

# The Living Church.

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## NEWS AND NOTES.

### Foreign.

The English Government has given no official explanation of the reasons which impelled it to release the American "suspects," but it will be called upon immediately after the reassembling of parliament, when the Easter recess is over, to lay such information before the house and country as is "not inconsistent with the interests of the public service." The prisoners who have not the good fortune to be American citizens, now feel more ill used than ever, especially as among the "suspects" set at liberty were several really dangerous conspirators, much more to be dreaded than the local busy-bodies and chatters still kept under lock and key. Some of the papers complain querulously of American intervention in the matter, but wherever prisoners were held without trial by other governments, Gladstone was never backward in making the most passionate appeals and protests, as witness his famous letters to Lord Aberdeen in 1851 on the atrocities of the Neapolitan prison system.

It is conceded that neither the premier nor his friends have any substantial reason to complain of American remonstrance, but members of the Irish party cannot see why their friends and leaders should be treated worse than men proving or laying claim to American citizenship; and hence hot fire is sure to be opened upon Gladstone after recess.

Mr. Parnell has been liberated to attend the funeral of a relative. It is no secret that the doors would have been opened to him long ago, had he been willing to promise to abstain from illegal obstruction and intimidation.

Because of the activity of the Nihilists of Moscow, the question of holding the coronation of the czar elsewhere is being seriously discussed. It is officially announced that the emperor and empress will not make a state visit to the cathedral customary at this season, nor hold a subsequent reception.

"Jumbo" has arrived safely in this country, after an uneventful passage, and will doubtless set to work to gain the affections of youngsters of both sexes as he did in the "old country." Perhaps the American people will protest against his leaving them, in which case, serious complications might arise.

On Mid-Lent Sunday, the Rev. S. F. Green completed a year's imprisonment, having been remitted to Lancaster Castle for contempt of Lord Penzance's Court touching the mode of performance of Divine Service in St. John's, Miles Platting, on March 19, 1881. During the preceding week, the Church of England Working Men's Society had been most active in promoting the observance of the day as one of special prayer for the Rev. gentleman's release, and it is computed that in nearly 2,000 churches in London and the country, a special celebration of the Holy Communion took place for that intention. In London large numbers of communicants received the Holy Communion at the early Services, while at the mid-day and Evening Services in most churches, some allusion to Mr. Green's continued incarceration was made. In view of the near approach of the anniversary, meetings had been held during the week by the Branches of the Society, as also of the English Church Union, at which, resolutions expressive of thanks to Mr. Green for his consistent defence of the principles at stake, and of sympathy for himself, wife, and family, were passed.

A recent Parliamentary report gives a comparative statement of the revenues of several European States, from which it appears that Austria (not including Hungary) has direct taxes of £7,762,553; indirect ones of £21,406,978, and miscellaneous ones of £4,726,447, or a total tax of £33,895,979 (about \$167,429,500 for a population of 22,132,684 souls, which is more than \$7 for each man, woman, or child. Hungarians are somewhat better off, the total taxes being £19,965,263 (about \$99,825,000) and the population 15,608,723—say \$6.50 per person. But the Austrians and Hungarians are taxed much less heavily than their neighbors in Prussia, where the total is £56,421,875, and the population 27,251,067—showing an average of about \$10 per person. The French are still worse off. The totals for them are £107,303,975 of taxes and 36,905,788 of population, or about \$15 of tax per head. This the people of Belgium, a neutral country, free from wars and Nihilism, nearly equals, their showing being, taxes £14,811,502, and population 5,476,939. Better off than any of these people are the Russians—or apparently so, one should say, for the burden of tax lies not so much in the amount of it as in the inability to pay it. The Russians pay £60,362,731 in taxes, several millions more, that is, than the Austria-Hungary people, or the Germans and Poles of Prussia, but they outnumber their neighbors by tens of millions—the Prussians by 45,000,000, the Austria-Hungary races by 34,000,000. For these \$300,000,000 of Russian taxes there are 72,692,000 among whom to divide them. Thus every European Russian pays a tax of \$4, while every Frenchman pays some \$15, and yet Russia is internally the most disturbed great country in Europe.

The populations of the twelve largest cities of Italy, according to the last census, which was taken in December, 1881, are as follows: Naples, 495,000; Milan, 322,300; Rome, 300,000; Turin, 253,000; Palermo, 245,000; Genoa, 180,000; Florence, 163,000; Venice, 133,000; Messina, 127,000; Bologna, 123,000; Catania, 101,000, and Leghorn, 98,009. Since 1871 Rome and Milan have increased the most rapidly, each having added 23 per cent. to their population; Catania has added 20 per cent.; Turin 19 per cent.; Messina, 13 per cent.; Palermo, 12 per cent.; and Naples, 10 per cent. Venice has only added 3 per cent. to her inhabitants since 1871; while Florence has 4,000 fewer than ten years ago, owing to the removal of the seat of government to Rome.

Great Paul, the new monster bell for St. Paul's cathedral in London, was successfully rung two weeks ago at the foundry in Loughborough. It was swung at the time on its own headstock, being supported two feet from the ground on temporary timbering. It was lifted by a fifty-ton iron crane, and nineteen men were required to ring it properly, though four could make it speak. While shut in by walls and houses, the bell was heard seven miles away. It is said that this is the first case of a bell of anything like the weight of Great Paul being swung. All the large bells of Russia are struck—they are never swung—while the great bell at Notre Dame, at Paris, is worked by a treadle or some other mechanical arrangement.

Cathedral bodies, it would seem, are not very good custodians of old charters and other records of antiquity. Those of the Chapter of Wells have lately been overhauled by Mr. W. de Gray Birch, of the British Museum, who thus reports: "Many of the documents contain important notices of historical and political events, both general and local; records of matters of the highest value in relation to the history of the revenues and fabric of the cathedral; and instances of great interest to the student of Church and monastic antiquities, palaeography, manners and customs, and topography. Many also have been exposed to damp and dust for so long a period, that they have become seriously injured and mutilated."

The English county suffrage at present is, as Mr. Gladstone recently put it, a political absurdity and paradox. Mr. Disraeli used to justify it in his grandiose and rhetorical way by contending that the English representative principle meant representation, not of people, but of interests. "Not the numerical majority of the people, but the interests of the country," Mr. Disraeli used to say, were to be considered in the principle of representation. How a political system could possibly undertake to represent interests without representing people, is at least as difficult a problem as that which Mr. Boffin declared that he could not understand—how a man's word and honor could possibly be separated. They are probably right who think that Mr. Disraeli was only concerned in maintaining the supremacy of the landed classes for the representation of the counties. When he talked of interests he was thinking of the landed interests of the country squires, and when he contrasted these with the numerical majority, and insisted that the English Constitution maintained interests rather than persons, he was merely expressing his own wish that the English Constitution would always uphold a territorial aristocracy against the people. The practical truth of the matter is that there is a great reform to accomplish, and that it is time to set about it. Mr. Gladstone has once again promised that he will do the work, but the responsibility will not fall on him if he be allowed neither time nor chance of attempting it. The extension of the franchise proposed by him will add nearly 2,000,000 names to the electoral rolls.

The Charter recently granted by the British Crown to the North Borneo company is exciting much comment. It might have been thought that a Government, having to grant a Charter imposing restrictions, would have made it a prime condition that Slavery should not be permitted in the new territory. This was a point of policy on which it seemed all Parties in the State were agreed. But once again the Liberal Government has provided its friends with a surprise. The Charter, indeed, ordains that no foreigner, whether European, Chinese, or other, shall be allowed to hold slaves in the Company's territories. But the condition of those who are already held as slaves by the people of the country is not at once affected by the new regime. The Company, it is provided, shall, to the best of its power, discourage, and, as far as may be practicable, abolish by degrees, any system of domestic servitude existing among the tribes of the coast or interior of Borneo. Thus, under the euphemism of domestic servitude, slavery is recognized in what is practically a British Colony.

A single column of literary advertisements in an English paper supplies the following titles of three-volume novels: "God and Man: A Romance"; "Joseph's Coat"; "The Garden of Eden." Not less objectionable is the title, "Just as I Am." Miss Elliott's hymn has consecrated those words in the hearts of Englishmen all the world over, and good taste ought to have been sufficient to prevent their use for the purpose to which they have been applied.—*The Lock.*

## Bishop Lay on the Aged and Infirm Clergy Fund.

Rt. Rev. Henry C. Lay, D. D.:

MY DEAR BISHOP:—In common—I cannot doubt—with the great body of our clergy, I have both read your earnest appeals, and gratefully watched your persevering solicitude in the cause which has been entrusted to your heart—that of the aged and infirm clergy, and of the widows and orphans of deceased clergy of the Church. I only checked my impulse to respond at once to your generous cry for moral support, because I took it for granted that the columns of the press would be filled with the echo of your words.

How many of our clergy, as they read your appeal, looked forward to the great cold blank of their own future, when they should have wholly spent themselves in the service of the Church, and—humanly speaking—have nothing left; how many raised their eyes from your signature, to gaze sadly at their work-weary wives and little ones, and bless you in silence for your patient, faithful pleading—who shall count up? who shall report to you? He only Who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

But, probably, it was not from such that you expected or asked response. You asked it from those whom Providence has placed above all personal interest in your efforts, who have no anxiety for the dreaded future, to distract them from their active participation in the Church-present; and who have, therefore, more or less power to do for their brethren, what few, if any of them can do for themselves, or for those whom they may leave behind them! You ask it, above all, from those for whom the clergy are thus expending themselves; and, knowing the great aggregate wealth of our Church-laiety, and the large-hearted, sympathetic generosity of the American character, even apart from all considerations of Christian duty—you had a right to expect such a response.

That you have not received it, at least so far as the public utterance of influential Churchmen, clerical or lay, bears witness; that you have labored in this cause so faithfully, and yet, thus far, with so small result, is then a phenomenon requiring explanation.

Nay, on general principles, it is a phenomenon equally demanding explanation, that there should be any need of such a Committee as that in whose name you thus appeal to the Church; and, perhaps, on examination, the two phenomena may be found to be but one, and the explanation of either to be the common solution of both.

Is it not this? That the great body of Churchmen do not feel that the clergy, when off duty, for whatever cause, or the widows and children of the clergy, have, as such, any special claim upon the Church or upon them; or, at all events, none beyond what may arise out of their several personal relations with specific cases.

If a physician, who has long attended on their families, breaks down in want; or, if a lawyer, with whom they have for some time had satisfactory business relations, leaves a family in destitute circumstances, most men of private means would gladly—from generous impulse quickened by personal interest—do, for the one or for the others, what they can. But it does not follow that these persons would respond to an appeal for a fund to provide for aged and infirm physicians, or for the widows and orphans of deceased lawyers, generally.

"Why should it be otherwise with the clerical profession?" is the inquiry with which the Church community instinctively and tacitly responds to you.

Laymen of means would rarely be backward, were you to apply to them individually to provide for their own faithful pastors, broken down in their service, and obliged to give up work; or for the bereaved family of one who had ministered to them "in spiritual things." But, when you, in the name of the General Convention, appeal to the Church—to rectors of wealthy parishes, to clergy of small private means, and to laymen of wide influence and abundant resources, to provide—not for the Rev. Mr. A. or for the family of the late Rev. Mr. B., but—for the aged and infirm clergy as such, or for the families of those gone to their rest, they do not feel the force of the appeal, whether embodied only in a formal resolution of the General Convention, or clothed in your own warm and tender words.

Now, what shall we say to this argument from analogy, with which your appeals are virtually and perhaps generally met, before you can get at the conscience of the Church?

If this analogy holds, you cannot plead for the clergy or for their bereaved families, as more deserving of such provision than others, or as having those special claims upon the Church which you assume as the ground of your appeal. For, in this case, you are only urging a part of the great Christian duty of "doing good unto all men, and especially unto them that are of the Household of Faith."

But if this analogy does not hold—if it is utterly false, the Church should not leave herself in a position to need to make such an appeal; or certainly, if it must needs be made, she

should not put those for whom she pleads in the position of recipients of alms. She must take her text from St. James, and demand "the hire of the laborers who have reaped down her fields, kept back," none the less "by fraud," that it is not the fraud of any given individuals or of any given parishes, but the fraud of a false conception of the service to which the Ministry are ordained.

There is, indeed, a parallel, from which an argument from analogy may be far more forcefully taken. Should the State, engaged in a serious and protracted war, call the best young men in the land to her service, educate them as soldiers, demand a pledge that they will engage in no other business, but give themselves at all times wholly to that service; should she commission them in her army, and hold them accountable to the Articles of War; and yet, at the same time, make provision for their support only when actually engaged in some campaign; leaving them at all times, even when sick or wounded or too old for duty, to take care of themselves, or to be dependent upon charity—should the State do this, how ready would parents be to give their sons to such a service? What would be the condition of such an army, or what would it be worth in times of grave danger? This will do for holiday militia, whose greatest danger is over-fatigue on parade; but scarcely for real war. This is a true analogy, and it can be worked out by the Church at her leisure.

If we clergy are, at our Ordination, merely licensed to practise a profession, then, we have no claim save to be honestly paid for the services we render, and no claim upon any but those to whom we render such services. While not actually so engaged; whether in the intervals between one engagement and another, or after our working days are past and our working powers are exhausted, we must—like the members of other professions—live on our own private means, or upon our savings (when, i. e., our income is such that we can save anything), or upon the charity of friends; or, in fact, the Church does not "see the necessity of our living at all." As for widows and orphans—the clergy are, unfortunately, not the only men who leave widows and orphans unprovided for.

But if, at our Ordination, the Church, acting on the one hand, by the authority of the whole body of her Bishops, clergy and laity; and speaking on the other, in the name of Christ, calls us out of the world and away from its services; if she requires us to give up all other business resources of our own, for our support or for that of our families—distinctly assuming that we may have families, to be supported while we live, and to be provided for after we are gone; if, I say, the Church does this advisedly, and by the explicit authority of her membership at large, then, we clergy are not merely licensed to practise a profession, but we are taken, *once for all and for life*, into the service of Christ and of His whole Church; and, whatever may be the special field of duty to which we may be called or assigned, or the special trust committed to us; on duty or off, sick or well, in early life or in old age—save and unless we voluntarily withdraw from such service, or are suspended or dismissed from it for sufficient cause—we are entitled to our support; and moreover, to such a support as would enable us, with ordinary prudence, to provide for our own families.

The clergy, then, in common Christian honesty, have a claim upon the whole Church. They have no claim whatever upon their parishioners as such. In the language of the Convocation of the Missionary jurisdiction of New Mexico: "The relation between clergy and laity is such that no question of compensation from the latter to the former, for their sacred ministrations, can properly arise." Such salaries as may now be paid by the several parishes to their respective pastors for the time being, can, therefore, only be regarded, in strictness of Church-thinking, as a sort of local and provisional indemnity, so far as those pastors are concerned, for the neglect of the Church to provide for their support.

