

# The Living Church.

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

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WHOLE No. 200.

## News and Notes.

Much comment has been caused by Canon Wilberforce's letter to the Primate, to which we alluded in this column last week. The Canon called the Archbishop's attention to the fact that much ecclesiastical property was leased to saloon keepers. The fact is true and awkward, but it must be remembered that the Church is in no way responsible for it. All her property has been for the last fifty years vested in a body of "Ecclesiastical Commissioners" who are appointed in the same way as other government officers, and who have absolute control over Church property and revenues. They pay fixed salaries to the Bishops and other dignitaries, and apply the surplus, which is every year a very handsome one, to the augmentation of poor livings.

A Church paper of weight and value speaks of the recent "presentation" of a Canadian Roman Prelate at the British Court as a new "Catholic Emancipation." Our contemporary is right in saying that no similar presentation has been made for two centuries, but it attaches too much importance to it. For very many years Cardinals Manning and Howard, and lately Cardinal Newman have been invariably bidden to all Royal festivities, and have always been received with marked attention, while the Heir Apparent and other members of the Family have not hesitated to attend weddings and funerals celebrated according to the alien rite. One of the most prominent instances of this occurred at the funeral of the Prince Imperial; when five Princes of the Blood with lighted candles in their hands occupied seats in the Chancel of the schismatic church at Chiselhurst.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who has been for some time, in failing health, is reported to be very ill.

The President, who has certainly earned a holiday, has been having a very pleasant time in Rhode Island. At a reception tendered him by ex-Governor Morgan the rooms were adorned with ten thousand dollars worth of flowers.

The Erie railroad elevator at Buffalo, valued at \$700,000, took fire on Thursday from an explosion of gas and was destroyed. Five men were burned to death, and another fatally injured.

In Egypt it looks as though Gen. Wolseley's prophecy would be accomplished, that the country would be settled by the middle of September. On Friday two thousand of the British met and utterly routed ten thousand rebels. Sir Garnet's dispatch, announcing the fact, savors, however, too much of "buncombe." "I thought it inconsistent," says the general, who is known in the army as the President of the Mutual Admiration Society, "with the traditions of the Queen's army, to retire before any number of Egyptian troops." Arabi has retreated, and Damietta has fallen into the hands of the English.

The last horrible wholesale murder in Ireland, exceeding in brutality any of the previously reported outrages, has had at least one beneficial effect. It has, to all appearances, enlisted on the side of justice and authority the feelings and energies of the country-people in the neighborhood, who are reported to be most anxious to assist the police in the task of discovering the assassins. This is everywhere regarded as a most hopeful sign, the peasantry, whether through sympathy or terrorism, having hitherto actively or tacitly espoused the cause of the murderers upon similar occasions.

Mr. E. Dwyer Grey, M. P., still remains in prison at Dublin, but it is thought in circles likely to be well informed that the clemency of the Crown will be extended to him just as soon as it is believed a sufficiently strong lesson has been taught to the conductors of the Irish national press.

The municipal authorities of Rome have removed the cross from the Capitol. At a meeting of the Catholic Workmen's Artistic Society, the able archaeologist Professor Mariana Armellini, delivered an admirable speech on the outrage to the faith of Rome thus perpetrated. Signor Armellini tells how, in 484, when the Roman Empire was falling to ruin, and the Emperor Gratian was assassinated, while the barbarians were at the gates of Rome, and a terrible famine decimated the inhabitants of the city, Q. Aurelius Symmachus requested Valentinian II. to restore the worship of the pagan gods. The Emperor refused, and the cross of Constantine remained on the Capitol until the modern pagans in Rome removed it. Now, the statue which surmounts the campanile of the Capitol, and which represents Rome, bears the globe of the Empire in one hand, and a lance or spear in the other, which formerly held a cross. The change is a symbol of the other changes effected in the Eternal City since the breach of Porta Pia.

The Rev. George Wyndham Kennon, M. A., of Oriol College, Oxford, has been nominated to the Bishopric of Adelaide by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Durham, Winchester, Truro, and Bedford, to whom the choice of a Bishop was intrusted by the Synod of the Diocese of Adelaide. Mr. Kennon was, in 1873 appointed by the Crown, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, to the vicarage of St. Paul's, Hull, and has since 1876 been vicar of All Saints',

Bradford. From 1871 to 1873 he was Diocesan Inspector of Schools in the Diocese of York.

The British Government has finally decided to restore Cetewayo to his Zulu Kingdom. The Queen, with graceful, womanly courtesy, insisted that she should herself announce the good news to her black brother. Cetewayo received the intelligence with great calmness, but on his return to London, he and his companions gave way to frantic and extraordinary expressions of joy.

## Death of a Prominent Layman.

Within the last few days the Church in New York city has lost by death, one of its most prominent laymen, Frederick De Peyster, LL.D., President of the New York Historical Society, and Honorary Fellow of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain.

Mr. De Peyster was born in New York, in 1796, and was descended from the De Peysters, of Brabant. Mr. Frederick De Peyster began his education under the Rev. Philander Chase, the principal of a famous school at Poughkeepsie, afterwards Bishop of Ohio. He graduated from Columbia College in 1816, and studied law, taking afterwards an active part in military matters, becoming Aid-de-Camp to Governor Clinton, with the rank of Colonel, and receiving the appointment of Military Secretary for the Southern District of the State. He was a member and subsequently Trustee of the Free School Society of New York, and Secretary of the Tontine Coffee House Association, of the Managing Committee of which he was for nearly seventy years, Chairman. In 1826, he became a member of the New York Historical Society, of which he was subsequently President, being re-elected to the position seven times, and holding it at the time of his death. He was actively connected with the Literary and Philosophical Society; was one of the original members of the American Academy of Fine Arts, was President for many years of the St. Nicholas Society, and of the New York Society Library, one of the founders; a manager and Vice President of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children; one of the founders of the Soldier's Home, erected by the Grand Army of the Republic, and was also associated in positions of trust, with several insurance companies, railroads and banks.

As a Churchman, he was equally active, being a Warden of the Church of the Ascension; the senior member of the New York Bible and Common Prayer Book Society, with which he was connected for more than half a century; a Trustee of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum; a founder and one of the Directors of the Home for Incurables, at Fordham, and Secretary of the Leake and Watts Orphan House. His large wealth permitted him to be a constant and generous patron of art, science, and literature. Crawford's statue, "The Indian," was presented by him to the Historical Society, and he aided largely in the erection of the statue of Fitz Greene Halleck. Several of his public addresses were published from time to time. In 1867, Columbia College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and ten years later he received the compliment from England, of election as an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Historical Society. His name has been for many years one of the most honored in the great community which he saw grow into its present metropolitan grandeur, and the best and highest interests of which he labored during a long life to promote.

## The Late Dr. Hill.

A letter, of which the following is a translation, has been received by Mrs. Hill, at Athens, from the Archbishop of Syria and Tenos:

HEMOPOLIS, SYRIA,  
June 29 [July 11, N. S.] 1882.

REVERED LADY:—Inexpressible is the grief felt by our nation at the sad news of that lover of Greece, that helper of the needy, your revered husband; most grievous is the sorrow which is experienced in an especial manner by those who were the friends and intimate associates of that most religious man, at the loss of his most honored life. But the more that our grief for our most esteemed friend is deep, so much the more comforting is the thought of him that each of his numberless friends can cherish and rejoice in that the lamented Dr. Hill was a true and genuine child of our Christian Religion, and an ardent lover of the spirit of our Holy Gospel. To him those divine words of the Apostle Paul fitly apply: "I have finished my course, I have kept the Faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." A true crown indeed, is the gratitude which many hearts that have been blessed through him give to their true father, the protector of the orphan, the helper of the distressed.

Our country will ever have upon her lips, Reverend Matron, the story of your many and varied benefactions. The remembrance of you will ever be living and strong in the memory of the Greek race, and especially with me, who was for ten years a witness to the excellence of your disposition and character.

Finally, with my blessing, I offer the prayer that you and yours may have comfort and patience granted you from on high. Your friend and well wisher in Christ,

† METHODIUS,  
Archbishop of Syria and Tenos.

The British Consul General in New York has been made a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George which gives him the title of "Sir" and his wife that of "Lady." We congratulate Sir Edward and Lady Archibald who are deservedly popular in this country.

## A Summer Cruise.

Editorial Correspondence.

IV.

DEAR LIVING CHURCH:—I left you, in my last letter, at midnight, in a pouring rain, aground among the Cheneaux Islands. Of course, we got off, or I should not be writing to you now. But we had a very exciting time, as you may suppose. All efforts to tow and warp the little ship out of its perilous position having failed, and the sea being comparatively smooth, and the voyagers being wet and tired, we concluded to "take things as they come," and "turned in." Everybody was jolly; but the fact is, we just escaped shipwreck, for within an hour, a squall was upon us that set every rope to rattling, and had it been blowing on shore instead of off shore, we should have had a melancholy tale to tell. But fortunately, providentially, the gale came directly opposite the course of the wind that had driven us aground, and the yacht was liberated from the rocks.

In the morning we found our fishing grounds, and such a day as we had cannot be put on paper. The fishing was good enough, and we had much sport that way; but the loitering on the romantic shore (the site of an old mission house), dozing under a clear sky in the broad sunshine, reading, chatting, frolicking, forgetting the toil and turmoil of the busy life we had left—all this was better than fishing. And this is what people need who bear the burden and heat of the day in public places, turning the mill of daily duty with monotonous tread. This, and the tossing about on the water, was a combination of rest and excitement that we needed, and enjoyed in full measure.

On the following morning we started for Mackinac, but only started. The wind and the current were against us, and even with two boats we could not tow our craft out of the narrow channel. It was a long day and no fishing. A canoe, paddled by an Indian woman, and a friendly visit from the revenue cutter, were the only novelties that disturbed our peace. The wind changed in the evening and we made our way to the open lake. We were drifting about almost in a calm, when a sound as of breakers ahead broke upon our drowsy ears. It was not breakers, the sailors said, it was a storm. I could not believe it. The low, sullen roar drew nearer and nearer, and I was soon convinced. With the wind came the waves, for the water of the lakes is moved by the wind much more rapidly than the heavier waters of the sea. The gale was "dead ahead" and we must face it and beat up twenty miles to make our port in the Straits of Mackinac through which the heavy sea was rolling. Behind us were the dangerous Islands, and we knew that among their rocks and reefs certain destruction awaited us. There was nothing to do but to go on. To shorten sail in such a sea, in a night of utter darkness, with the wind tearing at the canvas and wrenching at the ropes, was exciting and dangerous. I shall never fail of grateful remembrance of the brave fellows who, clinging to the ropes, took in the reefs.

The Major and I freely admitted that we didn't like that sort of thing. We suddenly recollected that we had each a wife and children at home, and were seized with strong desire to be there. I thought of the LIVING CHURCH—how much more agreeable it was writing editorials by the steady light of a student's lamp, than to be holding on for dear life in the cockpit of the Douglas, watching the angry waves by the flickering light of a lantern. The Major, dear man, got so knocked about in the cabin, that he finally planted himself on the floor, braced his feet against the locker on one side and his shoulders against the other, and declared that he wouldn't budge till we got into port or went to the bottom, and he kept his word. But we did not go to the bottom, as you perceive. Our good ship made a gallant struggle and came through it victorious. The dawn was reddening the eastern sky as we made the "home stretch" into Mackinac harbor. The seamen were forward clinging to the rigging, as the great waves broke over them; S———was at the tiller, holding to the rail with both hands, and steering with his legs; the yacht was lying over with gunwale under water, rearing and plunging like a fractious whale. It was the most exciting half-hour of the cruise, but not so alarming as the hours of darkness. The old fort loomed up before us, and the peaceful shore was in sight. The prophecy, "There shall be no more sea," had a deeper significance, as we almost flew into the still waters of the peaceful bay.

Our life on the water, without a spice of danger, would have been monotonous, and the story would lack interest. It is a blessed thing that some of the most anxious hours of life are among our most cherished memories, and times of suspense, toil and danger have their recompense in years of happy recollection of perils past and difficulties overcome. When I think of our Summer Cruise, it is not the days and nights of calm, the hours of rest and recuperation that come to mind; but the battling with the elements, the hours when we drove on in the darkness right in the lowering cloud, against the muttering thunder and the warning lightning.

May this experience not be a parable of the whole range of our immortality, that shall include our life in time and eternity? Is it not possible, that from the glorified life of Heaven, we shall look back upon the storms of this life with satisfaction, even with exultation, as we now recall the dangers of a Summer Cruise?

Our homeward journey was even more varied and interesting than that which I have described, but I will not weary you with details. We had letters to the Fathers at the Monastery of Cross Village, but could not make the port with an unfavorable wind. We visited watering places in Little Traverse Bay, delightful for situation, and beautiful for summer residences, and groves, and ornamented grounds. But the place that charmed us most was Old Mission, at the head of the peninsula that divides Grand Traverse Bay. There we spent a week, amid the scenes of nature, visiting in the pleasant homes of Mr. Roberts and neighbors, and cruising in the bay. The advent of the Viking, a noble yacht, and its genial commander, Col. Loomis, and his good wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, guests for the voyage added greatly to the interest of our visit there. But of this you have had enough. It may interest you to hear how our breakfast was thrown from the table, one morning, by a heavy sea, across the little cabin, and dishes and contents were overturned in Freddie's berth. We cleared it out the best we could, but the next morning he drew out a fork to show what he had been sleeping on all night! I might tell you how the wind and waves rose mightily as we were crossing the lake to Green Bay; and how we had to run around Washington Island for shelter; and how we had to beat out of "death's door" in a gale; and how we made a great run down the lake, without changing sail, only twelve hours from Milwaukee to Chicago. A month of sailing was not too much for us, but a month of description would be tiresome. The gain in avoidupois of each member of the party was among the benefits of the voyage, worthy of note, and for this we owe thanks, not only to the pure air of Lake Michigan and the good cooking of Harry, but also to the excellent provisions with which our larder was well stocked by Mr. Lucius Pardee, the well-known dealer of Chicago. I hope that all your readers have had as good and restful a time, and that the benefit of their summer's recreation, as of ours, may appear in better work, in more cheerful spirits, in more implicit faith in God's Providence, and in memories growing every year more precious.

## St. Mary Magdalene.

Written for the Living Church.

Immediately after the Blessed Mother of our Lord, St. Mary Magdalene ranks highest among holy women.

Whatever impression may have been made upon the heart of the world through all the ages, by sermons, legends, and traditions, by mural frescoes, stained glass, and sculpture, the simple Gospel story, alone and unaided, appeals to our sympathetic and admiring interest; and we think of her, not only as the first sinful but repentant woman forgiven through the love of Jesus, but also as the first witness of His resurrection.

Without the aid of Art or Fiction, we can picture to ourselves the scenes that were enacted, when Mary of Magdala—so notorious for her idle dissolute and abandoned life, that she was called "The Sinner"—was persuaded by her discreet and virtuous sister Martha to listen to the teachings of our Blessed Lord; when she became sorrowfully convinced of the greatness of her sins, and the need of pardoning mercy; when she brought an alabaster box of precious ointment, and, after washing her Saviour's feet with her tears, and wiping them with the hairs of her head she kissed His feet and anointed them with ointment.

We can imagine how comforting it was to receive Absolution from the hands of those deadly sins which through her frailty she had committed, and to hear those gracious words spoken of her: "She hath done what she could." "Her sins which are many are forgiven, for she loved much." "Verily, I say unto you, whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world there shall also be this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her." We can also imagine the loving faithful devotion with which she and several other women followed their dear Master from city to city, ministering unto Him of their substance, and remaining with Him to the last sad hour of His life.

But can we imagine how she suffered, when "the disciples went away to their own home, but Mary stood without the sepulchre, weeping"—not so much for her sins, which had been confessed and absolved, as for the tremendous sacrifice it had cost to redeem them, and for the loss of the gracious Presence that had been so comforting to her? Or can we imagine the exceeding joy that filled her heart, when, on the morning of the resurrection, her living risen Lord came to her first of all (perhaps as she had most need of consolation), and called her by name, and she realized with rapturous adoration His actual Presence?

The legends of the Western Church, which are the authority for Western Art, have added other

incidents to the Scriptural history of St. Mary Magdalene, which, suggesting many picturesque capabilities, have been represented by the early painters. Whether well or ill executed, they make her invariably "the frail loving woman, the sorrowing penitent, or the devout enthusiastic saint."

In the 13th century, which was an era of religious excitement all over the South of Europe, "relics and pilgrimages and penances and monastic ordinances filled all minds." It was at this time that the passionate enthusiasm, admiration, and devotion, with which St. Mary Magdalene was regarded, reached their height; and "no supposition that tended to exalt her was thought too extravagant." When certain remains, supposed to be those of SS. Mary Magdalene and Lazarus, were found at a place called St. Maximin, near Toulon, a church was founded on the spot by Charles, Count of Provence (brother of Louis, King of France).

From this time (A. D. 1279), we may date her popularity and the establishing of the numberless representations of her in painting and in sculpture, portraying the Scriptural or the legendary incidents of her history. These are found more especially in the numerous chapels erected to her memory in France and Italy. In England alone there have been about 150 churches built in honor of her.

One legend relates, that, after the Ascension of our Lord, the sisters SS. Mary and Martha preached, and performed miracles, by which the people of the land, who were Pagans, were converted, from their senseless idolatry and were baptized. Afterwards, S. Mary retired to a cave in a frightful wilderness near Marseilles, where, for 30 years, she devoted herself to solitary penance, and continually wept for her past life, while angels daily ministered to her, and watched over her until she died. Donatello's famous statue carved in wood, represents her as this sorrowing penitent wasted by grief and by rigorous fasting. It is seen above her altar in the Baptistery in Florence. She is represented as standing with her hands clasped on her breast, and her head raised in prayer. A skin is tied about her loins, and her hair reaches nearly to her feet. This statue is strangely in contrast with the loveliness of many other Magdalenes, some of whom—child-like and innocent—look as if they could never have sinned; and others, bold, coarse, and voluptuous, as if they could never have repented.

Whether the representations of her are devotional, historical, or legendary, the accompanying attribute (leaving no doubt as to her identity) is always the alabaster box of ointment, which has a double signification, as if may contain the perfume which she poured over the feet of the Saviour, or the balm and spices which she had prepared to anoint His crucified Body.

In painting, the colors of her dress are those that express love, penitence, and constancy; and her golden hair is long, luxuriant, and flowing. As patron saint and intercessor, she is represented in two of the most famous pictures in the world; the St. Cecilia of Raphael, and the St. Jerome of Correggio. The reading Magdalene, of Correggio, represents her as reconciled to Heaven, serene and hopeful, because forgiven; but "so beautiful in full luxuriant life" that we forget the story of the long fasting in the desert cave.

