

VOL. XXII. No. 15

CHICAGO, AUG. 12, 1899



The Living Church

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A Weekly Record of the News, the Work, and the Thought of the Church



In the Woods, "The Point," Old Mission, Michigan

Educational

CONNECTICUT

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The 106th year will begin Tuesday, Sept. 12th, 1899. A Preparatory School of the highest order for College or for business. ERI DAVIDSON WOODBURY, M.A. Principal.



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Jacksonville, Ill.**

Send for illustrated catalogue to Joseph R. Harker, Ph. D., Pres.

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IOWA

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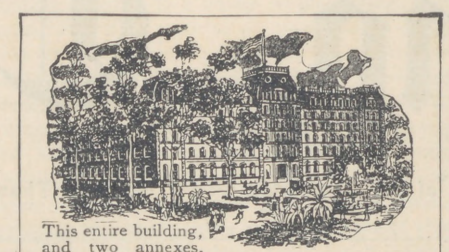
Educational

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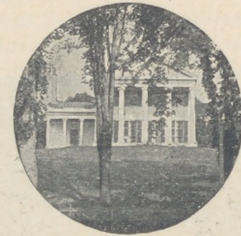


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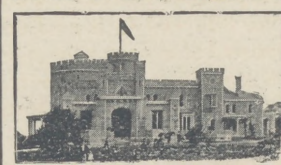
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NEW YORK—STATE

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Regular and special courses of study adapted to the pupil. Small classes. Individual attention. Special attention given to home, social, and religious life and training, and care of health. A personal visit of parents desired. For full particulars address, MISS CONRO, Principal.

Educational

NEW YORK STATE—Continued

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Warrenton, Va. The thirty-ninth session begins Sept. 21st, '99. Situated in Piedmont region of Va., on Southern R. R., 55 miles from Washington. Number limited. For catalogue address GEO. G. BUTLER, A.M., AND DAUGHTERS.

Episcopal High School of Virginia.

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WISCONSIN

Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wis.

A school for girls, under the care of the Sisters of St. Mary. The twenty-ninth year begins September 21, 1899. References: Rt. Rev. J. L. Nicholson, D.D., Milwaukee; Rt. Rev. W. E. McLaren, D.D., Chicago; Rt. Rev. Geo. F. Seymour, S.T.D., Springfield; David B. Lyman, Esq., Chicago; W. D. Kerfoot, Esq., Chicago. Address, THE SISTER SUPERIOR.

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The Living Church

Rev. Charles Wesley Leffingwell, Editor and Proprietor

Notes of the World's Progress

THE RECENT ANNOUNCEMENT of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, that all employes of the corporation over seventy years of age, or all in its service thirty years, will be retired on a pension, and that hereafter all employes in service that length of time may retire with assurances of support in declining years, marks an attitude of capital toward labor which is deserving of highest commendation. It may be argued against the plan that such a declaration will not encourage thrift, but such instances will be exceptional. Mature consideration on the part of directors and officials of the road leads to the conclusion that the adoption of the plan will bring the company and its employes into closer bonds of relationship, and establish a friendliness which will insure the acme of faithfulness in the performance of duty. Similar plans are being followed by other corporations, to the advantage of both employer and employe. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the matter of old age pensions is being agitated in Great Britain, and the time is not far distant when a Bill will be introduced in Parliament to lighten the shadows of declining years of those who have been faithful workers and good citizens of the community.

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MUCH NEWSPAPER COMMENT HAS been stirred up over the expatriation of William Waldorf Astor. For reasons best known to himself, the gentleman, for some years, has preferred England as his home, and recently relinquished all claims on this country by becoming a British subject. There is no question of the right of Mr. Astor to dispose of himself as he pleases, provided such action does not interfere with the rights of others, but his is not an inspiring patriotic example to the youth of the country, and consequently criticism of his action is adverse. So long as his motives are questioned, it is even to be wondered if he has earned the respect of those who are now his fellow-citizens.

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AT A MEETING OF BISHOPS AND elders of the African M. E. Church, held in Birmingham, Ala., last week, a plan proposed by Bishop Turner that the United States government be asked to appropriate one hundred million dollars to defray the expenses of deporting the colored people of the South "to some other country where they would be by themselves," was officially endorsed. It is hardly to be supposed that such an appropriation, a sum sufficient to build the Niagara canal, would ever be seriously considered by Congress, and it is quite improbable that the plan, even if carried out, would solve the race problem. The success of the Liberian experiment was not such as to encourage further colonization schemes. It is not surprising, in view of numerous lynchings, that negro leaders should bend their energies to devise a plan for the relief of their race, but deportation will not afford a solution.

IT IS REPORTED, ALTHOUGH NOT confirmed, that the Czar of Russia intends to call another conference of the Powers to discuss the situation in the Balkan States, and the condition of Armenian and Macedonian Christians who suffer under Turkish oppression. If the report be true, the Czar will deserve gratitude as a benefactor of mankind. Cables are in effect that the Sultan is much disturbed over the prospect of interference. The emancipation of Crete, although long delayed, was a step in the right direction, and may well be followed by united action in the direction of the Balkans. It would be a fitting act to mark the close of the century.

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THE OUTBREAK OF YELLOW FEVER which occurred at the Soldiers' Home, at Hampton, Va., is being kept from assuming more serious proportions, and the number of deaths has not been sufficiently great to create general alarm. The establishment of a rigid quarantine has prevented a spread of the disease. It has been ascertained to a reasonable certainty that the infection was brought from Cuba, which removes the fear that conditions in the south are ripe for an epidemic. That more cases are not reported in the south may be due to the thorough cleaning and scrubbing which Cuba has undergone, under supervision of American military officials.

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SOME DAILY PAPERS GAVE A GOOD deal of space last week to reports from Kansas and Nebraska, in effect that crops were being eaten up by grasshoppers, and this week telegraphic denials from the supposedly afflicted section of the country state that the damage will be insignificant. The truth of the matter is, that the agricultural west is in a most prosperous condition. Full crops last year were followed by a general lifting of mortgages, and this year the yield of wheat and corn promises a maximum. This prosperity is reflected in western business sections, where wholesale mercantile concerns and factories are enjoying trade such as has seldom been equalled.

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THE NECESSITY IN THE STATE OF Illinois of a law which would equitably distribute the tax burden, is amply borne out by the assessment which has just been concluded. Under the new law, every property owner is required to file a sworn schedule of his personal belongings. If he fails to do so, the assessors may fix the total valuation to the best of their ability, and add to this amount fifty per cent. as penalty. The assessment is published, and if it can be shown that schedules are falsely sworn to, prosecution for perjury may follow. In numerous instances every possible obstacle has been placed in the way of the assessors, and the board of review has in many cases raised schedules which were ridiculously low. The total amount of personal valuation last year in Chicago was \$21,000,000,

while under the new law it is \$62,000,000. It would seem that the occupation of the "tax fixer" is gone.

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THE PROPAGANDA OF THE MOR-MON Church is not being received with favor in the South. For some little time "apostles" from Salt Lake City have been actively at work in different sections seeking converts to their faith, and their proselyting has aroused an opposition which has taken the form of forcible antagonism. As there seems to be no legal way of restricting Mormon activity, emissaries of Mormonism have been advised that their health would be greatly benefited by change of scene and climate, and in some instances these warnings have been heeded. There have as yet, except in Alabama, been few cases of violence, but the temper of some Southern people being well known, discretion has been considered the better part of valor. The Governor of Alabama has promised to do all in his power to secure the arrest of mob leaders who assaulted two Mormon elders at the home of the Cunard family in Jasper county, when the lady of the house was shot.

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LOUIS F. COREA, NICARAGUAN charge d'affaires, has returned to Washington from a three months' visit in his own country, with credentials as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, and with authority to negotiate a treaty with the United States for the construction of the isthmian canal. It is reported that a strong annexation sentiment is growing in Nicaragua, shared by officials and members of the Nicaraguan congress. It is surmised that conferences of Mr. Corea with his government have brought about a change in sentiment, for it is not long since that the proposed transfer of private canal concessions to the United States government was vigorously opposed.

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THE NEW TRIAL OF CAPTAIN AL-fred Dreyfus has begun, and the world is now awaiting its outcome with interest, not because a man is on trial who has distinguished himself greatly or performed acts which have endeared him, but because of an innate love of justice, and to see the honor of the French nation rise above military and official intrigue. In the light of revelations since his former conviction, there can be little question of his innocence, but his acquittal will be a virtual indictment of those in high places who conspired to convict the man chiefly because of his race and religion. It is for this reason that energy is being bent to secure another conviction, and a feeling fermented against the prisoner that acquittal will mean dishonor to the army. Exposure of corruption of a clique of officials will by no means signify dishonor of the army, and in all likelihood those working hardest for conviction are most apt to be besmirched by an acquittal. It is to be hoped justice will triumph.

The News of the Church

New York

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

A new organ, costing about \$4,000, is nearly completed, and will soon be placed in position in the crypt chapel of the cathedral of St. John the Divine.

At St. Chrysostom's chapel, the burial service has just been held of Mr. Gideon J. Tucker, formerly Secretary of State of this commonwealth. The Rev. Canon Knowles officiated.

St. Simeon's mission church, Melrose, borough of the Bronx, Greater New York, has so increased its congregation that it has been obliged to enlarge its present accommodations.

St. Mary's church, Beechwood, has come under the temporary charge of the Rev. S. G. S. Weills, chaplain of Sing Sing prison, during the absence of the rector, the Rev. Thomas R. Harris, D.D.

The board of trustees of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, has sold part of its land, comprising 130 acres called "Blithewood," to a member of the Church Club, Mr. Andrew C. Zabriskie, of New York, for \$45,000. This will much aid the funds of the college.

At the floating church of Our Saviour, of the Seamen's Mission Society, the missionary, the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, has just returned from his vacation, and taken up active work again. During his absence services among the sailors were in charge of the Rev. F. J. C. Moran.

Sunday Services Omitted

At St. Mark's church, no services will be held during August. The new rector, the Rev. Lor-ing W. Batten, Ph.D., will enter upon his duties the first Sunday in September.

In Aid of Newsboys

The Rev. James LeBaron Johnson, one of the curates of Grace church, made an address at a meeting just held at the Central Hotel, in connection with a movement intended to better the condition of the newsboys of New York, now engaged in a strike against certain newspapers.

Sermon on Christian Science

At Trinity church, Mt. Vernon, the rector, the Rev. S. T. Graham, preached a special sermon, Sunday, July 30th, taking for his subject, "Christian Science positively anti-Christian." The sermon was preached in answer to popular inquiries made by parishioners and others, regarding the real position of Christian Science.

Farewell Sermon at St. Mark's

The rector of St. Mark's church—Washington Irving memorial—North Tarrytown, the Rev. Arnold H. Redding, preached his farewell sermon, Sunday, July 30th, and also preached a farewell sermon the same day at the Worthington memorial chapel, Elmsford, of which he has been in charge for the past three years. He sailed for Europe Aug. 5th, to be gone two months.

New Mission at Ardsley

The new mission at Ardsley has made a prosperous start. A large store has been fitted up as a chapel, with a chancel, vestry room, and other furnishings, and given the name of St. Paul's chapel. The Rev. R. M. Berkeley, rector of Zion church, Dobbs Ferry, has charge of the work, and is being assisted during the summer months by Mr. Lawrence, a theological student. Services have been regularly begun.

Special Addresses at St. Mary's

At St. Mary's church, Mott Haven, the Rev. Joseph Reynolds, the rector, has during his vacation placed the services in the charge of the Rev. Wm. L. Evans, who has begun a special course of addresses on Sunday school work, with the topics: "Fundamental principles of education as applied to Sunday school work";

"The Sunday school—what is it?" "The peace and work of the Sunday school in the Church's system"; "Class teaching, and how to manage a class"; "The lesson, how to prepare it and how to give it"; "Address to teachers and parents."

To Settle Labor Troubles

Bishop Potter has informed leading members of the Social Reform Club that he is now prepared to take up the task of organizing a permanent council of mediation and conciliation, with the purpose of preventing strikes by the employes of surface railways in New York city. The Bishop has long contemplated taking this important step, and for want of something of the sort, found himself in an awkward position during the recent serious troubles in the street railway strikes, which affected wide territory and large numbers of people in Greater New York. He was then requested by the strikers to arbitrate in their behalf, but felt that such effort would be almost sure of failure, on account of the attitude of the capitalists, and was on the point of communicating to the principal newspapers, with a view to creating a healthy public opinion, when the strike suddenly came to an end. The Bishop, President Seth Low, of Columbia University, and Mr. Felix Adler are the three men who have heretofore been selected by contending parties as arbitrators, and all are prominent on the present Board of Mediation and Conciliation, which was originally organized in connection with the Church Association for Advancing the Interests of Labor, and the experience of these men, and of this general board, has been that it is impracticable to offer services of arbitration during strikes, except at the request of both the parties concerned. The new council which Bishop Potter is to organize particularly for the street railway interests, is to consist of representatives of the different railway employes' unions, together with the presidents of all the railway companies. His purpose is, on the one hand, to prevent the inconvenience to the public which is always attendant upon a strike in transit service of a great city, and equally, on the other hand, to prevent suffering to strikers and their families. He also aims at bringing to knowledge such grievances on the part of employes as have a basis in justice, and to induce employes to treat these in a spirit of fairness, and thus save the loss of income entailed by the stoppage of traffic. The Bishop has arranged his organization and its methods of procedure along the lines of movements of the same character which have already achieved success in temporary efforts. The Bishop is president of the New York Council of Mediation and Conciliation, which is already in organic relation with many leading employers, professional men, and labor representatives, and has exceptional means for drawing together adverse elements of the community, for the securing of a common purpose in the public interests.

Pennsylvania

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

Archdeacon and Mrs. C. T. Brady who have a cottage at Cape May this season, returned to Philadelphia on the 1st inst., and on the following day started for a three weeks' trip to Minnesota, and will thence return to the seashore.

Improvements at Zion Church, Philadelphia

Are being made at a cost of about \$4,500. New pews will replace the old ones; the interior is to be frescoed; cathedral glass for the windows and electric lighting are to be introduced.

A Thoughtful, Kindly Act

A wealthy Philadelphia layman has performed an act which recalls the palmy days of Jay Cooke. This summer he instructed a confidential agent to find a certain number of the most hardworked and poorly paid clergymen in

town, and supplied the means of providing for the services, while these clergymen take a rest during the month of August.

Death of Joseph Longstreth

A telegram was received in Philadelphia on the 29th ult., announcing the death the previous day, at Para, Brazil, of Joseph Longstreth, a prominent Germantown Churchman, aged 35 years. Though possessed of a strong constitution, he succumbed to yellow fever. A requiem celebration of the Holy Eucharist in his memory, was offered at St. Luke's church, Germantown, on Tuesday morning, 1st inst., which was attended by his many relatives and friends. The rector, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Upjohn, officiated.

Resignation of the Rev. O. S. Michael

The Rev. Oscar S. Michael, vicar of Epiphany chapel, Philadelphia, has tendered his resignation to the vestry of St. Luke's and Epiphany, to take effect about Sept. 1st. As his vacation began on the 1st inst., he preached his farewell discourse on Sunday, 30th ult. After the Holy Communion service, a committee, on behalf of the congregation presented Mr. Michael with a substantial gift, as a direct expression of their esteem and regard, and for the praiseworthy manner in which he had discharged his duties during his three years' service.

A Hospital's Year

In the ninth annual report of the board of managers of St. Timothy's Memorial Hospital and House of Mercy, Roxboro', Philadelphia, acknowledgment is made of the generosity of the public in subscribing \$13,000 to pay off the indebtedness on the new ward. During the year, 1,535 cases were admitted, and, including those remaining from last year, 1,608 were treated. Of these, 1,467 were discharged cured, 25 improved, and 35 died. The receipts for the year, including balance of \$1,124.31 from last year, were \$29,216.48; present balance, \$1,356.14.

A Rector's Farewell

The Rev. C. Campbell Walker, for the past seven years rector of Zion church, Philadelphia, delivered his farewell sermon on Sunday morning, 30th ult., to a crowded congregation. On Monday evening, 31st ult., the parishioners tendered him a farewell reception, and a handsome gold watch was presented to their late rector. Mr. Walker is a graduate of Oxford University, England. He received Holy Orders from the Lord Bishop of Rochester, and after laboring for some years in London, went to Australia, where he engaged in missionary work, remaining there until 1891, when he came to the United States.

