

The Living Church.

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

HARVARD COLLEGE
APR 25 1888
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VOL. VII. NO. 10.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1885.

Whole No. 322.

THE MODEL PRIEST. BY THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

At morn he fed his soul with Angels' food,
Holding with Heaven high mystic communion,
That from the mount some radiance he might bring
Down to the weary earth-bound multitude.
At night among the reckless throng he stood,
Sharer of all their mirth and revels gay,
Yet holding over all a watchful sway,
And tempering every rude ungracious mood.
Not in cheap words he owned mankind his kin,
For them, his life, his all, he yearned to spend,
That he their love and trust might wholly win,
And all their rough ways to his moulding bend,
Shielding them from the unholiness of sin,
And owned by them a brother and a friend.

—Church Bells.

NEWS AND NOTES.

I HAVE a postal card for the gentleman who sent me the statistics of conversions of sectarian ministers to the Church. Will he kindly forward me his address.

THE Collect in the Book Annexed "in the vacancy of a cure of souls," was by request of the ecclesiastical authority used throughout the diocese of Dublin during the recent vacancy of that see.

THE cable brings a very curious and incomprehensible story of an eccentric Presbyterian minister of Leith officiating in one of the Scottish Episcopal churches, vested in surplice and colored stole, and surrounded by the fumes of incense and the glare of candles.

Credat Judæus Appella, non ego.

A BRIGHT era seems dawning for unhappy Ireland, if only the Irish will let it dawn. The new Chief-Secretary, Mr. Campbell Bannerman, openly avows that the country has been sadly misgoverned by the English, and promises many reforms. There are three reforms which liberal-minded men would like to see adopted, both on account of justice and expediency. These are, the appointment of a Roman Catholic Viceroy (to do which an old law must be repealed); the payment by the state of the Roman clergy; and the granting of some measure of Home Rule.

OUR Church contemporaries in New York seem to have been attacked by an epidemic of plagiarism. The *Churchman* in its Christmas number appropriates without the least acknowledgement a very amusing series of pictures, with descriptive letter-press from the *Illustrated London News*, and, not to be outdone, the wonderful little *Church Press*, which is the outcome of the losses or the gains of the *American Church Review*, gives the same story as its big brother, though without the pictures, and adds the beginning of a rather unedifying, and certainly not at all Churchly novel, from the *London Graphic*, both without any recognition of the fact that they are the property of the world-famed, and world-circulated London journals.

CANON LIDDON'S Advent sermons, preached in St. Paul's, were attended by immense congregations. The first was on the fear of men. He said that the curled lip, uplifted eyebrow, or shrugged shoulder in a drawing-room or club, was more trying to many a young man's faith than would be the leading a regiment across an open plain subject to the enemy's cannon. He told a story of the late Sir Robert Peel with quiet dignity ordering his carriage when at a dinner-party Christianity was denied, saying that he was sorry to retire, but that he was still a Christian; while, without approving of the truncated creed or singular methods of the Salvation Army, the Canon praised its followers for their not being ashamed of the Master they professed to follow.

LORD TENNYSON has written a play, choosing for his subject the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, Saint Thomas à Becket. The style is of course elevated and pleasing, but to my mind the Poet Laureate loses a golden opportunity by taking a common place view of Becket's character. Quite unnecessarily too, he drags in the Fair Rosamond, presumably only for the purpose of introducing a little romance. The play will, however, while adding little to the poet's fame, serve a good purpose in drawing men's attention to the history of the Archbishop, and to the constant and inevitable struggle between the Church, which is God's Body, and Caesar. A life of St. Thomas, free from servile adulation on the one hand, or from reckless, ignorant, fanatic abuse on the other, would be a great acquisition. If Von Ranke could only be persuaded to write it!

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Church Times* points out in that journal that a very remarkable change in the Revised Version seems so far to have attracted little notice. The change is in Hebrews xiii., 7: "Remember them that had the rule over you." The Authorized Version has *have*. He says, "Contrast this with verse 17, 'Obey them that have the rule over you,' i. e., the living rulers of the Church; but of those departed

is it 'Remember?' The contrast is remarkable. Remember must mean 'make a memorial.' A Memorial of the Departed occurs in every ancient Liturgy. Take this in connexion with verse 15, 'Through him then let us offer up a sacrifice of praise to God continually,' i. e., the perpetual Eucharistic Sacrifice. This 'Memorial' of the dead was evidently a Hebrew custom, long before the Gospel; thus we have Eccles. vii. 33, 'A gift hath grace in the sight of every man living; and for the dead detain it not.'

NOTHING is more likely to shake people's confidence in our branch of the Church than the homage paid to the memory of the heretic Wiclif as the precursor or originator of anything valuable in the changes of doctrine which began with the accession of Edward VI. and ended in the Restoration of Charles II. On the contrary, he is mainly responsible for all the Calvinistic doctrine which was dominant in the English Church through the whole of the reign of Elizabeth and the greater part of that of James I., till it was crushed by the strong hand of Archbishop Laud. A heresiarch whose opinions were condemned by the Church in the fourteenth century is not entitled to admiration at the hands of Churchmen of the nineteenth century. It will be admitted even by his most ardent admirers that, (1) he held that St. John's baptism was the same in effect with Christian baptism. This belief was enunciated wherever there was an opening for it in the marginal notes of all the small Testaments issued in the reign of Edward VI. (2) He entirely repudiated the rite of Confirmation. (3) He believed in no distinction between priest and Bishop. (4) He believed in no Presence except a figurative one in the Holy Eucharist. (5) He taught the invalidity of the acts of a priest in mortal sin. (6) He had no belief in any Church excepting one consisting of the elect, who could not fall from grace. No amount of quotations will avail to counteract the evidence that exists to show that at his death he held these opinions.

It must be remembered that all these opinions were entertained by a priest who held his preferment to the day of his death. He must, therefore, have been saying Mass at a time when he believed the service he was using to be idolatrous or blasphemous. Is it to be wondered at that the historian should speak of the man who was struck down by paralysis just as he was preparing to say Mass, as having died by the visitation of God?

THE beginning of the new year (may it be a happy one to all who read these notes) would seem a fitting occasion to say a few words to correspondents, to the end to save them, and the paper, inconvenience. The business affairs of THE LIVING CHURCH are assuming every day vaster proportions, and their management is necessarily by departments. The letters are all opened by one person, who has small opportunity of reading them, as one mail often comes in before its predecessor is done with. They are then handed over to the various persons employed in the office, to be properly dealt with. The divisions are, "Mailing Department," "Annual," "Publishing," "Editorial," and "Job Work." A letter once transferred to one of these will not go to another unless there be explicit necessity. For instance, a gentleman sends us a postal card saying "please insert the following in your paper under head of personals." A month after, he writes: "Why did you not change the address of my paper?" The person in charge of the mailing list knows nothing of the editorial department. There would have been no trouble had the person written: "Insert following, and change address of my paper accordingly." Then another writes: "I am surprised at your sending me a dun for my subscription. I have obtained 25 subscribers for you during the last week, and I think you might have spared me this mortification." The person who makes out bills can know nothing of their recipients. She looks at names and dates, and that is all. If the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose name we have had the honor of placing on our list, were behind in payment, he would receive a bill like plain John Smith, of Oshkosh. Again, clerical friends are earnestly begged to think of the ANNUAL, and to forward for it prompt notice of change. It has been found impracticable to follow entirely the list of the paper, as in many cases the addresses are changed temporarily. Once more, it is impossible for the editor or his associate to reply personally to letters of detail. Many correspondents seem offended at not receiving personal acknowledgments of remittances, enquiries, and so forth. But how could it be done? We have now nearly 20,000 subscribers, which means at least that number of letters a year, in the subscription department alone, exclusive of changes of address, enquiries, contributions, and a

thousand other matters. If the foregoing hints are acted on, it will be to our mutual advantage. S.

HOLIDAYS IN NEW ORLEANS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

I. We started on a winter night, the wheels of the carriage creaking in the snow, as we made our way to the Illinois Central station in Chicago, to take our section in the long train of Pullman coaches. It soon became apparent that we were not to make a lonely pilgrimage. Large parties of ladies continued to arrive, occasionally attended by a male companion, all bearing bags and baskets and bundles, and it looked like a winter picnic. A certain air of calm determination, a business-like independence and precision of manner, betokened the western school teacher. Sure enough! We had a teachers' excursion party aboard, and still they came. It was some time after starting before all had found their places, and then there were no more places to be found. Every section was full, two for every berth, except ours, and a basket or bundle for every square foot of the floor. I was much amused at the gymnastic feats of the conductor in his wild efforts to collect tickets. It was like crossing the mer de glace. But he was undismayed, and neither did he scold nor did the "school marm's" smile. The porter improved the opportunity at each stopping-place to get off and go around out side, when he wished to reach the other end of the car. How this mass of humanity and hampers was stowed away for the night I cannot conceive. I fled to the smoking room and waited there for hours till all was peaceful and serene.

The next morning found us still in Illinois, buffeted by wintry winds and surrounded by ice and snow. There were expressions of disappointment from one and another of the company, but upon reviewing their geography they concluded that it was all right. A diminutive buffet (pronounced by the porter as spelled) was the only hope of breakfast for some of us, and then we saw the beauty of the ponderous baskets of the winter picnic. While we without baskets were waiting the slow service of a steward who seemed to think that he had all day before him, the wise virgins brought forth their lamps and cooked their coffee and ate their plentiful breakfasts as though travelling were the one business of their lives. One party, occupying two sections near us, afforded us no little interest and amusement. It consisted of Mr. Brown (we will call him Brown), his wife, two voracious children, and four Wisconsin "school marm's." They were going to see the Exposition and to have a good time. It may be hard times in some parts of the country, but surely plenty reigns in Wisconsin. At least it did before the Browns left. Since then, however, I should think there might be a scarcity of provisions. They seemed to have a full outfit for housekeeping and provisions for six months. I thought of the Greely expedition and the mistake that was made in not having Mrs. Brown for caterer. Her baskets were inexhaustible. The good things produced in every clime were piled up on the little tables till nothing more could be coaxed to stay there. In the midst of it all steamed the hot coffee, and the eyes of the little Browns danced for joy. Ours would have danced too, had we been there, but we could only watch them with hungry eyes and wish that we had a country school and that our turn had come to board with Mrs. Brown. It is scarcely necessary to say that this breakfast of the Browns was not served in regular courses. Raw apples and boiled eggs, ginger-snaps and olives, baked beans and jam, cold chicken and pie, were mingled. Digestion did not wait on appetite, nor health on both. The happy family possessed all three, and a heartier, jollier company it would be hard to find.

On the second morning a delightful change greeted us. It was like the sudden coming of spring, except that the deciduous trees were bare of leaves and the fields were faded. But there was now and then a glimpse of grass, green holly, orange trees with golden fruit, and the spiked palmetto. At the station where we stopped for breakfast, boys were selling sweet violets and rosebuds, and the air was that of a May morning. The hearts of the Wisconsin teachers leaped for joy. They were at last in the sunny South, and they could hardly be persuaded to get on the train before it started. And here we are in New Orleans, but I have not told you anything about the Holidays or Exposition. Perhaps the less said about the latter, for the present, the better. It is still a stupendous chaos, but each day marks progress towards beauty and order. All I will say now is, do not come yet. Wait a month if you can. If not, wait as long as you can. When you do come, don't expect

to find New Orleans like Paris, or even like Philadelphia. Don't insist on having anything as you want it, but take things as you find them. Aside from the Exposition a visit to New Orleans will repay you, if you are willing to rough it a little. Don't come to compare the South with the North, but come to enjoy the delicious change from the frosty energy of arctic winter to the negligent serenity of an antiquated town almost in the tropics. L.

AMERICAN CHURCHMEN.

No. II.—THE PRESIDING BISHOP AT HOME.

It is more than idle curiosity that spurs men in the desire to know how their distinguished fellows look, and act, and live, and carry on their pursuits at home. We are all more or less something of hero-worshippers, and it has a salutary effect upon us to find the greatness of the great united to the littleness of the little; to find that those who are great in dignity, or intellect, or appearance, or wealth, are quite as human as we are, and sometimes even a little more so; that they look much like other men, carry on life in the same prosaic fashion, and act at home about the same as if no burden of fame or honor rested upon their shoulders. In short, they eat, drink and sleep like the rest of us who have not attained such high pinnacles.

Foremost among American Churchmen in point of dignity is the venerable and distinguished subject of our sketch. With gentle hand, it is our purpose to draw aside the curtain which holds him in retirement from the eyes of the Church, concealing him in the metropolis of one of the smallest and least important dioceses of the land; and to show our readers the Presiding Bishop of America at home in Wilmington.

It is a clear cold morning. We see approaching from an opposite direction as we walk up Market street, a slightly stooping figure of medium height, clothed in black, walking with a firm and, for a man of his age, rather brisk step. The build is slender, the face thin and furrowed, with drawn lips, the beard stubby and white. Around his neck is a large gray woolen comforter, and pushed down to his ears and over the back of his head, a stiff black felt hat, worn so to protect the thinly scattered locks of white hair. Meeting him thus for the first time, it would scarcely occur to a stranger that this was the Primate of America, the Right Rev. Alfred Lee, S. T. D., LL. D., Bishop of Delaware, with whose name we have all been familiar for nearly half a century. Yet such as we have described him, he may be seen on almost any clear day wending his way down to the post office.

Bishop Lee is well known in Wilmington, where his home has been for more than forty years, and has the respect of all classes of people. There are two men in Wilmington whom most citizens almost involuntarily unite in their own minds as equals in veneration and respect, and yet who are the very antipodes of each other ecclesiastically—Father Reiley, the Vicar General of the Roman diocese of Wilmington, and Bishop Lee of Delaware. Both these men are highly esteemed for virtue and piety, and as eminent and valuable citizens. I place them together in this connection because they are so united in thought by most old citizens; and irrespective of religious creed, each will be mourned by a city of sorrowing people whenever the angel of death shall speak to him.

To see Bishop Lee at home, I ask you to accompany me to "Ingleside," as the Bishop's residence is called. You have doubtless heard of the beautiful wild scenery of the Brandywine River, which, having its source in Pennsylvania, flows through the city of Wilmington. Well, it is upon the bank of this charming stream that the Bishop's home is situated. It is a low brown gabled house, surrounded by exuberant foliage in summer, and an abundance of evergreen growth all the year round, the grounds sloping down to the mill-race of the Brandywine, which tumbles impetuously over the rocks and dams in its course behind the Bishop's house, making strange music on nights like these. If we call to see the Bishop, the servant will rap upon his study door, immediately to our right as we enter the wide hall-way, and being bid enter, we find ourselves in a very delightful room, filled with books and papers, and engravings and old furniture, and more than all, the merry warmth of a blazing red fire in the fire-place, without which "Ingleside" would be a misnomer. Our eye, as soon as we begin to look around, rests first upon a celebrated steel-plate engraving of "The Last Supper," over the mantel-piece, and then upon a large painted portrait of Bishop Chase, one of Bishop Lee's consecrators, and in another place upon the face of Bishop McIlvaine, and in another upon a photo-

graph of the House of Bishops (of 1877, I think it is), and so on, passing rapidly from one object of interest to another. There is an air of ease and comfort and quiet elegance about this room which quite corresponds to what one would suppose to be appropriate. It is a well lighted room, with dark stained floor, covered here and there with Turkish rugs; and as we enter we shall probably find the Bishop writing at one of the two large tables which side to side, occupy the middle of the floor, or reading beside the fire screen. We shall not find him a warm receiver, nor a brilliant conversationalist, and we need not be surprised if we have most of the talking to do. Bishop Lee is a very reserved man, quite sparingly given to pleasantries, and to most people, especially those meeting him for the first time he appears very cold in manner. He might not like to be characterized as such, but Bishop Lee is practically an ascetic. Society knows little of him, for he wholly lacks the traits of a man of the world, and seldom, if ever, appears in the drawing-rooms of fashion. He is pre-eminently a student, passing most of his time when at home in his study. His home is brightened and his life cheered by three grandchildren, who are also the grandchildren of Bishop McIlvaine, the latter's son having married Bishop Lee's daughter. Our readers may remember that the Bishop referred to his grandchildren in a post-prandial speech after the consecration of Bishop Rulison a few weeks ago, saying that he thought he discerned in them signs of some of those characteristics which distinguished their paternal grandfather. The Bishop is very fond of his grandchildren, who together with their mother, live at "Ingleside."

