

The Living Church.

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

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1883.

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A Fatherly Letter.

We publish below, Bishop McLaren's kind and dignified reply to the letter addressed to him, early last week, by a committee of the congregation of Ascension Parish, Chicago. No words of ours can add to its weight, so we present it to our readers without further comment:

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, Chicago—My Dear Friends: I am in receipt of the letter which you have addressed to me. The event is unprecedented, and compels me reluctantly to break silence.

But courtesy entitles you to a reply, and to that duty I now address myself, assuring you of my sincere interest in your welfare, and my sympathy with you in the difficulties which, through no fault of your own, have threatened the ultimate success and stability of the parish.

I pass over in silence the offensive portions of the letter.

In the first place, I wish to direct your attention to a sentence from my own remarks at your meeting on Wednesday evening, June 20, and which you have adopted as a sort of text. The sentence is as follows: "I most deeply feel the wrong you are doing yourselves, the parish, the diocese, and the Church of God, by the course you are pursuing."

These words were said by me in a letter to Mr. Ritchie under date of June 12, 1883, and I proceed to state what occasioned them. In 1878, during a correspondence between Mr. Ritchie and his bishop concerning unauthorized usages to which I objected, and which resulted in his submission to the law of the Church, he wrote to me (Sept. 27, 1878) that if at any time I should think his parochial administration tended to bring evil to the Church rather than good, he would resign his work at once.

On June 2, 1883, he wrote me, asking that I should release him from this pledge, to which I replied that it had never been my intention to avail myself of the pledge. Lest, however, it might be inferred that by releasing him I was inclined to pass over his violations of rubrical and canonical law, I added that I did most deeply feel the wrong which he was doing himself, the parish, the diocese, and the Church of God, by the course which he was pursuing.

Having thus indicated the context of the isolated sentence which you quote, I proceed to notice other portions of your letter.

In the first place it is with difficulty that I can perceive the pertinency of your statistical statements concerning the past progress of the parish. These facts are not unknown to me. For seven years the official reports of the parish have been laid before me. I am cognizant of the condition of affairs, and I have rejoiced in all the good work you have done under the direction and example of your rector.

In the second place, your suggestion that I should make an official scrutiny of everything connected with the parish by visitation was, no doubt, respectfully made, but its pertinency is not apparent. My right of visitation is a matter about which I do not require to be informed. The canons which record it lie upon my table the year round. My exercise of the right is within my own discretion, under sole responsibility to my peers and my Master. But I have seen no reason for a parochial examination; first, because my admonitions and remonstrances have had reference to the priest and not to the parish; and, second, because I have been fully informed in regard to the condition of the parish and the method of conducting services therein by statements from the rector in frequent conversations, and by letters.

There was, therefore, in my judgment, no need of visitation. The one thing needful to bring about a more satisfactory state of things is not visitation, but obedience.

What I am about to say is prompted by the sincerest affection, rather than by judicial severity. God knows how tenderly and patiently I have striven to arrest the operation of causes which I distinctly foresaw would culminate in the serious detriment, if not ruin, of a parish which, properly administered, was sure to become one of the strongest. My efforts have not been known to you or the world, but they have been none the less faithful and persistent. I may add, further, that while I have preferred to use the influence of my office in its paternal aspects, my love has walked hand in hand with an inflexible purpose to vindicate the Church's law, for your sake, as well as for the honor of the Church itself.

When a layman becomes a deacon, he signs a

paper in which are these words: "I do solemnly engage to conform to the doctrines and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States." The deacon makes the same declaration when he is advanced to the priesthood, and a priest when he is elevated to the episcopate. The formularies of doctrine and the rites and offices of worship are found in the Book of Common Prayer, and nowhere else. "The Order of Solemn Mass when there is no Communion of the People," as printed and used in the Church of the Ascension, is not "The Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper or Holy Communion," as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer. It is doctrinally and liturgically a different service, nor is there another like in the world. No priest, Roman, Greek or Anglican, save Mr. Ritchie, celebrates the Eucharist by means of such an Office. It is totally unauthorized and illegal. I have no doubt that it is very beautiful and impressive, but no Churchman who respects law can approve it. If it were possible for the Church to legitimize such a service, and if she should do so, the case would be changed. Until that time, every priest is bound by his ordinary vow; wherein he promised, by the help of the Lord, to give his "faithful diligence always so to minister the Doctrine and Sacraments, and the Discipline of Christ, as the Lord hath commanded, and as this Church hath received the same."

I may add that the whole subject of changes in the service of the Church is under the rigid control of law; for it is written in the Constitution of the Church (Art. 8) that:

"No alteration or addition shall be made in the Book of Common Prayer or other Offices of the Church, or the Offices of Religion, unless the same shall be proposed in one General Convention, and by resolve made known to the Convention of every diocese, and adopted at the subsequent General Convention."

I wish to say further, for your information, that when a layman is made a deacon, and a deacon a priest, he takes the following solemn vow, among others: "Will you reverently obey your bishop and other chief ministers who, according to the Canons of the Church, may have charge and government over you; following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions, and submitting yourself to their godly judgments?" Answer: "I will so do, the Lord being my help."

Near the close of September last, I was informed that the "Order of Solemn Mass" (of the existence of which I had learned only a few weeks previous to that date) was to be used in the Church of the Ascension on the Feast of St. Michael, previous to the laying of the corner-stone, notwithstanding I had expressed my wish that there should be no such service, and notwithstanding the rector had in writing proposed to conform to my preference. Whereupon I declined to be present, and did formally place upon the Rev. Arthur Ritchie my "godly admonition" that said service was illegal and unauthorized, since which time he has continued to use that service on every Lord's day.

I have not opened my lips since except in the way of private argument, expostulation, and even entreaty with Mr. Ritchie. He has apologized in writing for "unkind and disagreeable words;" he has asked pardon and been forgiven. Toward him personally, I have no other feelings than those of affectionate solicitude, as I have often remarked that he has in him all the elements of distinguished success in the Church; and it has been to me a personal grief to see him persisting in a course which was evidently freighted with serious results to his usefulness.

I have waited for him to obey the Church—waited so patiently that I have incurred the charge of timidity and irresolution, though very unjustly, as I think. I have waited and am still waiting for him to obey with a glad mind and will the godly admonition of his bishop, and submit himself to his godly judgments. He prefers to resign his relation to the Church of the Ascension. That is the method he has taken to solve the difficulty.

In conclusion, I wish to say to you, members of the Church of the Ascension, that I am rejoiced at the assurance contained in your letter, that you stand ready to "defer to my rightful authority in things doubtful." I have not for a moment harbored the suspicion that you are not in loyal sympathy with our beloved Church, nor that you would fall faithfully to discharge your duty when instructed therein by your chief pastor. May God help you to be true unto the end even when duty requires you, as it does your bishop, to be inflexibly faithful to the Church's law at all sacrifices of feeling.

I will further say that I have no prejudices against a lawful ritual of an ornate character. Shortly after I became bishop, in 1875, I had a conversation with Mr. Ritchie on the subject, and I said to him that so long as he loyally recognized the law of the Prayer Book, he would experience no trouble with me. I have no sympathy with that kind of control which seeks to regulate every little detail of a clergyman's work, but I can make no compromise with law-breaking. A lawful ritual you shall enjoy unmolested. You ought not to desire any other.

Should you seek further information on the general subject of obedience to constituted authority, you are referred to my recent Convention address, which will be published in a few days. That address is designedly impersonal, and was written only to state fundamental principles.

This is the first time that I have addressed a pastoral to a parish. I have neither sought nor desired the opportunity, but your letter has made it impossible for me to avoid a duty as sad as it is unusual. I invoke upon you, as a portion of the flock over which God has placed me, the spirit of wisdom and godly quietness. There has been much published in the papers that was misleading. For instance, it was stated that I deprived your rector of the services of his assistant, whereas Mr. Benedict was not willing to take part in the "Order of Solemn Mass" after it had been pronounced illegal and unauthorized, and therefore left the parish. This case is mentioned as an instance. The excited use of the public press is sure to breed mischief. What is needed more than publicity is prayer, for by that means we may most effectually advance the truth, and preserve our spirits free from earthly soil and stain.

May the Peace of God dwell richly in your hearts. Very sincerely yours,
W. E. McLAREN,
Bishop of Illinois.

Canadian Church Affairs.

From our Special Correspondent.

The Montreal Synod passed off very successfully. The Bishop (Dr. Bond) reported that during the year, he had visited every parish and mission in the diocese, which is certainly a noble record for a large and scattered diocese. A canon for legalizing the appointment of deaconesses, passed unanimously. This is a step in the right direction, and is rather remarkable as showing the commencement of a more enlightened and progressive policy, and the abandonment of the old "stick-in-the-mud" system, that has so long prevailed in our Councils, to the sad detriment of church extension.

Bishop Bond also reported a fairly satisfactory state of things as regards clergymen's salaries. He stated that he always insisted on a minimum of \$800 per annum, and would appoint a clergyman for no less. He also reported a bequest of \$30,000 to the funds of the diocese, which had materially improved the state of affairs generally.

Dr. Bond is one of our most successful bishops. He is a man of much natural talent and force of character, but never attended any college. He is decidedly "evangelical," but appears to be liberal, and gets on well with the High Churchmen in his diocese. One strong feature of his character is his whole-souled devotion to his work, and his apostolic activity and energy. His episcopate, so far, has been in every sense a grand success. Speculation has already sprung up as to the probable bishop of the new see, to be carved out of the present diocese of Ontario. The only name, however, prominently mentioned, as yet, is that of the Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick, of Kingston. The election will probably be held in the fall, after the annual session of the Provincial Synod, in Montreal, by which the project must be sanctioned in the first instance.

The new diocese in question will have a church population of about 45,000, and will be situated at the extreme eastern end of the Province.

It is a pleasing task to record generosity in any shape, if, even at the hands of one who differs widely and apparently irreconcilably from us. It has been lately announced in the columns of the "Low Church" organ, in Toronto, that Mr. S. H. Blake, so well known in church circles as "Bishop Sam," has offered to supply all the clergy in the diocese with a couple of volumes annually, as a free gift, and all are invited to send in their names. This is a noble example, and one that may well be followed by other wealthy laymen in other dioceses. At their present starvation salaries, it is increasingly difficult for clergymen to purchase even those books and periodicals that are barely necessary to enable them to keep pace with (much less ahead of) their hearers; and the man who helps the clergy to keep up with the times, confers a real boon upon the community as well as upon the clergy. Mr. Blake, therefore, is worthy of all praise in the matter, and I cheerfully accord it to him. Mr. Blake (*malleus episcoporum*) is, in many respects, a remarkable man. Clever by blood, generous by nationality, and pugnacious by inheritance; he is a good specimen of the typical Irishman of the better class. He is ferociously "low church," and believes in every man being his own bishop, and every body else's—if he can. Though the unfortunate cause of a good deal of strife in the diocese of Toronto, Mr. Blake is, in many respects, a noble-minded man, devoting his means and great abilities freely to every good work. He is a prominent temperance-advocate, and a great supporter of the Y. M. C. A. He rates as a first-class lawyer, and is a genuine orator. His brother, the Hon. Edward Blake, is leader of the opposition in the Dominion House of Commons, and is probably the future Premier of Canada. He is generally regarded as our most polished and eloquent Canadian orator. Like his brother, he is, after his sort, an ardent Church man.

The Bishop of Saskatchewan has returned home, after a most successful collecting tour in England. He seems to have been very instrumental in rousing up English Churchmen to the vital importance of the work in the Canadian North West.

The Canadian civil authorities are beginning at last to move in the matter of the Salvation army, which has now become an almost intolerable nuisance to peace-loving citizens. At a late meeting of the London City Council, a petition was received from a number of residents in the neighborhood of the "barracks," stating that their property had seriously depreciated in value, on account of its proximity to the scene of these daily and nightly orgies, and all comfort had been destroyed by the hideous din and clangor of their "services." The petitioners modestly asked for some restraint upon the drum-beating, fire-blowing, tambourine-clang, and general organized uproar, which had rendered their life a burden. The authorities have consequently ordered a discontinuance of the drum-beating. The Salvationists, however, engaged counsel to fight the matter out in the law courts. I am thankful to say that only in two instances, as far as I know, have our clergymen in the Dominion countenanced these howling, dancing dervishes. In fact, the whole sense of the re-

spectable portion of the community appears to be aroused against them; and many who were misled by the high patronage they received in England, and who were prepared to receive them with open arms, have had their eyes opened to the real aim and natural results of this most unsavoury band of fanatics.
Ontario, July 9th, 1883.

The Wonders of Switzerland.

By L. M. A.

Rather late in the season—about the middle of September—we reached Bale, the gateway into Switzerland. We left it the next morning; for Bale was to us, only a portal, opening into Wonderland. During the day, as we progressed, the hills rose and changed into mountain peaks; and, on nearing Lucerne just before sunset, a dark frowning giant, with a veil of mist about his head, loomed up upon our right.

It was Mt. Pilatus, so called from a tradition that Pontius Pilate, after the Crucifixion, fell into disfavor with the Roman Emperor, lost his official position, and—haunted by remorse—took refuge on this mountain; but that, unable to bear the stings of conscience, he finally threw himself into the lake, and perished in the waters.

Once in our apartment at the Schweizer-hof, we passed eagerly from window to window, to catch a few glimpses of lake and mountain before night should draw her curtain over them. Within a circuit of hills—with Pilatus on one side, and the Righi on the other—lay the blue waters of Lake Lucerne, or the Lake of the Four Cantons as it is called, surrounded by Uri, Unterwalden, Schwyz, and Lucerne.

This Lake, as we found upon sailing over it, has a four-fold complexity as well as beauty. It is really formed and hemmed in at the several points, by jutting promontories, thus seeming to be a cluster of lakes united by little straits. These inlets appear so narrow at a short distance, as scarcely to afford more breadth than would be sufficient to pass an alpenstock between; but, on the approach, the portal widens, and the little steamer, with its decks crowded with admiring tourists, goes from one scene of enchantment to another equally novel and delightful.

UP THE RIGHI.
The next day was a memorable and gracious one in the calendar of life. The better part of it was spent in Cloud-land, going and coming from the Righi-Kulm. The weather, always fitful among these mountains—especially in the autumn—was exceptionally fine, as we embarked on board a little steamer for the day's excursion. The bare bristling peaks of Pilatus were clearly defined against a bright blue sky—an unfailing signal of fair weather; while the Righi, smiling on the opposite side, seemed, with verdure and sunlight, to have won her lord for a brief space from his remorse and gloom.

Looking up the Righi as we passed, we saw the brow of the mountain, walled-round by huge blocks of stone, resembling the work of human hands. Below these ramparts it is again encircled by a girdle of waving cedar and pine; while, lower still, groves of chestnut, almonds, walnuts, and figs are followed below by orchards and grassy slopes, where chalets, castellated villas, church spires, and little hamlets dot the sunny glades, or climb like the antelope, upon spurs of projecting rocks. Lower yet lie green pastures that feed heads of cattle and flocks of sheep, counted by thousands. These kiss the margin of the lovely lake, and see their shadows reflected in its emerald depths.

As we advanced, the circling hills seemed to change their position; and presented, each moment, new shades and shapes for our admiration. Passing on, above and beyond, other peaks came into view; every undulation filled, and every pinnacle covered with the purest and whitest of snow. Last of all, upriseth the stately *Jungfrau*; the white-robed, majestic sentinel of this enchanted land.

We alighted at the second landing—the little Swiss town of Vitznau, and took places in a single car, to climb the perilous height of Righi. For about four and a half miles the locomotive hugs the three rails, and pushes its car-load of passengers carefully along the verge of ragged ravines, across a bridge that swings high in the air, spanning a dark chasm, where a stream lashes itself to foam upon the jagged rocks below.

Down the dark encircling walls—first upon one hand and then upon the other—glide narrow ribbons of rills, that soon break into spray upon projecting ledges. Lower down, some Naiad of the stream unites their ravelled threads again, and sends them on their way to join the narrow river that raves in the darkness, a hundred feet beneath.

At last the Righi-Kulm is reached; and all hasten to a look-out from the verge of the precipitous height, and gaze down 4,000 ft. upon the scene below. It lies there, spread out like a verdant map beneath; dotted all over with forests, little towns, and miniature lakes. Seven of the latter smile beneath the Righi summit. Lucerne lies in absolute stillness—the steamboats upon her surface dwindled into mere dots; while the woods and towns on her banks seem—in the distance—like little Swiss toys. But greater won-

ders lie all about us; for, even at this elevation, we stand in the centre of a vast amphitheatre of higher Alpine peaks. Every where around, before and behind us, they rise upward, eternal battlements of ice and snow; while, off in the farther distance, under a burst of sunlight, stand revealed segments of the Oberland and Bernese Glaciers—almost as luminous and dazzling as the sun himself. Solitary grandeur sits on these dizzy heights; and no eye save that of the mountain eagle will ever penetrate their unfathomable caves. "O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him forever! O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord; praise Him, and magnify Him forever!"