Lenten Sunday School Offering of 1899

The Rev. Dr. Herman L. Duhring, of Philadelphia, who traveled extensively last winter on behalf of the Lenten offering of the Sunday schools in the United States, has just heard from New York that the amount received to July 1st, from 3,016 schools, was \$85,146.50, a gain of \$5,375 and 76 schools over the same date last year. During July, over \$1,000 was received from 36 schools, making the total to Aug. 1st, \$86,148.50 from 3,052 schools. Judging by last year, it is hoped that another thousand dollars will be received by Sept. 1st. The Lenten offering for 1899 thus becomes memorable, as being the largest amount ever raised by the children of the Church, in any Lenten season; and more schools have participated than ever before in this special systematic effort to support the domestic and foreign missionary work of the Church. The total offering comes closer than ever before to the \$100,000 mark, which certainly will be reached in 1900, if this same increase continues. Of the total, \$86,148.50, the single diocese of Pennsylvania contributed \$15,917.11—as was printed in THE LIVING CHURCH of May 13th—or nearly 18½ per cent.

Dallas

Alexander Chas. Garrett, D.D., LL.D., Bishop
Consecration of St. Paul's

The edifice of St. Paul's mission, Greenville, was consecrated on Sunday, July 30th, by Bishop Garrett, assisted by the priest in-charge, the Rev. J. Orson Miller. The Bishop preached the sermon, and administered the rite of Confirmation to five persons. This is the second presentation this year, and the third visitation on the part of the Bishop. The mission is at present enjoying a very satisfactory and permanent growth, and a bright future seems to await the Church in this place. The priest-in-charge, who is stationed at McKinney, conducts divine service here the second and fifth Sundays of every month, and is often present to take charge of the Wednesday evening service. A very enthusiastic and competent lay-reader reads Morning Prayer every Sunday, and it is to his efforts and those of his wife that much credit is and should be given. The Sunday school is under the care of an efficient superintendent. The church, which is a beautiful frame building, neatly and completely furnished, was erected some three years ago. The people now contemplate the erection of a suitable rectory, with the view of calling a permanent rector in the near future. The ladies' guild, which is a faithful and earnest body, promises \$200 a year towards his stipend. Greenville is a railroad centre, and many people here looking for "the Church" will find the same in St. Paul's mission.

Ohio

Wm. Andrew Leonard, D.D., Bishop

Retirement of Rev. Thos. Lyle

The Rev. Thos. Lyle, on account of impaired health and advancing age, resigned the charge of the church of the Holy Spirit, Cleveland, on June 1st. He was elected by the vestry rector *emeritus* of the parish, and the Rev. Dr. A. C. Jones, of Wellsville, was chosen to fill the vacant rectorship. Mr. Lyle's ministry in Cleveland reaches back over 30 years of faithful service at St. Paul's, East Cleveland, at the church of the Good Shepherd, and, latterly, at the church of the Holy Spirit. He has been in the ministry of the Church between 40 and 50 years, and is beloved and honored by all who know him.

Work of the Rev. W. T. Smith

The Rev. Wemyss T. Smith has resigned the charge of the church of the Good Shepherd, the resignation to take effect Sept. 1st, after which he will have a month's vacation. He has received a call to St. John's church, Ft. Smith, Ark. Mr. Smith has also had charge of the church of the Incarnation, Glenville, a mission which has grown and strengthened so much under his care that it now expects to become a separate parish and have a rector of its own.

Springfield

Geo. F. Seymour, S.T.D., LL.D., Bishop
Chas. R. Hale, D.D., Bishop-coadjutor

The Bishop of Springfield has addressed the following letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese:

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS.
BISHOP'S HOUSE, Aug 7, 1899.

DEAR BROTHER:

It is with sincere sorrow for ourselves, and sympathy for him, that I communicate to you the information, that owing to impaired health our beloved coadjutor, acting under medical advice, has gone for a year's rest to Europe.

There is a serious trouble with the heart, which is a menace to his precious life. May I ask you, dear brethren, to remember our brother bishop in your prayers in private, and from time to time, as you may deem fitting, request your flocks to join you in intercession to God on his behalf, in the public services of the Church.

In view of the fact that the care of the whole diocese will revert to me during the coming year, from the present month until October, 1900, may I ask you to help me, as far as you can, in the discharge of my added duties?

This assistance you can most effectually give me by fixing upon the time, within, say, the limits of a month, when you desire a visitation, and communicating your wishes to me at as early a date as practicable.

The doing this will enable me to arrange and systematize my work, so that I can do the most with the least expenditure of time and travel.

I beg to assure my brethren, clerical and lay, in the southern half of the diocese, that my increased labors will receive more than a compensation in the pleasure which it will afford me to meet them again in their homes and the Church. The shadow of our sorrow for Bishop Hale's enforced absence will be more than counterbalanced by the hope of his speedy return to us, permanently restored in health of body and vigor of mind.

Commending you to the grace of God, I remain, with sincere affection, faithfully yours,

GEORGE F. SEYMOUR,

Bishop of Springfield.

Minnesota

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

A Growing Parish

The parish of the Holy Cross, Dundas, is an example of what may be done in a small town by a faithful and wise clergyman. In a few years the congregations have greatly increased, the communicant roll has quadrupled in number, and the best country choir known to the writer has been built up. On Sunday last, the feast of the Transfiguration, there were two notable musical services, with the aid of a little imported help, the local choir of boys and girls and a few women rendered the services as correctly, as nobly, and as impressively as one could wish to hear. In the evening the service was full choral, nothing was lacking except men's voices, and yet, notwithstanding this lack, the volume and fullness of sound were greater than one would have imagined. The drill had been perfect, and the singing was all that could be desired. The church, a beautiful gothic structure in stone, is small, the chancel small even in proportion to the size of the church. The choir floor has been extended well out into the nave, so as to accommodate the large vested choir. The rector, the Rev. Edward Moyses, finds the vestry room too small, and feels that a choir room is a necessity. He already has some money for this purpose, and hopes to raise funds sufficient to bear the expense of alterations.

Southern Florida

Wm. Crane Gray, D.D., Bishop

Bishop W. C. Gray and the Rev. Henry W. Little, missionary of Volusia, made a brief trip through the district, on July 21st and 22d. Confirmations were held at Orange City and New Smyrna, and the hearty addresses delivered, and practical sympathy shown by the Bishop for the work of the Church in these new centres, were much appreciated. The Bishop was the guest of the missionary and Mrs. Little at the new parsonage, in De Land, where the parish of St. Barnabas has just completed the purchase of this valuable property as a residence for their clergyman and his family. The Bishop confirmed a large class at Holy Cross, Sanford, on Sunday, the 24th.

Georgia

Cleland Kinlock Nelson, D.D., Bishop

A New Church in Sparta

Twenty years ago a lot was purchased, with the expectation of building a church, the lack of which has caused Church work in Sparta to be very feeble. A new edifice for the parish of the Ascension is now in course of construction. A new church has just been erected at Eatonton, and has been called All Angels, in consideration of the fact that it was greatly aided in its erection by the Sunday school of All Angels' church, New York city.

Louisiana

Davis Sessums D.D., Bishop

The Louisiana Chautauqua

Is located in Ruston. Quite a number of eminent persons attended its last session, just closed, among them the Rev. Dr. Warner, of Trinity Church, New Orleans. Dr. Warner was the recipient of many compliments for his educational lectures delivered at the session this year.

Mission Organized at Crowley

The Rev. Mr. Boberg, lately admitted into the diaconate, has organized a mission at Crowley, under the name of Trinity. Mr. P. S. Pugh has taken charge of the Sunday school, while the Rev. Mr. Slack administers the Holy Communion when practicable. It is reported a building site has been secured for a church while several hundred dollars are in bank with which to begin to build.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Lake Charles

This is vacant, through the removal of the Rev. J. H. Spearing to Shreveport. The Rev. Mr. Boberg, a deacon, has temporary charge and is holding the life of the parish well together until a priest shall be secured.

East Carolina

Alfred Augustin Watson, D.D., Bishop

The 69th meeting of the convocation of Edonton took place July 28, in St. John's church, Pitt Co. The subject for the essay was "The need of a new canon on convocations," and the essayist, the Rev. N. C. Hughes; extempore speaker, the Rev. G. M. Tolson. Sermons were preached by the Rev. Messrs. Francis Joyner, T. B. Ticknor, R. B. Drane.

Church Training and Deaconess House

OF THE DIOCESE OF PENNSYLVANIA

It would be difficult to find a more desirable location for this work than this large, old-fashioned house at 708 Spruce st. Bordering on the worst quarter of the city, it is yet in a good neighborhood, near the depots and the Church House; and gives easy access to the mission work in the factory district of Kensington, and among the foreign population nearer the school. Three days in the week are spent by the students in this district work, under careful personal supervision. Three days more are given to study under the direction of an experienced faculty. One day in seven the student has at her own disposal.

The service held in the school chapel, on the last Wednesday in May, marked the close of a happy and prosperous year. The school, which accommodates 20 boarders, had been full. After their final term of ten weeks in the hospital, a class of eight hope to graduate in October, and of these, three expect to become deaconesses at once. In his farewell address, the Bishop alluded to the fact that several of their number would have gone to the mission field before the pupils re-assembled in October. Two of these, Miss Neely and Miss Wall, go to Japan in September with the largest party of missionaries ever sent to that field.

A new venture of the past year has been the establishment of a department in practical sociology, under the supervision of Miss Helen Parrish. This promises to become an important branch of the work in connection with the practical training.

The next year will open Oct. 4th. The preceding Tuesday will be kept as a Quiet Day in the school, with addresses in the chapel, intended for those graduating, especially those about to enter the deaconess order; those who have already been engaged in this work, and those preparing for it by taking the prescribed training. The object is to deepen the spirit of self-consecration. For while only women of mature self-knowledge and a clear vocation are encouraged to enter the deaconess order without longer probation, it is hoped that all who are trained here for the Master's work may realize more and more the blessedness of self-devotion.

Editorials and Contributions

IS it true? Is it true that "Jesus is an exploded force in history?" So a German critic asserted. So the deceased Ingersoll was wont to teach. But the Name that is above every name will not down at the beck and nod of these too willing foes. There is an inherent vitality in that Name which has survived more menacing attacks than any now made by unbelievers. Have we forgotten the history of the early centuries, or the days of humanism and the renaissance? Must we be reminded of the Encyclopedists and the goddess of reason? "I am tired," said Voltaire, "of hearing that it took only twelve men to set up Christianity in the world. I will show that it needs only one man to destroy it." But when that one man's last hour came it was a priest of Christ's church whom he sent for to give his parting soul a blessing. The religion of the ages will survive the assaults of the present age, and be a perennial source of comfort to the sorrowing, pardon to the penitent, and hope to the dying.

WE are to be favored with another lecture tour by some unheard of dignitary of the Church, who, in obedience to the coaching of a shrewd manager, is to follow in the succession of which Dr. Farrar was a pioneer example. The object is to gather in a crop of Yankee shekels, and no doubt the object will be gained, for the Yankee fools are not all dead yet. If our language seem severe, we but echo the opinion of the best men on both sides of the water who deprecate this growing form of affliction, as a covetous method of taking advantage of our American hurry to run after any well advertised name, and as a serious surrender of that reserve and dignity which ought to hedge the representative clergy of the Church. There are thousands of our English friends who feel as Lord Macaulay did when he wrote (in 1849) that he could not visit the United States because of our tendency to lionize foreigners, a thing which, he added, "must cause annoyance to sensitive and fastidious men." We wish the delicate sense of propriety which this indicates might infect all the men of the present generation, and free us from what has been considered little less than a scandalous stooping to secure pecuniary results.

IT has been suggested that it would be politic should the Church press remain silent in regard to the crisis which is upon us, on the ground that Holy Scripture is not in any real danger. We admit the premise, but we deny the conclusion. The word of the Lord standeth fast, and the Bible is stronger than its destructive critics. It is in no danger; but the faith of many is. The ruthlessly free handling of the Inspired Word of God by these self-crowned dictators who announce that black is "probably" white, and that there is very grave doubt whether yellow and blue ever made green, has resulted in much quiet skepticism among many of our youth of both sexes. They do not advertise their misgivings, perhaps are not altogether conscious of their state of mind, but they stay away from church and talk about the new things—new thought, new age, new woman, new everything; and

if they lose faith altogether, as many have, their blood will be upon these "scholars" and these "broad" pulpiteers who have writ a new Bible with an interrogation point after every other verse, and publish polychrome editions with all the colors of the rainbow on every page to show that as many "various hands" had to do with its authorship.

SOME of the newspapers in describing the funeral exercises over Col. Ingersoll, have enlarged upon the exhibition of hopeless grief on the part of the bereaved family. One observer declared that the sight was enough to make the coldest heart feel the inestimable value of the Christian's hope. The sorrow of the followers of Christ may be deep and strong, but it is brightened by the confident belief that those who have passed away are in the hands of God, and rest in the hope of a joyful resurrection. This confidence in the face of death was one of the distinguishing marks of Christianity. Light sprang up for those who sat in the valley and shadow of death. Those who through a pagan training meet death without this hope, and suffer the agony of an eternal parting, deserve our heartfelt commiseration, but we may not judge them with severity. Practical paganism too often reveals itself in the bosom of a nominally Christian society. If the fruits of agnosticism are seen in the despair of the mourner, what shall we say of the scenes sometimes witnessed at ostensibly Christian funerals? Are they not calculated to suggest to the spectator that the Christian faith is a failure and the Resurrection a myth? The injury done to the cause of Christ by faithless disciples is incalculably greater than any result of open antagonism.

IN a time like this the faith of young people is at best a delicate flower. All the innate materialism of newly attained manhood and womanhood rises in revolt against the predominance of the spirit over the flesh. This is the period when questionings break out like the measles, and cover the mind with a rash of skepticism. Perhaps your son or daughter has been "sitting under" some orator of the narrow school called "broad," and has been informed that he only can be saved who reads the Higher Critics, and thinks his own thoughts, and makes his own creed and canon, independently altogether of those now moribund worshippers of effete thoughts crystallized into dogmatic terms called the ancient creeds. Do you think there is no danger to your children that they will make shipwreck of their faith? And are they to be deprecated who warn you of the danger? All that there is in your life that makes it worth living you got in an age when the Bible was treated as a storehouse of wise counsels, definite doctrines, and priceless promises. As such you love it. As such you should defend it and its defenders in the great struggle upon which the Church is now launched,—the chief issue of which is not—"Shall the Bible pass?" but "Shall we suffer our youth to fall under the influence of these false teachers who try to make men believe that the Church has for nearly 2,000 years been mistaken about it?"

OFFICIAL organs, though not generally sources of revenue to the dioceses for which they are published, are helpful in many ways, and perhaps are worth all that they cost; we doubt, however, if the organ of one diocese may be legitimately used to attack and ridicule the bishop of another diocese. Even the courteous criticism of a bishop's official acts by the diocesan paper of another bishop would scarcely be counted in good taste. *The Diocese of Louisiana* recently contained a deplorable article signed "H. R. C.," on the Bishop of Springfield and his protest against the consecration of Dr. Funston. The writer seems to have no respect for age or office, or for a life of consecrated and brilliant service in the Church, as he scornfully remarks, "We cannot imagine any postulant for Holy Orders to be so silly." It pains him, he says, that this "ponderous soul" should see things in such a light, and write "so foolishly and inanely"; and he alludes to other "ill-tempered and ill-timed philippics" of this venerable prelate, "but none so foolish as this." He is much rejoiced that the bishops in the great centres of the country are not like Bishop Seymour, and proceeds to name several whom he greatly prefers. "A man whose vision of the Church of God is no larger than the removal of some imagined technicality," he says, "whose Catholicity is some easy and smooth recital of phrases, who identifies sound Churchmanship with postures, or acolytes, or tallow, has small claim to our respect." He hopes the Bishop of Springfield "does not err in all these particulars" (then why write such nonsense), but "he is the type of a mind (!) which misrepresents the Church." We are sorry for the Bishop and diocese of Louisiana, that such a "type of a mind" should have access to their diocesan paper. "To what base uses may we return, Horatio!"