We have spoken of Bishop Lee as a student. It is scarcely necessary to add that he has in his study, constantly at hand, a very fine library. Being graduated at Harvard in 1827, he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practised his profession for awhile in Connecticut previous to entering the General Theological Seminary in New York city. He became rector of Rockdale, Delaware county, Pennsylvania, in 1838, and Bishop of Delaware in 1841. From 1852 to 1857, at intervals appeared from his pen a "Life of the Apostle Peter, in a Series of Practical Discourses" (New York and London), a "Life of St. John," a "Treatise on Baptism," a "Memoir of Miss Susan Allibone," and the "Harbinger of Christ." But Bishop Lee as a scholar is perhaps best known as a member of the American Committee on the Revision of the New Testament Scriptures, issued in 1881. He has no small reputation as a Græcist and Hebraist, and was the only member of our Communion, it will be remembered, on the American Revision Committee, of which Dr. Schaff, of Brooklyn, was the chairman. Bishop Lee is also the author of the article on "The Pentateuch," and other articles in "The Church Cyclopaedia."

To see Bishop Lee in another phase, let the reader accompany me on an ordinary Sunday morning to St. Andrew's church, of which he still retains the rectorship, having first taken charge of the congregation, when he became Bishop of the diocese. Unlike St. Paul, Bishop Lee does not magnify his office, and his excessive natural modesty very frequently obscures his dignity as a bishop. As a Churchman he represents the principles of the dying "Evangelical" party, once strong with the names of White, Griswold, McIlvaine, and others of their day, and is unflinching in his Low Churchmanship. What he was forty years ago, Bishop Lee is to-day, the same, despite the "advance all along the line." It is not to be expected that he will become anything else now in his declining years.

I suspect, that with the exception of an occasional coat of paint, or re-upholstering, or frescoing, St. Andrew's church has remained the same as when it was built. It would never occur to a visitor, judging from its appearance exteriorly or interiorly, that St. Andrew's was other than an ordinary protestant place of worship, least of all that it was a Bishop's church. Spacious squareness describes it in two words. Its chancel arrangements are somewhat unique, especially to this generation of Churchmen. Standing out from the rear wall into the church, the chancel platform is surrounded, like a magistrate's desk, with a semi-circular railing. In the midst is the high square pulpit, with green velvet cushion and Bible, the most conspicuous piece of furniture in the church. In front of this, and immediately under its eaves, is an ordinary marble-topped table, flanked on each side by high-backed, green-cushioned chairs, facing the congregation. These are occupied by the Bishop and his assistant at times during the service. A plain hexagonal shaft supporting a flat marble basin, on one side, and

a velvet-covered desk supporting a Bible, on the other, complete the furniture of the chancel, with the minor exception of three or four seats for visiting clergy, placed back of, and on each side of, the pulpit. Behind the pulpit is a square-headed door, through which, as the opening voluntary sounds forth from the fine organ in the rear gallery, emerge the Bishop and his assistant, who kneel at each end of the Communion table. If the Bishop is to preach, he is probably vested in a black silk academic gown, which is invariably worn by all who ever occupy the pulpit of St. Andrew's church.

As a preacher, Bishop Lee's clear and gentle voice can be heard penetrating to the farthest corner of the large church, save when a passing vehicle interrupts with its rumble along the adjacent thoroughfare. His diction is remarkably clear and elegant, and his sermons are always heard with interest.

If the church fabric be un-Churchly in its arrangement, decoration and appointments, it is hardly necessary to say that the services are equally so. A large and fashionable and intelligent congregation attends the "pulpit ministrations" of St. Andrew's church, and that is all. Aggressiveness has never characterized St. Andrew's church or its rector, and so, things go on as they have always done, never disturbing anybody, scarcely its own members.

In the councils of the Church, Bishop Lee has always been more or less prominent as a speaker and worker; less so, perhaps, in later years on account of advancing age. His voice, as is well known, has always been most eloquent in defence of Low Church principles and practices; and we can think of no prelate on the American Bench who so well represents to-day the Evangelicalism of the past as Bishop Lee of Delaware.

He was prominent in connection with the "Church of Jesus in Mexico," which country he had visited, and had charge of until the consecration of Dr. Riley to the Bishopric of the Valley of Mexico, Bishop Lee himself being his consecrator. The Mexican Church was quite a pet of the Bishop's until the disclosures of a year ago.

Of the diocese at large, we have scarcely anything to say. It has generally been a quiet, easy-going diocese to manage, disturbed by no ritualistic "innovations," and never over-working itself to reclaim the masses. The Bishop makes an annual visitation of the diocese, but excepting at this time, is seldom absent from his church. It must be said, however, that great advances have been made in the diocese in the last five years, and that nearly, if not quite, half the clergy are nominally High Churchmen. Delaware has no general institutions to boast of, if we may except St. John's school, Faulkland, which is a private enterprise. Most of the present churches of the State have been consecrated by Bishop Lee during his episcopate. We are proud that the Bishop of Delaware has become Primate of America, and we thank God that his life has been spared to attain this honor in that branch of the Holy Catholic Church of which he thus becomes so conspicuous a member.

Wilmington, Delaware, December 23, 1884.

REASONS FOR BEING A CHURCH-MAN.

ADDRESSED TO ENGLISH SPEAKING CHRISTIANS OF EVERY NAME.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR WILDE LITTLE, M. A.

IV. DID CHRIST FOUND A CHURCH WHICH STILL EXISTS?

On this Rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.—*Words of Christ.*

Guizot has said, "Christianity came into the world as an *idea* to be developed." Christianity did nothing of the kind. The Christian "idea" of which the learned Frenchman speaks can only mean the truth which Christ revealed, which was definite and complete, the "faith which was *once for all*" delivered to the Saints." And that was given to develop men, not to be developed by men. (It is not our duty to develop the faith, but, by the grace of God to develop ourselves in the faith.) According to our Lord's teaching that Faith was embodied in a visible organism, which He calls *His Church*, or *His Kingdom*. Indeed the Faith is so identified with the Church that Christ calls His Gospel *the Gospel of the Kingdom*. The Church is an integral part of the Faith, and a belief in the Church is an article of the Apostolic Creed.

Observe, then, the teaching of our Divine Master. He began His ministry by authoritatively repeating the words of St. John Baptist. For we read (St. Mark i: 14): "Jesus came into Galilee preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, and saying, 'The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.'" Later on, after He had appointed the twelve Apostles, He says to the multitude: "No doubt the Kingdom of God is come upon you." Though our Lord occasionally uses Kingdom to mean Heaven, and once or twice to mean His spiritual dominion in our hearts, yet more than nine times out of ten it means simply His Church in the world, the Empire He was founding on the earth, but not of the earth. Out of His thirty-two recorded parables nineteen are "parables of the Kingdom." More than half of His discourses were what some people now-a-days

would call "Churchly." But He spoke with authority. Notice a few of the wonderful prophetic parables which bring out the visible character of Christ's Church.

In one He likens the Church to a field of wheat and tares which grow together until the harvest, showing that the Church while on earth will contain good and bad, and that it is wrong to make separations in the Church even for so laudable a purpose as to weed out the unworthy. And this phase of the Church, its unity even at the cost of having some bad men in it, He emphasises by an additional parable, that of the net—"which tells us how the Church, having swept through the ages from one end of the world to the other, will finally land those whom it has caught on the shore of eternity, and there the separation shall take place." The parable of the Mustard Seed shows the Catholic or universal extent of the Church. That of the Vine and its Branches, our Lord's last and crowning parable of His Kingdom, shows that His Church is a *visible organism* which, like a plant, however complex, has a unity dependent on the branches remaining in physical vital connection with the root. Some of our Lord's parables refer to doctrine, some to morals, some to individual religious experiences; but I challenge any one to show a parable which teaches that His Church is not *one, visible, and Catholic*, or which can possibly justify the "developments" of Romanism or the separations of Protestantism. He prays for the unity of all Christians, "that they may be one." He says of the sheep that *hear his voice*. "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd." He admits that "the wolf" may catch the sheep, or may scatter the sheep; but not that the wolf or any one else may construct a new fold, much less three or four hundred new folds, for the flock of which He Himself is the Good Shepherd, and for which He has already built the "one fold." The first miraculous draught of fishes implies that the "Net" may break and some of the fishes slip out through the breach; but not that the Great Net may be made over into little hand nets, or that the fishes who swim back into the lake are still in the Net, or surrounded, forsooth, by an "invisible net."

But in addition to the figurative language with which Christ illustrates the unity, the visibility, and the authority of His Kingdom, He gives what a learned priest has well called "a prophecy of the foundation of the Church, of its endless devotion, and of the name by which it should be called." When St. Peter confessed the Divinity of Christ, what said the Son of God? "On this Rock I will build My Church and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." Again He says as a matter of discipline in the case of an erring brother: "Tell it to the Church, but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican."

A still clearer view of the origin of the Church will be observed if we notice the steps which Christ took to found and organize it. One of His first acts was to choose, out of the whole body of His Disciples, twelve men to whom He made known the "mysteries of the Kingdom of God." He called them Apostles, and sent them forth to preach—what? "The Kingdom of God." On the night in which he was betrayed, at that most solemn moment, immediately after the institution of the Lord's Supper, He told them plainly of the dignity and authority of the office to which He had elevated them in His Church: "I appoint unto you a Kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me, that ye may eat and drink at My Table in My Kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the Twelve Tribes of Israel." The Twelve thus raised by Christ Himself to pre-eminence in the Church were of equal rank and power. To borrow the words of Dr. Mahan: "In their relations to one another, they were 'brothers,' colleagues, peers." They called no man 'father' on the earth." According to the type of the Old Theocracy, a 'kingdom' was given to them, but the Head was to be invisible till the time of the final 'appearing and kingdom' of Jesus Christ.

After His resurrection from the dead, when in His Human nature as well as in His Divine, He could say: "All power is given unto Me in Heaven and in Earth." He said to the Apostles: "As My Father hath sent Me, so send I you." He endued them with a power such as no Priesthood had ever before received, the power of Absolution; for "He breathed on them and said: 'Receive the Holy Ghost; whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.'" At the same time He issued

- 3 St. Mat. xiii., 25.
- 4 St. Mat. xiii., 31.
- 5 St. Mat. xiii., 31.
- 6 St. John xv., 1.
- 7 St. John xvii., 21.
- 8 St. John x., 16. The rendering "one flock" instead of one fold, adopted by the Revisers, scarcely alters the metaphor at all, and certainly does not in the slightest degree affect the argument.
- 9 St. John x., 12.
- 10 St. Luke v., 6.
- 11 St. Matthew xvii., 18. See the masterly exposition of this passage by Dr. J. H. Hopkins in the *American Church Review*, October, 1884.
- 12 St. Matthew xviii., 17.
- 13 St. Luke viii., 10.
- 14 St. Luke viii., 1 and ix., 2.
- 15 St. Luke xxii., 29. Christ appointed also 70 men called "Elders," and sent them to preach the "Kingdom" (St. Luke x. 1 and 9). It is an open question whether they constituted the nucleus of the Presbyterate to which the Apostles added others by ordination; or whether theirs was a temporary commission. I incline to the former view, but will base no argument on the Presbyterate until later on.
- 16 St. Matthew xxiii., 9.
- 17 St. Matthew xxviii., 18.
- 18 St. John xx., 21-23.

that far-reaching and tremendous command: "Go ye into ALL THE WORLD, and preach the Gospel to EVERY CREATURE. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." And lastly, when He was about to re-ascend into Heaven, He gave them their final and perpetual commission: "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples (i. e. make Christians) of ALL nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you ALWAYS, EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD. AMEN."

The phrases, "All the world," "Every creature," "All nations," show that the Church is *Catholic*. They prove also incontrovertibly that the Apostolic Ministry is to be perpetuated in the Church, for the individuals to whom the command was given, could not go personally into ALL the world. And this fact our Lord enforces by His promise to be with the Apostles—how long? Till the end of their natural lives? That would have been ten years in the case of St. James, and sixty years in the case of St. John. No, it was longer than that. Mark His words, for there is no evading them: "Lo, I am with you ALWAYS, even unto the END OF THE WORLD." Here, then, we have the whole subject of Apostolic Succession in a single clause. Christ ordains the Apostles, sends them into all the world, and promises to be with them to an age which has not yet come. Nay, which still lies beyond the reach of Archangels' ken. And what does this prove? Why, it proves just this: That in ordaining the Apostles He did more than commission twelve men for their natural lives. He created the Apostolic Episcopate, a self-perpetuating Hierarchy, like the tree of creation "yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth." He knew that His Church would need Overseers through all the ages; and so He established a Ministerial Succession, instinct with a perennial vitality, not to be impaired by the suicide of Judas, nor diminished when blessed James is slain with the sword. What matters it though St. Thomas be flayed alive in India, and gentle Andrew crucified in Greece? though the aged Peter "stretch forth his hands," and the Beloved Disciple, last of the twelve, breathe out his pure spirit in the Episcopal Mansion of Ephesus? It matters not, God had promised to be with His Apostles to the end of the world; and God has been with them, and is with them still. We shall see how that little company of Apostolic Bishops ordained not only the two lower orders of Priests and Deacons, but imparted by the "laying on of hands," all the permanent grace and authority of their own Office to their successors—who form a line of Princes in the Church of God, compared with which the oldest dynasty of Europe is but the child of a day, and which numbers at this hour nearly two thousand Bishops throughout the world.

19 St. Mark xvi., 15-16.
20 St. Matthew xxviii., 19-20.
21 Genesis i., 11.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the Christmas card of the season, from a painting by Prof. Robert W. Weir, D. A., entitled "A Merry Christmas to All." The card illustrates that well-known poem of "The Night Before Christmas," by Clement C. Moore. It is executed in the most artistic and chromolithographic art, and is a picture that will bring pleasant memories to every household. The back of the card contains the poem illustrated, and will be appreciated by old and young. Size, seven inches by eight and a half inches. See advertisement in another column.

Investors should read the ten years business report of The J. B. Watkins Land Mortgage Co., Lawrence, Kan. In this paper the fourth week of every month, \$5,500,350 loaned at 7 to 12 per cent. Note dollar lost.

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There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

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AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

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Sold by all druggists.

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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 Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our regular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

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The Household.

Calendar—January, 1885.

2D S. AFTER CHRISTMAS. THE EPIPHANY. 1ST S. AFTER EPIPHANY. 2D S. AFTER EPIPHANY. CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

White. White. Green. White.

