feast of the Purification, the beautiful new church dedicated to St. Luke, which has recently been erected by the citizens of the thriving town of Baldwin, St. Croix Co., was duly consecrated by Bishop Welles. There were present, of the clergy, the Missionary (the Rev. M. L. Kern), and the Rev. Messrs. Peabody, Clarke and Yundt. The building is one of real architectural merit, and is peculiar in this respect, that it is the only Place of Worship for the English-speaking population of Baldwin. The community united in building the church, and unite in sustaining the Services. It is an interesting field of work for the Church, and at the present time one of great encouragement.

St. Paul's, Watertown.—On the 4th Sunday after the Epiphany, Jan. 30th, the heart of this parish was made glad by a visitation by the Bishop. It was his first visit to the parish since the work of repairs and decorations completed last Fall. He very highly commended the work, for its tasteful arrangement and its harmony of design. The chancel, with its decorations and complete and handsome furniture, is among the first

in the diocese. The surpliced boy-choir has been increased in numbers, and is in good training; and, led by the Precentor, Mr. John J. Moulding, renders the musical parts of the Service on Sundays, excellently. A class of seven was presented by the Rector (Rev. Harry Thompson) for Confirmation. Two of this number, husband and wife, were from the Moravian Society; two others, husband and wife, were from the Lutheran Church. The remainder were from the Sunday School. In the morning the Sunday School recited the Catechism in concert, to the Bishop, and received his commendation with some very appropriate remarks. Their recitation showed faithful work on the part of the teachers, and willing minds on the part of the children. The parish has been greatly encouraged and strengthened by this visitation, and looks forward to a bright future. "PAULUS."

MICHIGAN.—The Rev. S. S. Chapin, Missionary at Ovid, in Clinton Co., (a village of 1,500 inhabitants), has issued a very simple and earnest appeal, most warmly endorsed by Bishop Harris, for a little help in a great emergency. His case may be put in a very few words. A church building was necessary to the successful prosecution of his work. His own personal responsibility was indispensable, and he gave it. The result was a church with a capacity of 200 persons, and costing \$2,100. He raised, in the village, a sum equal to seventy-five cents from every man, woman and child. And now, so small a sum as \$250 will meet present necessities, and relieve the missionary from all personal obligations, besides securing valuable property to the Church. The Bishop says, that, by the Divine Blessing, it is through the wise and prudent leadership of the Missionary that the good work has been begun and finished. And he adds, "The special gratitude of the people of Ovid, and of the Church throughout the diocese, is due to you." To such a testimony, from such a source, we need add nothing.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.—The Rev. Chas. T. Stout, Rector, of St. John's Church, Kalamazoo, has issued an earnest and searching Pre-Lenten Pastoral to his flock, in which he sets before them in plain and emphatic terms, the usual processes which lead to spiritual starvation, and invites them to self-examination. It cannot be denied, that, if his people yield obedience to their Pastor's counsel, a joyful Easter, temporally as well as spiritually, will be the blessed outcome of their Lent. The LIVING CHURCH trusts that it may be so.

DELAWARE.—Church news in this diocese is rather a scarce commodity. Rumors are afloat as usual, but we do not wish to aid Madam Rumor. The latest clerical item is the removal of one of our oldest clergy from Wilmington to Delaware City. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, well known in more than one of our dioceses as a faithful, active clergyman in days long past, has taken a quiet home with his little family, in the above-named place, and now devotes his time and such sight as he has remaining, to his work, "The Bible and How to Read It." If any of his friends would like to help him out in his declining days, and encourage his labors still for Christ's Church, let them address him at his home, enclosing one dollar, and he will, in return, send a copy of this work, which has received many high commendations. PAX.

Bishop Tuttle.

His Good-bye Epistle to the Clergy and People of Montana.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1880.

To the Clergy and People of Montana:
DEARLY LOVED FRIENDS—In an hour or two the Rev. L. R. Brewer is to be consecrated your Bishop. Then is made over to him the name I have always been proud of and loved: the Bishop of Montana.

It becomes me to say my Good-bye. My heart, torn with sorrowfulness at this rupture, tells how you are imbedded in it. Precious memories, crowding themselves upon me this hour, witness how lovingly good you have been to me. Let me say out of my sadness. The valleys and hillsides, the very nooks and crannies of your Territory are dear to me from association. Your clergy and men and women and children and homes are more dear from ties of affection. I were a stone statue could I speak this farewell unmoved. Sad, indeed, sit I now to write it.

Sadder settles the feeling at this hour, when my oversight of you ends, that I have not done for you or among you as well as I ought or might. Things have been done that I ought not to have done, and left undone that I ought to have done. You have once and again said kind words to me about my diligence, and as you were pleased to see and call it, my faithfulness. Love prompted these words, and my heart is touched at recalling them. But God knows how, to Him and me, this your picture is marred by selfishness and earthliness. The book of my pastoral stewardship of your souls closes itself now unto the one only opening of the last Great Day. I am praying God to forgive the debts and lacks, the wastes and losses and sins of unfaithfulness in that record, for the merciful Saviour's sake!

But saddest crowds the thought, that many of you whom I dearly love, and who have been tenderly kind to me, have not placed yourselves freely and fully on the Lord's side, as earnest, communing Christians. Dear, dear friends, I beg you, I pray for you, turn you to God in faith and prayer and obedience and Holy Baptism and Holy Communion. Seek ye the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Be grateful to your Saviour, and kind to your own souls. Waning life has no real happiness in it for you and me, and coming death no well-founded peace with, it out Christ.

But be my closing word one of gladness. Montana has a Bishop of its own. 'Tis the right

thing for Montana to have. 'Tis high time for her to have him. Let us "thank God and take courage," you with me, and I with you. I beg you love him and help him, as you have loved and helped me. Give him your full confidence. Stay up his hands. Cheer his heart. Under him prayerfully make you the Master's cause grow and the Church's life strong.

Brethren Beloved! Good-bye! That means, God be with you! He will helpfully bide with you, if you trustfully lean on Him. My love and prayers are yours. With an almost bursting heart I lay down my pastoral staff as Bishop of Montana. God help me. Amen.

DANIEL S. TUTTLE.

The Church in Iowa.

From our Davenport Correspondent.

The Rev. B. T. H. Maycock has resigned the rectorship of Grace Church, Montrose, and taken charge of the Mission of the Holy Cross, Keokuk. Church Services have been inaugurated at East Des Moines, under the efficient rectorship of Rev. Joseph S. Jenckes, of St. Paul's Church. The Rev. Wm. Wright, late of Denison, will take charge of these Services.

The Rev. Charles C. Burnet, Rector of Trinity Church, Iowa City, opened the new year with a series of five very earnest discourses to young men, entitled "A Life Tragedy." (1.) Leaving Home; (2.) Enjoying Life; (3.) In the Breakers; (4.) Coming to Himself; (5.) Home Again. The Services were well attended, and were productive of great good in the community.

Difficulties, dating back to the origin of St. Mark's Parish, Waterloo, have resulted in the separation of the Church people of that place into two parishes; one on the East, and one on the West side of the river. The rectorship of the old parish is now vacant. The Rev. Frederick M. Bird is in charge of the new Christ Church. Mr. Henry D. Williams has been licensed as Lay-Reader, at Waterloo.

The Mission at Maquoketa is endeavoring to raise funds to erect a church building. Under the ministrations of the Rev. S. F. Myers, the Mission is gaining strength in numbers and influence.

During a little more than four years' Episcopate, Bishop Perry has ordained fourteen Deacons and eleven Priests.

The students of the Theological School of Griswold College have organized an Association for weekly meetings in the college building. The object of the Association is to imbue the members with greater love and devotion in their holy calling; to inculcate greater personal piety, and an earnest missionary spirit. The members will meet to pray together, to talk on religious subjects, and to make reports of the missionary work they are now doing. They feel that, in these dark days of scepticism and indifference, there is great need, on the part of God's ministers to show to the world increased personal holiness, and a readiness to make any sacrifice in their work of extending the Catholic Church of Christ.

Within the last few years, there has been established, in the northwestern part of this State, near the town of Le Mars, an English Colony. The colony was originated by two nephews of Dean Close, of Carlisle, graduates of Cambridge, who came to this country to spy out the land; and, after travelling through Canada, Virginia, and Missouri, at last settled in this beautiful and fertile country of North-western Iowa. The colony now numbers three hundred persons, most of them young men of high social standing, and fine education. Among these, may be mentioned Lord Hobart, two sons of the Bishop of Lichfield, a son of Admiral Hornby, a son of Sir John Lubbock, a son of Lady Bent, etc. A number of young men have been sent over as pupils in the School of Farming and Stock-raising. They serve their apprenticeship in feeding pigs, tending sheep, herding cattle, pitching hay, or carrying grain to market. After the term of pupilage is over, the young man buys land on his own account, and he becomes either a farmer or a stock-raiser. Two thousand dollars have been raised by this colony, for building a church. An English clergyman came over, and officiated for some time; and another has been called. We trust that this colony will be the means of a great growth of the Church in this section of the Diocese.

