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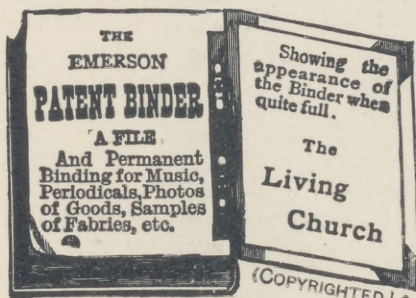
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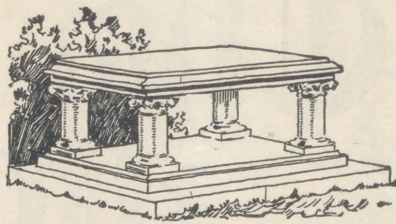
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The Living Church

Rev. Charles Wesley Leffingwell, Editor and Proprietor

Notes of the World's Progress

The Christmas Saints.

See all the Stars surround the Infant LIGHT!
The doubtful Thomas, faithful now, is one;
Stephen the martyr bright,
Sweet John, of Thunder 'clept the Son,
And Bethlehem's babes, soon done
With pain. Nor day, nor night,
Rest they from song. Sing we,
With them, a Jubilee.

Noel, Alleluia!

G. MOTT WILLIAMS.

Dec 1, 1899.

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NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA during the past week has been of a nature to draw attention to the seriousness of the struggle between the British and Boers. While to a certain extent reports may be exaggerated, except those made public by the war office, it is nevertheless the fact that British advances have met with a serious check; so serious indeed as to direct most severe criticism toward those responsible for the conduct of the campaign, and necessitate the adoption of measures which would be used only in most extreme cases. There is, of course, no element of doubt as to the final outcome of the matter, and the feeling of grief over long lists of casualties is fully equalled by a determination that from now on the campaign must be conducted vigorously. It may be that the entire military strength of England will be drawn out, and there is talk of placing the navy on a similar basis, merely as a safeguard against colonial or Asiatic complications.

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THE APPOINTMENT OF MAJOR-General Leonard Wood as military governor of Cuba, while perhaps distasteful to those who believe a selection should have been made from the line, rather than the medical branch, gives satisfaction to all who are interested in the future of the island, and is, at the same time, a substantial recognition of signal ability. While in command of the district of Santiago, then as Colonel Wood, he was afforded the opportunity of demonstrating his wonderful executive powers, with the result that Santiago was transformed from a pest hole into a clean, orderly, and well-regulated community. He possesses the full confidence of the Cubans, which will be of great value in perfecting the civil government of the island. General Wood has already departed for Havana, which will be his headquarters, and will at once assume the duties of his new appointment. Confidence is freely expressed that under his guidance affairs in Cuba will be satisfactorily adjusted.

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THE PRESENT IS AN ERA OF ADVANCING wages, due to a gradual and hoped, for permanent improvement of business. In the East employes are more generally benefitted, although in the West and

South similar conditions prevail to a certain extent. Cotton mill owners of the North have announced to employes an increase, which will mean a disbursement of an additional \$5,000,000 annually. This general advance is due chiefly to M. C. D. Borden, of Fall River, Mass., who advanced the wages of his employes 10 per cent, while other manufacturers were considering the advisability of a 5 per cent increase. The action of Mr. Borden was met at once by others. From Fall River, where 28,000 employes were affected, the movement spread throughout New England, so that a total of 140,000 workers will be advanced prior to Jan. 1st. Manufacturers of woolen goods have increased the wages of 20,000 employes 10 per cent, and 8,000 operatives of cotton mills in Augusta, Ga., will be granted an advance corresponding to that made by Fall River mills.

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SENATORIAL CONTESTS SUCH AS obtain at the present time afford material support to the movement to have United States senators elected by popular vote. The claim is made, and often fully justified, that the present method of electing by State legislatures does not fulfil the will of the majority. A protest has been made against the seating of Senator Clark, of Montana, a claim being made that the Senator-elect, or his agents, paid \$30,000 for votes, which sum was produced in open session of the legislature, and deposited with the treasurer of Montana, where it still remains. The protest against Mr. Clark is accompanied by a statement in effect that Mr. Clark paid a sum aggregating \$500,000 for votes. There is but one course for the Senate to pursue. If the charges against Mr. Clark are false, punishment should be meted out to those guilty of the libel. If on the contrary they are true, those guilty of purchasing votes cannot be too severely dealt with.

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BY A DECISION OF THE ILLINOIS Supreme Court, city ordinances leveled against department stores and designed to make their existence under present methods impossible, have been declared null and void. The ordinance which resulted in the decision was passed at the instigation of small Chicago dealers whose prosperity has been interfered with by the great marts which supply well nigh everything, from needles to agricultural implements. While it is true that in great cities department stores have caused distress to small dealers, by reason of their ability to purchase great quantities of goods and sell at prices which the small dealers cannot meet, it does not follow that they are evils, although in keen desire to undersell rivals managers resort at times to methods not legitimate. If such abuses, particularly the treatment of employes, cannot be controlled, it rests with the National Consumers League, now doing a good work, to look after department stores as well as manufacturers.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD Company will put into effect a plan which will strengthen the bond between employer and employe. The plan provides for the retirement, on Jan. 1, 1900, of all officers and employes of the Pennsylvania railroad east of Pittsburgh and Erie, who have attained the age of 70 years, and the payment to such employes of a pension equal to 1 per cent. for each year of continuous service of the average salary for the last ten years. It also provides for the retirement of all officers and employes between the ages of 65 and 60 years who, having been thirty years in the service of the company, are physically disqualified, and the payment to them of a pension computed on the same basis. All officers and employes not yet 70 years of age will be retired and pensioned in the same manner on the first day of the month following their attainment of the maximum age.

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RECENT ADVANCES IN THE PRICE of paper, attributed to the so-called trust in pulp, are claimed to be due to the approaching scarcity of spruce timber, from which pulp is manufactured. For several years, or since the utilization of wood pulp in the manufacture of print paper, an immense amount of spruce timber has been consumed annually, and even this great and assuredly permanent demand from paper makers did not deter lumbermen of New England from cutting and selling spruce lumber at a price which scarcely covered the cost. Paper manufacturers have gained control of the principal remaining tracts of spruce timber, but even now the end is but a comparatively few years distant, and some substitute must be found. A fortune awaits the discoverer of that which will replace spruce.

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OF THE ORGANIZING OF MANY "unions" there is no end, the latest having its inception in Binghamton, N. Y., and known as the Farmers' Union. This organization is unique, and judged by the aims of its sponsors, has a future full of possibilities. The object is not akin to the one time powerful Granger society, but rather to govern the disposition of farm products. The union has adopted a label, and agricultural members will dispose of their produce at stores having this label over the door, receiving full market price for the same. The union will seek to become a member of the national labor body, thus ensuring reciprocal relations and benefits. Thus it may come about that with the passing of certified milk and guaranteed eggs, consumers will purchase the product of the hen, cow, and field under a union label; the manufacturer who does not, may have a strike of employes to face, and the merchant who buys non-union hay for his stables may have a scarcity of customers. These though are among vague possibilities.

The News of the Church

Bishop Gillespie's Anniversary

It is given to few men in the ministry to receive more expressions of love and esteem from all classes of people, than those tendered Bishop Gillespie on the 25th anniversary of his election to the episcopate. From the University of Michigan, from civil rulers and ecclesiastics, from parishes and missions, from laymen young and old, as well as loyal clergy, came loving messages by word of mouth, by wire, and by mail. Roman priest and Congregational minister sat on either side of the Bishop at the festive board, and each vied with the other in expressions of love and gratitude that God had given to the State of Michigan so good a man.

At St. Mark's church, Grand Rapids, on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 6th, the Bishop met his clergy in conference on diocesan affairs. Mr. F. A. Gorham, for 25 years the treasurer of invested funds, gave a history of those funds, and stated that money and real estate now held in trust amounted in round numbers to \$99,000. Mr. Jacob Kleinhans, chancellor of the diocese, sketched the history of the present constitution and canons. Mrs. J. E. Wilkinson spoke on "Akeley Institute."

On Wednesday evening occurred the first public service of the "silver jubilee" of the diocese. After Evening Prayer, the Rev. James F. Conover, D. D., of Detroit, formerly of St. Luke's, Kalamazoo, read an historical paper concerning the formation of the diocese, the election and consecration of its first bishop. Bishop Gillespie then spoke for the diocese of Western Michigan. Dr. Prall, of Detroit, in the absence of Bishop Davies, for the diocese of Michigan, and Bishop Williams, for the diocese of Marquette. The offertory anthem, "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem," was specially fine, but all the music was well rendered under the able supervision of the Rev. C. R. Hodge.

Thursday, Morning Prayer was said at an early hour, and a celebration of the Holy Communion took place at 10:30. Bishop White, of Michigan City, made an address.

Thursday afternoon the conference was resumed. The Rev. Dr. Rippey read a paper on "Memorials of the clergy and laity"; the Rev. Dr. Van Antwerp, on "The semi-annuals," and Mrs. T. J. O'Brien, on "The Woman's Auxiliary." A conference of the Auxiliary was held at the same hour in the chapel, with Mrs. R. W. Butterfield presiding.

At seven in the evening, nearly 300 people assembled at the rooms of the Military Club, for an informal reception and banquet. The Rev. Dr. Van Antwerp was toastmaster, and introduced the Rev. Dr. Prall, of Detroit, who was the principal speaker, in response to the general sentiment, "Our diocese and our bishop"; the Rev. Lewis Brown represented the clergy and the Standing Committee. Other addresses were made by Mr. W. R. Shelby, the Hon. Geo. Willard, the Hon. E. F. Uhl, and Dr. Collins H. Johnstone. The sentiment, "Our guests," was responded to by the Rev. Father O'Brien, of Kalamazoo, representing the Roman Catholic Church; the Rev. Dan Bradley representing the Congregationalists; Rev. Henry Tatlock, from the Bishop's old parish at Ann Arbor; and the Bishop of Marquette. Bishop Williams hoped that the State, not the diocese, might be the unit for Michigan Churchmen. "The diocese of Michigan, the salt of the earth; the diocese of Western Michigan, full of the fruits of righteousness, and the diocese of Marquette, rock bottomed, strongly timbered, iron-bound, and copper riveted." Such a combination ought to accomplish much in establishing Christ's Kingdom on earth. New robes, worth \$75 in gold, from 29 parishes and missions, were then presented to the Bishop by the Rev. J. N. McCormick. In response, the Bishop remarked: "I have heard it said that a bishop was a lonely man, but who would say so to-night?" A silver

testimonial was also presented by the Rev. Mr. Tatlock, from the Bishop's old parish at Ann Arbor, and a warm cloak was given the Bishop by his old friend, Father O'Brien, of Kalamazoo. A profusion of roses and other flowers was sent Bishop Gillespie during the week. At the close of the programme, the Rev. Mr. McCormick read from a letter of the Methodist Bishop, W. X. Ninde, offering his personal congratulations on the anniversary. With a heart full of gratitude, and a voice showing deep emotion, Bishop Gillespie dismissed the assembled people with the blessing of peace.

Board of Missions

The Board met at the Church Missions House, Dec. 12th, the Bishop of Albany, vice-president, in the chair. There were present seven bishops, 12 presbyters, and 11 laymen. The vice-president introduced to the Board the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, general secretary, and Mr. John W. Wood, corresponding secretary. The Rev. Dr. Henry W. Nelson, rector of Trinity church, Geneva, N. Y., and Mr. Moses Taylor Pyne, of New York, were elected to membership in the Board to fill vacancies. The Rev. Dr. Nelson has since accepted.

The Board appointed 57 clergymen and laymen and women, as delegates from this society to the General Missionary Conference which is to be held in the City of New York in April, 1900.

In accordance with the suggestion of the Missionary Council and the provision of the constitution with regard to employing agents, it was—

Resolved: That the advisory committee be and hereby is authorized to appoint a clergyman to the position of agent of the Sunday School Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, whose duty it shall be, by correspondence and personal visits, under the direction of the general secretary and the advisory committee, to increase the interest of the Sunday Schools in the missionary work of the Church, especially in regard to Lenten offerings.

One-half the salary of this clergyman was immediately pledged by a member of the Board, and for five years, the other half appropriated from a special fund at the discretion of the Board, leaving as the cost to the Church, of the office, simply the traveling and incidental expenses of said agent.

A further and final appropriation of \$250 from a special deposit was made at the request of the Bishop of Chicago for Swedish work in his diocese.

Election of a Local Secretary

A by-law was adopted creating the office of local secretary who "shall have his place for work in the office of the Board, and assist the associate secretary, especially attending to the details and routine of the work in that office." This was considered necessary in view of the increased responsibilities of the Church and consequent increase of work thrown upon the office, and in order that a second man may become familiar with its routine and history. On nomination of the Bishop of Long Island, the Rev. Robert B. Kimber, rector of Trinity church, Seymour, Conn., was elected local secretary.

United Offering Appointments

Under the provisions of the Woman's Auxiliary United Offering of 1898, at the request of the Bishop of North Carolina, Miss Emma D. Manson and Mrs. Moseley were appointed as stipendiaries, and three already in his service were re-appointed for the year, and at the request of the Bishop of Western Michigan, Miss Mary A. Milnes was appointed a woman missionary in his diocese.

Events in China

The Bishop of Shanghai, on Oct. 28th, consecrated the new St. Peter's church, Sinza, being a memorial of Bishop and Mrs. Bedell. Bishop

Cassels, of Western China, and several others of the English missionaries, were present. The same afternoon, in the church of Our Saviour, Hongkew, a memorial tablet to the late Rev. Yung Kiung Yen, M. A., was unveiled. It was the expression of regard and affection on behalf of all the clergy, native and foreign, of the Shanghai District.

The Mission Schools in Japan

Bishop McKim, recurring to the question of retaining the Government licenses for our schools, St. Paul's, Tokyo, and the boys' school, Nara, writes: "The Minister of Education, in an interview on Oct. 31st, told me that 'Christian instruction may be given in the school buildings before and after school hours.' . . . The Nara school directors have formally notified the authorities of the Prefecture that Christian instruction will be regularly given to the boarding pupils after school hours. This is a long step in the right direction." The Bishop adds: "As for our Tokyo schools, there is more religion taught in them now than for ten years last past." Again he says, in writing upon the same subject, "There is no reason for timidity or concealment," and further on he avers that he would have nothing to do with the matter unless we could have stated Christian instruction without concealment or subterfuge. In connection with this, the Board adopted the following resolutions:

That the Bishop and Standing Committee in Japan be requested to issue in the Japanese tongue a declaration that in continuing to conduct the schools under government license there is no compromise of our religion, and no intention to discontinue Christian teaching out of school hours.

About the middle of November, the Bishop of New York and the Rev. Percy S. Grant were spending a fortnight at Tokyo. The Bishop preached in the cathedral. Eighteen hundred dollars was appropriated for the purchase of a residence for the Rev. R. W. Andrews, the only missionary, other than a French priest, in Mito, a city of 30,000 inhabitants, 80 miles east of Tokyo.

Needs in Africa

The Bishop of Cape Palmas presented a pressing need for the rebuilding of St. Augustine's schoolhouse near Monrovia; besides being entirely too small, the old building is beyond repair; \$1,300 was appropriated for the purpose from a special fund. The Rev. Paulus Moort wrote that the congregation and vestry of Trinity church, Monrovia (the stone walls of which recently fell in) had decided to put forth strenuous efforts to rebuild so far as their resources will permit. Meanwhile, they have provided a temporary structure for continuing the services, so as to keep the congregation together. The Rev. Wm. C. Cummings, in charge of a group of out-stations near Cape Palmas, sent an appeal for a communion set, a font, and a small bell for Gbalobo station, "where the prospect is bright for the Church, and where the work is entirely among the heathen." The Rev. Dr. Robert Hope was given permission to withdraw his declination of his appointment, and with his wife he will proceed forthwith to Cape Mount.

Bishop Holly's communication dwelt especially upon the sufferings of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, our missionary in Dominica, and his family, both by reason of cyclone and during the recent insurrection in that Republic.

Appreciation of Rev. Mr. Kimber's Work

Resolutions were unanimously passed, recognizing the most faithful services of the Rev. Joshua Kimber, associate secretary, during the time that the Society has been without a general secretary, and in the extra work devolving upon him in connection therewith, and granting him three months' leave of absence during the year at such time as he may desire to take the same, and the chairman and treasurer, were re-

quested to convey the Board's action to Mr. Kimber.

American Church Missionary Society

The Rev. W. H. McGee, our missionary in Havana, is ill with yellow fever. His case, it is hoped, will prove to be a mild one. He is receiving every possible attention.

The Rt. Rev. L. L. Kinsolving, D. D., on Oct. 1st, had confirmed 123 candidates.

The Sunday School

A new course of lectures, under the auspices of the Diocesan Sunday School Commission, will be conducted in New York city in January, by the Rev. Geo. R. Van DeWater, D. D., on the "Life of St. Paul," and by the Rev. John P. Peters, D. D., Ph. D., on the "Life of Christ."

Addresses on Practical Topics

At Christ church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the Sunday School Commission of the diocese, in cooperation with the archdeaconry of Dutchess, have just held special services with addresses for teachers and Sunday school workers. The Rev. E. C. Saunders spoke on "The purpose of the Sunday School Commission"; the Rev. Henry Mottet, D. D., on "The Sunday School Organization"; Prof. Winne, on "The public school; what can it suggest to the Sunday school?" President Lawrence T. Cole, Ph. D., of St. Stephen's College, on "The teacher behind the method"; Mr. C. W. Stoughton, on "The child; how can we know him, and how can we teach him?" the Rev. Pascal Harower, on "What should the Church school teach?" and the Rev. Edward L. Stoddard, on the experiences of his parish in Jersey City, N. J. Much interest was shown, and the attendance was large.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew

Local Assembly of Wilmington, Del.

The annual meeting was held in Calvary church, on Friday evening, Dec. 1st. After shortened Evensong, the question, "How can we awaken interest in the work of the Brotherhood" was opened by the rector, the Rev. H. W. Cunningham, and discussed by several present. Bishop Coleman spoke of the significance of the coincidence of St. Andrew's Day and Thanksgiving Day, and while thanking the Brotherhood for their past good work in Wilmington, urged them on to still greater efforts. The new president, Mr. Geo. A. Elliott, succeeding Mr. Jas. D. Carter, took the chair at this meeting. There was a large number of men present from the parish chapters, and several not members of the Brotherhood. The Bishop closed the meeting with the benediction.

Chicago

Wm. Edward McLaren, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop

The Bishop, immediately after his return from Sycamore, *i. e.*, on Monday, the 11th, went to New York. This is pleasant news, as indicating his convalescence.