A CHORISTER BOY.

BY A. F. DE KOVEN.

Against a background of pure gold, He stands all clad in white, A little lad whose rapt eyes hold Visions of angels bright.

Upon him from the lofty dome A glorious radiance beams, And fills his soft brown eyes—the home Of pure young thoughts and dreams.

Among them all scarce seen he stands, One of that boyish throng, Crosses upon his breast his hands And lifts his voice in song.

He sings of angels bright and fair, And thro' the arches dim, His sweet child's voice rings thro' the air And bears to heaven the hymn.

Just such a face amid a throng Did Robbia see one day, And wrought the rapture of the song In stone to last for aye.

"Angels, Oh! Angels Bright and Fair," Again the young voice sings, And with its oft-repeated prayer The echo sweetly rings.

Hark, the strain grows faint and fleeting Till it dissolves in air, Leaving us the prayer, repeating, "Oh! take us to thy care."

—The Rambler.

SEVEN BOYS AND THEIR GUILD.

BY FRANCIS SPALDING.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

One evening, when he knew that he should be very busy the next day, he said to himself, "I'll get up earlier and go speak to Archie through the window;" but unfortunately he overslept.

"To be exact," answered the old gentleman, smiling, "thirty-five and a half."

"Mother," he cried, rushing in at home, "where's the book I borrowed for Archie? And spread my bread and butter, please, I'll eat it while I take the book, I've got to be back right away."

"Why, there's mush and milk for supper," said Mrs. McGlynn, in an injured tone, "and you've gone to Archie every day."

"Promised him!" said the boy, with a devouring gaze toward the little table, and, although his mother expostulated in her disappointment, she spread his bread, putting on an extra allowance of butter, and soon he started off with both hands full and the book under his arm.

Going up the hill in this fashion, he met Miss Grahame. "Why, Donald," she said, "is this the way you eat your supper? I don't want you to do so; it seems to me you ought to have it quietly with your mother."

"Couldn't help it," said he, with his mouth full. "Why not?" turning to walk with him. "Promised this book to Archie."

Then she persuaded him, for all the boys began to find it easier to talk to Miss Grahame, to tell her all about it. She was not at all surprised that he had promised to go every day, for she thought him impulsive, but she was astonished to know he kept the promise under a real difficulty.

She bade him goodbye with a new interest, for she felt that she had so far overlooked his individuality; Jack being the only one who had awakened an especial interest.

be followed by a relapse into careless ways, so she took pains to let him feel that she was deeply interested in his consistent progress. She was sorry too for his father, who was not yet able to leave the house, and she spent more than one morning listening to his talk, in which he told her the most eventful part of his life's history.

"I remember," he said one day to Miss Grahame, "the first time you came here, you noticed them shells upon that shelf, and said you'd like to hear all about 'em, and I've liked you the better for it since."

"Yes, I should like to hear," she answered. "This one," he said, taking down a plain looking shell from among the pearly and rose-tinted ones, "has a longer history than most of the others. I used to have a way of picking up a shell or two on most every coast where I could, and I had a great many; but they were lost when the house burned down that we lived in near Boston, you know, Charity?"

"Yes," she returned; "but Miss Grahame wants to know about the shells, not the house, William."

Miss Grahame was thankful for her interruption, for, as nearly as she could remember, most of the stories of burned houses which she had heard were pretty much alike; except that sometimes the preserves were all saved intact, and sometimes left on the store-room shelves; but she knew that the feather beds were always carried down stairs, perhaps with the vague idea on the part of those who took them that they might serve to catch the frail articles which were sure to be thrown in various directions.

"This shell," said the sailor, after Aunt Charity's admonition, "I picked up at Madeira, and a rough time we had getting into that port, I can tell you. We had a good ship; but there's gales that iron and timber can't stand, even when they're put together as she was. If you know much about the ocean, miss, you know there's storms when you can hardly tell which way you are driven. Sometimes you can keep partly out of the way of a storm, and sometimes you can sail into it, and it passes over you sooner; but the time I'm telling you about, we went right along with the storm for hours before we cast anchor, and that gave us so much less chance for safety."

"There was a good many passengers, and a worthy crew, and a doctor that I shall remember to the day of my death. He was surgeon of our ship, and a stern man I thought, the sternest man I ever saw; but he was kind too. That trip he had his son with him, a young lad not much bigger than this one, and a prouder father you never saw. The boy was a promising one; but I couldn't help thinking, when I saw them together, of the verse my mother used to teach me about pride going before a fall, and I said to myself, 'something 'ill happen to that boy yet.' I watched 'em and watched 'em, though of course they didn't know it, for I was only a common sailor, and they didn't take no special notice of me; till, I begun to think there was no boy like him neither."

"Well, we got into this storm; the wind blew and blew till we made up our minds it would never stop, or, if it did, none of us would be there to see. But our time wasn't up yet, and after tossing about for two days and a half, it calmed away as quiet as if it had done no damage. The vessel had held out about as long as she could; but she was pretty near a wreck, and had sprung a leak or two. We were near the coast of Madeira, but tho' they were watching from the shore, no boat could live at first in such breakers as lashed the beach. We had our own boats safe, and after a while we filled 'em. Then the rest had to do the best they could to save themselves; and they did well, for only three were lost; but all might have perished if the people on shore hadn't been so prompt when they had a chance to help."

"The surgeon wouldn't go into one of the boats, but meant the boy should if there was a place. He wanted to be brave like his father, and refused. Then the doctor looked, Oh! so stern, and commanded him to go (I suppose in his fear he thought he must, though I guess he admired the young chap's spirit), but

in the confusion others crowded before him, so that he got separated from his father, and, the next I saw of him, his foot slipped and he fell overboard. I had been so used to watching him that I had my eye on him then, and quick as a flash, I jumped after him. I sensed that he was all confused like, so I clutched after him, and catching at something floating, I drew him after me. How I did it I don't know, and 'taint likely I ever shall; but I saved him, and we was picked up together. I just wish, Miss Grahame, you could have seen his father's face when he got that boy back again. He asked my name and all about me, and when I said "no" to what he wanted to give me, he said if ever I needed aught I must consider it was a just debt that he owed me, and it would be given freely I might be sure."

"We had a good time on that island; but it wasn't very long before we found our way home again, and—

"Here's the doctor," interrupted Aunt Charity. "And I must be going," said Miss Grahame, "but I will come again and hear more."

She kept her promise and found Jack listening to his father instead of wandering off by himself.

A MISSIONARY'S LETTER TO THE YOUNGSTERS AT HOME.

BY THE RT. REV. J. HANNINGTON, BISHOP IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

(From the London Graphic.)

PART II.—CONTINUED.

I started on January 30, 1883, with my two boys and six men, leaving your cousin in Kageye to wait for my return with the baggage left behind in Msalala. I had to cross Urima, in parts of which they had never seen a white man before. It was a bold undertaking, but I had no fear of being molested by the natives, simply because I could see no reason for their interfering with me.

However, when first I set foot in Urima about 200 armed warriors turned out and surrounded me, and I suspect that the least show of resistance, or on the other hand of fear, would have been followed by fatal consequences. They peremptorily ordered me to stop and pitch my tent, and then they surrounded me by a cordon of armed men to see that I made no escape. In the mean time they despatched runners to the Sultan of Urima to tell him that they had captured a white man, and to ask what should they do with him. I was kept in this durance vile for the whole day, but I punished the rough soldiers around me, and myself not a little, by sulking within my closed tent, so that they were unable to inspect either me or my things. Just before sunset an ambassador arrived from the Sultan, demanding a present. I assured him that I had nothing suitable with me, whereupon he replied that he must be assured that I spoke the truth. So accordingly I had to show him all I possessed. At my blanket—you know my blanket, for fifteen years it had been my companion—he paused. "He must have that blanket, Bwana Mkubwa, great master," I cried, "The white man is cold; he wants much clothes. If you take his blanket he will die. When the sun is gone to rest the white man grows chill. Leave him his blanket." The earnestness of my eloquence prevailed, and the next day he permitted me to depart, providing a messenger accompanied me to receive the promised present. Then arose a question about canoes to cross the nullah, and these at first were denied, but after a great deal of palaver my arguments again prevailed. A council of war on an occasion of this kind was really a grand sight. I would sit on my bed in the tent and have both the doors flung open. Then the ambassador would take the seat of honour, and near me would sit my head man and boys, and near him his chief attendants, while outside and around the doors would crowd breathless listeners. I would then tell my man in Kiswahili what I wanted, and this he would translate in Kirima to the ambassador, only adding volumes to it of his own to put it into proper shape. He would say three or four words only at a time, snapping his fingers between each sentence, and further pausing for the audience to exclaim, ("Baba.") Here is an example: "The great white man ("Baba!") has come a long distance ("Baba!"). He has come to see the black man ("Baba!"). He has come to teach the black man ("Baba! Baba! Baba!"). He asks the black man to be kind ("Baba!") (rather feebly), and so on, and if he spoke for an hour no one would move or interrupt or object until he had concluded. Then all eyes would be turned to the ambassador, who in the same solemn way would state his objections. I think you children would have liked seeing and hearing one council, but I doubt if you would have sat through a second, and when it came to two or three times a day you would kicked over the traces, and the consequence would have been that the ambassador would have sent down a man to say he was busy that day, and would talk again in three days' time. The patience required to deal with savage Africans is almost

superhuman. Still, in spite of everything, I arrived once more in Msalala.

I had a long consultation with the other missionaries which ended in my immediately starting for the coast.

It was a bad time to travel, as the "big rains" were almost upon us, and they make the country very wretched. However, there seemed nothing to be done but to face the worst, and make the best of it. An extract from my diary will show the kind of thing experienced:—

"February 12—Started at daybreak, and marched through jungle until we reached a plain. There I had at once to plunge into thick grass, higher than my head, and wringing with dew. Under foot was water, in most places up to the ankles. And where it was not water it was filthy black mud. I never had such a walk in my life, and the men with me, who had travelled all their lives, said they never had. So I am hopeful that although much of this kind of thing must be gone through, yet it will not often be quite so terrific."

"There was little to amuse besides a solitary giraffe and some dozen ostriches, the pursuit of which was quite out of question. After the first plain was passed, a second had to be faced, which fortunately was shorter; for it was in a worse condition than the last. When we reached the first village, we found that all the inhabitants had fled, and carried all their goods with them, since war was raging in the district, one poor old blind woman being all that was behind, and she was just struggling off to a neighbouring town."

"Before reaching camp one of those tropical showers, of which you so often hear, came on. I struggled on and took shelter in a native hut; even here I had to sit with my umbrella up, for it leaked very badly. While the ground was running with water my men, in mistaken kindness, put up the tent; the consequence being that the floor inside was much in the condition of the path I had been travelling, and my bed, on which for hours I had been promising myself a good rest, was too wet to use."

As we marched on we fell in with many rivers and morasses, and the rains became so heavy that I doubted whether I should be able to proceed much further. There was often an immense deal of water on the road, sometimes ankle, sometimes knee-deep, and sometimes I have been carried for the best part of an hour with the water up to the men's chins. In cases of this kind I used to cling round the pole of my hammock, and six men would carry me on their heads as if I was a log of wood, but it was by no means comfortable, although far better than getting wet. I have often thought of poor Dr. Livingstone's trials, and realised what he went through, for my own experience very closely resembled his, perhaps more than that of most of the other African travellers. If the picture on the cover of "His Last Journals" is correct, my mode of being carried across deep streams is far better than his. In very swift streams sometimes six or eight men were requisite to keep the three bearers from being swept away, uncle, and all.

These rivers and floods used to keep me in suspense, lest in my weak condition I should be plunged headlong into the water; but far worse than the rivers were the morasses. For a mile together have I been borne through the most horrible black mud, often above the knee. This was exceedingly fatiguing for the men and trying to me, and the more so as I knew I was inhaling malarious poison of the worst description. Then, again, coming from the Lake to Urambo, I was at the mercy of men whom I had to hire perhaps for a spell of three days; they would carry me two days, and the third day bolt, and leave me in the lurch. On one occasion, when only fit to be in bed, I had to crawl fifteen miles. And again, when scarce able to stand or sit up without being kept on my feet by my boys, I had to drag my weary limbs six miles. My men used to say, "Master must die, but how is it master is so cheerful and happy through it all? Black man would lie down by the side of the road and die like a sheep."

BIBLICAL BLUNDERERS.—Every year a certain proportion of the children of the London board schools enter into a competitive examination in Scriptural knowledge for the "Peek Prizes," which consist of handsomely got up Bibles and Testaments. They are "paper work" examinations, and the following are a few of the many curious "hash" answers that have at various times been put in at them. "Abraham was the father of Lot, and ad tew wives. One was called Hishmale and tother Haggar, he kept wun at home, and he turned tother into the desert where she became a pillow of salt in the day time and a pillow of fire by night."

"Joseph wore a coat of many garments. He were chief butler to Faro and told is dreams. He married Portiffers dotor, and he led the Gypshans out of bondage to Kana in Gallilee and there fell on his sword and died in sight of the promised land."

"Moses was an Egyptshion. He lived in a park made of bulrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipt brazen snakes, and he het nothing but kwales and manner for forty year. He was kort by the air of his ed while riding under the bow of a tree and he was killed by his son Absolon as he was hangin from the bow. His end were peace." Of the numerous stories told

in connection with diocesan inspection "exams." in public elementary schools, the two following are perhaps the best known and most worth quoting. At one of these exams. a boy, asked to mention the occasion upon which it is recorded in Scripture that an animal spoke, made answer: "The whale when it swallowed Jonah." The inspector being somewhat of a humorist maintained his gravity and asked: "What did the whale say?" To which the boy promptly replied: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Another Inspector, finding a class hesitating over answering the question, "With what weapon did Samson slay the Philistines?" and, wishing to prompt them, significantly tapped his own cheek, and asked: "What is this?" and his action touching "the chords of memory," the whole class instantly answered: "The jawbone of an ass."—All the Year Round.

BABY AND I.

BY R. H.

My little daughter, sobbing, came to me, Her hands all bruised and bleeding where she fell, Uplifting them, she whispered pitifully: "O, kiss them, Mama, dear, and make them well!"

I took the little girl upon my knee, And thought, the while I kissed each dimpled palm; Ah, if our older, harder pains could be So soothed and comforted by such a balm!

And then I paused, remembering the day When I, too, cried, in harder pain than this, And ache of head and heart had flown away Beneath the magic of my baby's kiss.

What children are we all! I thought, and even When conscious of our many deeds amiss, We Abba! cry, and, from the Highest Heaven, God's Benediction falleth like a kiss! Catskill, N. Y.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

THE trained nurse has now become almost a necessity to physicians, and she commands good pay. There are seventeen training schools for her in the United States.

A POUltICE made of tea leaves is said to give almost instant relief when applied to scalds and burns. Prepare a large poultice; soften the leaves with warm water, and while warm apply it upon cotton wool over the entire surface of the burn.

ONE of the most reliable receipts for a white layer cake is this: One cup of butter beaten to a cream, with two cups of sugar; add one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, with two teaspoonsful of baking powder mixed with it and the well-beaten whites of five eggs. This is also delicious if baked in a loaf, with a large cup of chopped raisins in it; put them in last, reserving a little of the flour to sprinkle over them.

