

The Evening Church

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EASTER, A. D. 1882.

No. 179.

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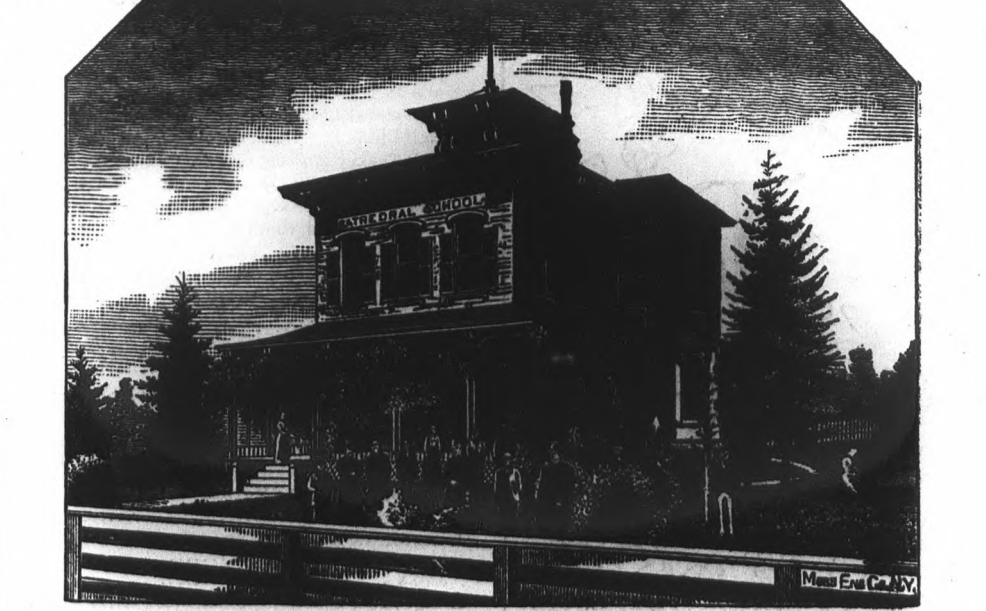
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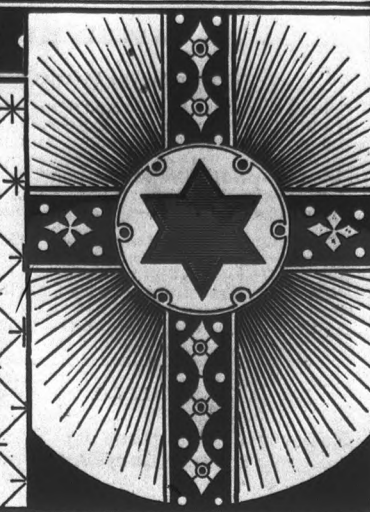
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The Morning Church



VOL. IV. No. 23.

CHICAGO.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1882.

NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 179.

IT IS THE LORD'S PASSOVER.

Written for the Living Church. All hail, dear Risen Lord! all hail!

All hail, dear Risen Lord! no trace Of Calvary's woe hath marred Thy Face.

We sought Thy grave, and Angels cried: 'Ye seek Him Who was crucified; Behold! He is ris'n, glorified.'

On Friday—darkness, death, the tomb! To-day—light, life, and Paschal bloom!

The new-horn earth in spring array, With full adoring love doth pray

'What mean ye by this Service?' cries The wondering world. The Church replies: 'It is the Lord Christ's Sacrifice.'

Angels who throng the starry ways, Take up the glorious strain we raise, And Heaven's foundations shake with praise.

Easter Hymns.

Written for the Living Church. Now Easter morn hath come at last

Easter has been observed from Apostolic times. The first Synods of the Church came together on account of disputes concerning the time of observing Easter.

This is the very day of God (Serene with holy light it came), In which the stream of sacred Blood Swept o'er this dark world's crime and shame.

This last stanza refers to the belief of the Fathers that the Leviathan, mentioned in Job, was Satan; and that he, ignorant of the Divinity of Christ, instigated the Jews to put Him to death, and was wholly deceived; as, by Christ's death, the world received Life, and thus Satan fell by his own spear.

The following hymn is probably of the sixth century; the authorship is unknown. It was evidently written, in order, to be sung by the Catechumens, when, in their white robes, they came to Holy Communion at Easter.

The Supper of the Lamb to share, We come, in vesture white and fair;

Author of all, to Thee we pray, In this our Easter-joy to-day;

There is another very pretty hymn of the class called Ambrosian—the Aurora lucis rutilat:

The morning kindles all the sky, The heavens resound with anthems high.

The sun the happy world doth cheer With Easter-joy, serene and clear.

His pierced hands to them He shows, Where Love's Divinest radiance glows;

O Christ, our King, compassionate! Our hearts possess; on Thee we wait,

The Vexilla Regis and the Pange Lingua, the two grand Passion hymns by Fortunatus, are incomplete without his beautiful Easter hymn—the Salve Festa Dies.

Many of the mediæval hymns lack that spirit of joyousness which is often met with in those of modern times. No such charge can be

are indeed not free from a fanciful imagery far removed from the deep and simple earnestness of the Ambrosian hymns. The little elegancies of literary refinement play about them; the silver trappings of legend and fancy make music round them as they go.

The following stanzas are an extract from a translation by Mrs. Charles:

Hail, festal day! ever exalted high, [sky. On which God conquer'd hell, and rules the starry See the fresh beauty of the new-born earth,

Christ, after suffering, vanquished Satan's powers, Thus dons the grove its leaves, the grave its flowers;

Author of life! Death's garment round Thee lay; To save the lost, Thou treadest Death's dark way;

At the present time, among the most popular of the ancient Easter hymns, is one by St. John Damascene, a writer of the eighth century.

He was strenuous in his opposition to the Iconoclasts; who, instigated by Leo the Isaurian, had obtained from the previous Emperor an edict proscribing even the existence of religious pictures; and he was also opposed to the Council of the Greek Church, which met, A. D. 754, and decreed that all symbols of Christ, save the Eucharist, were productive of heresy, and must be destroyed.

Neale's translation of the Greek hymn referred to, sung to the music from the Lausanne Psalter, is familiar to everyone:

The day of Resurrection! Earth! tell it out abroad; The Passover of gladness! The Passover of God!

Peter the Venerable is the author of an Easter hymn of most ingenious rhyming. He was born in 1092, of a distinguished family in Auvergne.

Having chosen the monastic life, at the age of thirty he was elected Abbot of Clugny, which position he held with great honor to himself and his Order—the black Monks. He loved peace, and succeeded in reconciling St. Bernard and Abelard. He died at the age of sixty-four.

The second and third stanzas, as translated by Mrs. Charles, are worthy of quotation:

Then the purest light resplendent Shone those seats of darkness through;

The following Easter Sequence is published by Du Ménil from an old manuscript of the thirteenth century. It is especially interesting on account of the very rare and peculiar metre.

Spring returns with jubilation; When the Tree of our Salvation, Chiefest of the forest nation,

Through Judæa's rage infernal, From the nut breaks forth the kernel;

Accusation, condemnation, Pillar, throne, and flagellation, Gail and bitter coronation,

Jewish people crucify him! Torture, scourge, and mock, and try Him!

Theme of Israelite rejection, Now, with joyful recollection, Christians! hail the Resurrection;

Many of the mediæval hymns lack that spirit of joyousness which is often met with in those of modern times. No such charge can be

brought against the "Plaudite Cæli," a hymn— or, more properly speaking—a Carol, of about the fifteenth century. It is the essence of joy and music. Whether read in the Latin or in the English, one is irresistibly borne along, and cannot fail to catch the spirit of the true joy of Easter, as heralded by spring:

Arouse thee, O spring! Ye flowers! come forth, With thousand hues tinting The soft green earth;

Amidst them came their Lord most dear, And said, 'Peace be unto all here!'

Ye sons and daughters of the King Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,

That night the Apostles met in fear; Amidst them came their Lord most dear,

When Didymus had after heard That Jesus had fulfilled His Word,

'Thomas, behold My Side,' saith He; 'My Hands, My Feet, My Body see;

No longer Didymus denied; He saw the Hands, the Feet, the Side;

Blessed are they that have not seen; And yet whose faith hath constant been;

And we with Holy Church unite, As is both meet and just and right,

The hymn by Gellert, translated by F. E. Cox, beginning:

'Jesus lives! no longer now Can thy terrors, death, appal us—'

is a favorite one; also that old Latin hymn, the first stanza of which is:

The strife is o'er, the battle's done; Now is the Victor's triumph won;

Modern writers have contributed largely to the collection of Easter hymns. Among them may be mentioned Bishop Heber, Rev. T. Keble, and Bishop Walsham How, who has written that little gem:

On wings of living light, At earliest dawn of day, Came down the angel's bright,

There is a simple and quiet beauty about the following hymn, which cannot be easily matched.

Sing, sweet carols! night is past; Easter sunlight breaks at last,

Sing they now as once of old Striking on their harps of gold;

In the spring time's early bloom, Christ has risen from the tomb,

Jesus! by Thy holy Arm, Keep Thy Little ones from harm,

The Church is as rich in Easter hymns as in those for Christmas-tide; and, as each season rolls around, they become more and more endeared to all who observe the Christian Year as our Holy Mother appoints.

CAROLINE F. LITTLE.

THIS EASTER DAY.

I trod the path where once we walked together, Old leaves and withered fir-cones strewed the way,

Across the windy slopes sweet bells were ringing, A skylark's song came downward, clear and gay,

My risen Lord! I felt Thy strong protection, I saw Thee stand among the graves, to-day;

And all the burdens I had carried sadly Grow light as blossoms on an April spray;

My cross became a staff, I journeyed gladly, This Easter Day.

—Selected.

BLESSED BE GOD.

Written for the Living Church. Blessed be God! the darksome tomb No longer rests in night and gloom;

Since the first glorious Easter-tide, Angels of faith and hope abide,

O miracle of love and grace, That makes the grave a sacred place!

In raiment white and glistening, They sit in death's domain, and sing 'O grave, where is thy victory?'

'Where death, thy sting? Thanks be to God Who giveth us, through Christ our Lord, The victory!' The lighted tomb No longer rests in night and gloom.

Easter, 1882. Mrs. F. BURGE SMITH.

Easter Reminiscences.

One of the most impressive Services that I ever attended, was in the early morning in St. John's, Hartford, during the Rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Coxe, now Bishop of Western New York. It was before the custom of adorning our churches for the Resurrection day, was so general as it has now become all over our land.

Just as the sun appeared in his brilliancy above the horizon, there burst forth from the organ a triumphant peal that thrilled me through and through; and, at the same moment, as if issuing from the open tomb, the white-robed Priest came, with glad, quick step, from the Vestry-room, and began the holy Celebration in which we were soon heartily engaged.

Later (I think it was in 1853 or 1854), my residence was in Brooklyn, L. I., and my sacred associations were with St. John's Church, under the cure of the Rev. Thomas T. Guion, D. D. Desiring to imitate the appropriate custom which I had observed at Hartford, I asked permission of my Rector to place flowers in the church, at Easter. At first he hesitated, fearing that it might excite unpleasant remarks, but finally yielded to my wish, and a basket of sweet blossoms was provided for the Altar, and a wreath for the Font.

It was a very simple offering, and it awakened no hostile observation. From that time, we never failed to bring our sweet Easter tokens; and other churches followed our example; so that now there is scarcely an unadorned Altar in the city.

The Rev. Dr. Guion was a man of most genial temper, and sound judgment, and would not carelessly wound a weak conscience; but he had a happy way of effecting a proper thing, without seeming to run counter to another's will. I recollect one cloudy Easter, when the sun failed to "dance on the wall." We had finished our floral decorations; and, despite the beautiful display, the church had a gloomy aspect.

Our Rector had been watching us, while we put the last touches to our garlands. Presently, he said to the sexton, "It is so dark, Andrew, suppose you light the gas." The jets were ranged in rows in the beams overhead, and made a brilliant effect. "Seems to me, I wouldn't, Dr. Guion," returned the Swede. "It'll seem Romish, and make a talk, I'm afraid." "Just light the first row, and see how it looks," said the Rector. He was obeyed, and the Chancel appeared in cheerful relief. "Light the second row, Andrew." The sexton did as he was bidden. "You may light them all; it makes good sunshine," said the Doctor, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye. So we had our bright, glad Easter, though the clouds were thick outside the church walls.

F. B. S.



AN EASTER HYMN.

Written for the Living Church.

Come ye, who, at the blessed Christmas-tide,
Kneel in due reverence at the Saviour's side,
Track Him thro' Childhood, and thro' Manhood's years,
Stood 'neath His Cross with penitential tears;
Gaze now with love upon your risen Lord,
Your blest Redeemer—God's Incarnate Word!

The Church at Work.

Reports of Progress in Various Fields,
by our Correspondents.

Albany.—St. John's parish, Delhi, is enjoying,
during this Lenten Season, the faithful ministrations
of its new Rector, the Rev. James C. Kerr, who
served at St. Mary the Virgin's, so long and so devotedly.

On a recent Sunday, his successor at St. Mary's,
the Rev. Charles S. Wood, was with him, kindly assisting.
St. John's is said to be the oldest parish, with a single exception, in Delaware County, and it has many pleasant associations.
It was here that the Right Rev. Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, S. T. D.,
Missionary Bishop of Idaho and Utah, was baptized and confirmed.
This beautiful mountain-village is the Capital of Delaware County, and attracts to its pleasant homes on the banks of the Coquago River,
during the summer season, many distinguished clergymen and prominent Churchmen from Albany and other cities.
The Rev. Dr. Swope, of Trinity Chapel, has here his country residence, and often during his vacation officiates in St. John's.
Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, of New York, is also much attached to Delhi, and he has done much for the benefit of the Church, which is not only out of debt, but contributes handsomely to the various missions of the Church at home and abroad.

Many individuals, prominent in social and political life, have gone from the Font in St. John's to distant homes, who, in after years, have continued to cherish a lively interest in their native town, and the Church of their baptism, and often manifest their kind remembrance by gifts placed on the Altar of their early affections.
An effort is now being made in this diocese, to erect a suitable building for the Diocesan Orphan House of the Holy Saviour, at Cooperstown.
The Institution does not own the building at present occupied by the children; but it holds in possession a site for an orphanage, and the sum of \$5,000 has been pledged for the new building.
At the last annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, it was resolved that a Committee be appointed by the Bishop, to raise the additional sum needed; and, if possible, to begin the work in the month of September next.
It is regarded as one of the most important and useful works of Christian charity in the Diocese of Albany, being a Home and an Industrial School for orphans, half-orphans, and destitute children.

To this loving work, Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, daughter of the distinguished author, has given many of the best years of her life; and now, in her advanced years, she daily spends a large part of her time in giving personal attention to the little ones, walking, in all weather, to and from the house (a mile distant), carrying on her arm a large basket filled with her unceasing gifts.

She is the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, and will thankfully acknowledge any contributions for the furtherance of the good work to which she is so zealously devoted.

Central Pennsylvania.—The Bishop of this Diocese paid his annual visit to the Churches in Lancaster, on Passion Sunday.
In the morning, he officiated at St. James' where the Rite of Confirmation was administered to thirty-seven persons.
Among them were seven deaf-mutes; and the ceremony was explained to them by Rev. Mr. Syle, the deaf-mute missionary.
In the Evening, the Bishop officiated at St. John's, where forty-two were confirmed.

The Rev. Canon Morrow has gone to minister to the afflicted smallpox patients at Bethlehem.

Dakota.—One of the most admirable instances of energetic enterprise in the way of a parish paper, that has come to our notice, is that of the Monthly Monitor, recently started at Grand Forks, by Rev. J. K. Karcher.
The March number, the third, is a handsome folio of sixteen pages, trimmed and stitched, containing four pages of local advertisements, the remainder being nearly all original contributions and mostly written by the editor.
The strong point of the enterprise is that it is so intensely local, and is enthusiastically devoted to all that interests its constituents as citizens as well as Churchmen.
The public affairs of the community are discussed from a Christian standpoint, and in such a way that every wide-awake citizen of Grand Forks may want to read the Monitor.
This is a feature that we do not remember to have seen prominent in any other parish paper.

Connecticut.—The Monthly Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Association, in New Haven, was held in Trinity Chapel Rooms, and was one of more than usual interest.

A letter of acknowledgment was read for a box which had been sent since the last meeting; then, a letter from Bishop Tuttle, telling of the great help it was to him and his co-workers of the clergy, to have the valuable services of one whose salary is paid, in part, by the New Haven Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary.

There was read a communication from Miss Mary J. Leigh, in one of the most distant parts of our Indian Mission field.
She is thirty miles from the nearest Agency, which is Pine Ridge, and far from any white people, or supplies.
For several months she has had meat but twice, and no vegetables.
Nothing grows there, and she may ride through sand for miles and miles without seeing a tree or coming to any water.
In summer the sun shines down with unmitigated force, as there is nothing to protect them from its rays, which again radiate from the earth so as to be overpowering.
Of course, the Indian settlements have to be on the water courses, as they could not exist any where else.
Miss Leigh lives alone in her little log house of two rooms, and assists the Government teacher in his school.
She finds much encouragement in her work, but feels that we, in our comfortable homes, can have little idea of the hardships which they endure, who undertake this labor of love.
Miss Leigh is one of Mr. Hinman's first missionary helpers, and had an almost miraculous escape from death, at the time his buildings at Santee were destroyed by a waterspout from the Missouri River, many years ago.
She was in the tower of the building when it fell, and yet escaped unhurt.

The needs of a hospital for women and children, at Wuchang, China, were next presented; something which never before in all their history has been undertaken.

But that which was regarded as the most interesting feature of the meeting, was an account of work being done in a State Penitentiary in one of our Southern cities.
A clergyman, who had for a long time been associated with a very successful work among the colored people, was asked, four years ago, to take, in addition, the charge of a Penitentiary containing about a thousand convicts.

Reluctantly, and with trembling, he undertook the difficult work to which he was called, and soon gathered around him a band of fellow-workers, mostly ladies, and with the Prayer-Book as a foundation, began a systematic course of Sunday Services and of religious instruction.
Most of the convicts were unable to read; and—strange to say—some had never heard the name of their Saviour except in blasphemy.
The result is told in the following words:

A Sergeant, who had been connected with the Institution before the work was begun, returned, after an absence of four years, to his former position.
After being there a day or two, he asked, "Why! what does this mean? I cannot account for such a change as I find in the prison.
When I was here before, the most horrid oaths were heard all day long. The men were angry and sullen, and there was scarcely an hour, when one or another was not being severely punished.
Now I have not heard a single oath; the men are about their work, willing and even cheerful, and no punishment seems to be necessary.
What has wrought such a change? The reply was, "You wait until Sunday, and you will see."

The fifth of the united Services during Lent, was held in St. Paul's Church, New Haven; and the sermon was preached by the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Lines, on Temperance.
His text was from Ephesians vi:18, and was a most excellent discourse.

Florida.—The Rev. R. H. Weller is the Rector, and the Rev. J. B. Bicknell the Assistant Priest of St. John's Church, Jacksonville.
In the Lenten Carols they say that the church is free to all, and that its support is derived from the free-will offerings of its worshippers.
"Visiting brethren, having the same privileges as residents, are requested to contribute as God gives them the ability, as they appreciate the privileges of worship.
Our Missions require a large-hearted liberality.
Full \$500 is required, annually, for the relief of invalids from the North, who are left among us without money and without friends."

Illinois.—The Bishop visited St. Mark's Church, Chicago, on the morning of the fifth Sunday in Lent, and confirmed a class of twenty-two, presented by the rector, Rev. B. F. Fleetwood.
Also at the same Service, the Bishop baptized the infant son of the rector.
The offerings, by the request of the Bishop, were devoted to Austin.