St. Mary Magdalene has a red-letter festival falling on the 22nd of July, in the First Prayer Book of King Edward the 6th. The Introit is the 146th Psalm. The Epistle, Prov. 31st beginning at the 10th verse; and the Gospel—S. Luke vii. beginning at the 36th verse. In the Collect, which is very well suited to the Gospel, we pray: "Merciful Father! give us grace that we never presume to sin through the example of any creature; but, if it shall chance us, at any time, to offend Thy Divine Majesty, that then we may truly repent and lament the same, after the example of Mary Magdalene; and, by lively faith, obtain remission of all our sins, through the only merits of Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ."

May the Lord also grant that this Festival with all its instructive and comforting lessons, may be restored to us!

ABBY G. SHAW.

The Rev. Daniel H. Deacon, whose death at Henderson, Kentucky, was recently announced, was one whose loveliness of character and purity of life endeared him to all who enjoyed the favor of a personal acquaintance. His father was a sea captain, living at or near Burlington, New Jersey, and his son often accompanied him on his short voyages. A talent for poetry early developed in young Deacon, and on account of its literary merits, as well as the Christian spirit which it breathed, it attracted the attention of a clergyman who at once took steps for the education of the sailor boy. He contributed through many years, to the *Episcopal Recorder* of Philadelphia and to various religious and literary papers, but his poems have never been collected. At the time of his death he was past 80 years of age, and when unable to use the pen himself, he dictated some very beautiful lines to his aged Bishop and early benefactor, which will probably be given to the public, together with a biographical sketch which may be looked forward to by his friends with interest.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

**THE HEART OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, Their Legend and Scenery.** By Samuel Adams Drake. With Illustrations. By W. Hamilton Gibson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

We are told by the author in the Preface, that this is a re-issue of the work which had appeared in a more sumptuous form. Had we not seen the previous issue we should have said that even in this form it is still a sumptuous book. It is a spirited and varied narrative of three separate journeys to the White Mountain region. And besides the mere narratives Mr. Drake aims at enriching the pages of his book with stories and legends of the wild regions that he visited.

There are two offices that such a book as this can render. It may, first, refresh the memory of the places it describes in the minds of those who have visited them; or, it may beget the desire to visit them. It has done both for us. The writer has lived over again a trip made to these mountains years ago before the scream of the locomotive had invaded the quiet of the Crawford Notch or the lofty solitudes of Mount Washington. And through its vivid descriptions and still more vivid pictures it has started the desire to go there again. It is not easy to see how the visitor to these Crystal Hills could take with him a better or more enjoyable companion than this book. With its large type and good paper and excellent pictures and racy style, it may be recommended both as a guide book and commentary and descriptive volume.

**THE SNATCHAM CHOIR.** By an Organist. New York: Thos. Whitaker, publisher, 2 & 3 Bible House. Price 10 cts.

Any reader of this may crowd a good deal of fun into a quarter of an hour, if he have suffered many things from church choirs, by learning of the extreme and comic miseries endured by his meek and mild brother, the Rector of Snatcham. The introduction is by Mr. Whitaker himself, who declares that he reprints "Snatcham Choir" in the interests of harmony. It has had a large circulation in England, and even choirs who read it "leave off from wrath and let go displeasure." Here is how it begins: "A pig in a string is a troublesome article to manage; two pigs in a string are more troublesome still, to a degree, perhaps, in proportion to the square of their distances—a ram in a halter is also proverbial for obstinacy—mules are celebrated for their pertinacity, and donkeys for their stupidity; but all the pigs, rams, mules and asses in the world put together, would be more easily managed than a company of singers in a village church."

But, perhaps, Mr. Whitaker has mistaken in attributing that remark about "Forty Years long" to one of our Bishop's, for we remember, twenty years since, to have heard it from the venerable Dr. Tyng, who lecturing to some students on parochial government, one morning said, "Now I come to speak of church choirs, and what shall I say? Forty years long was I grieved with *this generation*, and said, it is a people that do err in their hearts for they have not known *my ways!*"

Now who will accept Mr. Whitaker's invitation and give us something equally racy on the part of choirs against pragmatical rectors?

**MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.** By Asa Mahan, D. D., LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price \$1.50.

The strong point of Dr. Mahan's treatise is in his vindication of the validity of knowledge given in the sense. He takes the bold ground, in opposition to Professor Stewart and his school, that Phenomena is substance itself manifested to the mind; that substances in their nature are as their real or essential properties. He makes the sense-consciousness as valid in its witness as the self-consciousness. He holds a strong argument against Hickok's theory of the understanding and the *a priori* reasoning of his Rational Psychology, and shows that Locke's Sensational theory ignores what he calls "implied knowledge," or necessary truths. This part of the work, the most important part, is especially to be commended. Matters of deep philosophy are treated with simplicity, force, and clearness. If the work might be criticised it would be for lack of proportion. Some of the less important divisions of the subject are given more space than other divisions that have generally been considered the first; as for example, Association is given nineteen pages, and the whole subject of the Will is treated in twelve pages. The chapter on the Judgment is an excellent epitome of logic. The author asserts that there can be but three legitimate figures of the syllogism, in which he fails to sustain himself in the opinion of the writer, unless it be admitted that the copula has the force of equality.

**REMINISCENCES** chiefly of Oriol College and the Oxford Movement. By the Rev. T. Mozley, M. A., formerly Fellow of Oriol College, Rector of Plymtree, Devon, and Rural Dean, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1882. Two volumes, 16 mo.

We are disappointed with Mr. Mozley's work. It has met with some unjust criticism both in England and this country, but nevertheless the best that can be said of it, that as a view of the great movement that has sent new life-blood through the Anglican Communion, and stirred all hearts, even those of opponents, to better and holier things, the book is sadly disappointing. No one could have enjoyed greater opportunities than has Mr. Mozley. He was a pupil, later a class-companion, and finally the brother-in-law of Newman. For a considerable period he edited the *British Critic*, the quarterly organ of the Tractarian party. Every individual connected with the movement, and every circumstance and event of its history were intimately known to him. Yet what he has here written, can hardly be used with security as material even for a future chronicle. It is but justice to say, that he has not aimed at producing an historical narrative. We take him too seriously when we attach any such importance to his undertaking. The most he seems to have had in

view was a rambling chat about men and things viewed at the distance of many years. He has used no documents. It is a mere collection of reminiscences in the most limited sense, professing to have been placed on paper rather hastily, and resembling in style, most nearly of anything, the manner of a cosy after-dinner talk. This method of writing has its own charms, but applied to a subject so truly serious as the Oxford Movement, is strongly incongruous. That theme can hardly be touched, even as lightly as Mr. Mozley touches it, without bringing to light facts of thrilling interest to Churchmen. Much patience is required in the reader, in order to endure complacently the well-nigh trifling air with which such facts are detailed, and indeed to detach them at all from the disconnected and idle matter with which they are surrounded. The fault seems to lie in Mr. Mozley's own personal characteristics. He would appear to have been by nature incapable of treating the subject in any other way. Referring to himself with an honesty which must be admired, he says:

I was never really serious in a sober, business-like fashion. I had neither the power, nor the will to enter into any great argument with the resolution to accept the legitimate conclusion. Even when I was sacrificing my days, my strength, my means, my prospects, my peace and quiet, all I had, to the cause, it was an earthly contest not a spiritual one. It occupied me, it excited me, it gratified me with what I honestly believed to be a very grand crusade, it offered me the hopes of contributing to great achievements. But good as the cause might be, and considerable as my part might be in it, I was never the better man for it, and, not being the better, I never was the wiser. In fact, it was to me, all, or most of it, an outside affair.

Yet, though the Reminiscences are disappointing, their appearance is an ecclesiastical event, and they are sure of a wide reading by that large portion of Churchmen and of the reading public, who are ready to welcome any light, even if a flickering one, thrown upon the period of the Oxford movement. The work is not by any means, to be put aside lightly. Its interest, in spite of its faults, is great—and until the history for which we wait, shall make its advent, this will necessarily occupy the position of a substitute. As such its present value will be acknowledged.

**NATURAL RELIGION.** By the author of "Ecce! Homo." Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1882. 16 mo. cloth, pp. 251. Price, \$1.25.

Anything like a serious review of the curious texture of conceits and "liberal" dogmatics constituting this latest volume by the author of "Ecce! Homo," would call for a space to which we are forced to say, the merits of the book certainly do not entitle it. Readers of the former work and of some which Mr. Seely has since put forth, are destined to surprise and disappointment. The title "Natural Religion," is itself mis-leading, the real theme being more accurately described as unnatural irreligion. It is an attack upon Christianity, the author meanwhile not being quite brave enough to say so anywhere in his book—and as an attack will, on the whole, be considered a clumsy one.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the Sixteenth Annual Report of the Hospital of St. Barnabas, Newark, N. J., in charge of the Sisterhood of St. Margaret. The year ended the first of last June. The receipts for the year just closed were \$6,601.92, which, added to the balance from former account, shows an income of \$7,645.54. The expenditure has been \$7,384.12, leaving a balance on hand of \$261.42. Of all kinds of cases treated during the past year, there were 436, of which 237 were discharged cured; 91 improved; 29 unimproved; died 51; remaining in hospital 28. Such a work speaks for itself.

**Littell's Living Age.** The numbers of the *Living Age* for August 12th and 19th contain: American Society in American Fiction, Edinburgh Review; The Turning-Point of the Middle Ages, Contemporary; With the Emigrants; and Muhammad and His Teaching, Nineteenth Century; French Prisons and Convict Establishments; and A Deserted Garden, Cornhill; The Crimes of Colonization, Pall Mall; Alexandria, Saturday Review; Reminiscences of a Visit to Sir John Franklin, Chamber's Journal; Dickens as a Dramatist, Spectator; with instalments of "Robin," "A Hansom Amateur," "The Ladies Lindores," "A Cat's Paw," and "George Considine," and selections of poetry. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies and weeklies with the *Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

We have had frequent occasion to call attention to the "Clergymen's Retiring Fund Society," which was incorporated in 1874. The Annual Report for the year ending October, 1881, is before us, and appears to be sufficiently encouraging to induce those of the clergy who have not already availed themselves of its provision, to—at least—inform themselves as to the great advantages which it holds out, of provision for those who, having served long and faithfully at the Church's Altar, may reasonably look for rest in their declining years.

For the last two years, the two sons of the Prince of Wales have, as midshipmen on a "man of war," been making the tour of the world. They are spoken of as fine, manly boys. Since their return home, they have been publicly confirmed by the Primate in presence of their late fellow-sailors.

Know, dearest brother, says St. Francis of Assisi, that courtesy is one of God's own properties; who sendeth His rain and His sunshine upon the just and upon the unjust, out of His great courtesy. And verily courtesy is the sister of charity, who banishes hatred and cherishes love.—*Pioretti*.

## Bishop Tuttle's Wanderings.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

Bishop Tuttle has just completed his fifteenth annual visitation of Idaho Territory. After travelling about eighty miles from Salt Lake City by railway, the rest of the journey to Boise 300 miles, has to be performed in rude jerrys, or stages. Mr. Geo. A. Sala in a recent number of the Illustrated London News tells of a "miraculous carriage" which Mr. Dion Boucault had built in this country; which, phenomenal vehicle was convertible at will into a barouche, a "rockaway," a brougham, or "hansom cab." Could not some philanthropic coach builder invent some such vehicle to carry missionaries over these boundless sage-brush plains and precipitous mountain defiles? Once fairly seated at Kelton, you soon find the stage coach you pictured so romantic, to be a genuine, not "rockaway" but jollaway.

Forty-eight hours incessant riding through suffocating clouds of pulverized dust, and we reach the busy little capital of Idaho in the early morn.

Since the Bishop's last visit to Boise City St. Michael's Church has been thoroughly renovated and newly painted. The Rectory has also undergone some substantial improvements.

On July 2nd the Bishop delivered his first sermon, being from the words "Be not conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your minds." The little building, including the Sunday-school room, was crowded. The Bishop was attended by his chaplain Rev. S. Unsworth of Ogden, and the Rector Rev. I. T. Osborn.

The next point was Idaho City, where Rev. F. W. Crook has charge of St. Mark's Mission. After nine hours ride, over hill and dale, through the burning sun, we are at the end of our trip; but so begrimed with heat and dust, that our friends can scarcely discover which are the parsons, and which the *vagueros* on the stage.

On Thursday evening, July 7th, the ladies of the Church gave the Bishop a reception, which was largely attended. After supper, the Missionary Committee presented him with a handsome gold pen and pencil. Bishop Tuttle acknowledged the gift in one of those off-hand, happy speeches, for which he is well-known.

On Sunday, two Services were held at which the Bishop preached and administered Confirmation. Diphtheria was raging in this place, and had stricken down several who were to have been confirmed. The Church life here appeared to be quite healthy. During the past year there have been in this mission, four confirmed, nineteen infant and seven adult baptisms. After four days visit we pass on to Placerville, a town of some 200 people; a place, which, a few years ago, had nearly 5,000. Here we remain two days, visiting, finding children to be baptized, and inviting all to the Services. Tuesday, in true apostolic style, we go afoot to the camps of Granite and Quartsburg, where we visit the people, and see the large twenty-five stamp quartz mill. We return to Placerville, in time to hold evening Service, and baptize privately, three children sick with diphtheria.

Off again! Gentle reader, did you ever travel over the mountains in a *Buck-board*? If so, you will remember you were not very *gentle* then. If you have not, just look at a picture of such in a recent "Frank Leslie," for its "a thing to dream of, not to tell." In such a turnout, behind a "spanking" team, we travel away, fifty miles, to the pretty village of Emmetsville, nestling beneath the mountains, and fringing the banks of the beautiful Payette. One year ago, when the Bishop made his first visitation there, there was not one member of the Church. Since then, Mr. Crook has gone down from Idaho City bi-monthly, and quite an interest has been developed. Four have been confirmed, and eight baptized. The school house was crowded to hear the Bishop's vigorous extempore sermon, and to witness the Rite of Confirmation. Two days passed here, and we commence a horrible ride of thirty-five miles, through blinding alkali dust, filling the coach to suffocation. At last we reach Boise again, so covered with mud and dirt as to actually defy identification.

After a second Sunday spent at St. Michael's, and a few days rest, we rise at 1 A. M., and boarding a "prairie schooner," sail the boundless sagebrush to Owyhee. 4 A. M! Breakfast station. "Blessed be the man that invented sleep" said Sancho. And surely a hearty "Amen" should be the Bishop's response, as he stretches his tired limbs upon the porch, and, with his faithful hat for a pillow, dreams of easy couches and dust-laid avenues.

More sagebrush, more alkali dust for forty-seven miles, when we stop at Reynolds's Creek, for two days, and hold Services. Friday July 21st finds us at Silver, nearly 9,000 ft above sea level, where we do the usual visiting and holy Sunday Services.

On Tuesday the 25th, Mr. Crook was advanced to the Priesthood at Boise City. On Sunday, July 30, Bishop Tuttle held his last Services at Boise, and confirmed the largest class ever presented in Idaho Territory.

With these Services, closed Mr. Osborn's charge of St. Michael's. When he came here, thirteen months ago, the parish had been vacant for a year, and the evils which ever attend an interregnum were apparent. The new pastor at once set himself to strengthen the things which remained. By his indefatigable labors, wise guidance, and loving spirit, he has, under God, deepened the spiritual life of the parish, and raised its financial condition higher than ever before. Over forty have been baptized, of which twelve were adults. Two classes have been confirmed, of five and eight, respectively. The church has been re-painted, and the rectory thoroughly re-constructed, and partly furnished. The financial receipts were \$3,300. The Ladies' Guild, organized soon after Mr. Osborn's

arrival, have in a quiet, unostentatious way, raised \$300 for parochial, and charitable purposes. While speaking of ladies' work, we cannot forget the Bible Class in charge of the Rector's wife, who has won the hearts of the young men and girls, and has found some reward in seeing several from this class, of both sexes, renew their sacred vows in Confirmation.

Preparatory to his evening sermon, Bishop Tuttle congratulated the people on the past year of spiritual and temporal advancement. One cloud alone, he said, rested on the whole scene; that was the broken health of the beloved pastor, which forced him, to lay down a work, which, under God's blessing, he had so successfully carried through the year, and which made entire rest from clerical duties absolutely necessary. The one bright side was, that he and his family would make their home in Boise. The Bishop did but voice the hearts of the whole community, when he said, he prayed that change of air and scenery, with freedom from care, would be so blessed, that they be to him remedial to his entire and speedy recovery. Mr. Osborn has gone to spend the summer in the mountains.

## Cumberland Furnace, Tenn.

Correspondence of the Living Church.

This little village, of about four hundred inhabitants, within a radius of two miles, was the scene of very interesting Services during the last week. There were present, beside the Bishop of the Diocese, and the Rev. A. B. Russell, priest in charge, Rev. W. C. Gray, D. D., Rev. Messrs. P. A. Fitts, Jos. R. Gray, and W. G. G. Thompson. These were all entertained at the hospitable mansion of Capt. and Mrs. J. P. Drouillard, who have built and presented the church of St. James for consecration. On the evening of August 10, the Rev. Dr. Gray preached from the text: "Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness," etc. At this Service one person was baptized, and two were confirmed. Morning Prayer was said Aug. 11th. In the evening, Rev. Mr. Thompson preached on self-denial. The Bishop gave a brief address and confirmed six persons. After Morning Prayer, Aug. 12th., the Bishop addressed those present on the lesson for the day. In the evening, Rev. J. R. Gray preached on earnestness in religion. On Sunday morning, Aug. 13th, the procession, consisting of six laymen, the Bishop, and the attending clergy, entered the church and the solemn consecration Service was performed. The Bishop preached a very stirring and eloquent sermon on the constitution and continuity of the Church of Christ, graphically describing its notes, and proving conclusively that *this Church* is in very deed and truth a part of the Kingdom of Christ. In the afternoon, a Service was held for the colored people. The Rev. Dr. Gray preached a sermon setting forth the special claims of the Church upon this people. At this Service one person was baptized and confirmed. In the evening, the Rev. Dr. Gray preached again, and four persons were confirmed. Next morning one person was confirmed in private; making in all fourteen. Monday night, Aug. 14th, Rev. P. A. Fitts preached on Self-Devotion, Rom. xii: 1, 2.

There are ninety communicants connected with this young mission, within a radius of four miles. Since the last of December forty-seven have been confirmed, this being the Bishop's third visitation since that time. During the last fifteen months, seventy-two have been baptized. The confirmations during this visitation were not the fruit of this series of Services, but the missionary has, with untiring energy, accomplished this work, under God, by his own effort and perseverance. A colored candidate for Holy Orders, Mr. Alfred Anderson, has a flourishing school here; he passed a creditable examination for Deacon's Orders, and, after his Ordination, he will inaugurate a work among the colored people.

The Services were all well attended and greatly enjoyed. The visitors leave this cool refreshing nook among these hills of iron, with heavy hearts and trust they may have the pleasure of participating again in Services so refreshing and so profitable. They would sincerely bid the Missionary and their host and hostess God speed in the good work which is so dear to the hearts of them all. The Convocation of Middle Tennessee, was organized by the election of the Rev. P. A. Fitts as Dean, and the Rev. W. G. G. Thompson, of Columbia, Secretary. The Bishop, being present, confirmed the election of Dean. Convocation is next to meet at Franklin, September 19th.