BABIES not only enjoy but they need some variety in food; many a sickly looking child of less than two years might be benefitted greatly if care were bestowed upon his diet. Bread and milk and potato are not sufficient for him; wet toast, buttered, and broth, with plenty of salt but no pepper, will be nourishing and appetizing. Add barley to it, or rice. Beef tea, diluted a little, is also excellent. Wheat bread alone should not be given, but Graham and Indian or corn bread also.

CHILBLAINS.—You need no medicine for an ordinary case of chilblains. Simply heat it as a blacksmith heats a burnt finger to take the fire out. Take off the boot and hold the foot, with the sock on, as near the fire as you can stand the heat; if it gets too hot withdraw it and put it near the fire again as soon as you can. Heat it in this way for five or ten minutes. Keeping it as hot as the pain will permit without blistering. A second application next day may be necessary, but one or two applications will complete the cure. This is a remedy tried for years, and it costs nothing.

WATER FOR BABES.—A physician writes urgently to the New York World on behalf of infants. He says: Permit me to call to the attention of mothers who have children unable to talk, the necessity of giving them a little cold water frequently this hot weather. They suffer from thirst equally with us, but they are helpless and dumb. They can only cry and moan. The mother wonders what can all them, searches for pins, offers them food, and exhausts her patience in hunting for the cause. The torments of thirst which they suffer bring on a fever and often serious illness, which sixty drops of cold water would prevent. Every person who understands this should urge upon mothers the necessity of frequently giving them a teaspoonful of cold water.

As much depends on the baking as on the making. Biscuit and gingerbread require a quick oven, flour bread a slower one. Fruit cake requires more cooking than a plain sugar cake, and should be baked slowly. Cookies want a quick oven and close attention, or they will burn. For brown bread a hot oven at first and a slow and steady fire after the bread is heated all through. Apple pies should be baked slowly, so that the apples may be thoroughly cooked. Cake should not be disturbed while baking. A sudden jar, after it has risen, before it is cooked through, is pretty sure to make it fall; or if the oven door is open while it is baking, long enough to let in too much cool air, it may fall; there should be as steady a fire as possible. In frying doughnuts, the lard should be hot enough to cook them quickly or they will soak fat. Experience will teach all this in time.

KNITTED KILT FOR BOY FOUR YEARS OLD.—Materials: Seven ounces of Dorcas knitting worsted, one pair of medium-sized rubber pins, fourteen inches long. Three breadths are required for this size kilt. The following is for one breadth only: Cast on one hundred and thirty-five stitches, which equals fifteen blocks, i. e., nine stitches to each block. First row, knit eight, purl one, clear across row; second row, knit two, purl seven, clear across row; third row, knit six, purl three, clear across row; fourth row, knit four, purl five, clear across row; fifth row, knit six, purl three, clear across row; sixth row, knit six, purl three, clear across row; seventh row, knit two, purl seven, clear across row; eighth row, knit eight, purl one, clear across row. Begin next with first row. Repeat this pattern eleven times. Now for band part. Knit across once, decreasing three times in each block by knitting two together; knit one. Upon this row knit a row by knitting one, purl one. Repeat this last for twenty rows, or as deep as you wish. Crochet an open-work row across the top through which to run the ribbon or cord to fasten with.

The Living Church.

Chicago, January 3, A. D. 1885.

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

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
No paper discontinued without express orders and payment of all arrearages.

Subscribers ordering the address of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

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C. W. LEFFINGWELL, ARTHUR P. SEYMOUR,
Address THE LIVING CHURCH CO.,
162 Washington St.

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

All corrections and changes for the first Quarterly Supplement to The Living Church Annual for 1885 should be addressed not later than January 15, 1885, to The Living Church Co., 162 Washington St., Chicago.

Two new tracts have been added to THE LIVING CHURCH SERIES: No. 27, "Not Good Enough," designed to promote frequent Communion; and No. 28, "The Church and its Bible," by the Rev. F. S. Jewell, Ph. D. Both have appeared editorially in this journal, and are published as tracts at the request of very many of our clerical and lay subscribers.

The first quarterly number of THE LIVING CHURCH PAROCHIAL AND GENERAL CLERGY LISTS will be issued February 1. It will of course be corrected to date; as far as may be the proof of each diocese will be submitted to the proper authority, and in every case it will be corrected by some competent person in the diocese. The book will contain about 150 pages exclusive of advertisements—being thus larger than the ordinary edition of *The Church Almanac*—and will be sold for ten cents.

CHRISTMAS has come and gone. Let us hope that it has made the world a little more akin; that the bond of brotherhood has been drawn closer by another view of Bethlehem and the manger-craddled child. Would that it might be so now, as the poet has described the scene in that far off time and clime:

No war or battle's sound
Was heard, the world around.

Would that all discord might be hushed, until all men should hear the angels singing, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

Why search so eagerly for the "missing link" that relates us to the beasts that perish? Is it not better to find here the missing link that relates us to the Heavenly Father?

ONE of our best magazines, in an article on the way to prevent divorce, says: "Evidently the best way to prevent divorce, is to maintain a pure and high ideal of marriage." But it does not point out the way in which that ideal is to be maintained; and what is even more inapt, it does not see what has robbed the Christian community of the ideal. To know the cause of the evil is so far to know the way to its cure. The truth is, there is no high and pure ideal of marriage among men, except as it is the product of Christianity. To Christianity we owe the only true exaltation of the spiritual over the animal, and of the Churchly over the secular or worldly. Hence, when modern religion let go the distinction between the Christian and the worldly in marriage, and discarded the Catholic idea of the sacramental nature and value of marriage between believers, the highest ideal was doomed to go. And it has gone.

The *Church Press* speaks editorially of THE LIVING CHURCH as "a purely Western paper." If it means thereby that this journal is published west of New York, the soft impeachment must be admitted, though we may point out that Chicago is a long way east of the country now spoken of as "The West." If it means that THE LIVING CHURCH devotes its attention rather to the West than the East, a strong protest must be uttered. Our staff of Eastern contributors is very large, and it happens almost every week that items of Eastern news appear in our columns before they appear in those of our New York contemporaries. The same remark is conspicuously true of foreign news. If *The Church Press* means that our circu-

lation is wider in the West than in the East, it is entirely mistaken. THE LIVING CHURCH has 10,000 subscribers in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland and New Hampshire. One of the largest advertisers in the country when making last week an examination of our mailing list, which all our advertisers are invited to do at their convenience, remarked that our circulation was more truly national than that of any paper published in Chicago.

SCHISM, as a voluntary separating oneself from the Church, has from the earliest ages been regarded as a grievous sin against the Body of Christ and the souls of men. But if the popular religion of the times is right, it is difficult to see how, under its notions (that the one universal Church is an invisible spiritual Church; that sect divisions and organizations are proper and beneficial) how schism can be a sin, how, in fact, there can be any such thing as schism. If the Church be the invisible body alleged, how can it be known that the schismatic was ever a member of it; or, if he was, that he has really cut himself off from it? and if we do not know either, how dare we pronounce him a schismatic and a sinner? If these sect divisions—in whose very existence the principle of separation or schism is tolerated—are lawful and right, how can he who separates himself from any of them, or who rejects them all and forms a new sect, be guilty of the sin of schism? If there be no authority in the Church divinely entitled to command submission to a common Faith, Order and Worship, how can a man be blameworthy for betaking himself to whatever system pleases him, or for cutting himself off from those in vogue, and framing one to suit himself? One of two conclusions is inevitable: either that modern sectarianism condones schism, or that it has made the sin of schism impossible.

EPIPHANY.

The great subject of the season is embodied in the name. The Epiphany is the "manifestation," the shining forth. Emmanuel, God with us, was the revelation of the Divine Being to humanity and through humanity. He was the Word made flesh, dwelling among us, the express image of the Father. Christ was the Epiphany of God; in His birth, His life, His miracles, His teaching, His death, His mighty Resurrection and glorious Ascension. It was all a manifestation to a wondering world, of Divine Nature, and the only manifestation that man could comprehend. In Christ, from the Father of Lights, shone forth the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and in Him this Light became the life of men.

In the earliest age this season was observed as a part of the Christmas festival. The Nativity was the first act in the manifestation of God, the Epiphany was its continuation. It was not until the fourth century, probably, that the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles became a prominent feature of the observance by the Gentile Church.

The appearance of the star to the wise men, with which this phase of the Epiphany was begun, is an incident that has always been regarded with interest and has called forth considerable discussion. It has been suggested that the "star in the East" was the light that shone upon the shepherds at Bethlehem, seem from afar. It is represented in some old paintings as a radiant child bearing a sceptre or cross. Others have held that it was the conjunction of two planets, known to have occurred about that time, which the Magi were led by inspiration to interpret as a sign of Christ's birth.

But neither of these hypotheses fulfils the conditions of the simple narrative. It was "His star," appearing in the East, and it went before them so that they could follow it; so near, and so apparent in its motion, that they could see when it stood over where the young Child was. The wise men were doubtless directed by God's Spirit to recognize and follow the star; and many others, perhaps, who only regarded it with idle curiosity, went their way without looking for it at all.

So now, many of the quiet, unobtrusive leadings of God's providence are referred to mere natural causes, or to chance, or are not observed at all. We see "His star in the East," and the Spirit whispers to us the Name that is above every other name; but we take no heed, we let it pass by, and do not dream that the wonderful Epiphany is still going on.

Many, even of those who believe the story of the Nativity and the Magi, seem not to know that there is such a reality as Emmanuel, God with us, now, and that He is able still to manifest himself to us Gentiles by the leading of a star.

As at the first it was through the body prepared for Him, that Christ became the Epiphany of God, so now it is through the Body prepared by Him that this Epiphany is continued among men.

Over and above the expression of personal character and the virtues of individual lives, by which the presence and power of God's Spirit are manifested, the Church itself, in its organic and sacramental character, is a perpetual Epiphany of the glory of God—the basis and bond of union between the seen and the unseen. His Body, the Church, is the fullness of Him that filleth all in all.

To be worthy members of that Body implies something more than to be in a spirit of humble receptivity. Our very baptism, in which we are made members of that Body, pledges us to be soldiers and servants,—that is, to do something in it, and not merely to get something from it.

To let our light shine before men, is one of the first of our Christian duties, and it is as binding upon us collectively as individually. Christ is still a Light to lighten the Gentiles, as well as the Glory of His people Israel. But that light must shine through the missionary zeal of the Body to whose keeping it is intrusted. It is only through this activity of the Church that our light can shine afar, and manifest forth the beauty and glory of the Gospel.

It is a sad season for the Church when this missionary Epiphany is eclipsed or hindered by the worldliness or indifference of its members. It is a solemn warning that Christ is not present in the temple. If so, it will not be of much avail to cry, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we." It is written, and God forbid that it be written of us, "Many shall come from the east and from the west and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac in the Kingdom of Heaven, while the children of the Kingdom shall be cast out."

AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

As we expected, our advice in a late issue, as to certain observances at the Holy Communion, has called forth a good many criticisms and commendations. We do not think it advisable to open a general discussion of the subject, but will say a few words in explanation and then drop it.

First, we never intended the suggestions to interfere with any established use in a parish. The paper was drawn up as nearly as possible in conformity to what was thought to be most unobjectionable and widely prevalent observance, and at the request of several clergymen, for the purpose of promoting uniformity in congregations where these observances are favored by the pastor. We were careful to note that communicants should conform to the use recommended by the parish priest. There was no intention to "dictate" to any congregation.

Second, it was not thought that the usages recommended were in conflict with a fair interpretation of the rubrics. It is too large a subject to argue at length here; and it may be enough to say that a large number of our clergy do understand the rubrics to be in accordance with the suggestions contained in the article above referred to. Where rubrics are inconsistent (as e. g. those relating to the Lord's Prayer in Morning Prayer and in the Office of the Holy Communion), it ought to be permissible to interpret them in favor of the universal use of the mother Church, from which we have declared it is not our intention to depart. No one denies that the rubric permits the saying of the Lord's Prayer by the people where it occurs at first in the Holy Communion. But it

does not direct that it be so used, and there seems to be no good reason for changing the ancient custom. That it is the general desire of American Churchmen to retain this custom, is shown by the fact that the "Book Annexed," approved by the last General Convention, distinctly recognizes it as correct; and wherever there is a preference for it we think there would be no real objection to doing so.

As to the saying of the "Therefore with Angels," etc., by the priest alone, the people joining in at the Trisagion, the rubric seems to be fairly complied with by that use. The priest and people in this way do say or sing what follows the rubric. It is not explicit that they shall say every word together. The Lord's Prayer in daily service rendered chorally, is treated in something the same way, when the minister sings alone the "Our Father," and all join and continue with him from that phrase. In the Creed the minister sings alone, "I believe in God," and the people begin there. Nobody thinks of objecting to this. A good evidence that American Churchmen generally approve of our suggestion, is the fact that the "Book Annexed," which was adopted by the last General Convention, explicitly provides that the *Ideo cum Angelis* shall be said by the priest alone. In cases where the Office is rendered chorally it would be often impossible to follow any other use than the one we recommended, as the music is generally arranged for that use, which has come down from very ancient times. The music intended for choir and people begins with the Sanctus.

We say once more that we have no desire to influence congregations or communicants to do anything not approved by their pastors. It does, however, seem to be desirable that members of the same congregations should act with a degree of uniformity, and if any one can suggest a use that nobody would object to we should be glad to publish it.

THE INCARNATION A SENSIBLE NECESSITY.—II.

BY THE REV. F. S. JEWELL, PH. D.

Man has been endowed with sense, understanding and reason, as necessary faculties for knowing. Through these he may either sensibly perceive, logically infer, or rationally apprehend, facts, truths and general principles. A complete or perfect knowledge requires a fair combination of these faculties and their just proportional exercise; the lower in each case, acting under the higher, the reason being supreme over the rest.

With the great mass of mankind, the sense is the dominant faculty. It is naturally so. They are environed by objects of sense. They are themselves embodied in a sensible form. They act through express organs of sense. They know what they know, primarily and chiefly, through forms or signs appealing to the senses. They reach the higher levels of abstract or pure thinking, only through a sort of liberation of the reason from the thralldom of sense. Hence, they may be said to live, move and have their practical being in the sense-world. To it, particularly through the works of sin in the flesh, they are all their life-time under bondage.

The consequence of this has been that everywhere in the world's religions, man has demanded some sensible manifestation, realization or suggestion of his divinity. Widely and variously he has sought his god in the earth or the skies; in fire and frost, in thunder and storm; in the fertilizing power of nature, in forms and capabilities, good or evil, of living creatures or inanimate things; in personified appetites, passions or power; and in deified personages either mythical or heroic. Hence, all the various forms of heathen worship and idolatry.

Even under the ancient and divinely revealed religion of the Jewish race, we find, not only this craving for some sense manifestation of the Unseen God, but also a distinct and striking provision made for its supply. Hence the burning bush, the luminous cloud and the fiery pillar, the visible glory between the cherubim above the ark, and the wonderful temple cloud; the audible voice of the Unseen, and the living forms of appearing angels. Even in the mighty system of religious life and worship framed for the Israelite amidst the terrors of the mount that burned with fire, we find authoritative provision made for a sensible Tabernacle, (in its later development a visible Temple), full of significant and sensible parts, materials and symbols, and in its worship pervaded by ceremonial forms, acts and signs, all designed to set forth the hidden Divinity. In all these, the Unseen Jehovah graciously accommodated Himself to the sense-subjection and need of mankind; and strove to realize Himself to the humble worshipper, through media apprehensible to the senses.