The Bishop also held a Confirmation at the Church of the Ascension, Chicago, on the evening of Wednesday, the 29th ult.
After a choral Shortened Evensong, the Bishop preached from St. Matthew xii:46-50, and afterwards addressed the candidates, who were presented by the Rector, the Rev. Arthur Ritchie, to the number of 28.
The congregation was very large, entirely filling the church.
In his address to the class, the Bishop dwelt briefly, but with much beauty and simplicity, upon the truth, that, in all the Rites and Sacraments of the Church, the officiating minister is but the agent; the Lord Jesus Himself being in very deed the Chief Administrator.
This idea is brought out with great force in the Offices of the Holy Eastern Church.
In the Office for Holy Baptism, for instance, the ministrant does not—as with us—say: "I baptize thee," etc.; but—"The Servant of God (mentioning the name of the candidate) is baptized in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

At the close of the Services, an appeal was made by the Bishop on behalf of the church-building at Austin, which had been twice destroyed; once by hurricane, and once by fire.
The offerings, which amounted to fifty-five dollars, were devoted to the needs of the afflicted parish, for the restoration of its church.

Michigan.—At recent visitations, the Bishop of Michigan, confirmed classes as follows: At St. Andrew's Church, Ann Arbor (Rev. Wyllys Hall, D. D., Rector), on the evening of March 19th, seventeen; Emmanuel Church, Detroit (Rev. M. C. Dutton, Rector), on the morning of March 26th, fifteen; at Grace Church, Detroit (Rev. C. H. W. Stocking, D. D., Rector), on the evening of the same day, seventeen.

The Rev. R. D. Stearns, lately of Wisconsin, has assumed charge of Emmanuel Church, St. Louis, in Gratot County.
The Rev. John W. Trimble has become Rector of St. John's Church, St. Johns, and of Trinity Church, Ovid, in Clinton County.
The Rev. Wm. J. Roberts, who has been connected with St. John's Church, Detroit, as minister in charge of St. Mary's Mission of that parish, has been regularly engaged as Assistant Minister of St. John's Church, on an increased salary, and will relinquish charge of the Mission of the Messiah, Hamtramck, in order to devote more time to his duties as assistant to Dr. Worthington; retaining, however, St. Mary's, Detroit, and the Church of our Saviour, Leaville, The Rev. G. Mott Williams succeeds to the charge of the Church of the Messiah, which he will hold in addition to the charge of St. Matthew's Mission, Detroit.

The Bishop has appointed as officers of the Church Sunday School Institute, of Detroit, just organized, the following, himself holding—under the Constitution—the office of President ex officio: First Vice President, Rev. R. W. Clark; second Vice President, Mr. James E. Pittman; Secretary, Rev. Paul Ziegler.
These officers will form, with the following, an Executive Committee: Rev. George Worthington, S. T. D., Rev. M. C. Dutton, Messrs. Geo. H. Minchener, C. J. Reilly, and E. N. Lightner.
It is provided, by the Constitution of the new organization, that there shall be an annual Teachers' Convention and Teachers' Institute, in which all the Detroit Sunday Schools will join; and two local or parochial Teachers' Institutes.
It is intended also that there shall be occasional lectures, normal instructions, and other means of assisting Church Sunday-School teachers in their work.

New York.—The Fifth Annual Report of the Guild of St. Elizabeth shows a good work quietly carried on among the unfortunate and the sick poor of all classes and grades, in the almshouses, prisons, and hospitals, in the city and its neighboring islands.

The Sixth Annual Report of the Maternity Society of the Transfiguration, which counts among its members the parishioners of many of the city churches, tells of loving ministrations to sick mothers and little ones, whom Holy Church delights to gather into her fold, and to nurse for and to nurse to the Christian's reward.
The Society is gaining steadily in numbers, and is in a most healthy and prosperous condition.

At the last meeting of the Ladies' Mission to the Public Institutions, the Rev. Edward Gallibert, D. D., kindly consented to deliver an address, which was highly appreciated; for, in his parish of the Holy Spirit, which, under his energetic and able efforts has so recently become a conspicuous center of good works, his time is constantly occupied, and at this busy Lenten Season it is at considerable self-sacrifice that he so often—when solicited—goes out of his own parish, to encourage missionary effort.

The Vestry of St. George's Church have extended a call to the Rev. James Houston Boston, D. D., of Trinity Church, Newark, New Jersey.
In the absence of the recently appointed Rector of Calvary Church (the Rev. H. Y. Satterlee), who does not assume the charge of his new parish until sometime in April, Bishop Huntington officiated there on the fifth Sunday in Lent and also on Palm Sunday.

The Rev. Walter Mitchell, of Trinity Church, Rutland, Vt., has accepted a call to Christ Church, Rye, and will enter on his duties the first Sunday after Easter.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist, Memorial to Bishop Wainwright, has been painted on the outside, and made more Churchy on the inside; and not far from the marble tablets, to the memory of the Bishop and to the first Rector, Rev. Dr. Cook, are two recently erected brass tablets, to the memory of the Rev. Dr. Osgood, and of the assistant minister who not long since finished his work on earth.

The Rector, Rev. B. F. DeCosta, D. D., is making his Church a benefit to the region in which it stands, by using literary, moral and religious Churchly forces to make his parish efficient; and the increased size of the Sunday School, and the growing number of worshippers at the Church Services, are very encouraging.
During the winter, a series of literary lectures was delivered in the Sunday School hall, not long since, Mr. Graham, of England, conducted a Temperance Mission, similar to the one held in St. Augustine's Chapel, on the 20th inst., the Rev. J. W. Bonham, Missioner, commenced a Mission, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Cornwall, Doman, and Hyland.
Services were only held in the morning, afternoon and evening.
Sermons were preached by the missioner to believers, in the afternoon, and to the Christless each evening; he also gave the Instruction that followed each sermon.
The Holy Communion was celebrated on Saturday; and the Service for children on Sunday afternoon was conducted by the Rector, who, at its close, instructed his class for confirmation.

Pennsylvania.—At the Church of the Annunciation, Philadelphia, on the Eve of the Feast of the Annunciation, the Bishop of New Jersey administered Confirmation to a class of thirty-one persons, making in all, a hundred and two who have been confirmed in this Church within the last twelve months.
The Service was choral throughout, and was well rendered by a large volunteer choir.
Dr. Batterson, the Rector, sang the Office; and the Rev. Leighton McKim, Rector of St. Mary's School, Burlington, N. J., read the Lesson.

The Altar was vested in white, and beautifully decorated with ferns, smilax, and "Annunciation Lilies."
A small bouquet of choice flowers lay at the foot of the Cross, sent from Maryland by an earnest Churchwoman, who was confirmed at St. Clement's Church, during Dr. Batterson's rectorship.
Bishop Scarborough preached an eloquent and interesting sermon, on: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it unto me according to Thy Word."
The true position of the Blessed Virgin in the Church was dwelt upon; and, although the attributes of Divinity, and extravagant titles—such as that of "Queen of Heaven"—were shown to be unauthorized, the opposite extreme into which popular protestantism has run, was denounced as equally dangerous.
She was to be regarded as the Virgin of virgins, the Mother of mothers, the Lady of ladies, the Blessed of the blessed; and the Catholic Church has always honored and loved her with a devotion next only to that of her Adorable Son.
The warm words of the Bishop, made a deep impression upon the Confirmation class, to whom he recommended the life of Mary as a pattern of saintly virtue, obedience, and devotion.
At the close of the Confirmation Office, the Bishop addressed the class in earnest and affectionate terms.

The labors of the Rector of this parish (the Rev. Dr. Batterson) have been much blessed.
The Service of the Sanctuary has been his chief care, and the Holy Communion is now celebrated with its proper ceremonial.
The Altar has its due prominence, and its Lights.
The Services are choral, and heartily rendered.
Around the walls hang prints representing familiar scenes in the life of our Lord.
The parish Guild of St. John the Divine now has a house in the neighborhood, and is doing a large work, which is divided among the three chapters of St. Elizabeth, St. Agnes, and St. Ambrose; the first of which is for Women, the second for Girls, and the third for Boys.
Its advantages are a Free Reading-room are offered to the members of the parish, and their friends; and a Night School for the boys of the neighborhood is also now in operation.
As yet, the parishioners worship in their little wooden church, but a plan for a new and handsome edifice hangs on the outer door of the present church; and the prospect of soon erecting this larger place of worship seems very encouraging.

The Right Rev. the Bishop of the Diocese visited St. Clement's Church, on the same evening.
A large congregation was in attendance, and the Service was participated in by the clergy of the parish, the Rector, Rev. B. W. Maturin, Rev. G. E. Sheppard, and Rev. Mr. Field.
After Evening Prayer the Sacramental rite of Confirmation was administered by the Bishop to sixty-nine candidates.
The Bishop also confirmed an invalid at her residence.

The first number of neat little Parish Monthly, published under the auspices of the Guild of St. Albans, Church of the Evangelist, is out for March.
It consists of a breezy Salutory, items of parish interest, and some odds and ends of instruction from the pen of the Rector.
As indicative of the systematic and devout work of the clergy, the number of Services catalogued in this number, from Passion Sunday to Easter Day, is 57.
Before the Feast of the Annunciation, strips of paper were distributed, on which was printed a list of the Celebrations for that day, and also the following notice: "This is one of the great Feast Days of the Church; the day on which took place the Incarnation of the Son of God.
This day, God was made Man.
May God put it into the hearts of his people to keep holy the day of His coming down from Heaven!"
There were Celebrations at 6:30, 7:30, and 11, on that day, at this Church.

It is said that the Vestry of the Church of the Annunciation have purchased a large lot at the corner of Twelfth and Diamond streets, upon which a commodious church is to be erected, and which, by the terms of sale must be forever free.

Quincy.—On Thursday, March 30th, Bishop Burgess confirmed over twenty of the pupils of St. Mary's School, the largest class ever confirmed there.
The fourteenth Anniversary will be held on Wednesday in Easter week.
Contracts for the stone of the chapel are about to be signed, the blue-gray stone from Barker & Son's quarry, Batavia, having been selected.
Whether the walls and roof are raised during the coming summer, will depend on contributions.
Considerable more will be needed, barely to enclose the building.

South Carolina.—The churches of Charleston have been working, during Lent, on a very admirable plan, for the relief of several missions and public institutions in various parts of the diocese.
The total amount undertaken was \$1,300; by this amount five churches could be completed, one church repaired, and one parsonage secured.
One dollar from each communicant would more than accomplish this grand work for the diocese and the Church.
We sincerely hope the plan has been successfully carried out.

Western New York.—The Committee of Arrangements, appointed in connection with the approaching (third) Annual Festival of Surpliced Choirs in the Deanery of Buffalo, which is to be held in St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo, on the eve of the Octave of Ascension Day (May 24th, 1882), have published their programme in very neat, large pamphlet form.
The Festival will be, in effect, a full Choral Evensong, to be rendered as follows:

Processional Hymn, "See the Conqueror mounts," Henry Smart; Versicle and Responses, Thomas Tallis; Psalter—The Seventh Selection, Whitney in F; McFarren in A; Ouseley in A; Cantate Domino, Deus Misereatur, Bridgewater in A; Apostles' Creed; Anthem, "In dulci domo magnify the Lord," Thomas Attwood; Hymn, "Story to my God, this night," Thomas Tallis; Offertory Sentences: "Let your light shine," Joseph Burnby; "Lay not up for yourselves," "While we have time," J. T. Field; "Who has had this world's goods," Joseph Barnby; "If we have sown unto you," J. T. Field; Hymn: "Deum Laudamus," Berthold Tours, in F; Retrocessional Hymn, "O Paradise, O Paradise," Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes.

In the LIVING CHURCH for March 25th, the Rev. Mr. Goodhue animadverts upon the Western New York letter of Dec. 31st, 1881.
First, he criticises the statement "that the increase of membership during the last decade is but little in excess of losses by deaths and removals," saying, "the writer would evidently have us infer that the Church has made little or no advance," etc.
Permit me to say that I made no such inference, and that I never imagined any one could be so melancholy as to make any such inference.
On the contrary, the fact that the Diocese has gained 2,385 communicants in ten years, in the midst of constant depletions of parishes by emigration, is a noble showing, and should be so considered.
The number of persons confirmed during the last ten years was 8,281, showing losses by deaths and removals of 5,896.
How many of these losses were caused by death it is impossible to say, but certainly, our Western Dioceses have reaped largely the fruits of our labors, and the energy and faith of Western New York, instead of repining and drawing melancholy inferences, are thankful that our loss is their gain.

Secondly, Mr. Goodhue comments upon the statement in regard to assessments for Episcopal support, and in so doing, refers us to Illinois.
I do not see how instituting invidious comparisons between parishes in this diocese and parishes in Chicago improves the matter at all.
This diocese undertakes to raise per annum, \$5,000 for the Diocese Mission, and \$4,000 for Episcopal support.
Central New York raises about \$9,000 per annum.
I believe, for Diocesan Missions, its Episcopate being almost wholly endowed.
Were our Episcopate endowed, we could raise \$10,000 per annum for Diocesan Missions.
Therefore, it seems to me plain enough, that our Episcopal assessments do "operate as a bar to increased offerings for diocesan Missions."
Would that our worthy laymen would endow our Episcopate, thereby our missionary work might be increased! W. N. Y.

Diocese of Indiana.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

The Bishop of Springfield, acting for the Bishop of Indiana, continued his visitation of the Diocese, arriving at Indianapolis on Saturday, the 18th ult.
He was the guest of the Rev. F. M. S. Taylor, Rector of St. Paul's Church.
On Sunday morning he preached in St. Paul's Church, and found the congregation full of hope for the future, and prepared to co-operate with their present able and enthusiastic Rector in all good works for the building and strengthening of the Church in the city.
There is no doubt the Vestry will lead, and the people will gladly follow, in the effort to lift the debt from the Cathedral, and set it free from embarrassment, to pursue the course which is expected of it in promoting the interests of the Diocese.
In the afternoon, the Rector of Christ Church, Dean Bradley, took the Bishop in hand and kept him busy until a late hour.
At 3:30 P. M., they visited the Sunday School of Christ Church, and the Bishop made a brief address.
Thence they went to St. George's Mission, a most interesting work among the operators at the Rolling Mills, in the outskirts of the city.
Earnest laymen and laywomen devote themselves to this Mission, and the Bishop was deeply impressed by what he saw and heard, and so expressed himself.
From St. George's Mission, the indefatigable Dean took the Bishop to the Church of the Holy Innocents, in another and distant part of the city, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Engle.
Here Evening Prayer was said, and the Bishop preached, confirmed, and addressed a class of four.
At 7:30 P. M., in Christ Church, after Even-song and a sermon from the Bishop, the Rector, the Rev. E. A. Bradley, presented a class of 21, whom the Bishop confirmed and addressed.
It is interesting to note that the Rev. Edward Bradley is the Dean of the Southern Convocation of Indianapolis; while his son, the Rev. Edward A. Bradley, is Dean of the Middle Convocation; and further, that the son preached the sermon at his father's Ordination, and presented him on the occasion for Holy Orders.
Both the father and son are together in the sacred ministry, in the same Diocese, and in the office of Dean, and both presented, at the visitation of this Bishop, a class identical in number—21.
On Monday night, in Christ Church, the Bishop delivered a lecture of an hour's length on the subject "The Church and the World."
On Tuesday, the 21st inst., the Bishop officiated at Connersville, where there is no resident Rector at present.
The few earnest Church-people, however, hold together, and they have a neat and beautiful edifice in which to worship God.
The Rev. Dr. Test, of Richmond, at great personal inconvenience, visits them every week for Sunday Services.
Wednesday evening, the 22d, inst., brought the Bishop to Muncie, where he preached, confirmed, and addressed a class of seven, presented by the Rector, the Rev. F. D. Jaudon.
One more day remained for the Bishop to complete his work for the present in Indiana, and he filled it by going to the Mission at Frankfort, where he preached in the evening, the Rev. Mr. Martin, of Lafayette, conducting the Service.
The Bishop will return to Indiana in May, to visit several Parishes and Missions, which, at present, he had not the time to reach.
His labors were constant and abundant, in journeys, and Services, and sermons, and addresses.
He confirmed while in the Diocese, from March 4th to March 24th, 82.

In the Shadow of the Cross.

Written for the Living Church.

In the dread work of death, the Jewish Priesthood and Roman power had been united; and, with abject humility, the Priests and the Pharisees beg aid from Pilate, saying: "Command that the Sepulchre be made sure, lest His disciples say 'He is risen.'"
And Pilate said: "Go your way, make it as sure as ye can."
So they went and made the Sepulchre sure, sealing the stone and setting a watch.
The insulting seal of triumph is placed, and it has done effectual service; making that tomb a sure witness to all nations that Christ is risen.

Meantime, in the judgment of that world, death has conquered, and the disciples wait through the Sabbath, with its gloom around them.
The burden of their loss presses them heavily; yet, through the silence and the darkness, God works on and Light is near.

As with the sacred hush of the drear chamber of death, we draw near and gather the detail of these hours.
In the "deep dawn" the true-hearted, grief-stricken women, who were faithful at the Cross, are on their way to render the last, sad Offices with which they may bury the dead out of sight; the only Service remaining for their Crucified Lord.

The soothing stillness of nature is around them.
As the day breaks, the calm of the Creator's world is unstirred, though the Kings of the Earth have stained their royal robes of authority in the life-blood of their elder-brother.
No trace of sympathy greets the anguish of those mourners; yet, that stillness is token of the Divine Word which breathed through the Dawn of Creation, touching its darkness and chaos, and—"There was light."
It is token of the Eternal Power and Peace so soon to be fully revealed in the full light of that immortality which has abolished death.

They question sadly among themselves as to who shall roll away the stone from the door of the Sepulchre.
And when they looked, they saw the stone was rolled away, for it was very great.
The cause of their anxiety is removed, and they hear the angel saying: "Fear not, for I know that ye seek Jesus."
To all who seek Jesus, following in the path of willing service, though their hearts may be bowed down with sorrow and loss, or oft-times with needless cares, unto all these, comes the message: "Fear not."
With Infinite Compassion, the stone will be rolled away; whatever is too burdensome will become a

sign from Heaven of the Savior's care.
Through the baffled plans and perished hopes of life, will shine the light of the Sun of Righteousness, "Who is risen with healing."

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? For He is not here; He is risen," becomes at once a message of hope and of reproof.
Many a devout Christian seems to stand mourning at the tomb of the dead Christ, instead of pressing onward to the risen Lord of all Power; their lives passed waiting in the death-shadows.
"Behold! He goeth before you into Galilee"—is the word of hope to the disciples; for Galilee was their home; "there shall ye see Him."
In the dull routine of daily life, He would be with them; and as they worked on, still obeying His Word, that daily life should be filled with fullness.
There would He meet with them.

"And they returned and told all these things to the Eleven, and the rest; but their words seemed as idle tales."
So dull were the disciples of old; so dull and limited are all who linger in the death-shadows of anxiety and sorrow, mourning over—what may seem to be—perished hopes and possibilities, instead of looking where He is risen, that the Resurrection light may quicken; "for God, Who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give us the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ."

From that "deep-dawn" with its heavy sorrow, until now, the Word comes, to the disciples of Jesus: "He goeth before you," as He hath said; and the Church of God is the keeper of the Light of that glory on earth, that it may never grow dim.
Instead of the eager, hopeful Service, we seem to hear the mourners cry: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."
The drooping hearts and lukewarm faith, over-anxious about outward difficulties and perplexities, seem to be benumbed with the chill air of the Sepulchre:

"Cold, cold Church, in the death-sleep lying! Thy Lent is here, thy Passion passed— But not Thine Easter Day!

The earnest-hearted will find the Master present with them, turning the inert waiting, the passive sorrow, to active Service; saying: "Go to My brethren, and say to them, I ascend to My Father and your Father."
He Whose life on earth it was, to do the Father's will, lingers among the death-shadows, to claim our kinship, and to quicken the weary and heavy laden to come home to the Father's care—"unto my God and your God."
And our helplessness rests in the might of Eternal Power, which cannot fail us; in the tender mercies which touch the darkness of all worlds with Light, and the changes and chances of this mortal life with the sure joy of Heaven!

Christ ascends—Leader and King of our human race, conqueror of earthly evil—to the Father's Home, with its place prepared for us; passing from sight, that our hearts and minds may even now follow Him, and "continually thither ascend and be at rest with God, Who maketh all things to work together for good to those who love Him.
And neither death nor life, nor things present, nor things to come can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ our Lord." E. H. P.

