





# The Living Church.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1892.

THE LIVING CHURCH is now prepared to appoint and remunerate an agent in every parish of the United States and Canada. Exclusive right assured, not only for new subscribers but also for attending to renewals. Write for particulars.

THE Bishop of Exeter has declined the offer to present him with a cope and mitre as a memorial of his safe return from Japan. While duly grateful, he is unwilling to accept what he thinks would be regarded as a party badge.

OUR next issue will be a pre-Lenten number of 20 pp., containing announcements of books for devotional reading and suggestions about preparation for Lent. Readers who desire to place specimen copies in the hands of friends who may become subscribers, will be provided, free of charge, the papers being sent together to one address, or in separate wrappers to each name forwarded. Orders should be sent us immediately. Clergy will find this a good number to circulate in their parishes.

WE are authorized to state that the consecration of the Bishop-elect of Georgia will, God willing, take place in St. Luke's church, Atlanta, Ga., on the Festival of St. Matthias, Feb. 24th. The Bishop of Alabama will preside, assisted by the Bishops of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Delaware. The sermon will be preached by the Assistant Bishop of Central Pennsylvania; and the Bishop-elect will be presented by the Bishops of West Virginia and Pittsburgh.

THE Dean of Worcester tells of a curate who, when passing a group of men standing on a street corner, overheard one of them say: "There goes a chap with nothing to do and gets hundreds for doing it." The curate stopped and made answer: "My wages are \$15 a week. I have been at work all the morning in my Master's service in church, in school, in my study, and now I am going to see more sickness and distress in one afternoon than you have seen in all your life." And they held their peace.

SINCE the Lincoln case was commenced, viz., from June, 1888, to Dec. 31st, 1891, more than 17,200 persons, have, it is said, joined the English Church Union; the number of clerical members has increased from 3,200 to 4,000; and the number of bishops on the roll has increased from 17 to 25. At the close of the year, notwithstanding the removal of 286 names by death, and of others for non-payment of subscriptions, there was a net gain of exactly 1,000, making upwards of 33,000 members and associates on the roll. Twelve local branches and three district unions have been formed during the year, making a total of 367 lo-

cal branches and 63 district unions. In addition to this, eleven more guilds have affiliated themselves to the E. C. U., making a total of 61 guilds.

DEAN LIDDELL, recently at the head of Christ Church College at Oxford, and known to every school-boy for his part in the editorship of the Liddell and Scott Greek lexicon, was long regarded as the handsomest professor at the famous university. His wife, too, was a notably beautiful woman, and their children were all remarkable for their personal beauty and charm of manner. For one of his daughters, Miss Alice, "Alice in Wonderland", was written. She died, when in the very spring-tide of her youth and beauty, in a most painful way.

THE Bishop of Bangor has permitted his bill of charges on being recently made a Bishop to become public. He paid £37 0s. 6d. to the secretary of State's office, £58 10s. to the Crown office in connection with the *conge d'elire*, £57 2s. for what is described as "Royal Assent," £71 12s. 6d. for "Restitution of Temporalities," £109 0s. 4d. for "Election, Confirmation, Consecration, and Installation," £6 18s. 6d. for "License of Alibi," £16 1s. 1d. for doing "homage" (over £15 in connection with this going to the Board of Green Cloth), £2 2s. cabs and postages, and £21 to the secretary's office for passing papers.

THE Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, has, through the liberality of a Dublin gentleman, been enabled to make a substantial beginning of the complete restoration of the beautiful Lady Chapel of the cathedral. The interior of the chapel is much defaced and spoiled by being painted a gay salmon-color, and its ceiling a gaudy sky-blue, by the Board of Works, before the installation of the Prince of Wales as a Knight of St. Patrick's, in 1868. The cathedral architect (Mr. Drew), who is now restoring the chapel, is producing some very beautiful and striking architectural effects. The alterations are being carried out in strict conformity with the original 13th century design of the work.

It will be a revelation to some of those people who are forever begrudging the sums expended on the decoration of churches to be informed that, according to the computation of Villalpandus, the talents of gold, silver, and brass used in the construction of the temple amounted to £7,020,227,040. The jewels are reckoned to have exceeded this sum, but, for the sake of an estimate, let their value be set down at the same amount. The vessels of gold consecrated to the use of the temple are reckoned by Josephus at 140,000 talents, which according to Capel's reduction, are equal to £556,424,696. The vessels of silver are computed at 1,340,000 talents, or £499,330,602. The silk vestments of the priest cost £1,224, the purple vestments of the singers £2,408,161. The trumpets amounted to £240,816; other musical instruments to £4,896. To these expenses must be added those of the other materials, the timber and stone

and of the labor employed upon them, the labor being divided thus: there were 10,000 men engaged at Lebanon in hewing timber; there were 70,000 bearers of burdens, 20,000 hewers of stone, and 3,300 overseers, all of whom were employed for seven years, and upon whom, besides their wages and food, Solomon bestowed £6,817,404. Estimating the daily food and wages of each man at 4s. 8d., the sum total would be £95,792,947. The costly stone and the timber in the rough may be set down as at least equal to one-third of the gold, or about £259,724,081. The several sums will then give a total of £15,461,354,907.

CHICHESTER, with its graceful 13th-century spire, is the only cathedral in England that can be seen from the sea. Its nave is short, but with the exception of York, it has the widest nave of all our cathedral churches. The dean and chapter, acting under the advice of Mr. G. M. Hills, have just had the vacant niche in the southwest porch filled by statuary. A figure, a little under life-size, has been placed upon the empty 13th-century corbel. It represents St. Richard, the famous Bishop and saint, who dying in 1853, lies buried in the south transept, at the back of the choir stalls. He has a shaven face, and is dressed in full canonicals, with a staff in his left hand, whilst the right is held up in the act of benediction. At his feet is a chalice, illustrative of the popular tradition that once, when celebrating Mass at the high altar, the cup fell to the ground, but none of the consecrated wine was spilt. Mr. Harry Hems, of Exeter, was the sculptor commissioned to carry out the work, now successfully completed.

DR. HOOK, the famous vicar of Leeds, had a keen sense of humor. He also had a telling and epigrammatic way of making the most commonplace statements. A workman once expressed his surprise at seeing a light burning in the vicarage study when he went to his own work at five o'clock in the morning. "Well, my lad" said Dr. Hook, "it takes a deal of courage to get up at all, and it only requires a little more to get up at four." He was once roughly denounced at a vestry meeting as a High Churchman, and allowed his opponent to go heaping upon him one disagreeable epithet after another. When the man ceased speaking, Dr. Hook quickly rose. "Now," said he, "I am going to act upon a Church principle—a high Church principle—a very high Church indeed." Everyone was silent, wondering what would be coming next, when he crossed the room to his antagonist, and said, putting out his hand, "I am going to forgive him." The aversion of his opponent was at once melted, and he grasped the good vicar's hand with the greatest cordiality.