On Sunday the 10th, there was used in Holy Trinity, Stockyards, the new organ, presented by the clergy of the North-Eastern Deanery, as a mark of esteem and respect for the priest-in-charge, the Rev. H. C. Kinney.

The members of the Clerica, to the number of 25, met at 21 Aldine square on Tuesday afternoon, the 12th, on invitation of Mrs. W. White Wilson, wife of the rector of St. Mark's.

The Church Club

The first of the usual winter social gatherings came off on the evening of Wednesday, 13th, at Kinsley's. It was attended by 50 gentlemen, and was quite informal, there being no speeches. Dinner was followed by "a smoker."

Gifts to the Mission at Longwood

This new mission, lately organized by the Rev. Harold Morse, has received the gift of an organ from Mrs. Curtis, and a very handsome brass memorial cross from Mrs. E. P. Hilliard. The mission is growing fast, and proving very acceptable to the people of the village.

New York

Henry Codman Potter, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

St. John's church, Pleasantville, has just been redecorated, through the efforts of St. Agnes' Guild.

At the Church Club, Dec. 15th, Prof. W. J. Ashley, of Harvard University, gave an address on "The mediæval guilds of London."

At St. Chrysostom's chapel, Trinity parish, the Rev. T. H. Sill, D. D., vicar, the 34th anniversary of founding has just been celebrated.

At a meeting held in New York, of the National Reform Convention, Bishop Doane, of Albany, read a paper on "Our marriage and divorce laws—the danger and the remedy."

Under the new law, a number of Advent elections of vestries have just taken place, the election being by sections. No parishes are obliged to adopt the usage, but it is becoming popular.

Church Temperance Society

The Woman's Auxiliary has asked permission of the Fire Commissioners to dispense free coffee to firemen at serious fires during the coming winter. The matter has been referred to the fire chief.

The Actors' Church Alliance

Held its third public religious service of the present season at the church of Zion and St. Timothy, Sunday, Dec. 17th, the preacher being the rector, the Rev. Dr. Henry Lubeck, who took for his theme, "Expression and inspiration."

Advent Missionary Services

Are being held in the parish house of St. Michael's church, the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, rector. The themes are: "Alaska and our new possessions"; "The conditions of child-life in the city of New York," and "Missions in China and Japan." The lectures are illustrated with lantern slides.

Confirmations By Bishop Hare

At All Saints', Rosendale, and its attached chapel at Rifton Glen, Bishop Hare, acting for Bishop Potter, has just administered Confirmation to 17 persons, presented by the rector, the Rev. Henry Barker. At Trinity church, New Rochelle, Sunday, Dec. 10th, he confirmed a class presented by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Canedy. Bishop Hare also made a visitation of St. George's chapel, Williams Bridge, on Dec. 6th, and confirmed 11 candidates, presented by Bishop Potter's private secretary, the Rev. Dr. Nelson.

Centennial of the Death of Washington

Was commemorated Dec. 14th by a service at St. Paul's chapel, Trinity parish, where Washington's pew is still preserved. The service was under the auspices of the Society of Sons of the Revolution, and the Society of the Cincinnati. The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Chaplain-General of the Sons of the Revolution, the Rev. Wm M. Geer, and many other clergymen were present; as also the wardens and vestry of Trinity parish in a body. While the service proceeded minute guns were fired at Castle William, where St. Cornelius chapel is under the control of Trinity parish.

The First Russian Church in the U. S.

The Russian orthodox church of St. Nicholas took title, Dec. 12th, to a plot of ground 100 ft. on 97th st. by 250 on 5th ave., paying therefor \$36,000. Count Cassini, the Russian imperial ambassador, is concerned in the transaction. The plans for a new church edifice, to be erected on this site, are being drawn in Russia, and it is thought the work on it will begin in February. The building, which will be the first Russian orthodox church erected in the United States will conform to the general style of such buildings in Russia, and will be a picturesque object on this fine site near Central Park, where it can be viewed from long distances. A large dome will surmount the structure. The present Russian congregation, meeting in a private residence on 2nd ave., will be removed to this church. Part of the plan contemplates the putting up of a

building for the publication of a Church bulletin.

Church Settlement at the Pro-Cathedral

An appeal has been issued by the pro-cathedral for an enlargement of the Church Settlement work, now carried on in what is claimed to be the most densely populated spot in the world. In a single block facing the settlement, 3,000 people are housed! The workers include several clergymen, a small band of deaconesses, and a number of lay men and women, and the work provides a free library, athletic and social clubs, and lecture courses for men and women; a kindergarten and a day nursery, beside sewing, nursing, and housework classes for girls and boys. It is now desired to give up the present community house to the women workers and their departments, and to purchase and fit an adjoining house for the men, and the clergymen attached to the pro-cathedral. In this house two rooms will be reserved, one for visiting clergymen, and another for appointed delegates from theological schools who may wish to study missionary work among the crowded poor in a practical way. The new venture will cost \$3,000 per annum, and the pro-cathedral hopes with this sum to double its usefulness.

Pennsylvania

Ozi William Whitaker, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

Bishop Whitaker officiated as chaplain at the ceremonies attendant upon Independence Hall chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, receiving their charter from the National Society, which took place on the 13th inst., in the Supreme Court room, Independence Hall. The benediction at the close was pronounced by the Rev. S. E. Snively, M. D. Nearly every member of the chapter is a Churchwoman.

Peiham Mission, Germantown

Plans are being prepared for the new parish, to be known in the future as "The church of the Epiphany of Germantown." The edifice will be of rustic colonial style, and will be erected at Carpenter's lane and the Lincoln Drive, which has been donated for the purpose by the trustees of the property, and is valued at \$6,000. The building committee, of which the rector, the Rev. James Alan Montgomery, is chairman, includes three Churchmen and three Churchwomen.

Bishop White Prayer Book Society

The 66th anniversary was celebrated on Sunday evening, 10th inst., at the church of the Holy Apostles, Philadelphia. The annual report of the board of managers stated that during the year 9,858 copies of the 24mo Prayer Book had been distributed in 52 dioceses and missionary jurisdictions, among sailors, soldiers, and public institutions. The receipts (including balance of \$1,659 87 from last year) were \$15,212.06; present balance, \$2,063 67. The purpose of the society is to place the Prayer Book where it is most needed. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. C. S. Olmsted.

Gloria Dei Church, Philadelphia

On Sunday morning, 10th inst., the rector, the Rev. S. B. Simes, preached his 31st anniversary sermon. He announced that the endowment fund was nearing completion; only about \$200 of the \$25,000 is lacking. When this is in hand, a like sum of \$25,000 "handed down by their Swedish ancestors" will be added to it, and the income from the whole amount should, after the bi-centennial (June, 1900), be devoted to practical work. He also referred to the generosity of the late Dr. Charles J. Stille who although not a member of Gloria Dei, stipulated in his will that the old church should receive the income from one-third of the residuary estate. Mr. Simes alluded to his advancing years, referred with feeling emphasis to the aid tendered him by the vestry during the past year, and then urged the congregation to give careful thought to the person who would probably in a short time be called as his successor. In all the 200 years of this building's existence there had been but 15 rectors.

Centennial of Washington's Death

Was observed very generally throughout the city. At the church of the Holy Apostles, Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, 13th inst., commemorative services were held. George C. Thomas read a portion of Washington's farewell address, and the rector, the Rev. N. S. Thomas, made an address in which he spoke of Washington as a man rather than as a great general or a great president, arguing that a man is great for what he is rather than for what he does. Both the lectern and pulpit were draped with American flags, and to the right of the latter was a large-sized picture of the Father of his country. On the 14th inst., the Rev. Cyrus T. Brady delivered the address before the members of Meade Post, No. 1, G. A. R., at their rooms in the Odd Fellows' Temple, taking as his subject, "The character of Washington." The historic bells of Christ church, Philadelphia, which were tolled at the death of Washington, were likewise tolled Dec. 14th, at the centennial of his death. On Sunday, 17th inst., was held in the church the annual service of the Sons of the Revolution, with representatives of other patriotic societies.

South Carolina

Ellison Capers, D.D., Bishop

St. John's parish, Florence, has grown greatly during the past year, with a material increase in the Sunday school. The vested choir have secured, with the help of the congregation, a new organ.

The Rev. A. E. Cornish, missionary priest in charge of Christ church, Charleston, and rector of the Church orphanage, succeeded in securing a loan from the U. S. government of some of their unoccupied buildings at the quarantine station on James Island, and from a friend, a naphtha launch, and so transported all the pupils and teachers from the orphanage to James Island. Here they had a most delightful summer outing of two months, with no additional cost to their living.

Memorial of Dr. Pinckney

A very chaste and beautiful mural tablet of pure white Italian marble was unveiled in Grace church, Charleston, in memory of the Rev. Charles Colesworth Pinckney, D. D., LL. D., who for 48 years was connected with the church—four years assistant, and 44 years rector. Bishop Capers gave a short address, and the monument was unveiled by two of the Rev. Dr. Pinckney's granddaughters.

Massachusetts

William Lawrence, D. D., Bishop

The Rev. Dr. John T. Lindsay made a striking address upon Washington and his times, before the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, on Dec. 14th.

Emmanuel Parish, Boston

The Year Book which has just been issued, is an interesting account of the great work which this parish is carrying on in its own immediate neighborhood, and through its mission church at the South End. It raised last year nearly \$172,000. Its staff of clergy number four, with one deaconess and two lay-readers, and it has altogether 83 salaried officers and 450 volunteer officers. The deaconess, from Dec. '98 to Dec. '99, made 110 visits and gave away 500 garments

Anniversary of St. Matthew's, S. Boston

The 83d anniversary was observed on Dec. 6th and following days. A social gathering was held in the vestry, at which a number of prominent people were present. Bishop Lawrence was unable to attend, but sent a letter of greeting, in which he stated: "I fully appreciate how the changing constituency has made the question of self-support more difficult to answer each year in the case of old St. Matthew's, but we Americans know that wherever there is responsibility there is greater readiness for work and sacrifice, and I am sure that the longer the people of St. Matthew's feel their responsibility

for the full support of the church, the greater will be their interest in the work and their readiness to support it." Archdeacon Lindsay also sent his cordial greetings. After music by the Harvard Club, the rector, the Rev. A. E. George, made an address, and was followed among others, by the junior warden Mr. J. S. Godfrey, who gave a history of the parish, from its founding in 1816, when there were only 16 houses in the peninsular district, which now numbers 80,000 people, mostly Roman Catholics. He referred to the early rectors and assistants, among them being numbered, Bishops Griswold and Howe, of Central Pennsylvania; Drs. Theodore Edson, Em. P. Wells, J. H. Clinch, Coolidge, and Wright. The present rector has accomplished a good work, and has been in charge of this third oldest parish in Boston for 12 years.

Washington

Henry Yates Satterlee, D. D., LL. D., Bishop

Illustrated Missionary Lectures

The first of a series on the missionary work of the Church, was given in St. Paul's parish building, by the rector, the Rev. Alfred Harding, on the first Wednesday in Advent. The illustrations were by lantern slides from the Missions House, and embraced views in Alaska at mission stations among the Indians and in the South, and in Africa. The next lecture will be on missions in Japan, and the third, on China, by the Rev. Addison Ingle, a missionary to that country.

The Bishop's Guild

The Advent meeting was held at the episcopal residence, Dec. 6th. The business transacted was the appropriation of about \$700 (raised since the last meeting) to the payment of interest on the cathedral property.

Arkansas

Wm. M. Brown, D. D., Bishop-Coadjutor

Christ church, Little Rock, the Rev. G. Gordon Smeade, rector, is the largest church in the diocese, and in all its long and useful history has never been more helpful than at the present time. It has a large and active Sunday school, and many other well organized societies.

A mission was organized on the 26th ult., at Atkins, Pope Co., a very important cotton centre on the Fort Smith branch of the Iron Mountain railroad. The name adopted was All Saints, and officers were elected. The new field will be under the charge of the missionary at Morrilton for the present.

Systematic Giving

Bishop Brown appeals to the parishes and missions of the diocese for a systematic giving for diocesan offerings for the coming year. He has proposed an excellent plan, which has been tried very successfully in several dioceses. Each individual is asked by the rector, or his representative, for a monthly pledge, which is recorded in a book furnished by the Diocesan Board of Missions for that purpose. The collector collects the pledge regularly each month, on an appointed day. If this simple plan were faithfully carried out, it would quadruple the offerings for Church extension work in the diocese.

Maine

Election of a Bishop

The special convention called to elect a successor to the Rt. Rev. H. A. Neely, D. D., late Bishop of Maine, met at St. Luke's cathedral, Portland, Dec. 13th. Dean Sills was elected president of the convention, and the Rev. Chas. Lee, secretary. The resolutions adopted by the clergy of the diocese on the day of Bishop Neely's funeral, and published in THE LIVING CHURCH of Nov. 18th, were adopted by the convention. After much debate, the rules of order were so amended as to allow nominations for the office of bishop without discussion of

character. The chairman of the convention then read prayers invoking the aid of the Holy Spirit in the selection of a bishop. The Rev. Mr. Gregson nominated the Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, of All Saints' church, Worcester, Mass. Canon Leffingwell presented the name of the Rev. Robert Codman, Jr., of Roxbury, Mass. The Rev. Mr. Plant nominated the Rev. Dean Slattery, of Faribault, Minn. The Rev. Thos. Calvert nominated the Rev. R. M. Converse, of Rochester, N. Y.

The vote of the clergy resulted as follows: Whole number of votes cast, 29; necessary for a choice, 15; A. H. Vinton, 1; C. M. Sills, 1; R. M. Converse, 4; Dean Slattery, 5; Robert Codman, Jr., 18.

Vote of the laity: Whole number of votes cast, 19; necessary to a choice, 10; A. H. Vinton, 1; C. H. Brent, 1; Dean Slattery, 6; Robert Cutting, 1; Robert S. Codman, 1; Robert Codman, Jr., 9. Second ballot: Whole number of votes cast, 18; necessary to a choice, 10; Dean Satterlee, 4; Robert Codman, Jr., 14.

On motion of the Rev. Mr. Plant, the election of the Rev. Robert Codman, Jr., was made unanimous, and the chairman formally announced him as elected by the joint ballot of clergy and laity Bishop of Maine. The testimonials of the Bishop-elect were then signed, after which the convention adjourned.

The Rev. Robert Codman, Jr., Bishop elect, was born in Boston, Dec. 30, 1859. He was educated in the Boston schools, and graduated from Harvard in 1882. He then entered the school of law, whence he graduated in 1885. His admission to the Suffolk bar was in the following year. After being engaged in this profession for several years, he concluded to study for the ministry, and entered the General Theological Seminary. He became after graduation an assistant at All Saints', Ashmont, which parish he left to become the rector of St. John's, Roxbury, where he succeeded the Rev. Dr. George S. Converse. He is the son of Robert Codman, a well-known lawyer, and the senior warden of the church of the Advent. He is also connected with the Sturgis family, in Boston, and is a nephew of the late J. C. Roper, the historian. He is one of the most prominent members of the Catholic Club, of Boston.

The Board of Missions

Held its second quarterly meeting Dec. 12th, at St. Luke's parish house, Portland. Besides transacting routine business, it adopted the resolutions above referred to, relating to Bishop Neely's decease. At the public service held at St. Luke's cathedral, at 7:30 P. M., the Rev. C. F. Lee gave an address on Bishop Neely as a missionary worker.

Duluth

Jas. Dow Morrison D.D., LL.D., Missionary Bishop

Mrs. T. C. Hudson, wife of the Rev. T. C. Hudson of the mission at New Paynesville, died suddenly on Dec. 4th, as the result of a surgical operation. Sorrow is felt throughout the community, and the deepest sympathy is felt for Mr. Hudson and family. Mrs. Hudson was one of the helpful and cheerful women who are always spreading sunshine and comfort wherever they appear. Mr. Hudson has been in poor health for several years, at times unable to take duty anywhere, and this affliction is indeed hard upon him and his little family of children.

Minnesota

Henry B. Whipple, D.D., LL. D., Bishop
M. N. Gilbert, D.D., LL.D., Bishop-coadjutor

Interparochial Mission Class

Met on Friday afternoon, Dec. 8th, at Gethsemane parish house, Minneapolis, to discuss medical missions in general, and the Student Volunteer Movement. A paper on medical missions was read by Miss Esther Henshaw, and one on the Student Volunteer Movement by Miss Elsie Hardenbergh. The meeting was in charge of St. Mark's parish.

Colorado

**John Franklin Spalding, Bishop
Shepherd's Crook for Bishop Spalding**

A pastoral staff or "bishop's crook" has just been presented to the Bishop by two priests. The crook part is of polished brass, the staff being ebony with joints of brass. It stands about six feet, six inches, in height. The following is a portion of the address that went with the staff.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

To the Rt. Rev. John F. Spalding, D. D., S. D. T.
Bishop of Colorado:

DEAR REV. FATHER:—Two of your priests, one now not resident in your diocese, but still loyal and full of esteem for you, unites with a resident priest in presenting to you and your successors in office, but especially to you, the ancient symbol and badge of your high and holy office. . . . We are not unmindful, dear Bishop, that you have distinctly said at more than one council, you would accept no such gifts if the offerings towards the missionary support of your diocese were to be in any way lessened thereby. This will not be the case, as two clergymen only have furnished the means for this "shepherd's crook." If others had been asked they would have responded, both clerical and lay, generously. Your twenty-five years in Colorado and portions of other States, from the tremendous physical endurance required for such journeys and episcopal supervision as you were called upon to take, and took willingly, have aged you before the usual time, and in all this hard Western work your mind and heart have been full of anxious solicitude for your clergy and people, more than they themselves have ever estimated, so that often in going in and out to minister to others, and not being ministered to, we have perhaps almost forgotten your individual self, or the reverence due to your great office. This outward sign then may, in the evening hour of your episcopate, prove to you we do not altogether forget the man or his work or his office—an office so venerable, so responsible, and of so much dignity. We extend to you our help, blessing, and prayers, such as they are, for human help, blessing, and prayer is too often poor and maimed. As years go by (for we often see better proportions at a distance than nearby) men will be able to form a true conception of your work and labor of love for Colorado, and many shall say of you as of Thomas à Becket, the martyr of Canterbury: *Felix locus, felix ecclesia, ubi vivit Thomæ Memoria.*

Virginia

**Francis M. Whittle, D. D., LL. D., Bishop
Robert A. Gibson, D. D. Bishop-Coadjutor**

At a recent meeting of the Richmond Clericus, the Rev. Angus Crawford, D. D., made a strong address on the subject, "The enlargement of the educational work of the Protestant Episcopal Society of Virginia."

Central New York

F. D. Huntington, D. D., LL. D., Bishop

The Rev. Lewis T. Wattson will conduct a parochial Mission in Grace church, Elmira, the Rev. W. H. van Allen, rector, Jan. 7-19, 1900.

