

The Living Church.

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

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WHOLE No. 254.

NOW IN PRESS.

WHAT IS

The Anglican Church?

TO WHICH IS ADDED
AN OPEN LETTER ON THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT

To the Rt. Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.,
Bishop of Central New York.

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Rector of St. Ignatius Church, New York.
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News and Notes.

China has suddenly put its foot down with great success. Having first repulsed a French advance, the Celestials have now obtained from France a recognition of suzerainty, in the East, and several material advantages.

In spite of some unavoidable hitches, the new system of "Postal Notes" is working well, and seems likely to prove a great convenience. They were issued for the first time on Monday, Sept. 3rd. On Tuesday, thirty-two reached the LIVING CHURCH office, several of which bore "No. 1" on their face, and since then every mail has brought its quota.

The late Dean of Exeter, Dr. Boyd, has left on record a noble example of Churchly generosity. By his will, he bequeathes about \$200,000 to purposes connected with the Cathedral over which he presided. He has returned much more to the Cathedral and Diocese than he received from it during his occupation of the Deanery. He was appointed Dean in 1867, and the revenue of the office is \$10,000 a year—total income during the sixteen years, \$160,000.

The latest suggestion as to the best location for the prime meridian of the whole world comes from a French geographer, M. Romanet de Caillaud, who has written a letter to the Paris Geographical Society urging that the meridian of Bethlehem should be chosen, "thus avoiding all embarrassments arising from national vanity, recognizing the grandest figure of humanity, and harmonizing geography and chronology by giving both the same initial point."

On the 29th of August, Mr. Eli Ives, a younger brother of the late Bishop Ives of North Carolina, passed to his rest at Morris Plains, New Jersey. During a large part of his life, he was, at intervals subject to fits of insanity, and was finally placed in the retreat, where he died, though at the time of his death, and for some time previous, his mind was perfectly clear. He was a lawyer of ability, and in the town of Wallingford, he held for many years, the office of Town-clerk and Judge of Probate. He leaves a talented family, devoted to the Church.

It is understood that the venerable Presiding Bishop will not be able to occupy the chair at the approaching meeting of the General Convention. His place will be taken by the next in order of seniority, Bishop Lee, of Delaware, who was consecrated in 1841, nine years after Bishop Smith. The Lord Bishop of Rochester, who will be present during the meetings of the Convention, is the bearer of a congratulatory letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury on the approaching hundredth anniversary of Bishop Seabury's consecration.

The Clerical Club which has just been started in London, seems to have achieved success at once. Twelve Bishops, some seventy Deans, Archdeacons, and Canons, and over 500 Rectors, Vicars, and other Clergy are already enrolled. The Club counts two dukes, six earls, and a number of other peers and distinguished laymen amongst its present members. The idea of the promoters is to offer a centre in the Metropolis, where Churchmen of all shades of opinion might meet amicably together. Would not such a scheme work equally well in this country?

The meeting of the first Convocation of the colored clergy of the Church, opened on Wednesday, the 12th inst., in the Church of the Holy Communion, New York City. Bishop Starkey delivered the opening and Bishop Holly the closing sermon. The subjects under discussion included the present position and prospects of the colored adherents to the Church and caste organizations. The Convocation is for the purpose of co-operating with the white Churchmen in finding a solution for the question whether it is the most expedient to form separate organizations for the colored people or all unite in general worship. The result of the discussion will determine the action of the delegates to the General Convention of the Church, which opens early in October.

Great excitement has been caused in a small town in Connecticut by the erection of a Crucifix in front of a Roman Church. The Puritan inhabitants were much shocked by this display of an emblem which they declared to be contrary to the spirit of American institutions. Seventy-two of them united in a protest which was duly presented to the Priest in charge of the schismatic congregation. This gentleman not only

showed his petitioners the door in a very emphatic manner, but incited his flock to withdraw their custom from these pious anti-Christians, who were for the most part shopkeepers. And thus the matter remains. The cross still stands; the Romanists have to go several miles for their groceries, and the "Protestants" are dismayed between loss of trade and violation of all that they hold sacred.

Another Summer Cruise.

III.

The wind which promised to carry us nicely, if not rapidly, along the course (175 miles N. E. ½ N.) from Milwaukee to Cat-Head Point, the entrance to Big Traverse Bay, failed in a short time; so that by 4 P. M. we were again becalmed, with the Lake as smooth as a mill-pond. And, the craving for a dip in the inviting waters being irresistible, the attempt to swim was made by the "senior;" but the almost icy coldness compelled a more speedy exit than *à la mode*. The thermometer indicated 45 degrees, still the juniors took a momentary plunge. This coldness of the water, never above 47 degrees during the cruise, proved to be an essential element of comfort during the three weeks, keeping the air ever cool, almost superseding the necessity for ice, and rendering the early "tub" on deck every morning an absolute luxury. This lowness of the temperature is doubtless attributable to the great depth of Lake Michigan, reaching to over 125 fathoms in places, and averaging nearly 100, or 600 feet. Possibly also the cold of last winter, and the unusual lateness of the Spring may have lent their influence in producing a degree of cold so low as to have been at least unexpected. But fresh troubles, and a foe harder to endure, were at hand; for dense fog supervened upon the calm. All night we were apparently surrounded by sailing craft and steamers; the former sounding their fog-horns, and the latter blowing their shrill steam whistles; so that not an hour passed without our being obliged to answer repeatedly; the instrument calling for frequent use of the lungs of the crew. Three blasts denoted that we were "going free," i. e. with the wind; two, that we were on the starboard tack; and one, on the port tack. Nor did daylight bring any change for the better; indeed the wind, which had freshened during the night, again failed for several hours in the day. The monotony—for all fog-horns sound pretty much alike—was relieved but once by a steamer, with two barge schooners in tow, passing across our bows a few boat-lengths off. The second night out was a repetition of the first. Anxiety to ascertain our exact position induced a change of course to due East, so that we might make the Western shore of Lake Michigan. After about two hours sailing in this direction the cook—who, by the way, holds a mate's certificate for the Atlantic and Lakes—announced that we were near shore, because he could "smell" the land. Of course in deference to the *dictum* of this veteran "salt" every one on board at once "smelt" the land too, and a strict look-out was ordered. In a few minutes the trees loomed up large, seeming almost to be overtopping the mast. The boldness of the shore alone prevented our grounding before the putting of the helm, "hard up" caused us to be again heading north. At the same instant a partial lifting of the fog revealed a light-house a few hundred feet away. The Chaplain and the Cook went off in the "jolly-boat" to reconnoitre; twice in the short distance losing sight of both ship and shore, so thick was the fog; and only guided aright by the clarion notes of the horn as skillfully and vigorously plied by the skipper. There was no one at the light-house, but the look-out man at the adjoining life-boat station informed us that all but he had "gone to town"—meaning probably Frankfort—and that we had landed on Point "Betsy." Few would know, unless told, that this is the nautical corruption of "*Bec aux saies*," literally "Cape of the Saws." *En passant*, some of our readers will remember that the "Gibraltar of America" is said to have derived its name from the surprise of the early French navigators; who, on coming round the Isle of Bacchus, (Orleans) suddenly sighted Stadacona, (now Quebec), and exclaimed "Quel bec!" or "What a Cape!" We had now made 135 miles from our last port, in a few hours less than two days; and, having taken in a supply of wood, to be used instead of charcoal (which was a failure for cooking purposes), we fortunately were enabled to leave the fog behind. Soon was seen "Sleeping Bear," a lofty promontory of sand, which, for many miles off, certainly did present the appearance of having a gigantic specimen of *Ursus-Americanus* reclining at full length on its ever green summit. Just at this point, and about 2 P. M. the Captain was steering, the Chaplain observing, the boys were sleeping, and the men below resting after their faithful night's watch, when the sudden appearance of a "white squall" was indicated by the crest of the waves half a mile off being dashed to a foam. The men were hurriedly summoned—the boatswain declares that the skipper did not take time to turn, but came up the hatch-way feet foremost—the helm was "ported," every halyard was let go, and down came the sails with a run. For a minute or more there was great confusion, for the storm swept from the deck everything that

was not lashed, including the Captain's new five dollar "Panama," and a valuable lounge-chair. Nothing that went overboard was recovered; but we were lucky in being quick enough in lowering gaff-topsail, and jib-topsail; for though our seven tons of ballast would probably have prevented an upset, an instant's delay must have involved the loss of top-mast, if not of main-mast. The storm was over in five minutes; leaving us a strong wind with which to bear up for South Manitou. Making this light-house and fishing station about 6 P. M., we landed for provisions, including eggs and white fish; and decided upon anchoring for the night. The Island is said to contain some 3,000 acres or more, and 80 inhabitants; a few farming, but most of the men engaged in fishing. As bad luck would have it the only wind to which the anchorage was exposed blew from midnight to morn, causing a fear of dragging ashore. Anxious to reach our destination before Sunday, (for we knew what solitude for our welfare would be felt by those who had preceded us), we sailed at 6 A. M., almost in the teeth of a Northern gale. This was destined to be our most miserable day. Cooking meals was out of the question; the heavy pounding of the bows against the rising waves; the cravings of hunger; the slight presentiment of nausea; the inability to get warm with two suits of clothing on; and finally the carrying away of about twelve feet of the "Port" bulwarks—are not these things planted deep in the retentive soil of memory, as serious offsets to the pleasures of yachting? But it is always darkest just before dawn, luckily we had not to tack; and though the heaviness of the sea, and the clean sweep of the wind, when the gap between the two Manitous was opened, almost induced a putting-about and return to the dubious friendliness of the previous night, nevertheless we kept on, got beyond the Northern Manitou, and about 3 P. M. "doubled" Cat Head, changed our course to almost due South, ran before the wind with "reefs" shaken out of mainsail, soon sighted the light-house on "Old Mission Point" (which bifurcates Big Traverse in its lower part), and got over the 23 miles in about two hours and a half. There was joy when we were sighted rounding "Jefferswell Point;" and almost before we had anchored in the lovely bay, fired the usual salute, and lowered sail, the worthy proprietor, at whose hospitable summer quarters we were to pass many cheerful hours, rowed himself alongside. The Captain was first to land, having of course donned his naval uniform before presenting himself at Court. We may pass over the scenes attendant upon the re-union. They can be pictured in the imagination. Sufficient to say that after introductions to the laborious *uxor* and family of the Principal of St. Mary's School, Knoxville, including the Chaplain of the same institution, we sat down to a bounteous repast about 6:30 P. M., to the merits of which full justice was done by four individuals who had been unable, till then, deliberately to break their long fast. A pleasant evening spent in recounting past adventures and planning future excursions, brought an eventful week to a close; the Captain of course remaining on shore.

On the morrow, early preparations were made for the due observance of the Lord's Day. Even the sloop seemed to evince by the brilliancy of her "dress," which included every flag on board, her sympathy with the joy brought by the hallowed day of rest; for had we not all passed through dire scenes of fitful unrest, which made the placid waters of this beautiful little roadstead all the more welcome and enjoyable. A hurried notice to a few of the neighboring cottages that there would be "Church Parade" brought some strangers to our service under the trees. Language fails to convey an adequate idea of the charmingly solemn scene. A neat rustic altar had been hastily erected a short distance from the house by a reverend brother; and the sacred symbol of our redemption which topped it, fair (we had almost said *fairy*) hands had decked elegantly with the wild lilies and other lovely flowers found in richest profusion all around; the national flag formed a fitting background; in a semi-circle in front sat some thirty or more Churchmen, "Young men and maidens, old men and children," thus gathered to "praise the name of the Lord," with only the dense foliage of the waving pines for a roof. To the Chaplain, as the stranger, was assigned the duty of praying, preaching and celebrating—the sermon being from Is. xlv:15. "Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour;"—nearly the entire congregation communicated. The whole scene was one never to be forgotten by any who took part in it; recalling the words of Herbert—

"O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The touch of time; cares balm and bays;
The week were dark, but forthly light
Thy Torch doth show the way.

