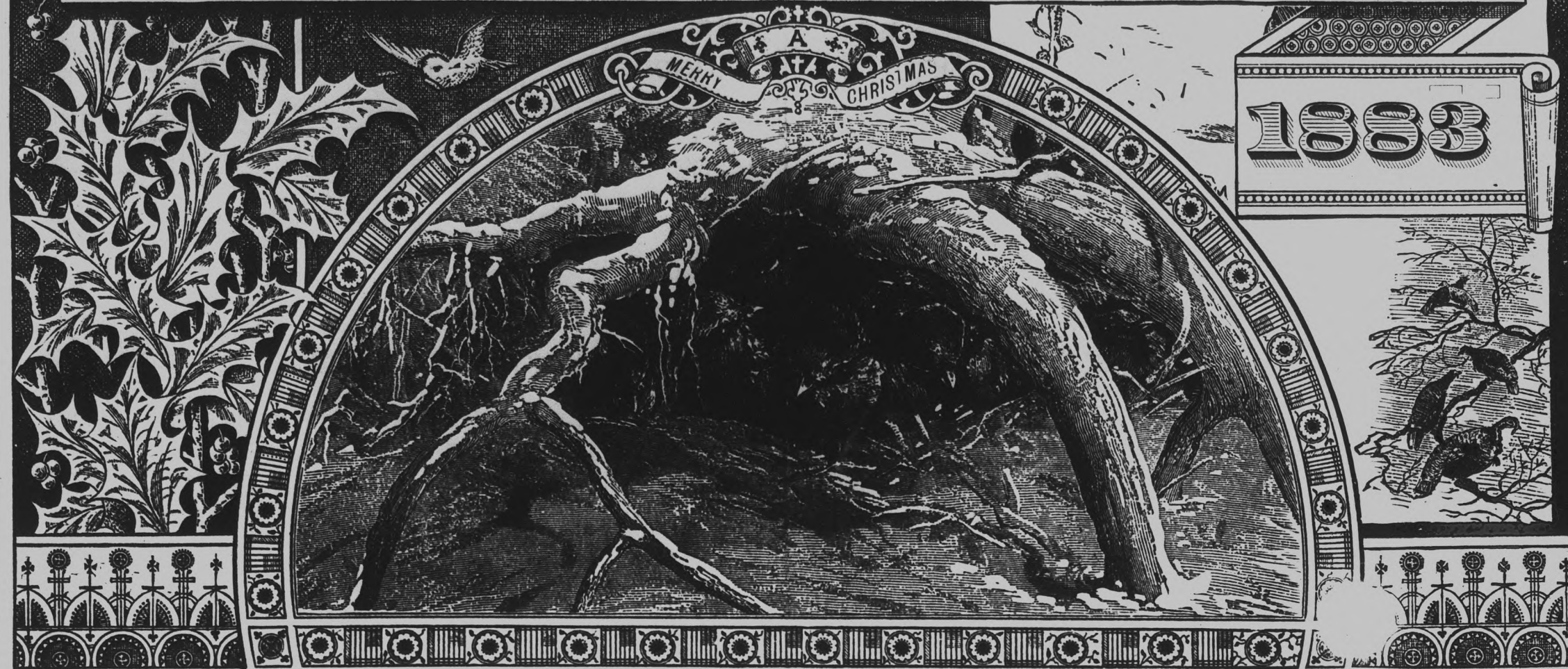


The Living Church.



VOL. VI. NO. 8.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

Whole No. 268.

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of a numerous family, had followed the ewes great with young.

Our beloved Saviour was born to-day; let us rejoice; truly it is not meet that sadness should exist when it is the birth-day of Life; which, the fear of death being gone away, gives us abundantly the joy of a promised eternity.

As kings keep their day of inauguration; as cities have their jubilee, when the trench is first cast up; and churches their consecration, when they are first dedicated; as men their gentility when they first came into the world; so all good Christians celebrate the day of Christ's nativity, a day of joy both in heaven and on earth.

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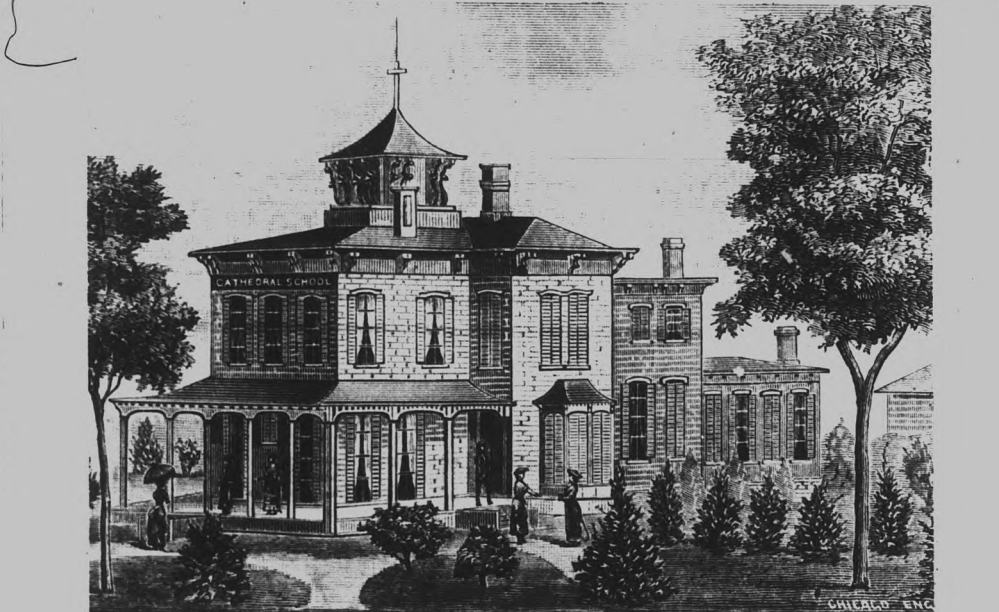
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The Living Church.

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

VOL. VI. NO. 8.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

Whole No. 268.

THE WHITE CHRISTMAS.

BY F. BURGE SMITH.

Snow on the ground, and snow in the air;
Snow on the fences everywhere;
And hark! the world had the children born
Who never had witnessed the pretty scene
Of where the tropical sun's rays glow
Will not permit the ice and snow
Where brilliant birds rejoice and sing,
And sweetest flowers their perfumes fling,
And every glad heart in the little home sphere,
Looked on her, and felt the blessing and cheer,
A beautiful boy of some five winters old,
Stood near her, with locks of a golden glow,
His eyes full of sparkle, and face all aglow,
With delight, as he pointed this out of doors show,
"Your angels, the biggest of angels must be,
To lift, and to throw such great armfuls," said he,
"This such a far distance up there to the sky,
Just a little way down, maybe, God lets them fly;
They would not stay long, 'tis so happy up there,
They would fly quickly back through the white-snowy air,
I'd like to go with them, if paper and you,
And mamma, and 'Toby' would go with me too,
Sweet Nellie was thoughtful, "It would not be right,
To ask God to take us to Heaven to-night;
Don't you know that to-morrow is Christmas, and He
Will send the angels to us, to you and to me,
And to all of the people that dwell on the earth,
We must stay here to welcome the Christ Baby's birth,
They have brought the fresh evergreen branches to twine,
And have put lovely garlands of cedar and pine
In all of the chimneys and houses, to make
How grateful we feel, and how dearly we love,
"Oh, yes," prattled Herbert, "I did not remember,
To-morrow will be twenty-fifth of December,
We hang up our stockings to-night, and shall hear
The bells of old Santa Claus, ringing and clear,
If we have been good little children, he'll bring
For us each, I am certain, some beautiful thing,
I think I had rather stay with you on earth,
Dear sister, and welcome the Christ Baby's birth!"
Parting the clouds with mantle blue,
Old St. Charles came down, and looking through
His smiling face reflected grace
On many a humble, lowly place,
Myriads of diamonds sparkled bright
On shrub and tree, oh, wondrous sight,
And pearls as lavishly were flung
On bush and tree, or clustered hung,
As the glad, holy Birthday morning
Came to its cheery, happy dawning,
O Christmas bells! O Christmas bells!
How heavenly sweet your music swells,
Herbert and Nellie, too, in joyous sound,
Upon the early air resound,
Two little figures clad in white
Sprang from their beds at faintest light
And opening their shutters wide,
The glory of the day described:
And, straightway from two little throats
There echoed "Merry Christmas" notes,
Mother and father heard the strain,
And "Merry Christmas" rang again,
It seemed to fill the hallowed air,
And tell good tidings every where.

How shall I have the time to say,
What the dear children did that day,
The pretty Christmas gifts they bore
To many a poor and humble door,
The words of grace they spoke,
The dainty bread and cake they broke
With those who sit in lowly homes,
Where such rare treasure seldom comes,
One thing I must be sure to tell,
And each dear child must not forget it well,
When stockings were turned inside out,
And their great wealth was spread about,
All voices in the household blended,
And to the Gracious One ascended,
Praise God from Whom all blessing flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above the host of heaven,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Christmas, 1883.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Of course, by this time, the New York clergy are beginning to weary of the oft-repeated question, "How do you like your new Bishop?" It is becoming to them, like the maddening inquiry in the dog-days, "Hot enough for you to-day?" The new Bishop does seem to be beginning in the right way. There is no flourish of trumpets announcing grand projects that are to strike the eye of the public; but there is a quiet, modest effort to go below the surface and to strengthen the spiritual life that is to bear the fruit that men may see. A circular was issued two weeks ago, inviting the women of the diocese interested in any branch of Church work, to meet the Assistant Bishop one morning in each month during the winter, "for a celebration of the Holy Communion, and for counsel and instruction in regard to the work in which they are engaged." The first of these meetings was held in Grace church on Tuesday, November 27th, and is understood to have been very satisfactory. Another scheme is on foot that must be of still more importance and lead to valuable results. It is not, as yet, fully developed, but has gone far enough to be placed in the hands of a number of carefully-chosen and competent priests for the arrangement of its details. It is understood to look toward a grand mission, to be held throughout New York about a year hence, preceded (and in this is manifested the Bishop's appreciation of spiritual necessities) by retreats for the clergy to be held on one day of each month meanwhile, as a special preparation for the

mission. Can any one point to a better beginning of an Episcopate?

Why is it that "reformed" Roman priests have such an irresistible fascination to the minds of the bishops of this Rejected Sacerdotal Church? Pardon the bold invention of a new name, but we cannot say Catholic without wounding the sensibilities of some, nor Protestant Episcopal without throwing others into convulsions; and "Rejected Sacerdotal" must be acceptable to all, being built on the same lines as Protestant Episcopal, and yet not confusing us with Protestants in general, nor with the Methodist Episcopal variety of the human race in particular. The Church is "Rejected" because she rejects all error, and "Sacerdotal" because she preserves the order of the priesthood! This is a "happy thought," but yet a digression. Let us return to the affection of the Episcopal heart for "reformed" priests.

In February last there appeared, in the study of a humble priest, (whose name is withheld at the dictates of modesty) a seedy man with a red nose and a husky voice. He said that he had been a priest of the Roman obedience in Austria. His fresh young heart had bled at the irregularities that he had observed in the lives of his fellow-priests. At last came the dogma of infallibility. This was too much—he narrowly escaped being cast into a dismal dungeon, and fled to this land of freedom. Here he married a wife and joined the Lutherans, among whom he preached until his voice failed. When asked if he had any papers to prove that he had really been a Roman priest, he replied that he had none—his flight had been so hasty that he had not time to take with him any of his papers. He had papers from American Bishops. He unfolded a marvellous packet of letters, with which he was making a tour of the East. The first was from one of the most eminent of the Bishops, warmly commending the man, and, if memory serves aright, giving substantially the man's story. The rest were from one or more other bishops, and from many priests, and all, apparently, based on the letter of the first bishop! The man was furnished with a clean envelope for his packet of letters, and politely shown to the door, with the reflection, "How on earth did Bishop—know enough of the truth of the story of a man who arrived from Austria with two frames in his pocket and friendless, to give him such a letter? And how on earth did all these priests come to endorse a document so extraordinary?"

Sequel: The man has been "working" the clergy, and perhaps the laity for at least a year on the strength of those letters; and now two of the bishops publish cards in the Church papers withdrawing the letters that they gave to the imposter.

Moral: All is not gold that glitters in the form of a "reformed" Roman priest, even if he has the special merit of having married a wife.

A "reformed" Jesuit priest who made himself well and not favorably known at the New York Seminary a few years ago, gave this account of the imposing ceremony of his reception into the bosom of the Rejected Sacerdotal Church. "I walked up the aisle with my overcoat over my arm, and my beaver in my hand, and the Bishop just received me. They didn't examine me on any doctrines distinctly Roman. Ph! If they would rescind the dogma of infallibility, I'd go back to-morrow." Well, he had not added the charm of a wife to his "reform," and so a cold shoulder was turned to him, the Bishop gave him no work, and soon he returned whence he had come.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN—JUBILATE DEO.

BY CALLIE L. BOSNEY.

Our Christmas bells in music chime,
The sweet song of that olden time,
Of peace on earth,
While from the radiant, heavenly sphere,
The white-robed angels hovering near,
Proclaim His birth.
Not as of old in Bethlehem stall,
But crowned victorious, Lord of All,
Oh, joy-bells ring!
He comes! 'tis e'er the glad refrain,
He comes to banish sin and pain!
'Tis thus they sing.
A sweeter joy is yours to-day,
Than shone upon the shepherds' way,
That wondrous night;
They only saw a King to be,
'Tis yours a risen Lord to see,
In all His light.
Shine, heavenly star, whose golden gleam,
Makes all the future radiant seem,
With life and love,
And guide our waiting hearts the while,
To Kingdom in the Blessed Isle,
To joy above.
Ring Christmas bells! as carols rise
To join the chorus of the skies,
That angels sing,
Messiah comes! oh waiting earth,
Proclaim again His wondrous birth,
Behold your King!
Now, gird your patient loins again
Your waiting torches trim;
The Chief of all the Sons of Men—
Who will not welcome Him?

—Rev. W. Crosswell.

NEWS AND NOTES.

If the new diocese is not to be congratulated on its choice of a name, it is certainly and emphatically to be congratulated on its choice of a Bishop. Dr. Watson is described by one who knows him well, "to be just like dear old Bishop Green." What more could any diocese want.

THE REV. CHARLES ALAN SMYTHIES was duly consecrated "Missionary Bishop of the Church of England in Central Africa" on November 30th, in St. Paul's cathedral, London. The new Bishop goes forth unflinchingly with his life in his hand, for the climate is fatal to Europeans.

THAT the author of "In Memoriam" and "Morte d'Arthur" should have condescended to accept a peerage and merge his illustrious name in a high sounding but unknown title, shows great weakness of mind. Those who reverence Tennyson will only sneer at the mention of Lord D'Eyncourt. One of his own verses suggests itself:

Ah! lady Clara Vere de Vere
'Tis only noble to be good,
True hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

THE compiler of this column has a grievance. He spends considerable time each week in "getting up" his "Notes." Each week several are copied without any credit, by the smaller fry of Church papers. That is all right. THE LIVING CHURCH is used to it. But now comes the last straw; an esteemed contemporary copies an interesting paragraph from this column, and calmly puts it at the end, *Standard of the Cross*, and it was a humorous paragraph, too.

THAT at a time when distress is so prevalent throughout Ireland, Mr. Parnell should have accepted a sum of very nearly \$200,000, which was raised by the most urgent solicitation throughout the length and breadth of the country, would be, one would think, a serious blow at his influence. Nor can it be urged for him that the money will go for the "cause," since a part of it has already been spent in fitting a mortgage from his private estate. "The business of 'Agitator' is a good one.