Ohio

Wm. Andrew Leonard, D. D., Bishop

The Confirmations in Toledo were, Nov. 26th, in St. Paul's, 3; in Calvary, Dec. 10th, 11. The rectorship of the Rev. R. L. Harris brings new life to Calvary.

The clericus is holding a Mission service every day in Advent for one or other of the parishes, and planning to provide Mission services wherever practicable in and near the city.

The eight clergy of the Toledo clericus have lately undertaken missionary work, with a view to provide services for all parts of the city. Ironville, a growing suburb, is thus to have a service on every Tuesday evening, and other points are to be opened up as soon as practicable. The clergy have also arranged a union service for every week day in Advent, at which two or more of the ministers themselves are to be present.

In January next is expected the reorganization of the convocation, when the N. W. convocation will be called the Toledo convocation, and comprise all west of Sandusky.

A New Organ at St. Mark's, Cleveland

On Dec. 7th, a handsome two-manual tubular pneumatic pipe organ was opened. Its fine capacity was put to rigid test by Prof. John David Lloyd, F. G. C. M., organist and choir-master of Emmanuel church, and brother of the rector of St. Mark's. St. Mark's large vested choir of nearly 40 voices was supplemented by the choir of Emmanuel church. The sermon, in the unavoidable and much regretted absence of the Bishop, was preached by the Rev. Canon Watson. The Rev. Messrs. F. M. Hall and W. H. Jones assisted in the service; many others of the Cleveland clergy were present, and the large church was filled to overflowing. After the service a reception was held in the parish house, at which a large number of visitors was present.

Georgia

Cleland Kinlock Nelson, D. D., Bishop

After the formal opening of the new church recently erected by Emmanuel parish, Athens, the members of the congregation gave their rector, the Rev. Troy Beattie, a well-earned vacation, and presented him with a purse of money.

The Rev. John Chipman, deacon, was recently inducted by Dr. Rede, chaplain to the Bishop, into the cure of Christ church, Harrisburg. This work will be under the supervision of one of the archdeacons of the diocese.

Prosperity at the Cathedral

The Rev. Albion W. Knight, dean of the cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Atlanta, recently completed the sixth year of his incumbency. During this time the building has been put in thorough repair inside and out, the walls of nave and chancel decorated, new furnaces procured, the chancel tiled, the floors newly carpeted, a fine organ erected, a vested choir introduced, and the church beautified by many attractive and interesting memorials. The material improvement is strikingly apparent, but the spiritual improvement has been still greater. The communicants, the congregations, and the workers in the various societies have been more than doubled, no pew or sitting in the cathedral is rented, and for four years, there has been a daily celebration of the Holy Eucharist. As part of the dean's anniversary, a house warming was given the dean and Mrs. Knight in the new deanery which has been provided.

Delaware

Leighton Coleman, D. D., LL. D., Bishop

At Bishopstead, on Dec. 5th, Miss Paddock, the deputation secretary, addressed a meeting on behalf of the Girls' Friendly Society. Addresses were also made by her at St. Andrew's church, Wilmington, and Christ church, Delaware City.

The Clerical Brotherhood

Met at Bishopstead Dec. 5th. There were 17 clergy present, two from the diocese of Easton. A very able paper was read by the Rev. Dr. Jeffries, on the subject of "Trichotomy," which provoked a very interesting discussion.

Milwaukee

Isaac Lea Nicholson, D. D., Bishop

The Madison Convocation

At the meeting at Grace church, Madison, Dec. 5th and 6th, the first session was devoted to the Woman's Auxiliary. The Bishop presided, and made the opening address. A paper on "Church work" was read by Miss Atwood, of Madison, and its telling points were afterwards made the subject of the Rev. March Chase and the Rev. Dr. Mallett's addresses. On Wednesday there was a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7:30 A. M. The topic, "Is there any room in the ministry?" was discussed by the Rev. Dr. Webb, the Bishop, and others. "The Church not a purveyor of public entertainment," was the subject of a paper by the Rev. Dr. Jewell. "The priest: his different relations," was discussed "socially"

by the Rev. Messrs. C. L. Barnes and S. E. Hanger and others. Dr. Webb's speech on this subject was strong, and claimed the close attention of the congregation; "The pastoral" relation was spoken of by the Rev. Messrs. A. E. Gorter and H. E. Chase; "The ecclesiastical," by the Rev. Messrs. F. H. Burrell and H. S. Foster. At the business meeting, the Rev. Mr. Gorter made his report about the missionary work in the diocese, and exhibited a missionary map which showed clearly that he is an artist as well as a first-class talker. The Rev. Mr. Barrington's strong appeal for "Diocesan endowment," and the Bishop's beautiful little speech about the spiritual endowment that diocese had in the memory and faith and prayers of its Kempers, De Kovens, Wells, etc., will not soon be forgotten. The paper on "The St. Louis Council," by the Rev. Mr. Boissier, was an admirable review of the reports of same as they appeared in THE LIVING CHURCH. The closing sermon by the Rev. Dr. Mallett on "The vision power," was an eloquent description of its need and place in the religious life. Besides the Bishop and the rector and his curate, there were some 15 clergymen present. A marked increase at such meetings at all the sessions, indicated a great interest in Church affairs at Madison. Daily luncheons were served in one of the rooms of the guild hall, the splendid memorial of Miss Vilas.

Michigan

Thomas F. Davies, D. D., LL. D., Bishop

St. Andrew's, Ann Arbor

On the last Sunday in November, the Rev. Henry Tatlock stated some facts relating to the work of the parish in the ten years since he became its rector. At that time, the number of families in the parish was 204; received during the period, 488; lost by death or removal, 287; present number, 405. The number of communicants 10 years ago was 361; admitted or received during the period, 1,005; lost, 660 (86 by death, 574 by removal); present number, 706. Adding 161 students, not otherwise included, who are communicants in the parish, makes the total number of communicants at present within it, 867. The number of persons confirmed during the period is 520; of these, 191 were under 18 years of age; 329 were adults, 100 being 30 years of age and upwards, of whom 22 were above 50 years of age. Of the whole number of persons confirmed, 193 were reared in the Church; 327 were received from other religious bodies; 230 were men and boys; 290 were women and girls; and 180 were students in the university. The contributions during the ten years amount to \$64,289.60. Of this sum, \$39,347.20 was applied to the current expenses of the parish; \$1,229.16 to the maintenance of the Sunday school; \$10,023.15 to permanent improvements upon the church property; \$3,000 to endowment funds; \$1,304.06 to the relief of the poor of the parish; and \$9,186.03, or one-seventh of the whole amount, to the mission work of the Church, diocesan, domestic, and foreign.

Trinity Church, Detroit

Extensive improvements have been made in the church during the past month. On Thanksgiving Day the new pews were used for the first time. A new lectern and credence table, presented by the Chancel Guild, and a handsome brass pulpit, presented by Emmanuel parish, were also in place, and added greatly to the dignified appearance of the interior. At the time of the transfer from the Reformed Episcopal body, there were about 100 communicants; today there are 350. During this period nearly 100 persons have been presented for Confirmation, and about the same number have been baptized. The test of the spiritual life in a parish is largely shown in the attendance at the Holy Communion. It has been emphasized here by a steady and marked increase, often amounting to fourfold the former number. Of the original members, about two thirds are to-day active participants in the work of the Church. The music is rendered by a large choir of mixed voices. The Rev. Walter Hughson is rector.

Editorials and Contributions

HASTEN Thy reign, O Christ our King!
Thy reign o'er all this troubled earth;
So shall Thy people hail Thy birth
As Prince of Peace, in hearts that sing.

IN a valley of Judea there is a hamlet, and near to Bethlehem, a cave or shelter for cattle in winter nights, and in that stable a manger, and in that little bed a new-born Child. God Incarnate is there; the centre of the world, of all worlds, is there; the attention of angels and archangels and of all the company of heaven is there. O Bethlehem! royal city of David, House of Bread, Birth-place of the Messiah, Wonderful, Counselor, the Prince of Peace! Bethlehem, hallowed name, hallowed memory! Empires have come and gone, triumphal arches have crumbled, the languages that men spake when the angels sang *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, dead, and buried in books; but the angels sing on, and the stars shine above Bethlehem as of old, and all the worlds and all the heavens listen to the sweet story of the Nativity today, as for nearly two thousand years they have listened, and learned how God "so loved the world."

THE Bishop of Stepney is anything but a boastful man, but through an incorrect report of one of his addresses, he has been placed in that offensive class. He was represented as saying that "he was the busiest man in London," as the preface to a description of his work and its drastic requirements, the way in which he was obliged to get up his sermons on the tops of omnibuses and the like. This utterance has been spread over two continents, with appropriate comments. The good Bishop wrote to *The Church Times* to say that he never was guilty of such egotism. What he really said was, "Although I am by no means the busiest man in East London, yet" etc. He thinks it possible that only a part of this sentence reached the ears of the more distant portion of his audience which was very large. Yet the false version still travels on in ever-widening circles, and meets the eyes of those who will never see the correction. We have just seen the original story in a Chicago paper of large circulation. It is a curious and an unfortunate fact that a blunder or a falsehood affecting a man's reputation, when it has once gained currency, can never be completely met and refuted.

SOME embarrassment exists at Chicago Theological Seminary (Congregational), over a book recently published by the professor of New Testament Exegesis, in which he appears to deny the pre-existence of Christ. He does not deny that this was the belief of the New Testament writers, still less that it has always been held in the Christian Church. But he does deny, apparently, that it has any basis in the authentic life and words of Christ, as edited by the professor. This is so glaringly at variance with all that the seminary stands for, that the severance of Professor Gilbert's connection with it seems to be emphatically in order. But he disowns any intention to resign, and in spite of the manifest results of the position taken in his book, stoutly asserts his belief in the "Divinity" of Christ. This assertion, however, does not reassure his critics. If he uses the expression, "Divinity of Christ" in its orthodox sense, he convicts

himself of such a lack of logical capacity as to unfit him to be a trustworthy teacher. If he is not a Unitarian himself, his teachings are pretty sure to make Unitarians. Some of his students will be better logicians than himself. But it is remembered that a distinction has been made between "Divinity" and "Deity." It is also worth remembering that there are those who hold that all men are in a sense "divine." Such persons are able to maintain that Christ is divine, while they strip that word of all distinctive meaning. Thus it will be seen that the professor's assurances cannot be accepted without misgiving. There is a refreshing contrast to this in the conduct of Professor Herron, of Iowa, who felt impelled to teach views upon the subject of sociology and Christianity, which came into collision with the commonly accepted positions as held and taught by the faculty of his college. When it became clear to him that he was out of harmony with the principles for which the college was supposed to stand, he sent in his resignation. There was no complaint on his part of the opposition he had received, nor contempt for his backward colleagues. On the contrary, he exerted all his influence to secure the continuance of the endowment of his chair, which seems to have been given originally on condition that he should enjoy its benefits. Whatever was thought of his views, there could be but one opinion of his character as a man.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard University, was invited the other day to address the "Episcopalian Club" of Boston. Exactly why such an association should wish to hear President Eliot discourse on religion is not apparent. Certainly they have no right to criticise his utterances, having invited him. On his part there was no attempt to disguise his views by "good words." There was, for instance, quite a different tone in his remarks from that of his notable address to the Mormons at Salt Lake City a few years ago. On this occasion he spoke out with direct and manly frankness, without reservation or flattery. He told the "Episcopalians" quite plainly that he did not like their kind of religion. Some of it he even characterized as "blasphemous" (we speak, of course, from newspaper reports). He could not accept the doctrine that "man is conceived and born in sin." His knowledge as a scientific man taught him better than that. He also objected to the phrase "in the times of man's innocence." He did not believe there ever was such a time. There seems to be something paradoxical here; but it only goes to show that unbelief has its paradoxes as well as faith. He further objected to a service in which the resurrection was compared to a seed. In this he referred, no doubt, to the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, which is read in the Burial Service, and it would have been rather more to the point to say boldly that he, like the German professor, did not agree with Paul. Such teaching, in his opinion, was "dangerous to truth." The Ordinal also came in for criticism for giving the power of absolution to a priest. Such power, he considered, like the Pharisees of old, could not be given unto men. Something seems to have restrained him from referring to the passage in St.

John xx: 22, 23, in which Christ bestows this power upon His Apostles. We have said that President Eliot delivered his views with frankness. It may be said that he spoke out "like a man," but it can hardly be said that he spoke like a philosopher, or even as a man of science. His method might seem to imply that it was only to some details of the Christian religion that he took exception. It is easy to see that the bugbear is, in reality, the very idea of supernatural religion. Under such circumstances it seems a rather small thing to naggle over details, as if he might be prepared to accept the rest if these were done away.

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Mr. Balfour on Ritualism--II

MR. BALFOUR'S mode of expression in the article to which we referred last week, has been influenced by a popular view of things, and, as we have seen, can hardly be defended in its literal sense. But there is a meaning in it which is both true and important. We shall take the liberty of expressing that meaning, as we understand it, in terms which will make the real antithesis plain, and enable us to test its value. We take it, then, that what is really meant when such language is used, is something like the following: The Church of England is, on the one hand, a legitimate portion or constituent of the Catholic Church of history; on the other hand, she is Anglican, and as such, she has special characteristics. She has, since her first foundation in the British Isles, borne of necessity this double character; but since the Reformation, the Anglican characteristics have been more marked than before, and some of the most striking among them date from that time. We speak of features which were not introduced casually or as the result of the teaching of parties or schools, without definite authority—features which, sometimes coming to prevail widely and habitually, have often been taken as characteristic—but came in through authoritative action, and were established in the formularies, and fortified by canon, or in other legal ways. To such characteristics of the Church every man who is admitted to Holy Orders is bound in the most solemn manner, in the same way in which he is bound to be a true priest of the Catholic Church. To disregard or cast aside this class of things is evident disloyalty. Here, then, we seem to find the real principle upon which Mr. Balfour intends to insist; namely, that those points which were deliberately embraced in the English system at the Reformation, and in which the differentiation of the Church as Anglican properly consists, shall not be set aside or so altered as to lose their significance. We confine ourselves to the field of worship simply, for the subject is "Ritualism," which has that significance. So far as doctrine is involved, it is only indirectly.

WHAT are these Anglican characteristics upon which so much stress is laid? Are they important simply because we are bound to observe them, or do they possess an enduring value? We answer to this latter question that, as we understand the matter, they have a practical importance of the highest kind. Whatever may have been

the failings of the Church in actual operation, the result has vindicated the action of the reformers in these respects. It may even be held that many of the shortcomings of the Church in the intervening period have been due to a lack of thoroughness in giving effect to her own system, and to the adoption in practice of an order not justified by anything in the Prayer Book, and one in which the relative importance of the offices of worship was disregarded. The characteristics which give a special character to the public worship of the Anglican Church are pre-eminently these: Simplicity and intelligibility. To these may be added, freedom from practices which represented too great a complaisance on the part of the Church toward vulgar or popular superstitions in the later ages. Simplicity was secured, as far as possible, by reducing the principal daily offices to moderate limits and, while retaining their fundamental and invariable features, cutting out those elements which unfitted them for "common" worship. Intelligibility was attained by expressing everything in the English language. The value of these measures, simple as they seem, was great and far-reaching. By this means an adjustment was effected suitable to the new age upon which the Church and the world were entering. No other evidence is necessary of the success of this movement than the wonderful influence the Prayer Book has exerted and the precious possession it has proved to millions of souls. Through it the Church of England has maintained her hold upon the intelligent laity to an extent not equalled anywhere in Roman Catholic Europe.

IT is manifest, therefore, that irresponsible attempts to ignore or override these great features of our system are both foolish and disloyal. The services are in the English language. They were put into that language with a great purpose in view, and the act has been abundantly justified in the history of the Church. To adopt deliberately a mode of rendering the service which makes the words unintelligible, is to ignore the whole intention which underlies the use of English rather than an unknown tongue. Likewise to disregard the order of a service as we have it, and by transposition or omission to make it seem like something else, is an act of presumption, and cannot but bring reproach. Ceremonial will be employed. There are many places in the Prayer Book where something must be done, but it is not made clear what, or something is directed, but it is not made clear how it shall be done. In all such cases there is room for a proper ceremonial, but in its formation due deference must be had to the special characteristics of our service, lest it should appear that what is done is not adaptation of the ceremonial to the service, but of the service to the ceremonial. From every point of view the principle stands good, that all that is done must grow naturally out of the service as it stands, or be a natural complement to it. Special services will be used. Our own Prayer Book provides for them and sets certain limitations. Those limitations must be observed. They are somewhat narrower in the case of a priest than in that of a bishop. It must also be considered that no good purpose is served in importing a service from an outside source—from the modern Roman order, for example—without regard to the genius of our people. We have adopted a service for Good Friday

from that source, with very general approval, but it is probable that there are others which have no suitableness to our needs or circumstances. That must in every case be the primary consideration.

HOW far "omission is prohibition," is a question that has been much agitated. It is difficult to answer it absolutely. The Archbishops in their recent opinion expressed the view that where the reference, in the form of rubrics or prayers, to a certain ceremony, has once existed and then has been omitted, the ceremony itself is thereby excluded. The rule seems at first sight to have reason, but it evidently is not of universal application. In 1552, all reference to a very important ceremony, namely, the manual acts connected with the consecration of the Eucharist, was omitted from the service, and apparently it was deliberately omitted; and it was not replaced until 1562; yet it would be a bold assertion that such a ceremony was unlawful. It is exceedingly doubtful whether this rule is rightly applied, as the Archbishops applied it, to a symbolical ceremony of world-wide prevalence, and which does not depend for its suitability upon specific directions.

THE sum of the matter is that the influence and progress of the Anglican Church of the future must depend upon the thoroughness and confidence with which, on the one hand, it lives up to its claims as a part of the historic Catholic Church, inheriting the Catholic Faith, possessing a Catholic hierarchy, and maintaining the essentials of a Catholic worship; and on the other hand, as its mission is chiefly with the peoples among whom the English-speaking race dominates, its success will depend equally upon the tenacity with which it holds to those characteristics which adapt it in a peculiar way to the men of that race. Its development must rightly be in accord with the genius of its own system, through which, and through which alone, it can hope to fulfill its mission of reducing those who come within its sphere to a real and enduring subjection to the Holy Catholic Church. If we are justified in translating Mr. Balfour's utterances in this broader way, they will be seen to convey a principle of the utmost practical importance.

