

The Living Church.

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

Vol. XV. No. 12.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1892.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

WHOLE No. 711.

The Living Church.

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The Living Church.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1892.

A QUIET LIFE.

BY SARAH K. MCLEAN.

A quiet life is mine, all closed about,
I can go neither in nor out,
As others go:
Within my daily path no flowers sprout,
Nor sunbeams glow.

I look far out upon the ocean's breast,
And watch the white sails on its crest,
Tossing so free,
Whilst I at anchor here must ever rest—
No strange lands see.

I lift mine eyes unto the hills around,
Towering with beauteous verdure crown'd,
In sunlight there,
Yet I must tread for aye the valley ground,
In shadow here.

I bend mine ear, and o'er the way to me
Come strains of music and of glee
From stately halls;
But I must dwell within the minstrelsy
Of cottage walls.

As captive bird doth long its wings to try,
So doth my yearning spirit sigh
Sometimes to roam;
Yet I content must be—I wonder why—
Always at home!

* * *
O plaintive, restless heart, be still, be still!
Know that it is thy Father's will
That thou here should'st stay,
And the full measure of His purpose fill,
Though others stray.

Thy life is His appointing, He doth know
The cares that press and hopes that glow
Within thy breast;
Thy lot is lowly, but He meant it so,—
Then be at rest.

Cincinnati, 1892.

WE regret to learn that Bishop Howe of South Carolina, has been stricken with paralysis, and that little hope remains of his recovery.

WE call attention to the communication of the Countess of Meath, published in another column. The Ministering Children's League, of which she is the founder, has had a wonderful growth in England and America, and also in the English colonies the world over.

A CORRESPONDENT in a Canadian contemporary expresses his astonishment at finding the Bishop of Algoma, at a recent Confirmation, administering the rite without his robes or even a surplice. Notwithstanding the excellent sermon preached by the good Bishop, he found the whole service lacking in "decency and order."

PREPARATIONS are being made to celebrate the forthcoming jubilee of Dr. W. Pakenham Walsh, the venerable Bishop of the united diocese of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin. The Bishop, who was born in 1820, graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, and was ordained in 1843. After serving the curacy of Ovoca, he was incumbent of Sandford, Dean of St. James's church, Bray, Cashel, and finally Bishop of Ossory in 1878. During his long life he has devoted all his energies to the welfare of the Church, and proved himself a bishop of whom all Irish Churchmen are proud. His own clergy have ever found in him a kind

and faithful friend and adviser. As an author, he enjoys no little repute, and has written in a popular way on many subjects, as well as more learned works. His treatises on the Moabite Stone and ancient monuments have been very largely read by all sorts and conditions of men.

ONE of the principal features of the St. Martin's League (a society of London postmen) Bazaar was the "chamber of horrors," where visitors who paid a trifling sum found themselves confronted by the portrait of the Rev. A. H. Stanton, of St. Alban's, who is the moving spirit with regard to the postmen's rests. He also had a stall at the bazaar. The Queen showed her approval by sending for sale Dorking fowls, prize guinea-pigs, kittens, a curiously colored turkey, and a Russian chaffinch. A ladies' band of mandolins and guitars helped with the music.

IT is now possible to state with certainty (says the *Times*) the exact amount of the Church Missionary Society's income and expenditure for the year just closed. The receipts to the general fund amounted to £231,205, an advance of £7,579 upon the income of the previous year, which was more than £15,000 in excess of 1889-90. The ordinary mission expenditure for the year, to be borne by the general fund, was £232,782, or £1,577 in excess of the ordinary receipts. But the income received for special funds amounted to £38,172. The grand total receipts of the year, therefore, were £269,377, an amount which was only exceeded in the year 1882-83. During the year just closed, sixty persons were added to the list of accepted missionaries. This number included twelve graduates (eleven being in holy orders), of whom nine were from Cambridge, one from Oxford, one from Dublin, and one from Durham. Of other ordained men four were students of Islington College, two were from the London College of Divinity, one from St. Bees, one from St. Aidan's, and one an associate of King's College, London. The total of ordained men was twenty. There were three medical men, fifteen non-University laymen, and twenty-two ladies.

AT Oxford, the Rev. W. Sanday, Ireland Professor, has been elected Bampton lecturer for next year. The degree of D. D., was conferred upon Mr. Moberly, the new Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology, and (*honoris causa*) upon the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York. Although the degree of Doctor in Sacred Theology, (S. T. D.), has been presented to several members of the American Episcopate, the most recent instance being that of Bishop Doane of Albany, last year, that of Doctor of Divinity is a distinction which has only been bestowed on two other American bishops of the Anglican Church. In 1777 Bishop Seabury of Connecticut, was thus honored, and in 1867, Bishop Whitehouse of Illinois, received a similar mark of favor.

PROTESTANTS, especially those of the militant order, are always congratulating themselves that they are not as these Russians. In many respects, it is true, the land of the knout is open to great improvement, but it is doubtful whether in Christianity it has much to learn from us. Indeed, it is probable that a Russian peasant child is far better instructed in the "first principles of the doctrine of Christ" than a child of the corresponding class in England. There is no dissent, very little unbelief, and persecutors as they all are firmly supposed to be by all Protestant Englishmen, there is no Church Association. There is one trait, however, in them which should make all Christians kin, and that is the custom of giving alms "in the Name of Christ," which is universal in Russia. There are two forms of almsgiving. One is the form referred to above. Mendicants knock at the doors and windows of dwellings, bow to the ground, and mutter, "For Christ's sake." The peasant housewife instantly collects a few crusts and gives them to the applicants. It is considered a sin to turn the petitioner away, and even in such large towns as Moscow and St. Petersburg this practice is kept up. The stranger is forcibly reminded of it every time he enters a Russian baker shop, and sees how the stale bread is kept in a kind of bin, and freely given to those who beg for it "in the Name of Christ."

ANYTHING relating to the struggling Scotch Episcopal Church will interest Churchmen, and consequently the following facts about St. Andrew's, Glasgow, will prove no exception to the rule. They were related in course of a speech by Lord Huntley, in opening a sale of work in that enormous town in aid of the repairing fund of the church. In the course of his speech, Lord Huntly said that St. Andrew's church was one of the oldest, if not, indeed, the oldest church of the Episcopal Communion in Scotland, having been erected in 1750. The church was in possession of several articles of historic interest. In the altar was a piece of the high altar of Iona, which took them back to the time of the first Christian mission to this country founded by St. Columba. Another relic in the church were the candlesticks upon the altar, which were made from the old wood of the Stockwell Bridge, built over the Clyde in 1350. "St. Andrew's church had, further, saved Glasgow from the odium of having lost the old Tolbooth bells that used to ring the shrift for the soul of many a poor Highland body, condemned for raiding the city and levying blackmail, and also for the souls of some of his own ancestors who had suffered at the hands of Argyll and other lords of the West. The bells had been rescued from a pawnshop and saved from melting, and in the belfry of the church they now rang the people to worship." The "poor Highland body" in the above is suggestive, and takes us back to the times when raiding was considered by Highlanders to be the whole duty of man.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, June 4.

A busy month has been spent by a considerable section of religious folk; for while it is the "month of Mary" with our Roman friends, it is also the month of meetings with those quite at the other extreme of the ecclesiastical pole. Exeter Hall, sacred to the memory and dear to the heart of all good Protestants, has once again been the scene of many a gathering of good and earnest people. The controversial element is still prevalent at these meetings, but not to the same extent as formerly, and the truly bitter speech of the thorough-going Protestant is rather the exception than the rule now-a-days. If the meetings have lost some of their character which marked them in former days, they are still a force, a very considerable force, amongst us. Chief amongst them all must be set down the meetings of the Church Missionary Society, a society which can boast the largest income, and certainly retains a greater hold upon its supporters than any similar society in the country. At the anniversary this month, not only was Exeter Hall filled twice in one day, but the still-larger St. James' Hall was engaged for an overflow meeting, and this, too, was crowded. Thus our Evangelical brethren have lost nothing of their interest in the spread of the Gospel—a duty which they have always kept in the forefront. Would that it were possible to report the same amount of zeal amongst those who hold higher views of the Church and her divine commission.

Passing from the May meetings to those of a more official character, the two convocations have had busy sessions, chief among the business transacted being the drafting of a canon, in connection with the Clergy Discipline Bill, empowering the Bishop to deprive of "cure of souls" the priest condemned by a civil court of an immoral offence. The controversy over this has been severe, and even the president of the English Church Union has found himself not quite in accord with the majority of his council. Churchmen are unanimous in their desire to have a measure for the expulsion of the few criminous clergy who disgrace their calling and cause untold mischief to the Church and Christianity at large. But the objections raised by a large section of the High Church party to the present measure are so serious, that it is to be regretted they have failed to stay the passing of the Bill. It is contended that the measure, like all ecclesiastic legislation of the last fifty years, has been conceived in haste, and will only result in failure to remove the evil.