ONCE upon a time three tailors met together in a back street of London town, and solemnly passed a series of resolutions beginning, "We the people of England." The story is brought to mind by an occurrence which took place in Chicago last week. Some Irish Citizens of the Western Metropolis got together to discuss the case of the Irish murderer of the Irish scoundrel, Carey, and drew up a pompous manifesto, with the preamble, "We, the Citizens of Chicago, in Mass Meeting assembled."

ANOTHER prominent Roman ecclesiastic has been received into our Church. Monsignor Savarese, D. C. L., one of the Pope's Domestic Prelates, was, on the 9th of December, formally received into our Communion by the Rev. Dr. Nevin, rector of the American church in Rome. Dr. Savarese offered a formal abjuration of the two modern dogmas of Rome, but declared his entire adherence to the Nicene Creed. He asks for the guidance and protection of the Anglican Episcopate, and will doubtless work with Count di Campello.

SOME idea of the work done in English dioceses may be gathered from the following statistics of Confirmation during the past year: London heads the list with 16,844, of whom 5,678 were males and 11,166 females. The dioceses next in order are Lichfield, with 12,177 (5,116 males and 7,061 females); Manchester, with 11,590 (4,520 males and 7,070 females); and Rochester, with 10,200 (3,614 males and 6,586 females). The total number of candidates confirmed in England and Wales was 181,625, of whom 76,679 were males and 104,946 females. The largest number confirmed in one year in any American diocese was 3,065 in New York. Pennsylvania comes next with 1,948.

THE late Bishop Fitzgerald of Killaloe, was the only one of the Irish Prelates of whom Bishop Wilberforce spoke well in his diary. An amusing story is told of him which will bear retelling here. He was staying once, when a simple priest, with Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, in company with very many of the latter's clergy, who were guests at the Palace during a meeting of Synod. The conversation turning to the subject of healthful food, the Archbishop pronounced himself a great believer in oatmeal. Next morning every guest had a plateful of this cereal. All devoured it with seeming gusto, except Mr. Fitzgerald, who turned his attention to bacon and eggs. "Why Mr. Fitzgerald," said the Primate, "don't you like oatmeal? See how your brother clergy relish it." "Your Grace forgets," came the quick reply, "that I do not belong to your diocese."

THE meanness of the French government in ecclesiastical affairs has just been strik-

ingly exemplified. The salary of the Archbishop of Paris, the virtual Primate, has been cut down to the sum mentioned in the Concordat of 1801, \$3,000—just one twenty-fifth part of the salary of the English Primate—and this in spite of the fact that the cost of living has more than doubled. All State scholarships in the Seminaries have been abolished; thus, to a very large extent, stopping the supply of clergy for the French clergy are pre-eminently drawn from the peasantry. A proposal was also made to diminish the salaries of Parish Priests and Curates, but as it appeared that the former only received \$250, and the latter \$90 a year, the proposal was too much even for the present Chambers. It must be remembered that at the Revolution all ecclesiastical property was confiscated, but a guarantee was given of sufficient support for the clergy.

What sudden blaze of song,
Spreads o'er the expanse of Heaven;
In waves of light it thrills along,
Th' angelic signal given;
Like circles widening round,
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound,
Is echoed on forever:
Glory to God on high,
On earth be peace;
And love toward men of love,
Salvation and Release.

—Kebble.

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRIST.

THE publishers of *Harper's Monthly* have issued, for the initial of their new volume, December, a "Christmas number," which is truly a marvel in artistic and editorial ability. The opening article discourses on "Christmas;" and no less a personage than George William Curtis, a Unitarian, sets the key-note to this song of jubilee.

Now nothing can be said against Mr. Curtis morally, socially, or intellectually. He is, withal, an eloquent scholar and writer. He does "Christmas" in his happiest vein, speaks pleasantly of all sorts and conditions of men and, when implying censure, does so cleverly under the cover of quotation marks, that none can feel aggrieved. The argument of the article is difficult to gather, for a conclusion is reached in the first paragraph, the rest being, as one might say, literary cold victuals nicely warmed and delightfully served.

He says: "The day dawns with a benediction; it passes in holiday happiness; and ends in soft and pensive regret. It could not be the most beautiful of festivals if it were doctrinal, or dogmatic, or theological, or local. . . . it is the jubilee of a universal sentiment, moulded only by a new epoch and subtly adapted to newer forms of the old faith. Christmas looks out at us from the dim shadow of the groves of the Druids who know not Christ, and it is dear to those who now renounce the name of Christian." In concluding, he says: "Puritanism has purged the theological and ecclesiastical dress away;" and remarks that "Christmas is the day of days which declares the universal human consciousness that peace on earth comes only from good will to men."

Now, without further review of this article, which is not my object, it is worth while to inquire whether it be true that the revived Christmas of the time has nothing in it "doctrinal or dogmatic?" It is more to the purpose, for us Churchmen, to inquire whether in our Christmas we have forgotten Christ?

It is quite the fashion, among us, as we look around and see the revival and popularization of the usages of the Church; the use of liturgical forms and the celebration of festivals, to felicitate ourselves on this happy state of things, among those who left the Church on account of them, and to allow the complacent smile of polished secularism and religious aestheticism to beam patronizingly upon "the Church which He hath purchased" and her ways. Let us be warned in season—there is a snare in this. The Christmas which the world keeps, Mr. Curtis says, has no Christ in it, and it is probable he is correct. "Beware the Grecians bearing gifts."

There is no uncertainty in the voice of the Church, on this point, or her call to us, when in their pastoral, the venerable fathers of the flock declare that: "Central in the mysteries of the Faith, central in the order of Divine disclosures; central in the body of Doctrine forever to be taught to men as the only guide to their salvation, is the fact of the Word made Flesh and coming to dwell among us." And again: "Let His Ministers be not afraid to proclaim the Incarnate God or kneeling congregations be ashamed to adore Him. Superficial thinkers meaning to be progressive deny doctrine."

If the world keeps a festival sacred to humanity, let it be ours to observe one that shall be, as well, full to the brim with doctrine and dogma—full of the theology of the Incarnation, full of Christ. If the world, seeing that the Church is "all glorious," imitates her methods, her worship, her festivals, it is for us to show that the life and

soul of these is the Church's own, and has no home among those who are aliens, if not hostile to her and her spirit. Without the doctrine of the Incarnation, Christmas would be dry and meaningless. As well an Easter without a risen Saviour; which, indeed, some elegant magazinist will doubtless discover in due season. A. C.

A NEW DIOCESE AND A NEW BISHOP.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

THE primary Convention of the new diocese in North Carolina, the formation of which was authorized by General Convention, met in New Berne, on Wednesday, December 12. Bishop Lyman called the Convention to order. The Rev. Dr. A. A. Watson was elected President.

On Thursday, the first business was that of a name. There were several advocates of the name being taken from the see city according to primitive practice, but the rather unmeaning title of "East Carolina" was finally chosen. The diocesan paper, *The Church Messenger*, was not far out when it said that some people would want "East North Carolina." The latter name would at least have conveyed some meaning, there being a State of the name of North Carolina.

After the choice of a name, thus, perhaps not finally, disposed of, it was necessary to find a Bishop for the new diocese. Here happily more wisdom prevailed than in the former decision. On the first ballot the Rev. Dr. A. A. Watson, rector of St. James' church, Wilmington, N. C., was unanimously elected. The convention was very harmonious, and the result gives general pleasure. It is regarded as strengthening the Church.

The Bishop-elect was born in New York State, and is aged about 65 years. Receiving a good education he studied law and began the practice of his profession in that State. About 1835 he removed to North Carolina at the instance of Mr. Collins, a wealthy planter of the Albermarle section, in whose family he taught school. Although reared in the Presbyterian faith he came to prefer the tenets of the Church, and returning to New York studied for Holy Orders, and in 1844 was ordained. He was transferred to the diocese of North Carolina and *Laurel* the pastor of Grace church, Plymouth, and St. Luke's church, Washington county, where he remained until 1859, when he was called to Christ church, New Berne. In May, 1861, on the breaking out of the war, he became chaplain of the Second Regiment, North Carolina troops, in which capacity he served until 1863. During this period he attended the regiment in all its arduous work with a constancy and devotion that challenged the highest admiration. It is related that on one occasion a General of Division, seeing his conduct on the battle field, asked: "Who is that?" On being informed he remarked: "Well, he ought to be a Major-General." Early in 1863 he was elected assistant rector of St. James' church, Wilmington. In 1864 he became rector, and ever since retained the position. Dr. Watson's ability has long been recognized by his brethren in the diocese of North Carolina, and by the Church at large, as is evidenced by the fact that for years he has been a member of General Convention, and in that body, a prominent member of the Committee on Canons, and at the recent convention at Philadelphia, its Chairman. At that time he received a very flattering vote for President of the House. The bishop's present wife was Miss Livingston, a member of one of the oldest and best New York families. THE LIVING CHURCH offers its most cordial congratulations to the new diocese, and to its Bishop-elect.

The following resolution was adopted by a rising vote:

WHEREAS, The Diocese of East Carolina, having completed its organization, is now formally separated from its sister Diocese of North Carolina, its members in Diocesan Convention assembled, desire to give public expression to the love which is still in their hearts for their brethren of the same diocese. To the chief pastor who under God has now for ten years presided over the Church within its limits so ably and faithfully, they offer their hearty respect and gratitude and their devout and earnest wishes, not unaccompanied by their prayers, that the Great Head of the Church may reward him for all his diligent labors, in their behalf and may bless him in all his ministry till that ministry shall end with life. From their brethren beloved, with whom they have labored for so many years in the vineyard of the Lord, they part with hearts full of tender regrets and affectionate remembrances. Believing as they do that the separation is for the good of the Church they would gratefully thank their brethren who have so unselfishly aided them in the establishment of their new fold. Out of the depth of their affections they would say: "Our hearts are as warm towards you as ever. We part as brethren, not as rivals, hoping that before long the provisions of the General Church for federative action may restore us to some measure of our past association. Let us so live as brethren and be rivals only in our emulation in the work for our Master. Let there be no envies, jealousies or disparagement in our intercourse. Let us rejoice in each other's prosperity, and sympathize with each other in their trials. That God may be with you, brethren, is our earnest prayer. Farewell."

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing minute be presented to the Bishop with the request that he lay it before the next convention of his Diocese.

The following officers were elected: Secretary, Rev. N. Harding; Treasurer, Dr. A. J. De Rossett; *Historiographer*, Col. A. G. Barr; *Standing Committee*, Revs. J. C. Huske, D. D., T. M. Ambler, N. C. Hughes, and Dr. A. J. De Rossett and Major John Hughes.

The next meeting of the Convention will be held in St. Peter's church, Wilmington, on the second Wednesday in May, 1884.

Calendar—December, 1883.

Table with 2 columns: Date and Day. Includes entries for First Sunday in Advent, Second Sunday in Advent, Third Sunday in Advent, Ember Day, St. Thomas, Apostle, Ember Day, Fourth Sunday in Advent, Christmas Day, St. Stephen, St. John, Evangelist, Holy Innocents, and Sunday after Christmas.

CHRISTMAS LORE AND CHRISTMAS LYRICS.

English Churchman.

The Festival of Christmas, honored by an universal observance, has, in the course of centuries, accumulated around itself a multitude of traditions and a great mass of legendary lore. The enumeration of some of these is the purpose of this paper. The author seeks not to investigate the origin, nor to discuss the truth of his statements. He merely desires to record them just as he finds them written, for the passing amusement, if not for the instruction, of his readers. Many of them will be seen (as might have been expected) to be the case) to testify to a popular idea that all living creatures, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the insects in their flight, and the elements of nature, all in their turn paid their homage and offered their service at the Incarnation of their Lord.

The first legend which comes to hand relates the tradition, that on the annual night of the Nativity all rivers are turned to wine, and transfused again to water in the morning.

This time so holy counted is that divers earnestly do think the waters all to wine are changed so suddenly, that some hour that Christ himself was borne and came to light.

And unto water straight again transfused, and altered quite.

It may not be out of place here to quote the elegant Latin verse, descriptive of the first miracle of Cana—

Conscia lymphæ Deum vidit, et erubuit. The cock, again, an essentially English bird, as identified with our farm-houses, plays his part in these traditions. Shakespeare, in his tragedy of "Hamlet," has with his accustomed mastery of his subject, immortalized the legend:

Some say that ever against that season comes, Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, This bird of dawning singeth all night long; And then they say, no spirit stirs abroad. The nights are wholesome; then no planet strikes, No fairy tales, nor witch hath power to charm. So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

The ox was of old a prominent figure in the accessories of Christmas. This animal was not only very frequently represented in the illuminations of MS., and in the earliest wood-cuts illustrating Christmas, but was universally alluded to in the earliest carols. The first we give is to be traced back, according to the high authority of the late Mr. Thomas Wright, to the thirteenth century.

O' God that made all creature, How art Thou become so poor, That on this hay and straw will lie, Among the asses, oxen, and kye.

And again— They sought for a lodging, but the inns were filled all. They, alas! could not have it, but in an ox stall.

And again— In an ox stall the chylde was found, In poor clothing the chylde was wound. To the same effect is Dr. Watts' nursery hymn—

Lo! He slumbers in the manger, Where the horned oxen feed.

A very prevalent tradition maintains that the oxen kneel in their stalls early on Christmas morning. A similar legend in a somewhat varied form is mentioned by Howitt in his "Sketches of Upper Canada." He tells how he met an Indian at midnight on Christmas Eve, cautiously creeping along, and beckoning to him to be silent. In answer to his enquiries the Indian said: "We watch to see the deer kneel; this is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit and look up."

Bees, by their curious instincts, are regarded with much popular favor, and have many legends related of them. They are commonly supposed to keep the observance of Christmas. Mr. Thistleton Dyer, in his charming book on "English Folk Lore," mentions that when, in 1732, the new style of keeping Christmas Day was first ordered, that in several places the country people watched at midnight their bee-hives both on the new and old Christmas Day Eve, in order to determine which was the right Christmas Eve, "from the loud humming voice which they supposed the bees will make when the birth of our Saviour took place."

Another very well known Christmas legend is connected with the famous Glastonbury Thorn. This tree (which had been probably brought originally by the monks from the Holy Land) was popularly supposed to put out a blossom annually on Christmas Eve. It is stated in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for the month of January, 1753, "that at a place in Somersetshire two thousand people collected together with lanterns and candles to view a thorn which it was believed always budded on Christmas Eve, but the people finding no appearance of a bud, refused to keep Christmas Day according to the new style, and they were the more confirmed in this resolution, for after watching the tree narrowly for some days, they found that it blossomed as usual on the fifth day of January, the Christmas day in the old style."

Nor are these legends confined entirely to animated nature. Things inanimate are made by the popular voice to do honor to the wonders of Christmas-tide. Where the

churches around our coasts have been swallowed up by ravages, and encroachments of the sea (and our authority for this legend is to be found in page 67 of the "Norfolk Garland," by Mr. Glyde), the old church bells are said to be rung every Christmas morning; and a number of persons go to the cliffs, and listen, hoping to catch the music of those mysterious chimings.

The weather at Christmas-tide is also the subject of many popular sayings. A sunny Christmas day is an excellent omen. The proverb runs thus, "If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas Day, there will be an abundant crop next year." A green Christmas, according to popular ideas, brings a heavy harvest; though, according to Scotch lore, a green yule makes a braw kirkyard.

A full moon at Christmas was not considered a good sign.

Light Christmas, light wheat-sheaf; Dark Christmas, a heavy wheat-sheaf. Steps were taken in some farm-houses to counteract these ill omens by visiting the orchards, and by sprinkling them with liquor from the wassail bowl, or by singing a sort of incantation. The first of these customs is thus alluded to by Herrick—

Wassail the trees that they may bear, You many a plum and many a pear, For more or less, fruit they will bring, As you do give them wassailing.

The second of these practices is well set forth in the verses sung beneath the apple tree—

Stand fast root, bear well too, Pray God send a howling crop; Every twig, apples big, Every bough, apples enow; Hats full, caps full, Full quarter sacks full.