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How to Teach the Prayer Book

READ BEFORE SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE OF
THE DIOCESE OF WASHINGTON

BY THE REV. RICHARD P. WILLIAMS

(Concluded)

OMITTING minor matters, such as the Litany and Occasional Prayers, which would form an interesting topic in themselves, our class will find itself among the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels. A bright child will ask at once the meaning of them. But we shall have to postpone an answer until we have carried the work into the Communion Service. When that is taken in hand, we shall find our work cut out for us. For, in the first place, we have the Lord's Prayer again, whose appearance there must be explained. Then, there is the collect for purity, whose language carries us straight back to the Old Testament; then the Decalogue seems, as it were, to cement our position among the ancient worthies; but no, we hasten back to our Lord's summary of the Law, and conclude with the collect for the day, and the Epistle and Gospel. How is it

possible to teach this office without entering upon a complete Scriptural explanation of the meaning of the service? Of course the structure of the service is to be gleaned only from other services. But the contents are from our treasury. It is Bible through and through.

Even when we consider the place of the sermon, we cannot help being reminded of the numerous exhortations throughout the Scripture, from Moses to the Acts of the Apostles. Moses preached, Samuel preached, Ezra preached, all the prophets preached. And Christ preached. We are apt to think of the sermon too much as a merely Protestant auxiliary, without regard to its ancient place in the history of God's people. A great deal of stress is frequently laid upon the necessity for worship, and the sermon is often treated as a matter of no importance. But with a proper knowledge of Jewish and Christian history, within the limits of the Bible, we cannot be left with any such impression. We shall have a grand chance to impress upon our pupils the wonderful effects of sermons by prophets and others, before the Christian era, and of the results of some marvelous sermons by Christian preachers, as given in apostolic writings. When we investigate the Offertory we are again upon strictly Biblical ground, and once more have a chance to drive a lesson home, from the laws governing the Jews, as to tithes, etc. If this were done oftener, we might escape the church fair and the fancy bazaars, and a few of the other things which make people unhappy and distracted. But I have dwelt so long upon some of these details, that little time is left for one or two matters which are connected with this subject.

In the Office for the Holy Communion, we shall find every part permeated by the words or thoughts of Scripture. Not only have we the actual language, as in the Canon itself, but also in the Prayer for the Church Militant, the Exhortation, the General Confession, the Absolution, the Comfortable Words, the *Sursum Corda* and *Sanctus*, the Consecration, and the following prayer, we have either quotations or allusions, which are not to be misunderstood, to passages in the Bible. Both the Old Testament and the New are included. This is self-evident. But the grand opportunity which we have here is the comparison of this service with that which it superseded, the Passover. We are taken in spirit to the night in the Upper Room, and once we are there, we are immediately transferred to the night when all Israel trembled in anticipation of the mighty deliverance from Pharaoh. Think of all that is thus implied. Think of the wealth of sacred history which you can employ in explaining and illustrating your subject. There is not a part of the Bible that cannot be made to do duty in the teaching of this service. The fall of man, the slavery in Egypt, the deliverance, the long hoping for the Messiah, and then the full effulgence of His glory, with the eclipse on Calvary and the triumphant emergence on the first Easter. You can so combine the promises and hopes of the old with the realizations and completeness of the new dispensations that you shall, by means of this service alone, bring clearly before your pupils the whole design of the Revelation as recorded in our sacred volume.

But I wish to call your especial attention to one feature of your teaching which might be overlooked. When we read of the char-

acteristics of the Jewish worship, as laid down by God Himself—I hope I am not treading upon the toes of any higher critics—we cannot fail to discover that their daily worship consisted not merely of prayers, as typified by the incense, but that sacrifice was a necessary part of it. There was a burnt offering, a symbol of renewed consecration to God of all that the Israelite was and had. What is the substitute for this now? The nearest that we can come to it, in the judgment of most of us, is the daily prayers, yet they do not seem to be the best expression of our self-consecration. In this higher and holier dispensation, there must be some nobler way of exhibiting our dedication to the Almighty. We have the prayers, which the Jewish incense represented. So far, we are no better off than they. What remains? This is a question which will bear considering by every one who undertakes to teach the meaning of the Prayer Book services, and especially the significance of the Communion Office. But just here, it ought to be said, and I think it ought to be taught, as a necessary deduction from what we read in the Acts of the Apostles, that no Lord's Day is complete without the celebration of the Holy Communion, and that with such accessories as the devotion of the people can provide to make our observance of that feast as marked in comparison with other days as the Jewish Sabbath was marked above ferial days.

I am painfully aware that this is a very slender contribution to the elucidation of a very great subject. But in the few moments left, let me ask your attention to one or two other services. In considering the round of the Christian Year, it is impossible that we should overlook the great historical events which the services commemorate. With Advent, we are brought into contact with John the Baptist, and we are reminded of the magnificent old prophet whose words are impressed upon us in the lessons. Christmas has its own Biblical teachings, not to be misunderstood by any one. The other rapidly occurring feasts and fasts are inexplicable without the life of our Lord, and they are wonderfully hinted at in the Old Testament Scriptures appointed for the season. But when we come to Lent and Easter, with the following festivals, we are overwhelmed by the richness of the field before us. The annual festivals of the Jews, their feast of weeks, of tabernacles, their celebration of the first fruits and the ingathering, these all find their place in the thoughts of our people, as they are brought to Harvest Home and other beautiful services provided for by the wisdom of those who gave us the world's best book of devotion. I cannot go on. The temptation to treat all these yearly celebrations in detail is very great. You will see how great, if you will take any one of them and trace its growth from its first observance among our spiritual ancestors to the time when it became embodied in the beautiful words of our English office.

Let me emphasize one thing more. The offices for Holy Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Matrimony, Visitation of the Sick, and finally the Ordinal, will all offer ample temptation to wander with great profit among the many walks of the sacred volume. These seem never to appeal to the curiosity of the masses. The ordination services are seldom heard, except by the members of a few congregations, and these are decreasing with the tendency to limit them to cathedral churches, as in the Mother Church. Unless

the Scriptural character of the method by which men are received into the sacred ministry of the Church is more taught than it has been, the respect for the clergy and the recognition of their high office, will continue to diminish as it has done in the past. Naturally, Baptism has no *raison d'être* outside the Scripture, and Confirmation rests exclusively upon it. And as to matrimony, the very words of the service repeat the fact of its institution among our first parents.

By all means, teach the Prayer Book. You will teach the Bible in no better way. You will not neglect any part of it, and you will bring to bear upon our daily and weekly and yearly services an abundance of illustration which will endear our beloved Book of Common Prayer to our children as it has never been endeared to us.

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Some Common Mistakes

BY THE REV. FRED'K S. JEWELL, D. D.

VII.

FOURTEENTH. A very common mistake is that of regarding the most uniformly amiable person in the church as the best Christian. The mistake is very natural, because true Christianity is designed to soften the asperities and bring out the lovelier traits of character. Hence, the unthinking take the presence of that loveliness in the professed Christian to be the work of his religion. But, natural as the mistake may be, it is, nevertheless, as harmful as it is common. It creates false views of what true virtue and real piety are. It encourages people who are naturally very amiable, but who pay no attention to religion, to regard themselves as good enough without it, because they are "not as other men are, or even as this publican" Church member. It causes harsh and unjust criticism of unhappy souls who are differently constituted. It also tends to exalt a standard of worth which to some who are really striving to live "a godly, righteous, and sober life" is disheartening, because unattainable.

Christian people need to know vastly better than they do—better than it is to be feared they ever will in a pleasure-loving age like this—that while good enough in itself, there is no Christian virtue in mere natural amiability. It is a matter of native temperament, early training, and easy circumstances, and not of holy purpose, steadfast effort, and fine self-conquest. Persons of that constitutional make may take things easy, borrow no trouble, and make no trouble. Call it loveliness if you will, sometimes it is next neighbor to easy indifference or laziness; do not accept it as necessarily the gracious result of a supreme faith in the "All in All"; do not set up its possessors as saints *par excellence*, for it may have cost them no saintly effort. They may deserve neither praise nor blame; they cannot help it; they are made so. The true Christian is called to "glory and virtue," and these are only to be found where there is being waged a manful battle with the evil appetites, desires, and passions within, against the things which make the unamiable and evil, and when, through holy valor and God's grace, the conflict is maintained in spite of defeats, and the final victory is assured through perseverance to the end. In the Christian warfare, then, the less loveliness to the outward eye may be to the eye of the All-Seeing the more true, saintly, and deserving.

Letters to the Editor

IS A NEW SELECTION OF TUNES NEEDED?

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

Will you permit me to announce in your paper that I have in preparation a new musical setting of the Church Hymnal. Whether it will be published will depend upon the demand there may be for it. From my own experience, and from the experience of others who are interested in the music of the Church, I am led to believe that none of the present hymnals meet the needs of the majority of our parishes. My reason for asking the privilege of this announcement is that I may have the assistance of the people, and that it may be the people's hymnal. I invite correspondence from all who are interested in the matter, that I may know if the need of a new setting is universally felt.

May I give a few of my own reasons for this need? First, in many of the tunes now in use there is a lack of true melody. And I am bold to say that this is true of some of the tunes of Dykes and of Barnby and of Stainer. To illustrate my meaning, take the tune St. Oswald, by Dykes, as set to hymn 257. Ask a Sunday school to sing it, and then let them sing it to Brocklesbury (hymn 207), and note the difference in the effect. Suppose you are having a missionary meeting, and you want to inspire the hearts of the people with missionary enthusiasm by these glowing words of Bishop Cox. Which tune will serve your purpose the better? Which tune will be taken up by the congregation until, before the last verse is reached, the hymn is rolling in a great wave of song up to the Redeemer's throne?

Second, in some of the tunes now in use, the music is untrue to the rhythm, and sometimes to the sense of the words. We are asked, in singing the hymns, "Hark, the glad sound," and "Hail to the Lord's anointed," to put a bold accent on the article "the," and on the preposition "to." Then, in both of the settings of hymn 203, in the fifth line of each verse, "Then, O my Lord, prepare," it sounds to my ear as if we were asking the Lord to get ready Himself for something. If we will examine this hymn, we will find that it is not an eight-line, but a seven-line hymn, and that the words, "Then, O my Lord, prepare my soul for that blest day," form a single line, and should be treated accordingly. The only correct tune, so far, that has been written for this hymn is by Dr. J. S. B. Hodges, but it appears in none of our hymnals.

Third, for the hymns to be used on week-days, there is need of simpler and more familiar tunes. Suppose you are having a service on the Nativity of St. John Baptist. There are a dozen people present, none of them musicians, and you want to sing the 1631 hymn. You will not sing it to St. George, even if Dr. Gauntlet did write the tune. You will sing it to Dennis, or to Boylston, or else you will sing it by yourself. Then why not have Dennis or Boylston set to it?

Fourth, there is a call from the people for the old revival tunes, such as Hendon and Horton, and the old melody to, "There is a fountain." The Church did well in giving us, in the Hymnal, hymns for parochial Missions, but tunes for parochial Missions are few and far between. I yield to none in my admiration of Dr. J. B. Calkin as a tune writer; but his setting to "Love of Jesus, all divine," is not the tune to make that love manifest at a noon meeting of factory hands, or in a schoolhouse meeting of miners. But sing it to the revival tune of Marcus Morris Wells' "Holy Spirit, faithful Guide," and the simplicity of the music will make more plainly felt the simplicity of the Gospel that is to follow. I feel strongly on this point. I feel that if the Church is losing ground with the masses, it is, in no small degree, because we are chilling the fervor of our Gospel hymns with a surplussage of technical music. If it should be objected, on the part of congregations of musical culture, that my proposed new setting would be suited to only one class of people, my answer would be that, while this one class of people is by far the larger class, there is room in the

hymnal for both kinds of music, provided the typography and book-making of the new Presbyterian Hymnal be followed. The theory that in a hymnal each hymn should have but one tune, I believe to be neither universally true nor practical. It is no doubt true of some hymns. Jude's tune to the St. Andrew's hymn, "Jesus calls us," seems to stick to it, notwithstanding the efforts of tune writers to supplant it. The same may be said of the well-known tunes to "From Greenland's icy mountains," and "Holy, holy, holy." It is not true of "Hark, hark, my soul," "Lead kindly light," and "O Paradise." You might as well say that the hymn, "Te Deum Laudamus," should have but one tune. Of course in a hymnal there must be a limit; but it is my ambition to construct a hymnal which shall not be sprung upon the Church, but in whose preparation the whole people will have had an opportunity to have a part.

J. D. HERRON.

All Saints' Church, Portsmouth, Ohio.

ANOTHER FROM CALIFORNIA

To the Editor of The Living Church:

A few days ago there were left at the dwelling houses of our city, printed cards bearing the following invitation: "The pastors of the churches of the city unite in extending to yourself and family a cordial invitation to attend the church of your preference!" Y. Y. K.

ORGANIZATIONS HELPING AND HINDERING

To the Editor of The Living Church:

In the 1900 edition of *The Living Church Quarterly* nothing is more valuable for the reading of the clergy than the answers to the question: "Are the general lay organizations working in parishes helpful?"

Of course one would know at the start that everything depends upon the organization, its membership, the parish, and the rector. But it is rather encouraging to feel that if one's own conscientious judgment based upon trying experience leads him to the conclusion that in his parish a chapter or a branch or a twig is not a success, he has fairly good company in his sorrow, and that he will have many to sympathize with him if he drops the chapter, breaks off the branch, or lops the twig; and that he will not appear to be such an altogether incompetent and pitiable idiot to those who hear of it, if he has sense enough to do what the conditions demand.

There is not the least question but that the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and the Daughters of the King and the Girl's Friendly are most excellent organizations. Each one has for its purpose the accomplishment of a particular portion of the obligation that rests on every Christian; and each one suggests a particular way and definite means for its achievement. It is as evident as the day that ways and means which will be successful under the conditions existing in one parish may not be in another, or that in the same parish, conditions changing, success will be followed by failure if the same means continue to be used.

I want to add my testimony to that of the thirty-eight clergymen, out of the one hundred and thirteen cited, who expressed the conscientious conviction that in their parishes the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was not a valuable agency, by saying that I have had a chapter for about ten years. During four years of that time splendid work was accomplished; but one of the best things it ever did was to resolve, about eighteen months ago, to hold meetings only on call, and to give place to a new organization proposed. That organization has about eight times the membership that the chapter had, and is far more useful and effective. Meantime every man that was in the chapter who still lives in the parish is doing as good Church work as he ever did, and only one meeting of the chapter has been called in over a year.

Is it not of the utmost importance that loyalty to an organization within the church or parish should never be allowed to be a hindrance any-

where to the normal development of such resources as exist? Is it not a gross injustice to the clergy—one so common as, I fear, to deter some from timely action—that they should be subject to the censure and suspicion of enthusiastic organization officers when they decline to establish a branch or a chapter, or when they surrender their charters, or suspend meetings that meet to ask why they have met? When an organization becomes a burden to its members and to the rector of the parish, when it accomplishes nothing more than the aggregate of what its members would accomplish without other organization than the Church herself, it is time for the spirit of loyalty to soar higher and mate with common-sense in the cry of endeavor.

WM. C. DE WITT.

Chicago, Dec. 12, 1899.

The Angels' Song

"Help us, O Lord, to join the angelic song
On this glad day on which we hail the birth
Of our Redeemer King on this sad earth;
With wondrous love, O may our spirits long
To join the anthem of that angel throng:
Be that the key-note of our Christmas mirth.
Our feast of joy which banisheth all dearth,
That song of right triumphant over wrong,
Glory to God on high, and on earth peace,
Good will to men! Triumphant is the sound,
For He is born who brings the full release
To those who long from sin to be unbound.
Before that manger bed let discord cease,
And love, triumphant over all, be crowned!

—E. M. Alford.

Personal Mention

The Rev. John Bennett was elected secretary of the Standing Committee of the diocese of Kansas. His residence is Pittsburg, not Ft. Scott, as reported.

The Rev. E. J. Babcock has accepted the vicarship of Christ church, Lockport, N. Y.

The Rev. G. B. Clarke should be addressed at Poultney, Vt.

The Rev. W. Taylor Douglas has accepted the rectorship of St. Thomas' church, Alamosa, Cal.

Owing to continued illness, the Rev. E. B. Dean resigned, on Nov. 1st, 1899, St. Paul's parish, Angelica, N. Y. His health is now quite restored, and he expects to assume the rectorship of the church of the Redeemer, Addison, N. Y., Jan. 1st, 1900.

The Rev. H. Clay Eastman has accepted the rectorship of St. Mark's church, Victor, Colo.

The Rev. R. H. Gesner has resigned the charge of Christ church, West Haven, and accepted that of Trinity church Lime Rock, Conn.

The Rev. E. F. Gee was appointed rural dean of Galesburg, on the 31st of October, by Bishop Burgess.

The Rev. Daniel Goodwin, Ph.D., has sailed for England.

The Rev. A. J. Gammack has resigned the curacy of Christ church, New Haven, and accepted the rectorship of Christ church, West Haven, Conn.

The Rev. Wm. Poynter Kemper has taken charge of St. Paul's mission at Seattle. Address 107 Fourth ave., North Seattle, Wash.

The Rev. M. Van Rensselaer, D.D., requests that all mail matter intended for him be addressed to Madison ave., corner of Third st., Lakewood, N. J.

The Rev. Epiphanius Wilson, M.A., "Eremita Peregrinus," returned on the "Campania," Nov. 25th, from a literary tour of France and Spain. His address is changed from *The Churchman*, 47 Lafayette Place, New York, to Bronxville, N. Y.

Official

THE Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, New York, was incorporated in 1872 to promote the welfare of the silent people after they leave school. The 27th anniversary will be held in St. Matthew's church, West 84th st., near Central Park, on Sunday, Dec. 24th, at 8 P. M.

FAREWELL TO MISSIONARIES

On St. John's Day, the 27th inst., a farewell service will be held in the chapel of the Church Missions House, upon the occasion of the departure for Tokyo, Japan, of Dr. Rudolf B. Teusler and wife, of Richmond, Va. The Holy Communion will be administered by the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, general secretary, and an address delivered by the associate secretary. Mrs. Teusler is the sister of Dr. E. L. Woodward who recently was appointed a missionary physician in China.

CAUTION

A Russian calling himself Nicolas Idoff is a fraud. He is a remarkable linguist. WILLIAM C. POPE.
St. Paul, Minn.

Ordinations

On Sunday, Dec. 3rd, Bishop Whittle ordained to the diaconate, in St. James', Richmond, Va., Mr. Edward B. Snead, the Rev. W. M. Clark presenting the candidate. Mr. Snead has been prominent in Church work in Richmond for several years, especially in the boys' chapters of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood.

Appeals

THE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth ave., New York. Officers: RIGHT REV. THOMAS M. CLARK, D.D., *president*; RT. REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, D.D., *vice-president*; REV. ARTHUR S. LLOYD, D.D., *general secretary*; REV. JOSHUA KIMBER, *associate secretary*; MR. JOHN W. WOOD, *corresponding secretary*; MR. GEORGE C. THOMAS, *treasurer*; MR. E. WALTER ROBERTS, *assistant treasurer*.