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Present Aspects of the Anglican "Crisis"

IT is interesting to review the history of the rise and progress of the agitation in the Church of England, and to observe how inevitably the controversy has reverted to first principles. The movement began with an attack upon certain "additional services" and ornamental adjuncts of the Prayer Book offices. But soon it fastened itself upon more important matters, especially these three: The practice of private confession, the ceremonial use of incense, and the reservation of the Sacrament of the Holy Communion for the sick. The discussion could not proceed far without reopening the whole question of the tribunals, by which questions of doctrine, discipline, and worship are to be finally settled in the Anglican Church. Here is the rock upon which men split. The whole question of the relation between Church and State is involved. One side holds that the ultimate tribunal, or court of appeal, must be a creation of the State. They uphold the present tribunal, which was given this jurisdiction by a pure blunder some sixty years ago. It is a committee of the Privy Council, and may embrace men who are members of the Church by Baptism simply, but not in sympathy or conviction. It may even contain active members of other denominations. Even apart from these

glaring anomalies, it is in no sense an ecclesiastical court. It is amazing to find men who have at heart the true interests of Christ's religion, earnestly and honestly contending that such a board is a proper tribunal for the final settlement of matters connected with faith and worship.

THE other party absolutely refuses to accept the jurisdiction of such a court. It rests upon the ancient principle that the sphere of Cæsar is one thing and that of God is another. During the last thirty years, more than one of the English clergy have gone to prison rather than admit the jurisdiction of secular courts in spiritual affairs. There is no doubt that the same thing will happen again and again, if the attempt is made to set that kind of machinery in motion. The case stands thus: All agree that there must be courts, that discipline is impossible without them. But the question, so far unsettled, is: "What courts?" The Archbishops have made an endeavor to meet that question. A very memorable conference has been held, in the shape of a joint meeting of the two convocations of Canterbury and York, at which the propositions of the Archbishops were submitted for consideration. They were in the form of resolutions which, if assented to by the majority, might ultimately be presented to Parliament to obtain legal sanction. But these propositions aim to give a new sanction to the Privy Council as the Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical causes. The attempt is made to do away with some objectionable features. The members of the Privy Council qualified to sit in this court must be "members of the Church of England," and, under certain circumstances, the Archbishops and bishops must be consulted. But there is no definition of what is to constitute a councillor a member of the Church of England, nor is the Court in any way bound by the opinion of the bishops after it has been sought. And, at the best, the Court of Appeals thus constituted would be a secular, and not an ecclesiastical, body.

IT is no matter of surprise that, after two days' discussion, this memo able meeting of the two great legislative bodies of the Church failed to adopt the proposals of the Archbishops, and the whole matter was laid over for further consideration in the two convocations. There is little doubt that the High Church party will resist to the bitter end any attempt to give formal ecclesiastical sanction to the present Court of Appeals. It is with them a matter of life and death. Ordinarily, where such a crucial principle is felt to be at stake by a large and powerful party, the victory, though delayed, would not be doubtful; but in England the probabilities are in favor of some kind of temporary working settlement, or *modus vivendi*, which shall leave the fundamental principle still undecided. Such a method, unsatisfactory as it is from an abstract point of view, has the advantage of giving time for the development and spread of the truth. Nothing is settled prematurely by the mere fiat of authority, leaving the losing party unconvinced, and endangering unity. The conflict which is going on before our eyes in modern forms is in its essence a very old one. The same questions were involved in the controversy about "investiture," which for so long a time agitated Europe in the middle ages, and more precisely in the warfare in England over the jurisdiction of the ecclesi-

astical courts. Then the charge was that the Church was usurping the functions of the State, and bringing into her courts what were really secular causes. Now the wheel has turned full circle, and it is the State which intrudes upon the ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

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The Royalty of Service

BY THE RT. REV. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON

WITH the man Christ Jesus came the proclamation of the higher and eternal law; above all the so-called laws of "political economy," the law of the kingdom of God—that all things are worth just their uses to others, worth no more; that all the universe is girdled by that golden law which binds cherubim and seraphim, principalities and powers, as it binds suns and stars, dewdrops and grass-blades—the law of use, the law of service—that the universe is held together by that law, in harmony; that nothing lives to itself nor dies to itself—least of all man made in the image of God; that no place exists for itself, no strength, no dignity, no honor, for the enjoyment of any possessor; that the highest place is the place of highest toil and care and profoundest suffering; that the contrary imagination is diabolic—belongs to the heathen and the blind; that he that is greatest in the kingdom of God is the slave of all; that the Son of Man comes not to be served, but to serve; and this is the new law and the old law—the eternal law which is to be received as the basic law of the kingdom of God upon the earth, as it is the law of the kingdom of God in heaven.

So the lowest service, to outward sight the most menial and debasing, "done all for love and nothing for reward," becomes a divine service noble and kingly.

Slowly as the years have passed have men grown to see the law revealed. Yet the growth has been sure, if slow. All our hospitals for the sick, our asylums for the blind or the deaf, our orphan asylums, our refuges for the destitute, the manifold charities of Christian lands, stand to contradict every axiom of political economy, to laugh at every conclusion of the philosophy of "survival of the fittest" and "natural selection," and to reveal the fact that the laws of the Kingdom of Heaven are working among men.

So, too, the change in political order from the kings of the great dead empires, who governed according to their own fancies, used their high estates to gratify their own lusts, and are gone, never to return. The law of the kingdom may be broken, may be outraged, but it is never denied, and we remorselessly drag every leader, lord and king of men, whatever name we give him, to the bar of the inexorable law, and demand the lowliest service from the highest place, the heaviest load of care and toil from the loftiest honor, and stand upon the revelation made on Calvary, that the only real human crown for all men's love and loyalty, is a crown of thorns.

In the lapse of years Christ's words and deeds have grown to power in the lives of the generations. We are more clearly seeing how the human answers to the Divine; how the temporal as we call it, lies in the encircling arms of the Eternal; how there is but one law, in all the æons, for men and angels, for earth and heaven.

The greatest is he who does the greatest service. The kingliest soul must stoop the lowest and do the lowliest service. It was a

sort of parable that foolish as one may think it, the loathsome disease could be cured only by a royal hand. The King "touched" for the King's evil!

The world's crowned sovereigns in the days fast coming are not "war lords," but peace lords; not leaders and organizers of men armed for ambition or hatred, but of men poor and lost and struggling, to lead and lift them to light, to comfort, and to peace. The old, diabolic kingship, for its own glory, has fled to the pit whence it came, to curse the earth no more. And the new kingship divine, that washes the wounded and weary feet of the century-worn pilgrim, humanity, faint and sore-bested, as it struggles toward the dawn, this kingship of the Kingdom of Heaven is coming to deliver.

For the Divine King showed us the lesson plain, drew the veil from the golden law, declared that earth must stand as Heaven stands, men must stand as angels and God stand, and earthly kingship answer to the awful Kingship above the white heavens. Service is royalty.

The highest royalty takes the lowliest service. God stoops to cure the leper, to serve the lame, to wash the feet of men. And so men lift themselves by God's grace to royalties in the Kingdom of Heaven, and the earth into the light of its redemption, by gladly recognizing the Law whose "seat is the bosom of God." Lovingly living by its royal demands, they climb to the thrones and the crowns which pass not away.

And still the Church of God stands for the type and norm of the kingdom of God. Her law is brotherhood, or she has no law at all. Her work is service, or she has no work and no reason to be. She is worth just the service she does and no more. A diocese is worth the good it does. A parish is worth the service it fulfils. A deacon, priest, or bishop is worth only what lowliest service he does for the souls and bodies of those for whom Christ died.

In such service only does Church or ministry find the character for its claims. There is no dignity and no authority that is not buttressed by the service rendered. I think we are all seeing this. I am glad to believe I am not uttering anything new to you in these thoughts, drawn from the wonderful episode of that wonderful night. I am only hoping to bring them out somewhat clearer, to emphasize the common conviction of a living Church more plainly.

And let me emphasize once more the fact that the service was a menial and degrading service, a slave's service. To outward eye that only. But done for love! See how that lifts it! Done by mother to child, by son to father, by daughter to mother, by dear friend to dear friend, fallen and weary, and the service becomes noble and beautiful!

It was done among the chosen, remember that; done as an example of apostolic duty and ministerial obligation; done as a revelation of the humility and dignity of the Apostleship, "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you!"

The ministry of the Church of God is the servant of all. It holds its dignity under that law. There is no service too humble, no place of help too lowly, no care too small, and all are royal and divine, if so be that love leads. For all these poor brethren the Lord lived and died, and ever intercedes before the throne. For these He sent His Church, commissioned His Apostles to the end of time, and put the law of humility as the law supreme.

"My Brother's Keeper"

FROM A "PRISON SERMON," BY THE REV. WILLIAM GARDAM.

WE must believe that the world's life is working towards and up to this generalization of the unity, the oneness of man in his rights, privileges, and moral status before God; that gradually this higher classification is supplanting the old classifications in which man himself has sought to establish primary differences—to make one man a child of the stars and another a child of hell; to enable one man to go into the house of God and thus to place himself in the order of God's kingdom, "God, I thank Thee I am not as other men are," and to compel another to believe in election to an evil life and to damnation from the eternities. We must believe that the centuries have been an upward struggle, not a downward, and that the moral order of the higher life, the higher civilization, the higher righteousness has been the fruit of the centuries of struggle and conflict.

After all, the brotherhood and unity of man are not a discovery, an evolution from a purely human start-point. I think as you study history you will find that this movement towards unity, this growth in mankind of the sense of the identity of human rights and privileges, the oneness of opportunity before God, is distinctly the creation of that great principle with which the Church of Jesus Christ began her mission among the forces and conditions of human history—the principle that identifies the thief on the cross with the Apostle Paul in a common inheritance, and which places the same stamp of immortality upon the loving devotion of the Magdalen as upon the greatest saint of the ages.

My brethren, I am not a specialist upon the subject I have elected to speak upon tonight. I am simply a preacher of the gospel of hope and light and righteousness, and I do believe there is no salvation for you or me, no safety for any of us, save as we recognize that the power to do and to be, all reformatory grace and gifts, are from above, and not of ourselves; that the redemption of this world, the creation of ideal conditions among men in all the interests of life, economic and social as well as religious, so that nobody shall go hungry or naked, nobody shall defraud or do violence to his neighbor, nobody shall convert life into a battle ground of selfish interests,—must come of seeing the divinity in us and the divinity in all life, so that in Him we live and move and have our being.

It is one of the crowns, I think of our day, that the best authorities among those who are spending their lives in regenerative and reformatory work for the State, insist with a clearness and emphasis and a divine sense of responsibility upon St. Paul's own humanitarian principle, that those "who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and so fulfill the law of Christ"; that weakness, defectiveness, the violence of wrongdoing, are simply arguments for the exercise of the reparative forces, all the helpful forces our modern civilization can command; that crime does not excommunicate the criminal from the brotherhood, but that all the healthy resources of the entire body should be employed for the recovery and restoration of such an one.

It is the greatest and most vital test of the character of the world's civilization,—the attitude of the lawabiding to the lawbreak-

ing, of the strong to the weak, of the morally sound and whole to the unsound and defective. A century ago, when Howard began his great work of stirring the conscience of the world, and revealing the barbarism and inhumanity of the Christian nations in their treatment of the defective and unfortunate, this test condemned the world as most strangely unchristian. The theory then was that the duty of the State was to punish the criminal, to get even with him, to excommunicate him from the common brotherhood. The prisons and dungeons of Europe were crowded with men and women, living amid the most horrible and unspeakable conditions of filth and want and degradation,—from whose lives all hope and light had fled. A century ago it was a crime to be in debt; men and women were hauled to prison for the most trivial offences. The death penalty was inflicted for crimes that now are rather evidences of weakness, and are calls for sympathy. The end of the law was punishment; "an eye for an eye" was the motto of the State in dealing with offenders. The Christian idea of reformation did not seem to touch the criminal jurisprudence of last century. Now all seems changed. Reformation, recovery, restoration, are the prevailing watchwords of all who have to do with the delinquent and defective and criminal. The President of Corrections and Charities, in his annual address at Toronto last year, thus utters himself:

"We must regard them not as foes marching to war with us, but as our weaker brothers and sisters. . . . They have fallen behind in the race, and now lift up lame hands and blind eyes to us for help. The science that guides our work of charity and correction is asthenontology, the science of human weakness. Not an army of foes, but a great multitude of weak ones who are given into our care that we may succour and bless. 'We, then, that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.'"

The great achievement of these later days of this closing century is the discovery, or the re-discovery, of the relation of the weak to the strong, the re-defining of social relations, and the full sunlight of the highest Christian teaching let in on the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The world has been Christianized on these lines, and has been bidden: "Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick and those in prison," and the great motive has been flung across the heavens—the only motive for philanthropy—"inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

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Letters to the Editor

AN ERROR OF IGNORANCE

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

The enclosed slip is cut from page 419 of the August number of *The Spirit of Missions*:

The missionary organ of the diocese of Southern Virginia, in its June issue, contains the following interesting statements:

Few Americans are aware of what an immense establishment the Church of England is. Its recent year book shows 1,388,386 appropriated sittings, and 4,793,008 free sittings. Its Sunday school attendance is 2,410,201, and 4,329 of its churches are opened for daily prayer. While it is supported by the State, yet its free will offerings last year were \$37,531,770. Its record for ten years shows that it is not declining but is advancing along all lines.

What do you say to the statement which is underlined? E. R. COGSWELL.

Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 4th.

[All that need be said is that it is a misstate-

ment, embodying a common error, devoutly believed by perhaps nine-tenths of our people, but an error which a diocesan organ ought not to encourage. The Church of England was not founded by Henry the Eighth, nor is it supported by the State.—ED.]

"CHURCH MUSIC AND CHOIRS"—ANOTHER WAY

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

"Once upon a time," the writer of this was called to the rectorship of a parish in a large city. Through removals from the neighborhood to the "West End," the Sunday congregations were greatly diminished. To counteract this, and bring in new material, a fine quartette choir had been organized at a large expense. They had a good organ, a flashy organist, the superb soprano voice of a Jewish maiden who did "not believe one half that she sung," the sweet alto of a Methodist lady, and the unsurpassed tenor and bass from the theatre. They "rendered" most "attractive music," but it didn't pay. A good many came to hear, but when the wardens started for the offering basons, they slipped out. At length, after nearly a year of this certainly "lovely music," the vestrymen, a noble body of Christian gentlemen, at a regular meeting of the vestry, asked the new rector if he knew anything about Church music. If so, they would like to have a change. They were tired of standing on one foot, and then on the other, to hear the singers show themselves off in solos, duets, and trios, involved, repeated, and involuted, until the whole congregation was "confounded." The result was, the resignation of the organist in a pet, followed by each of the choir. Then a Churchly organist was obtained, who gathered a number of men and boys with good voices, trained them carefully, and in addition, on one evening every week, trained the whole congregation, together with the choir, to sing together very impressively, simple, beautiful, congregational music for the chants and hymns. For example, the evening hymn, "Abide with me," was sung by the whole congregation, on their knees, in a way that brought tears to many eyes. But this was a rare instance of such worship in this land. Of course, not long, and strangers came, and stayed. And within six months there was not a pew, nor a single seat, that had not its permanent holder. And the shekels came, too, and largely. "Attractive music!" What the great body of Christ's people want, and have a right to, and nobody has the right before God to prevent them,—is to sing the praises of God in the congregation, and to sing them "in a tongue understood of the people." (Article XXIV.) We want the people attracted to the Church. Then let's go for them, as the apostles went from house to house, not to the rich and cultivated only, but to the poor, to whom the Kingdom belongs. Go, sit down by them, explain the loving Gospel, teach them the use of the Prayer Book,—bring them with you to their Father's house, and let them unite with the grand praises of the communion of Saints. There are thousands and thousands in our large cities and towns who would gladly come to our services, if any body, cleric or lay, would only treat them as Philip did the Ethiopian (Acts viii: 35). As to the "attractive music," hear a few words from Bishop Huntington:

"I sometimes hear an offertory anthem, constructed on a certain musical plan more or less florid, occupying twice as much time as the office needs, which adds nothing at all to devotional impression, conveys not a single idea, lifts no soul to God, moves nobody to charity, confirms nobody's faith. Except in intention it is entirely irreligious. Standing weary through such a trial, I have found myself straining my sense half the time, and yet in vain, to find out what words the choir was singing, and the other half wrestling with my spirit to let patience accomplish there her perfect work. We hear a good deal said reproachfully of going to church to "hear preaching." St. Paul who had some respect for preaching, would tell us that it is certainly no worse than to go there to hear singing. Too much of the forum, the stage, the laboratory, and the magazine, some sermons are.