The meeting of the trans-Mississippi Bishops, which was to have been held in Davenport during the latter part of January, has been postponed until Spring. Bishop Whipple, owing to severe illness, has been compelled to seek relief in the milder climate of Florida. Bishop Vail is detained in the East, by the illness of his wife. Bishop Tuttle is also in the East. Bishop Clarkson is on a missionary journey in wild Dakota. Bishop Hare is hard at work among the Indians; and Bishop Spalding is snow-bound in the mountainous regions of the Far West.

Drafts of Forms of Application, Trust-Deeds, and Rules of Order, have been prepared for the Western Church Building Society, by the corresponding Secretary. Numerous applications for loans and gifts have been received, and placed on file. There are already enough cases deserving immediate attention, to exhaust five times the amount on hand.

Oh, that the Church would awaken to the realization of the work to be done in the great West! Thousands and thousands of immigrants, of all nationalities, are pouring in to settle the land. What is to become of them? Are their children to grow up in entire ignorance of the Gospel? Are they to be trained in the narrow doctrines of any of a hundred different sects? Are they to fall into the hands of the erring Church of Rome? Or, will the American Church, which rightly claims to be a true branch of the Catholic Church of Christ, show itself Catholic, in reaching out, and bringing within its fold, the masses of the great West? IOWA.
Davenport, Feb. 1, 1881.

Diocese of Pittsburgh.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

A joint meeting of the Erie and Warren Deaneries was held in Emmanuel Church, Corry, beginning on St. Paul's Day, January 25th.

Dean Purdon preached a very instructive sermon on "St. Paul." A meeting for Reports of the clergy, was held next day, at 9 o'clock A. M.

This Convocation assembled on the fifteenth anniversary of the Consecration of the Bishop of Pittsburgh.

The next joint meeting of the Erie and Warren Deaneries will be held in St. Luke's Church, Smethport, on the 26th and 27th of April.

Mission Work in the South-Eastern Dioceses.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

The awakened interest in Missions, evinced by the action of the General Convention, three years ago, and so nobly carried forward, this year, should cheer the heart of every worker in the field.

We are making rather slow progress here; and, to my mind, the hindrances to growth are found both in the peculiar condition of the country, and in a defective system of work.

One difficulty with which we meet, is the occupancy of the ground by other religious bodies and systems of religions thought. An erroneous idea of what religion is in itself pervades this land.

Now I am persuaded that a Church Missionary, with his free Catholic Gospel and teaching liturgy, is just the man that is required.

The few scattered towns where we begin our work, are made up of the same religious elements you find in the country around, together with a few tradespeople from the North and West.

It is true that schools, female schools, are being established by these denominations in many of these small towns.

vescence and exuberance, platform display, and self-satisfaction. When one of these young lady graduates returns to her home on the farm, you can readily conceive how the happiness and usefulness of the woman has been shipwrecked.

As true education advances, no doubt, the Church will gain ground; but this is in the distance.

Remember, these people up here are not the descendants of the old wealthy slave-owners, but a class of people living and reared in Upper Georgia, where the mass owned very little property of any kind, and where very few truly cultivated people are to be found.

Now, what can the occasional, or even monthly visits of a Church Missionary do? Therefore it is, that some of our mission points have been occupied for twenty-five years, and have made almost no advance, unless where Church families happen to have moved into the neighborhood.

Of our mode of work, I will write in my next.

Albany.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

The Bishop of the Diocese has issued a pamphlet on the vexed question of "Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister."

The Rev. H. R. Howard, S. T. D., Rector of Potsdam, is lying at home seriously sick. He caught cold driving sixteen miles to a funeral, and was prostrated first by acute laryngitis, and then threatened with pneumonia.

The Board of Missions of the Diocese, organized at their first meeting by the election of Rev. W. R. Woodbridge as Secretary, and Mr. Selden E. Marvin as Treasurer.

The subscription plan of Bishop Neely, as applied to Diocesan Missions, has met with the hearty approbation of the clergy, and reports are already in, speaking of the hearty co-operation of the people, and the cheering prospects of an enlarged treasury, and the means for an enlarging mission-work.

Through the energy of the clergy and the support of the Diocese, the Church is reaching out in all directions, through the wilderness of Northern New York; and the Saviour's words to the embassy of John Baptist are being fulfilled.

School for Hebrew Children.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

Though late, we trust that the following sketch will not be without interest. It was, indeed, a very impressive scene, this celebration of the Nativity by the children of those who rejected our Blessed Lord.

The undersigned desires copies of all letters written by Bishop White, and will feel obliged to any owner of such to inform him where they can be received, when he will be happy to procure copies to be made.

The undersigned desires copies of all letters written by Bishop White, and will feel obliged to any owner of such to inform him where they can be received, when he will be happy to procure copies to be made.

Thales was asked what was the hardest and what was the easiest thing to do? he said the hardest thing was to learn to know one's self; the easiest, to find fault with the doings of other people.

The Late Rev. P. Arvedson.

AN APPEAL.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

I notice with gratification the completion of another Bed-Endowment for St. Luke's Hospital. I hope you will now find room for an appeal of another kind.

Sincerely Yours, W. E. McLAREN.

P. S.—I hope you will consent to receive and pay over all subscriptions to C. R. Larrabee, Esq., Treasurer of the Diocese.

[It will give us great pleasure to act as above suggested by Bishop McLaren.—ED. LIVING CHURCH.]

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS. C. S. Dole, Esq., Crystal Lake, \$100.00 St. Mary's Mission, Blv'n's Mills, by Robert Tweed, 50.00

PERSONAL MENTION.

The vestrymen of St. John's, Troy, New York, at which church Dr. William Chauncey Langdon has been officiating for two months, have renewed their call to the Rev. Heber Newton of the Anthem Memorial Church, New York, and Mr. Newton has again declined.

—Rev. Edward Kenney, by advice of his physician, sailed on Wednesday, for Charleston, for the benefit of a complete removal from all effort in connection with the Cuban Mission, still so dear to his heart.

—Rev. Leighton Coleman, D.D., is still detained abroad by Mrs. Coleman's ill health. They are at present in Italy.

—The Rev. George C. Harris, S. T. D., Dean of St. Mary's Cathedral, Memphis, Tenn., requests his letters and papers sent to Madison Square, Miss., until further notice.

—The Rev. Chas. B. Champlin desires all letters and papers to be addressed to Fredonia, Chant Co., New York.

—The physicians having prescribed a temporary rest for the Rev. J. M. Stevens, Assistant Minister of St. James' Church, Chicago, he has taken a vacation, which will be spent in the South. Letters sent to his usual address will be duly forwarded.

Notices.

Bishop McLaren's Lent Visitation, 1881.

- March 13.—St. Thomas' Church, Chicago, 4 P. M. 15.—Christ Church, Winnetka. 16.—Grace Church, Hinsdale. 17.—St. Paul's Church, Kankakee. 20.—St. Angaricus' Church, Chicago, 10.30 A. M. 21.—Church of the Ascension, Chicago. 22.—St. John's Church, Lockport. 23.—St. Mark's Church, Evanston. 27.—Emmanuel Church, Lagrange, 10.30 A. M. 28.—St. Paul's Mission, Riverside. 28.—St. Stephen's Church, Chicago. 29.—St. Luke's Church, Chicago. 31.—St. Anne's Mission, Morrison. April 1.—Grace Church, Sterling. 3.—Trinity Church, Chicago, 10.30 A. M. 5.—Church of the Good Shepherd, Mokenca. 6.—Trinity Church, Aurora. 10.—St. James' Church, Chicago, 10.30 A. M. 11.—Grace Church, Chicago, 7.30 P. M. 17.—Cathedral, Chicago, 10.30 A. M. 21.—Church of the Epiphany, Chicago. 24.—Calvary Church, Chicago, 10.30 A. M. 25.—St. Andrew's Church, Chicago. 26.—Grace Church, Galena. 27.—St. Paul's Church, Wrentham. 28.—Mission, Lena. 29.—Zion Church, Freeport. May 1.—Emmanuel Church, Rockford, all day. 8.—Church of Our Saviour, Chicago, 10.30 A. M. St. Paul's Church, Hyde Park. 15.—Christ Church, Joliet, all day.

The Services, when not otherwise designated, are at 7.30 P. M. The Offertory will be for the benefit of young men preparing for Holy Orders. Other appointments will be included in the above list in due time.

A Cot for Crippled Children, St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago.

Contributions are solicited for the endowment of a cot for crippled children. The sum of \$200.00 is sought to be raised for this purpose. All who feel disposed to aid in this good work, are requested to send their contributions to Mrs. A. Williams, Treasurer of the cot, 2824 Prairie Ave., Chicago.