Over the signature of a "Lay Churchman," a correspondent of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*, in a recent number of that Journal, gives a sad account of the prevalence in the Church of Ireland, of carelessness and irreverence in the conduct of Divine Service. Referring to the letter of another correspondent who signed himself "Viator," the Lay Churchman says: "I think that your correspondent 'Viator' must know very little about the prevailing spirit of the Irish Church at present, else he would scarcely have thought it worth while to call attention to the state of things which he vividly describes under the above heading in your impression of the 15th inst. Had he been slightly acquainted with Irish Church matters, he would, of course, have been perfectly aware of the fact—that if in this country a clergyman attempts to conduct the Services of the Church with decency and reverence, he is exposed to angry and ignorant abuse, has opprobrious epithets applied to him, is slandered, misrepresented, and till very recently even threatened with personal violence. Indeed, I have by me a cutting from the *Mail*, of Feb. 20, 1873, containing the text of a charming missive (written apparently by some pious 'Protestant,' and embellished with such flowers of eloquence as usually characterize 12th of July

orations), in which the 'dynamite policy' is threatened against one of the most hard-working and devoted of our Dublin clergy, whose sole crime was unswerving faithfulness to our Church and her principles, and having the Services under his care in the Church, properly and reverently conducted. Very slight acquaintance with Church matters here would further have revealed to 'Viator' that slovenliness, laziness, irreverence and disbelief are quietly tolerated, if not actually condoned as affording 'blessed evidences' of that vigorous (?) and manly (?) spirit of 'Protestantism,' in which some people see so much to admire. But, amid this gloomy state of things, thanks be to God! even in Ireland there are a few faithful Church people among clergy and laity, who are not afraid, even in the teeth of 'Protestant ignorance' and bigotry, to proclaim the Truth as it is in Jesus. But, until Church people, ceasing to let themselves be led about by ignorant fanatics, begin to study their Bibles for themselves, and understand the true position of their Church, and the dignity of the Worship which it is her duty as well as her privilege to offer, we may expect to have services conducted after the type described by your correspondent as rather the rule than the exception."

## The Church and the Masses.

A great deal of nonsense, begotten of ignorance and prejudice, has been uttered, of late, (particularly in connection with the "Salvation Army" movement) about the impossibility of the Church of England's reaching and influencing the masses. Upon this point, the *London Guardian* puts the case well. It says:

Let the rich laity only come forward and provide the Church with means, as readily and as freely as has been done with Spurgeon's Orphanages, etc., and with this very Salvation Army, and then you would see the difference. As things are, a priest with means not more than adequate for himself and his family, may be set down to work among ten or, may be, twenty thousand people. With hard begging he musters enough money to pay for two curates, and forsooth, the laity wonder that, thus manned, the Church's army fails to reach the masses! Let earnest lay-folk come forward and say, "Well, what do you need?" and the sinews of war shall be forthcoming; and then the many plans now seething in men's brains, might pass from theory into practice, and we should see whether or no the Church can do her Master's work among the masses. Indeed (however much we may deprecate some of the teaching of the school) Charles Lowder has, once and for all, solved the question of whether or no the grand old Church of England can, or cannot, penetrate into the very dregs of society, and work mightily among them. His reverent, but stirring processions, and out-of-door Services "paid," so to speak, and left a different impression on men's minds from that which would probably result from "Hallelujah galops."

The recent death, within a few days of each other of Dr. Hill and of a son of Alexander Hamilton, each 90 years of age, recalls a little incident which took place at the mission rooms during Dr. Hill's last visit to this country. Valuable gifts had been sent from Mrs. Hill in Greece to our Western Indians, and the disposing of them for the benefit of the Indian Missions, was given by Dr. Hill to certain persons, including a daughter of Mr. Hamilton. The meeting of the two under the peculiar circumstances led to a very interesting conversation regarding the elaborate "Life of Hamilton" by his son, followed by Dr. Hill's recollections of certain circumstances attending the death of the statesman who was well-known to young Hill, at that time not quite 13 years old. The Doctor said his attention was drawn to Hamilton in astonishment and sympathy, on the day before his death, as he accidentally observed him while passing through one of the cross streets running west from Broadway. He was standing by an iron railing, on which he leaned in thoughtful, dejected mood, apparently oblivious to all around him. His hand grasped the iron, his head was bent forward with his eyes turned to the ground. He seemed bending under the weight of great mental suffering. To see a man of his character and bearing, under such unusual circumstances, made quite an impression on the observing youth, and it was not till the mournful announcement on the morrow, of his country's loss in the death of that distinguished man, that the mystery of that sad spectacle was made clear to his mind. The scene he could never forget.

Bishop Bedell ridicules in *The Standard of the Cross* those who affect in the pulpit such language as he quotes from a Richmond (Va.) minister, who tells his people about the "primordial fire mist," "uncommensurable eternities," "redemption-conditioned creation," "internal-self determination impaled upon the sharp retribution of an overmastering omnipotence," the ethical activity of inert masses," "the interior divinity flashing forth in transfiguring splendor, and revealing the separateness of the Son of God," etc. Says the Bishop: "I opine that such ratiocinations are merely Anglicized Romanesque illustrations of an obtuse intellect, and that their correlation to average human conception are incommunicable, because they are inexplicable and incomprehensible."

At the last session of the "Wesleyan Conference," in England, a suggestion was made by a Mr. Bowden, that probationers should be advised and urged, though not required, to postpone their marriages until a year after 'ordination.' An exchange remarks: "Wesleyan preachers are anything but ascetics, it is surprising to find that this suggestion was not favorably received. 'Undue matrimonial restrictions,' remarks the *Methodist Recorder*, 'have never met with much encouragement in the Methodist ministry.'

Baltimore, Boston, and Worcester, say "no toy pistol." Time for New York to say the same, and Chicago, and the whole country as well.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Book Wanted.

To the Editor of the Living Church: Can you, or any of your readers, recommend a book to put in the hands of Church-people, who are indifferent to week-day Services, and who are fond of running about among the denominations to the neglect of their own church? Also a book that will put life into vestrymen, and faithfulness into choir-members? We suggest to our brother, that he should do his best to get his people to take the LIVING CHURCH. All these points have been dwelt upon in our columns during the last few months. Just after Easter, there appeared an editorial to Vestrymen, on their duties and opportunities for good in parochial work. We are now about to issue a series of Tracts for parochial use, which we trust will meet the need. The one entitled "How It Happened," is designed to supply one of the needs in question. All of the series are on practical subjects, and are not only for instruction in the Faith and doctrines of the Church but for spiritual quickening. Many will read a short tract, when they would not touch a book. Are not our clergy slow in making use of such help? It is to put within their reach the sort of tracts they need, at little cost, that we are now about to issue the LIVING CHURCH Tracts. It remains to be seen whether our clergy and laity will make the use of them that they might. Some months ago a number of this series of tracts were privately printed to test a supposed need. The edition was exhausted some time since; and there is still a demand for them. Many of our most eminent bishops, priests and laymen have commended them heartily. A zealous layman of Indianapolis has sent repeated orders. He has them distributed to strangers, as they leave the church. In a letter he says: "Encourage the congregations to scatter their broad-cast at the church doors;" and again: "Let us get these pungent truths before the people, in every possible shape." Bishop McLaren says: "They ought to be largely circulated." Bishop Tuttle says: "They are excellent." Bishop Huntington wrote, saying: "Please send me some of those capital tracts. They are just the thing." It is to meet this unexpected demand that the LIVING CHURCH has had them copyrighted and electrotyped. We shall be glad to hear from clergy and laity as to what subjects they would like to have treated.—Ed. L. C.

Clergymen's Retiring Fund Society.

To the Editor of the Living Church: Allow me a word or two concerning this Society. Any not rightly informed might suppose from the persistent objections raked and scraped up against it by some, that, instead of its being a most blessed provision to save our aged clergy and those dependent upon them, from hardest poverty—down-right beggary—and the Church from the miserable disgrace thereof, it really is nothing but the basest of schemes for deception, and most scelerious fraud. One objects, calculating the principal to be paid in, at the rate of one dollar per month, or twelve dollars per year, for a term of years, together with the interest and compound interest thereon, if he lives so long, that if he don't (falling short of sixty), he may have invested quite a sum of money all for nothing; in other words—behold a swamping swindle! Now, in the first place, it would seem not to be properly had in mind that the Society has not as its object just simply individual benefit, but that of the clergy collectively, who may, in the Providence of God, live to be sixty years of age; as a rule, a time of incapacity for service. And though an individual clergyman, a member of the Society, may receive no benefit from the Fund, as dying before sixty years of age, yet there is by no means a swamping of what he has paid in, the same being held for the fulfilment of the object to which it was devoted. Moreover, an individual clergyman's contributing out of his own pocket is simply a matter of his own choice; the idea of the Society rather being that all paid in by him shall come from the people, through the Communion Offering—the people so taking care of those who have given their life's work for the Church's benefit. And as for the interest on what is paid in, this is all the while paid out by the Society, the fund being all the while invested for the benefit, in the interest derived therefrom, of actual beneficiaries, members sixty years old.

Another wants to know how much he will get after a certain term of years, and thinks it can't be much, the amount paid in by him not being much. Isn't the Society thus a sort of humbug, to say the least? though he doesn't outright so affirm. He has altogether a wrong idea, as of percentage on the amount paid in, instead of the interest from the fund, whatever this may annually be, being, according to By-Law IX, "divided among the clergy on the retired list, according to the number of years each has been a contributor." The amount to be divided will of course depend upon the interest in hand by the Society. What proportional rule for each beneficiary could be more equitable?

Another asks, if it won't do just as well to wait till later on in life, before joining the society? And what does this mean, but that the younger clergy are not so verdant after all, as some of the older ones may suppose? They are not going to let this Society for years and years bag their money with no benefit at all accruing to themselves—simply and entirely for the benefit of those who are sixty, or far on thereto. The direct reply is in the By-Law just quoted.

Another objection is: What dependence is to be put upon any "Committee of Finance?" Is it to be supposed that the men published as such committee will really give proper attention to the investing of the fund, etc? Now I answer this by saying: The insinuation herein is an insufferable outrage against Lay-Brethren of the

highest standing among all men, and against the "Board of Nine Trustees, Clergymen of the Church," one being a Bishop elected "at a meeting of the members, clerical and lay, to be held annually," who have appointed them to their highly responsible position, drawing down upon them the eyes of the whole Church, and of a character most sacred.

Another objection is, that the Society is an "Insurance Company," and may burst up at any time. But such, in the usual acceptation of the term, it assuredly is not. It insures just nothing beyond the dividing of the annual interest from the fund among those on the retired list, as already stated. No one has the least right to make any demand upon it, beyond what, under any and all circumstances, it will and must be able to pay. There is no possibility of bursting up about it, as usual with Insurance Companies, in not being able to meet the demand upon them. The C. R. F. Society has the whole matter of demand upon it in its own hands.

And, finally, it is objected: "But I want something like a proper support, when I may need it." Well, then, I reply, join the Society, and get every body else you can, Clerical and Lay (Laymen and Laywomen) to do likewise, and we shall soon have a fund of one hundred, or two hundred thousand dollars invested (nobody being consciously the poorer), and paying interest to be divided among all on the retired list, so proving something like a proper support when needed.

Merely groaning over the shocking destitution of our veteran clergy, worn out in the service of the Church, as told by good Bishop Lay, can by no possibility be of any benefit; but, at once becoming members of the C. R. F. Society, will, without fail, avail to the sweet sojourn of the declining days of many a true, self-denying, utterly unselfish servant of the Altar, and to the removal of a most disgraceful stigma from the Church. JAMES ABERCROMBIE.

Martinez, Cal.

The Fruits of Faith and Sacrifice.

To the Editor of the Living Church. Perhaps a few words from this mountain valley, right in the heart of the Blue Ridge, may not be uninteresting to your readers, particularly now that the completion of the two roads that meet here has rendered it a place of resort for some of the best people from the South Western and Gulf States. Ever since their discovery in 1778, these Warm Springs have been used by invalids; and, as the main spring was found walled up with Locust logs, when the first white man came here, it is presumed that the Indians knew and valued their virtue. For more than a month the hotel has been crowded, accommodating sometimes as many as eight hundred guests. Though there is no church here, it is one of the Bishop's Stations; and he preached to a large audience in the ball room, two weeks ago. There is some talk of erecting a building before next season, in which Divine Service can be held regularly. All the land in the valley, which is a basin surrounded with high mountains through which the French Broad river winds its way, is owned either by the Warm Springs Company, or by Col. Rombough, whose daughter—Mrs. Johnson—the widow of a son of President Andrew Johnson, is a Roman Catholic, and being an energetic and devoted woman, will probably have a Roman Catholic chapel built here, before Bishop Lyman lays the foundation for a church. Among the visitors here this summer, we have had the Rev. Dr. Toomer Porter, of Charleston, S. C., whose book—"The History of a Work of Faith and Love"—I send you with this letter; it reads more like a record of the Middle Ages—when men indeed gave up this world to devote their energies to good works, leaving the means to God—than a true story of this practical nineteenth century. Losing everything by the issue of the war, except a dwelling house in the city of Charleston, Dr. Porter was so poor when he returned to his charge as rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, after the fall of the Confederacy, that he literally had not a cent, and was dependent for his daily bread, on the kindness of his old servant and a colored butcher, named George Shewburg, who lent him a hundred dollars, without security; refusing his note for the amount, on the ground that it was totally unnecessary, as—if Dr. Porter should live and could pay he would; and if he were to die, or could not pay, it made no difference. This man has subscribed largely to the good work of Dr. Porter. Cast down in spirit by the death of his son, broken in health himself, and with a feeble wife, he yet undertook to open a Church-school for the boys of those who were either dead, or worse off than he was. Depending entirely on the contributions he might be able to collect, to enable him to make both ends meet at the end of the year, or to pay the debts he was obliged to incur for food and other necessities, he has gone on committing his good work to God—till, from a small day school, he has built up a splendid Church charity where boys can receive the best education and be fitted for college; paying for it, if their parents have the means, but receiving it all the same if they are too poor to pay. Whatever is paid goes to support the school; not one dollar being kept by Dr. Porter, who is still Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion. By his personal influence and exertions, he succeeded in getting a bill passed, by which Congress authorized the Secretary of War, in 1879, to transfer the Arsenal property in the city of Charleston, to the trustees of the Holy Communion Institute; for so he calls the School, which, since January, 1880, has been kept in what was the United States Arsenal. Dr. Porter's great desire is to render this Institution a self-supporting one, with an endowment fund, which will place it on a secure financial basis. He has made more than one trip to England,

and visited many of the cities of the North, South, East and West, collecting funds for this purpose. His charge for nine months' board and tuition is only \$200, for those who can pay; but no boy is turned off because he can not make up this amount, or because his relatives are not Church people. The school is, in the strict sense of the word, a Catholic one, where the poverty-stricken sons of South Carolina are boarded and educated free of charge.

At the end of the seventh year from the time of its opening, there had been thirteen hundred boys in the day school, three hundred in the Orphans' Home, eighteen educated, after leaving the Home, at Northern colleges, Dr. Porter paying all expenses, except what was given gratuitously. Six were candidates for Holy Orders, and one for the Presbyterian ministry; while nearly one hundred had been confirmed and become communicants. At the end of the thirteenth year, over two thousand boys had been in the Institution, and sixty-three sent through college. Four-fifths of the money expended in establishing this Institute came from the Northern States and England. If three hundred pupils pay full fees of \$200 each, one hundred can be taken free of charge. This is practical reconstruction. Will not Chicago help it on? N.

Warm Springs, N. C., Aug., 1882.

"Kamp Kontent" by the Sea.

To the Editor of the Living Church: We spell it with K's to give a certain "Florentine fourteenth century" air to the shingle which, fastened to a tree in front of our tents, announces the title of our abode. In the second place, content is just about the right thing to seek for in a summer outing. Bliss—rapture—ah! those are feverish terms, we will none of them. Content is what we want—I had nearly written "aimed at;" but we are not aiming. It is the subjective, not the objective aspect of enjoyment that appeals to us; and to lie in a hammock at our tent door, listening to the music of the surf, and feeling the delicious breeze from the sea, is indeed to be "wraopt in measureless content." And so we contentedly leave to the infatuated summer boarder at a sea-side hotel the feverish pursuit of "a good time," while our summer home continues to deserve its title of "Kamp Kontent."

I have mentioned lying in a hammock as our typical occupation. So it is; but there are some occupations which must be varied to retain their zest. One might even venture to doubt if an eternity of harp-playing would be desirable. Tent life, pure and simple—not in an "annex" to a boarding house—which would be only one degree better than being in the boarding-house itself—tent-life, pure and simple, involves what is elegantly styled "light housekeeping." Now one of our party of three has a genius for cooking, and so does not make hard work of it. Each of the others does her share of keeping in order our very simple establishment; and thus—there is plenty of time left for hammock-musings, and such like sources of contentment.

Our very simple establishment, I have said. We have not made the mistake which we find is often made in tent life—that is, of making the tent as much as possible like a house. As if it were not a desirable and a restful thing to get away from brick-a-brac for a month or two! I have actually seen carpets nailed down in a tent, carpets which, when men—and women—are wiser, will not be tolerated in any abode. Behold then my "nicely sanded floor," which the neat-handed Phyllis of our camp has deftly swept into the true herring-bone pattern. Behold! and wish you never again had to live in a carpeted house.

But the cook of Kamp Kontent would feel herself slighted if you were not invited to a peep into her summer kitchen. It is a huge Saratoga trunk set on end upon candle boxes. Within is an oil stove; and upon nails within and without and upon the cover are hung the kitchen utensils. The tray of the trunk, I might mention, is stood upon end in one of the tents, for a "what not." So you see a Saratoga trunk deserves something besides abuse.

The cook, it may be well to explain, does not go into her kitchen. She takes up a position before it. Overhead is stretched an awning; at one side is a table made of a board supported by barrels. Such is her simple outfit for the practice of her art. Here are prepared delicious clam chowders; here fish from the sea suffer a change into something which to you of the interior would be rich and strange. Blue fish, sea-bass, butter-fish and flounders, by turns, find their way to her frying pan, and impartially done brown, furnish fitly forth the bill of fare of Kamp Kontent.

A penny-post is one of the adjuncts of civilization, not to be despised even in tent life. The LIVING CHURCH is thus brought to our door, and a most welcome visitor it is; the more so as there is no opportunity here to attend Church. Y. Y. K.

The Living Church Tracts.

To the Editor of the Living Church: I am saddened to think how little we use the press in propagating the truth as the Church has received it. More and more I am convinced that opposition to the Church comes from ignorance. A liberal use of tracts on the history, doctrine, and ritual of the Church would, it seems to me, be a great help in overcoming this.