The decoration of the houses and the churches at Christmas-time was a very ancient custom. It seems to have been practised in times long antecedent to Christianity. Virgil, in his account of the ill-fated infatuation of the Trojans on the eve of the destruction of their city, tells of their decoration of their temples with green boughs in their intoxication of delight—

Nas delabant Deum niseri; quibus ultimis esset Iliades, festa velantur fronde per artem.

Whatever may be the origin of the custom it was from the earliest times of common adoption in this country. The very name of "holly," the plant most generally in use, is derived from its dedication to this "holly" service. Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," gives us the ancient roundelay—

With holly and ivy so green and so gay, We deck up our houses as fresh as the day, With holly and ivy, and holly and rosemary, And every one now is a king in conceit.

Holingshead relates in his "Chronicles" that Christmas was celebrated in so different a manner in England, from what was customary in other countries as to excite the astonishment of foreigners. As soon as the Christmas Holiday arrived, work and care were universally laid aside, and England rang from end to end with mirth and jollity.

Now grocer's trade is in request, Forpans and spices of the best, Good chest doth with this month agree, And dainty chops must sweetened be. Mirth and gladness doth abound, And strong beer in each house is found, Mince pies, roast beef, with other cheer, And feasting doth conclude the year.

There were two special customs peculiar to England, and marking the festivities of this season, which ought not to be omitted in any narrative on "Christmas Lore, and Christmas Lyrics."

The first, the bringing in of the Yule log, was a special feature of keeping Christmas in the country homesteads. A very great diversity of interpretation prevails as to the origin of the word "Yule;" one might almost quote the proverb, "Quot homines, tot sententiae." Some derive the word from Iola; Gothic to make merry, or from Wyl, or Gwyl, Celtic for festival. Others maintain a French origin, as a corruption of Noel, Noeul, Nule, Yule; and others, again, declare it to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon Jul, Guil, wheel, the turning-point of the year, or the great anniversary. Whichever of these derivatives be correct, the custom of bringing in a large log for the Christmas fire which used to blaze bright in the old open chimneys of the English farm-houses, was accompanied with the merry progression of the yokels, and with much music, riot, and rustic merriment.

Come, bring with a noise, My merry, merry boys, The Christmas log to the firing; While my good dame, she Bids ye all be free, And drink to your heart's desire, With the last year's brand Light the new block, And For good success in his spending; On your psalteries play, That sweet luck may, Come while the log is a teending. Drink now the strong beer, Cut the white loaf here, That while the meat is shredding; For the rare mince pie, And the plums stand by To fill the paste that's a kneading.

The Yule log was attended by its own ritual, which many a good housewife would most punctiliously observe. It was unlucky to break it, or to turn it, and woe was indicated to the household where it was extinguished. A part, too, was to be religiously kept to light the next year's Yule log. These traditions are well preserved in the following old ballad—

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then Till sunne set let it burne, Which queneth, then lay it up agen Till Christmas next returne. Part must be kept, where with to teend The Christmas log next year; And where 'tis surely kept, the fiend Can do no mischief there.

The Boar's head was the chief dish at Christmas in the palace and the castle. When our sovereigns kept Christmas of yore

in their noble halls at Guildford, Eltham, Westminster, or Windsor in high estate, arrayed with crown and sceptre and clothed in ermine, and surrounded by these wondering subjects, the boar's head was brought to their table with very great ceremony. It was placed on a large silver platter, and surmounted with a kind of baldachino, or a "castellus (castle) of gold and enamel." This gorgeous fabric was "carried by the tallest of the king's guards, wearing a green scarf and empty scabbard, preceded by two hussars, one carrying a boar's-spear and the other a drawn falchion, and by two pages carrying mustard, which was indispensable as the boar's head itself." The introduction of this grand dish was accompanied with music and singing. The following verses, found in the book of Christmas Carols, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521, is still used every year in Queen's College, Oxford—

Caput Apri refero, Reddens laudes Domino. The Boar's head in hand bringe I, With garlands gay and rosemary, I pray you all sing merrily, Qu' estis in convivio. The Boar's head, I understande, Is the chief service in this bande, Like wherever it be bande, Serve cum cantu.

And a yet more ancient carol used on the same occasion is given in Mr. Thomas Wright's collection—

Sowell, Sowell, Sowell, Sowell, Tydings good I thinke to telle. The boar's hode that we bring here Bekometh a Prince without peere, As borne this day to bly us here. Nowell. A boar is a soverayn beste, And acceptab (l) e in every feste; So mote this lord be to most, and leste. Nowell. This boar's hode, we bring with song In worship of Hym that thus sprang, Of a Virgin to redresse all wrong. Nowell.

Although serving the boar's head was the chief service in the mansions of the great at Christmas, yet it was only one of a very extensive cuisine known to our English forefathers. The following lines record an infinity of dainties, ample and varied enough to suit the epicurean tastes of the most fastidious gourmet.

They served up salmon, venison, and wild boar, By hundreds, by dozens, and by scores, Fish-soups of home, and kitchen of mustard, Muttons and fatted beefes, and broen swine, Herons and batters, peacock swan, and bustard, Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in time, Plum puddings, peacocks, apple pies, and custard, And here withal they drank good capon wine, With moode and ale, and cider, and our own, For port, punch, and negus were not known.

Or, as another rural poet yet further adds to the list

Of the good things, Which merrie Christmas always brings, These additional dainties: Good bread and good drink, a good fire in the hall, Brown pudding and souce, and good mustard with all, Boete mutton and porke, shredd peeces of the best, Pig, veal, goose, and capon, and turkey well drest, Chosen apples, and nuts, jollie carols to hear, As then in the country is counted good cheer.

This hearing and singing of carols is *per se* essential, the chief feature of Christmas-tide. No other feast or festival is equally characterized by the like custom. The origin of the word "carol" is somewhat obscure. It is generally said to be constructed from the Latin word *cantare*, to sing, and *ihol*, an exclamation of joy. The limitation of the singing of carols to this season arose in imitation probably of the hymn of the multitude of the angel host. This is, however, a very great variety of these carols, handed down from the period almost immediately subsequent to the Norman conquest. A brief selection of some of the earliest carols may introduce to our readers a matter of novelty and a source of interest.

The first carol is to be found in MS., in the Cotton Library in the British Museum (Vesp. A. 25, f. 60). The writer has not met with it in print.

The golden time is now at hande, The daye of joye from Heaven doth springe, Salvation overflows the land, Wherefore all faithful thus may singe, Glory be to God most high, And peace on earth continually, And unto men rejoicing.

There are several additional stanzas, but this will suffice as a sample of this ancient writing. Here is another example of these earliest carols—

This daye to you is borne a me childe, Of Marye milk, and Virgyn milke, That Blessed Barne, biling and kynde, Sall you rejoyce bath heart and mynde. My saull and lyfe stand up and see, Quha lies in a me cribe of a tree, Quhat babe is that so gude and faire, It is Christ: God's sonne and aire. On my deir hart, zung Jesus swete, Prepare thy credill in my spret, And I shall rocke thee in my hart, And never maire from thee depart.

The next short carol is found in the "Roxburgh Ballads"—

Where is this stupendous stranger, Synapsis of Solyun advise; Lead me to my master's manger; Show me where my Saviour lies. Oh! most mighty, oh! most holy, Farabove the Seraph's thought, Art thou, then so meek and lowly As unheeded prophets taught? Oh! the magnitude of meekness, Worth from Worth immortal sprung Oh! the strength of infant weakness If Eternal is so young.

The following ancient hymn shows the curious custom of a Latin refrain attached to each stanza of the carol—

Godde's sonne for the love of manne, Flesche and blode of Marye he nam, As in the Gospel sayeth Saint Johan, Verbum caro factum est. Of joy and myrth now dwelling we sing, God with man is now dwelving, Holy Wrytt nakyth now shewing, Deus homo natus est. God and man hath shewyd his chylde, That hath us brought fro the devyls wyld, Him to worship now be we myld, Congaudere nili. This chylde is moder ever more, Mayden she was after, and before, And so sayd the prophett in hys lore, Verbo prophesye.

It might, *a priori*, have been thought impossible that a festival so popular, and so engrained by use in the affections of the nation could ever have been dethroned from its high estate of estimation and respect; but such was its fate. During the Puritan government of the Commonwealth, the observance of Christmas was visited with pains and penalties. In that unenviable period, to quote a ballad of the day—

Plum broth was popish, and mince pie, Oh! that was flat idolatry; Thus did each idle-pated clown With frantic zeal cry Christmas-down.

This effort to bring despite to Christmas was attended with outbreaks and disturbances in many parts of the country, and most notably so in the city of Canterbury and the adjoining districts of Kent. It was, too, one among the many aggravations and counteractions of the prevailing popular opinions which created the universal burst of joy which welcomed the Restoration. The Christmas of 1661 was pre-eminently festive. The following lines aptly expressed the feelings of the nation—

Hail Father Christmas! hail to thee, Honour'd ever shalt thou be; All the sweets that love bestows, Endless pleasures wait on those Who like vassals brave and true Give to Christmas homage due.

The space at our disposal is all but filled, and we must pass over without notice many minor details of "Christmas lore," the waits, bell-ringing, snap dragon, card playing, Christmas trees, and other Christmas amusements. We must not omit to mention the mystical lore attached to the mince, mynched, or shred pies, familiar at this season as a household word. The shape of the strictly orthodox mince pie should be long and narrow, to represent the crèche or manger in which the infant Saviour lay, while it is more than suggested that the varied ingredients of which the pie is made have a covert reference to the mystic offerings of the Magi. Some persons with more prosaic proclivities will derive its name simply from minced meat being the prominent ingredient in its construction: A mixture strange of suet, currants, meat.

There is only one other item of "Christmas lore" to which we feel bound, for the sake of auld lang syne, to refer, and that is to the Mummings who, fifty years since, at Christmas, were pretty common in our country districts. The term is said to be derived from the Flemish word *mumme*, or mask. There is little room to doubt but that the Mummings were the degenerate descendants of the old miracle plays, or mysteries, so frequently performed by the various guilds of artisans in the Middle Ages, as also of the later Maskes, as they were called, which found such favor in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and of James I., and which were played before these Sovereigns by the learned members of the Inns of Court, and which inspired the genius of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and John Milton. These rustic Mummings were removed by an almost immeasurable distance from their illustrious prototypes. They generally performed in small bands about six in number, accompanied by a younger lad, who was always called Jack, to collect for them during their performance. Their wardrobe was neither varied nor expensive. They always wore small-clothes, and appeared in their shirt-sleeves, ornamented ribands, and with streamers on their hats. They carried broad swords, and after enacting a certain rude play, relating to St. George and the Dragon, and containing allusions to a once well-known and popular ballad, entitled "The King of Egypt's Daughter," they concluded with dancing the sword dance, during which they constructed many curious figures with their swords. The author of this paper has a perfect recollection of witnessing one of these bands of Mummings when a boy in a country village, and is glad to put on record a memento of his reminiscences. Each member of the band came forward by turn and addressed the audience. First entered the yokel representing St. George. His speech was something of this doggerel sort of rhyme—

Here am I, St. George, the man of courage bold, With my broad sword and spear, to win more gold; I fought the fiery dragon, I put him to slaughter; And that was how I won the King of Egypt's daughter.

Then a second yokel, representing a Turkish warrior, came forward and made his speech, to which St. George replies— So now, then, Turkish knight, our sword and fight, And thou shalt pay dearly before thou seeest night, I'll conquer this Pagan knight, I'll hack him into dust, And send him to the kitchen to be made into mince-pie crust. On which the two knights have a terrific conflict, in which, of course, St. George kills his antagonist. Another of the band then comes in, and, addressing St. George in great perturbation, demands of him what he has done— St. George, St. George! what hast thou been and done? Is there no doctor here to heal this bleeding wound? At the end of this address another Mummer comes in in the capacity of a doctor, and after a brief speech

(Oh! there's a doctor now has come; Dr. Sound: "I'll cure the man that lies bleeding on the ground;") passes something (in dumb play) after a Bar-mecide fashion into the mouth of the slain hero on which he instantaneously is restored to life. The play concludes with a doggerel song from the youthful Jack, who demands blackmail in the form of pence and shillings from the bystanders—

Here comes I, little Johnny Jack, with my box on my back; My family is large, though I am small; give a little to keep us all. Roast beef, plum porridge, strong ale and mince pie, Who likes them better than Father Christmas and I? or, sometimes in such words as these:

My box would speak if it had but a tongue, And two or three shillings would do it no wrong; Sing holly, sing ivy, sing ivy, sing holly, A drop just to drink it would drown melancholy.

The author remembers to this day, through a vista of fifty years, the impressions made by witnessing a play of these rude Mummings. They are now among the things that are past, but they certainly imparted a greater life, and fun, and zest to the festivities of Christmas than is to be found in the present more sober and funereal celebration of this season of universal praise and good will.

There is one point, however, in which it is to be hoped that the Christmas season in England will never be wanting, and that is in a plentiful provision by the wealthy for the greater enjoyment and daintier fare of their poor neighbors. Old Thomas Tusser's advice is of universal application—

At Christmas, the hardness of winter doth rage, A griper of all things, especially age; At Christmas by labor is little to get, That wanting the poorest in danger are set. What season, then, better of all the whole year, Thy needy, poor neighbor to comfort and cheer?

And again, the same kind-hearted old fellow gives the following seasonable exhortation—

At Christmas, be merrie, and thankful withall, And feast thy poor neighbors, the great and the small; Yea, all the year long, to the poor let us give God's blessing to follow us, while'st we doo live.

The author cannot make a more fitting conclusion to this contribution to the celebration of the coming Christmas than to express from himself to his readers the good wishes contained in this last "Christmas Lyric," which he will quote on this occasion— God bless the master of this house, the mistress also, And all the little children that round the table grow, And all your kin and kindred that dwell both far and near, I wish you "Merry Christmas, and a happy New Year."

*And in America. ED LIVING CHURCH.

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS.

Christmas has come, and all the joy-bells ring, And tens of thousand little hearts are beating With joy expectant; for they know it means Fresh stores of brand-new toys, and sweets, and dancing, And circuses, and transformation scenes, And nuts, and pies, and fairy tales entrancing, And everything that's good, and nice and jolly. But Christmas has another style of greeting. To many parents 'tis a dismal thing; And when they hear the joy-bells wildly ringing, And through the frosty night the carol-singing, They shiver on their pallet-bed and groan To think what misery the morn will bring.

For then they know their little ones will wake To bitter hunger and to aching cold; That they will cluster sobbing round their knee, And ask what means the joy-bells' merry peal. How can they tell them, hungry for a meal, That all the world is joyous for Christ's sake? That on His birthday happy all should be, When they, poor little souls, are blue with cold.

The world is out of joint; the Dane was right; And we, alas! can't hope to set it straight. But let us something do, at any rate, To cure the working of Fate's cruel spite. Let us but cheer one heart, one dark home brighten, One aching breast relieve, one burden lighten; And we, believe us! shall enjoy our Christmas With ten-fold zest. It little matters how. For whom or where we do the kindly deed, So that we do it heartily and now!

God knows there is variety enough Of wants and woes that your compassion need; So, if fastidious, you may pick and choose. Prefer the wondering joy of childhood's eyes, The plaintive gratitude of womanhood, A hunger-stricken family's surprise, And then the season shall fresh joys reveal, The rush of joy that sternest selfishness But this we leave you to yourself decide: If you'll do something, we'll be satisfied, But don't forget—go quickly and fulfil! The generous impulse all of you must feel, And then the season shall fresh joys reveal, Sweet music ring out in the Christmas peal, And great peace come to you when next you kneel. You will do something, then? We know you will!