Bishop White's Correspondence.

The undersigned desires copies of all letters written by Bishop White, and will feel obliged to any owner of such to inform him where they can be received, when he will be happy to procure copies to be made.

The Chapter of the Southern Deanery of the Diocese of Illinois, will be held at Christ Church, Joliet, Feb. 15 and 16, commencing Wednesday evening.

Caution.—The public, and especially the Clergy, are hereby advised to beware of a young Englishman, calling himself Joseph Tibbatts, who has been in Chicago for several weeks past, and has proved himself quite unworthy.

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Church Calendar.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

2. Presentation of Christ in the Temple; commonly called the Purification of Saint Mary the Virgin.
4. Friday. Fast.
5. Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.
11. Friday. Fast.
13. Septuagesima Sunday.
18. Friday. Fast.
20. Sexagesima Sunday.
24. St. Matthias.
25. Friday. Fast.
27. Quinquagesima Sunday.
March 2. Ash-Wednesday. Fast.
N. B.—The Forty Days of Lent, beginning with Ash-Wednesday, are, by the ordinance of the Church, "Days of Fasting, on which such a measure of Abstinence is required as is more especially suited to extraordinary Acts and Exercises and Devotion."

Friend, I do thee no wrong; . . . take that thine is, and go thy way; I will give unto this last, even as unto thee.

S. MATTHEW XX. 13, 14.

Forasmuch as there is to us in this life a difference in works, doubtless, there will be in the future life a difference in degrees of dignity, that whereas here one surpasses another in desert, there one may excel another in reward. Hence Truth says in the Gospel, "In My Father's House are many mansions." But in those many mansions the very diversity of rewards will be in some measure in harmony. For an influence so mighty joins us together in that peace, that what any has failed to receive in himself, he rejoices to have received in another. With the Father are many mansions, and yet the unequal laborers receive the same penny, in that the blessedness of joy will be the same to all, yet not one and the same sublimity of life to all. S. GREGORY.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluia rang,
When Creation was begun,
When God spake, and it was done.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Bible Studies.

No. 2.

Written for the Living Church.

A man of the tribe of Judah; his name signifies "dog," his daughter's name means "an ankle." She was given by her father in marriage, as a reward to him who wrested a certain city from the Canaanites. The name of the city means "a word, or oracle." It had also another name which signifies "Book, City." The name of the victor means "Lion of God." He was very valiant and famous among the Israelites, and occupied a responsible position. By an important victory which he gained over the Mesopotamians, he secured to Israel a peace of forty years. I cannot understand why the wife of this hero should have such a peculiar significance to her name. It was the custom among the Orientals both for men and women to wear rings of gold and silver around the ankles. These make a tinkling noise when the people walk. Some of the bands have on them little round bells. The father of the woman whom I have in mind gave her a dower of "south lands," and she asked of him "the upper and the nether springs," probably because her possessions were in a parched country, and needed much water. Who was the woman, who her father and husband, and what was the city that the man gained? F. B. S.

A Magic Word.

From the French of St. Dupin de St. Andre. Translated for the Living Church.

They are seated at table. Minie's glass is empty.

"Mamma, some water!" says Minie.

Mamma does not reply.

"I want some water, mamma," repeats Minie.

But mamma, instead of giving it to her, begins a little story:

"Once on a time, there was a very wonderful cave, full of all sorts of good and beautiful things, and the people who heard of these treasures made every imaginable effort to gain them. One pounded the door with heavy blows from a hammer, others tried to bore holes, many screamed and cried and grew angry; but the cave remained shut. At last, one fine day, a man arrived who quietly said one little word, and directly the door flew open. It was a magic word—"

"Was it if you please," asks Minie, who is always quick in guessing the moral of her mother's stories.

"No; it was not 'if you please'; but 'if you please' is also a magic word; and since you have found it, I will give you some water. I am not a cave, nor is your papa, but we need the magic word; without it we give nothing."

"And with 'if you please' you will give me everything?"

"Everything that is good for you; everything that would be reasonable to give you. You might ask me for the moon, or for poison, a thousand times a day, saying 'if you please,' and I would give you neither."

"I shall never ask you for things like that," laughs Minie; "but I would like a little more chicken, if you please, papa." Her father takes the carving knife, and as he cuts an appetizing slice for his little girl, he says:

"Your mamma was right to refresh your memory and to remind you of the good word 'please,' which you said oftener when you were younger. She was also right in calling it a magic word: it is one of the

most useful words of politeness; and politeness might be called a magician, a fairy, before whom all doors open noiselessly, and who renders easy that which without her would often be impossible. Politeness, that is to say, the desire to be agreeable to one's neighbor, unites and transforms men. She softens and changes, before the needs which draw them together. Without her how unpleasant everything would be!"

"Can you imagine, for example, a peasant like ours without politeness? John would be ordered roughly to bring the plates and dishes; he would throw them on the table anyhow, and would answer us rudely if we objected. We should scream at each other instead of speaking gently. We should not say, 'I will trouble you,' nor 'if you please,' nor thank you, nor 'pardon me'; no one would think of passing the salt or the bread to his neighbor; each would be too much occupied in capturing the best pieces and the largest portions, to think of these attentions. The strongest would take what he wanted from the others. I should eat up all the chicken, mamma, all the water-cresses, and Minie would have only the bones and the vinegar!"

"But that would be horrible!" says Minie.

"You would not like that system? But you seemed to long for it a while since!"

"Not now, though!" cries Minie with energy. "I understand mamma's story and your lecture. 'If you please' is very pretty, very good, and very useful, and I shall try never to forget it again!"

EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

Stories on the Catechism.

By C. A. Jones.

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord,
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost,
born of the Virgin Mary.

MEG'S BROTHER.—CONCLUDED.

Mrs. Spriggins had a daughter, whose name was Anna Maria; a great, big, red-haired girl, some two or three years older than our poor little Meg. Mrs. Spriggins was unkind enough, but Anna Maria was ever so much more unkind; her cuffs and kicks were harder even than her mother's, her hard words harder to bear.

It was a summer's night; the two girls were alone in the shop. Meg had been left in sole charge. "You dare to lay your hand on a single vegetable or a bit of fruit, and I'll punish you well, Meg," said the mistress as she went out; "and don't let any one in the house, or out of it, have a thing they ask for, unless they pay the money for it."

"Yes ma'am; no ma'am," answered poor Meg, hardly knowing what to say; and seeing Anna Maria's round eyes glaring at her from the back parlor. A few minutes more, and in walked that young lady. "Meg, I want a cucumber for my supper, hand one out."

"I can't do it, Anna Maria; you heard what your mother said just now."

"Yes; but that makes no odds. I will have it, I tell you; and if you don't give it me, I'll take it, and I'll say you ate it; and which will mother believe, you or me?"

Meg hung her head. "You," she answered. "I know I ain't got a chance, and I know you can take a cucumber if you like; only please, please, Anna Maria, my dear, tell her you took it."

"No, that ain't going to do, I can tell you; but you can say a customer came in, as is going to bring the threepence in the morning. I will give it you then; I promise, and it will be all right."

Poor Meg! It was a hard fight; she knew all that the refusal to yield to Anna Maria's wishes would entail upon her. How easy it would be for her to tell a lie; and then came the thought of the straight line which Jesus had drawn across all our difficulties and troubles; and in faltering tones she answered, "I can't do it, indeed I can't."

Then there was a triumphant smile upon Anna Maria's face. "You saw that sailor in the shop an hour ago, didn't you, Meg?"

"Yes," answered Meg, with a great sigh. Sailors always made her think of her Harry, but they were no uncommon sight in Mrs. Spriggins' neighborhood, and she had learned to see them without thinking that every blue jacket, whatever might be his height, must be her brother.

"Well," continued Anna Maria, "you don't know where he came from, and who he has just seen. His ship is the Crocodile, and I have heard you talk about it, and so I asked him if he knew one Harry Foster; and he said he was a great friend of his, and he was sleeping at his mother's house to-night, and then he was going to the country to look for his sister."

"Oh, Anna Maria, Anna Maria, please, please tell me where he lives; please let me go and see my Harry. I can't go now, I know, because missus is out; but let me run there do before morning, before he goes all that long way down to Ayrton to look for me."

"Give me the cucumber, and you shall go. You seem mighty fond of this brother of yours. I shouldn't think you'd stick at anything for the sake of seeing him."

All unconsciously Anna Maria had de-

feated her own ends. She did love her brother very much, he was all she had in the whole world; but then there was an Elder Brother Who lived above the bright blue sky, Who had died for her and for Harry; Who had borne a life of poverty for their sakes; and to tell a lie, even that she might see Harry, would be wronging Him. She could not say a prayer, words would not come, but she bowed her head and repeated that one little sentence of the Creed: "And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord." Somehow that seemed to help her; she looked up bravely, although the tears were in her eyes, and she said: "I wish I had seen the words upon the sailor's cap, but I was so busy, along of my scrubbing. Why didn't you call me, Anna Maria?"