But such provision in no way reaches the case of those who are compelled to interrupt or suspend parish work by prolonged or serious illness; or that of those who ought to rest, that they may—before it is too late—recover the power to go on. It in no way provides for the aged, or for those who are permanently infirm; and certainly not for the widow and the orphan of those who have "finished their course in faith," and who "now rest from their labors."

To bring about a general, a practical, and a full recognition of this claim, which all the clergy have upon the Church, and to make the provision for it, will, of course, be a matter of no little time. It will require much discussion, mature deliberation, perhaps not a few experiments; and certainly a slow and gradual, because a great change in the habits of thought prevalent among Churchmen about the Ministry and its relations to the Church.

In the meanwhile, the fund for which you plead, my dear Bishop Lay, is the only reliance of those for whom no parish-treasury supplies the Church's lack. It were indeed a most holy charity, were it

not rather a debt so sacred. It is "the hire of the laborers who have reaped down her fields, still kept back," until the Church's more favored children, aroused by your words, shall more and more generally learn to recognize her indebtedness, and shall respond to the call of the Joint Committee, with a promptness and Christian large heartedness commensurate with so great need.

May God then give to your words, power; and to His people grace to think it no "great matter," if they who have sown unto them spiritual things, shall, "in their need" reap their worldly things! Most respectfully and faithfully yours,  
WM. CHAUNCEY LANGDON.  
Hoosac, N. Y., Mar. 27th, 1882.

## Michigan Church News.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

For many years the name of St. John's Church, Clinton, Lenawee County, has appeared on diocesan journals, and earnest Churchmen have seen in it only suggestions of wasted effort or of present neglect. A church building was there, the fruit of the labors and self-denial of that beloved missionary, the Rev. Wm. N. Lyster. It seemed as if the church would never be opened for Divine Service again. But within the past year the work has been revived, and on Thursday, March 30, the Bishop had the happiness of confirming a class of eight persons presented by the Rector, the Rev. Isaac M. Frey. The Rev. Josiah Phelps of Tecumseh was present, and assisted in the Service.

On the morning of Sunday, April 2d., the Bishop visited St. Paul's Church, Detroit, and confirmed a class of twenty-seven persons, presented by the Rector, the Rev. E. W. Clark. On the evening of the same day he visited St. John's Church, Detroit, and confirmed a class of fifty-five persons presented by the Rector, the Rev. Geo. Worthington, S. T. D. Thirteen of these were from St. Mary's Chapel, in charge of the Assistant Minister of St. John's, the Rev. Wm. J. Roberts. On Thursday evening, April 4th, the Bishop visited St. James' Chapel of St. John's Church, and confirmed a class of twenty-nine persons presented by the Minister in charge, the Rev. S. W. Frisbie. The Rev. Wm. Charles was present and assisted in the Service.

St. Mark's Church, Marine City, is rejoicing in the musical tones of a new bell.

As several of the Detroit churches and Sunday schools are beginning to drill choirs in the chanting of the Psalter, the clergy of Detroit have arranged to secure uniformity of printing by adopting the Trinity Psalter. Similar action, however, having been proposed for the Canticles, it was found that all but two of the parishes had in use another pointing recommended to the parishes by the Diocesan Convention several years ago; and no general action was therefore taken. The clergy have under discussion the organization of a Church Musical Society, with a large, active and honorary membership, to undertake the mastery and public rendering of anthems of a high character, oratorios, and other sacred compositions. It is of course contemplated to secure the services of a competent conductor at a sufficient salary; and a committee is now making inquiries to ascertain how large a membership may be secured for the proposed Society.

The Anniversary sermon before the Diocesan Woman's Auxiliary, is to be preached on the evening before the assembling of the Diocesan Convention, at St. Andrew's Church, Ann Arbor, by the Rev. Dr. Pitkin.

On Monday, April 3, a considerable number of ladies representing all the Detroit parishes, assembled at the Chapel of St. Paul's Church, to organize a Girls' Friendly Society for the City of Detroit. After prayers and an address by the Bishop, a statement of the plan and workings of the society was made by Miss Wood of St. Paul's Church, and an informal conference ensued. A number of names were handed in for active and associate membership, and the meeting adjourned, subject to call from Miss Wood. A parochial branch has been established for some months at St. John's Church, but it has not yet been definitely settled what relation this parochial branch shall bear to the society formed at this meeting.

The South Bay City mission, in charge of the Rev. John W. Prosser, has arranged for the purchase of a lot, one-half the price of which is provided by friends of the mission in Bay City, and the other half by the Bishop. A subscription paper for the building fund is now circulating in South Bay City, and the sound of the hammer will doubtless soon be heard. The new St. John's Church, Banks, also in charge of Mr. Prosser, is to be consecrated on the Second Sunday after Easter.

Professor Thomas R. Price, of the University of Virginia, has been elected Professor of English Literature at Columbia College. There were forty candidates for the position, under consideration by the trustees, the matter of an appointment having been discussed for seven months. Professor Price is a grandson of the late Bishop Moore, of Virginia, and is a man of ripe scholarship, and in the prime of life. He has heretofore instructed in Greek, but has made English literature a speciality, it being his favorite study. His lectures are said to be strong, clear, practical, and exhaustive. His manner is nervous, energetic, and incisive, but affable. He enters upon his new duties in Oct.



EASTER DAY.

Joy of joys! Of Feasts the Queen! Death and us Thou art between! Robed in Life! Immortal shewn! Easter Day, we hail Thee!

F. W. T.

The Church at Work.

Reports of Progress in Various Fields, by our Correspondents.

Central Pennsylvania.—A correspondent writes: Leaving Philadelphia, the first place of note is Reading. Here there is a stone Cathedral of good size, and containing a fine ring of bells.

Lebanon, a short distance away, contains one of the handsomest churches in America; it consists of nave and aisles, with clerestory, transepts, recessed chancel, and structural quire; capable of accommodating at least fifty men and boys.

Illinois.—The Bishop has organized a mission at Coal City, under the name of St. James, the Rev. T. D. Phillips, being Priest-in-charge; and Messrs. T. Penn and Eli Stalker, Church Wardens; Dr. Abell, Treasurer; Mr. Jesse Mills, Secretary. Dr. Stinson, Messrs. S. Saffron and Jas. Penn are associated with this as a Building Committee.

Springfield.—St. John's Church, Albion, of which the Rev. Geo. W. Morrill is Rector, has made a great advance in Church-life within the past two years. A marked improvement has been made in the Services and singing; besides which, there have been many changes for the better, in the church-building itself.

Texas.—Calvary Church, Bastrop, is now rapidly approaching completion. The stained glass for the windows has been ordered, excepting that for the tower, which will be filled in at some future time. The congregation grows both in number and in zeal.

New Hampshire.—March went out "like a lion" at the Diocesan School for boys, at Holderness. On Friday, March 31st, the building was burned to the ground. The fire occurred about four o'clock in the afternoon. Owing to a high wind, and the isolated situation of the school, all efforts to save it were in vain.

Wisconsin.—This Diocese says, a correspondent, made quite an acquisition to its list of clergy when the Rev. I. N. W. Irvine, formerly Dean of Cairo, accepted the Rectorship of Racine. St. Luke's Parish is one of the most important in the State of Wisconsin.

The largest collection ever taken for Missions had been raised there a week ago. He spoke of the work before the parish in the next few months in rebuilding the church, and said he desired to place the burden of duty upon all the people, and not upon a vestry, or building committee.

On the 5th Sunday in Lent, the Bishop paid his annual visitation to Christ Church, Houston, and administered the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation to a class of 30. In his address to the congregation, the Bishop spoke warmly of the work in the Parish, and especially of the successful Missions under the charge of the Rev. C. L. Fitchett, assistant to the Rector, the Rev.

prospered, and who are moved by His grace to the consecration of their substance in His Name and to His service, than the rebuilding and thorough equipment of this school. Each year proves anew the need of it to the Church and to the community of New Hampshire.

An encouraging token of interest and sympathy was telegraphed within twenty-four hours after the fire, to the Bishop, from New York, in the shape of a donation of a hundred dollars toward a new building. May the good work go forward in the Name of the Lord!

The Lent course of Friday Lectures at Trinity Chapel, New York, has been given this year by the Rev. C. C. Grafton, Rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston. Subject: "Sacrifice."

Pennsylvania.—On Thursday, March 30th, the inaugural meeting of the Church Temperance Society in connection with St. Paul's Church, Germantown, was held in the Church Institute, and was largely and influentially attended. The rector had taken the necessary steps to insure success by preaching on the subject on the preceding Sunday, and forwarding to each member of his congregation a circular—clearly and neatly expressing the duty of the Church on the question, and his desire to be aided in his commencement of the work by the men and women of the best social position in parish.

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J. J. Clemens. The class, gathered largely from two Missions, was the largest ever presented in the Parish, and amongst the number were five members of the surpliced choir, a fact to which the Bishop feelingly alluded, by reminding them that the little son of the Rector, who once led the choir because the youngest and the pet, was then singing in the Paradise of God. The Bishop also congratulated the congregation on the beautiful and Churchly decorations of the chancel accomplished since his last visitation, and given by a member as an Offering to God for special mercies. At night, the Bishop preached a Churchly sermon from the text, "The Church, which is His Body," and on Monday left for the extreme southern part of the Diocese.

Wisconsin.—This Diocese says, a correspondent, made quite an acquisition to its list of clergy when the Rev. I. N. W. Irvine, formerly Dean of Cairo, accepted the Rectorship of Racine. St. Luke's Parish is one of the most important in the State of Wisconsin. For many years it was the nursing mother of Racine College, having at one time as many as eleven of its members on the Board of Trustees. The land on which the college is situated, and the greater part of the money used toward the erection of its Halls was the voluntary gift of the Communists. In an inconceivably short time Mr. Irvine has brought the musical part of the service into something worthy of that old Parish. Easter Sunday was ushered in by a Surpliced Choir of twenty-eight voices assisted by a full chorus of ladies. The members of the Choir being nearly all members of the Parish the musical arrangement will be permanent. The Bishop will consecrate the church on the morning of the Sunday after Easter, and in the evening, administer Confirmation.

The Work in China.

To the Editor of the Living Church: At the close of our Christmas term, and the end of another Chinese year, it seems well to take a review of our work at St. John's, and to give yourself and our many friends—as I hope—among your readers, an idea of what has been done in the two years that we have been fully at work. As to the college proper, it had three classes this past term, one of which is to pass in great part into the School of Theology next session. They stood successful examinations, severally, in descriptive geography, mathematics, history, (China and Greece), physics, light and electricity, the Chinese classics, and the special Christian studies. It is proposed henceforward to lay a good foundation in English, and then to make a part of our course in that language.

But it is chiefly of the Theological School I would report progress. We assembled, in 1879, twelve students who had begun at several points to study for the holy ministry some time before; two more were shortly added. The three most advanced were from Wuchang, and were graduated in June, 1880. They have since been working as candidate-catechists at Wuchang and Hankow. In January, 1881, four more were sent forth to work in and about Shanghai, and now, after full examination, the remaining seven are to begin work—two going up the river and five being assigned to work in this region.

Their course has covered: 1. In the Chinese Bible; the several books and their authors; scope and contents; special study of portions and of subjects, e. g. Parables, the prophecies, the temple and its worship, etc. The professor has been the Rev. E. H. Thompson. 2. Church history; the eighteen Christian centuries; the lectures of Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, which have been translated down to the Reformation period. Professor, until April, 1881, Rev. D. M. Bates; since, Rev. W. J. Boone, hereafter, Rev. W. S. Sayres. 3. Systematic Theology; Knapp's Theology in Part; Pearson on the Creed; Brown on the Articles; Sadler's Emmanuel and Church Doctrine, Bible Truth; the fundamental, saving, and moral truths of Christianity—Luther, three volumes—given to the class by dictation or by oral lectures. Professors, conjointly, Revs. R. Nelson, D. D., and W. J. Boone, the latter alone since January, 1881. 4. Pastoral Theology and Christian Evidence, a course of lectures. Professor, pro tem., Rev. W. J. Boone.

We can but trust that this course of study has fitted these fourteen young men, in their several degrees, for much useful work for Christ and the Church in their native land. We ask the prayers of the Church in their behalf, as they make proof of this during their two years of probationary work previous to admission to the diaconate.

And now a closing word as to the general outlying work. Has this suffered by our concentration of a teaching staff at St. John's? In the first place, our candidates have gone out on Saturday and Sunday while students at the college, and secondly, we now have seventeen native workers, where in 1879 we had eight. Five of these are ordained vs. three at that date, and nine of them looking forward to Holy Orders in 1883-4. Our native force at work in 1882 will be as follows:

- 1. Christ Church, Shanghai—1. Rev. K. C. Wong, Priest. 2. Mr. Wu, T. T., candidate, 1881. 3. Mr. Chun, S. Y., Asst. Catechist. 2. Our Saviour's, Honkew—4. Rev. Y. K. Yen, Priest. 5. Mr. Tsang, C. J., candidate, 1882. 3. St. Paul's, Kong Wan—6. Rev. Z. S. Yen, Deacon. 7. Mr. Tsang, Catechist. 4. St. Stephen's, San Ting Ko—8. Mr. Li, K. G., candidate, 1882, under Rev. Z. S. Yen. 5. Nan Ziang, School Chapel, new in 1881—9. Rev. S. L. Chun, Deacon. 6. Tai Chong, School Chapel, a new point—10. Rev. H. H. Woo, Priest. 11. Mr. Tsang, T. M., candidate, 1882. 12. Mr. Chu, S. C., Asst. Catechist. 7. Kia Ding, School Chapel, a new point—13. Mr. Hwa, S. C., candidate, 1881, under Rev. H. N. Woo. 8. Pau Shan, School Chapel, new a point—14. Mr. Li, K. C., candidate, 1882, under Rev. Z. S. Yen. 9. Da Tsang, School Chapel, new in 1881—15. Mr. Chu, V. T., candidate, 1881, under Rev. Y. K. Yen. 10. Ying Ziang Kong, School Chapel, new in 1881—16. Mr. Fan, P. L., Catechist, under Rev. K. C. Wong. 11. Tsung Su, School Chapel, new in 1881—17. Mr. Ku, T. L., candidate, 1882, under clergy at St. John's.

There are a number of sub-stations worked by the several clergy and candidates. The above points all have these resident workers of

some training, while up the river we have at present one deacon and five candidate-graduates, where in January, 1880, we had only one candidate at work. Surely we may thank God and take courage. Our chief aim should be to secure the self-support of these workers in due time, that their present stipends may be available for succeeding beginners. Trusting that I do not presume too much upon your space, as you hear but seldom from us.