It was a glorious sight; but the joy breath from off these mighty ramparts changed to a piercing blast that soon drove the most enraptured gazer back to shelter. Seated once more in our waiting vehicle, we passed safely down the steep grades, the engine puffing and shrieking through all these wild mountain passes, as signals to the approaching steamer below.

At the lake side, while waiting for the boat, we were entertained by an aged minstrel playing upon a long Alpine horn, the *Bans-des-Vaches*, that well-known song of herdsmen calling together their scattered flocks; in which, the bleating of kids, the lowing of cows, and their tinkling bells, were all represented.

Embarked once more, a breeze swept through the narrow gap, and ruffled the sea-green waters of the lake; while the advancing prow dashed off a shower of glittering spray upon either side, white as hoar frost. Along the western shore—under the line of the massive hills—beyond the reach of the sunbeams—shadows gathered deep and dark; while, near the centre of the Lake, a patch of turquoise blue reflected a passing cloud, as light and transient as the wing of a fitting bird. Long bars of light—emerald and violet—lay across our path, only to be beaten into feathery foam by the revolving flail that dashed recklessly on; and, as the gray twilight gathered over the town and settled upon the surrounding hills, a party of tourists landed, weary and worn with the tides of enthusiasm and delight that had ebbed and flowed all day long through the chambers of the soul; like the waters of the blue Adriatic within the palace-guarded streets of Venice.

(To be Continued.)

The Late Bishop Pinkney.

The Right Rev. William Pinkney, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Maryland, departed this life on the morning of the 4th inst., at the rectory at Cockeysville, Baltimore Co., Md. His death is supposed to have been the result of congestion of the heart. On the day which proved to be the day of his death, he was to have consecrated the new church at Sherwood. He left home on the 3d in company with the Rev. Dr. Lewin, of Upper Marlborough, and reached Cockeysville. He felt the effects of a long ride under a very hot sun, but ate a hearty supper, and prepared a sermon before retiring for the night. Early on the morning of the 4th, Dr. Lewin heard him groan; and, upon going to his room, found him suffering from severe nausea, and complaining of pain in the region of the heart, from which, it appears, he has suffered for some time. The pain continued to increase; and, although assistance was summoned, the Bishop expired shortly afterwards. He was conscious to the last. It is easier to imagine than to describe the shock which the sad event—so sudden and unexpected—caused at the Rectory and throughout the neighborhood. Only on the evening previous he preached his last sermon, a peculiarly impressive one; and it is a singular coincidence that "Preparation for Death" was its central thought.

The remains of the lamented prelate were taken to Washington on Friday, the 6th inst., and the Burial Office was said at his old church, the Ascension. The interment took place at the Bishop's home in Bladensburg.

The deceased Bishop was born at Annapolis, Md., seventy-three years ago. His father was the youngest brother of the Hon. William Pinkney, who was so long a prominent figure in the National Government. He graduated at St. John's College at Annapolis. While engaged in the study of law, his mind turned to thoughts of the ministry, and after proper study, he was ordained by Bishop Stone. In 1836 he became rector of St. Andrew's parish, Somerset County, Maryland. Two years later he took charge of St. Matthew's parish at Bladensburg, where he remained seventeen years, and until he was called to Ascension Church, in Washington. In 1870 he was elected Assistant Bishop of Maryland, while Bishop Whittingham held the see. In 1879, on the death of Bishop Whittingham, he succeeded to the position. His administration of the affairs of the diocese was marked by decision and determination, though he ruled in a kindly spirit. In private life, he was amiable and hospitable. He was an accomplished scholar and something of an author. At the time of his death, he had been a widower for several years.

A Glasgow house proposes to bring out the works of Theodore Winthrop in an English edition. His novels and sketches made a great stir when first published twenty years ago, but have been almost entirely forgotten now, even by his own countrymen.

Calendar.

July, 1933.

- 1. 6th Sunday after Trinity. Green.
2. 7th Sunday after Trinity. Green.
3. 8th Sunday after Trinity. Green.
4. 9th Sunday after Trinity. Green.
5. St. James, Apostle. Red.
6. 10th Sunday after Trinity. Green.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Rev. Theodore Edson, D. D. Born on St Bartholomew's Day, 1793. Died June 25th, 1883.

"One look, and we have seen our last of thee Till we too sleep, and our long sleep be o'er, O, cleanse us, ere we view That countenance pure again, Thou, who canst change the heart and raise the dead! As Thou art by to soothe our parting hour, Be ready, when we meet, With Thy dear pardoning words." -Kebler

No more with reverence lowly, Before God's earthly Throne, Shall this brave priest and holy The Sacred Presence own.

No more a benediction Those peaceful lips shall give; No more from deep conviction, Speak "words that burn" and live.

Still humbly, 'fore the Altar, With hands in Holy Sign, While mourners look and falter, He stays in guise benign.

'Tis meet to do him homage, This Knight and Priest of God, Who in the fight hath won the guage, In "Wisdom's ways" hath trod!

We mourn, for we are mortal, And yet we grateful be, That he, at Death's dark portal, Hath gained the victory.

And in the Church Expectant Another intercedes For reign of Christ, delectant, And for our earthly needs.

We pause to cross there, father! And pray for thy soul's rest;— Strength from thy peace to gather, Grace from thy calm to wrest.

Peace be with thee! God rest thee, Whose work on earth is done! Perpetual Light shine on thee! In Life thy life hath won!

O. W. H.

The Liturgies of Holy Church.

VIII.—Arrangements for Worship.

By Rev. W. C. Bishop, M. A.

The account of the Liturgies and other Services of the Ancient Church cannot be altogether satisfactory without some description of the churches in which the Services were held—their internal arrangements for worship. It was stated at the commencement of these papers that the Worship of the Church was developed out of the Worship of the Synagogue, features distinctly Christian being added to the ancient rite: as, for example, the Epistle and Gospel, the Kiss of Peace, and that which of a necessity became the climax of the whole Service—the Memorial Offering of the New Covenant, with the participation in the One Bread. As the earliest Christian Service was a Jewish Liturgy with additions, so the original Christian place of worship was a Synagogue, with the addition of a Lord's Table; and, just as the Christian Liturgy grew gradually, by continuous development, into its later form, without any sudden or great change, so the Christian Synagogue developed into the Christian Basilica, retaining the characteristics of its original arrangements. And even when the Basilica had developed into the magnificence of the Medieval Cathedral, the original arrangements were retained and perpetuated in a much greater degree than most people (and even our architects) are aware of.

The original Jewish Synagogue was simply an oblong room, with a door at one end. At the end farthest from the door was a row of raised seats against the wall, facing the door, for the elders of the Synagogue. But there was a break in the middle of this row of seats, to allow of a door which opened into a closet in the wall, in which the sacred books were kept. In the centre of the room was a raised platform with a lectern upon it, from which the Scripture Lessons were read and the Psalms chanted. Such an arrangement actually required little modification when the Synagogue became a Christian church. The lectern was still used for the Lessons and Psalmody; the Christian elders (i. e. presbyters) occupied the seats of the Jewish elders; but a Table of the Lord was to be provided, which was probably placed between the seats of the elders and the lectern. The closet for the Sacred Books was soon found to be unnecessary, and the place of its door between the seats of the elders was filled up by a central seat for the Bishop. The seats for the clergy were afterwards called, collectively, "the Synthronus."

The next departure was necessitated by that system of secrecy which arose in the Second Century, called the disciplina arcani. This consisted in a systematic concealment from the heathen and catechumens (those who were on their probation for baptism) of the fundamentals of Christian doctrine and worship; for example, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the manner of celebrating the Eucharist. Hence all unbelievers and catechumens (and afterwards Penitents) were dismissed and sent out of the church before the most solemn part of the Service. But, in case any heathen should conceal himself in church, and—as Justin Martyr says—should profanely offer to idols the oblation which we offer to God, a canopy supported by four pillars was erected over the Lord's Table, and curtains were drawn between the pillars except on the side next the Synthronus. The Bishop stood at the side of the altar when celebrating (i. e. facing the people), so that no one in the congregation could see what was done. (This practice of concealing the act of Consecration, by drawing a curtain between the priest and people, has continued in the Greek Church till the present day, though they have discarded the canopy in

favor of a screen called the Iconostasis, which goes across the whole church at the entrance of the sanctuary.) It is uncertain when the Synthronus began to be made into the form of a semi-circle, but it took place most probably about this time, the apse being at first an internal construction merely, and not visible from the outside of the building.

When the early Christians were living under the possibility of a persecution at any moment, they would naturally make their sacred building as inconspicuous as possible, utilizing rooms or halls in private houses rather than erecting separate buildings which would be at once perceived to be for some public and special purpose, and which would immediately arouse the curiosity and invite the hostility of the heathen populace. And, when this defensive attitude was no longer necessary—before the Christians had time to develop the arrangements of their insignificant meeting-houses into magnificent churches—before they had time to create a type of building which would henceforth be recognized as a church—just as we recognize one type of building as a house, and another as a theatre—the gift of some Basilicas solved the problem, and determined the form of building out of which should develop all the grandest forms of Christian churches. The Basilica did not originate or change the arrangements of Christian worship; on the contrary, the Christians accepted the Basilica as the architectural type of a Christian church, just because its shape was so easily adapted to the arrangements of worship to which they were previously accustomed. The Basilica was the Roman Law-Court; its typical form was the oblong room, with aisles separated by pillars on both sides, and also at both ends, and with an apse at one end. The judices (i. e. the jurymen) sat on a raised bench round the apse; the prator (i. e. the judge) having a special seat in the centre. The space between the apse and the pillars across the end was occupied by the advocates and their clients, and also (it seems) by a small altar; the aisles were filled with the parties engaged in the cases that were waiting a hearing, and the central space was left for the public. When the basilica became a church, the Bishop and presbyters took the seats of the prator and judices, respectively; the deacons occupied the place of the advocates and their clients—called now the bema; the little Roman altar was replaced by the Christian altar with its canopy and curtains; a lectern or ambon was built for the Scripture Lesson, and the aisle at the end opposite the apse—called the Narthex—was devoted to the penitents and catechumens. The railing off a space outside the bema for the singers was a somewhat later development. When basilicas began to be built over the tombs of martyrs, the bema was raised, and the ambon was placed on one side, in order to allow the confessor (i. e. the martyr's tomb) which was under the altar, to be easily seen and approached by the people. Afterwards a second ambon was erected on the other side.

Bishop Seymour on Dr. De Koven.

Synopsis of Bishop Seymour's Remarks at the Presentation of the Portrait of Dr. De Koven, at the Racine Commencement, June, 1883.

The following is a very imperfect synopsis of Bishop Seymour's speech on the above occasion. To those who were present and heard the masterly, eloquent words of the Bishop of Springfield, and sympathized with the speaker in the emotion which he felt as he spoke, this report must seem a very tame and inadequate one. Nevertheless, it is presented for the benefit of those who would have been glad to hear the Bishop speak upon that occasion:

Rev. Warden, Right Rev. Brethren, Officers and Students of Racine College; Ladies and Gentlemen—I need not say that it is a pleasure to be selected to speak of James De Koven, upon the presentation of his portrait which has just been unveiled before your eyes. It is a pleasure, and it is an intense pain. It unlocks the memories of the past in his life and mine together, and brings back those memories of labor, of success, of trial, of sorrow, and makes it hard to speak.

When I first saw Dr. De Koven's face, it was that of a fair-haired boy. Fair and gentle, he stood upon the College rostrum, performing his part in a public exercise. When I first came in, I was so situated that I was able only to hear his voice; and, as I listened, I was in doubt whether it was the voice of a boy or a maiden, so soft and gentle were its tones and accents. But his voice created enthusiasm even then, and his presence drew others to him, so that wherever he was he became the centre of attraction to others. We became warm and intimate friends from the first; and so, it is fitting that I should speak of him now, as we look upon this portrait and recall him to our minds.

He was successful in his college course, graduating second in his class. We were classmates. But, when we graduated from the Seminary, our paths were widely separated, for he threw in his lot with the West, and I remained in the East. And yet, the two who had been so intimately united in boyhood and youth, remained in a real sense still united by the nature of their work. This magnificent College witnesses to the glorious, successful work of James De Koven. My work was in the same department; for St. Stephen's College, on the banks of the Hudson, fell to my lot. Racine, on the shores of Lake Michigan, and St. Stephen's, on the banks of the Hudson, are witnesses of the work and the friendship of the two students who entered college together in boyhood, and who together had gone forth to do the bidding of their Lord and Master in His Church. His career is well-known. There is no need for me to detail his labors; but, in presenting this picture, a work of the highest credit to the artist, representing the friend dear to us, I may speak of some of his chief characteristics, and point out to you how his memory is an incentive to action to the professors and students who will look upon this

portrait of James De Koven. Wherever he was he was the centre of a group. He had the singular power of making all who came in contact with him to love and admire him. This was so even in his college and seminary days. He inspired an affection, a deep love for himself; and this, all unconsciously. It was one of the few instances in which one of his sex would inspire such an affection as to cause some to be jealous if they thought that others were more loved by him than they. At Delafield, at Nashotah, this remarkable influence was felt. We went together to Europe. Like young men, we felt that very much depended upon us; and, such was his enthusiasm for his work—so eager was he to be back to it, that he shortened his stay and only remained a brief time. Even at that early day, his influence, in correspondence especially, was great, and I looked on, with perhaps a little jealousy, as he received letters from this and that one of his flock, seeking his advice, or his comfort or counsel. This may serve to indicate the marvellous magnetism he possessed. He was apt and meet to receive all the good things of life, and to assimilate them; and, by so doing to elevate, refine and consecrate them to the highest uses.

Then again, there was the wondrous power of his eloquence. Wherever he was, or whatever the subject, James De Koven could not fail to be eloquent, and sometimes—I may not hesitate to say—so eloquent, that he has seldom been surpassed. In his theology he was deeply grounded in the Catholic Faith, in the theology of the Incarnation, in the profound teaching of the Catholic Creeds; and he realized that the Church is the Body of Christ, the extension of the Incarnation. James De Koven believed all this, and threw himself into it. He got his inspiration from God, through the Church. Look upon his face, and see the likeness of a man who believed in the Church, the Body of Christ, with his whole heart.

It fell to his lot to be not only the priest but also the educator. Pardon me, my friends, the years come back with their burden of memories; and I speak, details long forgotten crowd upon me, and rise up from the past. Unconsciously, I had something to do with his coming here. He came West on a visit, and had offered to him the charge of the Boys' School at Delafield. He wrote me, in that confidence which will subsist among young men and classmates, and I advised him to throw in his lot with the West. He accepted the office, and from that place he passed to the Wardenship of Racine College. And thus influencing the course of his life, you can imagine with what feelings I present this likeness of my beloved friend. And as I speak, an incident recurs to me, which shows how wonderfully Divine Providence often orders our lives. When we were students in New York, a number of us were asked to furnish the music at the Consecration of the Rev. Henry John Whitehouse, D. D., LL. D., as assistant Bishop of Illinois. The Consecration took place in old St. George's Church; and, after the Consecration Services, we were invited to luncheon. Then the new Bishop requested that the students who had furnished the music for the Services would sign his Letters of Orders; and there, one after the other, you will find the names of James De Koven and the speaker. Who would have thought that we in succession should be elected to the Episcopate of Illinois, to fill the throne left vacant by the death of Bishop Whitehouse; and that we should share alike the honor—or the disgrace—of being refused Confirmation and Consecration by the Church at large!

But I must say a few words about James De Koven as a theologian. He grasped the central truth of the Incarnation; and that truth he held in its fulness, with its logical consequences of the Church, the Priesthood, and the Sacraments. His utterances and writings have taken a high place in the literature of our own Church, and have been approved and accepted in the Church of England. Clear in principle as his theology was, sharp out and distinct, yet because it was Catholic it was generous and broad. When a man has a firm, immovable centre, he can fearlessly venture out to the edges, he can follow the radii of truth to the rim. It is only the man who is not well-grounded in the central principles of Catholic Truth, who need fear to venture in what are called "broad and liberal" paths. James De Koven's sympathies were larger than the Protestant Episcopal Church. He recognized the Catholic Church in all those bodies which hold the Catholic Faith, and are united to the one Head by the divinely constituted bonds of the Apostolic Ministry and Sacraments.

It remains only for me to speak of the saintliness of James De Koven. Oh! my friends, we have not yet, in our National Church, any who are revered as Saints. We have the common inheritance of all the Catholic Saints. Perhaps we are not old enough, perhaps not holy enough, to have any of our own. But when the list begins, if it does begin, it may not be the first, but it will be among the names which shall illustrate that Kalender. I say it advisedly, that he merits canonization; and, in the days to come, the name of James De Koven will be cherished by the Church. It will be an example of devotion to duty, of steadfast adherence to principle in spite of sore opposition and manifold trials, of pure faith, illustrated by consistent practice.

