

The Living Church

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

H A. J. ...
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1300 E



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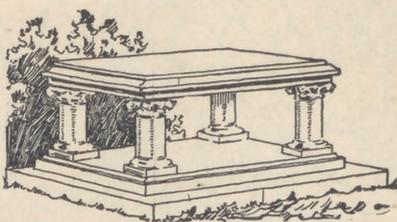
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Reserve, Re-Insurance (Inland), . . .	76,307.29
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Fire) . . .	320,600.63
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Inland), . . .	91,032.70
Other Claims, . . .	171,307.98
Net Surplus, - - -	5,157,615.07
Total Assets, - - -	\$13,019,411.20
Surplus as to Policy Holders, - - -	\$9,157,615.07

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The Living Church

Rev. Charles Wesley Leffingwell, Editor and Proprietor

Notes of the World's Progress

JUDGING FROM LONDON DISPATCHES, it is apparent that the seriousness of the struggle in South Africa upon which England has entered, is being fully realized. The most able generals will shortly assume direction of the campaign, and the military resources of the Empire will be placed at their disposal. News from the Transvaal is doled out meagrely by the War Department, and that which finally finds its way into print, while perhaps not of the most encouraging character, is at least not the reverse. A remarkable feature, in view of the apparent preponderance of sentiment in favor of vigorous operations, was the action of four hundred London clergymen and ministers of all denominations in signing a petition favoring arbitration, with a view to bringing about a secession of hostilities. This is a measure which the Boers have proposed, but which Great Britain has not in the least shown any desire of acceding to.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA IS agitating the matter of re-establishing a public whipping post where offenders of a certain class will be publicly punished for their misdeeds. The problem of caring for minor offenders has been a serious study, as in many instances it would seem that confinement in a comfortable place where meals are regularly served is a reward rather than a punishment. The expense of maintaining jails and work-houses being a tax upon a community, is taken as an added argument for another form of punishment. It is believed the whipping-post would prove an effective remedy for that particularly obnoxious form of brute commonly known as the wife beater, as fear of public disgrace and punishment would be stronger than a short period of rest in jail. Any remedy which would tend to abate this crime is worthy of adoption.

A RECENT ARTICLE IN THE *CHEMNITZ Tageblatt* upon the wealth of Russia, gives statistics which are not generally known, and conveys a more adequate idea of the vastness of that empire. According to its statement Russia has 8,644,100 square miles of territory, extending over one-seventh of the earth's surface. Its waters cover 293,018 square miles. Its population is 133,000,000. It has 11,000,000 men able to fight. It can send 1,255,000 men into the field in a few days and 1,000,000 more a few days later. Its total prepared fighting force is 2,500,000 men and 497,415 horses. Its fleet comprises twenty-three battleships, fourteen coast defenders, sixteen cruisers, twenty-eight "cannon boats," and ninety-six torpedo boats. The government owns 16,651 miles of railroad and private parties 8,000 miles. Russia is practically independent of the world for food since the opening up of the grain fields of Siberia.

AMERICAN GOODS, AND ESPECIALLY American manufacturers, are making rapid gains in popularity in Russia. This

fact is shown not only by the increased total of our exports to that country, but by the warnings which the consular representatives of other nations in Russia are sending to their governments respecting the popularity of American goods, and the success of American merchants in their business methods. British consuls in Russia have recently sent to their government a series of statements upon this subject, and from which the following extracts are taken. The British consul at Kieff, in his report, says: "While Germany is talked about as our greatest rival in the markets of the world, there does not seem to be the same attention paid to the rapidly-developing competition of America. The strides America is making are startlingly apparent in the foreign trade."

THE AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY trade is practically controlled by America; the trade in duplex and steam pumps is more or less American, the introduction of improved machine tools is due to America, which is now reaping the benefit of practical ideas combined with utility, and now the supply of fixed steam engines to the foreign markets is being energetically pushed." The British consul at Odessa writes: "Cycles of English make are held in high esteem, but they are distanced by American machines. Our cousins across the Atlantic can supply good cycles 40 per cent. cheaper than those of English make, and can therefore easily undersell the latter. The reason of this difference in price is to be found in the fact that the American bicycles have many of those parts cast which in English machines are turned."