Help Needed in Arkansas.

To the Editor of the Living Church.

I beg for a small space in your paper, through which I may appeal, on behalf of the Church in this locality, to Church-people in those parts of our land which are more prosperous than our struggling South.
What with war, pestilence, and flood, our people, as well as others of all classes and denominations, are financially so disabled, that they have but little means for purposes outside of the support of their families.
We have a little town of eight or nine hundred souls, to which the Bishop made his first Episcopal Visitation, about two years ago.
We have a few communicants in our midst; and we had hoped to be able, by this time, to build a chapel; but the total failure of crops, last year, has rendered it impossible to do so; and we have no surety that things will be any better at the gathering of this year's crop, as the season, by reason of the incessant rains and present floods, is thus far unfavorable.
Twelve hundred dollars would purchase a lot, and enable us to erect upon it a suitable chapel.
Our Services are now held in an old, dilapidated Court-house, an unfit place for the worship of the "King of Kings," who is uncomfortable and unseemly.
Many, who now stay away, would attend our Service had we an appropriate edifice.
In consideration of these facts, I earnestly appeal to the Christian benevolence and generosity of the readers of the LIVING CHURCH, as they are making their elaborate and commendable preparations for adorning their beautiful altars for the sublime Easter Festival, to remember us, who have no altar to adorn; and, upon the one, improvised of a box, our Easter lilies will appear incongruous.
Anything given to aid us in erecting a suitable temple, will be thankfully received.
Please direct all communications to Col. R. R. Foreman, Marianna, Ark.

A LADY COMMUNICANT.

Marianna, Ark., March 20th, 1882.

STARTING IN THE WORLD.—Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in this world, as it is called.
Setting a young man afloat with money left by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom.
Teach him how to swim, and he will never need bladders.
Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him.
See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given him what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.

EASTER.

The foe behind, the deep before, Our hosts have dared and passed the sea; And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore, And Israel's triumphal tribes are free. Lift up, lift up your voices now! The whole wide world rejoices now! The Lord hath triumphed gloriously! The Lord shall reign victoriously! Happy morn'g, Turning sorrow, Into peace and mirth! Bondage ending, Love descending, O'er the earl h' Seals assuring, Guards securing, Watch His earthly prison; Seals are shattered, Uards are scattered, Christ hath risen!

Easter in Rome.

In the old days of Rome, when the Pope was absolute ruler, and before the present King of Italy lived there with his sweet young wife, Holy Week, the last week in Lent, which ends with Easter Sunday, used to be celebrated so prettily that strangers went from far and near to see the spectacle. There were all sorts of processions in the streets, fine music in the churches, ceremonies in the great basilica of St. Peter, and everybody looked happy; for the Italians seem a great deal more like grown-up children than like men and women. They are fond of all bright, pleasant things, and though it is their religion to observe the rites of Holy Week, the doing so gladdens them, for other reasons.

But all these ceremonies cease at the close of Easter Sunday, which is made a sort of beautiful climax to the week of celebrations. Everybody who can get there hurries to St. Peter's, the largest church in the world, you know.

There all the important religious ceremonies of Holy Week take place, and everybody wants to see them. St. Peter's is on the right bank of the muddy Tiber, which flows swiftly through Rome, dividing the city somewhat as the river Seine divides the city of Paris. The largest portion of the town, where most of the people live, is on the left side of the river; so when they go to St. Peter's—and that is very often—they have to cross the bridge of St. Angelo. The Castle of St. Angelo is a big, round fortress on the other side of the Tiber; and from there a street leads directly to the great place, or piazza, as the Italians call the curious square before St. Peter's.

At each corner of the front of the church begins a grand covered walk, called a colonnade. For some distance this covered walk, which has four rows of handsome pillars to support the roof, comes straight from the front of the church. Then it curves out into an oval form, and nearly surrounds the open place, which would otherwise be a square. Looking down from the roof of the church, the colonnade seems like great stone sickles, the handles joining the building, and the blades—the points toward each other—inclosing the piazza. The colonnades, favorite places for the Romans to walk in when the piazza is sunny and hot, are always crowded when the people are waiting to see or attend any of the famous ceremonials of the church.

St. Peter's itself is so big, so much bigger than any church you and I have ever seen in this country, that I am afraid you would get very little idea of it if I should say it was 696 feet at its longest part, and 450 feet at its widest. It is built, like most Roman churches, in the form of a cross, and just over the part where the arms of the cross, or transept, separate from the body of the cross, or nave, rises the great dome, which is 493 feet from the floor to the top. Beside this great dome, are two lesser but not little ones, and six, I think, really small ones; and it is the lighting of all of them which made St. Peter's so magnificent on Easter Sunday evening.

On Easter Sunday morning, there used to be a Service in St. Peter's, in which the Pope took part. The great interior was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, the ladies all wearing black dresses and veils, and the gentlemen, evening dress or handsome uniforms. There was beautiful music, and chanting by the priests; and after it was over, the Pope was lifted in his great chair of state, and borne on the shoulders of men in a long procession from the church. About noon he appeared on the gallery in front of the big dome and over the great door of the church, and looking down on the crowds in the piazza below, gave them his blessing.

This was a very pretty sight. The place was full of people; fathers, mothers, girls and boys, babies held up in their mothers' arms, and little bits of toddling children, all dressed in their best, with bright-colored garments and shining chains and rings—the Italians love jewelry, and wear all they can get—all looking bright and happy, waiting patiently for the Pope to come. Ever the strangers who did not think as he did were glad to see him, for he was a gentle, kindly old man, and looked very handsome, standing above the people in his white robe and rich, red cloak.

But the most splendid part of the festival was when, just at dusk, the whole church of St. Peter was illuminated, as you see in the picture, by forty-four hundred lamps. These were hung on all the pillars of the portico, the corners of the walls, the angles of the domes—wherever, in

fact, the line of light could bring out the shape of the building. Even the great cross on the big bronze ball at the top of the large dome looked like a cross of fire. If the evening were dark, the stone walls of the building seemed to disappear, and a monster cage of flame to stand in its place.

About an hour and a quarter after sunset, when the people had begun to grow tired of this spectacle, 250 workmen would, in almost as little time as it takes to tell it, change the lamps for blazing torches. This was the most imposing sight of the day, and the people waited for it patiently for hours. It was well worth seeing, too. Travellers stood in the streets, side by side with the Romans, that they might witness what they could never witness in their own countries. Perhaps the sight will never be observed in Rome again, because for some years before the gentle old Pope, Pio Nono, died, and ever since the new Pope, Leo XIII., was chosen, the custom of illuminating St. Peter's has been discontinued.

Those who have seen it know how beautiful it was, and how delighted the Roman people were after spending the day in idly wandering about the city whole families together visiting, chattering, and enjoying the sunshine, with the illuminations, and the fire-works that sometimes rose high over the gloomy castle of St. Angelo, and fell into the dark, hurrying river.

The Great Revival.

In a recent lecture, the Rev. J. W. Bonham described some scenes at the ten days mission held some years ago in two hundred and forty-eight churches and halls in London. The Mission was conducted under sanction of the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Rochester. One of the meetings at which he was present, Mr. Bonham describes as follows:

An important Mission centre is St. Augustine's Church, Kilburn. The lay workers visit the adjacent streets, deliver tracts to the residents, and invite them to the church. The Evangelist here is the Rev. George Body. To secure a seat we go early, but soon every place is crowded. After a short but heavy service, the Evangelist stands on the upper step of the chancel, and reads from Exodus xiv. 30: "The Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians." Having shown that there is no passion stronger than the passion for liberty, he graphically depicts the bondage of Israel under their cruel Egyptian taskmasters. Now, by a sudden transition, he shows that even this is but a faint type of the bondage of the Christians. Contrasting natural with spiritual bondage, he shows that while the former is terrible, the latter is more terrible—more terrible, because if the bonds of sin are not broken, the soul will be lost for ever and ever! Yet the man who dreads this, allows himself to be driven to perdition through fear of a laugh, or the sneer of an ungodly associate. Having depicted the Israelites, with the mountains on their right hand and left, the chariots of war pursuing behind, the Red Sea before them, and their miraculous deliverance, the preacher draws a parallel between this and the greater deliverance of the soul from Satan's bondage, by the Sin-atoner Saviour; and with all the ardor of his soul he beseeches his sin-bound hearers to accept the soul-liberty that is in Christ Jesus, who is strong to deliver and mighty to save. Possessing great histrionic power, and great compass of voice and skilful power of expression, what he describes, he makes the past present, and brings the distant nigh. By that vocal magnetism which cannot be described, he arrests and holds attention. In closing his sermon he seems almost inspired, and pleads with souls with the impassioned tenderness of a mother; and at times strong men bow their heads and weep. After the sermon, the choir and vast congregation unite in swelling the mighty volume of musical petition—at the after meeting the Evangelist passes up and down the aisles, between the kneeling multitude. Now he quotes a precious Gospel invitation. Now, to inspire confidence, he requests anxious ones to say after him, "Rock of Ages cleave for me. Let me hide myself in thee." A mighty invisible power is working. In the light of its results it is not the prayed-for power of the Holy Ghost, who has come down, not as the earthquake, fire and storm, but as the calm refreshing breeze? For instead of audible expressions of overwrought feelings, incoherent ejaculations, and the confusion which several loudly offer different prayers at the same time, there is perfect order, exceeding calmness, strange stillness, and over-awing soul-quietude. And on some days, the clergy spent several hours in succession calmly conversing with souls anxious for salvation; and many were snatched as brands from the burning. —Banyone (N. J.) Herald.

The poet Longfellow, with whom grave earnestness was characteristic, was not without his humorous side. When travelling in Switzerland with Mr. Appleton, they had been extortunately treated at Zurich by the landlord of the Raven. Longfellow wrote upon the book of the inn: "Beware of the Raven of Zurich: 'Tis a bird of omen ill, With an ugly, unclean nest, And a very, very long bill."

Another incident of this humorous trait is told by Mr. Appleton: "One summer twenty years ago, when the Appletons were living in Lynn, the poet's son, Charles, who was very fond of sailing a boat, and who has since become a famous yachtsman, came in his boat one day to make a call. The surf was high and the boat was capsized, and he was thrown into the water. He was wet through, of course, and was compelled to make an entire change of clothing. Captain Nathan Appleton, in place of shoes loaned, him a pair of slippers, which he wore home. Mr. Longfellow, the poet, returned the slippers a few days afterward, done up in a neat package, with this little stanza:

"Slippers that perhaps another, Sailing o'er the Bay of Lynn, A forerun or a shipwrecked nephew, Seeing, may purloin again."

This was a happy paraphrase of his own lines. A Cape Cod mariner of the old school was once awakened in his bunk by a shipmate, with the announcement "that the vessel was going to eternity." "Well," replied the Captain, "I've got ten friends over to one in this world; let her go." And he turned over and went to sleep again.

EASTER EVEN.

What spices can I bring, What tears and love, my King, These to thy balm? Lo! all is ended now, In stillness liest Thou, Peace stamped upon Thy brow, In death how calm! Lord, be my heart Thy tomb, There be there found no room For aught beside! Bearing about with me Thy death and agony, May I at last with Thee In rest abide!

Dear Lord! that closed in this narrow room, Now rested from Thy last and sharpest pain; For me Thou hast consented to be slain; What heart-drawn tears can wash away the stain Of those black sins that nail'd Thee to the wood? What showers of sorrow, which my grief may rain, Can compensate one drop of Thy dear blood? O! let me hasten where Thy Cross hath stood, And, casting in its place my heart and mind, Pay one poor sacrifice, for all the good Which Thou hast purchas'd for redeem'd mankind; And taking all, dear Lord, that I can give, So let me die, that with Thee I may live.

Choice of Pastors.

We are glad to see, as we sometimes do in our daily papers, good sensible editorials upon questions of general religious interest. Such articles are a credit to journalism and to the people. That they should appear in our secular press is a sign of moral health in a community and people. If Christians would take pains to let their appreciation of such papers be known, it would no doubt be to their encouragement in such a course. In the Rockford Gazette, the editor of which is a Churchman, we find a thoughtful editorial on "Fashion in the choice of Pastors." After discussing the matter in general, it says:

"It is not unusual to hear persons who think lightly of religion, disparage its ministers; and, to show how smart they are themselves, they compare the preacher of the slenderer mental endowment with the lawyer of the finest talents. In that way they are able to win applause from the idle by calling all clergymen ignorant and stupid. There has been for some years past, indeed ever since the outbreak of the war, a heavy drain on the intellect of the country into the channels of money-making. The apparent ease with which great fortunes have been amassed, has had a tendency to draw too many of the bright young men into mercantile and financial pursuits, to the neglect of the higher faculties of their natures. But all have not gone in that direction. Many have followed a constitutional tendency, or been swayed by the loving pressure of parents who had rather see a son become a stout defender of what they believe to be vital truth, than to have that son develop into another Gould, and open his safe that Mammon may look upon his thirty-five millions. There are more than one such, there are dozens of them graduated every year from our theological seminaries. What becomes of them? The New Yorker will tell you that he meets with none of these promising young men. Where are they? Perhaps we have an answer to the question right here, and also an explanation. These young clergymen are scattered over the country, avoiding the large cities, not from choice always, but for the reason that it is the fashion in the large cities to call pastors whose fame has come over long distances. The young men we are speaking of have too much sense to stand in their first tracks until the fashion changes; but bearing of unoccupied fields in the interior sections of the country, they do as other people are doing every day—strike out for themselves, and for God and the right, and never regret the rich things that are so profusely given to those clergymen whose names they oftenest see in print. We think this answers both of the questions that have been raised. The educated and talented American ministers, if they are not to be found in New York, or in Chicago, in great numbers, are to be found in the smaller centres of wealth and intelligence all over the country. They are thus scattered, because they recognize the present fashion in choosing pastors in the great cities, and prefer independence with a competency, to a life-long struggle by the side of men of established reputations."

A Wonder to Herself and all Around Her.

A gentleman who procured Compound Oxygen for his wife, says in one of his letters: "My wife is so different now from what she was when I wrote you, that she is a wonder to herself and all around her. I am well satisfied that had it not been for your remedy, if she had lived until this time it would have been on the brink of the grave." Treatise on Compound Oxygen, sent free, Mrs. Starkey & Paine, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia Pa. A recipe for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on the stove and stir constantly." Just as if any one could sit on a stove without stirring constantly. SUBMERGED SEVERN.—A pair of beautiful Sunflowers on the bank of the Severn, the only one will send ten cents in postage stamps or money to Dr. C. W. Benson, No. 106 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md. The man who does his level best to act on the square will generally be round when his neighbor needs assistance.

Philosophy and Religion.

The following clear statement of the relation of philosophy to religion is taken from the Rev. R. A. Holland's paper read before the Philosophical Society of Chicago: Whether right or wrong, good or bad, religion is at least real, and philosophy must first accept its reality, and then seek the ideas involved in it. Now in this real world of humanity we find religion, not as an accident, exceptional and temporary, but as one of its universal and permanent principles. From the fetish-worshipping savage to the Christian saint, however sundered by impassable oceans, or supposedly diverse in origin, whether Africa, Asia, or Europe or America or the South Sea Islands, all people have a religion which grows with their growth in civilization, and which for the same degree of civilization has a broad similarity of type in Creed and Ritual, so that the history of the race as a race is simply the history of its religions, and of their influence on the manners, customs, laws, and speculations of its various nations.

Now it is absurd to say that a phase of human nature so universal and constant is a trick or device or scheme or plot of a certain class to gain or keep power over their kind. Such a conspiracy might happen and succeed here or there, but not everywhere without possibility of collusion, unless it were a very law of human nature so to deceive and be deceived. And if deceit be the root and pith of humanity, that which humanity must unfold in its development, the sooner we stop talking against it, the sooner shall we get into line with our destiny, and the more rapidly ripen towards its aim. No religion, like morality, like art, is a manipulator of a constitutive element of man's nature. It is not the business of philosophy, then, to create religion or to take its place, any more than it is to create or take the place of the world. Here religion is a great world-fact, and philosophy has nothing to do but to account for it. If she cannot do this, she might be a good dreamer of what the world might have been or ought to be, and of what religion might have been or ought to be in this visionary orb; but she can never be a philosophy of the world that really is, and of the religion that is, as really one of its prime essential principles.

The owner of the cave deposits of bat guano in Uvalde county, Texas, says the supply can not be exhausted in a century. An analysis shows over 11 per cent. of ammonia. The caves have recently been reached by railroad tracks, and the first shipment has been made. The product is expected to bring \$50 per ton.

Said the night watchman, when, about dusk, He was invited to drink a cup of coffee; "No, thank you. Coffee keeps me awake all night." Then he saw his blunder, looked very embarrassed, and tried to explain it. But it was no use.

The Late Father Marks.

To the Editor of the Living Church: In your paper of March 18th is a short account of the Life and Ministrations of Rev. Samuel Marks. It is but fair to add that he was the first Rector, or "resident Missionary" in St. Luke's Parish, Racine, Wisconsin Territory. The following items are from the Record Book: "RACINE, May 9, 1846.

GENTLEMEN:—To the Resolution passed in your Vestry Meeting 'to give to the Rev. S. Marks a call to become Rector of St. Luke's Church,' he responds that he will do so, and prays that he may be useful to the flock. Respectfully yours, SAMUEL MARKS."

"Resolved, That the thanks of the Wardens and Vestry of St. Luke's Church, Racine, W. T., be presented to Capt. J. M. Lundy, of the steamer Cleveland, for his polite and generous deportment to their Rector, the Rev. Samuel Marks and family—the transportation of them and goods to the Parish, July 8, 1846."

In answer to a recall after resignation—"Allow me to say to the Wardens and Vestry of St. Luke's Church, that the thought of my being considered worthy of a recall by their body, has humbled me in the dust before God, and that I rejoice in the fact that I serve a people having so high a sense of honor and justice." He remained until June 4, 1849.

MRS. J. G. MEACHEM. Racine, March 22, 1882.

Easter.

Written for the Living Church. The bitter frost and cold have fled; The sun's bright beams are growing warm, And waken nature from the bed That sheltered her from winter's storm. She now ascends from depths of earth In gay attire, with sweet perfume; And birds, to celebrate her birth With songs, from sunny climes have come. The pains of Friday last have sped; To-day, the angels burst the tomb, And Jesus, risen from the dead, Victorious, in immortal bloom! The organ swells; loud anthems ring; Thine Altar, Lord! is decked with flowers; T. celebrate Thy triumphant; O'er death, the grave, and darkness' powers! J. J.

Luxury was once restricted by a law in England, by which the prelates and nobles were confined to two courses at every meal, and two kinds of food in every course, except at great festivals. The same law forbade all who did not enjoy an estate of 100 l. a year, wearing furs, skins, or silk, and the use of foreign cloth was reserved to the Royal Family alone. This was in the year 1337. Three years later an edict was issued by Chas. VI. of France, which says, "Let no one presume to feast with more than one soup and two dishes." How would such a regulation suit our Mansion Hotels or our clubs, nowadays?

A Wonder to Herself and all Around Her.

A gentleman who procured Compound Oxygen for his wife, says in one of his letters: "My wife is so different now from what she was when I wrote you, that she is a wonder to herself and all around her. I am well satisfied that had it not been for your remedy, if she had lived until this time it would have been on the brink of the grave." Treatise on Compound Oxygen, sent free, Mrs. Starkey & Paine, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia Pa. A recipe for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on the stove and stir constantly." Just as if any one could sit on a stove without stirring constantly. SUBMERGED SEVERN.—A pair of beautiful Sunflowers on the bank of the Severn, the only one will send ten cents in postage stamps or money to Dr. C. W. Benson, No. 106 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md. The man who does his level best to act on the square will generally be round when his neighbor needs assistance.