It is with pleasure that I am now called to present this portrait of James De Koven to Racine College,—to the Rev. Warden, to the Faculty, and to the Students.

The Reply of the Rev. Dr. Locke.

RT. REV. SIR:—It gives me pleasure to receive at your hands, on the part of Racine College, this portrait of its late revered Warden. Artistically as the work has been done, it is, after all, only a shadow, only a "counterfeit presentment;" but the blessed gift of imagination enables us to look beyond the mere paint and can-

vas, and to see that purple-robed figure step down upon this dais; and, with the courtly grace and reverent dignity which so characterized it, move thro' the scenes of this festive time. And, more than that, the blessed gift of faith takes us away from time and space, and shows us that well-known form in the gardens of Paradise, interested in, and praying for his beloved College. It was the custom of the ancient Romans to place in the Senate House statues of their best and noblest citizens, as reminders to those then occupying the ivory chairs, not to sink below the level of their glorious ancestry.

We place this portrait here in the same spirit. Let every boy who raises his eyes to it, say to himself: "God help me to be as that man was! A soul as white as the unstained snow, 'sans peur, et sans reproche.'" Let every man say: "May my life be as his was, soft and yet strong, manly and yet womanly, refined and yet self-sacrificing; a man of the world and a man of God." Let every priest say: "There looks down on me the picture of one whose whole life, whose will, whose fortune, whose gifts, were laid with humility before the Altar of God. The picture of S. Michael, I see, has been displaced to give a place to this. May this become our guardian spirit; for, as the angelic champion in the lovely picture, he ever stood with his foot on evil, and in his hand the keen sword of righteousness. There is a painting by Couture called the "Decadence of the Romans," which represents the degenerate sons of the senators of whom I spoke a moment ago, holding an orgy in the Senate House; while around them are—looking down from their pedestals—the grave faces of Cicero and Brutus, Horatius and Cincinnatus, mutely rebuking the shameful scene. If any here should forget his duties and enter on a course of deceit and disobedience, may one look at this noble picture arouse him to a sense of his unhappy fall, and force him back again to the path of honor and rectitude. The portrait is ours. May the virtues of the one it shadows forth, live and grow in us, and become also ours.

The Beauties of Colorado.

A good preparation for the Eastern delegates to our General Convention, to enable them to have a realizing sense of the magnitude of the Church's work in this great West, and so to discuss intelligently the Missionary needs (which is not often done), would be—to take a summer trip out to this country. No more charming summer resorts can be found on this continent, none more health-restoring, none that afford a greater variety of magnificent and grand scenery. Here, in the "Dome City," over 10,000 feet above sea-level, during these summer days, as we look out of our windows upon the majestic peaks of the great ranges, the eye rests upon their snow-clad sides; the sun's rays are tempered by cool breezes from those snowy peaks; the nights intensify the delicious coolness of the days; and sleep becomes a positive and possible luxury, the like of which is unknown to perspiring mortals amidst the sun-baked walls of Eastern cities. From Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway enables the tourist to visit more wonderful works of nature than probably any other single road in the Country. A book would be required, to adequately describe the unsurpassed scenery of its many lines; and even then only an approximate idea could be obtained. Personal visitation alone enables one to rise to the conception of the beauty and grandeur lying amidst these "everlasting hills." Types of life, unique material resources that are verily fabulous, gorges and canons of marvellous depth and ruggedness, peaks that kiss the clouds, valleys of oriental beauty lying between these frowning sentinels—all these and more are made the possible possession and experience of those who come to see or come to stay. Amidst these mountains, civilization and material wealth are developed in a way that can be compared only to the fabled Aladdin's lamp. Were it not for the railways, Education and the Church must loiter far behind. But now, they find these great civilizers of our land invaluable aids in Christianity also. The engineering skill that planned, and the daring and pluck that accomplished such results as can be seen in these mountains, impress one with a more exalted idea of the power in humanity. To make and keep this power a Christian power is the startling and immense problem before the Church. Speeches in missionary meetings from eloquent and rich rector may help send out an inexperienced and inadequately equipped deacon to tackle the most brilliant infidelity and most engrossed materialism of our country; but what the Church in this western country—the future centre of power—wants, is, that the East shall, if possible, come to some approximately correct idea of the magnitude and importance of our missionary fields, and the kind of men needed for the work. As a rule, our Bishops in the West are men of the right stamp; and as a rule, the Church does not pay enough to get missionaries who can hold their own against the unbelief of the men who are developing this material wealth. The danger is not imaginary, of unbelief claiming ministers as its champions and supporters.

A new region has been recently opened by the enterprise of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, in the extension of its lines through the mountains to Salt Lake City, and there connecting with the Central Pacific for the Pacific coast. This opens up a hitherto undeveloped country for investments of capital and for investments of grace, to say nothing of scenery that would astonish and charm our friends who swelter through the hot days in some fashionable resort. It gives another most attractive choice of routes for all who intend visiting San Francisco this summer, to attend the Knights Templar Conclave. In fact, it would be a great mistake for any one to take this pilgrimage, and not select this route for going or returning. Were the facilities at hand, I should like to lay upon the editorial table of the LIVING CHURCH some snow from our mountains, and alongside, as in reality they grow, a bunch of exquisitely hued flowers.

C. T. STOUT.

The Household.

Flour may be used instead of corn-starch in lemon jelly, for the filling of layer cake. Stir all the lumps out and use a little more, say one-third more, than you would of corn-starch.

A new and handsome way to trim the edge of a satin pin-cushion is to get a ribbon of the same shade as the cushion cover. Gather it just full enough to have it ruffle a little; sew it around the cushion, and put a silk cord over the seam. This is also a good way to finish the bottoms of the satin-covered bottles which accompany the toilet cushion.

The enameled cloth is used with very good effect, particularly in a dining or sitting-room, with no other embellishment than brass-headed nails where it is joined, and worsted fringe on the edge of the lambrequin. In using brass-headed nails avoid the common falling of placing them too far apart, as this gives the article a very scant look. They should be separated only the breadth of the nail head.

Inside the baby's silk silesia-lined bonnet there should be a soft lining which can be easily removed. It can be made of an old fine linen pocket-handkerchief, with a very thin layer of cotton between. This will protect the bonnet from perspiration, and, what is not of less consequence, will protect the child's head and render him less liable to take cold if exposed to a draught of air.

It is quite the fashion for ladies who have a fancy for doing their own dressmaking, to go to a fashionable dressmaker, or, better still, to an "artist," who undertakes the construction of "tailor-made" dresses, and have what is termed a "permanent pattern"—i. e., a bodice of thick linen out to the exact measurement of the form and fitted perfectly. This bodice is then all taken apart, ready to serve as a pattern for all future corsets.

It seems to be an unknown fact to most of our domestic assistants that platters and vegetable dishes are sure to crack sooner or later if they are set on the hot stove. If they are left there a moment only, there is danger of their good looks being spoiled. It is a good plan to have something on or near the stove where such dishes may be placed; of course if one has a shelf above her range or stove, there is no excuse for the annoyance mentioned above; but if there is no shelf, a brick may be kept in the heater and used when it is necessary, or an iron flat-iron-holder will be found useful.

An elegant and artistic tidy is made of satin, and is about one yard long. For the centre, choose a strip of blue satin a quarter of a yard wide and one yard long; if of blue, set a strip of pale yellow or of pink on each side of this; let these strips be from five to six inches wide; trim the ends with lace, and on the wide blue at each end embroider some pretty design in colors which harmonize with the two colors. This, when done, is to be gathered in the centre, scarf-fashion, and is then to be pinned to the centre of the top of the chair, and the broad ends must be spread out to show the needle work to the best possible advantage.

One of the simplest and best ways by which light-colored kid gloves can be cleaned is this: Put the gloves on your hands, take an old and very soft linen handkerchief, wet it in sweet milk, and rub it on a piece of white soap-castile or any toilet soap will answer the purpose—then apply to the soiled parts of the glove; do this until the spots disappear; then wet the entire glove, and pull it out and stretch and rub until it is dry. If you are faithful, it will not dry in wrinkles. One word of caution should be added to the above: Lavender-colored kid gloves cannot be cleaned in this way, as they will fade and look spotted.

Shelves are a necessity in a summer cottage where tables do not abound. These may be manufactured by almost any woman. Pieces of dry-goods boxes will do for the shelf, iron brackets, that cost but a trifle, and are strong, can be purchased before you leave home. If this shelf is in the sitting-room for an ornamental lambrequin, if your surroundings are extremely simple and plain, brown paper, or white, or cream-colored holland may be used, and this may be gayly decorated by pinning or catching with needle or thread some of the wild vines that are found in the woods, or ferns may be pressed for this purpose, and a border made of them.

Comparatively few women notice the superior becomingness of some fabric's beauty or costliness. Every one, of course, perceives the soft effect of velvet upon every sort of complexion, which, if it cannot beautify, it helps; but the hard glitter of certain silks seem to be lost upon many women's observation. None but the rich silks of deep, soft lustre are really becoming, while all soft woollens, in shades not glaring colors, are so. Yet, two to one, sooty-purplish women will hold any cheap silk above the most artistic woolen! It takes some artistic as well as lady-like instinct, to see the made-up effect in the raw material, and to know how much more really elegant the woolen can be made to appear.—Boston Transcript.

The ingenious woman without much money, who is constantly on the lookout for some way by which she may brighten her home at small expense, and who, by the way, is to be met almost everywhere, should read this: Take your old black walnut or ebony stand and have it nicely dressed with oil or varnish, as best befits its lost estate; then have a piece of wood cut out the same shape as the top of the stand, whether square or round, but not of the same size; leave a margin of one or two inches all around; cover this extra top with plush (the plush may be pasted, glued, or put on with mullage); then glue this to the top of the table. This is a very pretty addition, and any ornament set on this plush-covered stand shows to excellent advantage.

Apropos of weddings, which are so numerous in May and June, this year and all other years, when a "livelier iris changes on the burnished dove," how many heart-burnings and tearful moments might be left out of the programme, if the bride could realize from the first hour of wifehood that she has not married a woman. Many of the mistakes and little infelicities that occur in happy married lives grow out of the misapprehension that comes from believing that both will henceforth look at things from the same point of view. If the young wife would dwell a little more upon the fact that while it is true that she has no longer any right to dwell in fancy-free meditation, yet it is a great change for her husband also; only the most refined and thoughtful of women can succeed in never being just a little bit of bother to her husband. Who lives to give an account of every moment of life? Are not children even glad to escape out of homes where nothing is left to the imagination, but every act must be explained and understood by each member of the family, and the end of the world and of all time is looked upon as a sort of exposition when all secrets are to be disclosed? That little poem of Keble's, in which he says "not even the tenderest heart or next our own knows half the reasons while we smile or sigh," could be read with good results by many young women.

The Story of Antigone.

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

Beautiful were the walls, and stately the towers, of Thebes, with her seven gates. High in the midst of the city rose the temple of Zeus, father of gods and men.

Edipus, king of Thebes, had committed a grievous crime. In ignorance he had committed it; but his remorse was without measure. With his own hand he tore out his eyes; and dwelt in sorrow and darkness amidst his palace.

So spake the old man; nor was his prayer unheard. But he himself tarried awhile in the temple of the benevolent goddesses (i. e. the Furies); and they removed him, by an easy fate, from the earth.

"I am content," said mighty Polynices "for there is wisdom in thy words. But swear to me, first, by Zeus, and Ares, and Athene, that thou wilt verily fulfil thy promise, and restore to me the throne in due season; else, I shall lose my birthright, and become the laughing-stock of all Hellenes."

Thus he spoke; and Eteocles obeyed his words, and he swore by Cadmean Jupiter, and by Ares the turner of the battle; he swore also by blue-eyed Athene, and by the holy streams of Dirce, that he would, in his turn, yield the throne to his brother, and himself depart from Thebes.

Polynices departed to Argos, and remained there the appointed year. But then he sent a herald to Thebes, to claim the sceptre and the crown. "Not so," said Eteocles; "I am king of Thebes, and I will not resign my throne. Let Polynices, if he will, assemble a host, and call for the aid of foreigners. Yet we will meet him with good courage, and dedicate his spoils to Jove of the trophies."

Polynices gathered together an army in Argos, and went forth to war with his brother. Six chiefs accompanied him to the fight; he himself was the seventh. There was Tydeus, savage as the lion of the deserts, and Capaneus, the reviler of the gods, and Eteocles, mighty in the chariot race, and the giant strength of Hippomedon, and Parthenopæus, in the pride of his youth, and the wise seer, Amphiaraus.

The following incident, which may be of interest to your readers, recently occurred in the family of a Missionary of the Diocese. A lady friend, a member of the Baptist Communion, was making an afternoon visit. In course of conversation the clergyman's little daughter ran in, and, with eyes wide open and full of excitement, began to tell about a baby only two days old that she had just seen in a neighbor's house.

"That is right, my little girl," said the clergyman; "the baby has not a name yet; she has only her father's name, By-and-by, when she is baptized and made the child of God, she will get another name—her Christian name—because she then enters the family of our Heavenly Father, and becomes His child through Christ. And never forget that you have a Christian name given you at baptism, because then

gods who dwell beneath the earth; for dishonor to a corpse is dishonor to them, and with a fallen enemy there should be peace. Up to her bower went Antigone, the fair-haired daughter of Edipus; and thither too, came, in her beauty, her sister, the royal Ismene. Long they spoke of the decree of Creon, and there was division of heart between them. I will undertake the danger," said Antigone; "I will commit my brother to the earth. Then will his spirit pass the Styx, and will be at rest with the heroes of old."

"The law," said Ismene, "forbids us to bury him; and I dare not break the law. It has its strength from the divinities above; for kings are viceregerents of the gods."

"But think," said Ismene, "of the danger; remember the fate that Creon threatened. A brother's memory is dear; but life is dearest of all."

"The time," Antigone answered, "that we must dwell below, is greater than that which is our portion above. I shall descend beloved to a beloved one; and shall be at rest with him. Leave me alone to my task; I shall need help from none but the gods."

King Creon sat in his palace; and his nobles stood around. An officer drew near to his throne, and led Antigone forward. "Thou hast commanded, O king, that the corpse of Polynices should lie unburied on the sand; thou hast threatened death to them that disobey; yet the princess hath violated thy statute. She hath committed the body to the ground, alone, and in the darkness of the night."

"Then King Creon waxed wroth, and spoke to the princess in his rage, 'knewest thou not,' he said, 'the proclamation? or didst thou know it and despise it?'"

"I knew it," said Antigone, "and I despised it; for the gods themselves reject it."

"Thou art alone in thy judgments," said the king; "a girl opposing thy elders."

"I have Zeus himself on my side," said Antigone, "and Justice the partner of the gods."

"Then be they thy help," said Creon, "for thy fate hath long ago been sealed. Lead her, guards, to the lonely cavern, by the springs of holy Dirce; there leave her, and wall up the entrance, and let her see if the gods will assist her."

Antigone went forth on her way, leaving the pleasant light; and, as she went, thus she bewailed her fate:

"My tomb, my bridal chamber—O! most dark and everlasting mansion, where I go To join mine own sad race, whose greater part Persephone has written as her own; Of whom the last, and far the feeblest, I Descend, before my life's appointed term; Yet thither hastening, no faint hope I hold That dear to thee, my father, I shall come, Beloved by thee, my mother; most of all, Ill-fated Polynices, dear to thee; Since every funeral rite I gave thy corpse, And poured libations mearly o'er thy tomb, For such an act, my meed is such a fate."

Then came Hæmon, the son of Creon; and prayed for the life of his Antigone; for he loved her dearly as himself; but his father would not hear. At last, the blind prophet Teiresias came to the merciles king, and threatened him with the vengeance of the gods. "A corpse in thy family," he said, "shall repay the corpse of Polynices; a violent death in thy house the murder of Antigone."

Then Creon repented; but repented not till it was too late. He hastened to the cavern where Antigone was imprisoned, and burst open the wall. She lay in the sleep of death; and Hæmon had slain himself at her side.

"Sophocles. Antigone, 891.

"And has the baby got a name?" asked the Baptist lady, with whom the little girl was quite a favorite.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "the baby is not yet baptized, you know."

The "you know" was too much for the Baptist. She was taken aback by the simple, yet pointed, answer which fell so pat from the little lips, and for the moment could make no reply.

"That is right, my little girl," said the clergyman; "the baby has not a name yet; she has only her father's name, By-and-by, when she is baptized and made the child of God, she will get another name—her Christian name—because she then enters the family of our Heavenly Father, and becomes His child through Christ. And never forget that you have a Christian name given you at baptism, because then

you are made the child of our Father in Heaven."

"Well," said the lady, "that is a beautiful thought anyhow. I wish I could believe the doctrine, and I don't see but that such a system of teaching religion will do away with the necessity of conversion in after years."

"It certainly does," replied the Missionary, "when fairly carried out;" and then followed a two hours' conversation on baptism and the Church. At its close the lady expressed an earnest wish for further instruction, which, it is needless to add, was readily promised.