SENATOR BEVERIDGE, OF INDIANA, the youngest member of that august body, of more than local reputation as an orator, made his maiden effort last week, and in the process ran counter to some of the rapidly disappearing "traditions" of the Senate. Shortly after his election, Mr. Beveridge visited the Philippines, for the express purpose of informing himself of the true situation, in order that his course in connection with the question might be founded upon something more substantial than mere hearsay evidence. On his return, his firm but courteous refusal to talk for publication excited wonder on the part of the press and admiration on the part of those who tire of reading opinions. It was with a mind firmly made up and a positive belief in the righteousness of his cause that Mr. Beveridge discharged a battery calculated to weaken the strength of those opposing permanent retention of the Islands. Senator Hoar, however, is still an anti-expansionist.

PRESIDENT HADLEY, of YALE UNIVERSITY, is original, to say the least, in his proposed remedy for the trust evil. The question is one which is attracting universal attention, puzzling statesmen and legisla-

tures. President Hadley believes that if social recognition were denied any man engaged in a trust or other business inimical to the public welfare, a solution would be found. In other words, Mr. Brown would hesitate in combining his business with that of Mr. Smith, *et al.*, for fear of incurring the social displeasure of Mr. Jones. Or Mrs. Jones might refuse to permit her children to play in the back yard of the Brown residence, because Mr. Brown earned his living by clipping coupons off gas trust bonds. The theory of President Hadley may be good, but in practice it would be found wanting, particularly in an age when he who clips coupons usually finds little difficulty in entering the doors of so-called society. Wealth there is an open sesame, and possession of trust or any other kind of stocks is a help, rather than a social hindrance.

IN ADDITION TO GAINING AN INEXHAUSTIBLE supply of pure drinking water, Chicago will derive other benefits from the great drainage canal. Fully 20,000 horse power will be developed, and by an arrangement with the trustees of the drainage district the city will have control of this at an annual expenditure of \$80,000. Chicago is already solving the problem of municipal ownership, opening water works and lighting certain districts. In nearly every instance the desirability over private ownership has been amply demonstrated. The power generated on the canal will be used in further extensions of the lighting system. Litigation is certain to follow when the canal is fully opened, the contention of certain cities, particularly St. Louis, being that their water supply will be polluted. In the case of St. Louis, engineers of the drainage district claim the current from the Illinois river is diverted to the east side of the Mississippi, and that the real water supply of St. Louis is the Missouri river.

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, chief of the foreign markets division of the Agricultural department, has prepared figures showing for the first time the respective amounts of our agricultural exports which go to the several countries of Europe and of the other continents. The period covered is 1894 to 1898. The statement shows the agricultural products exported from the United States during the five years had an average annual value of \$663,536,201. Of these enormous exports about 60 per cent found a market in the United Kingdom and its various dependencies. The sum paid by the British people for the American farm produce purchased during the period mentioned reached as high as \$403,953,854 a year. Germany, which ranks next to the United Kingdom as a market for the products of American agriculture, received about 13 per cent of the exports, the average yearly value amounting to \$86,320,274. France's average purchases were \$43,988,790.

The News of the Church

Marginal Readings of the Scriptures

THE Joint Commission (appointed by the two Houses of General Convention) on Marginal Readings of the Bible, was in session at Middletown, Conn., from Jan. 2nd to 10th. There were present the Bishops of Kentucky, New Hampshire, Pittsburgh, Tennessee, and Vermont, the Rev. Drs. Binney and Body, and the Rev. T. J. Packard. Dr. Carey and Dr. Sterling, the remaining members of the Commission, were prevented by pastoral duties from attending. The Commission read through Deuteronomy, Isaiah, half of the Minor Prophets, and agreed to marginal readings thereon; and also began the reconsideration of its report (presented to the General Convention of 1898) on the New Testament. The Synoptic Gospels were reviewed, and the number of marginal readings recommended was considerably reduced. The next meeting of the Commission will be held at Burlington, Vt., in July.

Board of Missions

The Board of Managers met at the Church Missions House on the 9th inst., the Bishop of Albany, vice president, in the chair. There were present 13 bishops, 14 presbyters, and 40 laymen. The acceptance by the Rev. Robert B. Kimber of his election to be local secretary was read. He entered upon duty the following day. A declination of his election to membership in the Board was received from Mr. Moses Taylor Pyne.