What the singing may be of, is told in the advertisements of Saturday and Sunday newspapers, the printed programmes of city churches, and the flippant comments of handsomely dressed hypocrites to whom the sanctuary is a play house, sermons are a tolerated propriety, and sacraments a make believe." A. E. C.

Personal Mention

The Bishop of Springfield will be absent from his diocese from present date until Sept. 8th, and requests all letters to be addressed to him, 480 Willoughby ave., Brooklyn, New York.

The Rev. John Wesley Brown, D.D., who has just returned from a visit to his daughter in England, has gone to Cooperstown, N. Y., on a visit to his brother, Dr. Philip Brown, and will remain absent until the first Sunday in October, when he will officiate in St. Thomas' church, New York city.

The Rev. Geo. F. Breed is spending his vacation in Vermont.

The Rev. Joseph N. Blanchard, D.D., is at the Kimball House, North East Harbor, Me.

The Bishop of Maryland sailed July 22d for London, by the steamer "Marquette," and will stay two months in the south of France.

The Rev. John W. Burras has accepted charge of St. George's church, Pittsburgh, with St. Timothy's church, Esplan, Pa.

The Rev. R. Wyndham Brown and Mrs. Brown are spending part of August on the Maine coast.

The Rev. T. B. Berry and family are spending the month of August in the Muskoka Lake region.

The Rev. L. F. Cole sailed July 26th for a visit to England.

The Rev. Frederick B. Carter has gone to Westhampton Beach, N. Y.

The address of the Rev. C. B. Crawford is 826 Topeka ave., Topeka, Kas.

The Rev. Clarence M. Conant is spending August at Pisecco Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains.

The Rev. Henry A. Dows is spending the summer in the White Mountains.

The Rev. Wm. D'Orville Doty is summering at his cottage, "Valkenburg," Conesus Lake, N. Y.

The Rev. G. DeW. Dowling, deacon, is in charge of Calvary church, Germantown, Philadelphia, during the absence of the rector.

The Rev. A. I. Derbyshire has sailed for England.

The Rev. Abram W. Ebersole is at Asbury Park, N. J.

The address of the Rev. Richard Ellerby is changed to Moor, Ia.

The Rev. Dr. John Fulton sailed for Europe on the 29th ult., and will spend his vacation in Scotland. He returns home in October.

The Rev. George F. Flichtner sailed for a tour of England on July 26th, by the White Star liner "Majestic."

The Rev. Bishop Falkner sailed for Europe Aug. 2d, by the White Star steamship "Britannic."

The Rev. W. B. Gilpin has been appointed assistant to the Rev. G. Woolsey Hodge, rector of the church of the Ascension, Philadelphia.

The Rev. Simeon C. Hill will spend the month of August at Lake Minnewaska.

The Rev. F. B. Howden is camping on the Potomac River.

The Rev. Robert W. Hudgell has gone on a three weeks' vacation to points in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. A student from Nashotah Seminary officiates during the rector's absence.

The Rev. Joseph C. Hill has resigned the rectorship of St. Bernard's church, Bernardsville, N. J.

The address of the Rev. R. T. Jefferson is changed to Lyons Plains, Conn. Address accordingly.

The Rev. W. H. Lewis, D. D., is passing August in the Adirondack Mountains.

The Rev. Thomas R. List is summering at Atlantic City, N. J.

The Rev. Henry M. Ladd is staying at the Prospect House, White Lake, N. Y.

The Rev. Louis A. Lanpher who is now on his vacation will resign his curacy at the church of the Ascension, Philadelphia, Pa., on Aug. 31st.

Bishop McLaren's address, from Aug. 20th, to Sept. 17th, is Point Pleasant, N. J.

Chaplain Cyrus Mendenhall, of Michigan State Reformatory, having been granted a month's vacation, will, with Mrs. Mendenhall, spend August at Detroit, Orchard Lake, and vicinity.

The Rev. Wm. Mitchell has gone to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

The Rev. Thomas McClintock will spend August at Spring Lake, N. J.

The Rev. Clarence W. McCully is in charge of St. Paul's church and parish, Holyoke, Mass., during the month of August, the rector being absent on vacation.

The Rev. Randolph H. McKim, D. D., has sailed for England.

The Rev. Spencer S. Roche is summering at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The Rev. George L. Richardson is visiting Lake George, N. Y.

Bishop Satterlee has gone to his cottage in the Catskill Mountains.

The Rev. James W. Sparks has accepted the rectorship of All Saints' church, Lakewood, N. J.

The Rev. A. W. Seabreeze, of Fort Wayne, Ind., is officiating at the church of the Transfiguration, New York, during the absence of the rector, the Rev. Dr. George C. Houghton, in Europe.

Upon the advice of his physician, the Rev. E. V. Shaylor is seeking restoration to health at Mt. Clemens, Mich.

The Rev. T. DeLancey Townsend, Ph.D., has been visiting at New London, Conn.

The Rev. Henry Tatlock is summering in Canada.

The Rev. Mardon Dewees Wilson has resigned the rectorship of St. Peter's church, San Francisco, and has accepted the position of headmaster and chaplain of St. Matthew's School, San Mateo, Cal. Please address accordingly after Aug. 14, 1899.

The Ven. Jeremiah J. Wilkins, D. D., has been appointed to preach the annual sermon before the council of the diocese of Milwaukee in September.

Ordinations

In the church of Our Saviour, Akron, on July 6th, the Rev. George P. Atwater was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Leonard. Mr. Atwater is a graduate of Kenyon, and has done excellent work at the church of Our Saviour for the past two years.

Died

HAMILTON.—Fell asleep in Jesus, at Friendville, Beaufort, S. C., at 1 A. M., Saturday, July 29th, Col. Paul Hamilton, in the 83d year of his age.

"Mark well the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Appeals

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

Domestic missions in seventeen missionary districts and forty-one home dioceses: missions among the colored people; missions among the Indians; foreign missions in China, Japan, Africa, Greece, and Haiti; support of the clergyman of this Church appointed to counsel and guide the presbyters and readers in Mexico.

Provision must be made for the salaries and traveling expenses of twenty-four bishops, and stipends of 1,700 missionary workers, besides the support of schools, orphanages, and hospitals. Contributions are, moreover, asked specifically for the salaries of workers and support of schools in Mexico. One thousand dollars per month is the estimate of such expenses.

Remittances should be made to MR. GEORGE C. THOMAS, treasurer, 281 Fourth ave., New York. At present, please address communications to the REV. JOSHUA KIMBER, associate secretary.

Spirit of Missions, official monthly magazine, \$1 a year.

THE GREAT NEED OF A PRIEST AT CAPE MOUNT, WEST AFRICA

The request has twice been made that I should write some strong words regarding the need of a priest at Cape Mount. No inspiration, however, seemed to come, and I was tempted to say that no stronger appeal could be made than had already been sent out, first by Mrs. Brierley in her last letter, written not long before she left her dearly loved work. Her thought, no doubt, was then chiefly for those to whom she had so long given her life; but even for herself, we cannot help regretting that, though upheld by strong faith and certain hope, she was deprived in her last hours of the ministrations of a priest, which would have cheered her before she went to her rest. Other workers now in the mission have written also with much earnestness on this subject. Looking at it as one absent for a time from the field, the need seems, perhaps, more apparent than when actively engaged.

The mind naturally turns to those left behind, and pictures them in all the well-known trials and diffi-

culties, and the thought will come: "Why is it that no one offers to go to fill the most important place in the mission, to be a head and guide and chief authority in all difficult matters, promoting unity among the workers and extending the work in many directions, as one appointed for this special work can do effectively?" The work at Cape Mount has much of interest and brightness, and though there are times of illness and discouragement, are they not found in all lives of those who are devoted to duty in any sphere?

All along the African coast, north of Liberia, are to be seen convent schools of the Roman Catholic Church, where many children are taught and trained by priests and Sisters. There are also white men of different nationalities engaged in various kinds of work, officers for native troops, merchants, explorers, and traders. In much more unhealthy places than Cape Mount, these people work and risk their lives for earthly gain. How is it that here no white man is found to do the work which has the greatest recompense?

Is there no inspiration in the lives of such men as Bishop Payne and Bishop Hannington, not to mention others who have given up everything for Africa, and have been willing to die, though young in years, without regret, counting it no sacrifice, if by their deaths any should be saved? I have stood by the graves of the brave Bishop Auer and the devoted Mr. Hoffman and his lovely wife, in the quiet little cemetery near the chapel at Mt. Vaughan, and the memory of their ardent devotion and triumphant faith made the spot most sacred; and it seems to me that no one can be endowed with too great talents, or too great zeal, for this work, and that the call to it must still be, as it has always been, the last command of the ascending Saviour. S. A. W.

THE church at New Richmond Wis., (St. Thomas' church) was totally destroyed in the tornado which nearly wiped out that town, on June 12th. Nothing whatever remains, excepting a hole in the ground, and a mass of wreckage about it. Altar, vestments, seats, and everything, hopelessly gone. Nor was there any tornado insurance. We ask for help to rebuild, and begin our work anew. Money can be sent to the missionary-in-charge, the REV. W. A. HOWARD, JR., Star Prairie, Wis. (P. O.), or to the BISHOP OF MILWAUKEE, Milwaukee, Wis., who has been on the ground, has seen the woeful destruction, and who will guarantee this appeal.

THE third annual Retreat for priests and seminarians will be held in St. Peter's church, Westchester, New York city, beginning Monday evening, Sept. 18, 1899, with Evensong at 7:30, and concluding with celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 7 A. M., Friday, Sept. 22d. The expense for board and lodging for the period of the Retreat will be \$5. The conductor will be the Rev. J. O. S. Huntington, Superior O. H. C. The reverend clergy who expect to attend, will kindly send their names to the REV. R. UPJOHN, committee, 296 Clinton st., Brooklyn, N. Y. City.

NEXT Ephphatha Sunday (Aug. 20th) rapidly approaches, with the usual reminder to parishes within the limits of the Mid-Western Deaf-Mute Mission that offerings are needed to meet its expenses.

THE REV. A. W. MANN,
General Missionary, Gambier, Ohio.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, AUG 20TH
The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, New York, appeals for special offerings from churches, and gifts from individuals, on this appropriate day.

REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET, D. D., General Manager, 112 West 78th st., New York City.

MR. WILLIAM JEWETT, Treasurer, 467 Broadway, New York City.

Church and Parish

WANTED.—By a Churchwoman of experience, a position as matron in a school for girls. Address MISS E. W., care of THE LIVING CHURCH.

BISHOP MILLSPAUGH needs five or six devoted missionaries who can live on six hundred dollars for the first year, in fields white for the harvest. Address, Bishop's House, Topeka, Kas.

WANTED.—Organist and choirmaster. Vested choir; Catholic ritual; choral celebrations. Stipend fair, but not large. Western city. Population, 40,000. Excellent field for first-class teacher, voice and piano. Address, ARCHDEACON, this office.

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 position as governess for small children, or companion, by an educated and refined young Churchwoman. References, full and satisfactory, furnished. Address, CLIO L. LEE, Manor, Travis Co. Texas.

The Editor's Table

Kalendar, August, 1899

6. TRANSFIGURATION. 10th Sunday after Trinity.	White.
13. 11th Sunday after Trinity.	Green.
20. 12th Sunday after Trinity.	Green.
24. ST. BARTHOLOMEW.	Red.
27. 13th Sunday after Trinity.	Green.

BISHOP NICHOLSON, at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of Nashotah, stated that every year, beginning with 1841, some one had sent to Nashotah the sum of \$25, with only the words, "In quietness and confidence." For fifty-seven years the gift had not failed. A letter was last year received by the Bishop, from New York, stating that the mother of the writer had recently died, and upon her table was found an envelope containing a contribution for Nashotah, with the words, "In quietness and confidence." Even the members of her own family had not known of her remembrance of Nashotah.

THE teachers of Los Angeles, recalling the days of their own tenderfootness, entertained the delegates to the National Educational Association Convention (N. E. A., for short) in a way that must have been as delightful as it was novel. They bought, on the trees, the crop of a ten-acre orange ranch, transported thither their guests, and—Ladies and gentlemen, help yourselves! Then did those favored pedagogues—and goguesses—learn the true inwardness of a navel orange in mid-summer, fresh from the tree and plucked by their own hands!

BISHOP PARET, in his convention address, emphasizing the importance of giving the sacrament of Holy Baptism its rightful place in the public services of the Church, says:

Some time ago, when collections in church were generally made without any reverence or solemnity, somebody wrote about a "lost act of worship." But when the Baptism of infants is robbed of the public solemnity which the Church commands for it, and thrust aside into secrecy, surely here is a "lost act of worship." I call upon you all, clergy and people, not so to dishonor our Lord's command and appointment of blessing. Bring the fonts out in the churches where the people can see them; see that they are worthy for their holy use, and kept in order, and then see that they are used just as the Church commands.

MARKHAM'S "Man with the Hoe" shows an utter lack of appreciation of the softer, more cultured side of peasant life. He voices the pagan spirit of the day, which imagines that all labor is degrading, and every laborer can be only a "thing that grieves not, and that never hopes, stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox." He thinks that refinement, intelligence, and all delicacy of sentiment, can only exist with the accompaniment of the laundered shirt and creased trousers. But how far from the truth is all this farrago of nonsense! The *Catholic World Magazine* for August says:

The peasant is oftener than not the very backbone of a nation's strength, and when great and lofty sentiments have stirred the nation's heart, the agricultural population have been the first to feel their promptings, and have been the last to relinquish the struggle for their attainment. Great movements for civil and religious

freedom, the struggle for a people's rights, as well as for a country's liberties, have begun oftener than not with the country folks, because their heart is close to the great heart of nature, and is attuned to noble and lofty sentiments. When there is added to this rectitude of heart an abiding sense of religion, the peasant becomes the most perfected type of an enduring civilization.

BISHOP THOMPSON, in his annual address, said: "I pass beyond our own boundaries to the larger Church of which we are a part. The events since last we met have increased our responsibilities as a people and as a Church. Mission fields have opened to us in Cuba, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, which we dare not leave unoccupied. Doors are opened, and we are called to enter with Anglo-Saxon civilization and Anglo-Saxon Christianity. The nation may be afraid of its own greatness and shrink. The Church cannot fear, knowing her Head. She can only fear her own unworthiness. But surely God is setting great things before her, and measures her by the large measure of the sanctuary. She is great in His eyes, whatever she be in ours, and He demands her to act by His measure of privilege and opportunity. . . . More than ever she stands out an aggressive, advancing, contending, missionary Church. The parish that stands still is dead. The diocese that stands still is dead. The Church that stands still is dead. There can be no discharge in this war. It is a charge and an advance to the end. Understand that, ye who lie back and take your ease, content so only the parish 'lives,' as you call it, and 'holds its own.' It does not live, and it does not hold its own, and it has no purpose, if it be not winning on and winning up for the King and the Kingdom continually."

BISHOP WHIPPLE, in a recent letter says: "I close by repeating a story which dear Bishop Clarkson loved to tell: 'A devout colored preacher whose heart was aglow with missionary zeal, gave notice to his congregation that in the evening an offering would be taken up for missions, and asked for liberal gifts. He had in his congregation one well-to-do man who was very selfish, and who said to him before the service: "Yer gwine ter kill dis church ef yer goes on saying, give, give! No church can stan' it. Yer gwine ter kill it!" After the sermon the minister said to the people, "Before the service to-night, Brother Jones tole me I was gwine ter kill dis yere church ef I kep' a asking yer ter give; but, my brethren, churches doesn't die dat way. Ef dere's anybody knows of a church dat's died 'cause it's been giving too much ter de Lord, I'll be very much obliged ef my brother will tell me whar dat Church is, fur I'se gwine to visit it, an' I'll climb up on de walls of dat church under de light of de moon, and cry, "'Blessed are de dead dat die id de Lord!"'"

Pen-and-Ink-lings

ALARGE folio Book of Common Prayer, of 1652, which belonged to Bishop Creighton, who was Bishop of Bath and Wells, England, in 1670, has been returned to its old home in the palace at Wells, and added to the many historic treasures of the

library. It is an excellent specimen of the binder's art, having been bound by S. Mearns, the binder to Charles II.