So much for the Church Catechism and the little ones.

"Verily out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise."—R. B. W., in the Florida Churchman.

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"We have never heard of disappointment," said Peck Bros., Druggists, Grand Rapids, Michigan, in speaking of the cures of catarrh from the use of Ely's Cream Balm. Read advt. on another page.

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There are but few unacquainted with the merit of the Pain-Killer; but while some extol it as a liniment, they know but little of its power in easing pain when taken internally; while others use it internally with great success, but are equally ignorant of its healing virtues when applied externally.

You may ask with surprise "What! am I to take internally the same preparation I use as a liniment?"—"Why not?" we ask. "Is it necessary that a liniment should be poisonous?" That many of those in common use are, we admit; but the Pain-Killer is a purely vegetable medicine, and contains no poisonous ingredient. And, although it is used externally, it is nevertheless, one of the most powerful and best liniments in the world.

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Messrs. P. DAVIS & SON. Dear Sirs,—I have had occasion to use your Pain-Killer very frequently during my residence in Burmah, and have found it a very useful medicine. I did not think I could visit the jungles without it. In case of colic, diarrhoea, and cholera, the Pain-Killer gives speedy relief, and for many other ailments I have found it beneficial. It is becoming popular in Burmah, among the natives as well as Europeans. I always carry it with me for my own benefit, and the good of the people whom I see. Sincerely yours, Rev. M. H. BIXBY.

... I regret to say that the cholera has prevailed here of late to a fearful extent. For the last three weeks, from ten to fifty or sixty fatal cases each day have been reported. I should add that the Pain-Killer sent recently from the Mission House has been used with considerable success during this epidemic. If taken in season, it is generally effectual in checking the progress of the disease. Rev. CHAS. HARDING, Sholapore, India.

Rev. J. E. Clough, Missionary at Ongole, Southern India, writes: "We esteem your Pain-Killer very highly for rheumatism, cholera, &c., and cannot very well get along without it." No family should be without it.

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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 been well for five years. I have also found that within a week after taking it she felt very much better, and is now entirely free from those sick headache, and has not taken any of any account since last spring, and what little she had is sent to do others good, and we must have it in the house. Yours truly, HOMER B. NASH, Pittsfield, Mass.

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A have been a Hay-Fever sufferer three years; have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms, did not take much stock in it because of the many quack medicines. A friend persuaded me to try the Balm, and with the most wonderful success. T. S. Geer, Syracuse, N. Y.

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No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs; none so tried with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting, perhaps, from a chilling and unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proved its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

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"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE, Erie, Pa., March 12, 1888.

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PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother to the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows: "78 E. 64th St., New York, May 16, 1888.

Messrs. J. C. AYER & CO., Gentlemen: Last winter I was troubled with a most unaccountable itching humor, affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved. It is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent. stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in three doses three times a day, and was cured in less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good. Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

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The Living Church.

Chicago, July 14, A. D. 1888.

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Rev. C. W. LEFFINGWELL, D. D., Editor.

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All letters, on editorial or other business of the LIVING CHURCH, should be addressed to the LIVING CHURCH COMPANY, 162 Washington St., Chicago, and not to any member of the staff.

The Pastor's Vacation.

Brethren of the laity, take it for granted that your rector will take a vacation. He needs it and you need it. He can do more work in eleven months than in twelve, and not only will the quantity be greater, but the quality better. So we say, he needs a vacation for his sake and for your sake as well. And yet, if it be possible, do not close your church. Secure the services of a clergyman to take your rector's duty for him while he is away; or rather authorize him to supply his place, as he can do it better than any one else. The vestry, however, should provide for the expense incurred. In any case, do not expect your rector to be at the expense of supplying his place.

If a clerical supply cannot be procured, then have lay-reading on Sunday morning, at least. If, however, as is often the case, there be no one in the parish who will act as lay-reader, and the parish should not feel able to meet the necessary expense of getting a clerical supply, then let the church be closed for a month in mid-summer. It is better that it should be, than that your rector should have no vacation at all. It is a very good custom, too, during July and August, not to have any sermon at the Sunday evening service. In the right sort of parish there will be just as good an attendance at Even-song as if there were a sermon; and to many it will be a relief for a few weeks, to attend a Sunday-service of simple prayer and praise.

In any case, see that your rector has a vacation. He will return from it better, fresher, and more able to serve you. Depend upon it, the "no vacation" policy is a very poor policy.

The Man that Stays at Home.

The melancholy days have come; the hottest, and in many respects the saddest of the year. Starch is vanity, and clothes are a vexation of spirit. "Society" is a trial during the dog-days; and close rooms, upholstered furniture, gas-light, and the whole category of human contrivances, are to be shunned. Truly, by the sweat of his brow, man not only earns his bread, but also pays the penalty of his civilization.

The question sometimes arises: Is it worth while to struggle so long and so hard to make ourselves uncomfortable? Spite of all teaching and preaching, there still lingers a longing for the wild life and freedom of our Saxon forefathers. We have an instinct for savagery which is never entirely eradicated. We see, the indications of it every summer, when multitudes abandon the city palaces for the wigwam in the wilderness; when the newspaper is laid aside, the desk is locked, and in place of the tools of commerce the disguised savage takes to himself the more congenial weapons of the woods and the streams.

So we find comfort in the reflection that we are true to civilization, remaining at home to wield the pen and to guard the interests of Church and Nation; while our brethren who are bathing in the surf, or cooling off in aboriginal costume among the northern lakes, are a degenerate race, only a little removed from the savages whom they delight to imitate!

Virtue is its own reward. We contemplate, with great complacency, the summer exodus of fortune's favorites. Let them relapse into barbarism if they will. Let them go back to the savage solitudes from which their heathen ancestors were rescued

We will stand by civilization; we will make our dwelling place in the home of art; we will stay where books are made, and churches are built, and the rattle of machinery is heard.

And when these wanderers of the wilderness return, demoralized, tattered and tanned, we will generously receive them back to the homes that they deserted, and extend over them once more the ægis of the civilization that we have perpetuated through all the dust and perspiration of the dog-days. Then they will rise up and call us blessed,—and enquire for back numbers of the LIVING CHURCH!

"Scarce a Man."

"What is an ordinary person to think, when eminent doctors and teachers in the Church differ so in regard to it?" This is a question asked, and that about a matter that involves a knowledge of theology, Church History, and the Greek Testament. And yet Mr. Blank wants to know what he is to think about it. If he would close out his business in Real Estate and Insurance, and devote himself to the study of Latin, Greek, etc.; then, after—say eight years' study, enter Nashotah or the General Seminary, and complete a three years course in theology, he would probably have a very decided opinion in the matter. If, then, he should take Orders, and have—say—ten years experience as a parish priest, he would probably conclude that after all it is a matter of no practical importance; one which is not *de fide*; one as to which there has been difference of opinion for centuries past, and, no doubt, will be for centuries to come. Mr. Blank wants to know what he is to think in the matter, whereas he has an opinion already, a very pronounced opinion, which nothing would induce him to change, because his party regards it as a matter of great moment; and for no other reason whatever.

If Mr. Blank would heed our advice he would dismiss the matter and bend all his energies to thought of his duty towards God and his duty towards his neighbor, as laid down in the Catechism.

We commend to Mr. Blank these words of St. Hilary, written centuries ago: He said—"while we fight about words, inquire about novelties, take advantage of ambiguities, criticize authors, fight on party-questions, have difficulties in agreeing; and prepare to anathematize each other, there is scarce a man who belongs to Christ."

"What becomes of the confirmed?" is a question that has anxiously been asked. We are convinced that one cause of our losses is the neglect of our clergy. When a farmer plants out trees, he is careful of them for a long time. The newly transplanted tree is watched and tended. To cease from visiting the confirmed right after Confirmation; to cease instructing them; to let them pass at once into the general mass of brethren, in other words to let them drift along without personal attention is discouraging to them ever.

When a confirmed person removes, a letter should go before him to some clergyman; and this, whether the party ask it or not. A letter now and then, to an old parishioner costs but little time or money. Anything to keep a hold on him. Often he has removed to lonely parts, and a solitary ember is very apt to go out. Fan it, then, we say. We lose many of our confirmed by negligence. Others catch them by alertness.

We cannot understand the remark of the *English Churchman*, that American Churchmen, "for the most part, repudiate the Scotch Consecration of Bishop Seabury, and rather prefer to give honor to Bishop White and Provoost, as the true founders of the American Episcopate." Quite the contrary seems to be the real state of sentiment in the American Church at the present time. Without any disparagement of the saintly White, to Bishop Seabury we owe, no doubt, the preservation of important features of the Prayer Book; and to Scotland we owe not only our first Episcopate, but also the improvement of the Eucharistic Office.

Some of the advocates of the Bill for the marriage of a deceased wife's sister, urged in Parliament that the law works well in America. Our English cousins might find a good many other things "working well," over here, which they would do well to let alone. Our divorce-laws work well for

those who seek divorce. As every minister of every sect, as well as every justice of the peace, is authorized to marry people, it is a very easy thing for anybody to marry any woman he pleases—if it pleases her.

Brief Mention.

Mr. Moody says: "We want a revival of righteousness in this country, of honesty, truth, and equity; and I would give nothing for a mere revival of sentiment, of feeling and singing." This is all very, very true; but we are surprised that Mr. Moody holds the past labors of himself and Mr. Sankey at such a low rate.—Three hundred and eighty-three suicides are reported in New York State alone, during the last year. It is an appalling record—eight car-loads of human beings, mangled and murdered by their own hands, plunging with shrieks and groans out into the darkness whence no traveller has returned. It is not so much the presence of trouble as the absence of faith that causes it.—If the evil of schism were not so dreadful, one could hardly help being amused at the queer marks by which some sects contrive to differentiate themselves from others. Here is one which sings only psalms in metre; another that allows no musical instrument to praise God; another that forbids the reading of sermons in the pulpit; another that prescribes immersion for baptism, and so on.—In a place of worship in London the following notice was recently given: "The members of the cricket club connected with this congregation will meet for the transaction of business to-morrow evening at 7 o'clock. The usual prayer meeting on Friday evening at 7:30."—A correspondent questions the statement that the older clergy are not generally sought after, and calls it "a popular fallacy." He thinks the aged clergy are just as likely to get work as any others, provided they are able to work.—Dr. Ewer, in his article on the *Anglican Church* (Sunday Magazine), suggests a parallel for "Protestant Episcopal Church," the definition of Massachusetts as an "Anti-Mormon Gubernatorial State."—Another evidence that Presbyterianism, as such, has failed, is the restoration of the old church of St. Giles, Edinburgh. The Presbyterian partitions have been removed, and the grand building is thrown open into one, as it used to be under Episcopacy. Now they want to call it a "Cathedral."—A Congregational Council recently examined a candidate, who confessed that he could find nothing in the Bible to warrant a belief that infants can be saved.—In December last, a Mr. Lathrop, of Williamstown, Vt., put a \$2.50 gold piece in the fare-box of a street-car in Concord, N. H., mistaking it for a cent. It was not until quite recently that he thought it worth while to try to have the mistake rectified. He made the attempt, however, and succeeded. All honor to honest street-railway officers!—The last characteristic move of the Irish National League at a meeting of their Municipal Council held last week, in Philadelphia, was the introduction of a resolution providing for the teaching of the Irish tongue in all branches of the League! At this rate, considering all the nationalities represented already among us, we are in a fair way to realize Babel.

The Proposed Amendment.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

At the General Convention next autumn, the Church will be called to decide finally upon the proposed Amendment to the Ratification of the Book of Common Prayer. The provisions of this Amendment are—or ought to be—familiar to all Churchmen. For many years, the subject of Shortened Services has been agitated, and now that it is about to be attained, the general drift of public sentiment seems to be against this particular measure; although, as might be expected, opinions differ greatly. There is, surely, a great deal to be said on both sides; but I confess that this Amendment seems to me a strange and unnecessary expedient for getting at a very simple matter, and is open to many serious objections.

Its most important part is as follows: "But note, however, that on days other than Sunday, Christmas Day, the Epiphany, Ash-Wednesday, Good Friday, and Ascension Day, it shall suffice if the Minister begin Morning or Evening Prayer at the General Confession or the Lord's Prayer, preceded by one or more of the Sentences

appointed at the beginning of Morning and Evening Prayer; and end after the Collect for Grace or the Collect for Aid Against Perils, with 2 Cor., xiii., 14, using so much of the Lesson appointed for the day, and so much of the Psalter, as he shall judge to be for edification." Then it goes on to provide for sermons or lectures apart from the Daily Offices; also, to forbid any prayers outside of the Prayer Book, and to permit the separate use of Matins, Litany, and Holy Communion.

Against it there are at least these six objections: 1. It does not grant all the liberty needed; for its rule for shortening the Services does not apply to Sundays or the greater holy days. Matins and Evensong are *daily Offices*, and their normal form is that intended for daily use. Beyond any question, the Holy Eucharist is the Sunday Service of the Church; and, therefore, Morning Prayer is a matter of much less importance on a Sunday than on a week day. Yet not a word can be omitted on Sunday, and it is left almost altogether *ad libitum* on week days. The Opening Exhortation, and the Confession and Absolution must be said just the same, even if an hour later the congregation must confess and be absolved over again in the Communion Service; and the petitions for Christian rulers and magistrates in the Litany and the Prayer for the Church Militant do not release us from the long Prayer for the President. The Litany is a Penitential Service, and ordinarily out of place on Sunday; but we are here expressly forbidden to dispense with it habitually. From the invariable use of the Ten Commandments at each Celebration, and of the wearisome (albeit beautiful) Exhortation after the Prayer for the Church Militant, we have no relief. In many parishes, we cannot very well divide our Sunday morning Services; and so, we must either omit some of them or extend our devotions to an unedifying length, and call people to the holiest Service when they are tired, and in a hurry to go home; and then we wonder why so few remain to the Celebration! We surely need, for Sundays, a short festive Office of Matins, without the Litany, to precede our late Celebration. The present arrangement does well enough only when the Celebration is early, and Matins, Litany, and Sermon form the mid-day Service.

2. It gives too much liberty in some matters. For not only the Lessons, but the Psalms, are left, except on Sundays and the greater holy days, altogether at the discretion of the Minister, to use so much of them as he happens to regard for edification. Can he omit one Lesson entirely? or can he omit both Lessons? and the Psalter too? What is to be done with the Canticles? Are we willing to have a single verse, a mere *capitulum*, take the place of our Daily Lessons? The idea of garbling the Psalms for the Day is very offensive. The Psalms are the real basis, the essential thing, of our Daily Offices; and to have them mutilated is not liberty but license.

3. The right given to shorten the Services is clogged with the condition that one or more of the Opening Sentences must always be used. How awkward! To have a congregation rise while one short Sentence is read, and then, before they are fairly on their feet, to kneel for the Confession or the Lord's Prayer! What can be the need of the Sentence? It is not ancient; it is not impressive.

4. The use of any prayer not in the Prayer Book, in connection with a sermon or lecture, is forbidden, even when it is delivered apart from the Morning or Evening Prayer. And more than this, it forbids "any portion of the Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper" to be used. Surely, the Collects for every day of the whole year are a part of that Order. This indeed encroaches upon a reasonable liberty that we already have; for beyond the Offices the Church provides, we may certainly—as our law now is—use any reverent, decent, and orthodox devotions.

5. It is altogether superfluous to say that we will permit Matins, Litany, and Holy Communion to be used as separate and independent Offices, inasmuch as they are, already, in their very nature, separate and independent. They are constructed as distinct Offices, and are yet permitted to be used consecutively, according to the Prayer Book. This provision implies that we have been bound

heretofore to use them together; which is not the case.

6. And why get at this matter by amending the Ratification? A short rubric at the beginning of the Prayer Book would have taken no longer to pass, and would not have been making the bad precedent of tacking on provisions to the Ratification, and so playing fast and loose with the Prayer Book. It does not seem straight-forward; moreover, it spoils the symmetry and systematic arrangement of the Prayer Book. It is merely a makeshift.

But, ought this amendment to be accepted by the General Convention, next fall? We are, without doubt, in grievous need of Shortened Services, and cannot have them lawfully for three years more, unless we content ourselves with this. Yet, if we reject this, now, we may be able to get a very much better provision for our needs in the course of time.

In considering this Amendment, we must bear in mind that there is a Committee on Liturgical Enrichment, who have been at work for three years. They have finished their revision of the Prayer Book, and are ready to report at the meeting of the General Convention. Should this book prove acceptable to the Church in Council, and be confirmed this year, and finally ratified by the Convention of '86, we should then have a new Prayer Book. Its fate will probably be determined this fall; for, if it passes now, it undoubtedly will three years hence.