The Treasurer's Report

The treasurer submitted his report, from which it appeared that the contributions to Jan. 1st, were about the same, while (aside from legacies) the general receipts of the society were \$15,345 in excess of those to the corresponding date last year. The treasurer also stated that he had received that morning from a communicant in the diocese of Pennsylvania, who especially desired that his name should not be mentioned, the sum of \$5,000 to be used for the purpose of aiding the missionaries of the Church in the foreign fields in properly educating their children, in addition to any other allowance for the purpose, and this donor expressed the hope that his contribution might be the means of inducing other offerings for a like purpose. By resolution, the treasurer was instructed to receive this gift, and hold it for the purpose indicated, with the thanks of the Board. He furthermore said that while sitting in his office, just before the Board met, he had received a contribution of \$5,000 for foreign missions, from a gentleman who declined to give his name, but stated that the offering was "in memory of J. W. Gregory."

Visitors From English Societies

The Board was informed that Bishop Ridley, of Caledonia; the Rev. C. T. Wilson, who was one of the original party for Uganda, in 1876; and Mr. Eugene Stock, the editorial secretary, will come to the World's Conference on Foreign Missions as delegates of the Church Missionary Society, while Canon Edmonds, of Exeter will come as a representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Mr. G. A. King, a member of the C. M. S. Committee, to represent the Religious Tract Society. The general secretary was requested to put himself into communication with Mr. Stock and suggest that he and other representatives of the Church Missionary Society should take part with us in the general conference.

Appointment of Rev. Henry Forrester

A letter having been submitted from the Presiding Bishop, making the nomination, it was

Resolved: That the Rev. Henry Forrester, nominated by the Presiding Bishop, be appointed under the resolution of the Board of Missions as the clergyman of this Church to whom, for the calendar year

1900, shall be assigned the duty of counselling and guiding the work of those presbyters and readers in Mexico who have asked for the fostering care of this Church to be extended to them.

Domestic Missionary Appropriations

Mr. Alexander Brunner was employed, on the nomination of the Bishop of Quincy, to do missionary work among the Swedes. An appropriation was made at the annual rate of \$1,400 to carry on the work among the Indians on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, in the missionary district of Boise, the real estate belonging to which will be conveyed to this society forthwith by the Connecticut Indian Association, and an additional appropriation of \$600 for the current fiscal year was made from a special fund to enable the Bishop of Spokane to employ two more missionaries in Northern Idaho. Under the provision of the Woman's Auxiliary United Offering of 1898, on the nomination of the Bishop of Lexington, Miss Lillie B. Mahan was appointed for three years as missionary worker in the mountain towns of Beattyville and Proctor, and provision was made for Miss Laura R. Calloway, of the same diocese, to take six months' training in the Philadelphia Deaconess House.

Consecration of Bishop-elect Partridge

Letters were submitted from Bishop McKim, in the course of which he says that it is the wish of Dr. Partridge, as it is the earnest desire of the mission, that the consecration of the Bishop of Kyoto may take place in Japan. The Board was informed that the commission to consecrate had already been forwarded to the Bishop of Tokyo, associating with him Bishops Williams and Schereschewsky. It is also understood that the Bishop of Shanghai will be present and assisting, and it is likely that one or more of the English bishops will participate in the services. The Bishop had just consecrated a new building for Christ church, Otsu, in the Kyoto district.

Mission Work in Africa

From a letter from the Bishop of Cape Palmas, it was learned that besides the \$683 which it cost him to "cover in" the new Irving memorial church to protect the walls from the weather, there were also bills outstanding amounting to \$400 on the same building, and there is needed to complete the edifice, \$1,166, or a total of \$2,250 more than was contributed through Mrs. Theodore L. Irving in her lifetime. The first service has been held in the unfinished church by the Bishop, when he baptized and confirmed. In connection with the same, the Bishop says: "I can assure you that we have a fine building for which we may congratulate ourselves. No one, seeing it, would begrudge the money it has cost." A cordial invitation was received from Mr. T. M. MacKnight, of the Canary Islands, for our African missionaries, in pursuit of health, to visit him as occasion required, and proposing favorable arrangements for their continued stay if necessary.