"Because I meant you to give me the cucumber for my news, young 'un; you know how mother would beat me if she thought I had taken it; but she'll trust you if you say a customer came in, although she did say that, about money down. Tell her it was Mrs. Robinson out of Hanger Court, and I'll give you the money in the morning, I promise, and you can put it into the till. Come, hand over the thing, and then you shall know where Harry is."

"No, I can't do it. 'If I had threepence I'd buy it myself and give it you; but I've just paid for my shoes being mended, and I've not a penny."

"Then you'll see what will happen; it ain't the first time you've thwarted me, when I've wanted a thing out of the shop, but 'I'll be the last, I promise you."

Poor little Meg! what could she do! Should she yield to the temptation? should she see Harry at all risks? Even at the risk of committing a sin—of going out of the straight line.

The battle was fought at last, the victory won. Meg laid her head upon the counter and sobbed herself to sleep. The clock of a neighboring church was striking ten when she awoke; not a quiet awakening at all, for a great heavy blow came down upon her ear. Her mistress was standing by her side, her usually red face quite crimson with rage; she was pointing to a broken plate, which stood by Meg's side, on it a little piece of rind of cheese and some cucumber parings.

"I didn't take it, indeed, missus," said the poor child, as another sharp blow came upon her cheek.

But Mrs. Spriggins would not listen to reason. "Don't tell me such an awdacious untruth, you young monkey. Come along to your bed; and it will be a lucky chance for you, I can tell you, if you ain't before the magistrate in the morning; it will only be my goodness that will save you from it. There's that good child, Anna Maria, as ought to be an example to you, has gone to bed without so much as a bit of supper, to say nothing of not having stolen like you, you young thief."

Meg could not answer, perhaps she saw all the uselessness of it; perhaps she thought of the patience and meekness of the Holy Child, and so was silent. Mrs. Spriggins dragged her along the floor, and opened the door of the dark closet, where the child slept, and thrust her in there; turning the key in the lock and talking volubly the whole time.

Meg threw herself down upon the heap of straw covered with some sacking, which was the only bed provided for her; and in spite of all her grief, she slept, and God's own angels watched over her on that summer's night. And in the great Book of Life we know that there was written the record of a child's faith and patience.

Angry though Mrs. Spriggins was, Meg was far too hard working and useful to be dismissed; so at six o'clock in the morning the door was opened, and she was told to get up, and look sharp, and do her work, and get Anna Maria's breakfast, for she was going to the Crystal Palace for the day.

Meg jumped up, and said a little prayer, and began her daily toil. Her head and limbs were aching; they had ached more or less for some days; only it was harder to do her work this morning than it had ever been before, and her throat felt so queer, she thought she should choke. Anna Maria would not speak to her, nor look at her; and all day long when she could get a minute's time, poor Meg kept looking up and down the narrow street, to see whether she could catch a glimpse of the sailor who was Harry's friend.

As evening drew on she felt so much worse, that she thought she must ask leave to go and lie down. Suddenly a tall figure stood in the door-way of the little shop.

"Oh, sailor, sailor, where's my Harry; do tell me?"

The sailor lad opened his eyes wide with astonishment, as he stooped to pick up the poor little girl, who had fallen across a potato basket in her haste to get to him, and who now lay senseless upon the floor.

"Hallo, Mrs. Spriggins!" he called out in a cheery voice; "what's up here?"

To do her justice there was just a little bit of compassion in the woman's heart as she looked into Meg's flushed face, and noted the quick, hurried breathing.

"It's my gal, Meg Foster," she said; "I'm afraid she's bad."

"Oh, ain't it jolly good luck, that Harry hurt his foot last night, and that he couldn't go down to the country to-day; and ain't that Anna Maria of yours a deep

'un, not to have let out the truth last night. However, it's all right now, so long as the poor child gets better."

Mrs. Spriggins was puzzled; and by degrees Tom Smith told his story, and spoke of her daughter in no mild terms.

"Here, hold a hand," he said, "and I'll carry the girl to her room; where is it? I say," he continued, as Mrs. Spriggins directed him to the dark closet, "she can't sleep in such a hole as that?"

"There's no other place in the house for her."

"Ain't there, then she shall come to my mother and be taken care of." And the next moment the bright young fellow was in the street, carrying Meg as though she had been a baby.

"Harry," he said, "here's something for you." And Meg was given into her brother's arms. Harry could not believe the evidence of his senses; and Tom could not enlighten him much.

"She is Mrs. Spriggins' gal, that's all I know," he said; and Anna Maria asked me if I knew you last night, and I forgot all about it; she's too ugly for a fellow to think about twice; and I told her you were here, and she kept it dark; just like the sneak she is."

Mrs. Smith was only too glad to take care of poor Meg. She saw at a glance that there was a great deal of diphtheria about the neighborhood, and it looked to her very much as though the girl was suffering from it. She took her upstairs, and laid her upon her own bed; and then she told Harry that he must keep out of his sister's room. He grumbled about it at first, but submitted at last; only too thankful to Tom's mother for her care of the poor child.

There followed a week, when Meg hovered between life and death; and then one day, the doctor said that she would soon be well. When she could speak or think, she asked how it was she came there. And Mrs. Smith told her how her sailor boy had picked her up in Mrs. Spriggins' shop, and brought her to her to be nursed.

"Harry! oh, Harry!" said the girl, "I'll never find him now, ma'am, and I do love him so; only you see I couldn't take the cucumber, even for his sake, because of what the Vicar told us, and because of the straight line, and I believe in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord."

Good Mrs. Smith could not understand what she meant; but she went downstairs and told Harry he might come up. And I don't think in all the great City of London there could be found two people happier than that boy and girl were on that August day. Harry, in his joy, could even forgive Mrs. Spriggins and Anna Maria; and the first day that Meg went out, her brother took her to her old place.

Both mother and daughter looked rather ashamed of themselves; and the girl went up to Meg, and said: "I am very sorry about the cucumber."

"No matter, now that I've got Harry," answered Meg proudly; "but I wish you'd come to Church along with us to-morrow afternoon; you'd like it ever so much."

And Anna Maria went that next afternoon, and very often afterwards. And when Tom Smith and Harry came from their next voyage the former remarked, that Anna Maria wasn't like the same girl she had been. Meg never went back to Mrs. Spriggins. Mrs. Smith wanted some one to help her with her needlework, and our heroine took up her abode with her, and is as happy as the day is long.

Sometimes she used to talk to Harry of her old life; the life without him, in those far away days.

"I sometimes wonder how you could have borne it, Meg," the boy would say. And then Meg would answer: "I don't think I could, dear, but for the thought of Jesus having felt all that we can ever feel, and so making all the sorrow and the trouble ever so much easier to bear."

Those were bright times, indeed, when Harry was at home. And perhaps the happiest day in all Meg's life was one Christmas Day, when she, and Harry and Tom, who had been confirmed the week before, were made one with Jesus in His own Most Holy Sacrament.

PRIZE-CHRISTMAS CARDS.—We notice that prizes are again offered by the Prangs for Christmas cards, and would venture to suggest that, in publishing the next prizes, they tack, on a removable slip, the statement that the card won the prize of so many hundred dollars; and that Messrs. So and So were the awarding committee. It seems to us to take a good deal of the sentiment out of a Christmas card to have such statements on its reverse.

If it be true, as a Boston paper hath it, that the extreme of fashion in hats is "an immense brim covered on the outside by a heavy wreath of ostrich plumes; the cavern inside filled with short, drooping ostrich feathers, tigers' claws, owls' heads, birds' wing and beak," we may look to see the modern belle taking the war-path, with scapels suspended from her belt.

OFF DUTY.—A rumor reaches us that that much be-painted and be-sketches biped, the stork, is going on the retired list. He deserves it after his arduous service in the field of high art. Whether in private life he will continue, from sheer force of habit, to stand on one leg, it boots not to enquire.

From the Palladium.
Something about Baby Hortense.

BY HER FATHER.

This little sketch is for the girls that are absent—the "old girls" who are gone from us, carrying with them, I trust, many bright pictures and happy memories of school life. They all have some sweet recollections of "Baby" at St. Mary's, for we have always had a baby for them to love and pet and play with. Of course it has not been the same baby, all these thirteen years, for babies do not "keep." Many a father and mother would, I fear, stop the growth of the little one, and hold back the unfolding of the young life, in order to have such a well-spring of joy forever in the house. That cannot be, however, and we must be resigned to have boys and girls instead of babies, though nobody thinks they are half so sweet!