Now, it seems to me that this proposed Amendment to the Ratification of the Prayer Book, awkward and insufficient as it is, ought to stand or fall with the Revised Prayer Book. If that is accepted now, with the probability of final ratification in '86, why, this makeshift will do well enough for the space of three years, and will afford us a portion of the needed relief, and then be out of the way. But, if the Revised Prayer Book fail of confirmation, to accept this Amendment (as it seems to me) would only put further off the chances of the revision of the Prayer Book, or at least the addition of two or three rubrics, giving the much needed relief, in a satisfactory, orderly and Churchly manner.

There is one good thing, however, about this Amendment, that I cannot omit to notice. Its closing words *forbid* either Morning Prayer, the Litany, or the Communion Service to be habitually omitted. In an occasional emergency (as when, e.g., a Deacon has sole charge of the Services), there may be no Celebration; but ordinarily there must be one. The Order of the Holy Eucharist is "habitually disused," in the majority of our churches, for three-fourths of the Sundays; and so are the Morning and Evening Prayer, for five or six days out of the seven. The Litany is "habitually-disused" much oftener than it is obediently used, in most congregations of our American Church. I hope we may see an end of such "disuse" of the Church's Services, if this Amendment ever becomes a law.

EDWARD PORTER LITTLE.

St. Paul's Church, Lancaster, N. H.

News and Notes.

It is reported that Monsignor Capel, so well-known in religious circles in England, and made famous by Lord Beaconsfield, in his novel—"Lothair"—is about to make a visit to this country.

On the 6th July, a man died of *nigro vomito*, on board the bark Salome, lying off Galveston, Texas. Another sailor on board the same vessel was also sick with yellow fever, and died probably the same night. A strict quarantine is observed.

A terrible calamity occurred on the 3rd inst., at Renfrew, in Scotland, on occasion of the launching of the steamer *Daphne*. When the vessel reached the water, she rolled from side to side, and suddenly capsized. It seems certain that as many as one hundred and fifty persons were drowned.

The *San Francisco Bulletin* says that there has been a fearful massacre of Christians within the jurisdiction of Lung-kang Hsien, a few days' journey west of Ta-li Fu. A young French priest and some scores of native converts have fallen victims to the fury of the mob, and all houses belonging to Christians between Lung-kang and Ta-li have been destroyed by fire.

Santa Fé, in the Territory of New Mexico, has been celebrating the 333d anniversary of its settlement by the Spaniards. This celebration opened on the 2nd inst., preparations having been going on for many weeks. It is intended that it shall last for a month. An exchange says that the grand procession was perhaps the most unique and interesting of anything of the kind ever attempted by the descendants of the first distinguished Spaniard that ever visited American soil. The native Mexicans, the descendants of the

Aztec, bands of Apaches in warlike attire, the rare, modest and Oriental Zuni Indians, the flashy military, the martial music, and the firing of cannon all combined to make the scene one of the liveliest interest, both to citizens and strangers. Ten thousand people witnessed the procession and followed it to the exhibition ground, where addresses were delivered by Hon. L. A. Sheldon, governor of the territory, Hon. Tranquillo Luna, territorial delegate to congress, and Col. W. W. Griffin, president of the Tertio-Millennium Association. Special interest, it is said, will centre on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of July, on each of which days there will be a grand parade in costumes by the organization known as Knights of Ceromada, these parades each representing a century of progress in the history of the oldest city of the United States.

Lord Wolsley, at his examination, on the 21st June, before the Joint Parliamentary Committee on the Channel Tunnel scheme, gave it as his opinion that although the recommendations of the Military Committee were the best that could be made under the circumstances, they would still leave open a considerable source of national danger, if the tunnel were executed.

Very severe earthquakes and volcanic eruptions have occurred within the last two or three weeks in Central America. The volcano of Omotepi, in Lake Nicaragua, has been in active eruption. At Rio Lucio, forty miles from the ocean, the earth opened in many places, ejecting very fine hot sand; and subterranean noises, as if made by boiling water, were audible. Dwellings have been destroyed, and entire villages engulfed.

The dedication festival of St. Alban's, Holborn, was held June 21st, and gave occasion for one of the best gatherings that have ever assembled for the purpose, both as regards the numbers present and the enthusiasm which prevailed. Mr. Macdonochie was greeted with deafening cheers, and an affectionate address was presented to him by the clergy, sisters and other members of his late parish.

Several more shiploads of Mormon victims have recently been landed on our shores from Great Britain and Scandinavia. A contemporary asks, very pertinently: Inasmuch as it is very well known that these wretches come here with the intention of violating the laws of the country by practising polygamy, why are they allowed to land? If we can stop Asiatics and European paupers, why can we not stop these Mormon proselytes, who are rapidly filling up not only Utah, but Idaho and Nevada, and are even extending down into Arizona and New Mexico.

On St. Barnabas' Day the parish church of Dawley Magna, Shropshire, was reopened by the Bishop of Lichfield after renovation and improvement. The east window, which has been filled with stained glass, bears the following inscription:

This window was erected by the parishioners to the glory of God and in memory of George Augustus Selwyn, D. D., consecrated first Bishop of New Zealand 1841, translated nineteenth Bishop of Lichfield 1867; first Episcopal patron of the living of Dawley Magna. Born 5th of April, 1809; died April 11th, 1878. "A tribute to a noble life." June 11th, 1883.

At the funeral of the late Dr. Irons, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, Eng., all the old-fashioned signs of mourning were dispensed with, and the ceremony had more of the character of a Floral Service than of a Burial. On the altar were placed four vases of flowers, and also wreaths on the sanctuary gates. The wish of the widow was, that there should be nothing mournful on the occasion, but, as becomes a Christian burial, that all should be bright and joyful. The body of their late Rector was met at the church-gates by two of the churchwardens, who placed on the coffin two beautiful wreaths of flowers presented by parishioners. Whilst the coffin was being carried into the chancel of the church, the bells tolled a muffled peal. Shortly after nine o'clock, the choir and clergy entered the church, and the Celebration of the Holy Communion commenced. After the celebration, Matins was said, followed by the Litany and the Dies Irae. The remains of the deceased priest were conveyed to and laid to rest in a family vault in Holy Trinity churchyard, Brompton. At the conclusion of the Burial Office, the choir and clergy went in procession to the grave, singing hymns; and Dr. Irons was laid in his grave amidst a shower of flowers, scattered by those who knew and loved and revered him in life.

The Late Dr. Edson.

Last week we received notice of the death of this venerable and venerated Priest only a very short time before going to press; so that we could do little more at that time than simply announce the fact of his demise. And we regret to find that, in the hurry of the moment, a serious error crept into type, making it appear that Dr. Edson's rectorate had lasted only for nineteen years, when, in point of fact, it was nearly sixty. Born in August, 1793, he was within a few weeks of his ninetieth year, when God called him to Paradise. Having graduated at Harvard in 1822, he entered upon his ministerial duties, about two years afterwards, in the Merrimack Company's school house, in what was then known as East Chelmsford (now Lowell), Mass. St. Anne's Church was erected the following year. Dr. Edson was its first and only rector, but in his latter years he has had, at first one assistant, and then two.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, and frequent indisposition, the venerable Doctor was always at his post both in church and in pastoral duty to the sick and dying, unless when absolutely incapacitated by physical weakness. After an illness of some weeks, he was taken to his rest on the morning of June 25th; and three days after—on Thursday, the 28th, his remains were committed to the tomb. On this

occasion, the interior of the church was heavily draped in black, with the exception of the chancel. Nature herself seemed to sympathize with the mourners, the trees in St. Anne's Close still dripping from the rain of the previous night, as the sad procession bore, along the path between the parsonage and the church, all that was mortal of the beloved pastor. The body, vested in a surplice, was deposited on a bier outside of the rails of the sanctuary, and at 7.30 A. M. there was a celebration of the Holy Eucharist, at which the Rev. Alfred Evan Johnson was celebrant, assisted by the Rev. Francis Gilliat. Nine priests, in all, were in attendance, besides a large number of relations and parishioners. This service being concluded, and those who were present at it having dispersed, the church doors were thrown open, and other friends and neighbors were admitted—to the number of not less than five hundred during the first hour—to take a last look at the dear familiar face. In all, no fewer than five thousand persons, it is estimated, availed themselves of this last touching privilege. "They comprised," says a local paper, "all stations and degrees, and none could observe the mournful procession, without being moved by the emotion manifested by many in the humble walks of life, to whom the departed was not only priest, but father, friend and brother—a help in time of need."

The clergy relieved each other by turns, in the sanctuary, and members of the vestry were in constant attendance, until 12.30, when the doors of the church were closed. The solemn Burial-Rites commenced at 2 P. M. by a procession from the parsonage to the church, led by the members of the vestry, the clergy and others following.

The pall bearers were the Rev. Drs. Hopkin, Bolles, Lambert, and Cole, and the Rev. Messrs. Drown and Wingate. The carriers were composed chiefly of clergy who had received their early training under Dr. Edson, and were the Revs. W. F. Cheney, I. W. Beard, H. A. Metcalf, J. J. Creesey, G. Walker; and, at the grave, in place of Mr. Hovey, unable to be present, the Rev. Mr. Manchester. The carriers took up the bier; and upon their arrival at the door of the church the Bishop began the opening Sentences of the Burial Office. After silent prayer, the choir of clergy, led by the Rev. C. L. Hutchins, sang the anthem of the Office, "Lord, let me know my end," to an Anglican chant. The lesson was read by the Rev. George S. Converse; after which, the hymn beginning:

"For all the saints, who from their labors rest" was sung to music by Barnby. The services at the church were closed with collects by the Bishop, and the minor benediction. The procession then took carriages and proceeded to the Edson Cemetery, where the Committal was read by the Bishop, as the body was lowered into the grave, the Rev. Dr. Arey saying the Lord's Prayer and concluding collects, and the Bishop giving the benediction. The choir sang the hymn, "Jesus lives!" and all stood reverently by until the grave was filled.

Forty-two clergymen, duly vested, were in attendance, besides the Rev. Samuel Edson, a nephew of the deceased, who, with three others, was unvested.

And thus was laid to his rest, one of the holiest and most devoted servants of God whom this American Church of ours has produced. With what fulness of truth may the words of Holy Writ be applied to this saintly man: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord... yes; saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Of the "labors" and "works" of our departed brother, we shall have more to say hereafter. We will close the present notice by breathing the prayer: "May he rest in peace, and may everlasting light shine upon him!"

The Marquis of Lansdowne, who has been selected to succeed the Marquis of Lorne as governor-general of Canada—a much-coveted post—is a scion of a noble house and honorable lineage. The grandfather of the present marquis was a "Rupert of debate" in the house of lords thirty years ago, and had a somewhat singular method of preparing himself for a great speech. It was his custom, on the afternoon of an impending debate in the house, to walk around the garden in rear of Lansdowne house in Piccadilly, muttering to himself, cane in hand, and to switch off tops of flowers or whatever had an upright stalk, as if obnoxious imaginary enemies. The faithful old gardener felt so chagrined that he would retire to hide his vexation, knowing the danger of disturbing his master in a reverie of excited thoughts. The present marquis, when a child, was so scrupulously tended by a doting young mother that neither cream nor butter was allowed to pass the infant's lips lest it should mar a delicate complexion. The natural result was a debility and sickly paleness which warranted invoking the advice of the queen's physician, Sir Benjamin Brodie. This eminent Esculapius immediately created a revolution in the nursery by prescribing rich cream and fresh butter *ad libitum*. The nurse was instructed to allow the little fellow to steep his chubby fists and arms, to the elbows, if the nascent lord should feel so disposed, so that grease might enter the system at every pore. The sequel showed a healthy, bouncing lordling. His father, Lord Shelburne, was the eldest son of the former marquis, and the present marquis' title as the eldest son of Lord Shelburne was Lord Olanmorris, so that the dignified title he now wears is his second name.

As seems to have been generally expected, the Rev. Arthur Ritchie has withdrawn his resignation of the parish of the Ascension, Chicago.

Personal Mention. The Bishop of Louisiana sails for Europe this week and is not expected to return to his Diocese until after the General Convention.

Griswold College, Davenport, Ia., has conferred the Degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. William D'Orville Doty, Rector of Christ Church, Rochester, N. Y.

The Rev. Eugene L. Toy has resigned the rectorship of St. John's, Essex, N. Y., and accepted that of Christ Church, Schenectady, N. Y., in the Diocese of Albany, to take effect August 1st. The summer address of the Rev. William M. Hughes is No. 220 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y. The Rev. Charles Pelletreau, of Paterson, N. J., acted as Chaplain for the Seventh N. Y. Regiment during the State Encampment, at Peekskill, on the

Hudson. An open-air Service was held on Sunday, June 24th, when Mr. Pelletreau preached from the text, "I have fought a good fight."

The Rev. T. B. Lawson, D.D., has resigned the missionary charge of St. Stephen's Church, Sherman, Texas, and accepted a call to St. Paul's Church, Gainesville, Texas. P. O. address, Gainesville, Texas.

The Rev. Geo. H. Edwards has resigned the Rectorship of St. John's Church, Metuchen, N. J., and accepted a call to St. Paul's Church, East Orange, N. J., and will enter upon his duties August 1st.

The Rev. John W. Greenwood sailed for Europe in the "Germanic," Saturday, June 30th. Address, care Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., London, England.

The Rev. W. H. H. Ross, of Black River Falls, Wisconsin, has been spending a short time recently in Chicago.

The Rev. Andrew Gray, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Sailed for Europe from New York, on the 5th inst., on the "State of Florida." His address till Sept. 1st, will be "care of Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., Founder's Court, London, E. C." The Rev. Mr. Clarke, of Swampscott, and Mr. Hyde, of Cambridge, will carry on his work in his absence.

Official. The next meeting of the Convocation of Nashville, Tenn., will take place at Cumberland Furnace, Dickson county, on July 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th. Wm. C. Gray, Dean. Wm. G. G. Thompson, Secretary.

Acknowledgements. The undersigned, in behalf of Nashotah House, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following offerings during the month of June, 1883. For Daily Bread—W. J. W., \$25; Cash, \$5; Robert Warren, \$5; C. N. Fay, \$10; Trinity Church New York, \$5; (per Dom. Com.) 6; St. Mark's, Phil., (per ditto) 50; St. Peter's, Phil., 100; Mrs. M. F. Pierce, \$5; Cash, 10; Marioner's Church S.S., Detroit, 5; C. L. B., Norwalk, Ct., 2; Rev. Edward Kenney, \$5; Trinity Chapel, New York, \$20; St. Luke's, Kalamazoo, \$20; Miss J. B. McIntosh, 10; M. G. Dow, 5; James M. Smith, 30; Rev. C. Weil, per St. Luke's, Germantown, 25; St. Paul's Chapel, New York, 5; Miss Helen W. Aubin, 3.50; Rev. J. W. Prosser, 5; "Oriental," 2; S. S. St. Paul's, Norwalk, Ct., 2; St. John's Chapel, New York, 25; M. B. Copeland, 20; St. Jude's, Phil., 10; Church Messiah, Aburrdun, Mass., 5; Rev. G. W. Frisbie, 5. For Clothing Room—During the quarter ending June 30th. One box from Mrs. Dr. Rumney, one box from Mrs. Minot, one box from Church Good Shepherd, Boston. A. B. Dole, President of Nashotah House. Nashotah, Wis., July 6, 1883.

Miscellaneous. WANTED—A good active minister to take charge of a chapel in German quarter of city, compensation moderate. Address M. S. B., care Postman No. 25, Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—An assistant minister in a large South Eastern city, a married man preferred. Address H. care of this office.

A successful lady teacher of English, Latin, French, and instrumental music, desires a position in a family, or charge of a small school. P. O. Box 205, Philadelphia, Centre Co., Pa.

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SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY. Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. Eliza Whiteley, Corresponding Secretary, 37 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

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The Shurley Watch and Jewelry Manufacturing Co., Wholesale Jewelers, 77 State St., Chicago. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, if you wish anything in this line.

"Le Veinir," a monthly. The only French Episcopal paper in circulation, \$1.50. The third year began Oct. 15th, 1882. Editor: The Rev. C. Miel, Rector of St. Sauveur; address 220 Sanson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

The students of H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College are always sought after—business men call at the Chicago office for help constantly—the demand generally exceeds the supply. Well educated young men, who are not afraid to work, are wanted.

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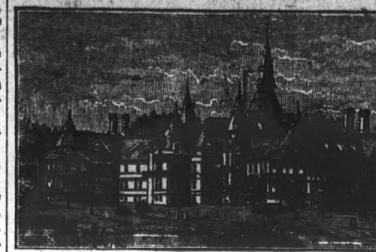
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MISS GORDON'S SCHOOL, For Young Ladies and Little Girls. The fourth year of this school will open on Sept. 17, 1883, at No. 416 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa., with enlarged accommodations. A limited number of boarders will be received. Superior Musical Advantages.

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MARION HARLAND'S NEW STORY, "JUDITH:" A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA. JUST BEGUN IN THE CONTINENT Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

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In "Judith" the author describes the land of her birth, and portrays the scenes and society in which her girlhood was passed.