WM. J. BOONE. St. John's College, Shanghai, Feb. 13, 1882.

The Death and Burial of a Christian Poet.

A poet has been taken to his rest, who may truly be called the Poet of the Holy Childhood. Mr. Thomas E. Van Bebber, formerly of Maryland, died recently near Colton, San Bernardino County, California, whither he had removed, with his eldest son and his daughter, a few months before his death. From family sources, we gather the following particulars: Here, thousands of miles away from most of his friends and kindred, he was seized with paralysis, which rendered him speechless, but not unconscious. Toward the end, his son, as he watched him, saw his eyes raised to heaven, and an expression of such perfect and radiant peace illuminate his countenance, that it was evident he was committing himself and his life-work, as he always called his last poem—"The Flight into Egypt"—into the Hands of Him Who never lets the humblest service fail of its reward. The same expression lingered after death.

There was neither church nor clergyman in the place; but the Rev. Mr. Loop, of Pomona, came for the last Offices. The visit of a clergyman in such a place, being so rare an occurrence, is taken advantage of by all who value Church privileges; and a neighboring mother brought her little ones to be baptized. Remembering his own exquisite lines upon "The Mystery of Water," his children placed a glass bowl upon the coffin, and there, water was sanctified to the mystical washing away of sin, and three souls were made members of Christ. At the grave, just before the Benediction, at the foot of a marble mountain, upon which God's own Hand had marked the Sign of the Cross, Mr. Loop read, as a last Memorial of the departed, an extract from his poem.

Mr. Van Bebber leaves two sons and a daughter, all in California, and his children have determined, by God's Help, to devote their energies to building up, around the place of his rest, a fitting memorial of one, whose gifted pen so lovingly portrayed the "God-Child." Through the liberality of "The Land and Water Company of Colton," they have secured an acre of land, to be given to the Church, for the erection of all needful buildings—church, school, and rectory; the Baptistery of the church to be his especial monument. They have obtained, for their plans, the hearty official endorsement of the Bishop; and the Rev. Mr. Loop has been appointed, by the Bishop, rector of the mission. We understand that they propose to commence Services immediately, in a tent erected as a Tabernacle for their Lord, in the wilderness. It is a work of Faith, well worthy the earnest and prayerful co-operation of all who long to see the Church extending her loving arms over her wandering children, and of all who value genius when dedicated to its highest and noblest uses. Very earnestly, then, do we call attention to the importance of strengthening the Church in this remote region, to which, in God's Providence, some of His children have been called to be the bearers, as we trust, of good seed to the Honor and Glory of His All Holy Name.

We cannot close this notice without calling attention to the Poem already mentioned, "The Flight into Egypt." We are familiar with "The Footsteps of the Holy Child," under the editorship of the Rev. Mr. Carter; and, many years ago, we studied, with intense delight, the teaching of St. Buonaventura upon the same subject, in his life of Christ. But we do not hesitate to say, that, in this poem, we have all the Scriptural teaching of the one, and all the devout imaginings of the other, brought before us and enriched with a wealth of learning and a fervor of poetic power, which are truly remarkable. There are passages in the poem, which are open to grave criticism, but one may overlook these minor blemishes, in consideration of the intense realization of the Incarnation, the Honors of the Divine Maternity, the dignity of the Sponsorship of St. Joseph, and the relations of the Holy Infant to His Mother and her Spouse, which characterizes this poem.

If this were meant to be a critical notice of the poem, we should be glad to quote some beautiful passages; but, as our object is simply, to do honor to the Poet, we are content to call attention to this his last and greatest work.

R.

Our Committee for Foreign Missions are calling earnestly for reinforcements. Especially in the vast Empire of China is help needed. The march of progress has begun there, and the field is opening faster than we can occupy it. Indeed, we are scarcely holding our own, there. Let us pray that by the power of the risen Life more abundantly vouchsafed to the Church this Easter-tide, laborers may be moved to go forth into the harvest. Bishop Williams of Japan asks for three more clergymen, and prefers single men. He says: "Some of the considerations in favor of single men are: First, two single men can be supported on what is needed for the support of a married man: Second, there is not much difficulty in providing accommodations for them. Third, they can remove from place to place without much difficulty: Fourth, ladies suffer in this climate more than men, and this causes the return home of Missionaries."

The steamship Great Eastern is still tied up in an English dock. An earnest effort to sell her at auction developed no bidders.

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

It is estimated that Brooklyn spends very nearly \$1,000,000 annually for charity.

The dead found in the Thames last year were 108, and most of them were unrecognizable.

About midnight, on Thursday of last week, the base of the monument erected on the Hudson to Major Andre by Cyrus W. Field was completely ruined by a blast of dynamite.

On the lowest computation, 550,000 tons of fish are annually taken in British waters, and Prof. Huxley estimates the take of herrings in the North sea at 2,000,000,000.

The South has now 67 cotton-seed oil mills in operation, and the price of the seed has advanced from \$6 to \$12 a ton. Planters last year got \$1,000,000 more from this source than ever before.

Ohio last year made about 450,000 gallons of maple sirup and 3,000,000 pounds of sugar, and will have as much this year—if sap runs. It ranks third among the States in maple sugar production.

The Khedive of Egypt has created Dr. Warren Bey, an American physician of Paris, a commander of the Order of Osmanie, as a further recognition of his professional career in Cairo and in Paris.

A hail-storm 10 miles in width raged at Wheeling, W. Va., on the 25th ult., many of the hailstones being as large as walnuts. A brisk breeze was blowing from the west and the hail pelted the exposed sides of the buildings like rifle balls.

It is stated that the President will remit so much of Fitz-John Porter's sentence as disqualifies him from holding any office of trust or profit under the United States government, and leave any further remedy which he desires to Congress.

The newly-discovered comet is approaching the earth at the enormous velocity of 2,000,000 miles a day, and, while it may not come as near as other comets have done, it may be expected to make a fine display for a few days in the early part of June.

After a comparative study of national longevity, a German statistician has reached the conclusion that Greece offers a better chance for long life than any other country, and that extreme old age is more often attained in the Orient than in Western Europe.

Queen Victoria is very particular about her sleeping arrangements. The bed that she uses at Mentone was sent from Windsor castle. Another bed was sent to Portsmouth, to be placed in the Victoria and Albert, for the Queen's use during the two nights she slept on board the yacht.

London wants a cat cemetery. Few houses have gardens, people dislike to cast the remains of a tabby that they have really doted on to the common dust-heap, and so journeys of many miles are made to find a quiet bit of sod under which to place the pet cat or dog or even the canary bird.

While driving on the boulevard at Odessa, Gen. Strelnieff, the public prosecutor of the Kieff military tribunal, was shot through the head by two men in a carriage. Three persons were wounded in an attempt to arrest the assassins, but they were finally conveyed to the police station.

Pacific coast papers represent that there is this season an extraordinary scarcity of salmon in the Sacramento river, and that in consequence the several canneries have as yet been unable to start up. It is attributed to the low state of the water during the winter. Last year the water reached the highest point ever known, and extraordinary quantities of salmon were taken in the river.

During the sojourn of the Queen and Princess Beatrice at Mentone, preparations will be made at Windsor Castle for the marriage of Prince Leopold (Duke of Albany) and Princess Helen of Waldeck. The Queen and Princess Beatrice are expected to reach Windsor shortly after Easter. Princess Helen, the Duke's fiancée, will probably return from Germany about the same time.

United Italy is making headway slowly toward the resumption of specie payments. For the first time since the restoration of Italian nationality, the kingdom has a surplus revenue amounting to \$10,000,000, and metallic reserves are being gathered at the treasury for the redemption of the forced currency. If it were not for the item of military expenditure, Italy would now be solvent.

A pair of venerable twins held a family reception in Nashua, N. H., last week. It was their 80th birthday; they had both been married twice, both are now widowers, both are in vigorous health, and both enter upon another decade in the cheerful expectation of living to the end of it. Among other friends who called to congratulate them was their brother, Samuel Ritchie, of Nashua, who is 82 years old.

The decision of the French government that a French crystal palace shall be reared upon a portion of the park of St. Cloud is universally applauded. The proposed works will involve the removal of the melancholy ruins of the old palace, and the restoration of the famous grounds. It is also intended that classes for instruction in the various branches of knowledge shall be instituted in this new palace, for the people.

The letting of postal contracts over the star routes, in accordance with the plan of Mr. James, has been made at a great reduction from the Brady figures. In six States and seven Territories, where the chief star routes lie, the new contracts have been taken at a saving of \$1,600,000, after allowing for the increase of the railroad service in the same States. This is a saving of more than one-half.

Captured correspondence carried on in the Chinese tongue has revealed a conspiracy for the smuggling of opium at San Francisco, involving certain city and federal officials whose names are kept secret for the present. James Henessey, purser, and Henry Kennedy, steward, of the City of Tokio, were arrested yesterday on the charge of being concerned in the smuggling, and held in \$5,000 each.

Twelve boxes of young monkeys arrived at New York last week. They were sea-sick all the way over; howled and coughed like babies. Among them were two "holy monkeys," worshipped by certain African tribes. They—the monkeys, not the tribes—are covered with long, soft, white hair. The importer said there weren't monkeys enough in this country to supply the demand. They die of consumption at the rate of five hundred annually.

A convention has been concluded between France and Italy for the purpose of affording succor to the seamen of the merchant navy of the two countries, when abandoned on the territories or colonies of either the one or the other. On both sides it is agreed that sailors belonging to the contracting nations shall when necessary be cared for, fed, and provided with the necessary means of returning home. Men deserting from the ship in which they set sail, or being expelled from their ship owing to misconduct, will not be entitled to the benefits to be derived from the convention.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Objectionable "Personals"

To the Editor of the Living Church: The letter in your issue of March 25th, concerning the publication of Confirmation-class statistics (with which letter I heartily agree), has reminded me of another kind of notice often seen in our Church-papers, and even more objectionable. I mean, the notice which was about this: "The Rev. Very Desirable, of Smithville, has declined a call to the Rectorship of St. Paul's, Jonesville." Not to speak of the solemn responsibilities which a call to any parish imposes upon a clergyman, it is, on the part of that parish, the highest compliment they can pay him. If declined, it should be declined in the most courteous way. To publish the fact of such declinations, is as indelicate as for a woman to proclaim the names of her rejected suitors. I cannot indeed suppose that any clergyman does himself send such notices to the press; but to allow them to be sent, not to protest against them when they have been sent, seems to me blamable. And I believe, that, if the publishers of our papers knew that the general feeling of the clergy is decidedly against the appearance of such "Personals," we should no longer be troubled with them. I may add that the form "The Rev. Very Desirable has received a call to "such and such a place," is just about as bad as the one quoted before. Such things may be called "news items" but no newspaper has a right to them without the consent of the parties concerned, a consent which no parish would and no clergyman should give. CAMERON MANN. Kansas City, Mo., March 24, 1882.

Missing Statistics.

To the Editor of the Living Church: Allow me to call attention to an omission which is somewhat difficult to account for. Your announcement that the diocesan and "Mission" lists of clergy, parishes, &c., printed in your most excellent ANNUAL, had been submitted to the respective bishops for their careful and final revision, has given to such statistics a sort of official authority which they would not otherwise have had. It was with some surprise, therefore, that I found no mention whatever of any parish or Mission north of Fargo; in fact, one-third of the "Dakota Mission" (the third, moreover, most rapidly increasing in population) is absolutely ignored! And it was still more surprising, when I learned that other compilers had somehow got hold of the missing statistics, which show that in this almost boundless region of 6,000 square miles (be sure not to print it 600, for it is a region nearly 200 miles from north to south, from 20 to 50 miles from east to west), the Church is not wholly unrepresented. Whatever cause there may be for discouragement, the case, thank God, is not so bad as this. These missing statistics show us that here, in the very centre and heart of this world-renowned Red River Valley, by the heroic self-devotion and sublime faith and courage of the Rev. W. P. Law, a young deacon, a parish was organized, which now, according to the statistics before me, leads all the rest within the limits of this missionary jurisdiction in the number of communicants; and that, using this as the natural base of missionary operations in this immense field, he established mission stations in the three counties of Grand Forks, Walsh, and Pembina; and, in that, did a work for which he will ever deserve honorable mention and be held in grateful remembrance. The parish here was organized as early as Easter-tide, 1880; and at the same time it was resolved to build a church, which, although still unfinished, has been regularly occupied for Services since Bishop Clarkson's visitation in May last, and, as far as completed, is paid for. The "Missions" were not visited by the Bishop for the lack of time.

"Peradventure it was an oversight." Nay, I will put it more positively, and say, of course, the mistake was inadvertent. Nor of itself is it a matter of much moment. But the case, trivial though it be per se, ought to show us, if, indeed, it needed any showing, that a Bishop who has a diocese of his own of 73,000 square miles, and then has a "Mission" of 85,000 square miles tacked on, and in addition to all this, even is compelled to spend a fourth part (if not a larger portion) of his time as an itinerant solicitor of the Church's bounty for the upbuilding of his own special diocesan institutions, ought not to be very severely criticised for even so singular an omission as this in question. We do not blame the Bishop; God bless him in his brave struggle against the tremendous odds he has to face every day of his Episcopal life! But we, of North Dakota, do feel as if, for the first time in her history, the "dear old Church" were showing some of the unlovely traits of the proverbial step-mother. We don't mind the physical cold of these high latitudes; but we do mind being "left out in the cold," as far as the Church's recognition of our rightful claims is concerned. There is nothing so utterly paralyzing in its effect upon one's energies, as the consciousness that one's own unaided efforts are no more adequate to the performance of the stupendous work waiting to be done, than the breath of one's mouth is capable of turning aside the "blizzard," in its mad career over the open prairie! Here is a field, as I have said, comprising at least 6,000 square miles, in which I must build three or four churches this Summer, or abandon it once for all to the more active and more aggressive denominations, which are only too ready to enter in and possess this magnificent country! And at the same time the necessity is providentially laid upon me to inaugurate a movement here for the founding of a Church School; while I have on my hands, also, the editing and publishing of the still growing "little parish sheet." And, yet, because this point could raise \$800 for the sup-

port of a clergyman (while it takes almost one-third as much for a home for one's family), the small stipend of my predecessor was taken away; and now, of the \$5,000 appropriated by the Domestic Board for Mission work in this jurisdiction, we, of North Dakota, get the generous share of \$100, which goes to Bismark. If any effort of mine can aid in even so small a degree, to bring about a change, and to secure, at least, a measure of justice for North Dakota, it shall be done. The only sure remedy is in having our own bishop; and if the Church at large saw the unprecedented tide of immigration now literally pouring in upon North Dakota, and rolling over its prairies, and especially along this famous Valley, the unanimous decision would be, that this good country can only be held for the Church by its having its own bishop on the ground, to organize these seething but mighty elements—mighty for future weal or woe, and mould them into a future Christian Commonwealth that shall be the admiration of the world, even more than the marvellously fertile soil and the health-giving atmosphere of this truly GOLDEN NORTH-WEST.