Several years ago, a Royal Commissioner was appointed to inquire into the whole question of the ecclesiastical courts which, as those Churchmen in America who follow the course of events here in England, will remember, had become a grave scandal and offence, owing chiefly to the courts of Lord Penzance and the judiciary committee brought into existence by

Lord Beaconsfield and Archbishop Tait, with the avowed object of putting down ritualism. Then, as now, the High Church party were vigorous in their opposition. They were as anxious as they are now, to have a judicature, but one which should have the necessary competency and authority to adjudicate in spiritual matters. As with the Public Worship Act, so with this Clergy Discipline Bill. It is drafted in the teeth of the recommendations of the Royal Commission, it pays little recognition to the spiritual side of the question, and, conceived in haste, it will only bring matters to a worse muddle than they are at present.

The opposition has not been wholly confined to the High Church party. The foes of the Church in Parliament have not been sparing in their invective, and have used all manner of means to resist the passing of this measure, for the very opposite reason. They would not allow the Church any reform whatever, and as the Bill is conceived in the spirit of reform, therefore they oppose it. But they have been defeated, and yesterday the Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons; only escaping, as it were, by the skin of the teeth, the rapidly approaching dissolution of Parliament.

The general election may be expected at the end of this month, or the beginning of July. The question of disestablishment is not likely to play a very prominent part at the polling booths. The question is certainly not ripe for legislation, and the Radical party at present dare not touch it. My own opinion is—if the opinion of an insignificant individual be worth anything—that, provided nothing unforeseen arises before the election to disparage the present Government, that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour will be returned to power again, though it is more than likely with a diminished majority.

In convocation, Bishop Mitchinson (formerly of Barbados), with others, presented a memorial against fasting reception of the Holy Communion, especially the teaching in the present day by some extreme men that it is a sin to disobey the unbroken traditions of the Church Catholic. This document has been severely criticised, and with sufficient reason. Fasting Communion is beneficial to the recipient, and moreover, is the universal practice in all ages, and hence its call for observance by all those who claim the name of Catholics. "We have never held," *The Church Times* observes, "that within the English Church it is a deadly sin, or even a sin at all, for any one to receive the Holy Eucharist after other food; but it is arguable whether a fully-instructed person, acquainted with the overpowering evidence on all hands in favor of the universality of fasting reception, and knowing that proof is easily forthcoming of its continuance in the English Church, is altogether blameless if without urgent necessity and by the exercise of sheer self-will, he only receives after breakfast." What convocation will do in the matter remains to be seen. At present, it has been referred to a committee of the Upper House, and so we are not likely to hear of it again for some time to come. I may add that there has lately been published by Masters & Co., of New Bond st., a shilling pamphlet by Father Puller, of Cowley, which examines closely the whole question, the argument being strongly in favor of fasting reception by those persons physically capable of obeying the practice.

Archdeacon Denison, after forty-seven years' connection with the English Church Union, and of smaller societies which preceded its advent, has resigned its membership. The severance has been brought about by the refusal of the council to deal in any way with the questions arising out of the new criticism. The archdeacon has for a long time denounced the teaching of Mr. Gore in "Lux Mundi," but omitted all reference to the book in the series of resolutions he wished the Union to adopt. They have rejected his proposals, and

hence his departure from among them. It is a matter of very great regret, though probably the archdeacon's departure will not be felt so much as it would have been ten years ago.

I alluded above to the lack of missionary zeal amongst High Churchmen. It is not a pleasant topic to dwell on; it is, therefore, all the more satisfactory to report any indications that may point the other way. Such an one is the annual meeting of the Central African Mission just held. The meeting was crowded and enthusiastic. A very hearty welcome was given to Bishop Smithies who, I regret to say, is in very bad health. He has returned home, only after two years' interval, to confer with the society upon the necessity of appointing another bishop to superintend the missions on Lake Nyasa, while he would retain in his own hands the missions on the coast and at Zanzibar. The immense journeys that have to be taken by the Bishop now are not only a great hindrance to proper supervision, but a severe trial to his bodily strength, and too often the cause of fever and other African ailments. £10,000 will be required to endow the new bishopric. It will be interesting to see how Church people respond to this imperative call.

CHICAGO.

WM. E. McLAREN, D.D. D.C.L., Bishop.

A large audience assembled in the Church Club rooms on Monday, June 6th, to meet the Countess of Meath, the founder of the Ministering Children's League. Mrs. O.V.S. Ward, the president of the Woman's Auxiliary, presided, and introduced the Earl of Meath, who, after greeting the company, said: "The object of the Ministering Children's League is to train up the young to become in after life serviceable to their fellow creatures. A loving word, a friendly smile, an affectionate greeting, a civil motion, cost nothing, but they often fall as refreshing rain upon a thirsty land. If granny drops her spectacles, they can be picked up, a comfortable chair can be brought for father or mother when they enter the room tired or worried, and a hundred little ways of ministering can be discovered if the child is imbued with a desire to become loving, kind, and useful to others. We cannot take up newspapers without reading the words 'anarchism,' 'nihilism,' 'war between labor and capital.' They denote hate, not love. All these things would pass away if we could breathe into the rising generation the true Christian spirit, consideration for the feelings of others, and love of mankind. This is the work of the Ministering Children's League." Lady Meath then spoke briefly of the work of the League: "After seven years of work we point to homes for destitute children, a coffee house for children, an Indian school in Dakota, a hospital in Canada, and a 'home by the sea' in Australia. We are training little hands now, but we expect they will do much work when they grow large and strong. We want them to begin their ministrations early so that it will become a rule of life never to be given up. You cannot afford to have small societies. I advise you to appoint a committee of two ladies from each parish to carry on the work of forming branches. Work together constantly and zealously, and you will be rewarded bountifully." Lord and Lady Meath then informally received those present and conversed further on the League and its work.

We take pleasure in transferring to our columns from the *St. Andrew's Messenger* the following well-deserved tribute to the indefatigable archdeacon of the diocese:

"On the 23d of June, a clergyman of this diocese intends sailing for a two months' rest in Europe. That clergyman is the Rev. E. R. Bishop, archdeacon of the diocese of Chicago. There are some Church people who do not know much about the labors of this man. At the diocesan convention of 1887, a special committee was appointed for the presentation of a resolution, which was adopted, that the Board of Missions should appoint a general missionary, acting under

their direction, whose duty it should be to present the claims of the missionary work in the diocese, etc. Acting under this resolution, the Rev. E.R. Bishop, whose success in a similar enterprise in other dioceses suggested him, was asked to accept the appointment, and he did so. After making himself thoroughly familiar with the parishes and missions of the diocese, the archdeacon felt that a matter of primary importance in the work to which he was called, was the promoting of mutual acquaintance amongst the laity of the diocese, and thereby arousing a general interest, as members of one Communion in one diocese, in the common work in which all should be equally interested. Meantime the matter of raising an endowment fund for the support of the episcopate in the diocese—a matter which had come up at times before—was taken in hand by him, having, as it did, a direct bearing upon the pledges of parishes for mission work. Before the Church Club had been organized, the archdeacon was able to report \$25,000 in hand for the endowment of the episcopate. The next year, accordingly, the assessments upon the various parishes were reduced, and the missionary pledges increased. Then the Church Club was ready for organization. It started out with a membership of 250 of the most active laymen and clergymen (on equal footing) in the diocese. Mr. D. B. Lyman was elected president for the first year, and the archdeacon, secretary. The Church Club has now passed the first full year of its existence. The monthly meetings are full of interest, and the papers read and discussed are the results of great study and research. Indeed they are of lasting historical value. The increase of the missionary fund in the year past from \$9,000 to over \$21,000, is directly traceable to the work of the Church Club, and through it to the archdeacon. Meantime it must not be thought that the archdeacon has done nothing else. These named labors have been but incidentals, though most effective ones. Last year he reported that, in addition, in connection with his office as priest in the Church, he had done work that was in the aggregate as much as that of most rectors of large parishes, and that, too, in the face of the fact that the fields of his ministrations were separated by the breadth of the State of Illinois. Result: The missionary work of the diocese has been put forward with a tremendous impulse, and the archdeacon is in the condition of a threshing machine after harvest. He needs a vacation; he is entitled to it; and for his complete restoration to health, the Church in this diocese should offer her united prayers."