THE American correspondent of *The Church Times* has a good word to say of Virginia Churchmanship:

I could fill column upon column of *The Church Times* with glowing accounts of Christmas services rendered with all devo-

tion and Churchliness in nearly every diocese of our Church, and even in the diocese of Virginia; but I wish to assure your readers that the low and slovenly Churchmanship, as portrayed so graphically by your correspondent in your issue of Dec. 18th, is not the standard that prevails elsewhere in the American Church. Virginia Churchmanship is a synonym among us for all that is low, slow, and careless of rubrics or reverence, and yet there are no more loyal Churchmen than Virginians, no matter what the root of their loyalty may be. The fact is that Virginia Churchmanship, like Virginia social life, is rooted in the soil of the Georgian days, and Virginia people cling to those old slovenly ecclesiastical ideals. They love them as marks of their aristocratic origin and heritage. Socially, the Virginians are the most delightful to meet among Americans, but ecclesiastically, they are narrow, wrongly instructed, bigoted, and generally intolerant, and they hate "High Church" with a pious intensity worthy of a better cause. When Virginia Churchmen get out of Virginia, they begin to learn something about the Church which they could not learn before, and many of our staunchest High Churchmen in other dioceses began life in Virginia, and even are graduates of that extreme Protestant school, the Theological Seminary at Alexandria; but they had to experience a change of environment before their spiritual and intellectual evolution began. Notwithstanding, I was informed by the secretary-general of the C. B. S., a couple of years since, that the Confraternity has quite a large number of associates in Virginia, considering the circumstances.

## THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT)

LONDON, JAN. 20th.

A sadder week than that which has just ended can scarcely be recalled within living memory. Influenza, that fell disease so little thought of and yet so fatal in its results, has made a gap in many a home, and as I write, in that one home in which we, as a nation, all take some share—the home of the Prince of Wales. The death of the first-born has a grief keener than any other loss, and the death of the heir-presumptive to the throne of England coming so suddenly, and within a few weeks of his approaching marriage to a popular princess, is an event so grievous that it is regarded in no conventional way, as a truly national sorrow. Evidence of this was forthcoming on Sunday last, when from every pulpit in the land there rang out words of sympathy for the bereaved ones, and the prayers then offered up in their behalf were a real earnest of what was in every heart. Not since the Prince Consort died thirty years ago, has there been so much public sympathy expressed, and so many signs of mourning shown, as on this occasion. But what is especially interesting to Church people is the change that has come about in the manners and customs connected with the burial of the dead. Let me relate the few touching incidents of the obsequies of the young prince. He died on Thursday, Jan. 14th. On Friday, the body in a wooden coffin, was taken into the little village church of Sandringham, where it stood before the altar covered with the Union Jack, and surrounded with very









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Chicago, Saturday, February 13, 1892.

REV. C. W. LEFFINGWELL,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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*The Southern Churchman* makes the libellous charge that "within the last two years one of the editorial staff of THE LIVING CHURCH went over to Rome," and surmises that another is "on his road thither." A similar charge was made several years ago by the same journal, and it was promptly denied. Even if it had been true, why should it be quoted against us? Suppose it should appear that some person once connected with *The Southern Churchman* was an embezzler, would it be fair to infer that the present venerable editor of that journal is a rascal? And would it be thought courteous, to say nothing of charity, for another Church paper to publish his misfortune with a jeer?

*The Standard of the Cross* commenting upon a recent letter of Bishop Gillespie, spoke of him as being in "conspicuous solitude, a man of respectable character in a mistaken position," and challenged other persons of respectable character to join him, if they dare. A correspondent, referring to him, says: "That seems to me only a call for bishops to register themselves against bishops in the press. As they will not do this, *The Standard* would have it appear that the Bishop of Western Michigan stands alone. But that is a very incorrect account of the facts. I know that nearly one-half of the bishops, 'leaders to be trusted' as much as the other half, thought and do still think as Bishop Gillespie does, and were not sorry to see his courageous and public declaration; yet they have such a sense of the dignity and courtesy of their office, and of what is due to the peace of the Church, that they could not respond to a summons to

file their names in a voting-list of the press. They must feel a just indignation at this attempt to force them into a false position, where they are made to appear to leave their brother unsupported in his defence of common convictions."

ANOTHER example of the wonderful achievements of "higher" criticism has recently come to light. A German scholar of profound erudition has discovered by this remarkable process that the Gospel of St. John is not a homogeneous work, that it has at least two "sources." This is one of the present fads of higher criticism in connection with the Bible. The writers of other famous books all had some originality. That a work has a writer's name attached to it and is credited to that writer in succeeding times, is held to constitute a very strong presumption that it was actually written by the man whose name it bears. And these writers, Latin, Greek, and the rest, were men of genius and produced their works at first hand. The Books of the Bible, however—the very books be it remembered, which have had more effect upon the world than all others put together—were produced by men of no genius and little character! If the Hebrews had a genius for anything, it must have been for compilation. Go as far back or come down as late as you please, according to these "higher" critics, they are always putting together documents, never writing anything themselves. And then they proceed to affix to the result the name of some distinguished person and so set afloat their literary labors. To the German critic, therefore, having ascertained this peculiar idiosyncrasy of literary men among the Hebrews, the fact that a book has the name of a particular man is in itself a strong presumption that it was not written by that man. And since the Hebrews never did anything original, but always compiled from mysteriously pre-existent "sources," the more homogeneous a book seems on the face of it to be, the more certain it is that it is not homogeneous! It may defy analysis for a long time, but as the weapons of criticism grow keener, it must succumb at last.

BUT to come back to Dr. Wendt and St. John. This Teutonic giant, we are told, has apprised the world in "a work of distinguished learning, of great originality, and profound thought," that this Gospel is not homogeneous, for he has discovered and is prepared to demonstrate that the narrative portions did not proceed from the same per-

son who composed the discourses. The Gospel was formed by putting together these two distinct elements, the composition respectively of two quite different persons. Is the simple Christian, not versed in the ways of higher criticism, impelled to exclaim: "Why, who has ever said they were not the work of two persons? Does not the book itself plainly show that the discourses were composed by our Lord, and the narrative, on the other hand, by St. John? What amount of profound thought does it take to perceive that?" But we forget that from the point of view of the Biblical higher critic, all ordinary assumptions are reversed. The fact that the book claims to be the narrative of an Apostle, with discourses inserted as they fell from the Master's lips, has been, heretofore, almost proof positive with these gentlemen, that the whole was composed by one person. The unity of the work has been insisted upon, notwithstanding the antecedent probability that a Hebrew writer would have the national tendency to use somebody else's materials. The fact that the author candidly claims to be using in certain passages the words of another has been made to offset that consideration, and to render it probable that he composed everything himself. This is the line almost all the Germans hitherto have insisted upon: This Gospel is a unit, it is all the composition of one brain. And this has been the basis of the attacks made on its historical character. Of course, if it is all the work of one brain, the discourses are fabrications, and the validity of the book is disposed of.

SEE now the marvelous cleverness of this higher criticism. Dr. Wendt does not believe, any more than the rest, that this Gospel was written by St. John, or that it is entirely trustworthy. He accepts the conclusions of previous critics on this point, while he rejects the premises on which they are based. Certainly, there are great advantages in such a method. After you have been engaged in proving a certain point for a long series of years by a process of criticism, it is likely to be generally accepted. Your conclusion is taken as a kind of first principle. You are at liberty to assume the truth of it. Then, when it becomes desirable to prove some other point, you may quietly reject all the reasoning by which the conclusion was established without affecting the conclusion itself. Thus Dr. Wendt's discovery that there are two elements in the Gospel of St. John—a fact which in itself

ought to be plain to an intelligent school boy—does not prevent him from luxuriating in editors, redactors, sources, and the other contrivances with which critical discussion has made us only too familiar. To do Dr. Wendt's powerful mind justice, he is said to have penetrated the fact that there is something unusually lofty and sublime in the discourses of this Gospel; and a learned English scholar solemnly admonishes us that we ought to be thankful to have the testimony of such a man "to the effect that the sayings of Jesus as recorded in the fourth Gospel are altogether credible." Intellectual arrogance could hardly go further than this. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." We have yet to hear of a German higher critic who has been noted for spiritual-mindedness.