JNO. KEBLE KARCHER, Rector of St. Paul's Church. Grand Forks, D. T. March, 25, 1882.

Religious Orders.

To the Editor of the Living Church: In your issue of March 18th, the Rev. Robert Ritchie says that "Z." "puts the spiritual or pastoral charge of a parish, together with the control of its temporalities, in the hands of the Vestry representing the congregation. He thinks that the rector derives his pastoral jurisdiction from the Vestry, and holds it rightfully only during their pleasure," and hence, "is evidently a Congregationalist in principle." "Z." hopes he is sufficiently instructed in Church law to know the foundation of a rector's jurisdiction and spiritual authority. But he knows nothing in that law which forbids a congregation and vestry from exercising an independent judgment; and—when they think their spiritual interests will be promoted by a change of rectors—from saying so, and in very decided tones. This right of judgment or opinion has always existed, and will always be exercised. When rectors become angels, and the people and authorities of parishes become perfect saints, it may well fall into desuetude.

With regard to what Mr. Ritchie is pleased to call "a copy of a petition to the late Rector of St. Clement's," I have a word to say. It was a private letter, signed by a few personal friends of Father Prescott, and addressed to him. Mr. Ritchie says it was placed in the vestry-room for signatures. The letter itself says, "in obtaining signatures, care has been taken, for special reasons, to apply only to some of those known to be your warm personal friends." Whether such a letter, thus signed, should have been placed in the hands of Mr. Ritchie, and should have been used by him as it has been, is a question, upon which, possibly, affirmative voices may be found. But the judicious, I apprehend, will be apt to grieve that Mr. Ritchie did not consult his second, sober thought, before printing it. However, in the sense intended by the signers of that letter, I approve and applaud what they say. As interpreted by "X," I thought he had been made the victim of the fauconness of some of St. Clement's parishioners. The letter itself makes all clear. The signers meant to say that the parish had called, and desired to have, as rector, a regular priest of the Society of St. John the Evangelist; that they had confided the care of their souls to such a priest, and not to one who was apparently contumacious, and defiant of his superior. They knew that such a priest should be and was bound to be an obedient minister of the Church, and amenable to its lawful authority. They were perfectly aware of his canonical relations to the Bishop of the Diocese, and of his duties in respect thereto. But they never supposed that he was to follow the suggestions or the dictates of "the private mind of the Bishop," to whom the care of their souls did not directly belong; nor, I will venture to say, does Mr. Ritchie himself suppose any such thing. In a word, they wanted Father Prescott, in respect to resigning the rectorship, to comply with the wishes of his superior; and they could not understand how any intervention of the Bishop, under the circumstances, could be either needful or tolerable. For the Bishop—qua Bishop—they necessarily had a great respect, as well as for all his rights, powers, and authority, under the laws of the Church; but they did not sympathize with his school of religious thought, and did not agree with his "private mind," in regard to Catholic teachings, usages and practices. And it was incomprehensible to them, how Father Prescott, who had always been in accord with them in all their points (instead of resigning at the request of his superior), should resort to the Bishop, who differed with them and him, *to celo*.

These views were tersely expressed in the earnest letter to Father Prescott, who must needs have understood precisely what the writer meant, however much the unguarded language between Pastor and friends might be open to the misunderstanding of others. I am glad to have the assurance or the belief of Mr. Ritchie, that Father Prescott did not invoke the counsel and intervention of the Bishop, as to his course of action. And now, let me say in conclusion, that I have always regarded Mr. Ritchie as one of the staunchest supporters of the Catholic cause in this Diocese. He has never wandered or stumbled; and yet, in respect to the Priests of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, he has gone lamentably astray. I hope he will return again to his accustomed paths, and that he will forgive the freedom with which I have treated him in this communication.

HENRY FLANDERS. Philadelphia, March, 1882.

A Quandary.

To the Editor of the Living Church: It is well known that the "Reformed Episcopal Church" has not ventured to furnish a Catechism for its children, and that it also founded its strongest objection to the Church from which it seceded, on the ground of the very clear statement in its Catechism, as to the spiritual status of its baptized children; speaking of them, as it does, without reserve, as "Members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven." It has been suggested that the "R. E. Church" stands in this attitude before the public.

The Public asks: "This baptized child; is he a child of God, or a child of the devil?" And they reasoned among themselves, saying: "If we shall say 'of God,' they will say: 'why then did ye leave the P. E. Church?' But, if we shall say 'of the Devil'—all the parents will stone us, for they be persuaded that God loves their little ones." And they answered and said: "We cannot tell whose child he is."

A very sensible and suggestive criticism! S.

An Over-Worked School-Girl.

From one of this large class of sufferers, we have the following testimonial:

Cincinnati, N. J., Aug. 1880. "From a feeling of gratitude and a desire to benefit others in a like situation, I will give my experience with the Compound Oxygen Treatment. When I began it I had for more than a year been suffering from nervous prostration; for I belong to a class which increases yearly, viz., over-worked school-girls. My general improvement for nearly two months after I began the Home Treatment was scarcely perceptible, but at the end of that time I began to improve, and now, after eleven months have passed, I can safely say that I have been cured. I sleep and rest well, and am generally in possession of a good appetite, while headaches and backaches are quite unheeded of. My throat is cured, and my voice is stronger than ever before. I surprise my friends by my greatly increased physical strength. The fact that I have induced several friends to try this Treatment is an evidence of my faith in its curative power." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A youth who had attended a Scotch revival-meeting for the fun of the thing, ironically inquired of the minister: "whether he could work a miracle or not?" The young man's curiosity was fully satisfied by the minister's kicking him out of the church, with the malediction, "We cannot work miracles, but we can cast out devils!"

Moving springs of action are deeply interfused with principles subject to certain laws. The nervous system, if it is not properly regulated, can be restored to vigorous health by Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They are simple, harmless, and efficacious.

"O dear!" exclaimed Edith to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for awhile?"

Pure Cod-Liver Oil made from selected livers on the sea-shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

Professor in psychology: "Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical-student, thoughtfully: "Yes, sir, a poor singer in a chorus."

For the complete cure of a Cough, pains in the chest, difficulty of breathing, and all other lung diseases which tend to Consumption, you will find Allen's Lung Balm a most valuable remedy. Cures have been made, which have astonished every one who witnessed its effects.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

Important to Travellers.—Special inducements are offered by the Burlington route. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

[From Andrew's American Queen.] CLEOPATRA.

OR THE Queen of Sheba's Beauty.

WAS BUT SKIN DEEP.

The renowned Queen of Sheba, with all her royal pomp, magnificent apparel, and brilliant retinue, would never have appeared within the presence of the grandest of the monarchs of the past, had she not also possessed that which is the crowning glory of the female person—a skin unchallenged for its Oriental softness and almost transcendental purity. Cleopatra, holding emperors at bay, and ruling empires by her word, had quickly lost her charm and power by one attack of blotches, or of pimples, or of horrid tan and freckles.

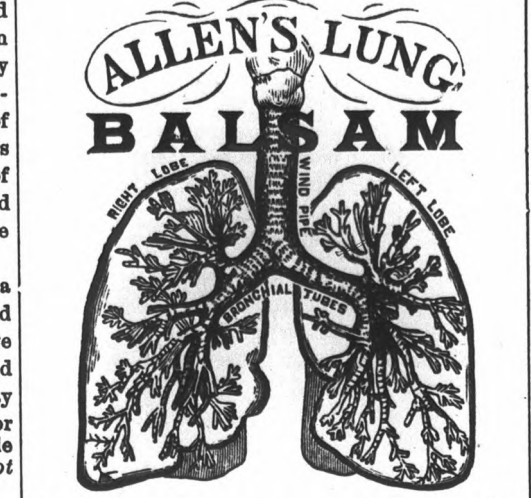
WOMAN RULES THE WORLD. By her beauty, not less than by her purity of character, loveliness of disposition and unselfish devotion. Indeed, in the estimation of perhaps too many men beauty in a body takes precedence over every other consideration. Beauty thus forms an important part of woman's "working capital," without which too many, (if not bankrupts in what relates to influence within the circle where they move), are powerless for great good. Hence we see not only the propriety but the duty of every lady preserving with zealous care that which to her is essential to success, and influence, and usefulness in life. And, since "beauty is but skin deep," the utmost care and vigilance are required to guard it against the many ills that flesh is heir to. Among the great and annoying enemies of beauty,

as well as of comfort, happiness and health, are those pestiferous and horrid skin diseases—tetter, humors, eczema, (salt rheum), rough and scaly eruptions, ulcers, pimples, and all diseases of the face and scalp. For the cure of all these, Dr. C. W. Benson of Baltimore, after years of patient study and investigation devoted to diseases of the skin, at last brought forth his celebrated SKIN CURE, which has already by its marvelous cure, established itself as the great remedy for all diseases of the skin, whatever be their names or character. Its success has been immense and unparalleled. All druggists have it. It is elegantly put up, two bottles in one package. Internal and external treatment. Price \$1.00.

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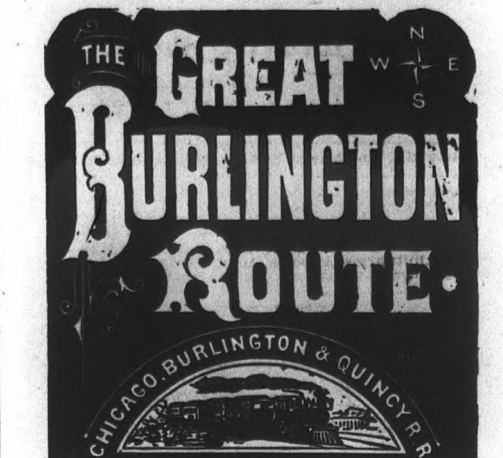
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On the International Lessons for 1882. Covering not only the lessons for the whole year, but the entire book of Mark, and accompanied by the Revised Version text, a revised reprint of the Cambridge Lesson Commentary. Prepared by G. F. Mackay, D. D., and J. S. Fessenden, D. D. Price, 16c. per copy. Book is put up in strong postal card covers. No similar work for the year has ever been published. Complete sets will be filled in turn. We also publish complete Bible Dictionary of two thousand complete entries, 42 columns, and nearly 100 illustrations. For catalogue (the "Number" Commentary, also new books on teaching, in one; "The Ideal Sunday-School" and "The Management" in three books for teachers) send for it, postpaid. DAVIS & COOK, 148 Madison St., Chicago.

Business

Education should be possessed by every young man and woman. The best place to get it is at the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Business College. Write for Catalogue and prospectus.







The Late Rev. Horatio Harrison Hewitt.

Cum Christo, multo magis melius. Written for the Living Church. One of old England's busy cotton towns, once upon a time, saw a fierce bloody riot, that worst of all, a real bread-riot.

An enthusiastic and laborious student had read long and hard within the walls of old Cambridge. His one burning desire was to consecrate himself to the Master's work, when he should have finished his course of discipline and learning.

His whole life's aim seemed to be defeated. But among those who grieved about his bed-side was a younger brother, a fresh ruddy school-boy of seventeen. The eye of the wasting sufferer rested upon him, and with his last breath he besought him to fill the gap in the holy ranks now to be made by his death.

In 1857, the late Bishop Ives performed his last Episcopal act in laying his hands upon this brother of the Cambridge student, admitting to the diaconate of the Church of God, Horatio Harrison Hewitt, of Sheffield, England.

From that time to 1858, the energetic priest ministered to the Church in Lincoln and Charlotte, and left, as visible marks of his industry, a new church building in each of these towns.

During the civil war, the city of Jacksonville being captured and re-captured by both armies in the conflict, Mr. Hewitt and his congregation suffered the indelible miseries known only in war.

His household goods and a valuable library were lost; and his devotion to his priestly duties, especially to the sick and suffering, seemed to make him the mark of soldiers' vengeance from both sides, strange as it may seem.

For "ministering as a priest of God" to the Confederate sufferers, he was turned out of his home by the Union soldiers, and while burying the dead of the Union army he was fired upon by the Confederate guerrillas.

After six years of faithful labor, he realized that duty to his convictions would lead him to another field, and he became the minister of St. John's Chapel, Boston Highlands. This little Church soon became strong and independent under his labors; it enlarged its edifice, and here was again a noble and visible success of Mr. Hewitt's faithful ministry.

they not knowing as they go whether "the son of peace be there," but willing to spend and be spent for the dear Lord's sake.

But the evening shadows were falling; the faithful laborer plodded on, and after a short service in the diocese of Pittsburgh, he was again prostrated by a sharp sickness, and sought again the loving shelter of his eldest son's home in the beautiful village of Bellefonte.

Mr. Hewitt was taken, at his own earnest request, to his youngest daughter's pleasant home in Sunbury, Penn., and there, surrounded by wife and all that was dear (excepting one too far away to come), and "in the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week," on Saturday evening, the 25th of February 1882, he passed into the world of light, where by far the greater part of God's children are waiting for the Morning of the Resurrection.

The particulars of Mr. Hewitt's funeral have already been described by others. We here trace only the outlines of a life that was singularly full of eventful interest and remarkable experience. Mr. Hewitt was a man of unusual devotion to purpose, of heroic bravery, and of most chivalric charity.

Once during the late war he sheltered five little children whom he had found starving, and gave them the last food he had for his own family, and when he knew of no way to renew the supply. And here, as at other times in his life, was his great faith rewarded as if by special act of God.

Many other instances of a wonderful providence occurred during his most eventful life. Several times, while performing clerical duty, was he rescued from the murderer's hand by what seemed a miraculous interposition; for "the angel of the Lord tarried round about him."

Even when he first landed in America, to seek his far off uncle, while spending a few days first in New York City, having then his wife and three little children, one, of them, a year old, sickened and died.

As a scholar, Mr. Hewitt was one of the solid, well-read, well-balanced sort; as a preacher, usually logical, exhaustive, forcible; in both, far above mediocrity; and as a pastor and parish worker, most indefatigable, faithful, and exemplary.

The "great wrong," to which Dr. Fulton so feelingly drew the attention of our readers, has been prevented. The full amount necessary to save our brother's library is now in his hands; we all owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Fulton for having given us an opportunity to celebrate so worthily this Holy, Happy Festival. Those who promised contributions, on condition of the whole amount being raised, will please forward them, as they are included in the total.

Diocese of Quincy.

The Fifth Annual Convention of the Diocese of Quincy assembled at the Cathedral of St. John, Quincy, on Tuesday, April 18th, at 10 in the morning. The Convention sermon will be preached by the Rev. Charles J. Shrimpton, Rector of Grace Church, Galesburg.