Church Work in Havana

A report was submitted from the secretary of the American Church Missionary Society of which the following is the substance: "Our missionary in Havana, the Rev. Mr. McGee, has had yellow fever. His room opens into our rented chapel. We can use it no more. To succeed in Havana, we must have a church. With it only may we properly occupy that city. It is the key to Cuba, and occupation means self-support in a short time. We are wanted there. It will cost \$60,000. The Baptist paid \$65,000 for their church, and they have 500 communicants." The report was accompanied by letters from Gen. Ludlow and others, corroborating fully the secretary's views. The Board adopted the following:

Resolved: That this Board, recognizing the importance of the matter, endorses the appeal of the secre-

tary of the American Church Missionary Society, and refers it to the special committee on issuing an appeal to the Church with regard to the new possessions, already constituted.

The Corresponding Secretary

The by-law referring to the corresponding secretary was amended so as to read as follows:

The Corresponding Secretary shall assist the General Secretary in his work, shall have charge of the correspondence of the Board under his direction, and shall edit such publications as the society may authorize, with such assistance as the Board may, from time to time, determine to be necessary; and also fulfill the duties of the Associate Secretary, in case of his absence. He shall present the cause of missions as he may be directed to do by the Board of Managers or the General Secretary, with a view to awakening interest in the missionary work of the Church.

The Woman's Auxiliary

The Pittsburgh Branch

The monthly meeting took place at the Church Rooms, on Thursday morning, Jan. 4th, with a large attendance of members. Miss Carter gave an informal, but very pleasant, talk with regard to her work among Indian women. Miss Margaret Phillips has been elected treasurer of Miss Carter's salary, to take the place made vacant by the death in December of Mrs. W. H. Daly, and the name of Mrs. J. H. B. Brooks, of Oil City, has been added to the list of vice-presidents. On account of ill-health, Mrs. E. R. Byllesby has resigned the presidency of the Junior Auxiliary.

Junior Department of New York Diocese

Services were held in many churches, Sunday, Jan. 14th. Children from Sunday schools of neighboring parishes were clustered together. A missionary catechism was recited by the pupils, as a new feature. Among the missionary speakers were Bishops Talbot, Worthington, and Wells, the Rev. Canon Nelson, the Rev. Dr. Arthur S. Lloyd, and the Rev. Joshua Kimber, secretaries of the Board of Missions; the Rev. Drs. J. H. McIlvaine and T. Gardner Littell, and the Rev. Messrs. A. B. Hunter, B. M. Spurr, F. H. Brewster, W. J. Wright, J. M. Neifert, E. A. Lyon, and others.

In Philadelphia

A largely attended meeting on behalf of foreign missions was held on the 11th inst., in St. James' church. Bishop Whitaker presided, and conducted a brief devotional service. The Rev. J. Addison Ingle, of China, spoke of the particular work in which he is engaged in Hankow. The Rev. Dr. Arthur S. Lloyd, General Secretary of the Board of Missions, spoke on Africa. Liberia is the only Christian African State, and there the Church is as much established as in this diocese. The last report gives 1,500 communicants and 190 confirmed. The Church in Liberia needs more means, more buildings, and more teachers. There should be systematic offerings in every parish and diocese in the United States. The Rev. Edward Abbott, D.D., spoke on Japan. He said a national Japanese Church had been organized, as the result of the labors of the Church of England and the Church in America. The Japanese Empire is divided into six dioceses, five of which have bishops, one of whom is our American Bishop, Dr. McKim. He told of the beautiful church of the Holy Trinity in Kyoto, erected by its namesake in Philadelphia. In its rear is St. Agnes' School, with its 125 girls. Bishop Whitaker spoke of Cuba, and said it should receive generous help from the people of the United States. He traced the history of the Cuban mission, from its commencement under Bishop Young, of Florida. There are vast possibilities in that island, and the Church should act at once and secure not merely a footing, but be ever in the front rank. If the Church should recognize its opportunity, it will rise to a sense of its responsibility. There is need of a substantial church

edifice in Havana. As long as services are held in a hall, people will hesitate to link their fortunes with it. The closing address was by Paul Shimon, of the Assyrian mission.