In the afternoon the peaceful stroll in the woods, and the quiet sail on the waters, afforded opportunity for contemplating under their varied aspects the wonderful works of the Creator. Thus freed from the feverish excitement that so often characterizes city life, one instinctively felt that hours were passing by which might

reasonably serve as a model for the Christian's day of rest. As the hour for retiring approached, and a parting glance at the lovely shore was being taken, Keble's beautiful lines, (for this very seventh Sunday after Trinity), on "The feast in the wilderness," seemed singularly appropriate and to be in complete accord with the impressions left by a memorable occasion:

"The feast is o'er, the guests are gone,
And over all that upland lone
The breeze of eve sweeps wildly as of old—
But far unlike the former dreams,
The heart's sweet moonlight softly gleams
Upon life's varied view, so joyless erst and cold."
T. D. P.

Canadian Church Affairs.

From our Special Correspondent.

The Standing Committee of the diocese of Ontario has lately been in session in Kingston, and the annual financial statement of the various diocesan funds has been made. It is gratifying to note, that in every case a healthy and prosperous state of affairs is reported. The debt on the Mission Fund has been reduced by over \$1,500. It now stands at \$1,768. The increase in the grants paid to missionaries this year has been over \$2,000. All the other funds show a surplus, and the general increase in diocesan collections has been over \$4,000 over that of last year. It is only common fairness to note that the Mission Fund debt is due to the shortcomings of the late clerical secretary and treasurer, and not to any special decrease in liberality on the part of the people, or in any want of business capability in the diocesan administrators.

A very interesting and pleasing event took place last week in Hamilton,—the celebration of the semi-centennial of Bishop Fuller's ordination. The anniversary was observed by a service at the Cathedral, which was attended by a large number of clergy, and by the elite of the city and diocese. After the litany a sermon was preached by Archdeacon Dixon, of Guelph, which contained a brief sketch of the bishop's life, and a special reference to his Lordship's labors in behalf of the establishment of Synodical government. The Archdeacon also referred to the secularization of the Clergy Reserve, and to the setting off of the present diocese of Niagara in 1875, and to a number of other important events in the history of the Church and diocese. He also referred to the fact that Archdeacon McMurray had lately completed the fiftieth year of his ministry. Bishop Fuller is now 73, and was ordained by the celebrated Bishop Stewart in Quebec, on Aug. 8th, 1833. He is a Canadian by birth. What a wonderful transformation he has witnessed in this fifty years! When ordained there were only five bishops in British North America, and only ten in the United States. In that period we have an increase of four fold and six fold respectively, and taking the episcopate as a fair indicator of Church progress, about the same increase in membership. Verily he has seen the mustard seed grow into the spreading tree, and may he be spared to see its branches still further widen and extend their encircling shade.

The Methodists have at last fairly consummated the much talked about union. There is now but one Methodist Body in the Dominion of Canada. This is a good move, because it will put an end to the absurd and unwholesome rivalry between the various Methodist sects, veiled out a number of worse than useless preachers, relieve the public from the burden of having to support three or four bodies, when one only was necessary, teach Christendom a lesson of unity, and narrow down the issues between Catholicity and Protestantism. Of course, there is a residuum of irreconcilables, who will form a new "church" or join other bodies, but at least ninety per cent. of Canadian Methodists will give their adherence to the new body.

A new boys' school to take the place of the defunct Hellmuth or Dufferin College, is to be established in London, Ontario, of which Rev. T. O'Connell, well and favorably known in the diocese of Illinois, is to be rector. The name of the school is "the Holy Trinity," and it is designed for both day and boarding pupils. Rev. Mr. O'Connell, who is at present curate at the Chapter House, is a great favorite in London, and has crowded congregations. His salary was lately raised by the congregation.

The members of the Provincial Synod will have their hands full, if we may judge by the bill of fare presented by the secretaries in the annual convening circular. Two vexed questions will come up, which will probably elicit warm discussions. The first, the question of the Metropolitanship, I have already spoken of; the second is embodied in a petition from the Synod of Montreal, asking the Provincial Synod to "define the limits of ritual." This is sure, if considered, to provoke a heated debate, as all schools are well represented in the Synod, both in numbers and ability. It is possible, however, that the Synod will shelve the question as being outside the range of practical subjects; if not, we may be prepared for a bitter, acrimonious, profitless discussion, with the certainty of no definite result. Other questions of far greater practical importance, and whose discussion is likely to be productive of much good, are, I am glad to say,

to be brought up, e. g. the establishment of sisterhoods, of diocesan missionaries, of deaconesses, retreats for the clergy, temperance, etc., etc. It is to be ardently hoped that some definite legislation on these important points will be effected.

The death is announced of the Rev. Mr. Olotworthy, for many years a prominent clergyman in the Diocese of Huron. In early life he was a Presbyterian minister. He died in Ireland.

The organ of the Toronto Low Church party has fallen foul of the *Canadian Missionary* in the matter of its Church principles, which it considers "unscriptural and uncharitable." Much horror is expressed that in the engraving of a new church a cross and altar adorn the chancel, and the editor of this excellent little monthly is adjured in a very lordly and lofty way to put away these abominations, which being done, the E. C. very handsomely promises to wish its contemporary "every success." Some people's censure is better than their praise.

Ontario, Sept. 10, 1883.

Canon Liddon at St. Paul's.

"Sunday afternoon at St. Paul's," when Canon Liddon is in residence, continues to be one of the recognized institutions of London. It is several years since the "Chrysothom of the English pulpit" began to preach regularly in the great City Cathedral; but yesterday afternoon, like all previous Sunday afternoons, there was no diminution in the numbers of the immense throng that has gathered regularly under the Dome to "hear Liddon preach," or, if that is impossible, as for late comers is often the case, at least to see him in the pulpit and catch some stray notes of his resonant voice. Whether the chill fogs of London December hang about the spacious aisles and blue with mist the frescoes in the dome, or, as was the case yesterday, the sultry sun of August blazes in the streets, the audience is much the same. At this season "everybody is out of town," but the crowd yesterday was as great as ever, as, indeed, it has been all the month.

Sometimes it is Dr. Liddon's custom to preach a series of sermons, delivering, as it were, a theological lecture in four instalments, it may be from a single text. This month, as in last April, he did not observe this practice. Each of the four discourses was separate and distinct; nor could any one by comparing them with previous sermons discover anything to show that the speaker had been spending his leisure hours in translating Rosmini's *Five Wounds of the Church*, or in preparing for the production of the life of Dr. Pusey. The statements that have gone the round of the press as to the early appearance of the latter work are, it may be remarked in passing, entirely baseless. So far from any date having been fixed even approximately for the appearance of the biography, its progress is necessarily delayed owing to an unexpected difficulty in the discovery of a very important part of Dr. Pusey's correspondence. That difficulty, although temporary in its nature, is sufficient to render it impossible to talk as yet of any date of publication. When the thoughts of Rosmini and the career of Pusey are the chief topics of Canon Liddon's meditations, the product in the pulpit would naturally be expected by the serious Evangelical who wonders every day "why Dr. Liddon does not go over to Rome," to savor of Papistry. So far, however, is this from being the case, that the sermons have been reported in full every week in Nonconformist periodicals, and are issued sandwiched between the sturdy Puritanism of Mr. Spurgeon and the outpourings of Dr. Talmage. * * * * *

There was a noble passage of lofty eloquence in one of the discourses, in which he described the enthusiasm of the Crusaders, fired by indignation at the thought that—

The sun now rises on the minaret;
And desolation lingers o'er the walls
Where angels once, like its own mountain band,
Stood round Jerusalem. Through that blessed realm
Scarce does a sacred track unharmed remain,
By Nazareth's lone hills or silent lake.

But the sermons this month have been more subtle than oratorical, more practical than political. Only on one or two occasions did Dr. Liddon with mordant humor refer to the troubles of the Church. "The soldiers and writers of the press who explain how, if they were Bishops, they would steer the Church through all existing controversies," were good humoredly excused on the ground that they had "all the confidence of inexperience aided by lack of imagination." More pointed, perhaps, was his remark on the text, "The Lord was not in the fire."

Religious passion carried to the highest point of enthusiasm is a great agency in human life; but religious passion may easily be too inconsiderate, too truculent, too entirely wanting in tenderness and in charity, to be in any sense divine. Christendom has also been ablaze again and again with fire; and these fires are not extinct in our own day and country, of which it may certainly be said that the Lord is not in them.

Of which, no doubt, the Church Association and the good people who put Mr. Green in gaol and suspended Mr. Mackenzie will take due note.—*Fall Mail Gazette*.

Calendar.

September, 1883.

- 2. 15th Sunday after Trinity. Green.
3. 16th Sunday after Trinity. Green.
16. 17th Sunday after Trinity. Green.
19. Ember Day. Violet.
21. St. Matthew, Evangelist. Red.
22. Ember Day.
23. 18th Sunday after Trinity. Green.
24. St. Michael and All Angels. White.
30. 19th Sunday after Trinity. Green.

"GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

In the dark season of distress, In sickness, want or foe, Should friends desert, or woes oppress, Or trouble lay me low; If 'rest of those I fondly love, From earthly ills I flee, To seek sweet comfort from above, Good Lord, deliver me.

If wealth be mine, from all the snares That riches with them bring, Oppression, avarice, worldly cares, Ambition's roasting sting; From pride, and from that worst offence, Forgetfulness of Thee Whose hand that wealth I did first dispense, Good Lord, deliver me.

When on the bed of death, a prey To gloomy thoughts I lie; When worn by slow disease away, Or racked by agony; Stung with remorse for what hath been, And dreading what may be, When death has closed this mortal scene, Good Lord, deliver me.

And, oh! in that appalling hour, When, clouds around Thee spread, Thou comest, arrayed in pomp and power, To judge the quick and dead; When trembling, shrinking from Thy face Thy servant I should see, A suppliant at the bar of grace, Good Lord, deliver me. Amen.

The True Cross.

BY A. P. S.

Near the end of the fourth century, in the reign of the great Constantine, a woman came to Jerusalem. Received with the highest honors by the Bishop Macarius and by the Roman Proconsul, she declared that she came to the Holy City only as a Christian pilgrim, and so, dismissing her escort, and putting aside all luxury, she began, with only a purse for almsgiving, to visit the scenes consecrated by the Passion of the Saviour of mankind.

This woman was none other than the Empress Helena, mother of the Conqueror for whom the Cross had shown out in the Heavens, and who, having conquered by that sign, had added it to the diadem of the Cæsars.

She had come to Jerusalem with the one purpose of finding the exact site of Calvary and thus restoring it to the veneration of the world; a difficult and perilous undertaking amid all the profanations which had befallen the Holy Land.

After a humble prayer for light from on high, the Empress caused to be brought before her all the descendants of the witnesses of the Passion, the great grand-children of the disciples and of the women of the Gospel; she appealed, in a word, to the memory of the people, ever the most faithful record of the great events of history.

Guided by these old people, to whom other old people had transmitted their recollections, she searched for and found Golgotha. What toil was hers, though, what piles of ruin did she explore; what mounds uncover, what dust and ashes did she trample under foot! Destroyed by the Romans under Titus, built up again by its faithful citizens, once more razed to the ground under Adrian, and actually furrowed by the proconsul's plough, Jerusalem had changed its site in rising from its ruins under the name of Elia Capitolina, occupying one-half the site of the old city and having Calvary within its walls.

A venerable guide led Helena into a temple of Venus, and, falling on his knees, said to her, "Here it is." Then he told her how, wishing to destroy forever all trace of the life and death, and above all of the resurrection of Christ, the idol-worshippers had thrown down the cross, filled up the hole in which it stood, and also the Holy Sepulchre, built a great garden terrace over it, and thereon erected a temple to Venus, so that it might appear, if in spite of such precautions, Christian tradition was constant, that the adorners of the Incarnate went to the spot for the worship of the unclean goddess of the heathen.