MAYWOOD.—On Whitsun Day the Rev. Colin C. Tate blessed, at the Eucharistic service, a beautiful white marble font, in memory of the late Judson M. Curtis, sometime priest in charge of the church of the Holy Communion, who departed this life Aug. 17, 1890. The font was presented by the family of the late Rev. Mr. Curtis. It was made by Mr. R. Geissler of New York, and is very beautiful. At the evening service a young girl was baptized, the first to receive the sacred rite from the new font. Two silver medals were awarded to members of the choir, two brothers.

LA GRANGE.—The 17th anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of Emmanuel church occurred on Whitsun Day, and was marked in a manner that looked tenderly and thankfully toward the past and hopefully toward the future. The stone was laid in 1875, a half year before Bishop McLaren was consecrated to take up Bishop Whitehouse's work, at a time when La Grange numbered a few hundred people, and the parish registered five communicants. The beautiful limestone building was then considered large enough for a century, but the town has exceeded the expectations of its founders, in growth, and the parish has so prospered by the influx of people, as to be brought face to face with the problem of enlarged quarters; 400 have been added in 17 years to the 5, but with many removals and some deaths; the net

result is the 257 communicants now registered; 228 have been confirmed, two-thirds of them in the past 7 years of the present rectorate, and one half, people who were trained under other religious systems. The anniversary was observed at the second, the 10:30, Celebration, by singing the *Te Deum* as introit, and by special addresses by the rector, the Rev. Morton Stone, and the senior warden, Mr. D. B. Lyman, the founder of the parish, and one of the lay deputies to the General Convention this year. The past, present, and future were dwelt upon, and the proposal for a new church was entertained in view of an anonymous offer of \$5,000 for that purpose having been made through the rector. At Evening Prayer a deed for some land adjoining the church and rectory, 125 x 124, was laid upon the offertory plate. By this transfer, the parish now owns a square piece of property, 250 x 248, with frontage on three streets. The old church building will probably be remodelled into a parish house.

NEW YORK.

HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

CITY.—On Monday, June 6th, Bishop Potter was given a luncheon by the Churchman's Association, as a welcome home from Europe.

On Trinity Sunday the Bishop held an ordination at the church of the Holy Communion, the Rev. Henry Mottet, rector, graduates from the General Theological Seminary and others were ordained.

St. George's church, the Rev. Wm. S. Rainford, D. D., rector, will enjoy preaching by the Rev. Wm. B. Bodine, D. D., General Missioner of the Church Mission Society, during June.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre have taken steps to discharge an indebtedness of \$27,000 to the founder and first rector of the parish, the Rev. J. Tuttle Smith, D. D.

On St. Barnabas' Day, June 11th, the annual reception was held at St. Barnabas' House of the City Mission Society. There were exercises by the children of the house in the chapel, attended by friends.

It is reported from England that the University of Oxford has decided to confer upon Bishop Potter, on the next public occasion of conferring degrees, its honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. The Bishop is already a D. D. of Union College, Trinity College, and Harvard University, and an LL. D. of Union College, and the University of Cambridge. It is usual for the English universities to confer degrees *in persona*, and should Bishop Potter accept this new honor, it may necessitate his re-crossing the Atlantic, and presenting himself for the stately ceremony of conferring at Oxford.

The Rev. Gilbert H. Sterling, who has for a number of years held the joint position of Master of Trinity School in this city, and assistant minister of St. James' church, Brooklyn, has accepted an election to become rector of the church of the Nativity, South Bethlehem, to succeed Bishop Nelson, of Georgia. Mr. Sterling will enter upon his new duties nominally on July 1st. He will require time to break off his connection with New York, and after a summer rest, will probably take up residence in the pretty, vine-clad rectory at South Bethlehem in the early autumn.

The Sunday school children of the church of the Reconciliation enjoyed their annual flower festival on the afternoon of Whitsun Day. The services were chiefly musical, and the minister in charge, the Rev. Newton Perkins, delivered an address. Offerings of flowers were made by the different classes of the Sunday school, which were distributed early in the week among the hospitals of the city, the youthful givers presenting their offerings in person to the sick, accompanied only by their teachers. The services ended by the presentation of prizes won during the year. The annual report of the Sunday school shows a membership of 300 scholars, and an average attendance of 186.

The Living Church.

Chicago, Saturday, June 18, 1892.

REV. C. W. IFFINGWELL.

The *Christian Inquirer* is not enthusiastic over cathedrals in general, or over the proposed New York cathedral in particular. It fails to see that the Roman cathedral on Fifth avenue has purified the politicians of New York, the most of whom are supposed to have their religions that way. It doesn't know of missionary work being done by English cathedrals, and thinks the type of piety in English cathedral towns is no better than that of other places. We are sorry *The Inquirer* takes such a discouraging view, but the cathedral will be built, God willing, and New York will rejoice. Its work and influence will be better than arguments for its vindication.

To those who are really going to visit the Holy Land, it may be pleasant to hear of the Jerusalem and Jaffa railroad; but to those who visit it only in imagination, the thought of these sacred antiquities being invaded by steam and electricity, is distressing. As the world is marching on, there will soon be nothing left to link us to the past, but books. Even the pyramids will be quarried for building stone in some boomed city of the Nile, as the Colosseum was long ago, to build palaces for Roman nobles. A little comfort may be derived from the fact that the railroad referred to will have its terminus outside the city limits. But think of corner lot sales and speculations in real estate on the slopes of Olivet! It almost stirs one to preach another crusade.

The *Congregationalist* recently published a very sensible article upon the restriction of Sunday trains. It is conceded of course, that the running of Sunday trains compels railroad men to work on Sunday, and that they are as much entitled to the day of rest as other men. But it is necessary for some work to be done on Sunday, and the question is not as to whether all Sunday labor can be prevented by law, but as to how far it is practicable to reduce it. Railroad men, aside from any religious motives in the matter, are generally in favor of cutting down the work of the roads to a minimum on the day of rest, and they are of opinion that it can be reduced to very small proportions. In Connecticut it has been entirely stopped from nine A. M., to three P. M., and greatly diminished at other hours.

The writer above referred to says the problem deserves and must have consideration. It will not be settled by resolutions of religious conventions, but by candid discussion in which the railroad men themselves should be heard. The evil of Sunday railroading is not, perhaps, so great at this time as many imagine. We have seen, somewhere, an estimate of the proportion of men and hours so employed, and it amounted to a very small percentage. Yet even this may be cut down one-half without hardship to person or damage to property for lack of transportation on the Lord's Day. We commend the following to the thoughtful reading of railroad officials:

There are weighty reasons for abolishing Sunday traffic, which may not seem so weighty to our neighbors as to ourselves. But there are two reasons which the State may notice and which appeal to all thoughtful and generous people. One has been mentioned—the right of every man to family joys on the recognized day of rest, the cruelty of depriving him of these supreme joys for the sake of our own gain or pleasure or convenience. The other relates to public safety. Railroad work requires strong bodies and steady nerves. One error in judgment, one absent-minded movement, may cost a hundred lives. The man whose duties are humblest is a link in the chain. Some such men have worked years without a single rest day. Is it any wonder that sometimes—why they cannot tell—one of these does exactly the wrong thing, to the destruction of life and property? The large portion of the public travelling on week days is entitled to the steady nerves that only regular and abundant rest can preserve. Upon this phase of the question our honorable board of railroad commissioners has already spoken. In 1884, Hon. Thomas Russell, chairman, said in behalf of the board: "We are agreed, and railroad managers here have expressed their opinion most decidedly, that in this business most of all a day of rest is required in order to secure health, vigor of mind and body, and consequent efficiency of service."

A LAW has recently been enacted in Canada, we understand, forbidding the sale of cigarettes to minors. We pride ourselves, in "the States," that we take the lead on this side of the Atlantic in the works and ways of civilization, but in this law our northern neighbor seems to have got ahead of us. If there were no other ground for such legislation, self-preservation would be an imperative reason for the State to prohibit the placing of tobacco in any form within the reach of our youth. Without entering into the question of its use by men of vigorous physique and full maturity, we assert, without fear of contradiction, that tobacco is a destroyer of mind and body when used by the child, and that growing boys are stunted, dwarfed, weakened, depraved by it. There is no form or use of it so bad as that of cigarette smoking. If our boys generally take to it, the time will come when we shall have no men. The poor, miserable,

stunted, half-idiotic creatures who are called by their fathers' names, will not deserve to be ranked as belonging to the human family.

"ANOTHER GOSPEL."