IN an interesting compilation recently made by the *Ladies' Home Journal*, it was shown that out of the twelve million families in the United States, more than one-third have an annual income of less than \$400; twenty per cent. have from \$400 to \$600; fifteen per cent. have from \$600 to \$900; while eleven per cent. have from \$900 to \$1,200. While there are many families possessed of immense wealth and in receipt of large incomes, the fact remains that only nineteen per cent., or less than one-fifth of all the families, have more than \$1,200 a year. Whoever has this latter sum may congratulate himself that he is as well off as four-fifths of his neighbors, and far better off than three-fourths of them. There is ground in this for the cultivation of the grace of contentment.

IT is the modern problem *par excellence*, says a writer in *The Atlantic*, to combine free self-government with effective police control over large areas which are inhabited by men of different races, with different standards of duty, and different capacity for self-government. In the ancient world, when citizenship meant membership of a city, the problem did not arise as it does with us. But as intercourse develops more and more between the highly civilized peoples and the less advanced races, the problem becomes more pressing.

IN *The Independent* recently were given the following explanations of the origin of the dollar sign:

1. That it is a combination of the letters U. and S., the initials of United States.
2. That it is a modification of the figure 8, the dollar being formerly called a piece of eight, and designated by the symbol eight-eighths.
3. That it is derived from a representation of the Pillars of Hercules, connected by a scroll. The dollars containing these were called "pillar" dollars.
4. That it is a combination of H S, the mark of the Roman money unit.
5. That it is a combination of P and S, from the Spanish *peso sura*, signifying hard dollar.
6. That the symbol, in almost its present form, was invented and published in 1797 by the Rev. Chauncey Lee, of Rutland, Vt., and that it was part of a general system invented by him for designating mills, cents, dimes, dollars, and eagles. In his system one stroke designated a mill, two strokes a cent, three strokes a dime, four strokes a dollar, while an eagle was designated by the letter E.

ON a recent Sunday, in St. Clement's church, Belfast, a man who had evidently gone there to protest against Ritualism, said in a loud voice to his neighbor in the same seat during the repeating of the Apostles' Creed: "D'ye hear that. 'Born of the Virgin Mary;' there's Popery for you."

WHEN Lawson Tait, the English surgeon, and his wife were driving through Montreal one hot summer morning, Mrs. Tait, observing large blocks of ice standing opposite each door, remarked: "See what a novel plan they have of keeping the air nice and cool by exposing small icebergs opposite each door."

ONCE asked a district nurse, says a writer in *The Cornhill Magazine*, how the various sick cases had been going on during my absence from the parish. At once the look which I knew so well crossed her face, but her natural professional pride strove for the mastery with the due unctiousness which she considered necessary for the occasion. At last she evolved the following strange mixture: "Middling well, sir; some of 'em's gone straight to glory, but I am glad to say others are nicely on the mend."

HERE is a suggestive quotation from *Harper's Bazar*:

A well known and prosperous club opened its new house to the ladies on certain afternoons in June. Everything was opened for inspection—roof-garden, bed-rooms, dining-rooms, library and reading-rooms, pipe-room, lounging-places, and the swimming pool—a spectacle of luxury, beauty, comfort, and order, that no housewife living could hope to rival, and all for annual dues so small that the price of one inexperienced servant for six months in an ordinary household would exceed it. "I suppose they have a right to it all," one woman sighed. "They make the money to pay for it." "I understand it all now!" some one else exclaimed, laying her hand impetuously on another woman's arm. "This is why nothing at home is ever as it ought to be." The pathos of an undeniable situation, of well-defined lines of alienation between the home and the club, between the man's range of interests and the woman's, his love of creature comforts and her inability to supply them, struck many a woman in fact, and happily some men. "I am not sure I like it," said one man. "I get the best dinners in the world, all the books I want, every periodical, and all without a bit of trouble. But when I look round at it all, at the luxury and the splendor, and go down to that swimming pool when I am warm, or up to that roof garden, I think of my poor little wife stewing in her apartment at home, wrestling with servants, and with nothing but a five-by-two tub in a dark bathroom to bathe in." Which goes to prove that whatever further separations may afterwards ensue in American establishments, some men, at least, have existed who have not surrendered to the new order without a protest.

THE CREED OF THE AGNOSTIC

Let me, while life leaps in my veins,
Be proud and free;
Let foolish preachers load no chains
Of faith on me—
While I have strength and youth, let facts,
Not legends, guide my thoughts and acts.
While life is at the flood let no
Old notions rise
To turn my gaze from things below
Unto the skies—
Let reason be my master then
And lead me fearless among men.
While vigor lingers in my limbs,
And skies are fair,
I'll waste no time in singing hymns,
I'll have no prayer—
Without a fear of night ahead,
I'll scoff at him who kneels in dread.
I'll have no God to serve or fear,
When strength is mine!
I'll laugh at him who thinks the ear
Of One divine
Hears all the peans here below,
The songs of faith, the wails of woe!
But when I bend beneath the load
That age lays on,
When darkness settles o'er the road
And strength is gone,
Then from the mists of clouds and doubt,
Let sweet old beams of hope shine out.
Let me, while life leaps in my veins,
Be proud and free;
Let reason firmly hold the reins,
Then, over me—
But when the long night comes, I pray
That Faith be there to show the way!

—Selected.

Notes from "Eaglesnest"

VII.

INDIANS are always interesting, even when they are "tame." We had a blood-curdling adventure with Indians here, in the early days, and we have often laughed over it. The children had gone around the Point for a picnic, taking provisions for the day, potatoes to bake in the coals, marshmallows to roast, etc. The sun was about at the noon mark when a passing pedestrian informed the ladies of the family that Indians had landed at the Point that morning, and were camping there. Consternation prevailed. There was not a man in sight, and perhaps a delay of minutes might mean the death or captivity of the children. Perhaps even now the Indians might be preparing to cook them for dinner! So mother seized the revolver, and auntie got a club, and cook got the potato masher, and nurse, the carving knife, and on the warpath these domestic Amazons started. I have no doubt they would have given a good account of themselves had they come face to face with real wild Indians carrying off their children or scalping them. But when they reached the bluff and looked down on the beach and took in the situation, they were nearly overcome, yet not with horror. There was an open tent, with a papoose swinging between the poles, and Indian men, women, children, dogs, and a cat, quietly engaged or sitting and standing around, and there were the dear children trading their potatoes for pretty baskets, and seeming quite at home amidst the squaws and the kettles. Indians have since frequently camped in that place, and have given us no cause for alarm or anxiety. While they come to sell baskets, they are very glad to get old clothes and provisions. They seem to be very poor, but fairly clean and very well behaved.

These Indians are the descendants of the ancient Ottawas, the race of the renowned Pontiac. These, with the Chippewas, were the nomadic powers of this lake region centering at Mackinac. The Ottawas appear to have been less fierce and vengeful than their rivals, though it was a chief of their blood who planned and carried out the massacre of nearly all the English soldiers in the Northwest, in 1763. Parkman's "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," gives the story. After the War of 1812, the Indian's occupation on the warpath was gone. He followed a more quiet life, and enjoyed some of the comforts of life. That was his golden age, when he had some of the advantages, without any of the vices, of the white man's civilization. He did not take to it very seriously, however. A little of it seemed to go a long way with him. He learned to make houses in which he could keep warm in winter, and to do a little rough gardening, and was content to stop there.

In 1839, the Rev. Peter Dougherty was sent here by the Presbyterian Board to establish a mission and to convert and civilize the natives. Three or four other white men aided him in teaching the Indians in practical ways, but I believe he was the only minister. His work was doubtless a blessing to the group of families which gathered about him at the head of our little harbor, but nothing permanent seems to have come of it. His wards did not relish the hard, steady work of farming, and did not develop the lands around. Indeed,

there was some uncertainty as to the title they might finally secure, and to obviate this, Mr. Dougherty moved them all over across the west bay, sledding on the ice, to what he called New Mission, now Omena. The Indians of the mission are scattered now, not very many of them surviving, but doubtless some took with them inspiration to a better life in this world, with the hope of the better life to come. With other Christian Indians, they (the descendants) hold a camp meeting every summer at some point on the mainland, and I have heard that it is well conducted.

Mr. Dougherty was a graduate of Princeton, energetic, yet gentle and faithful in all things. The account of his labors reminds me of our own Breck in Wisconsin, but the comparison will not hold very far. Dr. Breck was a great spiritual power; he led an associate mission of clergy who extended their work over a large region, and left foundations upon which others have been building since. Mr. Dougherty's mission was more in the line of domestic and industrial education, and in this he was happily aided by the good examples and kind ministrations of the women of the mission, among whom his wife was most helpful. In the "History of the Traverse Region," to which we are indebted, mention is made of Mrs. Dougherty as a woman "of superior natural and educational endowments, with the sincerity, sweet disposition, and polished manners of the ideal Christian lady; the social atmosphere of her home produced a healthful moral effect on all who came within the sphere of its influence."

C. W. L.

Old Mission, Mich.

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The Religious Newspaper

THE very radical change in the character of religious papers which has taken place within the last few years is regarded by the *Pioneer Press* of St. Paul as "a striking proof" that they are "consciously or unconsciously adapting themselves to the needs of their time"; in other words, are recognizing that "their survival as important factors depends very largely on the closeness of their relation with the life of the world."

The simpler explanation, however, is that these formerly religious papers are trying to save themselves from extinction by transforming themselves into secular papers. Twenty-five years ago, and even at a more recent period, some of the most profitable newspaper properties in this country were weekly religious publications. Very considerable fortunes were made by their proprietors, for their circulation was large, and it was maintained steadily by the religious conviction of the denominations they represented. During late years, however, that conviction has been decreasing in strength, and the denominational partisanship upon which they depended for support, once intense, has now been succeeded by a spirit of indifference. This looseness of conviction was manifest also in the papers themselves; instead of building up the religious faith of their readers, they spread among them teachings subversive of it, or at least they were religious Mugwumps, with no definite cause either to sustain or attack. The consequence was that their prosperity declined greatly, or gave place to actual adversity. They lost their distinctive character, and with it their distinctive support. Instead of strong meat for men, they purveyed milk for babes—literary mush and swash and intellectual slops.

We do not speak of the religious papers generally, but only of certain of the more notable and most prosperous examples. The majority have maintained their original character, but their present appearance suggests that they are suffering because of the declining faith which

followed the spread among formerly believing people of the unbelieving criticism of the Bible of the Briggs school. The project for a conference on religion in New York next year affords a symptom of this increasing looseness of conviction and indifference to tenets and doctrines which had before kept alive a spirit of partisanship in religion indicative of the earnestness and sincerity of conviction essential to the vitality of Churches. This conference is called by representatives of ten different denominations, once separated by radical conflicts of view. Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, and Presbyterians are to participate in it, along with Unitarians, Universalists, and even Jews. The theological lion and lamb are to lie down together. It has even been suggested that Mohammedans and Buddhists be invited to join, and we cannot see any good reason why they should be excluded from a conference to establish so composite and eclectic a religion.

Of course such an enterprise would not be undertaken if there was not widespread indifference in the orthodox denominations regarding their nominally distinct doctrines and tenets, for there can be no communion between them and Unitarians and Universalists, unless they are prepared to surrender wholly their theological position. They could not possibly get together unless all hands were ready to accept the rationalism of the extremist.

The tone of the formerly religious papers which have now secularized themselves, shows very clearly that they have no definite religious belief to surrender, but are substantially agnostics, with charity and sympathy for all kindred skepticism. This absence of anything like religious conviction is accompanied by a pretentious but feeble neutrality in politics of the Mugwump sort. They seem to be banking on the theory that there is a large demand for insipid political essays; but we question if they will find the investment profitable. Undoubtedly there are some minds incapable of digesting anything stronger than literary and political slops, but the continued vigor of the race indicates that they are a small minority only.

The secularized religious newspaper, therefore, has not improved itself by the transformation, but rather has shown that its excuse for existence was lost when it ceased to perform its distinctive office. It is now neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, and every healthy and vigorous intellectual appetite rejects it as a savorless and unnutritious diet.—*The Sun*.



Book Reviews and Notices

That Fortune. A Novel. By Charles Dudley Warner. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1899. Price, \$1.25.

A thoroughly readable story of New York life, a clean, good book, without a line that one would care to blot. The hero, Philip Burnett, is from New England, and the bright, fresh scenes of his boyhood are deftly sketched in. So also we have delightful glimpses of his home life, and the character pictures are well drawn. The heroine, Evelyn Mavick, is the daughter of one of New York's richest men. The only child of her parents, she is jealously guarded from her birth, and is never for one moment from under the watchful eyes of attendants. By a rare good fortune, a Scotch woman, Ann MacDonald, a woman of thorough integrity and excellent intellectual and moral endowments, has the heiress in charge. Under her care she reaches her young womanhood. This is how the author speaks of the happy result of this process of education: "When Philip said that Evelyn was educated in the world of literature and not in the conflicts of life, he had but the keynote of her condition at the moment she was coming into the world and would have to act for herself. The more he saw of her the more was he impressed with the fact that her discrimination, it might almost be called divination, and her judgment were based upon the best and most vital products of the human mind." The effect of this careful training was that "she judged the world as she came to know it, by high

standards." The author's reflections on this condition of the heroine's intellectual and moral development are admirably put, and will bear quoting in full: "The world is firmly fixed in the idea that both for its pleasure and profit it is necessary to know good and evil. Ignorance of evil in the world is, however, not to be predicated of those who are familiar only with the great masterpieces of literature, for if they are masterpieces, little or great, they exhibit human nature in all its aspects, and further than this, it ought to be demonstrable, *a priori*, that a mind fed on the best, and not confused by the weak and diluted, or corrupted by images of the essentially vulgar and vile, would be morally healthy and best fitted to cope with the social problems of life. The Testaments reveal about everything that is known about human nature, but such is their clear, high spirit, and their quality, that no one ever traced mental degeneration or low taste in literature, or want of virility in judgment, to familiarity with them. On the contrary, the most vigorous intellects have acknowledged their supreme indebtedness to them." It is refreshing to read such a reflection in the pages of a popular novel, such a tribute to the enlightening and ennobling quality of the sacred Scriptures. It may be as well to add that "That Fortune" melts away in Wall street, but love and truth and happiness and all the sacred and imperishable verities of life remain for hero and heroine, and for Miss MacDonald, all three of whom every reader will love.

Unity in Diversity. Five Addresses Delivered in the Cathedral, Oxford. By Charles Bigg, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. 102. Price, 80c.

This book recalls to mind a visit made some years ago to a quiet vicarage in a remote hamlet in the English Midlands, where we found engaged in the humblest ministry to his little flock, the profound thinker to whom we had listened a few days before as he preached from the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford, one of the ablest university sermons we had ever heard. He was the author of this book. So long as such men are scattered throughout the country parishes of our mother Church, the old saying will remain true, "*Clerus Anglicanus stupor mundi*." In this interesting and scholarly volume, Dr. Bigg undertakes to show how great is the diversity, and at the same time how close may be the unity, of various types of character and schools of thought in the Church Catholic. Taking St. Paul the Mystic, St. Peter the Disciplinarian, and the philosophic writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews as representative Christian teachers, he shows in a very striking way how their diversities of thought and life were harmonized to the vast enrichment of the Apostolic Church. The great principle which he unfolds finds noble expression in these words: "The Redeemer is the Son of Man, the Lord of all human nature. He sits above the floods of opinion; He sees the little brooks and the raging torrents, the broad streams, and the great ocean, and He knows that they are all fed by the same rain which comes down from God, that they all water the earth, and make it fruitful. From Him come all the four rivers; but we dwell on the banks of Gihon or Hiddekel, and think that in our own land only is gold to be found. And so we make the disputes. What we need is to travel up to the great Fountain Head, that Personality which none can see round and none can see over. There we shall learn how all our partial opinions find their completion, and so their harmony, in the Perfect Man."

The Foundations of Zoology. By William Keith Brooks, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Zoology in the Johns Hopkins University. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.50.