### THE DEDICATIONS OF CHURCHES.

Two laymen of the diocese of Rhode Island have written and compiled an interesting volume, "On the Dedications of American Churches." The work is creditable and contains matter that will be useful to those in authority who have to do with our ecclesiastical nomenclature. It is pleasant to think that the Church has among her faithful laity men who will take time and trouble to investigate questions of archaeology. The volume, of which only five hundred copies are issued, is an exquisite piece of work from the Riverside Press at Cambridge. It is of the nature of an enquiry into the naming of churches in this country, giving also some account of English dedications, and making some suggestions for future dedications in the American Church. The work is inscribed "to the Rt. Rev. Father in God, Thomas, by Divine permission, Bishop of Rhode Island."

The subject is of more than antiquarian interest, and suggests some thoughts which may fitly find expression in our editorial columns.

It is evident that since the colonial epoch our churches have been named on the principle of adherence to the hagiology of the Prayer Book, and that subsequent departures from this custom, rendered necessary by the poverty of our kalendar, have been dictated by sentimental preferences or have followed Roman modes. In adhering to the Prayer Book we have duplicated to an absurd degree. Thus of 4,022 churches we have dedicated to St. Paul (the American favorite!) 385; St. John, 366; St. James, 178; St. Luke, 142; St. Mark, 136; St. Peter, 122, etc. No less than 367 are named Christ; 354, Trinity; 279



Grace; 97, St. Mary. There are 25 "Christ's" in the diocese of Connecticut, 26 in Virginia, and 17 in Albany. Virginia has 23 "Graces", Central New York, 14, Massachusetts and New York each 12. St. Paul and St. John are the most highly favored. The sentimental spirit shows itself in such names as Cross and Crown, Heavenly Rest, Beloved Disciple, Bread of Life, etc. The objectionable custom has to some extent prevailed of calling churches the Christ Memorial, or the X Memorial, or the Y Memorial; but in most cases these names disappear in the process of time. Another custom has found great favor in this country—that of calling churches after the great facts or mysteries of the Faith, a custom unknown in England, and, though unobjectionable in itself, of Roman origin. Such are the dedications: Advent, Ascension, Incarnation, Nativity, Annunciation, Crucifixion, Epiphany, Resurrection, and Transfiguration. Of these we have 150.

An analysis of the very complete tables in the work before us shows the dedications to be as follows, classifying them under general headings:

God the Father, 1; God the Son, 647; God the Holy Ghost, 25; the Blessed Trinity, 397; Divine Attributes, 3; the B. V. M., 100; the Holy Apostles, 1,379; Other Saints, 569; All Saints, All Hallows, All Souls, 76; Events and Mysteries, 150; Holy Places, 124; Theological Virtues, 4; Grace, 279; Holy Objects, 30; the Blessed Sacrament, 18; the Catholic Faith, 3; Mediatorial Works, 17; States of Being, 3; the Holy Angels, 30; An Historic Period, 2.

In view of the rapid growth of the Church in this country, and of the immemorial custom, and the innate propriety, of naming churches, it would seem to be very desirable for convenience, to say nothing of the honor of the neglected saints, that our dedications should enjoy a more extended field of selection. The episcopal authority doubtless applies to the subject, but often in the absence of a written law, individual preference, and sometimes whim, may tend to perpetuate a class of names which do not commend themselves to the general judgment. It is certainly time to "call a halt," so far as the popular Apostles are concerned.

The mind of the American Churchman naturally turns to England. There is certainly an ample field to choose from in the mother Church. An analysis of 18,500 dedications in use in that Church, shows that about 800 different names are thus honored. But of these, many are impracticable. We would scarcely select such names as St. Capfarch, St. Clidiow, St. Hyrwyn, St. Lawdog, or St. Wynwallow! But there are

many others, more euphonious and more easily pronounced, which would perpetuate the memory of some of England's holiest saints and martyrs. To a limited extent we have already drawn from this goodly fellowship, instances such as St. Alban, St. Columba, St. Wilfrid, readily occurring to the mind: Alabama honoring St. Wilfrid, Minnesota, St. Columba, and ten of our dioceses, St. Alban. We have had recourse to the hagiology of other nations, also, as in the case of St. Ansgarius, the Swedish parish in the diocese of Chicago. The English list contains many names of men and women who were numbered among the early British heroes of the Faith, and among the saints of the period subsequent to A. D. 600, whom we might well hold in everlasting remembrance and honor.

The authors of the book before us refer to the black-letter days of the English kalendar as imperfect. They do not include such names as St. Botolph, St. Olave, St. Patrick, St. Cuthbert, etc. But the opinion is expressed that on the whole it is best to adhere to the kalendar as furnishing an authorized list from the legal point of view, and with this opinion we agree. But we add that if personal preference or sentimental motives are to govern, it is to be hoped that our dedications may sweep through the whole heaven of Catholic hagiology, rather than fix upon our churches such names as some of them are now bearing.

Perhaps we may furnish some practical help in the dedication of new churches by appending a list of names *already in use* in our Church, but none of them applied more than once or twice. No one could object on any conceivable grounds to their more general adoption. Here is our suggested list: St. Asaph, St. Timothy, St. Agnes, St. Chrysostom, St. Cornelius, St. Ambrose, Holy Faith, St. Columba, St. Gabriel, St. Helen, St. Ignatius, St. Joseph, St. Katherine, Holy Name, St. Laurence, St. Michael, and All Angels.

#### BRIEF MENTION.

"If drunkenness were made odious and a punishable offence against society, as it should be," says *The Sanitarian*, "instead of being apologized for and pampered, as it is by inebriate specialists, there would be far more hope for the drunkard than that which now obtains."—Among the many letters addressed to the poet Whittier on his eighty-fourth birthday there is none happier than this from the Bishop of Massachusetts: "Dear Mr. Whittier: I have no right, save that which love, and gratitude, and reverence may give, to say how devoutly I thank God that you have lived, that you are living, and that you will al-

ways live. May His peace be with you more and more. Affectionately your friend, Phillips Brooks."—*The Independent* asserts that the English Church Union was formed to re-introduce auricular confession, priestly absolution, and the doctrine of Transubstantiation." To which *The Church Times* replies: "A reference to our Prayer Book would have informed our contemporary that the first and second items needed no re-introduction, as they have always formed part of Anglican doctrine and practice; whilst, as to the third count, Transubstantiation is denied by every member of the Union."—From every consideration but that of greed the monstrously tall buildings are bad, and we are glad to know that there is to be a limit to the skyward tendency, even if it has to be 150 feet, which is too much. It is proposed to allow this, however, only on the widest streets.