Tracts and leaflets are now admirably and pitifully written and are printed at an almost nominal cost, and should be industriously distributed by every parish in the land, both at the church door after Service, and by church members upon every appropriate occasion.

It is inculcable how public opinion would be changed in our favor among this great reading and reasoning people, if the above suggestions were carried out for a few years. I am glad to

find that the LIVING CHURCH has re-printed the series of tracts by Rev. A. W. Snyder. In our parish we have used a great many of them and expect to use many more. Our way of using them is to fold them neatly, and to station at least two gentlemen distributors at the doors and give one to each person passing out. The Rector occasionally notices this distribution from the chancel, asking those members who do not need the tracts for themselves to give them to others where they may be of use. Especially on Easter and other high festivals when the churches are crowded with persons strange to our worship, is it most desirable to have such tracts liberally used. Rectors of churches should be well supplied with these little weapons of war, by the liberality and forethought of their congregation. R. R. P.

MEASUREMENTS OF THE GREAT LAKES.—The following measurements of the great lakes have been taken by the government surveyors: The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 827 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, is 60 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; its mean depth is 84 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The total of all five is 1,265 miles, covering an area of upward of 135,000 square miles.

AT HOME.—Be cheerful at home; a single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day—one glance cast a gloom over the household; while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and wearisome hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, so do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions, make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace, and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly towards it from all tumults of the world; if it be ever so homely, it will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

Probably the wealthiest sexton in the world is the one who every Sunday ushers to their seats the congregation of St. James' Chapel, Elberon, N. J. He lives near by, in a \$70,000 cottage, has a bank account of several millions, and is known to the world as G. W. Childs, proprietor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"SIMPLY WONDERFUL."

The following is an extract from a letter received July 8th, 1880, from which it will be seen that Compound Oxygen did a work which, to use the patient's own language, is "simply wonderful." "Since I wrote you last about five weeks ago I have gained fourteen pounds in weight, and my general health has improved accordingly. I have just finished the treatment which you sent April 12th, and the work which it has done is simply wonderful. I did not tell you before that my physicians had just given me up. Such was the case. Six weeks ago I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor. The other day I walked three miles!" Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. Starkey & Falen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"What pretty children, and how much they look alike," says C. during a visit to a friend's house. "They are twins," his friend explains. "What, both of em?" exclaims C., greatly interested.

An unpleasant catalogue constantly being printed, in which human infirmity is specified as headache, nervousness, dyspepsia, neuralgia, paralysis and ague, can be entirely expunged from the records, by the use of Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

A visitor, on calling at a friend's house during the session of the legislature, was questioned thus by a little boy: "What are you doing?" "I am writing a letter," replied the visitor. "What do you mean, little boy?" asked the visitor. "I heard you say the reason you came to town was, you had an ax to grind."

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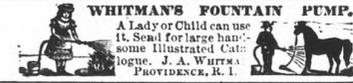
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## The Living Church.

September 2, A. D. 1882.

Entered at the Chicago P. O. as second-class mail matter.

Subscription, \$2.00 a Year  
To the Clergy, 1.50  
Advertising Rates, per agate line, 15 cts.  
Notices of Deaths, free; Business Notices, two cents a word; Obituaries, Appeals, Acknowledgments, Marriages, etc., one cent a word. All notices must be prepaid.

C. W. LEFFINGWELL, D. D.  
162 Washington Street, Chicago.

### The Living Church Annual.

Clergymen who wish to ensure correct addresses and parochial statistics in the LIVING CHURCH ANNUAL for 1883, which will be ready at an earlier date than last year, are respectfully requested to send the necessary information, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, to the office of the LIVING CHURCH, Chicago, mentioning in every case the name of the Diocese. The following would be a convenient form: Illinois, Chicago, St. John's, 296 communicants, Rev. Henry P. Smith, D.D., LL.D., Rector, 4816, Church St.; Rev. John Robinson, Assistant-Minister, 98 Garfield Ave.

### To a "Prayer-Book Churchwoman."

You are a good woman, Madam! an honest, sincere, Christian woman. You mean well. You doubtless intend to tell the truth. "Do you mean to insinuate that I ever tell lies?" Why, no, not that exactly. You certainly never intend to; so you are a truthful woman. But you are not always accurate. Good as you are, you are sometimes mistaken. Just because we think so much of you, we do not like to hear you say over and over again what is not really true. You are fond of saying that you are a "Prayer-Book Churchwoman." You think you are, no doubt. But you are not. The Prayer Book has an Order for Daily Morning and Evening Prayer, but you do not observe it. You will find in the Prayer Book "A Table of Feasts to be observed in this Church throughout the year;" but you are hardly ever at the Holy Day Services. There is also in the Prayer Book a Table of Days of Fasting and Abstinence throughout the year; but we have a suspicion that you seldom think of them. "All Fridays in the year," save when Christmas day falls on Friday, are days of fasting; but you give and go to parties on Fridays as much as on other days. You are the mother of several children, but you have never yet observed the "Thanksgiving of Women after Child-birth," which the Prayer Book enjoins. The Prayer Book has an appointed Order for the Administration of the Holy Communion for every Sunday and all Holy Days; but you do not come to the weekly Celebrations, and very seldom to the Holy Day Service. Your youngest child is still unbaptized, although he is nearly a year old; and yet people are admonished in the Prayer Book "that they defer not the baptism of their children longer than the first or second Sunday after their birth or other Holy Day following between, unless upon great and reasonable cause." The Prayer Book says that "All Fathers, Mothers, Masters, and Mistresses, shall cause their Children, Servants, and Apprentices, who have not learned their Catechism, to come to the Church at the time appointed, and obediently to hear and to be ordered by the Minister, until such time as they have learned all that is here appointed for them to learn." Your children, however, make sad work in trying to say their Catechism; and, for your servants, we fear they have never so much as heard whether there be any Catechism. A thousand times, Madam, on your bended knees before God, you have said: "from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, good Lord deliver us!" And yet you say you "do not think it makes much difference what Church any one belongs to, or what people believe, if only they are sincere." You are an excellent woman, Madam, but we do not like to hear you say that you are a "Prayer Book Churchwoman," because you are not. The fact is, you do not know half as much about the Prayer Book as you think you do. We wish you would take your Prayer Book, and read it through from beginning to end. You would find

it a great help to a proper understanding of it, to have by you some good work, such as Wheatly, or Blunt's Annotated Book of Common Prayer. Anyway, do not claim to be a "Prayer Book Churchwoman," until you know more about its teachings than you do now. It is to be regretted that there are not as many Prayer Book Churchmen and Churchwomen in reality as there are in name.

### Nagging.

Perhaps it is not a dictionary word, but we all know what it means. Happy is the man who does not, if such a man there be. The nearest approach to the word in Worcester is "naggy," which he defines "ill-tempered." Nagging is not, however, essentially and intentionally ill-tempered, though it doubtless has that appearance to the unfortunate victim. We should rather characterize it as a species of amiable persecution in which conscientious and well-disposed people often indulge, to the perpetual annoyance of those for whom they have a very high regard. The writer has seen it illustrated in the conduct of a canine member of his household, a frisky young whelp, that follows an older and quieter dog by the hour, teasing and worrying him past endurance, in the effort to make him play. The old dog has been nagged until life has become a burden, and he evidently wishes that he had wings that he might fly away and be at rest.

Puppies are not the only young ones that have this propensity. Persecution is a pastime that children delight in, and they do it in such a playful way there is no escape from it. In almost every family there are the naggers and the nagged. Some brother or sister is the family teaser, perpetually active, and keeping the whole circle in a state of uneasiness. Quite as often, perhaps, this meddlesome disposition appears in the parents. A very strict father, though he may be kind-hearted, is liable to fall into the habit of nagging the household. He loves his wife, but cannot let her do anything or say anything without some meddlesome remark or unpleasant criticism. He loves his children, but cannot let them alone a minute, when he is present. Instead of helping them to enjoy life in their way, he is constantly insisting that they shall do everything in his way. He interferes in the most trifling details of their play, if indeed they venture to play at all in his presence.

Perhaps the most superlative nagger in all the world is a nervous woman. That she outdoes a man in this pursuit is not so much the fault of sex as of situation. The masculine nagger is compelled to confine the exercise of this unhappy faculty to the few hours which the pressure of business permits him to pass with his family. If he ventures to indulge this petty passion in business transactions, he very soon has to pay for the luxury, and he is taught to control the impulse to interfere with others. But a woman has, ordinarily, full scope for the employment of her talent in this direction. If she is predisposed to nagging, the circumstances of her life are favorable for cultivating a high degree of proficiency. She can practise it upon her children, upon her husband, upon her neighbors, upon her pastor; and no means have yet been invented for reforming her. Nagging grows with her growth, becomes the habit of her life, and is the one thing that lingers longest in memory after she is gone.

Not all women, perhaps not many, are given to this habit, but there are some conspicuous examples in every community. You may know the husband of such a woman, by his shy and reticent manner when she is near. If he smokes, he sneaks out of the house like a criminal to find a solace for his soul in solitude. If he has any opinions, he never mentions them in the presence of his wife. He has no preference as to what he shall eat or what he shall drink or wherewithal he shall be clothed. All individuality has been nagged out of him. He respects his wife—how can he help it? But does he love her? She interferes with him, pesters him, persecutes him, in a very conscientious way; and he supposes it all right, but is not happy.

The pastor, too, comes in for his share of discipline from this necessary evil. It is not always a woman who troubles him most in this way. More often it is a warden or vestryman. A hen-pecked husband is a sorry sight, but a vestryized pas-

tor is a more pitiable spectacle. He comes to be afraid of his own voice, and his shadow in the chancel startles him as it were a phantom. The naggers are after him on the street, in the vestry-room, by the bedside of the dying. He opens his letters with fear and trembling, and he anticipates the visit of his bishop as the approach of an earthquake. The outspoken enmity of bad men he could endure, but this everlasting nagging by conscientious men and women whom he sincerely desires to serve, like iron enters into his soul.

We would fain, at this point, dismiss the disagreeable theme, with an exhortation to greater forbearance on all sides, but in the interest of truth and fairness we must admit that the fault which we condemn is not confined to the ranks of the laity. The grace of Orders does not seem to place men beyond the liability to err in this way. Sometimes, as we are credibly informed, pastors are given to nagging. The habit is as disastrous in this work as in any other, but for some reason the offender in Orders does not learn wisdom as easily as the offender in secular life. He fails, but does not know why he fails. His people resent petty interference and continual scolding, but seldom voice their grievance. The pastor goes on criticising, meddling, commanding, in matters of trifling importance, and the congregation grow impatient. He seldom visits a family but he leaves a disagreeable impression, by some unmerited rebuke or unnecessary inquiry into family or neighborhood affairs; and from his high clerical standpoint he denounces everything below. He does not understand the people and does not sympathize with them. They do not understand him and do not like him. If he could only let them alone in things indifferent, he might do them some good in more important ways. But he is given to nagging, and no congregation will stand that long.

The existence of this fault in the episcopate is rather a matter of report, with the writer, than of personal observation. That it does exist, there are some bold enough to affirm. There are clergy who complain that they have been nagged by their bishop. The LIVING CHURCH would not presume to criticize the Reverend Fathers, but the facts collected on this point warrant the suggestion that they have need to guard against this as against other human frailties. History will not be searched in vain for episcopal martinet; and what has been may be again. Bishops have need, as other men, to study to avoid petty interference, in the administration of the affairs entrusted to them; and they should realize that the perpetual urging of their private and personal preferences upon clergy and parishes is one of the most offensive species of nagging. Let us have done with it all, in the family, in the parish, in the diocese. Let us have peace!

A new and striking feature of the LIVING CHURCH ANNUAL for 1883 will be a complete list of every episcopal see in the world, with the name of its occupant. This list has been prepared especially for the Annual, by the Rev. Charles R. Hale, S. T. D., and embraces the Anglican, the Holy Eastern, the Roman, and all lesser episcopal jurisdictions. The editors believe that such a compilation has never before been given to the world, and they are confident that, as a document of unique interest, and a statistical table of great value, it will attract the attention of Churchmen not only in this country, but throughout the world.

The "Catholic League" is the name of a new society of extremists in the English Church, which has for its purpose, among other things, the following extraordinary objects: To restore the custom of reservation for the purpose of worship as well as for the sick; to promote "orthodox devotion" to the Blessed Virgin; to promote the use of images and pictures as aids to devotion; to make a rule to ask the prayers of "the Blessed Mary and the saints;" to encourage "Sacramental Confession," etc. Some people are greatly alarmed at the prospectus, and the papers are making a noise about it. That will help it along. Nothing delights the Hotspurs so much as to set the Aspens to shivering. Such a ripple is not going to upset the ark. The movement is too insignificant to be mentioned seriously.

### The Climax of "Independence."

The *Independent* is always true to its name, and is, no doubt, quite competent to speak for the denomination of which it is the leading organ in this country. Still we should hardly expect even the *Independent* to say:

Prove, if you will, that Jesus Christ when on earth commanded any ordinances in the most express terms, as he did baptism and the Lord's Supper, and yet they may both be discarded, and should be, by the private judgment of the believer, or by vote of a Church or of a denomination, or by concurrent voice of Christendom, if it should ever appear that these ordinances, or either of them, minister to disunity, instead of unity, to formalism, instead of piety. Christ's one, only final command is, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself; and everything else is padding or packing, to be retained or thrown away as seems best to our best judgment.

The audacity of such assertions is only equalled by their untruthfulness. Our Lord's final command was: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." But what are Christ's commands to the *Independent*? What does it care for "the concurrent voice of Christendom;" nay, more, for the voice of the Lord and Saviour Christ? On its own admission, His commands are not necessarily binding. They not only may be discarded "by the private judgment of the believer or by vote of a Church," but "should be," if in the private judgment of the believer or Church they are no longer useful. "Everything else is padding or packing to be retained or thrown away as seems best to our best judgment." We have seldom, if ever, seen in any of our exchanges a more reckless and anti-Christian sentiment. What is the use of talking about what baptism is, or is not, to those who hold, with the *Independent*, that "You may prove what you will about a rite, and it can yet be discarded when circumstances make it advisable." It is an idle thing to talk about what Christ said or did not say, to those who care nothing about it one way or the other. It might be supposed that those who claim to be Christians would care, and care very much, what Christ had commanded, and what inspired Apostles taught and enjoined. The *Independent* says that even the Saviour's commands are not necessarily of any force, but may be discarded "by the private judgment of the believer or by vote of a Church."

The *Independent* may be found in many a Churchman's house. Some of our most venerated bishops have contributed to its columns. We respectfully suggest that it is high time for them to consider whether they can consistently contribute to a paper which openly claims that Sacraments most solemnly enjoined by our Saviour may be discarded "by the private judgment of the believer or by vote of a church." A Church! Still it may be good Congregationalism. It is simply the town-meeting principle, *Vox Populi, vox Dei*. Whether its voice be good Lord or good devil, it is independence, all the same. We prefer the "concurrent voice of Christendom" as expressed in the Nicene Creed, "I believe in one Baptism for the remission of sins."

The Roman Bishop of Three Rivers, Canada, has forbidden the ladies of his obedience to wear curls. To some of the fair ones of his fold it may be very easy and becoming to conform to the "godly admonition," and to lay aside the artificial enormities with which they have been accustomed to disfigure their heads. To others, however, the task of straightening out their twisted locks may present very serious obstacles. All the inventions for the treatment of human hair, so far as advertised, have been in the direction of encouraging the crooked propensity to which the Father at Three Rivers objects. If he would effect a complete reform in the cerebral appendages of the sisters, he should go into the patent-medicine business, and provide his curly-headed lambs with some lotion which would remove the spiral tendencies manifest in their hair.

The *Standard of the Cross*, speaking of the probable invasion of America by the Salvation Army, wisely says: "They who identify religion not with words, but with deeds, will not easily be carried away by an epidemic of chatter, nor discouraged by its evanescence." The sober-minded

people of this country ought to need no reminder that the cause of religion can gain nothing in the end by being given over into the hands of a mob, however well disciplined it may seem to be. Ignorance and fanaticism are dangerous forces, and there is more prospect of sedition than of salvation from the organizing of such elements. It is a two-edged sword that may cut the wrong way. It may be controlled for a while for a good purpose, but there is no assurance that its few intelligent and earnest leaders can continue to direct it aright. It bears no comparison with the Wesleyan movement, and the Church ought to assume no responsibility with reference to it.

### Hints to Worshippers.

1. When you awaken on Sunday morning, do not begin the day by debating the question of Church attendance. If the head of the house, assemble its inmates for family prayer. Let it be taken for granted that every member of the household is going to church unless sickness or some manifest duty prevent. Children should not be allowed to discuss the matter. Their parents are to decide for them. Do not put off getting ready for church to the last moment. It is a bad and needless habit. Do not, however, make the necessity of being late an excuse for not going at all. Better be late, if necessary, than be absent altogether. There are often good reasons for being late. Do not dress for church as if going to a party; "be clothed with humility." Do not forget your Prayer Book, or pocket-book, either. Remember that your offering is a gift to God. See to it that it be something, in some sense, worthy such a privilege. See that your children give something also. "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by in store, as God hath prospered him."

2. If late, wait until at some change in the Service you can go to your accustomed place without disturbing the devotions of the people.

3. On taking your place in church, kneel, and engage in silent prayer for the blessing of Almighty God upon the Service, upon yourself, upon your fellow-worshippers, and upon all men.

4. Late or early, do not make the Lord's house a place for vain conversation. Do not stare at people or look about you in an idle way. Do not turn around to see who is entering the Lord's house. Remember the purpose of church attendance—the worship of Almighty God. Join in it heartily. Make prompt and audible responses in the Service. Do not be afraid of being heard. Kneel in prayer, stand in praise, rise at the reading of the Gospel and at the presentation of the offerings to God, if that be the custom of the congregation. Good manners, even, require the appearance of devotion, though you be lacking in its spirit.

5. At the end of the Service remain for a moment on your knees in silent prayer. Do not rise from your seat until the priest leaves the chancel. Do not be in a hurry to reach for your hat or begin putting on your gloves. As you go out give your fellow-worshippers some pleasant recognition, but do not begin to chatter or to criticise the sermon or the music.

6. If a believing and penitent Christian (which God grant), why should you turn from the Holy Communion, even though you did not know there was to be a Celebration? Communicants should receive in the palm of the open and ungloved hand. Do not leave the church before the close of the Service unless it be absolutely necessary. To do so indicates irreverence and disregard of God's Benediction, declared to you by His appointed ambassador.

The English *Churchman* thus explains the present singular attitude of Non-conformist members of Parliament towards the Church. Formerly they openly attacked her, exposed her abuses, and lent a feeble aid in reforming them. Now there seems to be a well understood compact to prevent all action tending to ameliorate her condition. Their evident purpose is if possible to retain every abuse and blemish, and to continue every imperfection which they excrete. They have thwarted the effort to limit the sale of patronage, and to reduce the number of city benefices where the revenues are greatly in excess of the population. This most unstatesmanlike and unchristian course is severely denounced in England by all friends of the Church and by many who are not friendly, but whose patriotism and humanity are not subordinate to the narrowing influence of sectarianism.