Personal Mention. The Rev. George H. Wilson has accepted an appointment as Assistant Minister at the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C. Address accordingly.

The Rev. George Rogers has accepted the rectorship of Grace Church, Paducah, Ky. The Rev. A. D. Heffer has accepted an election to Trinity Church, Southwark, Philadelphia, Pa.

Official. The Fifth Annual Convention of the Diocese of Quincy will be held on Tuesday, April 18th, in the Cathedral of St. John, Quincy, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m. The Bishop hopes for lay representation (as well as clerical) from all Parishes and Missions.

Acknowledgements. The undersigned, in behalf of Nasboth Mission, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following offerings and Lent offerings in the months of February and March, 1882.

St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago. Contributions are solicited for the equipment of a bed for crippled children. The sum of \$4,000 is sought to be raised for this purpose.

Miscellaneous. For nearly forty years the daily Services of St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Ill., have been held in the Study Hall. The foundation of a Chapel is completed, and funds are greatly needed to continue the work.

Wanted. By a clergyman of the Church, a position as teacher in a boys' school. Address C., LIVING CHURCH OFFICE.

CEDARTOWN, GEORGIA.

As empowered by the members of this mission and by the Bishop of the Diocese, we appeal to all friends of the Church to give us what assistance they can in raising the means wherewith to erect a Church edifice at this point, which is destined, at no distant day, to become a very important one.

TO CORNISHMEN IN AMERICA. Brother Cornishmen! shall the new Cornish Cathedral be built without "a stone" from America?

Society for the Increase of the Ministry. Formed 1867. Incorporated 1876. Five hundred and eighty-seven of its scholars have been ordained.

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CLASS OF '70. This is a bright, sharp, aggressive book, whose author keenly appreciates the necessity for reform in church and society.

MAPLEGROVE SEMINARY

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. TONAWANDA, N. Y. The Rt. Rev. A. C. COXE, D. D., Visitor. FULL ACADEMIC COURSE.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. There are in attendance at this institution, this term, 951 STUDENTS. Next term begins April 17th, closes June 21th.

VASSAR COLLEGE, FOR THE LIBERAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A FULL COLLEGE COURSE: Special Courses; Department of Painting and Music; a Preparatory Department; an Astronomical Observatory; a new Laboratory of Chemistry and Physics.

ST. GABRIEL'S SCHOOL, Peekskill, N. Y. A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. For terms, etc., address (as above) THE MOTHER SUPERIOR, SISTERS OF ST. MARY.

BROOKE HALL FEMALE SEMINARY, Media, Del. County, Pa. The next session of this school will open on Monday Sept. 19th. Apply for Catalogues to M. L. EASTMAN, Principal, Media, Pa.

GRONON MILITARY INSTITUTE. A Church School for Boys. Thorough instruction, fitting for college, scientific school or business. Exercise by rowing, skating, practice in a well equipped gymnasium and by military drill.

HAMNER HALL, Montgomery, Ala. A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. \$105. will pay for board and English tuition for a half scholastic year, beginning 1st Oct., or middle Feb.

MADEMOISELLE DE JANON, No. 10 Gramercy Park, New York. (Successor and former Partner of the late Miss Haines) will re-open her English and French Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children, Thursday, Sept. 28th.

ST. AGNES SCHOOL, Albany, N. Y. A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. From the Kindergarten to the Harvard post-graduate course, under the constant personal supervision of the Bishop of Albany.

SHATTUCK SCHOOL, Fairbault, Minn. Gives thorough fitting for college or business, and a pleasant home with the teachers. The grounds are large, the location healthy and invigorating.

SEASIDE HOME AND SCHOOL. For Young Ladies and Children, Asbury Park, N. J. Fourth year opens September 14th, 1881. Boarding and tuition \$200 per year.

St. Margaret's Diocesan School for Girls, Waterbury, Conn. The sixth year will open (D. V.) on Wednesday, Sept. 6th, 1881. Instrumental music under charge of J. Baier, Jr., a private pupil of Plaidy, of Leipzig Conservatory.

St. John's School, 21 and 23 W. 32nd St. New York. Between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, New York. BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN.

De Veaux College, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Co., N. Y. FITTING SCHOOL for the Universities, West Point, Annapolis, or business. Charges, \$50 a year.



Calendar.

APRIL, A. D. 1882.

- 2. 6th Sunday in Lent. Palm Sunday. Violet.
3. Thursday before Easter. Maundy Thursday. White. in Holy Communion.
7. Good Friday. Black.
8. Easter Even. White at Evensong.
9. Easter Day. White.
10. Monday in Easter Week. White.
11. Tuesday in Easter Week. White.
12. Wednesday in Easter Week. White.
13. 1st Sunday after Easter. Low Sunday. White.
14. 2d Sunday after Easter. White.
15. 3d Sunday after Easter. White.
16. 4th Sunday after Easter. White.
17. 5th Sunday after Easter. White.
18. 6th Sunday after Easter. White.
19. 7th Sunday after Easter. White.
20. 8th Sunday after Easter. White.
21. 9th Sunday after Easter. White.
22. 10th Sunday after Easter. White.
23. 11th Sunday after Easter. White.
24. 12th Sunday after Easter. White.
25. St. Mark, Evangelist. Red.
26. St. John, Evangelist. Red.
27. St. Peter, Evangelist. Red.
28. St. Paul, Evangelist. Red.
29. St. Andrew, Evangelist. Red.
30. 3d Sunday after Easter. White.

Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him. For in that He died, He died unto sin once; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God.—Romans vi:9,10.

As He is risen now, so now He dieth not; the widow of Nain's Son, the ruler's daughter, Lazarus, all these rose again, yet they died afterward; but Christ rising from the dead, dieth no more. If we rise as they did, that we return to this same mortal life of ours again, this very mortality of ours will be to us as the prisoner's chain he escapes away withal; by it we shall be pulled back again. We must therefore so rise as Christ, that our resurrection be not a returning back to the same life, but a passing over to a new. The very feast itself puts us in mind of as much, it is the Passover; not a coming back to the same land of Egypt, but a passing over to a better, the Land of Promise, whither Christ our Passover is passed before us, and shall in His good time give us passage after Him.

BISHOP ANDREWES.

Jesus lives! to Him the throne Over all the world is given; May we go where He is gone, Rest and reign with Him in heaven. Alleluia!

FRANCES E. COX.

Old Poems on the Passion and Easter Day.

Written for the Living Church.

The days and hours of Holy Week may be likened to steps leading up to, and over-shadowed by that Wonderful Tree, whose Healing Balm was for the cure of all nations.

O faithful Cross! O noblest Tree! In all our woes there's none like thee; No earthly groves, no shady bowers, Produce such leaves, such fruit, such flowers! Sweet are the nails, and sweet the wood, That bears a weight, so sweet, so good.

'Tis a momentous week, and one in which the cares and pleasures of the world have no place. The very world itself seems to hush and quake, in the awful silence which broods about Calvary, and "the greave and fearsome tragedy that thereon was enacted."

The faithful have followed—alas! "afar off"—the painful steps of their Lord and Master; they have wept with the faithful women, at "the roots of the Tree;" have heard the "Seven Last Words;" have waited by the Sealed Sepulchre; and have seen the "stone rolled away," and "the linen clothes lying." Their salutation has been "He is risen indeed!" The night of sorrow and darkness has fled, and the Easter morn has lightened the world again. The Miserere hath given place to Alleluia!

What a wonderful, stupendous transformation are we bound to consider! And how the finite mind trembles with awe, with grief, and yet with the deepest joy, as it dwells upon the Passion and Resurrection of the Saviour of the World!

From the present let us glance backward; from the glowing, gilded page of this year of grace let us look at some yellow, time-stained pages of a Christian poet, who wrote with a fervor that is unknown in this our day.

From "The Steps to the Temple," by Richard Crashaw, I quote a few quaint poems appropriate to this Holy-tide; and take the liberty to modernize the orthography (and, in some instances, the punctuation), that occurs in my edition of his works, published A. D. 1648.

From the poem, "Upon our Blessed Saviour's Passion" but a few lines can be given, and those as follows:

Now is the Noon of Sorrow's Night, High in His patience as their spite; For the faint Lamb, with weary limb, Bears that huge Tree which must bear Him.

That fatal plant, so great of fame, The fruit of sorrow and of shame, Shall tell of both for Him; and mix All woes into one Crucifix.

A very graphic description of our Lord's death, the rending of the Temple's veil, and also of the rocks, is given as follows:

But there were rocks could not relent at this; Lo! for their own hearts, they rend His; Their deadly hate lives still, and hath A wild resort to the high, high, high Superfluous Spear! But there's a heart stands by Will look no wounds be lost, no deaths shall die; Gather now thy grief's ripe fruit, great Mother-maid!

Then sit thee down, and sing thine Even-song in the sad Tree's shade.

The Nightingale hour comes last, to call Us to our own lives' Funeral— A heartless task! Yet hope takes head, And lives in Him, that here lies dead. Run, Mary, run! Bring hither all the blest Arabia, for thy Royal Phoenix nest; Purr on thy noblest sweets, which when they touch This sweeter Body, shall indeed be such. But must Thy bed, Lord, be a borrow'd grave, Who lend'st to and things that the life they have? O rather use this Heart, thus for a fitter stone, 'Cause, though a hard and cold one, yet it is Thine own.

The poem called "Christ's Victory" I quote in its entirety. It contains many quaint conceits, very quaintly expressed:

Christ, when He died Deceived the Cross; And, on death's side Threw all the loss; The captive world awoke, and found The Prisoner loose, the jailor bound.

O dear and sweet dispute, Twixt death's and love's far different fruit! Different as far As antidotes and poisons are; By the first fatal Tree Both life and liberty Were sold and bought; By this they both look up, and live again!

O strange, mysterious strife, Of open death and hidden life? When on the Cross my King did bleed, Life seemed to die, Death died indeed!

In sentiment very like to the last is the following couplet, "Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord:"

Here, where our Lord once laid His Head Now the grave lies buried.

The following is also worthy of place: Upon our Saviour's tomb, wherein never man was laid,

How life and death in Thee agree! Thou had'st a Virgin womb and tomb; A Joseph did betroth thee both.

To cull from such a wealth of fancies, is like being set in a garden of flowers, and bidden to gather the choicest of choice buds; we stand, bewildered, not knowing whither to turn, nor which to choose!

Here is his poem "Upon Easter Day:"

Rise, Heir of fresh eternity, From thy virgin Tomb! Rise, mighty Man of Wonders, and Thy world with Thee! Thy Tomb the universal East. Nature's new womb; Thy Tomb fair immortality's perfumed West.

Of all the glories that make Noon gay, This is the Morn! This rock buds forth the Fountain of the streams of Day;

In joy's white annals lives this hour, When Life was born! No cloud scowl on His radiant lips, no tempest lower!

Life, by this Light's nativity, all creatures have: Death only, by this Day's just doom, is forced to die; Nor is death fore'd; for, may he lie, Throned in Thy Grace, Death will, on this condition, be content to die.

With the closing stanzas of the "Hymn on the Blessed Sacrament" I will end these all too brief selections from Crashaw's poems:

Jesu! Master just and true! Our Food and faithful Shepherd too! O, by Thyself, vouchsafe to keep, As with Thyself Thou feed'st Thy sheep!

O let that Love, which thus makes Thee Mix with our low mortality, Lift our mean souls and set us up, Co-victors of Thine own full cup; Co-heirs of Saints, that so all may Drink the same Blood, and the same Way; Nor change the Pasture but the Place, To feed of Thee, in Thine own Face.

Surely this old volume hath the "odor of sanctity" about it! Even as it lieth before me now, ere going back to its shelf, its very covers seem writ over with the meek spirit of its author, and of the far away Past, in which so much that is priceless reposes! O. W. R.

The following form of prayer was used in many hundred churches throughout England on Mid-Lent Sunday, the anniversary of Mr. Green's imprisonment. Over 50,000 copies on a leaflet were distributed, to those asking for it, by the Church of England Working Men's Society.

Your prayers are asked for Sydney Faithorne Green, Priest, for one year, and now a prisoner for refusing to break the Law of the Church.

Prayer for the Rev. S. F. Green.

O Most Gracious God, our Heavenly Father, who wast with Thy servant Joseph in the prison, and didst send Thy Holy Angel to set the Apostle Peter free, be with Thy servant, Sydney Faithorne Green, in his prison, and make his sufferings work for Thy Glory, and in Thine own good time set him free; for the sake of Thy dear Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

That it may please Thee . . . to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives, We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

Prayer for the Persecutors.

O Merciful God, Who hast made all things, and hastest nothing that Thou hast made; nor wouldest the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; have mercy upon all those that withstand Thy Truth, or seek to rob Thy worship of its beauty; take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy word; and so fill them with the knowledge of Thee and of Thy love, that they may be saved among the residue of Thy People; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ARRESTED MARCH 19th, 1881.

'O pray for the Peace of Jerusalem.'

'Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.'

Let us not be too hard upon the semi-barbarous Russian peasantry. It is not very long, historically, since the Congregationalists, the progenitors of the Advance and the Christian Union, tied a Quaker lady to the end of a cart, and lashed her through the streets of Boston, her agonized husband trying to interpose himself between her bleeding back and the executioner's lash. The forefathers of the Advance and Christian Union also compelled the Baptists to hold their close-communion in secret, and padlocked a church which they had surreptitiously built. That was not so bad, however. It may have been a case of emotional insanity. The Baptists probably told them that they had neither scholarship nor honesty, and kept it up until the Congregationalists found life insupportable. And yet behold how happily the two denominations dwell together now. Try to think of the Boston Congregationalist tynng Sarah Smiley to the end of a cart and whipping her—and the idea will be found unthinkable.—The Independent.

A correspondence is desirable, not only as a pleasure and healthful tonic to our hearts and to our friends, but as a means of mental culture. It is true that a hurried epistle, carelessly written and filled only with petty domestic details, does not require a high degree of literary culture, nor call into exercise much mental effort. But it is also true, that a good letter is one of the best as well as one of the most rare specimens of prose composition. Some of the most valuable contributions to literature are the genuine letters of distinguished persons; and some of the pleasant reading in the light literature of the day is found in the form of correspondence; a style of writing in which it is conceded that women hold a high place.

Train the children to take care of their playthings. Let them have a place to keep them, and do not allow the wanton destruction of anything. Of course, they will break their toys and spoil their beauty carelessly. Have not the little folks to learn how to use their things properly? Teach them not merely by explanations and rules, but more practically, by helping them to mend whatever can be mended. They will be twice as careful of a toy which they have helped you neatly to repair, as they were of it when new.