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

And so beside the Silent Sea I wait the muffled oar, No harm from Him can come to me, On ocean, or on shore. I know not where His islands lift Their fronded palms in air; I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care. Oh, brothers, if my faith is vain; If hopes, like these, betray; Pray for me, that my feet may gain The sure, and safer way. And Thou, O Lord, by Whom are seen Thy creatures as they be, Forgive me, if too close I lean My human heart on Thee. —Whittier

TRUE AND FALSE REVIVALS.

BY THE LATE REV. CANON ASHWELL.

There are true revivals and there are false revivals; for there is a counterfeit which dogs the steps of every truth. But it is not difficult to discriminate between the two. A true revival is a return to what is ancient, not a fresh exploration into what is new. The Church of England has never yet been left without the power of revival of doctrine, revival of faith, revival of worship, revival of holiness. The fact that every one of her revivals has always been in some point or other a distinct return to some one or more forgotten duty or forgotten truth, some truth plainly to be seen within the original title-deeds of the Church—the fact that it never yet has been a wandering into new inventions unauthorized by her ancient charter, is to my mind a more convincing argument of her divine vitality as a true Church of God, than all the arguments which technical theology can bring, or which controversialists can fashion. Those words might almost seem to have been written for us: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their youth." We have our defects and our errors; we know and deplore it. We have our deficiencies within as well as our dangers without; but, who ever said that a true Church was to be without them? Christ gave us no such expectation. Christ warned His Apostles that His Church would never be a spiritual Utopia. Christ warned them that such a thing as a spiritual Utopia, with none but pure and holy souls within its net, was the precise thing they must not expect or look for. A "net, gathering of every kind" is the Lord's picture of His Church; gathering of every kind and keeping every kind within it, until He, the divine and unerring Judge, shall separate the faithful from the false. But, with all our losses, God has never taken from us the power of revival.—Holy Catholic Church.

THE SECRET WITH SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus, up in the chimney. Won't you please listen to me? Nurse put me to bed so early. I ain't a bit sleepy, you see.

THE PATHWAY OF SHADOWS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY C. A. JONES.

"As oft with worn and weary feet, We tread earth's rugged valley o'er, The thought how comforting and sweet— Christ trod the toilsome path before;

One cold frosty night, many years ago, I sat gazing out of my window upon the busy city below, my brain was crowded with confused and wordly thoughts, for I was somewhat dissatisfied with the results of a trying day's work;

And I alone seemed heedless of the great Day that was approaching. No signs of rejoicing in my home, and still less in my world-loving heart.

The moon sent down her floods of glory on the snow-shrouded roof, and seemed to shine with fuller intensity upon the carving of a beautiful angel-figure standing out against the clear deep sky with sword in hand, as if guarding the hallowed porch over which he stood.

I gazed long and earnestly till I fancied there was no other object in all the world but that white Angel who seemed at last to be looking straight down upon me. I thought I could bear it no longer, and rising from my seat walked out into the frosty night towards the spot on which my eyes were still fixed, and he seemed to step down from his place and come to meet me in the cloisters.

"I have been beside you all day long, and seen you grasping at the vain shadows, fame and success in the eyes of the world; you wish that men should honor you and call you great; you seek to gain command and control over the hearts and minds of God's creatures, and wield them according to your own desires; rebelling against your Maker's Will and wise orderings—you trust in your own strength and determinedly follow a self-chosen path.

"I thought I recognized the children as those whom a short time back I had watched wreathing the holly, but I was too much engrossed with what I saw before me to question my guide. "Ella, Ella, what is it you see?" asked Cyril eagerly, as he sprang to the side of his sister, whom he loved with all his heart's deep tenderness; "what is it?" he urged.

not with Me, for learn the lesson of Christmas, it is that I would show you now; it was to teach you to be humble, that your Lord lived His Incarnate life on earth, it was to show you how to suffer for that He came from Heaven to earth, for if you suffer with Him here you will be glorified with Him hereafter. Come therefore with me and learn the true teaching of Christmas, learn that through the pathway of shadows which Jesus trod, you will come at last to the land of light to live with Him for ever and for ever, where Christmas snows shall have melted into bright perpetual sunshine."

The voice of the speaker grew mournful and pleading, and laying his hand upon me he continued, "Lay aside these anxious thoughts for a while and lift up your eyes beyond the wild confusion of this great city."

Then I thought he led me on, on, on, over hill and vale and meadow, the snow beneath our feet melted in the glory of his smile, and we seemed to be leaving the chill winter night behind as we journeyed on. A soft summer wind made music among the trees which arched gracefully over our heads, and the little birds were chanting their matin hymn from their leafy chapel as the red dawn was streaking the eastern sky. Still my guide led me on higher, higher, up the gentle green slopes, but I was so intently gazing at the pure beauty of his countenance that I scarcely heeded where he was leading me, till he pointed to a glittering stream of running water which lay below, dividing a barren wilderness from a lovely scene of woodlands and mighty hills. The little pink clouds of the dawning day were reflected in its clear depths and threw a warm glow upon the pale white lilies which expanded peacefully upon its surface.

A group of happy children were coming towards the bank. I asked my guide the meaning of this strange scene, and he told me "These children are bound for the land of Eternal Peace, which lies yonder to the west. The way is long, and the only access to the pathway is through the crystal water." While he was speaking I saw a bright being leading them gently through, but for a moment I lost sight of them, for the flood of silver glory which poured through an opening in the clouds dazzled my eyes. When it faded I noticed that each of the children held in their hands a pure lily with glistening drops upon it. "They cannot miss their way," said my guide, in answer to my inquiries; "the only path which leads to the land of our glorious King and Father, He Himself has trodden and marked with crosses, and from the Water of Life He has caused a little stream to spring; like a silver thread it courses its way among the tangled thorns and briars,—on, on, down to the waters of darkness, and even beyond, for its brightness gleams over the dark tide and ceases not till it leaps upon the golden sands of the Blessed Home they seek."

"He has not left one cross in the way without some words of comfort and love written there, by His Own Hand, so those who seek Him cannot miss the road. Watch with me, and it will tell its own story."

In the group who were already journeying onward I saw three who particularly attracted my notice. A tall handsome-looking boy, with the fire of youth gleaming in his eye, and a haughty determined expression about the mouth. His manner was cold and commanding, though his companions seemed to look up to him, and he appeared to take the lead in everything. They called him Edwin. He was a strange contrast to the pale, timid child Cyril, who clung to him as to some strong support with such implicit trust as to hang upon every word that fell from his lips; Edwin was proud of the influence he had gained over the young boy. The third was Ella—a girl who for purity and grace rivalled the lily she held with such tender care in her small white hands. The golden hair fell in long soft ripples from the little head thrown back, that the deep lustrous eyes might rest upon the far distant speck of glory,—raised above thorn and flower that were growing along the wayside, above the dark tall pine-trees standing in the gloomy distance, to the "Land which is very far off."

I thought I recognized the children as those whom a short time back I had watched wreathing the holly, but I was too much engrossed with what I saw before me to question my guide.

"Ella, Ella, what is it you see?" asked Cyril eagerly, as he sprang to the side of his sister, whom he loved with all his heart's deep tenderness; "what is it?" he urged.

"I can see," she answered, "in the far, far distance a speck of light—and the longer I look the brighter it seems to grow. Oh, Cyril, can it be that it is a faint gleam of our Blessed Home? it lies there, I know."

She guided the child's gaze to the light, and the two walked side by side, watching with eager longing, till a mist fell, and the boy grew weary now the light was hidden, and asked his sister why she still gazed.

"Because," said Ella, "I know our Home is there, although the mist has

fallen to hide it, and our Father is watching us from there—we must not turn away," but little Cyril did not wait to listen, Edwin called him to join the merry group he was with, and he went quickly away, and I thought that Ella still held in her hand a branch of holly, the same holly which she had been twining round the Christmas text when I first saw her.

Wistfully and lovingly she looked at it, and then she took a little book out of her pocket, and I heard her read these words—

"We wreath the holly round the pillars of our churches at the glad Christmas Feast, and twine it amidst the symbols of joy in our homes; and do we ever think of the full, deep meaning of the bright shining leaves, and the beautiful red berries? do we see a cloud from the pathway of shadows coming upon our Christmas joy?"

"Look at the spikes that speak of a crown of thorns, see the rosy hue, that foreshadows, as it were, a Saviour's Blood. Ah, yes! a Voice from the Cross seems to echo amid our jubilant notes of praise, a cloud from Calvary's height falls upon the Manger at Bethlehem, and yet behind the cloud there is a more radiant brightness than any we have yet seen, a never-fading sunbeam of resurrection joy pointing to the land of light." Ella closed her book, and a shade of disappointment was upon her face when she found that the others had really left her, but she knew they must not linger, but press on through all the weariness of the long day, that they might be ready, waiting on the shore of the dark tide for the little bark with shining sails that would take them to the haven of eternal happiness, the land of their loving Lord, Who had brought them this precious heritage as a Christmas gift.

"Come, Cyril, you will join our party," said the elder boy; "see there, while we are losing ourselves in this gloomy valley, others are gaining the mountain tops and basking in the sunlight and free fresh air; see how they are all struggling for that highest peak—I will not rest till I have gained it."

"Oh, Edwin, Edwin," pleaded the boy, "they say the dangers are so terrible—a precipice lies the other side, below which the dark waters flow, and many have been for ever lost."

"Little fool!" answered the other, "do you think I cannot take care of myself? very well, coward, I will return soon and show that I can; then perhaps you will be wiser, and come with me, if you do not weary of your sanctity before and overtake me."

"Edwin, dear Edwin," urged the child, "there is no other road to the Land of Light, and they say few ever retrace their steps; please do not go, it may even now be only a bend in the road which hides the dark tide from us; our King will grieve so if you turn from His Own pathway, for He needs us all in our Home."

"I don't suppose He wants me much," was the scornful rejoinder, "and if His Love had been so very great He would not have made the path so dark; see how thick the shadows lie, and for my part I doubt the ending."

"Edwin, how can you talk so?" said Ella, whom Cyril had called to plead with him, "He makes the shadows fall here, that the distant glory may shine before us, and we may not miss our way. Look, too, at the sunbeams where the trees open and show the blue sky above, and the little streamlet ever running on. Besides, our lilies would droop and fade in the scorching sun and wild wind of the great mountains. We must take them to our Father pure and unspotted to live for ever in His Fadeless Garden. We know too—

"Every shadow falling on our pathway here, Falls from gleams of Glory that await us there; Oh, Edwin, do not leave us;" but the impetuous boy shook her off in anger, saying,

"So you influence Cyril, do you, and keep him at your side? I'll make you repent of your fool's play;" and he dashed off and left them standing in dismay, watching his hasty reckless ascent up the steep mountain.

I thought I longed to warn the heedless boy of the terrible chasm I saw yawning to the left, for the sun dazzled his eyes so that he could not see; but I suddenly seemed to lose sight of him altogether.

When I turned again to the pathway of shadows, the two children were resting beneath a wayside cross and refreshing themselves with the purple grapes that clustered round it. A look of happy peace was upon them as they read the message of love written upon the stem, "I will never leave thee or forsake thee." And after stooping to revive their lilies in the bright water running at their feet, they pressed slowly onwards.

I marked how the boy was almost entirely engrossed in his love for his sister, and I thought, "Is human love strong enough to support through all this?" for the way was changing. It was closing into a very narrow space. The ground was rough and crowded with thistles, and tangled weeds grew over the little stream whose clear course still threaded through

all. I watched anxiously, for to the right only the narrow stream divided them from the fresh open meadows and waving corn-fields; and I was fearful lest they should turn aside to seek them."

"Tread here," said Ella to the frightened boy; "follow me, I find His Footprints all along. He passed through once and trod this very ground. Is it not sweet to walk in His Own steps? See! He has made the rough places plain." Oh, how the thorns must have hurt His Feet. Look how He has crushed them down, so that they scarcely touch us. How difficult it must have been, yet He came from the Golden City that He might make a path for all to follow to the Gates of Peace which He flung open wide when He had finished His Journey. Take heart, Cyril; it is not so very far after all."

"But it is so dark," pleaded the boy, as he struggled on.

"Look up at the Western Glory," was the answer, "I think it never looked half so bright. Don't hold so tight upon me; you must look, at His Signs along the way. He only can bring you safe through the hard places, because He knows them all. Maybe there are yet worse yonder," and in a soft voice she sang to cheer her companion,

"What though the future with its unknown depths Behidden from my sight, I know that its untrodden paths Lead onward into light."

I noticed how the shouts of the merry group upon the mountains attracted Cyril, and how his eager gaze would follow them now that he and his companion had passed the rough places, and were upon the soft green moss again. He would many a time have made a false step had it not been for his sister's warning voice and patient watchfulness; but seldom or never did he turn his eyes to the Western Glory. Whenever he caught a glimpse of Edwin in the distance, ever struggling to be first and on the topmost point, the child would heave a longing sigh, for his heart was panting for the wild freedom, and only his love for Ella held him back from answering the repeated calls of "Come up, Cyril my lad, there is no danger here. Come up just for a little while."

They however prevailed at last for I heard him saying, "Let me go, Ella dear, I am so very weary of the shadowy path. I promise that I will come back to you again by-and-by, and perhaps bring Edwin with me. I will not go so far as he, indeed I will not, and I will soon overtake you."

And it seemed as if he would not raise his eyes to the words upon the wayside cross, "I will keep thee in the way wherein thou shalt go."

"Oh thou, so weary of the self-denials, And so impatient of thy little cross, Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials— To count all earthly things a gainful loss?"

Yes, the boy had gone, and when I next looked Ella was journeying on alone, ever keeping her eyes fixed upon the distant land, fearful lest she should be tempted to stray from the path that often seemed so hard and tedious.

The cheerful song of the reapers in the corn-field on the other side of the hedge, contrasted strangely with her oft-repeated deep-drawn sighs, which told of such utter weariness, such longing for rest.

We all know such feelings, the weariness that seems to fall upon us like a great mist, but which it seem as though the Christmas joy came to clear away.

For He our Lord and Master was weary for three and thirty long years, the toil and burden and struggle of life was as great for Him as it is for any one of us, and He had to bear a load which none of us can ever bear, the load, great and terrible as it was, of our sins. He saw too all our ingratitude, all our disregard of His Love, He thirsted for our souls, He was very weary, very sad because we would not give them to Him. It is the thought of Him that enables us to combat our little weariness, to press on and battle through it, ere it deepens into something akin to despair. Then the evil one knows only too well that it is his time for leading whither he will.

"I will just listen," I heard her say, as she stepped aside to an opening in the hedge."

"I will not go, but only watch the happy group for a moment."

It was a pretty sight on which she looked. Merry youths and maidens all amongst the golden corn, where the wild flowers at intervals looked up through the waving ears to a cloudless sky above them.

Though the scene was beautiful, I noticed it was shut in by hills—there was not that vast beyond which was so remarkable in the shadowy path, and the merry reapers seemed heedless of all but the joyous dance and song.

The child's gaze grew longing and anxious. She no longer shook her head when they beckoned her to join them, but smiled as if half assenting.

My guide told me to watch. The young heart was yearning for companions once more, and she had even forgotten to look for the words of comfort, which the sunny corn-field hid from her as she bent her head out of the shade of the sheltering tree above.

"Is she not being tried beyond her strength?" I asked.

"The strength of mortals is weak indeed," he answered, "but the Everlasting Father will aid His faithful child, who has always trusted in Him; and resisted temptation is a jewel in the victor's crown."

As he finished speaking, a Glorious Being rose from the silver stream, and overshadowed her with his mighty wings, pointed with his shining sword to the Western Glory, and so guided the child into the ways of quietness, and peace. And he left her not till he had placed her once more at the foot of a cross whose stem was planted in the stream, and on which there hung rich purple grapes.

Though at intervals the summer breeze bore the reaper's song to the little pathway, it seemed to have lost its charm; for the Glorious Being had shed the light of another world upon her, he had stirred in her music of a truer beat which she poured forth in loving melody.