This society comprehends all persons who are members of this Church. It is the Church's established agency for the conduct of general missionary work. At home this work is in seventeen missionary districts, in Puerto Rico, and in forty-three dioceses; and includes that among the negroes in the South, and the Indians. Abroad, the work includes the missions in Africa, China, and Japan; the support of the Church in Haiti; and of the presbyter named by the Presiding Bishop to counsel and guide the workers in Mexico. The society also aids the work among the English-speaking people in Mexico, and transmits contributions designated for the other work in that country.

The Society pays the salaries and traveling expenses of twenty-two missionary bishops, and the Bishop of Haiti; 1,630 other missionaries depend in whole or in part for their support upon the offerings of Church people, made through this Society. There are many schools, orphanages, and hospitals at home and abroad which, but for the support that comes through the Society, would of necessity be abandoned.

The amount required to meet all appropriations for this work to the end of the fiscal year, Sept. 1, 1900, is \$630,000. For this sum the Board of Managers must depend upon the voluntary offerings of the members of the Church. Additional workers, both men and women, are constantly needed to meet the increasing demands of the work (both at home and abroad).

The Spirit of Missions is the official (monthly) magazine—\$1 a year. All information possible concerning the Society's work will be furnished on application.

Remittances should be made to MR. GEORGE C. THOMAS, *treasurer*.

All other official communications should be addressed to the Board of Managers, Church Missions House, 281 Fourth ave., New York.

Legal title (for use in making wills): THE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Church and Parish

WANTED.—Consecrated men and women for rescue work in the Church Army; training free. For further particulars, address MAJOR MARTHA H. WURTS, 299 George st., New Haven, Conn.

WANTED.—An active Church member to sell the Christian Year Kalendar in every parish. Price 75cts. Liberal commission. Address THE CHURCH KALENDAR COMPANY, 2 West 14th st., New York city.

PEOPLES' WAFERS, 25 cents per hundred; priests' wafers, one cent each. The Sisters of All Saints, 801 N. Eutaw street, Baltimore, Md., also invite orders for ecclesiastical embroidery.

WANTED—A choir-master and organist for church in a very prosperous and rapidly growing Southern city, having eight railroads, with more building. Exceptional opportunity for good teacher of voice culture. Church can guarantee at present only \$300 per annum. Another employment, at \$250, possible. Address P. O. Box 309, Shreveport, La.

RECTOR of good parish—experienced—best of references, will accept call to parish where there are good opportunities for work amongst young men. One with parish house or rooms preferred. RECTOR, care of THE LIVING CHURCH, Chicago.

WHAT can be more appropriate as a Christmas gift than a year's subscription to THE LIVING CHURCH? The cost is but \$2, and in addition we will send a handsome reproduction of the famous painting, "The Defence of Champigny," or "The Horse Fair." Send remittance to THE LIVING CHURCH.

The Editor's Table

Kalendar, December, 1899

3. 1st Sunday in Advent.	Violet.
10. 2d Sunday in Advent.	Violet.
17. 3d Sunday in Advent.	Violet.
20. EMBER DAY.	Violet. (Red at Evensong.)
21. ST. THOMAS, Apostle.	Red
22. EMBER DAY.	Violet.
23. EMBER DAY.	Violet.
24. 4th Sunday in Advent.	Violet. (White at Evensong.)
25. CHRISTMAS DAY.	White.
26. ST. STEPHEN, Martyr.	Red.
27. ST. JOHN, Evangelist.	White.
28. THE INNOCENTS.	Violet.
31. Sunday after Christmas.	White.

Bethlehem

BY THE REV. JAMES GOODWIN

O night of nights! thy diadem of stars
Flamed forth in splendor all before unknown;
While glory, yet undreamed, flung blinding bars
Of purest light athwart thy purple throne!

O Bethlehem! upon thy hilltop bare,
Where silent slept thy walls and towers white,
What lodging for thy King was ready there,
When suddenly He came that winter's night?

In moonlit, midnight peace He came to thee,
The angels chanted sweet His birthday song;
Naught else beside of kingly pomp had He
Save quiring seraphs blent in glorious throng.

A stable was His palace low and dim;
His royal couch, a manger piled with straw;
His courtiers, shepherds rough, who worshiped Him
All reverently, and kneeled in loving awe.

A tender Babe was He, this mighty King,
His little Body pressed in swaddling bands;
His mother's arms did round Him softly cling,
His mother's lips kissed yearningly His Hands.

In dull forgetfulness the sleeping town,
Unheeding, knew not of her Royal Guest,
Who in a manger lowly laid Him down,
And as an outcast meanly found His rest.

Ah, let us gladly seek the manger shrine,
And at our Saviour's cradle now adore,
That in our willing hearts the Child Divine
May find a loyal shelter evermore!

Christmastide, 1899.

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Pen-and-Ink-lings

Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,
God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men.

—Longfellow.

THE mistletoe has become so popular as a Christmas decoration in England, that it seems likely to be exterminated in certain places. In others, efforts to propagate it are being taken, and young apple trees can be purchased on which the parasite has become established.

The Christmas chimes are pealing high
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,
And blowing winds their notes prolong
Like echoes from an angel's song;
Good will and peace, peace and good will,
Ring out the carols glad and gay,
Telling the heavenly message still,
That Christ the Child was born to-day!

In lowly hut and palace hall,
Peasant and king keep festival,
And childhood wears a fairer guise,
And tenderer shine all mother eyes;
The aged man forgets his years,
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,
The sad are cheated of their tears,
For Christ the Lord was born to-day!

—Susan Coolidge.

A WONDERFUL old man has passed away at West Hanney, Bucks, in the

person of Mr. James Bunce, parish clerk and sexton. For sixty-seven years (like his father before him, who also held the parochial offices) Bunce was the treble ringer. He had rung out the old, rung in the new, on as many New Year eves, and welcomed cheerful Christmas in with merry peal upon peal. He rang at the coronation of the Queen, at the Jubilee in 1887, and again at the Diamond Jubilee in 1897. He was eighty-five when he died, and had been for half a century parish clerk and sexton. His funeral was attended by well-nigh every villager, and his fellow-ringers rang a long, half-muffled peal out of respect for his memory.

EDWARD BOK writes, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, that "there must be some radical and growing departure from the right and best way of celebrating Christmas, when each recurring year we hear a larger number of men saying: 'Well, I'll be glad when this Christmas business is over.' And they are led to this remark generally by seeing their wives, mothers, sisters, or daughters reach Christmas Day utterly tired out, with the prospect of a siege of illness as soon as Christmas is over. And it must be confessed that this state of affairs exists in thousands of homes. Women themselves frequently acknowledge their satisfaction when the day is over. Now, there is always something wrong when we make a burden of our pleasures. And if one of our sources of pleasure in the calendar's greatest gala day is derived from a feeling of thankfulness that it is over, there is something askew either in the way we prepare for, or spend, the day."

ANOTHER writer says: "The custom of the giving and receiving of gifts has grown to such extreme proportions that it has become in too many instances a mere barter or exchange. The moment we allow a thought of favors received to enter into our plans for gift giving, we debase and cheapen a custom that, in its origin and associations, is a hallowed one. The memory of the Christ-Child whose birth this season celebrates, at once the grandest and freest gift this world has ever received, should plead with us more forcibly than any words to place our giving upon the highest and noblest plane—that of giving for love's sweet sake alone. If give we must, as an acknowledgment and return of gifts or favors conferred, let it be at some other time or in some other way."

"THE Art of Seeing" is well illustrated by that keen observer, John Burroughs, in *The Century*. He says:

If we think birds, we shall see birds, wherever we go; if we think arrow heads, as Thoreau did, we shall pick up arrow-heads in every field. Some people have an eye for four-leaved clovers; they see them as they walk hastily over the turf, for they already have them in their eyes. I once took a walk with the late Professor Eaton, of Yale. He was just then specially interested in the mosses, and he found them, all kinds, everywhere. I can see him yet, every few minutes upon his knees, adjusting his eye-glasses before some rare specimen. The beauty he found in them, and pointed out to me, kindled my enthusiasm also. I once spent a summer day at the mountain home of a well-

known literary woman and editor. She lamented the absence of birds about her house. I named a half dozen or more I had heard or seen in her trees within an hour—the indigo-bird, the purple finch, the yellowbird, the veery thrush, the red eyed vireo, the song-sparrow, etc.

"Do you mean to say you have seen or heard all these birds while sitting here on my porch?" she inquired.

"I really have," I said.

"I do not see them or hear them," she replied, "and yet I want to very much."

"No," said I, "you only want to want to see and hear them. You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush."

— x —

Christmas

BY THE REV. JOHN W. POWER

Out from the radiant regions
With God's own presence bright,
Flash forth in countless legions
The stainless sons of light;
Proclaiming God's salvation
Through His Incarnate Word,
For every tribe and nation,
The herald's voice is heard.

Then rapturously upwelling
To God, from all the throng,
Is heard the chorus swelling
Of the exultant song:
"With tribute for Thy glory
Let highest places thrill;
Let earth in peace adore Thee,
Be unto men good-will."

On all who sit in sadness,
In woe and sin fast bound,
Beyond all hope of gladness,
By gloom and death girt round,
With golden promise dawning
Across the troubled sky,
Arise now the morning,
The Day-spring from on high.

To-day, in David's city,
Of Virgin undefiled,
Pledge of God's endless pity,
Is born the Wondrous Child.
Him the prophetic sages
In ancient times foretold;
And all succeeding ages
His glory shall behold.

Till all things serve him, never
His government shall cease;
With His dominion ever
Shall peace and joy increase;
O'er realms by time unbounded
His kingdom shall extend,
For God in Him hath founded
The kingdom without end.

Hastings, Neb.

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Was Christ Born Under Herod?

BY WILLIAM C. WINSLOW, D D., D. C. L.

AGAIN the papyri speaks, this time their evidence relates to the statement of St. Luke: "Now it came to pass in those days that a decree went out from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled." The Egypt Exploration Fund finds among its invaluable papyri, soon to be published with *fac-similes* and translations, some that cast new light upon the chronology of the enrollments made throughout the Roman Empire, and, consequently, directly affecting the date of Christ's birth.

It is known that a census, for the purpose of levying a poll-tax, was held at intervals of fourteen years; but we have had no secular evidence of any such enrollment earlier than A. D. 62, in the reign of Nero. Now the papyri show that the census cycle in Egypt absolutely dates as far back as A. D. 20, and they probably prove that the first of these fourteen-year-old censuses was taken

in B. C. 10-9, during the reign of Cæsar Augustus.

I cannot here summarize the arguments and notes of my associates, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, upon so valuable a discovery, throwing light upon the disputed date of the birth of Christ, for they will fill seven pages in small type of our coming volume (see THE LIVING CHURCH, Oct. 28th). But one of the interesting conclusions is, that we now for the first time, have contemporary confirmation of the words of St. Luke, as quoted above.

A great point is established by such a discovery; viz., that the first census, by order of Cæsar Augustus, took place while Herod the Great was King of the Jews.

Was our Saviour born under Herod? The papyri chronologically support the assertion of St. Matthew, that "Jesus was born . . . in the days of Herod, the King."

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Old St. Philip's Church

BY ELLEN FRIZELL WYCKOFF

IN Eastern North Carolina, near the mouth of the beautiful Cape Fear river, and within sound of the ocean, stand the walls of the first church built in the State, and one of the first on the Atlantic Coast.

Straight and true the old walls rise among the tall forest trees. Two hundred years ago a lovely village clustered about the old church, a town that was one of the most important harbor towns on the coast; and back from it stood one of the stately old mansion homes that graced the South in the old days. Not a vestige of the town of Brunswick remains. A slight depression marks the place where the mansion stood. But the solid walls of old St. Philip's stand there with the graves of those who worshiped within, resting in their shadow.

The bricks for the old church were brought over from England, each wrapped separately in paper. They are slightly larger than ordinary brick, and are unusually hard and well made. The mortar is like adamant. For perhaps a century, certainly since before the memory of living man, the walls have been uncovered there in the soft murky atmosphere, and only a few bricks are loosened, and fewer still have fallen to the ground.

The walls are nearly three feet thick, and there are gracefully arched and beautifully proportioned openings that once held heavy doors and stained windows. Pictures taken from a captured pirate vessel adorned the walls. One of these, an *Ecce Homo*, is preserved still in St. James' Episcopal church at Wilmington, where many of the relics from the older English church are gathered. About the ruins there is no remnant of roof or floor, no sign of even ancient decay, no smallest bit of broken glass, nothing but the four walls of imperishable clay!

And nature has taken these to her mother-heart, and even time has forgotten that the hands of man, whose work must be undone, placed them there. Little vines creep about them; tiny plants find foothold in the crevices; small, shy wood creatures hurry in and out. Where the music of the old organ rolled, there is only the sighing of the wind and the moaning of the sea and the wailing of the storm. Where worshipers once knelt, mighty trees have grown up, keeping pace with those outside, the limbs rising above the ruins and interlacing with those of the forest. Great, whispering pines, graceful

yupons, and sweet breathed myrtles, form curious aisles, and a carpet of fragrant pine straw covers the ground, while the sky, beyond nature's own matchless fresco, covers all.

Outside are the emblems of peace and war, rest and strife: the old graves with their blackened marble slabs and the earthworks that sheltered the gray-coated heroes during the bombardment of Fort Anderson.

The Fort was erected at Orton, a magnificent country seat farther up the river, and enclosed with earthworks the ruins of St. Philip's. Many of the tombs were shattered, but the old walls were left uninjured. It was about this time, in 1865, that the cornerstone was removed by lawless hands, and papers, invaluable to the State, destroyed. During the revolutionary war a battle was fought on the same spot.

One stands within the hallowed walls, and picture after picture rises from the dead past, vague, intangible ghosts of a time long gone. Peaceful worshipers gathering in the solemn stillness of Sabbath mornings, quaint little maidens meeting for Vespers, strong, brave men praying for the blessings that have come to us because of their faith and courage. And another—countryman against countryman, and then brother against brother, in deadly combat! The birth and growth of a city, its life and decay.

On the darkened marble of the tombstones are names that have been the nation's pride—names that belong to men who fill our pulpits and make our colleges what they are; who represent us at the Capitol; grand old names well known to the world. Quaint are the inscriptions upon the slabs, not one of which rests on its strong brick support. Was it time, or war, or human greed, that displaced them? The whispering pines tell no secrets, and far away the ocean moans but tells no story of the past. The broad, laughing river ripples musically on, its waters always new like the tide of human life that flows forever by these solemn monuments of the long ago.

And waiting on the river beach at the rude, seldom-used landing, for the beautiful steamer, the trim little "Wilmington," coming up from sleepy old Southport, one feels that St. Philip's, standing alone in its forest of towering pines, belongs indeed to a long-forgotten past.

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Life Insurance Endowment

THE CHURCH PLAN

THE so-called "church plan," which has begun to attract attention in many sections of the country, is destined to open a new field for life and endowment insurance to the benefit of church, educational, and charitable institutions. Incidentally, it offers immense and almost unexplored opportunities for energetic work to the agents of the various companies.

So simple is the plan both in conception and practice, so evident are its advantages, and so capable of solving vexatious financial difficulties, that it is rather surprising the plan has not been appreciated and exploited long ago.

Suppose a parish wishes to build a church or to enlarge its present edifice or pay off a debt. Every one who has had experience in such matters knows how thankless and hopeless a task it is to raise contributions for the purpose. Many members do not feel able to contribute largely, some feel a little embarrassed to contribute very small sums, and others hesitate to encumber their estates by providing for an endowment in

their wills. Enthusiasm, cordial at first, soon begins to wane, and fresh efforts must be made continually to keep up interest. Discouragement and lack of a smoothly working system cause matters to limp along, if it does not bring them to a complete standstill. Very often when only half the needful amount has been raised, the building is erected, and burdened with a heavy mortgage, without any adequate provision for paying it off.

Just here, applicable to all these difficulties, the "church plan" steps in, supplies the system, keeps things running smoothly, and affords a safe outcome from the difficulties. The clergyman and trustees get the co-operation of an energetic agent, and the leading church members give their personal assistance. The agent or some committee finds out by personal solicitation how much each member will pay annually to the church for that purpose, the contributions being placed in a separate envelope, and paid in a lump sum yearly or in quite small sums monthly. In this way even the smallest amount is valuable. When the amount promised for each year is known, then short-term endowment policies are taken out for the benefit of the church on the lives of certain young or middle-aged members, the amount and number of the policies depending upon the amount of premiums the pledged contributions will provide. If any of the insured die, their policies of course mature, the church receives the full value of the policies immediately, and the premiums on those policies cease. This alone offsets in a great degree the chance of diminished contributions through the death of certain contributors, a chance more than made up by a prospective increase to the church through new members.

During the last two years there have been a number of important cases where the plan has been tried on a large scale with great success.—*The Traveler's Record.*

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The World's Output of Books

IT will doubtless surprise the book-lovers of this country to learn that neither England nor the United States can claim the distinction of standing at the head of the book-making nations in the annual output of books. An Englishman would naturally be inclined to claim that honor for England, while it is not unlikely that the claim, in the absence of any immediately available statistics, would be promptly challenged by an American.

As a matter of fact, several nations precede the United States in the matter of literary productivity, while the honor of heading the list belongs to Germany. It would seem to be an easy matter to get full and accurate returns of all the books published in the world in a year. But no such returns have ever been compiled under auspices that invite credibility. A contributor to *The Bookseller*, however, has just made an attempt to gratify the curiosity of the book-loving world by a compilation of book-making statistics, the results of which are important enough to justify extended comment in a recent issue of *The Independent*. The returns of this collator, Mr. Ronald Smith, are regarded as very reliable.

The compilation, which covers thirteen countries, gives the average total output of books, each being a distinct and separate publication, as 77,250, divided as follows:

Germany.....	23,908
France.....	13,268
Italy.....	9,567
United Kingdom.....	7,249
United States.....	5,315
Netherlands.....	2,863
Belgium.....	2,272
Denmark.....	1,198
Switzerland.....	1,000
Canada.....	735
Norway.....	589
Egypt.....	194

The figures for Sweden are given as 9,122, but it is claimed that 8,346 of these are "pamphlets" and that in the production of what we class as books she would probably rank next to Switzer-

land. More interesting than this tabulation however, is the compilation with reference to classes of books. It will seem incredible to novel-reading Americans that educational and classical books stand at the head of the list, the total being 11,631 out of the total of 77,250. Novels come second, however, with a total of 7,948.

England produces the greatest number of novels, with Germany second, and the United States third. Germany is the greatest producer of books on education, arts and sciences, *belles-lettres*, law, medicine, theology, and travel, while France comes first in books of history and the drama, and Italy leads in books on political economy, closely pressed by Germany. For a new country, however, the United States ranks well in all these publications, coming fourth in education, second in law, fourth in science, sixth in medicine, fifth in history, theology, travel, poetry, and the drama.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.