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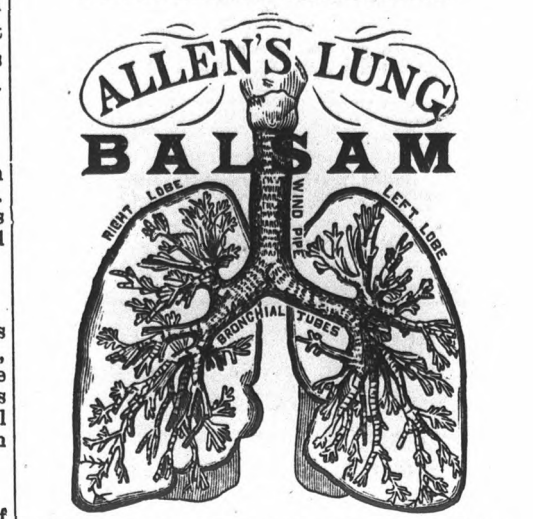
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LESSON COMMENTARY

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The Living Church.

Twelve Pages. April 8, 1882.

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CHICAGO. NEW YORK.
162 Washington Street. No. 6 Cooper Union.

The first edition of this issue, enlarged to fill orders for several thousand extra copies, having been exhausted, and orders still pouring in, we have arranged at considerable trouble and expense to print a second edition. At present calculation we shall have about a thousand copies to dispose of, after filling orders now on file. They will be forwarded, postpaid, 25 copies for one dollar, or single copies for five cents.

The Resurrection.

Some eighteen hundred years ago, a wonderful event occurred near the city of Jerusalem, which has changed the course of history, and has determined the religious faith and life of all the nations that have led the civilization of the world. It was an event which perhaps not a single person living at the time, expected or hoped for. It was most improbable, exceptional, marvellous, and contradicting all human opinion and philosophy. At the same time, it was an event of which the ordinary faculties of men could be assured. It did not appeal to the imagination, to the preconceived notions, to the traditions, to the self-interest of any class of men. It was a hard fact, attested by the observation and positive knowledge of those who were skeptical, and who had much to lose and to suffer and nothing worldly to gain, by admitting their convictions of its reality.

This event was the rising from the dead of One Who was called Christ. It was an event entirely consistent with the teachings and career of this remarkable Person, and in accordance with type and prophecy that had been given, as was believed, by Divine favor, to the people among whom the event occurred, though not so understood by them before it transpired. It was an event absolutely unique and unexpected at the time when it occurred. Yet the evidence was absolutely irresistible, as to the fact of the occurrence; and upon this evidence a large number of persons of respectable intelligence accepted it as real. The acceptance involved the most serious consequences, consequences more disastrous than any action of honest men in this age could incur. The acceptance of the Resurrection, indeed, meant enmity of kinsfolk, hatred of countrymen, surrender of the ancient Faith, the reversal of all social and religious customs, and deadly persecution by the civil power. Yet, the fact of the Resurrection was accepted. Upon it was founded an organization which has extended all over the world. Whatever may be the motives and interests which now prevail to give it vitality and influence, it began in the simplicity of irresistible conviction on the part of those who had the most ample opportunity and the most imperative need to understand the premises of their action.

This action was distinctly based upon the event of which we speak. No attempt was made to justify it upon the ground of philosophy, upon the excellence of the example, or upon the moral precepts of the One Whose cause was espoused. The issue was made upon the Resurrection, and the Christian Church was founded on that. All other issues, facts, truths, and teachings were referred to that. If the Resurrection could be discredited, everything else must fall, nothing else could be believed, all the rest must be a delusion.

Upon this issue the Church has stood for more than eighteen hundred years, and upon this issue she must stand. "If Christ be not risen, our preaching is vain and your faith is vain." St. Paul wrote this to the Corinthians, among whom were many personal enemies, within thirty years after the event occurred. This, the most inveterate enemies of supernatural religion admit.

The authenticity of these Epistles to the Corinthians is unassailable. The challenge is made to the "greater part" of five hundred witnesses, who remained alive at the time. Only a fool or a lunatic could have made such a challenge, unless it was sure to be sustained by the fact. Does any one believe that St. Paul was a fool or a lunatic?

The argument is simply this: That, capable and honest witnesses (by the admission of the most hostile critics) who lived and wrote near the time of this event, testify to their conviction that Christ rose from the dead, and appeal to the knowledge of a great number of people still living, as to a fact about which they are perfectly competent to be informed—as to a fact, indeed, of which they are claimed to be eye-witnesses. The argument is enforced, moreover, by the fact, indisputable, that such writers gained nothing and lost everything, as the world counts gain and loss, by such testimony; and that, as in the case of St. Paul, it was against all previous training and traditions that such convictions were formed and such testimony was given.

Whatever may be thought of such testimony, founded upon personal knowledge, attested by the sacrifice of all earthly interests, and sealed by martyrdom, we cannot ignore the fact that the RESURRECTION has affected the history of the world more, vastly more, than any other fact recorded and believed. It may accord with the

motives and fancied interests of some, to discredit it; but we challenge such to account for it. The history of the Church for nearly twenty centuries has been the history of the world; and the Resurrection is the corner-stone of the Church. The great fact of to-day is the Christian religion, and this religion is a fable if Christ did not rise from the dead. As the Paschal moon rises, around the world like an electric current pulsates the Life of faith in a risen Lord. The tides of ocean rise not more obediently to the sign, than do the tides of human sympathy and faith. "Christ is risen!" is the salutation in millions of homes wherein the hopes of the nations are cradled; and "He is alive forevermore, Alleluiah!" is the refrain that girdles the globe.

Alas! for the evil heart of unbelief that refuses to join in the acclamation. All nature rebukes its unbelief; and, coming forth from the tomb of winter, puts on new life and symbolizes the great fact in which humanity rejoices. The Resurrection accords with nature's law, and finds in every reverent soul a glad response of faith and hope.

The Trial Sermon Plan.

Unity Society, Chicago, is hunting for a new minister. At a meeting of the congregation, a prominent member "hoped the committee would not adopt the plan of trial sermons, as that course generally ended in accepting a minister on the basis of his personal appearance. They had had enough of that," etc.

If a Unitarian Society is led to give up in disgust the "trial sermon plan," simply because it is a manifest failure, it might be supposed that our parishes would have all abandoned it long ago. And most of them have. All the large and strong parishes have. They have been obliged to—because the men they want will not submit to the "trial sermon plan." As a rule, they are not obliged to seek a parish. Until a man is, he will refuse to "preach on trial." The best parishes have come to know it. So they do not ask a clergyman to "preach on trial," or "candidate." Our best parishes have other ways of informing themselves as to any particular clergyman whom they may think of in any such relation. In no event do they directly and openly attempt the "trial sermon plan." As soon as there is a vacancy in the rectorship of a parish, the Bishop should be officially notified. If the officers of the parish are wise they will advise with the Bishop, and what he says will have great weight with them. No man can have more at heart the prosperity of every parish in his diocese. As a rule, no one will know as well the needs of the parishes. Few have so large an acquaintance with the clergy. No one man is so likely to know whom a parish would be able to secure for a rector, and whom, all things considered, it would be best to try to get. Above all, let the Vestry that is looking for a rector secure information as to the past record of the clergyman whom they think of electing. In no case will a wise Vestry elect a man to the rectorship of their parish, simply because they have heard him preach a few good sermons.

If the rectorship of a parish becomes vacant, let its people first of all pray earnestly that God will send them a faithful and true pastor, and then let them use all diligence in making use of the means for getting one. If the vestrymen of a parish are wise they will try to secure for a rector a clergyman of whom they have some personal knowledge. They have, perhaps, before them, the names of some four or five men, any one of whom they have reason to hope would accept the offer of the rectorship of their parish. Among them is the name of a clergyman of, say, their own diocese. They know him. He has always been faithful, but some one makes some sort of trivial criticism when his name is mentioned, and that ends the matter so far as he is concerned. On their list is the name of some one who lives a long way off, and simply because they do not know much if anything about him, they select him as their rector. It is more than likely that of all the names before them his is the one they should consider last.

The ease with which some parishes get rid of a rector whom they do not want, is an encouragement to carelessness and presumption in the election of one. Good men and women sometimes suggest or entertain the thought of the resignation of their rector, with a lack of consideration which seems the refinement of cruelty. What would removal involve for them? The very thought of such a thing would make them sick. But they will entertain the thought of the removal of their rector and his family, as if for them it could involve no hardship and no expense, but would be only a pleasant and exhilarating episode.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

In your editorial of this date, concerning "The Maryland Controversy," as you term the matter to which you refer, the following occurs: "That Dr. Leeds, whose characteristic, we might almost say, is moderation should feel impelled to dissent from his colleagues in this grave matter, raises, to begin with, for outsiders like ourselves, a strong presumption that the Standing Committee must have blundered."

As the rejection by the Standing Committee was unanimous, including the approval of the Rev. Dr. Leeds, is there not a strong presumption that the Standing Committee must have been correct? CAMPBELL T. FAIR
Festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary 1882.

The writer of the above is not a member of the Standing Committee of Maryland. He gives, it will be observed, not the slightest indication that he has access to any evidence that is not in our possession. With the letter of Dr. Leeds to the Baltimore American before us, and other "satisfactory" information which we have received, we are decidedly of opinion that the Rev. Dr. Fair has been misinformed. Moreover, it strikes us that the Rev. Dr. Leeds himself, or some member of the Committee, would be the proper person to correct the error (if error it be) and not the Rev. Dr. Campbell Fair.—[ED. L. O.]

Congregational Ritualism.

Everybody has heard of the "novelties that disturb our peace." It might be supposed, by one who listens to the complaints put forth by papers and pamphlets, that we have not much peace left to be disturbed. Some have gone out from us in the hope of founding the ideal Church where the wicked cease from troubling. Yet, in their pastures new they find some thistles and thorns, and it is to be feared that in their harvest there will be some tares. A correspondent of the Reformed Episcopal organ thus mournfully describes the situation:

And yet there are some who do not appreciate the true genius of this Branch of the Church of God. They are with us through fanciful like or dislike, and as ready to go as they were to come, if occasion offer. They do not think deeply and earnestly. They do not mean "business" in this enterprise, but are like the barnacles on the ship, or suckers in the cornfield, mere hangers on to our army.

Alas! for human expectation! There are many who do not appreciate the true spirit of any enterprise. We should not rejoice that other ships have their barnacles, but we may be sustained and soothed by the reflection that not we alone are impeded in our course by the adherence of troublesome crustaceans.

If report is to be trusted, the Congregationalists also are having some experience with "novelties," which threaten to disturb their peace. A Society in Chicago has recently expelled a member for "making faces" at the pastor during Service. Their action was prompt and effective. Had it been otherwise—had this ritualistic lawlessness been allowed to continue unchecked, there is no telling where it would have stopped. Smiling is contagious, especially in church. It is said that there is a class of diseases called "mimetic," and that one person affected by a disease of this kind is sure to impart it to many others who may chance to be in close proximity. It is claimed by some that ritualism is "mimetic." The phase of ritualism developed in the Leavitt Street congregation is clearly of this kind. Contortions of the face sometimes occur in the disease known as St. Vitus' Dance. Ordinarily, this would be classed as a physical ailment, calling for purgation. When it occurs in a congregation it may be classed as ritualism, the only remedy for which is expurgation.

It is no wonder that the vote expelling Mr. Rossiter was 103 to one; and it is only reasonable to suppose that the one who dared to vote in favor of the innovator, was an old lady who had already begun to be affected, or disaffected, and whose countenance was disturbed by a broad grin as she deposited her vote. It is to be feared that ritualism will not be effectually "stamped out" in Leavitt Street, until the old lady, too, is expurgated.

The disturbing novelty in the Congregational society, as elsewhere, is not confined to muscular contortion. Still "Posturing" is the most significant element of ritualism, or at least, the one that attracts the most attention and criticism; and when it extends to the nasal organ it may be imagined to be very offensive. No doubt the pastor of the Leavitt Street Society thought so, when he observed the upward tendency of this olfactory organ in the pew before him. It is possible, however, to conceive that this facial phenomenon might have been successfully defended by Mr. Rossiter, on the plea of involuntary action of the muscles of the face, or the pricking of a pin with which his wife had carelessly fastened his collar, having neglected to sew on a button. Indeed, he might have made the plea that it was a twinge of conscience, under the pulpit eloquence of the offended pastor, which induced the unbecoming elevation or his nose. This, no doubt would have cleared him.

But "posturing" was not his only offence. If this could be condoned, he could not be forgiven for an exhibition of ritualistic tendency in dress. He came into church with his "pants in his boots," as the report expresses it. We have been told that ritualism is mostly a matter of "millinery." If it were only that, we could "Bid farewell to every fear And wipe our weeping eyes."

But we see, in the case of Mr. Rossiter, that among the Congregationalists, at least, it has come to be a matter of "pantaloonism." We confess that the alarms that have been sounded against ritualism were not groundless. "Where will it end?"—is not an idle question. It may end, it has ended, in "coming into church with his pants in his boots!" It must have been very shocking to a sensitive congregation. It is a striking illustration of the excess to which we may be tending. It may be somewhat startling to be told that the ritualists were leading us back to the middle ages; but here we are horrified to behold the real aim and tendency of this movement. It seeks to land us in barbarism. Its logical tendency is to destroy civilization and to put pantaloonism in the place where the feet ought to be! The spectacle of Mr. Rossiter, with "his pants in his boots," has decided us against any toleration of "ritualistic nonsense," however good and earnest its advocates may be. The line must be drawn somewhere. It is evident that the reformers never intended that "this Church" should use boots and pantaloonism in the way that Mr. Rossiter has used them. These articles were designed for a different purpose; and we hope that while the memory of the fires of Smithfield lives, there will not be wanting men among us ready to go to the stake, if need be, rather than to appear in church "with their pants in their boots," instead of wearing them as all good protestants should.

In justice to Mr. Rossiter it should be said, that he denied having "made faces;" he "smiled once or twice," for he could not help smiling at the sermons "that were sometimes delivered." He also claimed that "his pants were too tight to be pulled down over his boots." But all ritualists have a way of explaining their actions, and they generally contrive to justify their conduct

on some principle satisfactory to themselves. The successors of the Pilgrim fathers are not to be deceived by any jesuitical tricks. They will have no "posturing" and no "millinery." They stand 103 to one for the "pure gospel." They will insist that all their members keep their faces straight in church, and that men wear their pantaloon, instead of putting them "in their boots." In this they are far-sighted, prudent, and wise. They will attract to their fold large numbers of those whose souls are aghast with the dangers of ritualism; they will become havens of security and peace to all protestants who are afflicted with Romophobia.

Brief Mention.

"Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new!" How true it was on that first Easter Day, when the hopeless fear of the disciples was turned to confident joy by the appearance of the risen Lord! "Without Me ye can do nothing." It is as true now as it was then. The Resurrection changes all life and all motives of life. It is the witness and pledge of a divine Life, by which the dying souls of men are transformed and renewed.—Amid the expressions of household gladness and public rejoicing by which the Day of the Lord is ushered in, let not the devout Christian neglect the Holy Eucharist, in which with the grateful Maries he may meet the Lord and hear the "All hail!" Let us be early at the Sepulchre, while yet the angels stand by to say to us, "He is not here, he is risen." It is in "the breaking of bread" that He will reveal Himself to us as he did to the disciples on the way to Emmaus.—The Easter-tide, in many dioceses, marks the completion of the current year of parochial work, and calls for the making up of reports and statistics for the diocesan Journals. These should be characterized by painstaking accuracy, and should be as full and complete as possible. It is to be regretted that no uniform system of parochial reports prevails, and that hence great difficulty is experienced in tabulating statistics for the General Convention.

It would seem to be desirable that the General Convention should prescribe a uniform rule, as to all the statistics needed for the general report, and that each diocese should add to this such particulars as might be of merely local interest, in its Convention Journal.—It has long been a cause of regret to pastors that the annual election of wardens and vestrymen follows so close upon the solemnities of Holy Week. Important issues are often to be decided at this election, and these demand the attention and time of both priest and people.—The wear of Lenten work has no doubt awakened a longing in the hearts of many of the clergy, for a brief respite and rest. For many, it must, indeed, be a forlorn hope; for the winter supplies have exhausted the scanty treasury, and it is only by economy during the summer that the comfort of the family for the returning season can be assured. We trust that a happy disappointment may be in store for some, and that a surprise may await them like one of which we have recently read. A pastor in Chicago received as a present from his people a copy of a work entitled "One Year Abroad." On opening the book he found four hundred dollars between the leaves. It was a Presbyterian pastor, but we hope he took the hint and had his "one year abroad." We commend the example of his people to the imitation of ours.—An esteemed correspondent writes that an article which appeared in our last Christmas number, entitled "Christmas in Rome," written from the LIVING CHURCH, was copied verbatim from Story's "Roba di Roma." We very much regret the mistake, and apologize. It was supposed to be original, and was so marked in the copy.—An effort is being made to secure an appropriation of \$2,000,000, from the government, for the education of Indian children. Better one-half that sum, to teach Indian parents responsibility to law. As long as the Indians are dealt with as foreign nations, treated as tribes, and cheated as tribes, no amount of school houses or school books will reclaim them from savagery. The first thing to do is to make them citizens and put them under the law as persons. What has the government to do with educating the children of foreign nations? Let them be "naturalized," and then see what we can do for their children.—The Kentucky Church Chronicle for March gave a supplement containing the eloquent sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Courtney in the interest of Women's Work for Missions. The reading of it will remind many of the loss that the West has sustained by the removal of Dr. Courtney to Boston.—Canon Fleming, preaching at Westminster Abbey, said that Longfellow's death would be as sincerely mourned in Great Britain as in the United States.—A contemporary assures us that "A true Catholic movement incurs no blemishes." Indeed! Then is "a true Catholic movement" very much to be desired. It is something that the world has not yet seen. We had supposed that the Reformation was "a true Catholic movement." But it had some "blemishes," and therefore it could not have been "a true Catholic movement!" Our Lord founded a Catholic Church, a Body which was to represent Him on earth. Yet He did not promise that it should be without "blemishes," while it remained militant.—Several of our people have received a copy of a paper addressed to "the Superintendent of the Protestant Episcopal Sabbath School." Our schools for religious instruction are called "Sunday Schools," being held on the first day of the week, and not on the Sabbath.—We are rejoiced to hear of the cheering prospect that Trinity Church, Chicago, will be able to pay off its debt on Easter Day. There are also encouraging signs that the work of debt-paying will be undertaken in earnest by other parishes in the City. The Church of the Redeemer, Elgin, is to be consecrated on Thursday, April 13.—Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, one of the sons of the late

Commodore, shot himself at the Glenham hotel, in New York, Sunday, and died within four hours. It appears that he had suffered for years from epileptic fits, and been constantly attended by a companion. He was 51 years of age.—Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut, minister to Peru, died at Lima, last week, of heart disease. He served in the war with the Seminole Indians, was a Brigadier General in the Civil War, and succeeded General Banks in command at New Orleans.—It is reported that a thousand people gathered in a western city, last Sunday, to witness a cockfight. It would be difficult to say which, in such a show, is the nobler animal, the beast or the bird.

The Bishop of Central New York preached in Calvary Church, New York City, Sunday morning, March 26th, taking for a text Eph. ii. 4, and St. Mat. x. 6, and pleading for reality of belief in the historic doctrines of the Church. He said, men ought to know where they stood in regard to the world around them. Taken the Apostle's Creed as example; men did not seize the tenets there, in the same way as their minds reverted to their houses, their leisure, their business. People looked upon religion as something in the air. What made the difference between ourselves and the early Apostles? It was that they realized their dream. When they said that they believed in their Creed, it was a reality to them. They felt it. It was not a mere recitation. They were free men enjoying their emancipation and thanking God for the blessing. They were right, theologically and ecclesiastically. If we had not found the higher plane, it was because we had been worshipping humanity and not God. To ourselves the ends of the world had come. It was strange that Christianity should be accused of irreligion, and yet some of the accusers were not worse than some Church goers who had no faith in their hearts. When Christ's Kingdom began to come, there were only a few gathered together, but they were not wanting in earnestness, and in fullness of faith.

A word in regard to reports of Easter Services, etc., may save us and our correspondents considerable labor. We hope to hear from a great many points, and to give as much interesting information as possible in the shortest space. Long descriptions of decorations, names of vestrymen elected, number of hymns sung, etc., need not be included. Let us have the methods and results of Church work, and not the mere mechanics. We desire to say, in this connection, that we do not pay for correspondence unless by special arrangement beforehand.