The day was passing on. Great wild piles of dark clouds stood out against the blue depths, just showing their silver lining as if to give hope, before spreading into a thick blackness, and sending down large drops of rain upon the hot earth below them.

The reapers left the dance and song, fleeing in haste I know not where, for that waving golden corn was being beaten down and blackened in the mud, and the unbound sheaves scattered in wild confusion. The trees bent, cracked, and struggled in the tempest that burst in such mad fury upon the idle loiterers, hurling the heavy branches and flinging them backwards, forwards, with its mighty, resistless power. Yes! and those were the same trees that had stood looking so calm and strong in the sunny hours, offering a cool retreat from the hot noon-day sun.

What were they now? helpless almost as feathers, and their shelter a place of fatal danger in the storm. After pondering long upon this scene of ruin and desolation, I turned to the other side where the mountains stood like giants, immovable and powerful, but it was even more terrible there. The long grass and wild thistles were waving now this way, and now that, as if every single root must be torn up. Great bits of rock leapt wildly from the heights—down, down, down, till with one awful plunge their course was ended in the dark waters below, which closed over them in cruel forgetfulness of their fate. It filled me with intense horror, for it seemed to bring before me the terrors of a lost despairing soul—the wild leaps, the last plunge into eternity and all hope gone forever.

The majestic sweep-back of the waves, the awful and mysterious pause while the gathering waters were increasing their force to burst again with deafening splash upon the rocky shore—it maddened me, and I clung in terror to my guide, not daring to ask how it had fared with the adventurers; but he read my thoughts and answered,

"Alas! some are lost, others instead of giving themselves up to despair, that powerful worker of the Evil One, repent of their unfaithfulness and listen for the still small voice which speaks in the storm, calling those who even yet so late, will return to seek Him once more, for His mercies are untold and His compassions are new every morning."

SUBSTITUTES.

The public are cautioned against a custom which is growing quite common of late among certain class of Druggists. For instance, when asked for a bottle of

Allen's Lung Balsam,

Which is the leading remedy for all Throat and Lung Diseases, and is frequently recommended by Physicians who know of its true merits. The Druggist suddenly discovers that they are "sold out" of this article, "but have another remedy of their own manufacture just as good, if not better," which they will supply at the same price. The object of this deception is transparent. These substitutes are made up to sell on the great reputation of the Balsam, and are compounded of cheap Drugs, which enables him to realize a few cents more profit. Allen's Lung Balsam is a purely vegetable compound and contains no opium in any form. You who are troubled with Cough or Cold, or that dread disease Consumption, will consult your best interests by purchasing Allen's Lung Balsam, and beware of substitutes.

Ministers and Public Speakers,

Who are so often afflicted with throat diseases, will find a sure remedy in this Balsam. Lozenges and waters sometimes give relief; but this Balsam, taken a few times, will insure a permanent cure. Will all those affected with coughs or consumption read the following, and learn the value of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.

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It is harmless to the most delicate child. It contains no opium in any form. Directions accompany each bottle.

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CHRISTMAS GREETING, dear reader! A happy holiday in every home, peace and good will in every heart!

SEVERAL CHRISTMAS STORIES for children are crowded out. They will appear as space permits.

A STORY is told of a Methodist minister baptizing an infant, and delivering a sermonette to the parents.

THE entire edition of THE LIVING CHURCH ANNUAL for 1884 was purchased by Messrs. S. A. Maxwell & Co., the most enterprising and extensive booksellers in Chicago.

IT is a pious and churchly custom to ask the pastor to offer prayers in Church for the sick and the afflicted.

THE PRAYERS OF GOD'S PEOPLE ARE most earnestly requested for the thorough purification of a young church.

THE Catholic Review has had "lots of fun" over our discussion of the name "Protestant Episcopal."

take the name of "Protestant Catholic" is real witty.

THE LIVING CHURCH has a Christmas present for its readers—not a large one, to be sure, for it is divided among a great many.

DURING a temporary absence of the Editors and Proprietors of this journal, a laudatory notice of a book entitled "The Private Prayer Book" was inserted without their knowledge.

THE Independent publishes a meditation by Kishub Chunder Sen, the apostle of a new, oriental, eclectic religion.

THE NATIVITY.

This day is the festival of all humanity. In every city, hamlet, and home of the civilized world are signs of rejoicing.

Had they but known it, the English people and the French, that great Evacuation Day of which the first centennial anniversary has but just come, was the signal of their deliverance.

"God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son." He did not, from His distant Throne proclaim a pardon for our sins.

Such amazing love and condescension are beyond our capacity to comprehend. We can only wonder and adore.

certain, no other fact more fully attested, more completely corroborated by results. The world's festival to-day is the grandest witness that could be given to any fact.

We rejoice to-day that a Son is born to us, that the life of God has once more entered into the dying soul of men.

THEN AND NOW.

One hundred years! 1783 to 1883! THUS to use an expressive phrase which Mark Twain has rendered ridiculous, "a handful of American Citizens" had just shown the world, as the world had never yet been shown, that love of freedom, love of right, love of country, was superior in fact to all the forces of bigotry and despotism.

AND NOW! No need to speak of our own dear land, ever in the van of progress; of her civilization; ever preserving her freedom, ever, if sometimes with anguish, striving for better.

AND NOW! No need to speak of our own dear land, ever in the van of progress; of her civilization; ever preserving her freedom, ever, if sometimes with anguish, striving for better.

Thus has the world changed in one hundred years. And, humanly speaking, that eventful Day which thousands have just celebrated was the harbinger of this bright present.

THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE NEGRO.

We need not go to Africa to find the swarthy heathen. There are millions of them within our own borders, within the sound of our Church bells.

This is not saying that every citizen of African descent in America is a heathen. There are many exceptions; but the exceptions, as a rule, are found among those who have for many years been associated with the Saxon race.

Does this signify that the negro has no moral instincts, no soul, no capacity for improvement? Not so. We infer no more than this: that centuries of barbarism, succeeded by generations of servitude (mitigated by humane and kindly treatment as it may have been) do not fit a race for the ready reception and practice of Christian morality.

The state of the enfranchised negro is just what we should expect it to be; only, perhaps, not quite so bad. There is nothing discouraging in the situation. But we must face the facts, and govern ourselves accordingly.

The Church is not indifferent to this issue. A department of her missionary work is devoted to this interest. A considerable amount is contributed annually for missions among the colored people; but so far with meagre results.

We must take the facts as they are, and we believe that these are the facts. Must we conclude, then, that the Church has no mission to the colored people of the South? Such a conclusion would be a slur upon the Church and treachery to her principles.

We must begin where the Church teaches us to begin—always: with the young. It is not so much bishops and clergy that we need for this work, as schools and teachers.

us have schools under pastoral care and supervision, all over the South, and the next generation of African descent will be Christian.

In a recent number of the Advance (Congregational) appeared an article on the "Sunday School Fetich," a term applied by the writer to the International Lessons.

We are glad to see this fetich attacked from such a quarter, and by such arguments. "It is anti-Christian," says the Advance, "to divert attention from these anniversaries of the Lord's history."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A CORRECTION. To the Editor of the Living Church: My attention has been called to an article which appeared in your paper a few weeks ago on the Bishop-elect of North Dakota.

I regret to say that many of the statements were incorrect. The writer, evidently with no intention to misrepresent, exaggerated the results of my labors in Calvary Free Chapel. It never became independent, nor was any movement ever initiated in that direction because the relations with the parish church were always so absolutely harmonious.

WILLIAM D. WALKER. [The article which appeared in our columns was taken, with due acknowledgment, from the Chicago Times, which, in its turn, stated that the information had been obtained from a trustworthy source.—E. L. C.]

A GOOD SUGGESTION. To the Editor of the Living Church: The "Christmas tree" has no point of relative suggestiveness. It is wholly an arbitrary device, and aside from its mere use, bears no fruit of instruction.

The "Jacob's Ladder" is made an attractive object to the eyes of children, and the instruction connected with it profitable to their faith. Of proper dimensions, say three feet at the bottom, one or two at the top, 18 or 20 long, wreathed, lighted with gas, or short candles, loaded with gifts, set up, and upheld by swinging braces, at a proper angle, it may be more easily used than a tree, and the use repeated.

The train of instruction (with questions and answers, or without), is discovered by references to the title "seed" in Gen. iii., 15, xxii., 18; xxviii., 10-22; Isa. xlv., 1-8; Gal. iii., 16; St. Luke, ii., 8-14. A. H.

THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY.

To the Editor of the Living Church: "Brief Mention" in your issue of Nov. 17th, contained what seems to me a very unfair criticism of "The Speaker's Commentary." The critic is finding fault with the commentator's "fine diction." Three of the four passages quoted, are so taken out of connection with their context that their character is completely changed.

"In his next chapter," the critic proceeds to say, "the word destroy is represented by disintegrate in hell." Not quite. The comment (I Cor. iii., 17) begins thus: "If any man defile—reader; If any one the temple of God destroy, destroy him shall God. Temporal

BOOK REVIEWS.

"THE COMMUNION OF THE SAINTS." A help to the higher life of Communicants. Five Addresses to Communicants. By the Rt. Rev. Geo. H. Wilkinson, Bishop of Truro. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co. pp.95. Price 30 cents.

Anything from the pen of the Bishop of Truro will be eagerly read on this side of the Atlantic. There is a growing demand for devotional reading that is devoid of cant, high and low. Especially for the preparation of candidates for Confirmation and the Holy Communion are such books needed. As such a book the above can be commended.

GWENDOLINE; or Halcots and Halcotms. By Agnes Gibberne. Revised by the Committee of Publication. Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union. pp.230.

The scenes of this tale are in England. Gwendoline, the heroine of the story, is a young lady who takes lessons in painting and aspires to earn her livelihood as an artist. While taking a brief holiday at the seaside, she receives an invitation from Lady Halcot, a distant relative of her mother—but as she goes along the beach she sees a little boy in the sea and gallantly rescues him, so is prevented from going to the mansion. Correspondence with Lady Halcot leads to an offer to adopt Gwendoline as daughter, and to provide an income for her parents who are struggling with many trials. The conditions are rather onerous, creating many conflicts between duty and filial feeling, which after a time are overcome, and the heroine enters upon her new life. Her happy marriage is the consequence.

It is a book which does not appear to have any particular object in view, though the style is interesting. The Deity is referred to without capital letters.

GRAY'S ELEGY. Artists' Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Cloth and gold. Price \$3.00.

Perhaps no poem in all English literature could have been more fittingly chosen for the special work this book aims at, than the old familiar Elegy. An "artists' edition" in its very name suggests scenes of poetical beauty for those rich in sentiment—the Elegy is the place where these life enshrined in rich profusion—here are pictures worthy of the most accomplished pencil. The loving Lord, the ivy mantled tower, "the rugged elms," "the busy housewife," "the stone urn," and many others that at once suggest themselves. Strange, that these word-pictures have not been copied on the canvas of the artist! It has been the aim of the publishers to give, what we are led to believe has never been adequately done before, a jeweled setting to this poem, which is to quote from its own words, "a gem of purest ray serene." This they have accomplished in no small degree. With the aid of the illustrative pencils of Church, Swind, Gibson, and many other well-known artists together with the gravers of those equally well-known in their particular line, we have in a series of twenty-one beautiful illustrations, a second poem. That which the poet had expressed the artist has caught, and whether we read the poem in word or engraving, it is still one of the world's masterpieces. It ought to be one of the most popular of Christmas books.

A ROUNDABOUT JOURNEY. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.50.

In that graphic and graceful style for which he is celebrated, Mr. Warner gives in this volume a very entertaining account of a ramble, saunter, might be a better word, through Southern Europe and Northern Africa. It is admirably written, admirably printed, and admirably bound.

CHATTERBOX JUNIOR. New York: R. Worthington; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price \$1.25.

There is certainly one point in which we cannot laud the days of our fathers as compared with our own, that is in juvenile literature. This demands and receives nearly, if not quite, as much skill and ability in artistic construction as any other class of books published. Chatterbox Junior belongs to that class of books which has become, in the last few years, the children's best and most welcome friend. It is just the book to delight a small child, and an admirable thing for a number six Christmas stocking.

A FASHIONABLE SUFFERER, or Chapters from Life's Comedy. By Augustus Hoppin. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Hoppin is a genius in his way, and a very entertaining one. The "Fashionable Sufferer" abounds in passages of original wit and fancy, illustrated by the oddest designs. The High Church sermon by the Rev. Ambrose St. Julien is a capital take off. Though a poor argument it is rich fun. Mr. Douce's lecture on "Our Dual Individuality" is a good hit at the philosophers, but unfortunate in having so much of its point illustrated by reference to Holy Scripture.

LAND AND LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES. By William Goodwin Moody. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.50.

The author attacks plutocracy and bonanza farming with the courage of his convictions. He says, "end it, wipe it out," and has entire confidence that it can be done. The descriptions of the great farms in the Northwest are graphic and from personal observation by the author. He portrays with emphasis the evils attending this late move-

ment towards speculative agriculture, and prophesies the ruin of home life and the degradation of the people, if this continues. The small farmer cannot compete with vast capital, modern machinery and the cheap labor that is surging over the country. It is cheap because it is starving and must work for almost nothing or not live. The small farms must go and the large farms will multiply unless something is done. And what can be done? Legislate. Begin with the land grants to Railroads; put double taxes upon land held for speculative purposes; same on the bonanza farms; give to tenants the right by law to purchase, whether the owner wishes to sell or not; compel the equal division of estates among the natural heirs; reduce the working hours to six. Now you see, with one more law, to compel every man to be thrifty and honest, we should be in Utopia!

BIBLE STORIES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. By Caroline Hadley. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. pp. 124. Price \$1.00.

The stories are well told, and the illustrations, though not in the best style of art, will be helpful to the young children. They will observe the expression upon the face of the lion at Samson's feet, and realize that Samson must have been a very strong man to make the lion look so sick. On reading the story they will find that the lion is really dead.

JESUS, THE WORLD'S SAVIOUR. By George C. Lorimer. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. pp. 352. Price \$1.50.

This Baptist pastor of Chicago deservedly ranks high as a preacher. The dedication will attract the reader and assure him that what follows is written in a reverent spirit: "A Loving Tribute humbly laid at the feet of Him Whose Name is above every name, not only in this world but in that which is to come," etc. The sermons follow the course of our Saviour's life.

THE COLLECTS OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. An Exposition Critical and Devotional. Abridged from Dean Goulburn's "The Collects of the Day." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.50.

This very useful and much needed volume will be welcomed by pastors and teachers and should find a place in the study and Sunday School library. The author has the confidence of Churchmen as being a devout, learned, and discreet writer. His devotional books are among our treasures and are widely read.

SERMONS PREACHED IN ENGLISH CHURCHES. By the Rev. Phillips Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. pp. 312. Price \$1.75.

That Dr. Brooks' popularity as a preacher does not rest upon superficial qualities, but is a reputation for genuine eloquence, is proven by the reception given him in England. The sermons which attracted so much attention there are given in this volume. The preacher's views of life and duty are broad and sympathetic, his diction is simple, clear, and vigorous, and his thought moves on with easy gracefulness, though it does not rise to the point of sublimity.

GEORGE ELIOT: A Critical Study of her Life, Writings, and Philosophy. By Geo. Willis Cooke. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. pp. 434. Price \$1.50.

There are perhaps not a few persons who would be disposed to accord to George Eliot the highest place in fiction that has been reached by any writers within the past thirty years, for power to entrance the emotional interests, clearly to unfold the philosophy of morals and to stir the profounder sensibilities of men's hearts. Albeit that her bias was that of the *positivist*, for wholesome and strong teaching in the ethical aspect of life, we know of none in the line of mere fiction writers who excel George Eliot. And as a critic of her writings and philosophy, Mr. George Willis Cooke has here worthily performed a somewhat complex and difficult task. Her personal history, saddening and contradictory in some of its respects, as well as the methods of her literary labors, he has only touched upon here and there, as subsidiary to his main undertaking, which is that of interpreting and criticising her philosophic attitude and distinctive teachings, as discoverable in the sayings and doings of her fictional characters. Her poetic methods have a keen and appreciative chapter devoted to them. Love, music, and beautiful landscapes seem to have been the motives of her nature's poetic side, and her capacities for dramatic expression in her measures have been excelled by few.