Book Reviews and Notices

Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate. By the Rt. Rev. Henry B. Whipple, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Minnesota. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This book, with its heavy paper, large clear type, and broad margins will delight the heart of the book-lover. It is like Bishop Whipple himself—built on a large scale! A handsome picture of the Bishop forms the frontispiece, and scattered throughout are photographs of the beautiful diocesan institutions at Faribault. The volume is unique, and one of the most attractive of recent publications. There are few books in which the personality of the author is so striking; to read the book is to know the man. Bishop Whipple's wide acquaintance with public men, his close connection with Minnesota history, his devotion to the cause of the Indians, give him a national reputation; and in consequence his life is of absorbing interest. Now he is battling manfully for the Faith, now ministering to the sick and dying; then traveling through forest and over prairie to prevent an Indian outbreak. Again, he is at Washington interceding for the Indians. Without plan, apparently, the Life goes on in a happy-go-lucky fashion, delighting us in the same chapter with a piece of great statesmanship, a discussion of ecclesiastical questions, touching pastoral experiences, lectures on the preparation of sermons! The faith and the devotion of the Bishop are strikingly real. His theology is simple in the extreme—a fervent belief in the love of God. His work has been wonderfully blessed; his success will give courage to all friends of the Indians. No review can do justice to "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate," but for the lover of good things a feast has been provided.

Dorothy and Her Friends. By Ellen Olney Kirk. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

A delightful lot of sense, fun, and wise nonsense for the little ones. The scene is laid in New England, and the actors are dear good children, with a loving old uncle and lots of nice relations. The adventures are all in the common atmosphere of every day things; but, somehow, all things are, as they really are, wonderful when seen through loving and innocent eyes. "Dorothy and Her Friends" will be a delight to the little folk, and its quaint wit and quiet wisdom will be appreciated by those of riper years.

The Other Fellow. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

A collection of short stories of that universal genius, F. Hopkinson Smith. Whoever has seen a collection of drawings by this artist will perceive in them the art quality which pervades these tales. Mr. Smith's drawings are full of light and motion, the very essence of the things portrayed. When you look closely at them you will perceive how slight is the material used to produce the marvelous effect. If it is a scene in Venice, a great stretch of the tinted paper on which the drawing is made, serves for the foreground, and a deft touch of solid color, here and

there, gives all necessary detail, and there you are, the picture is made; a gondola, some church steps, or a bit of sunlit wall makes up the rest. In some such way as this the same artist works in the literary medium, and each story of the eleven in the book is a finished thing, picturesque, interesting, and full of sparkling life. Like the artist's pictures, these stories of his are worth immeasurably more than their superficial extent or the material used would seem to indicate.

Contemporaries. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2.

In this volume of sketches and articles gathered by the author from various magazines and other sources, we have a compilation of much interest. A keen observer, a gentle, loving spirit, and an accomplished writer brings us into fellowship with a very academy of illustrious Americans. Ralph Waldo Emerson leads the throng, shining with the mystery and simplicity of his seer-like nature. Our author sums up his estimate of Emerson in this sweet way:

"Of all writers," says Sir Philip Sidney, "the poet is the least liar," and we might almost say that of all poets, Emerson is the most direct and unflinching in his search for truth; to this must be added, as his highest gift, a nature so noble and so calm that he was never misled for one instant by temper, by antagonism, by controversy. The final verdict of posterity upon him must be essentially that epitaph which he himself placed upon the grave of the friend and brother-poet who but just preceded him. On his return from Mr. Longfellow's funeral, he said to a friend, with that vague oblivion of names which alone beclouded his closing years: "That gentleman whose funeral we have been attending was a sweet and beautiful soul, but I forget his name." These high words of praise might fitly be applied to the speaker himself, but his name shows no signs of being forgotten.

Such deft touches as these are constantly to be met with in these word pictures of Contemporaries, charming and interesting from first to last.

The Princess Xenia. A Romance. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Illustrated by F. De Thulstrup. New York: Harper & Bros. Price, \$1.50.

This striking story has already appeared as a serial in one of the monthlies. It was inevitable that it should be preserved in this more permanent form. The publishers have printed on the outer cover the suggestion that it is "A Monte Christo story," but the resemblance lies only in the fact that the hero unexpectedly comes into possession of a vast sum of money. As a work of art, "Princess Xenia" is far better and on a higher plane than the sensational "Count of Monte Christo," in spite of the truth that a great name in the world of French letters stands sponsor for the latter. Christopher Lambert, Mr. Watson's hero, is peculiar enough, but he is thoroughly honest and sincere, with no private wrongs to avenge. His attempts to be a sort of Providence for the Grand Duchy of Weser-Dreiburg are logically worked out with a skill that stamps the author as an attractive story-writer of the first class. Though the hero's best efforts fail, as inevitably they were bound to do, yet he finds compensation in the very princess whom he had prevented from marrying one prince, and whom he had almost succeeded in mating with another. The characters of Count Von Straben, the German envoy, and of Katarina, the facile tool, are admirably drawn. We should not be surprised if the "Princess Xenia" were soon dramatized, as there are a number of situations that would lend themselves excellently to treatment on the stage.

Wabeno the Magician. By Mabel Osgood Wright. Illustrated by Joseph M. Gleason. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.50.

Readers of the author's previous book, "Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts," may remember how, when the little brother came to share the home with her, Tommy-Anne divided her name also with him; so, in this volume there are Tommy and Anne. It is Anne's pleasant task to teach her brother to talk with the

Heart of Nature, as she had learned to do. Much new, strange lore does Anne learn from Wabeno the Magician. The latter is accompanied by the Dream-Fox who shows sleepers his picture book, and leads them long journeys through strange countries, all in a minute. The new story is the same rare combination of fantastic imagination and scientific truth that made the first book so weird and delightful. It is handsomely printed and well illustrated, and has a green cover, with an expressive array of natural objects pictured in gold upon it—spider webs, snakes, owls, pine trees, birds, clouds, foxes. It is the right kind of book for the right kind of child.

The Physical Nature of the Child, and How to Study It. By Stuart H. Rowe, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.

This is a book of the greatest practical value to teachers and mothers. The obstructive conditions affecting the physical growth and the mental development of the child, are clearly indicated, and simple tests given to ascertain facts that will be of great helpfulness in solving individual problems. The suggestions are not so much designed to save work as to prevent worry. Such important subjects as Sight, Hearing, Ability, Nervousness, Fatigue, Growth and Adolescence, Home Conditions, and School Conditions, are ably discussed. The result is a valuable contribution to the important subject of school and home hygiene for children.

The Carved Cupboard. By Amy Le Feuvre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.

A pious little story, excellent for a Sunday school or a young ladies' seminary library. It is not badly written, and there is a Bluebeard "memory" in a locked cupboard, which the four girls who rent a house promise not to try to open. They nearly die of curiosity, but when it is opened they are so disappointed that it does not contain dead wives, but only musty papers. Three of the girls marry the right men, and leave one to be a nice and deeply religious old maid.

Mr. Jack Hamlin's Meditation, and Other Stories. By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

This bunch of six stories by Bret Harte has all the well-known flavor of that writer. There are persons of questionable morals, in most picturesque surroundings, who speak lively slang, and do the most meritorious, self-sacrificing, and chivalrous things in the most unexpected manner. The moral that one may find in them is, that no one is wholly bad, and the vilest of our fellow creatures are well worth our study. The scum of a marsh has its own beauty, and a wilderness can blossom with the rose of sentiment. In such localities, however, it must be said that one may meet with malaria.

Jennie Baxter, Journalist. By Robert Barr. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. Price, \$1.25.

"Journalist" hardly describes this young woman. She was a female reporter and a female detective, often unscrupulous, and always smart. She is described as a vision of loveliness, exquisitely gowned. She earns a lot of money, and she marries a first-class lord who cannot afford to keep a carriage. The book is clear, bright, amusing, and will certainly keep you awake. The author forgets to explain why the princess made a row about the diamonds, and how the explosive could possibly have wrecked the treasure chamber, but you overlook that. The scenes at the great ball and in the Russian railway car are very cleverly done.

The Old Pin cushion. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Mabel and Edith Taylor. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Perhaps it is not fair to tell—but the old pin cushion held a missing will, and "thereby hangs the tale." Mrs. Molesworth is too widely known as a sound and wholesome writer for the young, to need more than an announcement that she has added another book to her library for girls. The present volume is richly and tastefully bound in soft gray and gold.

A Good-Hearted Girl; or a Present Day Heroine. By Emma Marshall. With Six Illustrations by J. Finnemore. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

The title of this book seems hardly to do justice to the character and deeds of Althea Lewison, as "good-hearted" is a term so often misapplied. The heroine is the daughter of a self-made man whose immense fortune has been gained through others' misfortunes. The daughter dedicates her life and her inherited wealth to repairing the wrongs done by her father.

The Chief Things. By the Rev. A. W. Snyder. Second series. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Pp. 195.

It should be noted that this volume forms a second series in study of "The Chief Things," and it will be found every way a meet companion to its predecessor. The several papers contained in it are inscribed, "To that important but much forgotten creature, 'The Average Man'"—one who reads the newspapers and little else save works of fiction, and who ordinarily will not even look at a theological book. Such an one if he but make a start on this will surely finish it, and to his own benefit.

A Pretty Tory. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

The frontispiece is a miniature of the fair Mistress Geraldine Moncriffe, the heroine of the story. Her father is a Tory; her lover, a Whig and a rebel, who has joined his fortune to those of the gallant Marion. The book teaches the patriotic lesson that "love of country is an all absorbing passion, beside which kings and crowns crumble and decay." The tale ends happily for the

Pretty Tory, coy and fair,
In whose eyes of heaven's own hue,
Reluctant smiles the rebel blue.

The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment, and Other Stories. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Here are several stories, quite unlike in character and incident, but similar in their atmosphere of delicious humor. The laity will enjoy them almost in fear and trembling, for they are about very exalted personages indeed, at the very least the hero of each tale being a bishop. Five of the stories have been in print before; "The Discontented Bishop" and "The Trials of a Retired Bishop" are new. The book is richly bound, with a characteristic cover design in black and gold. The demure, but harmless, mischief of the stories will surely delight many readers.

The Sky Pilot: A Tale of the Foothills. By Ralph Connor. Chicago, New York, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$1.25.

The author of "Black Rock," though he writes under an assumed name, does not need an introduction. We know that what he writes will be worth reading, and that its workmanship will be of high and strong quality. "The Sky Pilot," as most people understand, is a preacher or missionary in the far West, and this is the title which he goes by among the rough men in the mine and on the plains. The author gives the clew to the main lines of the story in the following paragraph of his preface: "The story is of how a man with vision beyond the waving skyline of the foothills, came to the people with firm purpose to play the brother's part, and by sheer love of them, and by faith in them, win them to believe that life is priceless, and that it is good to be a man."

The Temple Treasury. A Biblical Diary Compiled with References. Two parts. London: J. M. Dent & Co. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$2.

This is a dainty little set, beautifully printed in small, very clear type, and rubricated throughout. The plan is simple. One page for each day, and on each page a brief lesson from the Old Testament, followed by a passage from the New Testament, the latter serving as a comment upon, or as an illustration of, the former. In the margin will be found copious Scripture references. The two volumes are bound in limp

morocco, and enclosed in a neat box. It is an excellent guide to meditation upon the sacred Scriptures, so far as the suggestion of texts is concerned. This set would be an acceptable Christmas or birthday present.

The Adventures of a Siberian Cub. Translated from the Russian by Leon Golschmann. With 24 original illustrations by Winifred Austen. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

This romance of bear life is most delightful reading. From one's first glimpse of the baby bear, Mishook, as, with his tiny sister, he nestles at his mother's side in the winter den where he was born, all through his long life of sixty years, the reader's interest never flags. The book is profusely illustrated. It is one of the most desirable selections to make from the excellent series to which it belongs—that of "The Gift Book Series for Boys and Girls."

"CHILD VERSE, Poems Grave and Gay," by John B. Tabb, is a very nice book for the little ones. The beauty of the cover will secure their attention, and the large print and wide margins will win them to read and admire. [Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.]

The most unique of the novelties offered by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. is "THE SCULPTOR CAUGHT NAPPING, a Book for the Children's Hour," from designs by Jane E. Cook. Price, \$1. The designs are modified silhouettes, of white upon a dark ground, or *vice versa*, having the effect of cameos. They are mainly illustrations of nursery rhymes and tales, made for the entertainment of one little child, many years ago, and now by modern process and artistic revision are made available, at small cost, to the public. The book should be one of the most pleasing and popular of the season.

MESSRS. E. P. DUTTON & Co. have imported, as usual, a number of attractive books and booklets for the holiday present buyers. "THE GEORGE MEREDITH BIRTHDAY BOOK" contains a large number of choice bits from that popular author, with alternate pages for signatures of friends opposite the dates. Price, \$1.25. "THE KINGFISHER'S EGG," by L. T. Meade, and other stories by several writers, has a dainty cover of blue and white with flowers and child's portrait in colors, and many choice illustrations. Similar in make-up are "TATTINE," by Mrs. Chas. W. Ide ("Ruth Ogden"); "THE VOYAGE OF THE MARY ADAIRE," by Frances E. Crompton; "HONOR BRIGHT, a Story of the Days of King Charles," by Mary C. Roswell. These are very pretty and very cheap (50 cents each).

A VERY pretty and graceful souvenir has come to our table, entitled "The Church on the Hillside," by Charles N. Hall, of New Milford, Conn. It is to this church that the poem relates, and from which the pretty illustrations are taken. The verses are of unusual merit, and to those who are interested in the local references, they must have exceptional value. The two introductory stanzas we give below:

THE CHURCH ON THE HILLSIDE

Upon the hillside sloping down
Toward the spreading country town,
A church of native granite stands
Surveying miles of pleasant lands.
The valley, stretching southward far,
The river, like a scimitar,
Of flashing silver, cleaving keen
Its way the fringed hills between.

The circling mountains, hemlock crowned,
Which stand like sentinels around
The level plain; the village, seen,
Though half concealed, beneath the green
Of elm and maple; thus o'erlaid
With shifting play of light and shade
From dear New England's changeful skies,
The landscape's varied beauty lies.

Books Received

THOMAS WHITTAKER

The Chief Things. By the Rev. A. W. Snyder. Second series.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

The Power of Womanhood. By Ellice Hopkins. \$1.50.

The George Meredith Birthday Book. \$1.25.

Prayers. By Archbishop Benson. \$1.25.

Beethoven. By F. J. Crowest. \$1.25.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO.

Frederick Douglas. By C. W. Chessnut. 75c.

Child Verse. By John B. Tabb. \$1.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Child Life in Colonial Days. By Alice M. Earle. \$2.50.

The Catholic and Apostolic Church. By the Earl of Selborne.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

The Puritan as a Colonist and a Reformer. By E. H. Byington, D. D. \$2.

A. C. McCLURG & Co.

Judea, from Cyrus to Titus. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. \$2.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

For the Freedom of the Sea. By Cyrus T. Brady. \$1.50.

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Religion of Israel to the Exile. By Carl Budde, D. D.

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The Gist of the Lesson. By R. A. Torrey. 25c.

The Divine Origin of the Bible. By R. A. Torrey. 50c.

Practical Commentary Sunday School Lessons, 1900. 50c.

HARPER & BROS.

The First Christmas. By Lew Wallace.

The Story of the Other Wise Man. By Henry van Dyke.

The Monster and Other Stories. By Stephen Crane. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Wotan, Siegfried, and Brunnhilde. By Anna Alice Chapin. \$1.25.

The Human Boy. By Eden Phillpotts. \$1.25.

The Colossus: A Story of To-Day. By Morley Roberts. \$1.25.

Vanity Fair. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Becky Sharp Edition.

Pamphlets Received

Register of Cornell University.

Sketch of St. James' Parish, Philadelphia.

The Fisher by the Sea. By Mrs. Woods Baker.

The Personality of Anti-christ. By Gen. W. A. Baker.

Year Book of the House of Prayer, Lowell, Mass.

Journal of the Diocese of New York.

Opinions of the Press

The Standard (Baptist)

CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCE.—Either Santa Claus or the Child Jesus in the Sunday school Christmas festival; not both. The combination is always unfortunate, sometimes grotesque. Not that the thought of the Babe of Bethlehem and the sweet and solemn associations of the Nativity are inconsistent with gladness and childish glee, but you cannot mix folk-tales and pretty fictions with the sacred truth of Jesus' birth and not leave wrong impressions on little minds.

Here is a hint for those who are too poor to give many Christmas gifts: write Christmas letters. It is the thoughtfulness and the love that count, not the gift itself. Choose among your acquaintances a dozen lonely ones, whether poor or rich, old or young, and have a letter to each ready to mail in time to reach its destination on Christmas morning. No matter about having any news to write; just good wishes and a tithe of the good words you will speak about your friend after he is dead. They will warm his heart now, which is far better. It is the season to give; and the only thing at all worth giving is oneself.

The Presbyterian Banner

CHRISTMAS.—The year keeps its best holiday until the last. Other days may be bright with June skies, or rich with autumn colors; or they may be charged with personal meaning as they mark birthdays or other anniversaries; or they may be big with national significance as they commemorate historic events; but greater than all these is the day we are soon to celebrate. Its skies may be sombre and its leaves all dead, but it marks the greatest event of all time, and hides in its heart the greatest joy. Its meaning is more than personal or national, and its joy overflows all lines, and in some degree floods the globe. It is celebrated on more continents and islands, and by more millions of people, than any other, and rises into the grandeur of a cosmopolitan day. The great world knows deep down in its heart that this day, beneath all its merrymaking, means more for it than any other on the calendar. Christmas is the diamond of days, and it is fitting that the year should bring it forth as its finest gem to sparkle on the robe of its departing glory.

The Household

The Songs in the Night

BY WILLIAM B. CHISHOLM

Sweet voices of the midnight,
Breathe o'er the tapers dim,
Again in High Processional,
The children's carol-hymn.
Again the pomp, the blaze, the swell
Of this, Thy feast, Immanuel.

It is of all the gladdest morn;
Ah, care and pain, depart ye now!
Come hither, tabret, harp, and horn;
Come, wreath and star to twine the Brow
Which, prone in cot of Bethlehem,
Gleamed with no earthly diadem.

If there are sods new-turned on yon
Gray hillside, shall a dream return
Of other Yuletide eves when hearth
Did with the cheerful faggots burn?
Ah, sweetly sad remembrance! yield
All of thy pain and yearning up,
While here the manger stands revealed,
While o'er the uplifted festal cup,
Once more the lowly manger gleams
In starry blaze, while distant beams
Light hitherward the Sages three.
Turn we to such glad company,
Forget we e'en yon snowy hill—
A truce to grief and care until
Another gloaming's shadow fall
Upon our dearest festival.
Harp, tabret, lute, resound afresh
The glory of the Word Made Flesh!