The Rev. W. B. Morrow, of Reading, Pa., is giving his services to the small-pox patients in South Bethlehem, a Roman priest being the only clergyman previously attending upon them. A private letter just received describes the burial of a chorister at midnight, Mr. Morrow reading the Service by the light of a lantern held by the grave-digger, and singing alone the little boy's favorite hymn, "O Paradise!"

Easter Preparations in Philadelphia.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

Each year, the commercial preparations for the celebration of Easter grow more elaborate, till it should seem that the decoration of show-windows would almost be entitled to rank with the arts. Every one who deal in goods appropriate for the season, displays novelties, till the result is a bewildering array of beauty, marred by occasional absurdities. Representations of rural views are the most popular of the shows, judging by the crowds they attract. To most residents of cities they doubtless recall far-off days, when early flowers and Spring grass were transforming the brown meadows into scenes fit for fairy land. The most elaborate of these spectacles has a cottage about eight feet in height, with a roof over the portico, thatched with straw, where numerous pigeons occupy themselves with apparent satisfaction, picking the grain, and occasionally varying their employment by a flight to the top of the electric light shade, from whence they regard their admiring audience with wonder not unmingled with alarm. In front of the cottage is a door-yard sodded with moss and decorated with flowers, where little chickens run about selecting any dainty morsel that tempts their appetites, and sometimes returning to the sheltering wings of a motherly hen for rest, and possibly counsel concerning the ways of an untried world. Small, white rabbits, also roam around, entirely unconscious of the admiration they excite, as much at home, apparently, in a Chesnut Street show-window, as they would be in their native burrows.

Near the cottage is a barn, surrounded by a yard strewn with straw, where there are several coows, but they are not the real article. They evidently belong to a Noah's Ark collection. In a neighboring window is a cottage inhabited by dolls. A grandmother stands at the window, peering out from beneath her frilled cap, and a baby sits on the porch, surrounded by cards and Easter eggs.

The windows containing these exhibitions are so much thronged that it is difficult to get near them. Children stand spell-bound, and refuse to leave except at the most imperative commands. While these homely scenes attract so much attention, displays of silks, jewels, and even new bonnets are comparatively neglected.

Very elegant decorations are alabaster crosses about two feet in height, adorned with sprays of hand-painted lilies, and sometimes surmounted by a dove. Other larger crosses are made of wood, covered with bright velvet, and cards tastefully arranged on them. Velvet panels with crosses of artificial flowers, usually daisies or violets, and fans decorated with Easter mottoes are among the novelties. A luminous cross for the sick-room will doubtless be an acceptable gift to those who pass weary hours of wakefulness in the night. In daylight the cross looks simply like white paper, but in darkness it glows with light and color.

The Church of the Redeemer, Elgin, will be consecrated by the Bishop of Illinois, on Thursday in Easter Week, April 13th, the service beginning at half-past ten. The Chicago clergy can reach Elgin by taking the "Rockford and Elgin Special," at the Northwestern R. R., at 7:15 A. M., and return, leaving Elgin at 3:15 P. M., by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R., arriving in Chicago at 4:30 P. M.

Rev. Albert W. Ryan, A. B. of Seabury Divinity School, Faribault, has been called to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, Monroe, Michigan.

Obituary.

SEARS.—Entered into Paradise, in the communion of the Holy Catholic Church, on the 24th of March, at Lockport, Ill., Lucy E., aged 16 years, beloved daughter of John and Lucia E. Sears.

"A member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven."

RITTER.—At Weatherford, Texas, on Saturday morning, March 25th, the Rev. Charles Ritter, M. D., Priest, for some time in charge of All Saint's Mission; in the 64th year of his age.

SMITH.—In Cazenovia, N. Y., on the morning of March 4th, 1882, Smith, D. D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Cazenovia.

At a meeting of the Wardens and Vestrymen, on Saturday evening, March 18th, it was voted to put on record the following minute:

WHEREAS, Our beloved rector, having been removed by death, and the relations which have existed with his parishioners for more than thirty years having been thus suddenly severed, it is proper that the Wardens and Vestrymen give expression to the sorrow they feel in the sad event; therefore,

Resolved: That our rector, during his long and useful service in the Church, by his ability, sincerity and zeal, has gained the respect and esteem not only of the members of the parish, but of all who knew him, by whom his memory will long be cherished. That in his death the Church has lost a worthy and genial member, and the Church "one of its ablest preachers and defenders of the Faith."

Resolved: That we tender our sincere sympathy to the bereaved widow and relatives of the deceased; that these proceedings be entered upon the minutes of the parish, and a copy furnished to his widow, and also for publication in the Cazenovia Republican and the Church papers.

JOHN WATTS, JOHN V. NEIDHAM, W. W. WATKINS, Clerks.

Acknowledgements

For the widow of the Tennessee Priest A. Friend, \$1.75

All Hall, \$1.00

In response to Dr. Fulton's letter—"A Great Wrong"—in the LIVING CHURCH for Jan. 28th.

Mrs. A. Benedict, \$1.00

C. Hall, \$1.00

Rev. W. H. Anonimus, \$1.00

Small sums, \$1.00

C. de B., \$1.00

S. Wilson, \$1.00

Rev. H. Forrester, \$1.00

L. Washington, D. C., \$1.00

Previously acknowledged, \$42.57

Total, \$484.77

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 a large representation (as well as clerical) from all Parishes and Missions.

C. W. LEFFINGWELL, Sec'y.

The Fourteenth Anniversary of St. Mary's School, Province of Illinois, will be celebrated (D. V.) on Wednesday after Easter. An invitation is given to clergy, patrons, and other friends.

Miscellaneous.

Appeal of the Trans-Mississippi Bishops. The diocesan and general needs of the trans-Mississippi field have recently been set forth over the signatures of Bishops Whipple of Minnesota, Valley of Kansas, Clarkson of Nebraska, and the Bishops of Utah, Robertson of Missouri, Spalding of Colorado and Wyoming, Hare of Nebraska, Perry of Iowa, and Brower of Montana. The following extract relates to a work in which (as well as in Griswold College, Iowa), the Bishops announce their joint interest:

"The country entrusted to our care comprises 95,000 square miles. The people of every tongue and clime are coming here. Over one hundred thousand new homes are made every year. The greatest work which man can do, is to educate this new race for the Lord's work. In humble faith we have commenced our school. They are in their infancy, and yet they are in the forefront of educational work. They have no superior for scholarship, culture, and Christian nurture. We are not rivals. Our work is in perfect harmony. Our only rivalry is to strive to do all work well."

We recognize the fact that the age demands thorough scholarship. The Church must have an educated Ministry. Its leaders must be the peers of all true scholars. We have adopted the Bishop Seabury Mission, Faribault, as our Theological School. It has an able corps of professors, who are devout Christians and loyal Churchmen. It has a high reputation. It has proved the wisdom of training men in the West for the Ministry. We desire to have it pre-eminent for Biblical study. Our Church behind many others in the study of the sacred Scriptures, which can alone make men wise unto salvation. We mean that this reproach shall be done away. Seabury will be the most convenient. Theological students who desire a full course of Theology. Others will be trained as they have been in their respective dioceses. It relies on the alms of God's people."

The Church has sent out these Bishops for a work of no less import than to determine her future in half the land. They ask that their work be made lighter, but—simply possible, by giving them men, not to be hindered by the expense of training. Who can hear their plea, and not long to help them? Cannot many parishes, Sunday Schools, and individuals, without prejudice to other work, send an offering to the Bishop Seabury Mission, to Bishop Whipple (soon expected home from the South), or to the Warden or Treasurer of the Mission at Faribault, Minnesota?

Society for the Increase of the Ministry. Formed 1857. Incorporated 1859.

Five hundred and eighty-seven of its scholars have been ordained, and four hundred and four names are found in the present clergy list. Distributed as follows: New England, 86; Middle States, 152; Southern States, 82; Western States, 143; Domestic Missionary Jurisdictions, 81; Foreign Missions, 8; Abroad, 4; For special funds, \$9,900. Annual income. The Society asks voluntary collections of parishes, and personal donations.

REV. ELISHA WHITTLESBY, Cor. Sec.

HARTFORD, CONN.

The Executive Committee of the Society for the Increase of the Ministry reminds the charitable of the present needs of the Society. Its improved financial condition, as indicated by the last Annual Report, has increased its responsibility, and multiplied demands upon it. Twenty-five worthy men, whose services in the Ministry the Church will sorely need, have been refused aid since the year began. The call for more laborers is urgent. With increase of funds for missionary enlargement no deserving man should be turned away, or hindered in his preparation. We hope for a liberal share of the Easter offerings of parishes and individuals. Let no friend of the Society in past years desert it now.

ELISHA WHITTLESBY, Cor. Sec.

Hartford, Conn.

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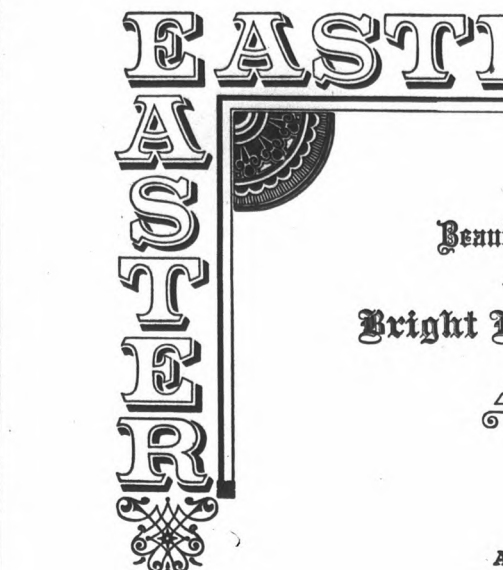
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WRITERS FOR JANUARY, 1882.

Christian Dogma Essential.—1. To Christian Teaching.

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By what Laws the American Church is Governed, and Herein Chiefly, How Far, if at all, English Ecclesiastical Law is of Force as such in this Church. By S. Corning, LL.D.

The Temperance Question. By the Rev. John T. Huntington.

The Revision of the New Testament—Again. By the Rev. Prof. Frederick Gardner, D.D.

Calendar.

APRIL, A. D. 1882.

- 2. 8th 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. 1st Sunday after Easter. Low Sunday. White.
23. 2d Sunday after Easter. White.
25. St. Mark, Evangelist. Red.
30. 3d Sunday after Easter. White.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Very early in the morning, . . . when it was yet dark, . . . the Angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone.—S. Matthew xxviii:2; S. Luke xxiv:1; S. John xxi:1.

An angel in a sepulchre is a very strange sight; what doth an angel there? Indeed, no angel ever came there till this morning. Not till Christ had been there; but now he hath left there odorem vite, and changed the grave into a place of rest, why not the bodies in the grave to be in heaven one day, as well as the angels of Heaven to be in the grave this day? BISHOP ANDREW.

I was at the matin hour early before the dawn. The prison doors flew open, the bolts of death were drawn.

I was at the matin hour, when prayers of saints are strong. Where, two short days ago, He bore the spitting, wounds, and wrong.

From realms unseen, an unseen way the Almighty Saviour came. And following in His silent steps an angel armed in flame.

The stone is rolled away, the keepers fainting fall; Satan's and Pilate's watchmen, the Day has scared them all.

The angel came full early, but Christ had gone before. The Breath of Life, the living Soul, had breathed itself once more. Into the sacred Body that slumbered in the tomb, As still and lowly, as crevice in the unopened womb. JOHN KEBLE.

Easter Day.

THE CHURCH LEAGUE SERIES.—NO. 34.

Fix your thoughts in thankfulness on the fact which the Church keeps in memory at this season. Think what we owe to the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. In it we see the pledge and assurance of our resurrection. If Christ had not risen—if the Resurrection were not true—then we should be as S. Paul tells us "of all men most miserable," because we ourselves could have no certain hope of rising again. We should lay the bodies of our departed friends in the ground without any expectation of meeting again; whereas now we can commit them to the earth in sure and certain hope of a joyful "Resurrection to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Were it not for the revelation of this blessed truth, we should, when we came to die, close our eyes upon the scene of this world only to open them on an eternity of certain misery. Blessed be God! the Resurrection has changed all this. We know that the faithful after they are released from the body "rest in peace," secure in the home of Paradise, and we know that we ourselves, if we live here in God's fear, shall be gathered at last to repose for ever in the bosom of His love. The Resurrection of Jesus is the pledge of all this to us, because it shows us that the Father accepted His death as the perfect offering for sin, and raised Him from the dead in token of His completed victory. Can we then do otherwise than rejoice at Easter-tide?

Rejoice then, dear brethren, with the fullest measure of Christian joy. Let your hearts glow with love and thanksgiving, as you think of the joys which Jesus has purchased for you by His Passion, and sealed to you by His Resurrection. You have "sown in tears," now is your time, so far as may be in this world, to "reap in joy." Raise your hearts then in exultant thanksgiving to "the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the Blood of the everlasting covenant." "Out of prison He cometh to reign!"—the Lord Jesus has burst the "prison" of the tomb, and He now comes forth as the true King of His people, radiant in the Beauty and Glory of His Risen Body. Oh! then, let us go forth to meet Him, and hail His Resurrection with joyous hymns of praise. "The Lord is risen," and in His rising He has set free our imprisoned souls and bodies, and therefore, as we think of Satan's empire shattered and broken by the might of our conquering Lord, let us rejoice with "joy unspeakable," and keep the Feast of His Resurrection with hearts inflamed with divine love, and penetrated with a sense of the deepest and most abiding thanksgiving. "Christ is risen indeed! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!"

Easter Gleanings.

But we all have a nearer, a more special interest in this deserted tomb of Jesus Christ. His was not a solitary, isolated victory over the grave. For us he died, and for us rose again. Firm and fast as the grave now seems to hold the buried generations of our race, it is now doomed, as the fruit of Christ's resurrection, to relax its grasp, and yield them up again. Empty as was Joseph's sepulchre when the angel stood before it and invited the women to enter, so empty shall one day be every grave of earth, when another angel shall sound the trumpet, and it shall ring through all the regions of the dead and stir all to life again. Blessed was that morning which dawned upon the empty tomb at Calvary, but more blessed to us shall that other morning be, which shall dawn upon all the emptied graves of earth, if only now we live in Christ, if at death we sleep in Jesus, if at that resurrection we be numbered with those who shall share the resurrection of the just.

Easter never grows old. The story of the Resurrection is as sweet now as it was 1800 years ago. The joyous hymn, "Jesus Lives," awakens deeper feelings in our hearts than as when young men and maidens we sang it in the parish choir. It may be that we cannot sing as we used to, but "He is risen" is heart music wafted upon the breezes of eternity.

Jesus has come back from the grave to tell us

that death hath yielded to this mighty power. He has the keys of death and Hades.

Easter does not become an old story, because it assures us that while we are approaching the grave we are at the same time coming nearer the resurrection.

"Jesus lives! by this we know Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us."

The commemoration of the Articles of our Creed, in solemn days and Offices, is a very excellent instrument by which to convey and imprint the sense and memory of it on the spirits of the most ignorant persons; for as a picture may, with more fancy, convey a story to a man than a plain narrative, either in word or writing; so a real representation, and an Office of Remembrance, and a day to declare it, is far more impressive than a picture, or any other art of making and fixing imagery.—Jeremy Taylor.

From the toils and trials of a distressing but perfect life, follow this Illustrious Personage to the place of death. Approach His Cross, and fix your attention on the prodigies which signalize His sufferings, and stamp Divinity on their martyrdom! Think not that I allude to the terrific drapery which, in that dread hour, was flung around the great theatre of nature. No! it is not the darkened sun, the bursting tomb, the quaking mountains or the trembling world, that I allude to! These indeed, were prodigies of meekness, humility, and sin-forgiving goodness, displayed in the dying Saviour. When I behold Him amid the last agonies of dissolving nature, raising His dying eyes to heaven, and forgetful of Himself, interceding with His last breath, and from His very Cross, in behalf of the wretches whose insatiable malice had fixed Him there—then it is that the evidence of His claims rises to demonstration, and I feel the resistless grace of that impassioned exclamation which bursts from the lips of infidelity itself: "If Socrates died as a philosopher, Jesus Christ died as a God."—Nott.

EASTER OFFERINGS.—Gladness is not a hermit. It is never quite content to dwell by itself, and to conceal its pleasant thoughts and thankful feelings from all knowledge save its own.

When the shepherd found the lost sheep he must call together his friends and neighbors and say to them: Rejoice with me. When the woman found the piece of money that had been lost, she must call her friends and neighbors, and say to them: Rejoice with me.

It is by a true instinct of the human heart, therefore, that Easter joy seeks to extend itself. The man from whose soul the burden of sin and death has been lifted, seeks to see his own joy extended, reflected, and perpetuated, in the joy of other men. In his gladness he is prompted to lift the burdens from all the weary and heavily laden around him. He must give play to his own joy in giving joy to the Church of God, in cheering the hard-working missionary, in comforting the sick and poor and friendless. If Easter joy cannot open his heart and hand, nothing can.

We trust, therefore, that ringing anthems, and pealing bells, that flowers and snowy stoles and altar vestings will be true, but mere symbols of the thanksgiving, gladness, grace, and peace, brightening and sweetening all faithful hearts, and of the liberal deeds strengthening and up-building the Church of God, and consoling the widow and the orphan, the lonely and the poor.—Bishop Brown.

EASTER COMMUNION.—If faithful men can be rallied to any one Service in the year more than to another, it is to the Holy Communion on Easter. The heart that does not respond to Good Friday is not likely to respond to anything that the Church on earth knows anything about. If sin banished, death conquered, paradise opened, do not stir the soul, its torpor must indeed be profound. Divine and human love combine in Easter to draw men to the Eucharistic Feast. What memories of our dear Lord come to us in that glorious hour! How dear, too, our beloved ones once close by our side in the flesh, now with saints that rest and wait.

Could better work be done by faithful Communicants in Holy Week than to seek out their brethren that may have become cold and forgetful, and to remind them of the great feast at hand? Great offerings of money are proper for the great day of our Saviour's triumph. But the gift that will please Him the best is of the hearts and souls of His children.—Bishop Brown.

For as the Lord "went away in the midst of the shadow of death" where the souls of the dead were, yet afterwards arose in the body, and after the resurrection was taken up to heaven, it is manifest that the souls of His disciples also, upon whose account the Lord underwent these things, shall go away into the invisible place allotted to them by God, and there remain until the resurrection, awaiting that event; then, receiving their bodies and rising in their entirety, that is, bodily, just as the Lord arose, they shall come into the presence of God!—St. Irenaeus.

THE EASTER TIDE.—The mention of this sacred festival awakens a train of joyous and triumphant emotions. Blended with these come visions of beauty, purity and completeness, typical of the Resurrection morning. Crosses—but all flower-twined; graves—but despoiled of Death's victim, emptied of corruption, covered with snow-white lilies, crowned with the conqueror's wreath. Anthems of victory, borne on an atmosphere freighted with the fragrance of the choicest flowers, lead our souls up to Him Whose triumph we celebrate. And it is in the happy Spring-time, when Nature herself seems to answer to the swelling song, "The Lord is risen," "The Lord is risen indeed!"

We often come near to rest in life, and are cheated of it; and after that we reach a better rest through disappointment—better because it was not our own choice, and better as it proves in its very self.

EASTER.

Written for the Living Church.

Now ring the bells in lonely towers, Where years shake dust from tireless wing, And startle from their sleep the hours, Which, pillowed on Night's bosom, bring Glad news to man, to king and slave, That Christ has risen from the Grave.

And make the tongue, embrowned with rust, Inspire all ranks, both small and great; The soul is not a speck of dust Thrown blindly from the wheel of fate; For Christ has seized Death's iron crown, And trodden his dominion down.

See! Nature feels the pulse of life, Now throbbing in her swelling veins, As out she comes from winter's strife, "Neath joyous light and cheering rains, And from the grave of silent gloom The flowers come smiling into bloom.

The Nations break from binding chains; Leave toil and strife in locked-up cells; And, bowing to the Love that reigns, They worship 'neath the swing of bells; And with the rose of faith in bloom, They rise with Christ above the tomb.