—The diocese of Oregon, which was but recently a missionary jurisdiction, gave more last year for the general missionary work of the Church than any diocese west of the Mississippi, and there are twenty dioceses east of that line that gave less than Oregon.—Numerous schemes are advertised for taking people to the great Fair in 1893. One organized in London proposes to give the round trip, with good fare, and five days in Chicago, for about \$130, taking in New York, Niagara, Philadelphia, Washington, etc. Travel will be cheap, but oh, such a great crowd!—"La Grippe," it seems, is an old enemy, and has scourged the world more than once before. Its last visitation, as we learn from "the oldest inhabitant," was in 1832.—*The Churchman* says: "When one considers the number of ignorant, flighty, eccentric, ill-balanced, conceited, and presuming people who call themselves mental healers, and who profess to cure every known disease by using none of the known remedies, one cannot commiserate too strongly the credulous victims of the large band of frauds, fools, and fanatics thus constituted."—Bishop Lyman, in a published letter, calls for some action of the committee appointed years ago by the House of Bishops, on episcopal vestments. He says those now in use are oppressive in hot weather, and cannot be kept in becoming condition during extended visitations.—Low Churchmen, says a correspondent, have ever professed the most complete devotion to the fundamental truths of the Gospel. Do they not see that these truths are involved in a Broad Church triumph? In their eagerness to aid in the suppression of "ritualism" they are joining forces with the enemies of the scriptural and historical Faith. Yes! and in the fright of a foolish Romophobia, the baseless fabric of a vision, they hasten to put in peril the evangelical principles upon which they have stood with a grand record for generations.—What would THE LIVING CHURCH think, says a correspondent, of a parish which had a "tree" on Christmas Eve in the church, and no service on Christmas Day or on the Feast of the Circumcision? The rector had a "New Year's reception" at his home on January 1. When recently he wished to be away from town on a certain day, he told his congregation that there was to be "a union meeting at the Congregational church" and he hoped they would all go there.

However, good Dr. Blank took all his choir to the Congregational meeting-house in ———, last Good Friday evening, by invitation of the pastor.—The fact has been noted, that while all the world keeps Christmas, there are few Protestant places of worship in this country which are open for worship on that day. We lately read of a Presbyterian who, finding no church of his denomination open on Christmas Day, went to the Episcopal church, and wrote to his Presbyterian paper what a comfort it was to him.——A Sunday count of church attendance in Liverpool, recently, gave 63,000 out of a population of half a million; a little more than one person in eight, or perhaps one in four who could attend. We fear Chicago could make a worse showing.—Gail Hamilton does not favor a woman's department at the World's Fair. She says: "The distinguishing, inalienable, imperious, and imperial industry of woman can never be exhibited at a fair. The only fair that can show her work, whether it be good or bad, is the day of judgment."—A correspondent of the Baptist *Examiner*, speaking of extempore prayers, says that very often a "good homely talk" is delivered, in a very awkward and unseemly fashion, to God. Preachers express sentiments about people in praying which they are afraid to put point blank in their sermons.

#### TOYNBEE HALL.

BY G. T. R.

There are vast areas of London where appalling darkness settles down over poverty-stricken people; where subsistence and even existence strains every energy and opportunity to the uttermost; where all humanizing influences are practically unknown, where vice is reputable, where honesty is literally starved out, where debaucheries are become almost the normal condition of young and old, of men, women, and children. It was stated by the eminent and venerable Archdeacon of London in a recent sermon in St. Paul's cathedral, that more than 700,000 people never enter a church for religious worship or observances, year in and out. Official criminal statistics show that there are 100,000 professional thieves infesting East and Old London, subsisting by plunder, while the under-currents of socialism, and sometimes in its most desperate types, spread and grow with alarming rapidity. And all this under a system of charities and benevolences unparalleled in Christendom. A new instrumentality has within a few years been brought to bear upon this hard question. This is a movement originating in discussions of sociological problems in Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Prof. Toynbee, a lecturer on these subjects, succeeded in concentrating the interest into a system of practical effort, which within some seven years has resulted in the organization of three societies or houses; Toynbee Hall, in the parish of St. Jude, Whitechapel, the warden of which is the Rev. S. A. Barnett; Oxford House, in the neighborhood of Bethnal Green, the Rev. Mr. Ingram, warden; and Trinity Court, Camberwell, south of the Thames. At Toynbee fifty thousand dollars have already been expended in building the hall, which is a memorial to Prof. Toynbee



## CHOIR AND STUDY.

## CALENDAR—FEBRUARY, 1892.

14. Septuagesima.	Violet.
21. Sexagesima.	Violet.
24. ST. MATTHIAS.	Red.
28. Quinquagesima.	Violet.

## THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

BY THE REV. J. ANKETELL.  
SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

He sent them into His vineyard.—St. Matt. xx: 2.

In Thy great vineyard, Master,  
We bear the toil and heat,  
Sin's load and sad disaster,  
While pass our moments fleet.

For Thou hast borne before us  
The toil and heat of day;  
Thy covering wings are o'er us  
To quench the noontide ray.

We would not murmur sadly,  
Though sore our toil may be;  
But bear our burden gladly  
With love and praise to Thee.

The evening shadows gather,  
The twilight hour has come  
To bear us to our Father  
In Life's eternal home.

Oh, call the heathen nations,  
Who eager, waiting stand,  
To take their vacant stations  
With saints at Thy right hand;

That all may be accorded  
A task in Thy employ;  
That each may be rewarded  
With equal, endless joy.

The Rev. Geo. T. Rider, having returned from Europe, all communications for this department should be addressed to him at No. 117 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Having concluded our technical studies among English choirs, we shall gladly receive from our organists and choir directors, SERVICE CALENDARS, in resumption of our Choral Directory; always presuming that they reach us fortnightly in advance of publication day, as for home use, they need to be strictly anticipatory.

The orchestral resources of New York seem richer than ever. First and foremost, there is the oldest of them, the old Philharmonic, now under the conduct of Herr Seidl, certainly a consummate interpreter of the higher range of orchestral composition, master of all schools, at once learned, refined, picturesque, and masterful. Here are considerably more than 100 members. The fifteen *contra bassi* suggest the enormous proportions of the organization. It is well sprinkled with gray-headed old men, some of them have played their parts for full forty years. The last concert was graced with the presence of Scharwenka, the great German composer and pianist, who gave one of his own concertos for piano and orchestra, a gracious and fascinating composition, duly interpreted. The concert unhappily opened with Schumann's doleful and unmusical "Manfred" overture, a gruesome transcription of that most desolate and unlovely poem, by Lord Byron, which fell like a fierce pestilence upon the life and thought of his day—played, for a wonder, faultily and inartistically. Then there was a marvellous tone-poem, "Death and Apotheosis," Op. 24, (new) by Richard Strauss, true to its title, intensely dramatic and treated with splendid flights of imagination; followed by the last number, which should have opened the concert, symphony, "Im Walde," Op. 153, in three parts by Raff, one of the most fascinating productions of the modern orchestral art. In passages, during the evening, the readings and interpretations of Mr. Seidl and

the expression of his great orchestra were worthy of the highest commendation.