Brief Mention.

Herbert Spencer is among us "taking notes." He will remain about three months, and expects to find "matters of interest for the sociologist," and "material for copious notes." There is probably a good deal of human nature on this side of the Atlantic, but it will take more than three months to get at the heart of it. A "sociologist," however, can construct a whole system in three months. The following definition of faith was actually formulated by a pupil at an English girls' school: "Faith is the gift or faculty whereby we believe what we know is not true." The definition sounds paradoxical, but a lesson may be learned from it. St. Augustine said the same thing in different words: *Credo quia impossibile*: I believe because it is impossible. A correspondent writes from New York: "I hope that this year Churchmen will everywhere become acquainted with the Living Church Annual. Familiarity with it is sure to be followed by appreciation. It is wonderful how complete and accurate its statistics are. I never have failed to find what I looked for, and the information has always proved to be correct."—An exchange, some time ago, made the statement that the money expended for artificial flowers in this country is nearly double the amount expended for Church buildings, ministerial education, home and foreign missions, and the publication of bibles and other religious books, by all Christian bodies in the United States.—Douglas Jerrold hit the mark in saying of Carlyle: "Here is a man who beats a big drum under my windows, and when I run down stairs, has no where for me to go."—"Tyndall and Topsy!" exclaims the *Advance*. They have both vaulted to the identical conclusion and explain the universe by one comprehensive formula, "Specs it grows."—A correspondent writes: "I am constantly surprised at the want of courtesy shown by exchanges in copying articles, word for word, week by week, from the LIVING CHURCH, without acknowledging the source. Some of your articles and communications have gone the rounds, copied from one paper to another, and nobody seems to know where they came from."—Among the newspaper announcements of recent meetings of the "Salvation Army" in England were the following: "Great Exhibition of Hallelujah Lassies," "Fire and Brimstone," "Descent of the Holy Ghost," "Tremendous Free and Easy," "Great Charge on the Devil," "Hallelujah Gallop." It is hard to believe that our Lord meant this sort of thing when he said, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them."—A lady writes to the editor: "Do you know of any Church School in Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, or Delaware, that would accept a studious girl of sixteen and of good family, who would engage to pay the school charges after graduating? Her father is a strict Romanist and will not pay her expenses at a Church School."—The *Alliance*, under its agnostic editor, does not need to advertise that it has ceased to be a religious journal. He who runs may read its irreverence. It appears to be devoted principally to the worship of Geo C. Miln and the drama. "Bob" Ingersoll is announced as a contributor.—An illustration of intemperate temperance is the case reported in the papers yesterday, of a woman who shot her husband and killed herself in the presence of her children, because he had accepted a retainer to defend a saloon keeper.—As a comment on the adroitness of a fish salesman in the robbery of the Kewanee Bank, the *Times* (Chicago), remarks is good: "The detectives are marvelling that it could be accomplished by a fish-man. The case, however, is not unprecedented. It will be remembered that a few Canadian and English fish-men not very long ago robbed the United States Treasury of over \$5,000,000."—It is reported that, at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of the University of the South, it was decided to change the name of that Institution; and, for the future, to call it simply—"The University of Sewanee."

Personal Mention.

The Bishop of Long Island is seeking rest at Shelter Island, within his own diocese. The Bishop of Nebraska has been staying at Rye Beach, N. H. The Bishop of Southern Ohio, who is not yet fully restored to health, has been sojourning at the Rangely Lakes in Maine. The Bishop of Michigan is passing the warm season on Long Island. The Bishop of Central Pennsylvania has been summering at Bristol, R. I. The Bishop of Massachusetts has passed his vacation in New Hampshire. The Rev. R. E. G. Huntington has taken temporary charge of St. Paul's, Manhattan, Kan. The Rev. Barker C. Folsom, of Jersey City, has accepted an election to the Rectorship of St. John's, Cold Springs, diocese of Long Island. The Rev. Edward Rowland, of Olifton, O., has received the degree of D. D., from Kenyon College. The Rev. James P. Faucon has taken charge of Trinity Church, Roslyn, diocese of Long Island. The Rev. W. W. Corby has resigned the Rectorship of St. Barnabas, Waelder, jurisdiction of Western Texas. The Rev. Cameron Mann has declined the chaplaincy of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., to which he was recently elected. The Rev. John Evans has become assistant of Trinity Church, Alpena, Mich. The Rev. J. E. Higgins has accepted the Rectorship of St. John's, Mankato, Minn. The Rev. R. C. Wall, late of Joplin, Mo., has gone to Colorado, for the benefit of his health. The Rev. F. C. Ewer, D. D., Rector of St. Ignatius, New York City, has been seeking rest in the White Mountains. The Rev. John H. Egar, D. D., has been elected Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Seabury Divinity School. The Rev. W. C. Winslow, of Boston, has been summering at Bethlehem, N. H. The Rev. James McBride Hewitt, Bedford, Pa., has been elected to the chair of Ethics and Apologetics at Fairbault.

Obituary.

STOWELL.—Entered into the rest of Paradise at Milwaukee, Wis., on Monday morning, Aug. 21st, 1882, in the 77th year of her age, Miss Edith Stuart Stowell, eldest daughter of J. M. and Ellen E. D. Stowell. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

Miscellaneous.

For more than fourteen years the daily Services of St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Ill., have been held in the Study Hall. The foundation of a Chapel in the work, and funds are greatly needed to continue the work. Reference is made, by permission, to the Bishops of the Province of Illinois. C. W. LEFFINGWELL, Rector.

BOARD WANTED.—A lady and her child desire a permanent home in a private family where there are no other boarders. Location must be healthy, and easily accessible from New York. Address Mrs. E. D. Camden, N. J.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY.—The Society needs \$2,000 before September 1st, to complete its payments for the current year and prepare for those of 1882-3. Many scholars are looking to us for aid who must be refused unless something like the above sum shall be realized. The requisite papers in application for scholarships should be forwarded at once. Any received later than August 1st cannot be considered with a favorable consideration. No grants will be voted earlier than August 8th. The By-Laws of the Society, containing all necessary directions to applicants will be sent, on request to the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Elisha Whiteley, 37 Spring Street, Hartford.

"L'Avantur," a monthly. The only French Episcopal paper. Yearly subscription, \$1.00. The second issue begins Oct. 15th, 1882. Editor, The Rev. C. Miel, Rector of St. Sauveur, 3039 Sanson St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Security Three to Six Times the Loan Without the Buildings. Interest semi-annual. Nothing ever been lost. 25th year of residence and 5th in business. Best of references. Send for particulars if you have money to loan. N. B. Costs advanced, interest kept up and principal guaranteed in case of foreclosure.

D. S. E. JOHNSON & SON, Negotiators of Mortgage Loans, ST. PAUL, MINN. Mention this paper.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

New York City, 6 and 8 E. Fifty-third Street.

**MRS. SYLVANUS REED'S Boarding and Day School** for Young Ladies reopens Oct. 1. French and German languages practically taught. Thorough training in Primary and Secondary Departments. The course of study in the Collegiate Department requires four years, and meets all demands for the higher education of women.

MADEMOISELLE DE JANON'S,

(Successor and former partner of the late Miss Haines), French and English Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and children, 10 Gramercy Park, New York. Will re-open Sept. 28th, 1882. Careful training and thorough instruction in every department. French conversation class, under the charge of Mme. Alliot Boymer. Boys class Oct. 2.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST SCHOOL,

233 East 17th St., New York. Under the charge of the Sisters of St. John Baptist. Address the MOTHER SUPERIOR, as above. ECCLESIASTICAL EMBROIDERY. Address: Church Workroom, 233 East 17th street. New York City.

CHARLIER INSTITUTE,

On Central Park. BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND YOUNG MEN OF 7 TO 20. The Prospectus contains full details. Twenty-eighth year will begin September 19, 1882. 93 13 Prof. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,

8 East 46th Street, New York. The Sisters of St. Mary will reopen their school on Thursday, September 21st, 1882. Address the MOTHER SUPERIOR as above.

AT MISSES PERRINS' SCHOOL,

2021 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Terms per year, \$400; with musical course, \$500. New York City, 53 E. Fifty-fifth Street.

Miss Grinnell's

English, French and German Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children will re-open Oct. 2. Collegiate and Elective courses. Superior facilities for Art and Music.

St. John's School.

Founded by the Rev. Theodore Irving. Tenth year—Oct. 1882—21 and 23 West 32nd St. New York City, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. Address Mrs. THEODORE IRVING.

CATHEDRAL SCHOOLS,

Garden City, Long Island. St. Paul's for Boys. St. Mary's for Girls. The academic year will begin September 20, address the Rev. T. STAFFORD DROWNE, D. D., Acting Warden, Garden City, L. I. 191-13

TRINITY SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

Tivoli-on-the-Hudson, N. Y. Rev. Jas. Starr Clark, S. T. D., Rector. The sixteenth year will begin Tuesday, Sept. 12th, 1882. [195-10]

MARY WASHINGTON SCHOOL,

Mayville, Chautauque Co. N. Y. (On Chautauque Lake). A Church School for Girls. The second year will begin on Thursday, September 28th, 1882, and close on Tuesday, July 3d, 1883. The finest and most healthful situation in the United States. Full corps of accomplished teachers. All branches taught. The Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Cox, D. D., President of Board of Trustees, and Visitor. Terms, \$350 a year. For full particulars address the Rev. P. MACFARLANE, Rector, Mayville, N. Y.

ST. GABRIEL'S SCHOOL,

Peekskill, N. Y. A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. For terms, etc., address (as above) Opens Sept. 21st. THE MOTHER SUPERIOR, SISTERS OF ST. MARY. It is distant from New York about forty-one miles, situated on an eminence overlooking the town, and having a view of the Hudson River, the Highlands and the country for miles around. The grounds comprise about thirty acres, a part of which is covered with woods, and has many charming walks. The position is remarkably healthy, retired and favorable for both physical and intellectual development.

KEBLE SCHOOL,

Syracuse, N. Y. Boarding School for Girls, under the Supervision of the Rt. Rev. D. Huntington, S. T. D. The 12th School Year will commence on Wednesday, Sept. 13th, 1882. For Circulars apply to MARY J. JACKSON, Syracuse, N. Y.

DE LANCEY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

Geneva, N. Y. Rt. Rev. C. A. Cox, D. D., Visitor. For circulars address the MISSES BRIDGE, Principals. 191-13

HOLDERNESS SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

Plymouth, N. H. The Rt. Rev. W. W. Niles, D. D., President of the Board of Trustees, Boys fitted for College or the higher Scientific Schools, or instructed in all usual branches of school study. Charges \$250 per annum. No extras. Fourth year begins Sept. 14th. For circulars and full information apply to the Rector, the Rev. FREDERICK M. GRAY, Plymouth, N. H.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

**De Veaux College,** Suspension Bridge, N. Y. FITTING-SCHOOL for the Universities, West Point, Annapolis, or business. Charges, \$350 a year. No extras. Competitive examinations for scholarships at the beginning of College Year, first Wednesday in September; applications for the same to be filed ten days previously. WILFRED H. MURRO, A. M., President.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

Sing Sing, N. Y. Rev. J. Breckenridge Gibson, D. D. The next School Year will begin on Tuesday, Sept. 12th, 1882.

BROOKE HALL FEMALE SEMINARY,

Media, Del. County, Pa. The next session of this School will open on Monday, Sept. 18th. Apply for Catalogues to M. L. EASTMAN, Principal, Media, Pa.

MAD. CLEMENTS FRENCH PROT. SCHOOL.

Established 1857. Fall term commences (D. V.) Sept. 18, 1882. Address Mad. Eugene Paulin, Germantown, Phila., who will be in Europe through July and August.

Miss Mary E. Stevens'

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies. W. Chelton Ave., below Wayne, Germantown, Pa. Autumn session will begin Sept. 14th, 1882.

EPISCOPAL ACADEMY OF CONN.

The Rev. S. J. HORTON, D. D., Principal. Assisted by five resident teachers. Boarding School for Boys with Military Drill. Terms \$400 per annum. Special terms to sons of the clergy. Three sessions in the year. Next term will begin Sept. 11th, 1882. For circulars address the Principal, Cheshire, Connecticut.

MISS MONTFORT'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Grove Hall, New Haven, Conn. Highly endorsed by the Rev. Leonard Bacon, by Prof. Dana and others. Eighth year begins Sept. 30. For Circulars address MISS MONTFORT.

Golden Hill Seminary for Young Ladies,

Bridgeport, Conn. For Circular, address Miss EMILY NELSON, Prin. Stamford, Conn.

MISS ISABELLA WHITE'S

School for Young Ladies, will open (D. V.) Sept. 20 until Sept. 1. Address MISS WHITE, at Butler, Pa. Connecticut, Stamford.

MRS. RICHARDSON'S English, French, and

German Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies re-opens September 23.

St. Margaret's Diocesan

School for Girls, Waterbury, Conn. The sixth year will open (D. V.) on Wednesday, Sept. 13, 1882. Instrumental music under charge of J. Baker, Jr., a private pupil of Fiske, of Leipzig Conservatory. French and German taught by native teachers. The Rev. FRANCIS T. RUSSELL, M. A., Rector.

ST. MARY'S HALL,

Fairbault, Minn. Rt. Rev. H. B. Whipple, D. D., Rector. Miss E. A. Rice, Principal. Is under the personal supervision of the Bishop with eleven experienced teachers. It offers superior advantages for education, with an invigorating and healthy climate. The seventeenth year will begin September 14th, 1882. For Registers with full details, address Bishop Whipple, or the Rev. Geo. B. Whipple, Chaplain.

SHATTUCK SCHOOL,

Fairbault, Minn. Gives thorough fitting for college or business, and a pleasant home with the teachers. The grounds are large, the location healthy and invigorating. Physical Culture by daily Military Drill and first-class Gymnasium. School re-opens Sept. 12th. Send for catalogue with full description of system and course of study. Rev. JAMES DOBBIN, A. M., Rector.

ST. MARY'S HALL,

Burlington, N. J. The Rev. J. LEIGHTON McKIM, M. A., Rector. The forty-sixth year begins Wednesday, Sept. 13th, 1882. Charges, \$350 per annum. Music and painting the only extras. For other information address the Rector.

SEASIDE HOME AND SCHOOL

For Young Ladies and Children, Asbury Park, N. J. Fourth year opens September 14th, 1882. Boarding and tuition \$200 per year. Address Miss JULIA BOSS, Principal.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

Brandywine Springs, Faulkland, New Castle Co., Delaware. Rev. Frederick Thompson, M. A., Rector, assisted by three resident masters. School re-opens Sept. 12. Boys prepared for college or business. Climate mild. On an elevation of 400 feet above the sea, no malaria. Easy of access by rail from all parts of the country. Number limited to thirty-five. Terms \$350 for School Year. For admission address the Rector.

VERMONT EPISCOPAL INSTITUTE,

Burlington, Vt. The Rt. Rev. W. H. A. Bissell, Rector-in-chief Family boarding school for boys from ten to twenty years of age. Location unsurpassed. Thorough preparation for college or business. Daily military drill. Twenty-third school year opens August 31, 1882. For catalogue, address H. H. BOSS, A. M., Principal.

THE HANNAH MORE ACADEMY,

Reisterstown, Md. The Diocesan School for Girls, 15 miles N. W. from Baltimore. Noted for healthfulness, careful training, thorough instructions and the influences of a Christian Home. The next term will begin Sept. 20. REV. ARTHUR J. RICH, A. M., M. D. 194-13

COLLEGE OF ST. JAMES Grammar School,

Washington Co., Maryland. Church School for Boys. Re-opens September 14th. Extensive improvements affecting the efficiency and comfort of the school have been made for the coming session. For further information apply to HENRY UNDERDONK, P. O. College of St. James, Washington Co., Md.

EPISCOPAL HIGH SCHOOL OF VIRGINIA,

L. M. BLACKFORD, M. A., Principal. The 44th year of this, the Diocesan School for Boys, three miles from town, opens September 27th, 1882. For Catalogues address the Principal, Alexandria, Va.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,

Raleigh, N. C. THE ADVENT TERM the eighty-first semi-annual session of this school, begins Thursday, September 8th. For catalogue address the Rector, the Rev. BENNETT SMEDES, A. M.

MRS. J. H. GILLIAT'S School for Girls,

Newport, Rhode Island. A limited number of pupils received into the family of the healthfulness of the climate renders Newport a most desirable situation for a school.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

**ASCENSION SCHOOL, CHICAGO.** A Church Day School for boys and girls, approved by the Bishop of the Diocese. Will re-open Sept. 4. Pupils will find in this School a high standard of secular instruction, (public School and Vassar examinations combined) with careful religious training. Terms from \$30 to \$80 per year according to grade. Send for circular to MISS HOLMES, 418 La-Salle Ave.

ST. AGNES' SCHOOL,

717 W. Monroe St., Chicago. Will commence its seventh year, Wednesday, Sept. 13th, 1882. St. Agnes School has been so fortunate as to secure an assistant teacher in the higher departments, Miss Virginia Sayre, who is so favorably known from her long and successful connection with the Public Schools of this City. Arrangements will also be made to accommodate many more pupils than formerly. The Primary department will still be under the care of Miss Shipman. 189-52.

ALLEN ACADEMY AND POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

Twentieth year opens September 11. Thoroughly equipped for the primary and higher education of both sexes. A limited number of boarding pupils receive into the family of the President. Ira Wilder Allen, A. M., LL.D., Pres.

Miss Rice's School,

451 La Salle St. Chicago. For Young Ladies and Children. Re-opens Sept. 13th. A few boarding pupils received. Resident French Teacher.

Kirkland School,

275 & 277 Huron St., Chicago, re-opens Sept. 14th. New calisthenic hall for girls and gymnasium for boys have been added. Kindergarten attached. [189-6]

CATHEDRAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

Pekin, Ill. A Boarding School for Boys. \$300 per Annum. Seven teachers. Send for Catalogue. 191-11 The Rev. GEO. W. WEST, M. A., Rector.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,

Knoxville, Illinois. A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. FOUNDED, A. D. 1868. This Institution continues in charge of the same Rector, Vice Principal, and Matron who founded it. Reference to past and present Patrons in nearly every city of the West. C. W. LEFFINGWELL, Rector.

Bettie Stuart Institute.

Springfield, Ill. A family Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children, will commence its 15th annual session Sept. 13. The English and Classical courses are comprehensive and thorough. Modern Languages practically taught. German free. The best instruction given in Music, Painting in Oil, Water Colors and on China, and in Elocution. For catalogues apply to Mrs. McKEE HOLMES, Principal. 190-6

Nashotah House.

Candidates for Priest's Orders prepared for ordination. Annual term opens Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, Sept. 29th, 1882. Rev. A. D. COLE, D. D., President.