The testimony of the old man being amply confirmed by his contemporaries, Helena acted no longer as a humble pilgrim, but as Empress. At her command, the temple of Venus was torn down, and the Mount cleared of all which disguised and profaned it. While the workmen labored ardently, the pious lady prayed humbly at the foot of the hill.

One day she heard herself loudly called for among the ruins. Hastily she ran up, lifted her hands to Heaven, and then prostrated herself on the ground. She had seen, just as they were reached by the pickaxe, three crosses buried in the soil.

But which of the three was the Saviour's? How distinguish it from those of the two thieves, crucified on the same day, the same hour, in the same place.

"Speak Thyself, Lord," she cried with faith. At the same time she sent to the city for three men sick unto death. They were brought in litters; they were extended each on a cross; and the Empress, on her knees, continued her prayer.

She had not finished before one of the dying men drew a long breath, opened his eyes as though from slumber, stood up, and began to walk and to give thanks to God.

God had, indeed, spoken and the True Cross was discovered; the cross of Him Who said to the world: "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

The first wife of Constantine Chlorus was so reputed when he became Emperor; Helena became a Christian at the same time as her son Constantine; the latter, on his accession to the throne gave her the title of Empress. Her great influence was never used but for the good of the Church.

The above is the most popular version. According to other accounts, however, the Bishop, Macarius, informed of the discovery of the three crosses by the pious Empress; caused them to be carried to the chamber of a dying man. Singly these were brought near to him; without avail for the first two, but when the third touched him he raised himself on his bed and came forth from the valley of the shadow of death, glorifying the Son of God Who by His death had brought Life and Light to a darkened world.

Soon after, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was erected over the ruins of the temple of Venus (A. D. 335), and the Empress began the distribution to the Christian world of the treasure of the True Cross. One-half she left at Jerusalem, and the other she sent to her son Constantine.

The Emperor who had just founded the new capital of the world to which he gave his own name, Constantinople, received the holy gift with the greatest pomp, and caused a fragment to be placed in a statue of himself which had been erected on a lofty column in the centre of the city, with the inscription: "Christ, my God, to Thee I commend the City which I have built."

Soon, fragments of Helena's treasure were distributed through the world. There was not a king who did not offer in exchange the grandest diadem of his crown. "The palaces," says an historian, "the churches, the monasteries, the towns, the hospitals, the asylums, all wished so holy a relic; kings wished for it to protect their thrones; saints, so as to better penetrate the sorrows of the Saviour; knights, to be stronger in combat; rich, to preserve their wealth; poor, to endure their misery; sick, to be well; dying, to assure themselves of Paradise."

In the honor of the Holy Tree were then composed the two beautiful hymns which the Church still sings on its Festivals and in Passion-tide, Vezilla Regis and Pange, Lingua. The Church has consecrated two days to the memory of the Holy Cross. The first is May 3rd, the anniversary of the discovery, known as "The Invention of the Holy Cross," from the Latin word, Inventio, a discovery. The second is "The Exaltation of the Holy Cross," September 14th.

The story of this second Festival is equally curious. In A. D. 614, Chosroes II., King of Persia, captured the Holy City, and carried away the precious fragment which had been so zealously guarded. For fourteen years, all Christendom wept for this awful profanation. Heraclius, however, finally defeated the infidels. As a condition of peace, he demanded neither territory nor tribute, only the piece of wood which had been carried away. This unique treaty was duly signed, and the sacred relic restored to its shrine on Mount Calvary on the 14th day of September, A. D. 629.

*Hymns Ancient and Modern; "The Royal Banners Forward go," and "Sing, my tongue, the Glorious Battle."

The Church and the Negroes.

From Bishop Dudley's Convention Address.

Perhaps the greatest responsibility now resting upon the Christian people of these United States, and also the most difficult problem demanding solution at our hands, is the Christian education of the millions of the colored race who, in a moment, twenty years ago, were converted from slaves into free men and citizens of this Republic. The responsibility is tremendous, looked at from any stand-point. Citizens of this nation, increasing rapidly in numbers, their influence upon our civilization and national prosperity in the years to come must be terrible except they shall be educated by the Spirit of Christ through the instrumentality of His Gospel. Immortal souls, they are inheritors with us of the fallen nature of the first Adam, and entitled to share with us in the redemptive work and blessing of the second Adam, the Lord from Heaven. Confessedly they are ignorant, confessedly their religion is but a travesty of that of the Christ; confessedly, though a small portion of them are making good progress in civilization and spiritual development, yet the great multitude is going farther and farther away from the Heaven-taught truth toward the fetishism of their native darkness, and the responsibility therefore is appalling. I thank God that Christians of every name seem to be arousing to realize it.

But the problem how to reach and educate them is a hard one. The answer would seem at first very simple and easy. They are men, fallen men, as we; and therefore the methods for the white men are those for the black. Certainly, this is true. And more than this, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," and the Church of Jesus Christ is not for one nation or race or color, but for all men. Therefore I can not agree that a separate Church shall be established for this people; that they must be excluded from fellowship with the men of other races, and dwell apart. That were to contradict the fundamental idea of the Catholic Church of Jesus Christ.

The missionary Bishop of Cape Palmas said to me recently that, in his judgment, to appoint a Bishop for a race of men were no more necessary and no more wise than to appoint one for men with red hair or other physical peculiarity.

And yet the problem remains, How, in view of the traditions of the past, and of the social complications thence arising, to incorporate these men into the Church; how to persuade them to come; how to effect that they be welcome. I believe the first difficulty to be greater than the last. I believe that the Church we represent is entirely ready to receive these people. But how shall we persuade them that they shall not build their own City of God and refuse to enter the common home?

We must all agree that native ministers are needed to influence to much extent any race of people. And the way is long for a man born, it

may be in slavery, almost certainly in poverty, and in conditions hostile to education, to be received as a clergyman of this Church. Yes; but they must be brought. The way has been opened, and already some have entered it. I thank God that two colored ministers are members of this Diocese, and that we have three organized Missions among the colored people. True, this is a pitifully small showing, when we think of the great colored population in our State; and yet it is something, and it is at least a recognition of our appreciation of our responsibility. The venerable Bishop of Mississippi has summoned a meeting of all the Bishops of the former slaveholding States to meet at Seawance, Tennessee, in the last week of July, to take counsel about this great question. It is hoped that we may agree upon some plan of operations; and it is believed that if we can present to the approaching General Convention a well-devised scheme upon which there is substantial unanimity, the necessary means will be contributed by the Churchmen of the larger and wealthier Dioceses of the East and North.

But meantime, brethren, should not our policy be that of Joshua in front of Jericho, that "the people shall ascend up every man straight before him;" that every Priest and every layman do for this cause that which is immediately possible to be done? Are there not at least some parishes in our Diocese where the minister might gather a congregation of colored people to meet in his church at another hour than that of the assembling of the regular worshippers? Are there not men and women in this city and in Lexington who will, for the Lord's sake, go and labor as Sunday School teachers in the Missions already established? And then I desire that the Diocese shall at once make formal expression of its relation to this particular work, and appoint an agent for the supervision of what is begun, to provide means for its support and extension, and to endeavor to increase the interest of all our people in it. Our Diocesan Board of Missions has done a great work for the white people in Kentucky. I believe that a similar Board, to have exclusive charge of Missions among the colored people, can do as much for them. I ask therefore that our Canon I., Title B, be amended so as to accomplish this purpose.

The Sanctity of Marriage.

The following address was given on the occasion of a marriage at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, July 25th, 1883, by the Right Rev. Bishop Short, late of Adelaide:

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD.—This sacred place, the house of prayer; this solemn service, blessing you "in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost," must, I venture to believe, have stamped ineffaceably on our minds as well as hearts the holiness of marriage as set forth in God's Word and by His Church. And this impression I desire by the grace of God to deepen in you by the few words with which I now bid you "God speed."

Let the "holiness" of that bond, then, to which you have set your hands this day, never fade from your memories. By the law of God it is indissoluble. Separation there may be; severance not. "What God has joined together as 'flesh,' man cannot put asunder." Human passion and self-will may determine otherwise; but God only can loose what God has joined. View, then, I pray you, marriage not chiefly as the completed satisfaction of human affection, much less as merely an advanced step in social life; least of all as the gratification of impassioned feeling!

View it, rather, as God in Christ would have you, view it as a help and support for the "spiritual life," and a preparation for Paradise, where marriage shall merge in beatific angelic love!

Let me remind you how St. Peter in those short sentences exhorts Christian husbands and wives to remember always that they are "heirs together of the grace of life." "That their prayers be not hindered." What high and holy aspirations are here commended to married Christians, as they mingle their prayers and vows before the Throne of Grace! How may they, then, in some degree realize the "mystic union," which binds the Bridegroom of Souls to "His Spouse, the Church!" What bond of holy peace and love is thus offered to parents when life and its troubles, family sorrows and trials, press heavily upon their hearts! How would their united prayers then soothe the anxieties of daily existence, and breathe a holy calm on "the waves of this troublesome world!" Never fail, then, my young friends to pray together, as well as in your private chambers, and "the peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."

Again, who can estimate the widespread influence of such parental piety in after life, or how, when "roaming on youth's uncertain wild," the child of many prayers, in some far-off home or distant settlement, may, through the fellowship of the spirit, be the subject of influences unseen though not unfelt to this world's health!

Or, if we narrow our view of holy matrimony to ordinary scenes of daily life, does not our Lord's presence and kindly bounty to the poor married couple of Cana show how much of human happiness and social enjoyment centre in the Christian married state? The holiness of matrimony is indeed the safe-guard of our times, of our homes, of our country, and our Church! Let us pray, then, while we are here standing in the presence of God, and blessing you in the name of Christ, that no perilous changes of our civil law may tend to lower in public estimation Holy Matrimony, or debase it to the condition of a mere human contract, to be made and dissolved by human authority. May God give us all grace to discern in Christian Marriages:

- 1. God's holy institution and sanction.

- 2. Its spiritual essence and purpose.
3. And, lastly, its final transfiguration into angelic affection, when we are clothed with a spiritual body in the Paradise of God. Amen.

Nashotah.

I need not offer any excuse for writing about Nashotah, for I know there are some of your readers who are never tired of hearing about that dear home of religion and learning; that sacred spot, where, for many years, the unceasing services of our Book of Common Prayer have been offered, in a region now noted for its wonderful beauty. There is no summer trip in the West which can give more pleasure to a son of Nashotah, than a visit to Nashotah in midsummer, when one may bathe in cool, pure lakes, and walk through shady lanes and along the shores of her beautiful waters. But to enjoy Nashotah, most of all, one should take with him some companion, one who has been in former days a student in the "House." With him one can converse on events and persons and days gone by, as with no other. Nashotah, as seen by a summer tourist as he drives through its grounds and along the shores, is not our Nashotah—the home of faith and Prayer—a house founded in love, and self-denial.

I have been again to our old home; let me tell you of the place yet dear to Churchmen, and may she have a warm place in all their hearts for generations yet to come.

With me there went from Chicago our genial friend, a son of Nashotah, the Rector of St. Mark's Church of your city. Our friends, who imagine Nashotah to be in a "deep wilderness," far away from the centre of the world, "are surprised when they learn that the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, with its many and fast trains direct to Nashotah Station, has made Nashotah almost a suburb of Chicago, and it is in fact now a suburb of Milwaukee. By this road we reached Nashotah, thinking of the many weary walks of Breck and others in the early days. We found Shelton Hall open to us, and the kind and thoughtful Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey ready to give us a room. The Hall was receiving a new shingle roof, which men were painting a bright red, which added to the beauty of the landscape as seen through the green trees. "Bishop White Hall" has also been put in thorough repair, new floors in the hall, new paint and paper every where, and men, who in other days left "their mark" on doors or walls, will find those "marks" no more.