We never saw a baby that was not "just as sweet as it could be." Still, even in superlatives, there seems to be a shade of difference. Baby Hortense is allowed by all to be "extra super-fine," that is, one grade better than the best. To be sure, some of the girls who have baby brothers and sisters at home, are disposed to qualify their praise by making just one exception. But if the vote were taken in the school, I have no doubt it would be overwhelmingly in favor of Hortense as being the most exquisite, charming, bright, beautiful specimen of babyhood that has ever strayed into this sinful world.

I am afraid that you will think her admiring father is in his dotage, for he has written about this dear baby for the *Living Church*, and he carries her picture to show, wherever he goes, and praises her so much that it does look like "parental weakness." He can only plead that this is the sixth baby that has blessed his home, and that he is not so liable to be mistaken in his estimate, as a young father, who may go into ecstasies over a very ordinary baby, because it is something new. Really, I have been quite ashamed of some fathers and mothers for making such a fuss over a puny, pug-nosed infant, that did not possess the slightest attraction to any one who was posted in the science of babies. But perhaps it is well that "every man's goose is a swan." I must confess that it does make a difference, whose baby it is!

This is a long introduction to what I started to tell you. On last Sunday evening, Baby Hortense escaped from durance vile (the nursery), and eluding the argus-eyed nurse, the watchful mother, and brothers and sisters who are charged never to let her get out of sight, found her way to "the office." It is her favorite resort; a sort of haven from the persecutions of her baby world. There her little bark rides peacefully at anchor, and no one can molest or make her afraid. There she can indulge her literary and mechanical tastes without hindrance, and experiment in every department of physics. I will do her the credit to say that in my absence she never invades the premises; she seems to feel that her performances require a suffering spectator to complete the scene, a victim to fill out the tragedy!

On the occasion referred to, after a little preliminary skirmishing, she followed the call to prayers in the Study Hall. She promised to be "weal dood," and contrary to the rules laid down by her maternal tyrant, she was allowed to proceed to the solemn assembly and to remain during Evensong.

It was very comical to see the little fairy range herself in the line of teachers. The contrast between her and Miss Hitchcock or Madame Bouvet, you know, must have been overpowering!

After the first sentence, she discovered that she had no book; whereupon she rushed on the platform and seized one from the organ, rushed back again, almost rolling down the steps, took her place in line, and opened her book and began to sing. The next move was to come and sit on the steps, right in front of the whole school, while they were kneeling at prayer, and shake her head and laugh! It was a severe test of self-control for the children, but they stood it pretty well. If Earnest had been there it would have been too much for him.

I looked at the infantile offender, very hard, and tried to frown, but she took it for an invitation to come and help me in the prayers. So, kneeling down by my side, and looking very intently upon her book, she remained till we rose to our feet, and then was off with a bound. Her last pose was in front of the middle aisle, facing me, with the book open, singing the hymn!

Baby Hortense is three years old. Though we can keep her in babyhood no longer, it may be pleasant in after years to read about her freaks and frolics. To those who know her, this sketch will not, I am sure, prove uninteresting.

The peculiarities of two kinds of musical nuisances are thus sketched by an English paper: "One is what it pleases the world, which likes the grand words, to call a 'brilliant' player, and takes everything too fast, interpolates runs, shakes, and occasional notes, where the author, never put them, stumbles over her own fingers, and covers her wrong notes by audacious glissandos. The other is sympathetic, full of soul, poetic, by nature an 'interpreter.' She drags on her notes, translates simple octaves into stately chords, interposes whole passages of fancy arpeggios, and plays a waltz as if it were a chant and a lively little barcarolle like a dirge."

Cincinnati must be an agreeable place. Judging by the papers, everything in the city is hand-painted, from the bricks that build a house to the coal-sifter and dirt barrel in the back yard. What they want now is a hand-painted smoke-consumer.—*Boston Transcript*.

The above is only Boston jealousy of the West. The same paper publishes as a fact the slander that a Chicago bride was married under the shadow of a great hook of pink carnations, with an eye of white ones.

Septuagesima, or the Third Sunday before Lent.

Written for the Living Church.

The origin of the term "Septuagesima," and the ground for the present distinction which the Sunday possesses as related to Lent, are to some extent matters of history. They are, however, likely to be matters of interest, only to a class not common,—those either curiously or religiously intent upon becoming well versed in the knowledge of the Church. For the rest, this knowledge, even were we here to exhaust both its history and tradition, has but small chance by the side of the wealth of secular reading at hand, most of which, is, at the best, trifling and ephemeral.

There is, however, a thought connected with the day, which ought to command attention,—that is, the wisdom of the Church, as guided by the Holy Spirit, in striving to awaken in her children, an earnest expectation of her approaching holy Seasons. Lent is drawing near. As the Great Fast of the year, it is expected to task the whole power of self-discipline of the devout soul; and, under such discipline, to secure for it the sweetest fruits of holy growth. And not only to the individual Christian is this growth most important, but the whole Church has need to see her fields growing white unto this precious harvest. Only as the frost and death of the prevailing secularity and indifference can be broken up by the melting and subduing influence of a holy Lent, can we look to see the winter of our spiritual discontent made glorious summer by our Easter "Sun of Righteousness." Unfortunately, we act as though we possess that possible quality of Angelic being—so idly mooted among the schoolmen—the power of passing from one point in space to another, without going through those between. There is no uplifting Easter, without a self-abasing Lent.

But it is not only our's and the Church's vital need of a holy Lent, which gives such point and importance to the Pre-Lenten anticipation. A more pressing need (and it is one of the peculiar diversions and dangers of our absorbing worldly and exciting age, diversions and dangers evidently foreseen by the Spirit in the framing of our Catholic Christian Year) is found in our prevailing passion for deferring, for avoiding, all earnest and devout preparation for our holy Seasons. We seem to hold each one as a sort of evil day, which it is wise to put as far off as possible. Even our Holy Communion suffers constantly from this deferring and neglectful tendency, for which cause, doubtless, so many of its participants are sickly, and some are dead. And so, our Lent Season often comes, and its solemn, opening Fast Day—Ash Wednesday,—and finds but few in any state of devout readiness. It flings open its strait gate into the valley of humiliation; but we are so gathered about and cumbered with our closely-hugged worldly pomps and vanities and self-indulgences, that we are not able to enter in. Many, alas! do not pass beyond its grave but inviting portals, but practically spend the Season, irresolutely hanging about them, and hindering them that would, from flinging heartily aside their weights and hindrances, and entering in with a hopeful vigor and devotion. As the voice of Lent is of one crying in the wilderness of our worldliness and sin—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight"—so, the admonition and entreaty of the Pre-Lenten Season is—prepare yourselves, that you may have your loins girt, and your whole souls and bodies in earnest waiting for the coming of Him, who, during your Great Fast, is to sit among you as your refiner and purifier. How can you expect the Priest to weep between the porch and the Altar, saying "Spare thy people, Good Lord," with interceding earnestness, and with prevailing faith and expectancy, when you have given no forshadowing signs of your being, or desiring to appear as, His true waiting and watchful servants?

The work, then, which the Septuagesima week lays open before each child of the Church, it seems to us, is, as is indicated by its Collect, one of earnest prayer for direction and grace to be in readiness for the Lenten Fast. If we may venture such a liberty, we see not how we may better indicate our meaning and conviction, than by paraphrasing the Collect itself: "O Lord, we beseech Thee, daily and with strong crying, to hear these, the Pre-Lenten prayers of Thy people, that we, who are justly punished for our offences, being left to our own coldness of heart and barrenness of life, may mercifully be delivered by Thy goodness, under the wholesome severity and discipline of the coming Lenten Fast, for our good, and for the glory of Thy Name. Through Jesus Christ our Saviour, Who, in His forty days' temptation, made Himself our example of fasting and prayer and struggle with the powers of darkness; and Who, through the victory of being made perfect through suffering, now liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen."

The Race that We are to Run.

Written for the Living Church.

What a race is that! So far above all earthly contests in its aims and rewards! During the Epiphany Season, we have been admiring the glory and power of our Lord, almost forgetting, in the contemplation of the Divine strength, that we, infirm and frail, have yet to put forth our individual effort, if we would attain the prize of our high calling.

Now that Septuagesima Sunday has come, to remind us of the approach of the season of special fasting and struggle, we are forced to think of "the race that is set before us," and to try and prepare ourselves for a successful issue.

Among the Greeks, what honor attached to feats of bodily strength! From all points of the country, men flocked to witness them. No women but the Priestesses of Ceres were allowed

to behold them. For ten days previous to the contest, those who were to engage in it prepared themselves, by proper attention to diet and exercise, for the best use of their limbs. Even the gods, it is said, deigned to take part in these games: Apollo overcoming the swift-winged Mercury. To the victor a wreath was given, made from the leaves of the sacred Olive tree, that was transplanted from the land of the Hypoboreans, to the holy plains near Pisa.

In the Pythian games, the award was a laurel-wreath; in the Nemean, a crown of parsley; and in the Isthmian, a garland of Pine leaves. Beautiful, but how perishable!