This is an age of critical analysis, of searching enquiry, never satisfied until it has got at the very root of things. Christianity, its origin, its nature, and its history, is undergoing such scrutiny as it was never before subjected to since it first dawned upon the world. If authority is not definitely repudiated, it is not admitted without much questioning. Its claims must be vindicated. Nothing is accepted simply because it is old. The restless, inquisitive spirit of the times demands other sanctions, sometimes purely arbitrary ones. Very often the presumptions which properly belong to that which is long established and which has been recognized by many generations, are disregarded, and everything is treated as if it had just emerged and were demanding a hearing for the first time. All the monuments and institutions of religion are in this way subjected to new, nineteenth-century tests. Thus Christianity and the Christian Church are often condemned because they do not fill a place which they were not intended to fill, and discharge a mission which they never contemplated. But if this point is urged, the answer often is: "If the Christian religion does not meet the needs of this age of the world, it is self-condemned; it may have had a mission for earlier centuries, but we have now reached a higher stage of progress which demands new instrumentalities."

But what if the most pressing questions of the present day do not represent progress but retrogression? What if the demand made upon the Church in these criticisms is that it shall descend from a higher to a lower plane? Is it not the fact that the things with which the present generation more and more concerns itself, to the exclusion of all others, are material, or at least temporal? The Church is virtually called upon to give up preaching of the soul and its destiny, of sin and forgiveness and peace with God, of resurrection and judgment and the eternal world. Another life where the sorrows and inequalities and injustice and losses and disappointments of this present time shall be compensated, and all that is dark and hopeless here shall be made clear in the light of the perfect love and righteousness of God, all this is to be relegated to the vague and far-off realm of dreamy speculation; and the Church must devote herself

to the "practical" problems of the day which have it for their chief end to make the earthly lives of men more comfortable and satisfactory. She is called upon to let the world beyond take care of itself, and to try to make this world happier.

Even within the Church there are those who publicly declare that they "think little of the man who approaches the door of the Christian Church and says: 'I want to save my soul,' but rather like the man who comes looking into the Christian Church and saying: 'I want to add my mite to the great work that Christ is doing in the world.'" Christ calls sinners to repentance, the weary and heavy laden to come to Him for forgiveness and rest; but the spirit of the age despises those who come in such a spirit as this. It prefers those who think they can aid the cause in the world. We need not say that one may search the New Testament through in vain for any such call upon men as this. That which we are now asked to preach is distinctly "another Gospel," widely differing from that of Christ and His Apostles.

THE CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE.

If we were to credit all the statements and opinions of current publications, we should be forced to believe that the Anglican and American Churches are simply sitting still, repeating formulas, and demanding submission; that the needs of the age, and the duty of the Church in view of them, are being ignored. The truth is, however, there never was a time when the heart of the Church was more deeply stirred by the problems of civilization, or when there was more eagerness to use or to recognize every method which seems to have in it any power for good. This is seen conspicuously in London and elsewhere in the great towns of England, in the many missions of the Church among the poor and destitute.

The Church has not gone about beating drums and playing upon instruments of brass, but she has placed devoted men in the destitute districts, where, often unknown to the outside world, they are laboring year after year in a truly Christ-like work. The attempt is made, and nobly made, to meet all the wants and needs of men arising from ignorance, poverty, and sin, but with the one paramount and unswerving object of saving souls for whom Christ died. In this country also this is true; though it may be that in some of our great cities the strength of the Church is

too frequently gathered into a few wealthy churches which, no doubt, minister charity and help, temporal and spiritual, to many of God's poor, but too much as masters and owners imparting of their own good things to inferiors and outsiders. We could point to many instances of devoted and self-sacrificing work where the equality of all in the kingdom of Christ is fully recognized. When we come to the wide field of the new states and territories, the old reproach of being the Church of a class has been completely shaken off, and in many communities, no religious body is more truly the Church of the people than our own.

Another way in which the general and intense eagerness of those who represent the spirit of the Church, to meet all needs, is conspicuously exhibited in the readiness with which every movement which seems to have in it the promise of effecting some good not attained before, is admitted to consideration. Such movements are no longer viewed in a hostile spirit. There is a tendency to ignore manifest defects and even errors, if only something real seems to be accomplished. The Moody and Sankey revivals of a dozen years ago met with remarkable toleration on the part of our Church people, especially in England, where the evil effects of that revivalism which begins and ends with emotion were not so familiar as long experience had made them here. The Salvation Army, again, has been more than tolerated by a large body of the clergy and laity of England, notwithstanding its grotesque features, its vulgarity, and its distinctly anti-Church tendency. If there was in it any lesson for them, they were willing to learn it. When Mr. Booth published his dazzling schemes for the permanent redemption of the "submerged tenth," it was very largely the money of Church of England men that he obtained in order to set his enterprises on foot. He cannot complain of the lack of kind words and substantial aid from Church dignitaries as well as influential laymen. For all good work and sincere endeavor, however mingled with weak and erroneous elements, Churchmen give thanks and often money, while at the same time they reproach the Church for her shortcomings.

Here we have one of the most noteworthy facts in connection with the subject of which we are treating. The Church of the present day (we mean the Anglican and American Episcopal Church), is very far from being a mutual admiration society. It is almost an invariable rule, as

certainly as any representative body of clergy and laity meet for the discussion of Church work, the relation of the Church to society, to "working-men," to the poor, and the like, that the burden of the speech-making is a criticism of the Church. Its shortcomings are mercilessly exposed, its sluggishness, its narrowness, its supposed tendency to think more of "dogma" and of "Apostolic Succession" than of doing a good work among men. Or again, the formality of its services, its ceremonial, vestments, and the rest, are made the object of attack. Any and every other organization which is doing or has ever done anything meritorious, is compared with ours to our manifest disadvantage.

We do not believe that there is anything approaching this in any other religious organization. Self-criticism is no doubt wholesome, but surely it may be carried too far. It must not be forgotten that the permanent element in the Church is divine, and there is a certain ungraciousness in dealing too severely with the mother of our spiritual life, the teacher of heavenly wisdom, the dispenser of divine food. The evils that exist in the body are the result of individual shortcomings of office bearers or others who have responsibilities entrusted to them. It might result in a speedier cure of some of our defects and abuses if this kind of criticism were more truly self-criticism, instead of being directed generally at "the Church." When the individual, priest or layman, does not shrink from putting the question to himself: "Am I living up to the fullest measure of self-sacrifice which God requires at my hands; am I trying to the best of my ability to mend the evils which are in my reach?" a very long step will have been taken toward the attainment of that efficiency which is so much to be desired in answering the demands of the age, and in making "this Church" more effectively "the Church of the people."

MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF MEATH.

SIR.—Will you have the goodness to allow me again to bring to the notice of your readers, a society which is beginning to have a world-wide influence, and which is known to many in the United States. I allude to the "Ministering Children's League." Lord Meath and I have just been visiting New Zealand, Tasmania, and Australia; in these lands the society has found its way, and in the latter continent we received the warmest possible welcome, the league having been established for some time, and it had been found to

have a most happy influence over young people; two of the most enthusiastic meetings which I have ever attended were held in Australia. In New Zealand and Tasmania the league was only introduced this winter, and was considered as "just the thing needed for the colonies." Money is just now being collected in Victoria to establish a sea-side home for sickly children.

We embarked at Sydney, where a festival service for the "Ministering Children" had been held in the cathedral, and landed on May 12th at San Francisco. Since then we have held meetings on behalf of the society in that great town, as well as in Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, Denver, and Omaha. The meetings in the two latter seemed to be likely to lead to especially good results. Bishops Spalding and Worthington presided, and each expressed a wish for the league to be organized in their respective dioceses. Bishop Graves also proposes to start branches, and as the league is already doing good work in Illinois, the society will, I trust, prove equally useful in the West as it has been in the East.

One of the branches in New York has built a small chapel for the Indians in Dakota, while other branches have raised large sums for the endowment of cots in hospitals and other charitable institutions. I have been distressed to discover that a good many branches hopefully begun in the West have been disbanded. This is often occasioned, as in Salt Lake City where it is hoped to re-establish the branch, by the energetic worker whose whole heart was in the undertaking, having left the district, and no other person having been found to take her position as Hon. secretary. To avoid such a misfortune it is well to start a branch with three or four associates thoroughly interested in the work, so that if one is leaving the locality, another should be able to occupy the position vacated.

Now that the Ministering Children's League has been seven years in existence, it is possible to speak with confidence as to its good effect upon its young members. Surely the daily use of its simple yet beautiful prayer, and the daily observance of its one rule of kindness, ("try to do at least one kind deed every day") must needs leave a strong mark for good on the character of the children. The defect of the league in the United States, is that it is not numerically strong enough, it needs to be wider spread, and to be better organized. This work for children is principally carried on by women, and women have proved themselves to be splendid organizers, will they not come forward and help to train up little ones in unselfish ways, and by so doing lead them to become good Christians and those who, in the future, may lead lives of great usefulness? We need too the help of the clergy to bring this useful little society to the notice of their congregations. Papers giving information respecting the "Ministering Children's League" can be obtained from Mrs. Benedict, 54 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Yours very faithfully,
M. J. MEATH,
Central Secretary and Foundress
of the M. C. L.