Mr. Cooke has constructed a delightful book out of his subject; from end to end it entertains, and not a page will weary him who is prone to reflective reading. A reviewer cannot read it diagonally; he is fascinated to its entire perusal.

THE EPISTLES OF ST. JOHN: The Greek Text with Notes and Essays. By Brooke Foss Westcott, D. D., D. C. L. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$3.50.

Dr. Westcott's work has been thought by eminent scholars to surpass anything that has heretofore been produced on this subject. It has all the merit of the best German commentaries, with greater clearness of view and greater felicity of statement. His comments will be found very suggestive in the preparation of sermons. Several short essays at the end of the volume are extremely interesting and valuable—such as "The Gospel of Creation," "The relation of Christianity to Art," etc.

THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE OF CONNECTICUT. By Washington Gladden. New York: The Century Company. Cloth, pp. 192. Price 75 cents, paper 50 cents.

An historical account of the League, its aims and its practical working, written in a plain and entertaining style. The League is a unity Society of many denominations of Christian people, without officers or regular organization, having for its object the bringing together of religious men of all names in order to talk together about the work in which they are engaged, and to try to promote unity and good feeling among them as yoke-fellows in a common mission in behalf of humanity. The book, altogether, forms a pleasant bit of reading.

HISTORICAL HANDBOOK OF ITALIAN SCULPTURE. By Charles C. Perkins. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price \$4.00.

Another sumptuous art book, and one by an American who has made the study of Art a life-work, will be welcomed by those interested in art studies. The arrangement of the work is in every way admirable; it gives a clear and concise history of Sculpture from the eleventh to the seventeenth century, including the Revival of Art and the Gothic period and the early and later Renaissance with sketches, not only of the sculptors, but the towns made famous by their works. The illustrations are numerous and unusually good. The frontispiece is not all that could be wished. Photographic reproduction would have been more satisfactory.

Mr. Perkins has done his work with enthusiasm and thorough knowledge which will make this a most valuable addition to the Art literature of the year. It should find a place in every library.

TRUE TALES FOR MY GRANDSONS. By Sir Samuel White Baker, M. A., F. R. S., F. R. G. S. With numerous Illustrations by W. S. Hennessy. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1883. Price \$1.50.

Let grandfathers and grandmothers come to the front, and see what the publishers have provided for them in view of their selection of Christmas and New Year's gifts for the youngsters. The great recommendation of the anecdotes here recorded is that they are *true*. There is a tale of San Francisco in the early times of the gold-fever; an account of the Cruise of a Whaler; the story of "Everard Harcourt, or the Young Cadet;" and of "Hassan Ali and the Golden Basin." These are followed by "Something about Dogs, and My Grandfather's Story," and the whole is wound up with "Elephant Tales, and Reminiscences of Natural History."

TIGER LILY and other Stories. By Julia Schayer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.00.

A collection of short stories, most of which have appeared in *The Century*. The book takes its title from the first and longest story. These sketches belong to a better class of magazine stories, and are told with considerable power and pathos.

CUMULATIVE METHOD FOR LEARNING GERMAN. Adapted to School or Home Instruction. By Adolph Frey. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price \$1.00.

Another "German Method" Has it a reason to be? As far as we can judge by examination without actual use, we are ready to say that the author's plan seems an admirable one—one that combines happily the theoretical and the practical. He holds that it is folly to begin with disheartening rules of syntax before the ear has seized tone, rhythm, and articulation. Yet he seems to have escaped the error of the now popular "Natural Method" which gives too little grammar, often none at all. The teacher who realizes that a living tongue should not be taught as a dead language, and yet desires thoroughness, will, we believe, find in the "Cumulative Method" a desirable text book.

BEYOND THE GATES. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Author of Gates Ajar, The Story of Avis, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.

Miss Phelps' last book has found a large and rapidly increasing sale. Although published but a few weeks, the first large edition is already exhausted. It is a vision of the heavenly life, the dream of one sick unto death. Miss Phelps has allowed her imagination to run riot and has pictured the life beyond as one of pure sensuous enjoyment, a paradise of the senses. The activities of this wonderful and curious place, which the author calls Heaven, but not with perfect assurance of the propriety of the name, are most vividly described. There are passages of rare and poetic beauty, as the passing of the soul from earth to the spirit world, and the awakening of the consciousness of being immortally alive, and also much from which the earnest longing Christian will revolt.

EUGENE FROMENTIN, Painter and Writer. By M. Louis Goussé. Translated by Mary C. Robbins. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price \$3.00.

One of the most readable of the art books of the year is this American reproduction from the French of M. Louis Goussé, editor of *La Gazette des Beaux Arts*. The articles upon Eugene Fromentin first appeared in that periodical; they have been brought together and form a most charming sketch of one of the famous French artists of this century. Fromentin was not only an artist but a writer. The author has divided his work into two parts, the painter—the writer, but so closely interwoven are the two gifts that while writing of one he continually mentions the other. The book is well translated by Mrs. Mary C. Robbins, and beautifully printed

by Osgood. The illustrations, not equal to the French originals, are fairly good and add greatly to the value of the book.

WEE LITTLE ONES. By L. H. Apaque. Illustrated. Pp. 214. Price 60 cents.

THE REHEARSAL, and other Stories of Musicians and Singers. Adapted from the German by the author of "A Queen." Illustrated. Pp. 160. Price 40 cents.

TWO OLD MAIDS, or Rosalind's Sisters. By Annette Lyster. Illustrated. Pp. 320. Price 90 cents.

A VALLEY OF DIAMONDS. By Crona Temple. Illustrated. Pp. 160. Price 45 cents.

These four volumes are published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London, and are re-published by E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York; for sale by S. A. Maxwell & Co., Chicago. Each book is complete in itself, written in an entertaining and pleasing style, conveying important lessons, which are valuable to the young. The publishers have maintained their well-known standard of excellence in the printing and binding of the books.

The old *Church Almanac* is out in a very neat cover, and with a good deal of interesting matter. Only one edition is published this year, and that contains no parochial lists. (New York: James Pott, 12 Astor Place.)

Notes on Niagara (R. Lespinasse, Publisher, Chicago) is a large quarto of nearly 200 pages, with numerous illustrations. The letter press is made up from the writings of Dickens, Mrs. Sigourney, George Houghton, N. P. Willis, Charles Lyell, and others, all referring to the locality. The chief object of the book is that of advertising the Michigan Central Railroad, but aside from that it is a book well worth notice.

The Louis' Monthly seems to grow better with every number. It deserves a place in every household. The very sight of the beautiful large type is good for sore eyes, and a careful perusal of the contents will certainly conduce to health. (New York: Frank Seaman, 68 Bible House. \$2.50 a year.)

A full report of the proceedings, and the documents, including the sermon of the Bishop of Connecticut, relating to the election and consecration of the Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, D. D., LL. D., have been collected in a neat pamphlet. (New York: James Pott, 12 Astor Place.)

We are indebted to the International News Company, 29 & 31 Beekman street, New York, for copies of the Christmas numbers of *The Illustrated London News* and *The London Graphic*. We know of no Christmas present which for so small an outlay will give so much pleasure. Each is a well-spring of delight, full of taking stories and superb pictures. (Price 50 cents each.)

The Sanitarian (113 Fulton street, New York), after a year's experience in the issue of a weekly edition will return to its former plan of a monthly issue. Such a form is more suitable for the discussion of scientific subjects, and will be more acceptable to readers and more convenient to the editors. The monthly will give all and more than the weekly has given. Subscription price \$4.00 a year. The volume begins with the January number.

The December issue of the *Magazine of American History* is unique and valuable. There are four Holiday contributions, describing the Christmas customs of the early days in Virginia, Louisiana, New York, and Canada. The first of these is illustrated. Other original articles, notes, etc., make this an unusually interesting number. (Historical Publication Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Price \$5.00 a year.)

The Century Magazine, Vol. IV, of the new series, from May to October, 1883, with its superb binding and attractive contents, is one of the most desirable of the many books suitable for Christmas presents. Everyone knows the magazine, and everyone would be glad to possess this volume. (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$3.50.)

The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Sheltering Arms of New York gives gratifying details of the successful working of a noble charity. There is a floating debt of \$5,000, which should be wiped out at once.

The Twentieth Annual Report of St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, a synopsis of which has already appeared in these columns, has just been issued in pamphlet form for the information of friends of the institution.

The *Sermon* preached at the Consecration of Bishop Knickerbocker by the Bishop of Minnesota, has been published in a neat pamphlet.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Is a carefully prepared extract of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known to medical science as Alteratives, Blood Purifiers, Diuretics and Tonics, such as Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Stillingia, Dandelion, Juniper berries, Mandrake, Wild Cherry Bark and other selected roots, barks and herbs. A medicine, like anything else, can be fairly judged only by its results. We point with satisfaction to the glorious record Hood's Sarsaparilla has entered for itself upon the hearts of thousands of people in New England who have personally or indirectly been relieved of terrible suffering which all other remedies failed to reach.

Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., Gents—Please send me by express two bottles Hood's Sarsaparilla and a few Cook Books for distribution. Your preparation has worked wonders in the case of my wife, who has been troubled with sick headache and biliousness for years. She only took one-half teaspoonful at a dose, and has not been so well for five years as now. She found that within a week after taking any of your medicine, she was now entirely free from those severe headaches. She has not taken any of any amount since last spring, and what little she had is left to do others good, and we must have it in the house. Yours truly, HOMER B. NASH, Pittsfield, Mass. C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Price \$1, six for \$5. Sold by Druggists.

Don't use the Knife!

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Doctors gave her up as incurable and her *jaw bone* must be removed, but it is saved by the use of Steketee's *Neuralgia Drops*. The undersigned herewith wishes to say to Mr. Steketee and the public what a remarkable cure Steketee's Neuralgia Drops has done in curing the undersigned of neuralgia. She had been troubled with pains in her jaw for a long time. I employed one of the most skillful physicians in this city. After treating me for several weeks the very best he knew at great expense, his treatment was of no benefit to me. Finally he counseled with other equally skillful physicians in reference to my case. The result of said counsel resulted in a decision that my case was incurable unless my *jaw bone* was removed. This proposition was proposed to me, which I declined to accept. My mother and I called upon Mr. Geo. G. Steketee for advice in this matter. He advised me, after having examined my case to use his Neuralgia Drops. The result of using one half bottle of said Neuralgia Drops has entirely cured me, and without the use of a knife or violence. I, therefore, publicly express my thanks to Mr. Steketee for his advice. The total expense of Steketee's advice was 50 cents, the price I paid him for one bottle. I shall always recommend the use of Steketee's Neuralgia Drops to those suffering with pain.

MISS G. ROEST,
Cor. of Clancy and Cedar Streets,
Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 5, 1883.

Ask your druggist for Steketee's Neuralgia Drops. It is the only reliable Neuralgia, Kidney and Liver Cure in the world. Take no other. If your druggist has not or will not keep it on sale, then send direct to my place of business, 89 Monroe Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GEO. G. STEKETEE,
Sole Proprietor.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, Catarrh, and all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood; expelling the blood poisons from the system, enriching and renewing the blood, and restoring its vitalizing power. During a long period of unparalleled usefulness, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proved its perfect adaptability to the cure of all diseases originating in poor blood and weakened vitality. It is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable and most economical blood purifier and blood-food that can be used.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I had suffered many years."
W. M. MOORE.
Durham, Va., March 2, 1882.

"Last March I was stricken from general debility that I could not walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have been at work now for two months, and think your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood medicine in the world."
JAMES H. HARRD.
620 W. 42d St., New York, July 10, 1882.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price \$1, six bottles for \$5.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S VEGETABLE HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and its usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfillment of its promises.* The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully changes and improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

ALL-NIGHT INHALATION! A Positive Revolution in the Treatment of Diseases of the Respiratory Organs.

THE PILLOW-INHALER!

It applies Medicated Air to the mucous lining of the Nose, Throat and Lungs. It saves eight hours out of the twenty-four—while sleeping as usual. It is mechanical. It contains no volatile medicine. It is entirely free of its action. No pipes or tubes. The medicine and balm used in these respirators are the most healing and curative known to medical science. Perfectly safe, comfortable and pleasant. Sufferers from CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and WELL-ADVANCED CONSUMPTION, can be CURED BY THE PILLOW-INHALER.

HANNAH J. BAILEY, Withrop, Me., says: "Having been cured of Catarrh by the Pillow-Inhaler, I heartily recommend it."
Miss MARIETTE MARSH, 231 North Twelfth St., Philada., says: "I have used the Pillow-Inhaler, and can speak positively of its merits as a cure for Catarrh."
Mrs. M. J. CHADWICK, Mullica Hill, N. J., says: "I had Catarrh for fifteen years, and was going into Consumption. The Pillow Inhaler has wrought such a cure for me that I feel I cannot do too much to spread the knowledge of it to others."
Rev. A. N. DANIELS, Smiths Landing, N. Y., says: "I sincerely recommend the Pillow Inhaler. As my friends who have Lung, Throat or Catarrh know."
Explanatory Circular and Book of Testimonials sent free. Address, THE PILLOW-INHALER CO., 1520 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE KINGDOM OF THE CHILD.

Out of the common daylight of the world I wandered forth into a golden dawn. A buoyant and a brilliant atmosphere, in which all language had a sweeter sound.

No crown He wore, but round His peaceful brow An aureole shone, from whence unnumbered rays Flashed away to crown less worthy heads.

STRAY LEAVES FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

In the early part of last September, the Rev. S. G. Lines returned from his holiday trip, which the intense heat in the valley had rendered longer than he desired, and at once renewed the services throughout the mission.

However, the tents by "summer wave or mountain" are now folded, and the wanderers have returned. A grateful and happy crowd fill the places of worship, all glad to hear again and to join in the services of the Church.

The country is prosperous, and the tide of immigration flows steadily towards this Southern land. In Riverside, enterprise and industry have produced great results. Ten years ago it was a desert waste.

On Sunday the 18th, being the anniversary of Mr. Lines' coming to this place, he reviewed the work done during the past year. I regret to say, that, owing to ill health and other circumstances, the Rev. Mr. Read has left this mission.

There have been 29 celebrations of the Holy Communion, 50 baptisms, 5 marriages, 6 burials, and 183 other services, besides the presentation of 33 candidates for Confirmation.

a service was held in the chapel at Colton. The attendance was large, and, on the following morning there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, after which the congregation, with Mr. Lines, gathered the floral tributes, and decorated the graves of the lonely little cemetery at the foot of the Slova mountain.

A Woman's Guild has been organized at Riverside, at Colton, and at San Bernardino. At the last named place the "Little Readers," a children's guild, is doing good work and will doubtless be of great assistance in the mission.

The welcome rain is falling; when it ceases, the face of nature will be a land of wonders. Snow-capped mountains and castled cliff and crag stand out against the azure sky, or peer through fleecy clouds; and the eye recognizes with delight the "enchantment" which "distance lends to the view."

NEW CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS.

"There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night." "Said he, what is this music so sweet tonight, That seems sweeter than earthly choir? Let us go to Bethlehem's hills, of light, Of the Shepherds to inquire."

A SAMPLE OF ROMAN POLEMICS.

The Catholic Standard, a Roman paper published in Philadelphia, in the issue of November 17th, has two startling editorials against the American Church, and the Anglican Church in general. These fulminations were occasioned by the newspaper reports of a sermon on "Prayers for the Departed," preached by the Rev. Henry R. Percival, rector of the church of the Evangelists, Philadelphia.