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The story will be illustrated by W. L. Sheppard and A. B. Frost.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

GERMANY Seen Without Spectacles, or Random Sketches of Various Subjects Panned from Different Standpoints in the Empire. By Henry Ruggles, late United States Consul at the Island of Malta, and at Barcelona, Spain. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Chas. T. Dillingham. 1883. pp. 296.

Here is something new in the literature of European travel. Mr. Ruggles has travelled with his eyes open. He does not attempt to repeat descriptions of scenery, palaces, ruined castles, art galleries, with which every body is familiar; but gives his impressions of German real life, pointing out, in a good natured way, national faults and weaknesses. Among the chief objects of his criticism is their—in many respects, peculiar—custom of duelling, as practised by German students, which he characterizes as more barbarous in its details, than the bull-fighting of Spain; and also the treatment of German peasant women, many of whom, feeble and advanced in age, are made to labor in the fields, and to toil as beasts of burden—a treatment which has often awakened, in other minds than his, the indignant question as to whether countries in which such things are permitted are indeed civilized, or the century indeed our own. The book is, however, quite the reverse of cynical, and will be found exceedingly entertaining for its rambling narrative of out-of-the-way experiences.

THE WISDOM OF HOLY SCRIPTURE, with Reference to Sceptical Objections. By J. H. Mollvaine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883. Cloth, pp. 488. Price \$2.50

The author, in a series of sermons, considers certain criticisms of the Biblical narrative, which have originated in our time from hostile scepticism. The creation of the world, the temptation in Eden, the judgment upon the man and the woman, the moral difficulties of the Old Testament—these and kindred themes are carefully and very forcibly treated. The two final sermons—"Creeds and Confessions," and "Religion and Politics"—have a bearing on the practical in our modern living. The need of breaking down sect-made "creeds" in the interest of a simpler Faith, is dwelt upon in the first of these, and the author, a Presbyterian, gropes for firm ground upon which to place his feet. We are sorry that such confessions as he makes here are necessary in such a volume. He is not, however, without realizing the truth, that, in the Apostle's Creed of the Historic Church, may be found what he is seeking after. As a contribution to Apologetics, the book contains much that will be recognized as being valuable.

A HAND-BOOK OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE BIBLE, with Copious Examples Illustrating the Ancestry and Relationship of the Several Versions, and Comparative Tables. By J. I. Mombert, D. D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. Cloth, pp. 509.

The Rev. Dr. Mombert contributed a series of papers on English Versions of the Bible to one of our Church papers not long since. The present volume is a patient and laborious amplification of the same subject. The narrative is encumbered with learned references and illustrative extracts, but these, in their almost excess, add to the value of the book for purposes of study. The author expresses the opinion that the recent "Westminster Version" is superior in most particulars, to the Authorized Version, and destined to find its way into favor. Whether he be right in this, or not, the appearance of that Version has awakened so wide an interest in the subject of versions in general, that any contribution to the literature of the theme is sure of extended reading.

THE GOSPEL OF THE SECULAR LIFE. Sermons preached at Oxford. With a Preparatory Essay. By the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Canon of Canterbury. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883. Cloth. pp. 256. Price \$1.

In these nine sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, Canon Fremantle has aimed to direct thought into a new channel—the great, but overlooked concern which Christianity has, with what is commonly called Secular Life. The Church, he tells us, concerns itself with public worship, with pulpit instruction, and with works of beneficence of various kinds, and with the extension of the range of these forms of activity. But she appears not to be adequately conscious of her full strength. There lies a domain outside of these limits, which it is now the fashion to regard as being beyond her sphere. Church-work is usually considered as lying apart from the life of science, art, and politics. Christianity thus becomes a specialism and a small affair, in the presence of other absorbing objects of interest, instead of being the supreme, spiritual influence which elevates and harmonizes all the spheres of life. He would not disparage, he says, ordinary Church-work, but there is needed a wider outlook, a determination to look the world in the face without misgiving or mistrust, to spiritualize and to harmonize, to foster and to inspire, the various spheres and interests which the providence of God opens to the men of our day.

In earnest times like these, a teacher who proclaims such a gospel, is pretty sure to find eager listeners; and that very fact is a partial answer to the degree of disparagement of existing movements in the Church, which, notwithstanding his disclaimer, we find him putting into words. The announcement of the gospel itself will strike some of these men, as just what they have been all along reaching towards. But a careful perusal of the sermons will indicate how much easier it is to point a fault, than to suggest a remedy; and many readers will be surprised to find, that the tendency of the suggestions is against Apostolic Orders, the value of the Sacraments, and the conservative force of the Faith itself. This would be saying too much, if said without qualification; for every point is guarded by the preacher with qualifying statements. Nevertheless, such is the unquestionable ten-

dency of the advice given; the only real remedy suggested seeming to be a letting down of the Church into the world, so as to embrace a certain degree of secularism as its own, that it may dominate all. There is much that is worthy of careful thought, and much that is dangerous in such teaching.

The book is sure to be read, and to wield an influence. We think the temper of the Church is such, that no harm, but rather good will result. There is no threatening probability that the Church will lower her ancient barriers, at the beck of a restless, drifting age; but she is just now fully alive to the adoption of whatever, in subordination to essentials, can be made to serve the end for which she exists—the good of the lives of men.

HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Herbert Howe Bancroft. Vol. I. Central America: Vol. I. 1501-1530. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co., 1882. Octavo cloth; pp. 704. Price \$4.50.

The attempt of Mr. H. H. Bancroft, of San Francisco, to write the history of the Pacific Coast on a gigantic scale, commands admiration for its boldness, and for the laborious thoroughness with which it is entered upon. By the patient labor of years, he has accumulated a vast mass of materials—some 36,000 volumes, with rare MSS.—and purposes issuing thirty-nine octavo volumes, covering the history, under various sub sections; such as Native Races, History of Central America, Mexico, New Mexico and Arizona, California, Nevada, Oregon, British Columbia, Alaska, etc. The plan upon which the work is carried on is novel. The labor of digesting so great a bulk of materials, is—he tells us—more than it would be possible for any one man to accomplish, even by continuous energy and endurance, in several generations, if the author could hope to live so long. He therefore employs a large force of assistants, who examine and work these up for him; and the final labor of supervising and re-writing is his own. This, we fear, is only to say, that he has undertaken too great a task; for, however helpful assistants may properly be, an historian cannot depend—even in a secondary sense—upon the labors of others (which he has to take upon trust), but must himself, if his History aspires in any sense to rank as authority, know intimately the resources from which it is drawn. Nevertheless, though there are traces that his plan does not, at all times, work smoothly, Mr. Bancroft succeeds, judging by what he has already done, better than we should have considered possible. He is filled by an enthusiasm, which carries him over many difficulties. The present volume on Central America, treats of the discoveries of Columbus, and carries the narrative through the first third of the sixteenth century. As an aid to the right understanding of the early condition of things on this continent, Mr. Bancroft's work promises to hold a unique position for a considerable period to come.

THE JEWS, or Prediction and Fulfillment. An Argument for the Times. By Samuel H. Kellogg, D. D., Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Penn. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Price \$1.25.

The aim of this book is to examine the prophecies relating to the Jewish people, with reference to their bearing on important questions, much debated in our own time—viz. the authenticity and the inspiration of Scripture. Professor Kellogg is a believer in the temporal restoration of Israel. He has contributed much that is valuable in the line of his apologetic arguments, and has supplied some very interesting information concerning the present condition of the Jews. The book leaves out of sight, however, many practical questions, which very much affect his conclusions; and the latter will not, therefore, be invariably accepted. The subject is one that should interest all Christians.

CHATS ABOUT BOOKS: Poets and Novelists. By Mayo Williamson Hazeltine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883. pp. 360. Price \$1.50.

The papers here collected appeared originally in a New York newspaper. The style is more finished, and of greater literary merit, than one commonly looks for in the daily press. There are critical reviews of George Eliot, Swinburne, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Edwin Arnold, Charles Beade, Henry James, Jr., and other writers of the times. The papers are light and chatty, and well adapted to popular reading.

POEMS. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883. Price \$1.50.

A dainty volume of poems, which, though seldom rising to high levels, have many merits, and much about them that is pleasing.

Notes and Queries.

It is said that "Glorious" consists in dying for your country—only to have your name misspelled in the dead list! It is something like this to read in *The Church Almanac*, 1883, that one of the Army Chaplains is Rev. E. D. "Traxile," and that his residence is Auburn, N. Y. This is doubtless meant for the good Chaplain Tuttle, who did live, on furlough, at the above named place, but who has been on his long furlough now some years, in Paradise, a different place. It is a grim joke to put him yet among "the Auburn Spirits in Prison," and to print his name, as so many in Auburn call theirs, with an alias. Apropos to this subject of Chaplains—our Church has 18 in the Navy, and 7 in the Army; this is 25 in all. The Army and Navy take to the Prayer Book. Query: Will "the Enrichment of the Prayer Book" still give us the old first form of "Absolution," as such? I have been looking it through, but it seems to me that it makes a capital exhortation—"alternate," if you please. I do not find any direct absolving in it; only tells us that such a thing is possible, under certain long-drawn-out circumstances—and that God's ministers are empowered and commanded to declare and pronounce it. But it is only pronounced in the second form, and that is more frequently reserved for the Holy Communion. The first form is "Hamlet with Hamlet left out!" Will the Committee on "Enrichment" have an eye to this, and also "Enrich" the poor clergy with some \$7! with which to buy one of its Prayer Books? J. W. R.

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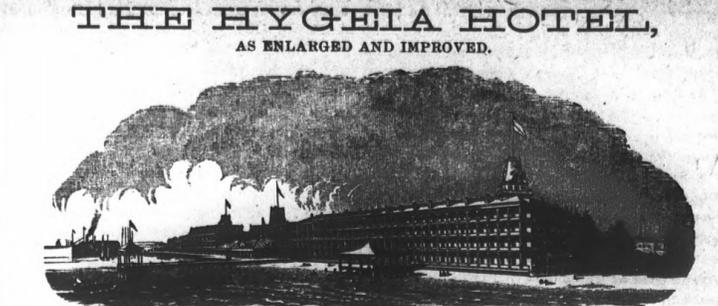
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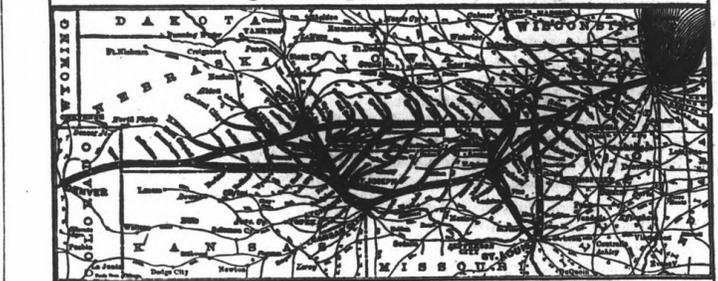


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A Romance in Real Life.

As the first scene in one of the most stirring and marvellous narratives of real life that I ever heard or read, I will take my readers, in thought, to a religious Service held in a large room in the United States Arsenal, at Charleston, S. C., more than twenty-nine years ago. On the 8th day of January, 1854, a faithful few—all that remained of an earnest band who had striven to plant the Church in that part of Charleston, were assembled, to claim the fulfilment of the Saviour's promise to the two or three met together in His Name. There was but a handful—eight in all; and their hope was, to found a parish as nearly as possible like that established in New York, long years before, by the saintly Muhlenberg. This, also, was to be "The Church of the Holy Communion," and the pastorate devolved upon one, whose name at that time was probably but little known beyond the locality in which he resided—the Rev. A. Toomer Porter. Very feeble and struggling was the organization then; and yet it was destined to become the parent of one of the noblest and most successful enterprises of our day.

In order to explain how this came about, it is necessary to relate, first, that on that same day, the 8th day of January, 1854, at the very time when Mr. Porter was officiating at that first Service at the Arsenal, his first-born son was ushered into the world at the family residence in Georgetown, S. C. Strange as at first sight it may seem, that event had a controlling influence over all the subsequent history of the parish; it was the germ of a marvellous and momentous enterprise.

And now I will take my readers on for a period of ten years and nine months. The scene is still the Arsenal; but how changed, alas, are the conditions under which we behold it! Here are no longer the faithful priest and the band of worshippers; here the ear no longer catches the accents of prayer and praise. For the torch of Civil War has been lighted throughout the land; the Arsenal is in the hands of the Confederate Government, and instruments of death are being manufactured within its precincts. Shells from the besieging Federal army are falling on every side, and the devoted city is in flames; while, to add to the horrors of the moment, that fearful scourge—far more dreaded than any human foe—the Yellow Fever, is raging in their midst.

It is the 25th of October, 1864, and the dread messenger of death, after but a few hours' warning, tears from his parents' arms the boy in whom their hopes and affections had so fondly centred for more than a decade. For three years, the bereaved father mourned sore for his child, and refused to be comforted; but God had mercy on him, and brought light out of the surrounding darkness. On the third anniversary of his darling's death, as he was seated on the grave, he was inspired with a resolve to leave his child, with no more repining, in the hands of the All Merciful, and to devote the remainder of his own life, in some practical way, to the service of the living.

This brings us to a consideration of the direction which his thoughts and plans took on this momentous occasion. Since the death of his boy, the unhappy Civil War had come to an end. The Federal arms had triumphed, and the entire South was lying in sack-cloth and ashes. Hundreds upon hundreds of the best families in the land had lost their all, and the wealthy were impoverished. Fathers and husbands, sons and brothers, had laid down their lives upon the battle-field. Plantations lay idle and unprofitable, for lack of the necessary culture. And, as the inevitable result, the young people who, in better days, had been educated abroad, or had had tutors at home, were growing up to man's and woman's estate, absolutely destitute of the advantages of education. For the most part they were running wild, ignorant, and uncultured. Sadly, at his child's grave, the mourner thought of them, and mentally contrasted their forlorn condition with the present state of his beloved child, who, without the conflict, had reached the crown, and was now at rest in Paradise. And, in that supreme moment, when the cry almost burst from his lips—"Who will come to the rescue of these boys?"—a voice seemed to speak to his inmost soul, telling him that he must do it. Amazed, he shrank from the suggestion. "I do it?" he inwardly exclaimed; "I have no way; from day to day I can scarcely secure the means with which to sustain my family." But still the voice appeared to be ringing in his ears: "Take up your work, and do it."

And so, he "was not disobedient to" what he could recognize as being nothing less than a "heavenly vision;" and, like the true man and faithful Christian that he was, he girded himself to the task that lay before him. The more he pondered upon it, the plainer appeared to be his duty, and the clearer the way to its performance. "As the sun went down," he says, in the published history of his work—"As the sun went down, throwing gleams of glory on that little grave, I knelt on the mound, and asked of God, that if the thought and desire were from Him, I might be endowed with the wisdom, the zeal, the continuity of purpose, to carry out the enterprise; and I prayed that the hearts of His people might be open to me, and that they should not listen coldly when I pleaded the cause of the impoverished orphan. Or, if this was not an inspiration, let it all pass away as a morning cloud, or the phantoms of a fleeting dream."

Before proceeding with the narrative, it will be interesting to record the fact, that from that eventful hour, although no day has passed in which his thoughts have not dwelt upon his dear departed child, he has never been permitted to grieve for him. Nor from that moment to the present, has the holy purpose with which he was then inspired, ever deserted him, as he himself testifies—"Even amid weariness, sickness, and discouragement."

It would be out of the question to record, in an article of this character, all the details of the work, as it gathered form and strength. It will be impossible to do much more than merely state results. As might be expected, kind friends on all hands, prophesied failure. Unheeding these prophets of evil, however, he pursued the even tenor of his way, looking straight before him, and leaning, with simple faith, upon the Divine Arm. He appropriated to the purpose that he had in view, a building of his own, which constituted all the property left to him by the whirlwind of Civil War. He had no sooner made his purpose known, than he was flooded with applications for admission to his proposed Institute; and he began with thirty-three—all that his house would accommodate. Mr. John Gadsden became Principal, and Mrs. John Bryan, Matron of the School. Will it be believed that up to this time Mr. Porter had not a single dollar, nor knew where any money was to come from? But from time to time, supplies of various necessities continued to come in. Iron bedsteads, furniture, bedding, crockery, were supplied from various quarters, while credit to the extent of the value of Mr. Porter's property, was asked from and granted by grocers, butchers, and bakers.

On Dec. 9th, 1867, a day school was opened, into which were soon gathered nearly three hundred boys, and more than one hundred girls.

And here, let it be stated, once for all, that Mr. Porter's labor has been from the first, and still is simply one of faith and love, and not for pecuniary reward. Of all the children received into the day school, there were but very few who could afford to pay the trifling charge of fifty cents a month. More than \$800 worth of school-books were distributed by Mr. Porter among the children, for which he never received one hundred dollars in return. A part he paid for, and his indebtedness for the rest was remitted by a generous New York publisher.