A strange thing, too, may now be found in Shelton Hall. A telephone, which makes you feel that even at Nashotah you cannot get away from messages and telegrams. It startles one to hear the telephone called up, lest it may be a call to come home, ere a day has passed.

We found Nashotah clothed in beauty, but better yet we found there part of Nashotah life, the now venerable and loved Dr. Adams bright, full of interest for us and ours, and when we have spent an hour with him—we see that after many years in the ministry we as yet know little of Theology as compared with him, and it makes us blush to think that when we left Nashotah, we thought the dear man could teach us "nothing more." How short, after all, is the brief time given us to prepare for the Sacred Ministry, and how, as the years roll on, we regret moments wasted or neglected in that holy house of learning and of prayer. Here, too, were still the loving Kemper and his sister, Mrs. Adams, the links that bind us to the sainted Bishop Kemper. May it not be in my time that these links are severed! The President, Dr. Cole, was absent, but Bishop Welles was there with his family, doing all in his power to make Nashotah the centre of learning, and love and culture, which it should be. On Thursday morning there is an early celebration of the Holy Communion in the Chapel, and those who have never attended there, I advise, sometime when they are harassed and wearied and discouraged, to go there. It is worth a long journey to Nashotah to kneel there in the peaceful, quiet morning, on the shores of that exquisite lake, and pray before that altar. Here it seems even an evil thought cannot come. Blessed is the son of Nashotah who, after years in the ministry, can go back to Nashotah, and before the altar where he was ordained renew his vows—renew his life. Here he can see how the dust and stains of life have gathered on him—how little his self-denial has been compared with that of Breck and Adams and Bishop Kemper; this is the place to look into our hearts to see if we have all the zeal, and love, and ability which Nashotah House tried to put into our hearts and minds, and if we have come to ask for further help, and pray "renew a right spirit within me."

We are assured that the Trustees are doing all they can to establish Nashotah more firmly than ever in the hearts of Churchmen. That work must never die—it must not even languish or seem to languish. Good, earnest men must continue to go out from her walls, and the offerings of the faithful must continue to flow in. Churchmen have money in their hands—they hold millions of dollars—all they need is more love for God and the Church, and a better knowledge of the needs of Nashotah, and the long looked for results will follow; and may I add one more line to say, if there are any who want to know of the use and self-denial and the utter casting out of worldliness which founded Nashotah, let them buy and read over and over again the life of the Rev. James Loyd Breck. But two or three days ended our visit at Nashotah—days in which we passed over each old familiar walk—marked how each tree had grown—talked of this one and of that one whom we had known here, of those who were far away, and those whose walk was ended—and then we went back to work reluctant to leave the peaceful place. We go out again to work, to do the work of Priests in the Church of God—to go over and over again the old routine of parish work, the vestry meeting the cares which come of choirs and Sunday Schools and financial matters, which so sadly try the spiritual life of the minister of God. But whatever I may do and wherever I may be, there shall always be in my heart a place full of love and gratitude for Nashotah House, of which I am

The Household.

Good flour should be of a creamy white—never a bluish white, and when pressed in the hand will not only remain in a lump, but retain the impress of the fingers, and even the graining of the skin.

Economical housewives cover the table with a square of baize, cotton flanne, or cloth of some kind, over which the linen one is spread; this improves the appearance, keeps the cloth from wearing at the edges of the table, and prevents noise.

If in painting your workmen have dropped fresh paint on the window panes, it can usually be removed by rubbing with an old penny. If that is not successful make a strong solution of soda in hot water, and wash the glass with a soft flannel, but before wetting take off carefully all the paint that can be removed by the blunt point of a glazier's putty-knife, but never scrape paint or anything off of glass with a common knife.

A table scarf that is tasteful and quite inexpensive is made of dark green felt; it should be about half a yard wide; have it pinked on the edge and on each end put a strip of silk patchwork, familiarly called "crazy patchwork." Have this strip about one quarter of a yard deep. Make fringe of the felt, cut in very narrow strips, and six inches deep. Each edge of the silk patchwork should be feather-stitched.

An attractive table is a good appetizer and has something to do with good behavior. Human nature is easily affected by the atmosphere with which it is surrounded; children cannot be expected to behave well in an hour given over to fretfulness, disorder, and flurry. Table manners for the housekeeper begin in seeing that her table is neat and attractive, and calculated to inspire cheerfulness; from it she should banish as far as possible all vexations, cares, and worries.

Coffee can be tested easily by putting a spoonful of coffee gently on the top of water in a glass. If pure the coffee will not sink for some minutes, and will scarcely color the water, but if inferior is mixed with it, it will sink to the bottom at once, rapidly absorbing the water, and, as it sinks give a dark reddish tinge to the water. If burnt sugar, which is the basis of the so-called coffee essence or extract is in the coffee, it will slightly discolor the water in a minute or two.

CLEANLINESS OF SINKS.—One of the most prolific causes of defilement and offensive odors in kitchen sinks and their outlets is the presence of decaying grease. This comes from the emptyings of kettles in which meat has been cooked, in the dish water, and in the soap. The grease lodges in every crevice and catches at every obstruction. A remedy may be found in the use of the common alkalis instead of soap, aqua ammonia in washing clothes, and borax in washing lawns and laces, and washing soda in cleaning dishes. These alkalis prevent a solid soap from forming in the sink and its pipes and neutralize all effects of decomposing fat.

RAISINS BETTER THAN WINE.—According to Sir William Gull, Queen Victoria's physician, and of course eminent in his profession, it is better in case of fatigue from overwork to eat raisins than to resort to alcohol. In his testimony before the Lord's Commission in London, a few months ago, he affirmed "that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when exhausted, they might very well drink water, or they might very well take food; and they would be very much better without the alcohol." He added, as to the form of food he himself resorts to "in case of fatigue from overwork, I would say that if I am thus fatigued my food is very simple—I eat the raisins instead of taking the wine. For thirty years I have had large experience in this practice. I have recommended it to my personal friends. It is a limited experience, but I believe it is a very good and true experience."

HOW TO REMOVE A TIGHT RING.—A novel method of effecting the removal of a ring which has become constricted around a swollen finger, or in any other similar situation, consists simply in enveloping the afflicted member, after the manner of a circular bandage, in a length of flat india rubber braid, such as ladies make use of to keep their hats on their heads. This should be accurately applied—beginning, not close to the ring, but at the tip of the finger, and leaving no intervals between the successive turns, so as to exert its elastic force gradually and gently upon the tissues underneath. When the binding is completed, the hand should be held aloft in a vertical position, and in a few minutes the swelling will be perceptibly diminished. The braid is then taken off and immediately reapplied in the same manner, when, after another five minutes, the finger, if again rapidly uncovered, will be small enough for the ring to be removed with ease.—Lanqon Gas. des Hep.

AN IDEAL HOUSEWIFE.—She must be systematic, of course. We are all heartily tired of seeing or hearing of the housekeepers who are so neat and precise as to make life a burden to their friends; who meet you at the door in summer with some war-like weapon, a towel or switch to drive out the fly which may boldly enter the door with you; who follow you with a rug to put your feet on in muddy weather, and from down the child who dares drop a cookie crumb on the floor; but the woman who has a contentment place for the household belongings, and, more fortunate than many of us, knows where that place is, should be heartily commended. She keeps her toilet towels in one place, those for dishes in another; and after they have once been sorted out after ironing day, there need be no tumbling over of a drawer full of linen for whatever is needed. Of course, not being naturally made with a hundred hands for work, or a brain never to be wearied in vigilance, she is not always infallible, but she is as nearly so as any woman can be.

PAINTED BED-SPREADS.—A new "art" extravagance reminds one of the story of Paul Veronese. The story goes that this eccentric painter, when accepting the hospitality of the villa of a friend, refused to allow any one to enter his room while there, and when he went away, one of the sheets, which was found rolled up and put in a corner, was painted with superb coloring in his best manner, the picture representing "Alexander in the tent of Darius." The artist took this method of thanking the host. The sheet was first hung as an arras, but it was discovered that it showed to better advantage when laid upon the bed. The painted sheets of today are of satin, and the young artists who have been decorating ribbons and china and plaques are now employed upon these sheets. In one house up town a sheet designed by a well known artist is of white satin trimmed with mechin lace, and above the monogram of the owner is a picture of Aurora drinking a draught of health from the flower cups as she dawns upon the earth, bringing the morning. The colors employed are the faint tints peculiar to Watteau. Usually the design is of night flowers, poppies, sending sleep, or morning glories carrying a greeting.

After Confirmation.

"I will be a manly Christian or none at all," Tom said briefly.

His teacher and friend, John Broughton, was quite satisfied with his answer. He had been setting before him as strongly as possible the high standard Christ has for His followers, and urging him to aim high in the new life he had just begun.

"One can't be manly without being true, and brave, and in earnest," the boy said simply. "I've enlisted, and that means work."

"It certainly does. Some people act as though the enlisting was all that was expected of them, whereas it is only pledging one's self to battle."

Tom took his Prayer Book from his pocket, and pointed to a marked passage in the Baptismal Service. "I think it is grand."

There was a good deal of the soldier in Tom Lewis, and these words, spoken but a few weeks since, at his Baptism, had fired him as few words could have done. His friend read them aloud in his deep, earnest voice:

"We receive this person into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do sign him with the sign of the Cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the Faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end. Amen."

"God grant it, my boy," he said, and then they parted.

"A soldier's first duty is to obey," Tom thought as he walked home. "All I have to do is to get my orders and follow them."

It was "all," but in the thick of battle the best soldier may get confused. The noise drowns the commander's voice. Others come between him and his leader, and when the leader is lost sight of, the battle is lost. Tom was in earnest. He was brave to a fault. If he knew a thing was right, he would stand up for it like a man. He was not ashamed of being a Christian, even among the boys, and they soon found it useless to taunt him with that. But he had his weak points, as we all have, and the enemy knew them, and attacked him just there. He had not learned his weakness. He was fighting the Lord's battles with earthly weapons. He had not found out the Lord's way, nor learned that in the heavenly "war, the battle was the Lord's."

So he was soon and often discouraged. His temper got the better of him, and he was defeated on this line day after day. The boys knew his quick temper, and knew, too, just how to provoke it. Sometimes, before he could think or pray, the temptation would come and go, leaving him ashamed and sorrowful. He found out in this hard way that the enemy was too strong for him. He prayed, but it didn't seem to help him. After a while he was humble enough to go to his friend, and confess his defeat.

John Broughton didn't seem either surprised or disgusted, as Tom thought he would. He did not say a word till he had found an entry in an old journal. "I copied this epitaph in an old English graveyard," he said, smiling: "Here lies an old soldier whom all must applaud, since he suffered much hardship at home and abroad;

But the hardest engagement he ever was in, Was the battle of self, with the conquest of sin."

Tom's eyes filled, and there was something in his throat that kept him from saying anything. But his friend did not wait for him.

"Of course it was the hardest, if he fought it as he did other battles. We men are no match for the Great Enemy. He has supernatural power. How can we get the better of him? It is just impossible."

Tom knew it was. He had learned that by a sad experience.

"Now, my boy," his friend said cheerily, "the truth is that this impossible thing has been done by a man—the Man Christ Jesus. He has conquered Satan for us. So all we have to do when he makes an attack is to meet him with the Name of Jesus, and the field will be ours."

"How? Why let him know you know he has conquered him? He tries to keep this a secret, for he knows that when Christians find it out, their victory is sure."

A new light came with these words to Tom. "Tell me more," he said eagerly; "I want to be sure I understand."

"Take your Bible when you go home and study its great battles. Here you will see that the Lord's soldiers always conquer when they fight in the Lord's way. The trouble is, you belong to His victorious army, but you have stepped out of the ranks, and tried to meet the enemy single-handed. Of course you were defeated."