Think of the immortal crown that is in reserve for every victor in the Christian Race!

The heathen Greeks held out no hope of immortality to woman; but "in Christ Jesus" there is no distinction of sex. Men and women and children, all are expected to run the race, and to wear the badge of victory. It is a grand thing to be occupied in this earnest endeavor after an eternal blessedness. Who would be laggard or faint-hearted, or indifferent to such a promise? Who would "stand all the day idle," or run, with heavy feet, when late he undertakes to strive for the goal?

Septuagesima Sunday seems to be a new starting point for us racers. We have had the rest, and refreshment of Christmas and Epiphany. There has been for us the rapt view of the Holy Babe, Whose life, from the manger to the cross, was our perfect example; and we have gathered from His Epiphany miracles, the comfort that a view of great power must give to the infirm and frail who are permitted to depend upon it in time of need.

It has also been granted us, to be "torch bearers to our gracious Master, and to help to show forth His light to the world." All who have felt His precious words, "Ye are the light of the world," and have realized how dear a privilege it is to reflect His brightness, must have spent the past five weeks most happily. Others, who may not have lived near enough to Jesus to catch one ray of the Heavenly glory, are scarcely ready for the hearty renewal of an urgent race.

How is it with us? F. B. S.

From the Palladium.

A Visit to the Island of Borkum.

Borkum is a German island, in the North Sea, off the coast of Holland. We arrived there on a stormy day in September, having come thither in a steamer from Emden, a town whence many boats sail to different watering-places, of which Borkum is one.

Our landing was a difficult one; for, after getting into the little boats, we were rowed towards the beach, where there was a bridge on wheels. The object of this bridge is, that it may be moved higher or lower on the beach, according to the tide. After landing on one side, we were enabled, from the other, to get into the wagons which were driven into the water for us. A short ride brought us to the hotel.

The next morning we found that the island was about ten miles in circumference; and, being entirely of sand, there was upon it very little vegetation. Wending our way through the small village, passing the unfinished light-house, and climbing a little hill, suddenly a view of the broad Atlantic burst upon us. We then saw one of the finest beaches in the world for sea-bathing. Looking farther, we saw a great stone wall, made to keep the ocean from encroaching still more on the land, for, in former times, Borkum was joined to the island Nordeney, several miles distant; but the sand between them had gradually been washed away, so that they now are two distinct islands. Bathing on that beach and in that surf was truly delightful.

Returning to the hotel, we took dinner at the table d'hote, where about three hundred and fifty guests were assembled. The buzzing of many voices had a strange effect on the unaccustomed ear.

In one of the following days, we set out to visit the sea-gulls, for which a certain space is kept where they are allowed to build their nests undisturbed. Going through the village, we noticed some strange fences. They were made of jaws and bones of whales, for the inhabitants of Borkum were formerly extensively engaged in the whale-fishery. But to return to our expedition to the gulls. We passed through the town, and going among the dunes—which are ranges of sand-hills thrown up to a height from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet by the action of the wind and waves—we found the entrance to the home of the colony. We caught some of the young sea-gulls; for though they seemed as large as the old bird, they were still unable to fly.

We spent several more days on this island exploring its wonderful beach. There we found many curious things; for every time the tide recedes it leaves many jelly-fish, and other wonders of the deep. When we entered the small boat to row out to the steamer, we hoped that we should be able to return at some future time, for another visit to the Island of Borkum.

HARRIETTE H. POST.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

In an article "Concerning Innovations," which appeared in your columns last week, the writer does not seem to clearly understand what is meant by the term; indeed, it seems to us that he misunderstands it. No one claims that these "Innovations" are new forms and ceremonies introduced, but that they are the revival of old forms which have been in disuse among us ever since the departure from Papacy.

Fifty years ago, our Church was very different in outward appearance from what she is now. Those who were at that time ordinary orthodox Churchmen, and who have not changed their views or practices since then, are "Low Churchmen" now, because of the revival of those ancient customs. They are so old that they are new. We do not deny that they are sanctioned by high authority, by the majority of our Bishops and Priests; and that they would naturally be better judges of their propriety than we are. Still, there will always be those among us who object to many of them, and who, with intelligence, term them "Innovations."

Problematic Characters.

From the Palladium.

Many years ago, there might have been seen, tossed up and down on the waves of the Mediterranean, a small boat, apparently bound for an island, on which could be dimly seen a castle. Pacing the deck of this boat, was a tall, well-formed man, well-dressed, and having the air of one accustomed to courts and to the courtly ways of that period. Nothing could be learned of his rank, for he seemed to be a total stranger to all on board; but one might easily imagine that he was of noble birth, as he commanded, by his courtesy, the deference of all around.

Now let us, after the lapse of a few days, pay a visit to this island castle, and see if the boat has left our hero there.

We are shown through the many halls and corridors. Soon we come to an iron door, and through its bars we see, not a common dungeon, with dreary walls and floor; not the scanty furniture usually allowed to prisoners; not a coarse, ignorant man, dressed in prison garb; not a room large and airy, though lighted by narrow barred windows; handsome furniture, with musical instruments of many kinds, and many books; and a man of refined appearance and of commanding form. We have found our hero, but he holds no high position; he is a prisoner. His books seem to have no attraction for him; neither have his musical instruments, from which, we are told, he can draw strains inexpressibly sad that might have been drawn by Orpheus himself, when mourning his lost Eurydice. His only diversion consists in looking out on the waves as they are dashed by old Neptune against the tower, and in watching the sailors on the passing ships, as if envying them their free and happy life. He is standing thus, in a melancholy attitude, as we approach the door. Soon, with a sigh, he leaves the window; and as his face is turned towards us, we look at him eagerly, hoping to gain from his features the information we have failed to draw from his guards. But, to our surprise, our curiosity is baffled; and we go away asking the question, which has been to many wise men a veritable Sphinx's riddle,—"Who is it?"

From the Sandwich Islands.

The islands looked like low-lying rough-edged clouds, bathed in sunlight. As we came nearer, the rough, barren mountain sides seemed nothing but deserts. When we came close to them, we could see the fertile valleys, green with sugar plantations; and as we approached Honolulu, we saw the palms and other tropical trees. The view of Honolulu from the harbor is beautiful; the houses are almost all one-storied, with verandas running in all directions, and they look as if they were nestling under the broad leafed trees. The streets are quite narrow, and everything on the shore looked quaint, and strange. Just before the steamer reached the wharf, a dozen or more Kanaka (accent the na, and pronounced as in vast) boys came swimming out to us. The gentlemen threw money into the water for them to dive after, and down they would go, head first, clear out of sight, come up, shake the water from their heads, and exhibit the money. They would cry "more, more!" and sit right up in the water, as we would in a chair. When another coin was thrown in, they wheeled about, swam to the spot where it disappeared, dived, and came up as before.

When we finally drew up to the wharf, Mr. Jones met us, as I told you, and we came here. Just imagine what a place it is! In the window of my parlor there are three lizards, which make it their home; tiny red ants swarm in all directions; spiders and daddy-long-legs have nests in every corner, and on every piece of furniture; scorpions and centipedes make an occasional visit to the rooms. In fact, in four days, I have grown so hardened, that a minute ago, I touched a lizard with my hand, and only jumped backward a rod or so, without uttering even an exclamation! Last night there was one on the table, where I am now writing. As for mosquitoes, do not imagine you have ever seen any. They are here in the room by millions; and when they do not sting too hard, I do not stop even to brush them off; it is no use to kill one, for if you do, ten more will come to its funeral.

From the hill back of the house, we can get a magnificent view of the ocean and of sunset; we are surrounded by hills, the one nearest us, "Round Top," is 1,000 feet high; the one back of it adds another 500, and so on.

One of my pupils is named Pahnali. I would like to hear you pronounce it. Tuesday afternoon, I saw the King. He is only a native after all, and looks like the rest of them. We have three of his nephews in school; bare-footed, calico-shirted little urchins; quite bright, I should think.

Yesterday, after school, I started for a walk, and had gone only a quarter of a mile, when I met one of the large day-scholars in a carriage. He drew up, and asked me if I "would not as soon ride as walk." I said "Yes," very quickly, and got in. He took me to Waikiki, a small village on the shore, from where we had a splendid view of the ocean, with the moon just coming up. The road is bordered with cocoa palms which run up without a branch for a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five feet, and then branch out. We passed Queen some-one's palace, which is a one-storied villa surrounded by trees.