On March 21st, 1868, the first boy, an orphan, came to the home, and the rest of the thirty-three soon after. In 1869, arrangements were made for enlarged accommodations, so that the fourth year was begun with between ninety and a hundred boys in the Home, besides the usual number of day scholars. And so from year to year they increased, until, in the 15th Annual Report, dated July, 1882, we find a record of 136 boys as inmates of the Home, and 111 day pupils. There were also 10 male and four female teachers, as well as two Matrons. The entire household, including nine servants, comprised 153 persons. The receipts for the year ending last July, were \$36,730.10; the actual cost amounted to \$28,790.56.

And now, the interesting enquiry presents itself—How has Mr. Porter contrived, through all these years, to secure the funds necessary for the carrying on of his work? And the answer to this enquiry involves some of the most remarkable features of the narrative, and illustrates, in a marvellous manner, the gracious workings of Divine Providence.

We have already seen that Mr. Porter began literally without any money at all. Throughout the first year, he raised in Charleston only \$330. And yet, with constantly increasing expenses, with salaries and bills unpaid, and with no apparent prospect of relief in the emergency, his trust in God never failed him. He believed that he was doing a work which his Heavenly Father had committed into his hands; and, therefore, while many of those around him were trying to dissuade him from persevering in the prosecution of a task which they deemed to be chimerical and impracticable, he steadily refused to entertain the idea of possible failure. The story of the wonderful ways in which, over and over again, the wants of his Institute were supplied in many an apparently desperate emergency, affords a striking illustration of the true saying, that "Man's necessity is God's opportunity." I could not attempt to record them here, but must refer my readers to the Narrative written by Mr. Porter, and published by Appleton & Co., New York. I will warrant, that, having once looked into it, their experience will be the same as that of the excellent George H. Wilkinson, now Bishop of Truro, who, although overwhelmed with work, having chanced to open the pamphlet at a passage which arrested his attention, was tempted to begin at the first chapter; and, having done so, did not lay it down until he had read it to the end.

But the story which I set out to tell, would be all too imperfectly narrated, were I to withhold one other most interesting circumstance connected with the history of Mr. Porter's enterprise.

My readers will remember that I have made two allusions to the United States Arsenal, in Charleston. The first of these was in connection with the Service which was held there twenty-nine years ago. The second had reference to the scenes which were being enacted there ten years later, when it was occupied by the Confederate forces. Now, I would ask my readers, whether, bearing in mind all that I have related, it is not a most striking and singular coincidence, that at the present moment these very grounds and buildings, covering an area of no less than eight and a quarter acres, should be in the occupation of the Church Institute, upon a ninety-nine years lease? When we look back upon the feeble beginning of the enterprise, bearing in mind, too, the fact that the Arsenal is Government property, it seems scarcely credible. And yet such is the case; and there could hardly be a more striking or more touching testimony to the reality of the *entente cordiale* which now exists between the North and the South, than this one fact, that the United States Government has been willing to put out of its hands, for a century, a most valuable property which was set apart to military purposes, in favor of the children of those very men, who, although citizens, had been in arms against it less than twenty years ago.

And now, let me try to sketch, as briefly as possible, the singularly interesting way in which this was brought about. In order to do this, I must transport my readers to Columbia, the capital of South Carolina. On the night of February the 17th, 1865, that fair city was wrapt in flames. General Sherman, in command of the Federal Army, had accomplished his now historical march to the sea, and was striking for General Lee's rear, at Richmond; and the devoted capital of the State lay in his path. And here, at this juncture, by a singular combination of circumstances, such as we are in the habit of terming "accidental," Mr. Porter and his family found themselves. The Federal troops were in the immediate neighborhood, even within sight of the city, and fighting had begun. As the place was filled with women and children who had taken refuge there, the scene of horror and consternation which was presented when the death-dealing shells began to fall and explode among the houses, may be more readily imagined than described. For hours a continual firing was sustained between the two armies; and, on the following day, the Confederates having abandoned the city, the victorious troops entered it. And then ensued the usual horrors attendant upon the capture and sack of a city—drunkenness and arson, and outrage and robbery. Mr. Porter, in his narrative, has given a most vivid and graphic account of that awful period. It is well worthy of perusal, and is not capable of abridgement. A city in flames—a drunken soldiery—crowds of pale and terrified women (some of them with infants in their arms) hurrying by, they knew not whither; the air filled with shouts of derision and blasphemy; such is a partial outline of the scene. In the midst of all those horrors, Mr. Porter and his family went out through the blazing streets, and sought refuge in a friend's house, which, happening to lie near General Sherman's quarters, had not shared in the general conflagration. Here, once more, the Hand of God was remarkably manifested; for the fact of their seeking safety at that particular house, was, as the event proved after a lapse of fifteen years, fraught with the most important results to the interests of the Church Institute. At the gate of this house, as the forlorn party entered, stood the horses of two Federal officers, a captain and a lieutenant. The latter gentleman, Lieut. McQueen—devoted himself, during that fearful night, to the protection of Mr. Porter and his party. Three days after, Gen. Sherman and his troops evacuated the city; but the lieutenant, fearing that some of the camp-followers might still molest those whom he had undertaken to defend, lingered behind longer than was prudent for himself. As he was upon the point of starting, at last, it occurred to Mr. Porter to give him a letter addressed to Gen. Wade Hampton, or to any other confederate into whose hands he might fall. After the lapse of a month, it came to Mr. Porter's knowledge, that Lieut. McQueen had been wounded in a skirmish, and that he would have been slain on the spot—a pistol having actually been drawn upon him—but for the well-timed letter, which fortunately fell into the hands of a soldier who knew Mr. Porter. But he learnt further, that some bravadoes, professing to think that the lieutenant was an impostor, and the letter a forgery, had threatened to take him out at night and hang him. And thereupon, Mr. Porter resolved to go immediately to his rescue, although he had no idea where he was to be found. He took the train to Newberry, a distance of a hundred miles; from thence he walked to Columbia, which took him two days, a heavy rain pouring down during the whole time, from which he had no protection. At Columbia, with five other persons, he secured a seat in a wagon drawn by one unfortunate mule; and in this way he reached Camden, thirty miles away. And here, in a most providential manner, the tears of both principals and bystanders, which would not be restrained—all this I must leave to the description drawn by Mr. Porter's graphic pen, in the pages of his published narrative. It came to his knowledge, soon after, that the lieutenant, in fulfilment of a promise that he had made him, had protected the good, old blind Bishop Davis and his family, as well as many others, and that he had saved every home that was saved, between Columbia and Camden.

Mr. Porter's next step was, to get his sick, federal friend to a place of greater safety. So, making him exchange his uniform for the dress of a civilian, and having borrowed a vehicle, and procured from the quartermaster an old, lame mule, he took up his line of march, the lieutenant riding, and he himself walking beside him, the poor, old steed not being equal to drawing more than one passenger. And thus they travelled to Chester—a distance of sixty-four miles, taking two days and two nights for the journey. Not to prolong the narrative beyond what is absolutely necessary, Mr. Porter, after innumerable hindrances and difficulties—succeeded in landing his friend safe within the Federal lines. And he has never met him since. In this successful effort to secure his freedom, he had travelled, by a circuitous route, nearly 600 miles, by rail, on foot, in a wagon destitute of springs, and in a buggy. And doubtless, he would have done and suffered a hundred-fold more, had the occasion arisen. Having so happily accomplished the object of his expedition, he turned his face towards home, which he safely reached, after another journey of five hundred and fifty miles.

At this point, I can imagine my readers saying: "You certainly have told us a very interesting story; but you must pardon us for enquiring what it all has to do with the Church Institute. To this question I have it my power to afford a satisfactory reply in comparatively few words. In the year 1878, Mr. (now Dr.) Porter, suggested to General Hunt, who, at the time, was in command at Charleston, that the Arsenal was now practically useless for military purposes, and that the grounds could hardly be put to a better use than that of a school; and he told him that for two years it had been his own and his wife's prayer, that, if the Government should abandon it, it might be turned over to him or his successor, for the use of the Institute. The General agreed with him, and promised to promote such an arrangement, if any opportunity should offer. The following year, the authorities at Washington decided to withdraw the troops from Charleston, and the way was open for the necessary application. And so, the proposition passed through all the necessary channels, being endorsed successively by Generals Hunt, Augur, Butler, and Sherman, by the Secretary of War, and by the Judge Advocate General. It had to undergo the ordeal of Congress, passing unanimously in the Senate. But it was eventually successful; and, on the 8th of January, 1880, Dr. Porter had the happiness of taking formal possession of the Arsenal, in the name of the Church Institute of the Holy Communion. And it appears that all this was due, under God, to the favorable impression made upon General Sherman, without whose acquiescence it could never have been consummated, in consequence of what Dr. Porter had done for Lieutenant McQueen. "All this great work for the white children of the State of South Carolina, has been an outgrowth of that one deed."

The grand result may be told in very few words. It is, that 2,300 boys have been trained and educated, of whom a large majority would have otherwise grown up in ignorance; eighty-two have been sent to college; six are now in the Priesthood—two in the North, two in Maryland, two in South Carolina; and nine are in course of preparation for the Sacred Ministry. It can hardly be necessary to call the attention of my readers to the fact that a work of such magnitude cannot possibly be sustained without the expenditure of a large amount of money. Our brethren in England have attested the reality of their sympathy, by contributing more than \$45,000. Dr. Porter's present object is, to ensure the permanence of a work, the foundation of which he has so efficiently laid, by securing for it an endowment; and towards this he has succeeded in raising \$26,000.

After reading the record of this wonderful work of faith and love, who can fail to be ready to exclaim, with good Canon Wilkinson, now Bishop of Truro: "My brother! you are doing a work which has upon it so manifestly the impress of God, that I claim the privilege of sharing with you some of the blessing. I can help you and I will?"

Since writing the above, I have been favored with a sight of the original letter addressed to Gen. Wade Hampton, by Dr. Porter, in which he commends Lieut. McQueen to the favorable consideration of the General or any of his command. This letter, as I have shown, was the means of saving Mr. McQueen's life. I append a copy.

G. C. S.
COLUMBIA, So. Ca., Feb. 18, 1865.
Lt. Gen'l Wade Hampton.
DEAR GENERAL.—Should Lt. John McQueen, 15th Illinois Cavalry, one of Gen'l Howard's escort, U. S. A., ever fall into your hands or any of your command, let me entreat you to show to him every kindness in your power. In the awful night of the 17th, I testify, that but for him, my family and Dr. Reynolds' would have suffered indeed; he stuck to us all the night, and all to-day; he was a great part of the night on the shed, and labored with all his might to save Dr. Reynolds' home, which, by the good providence of God, by his aid was saved.
I beg you, by all the kind remembrances of the past, for my sake, as well as for him, who, in the midst of the horrors of that night, proved himself a man and a Christian, return to him in his extremity all the kindness he showed to us in ours. I am, Gen'l, Yours faithfully,
A. TOOMER PORTER.
To any C. S. soldier into whose hands this may fall; from the Rev. A. Toomer Porter, Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, Charleston, S. C.

A Southern Capital.
During the late spring the papers have frequently published reminiscences of other exceptionally cold seasons, and the "year without a summer" has often been described. The northern traveller who has lingered in the far south till the first of June, has already enjoyed one summer, and cannot consider himself defrauded if he has no other. Southerners call this a cold season; but, most of the time since the first of March the temperature has been like that of the loveliest summer days in Chicago. The display of flowers has been something grand. Numerous large trees have been in full bloom, the mock orange, the mulberry, the magnolia, and lastly the crape myrtle. These are in various colors, but pink is the most common, and the blossoms are so profuse that the tree resembles a highly-colored pyramid, with just a touch of green. April is the month of roses, which must be unfortunate for poets, as its associations are not so inspiring as those of June. One of the old gardens has this sentence set with the flower known as the Star of Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." It is a pretty sight, clearly defined by the white star-like blossoms. Other portions of the grounds are neglected, and over-grown with weeds, but this one bed is always carefully kept. Montgomery is considered one of the most beautiful cities in the South. It is built on a bluff rising high above the Alabama River. The wide well-shaded streets are lined with grand old houses, many of which have a neglected air, betraying the poverty of the owners who have

"seen better days." The capital is situated on an eminence commanding a view of the whole city, and it is consequently visible from nearly all the streets, and from a long distance in the surrounding country. This place was for a few months the capital of the Confederate States; and Jefferson Davis' former residence is one of the noted places shown to strangers.

Hammer Hall, Dr. Everhart's School, is one of the most attractive places in the city. The grounds are shaded by grand old trees, and the views in every direction are charming. Within the building everything is arranged to present a home-like appearance. A large collection of engravings of Doré's most celebrated pictures is among the art-treasures. Last evening, I had the pleasure of attending the Commencement Exercises, and found them of special interest. Judging by results, the instruction must be of the best in music, painting, and foreign languages. The Essays in French and German were composed in those languages and were not translations. A grand-daughter of Bishop Cobb was among the graduates.

Dr. H. L. Stringfellow, will soon commemorate his seventeenth anniversary as Rector of St John's parish. The statistics show a most encouraging growth of the Church.

During Bishop Cobb's life Montgomery was the head of the Diocese of Alabama, and he inaugurated the Cathedral system. But his residence, being a personal gift, fell to his heirs, and his successor—Bishop Wilmer—resides in Mobile. Consequently, the Church Orphan Asylum was removed there. The building thus vacated, which was erected by the Sunday-school of St John's Church, has been set apart as the future Episcopal residence as a perpetual possession of the Diocese.

FRANCES A. CONANT.
Montgomery, June 20.

The Church of England.

It is frequently asserted that the Church of England is dead, or at least in a moribund state. Probably they who make the assertion wish it were so, but whatever foundation their statements may have, they do not seem to be built upon fact.

For instance, in 1869 there were in London 620 churches, while in 1883 the number is 928. That is, in fourteen years the number has increased fifty per cent. In other words this dying (?) Church builds twenty-two new churches every year in one city. In 525 of these churches there is a celebration of the Holy Communion every Sunday; in 482 of them there are services every holy day throughout the year, and in 286, or nearly one third of them, the offering of prayer and thanksgiving is made every day. In 335 of these churches all the seats are free, and that the people appreciate the privileges offered by this dying Church, is shown by the congregations throughout the city. Old churches which twenty-five years ago could count their worshippers by the score are now thronged, and in St. Paul's Cathedral, where a generation ago there were literally only two or three gathered together for the Daily Prayers, can now be seen on week-days as many hundreds; and on Saturday afternoons the usual number is from 800 to 1,000, mostly of the working class.

The same activity marks the Church, not only throughout the United Kingdom, but throughout the world. In fact, instead of dying, there never was a time when the whole Anglican Communion was so full of life and activity, and when the Church of England was more truly the Church of the English.—*Kentucky Chronicle.*

Church Work.

Its Progress and Its Needs as Seen by our Correspondents.

Colorado.—Mr. O. Hill (late head master of St. John the Evangelist's School, Boston,) and the Rev. W. C. Bishop, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, England (with whose articles in the LIVING AGE its readers will be acquainted), have taken a house in the country near Colorado Springs, for the purpose of receiving boys as pupils. It is well-known to the Colorado physicians, that the country is the place in which to recover health or to build up a delicate constitution; the climate in Colorado being not much better than cities elsewhere, in point of salubrity. Hence, such a home as this will be the means of restoring, if anything can do so, the color to the cheek and the sparkle to the eye of many a sickly boy, and of transforming the delicate child into the well-grown and healthy man. Mr. Hill's name is well-known in connection with the school of St. John the Evangelist, Boston, and is a sufficient guarantee that the boys will be reared in moral as well as physical health, upon the only sure foundation, viz: full and thorough Church teaching.

Mississippi.—The death of a much valued teacher in the Sunday School connected with the Church of the Mediator, Meridian, has called forth, a tribute to her worth, in the form of the following preamble and resolutions, adopted at a meeting of the teachers and scholars of the Sunday School, held June 17, 1883: "WHEREAS it has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His wise Providence, to remove from this world Mrs. Annie Brooke Berney, a teacher in this school; Therefore, Resolved, That we, the teachers and scholars, deem it appropriate to express the sorrow we feel in the death of our beloved friend and sister, to bear testimony to her Christian character, her gentleness and purity, her zeal and liberality in the cause of Christ, and to deplore the loss sustained by this School, and the Church of which she was a constant and valued member. Resolved, That we tender to the family and relatives of the deceased, our heart-felt sympathy in their bereavement, and that the School attend the funeral in a body. Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the city papers, the LIVING CHURCH, and the *Church News*, and that a copy be furnished to the family of the deceased."

WM. CROSS, Rector,
JOHN T. BALL, Superintendent.