Then the Symphony Society, with its companion, the Oratorio Society, both virtually under the same management and under the same director, Mr. Walter Damrosch, with superb programmes, both quite surpassing the achievements of former years. The orchestra, the same for both societies, has become specialized and localized in Carnegie Hall, and under constant rehearsal is taking place, in the very forefront of similar organizations. The concert of January 16th must long remain memorable, as the "Symphony" on that occasion had secured Paderewski, the last piano celebrity, as soloist, presenting Rubenstein's splendid Concerto No. 4 in D minor with such sustained elegance and poetic feeling that the vast audience were fairly frantic with delight. Nothing so great and masterly in pianoforte interpretation has ever before been heard in New York, and the strange, wierd *personel* of the player has developed in our musical population an unprecedented enthusiasm. Every subsequent concert and recital is but a renewal and repetition of his former successes. His progress through the country must prove one grand uninterrupted triumph. The orchestral numbers were: "The Wedding March and Variations," by Goldmerk; Pasticaille and Minuet from "Iphigenia in Aulif," by Gluck; and last, Scenes from "Romeo and Juliet" (dramatic symphony), by Berlioz. The orchestral *ensemble*, with an especial mention of Brodsky, the new first violin, or concert-meister, was ideally unexceptionable and perfect. The Oratorio Society at the holidays gave the grandest and most perfect delivery of the "Messiah" ever heard in New York. Then follows the delightful visits of that ever wonderful orchestra, "The Symphony," of Boston, a body of artists unique and unsurpassed, under the direction of Nikisch, a very wizard and dynamo among leaders. Here are then four great orchestras, statedly heard in New York the season through, thus constituting the metropolis as the most musical city in the world. We think it cannot be questioned that, in the higher orchestral and choral art, New York and Boston are far in advance of London.

Concerning the Diocesan Guild of Central New York, the Rev. Dr. Egar, rector of Zion church, Rome, N. Y., writes as follows: "The information on which your notice in THE LIVING CHURCH of Jan. 30, of the sixth annual festival, was based, is erroneous in three particulars, and I will ask you to make the following corrections:—1. The Executive Committee of the Choir Guild at the last meeting appointed Zion church, Rome, and not Grace church, Utica, as the place of holding the festival. 2. The choir of Zion church has not 'dropped out of the guild.' 3. The music of the choir festival is not that of the Massachusetts festival of last year, but that of 1892."

The Church Choral Society of New York, Mr. Richard Henry Warren, director, gave an important musical service in the church of the Holy Trinity, Lenox ave. and 122nd st., in aid of the parish funds. The full chorus was

supported by an effective orchestra of 45 instruments, and the organ of the church, Mr. Frank Treat Southwick, the organist, presiding. The soloists were: Miss Hilke and Madame Pfaff, sopranos, Miss Baldwin, contralto, Mr. J. H. Ricketson, tenor, and Messrs. Averill, Hilliard, and Shaw, baritones. After a brief devotion, the following admirable cantatas were sung: "The Song of Miriam," by Schubert, soprano solo and chorus, an exquisite composition abounding in the delicious melodies and lavish wealth of harmony characteristic of the composer; "Jubilate, Amen," by Max Bruch, profoundly religious and exalted in its inspirations; and "The Heavens Declare," by C. Saint-Saens (at the head of the modern French school of composers), strikingly original in form and construction, its orchestration developing rare and surprising beauty, and with splendid movements, in unisons, solos, duets, quartette for baritones, quintette, mixed voices, recitatives, and majestic choruses,—a work of great elaboration and full of difficulties, but exceedingly impressive, fascinating, and eloquent; a great acquisition to the choralist's repertory. The delivery was thoroughly and beautifully artistic and reverent in declamation and expression, with that refined finish that Mr. Warren always develops in the choral society, as well as in his own choir. The new tenor of St. Bartholomew's choir, Mr. J. H. Ricketson, is a valuable accession to our soloists, with his lovely voice, excellent "school," and admirable delivery of the text. The chorus and soloists, men and women, were duly vested, the latter wearing small black caps, Mr. Warren conducting in his cassock, undoubtedly the proper vestment for such an office and occasion. The beautiful and spacious church was filled.

We hear too much of French art and too little of English art. Things are wofully changed since the day of our own best painters, when Vanderlyn, Gilbert, Stuart, Copley, Allston, and Thomas Cole, a little later, had given us an honorable standing among cultured peoples in the Old World. In those days our young aspirants resorted to London and the Royal Academicians. Now, hardly an American is to be heard of in England, while hundreds flock to Paris and other Continental art centres, to the permanent detriment of art itself. One is continually impressed with the serious dignity of purpose, the chaste, distinguished ideality of conception and composition that confronts one at the Walker Art Galleries in Liverpool, in the Fitzwilliam Gallery in Cambridge, and especially in these London collections. The *voyageur* who is interested in pictures will find in the first collection named, a single composition by Gabriel Dante Rossetti, "The vision of Beatrice summoned to the spiritual world," for the study of which some might count it not too great a hardship to have crossed the ocean. The National Gallery is inestimably rich in these great creations that have from time to time inspired new eras in art. One may find the germinal suggestions of the great Parisian colorists in figure and *genre* in the impassioned canvasses of old Stothard. William Blake clearly adumbrates Doré and Ary Scheffer. In Creswick and Constable you may trace

all that is noblest in French landscape. There is the great collection of Turners, which remains inimitable and unique, and we can remember but a single follower who has presumed to venture in the same direction, and that is Thomas Moran, of New York. But Turner was and remains monarch of the impressionists to this day, and would have looked coldly on the somewhat sophisticated imitations of the very clever American.

One may spend hours and days in studying, or rather getting some insight into the Turners, which have the shifting evasiveness of the natural horizon, that always invites and always recedes. To the analyst in technics, Turner is the most baffling and disappointing of painters. For such he has no disclosures. There is profound mysticism that at once envelops and enshrines them. They are like the verse of Keats, Tennyson, and Swinburne, that baffles the mere grammarian. Much of the work is visibly suffering from defective pigments, or an unfriendly climate. Others seem to retain their original charm and freshness. We believe that the sincere student will experience no disappointment, however highly his expectations may have been pitched, before Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Apollo and Daphne, Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus, The Fighting Temeraire, some of the Venetian studies, and others that Turner insisted should be hung among the great Claudes, although the latter juxtaposition cannot always commend itself to critics unbiased by the fanatical enthusiasm of John Ruskin. Indeed, this studied contrast with the Claude Lorraines is sufficient to demonstrate that Turner himself had recognized the picturesque glamour of the great classic landscape, with its fanciful architectures, haunted by nymphs and dryads, and even the great poet-landscapist, Corot himself, again and again responds to the same masterful influence of the Swiss artist.

It must be confessed that Mr. Ruskin's comparative critical analyses of Claude and Turner, to the perpetual detriment of the former, are more creditable to his keenness of metaphysical subtlety and shrewd adroitness as a special pleader, than to real breadth and sincerity of artistic comprehension. Confronting each other, the Claudes and the Turners are on reciprocally friendly terms and dwell in charming amiability, not only in each other's company, but with the severer beauty of the Rysdael and Hobbema, hanging hard by. The collection of the Turner water colors are frankly uninteresting, consisting largely of hurried sketches and memoranda, eked out by scratches in both pencil and even ink. The collection of such an array of Turner's masterpieces however, must be recognized as a measure of national, and even international, importance; and their preservation must prove of almost inestimable service to art.

It seems that an equal if not deeper interest attaches to the superb collection of John Constable's landscapes. They are all important, most of them of exceptional importance. For beyond question, Constable must be recognized as the founder of the great

French school of landscape art, as the leader who went out into the open air and studied nature face to face. Here is a departure from the old-time conventional art, almost abrupt and violent. There is vigor of treatment almost harsh and rude. Should one remark a prevailing "low tone," or want of illumination, it should be remembered that the prevailing climate conditions are not friendly to very cheerful-out-of-door effects, and that the prevailing mood is sombre and depressing. Constable painted with honest fidelity the landscape as he saw it. His work explains the art of Corot, and the rest of the Barbizon school—Rousseau, Troyon, and the Dupres. As an interpreter of nature, Constable discovers a depth and tenderness of sympathy rarely suggested by Turner. For Turner was creating allegories and idyls, while Constable was contented with nature unsophisticated and unadorned. We can hardly conceive a finer delight, or more grateful surprise, than is afforded by a first study of these masterpieces of Constable's.