OCONOMOWOC SEMINARY,

Oconomowoc, Wis. A Boarding School for Girls. The next school year on Sept. 14th, 1882. For circulars, address MISS GRACE P. JONES, Principal.

KEMPER HALL,

Kenosha, Wis. A Boarding School for Girls under the charge of THE SISTERS OF ST. MARY. For terms &c., address THE SISTER IN CHARGE.

CHRIST CHURCH SEMINARY,

Lexington, Ky. Rev. Thos. A. Tidball, D. D., Rector. A boarding and day school for girls. Particular attention given to the cultivation of graceful and elegant manners, in addition to thorough and careful intellectual training. Special experience in the care of motherless and orphan girls. The Christmas term of the seventeenth year begins Sept. 11th, 1882. For circulars apply to MISS HELEN L. TOTTEN, Prin. 189-13

Bishop's College School,

LENNOXVILLE, P. Q. CANADA. Visitors, The Bishops of Quebec and Montreal. Rector, Rev. Isaac Brock, M. A. (First class in Mathematics of the University of Oxford) assisted by efficient Classical, French, and other Masters. Situation of School beautiful and healthy. Church principles carefully taught. Next Term opens Sept. 16. Apply for further information to the Rev. Isaac Brock, Sherbrook, P. Q. Canada. 197-4

A CHURCH CLERGYMAN

An A. M., fourteen years a teacher, will receive into his family a limited number of boys to be educated. The advantages of a private tutor with school discipline, country location away from vicious influences. House large, grounds fifteen acres. Climate mild. No malaria. Elevation 400 feet above the sea. School opens Sept. 13th. Terms \$350. Address Rector, Office Living Church.

LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY.

COLLEGE—Three courses. Training thorough and comprehensive, under professors of progressive and productive minds. Special attention to training for the ministry. Examine for your self. ACADEMY—Classical and English. Offers the best training for college and business. FERRY HALL—Seminary for ladies only. Unsurpassed in solid and ornamental branches. Year begins September 13, 1882. Apply to 193-8 FERRY GREGORY, Lake Forest, Ill.

The General Theological Seminary.

The next Academic year will begin on Wednesday, Sept. 13th. The Examination of candidates for admission will be held in the Library on Tuesday, Sept. 12th, at 9 A. M. For further particulars address Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, D. D., Dean, 426 West 23d St., New York. 196-6

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, an unsurpassed Boarding

School for Boys and Young Men. Reisterstown, Balto Co., Maryland. Prepares for the Universities and Colleges, or Business. \$275 a year. Prof. J. C. Kinear, A. M., Prin. Circulars with reference sent.

BOARDING & TUITION \$175 to \$225 a Year.

BAAD MILITARY COLLEGE, Burlington, N. Y.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF

MUSIC & SCHOOL OF ENGLISH BRANCHES, LANGUAGES, ARTS, EDUCATION & PHYSICAL CULTURE. SPLENDIDLY FURNISHED. IN THE HEART OF BOSTON. RARE ADVANTAGES, LOW RATES. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. E. TOURJEE.

POUGHKEEPSIE

Rev. D. G. WRIGHT, S. T. D., assisted by ten (10) Teachers. The 48th year commences September 18th, 1882. Patrons are here assured Home Comforts, Parental Discipline and Thorough Work for their Daughters. Circulars, address the RECTOR, Poughkeepsie, New York.

POUGHKEEPSIE (N. Y.)

Dr. Warring's Boarding School. B. J. Lossing, the historian, writes: "For years before your father's care, I know from parents and pupils the value of your training of the young. Were he to pursue studies in school any longer we should feel that to have him under your instruction would be a real blessing to him." MILITARY Boys of all ages fitted for business, or College. Special attention to the common English studies. Send for circulars with information and references. \$400.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

**MAPLEHOLME SEMINARY**, for girls, Tonawanda, Niagara Co., N. Y. Rt. Rev. A. C. Cox, D. D., Visitor. Full academic course. Special attention to Modern Languages. Healthful situation, half way between Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Accommodations comfortable and homelike. Board and tuition \$216 a year. No extras. The Seventh year will be in Sept. 18th, 1882. For circulars address, Rev. H. A. DUBOC, Rector, Tonawanda, N. Y.



Racine College

Will Re-open September 14th, 1882.

HAMNER HALL.

MONTGOMERY, ALA. The Diocesan School for Girls.

The Rt. Rev. THE BISHOP OF ALABAMA, Visitor. The Rev. GEO. M. EVERHART, D. D., Rector. The next School Year begins October 2. "Dr. Everhart is one of the leading educators of the times, and under his management any school must prosper."—The Alabama, Progress—the Official Journal of Education. "Hamner Hall under Dr. Everhart's management, is pre-eminently a success. The next session will open in October under the most flattering auspices."—The Montgomery Daily Advertiser. 191-10

Bishop Spalding's Boarding and Day Schools.

DENVER, COLORADO. WOLFE HALL for Girls and Young Ladies. Mrs. Anna Palmer, Principal. JARVIS HALL for Boys and Young Men. Mr. C. Hill, Head Master.

These Schools maintain the high standard of the best Church Schools in the Eastern States. Thoroughly qualified teachers from the east and abroad, for all the usual branches. Location unsurpassed for beauty and healthfulness. The climate cures asthma, and consumption in its incipient stages. Young persons afflicted or threatened with these diseases may pursue their studies without the loss of a day, under the best possible home care and influences. Christmas term begins Sept. 5 and 6. For catalogue or circular with terms, etc., apply to the Bishop or the Principal of either school at Denver.

VASSAR COLLEGE.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A complete college course for women, with Schools of Painting and Music, and a preparatory department. Catalogue sent. 197-10. S. L. CALDWELL, D. D., President.

ST. AGATHA'S

DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. SPRINGFIELD, ILL. This Boarding and Day School will re-open on September 7th, 1882. For circulars address MISS D. MURDOCH.

UNION COLLEGE OF LAW,

CHICAGO, ILL. The twenty-fourth year begins Sept. 20th. Diploma admits to the Bar of Illinois. For circulars address H. BOOTH, Chicago, Ill. 193-8

MAYHEW BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Book-keeping, Telegraphy and Shorthand. Conducted by the author of Practical Book-keeping for Common Schools, and University Book-keeping for Higher Institutions. For information of Books or College, address Ira Mayhew, LL. D., Detroit, Mich.

CHICAGO FEMALE COLLEGE.

Morgan Park (near Chicago). A Boarding School for Girls and Young Ladies. For catalogue address G. THAYER, LL. D., Morgan Park, Ill., or 77 Madison Street, Chicago. 189-12

HAHNEMANN

MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL. This 23rd Winter course begins September 26, 1882.

Calendar.

September, 1882.

Table with 3 columns: Date, Event, Color. Includes 13th Sunday after Trinity (Green), 14th Sunday after Trinity (Green), 15th Sunday after Trinity (Green), Ember Day (Violet), St. Matthew, Evangelist (Red), 22nd Ember Day (Violet), 23rd Ember Day (Violet), 24th 16th Sunday after Trinity (Green), 29th St. Michael and all Angels (White).

WHO ARE THE BLESSED?

Written for the Living Church.

"And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me write, Blessed are..." Rev. 14. 13.

Who, saith the Heavenly Voice, Are the Blessed Ones? Those that in great riches do rejoice, And, decked with precious stones, And clothed in purple robes and gay, Fare sumptuously every day— But, when they die, take naught away? Or those on whom affairs of state Are cast by willing hands, And by the world are called great: Whose names are known in distant lands— At whose death a nation mourning stands? Are they the ones whom all rejoice With flattering incense to extol, Because of beauty, charming voice, Or wit, or strength none could control— Naught that in time of need could save the soul? Is it the one born to command With all the pomp and circumstance of war; Whose mighty squadrons shake the land; Who comes from battle conqueror— Around whose grave crowds throng from far? Are they the Kings and Potentates, The crowned ones of earth, Possessing power their race perpetuates With pride of princely birth— But whom death strips of all their worth? Hark to the voice of the Heavenly Vision Pealing from the plains Elysian! This the burden of that cry Echoed back from earth to sky, Piercing where the dead doth lie— "Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord" "From henceforth, yea, forever more!" Responsive chant the heavenly choir In harmonious, sweet accord— "Theirs the exceeding great reward," "The spotless robes, the harps of gold," "Theirs the rest of Paradise!" Yes, there with Christ our Sacrifice, In those blest realms beyond the skies, No sorrow comes, nor age grows old! Louder, sweeter, sounds the Anthem, Saints and Martyrs all have joined them, An innumerable throng; Hosts Angelic swell the chorus, Thousand thousands gone before us: Listen to the ecstatic song— "The crowns of conquerors wear," "The palms of victory bear," "God has wiped each tear away!" See them stand in bright array! At His feet their trophies lay, While Seraphim and Cherubim Vell their faces and adore Him, Chanting the celestial hymn— Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen!

Brooklyn, July 1882. NEWTON S. OTIS.

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Almighty and merciful God, of whose only gift it cometh that thy faithful people do unto thee true and laudable service; Grant, we beseech thee, that we may so faithfully serve thee in this life, that we fall not finally to attain thy heavenly promises; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The reverential address at the opening of this Collect differs from that of the preceding one, in one point which often passes unnoticed, but is yet not without reason. The soul's recognition of God as here approached, is of Him as "Almighty and Merciful," rather than "Everlasting." This is not for mere variety, but because in the former Collect, He was recognized as merciful in the petition itself. In this one, the petition is for other blessings; so that, if we are to be reminded of the divine mercifulness at all, it must be in the address. But reminded of it we must be, else how shall we be alike humble and hopeful?

In this feeling of humility, also, we proceed to acknowledge our absolute dependence on God for all holy capacity. The Reason, the Conscience, and the Will, must all receive divine assistance in the performance of duty. From God must come that illumination of the Reason which gives a clear apprehension of the right to be done. From Him, the keen sense of obligation or duty, in a good conscience. From Him, the holy choice and the obedient purpose in the regenerate Will. So dependent are we; "Every good and perfect gift is from above;" "Our help cometh from the Lord."

"But O the exceeding grace of highest God, which loves His creatures so." Even this help is gift! For no original merit of ours; for no rare price which we have paid; for no high service which we are to render, is it awarded. It is all His grace, His gift, His gift alone; no other being in the Universe possessing the power to give it; no one being endowed with such amazing mercy as to bestow it on creatures so unworthy as ourselves. And, what mercy! That He should be willing to accept our poor service when freely rendered of ourselves, were mercy enough. But that He should thus transcend the mercy of gracious acceptance, and advance such a surplus of mercy as to provide for the ability and the will to perform it! This is, indeed, only of the All-Merciful!

Having thus acknowledged our dependence, we prefer our humble and yet hopeful request. But this again is not for dues, but for grace, for further grace; efficient grace, that we may indeed use faithfully the gracious ability bestowed. "Grant that we may render Thee true and laudable service;" not professions of love and service; not seeming or even tolerable service; but service true in the rightness of our hearts and sturdiness of our endeavor; service in its excellence, even laudable, laudable, however, not as praiseworthy in us, but as "to the praise of the glory of His grace," Who, while Himself the Author of it all, will condescend to approve us as "good and faithful servants," in doing even what it was our duty to do.

Our humble plea, however, reaches farther than the simple rendering of the service. It con-

templates the attaining of the final reward of true faith and holy obedience. Not, however, as a merited and justly-claimed reward; no, a gracious reward; a reward itself a sovereign gift; the reward attainable and obtained only through the heavenly promises of Him Who is faithful; promises, heavenly as from heaven, and leading to heaven. And this looking for the heaven promised, is not a merely selfish craving for heaven as a place of blissful reward; but rather as a place for further true, laudable, and blessed service. The happiness of the regenerate spirit here, and the holy soul hereafter, is alike, only, and always, in obedient service. The essential blessedness of both God and His true servants, both angelic and redeemed, is holy activity. Passive delight is a mere accident of heaven. The heavenly rest itself, is only relief from distressing and disastrous struggle and endeavor.

But the plea, that we may so render such service, that we may attain to the fulfillment of the heavenly promises, is again a confession of our weakness. In ourselves, we behold only the possibility of failure; in dependence on ourselves only certainty of utter failure. Heaven may lie before us, even as beheld from the Delectable Mountains; its gates may have been flung wide open for us by heavenly grace; the path thither may have been made straight and plain by Him Who has gone before; angel hands may beckon and divine voices may call us thither; even strength to enter in at the straight gate may have been graciously bestowed upon us; and yet we may fail; but for renewed grace, must fail. Well do we keep this dread possibility in view, that we may the more deeply realize, that all our strength and sufficiency are of God.

Having thus offered our true prayer to Almighty God, we finally, in true Catholic Christian fashion, betake ourselves to Christ and His merits; fling ourselves wholly on them; pleading none of our own; recognizing none of our own; not even suggesting the possibility of any. Thus, for whatever we hope and pray, it is always through the merits and mediation of the same Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom be glory and honor, world without end. Amen.

A Bridge that is a Bridge.

Written for the Living Church.

In the N. E. part of Pennsylvania, not far from Bradford, the N. Y. L. E. & W. railroad is constructing a bridge that is attracting great attention. This remarkable structure is now well advanced, being about three-fourths completed, and is drawing thousands of people, in daily excursions, to see its gigantic proportions, and excite their wonder. In company with a small party from the charming little town of Smethport, we drove over to this "Jumbo" of all viaducts, one day last week. The drive for most of the way was skirted by thickly-wooded forests, cool and quiet, and at mid-day dark as an evening twilight. The quantity of timber in this region is immense; and it is matter of surprise that the admirable facilities of some of the towns (especially Smethport, the county-seat, with its water-power and its railroads) are not utilized for the manufacture of furniture and wooden-ware of all descriptions. Doubtless in time such industries will spring up in these parts. After a breezy and rapid drive of about eight miles, we came to Buttsville; and, in passing the house of Mrs. Butts, saw the Bishop of Iowa sitting on the veranda. Bishop Perry frequently visits here at his sister's home.

We (that is, one of the two occupants of the best "rig") jumped out to salute the Bishop, and express our glad surprise, but were soon surprised in another way, and adjourned the meeting in haste, as our equipage began to disappear, with the look of a possible runaway.

Leaving our carriage about a mile from the Bridge, and walking through the woods over a road hard to travel, very like the roads in a newly discovered oil region, we came to the edge of the great chasm, and beheld a rare scene. This bridge has been well described in all the leading newspapers, but the illustrations thus far published entirely fail to convey any true idea of it. The Kinzua Creek is an insignificant stream, that one can step over in summer days; but the Erie R. R., requires a bridge of 2,150 feet to cross it. The road-bed rests upon 41 iron piers, or skeleton towers in shape like the oil-well derricks; and at the highest point is 301 feet from the ground—higher than Trinity Church spire, N. Y. The whole appearance of the structure is very beautiful in its perfect symmetry; but conveys the idea of lightness and frailness. Still, in this apparent weakness lies its real strength, as all dead-weight is taken away and only the lines of actual support left; just as the useless, dead weight has been cut out from the old style of block cart-wheels, and the "spokes" or lines of all the real strength, left in the modern light wagon wheels.

These open towers are in sections (ten in the highest) tapering from the base, which is one-third the altitude of each, to the top, which is the same in all, or about twenty feet square. Additional strength is given by iron-rods running diagonally from corner to corner of each section in the tower. By means of these rods, the workmen took about, and clamber up and down in zig-zag style, on hands and feet, with the utmost facility, as no scaffolding or ladders are used. One gentleman of our company started up, just to show how easy it was, and went about a foot and a half, leaving the other 299 feet for a more favorable day. The cost of this bridge (said to be the highest in the world) will be about \$450,000. We were struck with the silence prevailing the work. Not a voice from any of the laborers; no hammering or riveting; but the noiseless screwing of part to part, as the little engine in the deep ravine gradually lifted skyward the iron and beams, each one of the thousand pieces in the 4,000,000 pounds of iron

fitting exactly into place, due allowance being also made for expansion and contraction. What extreme nicety of engineering calculation! A peculiar sensation of some kind must certainly be felt by any one standing on the ties above, and seeing the ground fall away 300 feet beneath him and the dense hemlock trees of the forest around and below, appearing like clusters of evergreen shrubs, or thickets of little bushes. We walked out over the highest part of the bridge; and, strange to say, the ladies of the party skipped along as unconcernedly as though they were going up the aisle of a church. One of the engineers said that this had been observed in the many excursion parties that come to the place, how much better the ladies walked at this dizzy height than most of the gentlemen. One particular young lady in our party (out of pure wickedness as we thought) actually took to running at full speed on the planks outside the steel-rails causing a horrified gentleman to race and yell in order to stop such a mad career. To dare and defy the very extremity of danger is a curious temptation that besets the will at such a spot as this. There is a conscious pride that man is greater than any of man's works. But, when one goes down into the valley, and looks up to the thread-like planks where one has lately walked so fearlessly, it begins to look like tempting God's Providence. In humility we see our right relation to Him, and our dependence upon His care. Returning from our pleasant excursion, we had a promise from Bishop Perry to preach on the following Sunday in St. Luke's Church, Smethport. That Sunday was the first anniversary of the consecration of the church by Bishop Stevens. Bishop Perry preached an able sermon on the Strength of Christianity, from the text: "When I am weak, then I am strong." The excellence of the music for which this church is noted in the Diocese, is still maintained; and a large pipe-organ is about to be added, to give a worthy support to the voices of the choir and congregation.

Smethport is a beautiful town, with many cultured people, and attractive homes. It lies high on the mountains, not far from Kane, the highest point in the State; has excellent hotels and good drives, and is contiguous to many points of interest in the oil-regions. We can recommend it as a pleasant summer resort; having now an additional attraction in the proximity of the great Kinzua Bridge. The parish church is open every Sunday, and has a weekly Celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

A Visit to Chicago.

The Editor of the Australian Churchman gives the following account of his visit to Chicago last spring:

To my regret I did not see the city at its best. A backward spring had retarded the buds and blossoms to be looked for at this season, and a return of cold, bleak, intensely wintry weather caused me to well button up my warm top-coat, shivering in spite of it.

Quite of another character, however, was the welcome I received from my brethren of the clergy. The warm greeting of the one was in marked contrast to the inclemency of the other. I need nothing more than the experience of the past few days to assure me afresh of the essential unity of the Church wherever established in its integrity. It would have done my readers' hearts good to have heard as I did the ready acknowledgment of attachment to the Mother Church, through whom the American daughter has derived her historic continuity, from whose faults and errors too it may be added the daughter in her greater freedom may shake herself free. One feature especially struck me very forcibly, the advanced churchmanship of the Church generally throughout the United States. A slovenly disregard of or an indifferent inattention to Church requirements would, I am persuaded, be looked upon as little short of treason. In my presence a bishop, educated in a proverbially Low Church diocese, kneels for public prayer on the altar steps. What is known as the eastward position is universal. I doubt if the majority ever heard or knew of any other. The whole congregation rise at the entrance of the clergy, and kneel with them in silent prayer, the latter either at the altar-rails or on the lower of the chancel steps. At the presentation of the alms the people once more rise, then join unbidden in a burst of praise, in the well-known Doxology. Beautiful stone and marble altars are the rule, with suitable retables. . . . St. James' goes to the length of altar cross and vases, but stops short I think at lights. While in Chicago I did not see a black stole and was told that I might look long for one at the joyous season of Easter, invariably white and occasionally tastefully embroidered.