Western Michigan.—Grace Parish, Ludington, is not yet dead. The newly elected trustees at the annual parish meeting, last Easter week, have changed the condition of things ma-

terially. They have appointed a collector, which had not been done for the past two or three years. They appointed a finance committee, a church committee, and a building committee. The chairman of the latter is the Senior Warden. Much credit is due him for the energy and perseverance manifested on his part in pressing forward the good work so far as the means would allow. The carpenters' work is now done, as well as the mason-work, inside of the building. The windows are nicely arranged and in their places. This incloses the church. When the tower is painted, and the building veneered with brick, all will be complete so far as the building is concerned.

The bell, which for the last two years has been lying in the sand outside of the church, liable to damage by the school boys, is now safely in its place in the bell-chamber, and has already announced to the citizens of Ludington its enjoyment in its new and happy home. Besides all this, the ladies of the Auxiliary Society are active. They have their meetings every two weeks for the purpose of raising money for the purchase of seats and chancel furniture. They have already eighty dollars on hand. Considering these facts, we are led to believe that the parish of Grace Church, Ludington, is not dead but alive.

Ohio.—Grace Church, Toledo, celebrated its first centennial as a parish on July 1st. The chancel had just been newly papered and painted, and a new green altar cloth and antependium provided. Various floral gifts added beauty to the service, and a large congregation listened to an historical sermon. A large number commended than ever before.

The history traced the progress of the work from the Sunday School, started with three pupils in May, 1770, by the Misses Annie and Nellie Church, at their residence, and showed that the work had suffered great vicissitudes. During the thirteen years of its growth, from 1870, twelve clergymen have been in charge, either as rectors or as assisting—namely: Rev. Jas. Mulchahay, Rev. A. T. Perkins, Rev. F. M. Hall, Rev. L. S. Stevens, Rev. G. H. Carstenzen, Rev. Dr. Coleman, Rev. E. L. Kemp, Rev. C. S. Blackston, Rev. S. Moran, Rev. A. V. Gorrell, Rev. E. R. Atwill, Rev. W. O. Hopkins. There have been also several vacancies. The finances have varied from over \$4,000 per annum to \$226. But the Sunday School and lay work was continued with commendable persistency. The last year, with forty baptisms and forty-two confirmed, shows a decided improvement. The Missionary Offerings are greater than during all the previous nine years together. The organization of a Parish-Guild with seven auxiliaries, has resulted in increased activity. A better attendance at all services is observed, and the total contribution—over \$1,700, is the largest for several years.

Christ Church, Dayton (the Rev. J. T. Webster, Rector), makes a very encouraging report for the last conventional year. The following are some of the principal items: Baptisms—Infants, 29; Adults, 10; Confirmed, 28. Present No. of Communicants, 442; Sunday Schools—Officers and Teachers, 52; scholars, 447. Families, 316; Individuals, 1073. Total receipts, \$9,945.18. Total expenditure, \$7,902.28, of which amount \$800.42 is for missionary purposes.

Christ Church is closed for repairs and improvements, which will involve an outlay of \$2,500. During the interval, the services will be held in Ascension Chapel.

Louisiana.—St. John's Church, Thibodeaux, has been polychromed throughout; quiet colors, such as oriental grays and olive greens, predominating. Around the cornice, bands of Pompeian-red and ultramarine—blue serre to emphasize the moldings. The chancel has been stencilled in gold designs of symbolic meaning, and appropriate sentences of Scripture have been introduced. The following gifts have been presented; some from individuals, and others from organizations within the parish: A pair of Offertory-Plates, cabinet organ for Sunday School, carpet for the church, velvet hangings for pulpit and lectern, silver cover for Chalice, a pair of brass altar vases, and a pair of prayer-desks with seats.

Tennessee.—The friends of the Rev. Jos. R. Gray, S. T. B. Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Nashville, will hear with much concern that the state of his health has compelled him to resign his charge. He was to leave this week for Columbia, Mo., with the intention of remaining until the fall, when he expects to proceed to Florida. The vestry proposes to take immediate steps to supply the vacancy in the parish.

Central New York.—The Rev. W. Ernest Allen is doing an excellent work in Central New York. He gained a valuable experience while in charge, some time ago, of St. Augustine's parish in New York City. He has been visiting his former home and familiar friends, who have done something toward helping him in his efforts to extend the work in which he is so zealously engaged, and which is being signally blessed.

Mr. Allen is Rector of St. Andrew's parish at Dey's Landing, and also of Grace parish at Willowdale, and is now trying to build a church at Romulus, where services were commenced last December in a public hall. Since that time there have been twelve baptisms; and a large class has been prepared for Confirmation.

Among his efficient helpers is a lady who, during her earnest life, has taken upon herself the duties of sponsor seventy-five times, and who conscientiously, in every instance, has continued to keep a faithful watch over her numerous God-children.

At Romulus "there are fine prospects for the future welfare of the Church," if a building can be erected, and which cannot be done without outside assistance. It is hoped this can be speedily and generously given in so desirable a cause. Printed circulars signed by Bishop Huntington and others, show that Mr. Allen is entitled to all confidence and sympathy in his excellent and commendable work.

Mrs. Burnham, the well-known and highly esteemed Deaconess in charge of Woman's Work in this Diocese, is returning, it is pleasant to learn, from her tour abroad, in improved health. The steamer in which she took passage is due here this present month. Her many warm friends will give her a most hearty welcome.

California.—During the latter part of last May, and throughout most of June, Bishop Kip was engaged in visiting Southern California. Reaching Los Angeles on Sunday, the 26th May, he proceeded to San Gabriel, where he confirmed five candidates; and, later in the day drove three miles to Pasadena, where the Rev. Mr. Trew has recently started a new Mission. At this place the Bishop preached; and, on the following day, held a special Confirmation in the Church of our Saviour, at San Gabriel, when Mr. Trew presented a candidate who had been unable to be present on the previous day. The same afternoon the Bishop confirmed in private a candidate from Riverside, who was about to leave the country, presented by the Rev. S. G. Lines. At Colton, he was met by the Rev. Messrs. Lines and Reed, the missionaries of that section of the diocese which constitutes the San Bernardino Mission.

On the following Sunday (June 3rd), Bishop Kip held an Ordination in a chapel recently erected at a cost of \$1,000; the Rev. F. W. Reed being admitted to Priest's Orders. The candidate was presented by the Rev. G. S. Lines; the Rev. Messrs. Trew and Emery taking part in the Rite. At 3 P. M. five persons were confirmed. Mr. Trew preached.

In the evening the Bishop drove over (three miles) with Messrs. Lines and Reed to the "Clergy House," San Bernardino, where they resided. The next few days were to have been devoted to the investigation of the Church-work in this new mission, but the weather became so intensely hot (110 degrees) that the Bishop finally fainted, and was confined to his room for most of the week. On the following Sunday, however, he held service in the public hall at San Bernardino. Morning Prayer was said by Messrs. Lines and Reed, after which fourteen candidates were confirmed.

In the afternoon, the indefatigable Bishop set out with Messrs. Lines and Reed for Riverside (12 miles). Here the service was held at 4 P. M. in the public school house, which they have used for eight months past. Here fourteen candidates were confirmed.

On the 13th, at San Gabriel, at a meeting of the Bishop and eight of the clergy, it was decided to revive the Convocation of Southern California, Mr. Trew being elected Dean, Mr. Emery, Secretary, and Mr. Elliott, of Los Angeles, Treasurer.

At 4 P. M. the church was consecrated, the sermon being preached by Rev. Mr. Birdsall.

In the evening there was a reception at Lake Vineyard (the residence of Mrs. E. D. Wilson), when the Bishop and clergy had the opportunity of meeting the principal parishioners.

The Bishop returned to San Francisco on the 15th; and, on the 24th, went to Martinez, where on the following day, in Grace Church (of which the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie is Rector), he confirmed fourteen candidates, some of whom came twenty-five miles, and one young lady thirty miles to be present at this service. They are the fruits of Dr. Abercrombie's pastoral work and untiring efforts through all this section of country.

The Confirmation was succeeded by a Celebration of the Holy Communion; and in the evening Dr. McClure preached. On that Sunday, twenty-seven years before, he began his labors as a Presbyterian missionary in Martinez. He now visited them in his altered ecclesiastical relations, and was warmly greeted by many who were formerly, at that time, his parishioners.

The editorial management of that enterprising and well edited paper, the *Pacific Churchman*, has changed hands again. Much to the regret and disappointment of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, the late editor, the Rev. Edward B. Church, has found it absolutely necessary to resign his position, and the Revs. Douglas O'Kelley and William L. Mott, have consented to assume it jointly. The following highly complimentary resolution was unanimously adopted at a recent meeting of the Standing Committee of the Diocese:

"Resolved, That the Rev. Mr. Church has placed this committee under a debt of gratitude for his able and judicious editing of our diocesan paper, while the resolution unanimously adopted by our late annual convention, requesting him to continue his services, is evidence that the Church in the diocese will also regret to learn of his retirement."

Oregon.—The thirtieth annual Convocation of the missionary jurisdiction of Oregon, was held at Salem, June 8th, 9th, and 10th. The bishop in his address rebuked sixteen clergy at work—within one of the largest number ever reported when Oregon and Washington made one jurisdiction. The property at the Cove, bequeathed by the late Sam'l G. French, for a Church School, has been taken possession of by order of the Probate Court. The Bishop hopes to open the school in September. The Rev. John W. Sellwood was re-elected Secretary of the Convocation. The Rev. J. Taylor Chambers was elected clerical delegate to the next General Convention, Mr. R. Weeks, lay delegate, and Dr. S. E. Josephi, alternate.

Standing Committee—Rev. Geo. E. Plummer, Rev. John W. Sellwood, Gen. E. Hamilton and W. E. Brown.

Minnesota.—At the commencement of the Bishop Seabury Divinity-School, Faribault, June 14, and also at the commencement of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y., the honorary degree of Bachelor of Divinity was conferred upon the Rev. Edward O. Bill, of Faribault. Mr. Bill is an alumnus of both the above named institutions.

The *Minnesota Missionary* for June contains an interesting history of the schools at Faribault, written by Bishop Whipple. This number of the paper is rendered additionally attractive, by wood-cuts of the Cathedral, the first Divinity School of the Seabury Mission, the Bishop Seabury Divinity Hall, the Shumway Memorial Chapel, Shattuck Hall, Whipple Hall, Shattuck School-room, Old St. Mary's Hall, the new St. Mary's Hall, and the new Armory Hall, Shattuck School. The record of good Bishop Whipple's work is a wonderful and very encouraging one. We hope that this story of the Bishop's Schools with its accompanying illustrations, may be made more extensively accessible, by being published in pamphlet form.

Springfield.—The Bishop of Springfield visited St. John's Chapel, Bridgely, on the evening of June 17th, for the purpose of administering the Rite of Confirmation to a class of ten persons prepared and presented by the Rev. Thomas Hines, the deacon in charge of St. John's Mission. The bishop preached a powerful sermon on the text, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."—St. John xiv: 15. v. After the sermon he confirmed and addressed the Class. Evensong was said by the Rev. Mr. Hines, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Hetter, of St. Paul's Church, Springfield.

This is the second Confirmation held at St. John's within the past three months. The classes were large for a mission, all of which tells of hard and faithful work on the part of the deacon in charge. The choir of boys and girls did its duty faithfully and well. The number of those previously confirmed was eighteen.

Southern Ohio.—The Central Ohio Clerical met June 19th at Piqua, where the "Temperance question" was ably handled by the Rev. Mr. Webster, of Dayton.

Illinois.—The church building at Riverside, of which Bishop McLaren laid the corner-stone last week, will be quite unique in its style of architecture, and in its character essentially rural. It will consist of half timber-work; the spaces between the timber being filled with rubble stone. It will be a cruciform building, with a tower at the south-western corner. Its extreme dimensions will be 82 ft. in length by 63 ft. in width. Width of nave 38 ft., of each transept 18 ft. The apsidal chancel is to be 21 by 22 ft. The south transept is to be occupied by the organ and choir; and in the south-eastern corner of the junction of transept and chancel, the sacristy will find a place. The building will be low, with an open timber roof, and is calculated to accommodate a congrega-

tion of about 300. The entrance will be through the tower, and will be furnished with a porch and wide verandah in front, with carriage porches on each side. It is intended to plant the grounds around the building with shrubs. When complete the cost will be in the neighborhood of \$10,000. The raising of the funds, thus far, is to be credited to the active interest and energy of Mr. Havemeyer.

The North-eastern Deanery of the diocese met on the 2nd inst., in the Church of the Redeemer, Elgin (Rev. Stephen H. Green, Rector). After devotional exercises by Rev. Messrs. Vibbert, Pardee, and Toll, Addresses were made on instructive themes by Rev. Drs. Morrison, and F. S. Jewell, of Evanston, the Dean closing the Services. On Tuesday morning after Early Communion, and a second Celebration by the Dean, assisted by Rev. Edward Ritchie, of Dundee, the Rev. Abraham V. Gorrell read an interesting paper. At the Chapter Meetings, the Revs. Dr. Locke, S. H. Green, and William Toll were appointed speakers, and Rev. Henry G. Perry, of Chicago, to prepare the Paper for next Convocation. At night, after service, said by Rev. Messrs. Morrison, Perry and Stone, the Rev. Dr. Vibbert, of St. James' Chicago, gave a second practical discourse upon the efficacy and necessity of faith. The next Convocation will meet at St. James Church, Dundee, September 10th in the evening.

Bishop McLaren has formally organized a Mission at East Grove, under the name of "Holy Trinity Mission," and has appointed the following persons as officers: Wardens—W. D. C. Street and James Pridham; Clerk and Treasurer—Mr. Frank Pardee.

On Sunday, July 8th, Divine Service was held in the little chapel that has been erected by the proprietors of the town—Messrs. Street and Pardee—both of whom are authorized Lay-Rectors. The Rev. Luther Pardee, Rector of Calvary Church, Chicago, officiated. After Morning Prayer at 10.30, there was a Celebration of the Holy Communion, at which ten persons received. Mr. Pardee made an admirable address which was listened to with marked interest; and it is evident that the services have made a most favorable impression upon those who were privileged to be present, to many of whom they were entirely new. Nor should the musical features of the occasion be lost sight of; the chants and hymns being rendered with great taste and heartiness by an extemporized volunteer choir.

The edifice is calculated to seat about ninety persons. On the present occasion, as many as seventy-five were in attendance.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, a meeting was held in the chapel, with very encouraging results, for the purpose of organizing a Sunday-School. The names of about twenty children were registered for regular attendance.

East Grove is beautifully situated on the C. B. & Q. R.R., about 20 miles from Chicago; and its steady growth in population gives good promise of success in this new Church enterprise.

Messrs. Street and Pardee may be congratulated upon the success which has finally crowned their efforts, in the completion of their little Mission chapel, so far, at least, as to fit it for public worship. Everything, however, yet remains to be found in the way of furnishing the interior, except a lectern, the seats for the congregation, and an altar-basin, so that donations either in money or in Church-furniture and other requisites will be highly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged.

Connecticut.—The lamented death of a devoted layman—a Merchant of New York City who had his residence at Stamford, has called forth the following editorial notice in a secular journal, the *Stamford Herald*:

The passing away of Mr. George H. Redding has brought an unfeigned grief to a wide circle of acquaintances. It is a surprise and a shock, that a man yet in the prime of life, pre-eminent for his cheerful vitality, should have been called to give up this present scene. It is a sad sorrow that one so constantly kind, with a good word and a kind smile for all—the helper of his brother, the friend of the stranger, the "soul of hospitality,"—that such a one must go down to the grave!

In religious connections as in all else, Mr. Redding was bright and happy. He was never the exponent of a sickly or distorted Christianity. He believed in a many religion; he practiced it. He was a Churchman known far and wide, of commanding influence from his sincere devotion to the cause. No labor for the Church was too hard or too long for him. He was whole-souled and self-sacrificing. But all through was such good cheer, such brotherliness and such kindness, that he recommended his religion. Through him people came to have a respect for the system which could produce such fruit; they came also to have a real affection for the kindly soul which manifested such pleasant qualities. So it is, that the many who knew and admired him, have a true basis for their grief.

For eighteen years Mr. Redding had been Junior Warden of St. Andrew's parish of Stamford. Here, he will be more than missed. The people express themselves as if his loss would be irreparable.

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AN IMPOSTOR.
To all whom it may concern.—We hereby give notice that J. T. BARBER is no longer in our employ. Understanding he is using our letters and cards as a means of introduction to Clergymen and others, to substantiate a claim of being Our Agent, we take this method of denouncing him as a FRAUD AND IMPOSTOR. We dispensed with his services because of his incompetency. **MOLINE PIPE ORGAN CO.** Moline, Illinois.

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Although it might be considered early, a number of orders have been given that will not be needed until the Fall, among them orders from Church officials for vestments for the Convention which meets in Philadelphia next October.

We recommend those interested to correspond with Mr. Thompson at either 245 Broadway, New York, or 908 Walnut St., Philadelphia. All letters will receive prompt and exact attention, and full information will be given on any point inquired of.

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