"I see, I see," Tom said, joyfully. "Satan is too strong for me, but he is nothing to Christ—just a defeated foe. I must stay in the victorious army, and act as though I belonged to it."

"Yes, and fight so, too. Go out to meet your temptation, your Goliath, as David did. It was the Lord's battle, so he spoke to the great giant as though he were already under his feet: 'Then, said David to the Philistine, thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield, but I come to thee in the Name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Is-

rael whom thou hast defied.' Then, don't you remember how the disciples tried this way, and how they came back to the Lord rejoicing, and saying, 'Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy Name?' All the glorious acts of the apostles were done 'in His Name.'"

So Tom began from this time to fight in the Lord's Name. It never failed him. When he met a temptation, as David did, confident of the Lord's power, the victory was sure. It was only when he forgot this, and tried the old way of resisting, that he suffered defeat. So there came a new power with this new faith, and his life showed it. Just where he was the weakest, God made him strong. Yet it was so clearly God who fought and gave the victory, that he could only boast in Him.

God's army is open to all. Who among our boys and girls will join its ranks?

The Young Missionary.

Willie sat on the grass one pleasant Autumn afternoon, in rather a disgusted frame of mind. It was Monday, and every one was cross, or so it seemed to Willie. And although that term could never be applied to Mama, still she was not as bright as on other days. The nurse being engaged in the laundry, the care of the baby fell on Mama, and so she had not quite so much time to devote to Willie. Papa was busy in the study; and, in answer to some of Willie's questions, replied, "Run away, my son, I am too busy now to talk to you." So, after wondering for a few minutes, why it was that grown up people were all so disobliging and unsocial on Mondays, little six-year old Willie wandered out, and sat down under the trees, with two of his most treasured picture books for company.

The Rectory of G—was a very pretty place, at all times; but just now, with the open doors and windows, with the cosy little porch all wreathed with vines, and with the sunlight falling over all, it seemed as charming a place as the eye could rest on.

But little Willie was in—what Susan, the nurse, called—"the fidgets." He was full of pent-up energy and force, which seemed unable to find an outlet. As he listlessly turned the leaves of his picture book, a voice said: "Can I look at the pictures? I'll not touch the pretty books with my dirty hands." Turning his head, Willie saw a rough wild looking man standing just behind him, gazing at the bright colored picture books. "I am putting in coal," the rough-looking man further explained, "and am waiting for a fresh load." Willie spread out the book on the grass, and explained the pictures. "It must be nice," the rough man said, "to have such fine pretty books; I never had one." "But you must have one book," Willie said, "You have a Bible, of course." "No, my little man, I never had a Bible. My mother used to read out of her's to me, when I was little; but I never had one of my own." Willie stared speechlessly at him, for a minute, and then jumped up, and ran into the house. A minute later, the study door was thrown open with a bang; and papa was startled with the remark: "Oh, come out here quick, please do! There is a man here, who never had a Bible." Following the excited boy, Papa came on the be-riged coal-heaver, still gazing at the wondrous pictures. Overcoming the first shyness, natural to such people, the good clergyman found out to a great extent the story of the poor man's life. Nothing strange, alas! a tale with which we are all familiar. A childhood of neglect, and a present life of carelessness, away from God. Taking his address, the good clergyman promised to go to see him, and so ended Willie's afternoon.

A few days later, he went with Papa to take the man the promised Bible, which had been selected for its pictures, which he undertook to explain.

The Confirmation Class, that year, did not contain a more earnest candidate, than the rough coal-heaver, called by the family at the Rectory,—"Willie's Convert."

C. M.

A HOME MADE TELEPHONE.—The American Farmer gives the following directions for making a cheap home-made telephone: To make a good and serviceable telephone, good from one farm house to another, only requires enough wire and two cigar boxes. First select your boxes, and make a hole about a half an inch in diameter in the center of the bottom of each, and then place one in each of the houses you wish to connect; then get five pounds of common iron stove pipe wire, make a loop in one end and put it through the hole in your cigar box and fasten with a nail; then draw it tight to the other box, supporting it when necessary with a stout cord. You can easily run your line into the house by boring a hole through the glass. Support your boxes with slats nailed across the window, and your telephone is complete. The writer has one that is 200 yards long and cost forty-five cents that will carry music when the organ is played thirty feet away in another room.

FUN WITH A SPIDER.—Spiders in many respects are just like other animals, and can be tamed and petted and taught a great many other lessons which they will learn as readily as a dog or cat. But you

must take the trouble to study their ways and get on the right side of them.

One day I had been reading in a book how spiders manage to get their webs across streams and roads, and from the top of one tall tree to another. I went out and caught a large garden spider, one of those blue-gray sprawling fellows, and fixed him up for my experiment.

I took a stick about eighteen inches in length and fastened a piece of iron to one end of it so that the stick would stand up on that end of itself. Then I put this stick in a large tub of water, and placed the spider on top of the stick. I wanted to see if he could get on "land," which was the edge of the tub, without any help. He ran down first one side of the stick and then the other; each time he would stop when he touched the water, and shaking his foot as a cat does, he would run up again. At last he came to the conclusion that he was entirely surrounded by water—on an island, in fact. After remaining perfectly quiet for a long while, during which I have no doubt he was arranging his plans, he began running around the top of the stick, and throwing out great coils of web with his hind feet. In a few minutes little fine strands of web were floating away in the slight breeze that was blowing. After a little one of these threads touched the edge of the tub and stuck fast, as all spider webs will do.

This was just what Mr. Spider was looking for, and the next moment he took hold of this web and gave it a jerk, as a sailor does with a rope when he wishes to see how strong it is or to make it fast. Having satisfied himself that it was fast at the other end, he gathered it in till it was tight and straight, and then ran on it quickly to the shore; a rescued castaway saved by his own ingenuity.

Spiders are not fools, if they are ugly; and He Who made all things has a care and thought for all. The earth is full of the knowledge of God.

The Dying Boy.

On a cold winter day a gentleman in Edinburgh had, out of pity, bought a box of matches of a poor little shivering boy, and as he had no pence, had given him a shilling, of which the change was to be brought to his hotel. Hours passed by, and the boy did not return. Very late in the evening a mere child came to the hotel.

"Are you the man that bought the matches of Frae Sandie?"

"Yes." "Well then, here's fourpence out o' yer shillin'; Sandie canna come. He's very ill. A cart ran over him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches, and yer s'x-pence, and baith his legs are broken, an' the doctor says he'll dee; and that's a'." And then putting down the fourpence on the table, the poor child burst into great sobs.

"So I fed the little man," said the narrator, "and I went with him to see Sandie. The two little things were living almost all alone; their father and mother were dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as I came in, and said: 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back, and the cart knocked me down, and both my legs were broken, and oh! Ruby, little Ruby! I'm sure I'm dying, and who will take care of you when I'm gone? What will ye do?'"

I took his hand and said I would care of Ruby. He understood me, had just strength enough to look up as if to thank me; the light went out of his blue eyes. In a moment—

He lay within the light of God, Like a babe upon the breast, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

Catarrh. The remarkable results in a disease so universal and with such a variety of characteristics as Catarrh, prove how effectually Hood's Sarsaparilla acting through the blood, reaches every part of the human system. We point with pride to the glowing record Hood's Sarsaparilla has entered upon the hearts of thousands of people it has cured of catarrh.

Oakland Sta., Ky., April 21th. Gentlemen:—The demand for Allen's Lung Balsam is increasing constantly. The ladies think there is no medicine equal to it for Croup and Whooping Cough. C. S. Martin, druggist.

I was severely afflicted with Hay-Fever for twenty-five years. I tried Ely's Cream Balm and the effect was marvelous. It is a perfect cure. Wm. T. Carr, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J.

"Blood-food" is the suggestive name often given to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because of its blood-enriching qualities.

"Never trade horses while crossing a river." Always use N. K. Brown's Ess., Jamaica G. nger.

Ayer's Pills cure headache by removing obstructions from the system, relieving the stomach, and giving healthy action to the digestive apparatus.

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Any pimply, rough, dry scaly skin disease vanishes on use of Dr. Ben on's Skin Cure. Unrivalled.

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THE marvelous results of Hood's Sarsaparilla upon all humors and low conditions of the blood prove it the best BLOOD MEDICINE. Such has been the success of this article at home that nearly every family in whole neighborhoods have been taking it at the same time. It purifies the blood, cures biliousness, and all derangements of the stomach caused by a debilitated condition of the nervous system occasioned by excessive mental or physical labor or dissipation. It eradicates Scrofula and all foul humors, and restores a peculiar point in Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it creates an appetite and builds up and strengthens the system, and proves invaluable as a protection from diseases that originate in changes of the seasons, of climate and of life.

Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., Gentlemen—It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health has been such that for some years past I have been obliged to take a tonic of some kind in the spring, and have never found anything that hit my wants as your Sarsaparilla. It tones up my system, purifies my blood, and gives me an appetite, and seems to make me over. Respectfully yours, F. THOMPSON, Lowell, Mass., Register of Deeds, Middlesex Co. Sold by druggists. Price \$1 a bottle, or six for \$5. C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

THE Admiration OF THE WORLD. Mrs. S. A. Allen's WORLD'S Hair Restorer IS PERFECTION.

Public Benefactress. Mrs. S. A. ALLEN has justly earned this title, and thousands are this day rejoicing over a fine head of hair produced by her unequalled preparation for restoring, invigorating, and beautifying the Hair. Her World's Hair Restorer quickly cleanses the scalp, removing Dandruff, and arrests the fall; the hair, if gray, is changed to its natural color, giving it the same vitality and luxuriant quantity as in youth.

COMPLIMENTARY. "My hair is now restored to its youthful color; I have not a gray hair left. I am satisfied that the preparation is not a dye, but acts on the secretions. My hair ceases to fall, which is certainly an advantage to me, who was in danger of becoming bald." This is the testimony of all who use Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

"One Bottle did it." That is the expression of many who have had their gray hair restored to its natural color, and their bald spot covered with hair, after using one bottle of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. It is not a dye.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs; none so trifling with the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough of cold, resulting, perhaps, from a trifling exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proved its efficacy in a forty years' experience, and it will cure, 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, Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1888.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN, Byhalta, Miss., April 5, 1882.

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"Last March I was so weak from general debility that I could not walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have been at work now for two months, and I think your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood medicine in the world. JAMES MAYNARD, 380 W. 4th St., New York, July 10, 1882.

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

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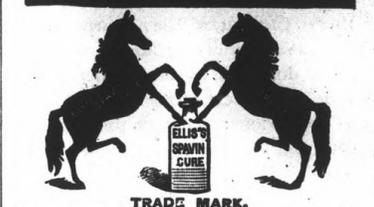
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"The most popular and satisfactory Corset as regards Health, Comfort and Elegance of Form," be sure and get MADAME FOTY'S IMPROVED CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTER. It is particularly adapted to the present style of dresses. For sale by all leading dealers. Price by mail \$1.30. Manufactured only by FOTY, HARMON & CO., New Haven Conn.

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Contains an antidote for all malarial disorders which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent or Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized by our circular, dated July 1, 1882, to refund the money.

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

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The LIVING CHURCH ANNUAL for 1884 will be ready for Advent. Several new features will be added. The compilation of the parochial and clergy lists has been undertaken by the REV. F. W. TAYLOR, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, DANVILLE, ILL., to whom all suggestions, changes, and corrections should be addressed.

The LIVING CHURCH Company will no longer accept three cent stamps in payment of bills; nor will they receive those of a higher denomination. The attention of subscribers is called to the facilities offered over the new Postal Notes, which only cost three cents.

Facts at Last.