The Rev. Mr. Percival is an earnest, hard-working, and learned Priest, of the school of Pusey, Keble, Littledale, etc., and can be safely left to fight his own battles, with the assurance that he is loyal to the Holy Catholic Church, and to the Anglican Communion.

an excuse to fling mud at the Church. The gist of The Standard's assault is that the XXXIX. Articles are the Rule of Faith in the Church; that a large proportion of our clergy do not observe this rule, and hence, that the Church is devoid of teaching authority, since every Priest, it says, can teach what he pleases.

The Standard sets itself a hard task, when it says, "If a kingdom, or city, or house be divided against itself, it shall not stand." The "Protestant Episcopal Church" makes express provision in its "Articles of Religion" as we shall show anon for the most opposite and irreconcilable "beliefs."

THE CHRISTMAS GLOW.

Lo! The Christmas glory brightens o'er the skies, While the hymns of children joyfully arise; Flows the tide of rapture round the wint'ry earth, Beams again the Day Star of our Saviour's birth.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Progress of the Diocese.—From the Journal of Proceedings of the Eighty-third Annual Convention of the Church in this diocese indicating its wholesome growth in "Church work."

TEXAS.

Houston, Christ Church.—On Sunday, November 18, the Rev. J. J. Clemens of this church completed the ninth year of his rectorship. Statistics may be interesting as giving an idea of a clergyman's work in one of the largest parishes of Texas—the communicants numbering three hundred and fifty.

CHURCH WORK.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Progress of the Diocese.—From the Journal of Proceedings of the Eighty-third Annual Convention of the Church in this diocese indicating its wholesome growth in "Church work."

Contributions to the Board of Missions, \$2,087, which is considerably less than was received the previous year. Present number of communicants in the diocese, as reported, 2,173; net gain the past year 111.

The subject of diocesan schools for boys and girls has been under consideration for several years past; the result thus far has been the establishment of the Holderness School for Boys. This school was again opened for the reception of pupils on the 25th of September, 1882, about six or seven months after its original buildings had been destroyed by fire.

The Holderness School for Boys is to have a Gothic brick church built early in the spring, costing \$10,000. A worthy young lady of New York city, just come of age, is the donor. She will also give an organ, furnish the interior, and pay the salary of the pastor.

The Rev. Frederick M. Gray is the rector of the school and of Trinity church, and the Rev. Lorin Webster, master in the school; their P. O. address, Plymouth, N. H.

The initiatory steps have been sometime since taken by the diocese for the establishment of a girl's school, on a basis similar to that of the boys' school at Holderness. A committee consisting of Bishop Niles, the Rev. Messrs. H. A. Coit, J. Leroy, Chas. S. Hale, and Geo. Cleaves, Esq., have had several meetings the past year to consider the subject, and have visited a number of places where it seems possible such a school may be located.

In the village, Penacook, Boscawen, there are two large brick buildings, a school-house where twenty or more pupils can be accommodated, and a dwelling house, three acres of land belonging, and ten acres more adjoining, which may be had at a very low price.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Lake Landing.—The Rev. T. M. Thorpe, upon returning from his second service Thanksgiving Day, found the commodious rectory in possession of his parishioners, about 70 in number. It was a surprise pound-party. Excellent music, organ, violin and vocal, helped to render it one of the most enjoyable occasions imaginable.

TEXAS.

Houston, Christ Church.—On Sunday, November 18, the Rev. J. J. Clemens of this church completed the ninth year of his rectorship. Statistics may be interesting as giving an idea of a clergyman's work in one of the largest parishes of Texas—the communicants numbering three hundred and fifty.

Mr. Clemens gives an encouraging report of the moral progress of Houston during the last nine years; he believes that it will rank with any northern city. Crime is greatly lessened and does not assert itself as boldly as formerly. Gambling resorts were once conducted openly; now their number is greatly lessened and their locality concealed, as it is not expedient openly to defy public sentiment.

A practical demonstration of Mr. Clemens' faith in the honesty of his fellow citizens, is given in the fact that he leaves the outside doors of his house open all night through the warm season; so far his confidence has been justified, as he has never had anything stolen. This carelessness about guarding property seems to prevail all through Texas, and is one of the first surprises to the northerner who goes down there with fear and trembling, doubting whether his life or his valuables will be safe.

The church is rendered quite like an English picture with ivy and other vines, while the grounds are decorated with roses and shrubs growing in tropic profusion.

Holding missions seems to be an important part of the Texas clergyman's work, this form of service prevailing more than at the north, possibly because the clergymen are more isolated here, for they are few in numbers, and some of the parishes equal in area a moderate sized state.

Houston is the great railroad centre of Texas, from which eleven lines radiate. The population now numbers at least 25,000, and a grand future is predicted for the city. The residents are distinguished for culture and refinement, and among them the traveler from the north finds a generous welcome.

WISCONSIN.

Darlington, Kemper Church.—The second Sunday in Advent was a day of rejoicing long to be remembered by the handful of Church people in Darlington.

For over fourteen years in school-house, hall and court room have they held their services. Now they rejoice in the fact that they have erected and opened for divine worship, and administration of the sacraments of the Church a beautiful gothic chapel, after designs and plans furnished by W. P. Wentworth, Esq., Boston.

The ladies, by much self-denial, have carpeted the chancel and aisles, and furnished the lamps.

An addition, greatly increasing the beauty of the chancel, has been made by the placing in of a memorial window, the gift of the Dering brothers in loving memory of their parents; the work is from the studio of McCully and Miles, Chicago, and reflects great credit upon their attainments in this art.

The offertory, amounting to \$125 in money and pledges, will be applied on the debt, thereby reducing the same to about \$600. The services of the Bishop produced a profound and deep impression, especially his graphic and highly interesting description of the gathering work and results of the late General Convention.

Any assistance towards liquidating the debt, on or before the festival of Easter, will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged by the missionary in charge.

PRESB. CONVOCATION AND CONCERNATION.

Bishop Welles and the clergy of the St. Croix Valley were in attendance upon Convocation services last week in Prescott. On Wednesday the church was consecrated. It is a large and beautiful church with free sittings, and an adjoining lot for a parsonage. Sermons were preached during convocation by the Rev. Messrs. Slidell, Peabody and Kern, and the Bishop. There was a missionary meeting with addresses Wednesday evening.

SPRINGFIELD.

Champaign.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Burgess, of Quincy, delivered on Sunday, the 9th inst., one of a series of Sunday afternoon discourses before the Illinois Industrial University, in this town.

He also preached both morning and evening in Emmanuel church, to the very great satisfaction and pleasure of both minister and people. As it happened, it was the first anniversary of the coming of the Rev. Mr. Dresser to this field of labor, and so proved a most happy celebration of the day. A most favorable impression seems to have been made at the University too. The state of the mission at Champaign seems to be encouraging. The ladies, who are exceedingly energetic, are now getting ready for their annual entertainment and festival, for the benefit of the Church. This time they hope to get money enough to pay for some filling up of the lot on which the church stands, and putting a fence around it.

NEW YORK.

Society of the Royal Law.—A conference of this Society was held in the large room No. 26 Bible House, on the 12th of November, and was well attended, chiefly by those actively engaged in mission work of the Woman's Auxiliary. Several dioceses were represented from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Mrs. Twing presided, and Miss Helen Beach acted as secretary. The Assistant Bishop of New York was present, and showed his warm sympathy by many kind and encouraging words. He proposed "to meet the Churchwomen of the diocese who are interested in any branch of Church work, one morning in each month during the winter, for a celebration of the Holy Communion, and for counsel and instruction in regard to the work in which they are engaged." It was determined to hold a conference at stated intervals, and occasionally a quiet day ("better known in England than here") would be passed in meditation and prayer with suitable services, in some church selected for the purpose.

The first of these quiet days was appointed to be spent in the church of the Holy Communion on Wednesday, December 12th. After that meeting in the Bible House, printed circulars were issued by Assistant Bishop Henry Potter, and the first of his proposed services was held in Grace church, on Tuesday November 27th, at 11 A. M. The large edifice was well filled, and an address delivered from the pulpit, the first of a series relating to the work in which they are interested. The words spoken were so well appreciated, it was gratifying to learn that this and the other addresses to follow would be printed with a variety of suitable literature, to be distributed among those in far away regions, who cannot be present on these occasions. The offertory was apparently a very large one, and it is to be hoped will be of great assistance to many needing such help and encouragement.

Work amongst Prisoners.—On Thursday, November 22d, the Rev. Dr. Carter was present in the chapel of St. Barnabas House, in Mulberry street, for a farewell service and the Holy Communion. He told of his work in Ludlow St. Jail, and many who would gladly have listened to his interesting and valuable experience, were engaged at the same hour in mission work elsewhere. For ten years Dr. Carter has, in addition to his other regular and arduous duties, labored, without any material compensation, among this better class of prisoners, a large proportion of whom are "entirely innocent" of the charges preferred against them, and who often suffer for many years this cruel incarceration without any redress.

Frequently they come from the best families, are men of culture bred in refinement, and are not unfrequently graduates from the higher universities of our own, or of other countries. Such men do not listen with pleasure to the utterances of unlearned and weak-minded missionaries, however well-meaning the missionaries may be. As a proof of the acceptability of Dr. Carter's ministrations, the prisoners requested him never to send any one to fill his place when he was obliged to be away. This seldom happened, for he was not absent from the prison service more than three times in all those ten years. The story of Redeeming Love, presented in its attractive and varying features, found entrance to the hearts of these men, but to be told of "hell and damnation," of which some of them already knew enough, had no good effect. It will be difficult, it is feared, to supply Dr. Carter's place here, and there is deep regret that he felt obliged to accept a call to another field in the far West. What he has been able to accomplish for the personal comfort and spiritual good of prisoners in Ludlow street jail, is little known comparatively to the multitudes in this busy city, but each and every loving act of his is registered in the book of remembrance; and oh, how many earnest prayers go with him as he turns his face towards the setting sun.

St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children.—The sisters of St. Mary, who have charge of this admirable institution, have issued their fourteenth Annual Report, which includes the period between October 1st, 1882, and September 30th of the present year.

This beneficent institution has been in existence now long enough to have made a grand record; and like all the other noble enterprises taken in hand by the Order, has proved an absolute success. During the year, 210 children have been under treatment, of whom 112 were discharged as cured; while 33 had improved, and 11 were unimproved. Four have died, and 50 patients remained in hospital. At the end of the year there was still a deficit amounting to \$714.58, which has been met by a temporary loan. The Sisters therefore appeal very urgently to their friends and to the friends of sick children, to continue and increase their gifts for the upholding of the work. The additional donations to the Building Fund have enabled the Sisters to pay \$2,000 of the Hospital debt; and seven additional beds have been endowed.

Summary of Statistics.—The Journal of the one hundredth Convention has just been issued by Mr. Pott in the usual neat form. We gather from it the following statistics: clergy, 318; churches and chapels, about 202; Baptisms, 5,749; Confirmations, 3,056; Communicants, say 38,731; total contributions from 154 Parochial Reports, \$1,055,128.38.

Post-Cluster, Destruction of St. Peter's Church.—This church, of which the Rev. Edward Kenny is rector, was destroyed by fire on Saturday last. The flames spread so rapidly that nothing was saved. The loss is estimated at \$15,000 and the insurance amounted to \$9,000. The fire is supposed to have originated from a locomotive spark falling upon the roof of the church. At one time it was feared that the fire would spread into the village, but the firemen succeeded in limiting it to the church building.

MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis.—All of the parishes in this city are in a state of progress and prosperity. Gethsemane, which has always been the first in good works, on the second Sunday in Advent, celebrated her 27th anniversary, during nearly all of which the Rev. Dr. Knickerbacker, now Bishop of Indiana, was the rector.

A large congregation was in attendance, and the present Rector, the Rev. A. R. Graves, preached the sermon, combining in it a comprehensive review of the past, and a distinct statement of the present condition of things. No parish of its size is so well known in all the country as Gethsemane, of Minneapolis. During its 27 years the baptisms have been 1,528; confirmations, 767; marriages, 493; burials, 809; communicants enrolled, 1,575; total offerings \$168,944. On the same evening the 14th anniversary of the Brotherhood took place. After the reading of the report of the treasurer, showing it to be in a healthy state and a letter from Bishop Knickerbacker, an able sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Cummings, of Grace Church. Three of the chapels of the Brotherhood have, the past year, become parishes. The following are the officers of the Brotherhood for the ensuing year: President, the Rev. A. R. Graves; Secretary, F. B. Dodge; Treasurer, W. H. Chamberlain; Managers, Messrs. Black, Hillhaey, and the Rev. C. A. Cummings. The new church will be finished and ready by spring. The new St. Paul's has been made the most commodious of all the church edifices in the city, and its interior, one of the most ornate of all the sacred buildings; the walls, ceilings and pillars are of the most brilliant and attractive colors. The Rector, the Rev. Treadwell Walden, by his classical discourses and oratorical powers, is gathering quite a congregation, and is surrounded by an active vestry, and a band of earnest lady workers. He has been bereaved of his wife quite recently. She had been an invalid for years. Her decease is quite a severe blow to her husband and children.

St. Mark's, in a quiet, unostentatious way, is doing a good work for the cause of Christ and His Church. The Ladies' Aid Society of this parish have sent three well laden boxes to three of the missionaries of the diocese. The Rector, the Rev. Dr. Welles, during the evenings of the Sundays in Advent, is delivering a course of interesting and instructive lectures on the history of the Church in this country.

Holy Trinity is continually adding to her congregation and extending her borders. Two missions have been established, one in the northern part known as that of the Annunciation, and one in the Southern part as that of St. John, the Evangelist. The children of the Sunday School have been organized, known as "The Earnest Worker."

The Rector of this parish, the Rev. Mr. Tardy, has lately been bereaved of a beloved sister, cut down in early womanhood. Her life had been one of intense suffering, borne with the faith and fortitude, and in the patient spirit of a Christian martyr, and her last illness came on whilst engaged in working for Christ and His Church. A most unselfish, self-sacrificing life—faithful unto death. She has gone to receive her reward.

A handsome new rectory has been built the past summer, through the exertions of the faithful rector of All Saints, the Rev. L. F. Cole, but he has not had much happiness since he occupied it, as Mrs. Cole has been alarmingly ill for six weeks, and they are now waiting for the end that may come any day. St. Andrews, under the charge of the

Rev. J. W. Prosser, located in a thickly populated part of the city, is making a steady progress. Mr. Prosser has also charge of the Chapel of Holy Innocents, and is Chaplain of the Sheltering Arms.

The clergy of St. Paul and Minneapolis have formed themselves into an "united clerical."

The Sheltering Arms is an institution which is in charge of Sister Annette Relf, principally through whose instrumentality lots have been donated, and a building erected for an orphanage.

Grace Church is under the rectorship of the Rev. C. H. Cummings, who is also superintendent of St. Barnabas Hospital, and is the right man in the right place, and is a faithful worker.

Ordination.—The Rev. Reuben Metcalf, deacon in charge of Ortonville, Minnesota, and Big Stone Lake and Millbank mission stations, Dakota, was advanced to the Priesthood in the cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour, Faribault, on the second Sunday in Advent. Bishop Whipple preached the sermon, and the Rev. J. Steinfort Kedney, D.D., and the Rev. E. S. Wilson, of Seabury Hall, presented the candidate, and with the Rev. James Dobbin, of Shattuck school, and the Rev. Professors J. McBride, Sterrett, and Lucius Waterman, of Seabury Hall, and the Rev. G. B. Whipple, and E. C. Bell, of Faribault, assisted the Bishop in the laying on of hands. Mr. Metcalf preached an interesting sermon in the cathedral in the evening.

INDIANA.