A WINTER VACATION.

XXII.

DEAR LIVING CHURCH.—My first Sunday in Oxford, this visit, gave me such pleasure, that I must give in detail its many delights. It opened with an early Celebration at St. Barnabas, where was a goodly number of communicants, and a reverent service. I hoped to have attended the later Celebration at this church, when Fr. Maturin was to be the preacher, but the historic Bampton Lecture at the historic St. Mary's, proved too strong a counter attraction. To St. Mary's then, I went, and was fortunate enough to meet one of the Heads of Houses at the door, who saw that I had an excellent seat, in a privileged place, near the pulpit.

There are few more interesting sights in Oxford than the delivery of those Bampton Lectures. Each annually recurring course witnesses to the generous spirit of the Rev. John Bampton, Canon of Salisbury, who founded them many years ago. The scene in itself is ever fresh and attractive. The church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, is divided by the organ screen into choir and nave. The latter is essentially a preaching place; a great gallery occupies the west end and north side, here the undergraduates sit, a goodly company—to me, ever a fair sight, pathetic and inspiring in its outlook and prospects. Underneath the galleries, and in every available space, are seats for whoever can get them, while the great nave space is set apart for the college dons of various grades. In the centre of the north side of the nave, facing the south, is a high seat for the vice-chancellor; and directly opposite is the historic pulpit, where the best brain of Oxford has stood up to teach from that "Word" whose open page is blazoned on the arms of the university: *Dominus illuminatio mea*. Silently and quietly, as English congregations can do so well, sit that great assembly, awaiting the formal entrance of the vice-chancellor, the distinguished officers of Oxford, the preacher of the day, and their retinue. Looking down on the great throng from the choir screen, are the little choristers whose duty it is to lead the singing. They are to help in the highest function of all, higher than even a Bampton Lecture, which is the praise and glory of God; but their sweet young faces show no consciousness of their mission; happily they know it not, and in this, their innocent ignorance, may they not approach the unimpassioned service of the very angels?

At last the silence and our own brooding are broken by the rising of all from their seats as the procession enters, heralded by vergers and others.

All are clad in their robes of office, but in grave black. As it is Lent, the gorgeous red gowns are not used, such as once I saw in summer term, when years ago I heard Pusey preach.

The preacher on this occasion is Bishop Barry. He at once enters the pulpit, all kneel for a silent prayer, and stand to sing that hymn which always moves me: "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." It rolls out grandly, swelled by the vast mass of men's voices. I sing away on the first verse, but as I listen to the second in its great subdued fulness, I cannot restrain my tears. How glorious is con-

CHOIR AND STUDY.

CALENDAR—JUNE, 1892.

19. 1st Sunday after Trinity.	Green.
24. NATIVITY ST. JOHN BAPTIST.	White.
26. 2nd Sunday after Trinity.	Green.
29. ST. PETER, Apostle.	Red

On Wednesday evening, June 1st, the sixth choir festival of the combined choirs of Grace, Rutherford, N. J., and St. George's, Brooklyn, L. I., took place at Grace church. The processional was hymn 115, by Monk. The service, by Tucker, was sung by the rector, the Rev. Francis J. Clayton. The psalter was Psalm xxiv, by Fussel. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* were by Garrett in B flat, both being finely and devoutly rendered. After the Evening Prayer, the rector made a short address upon the *Messe Solennelle* of Gounod. In concluding his remarks, he spoke of the excellent work which the choir had done during the past year under the direction of Mr. J. E. Van Olinda, whose term of office expired on the 15th inst., and as a slight memento of the kindly relations which had existed between the choir and its master, the rector presented Mr. Van Olinda with a beautiful rose-wood baton, pointed and bound with gold, a gift from the members of the choir of Grace church. Selections were then rendered from the *Messe Solennelle*: the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sanctus*, *Benedictus*, and *Agnus Dei*. The soloists were Messrs. Albert F. Harman, soprano; C. H. Thomas, tenor, and Herbert W. Grindal, bass, all of St. George's choir, and each of whom rendered his parts in a charming and devout manner, the soprano solos in the *Benedictus* being specially well sung. The offertory anthem was "Unfold, ye portals," from the "Redemption" by Gounod, and it was one of the finest pieces of the evening. Each of the parts, throughout the service, were sung with very fine expression and showed faithful work by the entire choir. The organ was presided over in a delightful manner by Mr. J. Appleton Wade, organist of Grace church.

The sixth annual festival of the Central New York Choir Guild was held at Grace church, Utica, June 2nd. Morning service was held at 11 o'clock, and the choirs present were as follows: Grace church, 35, (blue); St. Luke's, 35, (orange); Holy Cross, 20, (white); St. George's, 10, (old gold); St. Paul's, Syracuse, 35, (purple); St. John's, Syracuse, ladies, boys, and men, 25, (olive); Christ church, Herkimer, 20, (pink); Zion church, Rome, ladies and boys, 38, (scarlet). The service in the morning was very impressive, and the chorus was a grand one. Lunch was served at 1 P. M., and the afternoon was greatly enjoyed in games and sports. Grace church was not large enough to accommodate all who desired to attend the service of the Choir Guild in the evening. The processional, "Stars of the morning," was very nicely sung. The General Confession was chanted by the choir, after which the Rev. Charles T. Olmsted pronounced the absolution. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* were splendidly rendered by the choirs. After the prayers by the Rev. Mr. Olmsted, the hymn, "Our Lord is risen from the dead," was sung in good style. Six anthems followed: "Oh, how amiable are Thy dwellings;"

"Send out Thy light and truth;" "Oh, Lord, my trust is in Thy mercy;" "My son, attend to my words;" "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob;" and "The pillars of the earth are the Lord's." Notwithstanding the fact that the singers had had but one full rehearsal, they rendered the anthems in commendable style. The solos in the anthems were acceptably sung by Maurice I. Kenyon, of St. Paul's cathedral, Syracuse; and Charles Wenzel, of Grace church. Mr. Kenyon is a soprano of exceptional ability, and the impression he made was a favorable one. The baritone solo by Edward C. Marquard, of Syracuse, was rendered in good style, but his voice was scarcely strong enough for the church. The festival was a success in every way, and was greatly enjoyed by the participants and those who had the pleasure of listening to the music.

ART IN SCOTLAND.

A candid observer soon discovers that a love of the beautiful is a widely prevailing trait in the Scottish character. As a severely practical people, generally credited with little sentimentality and an abundant measure of hard, common sense, this unexpected element of a fine aesthetic sensibility, occasions at least, a degree of surprise. In Glasgow, even—a great city given over to manufacturing industries of the heavier, coarser sort, for the most part, and its attendant traffic—one may find much to admire and remember in the direction of fine arts. The man from Chicago and New York will look in vain at home for anything approaching the municipal buildings of Glasgow, for dignity, elegance, and architectural nobility. To this latent sentiment for the beautiful, among the rough, wage-earning classes, so long ago as the signing of the Covenant, we are indebted to the rescue of the Cathedral of St. Mungo from the infuriated hordes of iconoclasts who threatened its destruction. There is nothing finer, and I have seen nothing half so commanding and admirable, in modern collegiate architecture, as Glasgow University. There are streets and avenues such as our noblest boulevards in New York may possibly become in the future, that have long honored the enterprise and culture of the prosperous citizens of Glasgow.

Among its public institutions, and they are many and important, the Corporation Galleries of Art would challenge attention and respect in any European capital. It is a collection of some 627 pictures, with a few sculptures and casts from the antique, open without charge to the public, and very rich in excellent examples of many of the great Masters. It begins where any great art gallery must begin, with the great schools of mediæval art, as a broad and catholic foundation for its subsequent periods. Singularly enough, the Dutch and Flemish masters are liberally and admirably exemplified. There are six of Hobbema, five by the two Cuyp, three by Breughel, six by Ruysdael, six by Rubens, twelve by Rembrandt, thirteen by the younger Teniers, two by Van Dyck; several examples of the great Flemish painters of flowers; besides the work of Netscher, Ostade, Mieris, and a multitude of others hard-

ly less known or less valued by the connoisseur. And what is of more importance, these pictures are not only soundly authenticated, but they are excellent examples.