To those of our readers who have noted the signs of the times for the last few years, the letter of the Rev. C. Enrique Butler, which is published in this issue of the LIVING CHURCH, will be no surprise. From the inception of the Mexican enterprise grave doubts have been entertained by some of the best minds in the Church, as to its wisdom; and it is pretty generally conceded that the consecration of Bishop Riley was extra-canonical as well as ill-advised. It was among the first unwelcome duties of the LIVING CHURCH soon after its inception, to call attention to the uncertain and irregular character of the enterprise, and it has several times given mild expression to the mistrust of its constituents. Respect for the official and personal character of the members of the Mexican Commission has softened the criticism and encouraged confidence in the face of most discouraging facts.

There can be, no longer, room for doubt that Bishop Riley has not only mismanaged affairs, financially, but that he has misused the Episcopal authority conferred upon him. The writer of the letter published herewith is a gentleman of unimpeached integrity, of known intelligence, and a priest of the Church. He speaks from personal knowledge. He has been for years resident in Mexico, serving under the Bishop against whom, over his signature, he brings these charges. If his letter were the first intimation of the state of things in Mexico, we might hesitate to accept it. We might doubt the sanity of the writer or suspect that we were imposed upon by some malicious forger. But we know beforehand, from other sources substantially all that is charged by Mr. Butler; and we know from the intimate friends of that gentleman that he speaks reluctantly, after long delay, and after the disappearance of all hope that the facts in the case will be officially made known and acted upon in a way to vindicate the honor and dignity of the Church.

It is not necessary here to enlarge upon the charges contained in Professor Butler's Letter. It is safe to say that not a Bishop of the Mexican Commission, would dare to pursue such a policy of oppression, or to vindicate another Bishop in pursuing it. Not one of them would wish to. We are confident that the facts now before them will result in the abandonment of the disastrous enterprise, into which they have been misled by one whom we are compelled to believe is an ambitious and injudicious man. They have done everything that could possibly be done to save him and his enterprise from disgrace and ruin. But Bishop Riley and his work cannot be saved, humanly speaking, and the sooner our Bishops accept that conclusion the more hope there will be for our legitimate work in missions over which we have some control.

It may be said that the columns of a Church newspaper are not the place for the trial of Bishop Riley. Certainly not. But where is the place for it? In the General Synod of the Church of which he was made a Bishop. To that Body he has been presented for trial. The presentment has been entertained. He has ignored it, and the appeal has been made to the Mexican Commission. With what result? "The Church of Jesus in Mexico is an independent Church. We cannot interfere." No other answer could be given. There is no authority that can bring Bishop Riley to trial, if he does not choose to be tried. If the General Synod attempts it, he can make another Synod to suit himself. The Church press does not assume to "try" him. The Church press simply gives the facts, and public opinion will try him and find him to be wanting.

A Sunday-school Training College.

A project has been started by the Lake Bluff Sunday-school Assembly, for the opening of a Sunday-school Training College in Chicago. It were a consummation devoutly to be wished that teachers in Sunday schools should be properly trained. The almost universal incompetency of teachers is admitted on all sides, and many parents and pastors have on this account lost confidence in the system as an agency for the Christian education of children. The young men and maidens who officiate as instructors in Sunday-schools are generally deficient in the first elements of theology and exegesis, and are incompetent to control and interest the half-dozenurchins assigned to them for one half hour a week. As a rule, they lack purpose and perseverance as well as capacity, and their teaching is a mere freak of fancy that dissolves with the first rain or melts away with the first heat of summer. They are as unreliable as incompetent, and the righteous souls of pastor and superintendent are continually vexed at the fluctuation and failure of these amateur assistants. But somehow or other the show of Sunday-school must be kept up, though everybody behind the scenes knows it to be a wretched farce.

There are, doubtless, some exceptions to this state of things, and there will be more as soon as Christian people come to understand it and to demand reform. A training college for teachers ought to help on this reform, and we hope it will. But you must catch the hare before you cook him. It may not be the easiest thing in the world to get any great proportion of this volunteer force to go into training. Very few who spend a half hour a week in going through the motions of teaching are likely to devote very considerable time or money to systematic preparation. The amount of work required is too much for the amount of service that it can be turned to afterwards. The really practicable thing to be done, as it seems to us, would be to expand the Sunday-schools into day schools in which properly trained teachers would have continuous work and adequate support. To prepare for a real calling like this, many might be found who should devote abundant time and talent. This is the solution of the difficulty that has been found in many of our parishes.

Such a solution is of course impossible under the auspices of the Lake Bluff Assembly. Their college is to be "inter-denominational," and for the teaching of inter-denominationalism, day schools would be superfluous. A half hour a week is probably enough for the teaching of what remains to "our common Christianity," after eliminating everything upon which the various denominations differ. The plan provides that persons in any locality may meet, according to pleasure, and study under a teacher of their own selection, receiving their diplomas at the anniversary at Lake Bluff or some other favorable place. Twenty-five cents a term is probably not an extravagant charge for tuition, especially as the reports, essays, and graduating ceremonies are to be turned to account in making the great annual picnic at Lake Bluff more attractive. To its credit it may be said of the Assembly that while on knowledge bent it has a frugal mind.

One noticeable provision of the Training College is that it shall have five counselors, "persons of eminent piety," representing as many denominations, whose advice and influence may be sought. The

college, however, is to be independent of all other societies and control its affairs in its own way. The board of directors are at liberty to seek the advice of these eminently pious persons, and then do as they please. The position may possibly be desirable on account of the certificate which it furnishes as to the eminent piety of the incumbents, but as to any control of the affairs of the institution it seems to be a thing of naught.

But supposing these five pious persons to have a controlling influence in shaping the course of study, what would be the result? Would the teachers trained there be acceptable to any of the "denominations?" Would our people consent to have their children taught by graduates who had no idea of the Church, no knowledge of the Prayer Book, no conception of the Sacraments? Would the Baptists accept teachers who did not know anything about the one controversy by which the denomination is kept alive? Would the Methodists—but the Methodists are getting rather vague—would the Presbyterians?—well, perhaps they would. The fact is, after all, things are getting so mixed among the denominations that four or five eliminations of what were once distinctive principles, principles upon which the denominations were founded, would not be noticed by them. If this would only lead to a real organic union among them, it were not to be deplored. It is to be hoped that the five persons of eminent piety above mentioned may form the nucleus of a comprehensive society in which all the five denominations represented may be included. In that case the graduates of the Training College will have no trouble in finding a field of labor.

A correspondent of the *Independent* has been attempting to answer the question, "What is Baptism?" He concludes that it is neither an impartation nor a seal; it is only a declaration that we belong to God. Our Baptist contemporary of Chicago sensibly remarks; "How long, then, the critic to the contrary notwithstanding, will infant baptism remain?" It is a fact, we believe, that among the denominations which deny the Sacramental grace of Baptism, the practice of infant baptism is falling off, is almost laid aside. If Baptism is only a profession of discipleship, the baptism of infants is an absurdity. If it is really a seal of the Covenant, the denial of it to infants is equally inconsistent.

A Presbyterian pastor, in renewing his subscription to the LIVING CHURCH, offers the following very sensible remark about Dr. Ewer's Open Letter. He shows himself to be more Catholic than many who call themselves "Episcopalians."

I have read Dr. Ewer's "Open Letter" with no little satisfaction. Of course I do not hold with him touching the "Sacraments," "Confession" and the like, but I cannot fail to recognize the manly spirit of the writer and the clearness of the writing. I am particularly pleased with the attitude of Dr. Ewer towards Rome. Here he may be plainly seen and from this point his voice gives no uncertain sound. This word of mine is of no value, but it may serve to indicate the effect of Dr. E.'s letter upon one who is very far removed from what is technically called "Churchism."

One of our Bishops has courageously undertaken for six months the support of a minister and his family who have recently come to us from the—denomination. It is a case of more than ordinary interest and promise, and the Bishop feels confident that some generous laymen will be found to share the burden which he has felt it his duty to assume. Contributions forwarded to the LIVING CHURCH will be sent to the Bishop, and persons interested in the case will be put in correspondence with him if they desire.

"Give us lots of news," says an esteemed friend, "and let the fault finders of all sorts send their complaints to the—." That is just our policy; at the same time there must be more or less discussion, and the interests of the Church require that faults and wrongs shall be pointed out. It is difficult to decide just what to admit and what to exclude. Of one thing our readers may be assured, that no discussions or complaints shall be allowed a place in these columns that are not, in our judgment, likely to be productive of good to the Church.

Foreign Missions.

It is only about half a century since the American Church undertook the work of foreign missions. It was begun in the time of greatest need at home. Some of the dioceses now among the strongest were then missionary ground. It was doubtless felt by many that we needed all our money at home. There were heathen at our door, fifty years ago as now, and the Church had far less resources with which to meet the pressing needs at hand. Yet, with true Christian courage and faith she recognized the claims of the great brotherhood of all for whom Christ died, and generously offered a share of her light to the nations sitting in darkness.

Some who could not appreciate the motive of such sacrifice have not been able to appreciate the result. They have measured results by the same standard as that by which they estimated duty. They have compared foundations, viewed from a distance, with superstructures rising near at hand. It is a lamentable fact that not a small proportion of Churchmen are doubtful about the expediency of foreign missions; and the urgent need of missionary work among Indians, Negroes, and in newly settled portions of our own country, presents a perpetual bar to the full recognition of the claims of the foreign field.

Ought this to be so? Are we any poorer for what we have done in China and Japan? Have our domestic missions suffered on account of contributions by our people to other work? In other words, have our faith and sacrifice in the cause of foreign missions had, on the whole, an influence to retard the growth of the Church in our own country? There are few who would, on consideration, answer in the affirmative. To say nothing of the effect of this disinterested giving in enlarging charity and awakening Christian zeal in the hearts of the givers, there is no doubt that its effect upon the whole community of our countrymen, upon the thoughtful throughout the civilized world, has been to gain for the Church the confidence and respect of the most influential, and in many cases to secure from them a favorable consideration of a polity against which they had inherited the prejudice of generations. It may seem an extravagant assertion, but it is boldly ventured, when we say that were our foreign missions to be abandoned by the coming General Convention, were our missionaries to be withdrawn, the doors of our schools and hospitals and chapels to be closed, and all funds to be appropriated to domestic missions, the Church would deserve and receive the condemnation of Christian people all over the world, and her growth and influence would be at an end in her own borders. Not that foreign missions have made the Church what she is in this country; but because she is what she is, foreign missions are a necessity to her honorable career. Let but the abandonment of foreign missions be seriously proposed on the floor of the Convention, and see what a storm it will raise! Churchmen here and there may criticize and complain (and there have been some mistakes of late in the use of funds calculated to call forth complaint) but the great mass of Churchmen at heart are loyal to the cause. Even those who complain the most and give the least, would be ashamed and confounded to see it fail.

We have no idea that our foreign missions are in jeopardy, but we are confronted by the fact that the treasury is not only empty but overdrawn, and that for the remainder of the year there is no provision for meeting our pledges. There is one thing which has saved the cause before in a similar crisis, and that will save it now, viz., the faith and love of Christian souls responding to the call of the Spirit and the Bride. These we have, be the treasury never so empty, and these we believe will be reached by the press, by the pulpit, by the still, small Voice that says to each, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, even so do to them."

Several communications, some criticizing and some praising Dr. Ewer's Open Letter, are received, and we are somewhat perplexed as to what to do with them. All things considered, we think it best not to inaugurate a general discussion which would be uninteresting to most of our readers. Everything of especial note or interest relating to the subject will be given, but opinions and arguments on one side or the other are of no consequence.

The drift of public sentiment in the Church is in favor of toleration, and newspaper articles will not very greatly help or hinder it. Dr. Ewer's pamphlet now going through the LIVING CHURCH Press will meet the demand of a large number who write for information. Of course we shall be glad to hear from our readers on this subject as well as others, but cannot print everything that is written.

Brief Mention.