Higher and purer as was the Jewish religion, and stringently guarded as it was against heathen idolatry, it did not, in the divine mind, prove itself adequate. Even the Jew failed at times to distinguish between Jehovah and His form of sensible manifestation and so came to worship the creature rather than the Creator. Besides this, none of these divine manifestations, superior as they were to the representative devices of heathenism,—proved themselves able to bring God personally and appreciably so near to man as to secure in him a realizing sense of the divine presence and perfection; to win him to a devoted love and service of God, and to keep him in that loyal and steadfast obedience to the divine law which was the one essential to temporal and national prosperity.

Evidently something better and higher as a manifestation of God was necessary, something bringing Him personally and potentially nearer to man as an object of love and devotion. But as the law of physical dependence and subjection to sense in man, had not changed, that manifestation must still be in sensible form. And as an advance on what had gone before, there was no alternative; that form must be distinctly human, it must be verily of the likeness of our own flesh and blood. While fully evincing the presence of the divine in its origin, qualities and capabilities; it must be by birth, life and death, demonstrably human. In such a manifestation only, could man see God as an implicitly trusted friend; and as a brother loving and beloved; as a self-sacrificing and adorable Saviour, and be drawn to Him in abiding "wonder, love and praise." Only as in this way becoming as it were, one with man, could man be moved and inspired to seek that oneness with God, which was to be the substance of the higher rational and spiritual life within him.

Such a manifestation or realization of God to man, was the *Incarnation*. In every incident, characteristic and result, it was a device and accomplishment, without conceivable superior. Nothing could exceed its condescension, love, fitness and power. "God with us," it was a very miracle of divine wisdom and goodness, and of human purity and tenderness. Henceforth, under the Gospel, no need for doubt or estrangement, no excuse for ingratitude or neglect. In the Incarnate Word, the darkness was past and the true light was now shining.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The weather on Christmas day was perfect. It was not too cold for comfort but just cold enough to make it feel like Christmas, and the sun shone brightly without making the streets very disagreeable from the melting snow. As usual the churches were lavishly decorated with evergreens and the altars were bright with flowers. At Old Trinity, the chimes rang out a merry peal in the morning, playing "Angels from the realms of glory," "Children of the temple," "Awake the song of gladness," "Ring out the bells," and "The Christmas tree." The Holy Communion was celebrated there at seven A. M., in English, at eight in German, and there was a high celebration at eleven. The processional and recessional hymns were numbers nineteen and seventeen, the anthem was "The morning stars sang together" by Stainer, the Communion Service was by Hummel in E flat, and the offertory was Gounod's "O sing to God your hymns of gladness." The rector, the Rev. Morgan Dix preached. At Grace church and at St. Thomas' there were very elaborate and tasteful decorations, and at the latter there was as usual a very full musical service.

In the hospitals, lunatic asylums and prisons on the islands in the East River, and in the other city institutions, special Christmas dinners were served to the inmates. In the different missions which are maintained by the charitable people of the city, entertainment for the mind and refreshment for the body were furnished, and were duly appreciated. The Christmas entertainment, given last Tuesday evening at the rooms of the Galilee Mission of Calvary parish, might be mentioned as an example. Here was assembled an audience of about two hundred, more than half of whom, it would be safe to say, were men without any settled home. The readings and songs by different ladies and gentlemen would have been sufficient to make a pleasant evening; but it made the Christmas love to all mankind to superabound to see the delight of those people who, partly to be sure by their own fault, have little to make life pleasant, and to see rough men from the street behave with a decorum which one would not have expected from their outward appearance. The coffee and sandwiches which followed were received with unanimous approval and with repeated encores. Few have any idea of the number of people who in this wintry weather are unable to get work of any kind. A father and mother and their daughter living on the \$1.50 per week which the child earns as a cash girl, a man just out of the hospital whose whole week's earnings were barely enough to pay for three nights' lodging, to say nothing of food, these are the tales which investigation proves to be too true—that are heard every day by mission-workers. When in spite of warm clothes and nourishing food we shiver in this wintry weather, it is almost enough to drive sleep from our pillows to be told that thirty thousand men in this city are out of work.

Three notable fires have lately occurred, all of which bring up the question of moral responsibility for loss of life in such cases. At the St. John's Orphan Asylum (Roman Catholic) in Brooklyn, more than twenty lives were lost in the fire of week before last. Nearly 800 children were in this institution, and under the circumstances it is not surprising that so many perished. The furnaces had been carefully placed for safety in a separate building, and then with great imprudence, when an infirmary was added, it was placed on top of the furnace building, with no adequate provision for fire-escapes. The carelessness seems less excusable since an escape could easily have been constructed to the main building which was only a few feet away. The other two fires were less serious since no lives were lost, but they are no less noteworthy in that they point out the terrible dangers to which we are continually exposing ourselves, if not by our own carelessness, certainly at least by conniving at the carelessness of others. Harrigan & Hart's Theatre Comique was burned last Tuesday morning as though it were so much tinder. No one was in it, fortunately. Owing to that fact no lives were lost, but if an audience had been in it, there would necessarily have been a terrible loss of life, for the flames spread through the entire building in only a few minutes. Most theatres are artfully contrived death-traps, and though there have been many warnings we still persist in putting ourselves in danger. In the Brooklyn Theatre fire a few years ago, a death roll of two hundred and seventy-one showed us how awful a theatre fire was. Since then four theatres, burning up like tinder in a few minutes, have showed us that the Brooklyn horror would be repeated whenever another theatre caught fire while an audience was in it. There are others unburnt that are just as dangerous. The third fire I spoke of was not serious since it did little damage, but it is important as belonging to a very common class of fires. Last Sunday Christ church, Brooklyn, took fire from the contact of a furnace pipe with a beam in the flooring of the vestibule. A tile flooring prevented the spread of the fire, and the bad weather caused a small congregation to be assembled, and probably prevented a panic. There is many a church in the country now whose floor beams have been charred to tinder by the furnace pipes. Only a cold snap, and a little overheating is necessary to make these beams burn like powder and cause loss of life.

A tablet in memory of the late rector of St. Ignatius' church, has been on exhibition at the Gorham Manufacturing Company's store. It consists of a brass plate with an epoxy of highly finished brass work. Under the canopy is a portrait bust of Dr. Ewer, and below this the inscription: "In memory of Ferdinand C. Ewer, priest, first rector of this church. Born May 22, 1826. Entered into rest October 10, 1883. Death is a heathen word. A Christian does not die, he sleeps in Jesus. This tablet is erected by his friends and parishioners."

The new St. James' church of which the Rev. Cornelius B. Smith is rector, was used for the first time on Christmas Day. The pews were sold on the previous Tuesday and brought sums ranging from \$5,100 downward. The church cost \$260,000. The organ loft contains a fine instrument built by Roosevelt.

The second of the services for Churchwomen was held to-day in St. Mark's church, the subject of the address being "Willing Service."

The Bishop of Rhode Island was in this city last week.

I would not mention the Rev. R. Heber Newton's sermons save that they are quite fully reported in the daily papers, and silence would be useless. They are as bad as any of the former series on the Old Testament. I speak merely from the reports. He is now on the New Testament. As an intelligent layman said to me, "If he were speaking of Buddha or Mahomet he would not have to change what he says when speaking of our Blessed Lord." If he knows exactly what he means, he hardly expresses it plainly. He is vague in what he says, and does harm not so much from any positive assertions he makes as from the blasphemous thoughts which he suggests. This kind of thing can do no good, and it must do harm. Ecclesiastical litigation is a sad thing, but sacred things must not be profaned either by implication or denial. In another direction too, trouble seems imminent, but I hope good sense and loyalty to the Church may prevent any trouble there from disturbing our peace.

New York, December 29, 1884.

Address THE LIVING CHURCH CO., 162 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

PERSONAL MENTION.

The Rev. E. W. Spalding, D.D., has been obliged, on account of continued ill-health, to resign the deanery of All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee.

The Rev. H. M. Jarvis, A. M., has removed from Scottsville, Albemarle Co., Va., and has accepted an appointment from the Bishop of East Carolina, to the parish of Woodville, N. C. His P. O. address is Lewiston, Bertie Co., N. C.

The Rev. G. D. E. Mortimer, having accepted a unanimous call to the rectory of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Philadelphia, may be addressed at No. 2118 Pine St.

The Rev. H. Ashton Henry, having accepted a unanimous call as assistant of Christ Church, Troy, in the diocese of Albany, entered upon his duties the 2nd Sunday in Advent. Address 92 Fourth St., Troy, N. Y.

The address of the Rev. Wm. J. Alger is now Millville, Mass.

The Rev. E. J. H. Van Deerlin has left Apponaug, R. I., and his present address is 226 Whalley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

The Rev. Chas. C. Edmunds, Jr., has resigned the rectory of St. James' Church, Fort Edward, N. Y., and has accepted an election to the rectory of Christ Church, Herkimer, and Grace Church, Mohawk. P. O. address after Jan. 1st, Herkimer, N. Y.

The Rev. Walter Marvine has removed from West Las Animas, Colo., to Durango, Colo. Address accordingly.

that nothing save a true Catholic reform is adequate for the purpose. Italy, we may rest assured, will never be Protestant; and Italy is proclaiming, with loud and unmistakable voice, that she has no mind to be Papal. Italians have, naturally enough, no quarrel with that part of the Curialist policy which has most alienated other nations—that of forcing local Italian usages everywhere and displacing national customs, but so far as it has interfered with themselves, they like it no better than Germans and English do. Consequently, if the distaste for all that concerns religious questions could be once overcome amongst them, if a system could be put before them which they could easily see to be at once free from the abuses which have excited their contempt and hostility, and equally removed from the hard, bare, and sour aspect of Continental Protestantism, it is quite possible that it might win them back to Christianity; but at the expense of Romanism.

The London Spectator.

DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS.—Mr. Brooks' whole treatment of religion is too fanciful and casual; he does not, in these sermons at least, show that he is penetrated by the truths with which he deals and the principles by which he explains them. Each sermon gives one the impression that the preacher has had to look for his subject—it has not found him; and when he has got it, instead of going at once to the deep underlying religious meaning of it, he has let his fancy and his wit and his sagacity play around it; and he thus gives us much that is wise, much that is ingenious and thoughtful, but he does not strengthen the foundation of religious thought or add to the great principles by which men's moral lives are guided. We may be doing Mr. Brooks an injustice which a wider acquaintance with his preaching would correct; but in this volume we see the work of the sagacious observer of life, who can extract a great deal of interest from any given subject, but who does not bring to it the profound religious earnestness or the clear theological insight that makes men great preachers. Mr. Brooks is a fine preacher of the second class; the difference between him and Cardinal Newman, or Dr. Mozley, or Frederick Robertson, or Bishop Butler, is one of kind rather than of degree. The deeper, more essential truths of religion do not seem to be very congenial or natural to him, but his sermons are full of interest to those who like to reflect on the secondary principles, the accidental developments of morality and life.

Parish Messenger. (Augusta, Me.)

TWO MISUNDERSTOOD RUBRICS.—The committee on revision of the Prayer Book at the last General Convention, tells us that the Lord's Prayer at the beginning of the Holy Communion is to be said by the priest alone, that the same is true of the words "Therefore with angels, etc.," and that the people's part begins at "Holy, holy, holy." As these are merely interpretations of what the present rubrics mean they ought to be accepted as final.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

The Rev. E. W. Spalding, D.D., has been obliged, on account of continued ill-health, to resign the deanery of All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee.

The Rev. H. M. Jarvis, A. M., has removed from Scottsville, Albemarle Co., Va., and has accepted an appointment from the Bishop of East Carolina, to the parish of Woodville, N. C. His P. O. address is Lewiston, Bertie Co., N. C.

The Rev. G. D. E. Mortimer, having accepted a unanimous call to the rectory of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Philadelphia, may be addressed at No. 2118 Pine St.

The Rev. H. Ashton Henry, having accepted a unanimous call as assistant of Christ Church, Troy, in the diocese of Albany, entered upon his duties the 2nd Sunday in Advent. Address 92 Fourth St., Troy, N. Y.

The address of the Rev. Wm. J. Alger is now Millville, Mass.

The Rev. E. J. H. Van Deerlin has left Apponaug, R. I., and his present address is 226 Whalley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

The Rev. Chas. C. Edmunds, Jr., has resigned the rectory of St. James' Church, Fort Edward, N. Y., and has accepted an election to the rectory of Christ Church, Herkimer, and Grace Church, Mohawk. P. O. address after Jan. 1st, Herkimer, N. Y.

The Rev. Walter Marvine has removed from West Las Animas, Colo., to Durango, Colo. Address accordingly.

The permanent address of the Rev. Charles Holland Kidder is not Wilkes Barre, Pa., but Asbury Park, New Jersey, P. O. Box 694.

The Rev. William Richmond has returned from Europe. Address, care James Pott & Co., 12 Astor Place, New York.

The address of the Rev. Nelson Ayres is changed from Brookhaven, Miss., to Hazlehurst, Copiah Co., Miss.

The Rev. Wm. P. Brush, assistant minister, St. George's Church, Flushing, L. I., has accepted a call from St. John's Church, Northampton, Mass., and enters upon his duties there Jan. 1st, 1885.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—No attention is paid to communications not accompanied by name and residence of the writer. No contributions are returned unless a stamp is forwarded with the copy. Accepted contributions are not acknowledged through some time may elapse before their appearance. The editor cannot, as a rule, reply privately to letters asking for information.

SCRIBNER.—Your remittance of \$1.15 has been duly received and applied as directed.

OBITUARY.

WRIGHT.—Entered into the rest of Paradise on the morning of Christmas Eve, 1884, after a long and painful illness, Susan P. Wright, wife of Rev. Dr. E. P. Wright of Waukesha, Wis. Requested in pace.

HUBBARD.—On Thursday, Dec. 18th, at Fulton, New York, in the 88th year of his age, Mr. Richard Dunning Hubbard, the beloved grandfather of the Rev. Warren C. Hubbard, rector of St. Paul's, Brooklyn, N. Y. "His children arise up and call him blessed."

DOWS.—Entered into rest from the home of her son, Edward Dows, in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 23rd December, Adriana M., widow of the late John Dows, of New York, in the 84th year of his age. Interment in Jersey City, on the 24th.

CLAYTON.—Entered into rest Friday, December 10, 1884, after a brief illness, Charles O. Clayton, of New York City, in his fifty-third year.

"They in the rest of Paradise who dwell, The blessed ones with joy the chorus swell."

MISCELLANEOUS.

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THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

FROM THE ANNOTATED PRAYER BOOK.

THE EPIPHANY.