The trustees of the National Gallery have taken excellent care of the great middle school of English art. Nowhere else, for instance, are to be found such splendid examples of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Copley. But there is a surprising neglect of the great recent masters, as Leighton, Watts, Madox Brown, Rossetti—of whose work there are two lesser examples—Burne-Jones, and William Holman Hunt, with others who confessedly stand at the forefront of contemporaneous art. Such certainly merit a place in the National Gallery, while they are being scattered or buried in private collections. The French government exercises a finer consideration, every year purchasing out of the Salon exhibition meritorious works of rising artists. These vast London collections supply opportunity for a life-long study, while the art treasures of the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the South Kensington Museum not only conserve and illustrate the best periods of English art, but cover the vast fields of ancient classic art with illustrations of the best artisan work in fabrics, metals, and ceramics, from all parts of the globe. The most comprehensive plan of study in aesthetics, antiquities, and all literatures, is lavishly provided for, and one can well understand how it is that certain Americans who are highly educated and devoted to literary pursuits should find an irresistible fascination in London.

The comfort and tastes of the people are munificently cared for. These vast collections are practically public property. The curators stated that there were thirty-two miles of book shelving in the British Museum, while the system of attendance and cataloguing is so perfectly matured that all the resources of the collection are accessible with but a few minutes' delay. The Athenian marbles, the Rosetta stone, the Egyptian and Assyrian collections, give the Museum supreme distinction.

In the National Gallery there is no valueless lumber of improvident accumulation to cumber the walls and hinder study. In the successive periods of early and middle-age art, room remains for available and desirable additions. As an illustration of the

lavish spirit exhibited by the government, we may mention that for the support of the South Kensington Museum alone there is an annual outlay of about \$2,250,000! Besides all these, there are a dozen more collections and museums of decided importance within easy reach of the city, while at hundreds of country estates very valuable collections are opened to the public under certain well-known and reasonable restrictions.

#### SOME ART LITERATURE.

*The Vocalist*, an educational voice journal, issued monthly, Frank Herbert Tubbs, editor, New York; a very serviceable publication, especially to the profession and students, covering a wide range of subjects, carefully and intelligently treated.

*The Boston Musical Herald*, a monthly music review for the home, comes to us much enlarged and enriched in its contents. Mr. George H. Wilson, 154 Tremont st., Boston, is editor and publisher, supported by the following associates: Louis C. Elson, music critic of the *Boston Advertiser*, Henry E. Krebbiel, music critic of the *New York Tribune*, Philip Hale, music critic of the *Boston Post*, and William J. Henderson, music critic of the *New York Times*; certainly an unexampled corps of gifted and capable writers, all of them educated musicians of recognized distinction. These gentlemen are a terror to charlatans, pretenders, and superficial people and compositions. With a larger catholicity of æsthetic judgment, and more of that constructive criticism which is optimistic rather than pessimistic in purpose and spirit, and more of the *suaviter in modo*, and less of the stiletto and bludgeon, a field of immense and most wholesome influence awaits this strongly manned monthly.

*The Art Amateur*, February, Montague Marks, publisher, New York, with its wonted quota of graceful color plates and numerous departments of art literature and art work, richly and intelligently stored with literary matter, very judiciously and profusely illustrated, supplies a great desideratum in every cultivated home. Its current art news is full, exact, and trusty, while as a purveyor for womanly art industries, useful and decorative, it is unrivalled.

*The American Architect*, Ticknor & Co., Boston, is published in three editions, each week: the Regular, the Imperial, and the International, the last which is much the most expensive, containing many very beautiful illustrations of foreign and American edifices, both ecclesiastical and secular, some of them in color. "The Imperial" illustrates the progressing construction at home, in its most interesting phases throughout the country. The "Architect" is devoted practically and theoretically to the service of architecture, decoration, engineering, and construction, and presentation of all statistics especially interesting to the builder and designer. It is edited with rare professional intelligence, and lends invaluable encouragement and scientific support to the development of our native architecture, which in not a few particulars is far in advance of European ideals and inventions.

*The Magazine of Art*, February, Cassell Publishing Co., New York, presents its usual variety of art-miscellany, so grateful to cultivated readers. The illustrations are profuse, and of varying interest. The frontispiece is the best of them, being a lovely mezzotint portrait of a lady re-produced in photogravure by the Berlin Company; another which is a very artistic conception, is "Fire Fancies", engraved by Jounard, after the painting by Arthur Hacker, who has succeeded in giving his deeply poetical fancy a very picturesque expression. There are interesting illustrated papers, "John Russell, R. A., the Prince of Crayon Portrait Painters;" "Artistic Homes, House Architecture-Exteriors," by Reginald Blomfield, lovely glimpses of English rural constructions; "Two Winter Exhibitions," by F. Wedmore, with eight illustrations;

"Book-edge Decorations," by Miss F. Prid-eaux, with ten illustrations, a very dainty subject; "The Dulwich Gallery," in two parts, Part II. by Water Armstrong, together with the comprehensive "Chronicle of Art," and that very convenient summary, "American Art Notes."

**THE MOTHER OF ALL CHURCHES;** being a faithful Translation of one of the popular Catechisms of the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church. By the Rev. J. G. Bromage, M.A., priest of the Church of England. With an Introduction by the Rev. R. Raikes Bromage, M.A., F. R. G. S., parish priest of Christ church, Frome. London: J. Masters & Co. New York: James Pott & Co. 1891.

Mr. Bromage has done good service in bringing to the English reader's knowledge one of the popular catechisms of the Greek Church. We hear a great deal of "union" or "unity" or "re-union" with those about us, whose whole system of faith, worship, and discipline, is so utterly diverse from our own that we wonder on what possible basis any agreement could be reached, except that one (so wrong in its underlying principle but yet so popular to-day), viz: to agree to disagree. From such hopeless outlook it is with pleasure that those who daily long and look for the fulfilment of the Lord's prayer that "they all may be one", peruse this little book which, a few paragraphs excepted, might be placed in the Sunday school of any of our parish churches. While change and decay have fallen upon the East, one thing has remained unchanged, the changeless Christ and His changeless Faith; and after an estrangement of a thousand years we can say to our brethren of the East: "Ye have kept the Faith." Mr. Bromage's introduction is more Eastern in its proclivities than most Westerners would cordially respond to, and yet it is well calculated to break down those barriers which prejudice and ignorance (but another name for the same thing, in most cases) have raised up, and which would prevent or at least hinder that visible inter-communion for which we so long. A few of the questions and answers sound rather amusing to our Western ears. Q.—"What are the chief of these heresies?" A.—"First, there is the heresy of the Latins, or Westerns, or Papists, who separated from the true Church of Christ and are subject to the Pope of Rome." Some strange things have found their way into some of our popular catechisms, but we doubt whether anything more anti-Roman ever was taught children. Another sample is perhaps equally striking: Q.—"What is the true Church of Christ?" A.—"The only true Church of Christ is the Eastern Orthodox Church." How strange it is that both the Papal East and the Orthodox East should each claim to be the whole and only Church of Christ! However, these and other such peculiarities are very few in number, and we would advise all who really have Christian unity at heart, to send to Messrs. Pott & Co., and get a copy of Mr. Bromage's little book.