Cheerfulness can be coaxed up to a good degree of growth, even under adverse circumstances. You honestly try it for your own sake, and the sake of others dear to you, and you will find the way better than any one could tell you. The trouble with us is, we want all the blessings and pleasures and comforts of life, with all the troubles and losses and crosses left out.

EASTER MORNING.

From Harper's Magazine for April.

Dame Margaret spoke to Annie Blair, To Annie Blair she spoke; As from beneath the wrinkled hand She peered far out to sea.

"Look forth, look forth, O Annie Blair, For my old eyes are dim; See you a single boat afloat Upon the horizon's rim?"

Sweet Annie looked to East, to West, To North and South looked she; There was no single boat afloat Upon the angry sea.

The sky was dark, the winds were high, The breakers lashed the shore; And louder and still louder raged The tempest's sullen roar.

"Look forth again," Dame Margaret cried; "Doth any boat come in?" And scarce she heard the answering word, Above the furious din.

"Pray God no boat may put to sea In such a gale!" she said; "Pray God no soul may die to-night The rocks of Danger Head!"

"This is Good Friday, Annie Blair," Dame Margaret cried again; "When Mary's Son, the Merciful, On Calvary was slain.

"The earth did quake, the rocks were rent, The graves were opened wide; And darkness like to this fell down When He—the Holy—died!"

Give me your hand, O Annie Blair; Your two knees fall upon; Christ send to you our love back— To me, my only son!"

All night they watched, all night they prayed, All night they heard the roar Of the fierce breakers dashing high Upon the lonely shore.

Oh, hark! strange footsteps on the sand, A voice above the din; "Dame Margaret! Dame Margaret! Is Annie Blair within?"

High on the rocks of Danger Head Her lover's boat is cast. All rudderless, all anchorless— Mere hull and splintered mast."

Oh hark! slow footsteps on the sand, And women wailing sore; "Dame Margaret! Dame Margaret! Your son you'll see no more!"

God pity you, Christ comfort you! The weeping women cried; But, "May God pity Annie Blair!" Dame Margaret replied.

"For life is long, and youth is strong, And it must still be borne— Leave us alone to make our moan— My son! alas, my son!"

The Easter morning, flushed with joy, Saw all the winds at rest; And far and near the blue sea smiled With sunshine on its breast.

The neighbors came, the neighbors went; They sought the house of prayer; But on the rocks of Danger Head The dame and Annie Blair.

With still, white faces watched the deep Without a tear or cry. "I can not weep," said Annie Blair—"My heart is turned to stone."

Forth from the church the pastor came, And up the rocks strode he; Baring his thin white locks, to meet The salt breath of the sea.

"The rocks shall rend, the earth shall quake, The sea give up its dead, For Christ our Lord is risen indeed—" 'Tis Easter morn," he said.

Oh hark! oh hark! a startled cry, A rush of hurrying feet, The swarming of a hundred men Adown the village street.

"Now unto God and Christ the Lord Be praise and thanks away! The sea hath given up its dead, This blessed Easter day."

Home and Health.

By a Business Man.

MR. EDITOR.—The idea so prevalent, that the country generally supplies the conditions of healthy living to a far greater extent than the city, is not, I venture to say, sustained by facts. That in the nature of things the country might be and ought to be healthier than the city, no one will deny; but it is evident to the thoughtful observer that it is not so, because so little attention is paid to sanitary laws in the construction and arrangement of country homes and in the ordering of country life; while in the city, men appreciate the necessity of vigilance, and to some extent secure the enforcement of sanitary regulations. A hospital would naturally be the unhealthiest place in the world, with its aggregation of diseased and dying inmates; but by the aid of the manifold contrivances of sanitary science, the air in the well-regulated hospital is kept free from contagion, and residents therein are safer than in many elegant private mansions.

In my last, I gave you my experience of the draw-backs of a country home, in the scarcity of the water supply, and the danger of contamination and resultant disease in the product of the pump. I did not exaggerate the facts nor the imminence of the danger that exists in country homes in many localities. During the prevalence of diphtheria, one winter, I noted carefully the reports, and took some pains to investigate the conditions under which this disease flourished in the locality under my observation. I became convinced that foul drinking-water was more prolific of this disease than all other causes combined. Many cases, of which I had personal knowledge, were clearly traceable to polluted wells. Some wells examined proved to be really cess-pools, into which the filth of the vaults and stable yards had slowly filtered for years. As long as these were plentifully supplied with water, and large quantities were drawn out, the drainage was diluted to such a degree that the human constitution was able to resist its effect. But when the wells were low, and remained in that condition for a considerable time, the accumulation became deadly. The children first succumbed to the poison, and stronger constitutions were afterwards attacked. My observation has been that diphtheria and kindred diseases prevail in the country during seasons of drought, especially when these occur in winter.

My first move, as I described to you, was to clear out the well. As our supply of water was limited to the capacity of a hand pump, it was all the more important that what we did use should be of good quality. But the cleansing of the well gave no security for the future. The well could not be cleaned every day, but every day the porous soil was conveying to it germs of disease with which the locality was saturated. The kitchen sink poured its contents on the surface

of the ground; the vaults were not far away on one side, and the stable was on the other. Every rain-fall had to take its course-down through the soil, carrying with it all the solvent impurities with which it came in contact, and depositing a portion of these in the well, which was the centre of attraction at such times. It was evident that an efficient system of drainage must be adopted, if we were to live securely in our country home.

I found, too, that the cellar needed to be drained, as much as the soil, and to be ventilated. It was damp and musty, and entirely unfit for a storage room. Living in the country, we could not get our daily supplies from the market every morning. We must have a place to keep things which were to be used on the table. The sight and smell of that old cellar were enough to drive one back to the city. The idea of keeping there all winter things which must be put on our table, was simply intolerable. If we were either to eat or drink we must have drainage and ventilation.

To secure the latter for the cellar and for the entire house, I built a shaft of brick, like a large chimney (in fact it was an old chimney enlarged), nearly in the centre of the house, from the floor of the cellar up through the roof. Under the main hall, in the cellar, I placed a small furnace, enclosed in brick and supplied with air from the outside, and carried the smoke-pipe of this furnace into and up through the ventilating shaft, to the upper air. The hot air of this furnace discharged into the hall above and kept all the halls of the house comfortably warm. The ventilating chimney was warmed by the pipe, during the cold weather when the house was kept closed; and a current was created, draining out the impure air of the cellar and from the rooms above which connected with the shaft. The heat in these rooms was supplied by stoves and grates. After the first outlay, it required but a few dollars a year and a little attention to the furnace, to secure ventilation in every floor from cellar to garret. By underdraining the cellar, and covering the ground with concrete and cement, it was made as healthy and clean as any part of the house. Additional windows were made for light in winter and air in summer, and the warmth of the brick casing of the furnace gave security against the severest cold. Of the drainage, I will write more at length next week.

New York Charities.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

The thirtieth year of the Orphans' Home and Asylum, New York, has been in many particulars a trying one. In its early months the American Express Company began the erection of a large building with stables, on the lots in the rear of the institution, cutting off much of the sunlight, and threatening the purity of the air to be breathed by more than a hundred little children. But this was not all. The excavations for the foundation of the new building undermined the rear wall of the Asylum grounds, necessitating its being taken down and re-erected, at a cost of several thousand dollars to the institution. The Express Company offered to defray part of the cost, but the burden remaining was heavy, and was added to by alterations of the Asylum building, also rendered necessary. As the summer months wore away, the work dragged on. The boys were deprived of more than half their play ground, which was piled high with earth and stone from the excavation. The blasting of rock damaged the glass, and loosened ceilings in many parts of the house. To increase the general anxiety, scarlet fever made its appearance, lingering with strange persistency. One child died, all the other cases being brought safely through.

There are at present 136 children in the Home; 62 boys and 74 girls. Twenty-four children have been returned to friends. Besides school branches the little ones are taught to mend their clothes, and instructed in various branches of household work. A matron and three lady teachers are employed in this task. The income of the last year from endowments and donations amounted to \$22,960.51.

The Home for Old Men and Aged Couples, New York, has completed the ninth year of its existence. While no great difficulties have been encountered, constant care and watchfulness have been required, to guard the aged inmates in their delicate state of health, and to make them comfortable and happy. Sister Amelia has devoted herself entirely to this task, with her usual success. The edifice occupied by the Home, was originally a dwelling house, and is ill adapted to the purposes which it is now made to serve. Many comforts and modern appliances are lacking, there is no provision for suitable hospital accommodations, and the inmates are thrown much more together than is advisable or necessary. Room, too, is limited, and but a comparatively small number can be selected from those applying for admission.

At the end of the year there were twenty-four inmates in the Home. Five have passed to their long rest. The cost of maintaining the institution has not been fully contributed by its friends, and the trustees have been compelled to obtain a loan to meet the needed outlays. It is earnestly hoped that those patrons who have long upheld the good work, will not permit the treasury to remain thus crippled.

Never get in the way of owing small sums, or borrowing needlessly. If you borrow a postage stamp or a car-fare, return it as promptly as you would a large amount. The slipshod way that some people have, by draining others by little, is one of the troubles of existence, that nobody ought to bear. Half of the worries and vexations of life are as small as pin-pricks.

Take care of your thoughts, for they lead the way to words and acts, just as brooks lead to rivers, and rivers to the ocean.

EASTER CAROLS.

By Rev. John Cavarly Middleton, D. D.

CAROL—"BLESSSED EASTER MORNING."

Blessed Easter Morning, Happiest Day of days; Join we with the Angels In our songs of praise! O, 'tis meet that Christians, On this day should sing Joyful alleluias To their risen King! Christus resurrexit! Alleluia!

Angels bright are waiting By the open tomb; Whence in mighty triumph, Christ had driven gloom. Roman Guards, affrighted, Fleed in sore dismay, When the buried Jesus Rose on Easter Day! Christus resurrexit! Alleluia!

Death and hell were conquered; And the grave was made Earth's last restful pillow For the sainted dead. There they rest so peaceful, Safe from toil and harm, Carefully protected By the Saviour's arm! Christus resurrexit! Alleluia!

Death is now but sleeping; And in Paradise Our loved ones are waiting Till Christ bids them rise! Sleeping now in Jesus, They shall wake again When He comes in glory, With His Saints to reign. Christus resurrexit! Alleluia!

Sing ye Alleluia On this happy day! And our choirs offerings On God's altar lay. With our Saviour rising, By His death made free, We shall, with our loved ones, Live eternally. Christus resurrexit! Alleluia!

Then on Easter Morning Joyful let us sing: "Grave! where is thy victory? Death! where is thy sting?" In Christ's love abiding, Though death close our eyes, Jesus Christ is risen, And we too shall rise! Christus resurrexit! Alleluia!

"O ANGELS HIGH IN GLORY."

O Angels high in glory Who guard the gates of pearl, Swell forth your alleluias sweet, Your standard bright unfurl! For Christ our Lord is risen, And conquered death and sin! Lift up the everlasting doors And let the Conqueror in!

'Twas early in the morning, Before the dawn of day, That Rome's brave soldiers fell to earth In terror and dismay. When from the tomb's dark portal The massive stone was rolled, And from its depths our Christ arose As He Himself foretold.

Then fled the darkness shadows That long o'er earth had lain! Then sorrowing hearts were comforted And hope revived again! Earth heard the Easter Message, And sang exultingly—"Now Christ is risen, and shall rise, And live eternally."

O happy Easter morning, The brightest day of days! More rapturous than the Angels' song We lift our hymns of praise! The grave is robbed of terror! 'Tis no more death to die! The risen Christ o'er death and hell Hath won the Victory!

O Jesus, King triumphant, All glory is Thy due! Our Alpha and Omega Thou, The Faithful One and True! The living and departed, To Thee adoring pray: "As Thou hast risen, Dear Lord, raise us In Thy great Easter Day!"

EASTER MORNING.

Written for the Living Church.

Easter morning! Heaven rejoices— Earth exults—thy dawn to see; Nature smiles, as all her voices Rise in greeting song to thee! O'er the last great year victorious— Christ our Lord has risen on high, Opening a pathway glorious Through death's portal, to the Sky!

Easter morning! glad news telling Of that Land beyond the sea, Where our best-beloved are dwelling— Where we hope one day to be. Light, as of transfiguration, Glows around the grave's dark sod, Since our Hope and our Salvation That sad path in triumph trod!

Easter morning! drawing nearer Hearts and thoughts to Paradise, Making earth seem brighter, dearer, As a forecast of the skies. From the sepulchre's grim prison Thou the stone hast rolled away, "Christ our Saviour has arisen!" Evermore we'll sing and say.

When on death's cold brink we shiver, When we shrink in doubt and fear From the sweet, sweet, sweet river, As the last dread hour draws near— We will look to Christ the Holy, Christ, Who passed that dark flood o'er, Lighting it with beams of glory From the best, immortal shore! FRANCES A. SHAW.

Good behaviour and cheerfulness ought to accompany each meal as naturally and unwaveringly as bread and butter. The happy laughter which distributes nervous force, and calls the blood from the brain, allowing the stomach to get its share, should be heard more frequently at our tables. No one should feel at liberty to say one word that is not kind and thoughtful, any more than he would withhold a sufficient quantity of food. These facts need more careful consideration than they have usually received.

To exercise a nice tact on the subject of conversation, to discard all desire to shine, wishing simply to give utterance to well-digested thoughts, and to listen with respectful attention when others speak, is the secret of good companionship. Some watchful self-control is necessary to attain this end, but it is worth all its costs, and lies within the scope of all.

THE KIND OF LITTLE BOYS WHO GO TO HEAVEN.—The teacher had grown eloquent in picturing to his pupils the beauties of heaven, and he finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" A lively four-year-old boy, with kicking boots, flourished his fist. "Well, you may answer," said the teacher. "Dead ones!" the little fellow shouted, at the extent of his lungs.

A merry heart makes sunshine. Everybody is warmed and lightened by it. It exhilarates a whole household. Its cultivation should be general. The world would be better for it, and individuals vastly happier.

Don't try to lengthen your days by cutting short your nights' rest; it is poor economy.



The Household.

TOILET SLIPPERS.—First make a chain of 13 stitches. Use the common mitten or half-stitch. 1st row: Crochet one stitch into every stitch, except the middle one, into which you must crochet two stitches. 2nd row: One stitch into every back horizontal loop or stitch except the middle one, where two must be made, the same as in the 1st row. Repeat 16 times.—This forms eight ribs. 17th row: One stitch into every back horizontal loop as far as the 8th stitch. Repeat 10 times, making 5 ribs. Begin to widen at the 28th row, and increase each rib by one stitch, at the top, until you have 13 stitches; then decrease, until you have 8 stitches again, when you make 5 ribs or 10 rows the same as before, and join to the front. Crochet an open work row around the top, to run an elastic through, and finish with a scallop. This size is suitable for number 3 cork sole. Bind the sole with braid or ribbon, and sew the slipper to it. Finish with a ribbon bow in front.