Christmas Roses

BY DOROTHY DEANE

LUCK had always seemed to be against Saunders. When Mary died and home became but an empty word, he went to Chicago with his motherless child; but even there misfortune dogged his steps through week after week of discouragement. When at last he found a foothold—albeit a precarious one—in the office of the Phoenix Oil Company, as a sort of general drudge and under-clerk, it was at a salary so small that few pennies were left when Saturday night came round. But Saunders hoped it might lead to something better, and did his work with a faithful care that might elsewhere have been appreciated.

Watson, the manager, never had a word of approval for him, but it was one of Watson's principles never to approve of anybody or of anything, so that it had become a matter of course with the other members of the company to anticipate objections from Watson, and to arm themselves accordingly. Watson had grown up in the oil business. His very person seemed saturated with the greasy product, so that it oozed out at his pores; his fat fingers left a smear wherever they touched a book or paper. Saunders had inwardly loathed his chief from the first; there was something about the small, expressionless eyes and sneering mouth that set his teeth on edge.

Saunders had long since given up trying to find pleasure in his work. No matter how well he did it, Watson always accepted the service with a growl of disapproval and a dissatisfied frown. The scorn on his clerk's thin face did not escape his notice, and he hated Saunders accordingly. Nevertheless, Saunders kept doggedly on, finishing every trifling detail of his tasks with nice exactness. He had a feeling that only by so doing could he come to anything better. It was part of his faith.

Saunders had another reason for working hard, and for picking up tasks that the other clerks shirked; it was that the hours might fly faster, and bring him sooner home to

Baby. She was the one joy of his irksome life. With her in his arms, he could forget Watson and the Phoenix Oil Company, and the whole mad world without. His bare room became a place of peace, upon which the angels looked down and smiled.

She was eight years old, his little daughter, but she was "Baby" still. Perhaps it was on account of her lame foot and her crutch. She had an eerie little face, gray-eyed and sensitive, like her father's; her voice had a plaintive sweetness that brought the tears to one's eyes; but she was a happy lass, and liked nothing better than to go tapping about their two tiny rooms with her crutch, setting things to rights after Saunders had prepared breakfast and hurried off to work.

There was one thing Baby sadly missed in this new city home—it was the flowers. All her life she had loved them with her whole earnest little soul; they had been her playmates, her dear companions. She never complained about it, nor told how much she missed them, but Saunders knew. Sometimes he scraped a few pennies together, and bought her a rose, or a tiny bunch of daisies. That was in summer, when flowers were cheap. Now it was winter, and violets were fifty cents a bunch. Besides, there was coal to buy, and Baby needed something warm to wear. He never minded his own shabby coat, but patched a worn elbow with his clumsy man's fingers, and wore it uncomplainingly.

There was one window where the sunshine came for an hour each day, and Baby had some bits of green things there, growing in tomato cans. Saunders had picked up a slip or two of geranium, and under her loving care they had taken root. In one corner of the window she treasured a bit of growing grass and clover, and she loved it even better than she did the geraniums, often laying her soft cheek against it, and sometimes sighing, ever so softly, for the green fields she had lost. But that was only when Daddy was away.

For nearly a month Saunders had been hoarding pennies and nickels, that Baby might have for her Christmas gift a certain

neat little rose bush that blossomed in a florist's window. It bore clusters of tiny roses of the palest, most delicate pink, and Saunders knew with what delight Baby would treasure it, and watch the forming of new buds and their slow unfolding into flowers. It would be company for her while he was away. She had no child companions, for he kept her away from the rough people about her, guarding her jealously from contact with her rude surroundings, and she herself was like a flower in that dingy house.

More of hope had crept into Saunders' heart of late. A light seemed breaking upon his dull horizon. The president of the company had come home from Europe, and with his coming Saunders felt that he had found a friend, whereas before the whole cold cityful had been against him. He had held them all as enemies, and had fought them single-handed—for Baby. But from the moment he turned his hopeless face toward Mr. Merrill, and felt those kindly eyes looking down into his life—those sunshiny eyes, true, steadfast, hopeful—he felt the ice melting from about his heart, the world grew warm and human about him, and he looked out upon it with new trust, almost with joy. Then his work became something more than plodding; he found appreciation, where before there had been but grudging acceptance of faithful effort. Watson's rancor lost its sting, for Saunders felt that he could look beyond Watson.

Not for a long time had Saunders been so nearly happy as on that Saturday before Christmas. At noon he hurried away to the florist's, and bought the rose tree, carrying it to the office with him, carefully wrapped in papers. He set the bundle on the window sill beside his desk, where he might glance at it now and then, anticipating the child's delight.

It was two o'clock when the office door opened softly, and a face peeped in, a lovely young face, that could have belonged to no one but Mr. Merrill's daughter, so like his own it was, so gently proud, so lighted by shining eyes. Saunders caught the fragrance of roses as she whisked past him into her father's office. With her came her dog, a

ROYAL

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roughish fellow just out of puppyhood, who, finding himself forgotten and left behind when the door of the private office closed upon his mist ess, set out upon a tour of inspection, going from desk to desk, and regarding the clerks with a humorous cock of the eye, and a judicial rise and dip of his delicate ear. He examined the waste baskets with serious attention, and annihilated an offending newspaper with a mildly virtuous air.

Saunders watched the puppy idly for a moment. A week ago he would not have lifted his hopeless eyes from the monotonous trail of his pen, but the world had changed for him. He even found himself regarding his fellow-clerks, wondering, for almost the first time, what manner of men they were, for he had made no friends among them, but had gone in and out, holding himself aloof.

Watson's rasping voice broke in upon his thoughts. Saunders took up his papers and crossed the room to his chief's desk. While he stood there, waiting for Watson's O. K., he could hear the scratch of pens and the pit-pat of the dog's feet. Presently there was a rustling of papers; some mischievous voice muttered, "Rats!" Saunders turned to look—then he sprung toward his desk, toward the precious bundle on the window sill, just as both bundle and puppy went thumping to the floor. When he picked it up, the rose tree was a wreck. The torn papers showed the broken stem, the flowers were crushed, the pretty pot was in a dozen pieces. Saunders swept up the ruin in silence. The light had gone out of the world, and his heart had grown hard and bitter again.

He did not look up when Alice Merrill passed his desk again, unconscious of any mischief wrought. The scent of her roses seemed to fill the room. It stifled him. His fellow-clerks gossiped about her after she was gone, of her wealth and beauty. Saunders felt that he hated her—hated the whole heartless world. Why should she have all the roses, the soft raiment, the luxury, when life was so hard for his own little daughter? Even this pitiful little rose tree, that was to have shared the child's solitary days—even this was denied her. His eyes blurred suddenly, dimming the figures before him.

He went home empty-handed, for the rose had taken his last penny. True, he had his weekly salary envelope, still unopened, but half the money was due for rent, the other half must be saved for next week's living. He would have been glad of even a sprig of the shining holly. He saw the multitudes hurry past him with bright, excited faces, laden with bundles and wreaths of green. He met children hurrying homeward through the dusk, chattering and laughing. He saw other little ones standing before the windows of the shops and about the bakery doors, half-clad waifs of humanity, shivering with cold, wistful-faced, sunken-eyed. Once a small red hand was held out to him, and a shawled figure trotted beside him, begging for a penny. The thing was hardly larger than the dolls in the shop window. Saunders sought absently in his pockets for a coin, then he remembered, almost with shame, that he had nothing to give her. It made his heart ache the more.

As he drew near, he could hardly bear to go on. Baby would not complain, but she was only a child, she would expect some Christmas token, and he had dreamed so

long of her delight when he should set the rose before her. Now he had nothing. The world was against him. It had struck at this little innocent child, and dashed away her one treasure. Why should he struggle longer? Why not end it all—for her, and for himself?

Baby heard him coming slowly up the narrow stairs. She opened the door and stood waiting for him, leaning on her crutch, peering downward with a bright, excited face, watching for the first glimpse of him. A sob choked Saunders as he groped his way up through the darkness.

She could hardly wait for him to reach her. "O Daddy! Daddy!" she cried out, as he caught her up in his arms and carried her in, "the wonderful thing that has happened!" Then she clapped her hands at his amazement, for upon the table before him stood a bowl of splendid roses.

"All for my Christmas, Daddy dear, all for my Christmas! A lady brought them this afternoon—such a pretty lady, with the shiniest eyes! She said she was a flower missionary, and her name is Alice. And there was the dearest little dog"—Saunders caught his breath suddenly—"with the softest, darlinest ears that stood up this way, and sometimes they hung down this way, and she made him sit up in a chair and shake hands with her. And she's coming again. I'm to have more, Daddy, more, when these are gone!" She breathed a great sigh of content, and dropped her head on her father's shoulder, with one hand reached out to touch the roses.

Saunders laid his face against her hair. Something sweet and holy crept into his heart as he listened to the loved voice. The world grew warm again, and bright and friendly.

Baby twisted her head around presently, to look at him. "Why, Daddy!" she said, "you's cryin'!"

Saunders caught her closer in his arms. "No, sweetheart; but Daddy's glad, because they've been good to his little girl."

Always on a Saturday night, it was Baby's pleasure to open the salary envelope, and to smooth and count the bills, with a funny, anxious face lest any be missing. So to-night, when they had had their supper, she settled herself in Saundar's lap, and felt in his pocket for the stout little envelope. Then she snipped off the end with the scissors—

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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

"Why, it's different, Daddy," she said, suddenly. "There's something—another little envelope—inside."

Sure enough there was. It bore a Christmas greeting, and it held a ten-dollar gold piece.

That night after the child was asleep, Saunders slipped away into the busiest of the bright streets. He bought another rose tree, that might have been a twin to the lost one. Then he chose the warmest, brightest of little frocks, and the softest, coziest of little shoes—till it seemed not the same Saunders at all who climbed the dark stairs with his arms full of bundles, and crept in softly lest the child should hear.

So after all there stood in the middle of the Christmas breakfast table the neatest of little rose trees with blossoms of softest, most delicate pink, and Baby, as she hovered about it, was sure that the flowers nodded and smiled at her, and as she leaned to look closer, she heard—though perhaps it was just a fancy—wee, sweet voices calling: "Merry Christmas, little maid!"

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TOMMY AND GRIZEL

J. M. BARRIE has recently completed the novel upon which he has been at work for several years. It will be published in **Scribner's Magazine**, beginning with the first issue of the new volume (the **January Scribner**)—illustrated by PARTRIDGE.

TOMMY AND GRIZEL

is not merely Barrie's latest novel. It is his masterpiece. It is one of the greatest works of fiction of late years.

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"Sentimental Tommy," etc.

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Growth of Women's Interests

AT the recent meeting of the Canadian Historical Association, Gilbert Parker, the novelist, spoke as follows: "The world is bound to profit by the broadening life of the woman of to-day. We men are bound to profit, because through the gentle professions of wifehood and motherhood, through their children, their brothers, their fathers, their living energies find other spheres. It was foreordained that the sensitive genius of woman, and particularly the woman of this country, and the sister country at our side, with her keen intelligence, her wisdom, and her interest in all affairs of life, should not by agitation, not by revolution, but by natural inheritance, and the eternal fitness of things, come into her own in good time—and that good time is the end of the century. But I will not stop to consider and compare the position of woman at the end of the last century and now.

"I have said that the home would be benefitted, and is benefitted, by the larger share of woman in the practical, as well as in the finer, concerns of life, but man himself is benefitted. If fear has existed that woman would be unsexed by her participation in public affairs, those fears are conclusively proved to be groundless in this country at least. Man has had too much to do in the world, and sometimes he has done it ill. He has taken to himself every department of public affairs, every concern of public institution, and has administered it according to his own mind. Time was when the work of charities was solely administered by man, when education was entirely

in his hands, when all municipal affairs were under his governance. It is not unnatural, perhaps, that he somewhat distrusted woman's power of organization, administration, and government; but in that distrust he discredited himself. Woman had had the advantage of his companionship; an instructive acquaintance for ages; he had invariably discussed before her the great things he was doing, and how he was doing them. Surely, it seems but natural that woman should at least have the capacity to understand the meaning of administration, the organization of affairs, and the true meaning of the issues that affected the life of the country. In the natural course of things, there must always be some limitations to woman's participation in public affairs, but not to her sympathy, and when her capacities are exercised as far as the limit of her opportunities goes, and her sympathies exercised as far as our human aspirations, hopes, labors, and achievements go, we have a new power added to the old power, we have woman helping in the world, and woman blessing us in the home."
—*Toronto Globe.*

The Horse in Battle

A VETERAN calvary horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out, he will tremble and sweat, and grow apprehensive. If he has been six months in service he knows every bugle call. As the call

comes to advance the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to get on faster than he should or bolt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward, and after a minute he will grip, lay back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst, and have done with it as soon as possible.

A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with a horse. Five troopers out of six, when struck with a bullet, are out of their saddles within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder, up go their hands, and they get a heavy fall; if in the leg or foot or arm, they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot cut off by a jagged piece of shell, a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head or heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but hobbles out of the fight to right or left, and stands with drooping head until the loss of blood brings him down. The horse that loses his rider and is unwounded himself, will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but he will not leave the field. In his racing about, he may get among the dead and wounded, but he will dodge them if possible, and, in any case, leap over them. When he has come upon three or four other riderless steeds, they fall in and keep together, as if for mutual protection, and the "rally" of the bugle may bring the whole of them into rank in a body.—*Buffalo Horse World.*

Children's Hour

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's hour.

Virginia's Air Castle

A SEQUEL TO "THE GIRLS OF ST. DOROTHY"

BY IZOLA L. FORRESTER

(All rights reserved)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE roads were in too rough shape from Ottawa to the lake shore during the six weeks that followed for any work to be done at Bonnie Castle, but there were many meetings held at the Rookery and up in the nest, and Eleanor's plan was steadily approaching reality. Tony had told the boys all about it, with the help of Madge and Mollie, and they had willingly agreed to enter into partnership with the S. D. S.

The money raising threatened to be a serious proposition, but Dave and Art. gave excursions on the iceboat every afternoon after school, at five cents fare, and soon had a tidy little sum that formed the nucleus of the Bonnie Castle fund. Jerry and Bobbie puzzled for a week over their share in the work, and finally decided to edit a paper. It was a great paper, that rival to the *Daily Sentinel*, and strange items appeared in it. They called it the *Comet*, and Bobbie painted on the top of each copy, a flaming, scared looking comet, with a tail like a fiery serpent, and underneath was a bit of poetry, modestly signed J. E.:

"I am a Comet of burning light,
And though you see me, I'm out of sight.
The S. D. S. keep up my fire,
And my motto is one that meaneth higher."

For fear that the last line might be a trifle vague, Bobbie painted a crown on the comet's head, and on it was written "Excelsior."

"That is great, really great," Bobbie said the day of the first edition, as he studied the design critically. "Jerry, I think you ought to be a poet instead of an inventor."

"I rather think it is more in my line," returned Jerry modestly, as he sat on the edge of the table and chewed his pencil. "But one never knows what they can do until they try."

The *Comet* appeared twice a week, and sold for five cents a copy. It was printed up in Jerry's room on a comical little hand press which the boys rigged up themselves, and about twenty copies were sold. The editorials were especially clever, particularly in their delicate little allusions to the members of the two clubs. One that thrilled the reading public and increased the circulation, read as follows:

"Few people realize the lofty cause in the interest of which the *Comet* is published. The editors have great trust in the public, and feel confident that if they fully understood, the subscription list would be swelled to its utmost limit (which is fifty copies, as the press gives out, likewise the muscles of the editor-in-chief). The *Comet* represents the union of two important organizations of our honored city.

"Behold, how good and excellent a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

"True, but far more excellent and difficult a thing is it for brethren and sistren to dwell together in unity. Therefore the *Comet* is the herald of a great harmonic

union of rival forces, and the work which has been fully explained in these columns (see last issue, price five cents, for sale by all newsdealers), is one of the vast possibilities and high ideals. All money received by the *Comet* goes into this laudable enterprise, presided over by our esteemed fellow-clubbers, Miss Virginia Hardy and Miss Eleanor Edsall. Any person desirous of contributing to this glorious cause, send for three months' subscription to the *Comet*, and receive special original design by B. C., of comet and poetry (see heading on front page) free as premium. This offer will only last a limited time, unless some kind friend donates some red paint."

The kind friend must have responded, for both premium and paper flourished, and the other boys called Jerry and Bobbie, "Professor."

Among the girls, the task of raising their share took various forms. Laura made tissue paper flowers, and decorated the town with her squash blossoms and sweet peas. Evelyn and Eleanor made a dainty set of embroidered doilies, and had a raffle, that was advertised extensively by the *Comet*, and netted five dollars.

Mollie and Madge plunged into the candy-making business, and such coconut bars and chocolate fudges as they disposed of! Mr. Hardy was very fond of old-fashioned molasses candy, and purchased it from the girls in such alarming quantities that Virginia was startled, until she discovered a hidden hoard in his best Japanese tobacco bowl.

Altogether, by the end of April, Mollie announced that there were fifty dollars in the treasury, the fruit of two months' work, and Mr. Hardy said he would give them fifty more if they would not bother him again during the summer. A delegation, consisting of Dave, Eleanor, Jerry, and Mollie, called on old Dr. Sanford, and asked him to give his services free at Bonnie Castle, and the doctor laughed a little and scolded a little, and at last he said he would look after the broken bones.

The next step was to have a talk with Mr. Stanley, and Virginia and Madge drove down to the rectory in the trap one spring day, to settle this part of the work.

Rumors of the proposed home had evidently reached the rector, for he smiled encouragingly when they told their errand.

"And you wish me to tell you how to get the waifs?" he asked thoughtfully. "You will have a little trouble there, girls. I am afraid the only trouble will be, there will be too many for Bonnie Castle to hold. But at all events it is a splendid work, and I am very proud of my Sisterhood. Now the best and surest way for you to do is to write to Dr. Atwood who is the head of the mission work in Chicago, telling him just what you want to do, and that if he will find the waifs, you will come across the lake for them."

The letter was promptly written to Dr. Atwood, and the reply was most encouraging to the two clubs. He was delighted with the offer to take ten children a week from the great, hot city to pretty Bonnie Castle, and he promised his hearty assistance.

"That's all there is to do now," Madge said, when the letter had been read in open meeting at the Rookery, except to go ahead and fix up the cottage for the children, and we can do that any time during May or June. Have you got a tent yet, Jerry?"