**INDIKA.** The Country and the People of India and Ceylon. By John F. Hurst, D. D., LL. D. With maps and illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. Sold by subscription.

The title of this magnificent work, "Indika," is derived from the Greek Megasthenes, the first writer to reveal the inner life of India to the western world. The word means "Indian things." The volume of nearly eight hundred large pages is richly illustrated, scarcely a page lacking some interesting sketch. The writer has succeeded in making an entertaining book, while it is at the same time a mine of information. He has made a special study of the country, in all its phases, and appears to be a thoroughly competent and judicious observer. The mere list of chapters or titles of subjects treated, occupies four pages, of which an imperfect summary would be: incidents of travel; the history, geography, and productions of the country; its government, past and present; its transportation, industries, and customs; its antiquities and wonders; morals, missions, religions, and education; noted men; literature, great cities, and public works; what India owes to England. Dr. Hurst gives great credit to Anglican rule and influence, while recognizing [some things

about England's administration to be deplored. Under it, India is developing from a chaos of warring tribes into a real nationality. On the subject of missions Dr. Hurst gives some interesting information. It seems that 36 Protestant varieties of the Gospel are represented by 791 missionaries, while the Roman Communion has in the field 835 priests; the latter having had vastly the advantage of time over the former, in three centuries and a half of opportunity. Some of the Protestant missions have proved very inefficient, as in one district of a million and a half of people, sixty-nine years of missionary work have resulted in only thirty-five communicants; another, where there are three workers, and for nearly as long, has but eighteen converts. But even by the government the incalculable value and even necessity of Christian influence is recognized. An appendix, several fine maps, and a good index, complete a perfect book. We note that it is sold by subscription.

**A CYCLOPEDIA OF NATURE'S TEACHINGS.** Being a selection of facts, observations, suggestions, illustrations, examples, and illustrative hints taken from all departments of inanimate nature. With an introduction by Hugh MacMillan, LL. D., F.R.S.E., author of "Bible Teachings in Nature," etc., etc. New York: Thomas Whittaker & Co. Pp. 552. Price \$2.50.

A singularly fine collection of facts in nature, combined with the illustrative use made of them by the foremost writers and speakers of the age, as well as of past days; men like Froude, Bulwer Lytton, Ruskin, Bryant, Browning, Longfellow, Agassiz, DeQuincey, Carlyle, Washington Irving, Landor, Rossetti, Huxley, Jeremy Taylor, Pascal, Richter, Keble, Wilberforce, Kingsley, Faber, Canon Liddon, A. Maclaren, Spurgeon, Beecher, and a host of others. The subjects are drawn from every realm; things on the earth, above, beneath, and around the earth, with some added short sentences on nature-topics, and additional short paragraphs on nature in general. The book is a rich storehouse of the most beautiful thoughts and suggestions arising out of the contemplation of nature, and holds the brightest gems from classic English writers and orators, poets, historians, novelists, philosophers, theologians, and preachers; a most valuable and ready aid wherever to illumine and adorn discourse. There is also an indispensable index of the mottoes and truths illustrated in the volume, and of Scripture texts to which they may apply.

*The Church Eclectic*, February, 1892: "The Kingdom of Obedience," (concluded), by Dr. Shoup; Dean Church's Oxford Movement, by Dr. Van Rensselaer; "Three Thoughts on Ritual," by W. H. Hazard, M.A.; "Aids to Life of Godliness," *Literary Churchman*; "The Inspiration of Holy Scripture," by the Rev. Dr. Clarke; Charles Simeon, from *The John Bull*; Presentation to Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, *Church Times*; Graham on Socialism, *John Bull*; Mr. Gladstone on Clerical Vocation; "Church Progress in Wales," Bishop of Llandaff; "Modern Biblical Criticism," the Rev. Dr. Dix; "Does a National Church create Sects?" *Church Bells*; "Some new Christian Evidences," Dr. Spalding, of Ala.; Miscellany; Correspondence; General Notes; Summaries. [Utica, N. Y.: W. T. Gibson, D.D., LL. D., editor and proprietor.]

Two volumes of discourses by that famous preacher, Dr. William Magee, the late Archbishop of York, will be published during February by Thomas Whittaker, under the titles, "Growth in Grace," and "Christ the Light of all Scripture." Both will be uniform with "The Gospel and the Age", now in its fourth edition.

MRS. W. L. BANCROFT, of St. Luke's church, Hot Springs, Ark., has published an excellent catechism on the Christian Year, to which is appended some "Hints on the Services", by the Rev. W. J. Miller. Price 5 cts. The proceeds of sale will be devoted to Church charities.

BRENTANO BROS., 204 and 205 Wabash Ave., Chicago, have always on hand THE LIVING CHURCH, and the latest home and foreign papers and magazines.

**THE HOUSEHOLD.**

**"WE BESEECH THEE."**

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY HAIRE.

Let me not live for self but Thee,—  
Thou Christ, that died upon the cross,  
Who knew all human grief and loss,  
Who solved pain's deepest mystery!  
Let me so live  
That Thou canst give  
Out of Thy vast and sweet resource  
Such mighty force  
As may uplift, uprear, control,  
The strugglings of some weaker soul.

Let me not live for self; but tell  
My anxious spirit how to cope  
With doubt and weakness, blasted hope,  
In souls where heavenly peace should  
dwell;  
To help aright  
Where fails the sight,  
On to the goal, eternal, sure,  
With purpose strong and motive pure.

—Fern Bank, O.

THE PRIZE STORY.  
**A WORKING-WOMAN.**

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

(All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER VII.

Doris sat still, with Ralph Burney's last words ringing in her ears. The talk and laughter, the music from the parlor, came to her as from a long distance, like sounds in a dream. Suddenly, in one instant, the whole world was changed; there had come before her a great problem, a strong emotion; was it rapture, or wonder, or fear? She felt a recoil, a sense almost of indignation, a question within her—why had he spoken in this way so soon? If she could have had a little more time! But Ralph Burney was not the man to press an advantage. Having apparently revealed to her the state of his own feeling, he asked nothing yet from her; he left her to wonder at leisure whether his half-avowal of love were sincere or not, and whether in time it would be followed by a more explicit declaration. But however this might be, he had uttered, with deliberation, words that could not be recalled, and he had awakened Doris to a knowledge of her own heart. There was no more doubt and ignorance, no more sweet, unconscious pleasure; she must think now whither she was drifting. Only a few words had been uttered, but a crisis had indeed come.

Before the pause which followed his words had become painful, he had spoken again, more lightly, and asked her whether she would not enjoy an early morning drive in the stage to the station the next day.

"Quite a party are going," he said, "and I would like to have you see me off, and bid me good speed."

"I'm afraid it will be too early for me," she said; "I am lazy in the mornings now—lazy on principle. It is one of the things I came here for."

"If it tires you, you must not think of it. I was selfish to ask it. We will say good-bye to-night—no, not good-bye, but *auf weidersehen*."

"Good-bye is a lovely word. It has a beautiful meaning."

"I know; but it implies a longer parting, and ours will be brief, I hope."

"Listen! Miss Moore is singing 'Good-bye' now."

"What an odd coincidence! No, don't listen; it is too sad."

"It is beautiful," she said, as the notes of Tosti's passionate song rang out—"Good-bye, Summer."