In its earliest origin, the Epiphany was observed as a phase of Christmas in the same way as the Circumcision is now to be so regarded; and the intimate association of the two is still marked by the custom of the Armenian Christians, who always keep their Christmas on the 6th of January, instead of the 25th of December. The idea on which the whole cycle of the Festivals of our Lord is founded is that of memorializing before God the successive leading points of our Lord's life and acts; and the order in which the Holy Days have been observed is also that in which these leading points are pleaded in two clauses of the Litany:—"By the mystery of Thy holy Incarnation; by Thy holy Nativity and Circumcision; by Thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation; by Thy Agony and bloody Sweat; by Thy Cross and Passion; by Thy precious Death and Burial; by Thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, good Lord, deliver us." Hence the Epiphany was originally regarded as that part of the Christmas Festival on which was commemorated the Baptism of the Lord Jesus by St. John the Baptist. It seems to have acquired a more independent position, and to have begun to be observed in memory of our Lord's Manifestation to the Gentile Magi, about the fourth century and in the Western Church; but probably this was never more than a development of the original idea; and although it may have become the most prominent feature of the festival at particular periods, it never superseded the original one altogether. The primitive name of the day was Theophany, and this is still retained in the Oriental Church. Both Theophania and Epiphania are used in the "Comes" of St. Jerome, and as late as the Sacramentary of St. Gregory; but the former name seems to have dropped out of use about the same time that the festival began to be connected with the Adoration of the Magi. Even St. Jerome himself calls it "Epiphaniom dies" in his Commentary on Ezekiel, and speaks of it as "venerabilis." Durandus says that "in codicibus antiquis hae dies Epiphaniarum pluraliter intitulatur et ideo tripliciter nominatur, scilicet Epiphania, Theophania, et Bethphania;" the third name being associated with our Lord's Manifestation in the house at the Marriage in Cana. The latter name appears to have been little used, but the idea it represents is illustrated by the Gospel for the Second Sunday after Epiphany, and by the Second Lesson at Evensong on the Festival itself. In the Eastern Church the Theophany is also called The Lights, "from the array," Dr. Neale says "of torches and tapers with which the Benediction of the Waters is performed on this day, as they symbolize that spiritual illumination to which our Lord, by His Baptism in Jordan, consecrated water." If this name of the festival is ancient (and it seems to be as old as Gregory Nazianzen's time), one might expect to find that it originated in the illumination of the world by that "true Light, which coming into the world, enlighteneth every man," and to which the Magi were led by the light of the Star.

There is a beautiful and very instructive unity about the Scriptures used on the Epiphany. The first morning Lesson is the 60th chapter of Isaiah, the same which accidentally occurs on Christmas Eve: "Arise, shine; for thy Light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. . . . The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting Light, and thy God thy glory. . . . The Lord shall be thine everlasting Light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." The same chapter also contains the prophecy which began to be fulfilled by the adoration of the Magi as told in the Gospel of the Day, "And the Gentiles shall come to thy Light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising;" and the Epistle reads like an expansion of this verse, showing how the Light of Christ is manifested to the world at large, in and by the Church. The first Lesson is the ancient Epistle of the Church, as is shown by St. Jerome's Lectinary, but the Gospel was the same as our own.

In the second morning Lesson (a week-day Gospel of the season, in the "Comes") we have the original idea of the Festival, the Theophany or manifestation of our Lord's Divine Sonship at His Baptism by the Voice from Heaven and the visible descent of the Holy Ghost:—The First Lesson at Evensong sets forth the joy of the Church and the glory that was to come upon it through the coming of her Light: "Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O Earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains; for the Lord hath comforted His people, and will have mercy upon His afflicted. . . . I will lift up Mine hand to the Gentiles, and set up My standard to the people, and they shall bring thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters shall be carried upon their shoulders. And kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers. . . ." The Bethphany, or manifestation of our Lord's Divine power at the marriage by turning water into wine [see Gospel for Second Sunday], is illustrated by the Second Lesson at Evensong.

Thus each phase of this great festival is presented to us on the day itself; and as will afterwards be shown, the subsequent Sundays have a definite and systematic relation to the festival after which they are named.

Some authors have suggested, and it seems not improbable, that the "star" which appeared to the Wise Men in the East might be that glorious light which shone upon the shepherds of Bethlehem when the angel came to give them the glad tidings of our Saviour's birth. At a distance this might appear like a star; or, at least, after it had thus shone upon the shepherds, might be lifted up on high, and then formed into the likeness of a star. According to an ancient commentary on St. Matthew, this star, on its first appearance to the Magi, had the form of a radiant child bearing a sceptre or cross; and in some early Italian frescoes it is so depicted.

It has always been the tradition that the Magi were three in number, and that the remainder of their lives after the events recorded in the Gospel was spent in the service of God. They are said to have been baptized by St. Thomas, to have themselves preached the Gospel, and to have been crowned with martyrdom in confirmation of its truth. Their relics are believed to be preserved at Cologne, and are exhibited in the Cathedral there, in a costly shrine of silver-gilt, enriched with gems of great value. Their names are there given as Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, and these names are ascribed to the Magi in medieval art and literature.

In England a striking memorial of their offering is kept up by our Sovereigns, who make an oblation of gold, frankincense, and myrrh at the altar of the Chapel Royal in the Palace of St. James on this festival. Until recently the ceremony was performed in person. The king coming from his closet, attended as usual, proceeded to the altar at the time of the Offertory, and knelt down there, when the Dean or Sub-dean of the Chapels Royal received into a golden basin the offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh from the king's hands, and offered them upon the altar. The offering is now made by an officer of the Royal household; but we may venture to hope that the striking significance and humility by which it is characterized will cause it to be revived in the original form at some future day.

The Epiphany is a festival which has always been celebrated with great ceremony throughout the whole Church; its threefold meaning, and its close association with the Nativity at the end of Christmas-tide, making it a kind of accumulative festival. And such a celebration of it is to be desired: for it will help to give us true reverence for the Babe of Bethlehem by eucharistic, ritual, homiletic, and mental, recognition of His Divine Glory. When we are entering with our Lord on the course of His earthly humiliation, it is fitting that we should make such a recognition of His Divinity; and as the Transfiguration trained the three chosen Apostles for the sight of the Agony and the Crucifixion, so the Epiphany will set the Church forward in a true spirit towards the observance of Lent and Good Friday.

BOOK NOTICES.

BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS, By F. Max Muller, K. M. Ramchoudh Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, Dayananda Saraswati, Buniyio Nanjo and Kenjiu Kasawara Mohi and Kingsley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Pp. 282. Price, \$2.00.

Max Muller is so well known, and his literary ability so highly appreciated that these Biographical Essays will be gladly received to a permanent place in the world of letters.

Seven addresses, essays, and reviews, either delivered as lectures or contributed to periodicals, make up the volume. While they are written with his usual painstaking accuracy and attractiveness, some of them will be found particularly interesting, owing to the persons of whom they treat. Of these latter we have been unusually attracted by that one relating to Keshub Chunder Sen. From no other source have we been able to get so clear a grasp of the life and influence of this remarkable religious reformer of India.

THE CROKER PAPERS. The Correspondence and Diaries of the late Right Honourable John W. Croker, LL.D., F. R. S. Edited by Louis L. Jennings. In two volumes. With portrait. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, \$5.00.

This is an American reprint of one of the most interesting and valuable of the long series of "Reminiscences," "Memoirs," etc., with which the world has been recently favored. To the present generation, Croker is little known except through the very scathing review of his "Boswell's Johnson" with which Macaulay gratified political and personal animosity; but in his own day he was a man of great importance, not only on account of his signal qualities and political position, but also and more particularly on account of his intimate friendship with such men as the first Duke of Wellington, Lord Exmouth and others. He was essentially a believer in himself, and to be such is a necessity of the greatness which has to be achieved. There is a good story told of Croker by Sydney Smith which is not to be found in these volumes, but is nevertheless not out of place here. Somebody undertook to teach him backgammon. Smith looked on for a moment, and then whispered to a friend: "In five minutes you will hear Croker undertaking to prove his teacher wrong." Sure enough, in less than that time, the pupil was heard to cry out, "Well, I don't know much of the game, but it seems to me you should play this way." The letters from the most eminent characters in England's political history during the nineteenth

century with which these volumes are interspersed are peculiarly interesting and important.

SIMON PETER: HIS LIFE, TIMES AND FRIENDS. By Edward Hodder. New York: Cassell & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Pp. 324. Price, \$1.50.

We say frankly that we are not particularly impressed by this book. A book "written in the quiet of Sabbath evenings, by the side of my loving wife," as the dedication tells us, scarcely indicates the conditions under which the "life, times and friends" of the impetuous, flaming character of St. Peter can be delineated. There must be solitude, there must be concentration, the eye must be fixed with a steady, lonely, and prayerful gaze, upon such "times" and such men, if a writer expects to catch the ear of the busy world in telling about them. This gaily-bound Sunday school book presents no such qualities. It is truthful enough as to its facts, but tame and uninteresting, nowhere rising to the dignity and power one has a right to expect from such a title.

The following pamphlets, all valuable and many worthy of extended notice, have recently reached our table: "A Great Cloud of Witnesses," a Seabury Discourse, by the Rev. A. J. Barrow, rector of St. Peter's church, Bennington, Vt.; Plain Suggestions for a Reverent Celebration of the Holy Communion, by the Rev. C. C. Grafton; The Incarnation, a doctrinal and practical essay, by the Rev. E. W. Spalding, D. D., Dean of All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee; "Midsummer Night's Dream," an address before the University of Louisiana, by the Rev. R. A. Holland, S. T. D.; An Historical Discourse on Bishop Seabury, by the Bishop of Iowa; The Election of the First Bishop of Connecticut, by the same; and "A New Bishop and a New Era in Maryland," a sermon, with a preface on recent controversies, by the Rev. Hall Harrison.

The Dorcas Magazine is invaluable to households. It is an admirable help for all kinds of fancy work. (New York: Howard Brothers, 872 Broadway. Monthly, \$1.00 a year.)

The following are the latest issues in Harper's Franklin Square Library: By Mead and Stream, a novel, by Charles Gibbon; Stormonth's English Dictionary, parts 15, 16, 17 and 18; Philistia, a novel, by Cecil Power; The Talk of the Town, a novel, by James Payn; Within the Clasp, a novel, by J. B. Harwood.

Mr. J. A. S. Monk's etching, "Crossing the Pasture," is given to all subscribers to the Magazine of Art for 1885. Mr. Monk's water color drawing from which he made this etching was recently exhibited at the National Academy of Design, where it attracted a great deal of attention and praise. In the etching the effect of color is wonderfully well given, and to a certain extent the work of the brush. Cassell & Company, New York.

The Robert Browning Monthly Calendar, issued by the Colegrove Publishing Co., Chicago, is tastefully designed and will doubtless find a welcome from the lovers of the poet.

GERALD PIERCE & Co., 122 Dearborn St., Chicago, receive subscriptions to all home and foreign publications. They keep as large an assortment of these as any house in the United States.

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HOARSENESS PROMPTLY RELIEVED.—The following letter to the proprietors of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" explains itself: CINCINNATI, OHIO, April 12, 1884. "Gentlemen.—The writer, who is a tenor singer, desires to state that he was so hoarse on a recent occasion, when his services were necessary in a church choir, that he was apprehensive that he would be compelled to desist from singing, but by taking three of your 'Bronchial Troches' he was enabled to fully participate in the services. Would give my name, but don't want it published."

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HOW TO DO IT:

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SACRED ASSOCIATIONS.

BY F. BURGE SMITH.

Standing alone, with vines o'ergrown, And the glittering cross above, And the graves around, on the holy ground, Is the Church of my dear love.

The sacred air of praise and prayer, Has hallowed the whole place, And made me know the gifts that flow From blessed means of grace.

How little worth are haunts of earth, Except the Lord reveal Himself to men, and set again, On all, His heavenly seal.

Spirit of Love, come from above, And Thy bright presence show, In all the might of perfect light, Where e'er my footsteps go.

DAYS IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY THE REV. J. W. GREENWOOD.

VI.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How beautiful the little sheet of water lay, its gentle ripples sparkling in the sun and the dark red hills rising along its sacred shores! This then was the lake that Jesus loved so much and which still bears upon its bosom His hallowed memories. On those red scars His mild eyes often gazed when these shores, now so silent and desolate, were teeming with life. Here His words and works of mercy won eager and suffering multitudes to His side. Here the sick were healed, and those parables declared wherein the fisherman saw the image of his net; the townsman, the figure of a merchant; the farmer, the process of sowing seed. This whole neighborhood was at once the scene of Christ's most sympathetic teaching and His favorite retreat. Who could gaze upon it then and, however stolid by nature, remain insensible to the landscape's sacred charm!

We halted at noon at the head of the lake, beside a ruined khan with a small tree out-shooting from the broken wall, and its roof thickly covered o'er with herbage. Near by, a number of Bedouin women were filling their water-skins from a deep cistern which the Mohammedans call "Joseph's well." On the neighboring hills they show the pit also, into which their own tradition says the noble Hebrew youth was cast. We climbed this hill when our repast was over, but not so much to see the pit, as to look down from the elevated spot upon the lake. Presently, as we left our halting-place and wound our way down among the rocks towards the lake shore, we caught occasional glimpses of Mount Tabor, with its memories of Deborah and Barak, and of *Karn Hattin*, the mount of Beatitudes and scene of the feeding of the five thousand. We were now traversing the great caravan route between Egypt and Damascus, which at one point gave us a view of the ruins of Bethsaida, lying below us on the water's edge. This was another of the spots frequented by Christ Who here healed the blind man, and the home of Peter, Andrew and Philip. And then, through groves of thick and tangled brush, formed of the *nabk*, from which the crown of thorns is said to have been woven, we reached *Kahn Minyeh* and *Ain Tiny*, the "fountain of the fig." Here flows a large and tepid spring, above which there projects a fig-tree from the overhanging rock, and here some have thought it proper to locate the site of Capernaum. Between the merits of this place and of *Tell Hum*, nearer the head of the lake, we felt ourselves incompetent to decide. But if not here, it was just over yonder, that our Lord's "own city" lay; a spot calculated to touch the Christian heart most deeply. This was where the great Teacher discoursed in the synagogue, and spoke concerning the mysterious Presence of the Eucharist. Here He worked some of His most notable miracles, routing impure spirits, curing the feeble paralytic, raising the mother-in-law of Peter from her sick bed, and bidding the Apostle himself to catch the fish with the coin in its mouth. Now not a vestige hardly of its ancient splendour remains. Hence, our way lay across the fertile plain of Genesaret, albeit among thorns and over purling streams in which scowling Arabs gave their horses drink, and then along the pebbly beach of the lake itself, upon whose bosom we saw an occasional waterfowl. After passing a devout Mussulman who knelt at prayer upon the shore, we arrived at the wretched little city of Magdala where Mary Magdalene lived, and through which we rode without stopping. We were now in the parts of Dalmanutha, and just opposite us across the silver lake, lived of old the filthy Gergesenes whose swine ran down one of yonder gently shelving slopes into the sea. On our right hand rose the low cliffs along which our bride path ran at some distance above the water's edge, and on which the camels of a caravan crowded us closely in passing. By the side of this road we saw another of those sacred trees, such as we had seen at the tent of Poly carp on the hill above Smyrna, covered with bits of colored rags hung on the branches by the superstitious Arabs as votive offerings to spirits. Then came the old gardens of Tiberias with their wild and profuse growth of cactus, and at last there broke upon our view the shattered walls and towers of the famous little city. It has been smitten by the earthquake, as well as by war. It is doubtful whether it was ever visited by Christ, although a Latin convent pretends to mark the vicinity of the miraculous draught of fishes. But the city was of old a famous seat of learning, and is associated

in memory with the Talmud and some of its great Rabbis and compilers. Here lived and presided over the Sanhedrim, the celebrated Hakodish, known by the *Mischua*, and Jochanan, the author of the *Masora*. Its palmy days, however, have long since gone by, and it is notorious now chiefly as the royal city of nocturnal pests. It is still ranked with Safed, Jerusalem and Hebron as among the four "holy" cities of Palestine, and there is, among its small population, a plentiful sprinkling of Polish Jews of the lankest, leanest and most unwholesome kind. The men, with their high round hats, and corkscrew curls depending in front of each ear, at once arrest the notice of the stranger. They all hold that when Messiah comes, He will emerge at Tiberias from the crystal waters of the lake, and ascend the hills to reign in Safed.