The great Italian schools are also represented, and often by pictures that have long enjoyed celebrity. Indeed, it is a matter of great surprise that a single Glasgow merchant, Mr. Archibald McLellan, the founder, should have had such fine opportunities and rare success in making this collection. It is being continually enriched by valuable gifts and bequests, and is singularly free from such accumulation of pictorial rubbish as already threatens the usefulness and destruction of the collection in the New York Metropolitan Art Museum. Besides, there is a striking array of full-length portraits of kings and queens, and of noblemen and commoners, who have earned a prominent place in history. One of the most masterful portraits of our own day—I refer to the portrait of Thomas Carlyle, by our countryman, the gifted and eccentric Whistler—has been purchased, and were there nothing else of value in the rooms, this masterpiece alone would amply reward the visitor for his pains.

But what shall we say of this sense of the beautiful when we speak of Edinburgh! The view from my window takes in the monument to Sir Walter Scott, assuredly the grandest of its class in modern art. Not only that, but it takes in, also, that wonderful boulevard of Prince St., which for the best part of a mile, lies opposite one of the most exquisite garden parks in this or any other land. The Scotch gardeners are recognized as chiefs in their beautiful art, the world over, and every achievement possible under this churlish climate, in consummate landscape effects, is found here in this long stretch of garden-park. Architecturally, the street is a fitting part of the panorama. Back of my inn rises the bold cliff-like range of High St., reaching up and finding its climacteric in that grand head-land of basaltic rock crowned by the ancient castle of Edinburgh, the very centre where are focussed all the central lines of Scottish history. This grand ridge constitutes the eastern border of this Prince street park. If we can trust the concurrent verdict of most cultivated tourists, nothing in Europe is found comparable with it, for all the grander elements of the landscape.

And so of Edinburgh itself. The eastern side dominated by the castle, High St. with its ancient St. Giles' cathedral "appropriated" by the Covenanters, and the established kirk, ending in the Canongate and the ancient Holyrood palace, backed by Arthur's Seat, at its foot—old Edinburgh in short, an epitome of Scottish legend, tradition, and history—and over against it, New Edinburgh, beginning on the thither border of Prince street park, and moving westward, athwart a broad, prolonged undulation, if one may use the term in a typographical way, and discovering a long series of garden-parks lying between Queen St. and Heriot Row, as long, and quite as extensive and attractive, as Prince street park. If old Edinburgh is characterized by the rugged, bristling, picturesque spirit of ancient Scottish architecture, new Edinburgh represents

the consummate grace and elegance of the modern art almost throughout.

This Prince street park is unique, not only for the salient features already touched upon. It is a visible solution of that most perplexing problem, how to suppress and even beautify a railway approach and terminus in the heart of a great city, without discomfort or even inconvenience to the public, coming, going, and resident. A city railway terminus and station is almost invariably the ugliest and most offensive locality imaginable. This great Waverly station is so deftly masked by the landscape gardens of the Prince street park, and so shrewdly treated by the architects, that its very approach through the bottom of the park valley, is scarcely suspected. It enters and threads the valley beyond the castle. It tunnels beneath the great National Galley which lies directly athwart the park, and gathers up into a spacious station, so adroitly roofed under garden ledges and great areas of heavy glass that one never sees from the street levels any token of railway station, and never catches its wonted din and turmoil. It is a consummate achievement, and might be studied by many a municipal body with advantage to the public. Great eminences stand round about the city, and brilliant ranges of mountains lie along the west, so that between the castle, High St., and Arthur's Seat, Calton Hill, and the castellated prisons which rather suggest the abode of royalty than of outlaws, this beautiful city lies with a perpetual landscape environment unique and fascinating.

This is the creation of Scotchmen, and of their genius and keen susceptibilities for the beautiful. Indeed, it is not difficult or wide of the mark to suggest a *spiritus loci*, almost Athenian in its quality and fine wealth of invention. The roofs, alone, and their infinitely varied outlines and configuration, accentuate this impression of the prevailing beautiful in design and ensemble.

It was a memorable Sunday, the first after a turbulent voyage. There was a military service at half-past nine in the morning, in St. Giles' cathedral. This could not be overlooked. It was the ancient, Catholic cathedral for Edinburgh, as was St. Mungo's for Glasgow. It had undergone the same fortunes, and been horribly dismantled and profaned under the savage Covenanters. Here during the brief interim of occupation by the "Episcopalians," that fierce young hussy, Jenny Geddes, threw her stool at Dean Hanna, an incident commemorated by a brass tablet affixed to one of the columns. When the Scotch Episcopal Church was thrust out by the "Kirk," the old cathedral was cut up into four sections, where four different congregations held services simultaneously. All this was recently done away with by the liberal and public-spirited William Chambers, the publisher, and the interior restored as far as possible to its ancient condition.

The building was nearly filled on this Sunday with the two regiments stationed in the city, one of them, a splendid body of Highlanders in their national costume of crimson jackets, plaid kilts of green and black, bare knees, and heavily stockinged legs; the other an equally sightly body in uniforms of black. Citizens filled the

few remaining chairs. A military band accompanied the hymn, which strangely enough was "Onward, Christian Soldiers," to Sir Arthur Sullivan's tune. The singing was universal. It is not often one may hear such a stirring volume of song from many hundreds of men. It made the arches and recesses vocal with tumultuous reverberations.

The cathedral is extremely austere and rugged in its interior effects. Wrought of granite, or a similar hard gray stone, the chiselling is as sharp and clean as if it were finished yesterday. The columns are octagons without moldings or any ornamentation. The south transept was taken up by a large organ and arrangements for a large choir. The lovely, desolated sanctuary, with a large and beautiful east window of excellent glass, was unused. A pair of "poo-pits" against opposite columns, at the lower angles of nave and transepts, sufficed for the bare liturgic uses. Duly habited and refurnished for the ritual for which it was constructed, or our own, it must have been a most solemn and impressive place. As it is, a Churchman can behold it only with heartache and sorrow.

But the Scotch Episcopal Church survived the stool of Jenny Geddes, and has built for herself in the New Edinburgh, a long way off, beyond the extreme end of Prince street, its own cathedral, commonly accepted as the masterpiece of Sir Gilbert Scott. St. Mary's follows the conventional type of the later Gothic Anglican cathedrals, without being a servile copy or imitation of any one of them. Indeed, it is supremely and intensely Anglican, avoiding the structural infirmities of the old Roman builders, and resulting in an edifice within which the august ritual may be decently and solemnly celebrated, while the living Word, as well, may reach the people everywhere within its walls. It will be seen and felt, more and more deeply, as one pursues the study, that the Roman cathedrals were designed and constructed on altogether different lines. The nave was always out of relation and out of reach of the choir, and of sacramental offices. But a few hundreds at most, could, or can to-day, participate personally in liturgic worship within them. What was formerly done in the nave, of old, and what to do with it, now, are perplexed questions. An occasional choral festival, or oratorio, is held within it; and very rarely, when there is a preacher found great and strong enough to stir the masses, there are sermons in the nave. But then it is altogether detached and apart from sanctuary ministrations, save in St. Paul's Cathedral, and a very few others, where no rood-screen separates the nave from the choir and sanctuary.

Sir Gilbert Scott, here in St. Mary's, has touched firmly and resolutely the true Anglican note. There is an apparently unnecessary encroachment of the choir between the transepts down to the lower intersection with the nave, for the chancel has ample room for the sanctuary offices, and also a sufficient choir in its lower area, without intrusion upon the nave. The building is symmetrical in its proportions and lines, in early Gothic, with spare, but very judicious, use of ornament; and with its well-managed tri-

forium and clerestory, the architect has produced a very impressive interior. The hammered granite shows throughout. The chancel and transept arches are bold, simply treated, and suggest great altitude, solidity, and harmonious proportions.

The entire building was well filled with an earnest and devout congregation. Almost everybody sang responses, canticles, Psalms, and hymns. The organ seemed to fill the north transept; the pulpit is against the southwest transept pier; the great lectern, well upraised, stands at the head of the nave aisle, and the fald-stool, a few feet behind it, at the opening of the choir. It was an exceedingly plain service musically. The choir numbers about thirty men and boys, the men excellent, the boys with throaty voices. We do vastly better work in scores of our own vested choirs at home. There was neither processional nor recessional. The Matins were choral throughout, and the responses given religiously, and with beautiful intonation. A strange thing followed, as we are accustomed to regard Scottish ritual, which is supposed to be some shades richer than in the English cathedrals. After the sermon and collection of alms, the assistant priest placed the great basin upon the credence, the people kneeling a moment in silent prayer, when they were dismissed, the choir at the same time retiring with the congregation. Meanwhile, a few, hardly more than fifty, straggled into the lower sanctuary, and occupied chairs on either side. The clergy returned, and the preacher celebrated the Holy Communion; the two candles unlighted, and without a breath of music; assuredly so chilly and uninspiring, that even a Covenanter might accept it without objection. In nearly every Celebration that I have attended in the English cathedrals, with the single exception of St. Paul's, the same unworshipful "use" prevails. It is indeed a depressing, sorrowful anti-climacteric which exalts and glorifies Matins, and leaves the Holy Communion bare, mute, and stripped of its due liturgic accessories.