Now Sorrow, from her turbid stream, Climbs rugged banks, and looks away With hope, beyond the marble gleam, Where Morning, in her mantle gray, Puts on her crown, and from her throne Sends Easter to the Saviour's own.

O! Church of Christ, with faith profound, With windows rich with martyr-stain, And altars grand, with symbols round, Lift high the voice in thankful strain, And let the organ's mighty peal pour forth Bespeak the joy the children feel!

J. HAZARD HARTZELL, D. D.

TE DEUM.

"Heaven and Earth are full of the Majesty of Thy Glory!" Written for the Living Church.

Thy glory we extol, when day's bright dawn Pours floods of radiance over earth and skies, When Nature's pulses leap with life new-born, And the world seems transfigured to our eyes. We greet Thy witnesses, we hail Thy power, In this, the world's glad Resurrection-hour! We laud Thy Majesty when thunders roll, When day's fair promise sinks in rayless night; When billows rage, and lightnings on heaven's scroll.

In loud tones, Thy sovereign grandeur write, He Who unchains the tempest, sea and land Holds, in the hollow of His mighty Hand! We bless Thy goodness, when the weary day Sinks with its anxious cares and toils to rest; When life's harsh dissonances die away To sweet accord, and Thy dear Will seems best! Thy thro' us we see; but our hearts rejoice To know Thee near us in the still, small Voice.

Thy glory's majesty that all space fills, Must thrill our hearts at midnight's solemn call; When Thy peace-like Hermon's dew distils, And the sun his face did hide; To us, O Lord, be true as a psalmist: Never are thoughts of Thee so high and deep, As at night's noon, when worlds, hushed in sleep, FRANCES A. SHAW.

A Curious Easter Service.

Under the title "Brother Stolz's Beat," the February Midwinter Century contained an interesting paper by H. H., on the old Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, Penn., where the grave-yard is the public park, and the scene of curious Easter Services.

This grave-yard is the pleasantest spot in all Bethlehem. It lies in the very heart of the town, shaded by great trees, and looking toward the sunset, as a grave-yard should. It is simply a field of solid green turf, with wide, well-kept walks, and rows of green mounds, close together, and all about the same size. Here, without distinction or separation, except of sex, the dead Moravians lie, in the order of their dying. A man might happen, thus, to lie at last by the side of his worst enemy—if such a thing could be as enemy under the banner of the "Unitas Fratrum," and, doubtless, they did have their quarrels and dislikes, like the rest of us. One would think, however, that the every-day seeing of this common and undivided final dormitory must have been a great check upon the neighborhood squabbles—sometimes, also, a pang to weak human hearts that would like so much better to be buried close to their own beloved, than by the side of people for whom in life they had cared but little. On every one of the old mounds lies a small marble slab, bearing either a number or an inscription of a name, dates of birth and of death—nothing more; the harsh word "died" is never seen; always the kinder and truer word "departed," for which there is the authority of the Apostle Paul, as well as of all poets.

It is an unconscious tribute to the beauty of the old Moravian faith, and the inalienable truth of their view of death, that the townspeople of Bethlehem find this grave-yard pleasant to sit in; women bring their sewing, children their toys, and spend whole afternoons there in the summer; and lively social chat goes on with a sort of home-like freedom, which would seem impossible in any public park, but seems inexplicably natural in this sunny old grave-yard. Part of this strange atmosphere of good cheer may be owing to the effect of the joyous ceremonies which are held in this grave-yard at sunrise on every Easter morning. It would seem in no wise unlikely that their deep-seated gladness should outlast a short twelve-months' time, and linger from Easter round to Easter, again and again, in a sacred bond of worship and triumphant contentment.

If the influence of the North Pennsylvania and the Lehigh Valley railroads, and the institutions and occupations kindred and incidental to them, should ever crowd out or degrade these beautiful Easter ceremonies, the loss to the Bethlehem people would be greater than they perhaps dream. But up to this time, the ceremonies have suffered no change. Long before daylight, on Easter morning, men playing trombones go through the town. They play a sweet and solemn tune, to which are set the words: "Christ is risen from the dead, Thou shalt rise, too, saith my Saviour—Of what should I be afraid? I with him shall live forever: Can the dead forsake his tomb, And not draw me unto him?"

Waked by this music, the Moravians gather in their church, where a part of the Easter litany is said. At the passage, "Glory be to him who is the resurrection and the life," the congregation rises and moves in procession to the grave-yard. The little children go first; then the singers and the trombone-players; then the clergymen; then the women; lastly the men. Slowly singing hymns, they walk through the streets, and enter the grave-yard with a burst of music; at the instant of sunrise, swiftly and quietly taking their

appointed places on the different paths, the women still separated from the men, they sing and chant the remainder of the Litany. Sometimes, there are present at this Service more than two thousand persons.

The Easter Communion.

In ancient times, Christians all over the world began it with a morning salutation. Each man said to his neighbor, "Christ is risen," and his neighbor answered him, "Christ is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." Even to Simon, the coward disciple who denied Him thrice, Christ is risen; even to us, who long ago vowed to obey Him, and have yet so often denied Him before men, so often taken part with sin, and followed the world, when Christ called us another way. He has appeared to His Holy Church first of all, and in the Church He dispenses blessings, such as the world knows not of. Blessed are they, if they knew their blessedness, who are allowed, as we are, week after week, and Festival after Festival, to seek and find in that Holy Church the Saviour of their souls! Blessed are they beyond language or thought, to whom it is vouchsafed to receive those tokens of His love, which cannot otherwise be gained by man, the pledges and means of His special presence, in the Sacrament of His Supper; who are allowed to eat and drink the food of immortality, and receive life from the bleeding side of the Son of God! Alas! by what strange coldness of heart, or perverse superstition is it, that any one called Christian keeps away from that heavenly ordinance? Is it not very grievous that there should be any one who fears to share in the greatest conceivable blessing which could come upon sinful men? What in truth is that fear, but unbelief, a slavish sin-loving obstinacy, if it leads a man to go year after year without the spiritual sustenance which God has provided for him? Is it wonderful that, as time goes on, he should learn deliberately to doubt of the grace therein given? that he should no longer look upon the Lord's Supper as a heavenly feast, or the Lord's Minister who consecrates it as a chosen vessel, or that Holy Church in which he ministers as a Divine Ordinance, to be cherished as the parting legacy of Christ to a sinful world? Is it wonderful that seeing he sees not, and hearing he hears not; and that, lightly regarding all the gifts of Christ, he feels no reverence for the treasure-house wherein they are stored?

The Three Holy Days.

There are three days of holy time, Three days of sanctity; Of all the circle of the year They are the wondrous three. On one the heavens were robed in black, The sun his face did hide; And well might earth and sky be rent: Their Maker Jesus died! And one beheld the sepulchre Closed on the mighty Dead, While to the realms of Paradise The Soul divine had fled. Then came the day when life and light Broke on the gloomy grave; And rose from death to heaven on high The God who died to save! There are three days of holy time, Three days of sanctity; Of all the circle of the year They are the wondrous three.

Easter Eggs.

At Easter-time, hard-boiled eggs are stained of various colors—red, blue, violet, etc.—and are given away as tokens of friendship or affection. They are sometimes, by the young, made use of in games, to ascertain whose egg has the strongest shell, or eaten, or preserved as amulets. Then, again, the colored shells are sawn in two, hinged and fastened with ribbon, so as to form little Easter-egg caskets to hold trinkets for presents. This custom is very old, and prevails extensively among both Jews and Gentiles. It may be observed in Russia and Persia, in France and Italy. In some moorland districts of Scotland, young people used to go out early on "Pasch Sunday," and search for wild fowls' eggs for breakfast, and it was thought lucky to find them. In heathen days the use of eggs at this season was originally symbolical of the revival of nature—the springing forth of life in Spring. In later Christian times, it was considered emblematical of the Resurrection and of a future life. Now, it only survives as an old immemorial custom.

In St. Petersburg at Easter more than 10,000,000 fancy eggs are manufactured and sold. The markets are filled with them to the utter banishment of real table eggs. The favorite motto on the Russian egg is, "Christos Voskress"—"Christ is Risen." Some of the most expensive and beautiful eggs are the crystal ones, made at the Imperial Glass Cutting Manufactory. Nightingale's eggs, made of wax or sugar, are the favorites in Germany. In Eastern Europe the "Easter Kiss," is quite as popular as the egg, and millions of them will be given and received to-day. As these Easter kisses are made of candy, they are not as hurtful as one might at first fancy. Still the other kisses are frequently given.

It is estimated that \$2,000,000 are expended in real hens eggs by the people of New York during Easter week. The average daily consumption in that city is 3,000 barrels, with 1,000 eggs to the barrel, making the aggregate 3,000,000 eggs. But this consumption is doubled during Easter week. In addition to these, 200 barrels of duck eggs are required every day during Easter-tide, aggregating 100,000. These are used for ornamentation, and realize at wholesale about 25 cents per dozen. About 30 to 50 barrels of goose eggs find a daily market at this season of the year, adding about 12,500 more eggs to the supply. These are sold at wholesale for 50 cents to 60 per dozen. It will thus be seen that during Easter week alone the wholesale outlay for eggs used and consumed in New York is over \$2,000,000, and, with decorators and others, employ a very large number of persons in preparing and selling this article of both pleasure and food.

EVENSONG.

"At evening time it shall be light."—Zechariah 14:7. Written for the Living Church.

We walk by faith—a darkness way, Nor know the path before us; The Everlasting Arms, our stay, The Eye-All-Seeing, o'er us!

Yet nothing dread, for we are led By Him Who ruleth Heaven; It is not long to Evensong, And there is light at even!

O blest highway to perfect day, For feet, so prone to straying! O blessed Word! which those who heard Are lovingly obeying.

Then, weary one! till set of sun Toll on, nor think of grieving; The light will come, when almost home, To souls beloved—believing.

The falling eyes may seek the skies, As those of martyr Stephen; Though dark and drear the pathway here, There shall be light at even!

PAULINA. Chicago, April 4, 1882.

Old Easter Customs and Ceremonies.

The festival of our Blessed Lord's resurrection has always been observed, as far as we can trace it, with singular signs of gladness by the Church in the earliest ages, regarded as it was, and rightly so, as the festival of festivals. On Easter Day the congregations were not only vaster, but the Services were more dignified and splendid than at any other period of the Church's seasons. Priests and people appeared in their best robes to do honor to the queen of festivals. All labor ceased during the Easter week—all trade was suspended, and, according to Gregory Nyssen, all Christians assembled everywhere as members of one family at their churches. The mother came to church with all her children and domestics, her husband and the whole family repairing with her, all dressed in their new clothes. In the words of Gregory Nyssen, "Every kind of sorrow is put to rest to-day; nor is there anyone so overwhelmed with grief as not to find relief from the joy and magnificence of the feast. The prisoner is loosed, the debtor forgiven, the slave set free, and he who continues a slave at his own free will is benefited." The Apostolical Constitutions enacted that "Slaves shall be allowed to rest from their work all the Holy Week and that which follows it."

The general joy felt at the Easter festival gave rise in process of time to many superstitious beliefs and ceremonies and customs. It became almost an article of popular faith, at one time, that the sun danced only one day in the year for joy, and that was on Easter Day, in commemoration of the joyous resurrection of our Blessed Lord. The superstitions are alluded to in the old ballad, "British Apollo"—

Old wives, Pegasus, say, That on Easter Day 'To the music of the spheres you'd caper. If the fact, sir, be true, Pray let's the cause know when you have any room in your paper.

According to the learned writer on Easter ceremonies in Professor Cheetham's "Christian Antiquities," one special solemnity indicating the festival character of Easter Eve was the lighting of lamps and candles. He states that Constantine observed Easter Eve with such pomp and ceremony that he turned the sacred vigils into the light of day by means of lamps suspended in every part, and setting up huge waxen tapers as big as columns in every part of the city. From the Paschal Hymn of Prudentius (*Hymnus ad Incensum cerei Paschalis*) we hear that the church was illuminated with lamps depending from the roof, reminding the spectator of the starry firmament. In Medieval times, when Popery was in the ascendant, one special wax taper of large size was solemnly blessed as a type of Christ's rising from the dead to give light unto the world. In the Cottonian manuscripts a full account is given of the different sorts and sizes of candles used anciently in the sacristy of Christ Church, Canterbury; and, according to this authority, the Paschal taper was to contain no fewer than three hundred pounds weight of wax. And, according to Brand, in 1557, the Paschal taper for the abbey church of Westminster, London, weighed three hundred pounds. Before the Paschal taper was lighted, it was customary to put out all the fires in church and to kindle them anew with flint, and to bless, with music, the Paschal taper, as well as to bless the water for the baptisms, which at this season were, as well as marriages, very frequent.

On the Easter Eve which followed Chrysostom's deposition, no fewer than three thousand catechumens awaited baptism at Constantinople, when they were dispersed by a body of soldiers bursting into the baptistry—many of the female catechumens being driven out only half dressed, having laid aside their outer garments as a preparation for the sacred rite.

Hutchinson thus speaks of the Easter eggs and the origin of the observance: "Eggs were held by the Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the Deluge. The Jews adopted it to suit the circumstances of their history, as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt; it was used in the feast of the Passover as part of the furniture of the table, with the Paschal Lamb. The Christians have certainly used it on this day, as retaining the elements of future life, for an emblem of the Resurrection. It seems as if the egg were thus decorated for a religious trophy, after the days of mortification and abstinence were over, and festivity had taken place, and as an emblem of the Resurrection of life certified to us by the Resurrection from the regions of death and the grave."—English Churchman.

St. Nicholas for April, though not giving us much Easter reading or illustration, is a clear, bright number, with all the freshness of the Spring-time in its shining pages. The continued stories, sketches, poems, etc., are all of a high order. Every number of St. Nicholas contains a surprise, something unique and charming, and it never becomes monotonous. With this number, which contains an index, St. Nicholas completes Part I of Vol. IX. Subscription \$3.00 a year. Address Century Co., New York.

The Household.

In "trimming" the lamps, only the small portion that is charred need be removed from the wick; and that is readily done by scraping with a knife kept for the purpose.

If, at any time it is desired to give a pine table, or to the wood work of a room an oaken color, it can easily be done by washing the wood carefully in a solution of copperas dissolved in strong lye.

A serviceable cover to throw over a lounge or couch in the sitting room, is made by taking a broad, bright stripe of cretonne; on each side of this put a stripe of black or brown cloth (line it to give body to it); on each edge put a row of fancy stitches in silk or creweil; the ends may be finished with fringe or not as you choose.

TO AVOID A COLD.—Change the stockings as often as they become wet from perspiration. Avoid cold draughts of air upon any part of the body; or unequal temperature from any cause, such as evaporation of moisture from wet clothes on a portion of the person.

If some member of every household would occasionally look over the wardrobes of the family, and lay aside such articles as could be spared, and give them, as opportunities might present themselves, to such as may need them, how much suffering and want would be mitigated!

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Make a paste with soft soap and whiting. Wash the marble first with it, and then leave a coat of the paste upon it for two or three days; afterwards wash off with warm (not hot) water and soap.

Some people think they must eat whether they have an appetite or not, because the regular meal-time has come around. Irregularity in meals is a dangerous habit; but, to force food into a reluctant stomach for the sake of regularity, is not much, if any safer.

Those who are most justly esteemed as our best housekeepers, are doubtless frequent visitors to all the varied labors of the household. They do not send for cook, waitress, or laundress, to come to their parlor or chamber in order to receive the orders for the day.

A pretty and easily made ornament for one who paints, is a palette of the size most used by artists. It may be of ebony or of white wood painted black; on its point a vivid little landscape. This may be placed on an easel, but it is prettier and more effective if hung on the wall.

Miss Evert's far-renowned recipe for chocolate is as follows: Break up the chocolate, and place in a warm spot to melt. Put into a farina kettle, and pour on boiling milk. Stir, while pouring in the milk, and stir constantly while cooking.

MRS. BARTLETT'S BUNS.—A cupful water; the same of yeast, and sugar; two cupfuls sweet milk; flour to make a stiff batter. Let this rise overnight. In the morning add a cupful sugar; a cupful, each, of butter, and raisins or currants. Mould well, and raise till light; then make into buns; raise again, and bake.

APPLE PRESERVES.—Take some pleasant sour apples, remove the core from the bottom, and leave in the stem at the top. Make a syrup of white sugar and water to cover them half way up. Bake or boil till they are just done through, and serve up whole with sugar and cream.

LOUISE'S COFFEE CAKE.—A cupful, each, of coffee, molasses, and sugar; two-thirds cupful of butter; a teaspoonful, each, of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, nutmeg and soda; a very little salt, and three cupfuls flour; a cupful raisins. Two loaves.

Aprons which are very useful in the kitchen are made of ticking; get one yard; put a band on as for any apron, then turn it up at the bottom for a quarter of a yard, or even more, on the right side; fasten each end securely, and in this pocket the clothes pins can be carried or used with ease.

If corned beef is left all night in the water in which it was boiled, it will absorb a great deal of the rich juice of the meat which otherwise would be lost. The meat will be very juicy and sweet.

Never fold a gossamer water-proof inside out; it is the inside which should be kept free from soil of any kind, as it comes next to one's clothing.

Heat the bread-knife very hot when about to cut new bread; this will prevent its crumbling.

THE EASTER LILY.

BY MRS. H. C. BAILEY.

Written for the Living Church.

'Twas Easter-even, and the sun Was sinking low—the day was done; The crimson glories presaged true That Easter morning skies be blue.

"Dear Mother! as in thought I lay, I lived again last Easter-Day. My eyes with unshed tears were dim As I recalled that precious hymn.

"No, mother: ne'er again for me That holy place of worship be. If spring's last days shall find me here, Sure summer's flowers shall strew my bier.

Coldwater, Mich., 1882.

Harry Thompson's "Pearl."

Written for the Living Church.

"Harry! Harry! where are you going with the tin pail? Come back, and tell mamma about it."

"Oh mamma! I'm in a ter-bul hurry; I am going to get some sand for to help pay the debt."

"Sand, Harry! To pay the debt! What do you mean? Pay what debt?"

"The Church-debt, mamma! Mr. Sprague told us that we had a debt, free four sixty thousand dollars and cents. And I'm going to pay it. Yes'm, I'm going to pay the cents."

Harry's mamma smiled at his youthful ardor; and, drawing him gently to her, asked him how he expected to pay a Church-debt with sand in a tin pail.

"I'm going to sell the sand. A lady will buy it. And then, I will get some more; and another lady will buy it. And then I shall have ten cents. I know Mr. Sprague will be glad. Now let me go, mamma!"

"But, Harry, you will soil your nice clothes, digging in the sand. Go to Mary, and ask her to change—"

"Oh don't make me put on my other clothes, mamma; 'cause, if I have on my bestest, the ladies will be sure to buy the sand. And I want to sell my sand. Please, mamma! let me wear my bestest clothes."

Mamma yielded the point, for she remembered that sand would brush off easily, and she had not the heart to resist the eager little face that was looking into hers. So she kissed him, and sent him off, happy.

He was a manly little fellow, though small for his age. He would not have been taken to be seven years old; he was not only of that mature age, however, but he was the eldest of five little ones. Mamma had her hands full with so many babies; and Harry, though not neglected, was allowed more freedom than most children who are loved as he was.

He had acquired a great deal of self-reliance, which, in the coming battle of life, would be of great service. "Harry must take care of himself," his mamma would frequently say to him; and the dear little fellow proved himself to be worthy of the trust.

When he got back that evening, he reported "quick sales and small profits." Some of his adventures were quite laughable, but I cannot tell them now. He had realized the magnificent sum of fifteen cents, and could hardly wait until next morning, to impart his fortune to Mr. Sprague, and thereby pay the Church debt.

He dreamed all night of his treasure; and, with the earliest dawn, hastened, as all children do, to see if it was safe. And when, later, he took it to the rectory, his little heart was full of joy. The clergyman was very much pleased, for it gave him an assurance that his labors with the children were not in vain. He had urged the importance of their devoting something of their own to help with this work. He was particularly anxious that the children should not bring money or value, that had only cost them the asking from their parents. "Let it be a labor of love," he said, "and let each one feel, that, no matter how small the offering is, if it is only his own, God will be well pleased."