Concerning missionary work among our colored people, a correspondent says: "Why should it not awaken the same enthusiasm and heroism as does the carrying of the Gospel to China?" Truly, the educating and evangelizing of these millions of home heathen ought to enlist the sympathy and arouse the energy of Churchmen in a far greater degree than has yet appeared.—We are glad to observe that the rough journeyings of our missionary Bishops are sometimes varied by pleasant recreations. Bishop Brewer, in a recent letter to the *Montana Churchman*, tells how he and Mr. Lewis went a-fishing in the Gallatin. "I don't like to say anything about Mr. Lewis' fishing qualities," says the Bishop, "but honesty compels me to state that I caught twenty-three fish, and Mr. Lewis caught none. I don't think that this was due to the fact that one fisherman was a bishop and the other a priest. But I used a fly while Mr. Lewis used a grasshopper. The fly beat the grasshopper, that was all."—The *Rock* concludes that it is not policy for the "Evangelical party" to have anything more to do with Church Congresses. It is quite discouraged. The naughty Ritualists always come off first best. This year will be fraught with unusual mischief and danger, as it is the semi-centennial of the Oxford movement. It is enough to draw tears even from a *Rock!*—Mrs. Buford, in a recent report, gives the following amusing description of "Aunt Sallie" on a missionary visit: "Sallie," said one of her friends to her, when she was paying him a friendly call, "what does Mrs. Buford mean by all she's a doin' for niggers? They tell me she's built Billy Turner a house, and finds him, and does all manner of things for him." "I says to him," Aunt Sallie remarked as she reported the conversation to me, "Buck," I says, "you is speaking through ignorancy and from not a proper understanding of the ways of 'Piscopals.'" (Aunt Sallie has recently become one herself, and likes the name). "'Piscopals is mighty different from you, Buck, and you can't rightly understand their doings. 'Piscopals can be likened to a flock of wild geese; and I've heern tell if one of dem birds gits wounded, all de well ones comes a hoverin' around him and bars him up on their wings till he kin fly agin; and so 'tis with the 'Piscopals. Billy is a wounded goose, and dey is a barin' him up.'"—The editor of the *Central Baptist* wrote to Mr. Spurgeon asking him if he really did say that he would rather be a cannibal than a close communion Baptist. The orator of the Tabernacle replied that he had not expressed such a preference, and added: "I have not the slightest wish to be either the one or the other!"—The *St. Louis Church News* advises clergymen to put away their sermons after preaching and not leave them lying around. "A production which had such power when being uttered is greatly disillusioned when it is found with poor handwriting to be spread out on soiled paper. Put the thunderbolt out of sight; it looks and possibly sounds, when seen written, singularly unlike the thunderbolt."—"A plethoric purse" is said to be the disease that has compelled one of our Bishops to go abroad. It is probably a mild case, and Europe will soon cure him of it. The Episcopate in this country is a sure preventive of this disease. There may be some chronic cases but they are hereditary.—Mr. Robert Graham, Secretary of the C. T. S., has issued a pamphlet entitled "Liquordom in New York City." It is a straightforward, business paper and cannot fail to have influence in securing needed reform in legislation and in the enforcement of the laws. Maps of several localities are given showing the enormous number of saloons that are licensed or tolerated.—A suggestive paragraph from an exchange: "The *Chronicle* has been slightly delayed this week, the result of Monday's celebration."—One of the editors of the *Chicago Tribune*

seems to have wandered into Dakota. Witness the following gem from a recent number of a Grand Forks paper: "The last child of summer to-day is being borne in an ethereal hearse to its resting place in the caverns of circling time, while its autumnal successor stands laden with golden sheafs and points her stained fingers in proud derision at the dying season."

It is reported that the New York Guardian is now the property of the Rev. Dr. Matson. It has become remarkably mild and moderate. Not long ago the Chicago Standard, a Baptist paper, contained a caustic paragraph on the report that a clergyman of the Church acted as a judge in the regatta at Chicago.

Some Facts about Mexico.

To the Editor of the Living Church: Will you aid the cause of truth and justice by giving the following a place in the LIVING CHURCH.

Several Church papers have recently published an article headed MEXICO, consisting of a letter, some statistics, and a vote of thanks. It is to be feared that some persons may be influenced by this article to throw away their money by giving it to what is therein styled the "Church of Jesus."

1. The election to the Episcopate of the City of Mexico, of an individual unfit (for other reasons besides that of his being a foreigner) for the position. This man was elected, at the instigation of Dr. Riley, by a secret conclave of five persons, within closed and guarded doors, to the predetermined exclusion of all (except the five) of the clergy and laity of the Diocese over which the individual was sought to be made Bishop.

2. The erection into a Diocese of six congregations belonging to the jurisdiction of another Bishop without the consent or knowledge of that Bishop, or other authorities.

3. The pretended election for this new Diocese of a Bishop, also without the consent or knowledge of the authorities of the Church. The elected was a young man of twenty-five years, ordained Deacon and Presbyterian without examinations, and made Bishop, all within one year. The electors did not, could not, represent anybody but themselves; among these the whole number of clergy was one Deacon.

4. The call of a pretended General Synod. Not a single Diocese of the Mexican Church was represented in this Synod. The assurance of this Body was enormous; it went on, like a veritable Vatican Council, or a King Nebuchadnezzar, to abolish law, issue decrees, and fulminate canons against whomsoever should refuse to worship its golden idol.

The foregoing is only a little of what may be said and proven to show how worthy, that which is styled "Our Church Work in Mexico," the "Mexican Branch, etc.," is, of the support and countenance of Church people. The writer of this resided for nearly two years, up to February of the present year, in the City of Mexico, very intimately connected with the Mexican Branch, as professor in charge of its Theological Seminary, and otherwise.

The facts contained under (1), (2), (3) and (4), and in the foregoing paragraph, are well known to the members of the Mexican Commission who met at Grace House, New York, in December last, and to other prominent members of our Church who must acknowledge them to be true. The sequel to the Grace House investigation, during which besides the contestants, the writer of this was present (not as a witness, but only as interpreter) and at which the testimony of a Presbyterian of the Mexican Church in good and regular standing, then in New York, was refused—the sequel was, the destruction of the Mexican Branch by neglect and starvation.

The Bishop of Llandaff has refused to institute the Rev. Philip Sparling, master of the Cathedral Grammar School at Gloucester, to the living of Cowbridge, in Wales, to which he has been presented by the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester, on the ground that he cannot speak Welsh. The Bishop's protest is, no doubt, timely and manly, and calls attention to the anachronism of appointing to Welsh-speaking parishes clergymen unfamiliar with the vulgar tongue; but the Bishop's legal advisers tell him that it has no chance of being sustained.

The Body sought to be represented by the "vote of thanks" of May 30th, 1883, is no more the Mexican Church, than the "mixed multitude" which accompanied the Israelites out of Egypt was the Jewish Church—perhaps not as much. This vote is of little value. It is not the expression of the General Synod of the Mexican Church; it cannot be; for that Body has not had a meeting since February, 1881—more than two years ago.

The statistics preceding the "vote of thanks" are worth nothing, because they proceed from the same source from which other unreliable statements have emanated in the past. "Public services are held in forty-five places." (?) Let us see: "Schools, 9;" "Sunday-schools, 11;" congregations (some very small) say, 20; the balance, perhaps in private families. It is not probable that there are "3,490 persons connected with the Church" under Dr. Riley's control, nor 1,470 bona fide "native communicants" in said body.

For how many years, and from whom? For one year, and from "persons connected with the Church?" This is incredible without proof. But even supposing that the aforesaid statistics are correct, and that the Body whose they are is the legitimate Mexican Church, what will transpire on comparison of these with others which have been coming to this country for years? That this Body not only has made no progress, but that it has been surely dwindling down for years—at least ten years.

And here let me emphatically declare what has been proven, and can be proven to the satisfaction of any candid enquirer: The downfall of the Mexican Branch has not been brought about "by the attacks upon it of sectarian agents or others;" but by the determination on the part of one man to concentrate all the power in his own grasp, and to have his own way in everything.

The foregoing is only a little of what may be said and proven to show how worthy, that which is styled "Our Church Work in Mexico," the "Mexican Branch, etc.," is, of the support and countenance of Church people. The writer of this resided for nearly two years, up to February of the present year, in the City of Mexico, very intimately connected with the Mexican Branch, as professor in charge of its Theological Seminary, and otherwise.

Praying for the triumph of truth, I remain, yours sincerely, C. E. BUTLER.

The Bishop of Llandaff has refused to institute the Rev. Philip Sparling, master of the Cathedral Grammar School at Gloucester, to the living of Cowbridge, in Wales, to which he has been presented by the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester, on the ground that he cannot speak Welsh. The Bishop's protest is, no doubt, timely and manly, and calls attention to the anachronism of appointing to Welsh-speaking parishes clergymen unfamiliar with the vulgar tongue; but the Bishop's legal advisers tell him that it has no chance of being sustained.

Personal Mention.

The Rev. Montgomery H. Throp, assistant minister of the Church of the Messiah, Boston, may be addressed at No. 76 Waltham St. The Rev. Dr. Maynard, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, arrived home by the Botnia, having spent his vacation visiting Spain and Portugal. Dr. Maynard will begin a new course of lectures Oct. 1, in Chokering Hall, N. Y. The Rev. George W. E. Flisse has been appointed Missionary in Armstrong and Indiana Counties, Diocese of Pittsburgh. Address, for the present, Lock-Box, 83, Blairsville, Pa. The Rev. J. M. C. Fulton, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Oxford, N. Y., has returned home after five weeks vacation. The Rev. J. P. Lytton, Rector of Trinity Church, Highland Park, Ill., has received a unanimous call to Trinity Church, Nashville Tennessee.

To Correspondents.

GAMMA.—For information about our missions among the colored people, write to the Rev. Joshua Kimber, 23 Bible House, New York. The Rev. Dr. Crummell, of Washington, and the Rev. Calbraith B. Perry, of Baltimore, could probably answer some of the questions you propose. L. M. I.—We cannot always give an answer in the next issue of the LIVING CHURCH. Not yet being able to command the services of a Saviour who is competent to answer every conceivable question at sight, we are obliged sometimes to seek the aid of learned friends at a distance. Sometimes, as in your case, the friend to whom we write for information is not at home, and there is a long delay.

Married.

GARRETT—SELMES.—In the Church of the Messiah, Boston, Saturday, September 1st, by the Rev. Henry F. Allen, assisted by the Rev. Frank Woods Baker, Miss Lily Selmes, daughter of the late Tilden R. Selmes, of Quincy, Ill., to the Rev. David Claiborne Garrett, son of Wm. Garrett, of Burlington, Iowa, and Rector of Trinity and Christ Churches, Davenport, Iowa. No cards.

Obituary.

MARSDEN.—Entered into the rest of Paradise, Aug. 27, 1883, at his late residence, near York Springs, Pa., the Rev. John H. Marsden, M. D., in the 81st year of his age. In the death of Dr. Marsden, the Church loses a staunch advocate of "the faith once delivered to the Saints." He often lamented, in deep sadness, the introduction of novel practices, and erroneous doctrines, too much tolerated in our day. The medical profession loses a careful investigator and a judicious practitioner, and his family a kind father and wise counsellor. He leaves a widowed daughter and seven grand-children. We trust they place these bereavements into the hands of the God of the world, and the Father of the fatherless, assured that He "will take them up," and comfort them "as one whom his mother comforteth." A. E. T. Gettysburg, Sept. 8, 1883.

WILLIAMS.—Entered into rest, on the 15th Sunday after Trinity, Sept. 2, 1883, the Rev. James A. Williams, D.D., for 46 years Rector of St. Mark's Church, Orange, N. J., Senior Presbyterian and President of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Northern New Jersey, Trustee of the General Theological Seminary, and Treasurer of the Corporation for the Relief of the Widows and Children of Clergymen. Age, 74 years.

The next meeting of the N. E. Deaneys of the Diocese of Illinois will be held in St. James Parish, Dundee, on Monday and Tuesday, the 24th and 25th inst. The first Service will be held on the evening of the first named day. Clergy proposing to attend will oblige the Rector, the Rev. Edward Kitchie, by notifying him of their intention beforehand. B. F. FLEETWOOD, Secretary.