I was able to spend an hour or two in the halls of the National Art Galleries in Prince street park. It was a singularly favorable opportunity for the society of the Scottish artists were holding their annual exhibition. It was a thoroughly disappointing visit. There is a group of young artists here and in Glasgow who are attempting, and now and then accomplishing, excellent work. Unfortunately, however, Paris, and not London, is the popular field for study; and the Scotch painters have seemingly struck their colors, and sacrificed their fine national traditions to those anarchists in art, the Parisian impressionists. The result is deplorable for the most part. The Scotch graft on such an ill-blooded stock is altogether a failure. The Scotch seriousness, decision, and virility of idealization and expression, all disappear without catching a trace, hardly, of that dash and "chic" that are temperamental with the French. So there are most melancholy reminders of Corot and Barbizon without a trace of their spirit and quality. There is an unresisting submission to the wildest vagaries and extravagancies of Manet and the maddest of his set, without a glimmer of their spirit and

purpose. It is a melancholy period for Scottish art unless the tide changes. Among so many unhappy failures it was a good and comforting thing to encounter another of our countrymen, John S. Sargent, of Boston, whose splendid portraits are unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled in modern art, excepting Whistler's productions. He sends to the collection a superb "full length" of a lady exquisitely attired, that would have commanded the homage of Rembrandt and Velasquez; an exalted quality of work we can hardly hope to find save at long, dreary intervals among contemporaneous artists. I noted half-a-dozen figure subjects and landscapes worth remembering. But our last spring exhibition at the National Academy of Design in New York by contrast, throws this Edinburgh exposition into melancholy obscurity. There are a few very strong pictures, however, belonging to the institution, and one of them is a very striking Rembrandt.

That same morning I had found my way by rail some dozen miles away, to the little rude hamlet of Roslyn. Other tourists were of the same mind, as I observed when stepping out to the platform, and quite a group of us made our way through the narrow, rude street or lane literally swarming with children of all sizes and ages, all disgustingly dirty, with their mothers crowding door-ways, windows, and sidewalks, to gaze upon the concourse of strangers, a daily event during the "season." A walk of twenty minutes or more brought us out into the beautiful open country and a landscape of tranquil beauty, to the lonely Roslyn chapel, and the lodge of its custodian. Here is one of those unsuspected, sequestered gems, unseen and unfound, save by a few patient, fortunate souls. Every intelligent, travelled student of architecture ought to see Roslyn chapel. Photographs of its salient points and features are inexhaustibly numerous and fascinating. It is unique as a creation. Like the Taj Mahal of India, it stands utterly alone without analogue or parallel. It is another chapter of the old Covenanter barbarities and enormities wreaked upon the rarest blossom of worshipful Gothic art; for the builders and designers—and the builders were the designers—were men of God, working as in the presence of Him who sees everywhere. The chapel of Henry VII., Westminster Abbey, and the sanctuary of Christ church chapel-cathedral, are tame and feeble when seen in the light of little Roslyn chapel and the lady chapel thereof. G. T. R.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE. By W. J. Knox-Little, Canon of Worcester. Series, Preachers of the Age. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Canon Knox-Little has such a host of friends in this country that the appearance of this book is gladly welcomed. His earnest, spiritual face meets one as he turns to the title page. These sermons have the advantage of a series upon the subject which forms the title, though they were preached at various times and on various occasions. Still, that is the thread of thought running through them. As we read them, and are impressed with their earnestness and piety, we can understand how it is that men throng to hear him. Since Liddon's death, no one can attract such crowds to St. Paul's as Knox-Little. It seems a mistake that he is not a member of that chapter. His addresses in Lent bring multitudes under the

dome to listen to his impassioned utterances. These sermons will give one a just idea of the style of one who is indeed a preacher of the age.

MESSAGES TO THE MULTITUDE. By the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Series, Preachers of the Age. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25.

It is worth the while to study the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's power. From early manhood he was one of the most popular preachers in England, and his exceptional abilities showed no sign of decay at the end of his career. These sermons were selected by himself as typical of his pulpit teaching during the entire period of his ministry at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. One of his last acts was to give its name to this volume. His last illness prevented the accomplishment of his purpose to write the preface. These discourses are sermons to the people, by one who was thoroughly in sympathy with his audience, and who was possessed of the message which he had to deliver. They are simple, practical sermons which speak direct to the heart, and are filled with the earnest spirit of the man. He preached the Gospel as he understood it, and so far as he received the truth, he stood firmly to it. His protest against the prevailing laxity of belief in his denomination gained for him the honest admiration of men from whom he was separated in ecclesiastical affiliation. His name will live long in the hearts of the multitude to whom for more than forty years, he delivered his message.

The *New England Magazine* for June is again evidence that this periodical puts before its readers valuable information regarding current subjects of interest. The near approach of the annual convention of the Christian Endeavor Society, which has made itself felt so strongly in the churches of the denominations, makes timely the articles by three of its leaders, upon its aims and methods. Although Churchmen are not in sympathy with the movement, they can hardly afford not to be cognizant of the workings of a society that is wielding so strong an influence among other religious bodies. "The Outlook and the Opportunity" deal with the possible future of the society and its work. This number contains a comprehensive showing of the progress of "Art in Chicago," finely illustrated with reproductions of old Masters, and canvases by Chicago artists, and contributes its quota to the discussion of that vexed question, "Government of Cities;" the Editor's Table also showing the relation of the Churches to the subject of Municipal Government.

We have received a copy of the excellent sermon preached by the Rev. Henry G. Perry, M. A., prelate, etc., before the Commanderies of Knights Templar on Easter Day.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Under this head will be announced all books received during the week preceding the week of publication. Further notice will be given as space permits, of such books as the editor may select to review.

THE NEW CHILDREN'S HYMNAL, with a Choral Service for Sunday Schools, Guilds, Day Schools, and General Parish Use. Edited by the Rev. J. Ireland Tucker, S. T. D. Price, 60 cts. net.

THE TWENTY SELECTIONS AND PROPER PSALMS SET TO GREGORIAN TONES. Edited by the Rev. J. Ireland Tucker, S. T. D. Price, \$1.00.

HOLY MATRIMONY. The Church Service with Certificate. Price, \$1.00; 75 cts. net.

ELEMENTS OF MORAL THEOLOGY Based on the Summa Theologie of St. Thomas Aquinas. By John J. Elmendorf, S. T. D. Price, \$2.50 net; Postage, 15 cts.

JAS. POTT & CO., New York.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES. Some Elemental Doctrines in Modern Form. By Amory H. Bradford, D. D. White leatherette, 35 cents.

FORDS, HOWARD, & HULBERT, New York.

HOMILETICAL COMMENTARY On the Book of Genesis. Chapters I to VI. by the Rev. J. S. Excell, M. A. Chapters IX to L, by the Rev. T. H. Leale, A. K. C.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., New York.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE BIBLE OF LONG AGO.

BY R. B. HILL.

Many books have I seen in rich binding,
And some of rare value, I know,
But I would not exchange for the rarest,
This Bible of long ago.

It is bound in the plainest red leather,
It is worn with much handling, but lo!
To me 'tis a beautiful volume,
This Bible of long ago.

I have heard others read from their Bibles,
Whom I've listened with interest to,
But I'll never forget how my father
Read the Bible of long ago.

The sweet little mother who loved it,
And father, are both lying low,
But the dear old Bible reminds me
Of the hallowed long ago.

Many dear ones have gone before me,
Have fallen asleep, but I trow
They are safe through faith in the teachings
Of the Bible of long ago.

It brings strength and grace to the living,
To the dying it brings heaven's glow
Of hope in the blessed salvation—
This Bible of long ago.

I wonder if in God's library,
With millions of books in a row,
This dear old book will be treasured—
This Bible of long ago!

PRIZE STORY.

UNDER THE LIVE OAKS.

BY MRS. J. D. H. BROWNE,

Author of "Count Oswald," etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.—HOLLY CANYON.

That night, long after Elaine Burton lay in dreamless sleep, Chrissie, with wide-open eyes, looked into the darkness. The moment had come to her that comes to most of us poor mortals, when the serene unconsciousness of youth is rudely broken up, either by a revelation of something unsuspected in our own nature, or a sudden insight into the life or actions of those around us.

Poor Chrissie! that happy day of her home-coming had ended in a pain, hitherto unknown. "Jumping at conclusions," it has been said, is the tendency of women, and Chrissie, whether rightly or wrongly, had jumped at a conclusion which was a bitterly painful one to her. It was that Dr. Ventnor had lost his heart to Elaine.