Episcopal Visitation.—Bishop Knickerbacker is busily engaged in making a primary visitation of his diocese. This week he has visited a series of mission stations in Southern Indiana, all of which are vacant. The Rev. Edward Bradley, Dean of the Southern Convocation, has been with him. On Tuesday evening, 4th December, service was held at Edinburgh, about thirty miles south of Indianapolis, where the "Christian" church was opened, warmed and lighted for the rare occasion of a liturgical service. It was an act of truly Christian courtesy; as was that of the Methodist minister, who gave a couple of hours to the matter of introducing the Bishop's companion to the citizens, and extending invitations to the service. A congregation of more than 250 souls assembled, and paid close attention. Christian folks of the several communions united in the responses of the service, and joined heartily in the familiar hymns. The Bishop preached with his usual earnestness, and many of those present came forward and greeted him warmly after the benediction.

On Wednesday, the Bishop visited Columbus, where a commodious chapel was built a few years ago, and nicely furnished for divine service. The Bishop was careful to call upon the church members during the day, from all of whom he received a cordial reception, and at night a good attendance at the service rewarded his efforts. After the Bishop's sermon, he introduced Mr. Geo. W. Cobb, a layman of Indianapolis, who, in a very able manner seconded the Bishop's appeal to the people, to make every possible effort for the immediate re-establishment of continuous services. At 8 o'clock on the following morning, the Bishop gathered the communicants, and administered the Eucharist, after which he made arrangements for the re-opening of the Sunday School, and for a week night service until means are at hand for the support of a settled pastor. Much renewed interest was manifested. This mission is free from any debt.

On Thursday the Bishop proceeded to Aurora, reaching town just as the pretty chapel, St. Marks, was lighted for the service. The congregation nearly filled the house; a competent choir added much to the enjoyment of the service, and after the sermon every body pressed forward to greet their new diocesan, and to thank him for his early visit to the mission. At nine the next morning Holy Communion was administered, and steps were taken to give new life to the Sunday School, and to increase the attendance on its sessions.

On Friday, the Bishop drove up to Lawrenceburg, spent the afternoon in calls upon the church people, and preached at night in Trinity church, which has had no pastor for some months, but has been favored with lay reading and Sunday School work continuously. Here the Rev. James Foster participated in the service, and accepted the joint charge of this parish and of St. Mark's mission, Aurora.

Holy Communion was celebrated on Saturday morning to a goodly number of the communicants, after which Bishop Knickerbacker said "good bye," and started for a visitation of the parishes at Jeffersonville and New Albany, on Sunday, 9th December. In all his visits thus far in his new field, the Bishop has exhibited the same carefulness of detail, which worked such excellent results in his prolonged pastorate at Minneapolis, and which, by God's blessing, bids fair to produce as rich a harvest here.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Ordination.—On Sunday last, in St. James' church, the Rev. Morton Stone, assistant minister of the parish, was advanced to the Holy Priesthood by the Bishop of the diocese. The Bishop delivered a profound and forcible sermon from the text, Psalms cxxii., 9, "Let thy Priests be clothed with Righteousness." To the great joy of the congregation, to whom he had ministered so acceptably for several years, the Bishop of Nebraska was in the chancel, and took the Communion Office. The Rev. Dr. Vibbert, rector, and the Rev. George C. Street joined in the imposition of hands. Bishop McLaren sang the alternate verses of the *Veni Creator* with great precision.

Chicago, St. Luke's Hospital.—This noble Church charity has just received from the estate of the late W. B. Ogden, the munificent sum of \$25,000, towards the erection of the new building on Michigan Avenue. The total amount thus far received is \$108,000. A further sum of \$25,000 is still required to complete the building. One of the wings of the hospital will probably be called the Ogden Pavilion and another the Wheeler Pavilion, the latter in honor of Dr. Tolman Wheeler, who has also subscribed \$25,000 to the building.

Riverside, St. Paul's Mission.—As will be seen by the advertisement on the first page a very laudable enterprise, which certainly deserves to be successful, has been undertaken in aid of this church. The Bishop has given a very cordial commendation of the work, calling to it the attention and friendly interest of clergy and people.

Wilmington, Confirmation.—On Friday, the 14th, the Bishop of the diocese held Confirmation in the church of the Redeemer, the second this year. Fifteen candidates were presented by the Rector, the Rev. T. D. Phillips, of whom ten were from the

vicinity of Reddick, where there is a promising mission; three from St. George's, Braidwood, and two from Wilmington. The majority had to travel nearly 40 miles for the rite. The Bishop's sermon was regarded by the large congregation as a masterpiece, and cannot fail to leave lasting impressions on this parish, which we understand has not, in the 26 years of its existence, had three successive classes prepared by one rector.

QUINCY.

Griggsville, St. James' Mission.—Thursday, December, 6, was a day of great interest to the people of this mission, it being the day set by the Bishop for the consecration of the church of which the corner-stone was laid by him exactly three months before. The procession which entered the church consisted of the Bishop of the diocese, the Rev. Wm. B. Bolmer, of Hannibal, Missouri, the Rev. J. S. Colton, priest in charge, and the wardens, and other gentlemen of the mission. The instrument of donation was read by Mr. Richard Perry, warden, and the sentence of consecration by the Rev. Mr. Colton. Morning Prayer was read by the Rev. Messrs. Bolmer and Colton, and the Ante-Communion by the Bishop, except the Epistle, which was read by Mr. Bolmer. The Bishop preached a sermon suitable to the occasion, and celebrated the Holy Communion.

At night the Bishop preached a peculiarly impressive sermon, and administered the Rite of Confirmation to ten persons. Several of these were of mature years, and the rest were youths from fourteen to eighteen years of age, who had received Christian training at home and in the Sunday School. Two of the class, a parent and child, had been recently baptized by the missionary. The Bishop made a suitable address to the newly-confirmed persons.

A Sunday School and sewing society were organized in the mission before the present services were established, and both are doing good work.

The means for building the church were raised in the mission and town, and the cost of the building and lot is about \$1,800. On this there was, when the church was consecrated, a balance of somewhat over \$5,000 due, but the amount was generously assumed by the three trustees of the property. A considerable instalment has been since paid off by the proceeds of a bazaar held by the sewing society, and by offerings devoted to this purpose. Mr. James Fink, of Griggsville, is the contractor, and the design of the edifice is chiefly his. It is built in the pointed Gothic style, with a porch in the middle of the front end, and a small tower running up to the gable, the latter being surmounted by a bell-cote on which a plain cross of good size stands out conspicuously. The tower contains a double window, and forms a recess over the door within. The interior roof is high, and of handsome construction. Both roof and walls are of pine flooring, laid diagonally with varied direction in the several divisions. A narrow band, in which the plank is laid straight with the slope of the roof, and bordered by dark moldings, runs the length of the roof, on either side, and adds much to the effect. A wainscoting runs all about the church, and attached to it, on either side, is a low, adjustable seat, running lengthwise, which will accommodate sixty persons, and when dropped forms an ornamental sur-base. On one side of the chancel is a robing-room, and a similar room on the other, both finished in harmony with the rest of the woodwork. All the trimmings are stained dark. The chancel is of fair size, and there is a small ante-chancel, where stand the lectern and prayer-desk, these being of oiled walnut. A handsome altar cloth is the kind gift of a St. Louis friend of one of the families of the mission, and one of the ladies has given fine Communion linen. The missionary has been presented with a handsome silk stole, and with a prayer-book suitable for use in the chancel. The church is admirably lighted by Fink's reflectors. The windows are of plain ground glass, with tasteful amber-colored borders. The chancel window and two front windows have designs of colored glass in the head of the arch. The pews are of ash, with walnut rail and ends, and will seat 125 people, so that the total seating capacity of the church is about 785. The dimensions of the building are 28x46, and it rests on a brick foundation which is high enough at the rear end to afford a very good cellar. The exterior is painted olive-green, with cream-color and vermilion trimmings.

KANSAS.

Convocation.—A convocation of the clergy of the diocese was held on December 5 and 6, in Trinity church, Atchison (the Rev. Abiel Leonard, rector). There were present of the clergy, the Rev. Drs. Beatty, of Kansas, and Runcie, of Missouri, and the Rev. Messrs. Mackay, Canfield, Chamberlain, Barry, Bennett, Ellerby, Bates, Wood, and the rector. A missionary meeting was held on Tuesday evening, December 4th, when interesting addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Runcie and several of the diocesan missionaries. The convocation sermon was delivered by the Rev. Henry Mackay, on Wednesday morning, and then the Holy Communion was celebrated. The balance of Wednesday and Thursday was occupied by brief services and addresses upon subjects of local and general interest. It is hoped that another convocation may be held in Emporia in the spring, and at that gathering, the Bishop (who is at present detained in the interest of the Diocesan Institutions), will be present.

ALBANY.

Lake George, St. James' church.—A pair of altar candlesticks of polished brass and handsome rubricated altar service book have been presented to this church by two friends, in memory of deceased relatives. St. James' Altar Guild, composed of children of the Church, who are communicants—girls between the ages of 12 and 15—meet weekly at the rectory, for needle and fancy work, under the direction of the rector's wife. Their present object is to supply the church with a complete set of hangings to mark the different seasons. During the summer, by soliciting ten cent subscriptions, they obtained sufficient to provide material for nearly two complete sets of hangings for altar, lectern, and litany desk, and hope by the sale, next summer, of their winter's handiwork to raise funds sufficient for the remainder. The members of this guild have also charge, in alternation, of the chancel, altar, and vestments, and are responsible for their care.

All Saints' Cathedral.—A decided beginning has been made to the erection of the long-looked-for cathedral. At a meeting held in Albany, on November 30, it was announced that over \$50,000 was available for building purposes during the coming year, and that Mr. Erastus Corning, by recent gifts, had cleared off all the mortgages on

the land given by him for the site of the edifice, making the total amount of his gift approach the magnificent sum of \$80,000. The Bishop said that he was thankful that the cathedral was now virtually begun. As soon as the building can be removed from the site, the corner-stone will be laid and the foundation-walls put in. These walls will be the foundation of the future building. On them it is proposed to erect a provisional cathedral as an integral part of the final structure, the seating capacity being the same as in the completed building—namely, about 1,800 people. The towers, porch, and final roof will be left for later addition. It is estimated that about \$100,000 more will be needed to finish the provisional building. It is officially stated that the site of the new cathedral will be cleared early in the spring, and that the corner-stone will probably be laid in June. The work will then be pushed as rapidly forward as is consistent with the magnitude of the structure.

MASSACHUSETTS.

St. John's church, Boston.—This church of which the Rev. Geo. S. Converse is Rector, and the Rev. B. S. Sanderson, assistant minister, has a Parish Guild, with a membership of 296. The Guild consists of 14 "chapters," comprising most departments of parochial work. There are chapters for "mission work," for visiting the sick and needy, for welcoming strangers into the parish, etc. The Guild also comprises well organized chapters of young women and young men and a burial insurance chapter.

The annual meeting was held in the church on the evening of November 30th, the president (the rector) presiding. A short service was said by the assistant minister. The secretary and treasurer, (C. V. Twiss) then read his annual report and the reports of heads of chapters. In some of these latter many very gratifying statements were contained. The "altar" chapter, *e. g.*, reported that an important addition had been made to the communion silver, and a new set of hangings for altar, pulpit and lectern had been contributed. The gift also of new book cases and many new books for the Sunday School and parish library was made by the chapter having that particular work to do. After the reports, the President made the appointments for the ensuing year and introduced the speaker of the evening, the Rev. Geo. S. Bennett, of All Saints' Church, Dorchester. The reverend gentlemen spoke at some length on the work of the Guild in upholding the hands of the clergy.

After the services in the church, the Guild adjourned to the Sunday School room, where refreshments were served.

NEW JERSEY.

Trinity church, Trenton.—On Advent Sunday, the rector of this church, the Rev. Henry M. Barbour, preached his eighth anniversary sermon, to a large congregation. He stated that during the past year he had baptized 31; confirmed for confirmation 25, and had had 8 marriages and 16 burials. He had held about 100 services and made over 700 pastoral visits. Rev. Mr. Barbour spoke of the different parish societies, and urged the people to all engage in active work. Special allusion was made to the vested choir introduced in the church a month since, and to the new chancel which it is proposed to erect at some time in the future. The sermon was closed with a special reference to the teachings of the Advent season, the rector urging the members of the congregation to prepare a good account of their stewardship to render to the Judge at His coming.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

Christ church, Guilford. The Bishop of the diocese visited this parish on Monday, December 10th, and administered the rite of Confirmation to 12 persons presented by the Rector, the Rev. H. M. Pearce. There was a large congregation present, and the services were very impressive.

On Tuesday, accompanied by the rector, the Bishop drove five miles, and administered Confirmation to a man and wife, the former of whom lies in a precarious condition of health.

This makes 42 persons who have been confirmed in this parish, since the present rector took charge, not quite three years ago.

MAINE.

Consecration of a church.—St. Andrew's, Newcastle, was consecrated on November 22. An excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. C. W. Hayes, of Western New York, from John iv. 41. After the services the Bishop spoke of the gladness which filled his heart, and of the encouragement which this occasion afforded him.

The church, which cost about \$4,000 and which has an endowment of about a like sum, is gothic in style, constructed in "Half-Timber work." It is 65 feet long. Designs are being prepared for a chancel screen. During the past two years no less than six church buildings have been added to the ecclesiastical property of this diocese.

NEBRASKA.

Lincoln, Holy Trinity.—The Rev. John T. Wright is working in this parish very acceptably and successfully. A boy choir took its place in the chancel on Thanksgiving Day; by Christmas surplices will be provided for them.

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AN OLD LEGEND.

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp and even.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
"If thou knowest it, telling,
"Yonder peasant—who is he,
"Where, and what his dwelling?"

"Sire, he lives a good league hence
"Underneath the mountain,
"Right against the forest fence,
"By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
"Bring me pine logs hither.
"Thou and I will see him dine,
"When we bear them thither."

In his master's steps he trod
Where the snow lay drifted,
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.

HOW A CHRISTMAS CLUB WAS FORMED.

[We reprint from the CHRISTMAS ST. NICHOLAS the following account of the formation at Portland, Me., of a Children's Christmas Club, which gave last year a Christmas tree and dinner to six hundred poor children of that city.]

A number of notes were written, asking two or more girls and boys from every Sunday-school in the city to meet at a certain house at five o'clock, on the following Thursday afternoon.

Did they come? Come? They did not know what the call was for, save for a whisper about Christmas work; but they came; came in pairs, in trios, in quartets and quintets—a whole squad from the Butler school; big boys with big hearts, wee tots only four years old from the kindergarten—one hundred children, ready for anything.

Oh, I wish you could have been there at the forming of that club! A lady came forward to speak to them, and their voices were hushed in expectation. I can't tell you just what she said, but her words were beautiful. She spoke of their Christmas festivities every year, of their presents and their friends; then of unfortunate children who had fewer, some none, of these joys.

When she asked: "Does any one here want to do anything for these others?" the thought that they could do anything was new to almost all—to many even the wish was new; but like one great heart-throb came their answer.

"Yes! I! I! I! I want to do something!" "Children, what can you do?" A pause, and then one little voice cried: "Dive 'em a cent!"

That was the first offer, but it was followed by many another. "Give 'em candy!" "Give 'em a turkey!" "Give 'em a coat!"—each beginning with that grand word, "Give."

The result of that meeting was this: To form a club which should last "forever," to call it "The Children's Christmas Club;" to have for its motto; "Freely ye have received, freely give;" to place the membership fee at ten cents, so that no child should be prevented from joining because he was not "rich;" to make no distinction in regard to sect or nationality; to permit to join the club any girl or boy under eighteen years of age who accepted its principles, which were: To be ready at all times with kind words to assist children less fortunate than themselves; to make every year, in Christmas week, a festival of some kind for them; to save through the year toys, books, and games, instead of carelessly destroying them; to save, and, whenever practicable, put in good repair all out-going clothing; to beg nothing from any source, but to keep as the key-stone of the club the word "Give;" to pay every year a tax of ten cents; and to make their first festival in the City Hall on Thursday, December 28, 1882.

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