Bearing an introduction to the Rev. Clinton Locke, D. D., I attended Service at Grace Church, Indiana Avenue, at eleven, saying the Litany at his request. An admirable sermon earnestly delivered on the waste and supply—set over "the one against the other," in the divine economy—pleased and instructed me greatly. After lunch with my kind host I wended my way to the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, on the opposite side of the city, where at 4:15 p. m. was to be held a special Service in connection with the St. George's association. The cathedral, though not in so wealthy a neighborhood, is excellently perfect in its appointments, and was well filled. The large Sunday-school had not been dismissed when I arrived, so that I had the further surprise and pleasure of hearing the children join in a body in the choral form of dismissal. Agreeable with the character of the day, the English Liturgy was mainly followed. Hymns Ancient and Modern are used at all the Services. The choristers, robed in cassock and collar, each wore a tasteful bouquet known in familiar phrase as a "button-hole," as did the officiating clergy likewise, of whom I was one. A rosebud of creamy white fell to my share. A

lovely floral cross adorned the costly marble altar. The Rev. Canon Knowles preached the sermon, which as a glowing tribute from an American to the stability and breadth of the British Church and commonwealth, was all that the most ardent Briton could desire. I was well taken care of by the able and genial managers and editors of the LIVING CHURCH, my fellow workers in the orders of knights of the quill, a most useful fraternity as all the world know. Evening at the Church of the Ascension, "Father" Ritchie, Rector. A small church, though comfortable, in a poor neighborhood, with a well trained surplined choir of men and boys, cross and lighted candles and a rood screen the first I had seen out of England. The sermon, a simple logically argued defence of allowable ritual and symbolism drew the riveted attention of young and old. During the presentation of the alms, attendant acolytes vested the officiating priest in a beautifully embroidered cope, clouds of incense rising heavenward while choir and people chanted the glorious "Magnificat," omitted from the American Liturgy, but permitted as a hymn.

I offer no opinion on the facts above related. I have tried simply to act the part of a faithful scribe, who writes of what he sees and hears, leaving his readers to draw their own deductions. And coming from one who himself makes no pretence to High Churchism, they may have the greater weight. In any case whether we welcome or deprecate it the fact remains that in a republican country the Church stands up manfully for Catholic principles, and is every day attaching to its ordinances the intelligence of its youthful and thinking population.

An excellent practice prevails in American cities of an informal meeting of the clergy on Monday forenoon. Could it not be started in our own Australian dioceses? I was present at one such meeting, and can answer for the great pleasure and good to be derived from it. The most unfettered expression of opinion did not interfere with brotherly kindness and esteem. My memories of Chicago, recent it is true as yet, are bright and helpful. It will be my fault as well as my misfortune if they cease to remain so.

M. Goussio, manager of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, who with his wife remained in Alexandria during the bombardment by the British fleet, relates the following incidents.

The whole night long the native population had poured, screaming with terror, into the interior. At five minutes past seven on the 11th came the first shot from the frigates. The excitement of the population and the volume of the emigration instantaneously increased. At nine the soldiers began parading the town, assuring themselves by search whether the Europeans were in communication with the Admiral by telephone or telegram, or not. An officer, accompanied by several soldiers, mounted on the terraces of the houses and out the wires of the telephones. One of the soldiers we saw carried a hatchet, covered with blood. My berberly told me that the man had just assassinated an Englishman whom he found in communication with the Admiral. This was probably the young French telegraph clerk who sought refuge in the Eastern Telegraph Company's offices. The bombardment continued all day. All day the population were fleeing with frightened faces. On the 12th the flight of the inhabitants continued in even greater numbers: In the afternoon the exodus from the town had become general. At three o'clock the soldiers gave the signal for pillaging. As on the 11th of June, they began by opening the doors of the stores and dividing the merchandise which they found. Soldiers, under the direction of the officers and superior officers, divided the booty in a fashion disgraceful, but at the same time having its comical side. Pieces of calico were cut into pieces and handed round; while alibums, watches, and fancy goods were carried off, and frequently pulled to pieces, after having been for a few moments in the hands of men who did not understand their use. The officers frequently carried two or more guns, so as to leave free hands to the soldiers who were carrying off the booty. A colonel mounted on a horse had a pair of new shoes under his arm; another threw down and broke into a thousand pieces a clock which he found too heavy to carry. In fact, the property destroyed was of greater value than that which was actually carried away. As soon as a shop was empty the paper and all the debris that could be hastily collected were thrown into it; then small expensive pellets were added, and in a moment the whole was in a blaze. At five o'clock the Egyptian heroes, loaded with booty instead of laurels, retreated in the greatest disorder. Since two in the afternoon the Bowaba, or house porters, had received the mot d'ordre to desert the houses which they guarded. By six all the European quarter was in flames, and the town presented the appearance of one huge furnace. Here and there we could see men of sinister appearance and some dishevelled soldiers coming like silent shadows into the open shops and going out loaded with plunder, having fed the fire with the inflammable material with which they were provided. In order to defend the bank, which the fire enclosed in a circle momentarily becoming smaller, I was bound to make rounds in the adjoining streets all night, and fire on all incendiaries and marauders. In this way the immediate neighborhood was preserved clear. During the night many families came and demanded shelter. In the morning of Thursday, finding that no soldiers were coming to relieve us or save the town, I determined to go to them. We set out together, some seventy persons. We put the numerous women and children into the middle of our troop surrounded them with Greeks and Montenegrians, and then all started for the Custom House. On our way there thirty-five people in the same condition as ourselves joined us. The 105 marched without encountering opposition, through and over masses of burning ruins. We ourselves broke open the doors of the city. We seized some abandoned boats, which were fortunately at hand, and pulled ourselves to Admiral Seymour, who received us with kindness on board the Helicon.

DON'T EXPECT TO BE WAITED ON.—Do things for yourself, and do not too readily consent to have others help you, even if they are willing. We need to accustom ourselves, in early life, to self-reliance; because the time inevitably comes when all our abilities in this direction will be needed. "Den you don't believe in stickin' ter de nominashuns?" "Yes, I does; but I've gin'urly de man what makes de nominashuns on my ticket, an' de sooner dat every honest man forms hisself in a holler squar', calls hisself ter order an' nominates his own ticket unanimously, de sooner dar'll be reform in politics an' honesty in de gubment."—Florida Times.

The Household.

Wild plums are delicious if preserved in the old-fashioned way, "pound for pound"—that is, a pound of sugar to a pound of plums. Stew the plums with the skins on.

Russian crash table-covers, edged with Russian lace, are pretty for round tables in bed-rooms. They may be ornamented still more by embroidering a border in working-cotton.

A tablespoonful of strong coffee put in the gravy of melted butter, pepper, and salt, to be poured over beefsteak, imparts a delicious flavor to gravy and meat. It makes the gravy a rich brown.

Rub stains on furniture with cold drawn linseed oil; then rub with alcohol. Remove ink stains with oxalic water, and wash off with milk. A hot iron held over stains on furniture will sometimes remove them.

To take ink out of linen, scald it in hot tallow. Let it cool, then wash in suds. Sometimes, these stains can be removed by wetting the place in very sour butter-milk, or lemon juice and salt. Let it bleach in the sun.

A dainty and popular side-dish is made of bananas, fried. Remove the skins and cut the fruit lengthwise; melt a lump of butter large enough to cover the bottom of the frying-pan, and fry the bananas in this till they are a light brown; add salt to suit your taste.

A handsome and very simple table-scarf is made of light olive or cream-colored felt; on this, work in outline a single figure; use silk of one color alone, if you choose—the effect is good; on the other end put nothing but a band of plush or fringe; put this on both ends, of course.

When washing lisle-thread gloves, do not use soap; instead of that put a tablespoonful of ammonia in one quart of water. If washed in this way, there is no danger of there being spots and streaks in the gloves, as there would almost certainly be if washed in the usual way.

A sensible way to finish a baby's blanket, which is to be in common use, is to feather-stitch a narrow hem, and then trim the edge with torchon, the width to depend on your taste. This looks well after it is washed; which cannot be said of ribbon or silk embroidery, and it is pretty, too.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—The best anodyne is a liberal amount of muscular activity out of doors every day. Persons who sit around the fire, and lounge on the sofa, or read or sew a great part of the day, need not expect sound sleep; only the laboring man can taste it in all its sweetness.

CONDITIONS OF HEALTH.—The conditions of health are few but imperative: pure air, pure and nutritious food, proper exercise, undisturbed sleep, regularity, temperance in all things, pleasant and active mental, moral, and social conditions, cleanliness, sunlight.—Herald of Health.

Vapor baths may be made by putting boiling water in a tub, and placing a common wooden chair in the tub, the patient sitting upon it, enveloped from head to foot in a blanket covering the bath. Sulphur, spirit, vapor, herbal and other baths may be obtained in the same manner. They should not be taken, however, without medical advice.

Recipe for Javelle Water, for removing all kinds of stains from white fabrics: Dry chloride of lime, 2 ozs; carbonate of potash, 4 ozs; soft water, two quarts. Mix the chloride with a pint and half of water, and the potash in the remainder. Mix the solution, and filter. Put in a bottle, and close very tightly. Wet the fabric before dipping into the solution. Let it remain a few minutes only. If the stain be not wholly removed, let it lie in the solution a few minutes longer.

POTATOES IN SEVEN WAYS.—Sunday: Cut, steam, mash, add milk, butter and salt; then beat like cake-batter, the longer the better, till they are nice and light—keep hot. This steaming and heating will be found a great improvement. Monday: Baked potatoes in their jackets. Tuesday: Peel, and bake with roast beef. Wednesday: Fried raw potatoes. Thursday: Peel, steam, and serve whole. Friday: "Potatoes a la pancake," peel, cut in thin slices lengthwise, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and fry in butter; turning them like griddle cakes. Saturday: Potatoes boiled in their jackets. And so on, through as many days more, in as many different ways, ad libitum.

A baby basket which has seen much service can be made to look like new again, if the foundation is still capable of keeping its shape. If there are any weak places in it, mend them. Then cover the basket, both inside and out, with silesia, making the outer covering in the form of a scant ruffle, which entirely conceals the basket. Cover this with muslin, either dotted or plain. Put muslin in the inside also. Put a double ruffle or plaiting of muslin around the top of the basket to hide the seams. Trim the edges of the ruffles with narrow lace. Make a pin cushion, and attach it to one end of the basket; do not make it square, but long and narrow; cover with muslin and put lace all around it. Trim the top of the two little pockets with lace, and add bows of narrow ribbon.

If you would have health and beauty and joy, keep cheerful. Let the home have the benefit of your smile and kind words.

Be kind in little things. The true generosity of the heart is more displayed by deeds of minor kindness, than by acts which may partake of ostentation.

The well-bred hostess puts her guests at ease by being at ease herself. She gives them the best she has without fuss or flurry, or undue expense; always bearing in mind that the best thing she can offer them is herself, unfretted by care, unwearied by labor, and fresh and free for social chat, or sympathy, or counsel, as the case may be.

Don't be a slave to what anybody is going to say about you. If you have enemies (and of course you have, unless you are a born idiot), let them fling out at you. Show the world by your daily life that your enemies have lied. Live lying slanders down. Lift up your head and be independent of them.

It is wise for a mother to take time to dress and be fair in her children's eyes; to read for their sake, to learn to talk well, and to live in to-day. The circle which the mother draws around her is more wholesome than that which the child makes for himself, and she is responsible for his social surroundings. It is not always easy to be the child's most interesting companion, and to make home his strongest magnet; but the mothers who have done this have been the mothers of good men.

The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man possesses, he can be neither content nor happy without occupation. We were born to labor, and the world is our vineyard. We can find a field of usefulness almost anywhere. In occupation we forget our cares, our worldly trials, and our sorrows. It keeps us from constantly worrying and brooding over what is inevitable. If we have enough for ourselves we can labor for the good of others; and such a task is one of the most delightful duties a worthy and good man can delight in.

The Prayer at Troas.

From Thence He Shall Come to Judge the Quick and the Dead.

BY REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

Now the place to which I am going to take you is a quaint, old-fashioned town, walled in on three sides; for when it was built there were savage nations near at hand, who might otherwise have made prey of its inhabitants, but on the fourth, open to the sea.

As you walked through this city, you could see here and there a beautiful marble porch, leading in to some vast temple. If you entered, it was one very high, huge hall, dark, except for lights burning in it—for there are no windows—with the statue of the god or goddess to whom it was dedicated at the upper or further end, and an altar, a small altar on which to burn incense, in the very middle. For this was the time in which almost all the nations of the earth bowed down to idols of wood and stone; this was the time in which some of the dear Apostles of our Lord still walked upon the earth—when S. James was still Bishop of Jerusalem; when S. John was still living in Ephesus, and had not as yet been banished to Patmos, for the word of truth, and for the testimony he had kept.

Well, one Saturday afternoon in Easter week—but the inhabitants of the place knew nothing about Easter, and very little about Saturday, except that a despised race of people, called the Jews, observed it as their Sabbath—some of the town's people were standing on the little pier that jutted out into the sea, and watching the waves as they curled and danced beneath the fresh setting wind. Presently, away to the northward, they saw a vessel on the horizon, coming up quickly with the wind; so that whereas a few moments ago you could only see her masthead, and then her sails, now you can see her deck right plainly.

"I wonder," one of the citizens said, "where the vessel is bound?"

"Then I can tell you," says another, "I know her at a distance; her name is the Castor and Pollux; she is now from Philippi, and there her owner lives. There are some passengers on board who are given into my charge."

"Who are they?" asked another. "A very odd sort of people," answered the first merchant. "You have heard of that new sect called Christians, in this town, have you not?"

"You mean," said his friend, "those who worship a malefactor that was crucified in Jerusalem about thirty years ago? I thought they were the same as the Jews."

"No, they are not the same," replied the merchant. "They came out of Judea at first; but the Jews hate them and persecute them, and kill them whenever they can. Yes, they do believe in that malefactor; and as He suffered on a Cross, so they hold the sign of the Cross in great reverence. Well, one of their ringleaders is coming in this very vessel. And the singular thing is, that this man was once a Jew himself, and persecuted the Christians wherever he could find them. But when he was in Syria, he says that he had a vision in the middle of the day, with a light brighter than the sun, and a wonderful voice that no one could hear but himself; and that since that time he has been as enthusiastic a Christian as any one. I have heard that in different places he has been stoned, scourged, imprisoned, had to fly for his life, mocked, ridiculed, and more than once shipwrecked, but still he persists in preaching of one Jesus, Which is dead, Whom he affirmeth to be alive."

"What a strange delusion!" said one of the bystanders. "So it is," said the merchant, "and the man must be mad. But I must be civil to him, however, for Eratosthenes is a good customer to meet me at Smyrna, and he is a Christian himself, and has recommended this man of whom I have been telling you, to my care."

By this time, a little group of seven persons came down to the same pier. If I look at the Bible, I can tell you what their names were, Sopater, of Berea; and of the Thessalonians, Aristarchus and Secundus; and Gaius of Derbe; and Timotheus; and of Asia, Tychicus and Trophimus.

"I told you," said one of them, "that we might expect him this afternoon. That is the ship beyond all manner of doubt."

"Five days," said another, "is not a bad passage, and it is just five days since he left Philippi."

"The brethren," said Secundus, "were very anxious that he should meet them in the breaking of bread to-night; and he must have much to tell us of what he has done and suffered."

"He must not tarry here, though," said Sopater, "he will not delay anywhere; he told me just before we left him that he would even sail by Ephesus; for that he hastened if it were possible for him to be at Jerusalem the day of the Pentecost."

"That is as much as he will do," replied Tychicus, "unless the God Whom the wind and the waves obey, shall help His servant on his voyage."

"How fast the vessel is coming up," cried Gaius of Derbe: "This, I think, is the host with whom he is to lodge."

"Good evening, sirs," began the merchant of whom I have told you. "You are on the look-out for your friend, I perceive. The Castor and Pollux is a good

sailer; you will not have long to wait. You came yourselves by land, I think?"

"We came by land," answered the youngest of the party, whose name was Timothy. "He so desired it."

"Wonderful man your friend must be," replied the merchant. "I hear of him everywhere; how not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, he hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods which are made with hands."

"He is a wonderful man," replied Tychicus, "but not in himself. His bodily presence is weak and his speech is contemptible; but it is the grace of God in him which enables him to do what he does."

"Well, for my part," said the merchant, "I am content to abide by the gods of my fathers. They have served their turn well enough for more centuries than I can count, and they will serve my turn to the end."

"The times of that ignorance," said Timothy, "God winked at; but now commandeth He all men, everywhere, to repent; because He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world by that same Jesus Whom Paul preacheth."

"At all events," said the other, "I shall have a more convenient season to listen to such matters; and it must not be now; for I must give orders about the ship's coming into dock."

In half an hour there was all the bustle on the pier that the arrival of a fine vessel naturally occasions in a little seaport town. Among the passengers who stepped on to the narrow plank which joined the pier to the vessel, was one, certainly not distinguished by his personal appearance, but behind whom an affectionate little group followed close. You might see their love, their respect, their veneration, in every gesture, and in every word. The leader was under the common height—as we have him described by those that had seen him—with light brown hair, a light brown beard, worn short, an active and almost restless manner, and very weak eyes.

The merchant stepped forward. "I believe," he said, "you have letters for me from my friend Eratosthenes? I have heard from him, and he does me the honor of committing you to my charge."

"We have," said the stranger, in a voice which, though he spoke Greek with a Jewish accent, made you forget everything else in its sweetness and melody. "He has been a succorer of many and of myself also."

"I will conduct you to my house then," said the merchant; "I will but speak to the captain about your goods, and will join you again."

"It is a joy, indeed," said the Apostle, "to see so many known faces in a strange land."

"You have been eagerly expected by the brethren," said Gaius. "They meet this very evening; and have prayed for favorable winds that you might be with them."

"Then God be thanked Who has brought us safely hither; where do the brethren meet?"

"In the house of a young man who has but lately received the faith. He is wealthy enough, and has turned the best part of it into a church; they need it the more because the synagogue is shut against us."

While the little band is accompanying their leader to the lodging prepared for him, I will take you on before to the church of which Gaius has spoken. It was in one of the best quarters of the city. A largish house had been entirely stripped of all its inside fittings; floors and rooms had been removed, and the whole interior flung into one. But to hold the more people, three large galleries had been built round the whole of the inside; and what between these and the ground floor, a large number of worshippers might be contained. By six o'clock the place was well-nigh filled. Besides all the Christians in the city, a good number of Jews, and some among the heathen had tried to find their way in. But it was told them that on this occasion they could not be present; that they might hear for themselves at another time, and in another place; but that now those rites were about to be performed at which the worshippers of Christ did not permit the presence of any strangers.