Mrs. Muloch Craik, in the Bazar, says: "I once met (it was at a garden party) a clergyman's wife—a graceful, accomplished woman—who introduced her three daughters, all so much after the mother's type, that I could not help admiring them. 'Yes,' she said, with a tender pride, 'I think my girls are nice girls. And so useful, too. We are not rich, and we have nine children. So we told the girls that they would have either to turn out and earn their bread abroad, or stay at home and do the work of the house. They chose the latter. We keep no servant—only a charwoman to scour and clean. My girls take it by turns to be cook, housemaid, and parlor maid. In the nursery, of course [happy mother, who could say 'of course'], they are all and all to their little brothers and sisters.' 'But how about education?' I asked. 'Oh, the work being divided among so many, we find time for lessons, too. Some, we can afford to pay for, and then the elder teach the younger ones. Where there's a will there's a way. My girls are not ignoramuses, or recluses either.'"

Blueing made from the following recipe has been in constant use in many families for several years. It does not injure the clothes, and the cost is trifling compared with any other blueing. The quantity here noted has been known to last a family of six persons a year. Get one ounce of oxalic acid, one ounce of Chinese or Prussian blue (either will do), one quart of soft water. Put in a little and shake it well for two or three days after mixing it; after this do not shake it at all. If any of it settles to the bottom, you can fill the bottle after using the first water. If, when you try, it is not powdered, ask the druggist to powder it in a mortar for you. Unless the Chinese or Prussian blue is pure, it will not be a success; it will precipitate and make the clothes spotted. Ask the druggist to warrant it, for if it is all right it is unequalled by any blueing in the market, and makes it a matter of great economy to use it; the quantity mentioned costing only about twenty cents.

Some young housekeepers and all servants need to be cautioned once in a while, in regard to their manner of using spoons in cooking. The best solid silver ones (which almost invariably suggest the wedding day) are certainly unsuitable to scrape kettles and saucepans with. The plated ones are no better fitted for the purpose; and who, but a chemist, can tell how certain acids will act on the metal, and subsequently on the family. A liberal supply of cooking-spoons, which can be bought at any first-class hardware store, should be provided. Two or three of the old-fashioned light spoons, made of wood, are useful also for some kinds of stirring and beating.

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—First, keep warm; second, eat regularly and slowly; third, maintain regular bodily habits; fourth, take early and very light suppers; fifth, keep a clean skin; sixth, get plenty of sleep at night; seventh, keep cheerful and respectable company; eighth, keep out of debt; ninth, don't set your mind on things you don't need; tenth, mind your own business; eleventh, don't set yourself up to be a sharer of any kind; twelfth, subdue curiosity; thirteenth, avoid drugs.

PAINTED FLOORS.—For kitchen and pantry floors there is nothing better than a coat of hard paint. The cracks should be filled with putty before the paint is applied, which must be allowed to dry at least two weeks before using; and then it is easily kept clean by washing—not scrubbing—with milk and water. Soap should never be allowed to touch it. Red lead and yellow ochre are good for coloring; the former makes a hard paint that wears well.

If you wish to avoid having all the raisins you put in a pudding sink to the bottom, follow this rule: Cook the raisins in a little water on the top of the stove; then, when the pudding is half done, stir the raisins in. They will be evenly distributed through it, and there will be plenty of time for the crust to form on the top of the pudding.

Many people in the country who are compelled to drink well-water are boiling all that is used in the family. The question is frequently asked, how long should it be boiled? The best chemists say that a half hour's boiling is considered sufficient to destroy disease germs, if any exist in the water.

Common sour pudding-sauce can be pleasantly flavored by adding half a cup of stoned or chopped raisins. When the hot water is poured over the butter, sugar, and flour, put the raisins in, and let them come to a boil in it. Well-washed English currants or dried cherries can be substituted for raisins.

Handsome table-spreads are made of square or diamond-shaped blocks of silk, pieced together after the manner of the old-time bedspread; only in this case the seams may be ornamented with needlework. Put on a border of plush or velvet, and finish with a fringe.

There are some kinds of cotton cloth, which almost invariably turn yellow after the first washing; this can be prevented, if, two days before the regular washing day, the cloth is soaked in clear water. This is worth trying if you have any doubts about the cloth.

The taste of ginger cookies can be improved by using half a cup of cold coffee, instead of water. There is almost always at least so much left from breakfast. It really takes but little to flavor the cookies.

DELICIOUS GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Add two beaten eggs to one pint of milk; stir in two cups of Graham flour and one teaspoon of baking powder. Bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. These are made very quickly.

TO USE UP COLD MEAT.—Prepare the meat as for hash; fill a deep dish with boiled macaroni; on the top of that place the hash; cover it with tomatoes, over which sprinkle bread crumbs with a little butter; bake until nicely browned.

Rancid lard may be purified by trying it over with a little water, adding a few sliced raw potatoes. The potatoes seem to remove the bad taste from the lard.

A pretty way to arrange Christmas and Easter cards is to fasten them to ribbon of the same width as the card, and hang on a little easel.

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

By Zittella Cooke.

Written for the Living Church.

Dear friends, come nearer! for I cannot speak as I was wont to do, when, in the courts of proud Jerusalem, I sat and spoke As Ruler of the Jews. How long ago it seems! Ah, yes, it must be long ago; For I was young and strong, and trod the ways Of men with quick and eager feet, and oft Made joyful haste to where the solemn chant Of David's Psalms made music to my soul— The Temple of the ever-living God! Methinks, e'en now I see her glorious walls, Her golden censers, and her incense sweet That mingled with her people's glowing prayers! My steps are heavy now; Jehovah's throne Thro' the ground by cruel, heathen hands— Her sacred ritars low—her glory gone! Can I forget thee, O Jerusalem? Nay, nay, let my right-hand her cunning lose— My tongue be mute—mine eyes be closed in death— Ere I forget the City of our King, The joy of the whole earth!

"I have opened wide The window. See, how tenderly the light Of evening plays upon Judea's hills! No shining Temple, from her glittering heights, Gives back the sun's glorious radiance; And yet, methinks, his ling'ring rays are loth To leave the hallowed spot he once so loved. My friends! read to me from the sacred scroll— The Law, in which I loved to meditate; Which I have kept from my first youth Unto this day. Alas! Alas! my youth! When men did call me beautiful and loved To sound my praises in mine ear—which I Did love too well to hear; nor did I know What strength or weakness in me lay, nor yet How much I lacked to win eternal life! But there came One, Who looked down in my heart, And read the deep, mysterious characters That burned upon its inmost ore. The time When I came, running, kneeling at His feet— To look and love, that stirred the very depths Of being—are with me now! Not so well, My friends, do I remember you.

The day Was calm and beautiful; the tender earth Smiled like a Paradise beneath the smile Of heaven; the fragrant air breathed harmony And sweetest peace. Then, looking up, I saw The Master; in His arms, a little child, Which, with a tender, unexpressed love, He blessed. O what a matchless picture there! Divine compassion—childhood's innocence! I followed in the way, and, kneeling, asked His blessing. "What shall I do, good Master! Give me eternal life." The Holy Law He observed, from my youth up. And straight He gazed upon me with a look of such Unutterable love, that I almost Forswore earth's joys, to follow at His side. And then He spoke, and my proud heart grieved; For He, with God-like ken, had touched the thing Of sin, the serpent—Self—whose poisonous fangs Till then lurked in their secret hiding-place. Sell all my vast possessions for the poor? Take up thy cross? Not so did Master teach! My heart was sorrowful, and I forsook His path—the way that led to truth and life!

O bitter, bitter thought! How oft I felt Like some deserted soul God had cast off! Yet, in the sunny haunts of memory, That look divine—of love ineffable— Remained; and, through the lapse of after years, It was my dream, my joy, my hope, that I, With trembling hand—hugged to my breast, What restless yearning then possessed my soul! Day after day, I listened to the words Of Him who spoke as God; and oft, afar I followed, as He tread the toilsome way; And, when He in the Temple taught, my heart Did burn within me.

Again I saw Him In the Judgment Hall, before the mighty Pilate; He—the God-Man—arraigned before The changing justice of a human ear! At Calvary, I saw Him crucified: The bleeding hands—the wounded head— The pierced hands and feet—that did atone For human sin—the Holy Lamb of God! That took away the sins of the whole world! Ah! then, I saw, in Him, the Promised Hope Of Israel, of whom the prophets wrote: He Who should save His people from their sins! Then, the shut doors of my stout heart gave way, And I believed and trusted as a child!

Mine hours are numbered, say ye? They must be; For my dull ear doth catch the strains divine Of heavenly harps, and my worn eyes behold The smile of welcome in the Master's face— The thorn-crowned Jesus and my risen Lord!

'Tis growing dark, my friends! The sun is gone! It will be morning when I wake to heaven— And I shall see the Sun of Righteousness! My soul be filled with light! my heart with bliss! I shall not feel the weariness of years! I shall behold the New Jerusalem!

The Circuit of Mont S. Michel.

The Third day He Rose Again From the Dead.

By Rev. J. M. Neale, D. D.

There cannot be a more romantic and fairy-like place than the old city of Le Puy. All that country, two or three thousand years ago, must have been a complete land of fires; there are innumerable mountains—Pnyas as they call them—each the crater of an extinct volcano; and for miles and miles you may trace the streams of lava which overwhelmed many a fertile valley, and have, in after ages, been quarried for many a noble church. The highest of these, the Puy de Dome, looks down on fifteen or twenty distinct craters; so high it is, that, as the country proverb runs:

"If you set up Dome on Dome You would see the gates of Rome."

When the Church first asserted her right to this province, and the Gospel had been preached in that which was then called Velannum, by S. Martial, the Apostle of Aquitain; S. George, the Bishop at that time, took care to hallow more especially every place which had been profaned by heathen superstition. There is a vast rock, called Rocher de Corneille, round which the whole city of Le Puy clusters, and which had been in former ages dedicated to Diana. On its steep ascent they founded a noble cathedral; its west end looks down on a flight of 134 steps, the number of the Psalms, to the end of the last song of Degrees. So, in a distant view, it seems to hang midway between heaven and earth, over the city; and as almost every church in the middle ages claimed its own peculiar title, as the illustrious and excellent Church of Sarum, the illustrious and holy Church of Vienne, the illustrious and patriarchal Church of Bruges, so this was the illustrious and angelical Church of Le Puy, because the legend went, that its site had been pointed out by an angel.

Now in the same city there is a sharp steep pinnacle of rock, jutting up more like a tower than a mountain, the summit of which was long held to be inaccessible. It happened that some few years before that fatal year 1000, which every one then believed would be the end of the world, a good old dean of the Cathedral was walking with a deacon near the base of this unscalable rock.

"I should like," he said, "Bertrand, that before the Lord's second coming, this rock also should be dedicated to His honor and glory. I had thought, at first, of setting up a Cross on its summit; but now I am rather minded to erect a little chapel there, and to dedicate it, as is only

befitting, to the Archangel, and Archchancellor of Paradise, Michael."

For the Churches of all high places were dedicated to S. Michael, in consequence of the legend which told of his appearance on Mount Gargano in Apulia; which appearance was said to have taken place on the 29th of September; whence Michaelmas Day.

"It is surely a holy thought, good Father," replied the younger man; "but without a miracle the thing is impossible. It is said indeed, that, once or twice in former years, a mortal foot has ventured to scale that peak, but our wiser men disbelieve even such a tale; and how to erect a chapel on a pinnacle where an eagle could hardly find a resting place, utterly surpasses my comprehension."

"Far be it from me, my son," said the old man, "to pretend to the gift of miracles. But I hold that few things are impossible to zeal and perseverance in God's service; and if He will but spare me life and strength for five years, by that time the chapel will be accomplished and dedicated."

He meant what he said, and he kept his word. All the country far and near were astonished by the report that the Dean of the Angelical Church was about to erect a sanctuary on the Needle Rock. Bands of laborers came trooping in; hundreds of oxen poured into the city with the drays on which the stones for the building were laden; Master Rambert, a great engineer, who had been even as far as Paris, sat under the rock with his papers and his plans; and before the Summer was over, they had begun to cut a winding staircase on the outward shoulder of the crag itself. Winter came on, and the work of necessity was suspended; for none could labor in the midst of the rushing mighty wind which always assails that rock; and besides, the workmen had to return to their lonely villages amidst distant forests, before the sharpness of the cold should bring in huge droves of wolves to prowl and to ravage.

But Spring came on again; the sweet valleys of Auvergne were once more bright with their countless harebells, and even the gloomy heights of the Cevennes put on their gladdened verdure. And now the workmen again gathered round the rock; the ascending staircase before Autumn attained a dizzy height; and some of the more sanguine workmen had hoped that, before Winter closed in, the crane might be erected on the very summit. That, however, was the work of the third season. The highest peak was planed and pared down till it afforded space for a tiny chapel and a needle-like tower; and thenceforward, night and day, there was the creaking and screaming of the crane, as block after block was wound up from below and safely imbedded in its appointed place. The front of S. Michel's rock was the resort of loungers all the day long. A seneschal of good King Robert expressed his regret that his master had not built a castle on the summit; old Manasseh, the Jewish banker, calculated the interest he might have made, had he—as we should now say—contracted for the whole undertaking; the Bishop Stephen, as he watched the masons at work below, and the gradual ascent of the stone to its place in the chapel, quoted the verse of the dedication hymn:

"Many a blow and biting sculpture Polished well these stones elect, In their places now compacted By the Heavenly Architect, Who therewith hath willed for ever That His palace should be decked."

And so it came to pass that, before the expiration of the five years, the chapel was completed, and was dedicated on that other feast of S. Michael, which fell in the Spring. Great concourse was there of nobles and ecclesiastics and common people to the festival; and great congratulations and praise were bestowed on the good old Dean who had so boldly imagined, and so stoutly superintended the work.

After Compline, they descended from the height; the old man returned to his own house in the dwelling of the Canons, and thanked God that he had been spared to the time he had fixed, and had thus accomplished his task. The brother whose turn it was, went at the eighth hour of the night to call him to matins; and behold, he had fallen asleep in the Lord.

Thus it was that the chapel of S. Michael was founded at Le Puy; but I must take you on six hundred years, before we come to the period of my story.

It was when the Calvinists had risen, under various leaders, in most parts of France, when they were destroying abbeys, overthrowing crosses, devastating shrines, but above all things burning every relic that they could reach, that one of the fiercest of their leaders, the Baron des Adrets, led a horde from the Cevennes against Le Puy. Then followed all the customary scenes of devastation; churches sacked and burnt; crucifixes and images dragged through the streets, and thrown with every insult into the river; priests murdered before the very altar; and the choice of apostasy or death given to those who were unable or unwilling to ransom themselves from the Huguenots.