While the camp was being pitched within the castle walls we walked about the town, although we saw little in its filthy lanes which deserved special attention. There were, of course, the usual troops of dirty, screaming children and women who wore heavy brazen ornaments upon their long luxuriant braids. After a draught of the very mild Tiberias wine which the little German hostelry offered us, we returned to sit in our tent doors and gaze in peaceful content over the tranquil waters of the lake. Below us, the grey, flat-roofed houses lay beneath their straggling palms, but we thought more of the eight other cities which once fringed the deserted shores, but whose vestiges even have sunk into nothingness. Yonder, somewhere, lay Chorazin and the two Bethsaldas, their exact sites, like that of Capernaum, long since lost, or so uncertain as to baffle identification. Across the lake where the mountain gorges send down their blasts with funnel-like precision upon the bosom of the now placid water, once stood the strong city of Gamala, and there again Aphek whither Ben-hadad fled. But soon heathen history retired from view and o'er the scene one holy and absorbing figure reigned. It was a solemn and a precious hour, a night whose holy and far-reaching thoughts will go with us beyond the grave to recall our earthly vision of a region stamped with our Incarnate Master's footprints and where we read the Gospel written on nature's varied page. Christ, Peter, James, John, Saints and Apostles, had been there before us, looking on the same hills and little sea which things, at least, have never changed. Over these waters once came walking, in the darkest hour of the night, He Who cheered His fainting disciples with the sweet assurance: "It is I; be not afraid!" Into them did Peter plunge with his abiyeh girl about him and descend deeper and deeper with his sinking faith. These were the billows that fell so suddenly when winds and waves fled before the gentle imperiousness of that same voice exclaiming: "Peace, be still!" But I must not arrogate space for mere reflections. It was long after the Bedouin camp-fires began to flare along the opposite shore, ere we sought repose.

That night the wind, shaking our tents in its restless grasp, came down for a wild frolic on the lake. This, though hardly more than six or eight miles wide, had assumed by morning the appearance of the open sea under a moderate breeze and we saw partly how sudden and severe a storm might possibly be, even on so small a sheet of water. It was a splendid sight! The billows, recoiling from the old round towers on the shore, sent the spray flying from fifteen to twenty feet into the air. We had intended to spend the day in an excursion by water to *Tell Hum*, but the undertaking was now out of the question. The boat was large enough to hold our entire party besides the rowers and had been partly paid for, but no one could be induced that day to venture out upon the lake. Baths and fishing likewise were denied us; but it had been settled that in any case we should spend the day beside the lake. Therefore, after breakfast we walked through the town and along the coast beyond, to the hot baths of which Josephus speaks and which Pliny also mentions. Here we laved and nearly burned our weary feet in the copious, scalding currents charged with salt and sulphur, the heat of the water is said to increase just before an earthquake occurs, and thus becomes its premonitory herald. Near by, were the stone tanks to which people with all manner of diseases daily come, and into which we ourselves preferred not to venture. In the vicinity of the springs is the tomb of a celebrated Jewish Rabbi, in whose small courtyard rise two of those curious little pillars whereon the Jews offer occasional burnt sacrifices of books, jewels and precious stuffs; rashly destroying these costly gifts in honor of their deceased teachers.

The afternoon of that day we gave up to writing, conversation and quiet thought. In all there was the consciousness that it was the day of a life-time. A day that probably could never come again to any of our little group. But the remembrance and the image would remain—the precious inheritance of swiftly rolling years. When the day was done and darkness began to descend upon the lake we sat again, as we had done the evening before, just outside the tent doors, and watched the king-fisher, and the diver and the gull disporting in or over the troubled waters which, with the approach of evening, were now sinking into rest. We saw several men engaged in fishing and

many women toiling beneath their black goat-skin sacks of water up the difficult hill—wary workers, such as those upon whom Christ was doubtless looking when, somewhere in this very region, He graciously said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" But neither the elements of that peaceful scene, nor the feelings of its pilgrim spectators, can I properly describe. To attempt the one would be a forlorn hope; to speak too freely of the other would be sheer irreverence.

CHURCH WORK.

CHICAGO.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE SEE CITY.—In spite of a heavy snow-storm, all the churches were comfortably filled. In all, special opportunities were offered for reception of the Holy Communion, and in all, the choirs sang their best, and the people largely increased their offerings. At the *Cathedral*, the Bishop preached, and officiated at all the Offices. He was assisted at the choral celebration by the Rev. Messrs. Perry and Griffith. The church was beautifully decorated. At the *Ascension*, the festival was as usual ushered in by a midnight Celebration. The church was filled with a devout congregation, and it was peculiarly striking that nine-tenths of those present received the Blessed Sacrament. The rector, the Rev. E. A. Larrabee, was assisted by the Rev. Messrs. A. P. Greenleaf and T. C. Foote, of Racine College. At *St. James*, the day was rendered memorable by the unveiling of a magnificent reredos, erected in memory of the late Bishop Clarkson, at a cost of \$1,800. The choir presented two very handsome gas standards to the church, and they were lighted for the first time on this occasion. The rector, the Rev. Dr. Vibbert, and the assistant, the Rev. M. Stone, conducted the services. *St. Andrew's* was most tastefully decorated. An admirable sermon was preached by the rector, the Rev. H. B. Ensworth. At the *Epiphany*, the Rev. H. N. Morrison, Jr., had a friendly talk with his people, instead of a sermon, exhorting them to remember the poor and needy. At *Grace*, Dr. Locke was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Todd, chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital. The church was profusely decorated in admirable taste. At *St. Clement's* there were four Celebrations of Holy Communion, all of which were well-attended. The surpliced choir is doing splendidly, under the efficient direction of Canon Knowles himself, and Mr. Lutkin.

CHICAGO—*St. James' Church*.—As announced above, an interesting feature of the Christmas Day service was the unveiling of the Bishop Clarkson Memorial which has recently been erected. It consists of a richly carved oak reredos, covering the entire middle section of the chancel, about ten feet wide and twenty feet high. The design is by F. C. Withens, of New York, and the work was executed by Geissler & Co., of that city, with the exception of the panels, five in number, which were painted in England, by Cox & Sons, of London. The style of the work is modern ecclesiastical Gothic, and the principal features are a centre panel representing our Glorified Saviour, and on either side, two panels with figures of angels with swinging censers, all done in the richest colors on gold background. The buttresses and gables surrounding the panels and forming work of the reredos, are carved in the highest style of the art, in emblematic features, grapes, wheat, etc., and conventional designs, and the top surmounted by a gilded triple cross. On the base, immediately over the retable, is the inscription: "To the glory of God and in memory of the Right Rev. Robert Harper Clarkson, rector of this parish from 1849 to 1865. Erected 1884." The memorial, which cost about \$1,800, was principally the gift of Bishop Clarkson's immediate friends, about twenty-five contributing nearly the whole amount, the remainder being made up at a Christmas offering. As a work of art, this reredos is one of the finest pieces of church decoration in the West, and is a fitting memorial of a beloved pastor and faithful Bishop.

IOWA.

DAVENPORT—*Griswold College*.—The building committee have let contracts for the erection of two new Halls, which will be named respectively, "Kemper" and "Sheldon." The former will enable the College to receive 45 more boys, and the latter for Professors' residences. It is also designed to have all the buildings heated by steam. These improvements will cost about \$30,000.

LOUISIANA.

DEATH OF AN AGED PRIEST.—The Rev. W. T. Leacock, D. D., the oldest clergyman of this diocese, and one of the oldest in the country, died at Beauvoir, Miss., on Sunday last. He was born in 1797, educated at Oxford, and ordained in 1824 by the Bishop of London.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN.—*St. Luke's Church*.—On Christmas Day, 410 members of this parish received the Blessed Sacrament. At the Choral Celebration the church was filled to overflowing. The rector, the Rev. G. R. Van De Water, D. D., preached an eloquent sermon. The singing was grand, dignified, and devotional. Two altar candlesticks were presented to the parish by a communicant.

DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON.—*St. John's Church*.—It is doubtful if St. John's church, Wilmington, ever had a happier Christmas as a parish than it had this year. There were two services in the morning, one at 6:30 and the other at 10:30. Your correspondent never saw the church look so beautiful as when he entered it for the early service. Always impressive as a Gothic piece of architecture, the church was elaborately adorned with evergreens—festoons and trees—and brilliant with a flood of light from the fine cornice and branch lights of the chancel. The festival hangings, magnificently embroidered by ladies of St. Clement's church, Philadelphia, were also in use. But chief of all was the appearance of the choir of men and boys vested for the first time in cassocks and cottas. The choir numbers thirty-four. Great credit is due to the rector and ladies of the congregation, who have prepared the vestments altogether since Thanksgiving Day. The choir was formally received and instituted at a private service on Tuesday evening before Christmas. Much credit is

also due the choir-master, who has taught his boys the music for Matins and the Eucharist in an almost incredibly short time. The organist was also vested. This choir will now sing regularly, taking the place of a mixed quartette.

A large congregation was present at the first service, which consisted of a short office of carols, lessons, and collects, followed by a Celebration of the Holy Eucharist. A larger number of communicants it is believed received the Blessed Sacrament at this service than at the later one. At 10:30 Matins were said semi-chorally, and the Holy Eucharist again celebrated. The Rev. T. Gardiner Littell, rector of the church, was the officiant at all the services.

This choir is the first surpliced choir in the diocese of Delaware. May their number increase!

WILMINGTON—*St. Andrew's*.—This church was more elaborately decorated than usual. Each aisle was spanned by three evergreen arches, and large and heavy festoons relieved the plainness of the interior. The choir was augmented to a double quartette and sang as usual, with great precision! The Bishop was celebrant and preacher, assisted in the Holy Communion by the Rev. Mr. Murray.

KANSAS.

OFFICERS OF THE DIOCESE.—At the recent Convention the following were elected: Secretary, the Rev. A. Leonard, of Atchison; Treasurer and Registrar, Mr. Thomas C. Vail, Topeka; Standing Committee, the Rev. Messrs. Charles Reynolds, D. D., A. Beatty, D. D., R. Elberly, A. Leonard, and Messrs. W. B. Clarke, F. E. Stimpson, C. E. Styles, and S. W. Kniffin.

THE BISHOP'S ANNIVERSARY.—The twentieth anniversary of Bishop Vail's consecration will be celebrated in Topeka on January 8. In the morning there will be a special offering of Holy Communion. It is expected that Bishop Garrett, of Northern Texas, will be present and make an address. In the evening a meeting will be held, either in Liberty Hall or at the college, when addresses will be delivered by several of the clergy and laity, and a signet-ring be presented to the Bishop as a token of affectionate regard from the Churchmen of the diocese. A reception will afterwards be given to the Bishop. The Church people of Lawrence have already anticipated the anniversary by presenting the Bishop and Mrs. Vail with very handsome gifts.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN DIEGO—*Holy Trinity Church*.—During the past 12 months the Rectory Fund Guild, and its successor, the Woman's Guild, have done splendid work. A year ago there was \$20 in the Rectory Fund, now a comfortable house, well situated, is the property of the parish; \$1,650 having been paid upon it, and but \$150 remaining due. Besides this they have bought \$150 worth of furniture. The total amount which passed through the hands of the Guild Treasurer was \$2,008.35. This very large sum has been earned by the people of the parish by hard work, and wholly legitimate means. Good entertainments have been given—a scarce article in this place; excellent lunches have been served, and articles, made at home, and kindly sent from abroad, have been sold at reasonable prices.

Besides the above money the rector received about \$200 from Church-people in the East for the rectory; and from a resident of the parish, \$50 toward furnishing the house.

Mr. Thomas Valdespino, of the Church in Mexico, has ordered a brass altar cross to be placed in the church, in memory of the late Bishop of Pittsburgh, the Right Rev. John Barrett Kerfoot.

During the pastorate of the Rev. H. B. Restarick, of two and a half years, a steady progress has been made in the parish in every respect. Although until lately, the town has been at a standstill, the communicants have doubled and the Sunday school trebled.

INDIANA.

TERRE HAUTE.—The new rector of St. Stephen's church, the Rev. Dr. Delafield has issued a year book, which gives proof of his organizing ability and his capacity for work.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE—*Ordination*.—On the fourth Sunday in Advent, Mr. Joseph M. Francis was ordained deacon by Bishop Welles, in All Saints' Cathedral. The service was beautiful and impressive, consisting of the sermon, Litany and Holy Eucharist, with the Office for "Ordering of Deacons." The Rev. Dr. Ashley presented the candidate; the Rev. Prof. Riley, of Nashotah, was the preacher; in addition to these, there were in the procession the Rev. Messrs Skinner, St. George, and Pedelup, all priests of the Cathedral staff.

During the first portion of the rite, Bishop Welles remained in the episcopal throne; then he said the Litany in front of the altar and proceeded with the Celebration within the sanctuary, Mr. Skinner assisting. The sermon followed the processional, Mr. Riley taking his place in the pulpit upon entering the Cathedral. It was clear, scholarly and very affecting in its allusion to the relations between the preacher and his kinsman and former child in Christ, Mr. Francis.

The point on which the preacher first dwelt and which he succeeded in bringing out with wonderful force, was this: The only Office known to be directly commissioned by Jesus Christ is the Apostolic Office, the priestly and diaconal Offices are but extensions of this. To the Bishops or Apostles alone was given the plenitude of power. The Church of God as instituted by God the Son, her Great Head, derived power but from one source—the Episcopate. The Bishops are the Princes of the Church, her Prophets, Priests and Kings. The lower Orders become sacred and higher from partaking of the powers conferred upon and by the Apostles.

The closing words addressed to the candidate were marked by deep feeling and spirituality. It was under the preacher that Mr. Francis became a candidate for Confirmation and first Communion, and it was with a heart full of holy joy that he spoke to his young friend words of counsel and love as he beheld God calling him to a higher Office in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Rev. Mr. Francis has been at the Clergy House for nearly three years doing faithful work as a lay-reader at two of the Cathedral missions. In addition to a good measure of real and Churchly success with these, he has kept at his preparatory studies. As a St. Clement's boy he was under the rectorship of Mr. Riley and subsequently of his successors. Now becoming

one of All Saints' Cathedral staff, he intends to visit the East soon in the interest of St. Edmond's mission, a very important point for Church work in Milwaukee.

NORTH DAKOTA.

WHAPETON.—The new Christ church here will be formally opened in a few days.

QUINCY.