If the author could better illustrate in his use of language the great principle of "fitness," which he claims is the governing law of life, he would help us to reach the "foundations" more easily. One must read the whole book in order to understand the introduction. In this the author sums up his purpose as follows: "To show to them who think with Berkeley that it

is a hard thing to suppose that right deductions from true principles should ever end in consequences which cannot be maintained or made consistent," that, in my opinion, there is nothing in the prevalence of mechanical conceptions of life, and of mind, or in the unlimited extension of these conceptions, to show that this hard thing to suppose is true." We are not, however, in the least degree convinced that there is no contradiction "between anything we find in our nature, and the ultimate reduction of all nature, including all the phenomena of life and of mind, to mechanical principles." Even the belief in volition and duty and moral responsibility, the author contends, is compatible with the theory of mechanics. The argument seems to be that so far as can be ascertained by the "strictly scientific" method, the order of nature is mechanical, and we have no right to assume that there is anything else. "They stand on treacherous ground, who base positive opinions on negative evidence," he says; yet that is really the underlying "treacherous ground" of the whole treatise. It is true, the author declines to commit himself to the unqualified dogma of molecular mechanics—"I simply do not know, and have no belief whatever on the subject"—yet he seems to follow Charles Darwin in trying to find "a mechanical explanation of that rational judgment which is innate in intelligent human beings"; holding that this may be a part of the physical order of nature; that language itself, even the most rational discourse, may lie entirely within the limits of physical causation. That he is sincere and earnest and courageous in his search for truth, is evident on every page.

The candid admissions of Dr. Brooks as to the unproved and apparently unprovable theory, toward the establishment of which the great work of Darwin was directed, will seem to many a sufficient reward for the careful study of his book. His appreciative treatment of Paley is one of the bright features to be noted. In the failure of science to throw any light on the origin and meaning of personal identity, he says, "the argument from contrivance has the same value, whatever this may be, that it had before natural selection was discovered." He believes that zoology "leaves ample room for a wider theology, which may be independent of research into the sciences." While the tendency of the work is to lead to the adoption of the mechanical theory, without break or intervention, from cosmic mist to conscious mind, there is frequent admission that this is not proven. "The progress of science has shown the worthlessness of all the evidence for spontaneous generation." The monistic view that holds to abiogenesis, is "supported by analogy and defended by ignorance." "The essential characteristic of life is fitness. A living organism is a being that uses the world around it for its own good. I, for one, am unable to find, in inorganic matter, any germ of this wonderful attribute." There is much more in this line of thought.

The Dreamers; A Club. By John Kerdrick Bangs. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.25.

This is a "funny" book, and, unlike many of the funny books offered us, it is really and truly funny. The "motif" is a club of thirteen young men who agree to eat at a late supper, viands which provoke dreams, such as cheese, mince pie, boiled pork, etc., and when they next meet to tell their dreams, which a stenographer will take down. This volume contains the "Dreams" as related. Each one is an imitation of some well-known author, and some of them are very droll and very cleverly done. The "Salvation of Findlayson," in the style of Kipling, and "The Overcoat," after W. D. Howells, are both admirable skits. Good and healthy summer reading.

America in the East. By William Eliot Griffis. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Price, \$1.50.

A well printed and well-illustrated book on a subject now pretty well worn, "America in the East." The chapters have taking titles: "Can We Govern the Philippines?" "The American in Corea." "Can the White Man Live in the Tropics?" etc. They have already appeared in

The Outlook and in *Harper's Magazine*. The author is a man who lived some years in the countries about which he writes, and has already written much about them. He calls his book, very properly, "A Glance at Our History, Problems, etc., in the Pacific Ocean," for it is only a glance, and a very passing glance. We find very little that is new in the book, but we find the old set forth in a bright, taking way, and we recommend the little volume to those who want to say they read something besides novels during the summer.

Justice to the Jew. The Story of What He Has Done for the World. By Madison C. Peters. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Price, \$1.

The story of this volume is a new revelation of the marvelous endurance, splendid manhood and womanhood of a race that has been despised for centuries. The writer traces the life and work of the Jew in the nation, the arts, sciences, literature, legislation, philanthropy, and in every relationship established between man and man. "Leaders of men" might well be the epithet of the race. Separate and distinct, they have yet, in spite of persecution and malignment, ranked themselves always on the side of the nation in which they lived, never leading in anarchy, but ever peace-loving and loyal. Mr. Peters has done great service in his book to the world at large, and we commend it most highly for its thoroughness and its fullness of detail and research. The style of the book is equally attractive with the immense amount of information it gives.

An Ode to Girlhood, and Other Poems. By Alice Archer Sewall, with Frontispiece. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.25.

The author endeavors to write in the style of Swinburne, but does not attain to the flow and music of such verse. The poems have in them much merit, as far as impulse and idea are concerned; but they are quite deficient in the mystery of number, and that delicate echo of sweet sound, which, like a perfume, should pervade all poetry. If the writer has no ear, and is unable to develop the subtle qualities of true rhythm, it is a misfortune, for some of the more simple poems are really graceful, such, for instance, as "The Day after the Death of a Rose." We quote a few stanzas:

"Thy presence in a room
Did lesser things restrain.
At table in my place,
To think upon thy face
Did make me rise and go to thee again.

I played the sweetest airs
Upon the tender keys.
But thou beside me gazing,
Wast sweetness so amazing,
That silence dropped between the harmonies.

* * * *

And in the silent night,
When I lay down to sleep,
Thy heart so wide awake,
Its most of life to take,
Did force me like a tragedy to weep."

The frontispiece, by H. Siddons Mowbray, is an effective and beautiful bit of decoration.

The Making of Hawaii; a Study in Social Evolution. By William Fremont Blackman. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.

Professor Blackman has won for himself a universal debt of gratitude for his splendid work on Hawaii. Coming at this time, when the future of the Islands is of the greatest importance to the United States, this book carefully shows the mistakes made by outside nations in their treatment of the Hawaiians, and the possibilities of the race if properly governed. The history of the race since the discovery of the Islands by Captain Cook forms another link in the chain of degeneration of the savage when brought under the influence of the more savage European trader. There were splendid traits in the Hawaiians waiting for development, but many of them were dwarfed and thwarted by misrule. American governors have a task before them which, rightly wielded, may produce a race of colonists worthy of the highest aspirations of our patriots.

Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem. By John Koren. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

This is the report of a committee of fifty, constituted "in the hope of securing a body of facts relating to the medical, legislative, ethical, and economic aspects of the [liquor] question, which will serve as a basis for intelligent public and private action." The work of the committee has been well done. The compilation of statistics, the gathering of facts, and the suggestion of results and remedies, have received the utmost care and attention of the committee. The book is a most valuable contribution to one of the burning questions of the day, and its contents should receive careful study from our legislators, mayors, aldermen, and corporations who can control the sale and use of intoxicants.

The Standard Intermediate School Dictionary of the English Language. By James C. Fernald. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price, \$1.

This is an excellent dictionary for the class of students for whom it is compiled. Handy in size, clear, concise, and well printed, it is calculated to fill a want that must often be felt by scholars when a large dictionary is not available.

"The Temperance Problem and Social Reform," by Joseph Rountree and Arthur Sherwell, of which three editions have been quickly taken up in London, will be published here immediately by Mr. Thomas Whittaker.

Books Received

Under this head will be announced all books received up to the week of publication. Further notice will be made of such books as the editor may select to review.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

The Physical Nature of the Child, and How to Study It. By Stuart H. Rowe, Ph. D. \$1.
Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. LIX. \$3.75.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY.

What Women Can Earn. \$1.
The Strong Arm. By Robert Barr. \$1.25.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY.

Christian Science Examined. By Henry Varley.
Plain Papers on the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit. By the Rev. C. I. Scofield, D. D.

D. APPLETON & Co.

Our Navy in Time of War (1861-1898). By Franklin Matthews. 75 cents.
Snow on the Headlight. By Cy Warman.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.

Baptism. By the Rev. Darwell Stone. Oxford Library of Practical Theology. \$1.50.
Memoirs of Half a Century. By Richard W. Hiley. \$5.
Thoughts on the Collects for the Trinity Season. By Ethel Romanes. \$1.

Pamphlets Received

Year Book of St. Matthew's Cathedral Parish, Dallas, Texas.
Visions of Anti-Christ and His Times. By Major General W. A. Baker, Royal Bombay Engineers
Report of the Army and Navy Department Y. M. C. A. Sixth Annual Address of the Bishop of Vermont.

Opinions of the Press

The Omaha Excelsior

BIBLE SERMONS.—We believe that a great mistake is made in depending upon sensational sermons. A congregation, as a whole, is quite receptive and willing to be instructed rather than entertained. To this end we think that Bible-class methods should be carried into the pulpit. Let the minister who laments the fact that he cannot get the older men interested in the work of his Bible-class, try once the effect of bringing the Bible-class to them, administering a dose of Bible-instruction from the pulpit, along the same lines, geographical, archeological, and historical, that obtain in his own study. He will be surprised to find what an attentive congregation sits before him. For the average man, after all the instruction that he had or didn't have "at his mother's knee," has a very indifferent knowledge of the actual facts of Bible history

and their relation to the progress of the world, more particularly that of the Old Testament, and this can be made very entertaining matter, say, for a once-a-month sermon, or let us call it a "talk." While other Sundays are taken up with doctrinal, business, or contemporary sermons, allow the seeker after the real facts of religious history, either of Biblical or more recent times, to have his fill occasionally.

The Observer (Presbyterian)

ARBITRARY CRITICISM.—If everything be conceded to a criticism arbitrarily subjective, if each man considers himself capable of picking and choosing throughout the area of the Divine Word, and if the Bible be treated as a subject for dissection by little human minds, there will be many Bibles with a small "b," but there will remain no Bible in capital letters. When, for example, a "leading scholar" of America declares that there is in the Bible a great deal of "rubbish" and promiscuous "debris," the way is prepared for this man or that man to throw this book or that chapter on his own private rubbish heap, as he sees fit, no supreme Form really remaining by which to judge and direct human life. If one writer can err, so can another; if Paul is wrong, so might John be, even though he leaned upon Jesus's breast; or, for that matter (which is the latest fruit of this vicious subjective dissection of Scripture), so might Jesus himself be in error, or even a falsifier. All these scriptural skepticisms are possible where human conceit exalts itself to determine just what the Lord Almighty did say, or ought to have said, to mankind in the way of a revelation. What is needed is a revival of respect for the Bible. The Bible deserves, by reason of all that it has so far done for the race, to be taken upon its own terms. It is not only a good book; it is the best book. It is the authority of God, and it is God's book. There is no rubbish in the Bible. The Scriptures are not the debris of centuries, but the lively and enduring oracles of the great Jehovah.

The Presbyterian Banner

ETHICS AND BUSINESS.—The doctrine that ethics has nothing to do with business is both atheistic and anarchical. If ethics has no place in business it has no place anywhere; the difference between right and wrong is a mythical distinction; there is no God, and not even a Power in the world that makes for righteousness. The practical effects of the doctrine would be such as would grow out of this atheistical root. It would drive out of business not only brotherhood and sympathy and sincere mutual service, but also justice and right, truth and trust, and turn it into a den of thieves and cut-throats. On such principles, business would be impossible and society would perish. The chief factors in business are not land, labor, and capital, but faith, truth, and right. Without these moral principles as the ground on which to stand, men could have no dealings with one another, and business could not even begin. Not only so, but it is these moral principles that make business profitable. Business that is built on fraud or force is a kind of robbery, that makes some richer by making others poorer, and such business cannot last; but trade that is conducted on principles of mutual truth and trust is profitable all around, and can ever continue to increase its wealth. Successful business men, as a rule, believe in the principles and in the practice of ethics, and their honesty is their most splendid and most profitable capital. The very name "trust" is a highly ethical word, and if this form of business "knows nothing about ethics," it is doing business under false pretences, and should change its name. A certain United States senator once declared that "there is no room for the Ten Commandments in politics," and was speedily retired to private life under a weight of public odium. The business man that "knows nothing about ethics" is flaunting his moral shamelessness before the world, and will excite against himself and against his business its indignant condemnation. It is "ethics" that stands between business and anarchy.

The Household

In Time of Sickness

A STORY OF THE NIGER DELTA

(CONCLUDED)

THE mighty cottonwoods across the river rose blackly against a blaze of crimson light when a low, white-painted launch swung out from beneath the clustering palms. Two of Langton's Krooboys crouched forward beneath the warped and blistered sun-deck, and the Haussa soldier leaned over the cockpit coamings, gazing half-amused at the quaint figure in greasy dungarees very busy beside him. Langton, after suffering many things at the hands of the white mechanic sent him out from home to teach the negroes how to run that launch, had decided to become his own engineer. The assistant when most wanted was generally found to be suffering from an overdose of palm wine, which was a point too good to be missed by the cynical traders; while Langton had doubts whether under any circumstances it would be wise to trust so delicate a craft as an oil-launch to the mercies of the Krooboy. Therefore, being a man of resource, he had puzzled over designs and complicated pieces of link motion himself, and now, blackened with soot-of-kerosene, and redolent of rancid oil, he bent over the clanking machinery. "All right at last; that's better. Now we're off," he said, and with a cloud of evil-smelling blue vapor that wreathed about her quarters, tainting the air half a mile astern, and the muddy water, which gleamed blood-red about her, boiling beneath the bow, the launch clanged on up stream.

Presently the last faint glow of saffron flickered and died out behind the palms, darkness closed suddenly down, and wisps of fever-mist, heavy with germs of madness and death, crawled out across the river as the forest woke to life.

"Warmed up now, we'll let her go," said Langton, and crank and connecting rod clanged faster and faster, until they reeled and danced before his aching eyes. Here and there the mist rose to the height of the shade-deck, and the tired man stared anxiously ahead, gripping the iron tiller harder, as they swept through the clammy whiteness at nine knots an hour. Then Amadu, the Haussa, who was quite aware of the risk of crushing in the thin plates like an egg-shell against a mighty, drifting log, opened his eyes in wide surprise. The representatives of the government he knew travel fast by night or day through winding creek and foul lagoon, in spite of rending snag, treacherous eddy, and hidden shoal; but it was strange to find that this quietly spoken white man who was neither consul nor officer, thought equally little of the risk.

In places the vapor stood like a solid wall across the creek, but there was no slackening of speed. More oil was pumped into the cylinder. Langton threw the valve open wide, and the white wreaths piled themselves higher and higher against the trembling bow, while the hum and whirr grew louder still, and the little propeller whirled like a dynamo. Then a broad red moon swung up from behind the forest, and the streaks of mist became less frequent, while the river shimmered in silver light. High overhead rose the feathery tufts of the oil palms, and the shadowy undergrowth beneath was filled with mysterious rustlings

as the forest creatures stirred forth to hunt or warfare after the manner of their kind. The atmosphere was like that of a great hothouse, heavy with the smell of steaming earth, the fragrance of lily flowers, and an odor as of all manner of spices. And the launch was going ten knots now.

Later the forests rolled away astern, and they drove onwards through a waste of fetid mire, where the mangroves spread their dingy leaves to hide the foul depths of putrefaction among the crawling roots, and the channels were cumbered with banks of rotting mud. Scaly alligators floundered beneath the oyster-crusts withes, unseen crawling things splashed along the edge of the bubbling mud, and the air was almost unbreathable with the sour odors of decay. But neither the pen of a Dante, nor the weird pencil of Dore, could adequately depict an African mangrove swamp at night. It is fantastic, unearthly, horrible, and the shadow of death, and torments worse than death, brood heavily above it. And all the time the worn-out European, soaked in clammy fever-damp, and dazed from want of sleep, stood like a silent statue gripping the helm, for he knew that the launch was running a grim race for a white man's life that night. He quite understood that he was in greater peril now than he had been in the native village, for one rasp against a submerged water-logged trunk would leave them to the mercy of the alligators, while not even a Jakkery could traverse the mangrove roots. There are also compensations, even in Africa, where the white man does not, as a rule, receive infection from a native, which is strange, considering that he, too, suffers from similar ailments.

The engines had settled to their work, and were doing their utmost now, and as the miles reeled by astern, Amadu, the Haussa took the helm at intervals, while Langton bent over them, oil-can in hand. Then, as they swept out of a tunnel-like channel beneath the mangrove boughs, he suddenly checked the valve and jammed the tiller down. A tier of yellow lights glimmered right overhead through drifting mist, and a startled hail came down from the lofty iron bows that towered blackly above them. "Launch ahoy; look out there—look out," it said. The little craft swayed sharply down as she felt the helm, and even the Haussa held his breath when she scraped past the great steel stem. Then swinging round in a semi-circle, with panting engines, she ground against the weed-crusts side which rose like a wall before her. It was one of the irregular mailboats which churn their way far inland through the tangled creeks to collect palm oil from the scattered factories, waiting for the dawn, and as a sudden thought struck Langton he clutched at the half-lowered accommodation ladder, and hurried up on deck.