"We've got three," answered Jerry, "and



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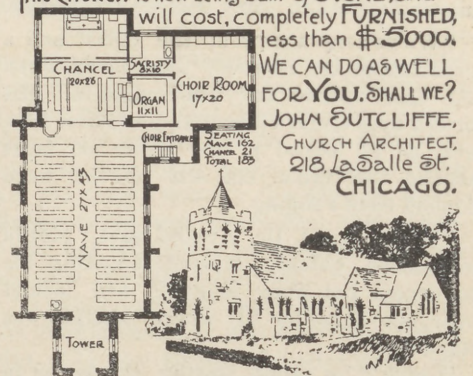
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extra boats and rods, and everything. The Excelsiors are doing nobly."

"See last issue of the *Comet*," murmured Bobbie, "price five cents. For sale by all newsdealers."

"You know where the head of the glen is, Nell," said Jerry, ignoring his fellow-editor. "Well, we're going to camp just around that curve, so the bluff will keep the winds off us when a nor'easter sweeps over the lake. That is a little below the Castle, but only down the glen, and there is the very place for three tents and our boats. And Tony says—where is Tony, by the way. It's after four."

"He went to the postoffice," answered Mollie. "I saw him on Main street when I was on my wheel a while ago."

Madge turned away from the group around the long table in the sitting room at the Rookery, and stood by the window where she could watch the road leading to the centre of the town. She knew why Tony had gone to the postoffice, instead of hurrying on with the rest of the boys to have a good time. The last letter from Florida had been rather a sad one. There was to be a final consultation of physicians, Mrs. Ferrall wrote, and their word would mean that either she could return home, or else remain South until another fall.

The merry, laughing voices in the centre of the room seemed far away and strange as she leaned her head out of the open window, to watch and wait. All at once some one came running toward the Rookery, and when she waved her hand, a cap was waved back and a letter too, and Madge drew back her head with a queer feeling of uncertainty when Tony entered the garden.

"We've sent a copy of the *Comet* and a premium to Dr. Atwood," said Jerry, when the door opened and Tony came in. His brown eyes seemed larger and brighter than ever as he looked at the circle of faces around the table, and his cheeks were flushed from running.

"It's all right, Dr. Atwood says," Mollie announced quickly, misunderstanding his eagerness, but Tony laughed, and looked over her shoulder to where Madge was standing.

"Catch!" he called, tossing the letter to her outstretched hands. "Mother is coming home."

(To be continued.)

In Old St. Andrew's

BY EMILIA ELLIOTT

THE wide hall was littered with Christmas greens and merry with the sound of young voices. From the broad side window—across the snow-covered lawn—was a view of a little gray stone church, ivy-covered and quaint, its windows vivid now in the afternoon sunlight. Mrs. Clyde stood by the window, looking out. There was a far-away look in her eyes that Betty, coming for advice concerning a star she was making, was quick to notice. "Grandmother, what are you thinking about?" she asked, and her question caught the attention of the other children.

"What are you seeing, rather?" Helen, the eldest of the grandchildren, asked.

Grandmother's eyes deepened, as she said slowly: "The first St. Andrew's, Helen, as it looked one snowy day before Christmas, in the year 1778."

"One hundred and twenty years ago," Jack interpolated.

"Hush!" whispered Helen. "Go on, grandmother, please."

"It was a plain, little wooden building then, standing, as our St. Andrew's does, in the same yard, snow-covered then, as now, the sunset rays falling on the tiny window panes, turning them into deeper, more wondrous colors than any stained glass ones could show. On the steps, a great bunch of evergreen in her arms, stood a rosy-cheeked little lass, of the age of Betty, watching a group of snow birds gathered about the crumbs she had scattered that afternoon."

Mrs. Clyde stopped speaking; but the children who had gathered around her with eager faces, were quick to respond.

"Who was she, grandmother?" Hal asked.

"Is there a story?" Betty questioned.

"She was your great-great-grandmother Elizabeth, Hal; yes, there's a story, though a very simple one, Betty."

"Little Betty whose father was the first rector of St. Andrew's?" Helen asked.

"Yes, dear."

"Tell us about her," Betty asked eagerly.

"Was she really thirteen, my age, and were the evergreens for St. Andrew's? Did she love it as we do our St. Andrew's?"

"It's the same church, isn't it, grandmother?" Jack questioned.

"I always feel so, Jack. Yes, little Betty of long ago loved it very dearly, so dearly, that I think sometimes that that love of hers has come steadily down through all these years. For, though after several changes from fathers to sons, it passed into strangers' care, as a family, we have always had it in remembrance, and when, fifty years ago, the original church was burned to the ground, my father had this one built at once, in the same place and following the old plan, save that stone was used instead of timber."

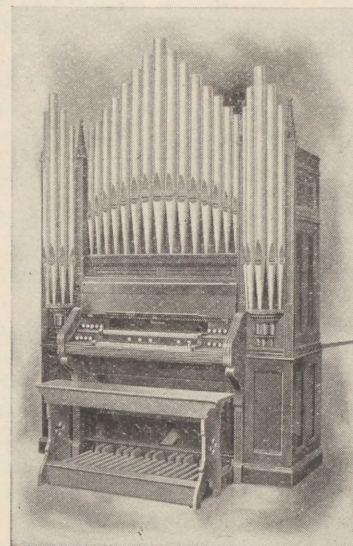
"Is that the reason you were so glad when papa came here to be rector?" Betty asked.

"One of the reasons, dear."

"Tell us the story, grandmother, dear," Jack urged. "There'll just be time before

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tea to hear it and finish these trimmings at the same time."

So, while the children with busy fingers made ready the Christmas decorations for the St. Andrew's of to-day, Mrs. Clyde came to tell them of the more stirring events that had happened about the little church, one hundred and twenty years before.

"It had been a bitterly cold day," grandmother began, "and Elizabeth, or Betty, as she was always called, as she stood on the church porch watching the snow-birds at their meal, thought of the brave men in the army, and wished for their sakes that the long winter was over. For herself, the winter days were full of pleasure, or had been before these days of war and trouble, but especially did she love the Christmas season. Betty's father was far away, serving bravely; indeed, the little village was quite deserted by all save women and children, except for the little home guards and to-day these self-appointed young soldiers were away, drawn by the attraction a small company of men, commanded by Capt. Harlowe, and encamped some ten or fifteen miles away, had for them. But so famed in escaping from all the terrors of war had the little town been, that it had become quite bold and fearless.

"Still Betty often thought about, and dreaded the coming of, the enemy, and, amidst all the misery and trouble that would follow, the harm that might happen to her beloved St. Andrew's was uppermost in her mind. In her father's absence, Betty had a strange feeling of responsibility for it.

"Presently she turned to go in; it was growing late and there was much to be done. There could be no services held tomorrow; but the church must have its Christmas dressing of evergreen and holly. There would be many of the village folk who would come during the day to think about, and pray for, loved ones, in the quiet church.

"Betty's entrance was greeted merrily by three little maids at work around a heap of green in the space before the chancel. 'Verily we thought thou wert ne'er coming,' Prudence Marlowe said.

"Reggy needed help about the dinner, my mother hath gone to bed, ill with headache," Betty explained.

"Art going to give the 'poor dinner' as usual?" Polly Arnold asked.

"Methinks 'tis no time for feasting," Melissa Arnold said gravely.

"Not for ourselves, and alas, 'tis far from a feast this year; but at Christmas to make the poor and little children even a little happy, cannot be wrong." As Betty ended, the church door was thrown violently open, and a lad almost staggered in. "The enemy," he cried, "where be the parson?"

"The four young girls started forward in fear and surprise. 'Art sure?' Melissa asked.

"Aye. I o'erheard a parcel of them talking in our woods; they are creeping up; there be some riding ahead. I near ran into them but now, and got a shot in the leg as I slipped by on my pretty Bell. She threw me just below, and I thought my game was up. Thou must hide me, and get word to Capt. Harlowe. 'Tis no further I can go.'

"Prudence had run to the door. 'They are coming,' she cried, closing the door quickly.

"Betty turned to the frightened, breathless lad. 'Into the pew there,' she said, 'down on the floor; protect thy face; now,

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Polly, thy help here.' A moment later a mass of evergreen filled the pew and strayed out into the aisle. 'Now to our work,' Betty said, as steps sounded on the porch without. The next moment a trooper, entering the church, saw only four little maids busily engaged in hanging a Christmas wreath above one of the further windows. It was a pretty sight. The quiet church, filled with the last bright sunset rays, the evergreen and holly here and there; but prettiest of all was the group of lasses who, with bright eyes and flushed faces, were seemingly intent on their work. Involuntarily the man's hand went to his cap. Perhaps the sight reminded him of a little church in far-a-way England, where, doubtless when a lad he had often assisted in just such work. It may be Betty's face, when she turned, in its frame-work of dark hair roughened by her scarlet hood, which had fallen back, made him think of a little maid at home. At any rate, his voice was respectful enough as he asked: 'Hast seen aught of a country lad, wearing a red cap, my lass?'

"In a red cap? Surely not," Betty answered demurely. Poor Bob Harding's cap had been stolen by the wind in his flight.

"We have been too busy to think of lads," Prudence said.

"The man came nearer. 'How near is Capt. Harlowe's force?' There was a moment's silence. 'I must have an answer,' the trooper said more harshly. He was looking at Melissa who, never overbrave, was one shivering mass of fear at this near sight of one of the enemy. 'Fifteen miles, good sir,' she said. 'I beg thee to let us go in safety, there is none in this town to fight; naught but women and children, e'en the lads are away.'

"The man smiled grimly. 'All but the lad who passed us—where hath he gone?'

"Betty pushed forward. 'We are, not all cowards,' she said hotly; 'would'st have him, find him.'

"The trooper glanced about him—strode up and down the aisle, out into the tiny vestry, shaking his head at last: 'Not here'; then, his glance resting on the tall brass candlesticks on the altar, he stepped forward, reaching out his hands to take them. Betty was before him. The candlesticks had been brought from England, and were the pride of her heart; only that morning she had polished them until her arms ached. 'Would'st steal from the Lord's house?' she asked, her clear young voice full of scorn.

"The trooper hesitated. 'Tis the spoil of war,' he said.

"Thou could'st not do so base a thing,' Betty pleaded.

"As well I as another,' was the answer, as the man took the candlesticks and went briskly towards the door, outside of which five horsemen, wearing the enemy's colors, were drawn up. 'The lad is not here, but methinks he hath not gotten far,' the man said to his waiting companions. 'This young maid shall be our guide. But first fetch the key of this building, my maid; 'tis a pity thy companions shouldst not finish their task, and 'twould be well to guard against any interruption.'

"A moment later the church door was locked on the outside. There was little danger of the girls spreading the news or getting word to Capt. Harlowe now. Betty, they would keep an eye on. But wise Betty had her own plans made. Straight home she led them; through the kitchen, where Reggy toiled, and where the very atmosphere was redolent of good things. No fear now that her ruse would fail.

"Twenty minutes later Betty unlocked the church door. It was dark and cold inside. 'To thy homes,' she whispered, 'but perchance 'twere well for Bob to remain in hiding. I am off to tell Capt. Harlowe. Prudence, do thou keep watch o'er our brave Melissa, too ready-tongued.'

"The troopers?' Polly questioned.

"Feasting on Reggy's good things, like half-starved creatures. Verily I little

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thought our dainties would be so disposed of, but 'tis the means to an end. I have turned their horses loose and saddled my own Brownie.' Betty disappeared in the gathering darkness, and the rest, standing huddled in the church doorway, soon heard the rapid tread of horse feet on the frozen road beyond. Betty soon left the village behind and struck out into the open country. Her heart beat fast; often she glanced back, but she need fear no pursuers. The warm room, the well-cooked, substantial, and tempting dainties, the liquors she had brought up from the cellar, had had the desired effect upon the weary, hungry men.

"When, some time later, Capt. Harlowe, with Betty in place of honor at his side, rode with his men into the little village, he found six sleeping troopers ready to be made easy prisoners. He was just in time, however—the enemy had crept up. There was a short, sharp engagement just outside the village, then the enemy were driven back."

"And the candlesticks?" Jack asked, as Mrs. Clyde ended.

"That isn't all?" the Betty of to-day asked.

"All of my story, dear. I told you it was a simple one. The candlesticks, Jack—you saw them to-day on the altar of our St. Andrew's. They were easily recovered and returned to their place. Thanks to little Betty, St. Andrew's was unhurt."

"And the boy?" Helen questioned.

"Released when Capt. Harlowe came; and his wound, a slight flesh one, dressed. I presume he was rewarded for his services."

"I'm glad the church wasn't hurt," Betty said.

"So was little Betty, dear. Early Christmas morning she slipped in alone to finish dressing it, and then, as was her wont, sit awhile with folded hands in the still, solemn place; but this morning, before stealing to her favorite corner, Betty knelt before the altar with its Christmas trimmings, and repeated with deeper, truer feeling than ever before, the *Magnificat*."

"My soul doth magnify the Lord," Helen said softly, breaking the hush that had followed her grandmother's last words. "We'll remember her to-morrow evening, when we come to that, won't we Betty?"

"Yes, indeed," Betty answered.

QUEEN VICTORIA is very fond of her grandchildren, and their presence with her quite softens her heart toward all sorts of suitors in whom they take an interest. An amusing story, which illustrates this statement, is told by the London papers. One day not long ago the Queen, accompanied by her grandson's, the children of Prince Henry, of Battenburg, was driving out of the grounds of Balmoral Castle, when just outside the gate they encountered a man who had a dancing bear, in order to exhibit which he had been waylaying the royal carriage. The boys at once demanded the performance, and the Queen, somewhat against her own inclinations, caused the carriage to halt while the animal went through its paces. When the performance was over, the Queen sent her footman with a sovereign for the man, which she was surprised to see him refuse. Asked what he wanted, the man said: "I should like much better a certificate just showing that my bear has had the honor to dance before her Majesty." The Queen was not at all inclined to grant this somewhat presumptuous petition, but

one of her grandsons again intervened. "I don't see," he said, "why a bear should not have a royal patent. In Rome a horse was once appointed consul!" This display of schoolboy erudition delighted the aged Queen, but she wished to test his knowledge further. "Well, well," she said, "tell me the name of the emperor who committed this act of stupidity, and your bear shall have his royal certificate." "It was Caligula!" shouted the Prince. A servant ascertained the name of the bear-exhibitor, and that very evening a messenger brought him a document, sealed with the royal seal, which constituted him "bear-leader in ordinary to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India." This appointment has already resulted in large profit to the astute owner of the bear.

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"Father would never let his two daughters drink coffee, so until I was married I never learned to like it. When baby came, some of my lady friends advised me to take up tea and coffee, which I did, on their advice. Shortly after, I became extremely nervous, and my eyes began troubling me. This grew until I could neither read or sew and the inflammation and pain was great.

"Our good doctor was baffled, and advised a shaded room. For a month I lived in darkness. My appetite failed; yet to keep up, I still took the tea and coffee. Finally I went to visit in a family that used Postum Food Coffee instead of common coffee. I began to improve daily, and at the end of four weeks returned home, taking with me a package of Postum, and told the cook to prepare it for breakfast, but not one of us could drink the flat, insipid stuff, as served that morning.

"Suddenly we remembered poor Bridget could not read. I had the Postum prepared then according to directions, and found we could make it as well as my friend had. When the package gave out, it was so far from our ranch to the store, that we began to use some old-fashioned coffee we had in the house. At once my eyes began to inflame and pain. I naturally concluded that coffee was the cause of it; just why or how, no one could say, but I immediately discontinued the coffee, and as soon as some new Postum could be secured, began to use it again.

"This was four years ago, and since that time my eyes have given me no trouble but once; then I visited some friends, and rather than appear fussy, drank coffee whenever they did, anticipating no bad results, for my eyes had been strong so long; but in a day the head began to ache above the eyes, and the eyes became bloodshot, and before the end of the week were so bad I was obliged to go home. No temptation since has been enough to make me touch coffee, and whenever I find a listener I sing the praises of Postum Food Coffee. My father, who had been a coffee-user so many years, died while yet in his prime. 'Stomach and heart trouble,' the doctor said. Poisoned by coffee, I absolutely know. Mrs. Lena Austin, Placerville, Idaho."

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Finance and Commerce

SINCE a week ago additional trouble has come to Wall street. Thursday and Friday the market steadied on the better feeling in London on the rumors that the English forces at Ladysmith had been relieved by the joining of the troops advancing towards them for that purpose, but on Saturday came the astounding report of the serious reverses to the army under Gen. Bueller, from which so much had been expected. The shock threw London into a panic. Consols declined almost to par, and securities of every kind broke rapidly. Of course London was a heavy seller in Wall street. To a market which was at best but barely able to handle its own such a shock could have but one result. The whole list gave way, and the close was weak at about the lowest point of the day. These conditions serve to impress us with two important facts. First, that the principal money centres of the United States and Europe are not separate and independent, but constitute one financial world; that injury to one, means injury to that great whole, of which that one simply forms a part. By the same cause and effect what benefits one benefits all. This should give pause to the reckless confidence of those who are so ready to welcome, or at least excuse war between two neighboring nations by congratulating themselves that it will benefit us. It has never yet been made quite manifest how reducing the population and impoverishing the rest of the world, can put increased comforts and greater wealth into our own homes. The second fact made clear by existing conditions is, that in Wall street the general business prosperity of the country the past two years has bred a confidence so great that it has taken on its shoulders a load that threatens to crush it. The high water mark on the price of stocks was made almost a year ago. It culminated with transactions of 134 million shares in a single day on the N. Y. Stock Exchange. We said at that time that it was doubtful if this volume of transaction in a single day would again be reached by a dull market, and that without it those prices could not be maintained. But the speculative confidence, which made these prices, absorbed for the time a mass of securities vast in quantity, many of them most doubtful in quality, which the public now has foisted upon its shoulders, and with which through the street it is struggling. It is difficult to see from whence any permanent relief is to come. The general volume of the country's business is probably as large as it can at this time get to be. Earnings and profits are likely as great.

There is very little prospect of materially easier money. True, disbursements of interest in January will be the largest on record, but against that arises the prospects of large exports of gold which have already begun, about two million dollars having gone out last week. Exports of five leading articles for November were 15 million dollars less, or 20 per cent. less than last year. Bank discount in London remains at 6 per cent., and the trade is congratulating itself that it was not made 7 per cent. the past week. There is, however, a ray of hope in the indications that both the United Kingdom and Continental Europe, growing uneasy over the prospect of a long delay to the culmination of peace in South Africa, and apprehension of compensation which may grow out of the almost universal sympathy of other European countries with the Transvaal Republic, will buy more freely from this country of breadstuffs and provisions. At the moment there is a noticeable inclination on their part to do so. There is a better inquiry all around, and European markets have not been so ready to sympathize with declines here of late.

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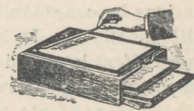
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