So Harry was right when he knew that Mr. Sprague would be glad; and Harry was glad too, and during the next few weeks he earned several dimes in the same way. He got the idea of the sand from Nora in the kitchen. He heard her saying once that she wanted sand for different purposes in her work, and Harry had once or twice brought her some, and she had given him a penny for his thoughtfulness.

Harry had decided to be a "minister." He had settled that important question a long time ago, as time went in his calendar—at least, a month ago. He deemed himself almost qualified now; at least, when he put mamma's large

white apron around his shoulders, and read the Service from the dictionary (which was chiefly upside down) before the congregation in the nursery. His congregation was sometimes noisy, and did not read the responses quite to his liking, but he generally kept his temper pretty well, and did not cry very often while holding Service.

His Auntie lived across the street, and he often visited her for hours together. They loved each other very dearly. His "Aunt Nellie" was next to mamma in his affections; and Harry was only a little less dear to her than her own sweet baby.

One day, Harry's mamma said that he might go to Auntie's, and might also stay all night. He was very much pleased, and thought it would be great fun. But, after tea, the little man began to be homesick. "Aunt Nellie," said he, suddenly, "Mamma may need me, and I fink I'll go home." So Auntie, who knew the true state of affairs, got him his cap and his gloves, and bade him good night. When he got on the street, he felt a little ashamed of his emotions; so, like many a wiser person, he would not go directly home, in order that he might wear off the edge of his sheepishness, I suppose. He therefore went to the next street, and, as he came upon it, he saw that the church was being lighted for Evening Service. It was Lent, and the Services were held every evening, now. So Harry decided on going to church. He walked in quietly, and smiled at the sexton, and afterwards stood beside him when he went into what Harry called a closet, and rang the bell with a rope. Harry was very much interested in this business, and watched the proceeding to the end. Then, he quietly took a seat, and behaved like the little gentleman that he was, through the Prayers. He did not quite understand what Mr. Sprague was speaking of, in his brief address; and by and by his little eyes closed, and the curly head dropped on his breast; and not long after he was stretched at full length in the soft-cushioned pew.

He woke up with a feeling of chilliness, and reached out for his blanket; in doing which, he tumbled off the seat. He sprang up; and, for a moment, could not comprehend the situation. The moonlight was stealing in through the stained glass windows, and he soon realized the dreadful fact that he was shut up in the church, alone. Poor little man! It was no wonder that he laid his head on the cushion, and cried. But he soon got up, and began to reckon his chances. He did not know what time it was, for he had never heard of the moon being any guide to the hour. He walked slowly down the aisle, and came to the door. It was locked, of course; and he retraced his steps. He remembered that his mamma had read him, only the other day, a story of a little girl who had been locked up in the church; but he sadly thought that her case and his were quite different. She had a white kitten with her; and he had not a white kitten. Then he thought: "I will say my pray-ers; then, may be, God will unlock the door, and carry me home in his arms, to my mamma."

After he had said "Our Father" and the Creed (which he had recently learned), he tried to say a Collect that his mamma had been teaching him; but he could do no better than this (it was the Collect for aid against perils): "Oh God, my Father! Who preserves our power—oh! what's the next—fend us from all perils of this night, for I love Thy Son Jesus Christ."

He felt more comfortable now. "For," he said to himself, "God will not let pearls hurt me this night, 'cause I asked Him."

Suddenly, he remembered about the sexton ringing the bell. "If I should ring the bell," he said aloud, "folks will think they have to come to church; and I want folks to come to church." He made his way to the "closet." It was dark, very dark, in there, and his heart quaked. But he did not draw back, and, feeling around with his hands, he caught the rope.

The citizens of that peaceful town, who were sleeping with quiet minds, were aroused very suddenly, that night. Every man who heard the ringing of that bell bounced out of bed, and looked to see where the fire was. In a few minutes the streets were filled, and the sexton of the church hastened to the spot. The clergyman, Mr. Sprague, was there before him, and announced that the doors were all locked. Every one was talking at once, and no one could think of the correct solution of the mystery. Fortunately, the sexton had the keys, and he opened the door. As he did so, the bell ceased, and a little figure rushed out, saying: "Oh! I want my mamma, I want my mamma." His overstrained nerves gave way, and he cried most bitterly. Mr. Sprague took him in his arms, and soothed the little fellow; and the word was passed through the crowd, that Harry Thompson had been in the church all night. It reached the ears of his father, just as Mr. Sprague met him with the precious burden. You may believe there was scarcely a dry eye in that assembly, when the little lad sprang with a cry of joy into his father's arms.

Harry never forgot his night in the church. He is now a man, and has become the minister that he expected to be; and, more—his name is a loved one in many households.

His own little son enjoys no other story so well as the story of that night. He makes him repeat it over and over again, and tell him how his mamma cried when his papa brought him home at four o'clock in the morning, and how she crossed him again and again, so that he began to think he was of great consequence; and how Aunt Nellie thought she could never forgive herself for not taking him home that night, but how she did forgive herself, and how often Mr. Sprague told him that he noticed him that evening in church; and afterwards, missing him, he supposed he had become tired and had slipped out. But, best of all, the little boy likes to hear papa tell reverently how God answered his prayer—"to be defended against all perils and dangers of this night," and gave him the thought and the courage that brought about his deliverance.

MARGARET N. NASH.

EASTER FLOWERS.

Give flowers to all the children This blessed Easter Day, Fair crocuses and snowdrops, And tulips brave and gay; Bright nodding daffodilles, And purple iris tall, And sprays of silver lilies, The loveliest of all.

And tell them, tell the children, How in the dark, cold earth The flowers have been waiting Till Spring shall give them birth.

Then tell the little children How Christ our Saviour, too, The Flower of all Eternity, Once death and darkness knew.

How, like these blossoms, silent Within the tomb He lay, Then rose in light and glory, To live in heaven for aye.

So take the flowers, children, And be ye pure as they, And sing to Christ our Saviour This blessed Easter Day!

Good Friday and Easter Day in Presbyterian Churches.

Let us suppose that an intelligent Chinese is instructed in the history of the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ, and in the results which, according to the Creed of Christians of all Churches and sects, flowed to men from those events. He is told that to-morrow is the anniversary of the Crucifixion, and that next Sunday is the anniversary of the Resurrection. He spends those days in Edinburgh. On visiting our own, and the Roman Catholic Churches and Chapels, he finds in them, on the Friday, large congregations engaged in celebrating the death of the Founder of Christianity, with mournful solemnity; on the following Sunday he finds that, in those same places of worship, the anniversary of the Resurrection is commemorated with every outward sign of joy. But on visiting the various Presbyterian churches, on the Friday, he finds them closed, with but few exceptions; while on the Sunday he will find Services celebrated in them, which are no doubt decorous and solemn, but which display no trace of special joy or thanksgiving. Will he not naturally and reasonably conclude, that to Episcopalians and Romanists the Crucifixion and the Resurrection of Christ are subjects of deep and permanent importance, while to Presbyterians those events have ceased to be of much present interest? No doubt, on further enquiry, our Chinese might find reason to modify this opinion, which would nevertheless be the reasonable and natural conclusion at which he could not fail to arrive from a prima facie examination of facts. But even when he had learned, that to thousands of Presbyterians, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection of Christ are as much the foundation of present faith and hope as they are to their Anglo or Roman Catholic brethren, he would not cease to wonder at the unnatural and artificial condition into which Scottish Christianity must have forced itself, before it could persuade itself that it is a matter of high principle not to keep, as solemn days of commemoration, the anniversaries of events, on the truth and importance of which all its hopes are confessedly founded.—The Scottish Guardian.

McFerry & Co's SEED ANNUAL FOR 1882. Will be mailed gratis to all applicants, and to customers without ordering it. It contains five colored plates, 600 engravings, about 500 names, and a description, price and directions for planting 1500 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all. Send for it. Address: D. M. McFERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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In saying that we know of a Positive Cure for Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Paralysis, Sleeplessness, and Dyspepsia, we refer, of course, to Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, which are all they are recommended to be, and will cure the above-named diseases without any doubt, as they have permanently cured thousands.

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The Young Churchman.

THE WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN in the past, has induced the publisher to celebrate the beginning of the 12th year of its publication, by issuing a WEEKLY EDITION, Of the same size and character as the present monthly. The terms will be as follows: WEEKLY: 80 cents per Annum. In packages of ten or more copies, 64 cents per Annum. MONTHLY: 25 cents per Annum. In packages of ten or more copies, 18 1/2 cents per Annum. Single subscribers to the weekly sending immediate orders, will be supplied with the back numbers of the monthly from Advent, free of charge, containing the valuable serial by JENNIE HARRISON, entitled "Through Fast and Festival."

"THE SHEPHERD'S ARMS," A handsome little paper for youngest readers, is published from the same office. Specimen copies of both papers sent on application. Address THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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MACK'S OAT MEAL

NEWS AND NOTES.

Foreign.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, our representative at the Court of St. James, has been much abused by the Irish press on this side of the water...

Queen Victoria received many congratulations on her recent escape from the bullet of an assassin...

Her Majesty gave command to her Private Secretary to thank the little girl for her, and to express her gratification upon reading the letter.

Terrorist placards are again making their appearance on the walls of St. Petersburg. One, which is of the most violent character...

The Nineteenth Century contains a protest against the channel tunnel, on the ground that it would involve England in military dangers and liabilities...

Notwithstanding Mr. Forster's assurance that the area of Irish trouble is contracting and the tenants are paying rent more freely...

Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co., who represent the Church Book interest in Chicago, have shown extraordinary enterprise and good taste...

This memorial to the "rare taste and energy" and "eminent services to Art" which was placed in Music Hall on Saturday...

The Rev. J. Houston Eccleston, D. D., of Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., has been elected Rector of St. George's Church, New York City.

The Revd. John Anketel has resigned the rectorship of St. Mark's Parish, New Castle, N. Y.

The address of the Rev. W. H. Knowlton is Galena, Ill.

St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C. This noble old institution, a home for the Christian education of the girls of the land...

This is one of the good works begun under the auspices of Bishop Ives, that has not been wrecked or thwarted in its power for good...

EASTER MUSINGS.

Written for the Living Church.

And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked; and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter.

In him for whom these earthly years have been An apathetic round of sordid toil, Or greedy grasping after vulgar spoil...

But, unto him who gazes from a life Where pure aspiring clothes itself in deed, For whom new years to brave new toils lead...

Al! How the soul cries out against such fate, And further joy in worthy toil demands, If not here, then in undiscovered lands...

Early Easter Service.

[Sung at St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Ill. for fourteen years, on every Easter morning, at sunrise. The Service was approved by Bishop Whitehouse...

Easter Morning.

V. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. AMEN. R. And behold, He is alive forevermore. AMEN.

Easter Anthem.

ISAIAH XII. Hymn 103, "The strife is o'er, the battle done." ST. MATTHEW XXVIII:1-7.

The Apostles' Creed.

V. The Lord be with you. R. And with thy spirit. Let us pray. OUR FATHER, etc.

Benediction.

The George B. Carpenter Memorial Window, in Music Hall.

through life, but has suffered with all the world; and, like a giant, helped by his great spirit of sympathy to lighten their burdens...

St. Paul's Church, Red Oak, Iowa, is trying to pay a debt of \$700 on its property. The people of the town, without aid from outside, have paid \$1,400...

EASTER NOTES.

Easter presents an opportunity for the remembrance of relatives and friends. It is quite the fashion to present gifts. In looking over the stock of the popular Jewellers, Howe Brothers, 106 State Street...

A plumber makes his plum in winter. To thoroughly appreciate a folding-bed that is supposed to give the greatest ease in the latest "Williams"-for which Wirtz & Scholze, 222 Wabash Avenue...

A large number of our readers reside on the South Side, who will soon be attending to the annual spring house-decoration and cleaning. To all such, we would suggest, as a recommendation...

Quite a prominent opening occurs Wednesday and Thursday, April 12th and 13th, and one that all ladies are interested in. We allude to that of the Parisian suit...

Attention is called to the advertisement of Mrs. Ridge, on the outside of the back cover. When is charity like a bee? When it begins to hum.

It is a rare thing to find an artist who has not been educated by years of constant application to the particular branch of art he or she designs to follow.

No money in it—an empty pocket-book. It is a rare thing to find an artist who has not been educated by years of constant application to the particular branch of art he or she designs to follow.

Well drilled—the oil regions. Housekeepers will now be looking for new furniture; let them remember that Wirtz & Scholze, 222 Wabash Avenue...

Gold dust is exceedingly troublesome—to get. One of the most extensive businesses of this country is the manufacture of tobacco in its various forms.

Considering there are so many Photographers in this city, it is a matter of conjecture which one to call on when desiring a perfect likeness of your children.

TO THE CLERGY. To clergymen or others who desire to make a provision for their families, and at the same time a provision for their own old age...

The congregation of St. James, Port Gibson Mission, ask for aid in building their parish church. For more than twenty years, they have occupied a hired house...

EASTERN EGG DYES. On receipt of 27 cents in postage stamps, we will mail to any address a package each of six colors, with full directions for use...

At same time of year, we will mail to any address a package each of six colors, with full directions for use, as follows: Blue, Yellow, Scarlet Red, Purple, Green...

STRONG'S STARNICA SOAP. THE VERY HIGHEST PURITY OF MEDICATION. BEST FOR THE SKIN. LIGHTENS AND SOFTENS & BEAUTIFIES.

COLGATE & CO'S CASHMERE BOUQUET TOILET SOAP.

The novelty and exceptional strength of its perfume are the peculiar fascinations of this luxurious article, which has acquired popularity unequalled by any Toilet Soap of home or foreign manufacture.

WANTED—By a clergyman of the Church, a position as teacher in a boys' school. Address C., LIVING CHURCH OFFICE. WANTED.—By two Church women a good locality for a girls school. Address, School, Milwaukee, Wis.

A Church Clergyman, an A. M., and thirteen years a successful teacher, will receive a limited number of boys to be educated. Location in the country, near an Eastern city...

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At same time of year, we will mail to any address a package each of six colors, with full directions for use, as follows: Blue, Yellow, Scarlet Red, Purple, Green...

NEW EASTERN ANTHEMS.

- Christ our Passover. By W. H. H. Smith (Toledo)... 50 Thomas Spencer Lloyd... 75 H. P. Danks... 75 Fill the font with roses. Easter Cantata. Geo. W. Warren... 75 Singing of Birds. By W. C. Williams... 75 Angels roll the rock away. Hymn. A. J. Holden... 50 The Saviour hath risen. Hymn. W. C. Williams... 60 The Deacons. S. Held, 60. Geo. W. Warren. No. 2 in D. S. A. J. Holden... 60 OFFERTORY SOLOS, DUETS, ETC. This is the day of joy and gladness. Duet. Thos. Spencer Lloyd... 80 Lift your glad voices. Solo. A. J. Holden... 25 Light from Heaven. Solo with organ, piano (or harp) and violin obbligato. Chorus of 12. The Resurrection. And He takes my grief. A. J. Holden... 40 Three Easter Hymns. J. Alzamor... 20 Church collection. Six new Easter Carols... 20 Also a large number of new carols by the best authors, each... 5 Send for complete list of Easter Music. Wm. A. FOND & CO., 25 Union Square, N. Y.

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GENESIS I. AND SCIENCE.

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

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The sun is inconceivably hot, an ocean of fire whose waves rise and fall, not a few feet, but thousands of miles. On it, are in constant operation inconceivably violent whirlwinds and currents rushing thousands of miles in a minute, not horizontally only, but upwards and downwards. The pretty belief was once prevalent, that clouds of enormous thickness protected the surface of an interior globe from the intense heat of a luminous and fiery envelope, and that thus shielded there was a world of light and beauty inhabited by intelligent beings. But this was poetry, not science, and no astronomer now accepts it.*

The planet Mercury is hot enough to melt lead.

Venus has, during its day, a temperature above that of boiling water, and from the great inclination of its axis (49 deg., 51 min.) its polar circles and tropics overlap, so that its climate must be the most extraordinary imaginable.

Mars seems the most like an inhabitable planet, possessing as it does both air and water, but it resembles the earth in some of its earlier geological periods rather than at the present time. It seems destitute of vegetation, for although it has well marked seasons, and the snow can be seen melting away, there are no such changes in the color of its land as would indicate the coming and going of plant life.

As for the asteroids, little is known of them. No one thinks them inhabited. The indications are very strong that Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, are yet in an intensely hot and probably molten condition.*

As to all the planets, very few can now be found who regard them as inhabitable by any beings, of whom we can conceive, but there are some who think it at least possible, that the moons of Jupiter, and perhaps of the other outer planets, could support beings like ourselves. We know so little of these bodies that any opinion can be but the merest conjecture. The two larger ones must be subjected to great extremes of heat and cold, since the night of the one is eighty-six hours long and of the other eight and one-third of our days and nights. In the case of the more remote planets, the conditions are yet more unfavorable.

There remains only our Moon. Everybody knows it has neither air nor water. And if that is not enough to prove it uninhabitable, astronomers have found that its temperature varies every month several hundred degrees.

Professor.—Although no one believes the moon now inhabited, yet not a few think it did once support a teeming population, the air and water simply being absorbed into the interstices of the crust, or of the rocks that form it.

Myself.—I do not think so; and, as Prof. Huxley says, "we will, if you please, test this view in the light of facts."

Ever since the Moon became cool enough to be covered with a crust, and of course long before the period of supposed life, its days and nights have been essentially as they are now; viz., 340 hours of uninterrupted sunshine, followed by a night of equal length. Even if the Moon had possessed an atmosphere as dense as that of the Earth—scarcely possible with its so much smaller mass—a vertical Sun for so long a time, and a total absence of all solar heat during its night, would have been fatal to beings like ourselves.

Professor.—I do not know about that. Man has wonderful ability to resist changes of temperature. I think that might have been got along with, providing the Moon really possessed an atmosphere and oceans.

Myself.—The present condition of the Moon's surface seems to be positive proof that it never had any water, at least any large amount, such as would be needed to fill an ocean. It presents an inconceivable roughness, such apparently as was left when the molten mass solidified. There is nothing on the Earth, except in some very

limited and recent volcanic regions, to compare with it. Now, when we consider the eroding power of water and frost, as we see their effects here on our own planet manifested in the cutting and carving of mountains,* and then reflect that the Moon has been a solid body at least as long as the earth (many times longer, according to most believers in the Nebular Hypothesis), and during all that infinitude of time, it has experienced not one winter to each of our years, but thirteen; that the cold there is far more intense than is known on our globe, it seems almost impossible that the Moon's surface, had there been an atmosphere and oceans on it, would to-day present anything more than the gentlest undulations. The wonderful roughness, so visible in every telescope, has been subjected to no such influence, hence, neither air nor water in large quantities ever existed there, and life was always an impossibility.

Professor.—What has this to do with the Mosaic account?

Myself.—More, probably, than you imagine. You have found fault with Moses, because, as you say, he gives undue importance to our Earth. Now, omitting spiritual beings—whom your Barometrists does not recognize—of what use are the Sun and Moon, except to our Earth? Mind, I do not say they are of no other use, I ask you to tell of some other, and what it is. Of course, I know that the Sun holds the planets in their orbits; but that office is only subordinate to the purpose, whatever it was, for which the Solar System was formed, and has nothing to do with the Moon. She does not hold any other bodies in their places.

Professor.—It seems very absurd to conceive of the Sun's being made for this little earth. Your question implies a return to the old astronomy, which taught that the Earth was immovable and that the Universe went around it.

*This is so well known to geologists as to require no proof. But the non-geological reader will do well to turn to Dana's *Man. of Geology*, page 638. He will be amazed to see what has been done by the action of water.

†Barometrists: *baros*, weight, and *metron*, a measure; that division of Science which has to do only with what can be weighed in grains, or tons, or measured in inches.

The New Sophists.

A Mr. Myall, in the *International Review*, for March, has an essay on "Mr. Ingersoll as a Reformer." He makes a display of impartiality, but he is in full sympathy with Mr. Ingersoll in everything but his methods of fighting the Faith; and that evidently, not because Mr. Ingersoll's methods are unfair and sophistical, but because in his judgment they are *impolitic*.