It was a fine afternoon in May. The Baron, with several of his principal officers, had, as was a favorite practice of his, ascended the highest crag in the city, namely Mount S. Michael, and there held a kind of court for the examination of his prisoners. Ten or twelve, refusing to forsake the religion of their fathers, had been compelled by him to leap from the parapet that surrounded the chapel, and their mutilated remains were scattered at the foot of the rock or of the jutting crags which spring out from its side. One or two had witnessed their apostasy by trampling on the crucifix; and one had saved himself by a ready answer which afterwards passed into a proverb. Compelled as the others

had been to spring from the parapet, he had twice walked forward to its edge, and twice retreated.

"Two chances are too much for any one," said the Baron des Adrets.

"I will wager," replied the prisoner, very coolly, "that you would not do it in ten;" and the Baron's fancy was tickled at the idea, and he bade the man go about his business.

But now, some of the soldiers were leading up the steps the Sieur de Bretteville, who had been superintendent of the estates of the Cathedral, then many and valuable, and who was one of the firmest supporters of the Church in those troublesome times. With him came his little son Louis, a boy of some eleven or twelve years old; the soldiers had tried to drive him away, but he persisted in following his father to the very last.

"You are the Sieur de Bretteville?" said the Huguenot leader.

"I am," he said firmly.

"And you manage the estate of the dukes whom we have just driven out?"

"If you mean that I was superintendent of the estates of the Church, I was," replied the prisoner.

"And lived upon the fat of the land, I dare say," continued Des Adrets. "Well, and so you shall still; for I will continue you in your office, on one condition; join us, and you shall have the management of the same estates, with the same salary as before."

"And lose my own soul into the bargain," answered De Bretteville. "No, Monsieur le Baron, you must make a better offer than that. I have always had the credit of having been a tolerably good financier, but it does not want much reckoning to estimate such a bargain."

"But you must take something else into consideration," cried Des Adrets in a fury. "Do as I tell you, trample on that crucifix at once, or sure as the Lord liveth (it was his favorite oath), you take the leap that so many of your betters have taken."

"Then my choice is very easily made," answered De Bretteville. "It is just as easy to meet death on a precipice as in a field of battle; and you know, Baron, that I never shrunk from it there."

"No," returned Des Adrets; "but you had the chance of escape there; whereas, I defy all your saints to save you here."

"Perhaps you defy God, too," cried little Louis, boldly. "I am sure my father is not afraid of you, for I am not the least afraid of you myself."

"I have a good mind to send you after him," said the Baron.

"You would not frighten me if you did," said Louis; "and I would leap over the parapet with all my heart, if I could save my father's life by doing it."

"And perhaps you think God could save you if you did?" inquired the Baron.

"I know He could," said the boy. One of the Huguenot officers whispered something into the ear of his general.

"Ha! ha!" cried Des Adrets; "not a bad idea. Hark ye, youngster; you talk about God's being able to preserve you. I will make you an offer: I pledge you my word as a gentleman, that I will set your father at liberty without ransom, if you have courage enough to walk round this rock outside the parapet."

"Whether I get round, or whether I fall?" asked the boy.

"Whether you get round, or whether you fall." "I will not hear of it," said De Bretteville. "I had rather a thousand times be thrown over myself."

"I dare say you would," laughed Des Adrets, "but that is nothing to me. Your son here shall make the attempt, or I will tie him and you together, and fling you over at once."

"Then God's will be done," said De Bretteville; "for without a miracle it is impossible that any one can pass around the rock."

"It is not impossible," said Louis, "if God holds me up. I am ready, Monsieur le Baron, this very moment."

It is enough to turn any but the strongest head to look over the parapet in front of the little landing place where the Baron and his officers were sitting. Behind them—I can see it now, as I saw it no long time since—that curious Romanesque door, with its knots of foliage, its quaint mouldings, and grotesque saints. Over the edge you look sheer down to the foot of the crag, all steep, sharp rock, except where a harebell has found a precarious anchoring place in some ledge or cranny. The builders had raised a parapet round this little enclosed square, but elsewhere the chapel rose sheer from the rock itself, without any external ledge or passage, and affording only a projection here and there of some little point or notch of rock on which the foot might rest. Had the depth below been three feet instead of three hundred, you would have said the thing was impossible; how much more with that dizzy, yawning gulf beneath, and that fierce wind, rioting, as it always does, round the rock!

"Stop," cried the Baron, "we cannot see from here. De l'Aigle," he continued, addressing his lieutenant, "you and I will go up to the top of the tower, and then we can watch him round."

"Or down," said De l'Aigle.

"Put him over as soon as you see us up there," said Des Adrets to the rest of his attendants.

I leave you to think how earnestly the poor father prayed, that God Who had promised, "In their hands shall they bear these up, that thou dash not thy foot against a stone," would fulfil that promise now; and how Louis rejoiced and exulted that, let what might happen to him, his father's life was at all events safe.

"There they are," cried one of the men point-

ing up to the tower. "Now, young gentleman, I would not be in your place for this rock if it were made of gold."

"Wait a moment," cried Louis, "till I have taken off my shoes and stockings." And he began to do so.

"Ho! ho! so after all you are afraid," cried another of the soldiers.

"You shall see," answered the boy, deliberately getting over the parapet, keeping his right hand on the coping, and standing where you would have said there was scarcely room for a fly to perch. He knew the great rule in all such dizzy places (as good a rule in earthly as it is in spiritual difficulties), to look up, never to look down. And that which had at first seemed a sheer precipice beneath, and a perpendicular wall above, how little places to tread upon, how little roots and branches to hang on by, seemed to present themselves to him as he tried to move forward! No doubt that tiny bush which he now clutches, and which had anchored itself where a stone had fallen from the wall, had been planted there by His special command, without Whom not a sparrow falls to the ground; no doubt the ledge of rock on which he now treads had been moulded, so to speak, with that very intent, when the rock itself took form and consistency. And so, sometimes holding on to a stunted furze bush, sometimes to a tiny sapling oak, sometimes, more precarious support still, to a foxglove root, Louis had won his way half round the rock.

"Upon my honor, that's a brave little fellow," said Des Adrets, from the tower.

"He will deserve his life if he wins it," cried De l'Aigle; "but he won't, my Lord, he won't. Look, he has come to the corner, and there is not a single blade of grass to cling on by."

It was very true. When Louis had reached the angle under the tower, and looked half fearfully, half hopefully, round its sharp edge, there was, it is true, a projection of rock three quarters of an inch broad for his foot, but for his hand there was not one twig, one flower, one blade. No possible courage, no possible skill, could balance the body against such frightful odds; and for one moment, I must confess, with the horrors of inevitable death before him, Louis repented that he had made the offer. He cast his eyes downwards, and beheld, some three feet below, a great old gargoye jutting out from the face of the rock; a horrible dragon it was, with fierce angular eyes, a beak-like nose, and wings as of a bat. Its back was flat and formed to admit the passage of the rain-water that flowed from the chapel enclosure; and from that rock it had peered for nearly six hundred years, till it had become yellow with the lichens that encrusted it, and rough with the hundreds of storms that had beaten upon it. Some four feet above it, but rather in front of it, was a young bulby bush. Louis looked at them both. His only chance was to drop on the gargoye, and at the same moment to catch the bush. But then there were the fearful chances that he might miss one or both altogether, or that old age might have decayed the stone. But if it were dangerous to go on, it was impossible to turn back; and whatever risk there may be in the attempt, there was almost as much in delay; when one moment's dizziness would be certain death. One short prayer to God, and Louis left go of the root which he was holding, and dropped. Even the Baron and his lieutenant drew a long breath as he seemed for a second to lose his balance, and then righted himself and stood firm upon the gargoye, grasping on tightly to the bulby bush. Thenceforward his path, however horribly dangerous, was not impossible; and quietly and steadily he crept onward, taking advantage of every vantage-point, and finding the rock less perpendicular as he completed his circuit.

You may imagine the intense anxiety with which the father listened for any sound, for from the platform he could not see the advance of Louis. And when, at the end of about a quarter of an hour—but it seemed to him more than a year—those little arms were thrown over the parapet on the opposite side, and Louis was once more in safety, the strong man hid his face in his hands, and wept like a child.

"You are a brave little fellow," shouted the Baron, from the tower; "and you have saved your father. Let the superintendent go where he will."

I know not whether it were partly in consequence of having witnessed this deliverance, but years after, at the age of eighty, the Baron des Adrets, after long repentance, died a Catholic.

And, if you ask for the moral of this story, it is; that He Who raised up His dear Son from the dead, is able to raise us out of any risk—to bring us back, even from the very jaws of hell; according to that saying, "Accounting that God was able to raise him up even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure."

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MACK'S OAT MEAL



GENESIS I. AND SCIENCE.

A Series of Papers by Charles B. Warring, Ph. D.

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Myself.—"And the Universe went around it!" I have not intimated such a belief, nor do I see anything in this narrative which points that way.

As to the absurdity of which you speak, I cannot see it. I have in mind an illustration of what has been done for our earth, that may have no weight with you, but to me is of infinite importance.

It is worth noting, that the men who think it absurd and belittling that God should do so much for Man, regard all final causes as absurd.

Such a God would be worthy of an agnostic, for such a being would be unknowable and inconceivable.

But you have not answered my question, and I wait with some curiosity for you to tell me of some other use for which these bodies were made.

Professor (after a few moments silence).—I must confess that I cannot conceive of any use other than that of which you have spoken, although, perhaps, some one else may.

ANIMALS.

In verses 20-25, Moses speaks of the production of animals. From what you said a few evenings ago, I see you understand him to refer solely to present species.

As to how animals came into existence, Darwin, and others to whom I give credit for great knowledge, tell us that present species sprang from others earlier and less highly organized, but by imperceptible degrees of change; while, in Genesis, each kind is represented as formed abruptly.

Myself.—I am not quite certain that I understand what you mean by "abruptly." If you mean that the apparent teaching of this account is that the plants and animals mentioned by Moses came into existence in some way quite different from that slow and imperceptible process, in which Darwin and his followers suppose "development" to have gone on, I quite agree with you.

\*See page 91—Origin of Species. To form a fairly well marked variety would require a thousand or more generations. Darwin's generous of time. On page 90 he says: But each of these changes may represent a million of generations.

count. This much, however, seems clear: They teach that at a certain time [which, as we learn from geology, was that styled the Cretaceous Period] angiosperms, that is fruit-trees, and seed-yielding herbs, began without premonition and without apparent cause to grow out of the earth; that, at a later epoch, living kinds of water animals in like manner began to swarm in the waters and to multiply on the land; and that yet later, living kinds of land animals appeared.

Nor is this out of harmony with the teachings of modern science. Its tendency is strongly towards such comparatively abrupt changes. Prof. J. Le Conte, in his Elements of Geology, p. 372, says: "But it is impossible to overlook the suddenness of a new class—fishes—and a new department—vertebrates—of the Animal Kingdom. Observe that at the horizon of their appearance in the Uppermost Silurian, there is no apparent break in the strata, and, therefore, no evidence of a lost record; and yet the advance is immense. It is impossible to account for this, unless we admit paroxysms of more rapid movement of evolution, unless we admit that when conditions are favorable, and the time is ripe for a particular change, it takes place with exceptional rapidity and in a few generations."

\*A lost record is the deus ex machina that helps your thorough evolutionist out of every trouble. It is so easy to say it, and so hard to discover!

Consecration of St. Mary's Churchyard, Burlington, N. J.

A large addition having been made to St. Mary's churchyard, it was consecrated as a cemetery, by the Bishop of the Diocese, on Palm Sunday, April 2d.

At half past two o'clock in the afternoon, the congregation left the west door of the church, and moved, two by two, to the southwest entrance of the new ground, in the following order: The Bishop; the other clergy; the vested choristers; the teachers and students of Burlington College; the parishioners; the Sunday School.

All present going within the ground, and there halting, the Bishop offered prayer, after which, he, with others, made a circuit about the ground to be consecrated, singing, as a Processional, the Domine, refugium; after which, the Rev. Edward M. Reilly, Rector of Burlington College, read the First Lesson, from Gen. xxiii:13-20. The Rev. John Dows Hills, assistant to the Rector of St. Mary's parish, then led in a responsive Canticle compiled for the occasion.

Then, while a Cross was set up, being for a memorial of the Atonement, and to mark the place as a Christian cemetery, Hymn 74, "Glory be to Jesus," was sung; and a special Litany was said, followed by the Lord's Prayer.

Then the Bishop, having pronounced the Invocation, proceeded to consecrate the ground, in the following words: "I consecrate this ground, by the name of St. Mary's Churchyard, for the use of the Church in her appointed Office for the Burial of the Dead; and I devote and hallow the same forever, for this use and for no other, under my Canonical authority, and that of my successors in this Episcopate, according to the good order of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. Amen."

Bishop Lyman, in the last Spirit of Missions, advocates the establishment of a theological seminary for the training of colored men. He thinks that this class of candidates needs a training especially adapted to them and their work. The requirements for admission to our established seminaries are too high for them. If we wait to make them accomplished classical scholars, says the Bishop, we may as well give up all hope of reaching the ignorant millions of their race.

Late Church News.

Illinois.—On the night of Good Friday, Bishop McLaren visited St. Ansgarius' Church, Chicago, of which the Rev. John Hedman is Rector, preached, and confirmed 37 persons. The Bishop catechized the class, and expressed himself as being well pleased with the proficiency of the candidates.

Maryland.—On the 4th inst., Bishop Pinkney confirmed a class of fifty, at the Church of the Ascension, Baltimore. In the chancel were Rev. Campbell Fair, D. D., rector of the Church; Rev. L. De Lew, D. D., Rev. E. L. Kemp and other clergymen. Of those confirmed, seventeen had been Methodists, two Universalists, three Friends, two Lutherans, four Presbyterians, two Moravians, four Roman Catholics and one Baptist.

Massachusetts.—Grace Church, Medford, of which the Rev. C. L. Hutchins, Secretary of the House of Deputies, is rector, is about building a very complete and commodious Sunday School Chapel.

On the Second Sunday in February, the rector spoke to the congregation upon the need of such a building, and expressed a hope that \$6,000, the estimated cost, might be raised. The congregation has promptly and cheerfully responded to the appeal, and an amount somewhat in excess of the above mentioned sum has been pledged.

The building will contain a large Sunday School room, which will also be used as a chapel, and for other purposes; a vestry room, library room, rooms for other older classes and the choir, and a spacious room for a private day school, of which there is great need in Medford, and which it is hoped to establish the coming autumn. For the children of the day school a very beautiful playground will be provided. The building will be heated by a furnace, but the day school room and the chapel will each have a large open fireplace. Though this is a novel feature for a chapel, it is believed that it is one which will commend itself to all, and prove very pleasant and attractive to children.

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