To-day, in the morning, I house-cleaned; I think I killed a thousand spiders in my rooms. I am afraid of centipedes getting among my clothes, so I took down every dress, shook, and hung it up again. My rooms look very nice, for they are not large, and I have almost enough pictures. I tried next to get poles for my curtains; every bit of wood used has to be imported; just the pole, without rings costs \$5.00, so I came back without one. I am going to get a pine stick, and Mr. Jones says he will stain it for me. There are some splendid Chinese stores here, but everything ranges in price from five to a hundred dollars; so although carved ivory boxes are very lovely, there is no temptation to buy.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

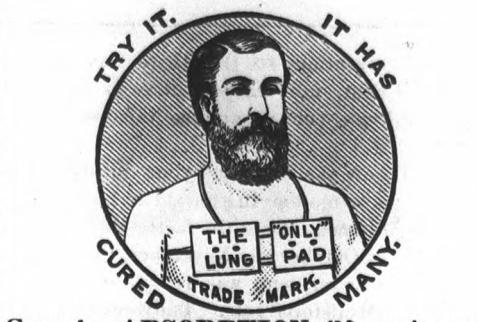
The following actually occurred at an examination in this Diocese:

First Examiner.—Mr. —, "when was the Gospel of St. Matthew probably written?"

Candidate.—"About twenty years after the Ascension of Christ."

Second Examiner.—"If the Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants, what did Christians do all that time?"

First Examiner.—"My dear brother, there weren't any Protestants!"



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Eastern Church News.

St. John's Guild, N. Y.—Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn.—Christ Church, Newark, N. J.—Immigration.—Conversion of the Jews.

From our New York Correspondent. New York, Feb. 3, 1881.

The trustees of St. John's Guild have ordered the distribution of relief to be stopped, on account of the exhaustion of their funds; a law of the Guild wisely forbidding the incurring of debt. The severity of the weather has greatly increased the number of applicants for aid, and renewed appeals are put forth for means to meet these pressing demands.

The Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, from which the Rev. W. A. Leonard goes to St. John's, Washington, has an active brotherhood among its many parochial agencies. They have just opened a Free Reading Room on one of the chief thoroughfares of that city; and formed, in connection with it, the nucleus of a free Circulating Library.

The trustees of the Brooklyn "Sheltering Arms Nursery" have elected Mrs. John A. Nichols their president, in place of Mrs. Paddock, wife of Bishop Paddock, of Washington Territory, who is about to accompany her husband to his jurisdiction. Mrs. Paddock's removal from the city is a severe blow to this Charity, with which she has been identified from the start.

A series of Services in connection with the Consecration of Christ Church, Newark, N. J., was begun yesterday. Bishop Starkey was present and officiated, assisted by a number of the clergy. The Rev. Dr. J. M. Eccleston, of Trinity, Newark, preached the sermon. Additional Services will be held till Sunday. Dr. Ewer preached on Friday evening. The Rector of this church, which was built, we believe, thirty years ago, is the Rev. J. Nicholas Stansbury, B. D., one of the leading clergy of the Northern New Jersey diocese, and Dean of Newark Convocation. The Consecration is a consummation of long and faithful labor.

The Annual Report of the Commissioners of Emigration is, on many accounts, an interesting document. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars, granted by the State of New York, has been expended in bettering the condition of immigrants, some of whom reach the country in very destitute circumstances. It is estimated that two hundred thousand dollars will be needed during the present year. Measures have been taken to prevent the immigration of paupers, insane persons and criminals, many of whom have been annually shipped to the United States by foreign authorities. The entire number of immigrants who landed at this port, during 1880, was 372,880, the largest yet recorded. It will be surprising to most of your readers, as it certainly is to us, to know that by far the largest number of these foreigners settle in a single State, and that State not a Western one, but the already over-crowded State of New York. The report gives the following figures: Settled in New York State, 137,561 (more than one-third of the whole number); in Canada, 1,627; in Southern States, 6,497; in Eastern States, 63,368; in Western States, 112,119; in various British colonies, 6,199. If this should continue, we see afar off a vision of Missionary Bishops being sent to the heathen in the State of New York.

The Board of Managers of the "Church Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews," met at the Society's office (32 Bible House), yesterday. Reports were read from missionaries stationed at New York, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Louisville, and New Orleans. Additional missionary work is contemplated. This new work of Jewish Missions in the Church, is a very vigorous work, and rapidly increasing its strength. A general appeal will be put forth for offerings in its support, on Good Friday, which ought to receive response from every parish in the Church. Most of the Bishops will issue pastorals on the subject, to their dioceses.

The Rev. Dr. E. A. Washburn, Rector of Calvary Church, died yesterday at noon, at the age of sixty-one years, and after a most painful illness. His daughter, who had been sent for to return from Europe, arrived at Sandy Hook yesterday, just too late to see her father alive. Dr. Washburn's name is so well known to your readers, that we hardly need comment upon his influential position, as one of the most scholarly and outspoken clergymen in the Church. He was always a "Broad" Churchman, coming rather naturally by his peculiar views. Both he and the Rev. Dr. Chas. H. Hall, now Rector of Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, were at one time room-mates together and fellow-students, at the famous Theological Seminary of the Congregationalists, at Andover, Mass. Dr. Washburn served for a short time as a Congregational preacher. Both the young men decided to enter the Church, being much influenced in that decision by Bishop Clark, who was then a Boston clergyman. He took charge of St. Paul's, Newburyport, Mass., remaining there four or five years; and then made an extended tour through Egypt, Palestine, India, China, and many other lands, completing the circuit of the globe. It was during this tour that he met his wife. Later, he was Rector of St. John's, Hartford, Conn., and a Professor in Berkeley Divinity School, and came to New York, as Rector of Calvary Church, seventeen years ago. Several works have come from his pen; he was one of the American Revision Company of the King James' Version of the Scriptures; one of the translators of Lange's Commentaries; was at one time Secretary of the Church's Colored Missions, and an active promoter of the Church Congress.

To the Editor of the Living Church: I notice in your issue of January 13th, under the head Western Michigan, in reference to Grand Rapids: "The three parishes and the chapel of the Good Shepherd were all vacant at the same time. Bishop Gillespie, who resides here, was absent, attending to his duties in the

General Convention, so that there was neither Bishop, Priest, nor Deacon here to read the Burial Service, or pronounce the twain one flesh."

I don't know the source of your information, but it seems to me too inaccurate to have come from the Diocese. As to the facts—during "the few weeks in October and November, there was a resident Presbyter, who was ready to and did perform all Ministerial acts. The three churches had Sunday Services almost without intermission. The Bishop was not "absent during November," but returned immediately on the adjournment of the Convention; and, had the Church been in the state of destitution represented, the Bishop would not have been absent at all.

Geo. D. Gillespie, Bishop of Western Michigan.

The Church in Washington.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2nd, 1881.

During last week, special Services have been held at St. Luke's, in this city, under the auspices of the indefatigable Bishop of the Diocese. He has been assisted by the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Crummell, the Rev. Messrs. Ingle, Avirett and Andrews, and the Rev. Dr. Fair. Divine Service and a sermon, followed by an extemporaneous address, in harmony with the tone of the sermon, are the rule of these special Services—services which, for many years, it has been the custom of the Bishop, both before his elevation to the Episcopate and since, to hold, or to participate in, either in his own parish or in others. The Bishop preached on one of these recent occasions, on the text, "What shall I do to be saved"—a text more than usually pertinent, since Ingersoll has founded on it his scurrilous lecture. St. Paul's answer to the trembling jailer was vividly portrayed, as the one, only, true reply to the question:—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"—belief, including not only the mental act, but its sincere, religious consecration to God of every faculty, gift, opportunity, talent, and all our powers of body, mind and soul. The Services embrace about a week, and constitutes an Episcopal Mission, which is free from all undue excitement, and should be the means of great good to both individuals and parishes.

The Rev. W. A. Leonard, late Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, N. Y., has, as you probably know, accepted his recent call to the Rectorship of St. John's, Washington. Mr. Leonard is a young man to be called to so responsible and influential a charge; but, as the candidate for Ordination said to his Bishop, who remarked that he looked very young, "that is a fault which will be remedying itself every year." Mr. Leonard will enter upon the duties of his new charge at Quinquagesima. St. John's is still deeply regretting the departure of the Rev. F. L. Norton, and the calamity that, after just about six weeks' Rectorship, he should be so suddenly compelled to resign his new charge. Mr. Norton and his chaplain, Mr. Barker, are at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, and the former we are all glad to learn, is somewhat better.

The Rev. Augustus Jackson, late Rector of St. Paul's, in this city, started lately with his wife, for the South. I am happy to be able to say that Mr. Jackson's condition is considered more favorable, and hope is entertained that he may be restored to health by his contemplated trip.

St. Paul's is still vacant, notwithstanding the statement made lately in one of our Church papers, that there was, now, no vacant parish within the limits of the Convocation of Washington. Grace Church, South Washington, and St. Paul's were both, at the very time, without Rectors. The Rev. Dr. Pelham Williams, of Troy, has been called to St. Paul's, but has, as yet, not signified his acceptance. Deeply interested as he is, in active missionary work in the Diocese of Albany, and liking the Diocese, the Bishop, and the climate, it is extremely doubtful whether he can be secured for this parish. Nor is a call with an unspecified salary, and with no particulars furnished, except a list of the votes and the names of the Parish authorities, likely to weigh greatly with a Presbyter called in this way.