Mr. Myall thinks that he can carry out Mr. Ingersoll's purpose with equal force and less offence. He tells us that, "It is to this life alone that all our thoughts and energies should be given,—how to make it pure and noble and good by the constant practice of virtue, temperance, charity, and love. We know that the present is our's; we do not know what the future will be. Hence it becomes us, discarding all dreamy ideas of a hereafter, to do whatever we can for our own happiness and for the happiness of mankind."

Fine talk, this, Mr. Myall; but it can deceive none but those who want to be deceived. Is it true to-day, has it ever been true, that those whose thoughts are all given to this life are those whose study is "how to make it pure and noble and good by the constant practice of virtue, temperance, charity, and love?" No, it is not. Mr. Myall knows it, too. So does everybody who is ordinarily sensible and ordinarily well-informed. Mr. Myall implies that just as soon as men discard all "ideas of a hereafter" they at once begin doing "whatever they can for their own happiness and for the happiness of mankind." But it is and has long been commonly held, that when a man has discarded "all ideas of a hereafter," he is regarded as not to be trusted in ordinary business affairs, and that his affirmation goes for little and his oath for nothing.

At various times, men, and well-nigh whole nations, have discarded "all ideas of a hereafter;" but did they thereupon (as Mr. Myall implies men would) begin to "do whatever they could for their own happiness and for the happiness of mankind?" Nothing of the sort. They immediately began cutting each other's throats and hunting each other to the death.

In connection with some statistics given in another column, on the disuse of Infant Baptism among the Presbyterians, it is worthy of note that a fair estimate gives the number of infants baptized during the past year by the clergy of the Church of England, at more than half a million. By the clergy of our branch of the Church, the baptisms have aggregated nearly fifty thousand (including adults), or fifteen to each clergyman; about three times the average number of baptisms by each Presbyterian minister. These facts are stated, not in any spirit of boasting, but in the hope of awakening all Christian people to the conviction that a disregard of one element of Church Order and organization leads to a neglect of others. Schism must inevitably end in heresy. Standards of doctrine and usage are as ropes of sand, when the unity of the body is broken.

The Primitive Diaconate a Lost Order in the Church.

Written for the Living Church.

The Revd. O. Witherspoon's late sermon on Deacons and Vestries is a thoughtful presentation of a crying need in the Church, and perhaps the LIVING CHURCH could find no better use for its columns than in printing the whole discourse. The Convocation before which it was delivered showed its appreciation of the document by requesting that it should appear in print. The writer of the sermon in question states most forcibly the necessity of the Diaconate in the Church, and quietly ignores its present existence in a most imperfect form. The order is now but a stepping-stone to the priesthood, and is comparatively unknown in the Church as a living power. There may be in some of the smaller dioceses either no deacons at all, or but one or two. In a remote part of such a diocese, suppose that an inquiring man should say to his rector, "I have read of deacons, but I never saw one; are there any in this diocese?" And the puzzled parson should be forced to reply, "We are out of deacons just now;" or "There is a deacon fifty or hundred miles from here, but he is to be ordained to the priesthood next month."

It is quite probable that there are parishes which have never had the services of a deacon, and would not know what to do with such a strange creature, if he were to appear among them. If the Church believes in the three Orders of the ministry, and argues in their behalf, and points doubtless to the Holy Scriptures to settle the question, she ought to have faith enough to use them. The best machine is worthless, if it stands idle; the sword in the scabbard cannot be of service. While it may not be best at once to go so far as Mr. Witherspoon, and make the whole vestry deacons; have we not reached a period in the needs of the Church, when at least one man in every parish, if he were a suitable person, might be set aside for this holy office? It makes one's heart burn to read the most true words of Mr. W. with regard to the church wants in the outlying hamlets of this growing country; and has he not suggested a fair way of meeting the case? How many a clergyman can look on villages about him, and say to himself, "I wish that I had time and strength to attack that point, but it is beyond my power." The village grows, and soon he learns that others have gone in and possessed the land. If we look to the more remote parts of our country we find whole counties without a Church Service, and many who would gladly enter the Church, if her doors were open to them, have never heard of her "heavenly ways," except perhaps, in the columns of newspapers unfriendly to her. It is said that an old man, in an out-of-the-way district, many years ago, had several strange guests in his house, and asked them of their religious belief. After various replies intelligible to him, one said: "I am an Episcopalian." When the good man had put the question, "Stranger, what would your religion be?" he had not expected so stunning a reply; and so he ejaculated in wonder, "Peskypollian, Peskypollian, I never heard tell of them before!"

Now, as the pioneer Churchman meets hosts of such men and asks them, "Why are you not Churchmen?," can they not well reply, "How can we hear without a preacher?" Again, suppose that a Churchman sends Bishop Randall's widely circulated Tract, "Reasons why I am a Churchman," to some distant acquaintance. He reads, and is convinced, and says, "I will go with you, for the Lord is with you;" but on second thought comes up the hard query, "how can I find this Church?" In the nearest city perhaps, the Church is presented, but not in the region of the new convert. There is no argument so convincing to a seeker after the Church, as attendance on her Services. When she presents herself in a new point, how quickly objections vanish, and those who attended a Service once, return again and again, until unconsciously they are drawn into the fold.

There is a vast amount of such pioneer work to be done both in the old and new districts of this country, and this generation must be a time of laying of foundations; and of what use is it to argue with men about a Church which they have no available means of entering? In some cases the rector of to-day in the country holds three parishes and has oversight of a Sunday-school. Three Services on Sunday, and three sermons, and sometimes two celebrations of the Holy Communion, are more than should be asked of one man. Could a deacon take his part, how would the work be lightened! The outlying villages might receive a weekly or bi-monthly visit from the deacon, who, if not licensed to preach, could read Dr. Norton's Sermons or those of Bishop W. Walsham How, or others which would edify the congregation, and once a month the rector could appear and help to lay the foundations of the Church. He would thus, like the early discoverers, plant his Cross, and claim the land; and in many a case we should gain the right of possession, and determine the religious future of the growing town.

It has been said that Satan tempts the clergy to overwork themselves, and thus wear themselves out. Here would be a way of relief, and the work could proceed without the wasting toil. The effect of the first introduction of Church Services was shown, years ago, in a country town near Hartford, Conn., where it is said that the "Burial Service," as read by Bishop Coxe, first turned the minds of the people Churchward, and now a goodly church adorns the village. In these remarks I have pleaded for but one deacon in a parish, and I believe one could be made useful anywhere. In the absence or sickness of the rector he would be found invaluable. The "new canon" which has never had a fair trial, might open the door for the arrangement, and it might be well for us to learn that labor does not disqualify a man for a sacred Office. If our Blessed Master tolled; and fishermen, and a tentmaker, and a

physician helped to found the Church, why must we make so great a gap between God's people in active life, and those specially devoted to study? At least two of our most successful bishops were originally business men; did not the knowledge obtained in such life help them in dealing with their fellow men in spiritual matters? A broad distinction should be made between the deacons spoken of, and the priests; and the term "Deacon" should be used in common conversation. If the word Catholic is being restored to its proper use in common speech, the word "Deacon" might also be given its primitive meaning. The check on an unlearned priesthood could be made before the second Ordination, but a large proportion of the deacons suggested would remain permanently in the diaconate. At first, this scheme would have the disadvantages that attend every new movement, and some improper men might be advanced, but what are our present disadvantages? We have a few thousand clergy to present the church to many millions of people. A half million immigrants reach us in one year, needing several new clergy for their special care. Too little money is given to educate the required clergy, and too little to support many new ones, but the demand for Church work resounds on every side. Is not the best way to meet this Macedonian cry, the Church's good old way,—that men of honest report, and full of the Holy Ghost, be sought out and set aside to help the present workers? This generation must do the work of the future, or lose such opportunities as the Church can never again have. Such work as the sermon referred to in this article suggests, would hasten the day of Rev. Dr. Manney's vision, when every country town should have its cathedral. Then, its chiming on Easter morning would be answered by many a bell from the surrounding hills and valleys. A Western Judge once wisely said, "The Church would grow, if we would let it grow." S. F. HOTCHKIN.

The Holy Eastern Church in England.

Two or three months since, there appeared, in the *Morning Post* of London, a statement that the authorities of the Eastern Church were on the point of establishing a mission in England, with the intent of making converts. Naturally this called forth some indignant protests against the threatened intrusion. We are happy to lay before our readers a translation of some remarks bearing on this question, from the *Threskentike Phone* of Athens, for which we are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Hale.

The Greek paper, quoting the paragraph from the *Morning Post*, and some of the comments made thereon, says:

We can assure the Englishmen whose remarks we have quoted that these reports cannot possibly be true, and that their fears are causeless. The Orthodox Church never carries on proselytizing amongst other Christians, knowing, from what she has herself suffered, that this, as a rule, creates scandals, and has no other result. The only proselytizing of which she knows anything is the preaching of the Gospel amongst the heathen. In Asia, and in Siberia especially, in India, and in Japan, Orthodox Missionaries labor for the spread of Christianity. In Europe the Eastern Church never has had, and never will have, missionaries. Its condition at home is such, and its needs about which it must concern itself so great, that it never enters the mind of its rulers to give themselves trouble about other Churches, and to send missionaries to England, or elsewhere in Europe, to proselytize Protestants or Catholics to the Orthodox faith. . . . Let not Anglicans misunderstand our Church. We do not carry on proselytizing. We have a sincere regard for the Anglican Church, as it has for the Orthodox, and we pray that brotherly relations may continue between them. . . . The Orthodox Church admires the theological learning and culture of Anglican Bishops, and of other Anglican clergy. It admires the warm faith of the Anglican people. It admires their zeal for the inculcation of the Holy Scriptures and the spread of Christianity. It does not desire to proselytize Anglicans, just as these do not wish to make proselytes amongst us. We pray that friendly relations may prevail between Anglicans and Orthodox, as also amongst all Christians. With all their dogmatic differences, Christians ought to think of each other as members of the same Christian family. This does not prevent each one thinking that those with whom he agrees have the most correct conception of what is Christianity.

"Blow your own horn," but do it under the rose, so that it may appear the spontaneous gush of the editor. A peripatetic "What-is-it?" of the species tramp, evidently understood this business. He entered the *Transcript* office recently, with a suggestive looking bundle under his left arm, and a stick in his right hand. He called for a desk, pen, ink, and paper, and said he had an "item." He was seated industriously writing for a half-hour, when he handed one of the editors the following, which was at once referred to the musical and dramatic associates:

A COMPOSITOR.—Dr. C. B. Dickson, the *nom de plume* Tanchioanah, familiar to the readers of *Eastern* and *Western* journals arrived in Boston this morning after visiting friends in the city of Cambridgeport. He is visiting the Hub with the purpose of finding an encouragement of his musical and artistic genius. He has a package of manuscript including a History of Our Nation East and West together with a series of crayon sketches of Revolutionary data—also some display in the music line for the consideration of our publishers among which are *Columbian Grand March* and the *Landing of the Pilgrims* in baritone and allegro so off receiving the encomiums of the press and profession in line with Beethoven and Mozart.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Church Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews sends out its report and appeal, with emphatic words of commendation from many Bishops. This cause presented to many of our congregations, perhaps to all, on every Good Friday. In contributing to it, may we not feel that we are doing acceptable service to Him who prayed for those who crucified Him? Surely, He would not that any of David's line or Abraham's race should perish. If Good Friday passes without this offering, let it be made up afterwards. The pastor will gladly forward it.

Infant Baptism.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Times* has been looking up the statistics of infant baptism in the Presbyterian churches of that city. In the West Arch Street Church, with a membership of 309, not an infant has been brought to baptism during the year. So with Old Pine Street Church, which has 440 members. The Fourth Church, with a membership of 230, reports no infant baptisms. The old Clinton Street Church, with its 150 members, reports the baptism of one little infant. The Montgomery Avenue Church, with 273 members, has baptized one infant.

The N. Y. *Sun* gives some statistics on this subject, which are no less significant. In Dr. Hall's magnificent church, Fifth Avenue, with its membership of 1,730, there were 21 babes baptized last year. In Dr. Crosby's, which numbers 1,384 members, there were only 17. Dr. Bevan's Church has 1,100 members, but only 23 infants to dedicate in baptism. Rev. Dr. Robinson's Memorial Church, (570 members) shows only 8 baptized infants. Across the East River the showing is no better. Talmadge has the largest membership in the denomination, numbering 2,471; yet among all this army there were only 49 infants baptized in the Tabernacle. Dr. Cuyler baptized 31 infants in a membership of 1,761. Dr. Ludlow, with 378 members, reports 6 infant baptisms. Dr. VanDyke, with 571, and Dr. Crosby, with 336, reports no infants baptized. The church at Sag Harbor, which is one of the most prosperous on Long Island, outside of Brooklyn, and has 357 members, has had no infants to baptize. The First Church at Buffalo, the Bound Brook (N. J.) church, and the First at Princeton, N. J., are similarly lacking. In the whole Presbyterian Church, the infant baptisms for a year average about three and a half infants to each minister. As to adult baptisms, the official record is that they foot up about half as many as those of infants.

To such an extent has the theory of "sensible conversion" taken possession of the denominations, that Infant Baptism is practically abolished. Its administration is the exception, and not the rule. The conception of religion among the sects is inconsistent with the Catholic usage and Gospel Ordinance of Infant Baptism. Stated fairly, it reads: "Unless ye (children) be converted and become like us, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

It is also worthy of note that this lamentable lack of bringing children to Baptism attracts the attention of the secular papers; and that these are impressed by the fact, chiefly, in connection with the Presbyterian body. Not that the Presbyterians are more remiss in this respect than many other Protestant bodies; but because the departure from Standards in their case is more remarkable than in any other. The Confession of Faith teaches that Baptism is "a sign and seal of Regeneration;" and that "not only those that do actually profess faith in, and obedience unto Christ, but also the infants of one or both believing parents are to be baptized;" that it is "a great sin to neglect this ordinance;" and that, "by the right use of this ordinance, the grace promised is not only offered, but really exhibited and conferred by the Holy Ghost, to such (whether of age or infants) as that grace belongeth unto, according to the counsel of God's own will, in His appointed time." Baptismal Regeneration is as clearly defined by the Presbyterian Standard as in the Prayer Book; and the right and duty to baptize infants (of a certain class) is taught. But the Presbyterians have long since departed from their standards in this and in other particulars. They seem to be as oblivious of the Calvinism on which they were founded, as they are hostile to the "Sacramentalism" in which their infancy was cradled. Without the Episcopate and a Liturgy, they have no centripetal force. Their career as a religious body demonstrates, better than any argument, the necessity of these divinely-appointed attributes and agencies of the Church. When they return to these, they may be able to return to their standard; but, as we may venture to hope, with Calvinism left out.

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Gone to the Agnostics.

Mr. George Miln, has lately taken official farewell of Unity Society (Unitarian), Chicago. His parting harangue, the papers say, was delivered to "the largest congregation ever assembled there." It was a sorry scene, a sad exhibition of the results, as it seems to us the inevitable results, of a system, or the total lack of a system, that characterizes the congregational societies. As for Mr. Miln himself, little need be said. There is nothing of the martyr spirit in him. He cannot understand why Unity Society would not let him stay and preach his Agnosticism and draw his \$5,000 a year. It has always been so with his sort. In 1797, the first man of the Directory, La Revellere-Lapaux, tried to establish the higher Deism, so-called, and read a paper on the subject called Theophilanthropie, before the Institute. He asked Talleyrand what he thought of it. The answer was: "I have but one observation to make: In order to found His religion, Jesus Christ was crucified and raised again. You ought to attempt as much."

How little soever it was to his credit, Mr. Miln in his "farewell sermon" succeeded in being lively. This is the way he pays his respects to Prof. Swing, the amiable lecturer of Music Hall:

"I have in my 'mind's eye' at this moment a Sunday lecturer in this city who has achieved distinction in this kind of phraseologic jugglery. He is, oh! so eloquent in talking of Socrates, but instead of pronouncing himself as a man upon any vital question of the day, he wriggles along on the top of the fence, and never lands on either side till all other travellers have alighted. The Halifax of the pulpit! A natural trimmer and twister of words, who sustains himself with the orthodox by frequent indulgence in their favorite adjectives and nouns, and keeps in with the heretics by occasional wisely-timed excursions into the domain of rationalism!"

And after this manner he gives his opinion of the denomination in which he was so lately an accredited pastor and teacher:

"Looking at the whole position of the Unitarianism of to-day, it seems to me unworthy the respect of the Supernaturalists or the Rationalists. It is in fact a weak attempt to splice a rope of sand, and, in the nature of things, must fail. It rejects the easy miracles and indorses the more difficult. It believes in the invariability of law, but nevertheless prays, and thus tries to overturn it. It rejects the idea that Jesus was a God—but thinks he was not altogether a man. In fact, as a denomination, it has an architectural peculiarity of the New Jerusalem, with none of its beauty. That is, it has gates opening in every direction anxious to receive any one to its fold who will ask no questions for conscience sake! And that is why I call it the Church of the Non-descripts! Let no young man within the orthodox lines to-day be deceived by it. When he gets ready to break with Supernaturalism in toto, let him come squarely out, and forever leave the pulpit. But if he would fain linger within church lines, let him remember that Unitarianism, while boasting her freedom from dogmatic Supernaturalism, and while, indeed, insisting upon fewer articles than the ordinary sectarian, in point of fact, demands all the forms and boasts all the prestige of Supernatural theology, without possessing a title of its spirit. The young preacher will find that his congregation neglects prayer, but at the same time expects him to pray; that they reject the miracles, but will permit him to do no such thing; that they entertain doubts about a future existence, but will tolerate no acknowledgment of such doubt on his part. In other words, he will come to regard himself, and to despise himself, if he has in him the right material, as a mere functionary, whose duty it is to conceal the smile on his own face, as he conducts forms which are empty and meaningless to himself and his hearers. And if he has any doubt of this, let him observe the listless stare and unbowed heads of his hearers, when he says: 'Let us pray,' and the pitiful handful from a great congregation which joins in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Yes! I too reiterate the advice of a religious editor of this town—himself an Agnostic in private—and warn all young men within the orthodox ranks, of liberal tendencies, to remain there until such time as they are prepared to forever break with Supernaturalism. Unitarianism holds out the promise of liberty, but does not fulfil it. In it you may indeed think as I have thought, but woe to you if you speak as I have spoken! Nor do I think this state of things grows out of intentional dishonesty, but rather out of the attempt to bridge over the chasm between the position of the Supernaturalist and that of the Rationalist. This is a task which defies philosophy. The positions are diametrically opposite. Nay! they are essentially antagonistic; and, compared with the attempt to harmonize them, the solving of Samson's riddle was child's play. And so it follows, that those who try to unite the two extremes, and please all parties, fall into dire and often amusing confusion."

The great majority of men are not so ignorant as the Agnostics seem to suppose. The world has tried Atheism over and over again, but never for more than a few months at a time. It very soon sickens of the sight of human blood.

Whittier is very fond of the poetry of Burns, and thus relates the story of his first acquaintance with the lyrics of the Ayshire Ploughman: "Burns is to me the noblest poet of our race. One day one of our preachers came to stay all night, and noticing, as we sat by the fire, that I was intent upon a book, he said, 'I will read to thee, if thee likes, some poems by Robert Burns. I have a copy with me.' So he got the book and began to read. It was the first I had heard of Burns, and my wonder and delight over what I heard are as fresh still as if it were yesterday. I had heard nothing up to that moment, it seemed to me, that had any right to be called poetry; and I listened as long as the old man would read. I noticed he left the book on the table; so I rose at gray dawn next morning, and read for myself. I was hanging over the book when the friend came down, and then he told me he was going farther to visit such and such meetings, would be back at such a time, and, if I liked, would leave the book with me. These may be sure I gratefully accepted the offer. I read Burns every moment I had to spare; and this was one great result to me of my communion with him; I found that the things out of which poems came were not, as I had always imagined, somewhere away off in the world and life lying outside the edge of our New Hampshire sky, they were right here about my feet, and among the people I knew. The common things of our common life I found were full of poetry. It was a new and perfect revelation."

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