"Let us never say good-bye to this summer," said Ralph; and Doris felt

that she never would, but with what meaning those words would recur to afterward she could not know.

That night she lay awake and thought it all over. She knew that Ralph loved her; knew it, not from his words alone, but by a thousand signs that women recognize. It is only in novels that men and women love each other without betraying it by word or look. She had wilfully blinded herself that she might not yet be confronted by any decision as to her own feeling, but the knowledge had moved blindly within her consciousness. There was no proof until now. And now—did she, or did she not, love him?

One by one her old cherished tests of love rose up before her. She had had but one lover hitherto, an elderly gentleman, who had first asked the consent of her mother. The very ideal! All the romantic sentiment in her girlish heart—she was very young at the time—had risen up in revolt against this mode of procedure, and she begged her mother to tell him that it would be quite useless for him to speak to her. The elderly wooer was a thorough gentleman at heart, and upon receiving this message, he had gone away quietly, without troubling the girl. He was wealthy, and the poor mother, more practical than the young maiden, had relinquished, with a covert sigh, her hopes of more luxurious living for both, but she was not, after all, a worldly woman, and was glad to keep her daughter still under her own wing. Doris had had one or two girlish fancies, before the work of life had absorbed her, but love she had never known.

She had felt that she could not love an irreligious man, and of Ralph's feelings and principles on this point she knew little, but that little was of a negative character. He seldom went to church, and he was not devout, but she had no reason to suppose that he was an unbeliever. Yet she realized that a thoughtless man, who was practically an unbeliever, was in a worse position than a conscientious doubter. Again, Ralph was not what is called an intellectual man, though he was really exceedingly clever in his way. There was a doubt, though barely recognized, as to whether he would always be fully companionable. Yet it must not be supposed that Doris went through this analysis consciously and deliberately. Her vague fears upon these points were like clouds floating over the clear azure of her dream.

For it was a lovely dream! The sight of his youthful beauty, the charm of his presence, the sense of his love for her, filled her with a keen emotion that swept away her doubts, as the west wind sweeps away those little wandering clouds. Love him! Who could help loving him? How could she ponder the question while she thought of him so tenderly? And yet—could she marry him? Would not those fears grow, and darken, and at last prevail? It is idle to say that judgment and reason have no place in the decisions of love; but it is true that they are often overborne. Doris grew weary, and determined to let matters take their course, and see how she felt as time went on. Perhaps he would never ask her to marry him. But her heart sank at that thought, and so she knew that she loved him!

At this time, Arthur became an important factor in the problem which

was working itself out in Doris's mind. Whatever might be the little boy's own feeling with regard to the state of affairs between his brother and his friend—which he was too clever to fail to observe—he was unconsciously the strongest possible advocate upon Ralph's side of the question. The more Doris became convinced that he needed some one who could take the place of a mother, in care and tenderness, the more she longed to supply that place, and to take him into her own life. As the wife of his brother, she would have a sister's right to cherish this beloved child; and so two strong affections joined forces in her heart. Ada's was one of those peculiar natures that yield always to the dominion of a more decided will, and compensate themselves afterwards by oppressing those who are weaker than themselves, through character or circumstance. Arthur was stronger in character than she, but his childhood gave her the advantage. It was easy for Doris to see that he had a great deal to bear from her capricious temper, and that he received but little reward for his forbearance, in the way of motherly tenderness. The elder sister had not been dowered with the maternal heart; and the child under her care was doubly orphaned. He was not ill treated nor physically neglected; but he was not loved as his nature required. Doris fell into the way of going up to his room at night, with many little motherly ministrations, especially needed by a boy whose pride forbids him to solicit them. He never missed a good-night kiss while she was with him. His affection, which she had feared to lose, now seemed to revive with double intensity, and he clung to her as if she were already his sister. But she never lost the sense of some little anxiety or doubt hanging over his mind.

Ralph came from New York at brief intervals, spending two or three days at a time. He told Doris that he had left the Insurance Company, that his scheme had prospered, and all things were going according to his mind. He was gay and bright as the summer weather, and the charm of his handsome face enthralled her more and more completely. She did not like the young men at the house, with whom he consorted; but as he spent the greater part of his time with her, there was nothing to complain of. He was in a happy mood, and naturally sought the society of younger and livelier men, rather than the "old fogies" with whom the place abounded. The girls now began to consider him as the special property of "that sly, quiet little Miss Lee," and reluctantly relinquished all claim upon him. "Sly" was the last epithet that could be applied to Doris with any show of justice; but jealousy has a vivid imagination.

She made another acquaintance at this time, which was not without its influence upon her life. There was a young clergyman at the house for a few weeks, a man of deep enthusiasm, an ardent worker, and a celibate from conviction. There was much in common between the two, and Doris keenly enjoyed her conversations with him on the future of the Church, and other topics which both had at heart. He was a warm believer in the final triumph of the Catholic spirit in the Church.

"What we need," he said, "is *life*, and that life is working and growing within us. It is conferred by the Holy Eucharist, and can only increase where right ideas of that divine mystery prevail. Now we see that this faith has never quite died out of the Church of England; therefore, she has within herself the true revivifying power. On the other hand, she has wider influence and a more reasonable sway over the modern mind than the Church of Rome could ever have; and it is to her we must look for the redemption of our age. The Church holds in her hand to-day the future of Christendom."

"It is an inspiring view," said Doris, "and I believe a true one. Yet I have not been able to feel so sanguine about it; perhaps because I hear so many conflicting opinions that my mind becomes bewildered."

"Steer straight through the fogs, Miss Lee, true as the needle to the pole! Such a beautiful spirit as yours—if you will pardon my saying so—should be most faithful to the right, as it has the most delicate and widespread influence."

Doris thanked him for his favorable opinion of herself; and felt strengthened by his ardent convictions. He was not aggressive, but was always ready for a brave and able defence of the faith that was in him; and the friendship he showed her, and the respect with which he inspired her, did her much good. At last he began to consult her upon the question of voluntary celibacy among such of the clergy as felt themselves called to it. Of this position she was a warm advocate, and exhorted him to stand to his colors in a most motherly or elder-sisterly fashion. He seemed so much in earnest, and so troubled upon this point that she concluded he had sacrificed some love, to which he was tempted to return.

One day, however, their companionship came to an abrupt ending. It was after one of Ralph's brief visits, during which he had been most markedly devoted to her. He had gone to New York, and she was walking on the piazza, in the morning sunshine, with a happy light in her golden-brown eyes, when young Mr. Kendall came up to her, looking somewhat pale and agitated.

"Miss Lee," he said, "I want to say good-bye, I am going on the noon train! I must see you, talk with you once more, thank you for all you have been to me—"

"Mr. Kendall," she interrupted, "is it any trouble? Have you had bad news? I am very sorry, why must you leave so suddenly?"

"I cannot tell you, Miss Lee; I can only say that it is necessary. No; do not think you have done wrong to ask me the question. It was perfectly natural. I want you to understand that I leave with regret; that I thank you for your—your pleasant influence, I may say, I hope, your friendship; and that, if it were possible, I would gladly give you my confidence in this matter."

"Indeed, Mr. Kendall, you do not need to thank me. On the contrary, I owe much to your friendship, which I am glad to acknowledge, and to your strong convictions, which have helped me. If every one would stand up for the Faith, openly and bravely—"

He stopped her with a wave of his