Miscellaneous.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY. Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. Eliza Whittlesey, Corresponding Secretary, 37 Spring St., Hartford, Conn. "L' Avenir," a monthly. The only French Episcopal paper. Yearly subscription, \$1.50. The third year began Oct. 15th, 1883. Editor: The Rev. C. Miel, Rector of St. Sauveur; address 2929 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. GENERAL CLERGY RELIEF. (Shorter Title of "The Trustees of the Fund for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Deceased Clergymen, and of Aged, Infirm, and Disabled Clergymen of the P. E. C. of the U. S. A.") This charity is not local or diocesan. It seeks to relieve the destitute in fifty Dioceses, and Missionary Districts. The Treasurer, William Alexander Smith 40 Wall St. New York, 1223-60-17. Send for St. Chrysostom, a monthly, giving an account of a singular and interesting work of a little church among the poor. 50 cts. Rev. C. Daniel, 2907 Diamond St., Phila., Pa.

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EPISCOPAL HIGH SCHOOL OF VIRGINIA. Founded 1839. The Diocesan School for Boys. Elevated and beautiful location, three miles from town. Session opens Sept. 26, 1883. For catalogue address, L. M. BLACKFORD, M.A., Alexandria, Va.

THE HIGHLAND HOME Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Little Girls, Cornwall, New York. For Circular address Mrs. W. F. JONES, Principal.

BROOKE HALL FEMALE SEMINARY, Media, Delaware Co., Pa. School year opens third Monday in September. For Catalogues address M. L. EASTMAN, Principal. Baltimore, Md., 69 Franklin St.

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MRS. J. H. GILLIAT'S FAMILY AND DAY School for Girls, Newport, R. I. A limited number of pupils taken into the family. Reopens Thursday, Sept. 27th.

Morgan Park Military Academy. A select Family School for Boys. Prepares for College, School, or Business. Opens Sept. 11, 1883. For full information and catalogue send to CAPT. ED. N. KIRK TALCOTT, Prin., Morgan Park, Cook County, Ill.

UNION COLLEGE OF LAW, CHICAGO, ILL. The twenty-fifth collegiate year begins Sept. 19th. Diploma admits to the bar of Illinois. For circulars address H. BOOTH, Chicago, Ill.

Misses GRANT'S SEMINARY, 247 & 249 Dearborn Av., Chicago. For Boarding and Day Pupils. 15th year begins Tuesday, Sept. 18th. Send for circular.

Select Boarding School at the National Capital, 1212 & 1214 Fourteenth Street, Fourteenth Street Circle, Wash. D. C. Norwood Institute Select School for Ladies. A few boarding pupils received. Second Term opens Feb. 5. Address Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Cabell, Principals.

MADAME CLEMENT'S SCHOOL.—MISS CLEMENT will resume the charge of her school Sept. 1, 1883. Communications may be addressed to her at the school, West Walnut Lane, Germantown, Pa.

HIGHLAND Seminary, Sing Sing, N. Y., for Young Ladies, and Children, will reopen Sept. 12. Mrs. Pentz & Mrs. Bagley, Prin.

ILL. CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. Recently chartered and enlarged. A distinct College of Music. E. CHASE, Supt., Jacksonville, Ill. See Athenaeum next week.

KEBLE SCHOOL, Syracuse, N. Y. A Boarding School for Girls. Under the supervision of the Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, S. T. D., Bishop of Central New York, President of the Board of Trustees. Terms for board and tuition in English, Latin, and French \$350 per annum. The thirteenth school year will commence on Wednesday, September 12th, 1883. For circulars apply to MARY J. JACKSON, Syracuse, N. Y.

ANN ARBOR SCHOOL OF MUSIC in connection with THE ANN ARBOR HIGH SCHOOL and the UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN. For further information send for announcement to Prof. C. B. CADY, Director, or Dr. W. J. HERDMAN, Secretary, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

GETTYSBURG TO THE RAPIDAN. The Army of the Potomac, July, 1863, to April, 1864. By Andrew A. Humphreys, Brigadier General, &c. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price 75 cents.

The contents of this volume were intended to form a part of Vol. XII. of the Campaigns of the Civil War, but were necessarily excluded. The work is characterized by the brevity and clearness for which the other volumes of the series have been deservedly praised. Three large and well drawn maps illustrate the operations of the contending armies.

THE NAVY IN THE CIVIL WAR, II. The Atlantic Coast, by Daniel Am. on, Rear Admiral U. S. Navy, III. The Gulf and Inland Waters, by A. T. Mahan, Commander U. S. Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.00 each.

Following the series on the Campaigns of the Civil War, the Messrs. Scribner issue this admirable series on the naval operations of the same period. It consists of three volumes, the writer of each holding high rank in the navy, and being personally acquainted with the scenes and events described. Excellent maps are given of each important locality, and appendices give full statistics of forces, vessels, armaments, forts, &c.

TWELVE AMERICANS. Their Lives and Times. By Howard Carroll. Containing Sketches of Horatio Seymour, Charles Francis Adams, Peter Cooper, Hannibal Hamlin, John Gilbert, Robert C. Schenck, Frederick Douglass, William Allen, Allen G. Thurman, Joseph Jefferson, Elihu B. Washburne, Alexander H. Stephens. Portraits. New York: Harper and Brothers. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.75.

There is no better reading than a well written biography of men who have distinguished themselves in an honorable career. Mr. Carroll gives us such a book. It is rich in description and anecdote, discriminating in analysis of character, bright and lively throughout. It is cleverly written, and not tedious in a single chapter.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, have published a very pretty little pamphlet, containing Col. George E. Waring's famous horse story, "Vix," which the London Spectator characterized as "genuinely pathetic," and of which Col. Higginson said, that "all Col. Waring's horses are like Dr. John Brown's dogs—genuine and half humorous creatures." Price, 10 cents.

Love and Praise. A collection of Hymns and Tunes, Original and Selected, for the Sunday-school, etc. Edited by W. Ludden and G. O. Robinson. Savannah, Ga.: Ludden & Bates.

Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, and other Poems. Edited, with notes, by William J. Ralfe, A. M. With engravings. New York: Harper Brothers. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

Shakespeare's Sonnets. Edited by the same, and published as above. Price 56 cents, each.

Churchly Munificence in the Far West.

St. Luke's Memorial Church, New Tacoma, Washington Territory, was consecrated, on August 22, with imposing ceremonies. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and an almost total suspension of business in the town testified to the general respect felt for Mr. Wright, the munificent donor of this new and magnificent temple. The consecration was performed by Bishop Paddock; Bishop Morris, of Oregon, and very many of the clergy were present. An eloquent sermon was preached by Bishop Paddock, who made fitting and touching allusion to her of whom the church is a memorial. A committee of the congregation presented to Mr. and Miss Wright an address of thanks and a very handsome memorial volume, containing appropriate Souvenirs of the occasion.

The new church was erected by Charles B. Wright, Esq., Ex-president of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company and President of the Tacoma Land Company, in memory of his deceased daughter, Kate Elizabeth, who died in her nineteenth year. It is of stone, light grey sand-stone, which is fast becoming the favorite building material in the far West. The architecture is modern Gothic. There is no special feature in the lines of the building that calls for comment, the design being in exact accordance with the well known representative type of that system, which is known as "the ecclesiastical." The spire is 110 feet in height. The bell, weighing 700 lbs., was placed in the belfry of the spire by the express wish of the young lady in whose memory the church is built, a wish which was uttered at a time when she was very near the close of her life. The whole appearance of the interior is in the most perfect taste, while no cost has been spared in furniture and finish to make it a fitting place for the service of God and a worthy memorial of those whose memory the tenderest feelings of the founder cherish as that of his "hostages to Heaven." The windows are particularly fine; and the Chancel furniture plain, but substantial and chaste.

When it is added that the whole floor is carpeted throughout, that the building is heated by hot air, and lighted by four chandeliers of new and elegant design, each bearing eight lamps, and suspended from the lofty roof, and that the grounds around are tastefully laid out and terraced in front towards the street, while walks of cement are laid to afford smooth and comfortable approach to the doors, it will be seen that no cost has been spared to make the whole church, in every respect, worthy to serve the double purpose for which it was built—to be an expression of the donor's love to the service of "Him who is over all, God blessed forever," and of his tender affection for those who "are not, because God took them."

In the afternoon of the same eventful day, a large and representative assemblage met to witness the laying of the corner-stone of the seminary for the education of young women about to be erected at that place, and to be known as "The Annie Wright Seminary," in honor of the surviving daughter of Mr. Wright.

The building, which will be a large and costly one, is to be erected by the contributions of friends in the east who are interested in the cause of Christian education on this coast, and who were desirous that at a point destined to be of such importance as the Western Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway, an institution, such as this is intended to be, should be erected, affording facilities for the dissemination of the pure and elevating principles of true education under such conditions as should ensure the faithful carrying out and fulfillment of the wishes of the donors. To Bishop Paddock, too much praise cannot be given for the untiring zeal and energy with which he undertook the task of carrying this most praiseworthy work to a point so near completion as it has now reached, he having undertaken a long and fatiguing journey throughout the East to bring the merits of the object before Christian friends and strangers there, and by the weight of his personal influence and eloquence inducing many to give liberally to this grand object.

The endowment of the College, which places it from the inception on a stable and secure foundation, is the gift of Mr. Charles B. Wright, whose hand laid the corner-stone in its place—another mark of the generous interest he takes in the progress and welfare of Tacoma. The large sum required for this purpose was given, unsolicited, and most appropriately does the magnificent edifice, about to be erected, bear the name of his only surviving daughter. Certainly no other hand more truly deserved the honor of beginning the work of building than his. Addresses were delivered at the stone by the Bishop, the Hon. E. Evans, the Governor of the Territory, and the Rev. Dr. Nevins.

A Good Parish Enactment. A small parish in a western diocese having had its harmony sadly marred by the complaints of two or three dissatisfied parishioners against the existing administration, a Parish Meeting was called, which, after passing a vote unanimously sustaining the Rector, adopted the following resolutions without a dissenting voice. If every parish in the land would adopt a similar canon and obey it, parochial disturbances and ministerial changes would be the rare exception, instead of being, as now, the general rule.

Resolved, That as representatives of the Parish, charged with the duty of promoting, in every practicable way, its highest interests, we desire to place on record our hearty disapproval of a practice which is sometimes the cause of much parochial disturbance—namely, the practice of making complaints against the Rector's conduct on the part of parishioners, not to him but to one another; thus wounding his feelings, marring his influence, and stirring up strife, prejudice and discontent.

Resolved, That if parishioners feel themselves aggrieved by any thing which the Rector has said or done, or left undone, it is their bounden duty to go first, and at once, to him, and make a frank and friendly statement of their grievance; and when he has refused to make explanation or to give satisfaction, there will be time enough (if duty requires it) to make complaint in other quarters.

Resolved, That, in our opinion, if this course were always honestly pursued, it would prevent a large proportion of those disagreements which too often soil the purity of private Christian character, mar the peace of the Church and hinder its growth; and we hereby pledge ourselves to our Rector and to each other, that we will conscientiously pursue this course, if emergencies demanding it should ever arise.

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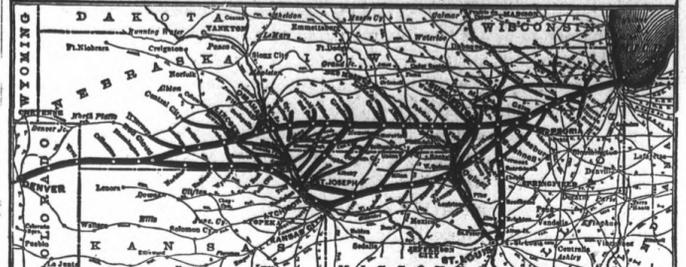
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