Why had Chrissie never thought of such a possibility before? Elaine was so beautiful, so full of winning ways, so graceful and attractive, what was more probable than that he should love her? But Elaine was engaged, had promised herself to one who, in Chrissie's estimation, was only second to Dr. Ventnor in his noble manliness, one who was patiently working, waiting, and hoping for her beautiful sister.

What Chrissie felt at first was a confused sense of pain and loss which gradually shaped itself into a keen pity for her friend and an unwilling reproach of Elaine.

The group by the fireside rose up before her again and again—her sister, looking so beautiful with the fire-light shining on her hair, and her laughing eyes upraised to Dr. Ventnor, and he looking down at her with an expression of almost eager tenderness upon his face.

"Yes, Chrissie has come home; there she is, sunbonnet and all!" She could hear the sweet, half-mocking tones, and, for the first time in all her pure

and wholesome life, a feeling of bitterness stole into Chrissie's heart, and a few heavy, burning tears scorched her soft cheek, though she knew not the source from whence they sprang.

The tender unselfishness of her nature, however, soon asserted itself. How could she have one hard thought of her darling? She reached out her hand towards her sister, sleeping so unconsciously beside her, and touched one of the soft tresses lying on the pillow. She drew it toward her and pressed it to her lips. "My dear, my dear," she whispered, "you could not help it! You are so lovely, it would be hardly possible not to be drawn to you." But oh, to think, after all his kindness, his goodness, that he must meet this cruel disappointment! The possibility of Elaine being unfaithful to her lover never crossed Chrissie's mind. There was enough without that to make the poor child lie in wakeful wretchedness till the small hours of the night.

For once Elaine was the first of the sisters to rise. Refreshed by the long sleep of healthful youth, she had turned upon the pillow to waken Chrissie, and was about to do so with a kiss, when she saw how pale the sweet face looked in the morning light. It was not quite like Chrissie's face; there was a slightly drawn look about the brows like that of one in pain, and, yes, there were traces of tears upon her cheeks.

Elaine, with all her frailties and faults, was very far from being heartless, and she ended her contemplation of her sister with a very tender kiss, so gentle as not to wake her. "Poor little Chrissie," she said to herself, "she was so bright all yesterday, and yet she has been crying. I wonder why. Has she overworked herself, or is she, can she be, in love?"

Elaine smiled, then sighed, and while dressing, hummed a little vagrant air that she had caught up:

What is this? I know not why,
Smiling lips, yet tearful eye!
Joy is very near a sigh;
Love is life, yet lovers die!

Then checking the ditty, she presently knelt down and said her prayers. Consciousness of the coming expedition curtailed the morning sleep of Oliver and Jimmie, and Chrissie was soon awakened by their gambols. Opening her eyes upon the red-wood walls of her bed-room, a sweet consciousness of home was the young girl's first emotion, and then the experience of last night crept back upon her and parted her lips in a long sigh.

But Chrissie's was a brave heart, and she had found the secret of that peace which, when once established in the soul, can never be put to flight. She felt that she was not quite what she had been before she had made a certain discovery, but she felt, too, that she was mistress of herself, and that in her life it would make no difference. For the rest, she would leave her new anxiety with God, as she had left all the cares of her young life. Chrissie's prayers could not be brief ones; she had so many to pray for, and it was so comforting to invoke the Father's blessing and guardianship upon them.

Carrying baskets with provision for the day and in which to bring back the holly, the Burtons descended into the canyon bottom, and took the upward winding road, between projecting mountain-spurs, clothed with the

usual stunted growth of pines and scrub-oaks, interspersed with masses of rock.

The spotless blue of a Californian winter sky stretched overhead; the canyon stream, clear and full, rippled and danced beside them, now falling in a miniature cataract, now flowing for a little distance quietly, between banks already over-spread with the green things which only await the rain to spring into life, at any season, in this wonderful land. In cool, moist hollows in the rock, masses of the lovely maiden-hair fern hung down temptingly, and though the time of wild flowers was not yet, here and there a tiny blue or milk-white star or a delicate pink bell showed itself amid the green.

On a little shelf of rock, below which lay a rather rough-looking vegetable-patch and a few rows of orange trees, stood the low *adobe* of the Castros' and as the Burtons approached they became aware of sundry pairs of bright black eyes watching them from the piazza, for every true *adobe* is dignified by the surrounding piazza. Then came a shout of children's voices: "Senorita! Senorita Chrissie!" And half a dozen pairs of bare, brown legs, came scampering down the bank. Then so many curly black heads were bobbing about Chrissie, and she was patting them and shaking hands with the pretty olive-skinned creatures, who were showing their white teeth in joyous smiles. Next came the mother, a very handsome Mexican woman, bare-footed also, with a short black skirt and crimson jacket, setting off her dark beauty. She seized Chrissie's hands and kissed them with a devotion that there was no mistaking.

It must have been very troublesome, Elaine afterwards declared, but it was very picturesque to see Chrissie the center of this group of admirers.

Now when Chrissie had made her Christmas purchases in Los Angeles, she had selected sundry and manifold bright-colored little shawls and scarfs such as are dear to the heart of Mexican mothers, and also a triple row of handsomely cut garnet-colored beads, which she knew Senora Castro would like to tie about her handsome throat. Louis had carried the parcel from the mesa, and while Mr. Burton and Elaine rested on the piazza, and the boys amused themselves with the little Castros, Chrissie went into the house to have a little chat with the mother, and to present her gifts. The great, scantily furnished room, with its curtained-off beds, which represented the whole dwelling, was scrupulously clean, and Chrissie always enjoyed her little visits there. A few vividly colored pictures of saints and Madonnas, and a few shelves containing the eating and cooking utensils decorated the walls. In the place of honor hung a large crucifix of manzinita wood, and below it, a great treasure, a guitar, which Castro prided himself on playing well.

The children were called in, one by one, and each arrayed to its speechless gratification, in the bright little garment. The mother tied on her pretty necklace with no less pleasure, and many blessings on the giver.

"Sweetest senorita," she said, "see what the little ones have made for you!" and she displayed a row of the little earthen images of which Elaine

had spoken. Hideous they were, but curious, and they evidenced much skill in the small fingers which had moulded them, and the mother had colored the cheeks and eyes, and painted the bodies, so that they were very good imitations of wild Indians.

Chrissie expressed great pleasure in the gift, and left them in the safe keeping of the mother, till she could bring them to the mesa, and after listening to the domestic history of the Castros since she had seen them, and the eulogy on Dr. Ventnor, which always formed part of the woman's conversation, the Burtons went their way leaving a row of happy faces looking after them.

It was about noon when they reached the little ravine or "gulch" as it would be called, in mining parlance, which was their destination. It branched off from the main canyon at a spot where a huge cliff, seamed and rent into the likeness of a pinnacled castle, jutted from the mountain side, as though guarding the entrance to this secret glen.

No more delightful spot could have been found. It had its own silvery stream, tributary to the canyon river, with ferny banks and scattered groups of alders, with foliage enough still clinging to their boughs, to afford a pleasant shade. The sides of this lesser canyon were literally covered from base to summit with masses of the dark green, holly-like shrub, with its gorgeous clusters of berries, of which the Burtons were in quest.

Shouts of delight from the children rang out in the clear air. Mr. Burton found a delightful seat upon a fallen tree, by the stream, and while Louis built a fire-place of rough stones, and gathered twigs and broken branches for a fire, the girls spread their little feast upon the grass.

Elaine had looked a little curiously at Chrissie from time to time; gentle and thoughtful for every one, as she always was, there was not the same bright mirthfulness about her to which they were accustomed. Had not Elaine seen those tell-tale traces of tears upon her cheek this morning, she might not have noticed any change in her sister, but now she found herself wondering what it was, and what had caused it. "Has Mrs. Jennifer been over-working you, Chrissie?" she said at last, while her sister was brewing a cooling drink for her father, "or has that queer little Nina, with her great eyes, been making a slave of you?"

"Why, no, indeed!" said Chrissie, smiling, "you can hardly imagine anyone kinder than Mrs. Jennifer has been to me, and as for Nina, the dear girl is a greater comfort than I can say. She is growing into a beautiful character, Elaine."

"Oh, I know you always find out the angelic side of people," said Elaine, with a little shrug, "only unfortunately they often don't show it to others. Are you quite well, Chrissie?"

"Yes, dear, quite well; do I look sick?"

"No, not exactly, but somehow you don't look quite yourself."

Chrissie's cheeks paled a little under Elaine's sisterly scrutiny, and then a faint flush crept over them.

"There is nothing the matter with me, dear," she said, and set down her