He found the purser, whom he knew, sorting papers in a sweltering room, and explained his presence briefly, adding, with an assurance he was far from feeling: "I know you will spare me a block of ice—it may save the poor fellow's life." The good-natured official wrinkled his brows. "If it had been any one else I would have laughed at you," he said. "We have very little left, and have cut it off the passengers—South Coast Belgians growling like bears because they have to drink tepid wine—but we've eight men down, some of them raving already. Still, I suppose you want it badly or you would not have asked." Then he rose

and pounded on the doctor's door. "Do you hear, Pills; I'm going to give Mr. Langton a block of ice, and he'll ransack your bottle shop as well. Hyah, Frypan, tell them steward-man quick." Langton hurriedly selected a few things he needed, and when they shook hands the purser said: "You are in a desperate hurry, not even a glass of wine? Well, you are an unsociable man, and certainly a very grimy one, but good luck go with you," and Langton hurried on board the launch, with the precious ice wrapped in a blanket.

It was burning day when they came panting into sight of the Salu factory, after winding round through endless creeks, for not even a native could find his way by night through the network of narrow tunnels beneath the mangrove boughs. By that time Sergeant Amadu was filled with a deep respect for his white companion. "This man should have been a soldier," he afterwards said. Under the best of circumstances an oil launch is an uncleanly craft to drive, and when she has been experimented upon surreptitiously by inquisitive Krooboys, matters are not improved. Langton was, therefore, as the purser had said, a very grimy man. His face was blackened with soot of kerosene, and his duck garments smeared with oil, but when the traders met him at the landing with an offer of refreshment, his reply was characteristic. "We'll see the sick man first, the rest can wait," he said.

Lee fidgeted uneasily as they walked towards the house. "It was very good of you to come," he presently observed. "Perhaps it would be better to let that little difference of opinion drop. We'll overlook what you said."

Much suffering and many disappointments had failed to quench Langton's sense of humor, and there was a twinkle in his eye as he answered: "Let it be postponed, then, and I will tackle you again some day. I haven't changed my mind, you know."

When he had finished his examination his face was very grave, and bending over the sufferer's couch he put the matter plainly, for in the fever-swamps, where death is very near to every European, men do not hide the truth in times like this. "I must warn you that you are very ill," he said, gently. "So ill that I see nothing for it but the ice bath—I presume you know the risk?"

A faint smile flickered in the sick man's face as he gasped: "I can understand; no one could live long at a temperature of one hundred and six, and without sleep for many nights. Do what you think best."

Then Langton turned to the traders: "Crush all the fresh limes you have, pour vinegar on them, and the coldest water. There's no time to lose; I have brought some ice."

Lee opened his eyes. "I could not have bought a piece like that for five pounds just now," he said; and Langton answered: "Be thankful, then, that there are still people who will give what money cannot buy."

Afterwards the strangely assorted trio, two reckless gin traders and the representative of a body whose emissaries, though they make mistakes at times, have poured out their blood like water in the fever-land, fought a grim battle for that officer's life. More than once it seemed that the hand of death was stronger than human skill, for the chilly ice water threatened to quench the flickering life as well as the fire of fever; but Langton knew his work, and the flame did not go out. It was done at last, and

Alton, wrapped in dry blankets, was carried back to the veranda for the sake of the passing coolness, where he lay white and still, occasionally rambling incoherently. "If he would only sleep," said Langton to trader Lee, when he had changed his garments and swallowed a morsel of food. "Can't you rig a draught screen to catch the little air? You two can rest if you need it. I dare not leave him now."

So, together with the faithful Haussa who steadfastly refused to leave his master's couch, the tired man sat himself down to watch. The sun southed and rolled westward, and the temperature steadily increased, until the dust of the scorching compound beneath would have burned the incautious foot. The palm fronds ceased their dry rustle, and the forest lay silent, sweltering in fervent heat. And through it all, sable follower of the Prophet and white Christian watched and waited in uncomplaining silence, the barriers between them melting away beneath a power which is greater than the distinctions of color and race. Late in the afternoon Ellory returned with a little fruit and food, and said, softly: "Any improvement yet?" but Langton shook his head.

"I am afraid not," was the grave answer. "He talks at times, but his mind seems to wander—we can only hope for sleep." Afterwards no one spoke, and the shadows lengthened across the compound until the palm tufts were black lacework against crimson fire again, and the mist rose like steam from off the quaking swamps. A column of blue vapor curled up above the huts of the Krooboy laborers, and the monotonous tapping of a monkey-skin drum came quivering through the listless air.

The sick man, whose eyes were half-open now, turned a ghastly face towards them, and seemed to listen. "Ah, a Krooboy drum, and I thought I was at home," he said, faintly and incoherently. "I am going home—no, I remember now. Dying—Langton knows, I saw it in his face. Ellory, you won't forget the letters, or I'll haunt you. Poor Kate, she watches every mail. I must have dreamt I heard her speaking now."

Langton raised his hand. "You must not talk," he said, soothingly; but the low voice went on: "Lift me up, and let me see the sunset." The big Haussa sergeant raised the wasted shoulders in his arms, and the sick man, gazing wistfully down the shimmering river, the highway to the sea, rambled on: "Yes, I'm going home. English meadows instead of fever-swamps—you know the English air. No, I'm always forgetting. Lay me down, I'm tired, very tired."

"Light-headed, poor fellow. I'm afraid he's near the end," said Lee, softly, as he drew near the missionary's side; and Amadu laid his master down. A last red gleam touched the transparent forehead, and the weary eyelids closed. The Haussa leaned forward, staring breathlessly, and Ellory's eyes were misty as, choking down something in his throat, he said: "Beyond the fever now."

Then a firm grasp closed upon his arm, he was led quietly but forcibly away, and a steady voice answered: "No—it's sleep, life-giving sleep. We dare not move him, and we'll have to chance the damp. His life is trembling in the balance still, and I must hold out yet." All night Langton watched again, with the Haussa, asleep at last in spite of his efforts, slumbering beside him, until in the coolness of the dawn he

rose thankfully to his feet, knowing that the crisis was past. "Allah has spared your master's life," he said; and the big Moslem, standing erect, turned his face towards the brightening east. Then awakening and giving a few brief instructions to the traders, Langton crawled away to his quarters and slept like a log for ten hours on end; while when the Haussa descended the creaking stairway he laid a grip on Ellory's arm which the trader remembered all that day, as he said in the tongue of the North: "There are many infidel teachers, and some are doubtless of the white bushmen. I, Amadu, have seen them—but this is a leader of men."

A week later Langton who had many things to do meantime, came back to that factory, and carried Alton away in his odoriferous launch, through a maze of foul creeks, to overtake the mailboat at a group of factories. He stayed on board two days, with his launch towing astern, and then took leave of his patient as they neared the river mouth. Alton, weak as a child, but past all danger, lay in a canvas lounge beneath the saloon deck awnings, and his sunken eyes were bright with hope. "Words cannot thank you for what you have done," he said. "Is there any way I can show my gratitude?"

Langton smiled a little. "We do not do this work for a reward," he answered slowly. "There are those who speak ill of us upon the coast, and when you hear such speech, you can say that we try to do our best, and you speak with authority, you know. And now good-by, and new health in the dear old land."

The two men grasped hands, and Langton, standing on the deck of his little oil launch, watched the mailboat steam out across the tumbling bar until her smoke was only a dim smear upon the rim of the turquoise semi-circle. Then choking down a sigh, he went back to his work among the swamps.—*Harold Bindloss in Good Words.*

Jonnie Crum's Peece

MR. PRINTER: My Teechar in Sunday Skool wanted us to rite a peece about the bennyfit of Sunday Skools. This is my peece. Jonnie Crum. I am going on to 9 years old.

Bennyfit 1. Sunday Skools is a grate bennyfit to childerns fathers and mothers. It gives em peece and happiness. Every Sunday morning my Pa and Ma gets up late coz Pa is always tired Sundays. After breakfast Pa always says come hussle round childern and go to Sunday Skool, for Pa is tired and wants a little peece and rest Sundays. Then Pa goes and lays down on the sofy and smokes and reads papers all the forenoon. Ma she sees to gettin dinner, for Pa says he must have a good dinner on Sunday, anyway. Ma has to take care of the baby, too, fer the hired gal is a cathlick and says she wont stay home from Church fer nobody and Ma bein a protestan has to mind her.

Bennyfit 2. Sunday Skools save childern's Pas and Mas from going to church. One day the minister was up to our house and he told Pa and Ma they ort to go to Church. And Pa says, O, I send all my childern to Sunday Skool, and gess that will have to do. And so Ma and Pa dont go to Church, but Ma says she would like to.

Bennyfit 3. Sunday Skools saves childerns payrents a good deal of money. When the minister told Pa he ort to help pay the Church expenses, Pa said O I give my childern a nickel a peece every Sunday to take

to the Sunday Skool. But the minister said, yes, but the childern gets it all back again in Cards and Books and Picknicks, and Krismas trees. And Pa said, well it is all I can afford.

Bennyfit 4. Sunday Skool saves the big boys and girls from goin to Church. When the boys gets big enuff to smoke and to not mind their Pas, then they stop goin to Sunday Skool. Only they go to Church some nites when the girls go along, and then they all set in back seats and chew gum. My Pa told Jim my big brother that he ort to go to Church reglar. But Jim said there aint no need of my goin more'n there is of your goin. I have as much rite to stay at home as you have. But Pa said he was tired on Sundays. Pa keeps a store, but every day he says times are so hard he don't sell much and don't have much to do.

Bennyfit 5. Sunday Skools make the Teechars study up things. My Teechar was over to our house and Ma said shed ketch her. So she said, Miss Jenny which is the oldest, the Cathlick Church or the Jewish Church. My Teechar said, I am not sure, but I think the Cathlick Church. My Ma said she sposed so too, but any how there want much difference. My Pa thinks it is the duty of Sunday Skool Teechars to study up and know things. When we ask him about God, or something else we want to know very bad, he always says, you are a leettle ahead of me, go and ask your Sunday Skool Teechar, thats what shes put there fer to teech you. Jim thats my big brother said to Pa, how much wages does Sunday Skool Teechars get. Pa said they don't get no wages. They Teech fer love. Then Jim said what do they love your childern so much fer, and why dont you teech your own childern for love. And Pa he got mad and told Jim he was sassy.

Bennyfit 6. Sunday Skools do a great deal of good to childern. If it warnt for them they wouldnt know nothing. Fer their Payrents haint got no time to teech em. Childern learn songs and verses and things. If they go reglar and don't miss they get big pay fer learnin to be good. But when I am a little bigger I am goin to do as Pa does and stay at home Sundays, and smoke and read the papers and have some of Mas big dinners.

Bennyfit 7. There is a grate many more bennyfits to Sunday Skools but I dont know any more.—Jonnie Crum, in *Young Churchman*.

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Antiquity of the Carpenter's Plane

A VERY interesting discovery has been made at the Roman city of Silchester. The excavators came across a dry well, which, on being explored, proved quite a little museum of antiquities. Some fifteen feet down, a *Times* correspondent says, the diggers found an urn-shaped pottery vase, about a foot in length, quite intact, and, curiously enough, protected by lumps of chalk built around it. The vase, which probably originally contained some precious substance, was, however, quite empty. Above it were deposited a great number of iron implements, most of which were in a wonderful state of preservation. They seem to have been the tools of a carpenter and a coppersmith or silversmith, with some miscellaneous objects of blacksmith's work thrown in. The principal specimen is a carpenter's plane of quite modern type, although unquestionably more than 1,500 years old; three or four axes, retaining their fine cutting edges and still quite serviceable; a number of chisels and gouges of all shapes and sizes, hammers, adzes, saws, files, etc. In the smith's department may be specified a brazier for burning charcoal, quite complete, two or three anvils of different sizes and shapes, a fine pair of tongs adapted for lifting crucibles, a curious tripod candelabrum lamp, or candlestick, and several other curious objects, the precise uses of which have not yet been determined. In addition, there are several large bars of iron, a couple of plowshares, and a broken sword. Probably more will be found deeper down in the well. This is undoubtedly the most important find at Silchester since the discovery of the bronze Roman eagle, now at Strathfieldsayes, some years ago.—*Scientific American*.

A Good Story

THE rector of a Somersetshire village, chiefly inhabited by small farmers and their laborers, was being helped one Sunday by a visitor in his house, who had once before preached for him a very learned sermon, utterly over the heads of the congregation. The rector begged him this time to use the very simplest language, and was answered: "Yes, certainly. You shall tell me afterwards if I have used one sentence that your people will not have understood." The sermon was preached, and in the evening the preacher was rather hurt at being told that there was more than one sentence which could not have been understood. "Tell me one, pray." "Well, you told them to 'draw their own inference' from certain facts." "But, my dear fellow, everyone knows what it is to draw an inference." "Well," said the rector, "we'll ask my groom-gardener. He is one of the most intelligent men in the village, and you shall hear what he says." Accordingly, on Monday, they sought Robert in the garden, and after a little talk about strawberries and netting and so on, the rector said: "You heard my friend, Mr. H., preach yesterday, Robert?" "Oh yes, sir; very nice, very nice." "You understood all he said?" "Oh yes, sir, surely; very nice, very nice!" "Did you hear him tell you to 'draw your own inference'?" "What do you think he meant?" "Oh, yes, sir. I heard him say it, and—why—well—I don't know as I zackly understood; but I were certing o' this, that if it were anythin' in reason, our mare ud draw it!"

IN "The Story of my Life," by Augustus Hare, he relates this of an Oxford undergraduate:

"One day a man said to him, 'How do you do, R.?' and he answered, 'Quite well, thank you.' The next day the man was astonished at receiving from R. the following note: 'Dear Sir:—I am sorry to tell that I have been acting a deceptive part. When I told you yesterday that I was quite well I had really a headache; this has been upon my conscience ever since.' The note amused the man whose name was Burton, and he showed it to a friend who, knowing R.'s weakness, said to him: 'Oh, R., how could you act so wrongly as to call Mr. Burton "dear sir," thereby giving him the impression that you liked him, when you know that you dislike him extremely?' R. was sadly distressed, and a few days later Mr. Burton received the following: 'Burton, I am sorry to trouble you again, but I have been shown that, under the mask of friendship, I have been for the second time deceiving you; by calling you "dear sir" I may have led you to suppose I liked you, which I never did, and never can do. I am, Burton, yours, etc.'"

FROM MISSISSIPPI.—A correspondent writes: "I think I told you to stop my subscription at expiration, but THE LIVING CHURCH is such a good paper that I enclose \$1 for a renewal for six months."

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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.

A Birthday Temper

"NO jam!" Gilbert's face, which had been a sunshiny, birthday face when he sat down, became suddenly overcast, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Cry-baby!" said Tom, in a whisper, but loud enough for Gilbert to hear; and he responded by a kick, which missed the offender's leg, but hit his little sister Janie's, and made her set up a dismal wail.

"What is the matter?" said the governess, looking up from the teapot.

"Gilbert's crying," burst forth Tom and Edward, in one breath, "because it's his birthday, and there's no jam, and he kicked Janie because we laughed."

"Oh, Gilbert," said Miss Ellward, reproachfully, "I did not think you were so greedy!"

Gilbert hung his head; he was not greedy. What had vexed him was, not the loss of the jam, but that Miss Ellward should have forgotten his birthday; but he was too proud and angry to explain.

Poor little boy! his temper was a trial to himself and everyone else, and sometimes prevented even his own family from understanding what an upright, affectionate child he was.

"Remember this afternoon, Gilbert," said Miss Ellward, rather anxiously.

Gilbert started, and recollected himself, making a brave effort to look pleasant again. He had really hurt his brothers and sisters more than once lately in his fits of passion, and Miss Ellward had told him that if it happened again she must punish him severely.

Mrs. Weber was away, and the little Webers were an anxious charge to their governess, for though they had many good points, they were difficult children to manage, because of Gilbert's violent temper, and his brothers' teasing ways.

It had been settled that, in honor of Gilbert's birthday, they were to have a donkey-ride that afternoon, to some place in the neighborhood, and a gypsy tea, and the fear of losing this treat restored Gilbert to good humor.

"Has it been decided where we are to go?" said Miss Ellward, looking at Gilbert, for the owner of the birthday had generally the chief voice in deciding what the treat was to be, and Gilbert answered promptly:

"Oh, please, to the castle."