Father Maturin preached at St. John's, on the morning of a recent Lord's Day; and at the Gospel of the Holy Communion at night. The estimate of his pulpit ability varies very greatly. But his power and intense earnestness cannot be denied. A friend, who heard him on one of the above occasions, writes that the sermon has grown more and more into his mind during the week since it was listened to; and that, without daring to compare him to the great Whittingham, he nevertheless cannot help being reminded of the remark of Dr. Twing, that he never could sleep at night, after hearing Bishop Whittingham preach. Father Maturin's text, at night, was—"Moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." He opened his sermon with a statement of the doctrine of the Incarnation; next spoke of the power and glory of our redeemed Human Nature; then, of the value of life, and of its dignity through the union of the human with the Divine; and then addressed himself to the question: "What are we doing with our lives, and making out of them in this stewardship, in which it is supremely necessary that we be 'found faithful'?" I have an idea that he is a preacher whom one would care to hear, and hear often, but not every Sunday; as I fancy, is the case with all preachers of his class. Wordsworth's lines on "Woman" come to me, as expressive of the preachers and preaching needful for regular parish needs and work:

"A creature, none too great or good, For human nature's daily food."

St. Alban's, suburban to West Washington (nee Georgetown) is still vacant. Mr. Jas. B. Nourse is acting as the lay-reader, during the vacancy. A clergyman of Baltimore County is

in view, though not yet elected to the Rectorship.

Two thousand dollars have been subscribed, and a lot of eight acres given by the vestry of Rock Creek Parish, on the Northern limits of this city, for a school for girls. A lease of twenty-nine years, renewable forever, has been executed in favor of the trustees, by the vestry. Mr. W. D. Cabell, late of Norwood, Virginia, is soliciting for the object. The site selected is beautiful, healthful, and accessible. If the enterprise shall be willing to walk before it can run, and begin with a few pupils and a blackboard, it may, beyond doubt, under reasonably careful management, be made, what it should be, a great success; but if it is to wait till fine buildings can be put up, or some rich man's Will be opened, it may fall of its day, and throw away a grand opportunity for educational work for the Church.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

The name of the new Coadjutor Bishop designate of Fredericton is not "Henry" but Hollingworth Tully Kingdon. He was formerly Vice-Principal of Salisbury Theological College; and his theological position and ability may be inferred from his well-known treatise, of which more than one edition has been issued, entitled "Fasting Communion Historically Investigated from the Canons and Fathers, and shown to be not binding in England." London, Longmans, 1875. The Church in the Provinces is to be congratulated in securing one so sound, godly, and well-learned, as Mr. Kingdon. W. S. P. Davenport, Ia.

Church News from Michigan.

The Rev. Marcus Lane's Good Work at Flint.—Mission at Hamtramck.—St. Peter's, Detroit. The Bishop's Movements.—Rev. Dr. Saul.

From our Detroit Correspondent.

DETROIT, Feb. 5th, 1881.

An event of no ordinary interest in this diocese was the completion, on Sunday, the 6th of February, of the Rev. Marcus Lane's rectorship at Flint. Mr. Lane assumed charge of St. Paul's Church, some eleven years ago, when the parish was the battle-field of hostile factions, and the best part of the flock had been estranged and scattered by an unwise shepherd. His predecessor had for months preached to empty pews. On several occasions, not more than two or three persons were found in church on the Lord's day. By his kindly disposition, tact, and diligence, Mr. Lane succeeded, to the surprise of all, in reuniting the scattered flock, and building it up into unprecedented vigor. In a few years, the Diocesan Convention was invited to assemble in the new St. Paul's church, one of the finest church-buildings in the West. Unhappily, a debt was allowed to rest on the building. The hard times came. The city of Flint suffered with the depression of the lumber trade. During the last five or six years, the parish had a sore struggle, in which no insignificant part of the burden has been borne by the Rector. He has now accepted a call to the important parish at Madison, Wis. But, notwithstanding the debt of eleven thousand dollars, which will remain on the Flint parish, the prospects are bright for his successor. Besides the church, there is a good rectory; and the whole property is valued at \$57,000. In all diocesan matters, Mr. Lane has been one of the most prominent of the clergy; and has been a leader in Convention debates, and has enjoyed a good share of diocesan honors. He has been a Trustee of the diocese, a Deputy to General Convention, and Dean of his Convocation. During the recent vacancy in the Episcopate, he was twice candidate for the presidency of the Convention. He was chairman of the committee which reported the late changes in the Constitution and Canons. His associates in this diocese wish him a hearty God-speed, and expect to see him take an equally prominent part in shaping the history of our sister diocese.

The Bishop has appointed the Rev. Wm. J. Roberts to the charge of the thriving Mission of the Messiah, Hamtramck, just outside of the eastern limits of the city of Detroit. Until recently, this has been a parochial mission of Christ Church; but on the resignation of Dr. Harris, it applied to the Bishop to be organized as a Mission at Greenfield, but retains St. Mary's and Leesville.

The parish paper of St. John's Church, Detroit, the St. John's Chronicle, is to be revived under the joint editorial care of the clergy of that parish. The Rev. Wm. J. Roberts serving as Managing Editor. It has been in abeyance for the last two years; but, before that time, was a useful parish agency and a paying enterprise. The profits will be devoted to the support of St. Mary's Mission.

On the Evening of Thursday, Jan. 22, the Rev. and Mrs. Rufus W. Clark entertained in the most delightful manner the clergy of Detroit and their wives, at their elegant residence on Miami Ave.

An "Epiphany Concert" was given by the Sunday School of St. Peter's Church, Detroit, on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 26th. The entertainment consisted of organ voluntaries, Anthems, and choruses by the Church choir; Sacred Songs by the Sunday school choir, and recitations, songs, and other appropriate performances by the various classes. No admission fee was charged, although tickets of admission were used. About three hundred and forty persons were present, cold and stormy as the evening was. On the evening of the following day, there was a parish reception at the rector's house, a large number of persons being present, and enjoying the refreshments provided in pure hospitality to the Ladies Aid Society.

On Sunday, Jan. 23rd, the Bishop visited St. Paul's Church, Lansing, preaching in the morning to a very large congregation. In the afternoon, at an interesting Service, the Bishop

preached at the State Reform School, to a congregation of more than three hundred boys. In the evening, there was a special Confirmation at St. Paul's Church, the Bishop administering the Apostolic Rite to a class of three persons. The parish seems to be flourishing, under its new rector, the Rev. Eben Thompson. On the following day the Bishop visited the State Agricultural College.

On Tuesday, Jan. 25th, the Bishop visited St. Louis, in Gratiot Co., preaching in the pretty church, and confirming a class of nine persons presented by the missionary, the Rev. Gerrit E. Peters. The Bishop hopes to secure the removal of the church building to a more eligible site in the centre of the village.

On the morning of Sunday, Jan. 30th, the Bishop visited Brighton, in Livingston Co., preaching and confirming a class of three persons. On the evening of the same day, he had the pleasure of preaching in the handsome, new brick church at Howell, in the same county, confirming five persons. Both classes were presented by the faithful and devoted missionary, the Rev. R. H. Dennis.

The Rev. James Saul, D. D., of Philadelphia, whose benefactions are somewhat difficult to register, has presented to the Church Association of Michigan five hundred dollars, to be applied in the following way: One half is to go to the Rectory fund at Owosso, and the other half to the Church-Building Fund at Corunna. Each of these gifts is made conditional on the raising of \$750, for the same purpose, by the people of the place benefited. The sum of \$800 has already been pledged at Corunna, and it is expected that the new church will be completed by midsummer. The two points are in charge of the Rev. B. F. Matrau.

A New York presiding elder refused to officiate at the wedding of a Methodist minister, who had obtained a divorce from a former wife on the ground of "incompatibility of temper;" and now that the union has been consummated, he considers him unfit for a pastorate in the Methodist Church, and refuses to appoint him to a position.

A Private Letter.

PATRICE DU CHEN, Wis., Feb. 2, 1881.

J. C. Cushman, Esq., 205 Clark St., Chicago.

DEAR SIR:—Please send at once, by mail, one doz. Electro Magnetic Plasters. I am entirely out of Plasters, selling most of them the last few days, and will soon send for more Pads. There has not been one case of failure: every Pad that I have sold has done its work well, and given satisfaction to the wearer. One thing I am surprised at: with the exception of myself, the number of Pads sold have been worn by the same number of persons. No one has had need to buy more than one Pad to cure them. There is no question about their curative qualities. When the weather gets warmer I intend to get the testimony of those who have been cured by the use of the Pad. For myself I cannot say too much in their praise. My health is better than it has been for years, and I credit it to the Electro Magnetic Pad. Respectfully, MRS. M. M. GORDON.

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