QUINCY—*Church of the Good Shepherd*.—The services in the church of the Good Shepherd on Christmas day, were, perhaps, as impressive and well rendered as any during the history of the parish, beginning at 7:30 A. M. with a large choir and full choral service. Though the temperature outside was ten degrees below zero, the church was bright and warm inside and the attendance large. At the later service Dyke's grand *Te Deum*, an anthem, and bright and cheerful, Christmas carols were all well rendered. The good training of the choir by Miss Duff was quite apparent. Mr. George Burrows, in most excellent voice, sang the solo parts. The altar and reredos with tasteful decorations, and ample light, are now made much more effective than ever before. The services in this church are steadily improving, and are surely devotional and impressive.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

MAUCH CHUNK—*St. Mark's Church*.—On Christmas Day, immediately after the professional hymn at Morning Prayer, the Rev. Marcus A. Tolman, rector of the parish, representing Mrs. H. E. Packer, made the formal presentation of a very beautiful set of clergy and choir-stalls, designed and made by the Messrs. Lamb, of New York, and inscribed to the memory of the late Mr. Henry E. Packer. The gifts were formally received by Mr. James I. Blakslee, senior warden, as representing the parish corporation, after which the rector said an appropriate "form of Benediction" set forth for the occasion by the Bishop of the diocese. The stalls provide settings for two clergymen and sixteen chorists, and are a very rich addition to the beautiful furniture which adorns the chancel of St. Mark's. They are made of heavy butternut wood with desks of solid brass, forming a rich combination of color, and corresponding with the pulpit and lectern. The stall ends are elaborately carved with lilies, passion-flowers, wheat, grapes, etc., and each panel bears a different design. The front of the desks are finished in delicate tracery of solid brass between heavy twisted brass columns resting upon a base of butternut wood, and in the front panel of each clergy desk, there is an elaborate Greek cross. The seats are upholstered with crimson velvet and each stall is provided with a kneeling bench of the same material.

The inscription given complete on each set of desks, and engraved on strips of brass inserted at the top of the line of tracery under the book rests, running the whole length of each set, reads as follows: "The clergy and choir-stalls were placed in this chancel by Mary Augusta Packer, to the glory of God, and in loving memory of her husband Harry Eldred Packer, who died February 1, 1884, aged 34 years."

ALBANY.

ALBANY—*Grace Church*.—This church has during the summer and fall undergone a regular transformation. The sides of the old church were taken out, the chancel was cut off by sliding doors, a nave, chancel, organ and vestry rooms were added. The interior now forms a perfect cross. The old chancel was turned into an infant room and can also be used as part of the church. The lower stands in the north east angle of the nave and transept and contains a new bell which was put in place the week before Advent Sunday. About a month previous, the rector authorized the members of the Sunday School to solicit small contributions of ten cents and upwards towards a new bell, consequently on Advent Sunday over two hundred dollars were placed upon the altar for that object while the bell was rung for the first time during the taking of the offertory.

In the evening there was a choral service, in which the surpliced choir of All Saints' Cathedral, and the new surpliced choir of Grace church, about sixty voices, participated. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and many who came, even before the hour appointed for service, were turned away for want of room. The new choir of boys and men, numbers some thirty members, and is under the training of a regular choir-master who meets them three times a week. The boys have been under training for six months and from the very first Sunday, the choir has given entire satisfaction to the congregation. The boys are all members of the Sunday School.

Among the gifts to the church we may well mention three beautiful memorial windows. In the north end of the nave there is a trefoil, presented by a former member of the church, in memory of a little girl who died a few years ago. In the choir there is a beautiful painted window, representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, which was placed there in memory of a loved one who was once an active member of the choir, and an influential member of the Sunday School; and in the sanctuary, over the altar, there is a triplet window, the gift of friends of the church who lost a dear child in February, 1883. The subject of this window was suggested by the wish of the little one, who, while dying requested that the hymn "While Shepherd's watch'd their flocks at night," which she had learned at Christmas, should be sung. In the triplet over the south end of the altar there are the angels announcing to the shepherds our Saviour's birth; in the centre is the scene of the nativity, with the ox in the stall and the star of Bethlehem shining upon the holy family; while in the other part there is a representation of the three wise men presenting their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the Holy Child Jesus.

We must also mention the gift of a pulpit by St. Paul's church, Albany, and the gift of a pair of vases and a beautifully worked altar cloth by St. Peter's church, Albany. Three communicant members of the congregation presented a very handsome brass book rest for the altar, and a large corona, in blue and gold, suspended from the transverse beams of the cross which the interior of the church forms, was the gift of a member of Grace church, Cherry Valley. The church has been greatly improved in every way, and is now one of the prettiest in the city of Albany.

TROY.—*Dr. Tucker's Anniversary*.—The fortieth anniversary of the Rev. Dr. Tucker, rectorate of the church of Holy Cross, was celebrated at the Mary Warren Free Institute, on Christmas Eve. The Bishop, several of the clergy, and a large number of the

parishioners were present. Bishop Doane presented to Dr. Tucker, in behalf of the trustees, elegant and unique testimonials, in solid silverware, of their love and affection for their revered rector. The Bishop prefaced his remarks by alluding to his being the representative of Albany, which was originally settled by the Dutch, whose patron saint was St. Nicholas, and that he therefore was the direct representative of that good saint, a most happy fact in view of the pleasant task before him. He also paid a high tribute to Dr. Tucker for the good he has done during his long connection with the Holy Cross church. He said that as a bishop one of the most discouraging as well as unpleasant features of his work was the oft-recurring changes between pastor and people, and that, therefore, he felt most strongly the force of the occasion they were then commemorating. After the presentation and Dr. Tucker's reply, in which he alluded also to the bishop and claimed the honor of having first associated his name in connection with the bishopric, another surprise was in waiting for Dr. Tucker, for the Rev. Dr. Harison came forward and in a very happy preface presented the doctor a massive silver "loving cup," a gift from the vestry and wardens of old St. Paul's church. Dr. Tucker in his reply referred to the early history of the church of the Holy Cross as an off-shoot from St. Paul's, and feelingly alluded to Mrs. Mary Warren, the founder of the former church, paying a most affectionate tribute to her memory. Nathan B. Warren acknowledged the tribute paid to his mother. After the singing of carols, bountiful gifts were distributed to the scholars from a beautiful Christmas tree, when the assemblage departed, all wishing the doctor a very merry Christmas and very many of them, in which wish the community heartily joins. Dr. Tucker also received a number of costly gifts from members of his congregation.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

NEW MISSIONS.—During the past month the Rev. F. Humphrey, rector of Grace church, Huron, has held several services in Iroquois, DeSmet, Volga, Brookings and Wesley. He has baptized in these towns twelve persons and has presented to the Bishop six persons for Confirmation. The congregations have numbered from 30 and 40 to 100 and 150. He finds that there are a large number of Church people in the four counties that are under his care. Iroquois and DeSmet are beginning to raise funds for building churches. Volga offers to raise \$100 a year for a monthly service. Bishop Hare held services in several of the above towns recently, and was well pleased with the warm interest in Church work which was manifested by the people.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

ROCHESTER—St. Luke's Church.—Bishop Coxe held the Ember Ordination in this church, admitting Mr. Edw. P. Hart to the diaconate. The candidate was presented by the Rev. Dr. Anstice, his pastor for 19 years. The Rev. Mr. Hart is in charge of St. Mark's mission, and will also assist the rector in St. Luke's church.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—St. Andrew's Church.—The Year Book of this church (127th Street), has just come to hand. St. Andrew's is evidently a very busy parish. Not only the rector works, but his people work with him. One feels a little disappointed in not being told what the various organizations in the parish have accomplished. There is a bare statement of their existence, but no blowing of trumpets to let the right hand know what the left hand is doing. Occasionally, however, a hint is given upon which a conclusion may be based. For instance, on page 10, we are told "this Society"—The Ladies' Parish Aid—"has undertaken to raise \$10,000, etc." "Whatever it undertakes it always accomplishes."

From the confident assertion of the last clause, we may safely conclude that the rector knows whereof he speaks, and that the remembrance of many successful undertakings of this Society were before him. From other sources we learn this to be the case. Again on page 14, in a "Summary of Statistics for the last Five Years," we find the result of this combined labor of priest and people, in an increase of 794 communicants, and total offerings of \$88,452.85.

When we consider that St. Andrew's church is not located in the densely populated portion of the city, and that its congregation is not made up of millionaires, this is indeed a remarkable showing. But to comprehend the Year Book one should visit St. Andrew's on Sunday. Such a visit would be well repaid. The many notices of the various kinds of work going on in the parish during the week is interesting, but the services are especially attractive.

The church edifice is spacious and beautiful, and crowded with a devout congregation. The choir composed of a quartette of superb voices, supplemented by a large chorus choir, renders the musical portions of the service in an artistic and inspiring manner. The sermon, usually upon some practical duty of the Christian life, is short, eloquently expressed, and earnestly and impressively delivered. The people go away feeling that they know more about their duty to God and man than they did when they came, and that there is something for them to do if they would enter the kingdom of heaven—besides paying pew rent and coming to church on Sunday. This is at the half-past ten service. There is an early celebration of the Holy Communion every Sunday, and a mid-day celebration on the first Sunday in the month.

At 3 P. M., the 872 children of the Sunday-school—there are rarely any absent—assemble in the parish building adjoining the church for their lessons. Every room, and there are many of them and some large ones, is crowded to overflowing, so that several classes are obliged to meet elsewhere.

At 4 o'clock each class with its banner marches into the church preceded by a large surpliced choir of men and boys singing some inspiring hymn. This service is choral. It is followed by catechizing and a brief address from the rector. The edifice is thronged; for the parents as well as the children heartily join in the service, and surely nothing could be more delightful. One can realize here as no where else the force and beauty of God's Word when it says, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings has thou ordained strength." Certainly none can go from this service without feeling that they have been strengthened in the faith and love of Him, Who took little children in his arms and blessed them. And said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In the evening there is a fourth service, at

which all the seats in the church are free. Multitudes attend who cannot be present in the earlier part of the day, and who could not be accommodated with seats did they come. The demand for seats in the church is far beyond the capacity of the building, large as it is. It contains something over 1200 sittings.

The income of the parish is several thousand dollars more than its expenses. Surely Dr. Lobbell, the reverend rector of the parish and secretary of the diocese has reason to rejoice and be glad as few rectors have. He sees with his own eyes how abundantly the Lord blesses and prospers his labors. Too often does the parish priest have to work and weep and wait, and then others enter in, and reap the fruits of what has been years, perchance, of weary anxious toil.

FLORIDA.

THE STATE OF THE CHURCH.—A correspondent of *The Church Times* (London), the most widely circulated paper in the Anglican Communion, sends to it the following interesting letter:

"Our Church was early planted at several points in Florida, but cannot be said to have made much progress until the period since the Civil War. All Florida is still one diocese, with its see at Jacksonville; the Bishop, Dr. Young, is a good Catholic, and has become noted for liturgical studies. By a rule of this diocese, in which it stands alone, no seats can be rented in any church in union with the convention, except two which date from the old order of things; the offertory assumes its proper place as an act of worship. Many pretty little wooden Gothic churches have been erected within the last few years, and in winter and spring at least, their services are very well attended. At the town where the writer spends most of his winter days, we have a small church, with altar raised on five steps, brass altar cross and vases, Eastward position, colored stoles, and white Eucharistic vestments in use. Our church was built one year ago, services having been begun six months before, and is now by far the best attended in the place. At Sanford, a larger place near by, we have a handsome church, with the same Catholic yet simple ritual, and it is needless to say that the teaching is satisfactory."

"The Roman Church was established in Florida as long ago as the sixteenth century, and had the field all to itself for nearly 300 years, yet to-day is so poor, scattered and insignificant in numbers, that it is a common remark that Florida has been forgotten by Rome. The excellent bishop and his handful of zealous priests and sisters have made almost no impression on the Anglo-Saxon population. In the city of St. Augustine, where Mass was said with military pomp in 1565, the Romans have to-day one church, a "cathedral," poor and tawdry, yet attractive from its Spanish picturesqueness. In Florida at least, the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church is ahead of the Roman. We would respectfully suggest that some of our Roman critics, Mr. Mivart and Mr. Little for instance, would explain this practical failure of their perfect Church, after such tremendous headway. But if Romanism is weak, Protestantism is strong. Perhaps a majority of the people, black and white seldom attend church at all, and of those who do, the vast majority are Baptists, Methodists or Presbyterians, or "undenominational" in their views. Many of the best and most religious of the people have never been inside an Episcopal church."

In the face of such facts here and elsewhere, can Churchmen really suppose that they are doing their duty for Our Lord and His true Church? That they are as a class doing all they can to win souls for Christ? But whatever individual shortcomings may be, the selfish apathy of the American Episcopal Church is passing away, and zeal for the Church becoming more and more general."

VIRGINIA.

DEATH OF THE REV. E. S. GREGORY.—This distinguished priest died at Lynchburg on December 19, in which city he was born in 1843. The following particulars of his life are from *The Southern Churchman*:

"When a boy he entered the Confederate army, after the war became a teacher, then a writer for the press, then gave up other work to be editor of the *Index-Appal* in Petersburg, in which position he got name and reputation; gave up this after a while to enter the ministry of the Church; and was ordained deacon in 1879 and priest 1881. He took charge of churches in Hanover county until he was invited to Lynchburg to organize and build up the new church of the Epiphany, in which he succeeded; every now and then telling in these columns of its progress and recently of his desire to build a rectory for this church. Thus he was engaged in his quiet, modest way, until a few days ago he was taken ill, grew better with hopes the worse was over, until the illness became fatal, and in a few hours he was dead."

"To enter the ministry, he gave up brilliant prospects of money and place and power. He chose to become a humble minister of Christ, lived and died poor. To help to support his family while he preached the gospel, he wrote for the press and the magazines. He gave to the world two volumes of poetry—*Bonnie Bell* and *Other Poems*" and "Lenore," aided Mrs. Bagby in editing her husband's works, wrote the preface, which we characterized as a beautiful bit of prose writing, drawing from him a kind letter of thanks. Thus he lived, day by day, doing the work God had given; working as well for his family to make the ends meet; making many friends, quiet in his demeanor, gentle in his life, modest in his expectations, impressing his parishioners and Lynchburg people in general, there was a man among them who lived not for this world and not for himself."

REPORTED DECREASE OF COMMUNICANTS.

We clip with pleasure from *The Southern Churchman* the following correction: "A correspondent of the *Standard of the Cross* faults 'THE LIVING CHURCH ALMANAC' for errors, but wants to know if the Almanac is correct when it gives a loss of communicants in Virginia at 515. There is an apparent loss of 513 communicants as reported in the Journals of 1883 and 84. But it is only apparent, and not real. The committee on Parochial Reports give the number of communicants reported by the number of communicants reported by the committee; but some Councils are not as well attended as others, and so some have fewer reports handed in. The last Council was not fully attended; there were fewer reports, and so the committee could do nothing but give the number of communicants of the fewer reports, which were not so many as those of the more reports the year before."

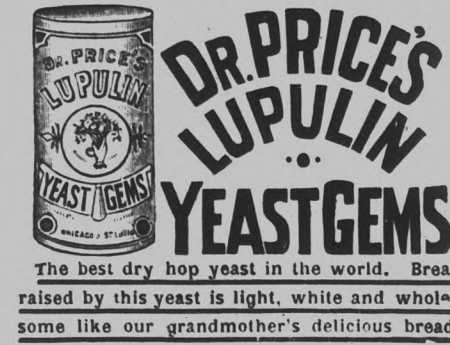
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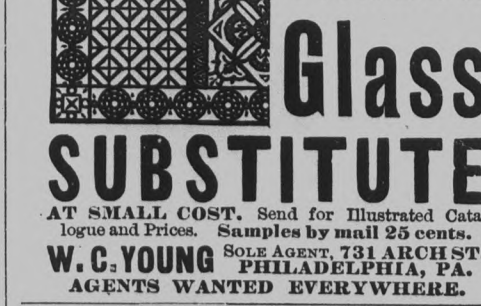
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LIABILITIES. Capital Stock, \$3,000,000 00 Reserve for Re-insurance, 2,350,709 75 Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, and other Liabilities, 470,000 00 Surplus over all Liabilities, 3,311,986 58 \$9,071,696 33

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