A large table placed in the middle of the empty space, and with only one covering of fine linen, served as the altar; patent, as yet, there was none; and the flagons which were to contain the Blood of our Lord, were only of the ordinary shape which might have been seen in any Roman banquet. There was a saying which afterwards became a proverb—that in those early days, the chalices were of wood and the priests of gold; whereas afterwards, the priests were of wood and the chalices of gold. By sunset, all the church was filled; the strangers Gaius, Tychicus, Timothy, and the rest, came in and took the place appointed for them, on a small platform whence their chief and leader might be best heard. The whole place was full of light; and these and the crowd soon made the heat very great.

I will not stop to tell you now how they then performed their Communion Service; how they first read several chapters from the prophets; how then one of the strangers—his name was Luke—stood up and read part of an account of our Lord's doings and sufferings, even as they had de-

livered them which from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word, and of which, he said, he had had understanding from the very first; how then there was the same sentence that we say now, Lift up your hearts, and the same answer, We lift them up unto the Lord; how after that they repeated the words by which our Lord had first consecrated Bread and Wine into his Holy Body and Blood, and called down the Holy Ghost, to bless and sanctify His own gifts; then how they prayed for the Emperor—wicked man though he were, and for all sorts and conditions of men, whether in the world or in the Church; and lastly, how, after the proclamation had been made, Holy things for holy persons, the deacons carried round the Holy mysteries in great plates and flagons, till all the faithful, standing up, had communicated.

When the Communion was over, then began the Apostle to speak. He told them of his hair-breadth escapes, of many nations among which he had proclaimed the Gospel; of the multitudes whom he had turned from darkness into light and from the power of Satan unto God; how much he had labored and suffered; yet, as he constantly reminded his hearers, "not I, but the grace of God which was with me," and so he went on till it was midnight. The young man to whom the house belonged, and who, as you may easily imagine, had been wearied and perplexed about its arrangements, had taken up his place in one of the upper galleries, as soon as the Apostle began his sermon; so that he might see everything that was going on and what was wanted. And to get higher and see better he climbed up into one of the deep recesses of the windows, and there sat.

Hour after hour went on; the room became closer and hotter; at last there was a loud shriek, a heavy fall, and the young man lay on the floor, senseless and motionless. Then all was confusion; his friends and those who stood round raised him up heavily and slowly; there was no pulse, no feeling, no motion; he was dead.

Then the preacher came down and knelt beside him. "Trouble not yourselves," he said, "for his life is in him." And he prayed earnestly by his side.

And in a moment, sight, and sound, and color, and being came back at once. The great miracle had been wrought. Prayer had done its work, and had been heard. And it is written, They brought the young man alive, and were not a little comforted.

And, dear children, since an act of prayer did so much then, can it not do as much now? Is the Lord's arms shortened that it cannot save, or is His ear heavy that He cannot hear?

If we only try, we shall know better. God grant that we may so try, every hour!

The Spider.

The ingenuity of the common house and garden spiders in weaving their web and catching their prey is a matter which comes under the notice of everybody. It takes four million of the little silken threads spun by the spider to make a filament as large as a human hair, and yet the spider will frequently manufacture a half a dozen large webs in a single season, each single thread being made up of thousands of smaller ones.

The structure of the spider is a marvel of ingenuity, and, when examined under the microscope, fills the mind with astonishment. The claw is vastly more complicated than that of the lion, consisting of three retractile hooks, each one having also, on its under side, a row of notched teeth. There are two sets of these mandibles or jaws, one for seizing its prey and the other for devouring it. There are six, and in some cases eight, sets of eyes in the spider, which have a singularly brilliant, watchful, threatening look, and enable the creature to see on all sides at once. The fangs are jointed and can be freely turned, and at the point of the claw is the opening of a poison gland, which discharges its venom precisely as in the case of a serpent.

These singular creatures are found in every portion of the world, but grow the largest in warm climates. They are carnivorous and suck the juices of their prey, so sometimes, indeed, eating the fragments, the females being much the more fierce, and ready at all times to make war on the males, whom they often devour in the breeding season. Spiders are very cleanly, and spend much time in cleaning their limbs from dust and dirt with the toothed combs and brushes which they wear on their mandibles.

In making their webs spiders display great adaptation to circumstances, and indicate almost a reasoning power in varying their methods. Descending by the silken thread which it uncoils from its abdomen, the spider has the power of rolling up the flexible bridge as it ascends again. Others, again, throw out a cable in the direction of the wind, till it attaches itself to some tree or other object, when the spider strengthens and passes over it, and so the insect passes a long distance without touching the ground. Some gossamer spiders, indeed; speed through the air buoyed up by their own light threads un-

supported, except by the waving motions of the wind.

The most ingenious portion of the spider's lair is the circular tunnel in which the hunter lies encased. This has a double outlet, one opening on the web, the other giving passage below. It is from the former that the spider launches itself on its prey, while the other fills the part of a trap-door. The assassin is too cunning to leave anything to betray the nature of this slaughter-house. After it has sucked the blood of its victim, the remains are dragged up and shot down through the trap-door, and the spider then takes ambush for another incautious fly.—"A World of Wonders."

[From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

A LADY SAID.

"Those Horrid Pimples! No, I Cannot Go, Please Present My Excuses."

Probably two-thirds of the ladies in society and homes of our land are afflicted with skin diseases of various kinds, to do away with which, if it could be done without injury, would be the happiest event of their lives. Then she would have instead of a disfigured and marred countenance, one that would be handsome, or at least good-looking, for any one with a clear, pure skin, no matter what the out of her features are, has a certain amount of good looks which attracts everybody. As it is now, she imagines every one sees and talks about "those freckles," "those horrid pimples," and other blemishes with which she is afflicted, and this is true of either sex.

To improve this appearance great risks are taken; arsenic, mercury, or high-sound titled named articles containing these death-dealing drugs, are taken in hopes of getting rid of all these troubles. In many cases, death is the result. No alleviation of the burning, itching, itching and inflammation is given. All troubled with Eczema (salt rheum), Tetter, Humors, Inflammation, Rough Scaly Eruptions of all kinds, Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples or Tender Itchings on any part of the body, should know there is hope for them in a sure, perfect and elegant remedy, known as "Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure." It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the best toilet dressing in the world. It is elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment. Our readers should be sure to get this and not some old remedy resuscitated on the success of Dr. Benson's and now advertised as "The Great Skin Cure." There is only one,—it bears the Doctor's picture and is for sale by all druggists. \$1 per package.

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The Living Church Tracts.

The following are some of the unsolicited commendations received since the issue of the author's edition:

From the Rt. Rev. William E. McLaren, D. D., Bishop of Illinois:

"I hope the clergy generally will have specimen copies of your capital tracts. They are good and ought to be circulated."

From the Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D., Bishop of Central New York:

"Please send me some of those capital tracts. They are just 'the thing.'"

From the Rt. Rev. D. S. Tuttle, D. D., Bishop of Utah:

"These tracts are excellent—especially 'A Lost Art.'"

From the Rev. William Elmer, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Sycamore, Ill.:

"Enclosed find P. O. for \$3.50. The tracts are excellent; much better, I think than the tracts. They will be a great help to rectors who do not want to be always instructing from the pulpit."

From the Rev. C. C. Tate, Rector of Trinity Church, Niles, Michigan:

"The tracts are 'first rate,' particularly 'A Lost Art.' I am reading them to my people at the daily Service in Lent."

From Mr. R. B. Parker, of Indianapolis, Ind.: "I was much pleased with the tracts by the Rev. Mr. Snyder. They are so good that we distributed them at the church door to strangers, on Easter morning. In ordering tracts a second time, Mr. Parker says: 'Let us get these pungent truths before the people. If you copyright and electotype, publish them at a small cost, and encourage congregations to use them broadcast at the church doors.'"

Divorce and its Root.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

Your editorial caption for Aug. 26—"The Vice of American Divorce and its Root"—contains an admirable suggestion. It is perhaps the danger of our time that divorce should be taken as a moral disease, instead of a symptom only—which it really is—and so be treated empirically. I think there are not wanting indications of such readiness for rash experiment in the way of statutory regulation, which, if carried out, will end in evils worse than divorce—bad as that is. Divorce is a fairly well-localized epidemic, confined by definite boundaries, though, like all epidemics, with a tendency to spread beyond its bounds. The real question is to find its "Root," and deal with that.

Here, I should greatly distrust a priori reasoning. It will probably be best reached by induction from observed facts. I have my own, and I believe well-grounded, opinion of the origin of the evil. But do not be alarmed, I do not propose to discuss the question.

That Milton's theory has nothing to do with it, all New England men of middle age, who have watched its growth to its present alarming proportions, know full well. "Paradise Lost" was all that the mass of New England people of forty to fifty years ago knew of him. Even the Semi-Arian, Semi-Pelagian teaching of "Paradise Regained" was not widely known. But I do not think you come nearer the "Root" of the matter, that it is "found in Protestant Dissent itself." If that were the case, the evil ought to be least where the Church most prevails, and greatest where Protestant Dissent most abounds, whereas, as a fact, precisely the opposite is the case. To illustrate this, I give you the following table showing the ratio of Communicants to population in five of the New England States and New York (ten Dioceses), in which the Church is comparatively strong, and divorce abounds; and ten Dioceses in the South (nine States), where the Church is weak, "Protestant Dissent" strong, and divorces are hardly known:

Table with 2 columns: State/Diocese and Ratio of Communicants to Population. Includes entries for New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Long Island, Albany, Central New York, and Western New York.

Here it will be seen that, by Dioceses, only one of these Southern Dioceses has as large a ratio of communicants to the population as the weakest of the Northern Dioceses cited. But, reducing Dioceses to States we find South Carolina with the ratio of 1:215, or considerably weaker than New Hampshire, while Connecticut, with a bad record for divorce, has 1:30. With the ordinary proportion of attendants on Church Service to communicants, a full sixth of the population of Connecticut is under the influence of Church-teaching. Yet this is one of three or four with the worst records for divorce. Clearly, we must search for the Root in some other direction.

S. C. TRIBALL.

[We are unable to accept the conclusion to which our correspondent's line of argument seems to lead. It must be borne in mind that both sections of the country to which he refers are still largely influenced by their respective original traditions and institutions. In New England, on the one hand, the leaven of private judgment and self-will is even to this day deeply interferred in the habits of thought which have been inherited from Puritan fore fathers. So that the Church has had and still has to fight against great odds, in a soil so uncongenial. Judging from our correspondent's stand-point, it would seem as though the result of the presence and influence of the Church in the community, had been to aggravate and intensify the evil complained of. We should rather take the ground that the "Divorce Trouble" exists, not because of the Church, but in spite of her. Otherwise, she fails, so far forth, to fulfil her mission. On the other hand, the traditions of the Southern States, derived originally not from Puritan, but from Church antecedents, have been of a healthier character; and society in that section is reaping the consequent advantages.

To state the whole matter in few words, the prevalence of Divorce in New England, and its comparative rarity in the South, are due not to the present but to the past religious influences prevailing in the two sections respectively. And we both hope and believe that the constantly-enlarging influence of the Church in both of those sections is exercising and will continue to exercise an ever increasing influence for good, in opposition to Divorce as well as to all other evils affecting society.—Ed. L. C.]

Church News.

Its Progress and Its Needs as Seen by our Correspondents.

[All legitimate Church News, whether diocesan, parochial or otherwise, without distinction as to section or party in the Church, will be published in these columns when furnished by reliable Correspondents.]

Albany.—The Church Services which are held every Sunday, in the parlors of the Hotel Kaaterskill, are being more and more appreciated, and are so well attended, that the inmates of that one house alone, who at times number nearly 1,200, are going to require larger accommodations, and the proprietor, who is a good Churchman, has it in mind to build a pretty chapel at a convenient distance from the hotel, which will be a blessed boon to the entire neighborhood. One can almost imagine that "the sound of the Church-going bell" echoing around the heights above "Sleepy Hollow" will awaken Rip from his long slumber, with pleased astonishment. For the last two Sundays, the worshippers have been favored with the very acceptable Services of the Rev. Dr. Eccleston. As Kaaterskill has now been granted a post office of its own, and outposts in considerable numbers are expected to spring up in the vicinity, we may reasonably anticipate that the great success of the hotel, conducted on such excellent principles as it seems to be, will result in the formation of a new parish in that picturesque and highly favored region.

California.—At the Whitsun-tide Services held at San Bernardino, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kip consecrated a very elegant silver Communion Service, presented to St. Polycarp's Church, to be built at Colton, in memory of the late poet, Thomas E. Van Bebber. A very beautiful Baptismal Font has also been presented by his children, in memory of their mother.

Connecticut.—The 11th Sunday after Trinity was the 25th anniversary of the opening of St. Luke's Church, Darien, for public worship. The occasion was marked by the sermon of the Rector, the Rev. Louis French, founded on words from Solomon's prayer at the Dedication of the Temple: "The Lord our God be with us as He was with our fathers; let Him not leave us nor forsake us." In the sermon, the past history of the parish was briefly reviewed. It was founded for the benefit primarily of parishioners of St. John's, Stamford, living remote from their Church. The founder and first Rector was the Rev. W. H. C. Robertson, then living in Stamford. He was never Rector in residence, and soon after the church was opened, he resigned the parish. A very beautiful window has been placed in the church in memorial of him.

The Rev. George D. Johnson, now of Staten Island, was the next Rector. His stay though short was eventful, in that, during it the parish debt was liquidated and the church consecrated.

In August, 1863, a few months after the consecration, the present Rector entered upon his duties. In the course of the nineteen years since then, the church has been greatly beautified and furnished with unusually complete appointments for worship in decency and order; a rectory in the church lot has been provided, and a building in rear of the church erected for Sunday School and general parish purposes. Of the many greater good works done in those years for the building up of the spiritual house, the sermon, a singularly modest one, said nothing.

Completing his historical review, the preacher made some pregnant suggestions for his people's future action. First, he urged them to more efficient work for the interest of their parish. They had done much. They might, and, if they felt their full responsibility; they would do much more. Next, he reminded them of the vast importance of exerting the right influences upon the young people of the parish; in the way of Sunday School instruction, and, after that and always by Christian and Churchly teaching and example. And then he bade them cultivate those personal habits of holiness, without which in its members, a parish, however outwardly prosperous, has but a name to live.

One rather remarkable fact in the history of a country parish was brought out in the sermon. St. Luke's has never depended on outside assistance, but has always taken care of itself.

Long Island.—The fourth anniversary of "Choir-Day," the introduction of the present surpliced choir in St. John's Church, Huntington, was observed on Sunday, August 20th, by appropriate Services and the Celebration of the Holy Eucharist. Of the clergy, besides the Rector, Rev. N. Barrows, there were present the Rev. Wm. H. Cook, of St. John's Chapel, New York, author of "The Choral Service as used in the various Cathedrals of England," the Rev. H. T. Scudder of Brooklyn, and the Rev. J. A. Denniston of Jersey City, who all took part in the Services.

The Introit was from Gounod, "Send out Thy Light." The Rev. Mr. Cook preached an able and instructive sermon on sacred Music, from the text, Exod. xv. 1, "Then sang Moses and the Children of Israel this Song unto the Lord," etc. At the Offertory, he rendered, in his own consummate way and voice, the Anthem from the Oratorio of the Messiah, "Comfort ye My people saith my God."

Evening Prayer at 5 o'clock was delightful. This Service, always bright and largely musical, makes the conclusion of the Sunday-school in this parish;—the children with the teachers going in procession into the church; the attendance of the children at one Service being thus secured and an opportunity afforded to "hear sermons," to be catechized, and to learn liturgical worship in the use of the Prayer Book. The Offertory Anthem, by Rev. Mr. Cook from the same Oratorio, was admirably rendered. The Rector made an appropriate address. The music was well rendered by the choir; the chanting of the Psalter and Canticles eliciting special commendation.

Large congregations were in attendance. Such a day and Service help much the cause of the Lord's Song in the Lord's House.

Nebraska.—The Bishop has appointed Sunday, September 17th as the Diocesan Harvest Home. He recommends that all the churches be decorated with fruits, flowers, and grain on that day, and the people be invited to special acts of adoration and gratitude.

A joint meeting of the two Conventions of the Diocese will be held at Lincoln on October 10th and 11th.

Springfield.—We take great pleasure in announcing that the entire debt, \$4,000, of the Cathedral Grammar School at Pekin, has been paid. A short time ago, Mr. C. E. Cummings, a former resident of Pekin, now of Chicago, promised \$2,000 on the condition of the Bishop raising an equal sum. It was determined to make the effort, instead of paying annually \$800, and interest for five years—according to the original terms of sale. On the 15th of August the total amount of indebtedness was paid. Many thanks are due the friends of the school for their timely aid, placing it at the very start on a firm foundation.

In all regards, too, the school has succeeded beyond expectation. Fifty-five pupils were in attendance last year, one from the Island of Cuba. Twenty-one applications from boarding pupils were received this summer, one from New Mexico. A native French, and a native German

teacher are engaged, there being seven teachers in all.

The second year opens Sept 4, and promises with the blessing of God, to be more successful than the first. We heartily congratulate Bishop Seymour and Mr. West on the prospect.

The Very Rev. J. P. Davenport, Dean of Cairo, visited Mt. Carmel on Sunday Aug. 20th. There was Choral Service in the evening, and the Dean for an hour and more had the close attention of all who could find seats in the chapel, to his sermon on Eph. 4, 13. Miss Hutcheson, of Mankato, Minn., has had charge of the music during the summer. The chanting was pronounced by the Dean to be the finest he had heard in the diocese outside of Springfield. A festival held on August 10th, netted a handsome sum for the finishing of St. Paul's Church. Miss S. E. Smith, a graduate of the Oswego Normal College, will have charge of the Primary Department of St. Paul's School which opens September 11th, 1882.

Virginia.—The Bishop visited St. Paul's Chapel, Salem, on August 16th, and confirmed a class of eight persons, of whom six were converts from the sects. On the same day, the Bishop also confirmed eight persons in St. John's Church, Roanoke.

Western New York.—The Bishop has been publishing in the Calendar an admirable series of letters to the younger clergy of his diocese. We quoted one of these last week. In the last one he makes an earnest and affectionate appeal for Prayer-Book Churchmanship—for daily Services, weekly Eucharists, observation of Friday, and the realizing of the "penitential system, without which weekly communion itself becomes a snare to the soul."

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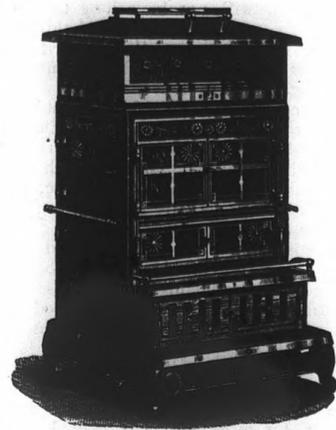
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