He was a clever little boy, and very fond of history, and he had always longed to go to this old castle, that was just beyond a walk for the younger ones. But his brothers gave a howl of dismay.

"That musty old castle far away from the sea! Oh, do let us go to Featherstone Bay instead!"

Miss Ellward felt uneasy. This threatened to be a stormy birthday; but a donkey-ride was a treat in itself, and Gilbert did not wish to risk losing it by a display of temper.

"We'll go to Featherstone Bay instead," he said, quite pleasantly, though he had not forgiven Miss Ellward yet for forgetting his birthday, and was secretly hurt that the others did not say so much as "thank you."

It was a holiday, and he slipped away by

himself, thinking that was the best way of safeguarding his temper and the promised treat. His father had given him a delightful book, and he was soon deep in it. But when in a good humor, he was the cleverest of them all at inventing interesting games, and his brothers were aggrieved at his desertion.

"Let's poke him up," said Tom; but his elder sister Mary who knew the nature of Tom's poking up, said:

"Please don't, Tom; you will make him angry, and then he will lose the treat."

"Nonsense, you old hen!" and Tom and Edward ran off.

"Hi, Pugnose," they shouted joyfully, as they caught sight of Gilbert in the summer-house.

Now, if there was one thing that roused Gilbert, it was that horrid nickname, and his only answer was a savage growl.

"We want you," said the others, roughly, making a dive at his book.

But Gilbert snatched it back. "I want to read. Can't you leave me in peace? I gave up to you."

"Gave up?" The others gave a whistle of derision. "Mr. Greedy please myself, Pugnose!"

Alas for poor Gilbert! his good resolutions vanished, and all the smothered wrath of the morning broke out at once.

"Take that!" he cried violently, and flung the book at his brother's head.

Tom dodged it cleverly, but it struck little George who had run up behind, on his shoulder, and literally bowled him over. At that moment Miss Ellward appeared on the scene. As soon as she had ascertained that the child was only frightened and not seriously hurt, she said, sorrowfully:

"I can't let you go with the rest this afternoon, now."

"I don't care!" shouted Gilbert, and rushed away.

When Mr. Weber strolled down towards the arbor early in the glowing June afternoon, he found a miserable little heap curled up on the seat in it.

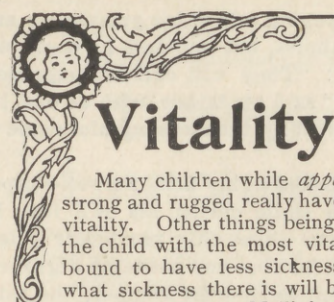
Gilbert jumped to his feet, as red as the roses that clambered outside, at the sound of his father's voice.

"I want you to come for a walk with me, Gil."

Mr. Weber had rarely time for a walk with his boys, and now Gilbert could scarcely believe his ears that he was going to bestow one of his hard-earned holiday walks on himself—the offender. He scarcely noticed which way they were going, in his surprise, and his father did not speak for some time. At last he said:

"Tell me all about it, Gil."

The kind voice made Gilbert long to pour



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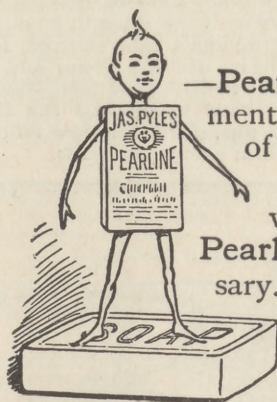
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forth the tangled tale of his grievances and his late outburst, but somehow he could not get beyond: "They will call me pugnose."

"Really?" said his father, with an odd little smile. "Why, that was my nickname at school."

Gilbert looked at his father's well-shaped nose, and a smile curled his own lips; he said no more about this particular grievance, which had become suddenly dignified.

"I did want to keep my temper," he said, sadly, "because of this afternoon; but I don't know what was wrong with me. It was no use trying, after all."

"Perhaps there was something wrong with the motive. Suppose we try a better one for the future, my child."

This was all his father said, but Gilbert understood him.

"Now, Gilbert, my man, can you step out?" said Mr. Weber presently, in quite a different tone of voice, and Gilbert did step out with a will; it was impossible to feel tired when his father talked of all the things he was most interested in.

"There it is!" said Mr. Weber, as they turned a corner.

And Gilbert gave a jump; it was the castle!

"And—why, there are the others!" he cried in a puzzled tone, as there was a wild whoop, and the children came rushing down in a little crowd to meet them.

Tom and Edward looked just a little sheepish.

"It's a make-up," they whispered.

"Well, Gilbert," said his father, as he bade him good-night that evening, "the birthday has not been such a failure after all, has it?"

"It has been just splendid, papa!" And it was true; Gilbert's temper had come triumphantly through the afternoon, even through one or two trials, for even with the best intentions, Tom and Edward could not leave off teasing all at once. "I mean to try always now," he said.

Mr. Weber looked down at Gilbert's bright face, and his own grew grave.

"My little boy," he said, "one does not conquer a bad temper in one afternoon—or in many afternoons," he added, with a sigh.

Then Gilbert understood how it was that his father knew all about it.—*Canadian Churchman.*

Carpenter Shop Persiflage

The Carpenter had put down his tools and gone for his luncheon.

"Life with me is a perfect bore," said the Auger.

"I'm a little board myself," said the Small Plank.

"There's no art in this country," observed the Screwdriver. "Everythings' screwed in my eyes."

"You don't stick at anything long enough to know what you're driving at," interjected the Glue.

"That's just it," said the Screw. "He never goes beneath the surface the way the Jack Plane and I do."

"Tut!" cried the Saw. "I go through things just as much as you do. Life's stuffed with sawdust."

"Regular grind," said the Grindstone.

"I agree with you," observed the Bench. "It doesn't make any difference how well I do my work, I'm always sat on."

"Let's strike," said the Hammer.

"That's it!" cried the Auger. "You hit the nail on the head that time."

"I'll hit it again," retorted the Hammer,

and he kept his word, but he hit the wrong nail. That is why the Carpenter now wears his thumb in a bandage. It was his thumb nail the Hammer struck.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Who Drank Baby's Milk

"When your papa was a little boy," said grandma, "we lived away out West in a little log cabin, just your grandpa and I, and I had to do all my own work, milking, weeding the garden, and taking care of my chickens. Your papa (you know his name was Tommie, too) did not have any nurse, but he was the best of babies. Every day before I went out doors to attend to my work I would put him in his crib with his bottle of milk, and he would go to sleep by himself. He was not cross and did not cry if I left him in the house by himself."

Tommie turned red, for that was the reason of his temper that morning; there was no one in the house when he woke up.

"For a long while his one bottle of milk would be enough until dinner time, but one day I came back and found the milk all gone and Tommie very hungry. He could say a few words, and he kept on begging 'bottly,' 'milk,' until I gave him some more. The little fellow drank it as if he were almost starved."

"I did not understand it, but your grandpa just laughed, and thought it showed that baby was growing; yet I did not feel quite satisfied when the same thing happened the next day. I asked a lady who had ever so many children, whether two bottles of milk would hurt my baby. She thought something must be wrong with Tommie, and I had a good cry over him that night, but he was so cute and rosy and plump and good that I couldn't believe he was much sick, and just kept on giving him two bottles for a week."

"Then one day I happened to go back to the house, and just as I got to the door I heard Tommie crying, 'Top! top!' I ran in, and there I found—what do you suppose I found drinking your papa's milk?"

Tommie guessed a cat and a dog, but grandma shook her head.

"We did not have a cat or a dog."

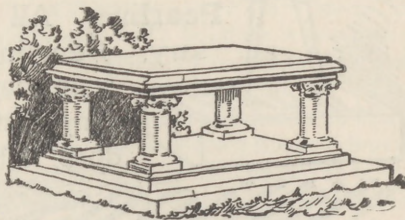
"Tell me; tell me quick," begged Tommie.

"Well, there was your papa, with his tiny fists doubled up, beating a—a big black snake that had its mouth on the bottle and was drinking the milk as fast as it could."

Tommie was so astonished! "What did you do, grandma?" was his first question, when he could say anything.

"I don't know how I did do it. I managed to jerk your papa up and to run screaming out of the house. Your grandpa was right near, and got there in time to kill the snake, a great big thing, seven feet long. It had been stealing all my baby's lunch for a week, but your papa did not scream about it; your papa was not a cry-baby."

Tommie looked very solemn; he climbed down from grandma's lap, stroked Kitten-Snow forgivingly, ate his bread and milk without another fretful word; and after that Tommie tried hard to be like the many boy his papa was, for grandma told him stories about him every day.—*Ex.*



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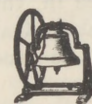
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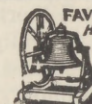
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Finance and Commerce

EVERYBODY is optimistic about the business situation, and whether writing about it or talking of it, everyone finds delight in an exultant prophesy about the future. Certainly conditions are most satisfactory. The exchanges of the country are the largest on record. Statistics of railway earnings are without parallel. Demand for manufactured commodities is good, and prices are uniformly firm and without tendency, so far, towards reaction. For the year just ended, while there was a decrease in exports of agricultural products of \$6 million dollars, exports of manufactured articles increased 52 millions. Many regard this increase in iron foreign trade for manufactured goods as all important, and more than compensating for the loss in demand for our farm products. We must confess, however, that, as it's all a question of dollars in the end, we do not exactly see where the gain comes in. Of course it is gratifying to our national pride, after having been able to undersell the world and the cheap labor of India and Russia in the matter of grain, to also be able to compete with the old countries of Europe in their own markets for manufactured goods. It gives us a comfortable sort of sensation, and we at last feel that we belong to the industrial family of nations. That is all very well as a matter of pride, but when it comes down to the settlement of international balances, a sale of two dollars' worth of manufactured goods is not equal to the sale of three dollars' worth of wheat, cotton, or pork, and the difference will have to be paid in gold dollars. Business is magnificent, there is no question about it, and it is quite likely to continue so for some time to come. But it is not improbable, also, that it is just almost as good as it is going to be. We do not mean that there are dangers imminent, only that in the ceaseless rhythm of motion in the waves of expansion and depression that unfailingly follow each other in the business world, we are possibly about on the pinnacle of this term of prosperity. Of course business has a momentum that will carry it along for months without perceptible diminution in retardation, but there are forces ahead that will in time put on the drag. In the first place, there is the approaching presidential campaign which always operates to a greater or less degree for stagnation. Then there is the gradual and, we think, inevitable tightening of the money market now plainly perceptible, and which we have been forecasting for weeks. The enlarged business all over the country has enlarged credits—expanded them. Nearly every kind of business is being pushed to its limit, and in a very large percentage of cases, the business itself has been enlarged to meet this, and more money must be had. With an inflexible monetary system, the only way we can increase our money supply is to import gold. Here, too, our own prosperity is beginning to operate against us. For the year just ended, the balance of trade in our favor was 85 million dollars less than the preceding year. Prosperity here is accompanied by advancing prices which tend to decreased exports and increased imports. It is quite likely the ensuing year will show a still greater shrinkage in our credit balance with the outside world. The sharp advance in the price of all manufactured articles in this country the past six or eight months is very certain to be felt in time, and show in a curtailment of sales abroad. Our winter wheat crop was a failure. Half a crop is about a fair estimate. It is almost equally certain that our spring wheat crop will also fall much below estimates of a month ago, so that against a total wheat crop of 650 to 700 million bushels last year, we will this

year have a crop of about 450 millions. This will leave us practically with little more than the remaining surplus of last year's crop for export. Of provisions, too, it now looks as if our surplus for the coming year will be less than for the past, on account of the fewer number of young hogs in the country.

We still think, as we have before intimated, that the tendency from this time on will be toward the exportation of gold. Last week's bank statement in New York was again unfavorable. Reserves decreased notwithstanding a further decrease in loans, and rates for money are firmer. This practically reflects the general financial condition of the country. Again we say there is nothing alarming in all this, but seasons of prosperity have their limitations, and it is just as well to keep in mind the silent and unseen forces which tend to produce the change.

Imports and Exports

THE completion of the year's statistics of imports and exports has enabled the Treasury Bureau of Statistics to present a statement of imports of all articles whose value in the fiscal year 1899 exceeded \$1,000,000, comparing the same with the imports of 1898 and 1899. This statement, which comprises about 95 per cent. of the total imports, gives a satisfactory picture of the year's business and the articles in which there has been an increase or decrease in importations, so far as can be shown by the statements of values. In certain cases, however, the apparent increase or reduction is, by reason of the change in values, greater than really exists. In coffee, for instance, the 1897 figures show importations valued at \$81,544,384; those of 1898, \$65,067,631, and 1899, \$55,274,646. The 1899 figures as to values are thus 32 per cent. below those of 1897, while in fact the importations of 1899 are nearly 100,000,000 pounds greater than those of 1897, the reduced figures of the statement in dollars being due to the reduction in price. In sugar, the conditions are reversed, prices abroad in 1899 being higher than in 1897, so that 3,980,250,569 pounds of sugar imported in 1899 cost nearly as much as 4,918,905,733 pounds imported in 1897, the statement of values being in each case based upon the value in the country of production.

In jewelry and diamonds the large increase is believed to be due to the fact that a larger proportion of the diamonds brought in voluntarily pay duty since the reduction of the rates of duty made by the existing law. In manufactures of wool, a considerable proportion of the decrease is in rags and shoddy, the two classes, "rags, noils, and wastes," and "shoddy, mungo, and flocks," having fallen from 49,913,732 pounds in 1897 to 3,298,751 pounds in 1898, and 314,540 pounds in 1899.

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To Launder Embroidered Linens

THE first point to make sure of is to wash the fabric clean. The soap must be entirely free from alkali of any sort; pure castile soap is safest. The water should be comfortably hot to the hand, and a good lather should be made. To this, add a teaspoonful of powdered borax. Do not rub the soap on the linen; rub it rather on the hands when more is needed. Wash out any spots by rubbing between the hands, but aside from this, cleanse the fabric by plunging it up and down. The borax will take out all dust and leave the linen quite white. Thorough rinsing is now necessary. The article should be dipped in one fresh water after another, until no soap remains in it. If any of the colors should run, it will be because of so-called "loose dye." In such a case, turn on the cold-water faucet and let the water pour through the linen; this will carry it off. The color rarely runs if the best silks are used, and only in the first washing. The drying of embroidered linens is especially important. The water should be squeezed out, not wrung out. The article should then be tossed in a fresh, soft towel, well shaken, and tossed again. It should not be hung until partially dry—dry beyond the possibility of having the water move in it. Constant shaking will hasten the drying, which ought to be accomplished quickly.

The piece should be absolutely dry before the pressing is undertaken—for this reason: it destroys the silk to apply heat to it while wet. This is the point of care taking in ironing. The linen must be dampened in order to iron it properly—to stiffen it and to make it perfectly smooth and fresh—but the silk not at all. When the steam caused by the hot iron on the wet silk goes through, it dulls and flattens it, and even stamps on it the impression of the wool and warp of the ironing sheet. It is likely, moreover, to force the dye out into the linen. A damp cloth laid over the back of the work will accomplish the same result when the hot iron is applied to it.

When the piece is dry, lay it, face downward, on a fine sheet folded six or eight times. A thick pad made with an ironing blanket, etc., should not be used, as some suppose. With a wet velvet sponge dampen sections of the linen—of a centre piece, for instance, about one fourth. The sponge can be passed quickly over the embroidery, for the linen will absorb the moisture more readily than the silk. The linen and the stitches of the embroidery should now be drawn carefully into place. A hot iron, one that will just escape scorching, should be at hand, and should be passed quickly over the piece, with no intermediate cloth between, but directly on the reverse side of the work. Iron with the grain of the linen, never on the bias. It is very necessary to remember this when pressing around linen. Commence with the scallops on the straight; afterwards, in a second touching up, these may be pressed directly out, so pointing them firmly into place. So far as the first pressing is satisfactory, it is better not to iron over a second time, as this takes out the stiffening the first has put in. A very hot heavy iron will do the work at once, if skillfully handled. The entire work requires skill, which can be acquired by a little practice, but it does not need that over-care which prevents one from doing it in a vigorous, direct way.

The freshly laundered linen ought to be as beautiful as one just finished. It should not be folded, but should be rolled on a tube, which may be made of a piece of stiff paper or cardboard.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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