Election of a Bishop-Coadjutor for Chicago

Four times in 14 months has a priest of the Church in Chicago been called to the dignity of the Episcopate, a record of distinction unprecedented in the annals of any diocese in the U. S. Morning Prayer at 9 A. M., in the cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, on Tuesday the 9th, was followed by a full choral Celebration at 10 A. M. There was no sermon, and Bishop White, of Michigan City, was celebrant. When the convention met for business, the number of delegates attending surpassed that of any previous convention; 70 of the clergy entitled to a vote were present. At least six more were absent from sickness, and a considerable number were unqualified, either from lack of the requisite six months' canonical residence, or being without settled cure. Forty-seven parishes, with about 140 representatives, answered to the roll call, only two being unrepresented. Bishop White, on invitation of Bishop McLaren, made a brief address, expressive of surprise at the growth of the diocese during the 10 years or so since he was a member of the convention. Bishop McLaren then read a brief address, stating that it had taken him some time, in his 25th year of his episcopate, to arrive at his recent decision, that the word was not lightly spoken. "Inow," he said, "formally ask the diocese to elect a coadjutor. Immediate action pertains to the very essence of the request. And yet I am prepared to go on alone, if the diocese so wills." Dr. Locke, senior presbyter of the diocese, moved "that this convention concur in the Bishop's request for a coadjutor"; carried unanimously. On motion of Dr. Little there was a recess from 1 to 2 P. M. for lunch, to which nearly 200 sat down in the clergy house.

On re-assembling, the Bishop named the duties of his coadjutor to be: "(a) To take charge of the missions, (b) To hold visitations for Confirmations, etc., (c) To perform such other duties as I may require of him." Mr. Edwin Walker, of Grace church, stated that many laymen, at a meeting last Thursday, had advocated a postponement, on the ground that sufficient opportunity had not been given, and that there was no provision for support. He also wished to know whether the laity could nominate or discuss a nomination. The Bishop explained that the nominating power was, by the canons of the diocese, vested in the clergy, and when they had elected, the parishes (not individual delegates) voted concurrence or rejection. The Rev. W. C. DeWitt moved for election without nomination. Mr. Walker and the Rev. Dr. Stone objected, and Dr. Rushton's motion to lay on the table was carried. The Rev. W. E. Toll, premising that it had been his privilege to second the nomination of the present Diocesan in 1875; that all the expectations then formed had been realized; that they wished for a continuation of the existing state of things, in the interest of prosperity; stated that all these conditions would come from the election of the Rev. C. P. Anderson, rector of Grace church, Oak Park. The Rev. T. A. Snively said: "I rise to second a nomination. I come here unpledged to any candidate, and while I believe that the apparent unanimity is an indication of divine guidance, it is wise to make other nominations, if there are any." In reply to a previous speaker, Dr. Feetwood said, that he actually did not know how his deanery stood, and that they had moreover passed the winter meeting of the Northern Deanery in order to avoid all canvassing. Dean Philips also spoke in favor of immediate election. The Rev. W. B. Walker had come to the Convention converted to the support of the nominee, just as a wise builder looking for the best mast for his ship would take one from a Norway pine if his own America could not satisfy him. The Rev. Dr. Wilson made nomination of Dr. James S.

Stone, rector of St. James', but upon Dr. Stone's request withdrew it.

The secretary announced, as result of the ballot, that 67 clergymen had voted; necessary to a choice, 34; and that the Rev. C. P. Anderson had received 60 votes. Mr. Walker moved that the lay-delegates be allowed to retire for consultation, if they so desired. The vote having been cast, they reported 39 parishes as concurring, and eight non concurring; total vote, 47; necessary to a choice, 24. The Rev. C. P. Anderson was declared duly elected Bishop-Coadjutor. Regarding the third requirement of the Bishop's circular, "the enactment of such legislation as may be made necessary by said election," Dr. Locke moved that the chair appoint a committee. This committee, composed of the Rev. Messrs. E. M. Stires, W. C. DeWitt, J. H. Edwards, and A. W. Little, with lay-delegates Messrs. J. S. Boynton, W. H. Chadwick, F. A. Hardy, D. B. Lyman, and A. Ryerson, returned in a short time, recommending that the Coadjutor's salary be \$5,000, and that the Standing Committee arrange for the raising of that part of the stipend necessary between the time of consecration and of the annual appropriations at the regular convention in May. The Bishop thanked the convention for this emphatic endorsement of his plea for assistance, and while he feared that his stay with the diocese might be short, he believed that the consideration and co-operation of the Convention had been such as to make his remaining years give promise of being the best of his long episcopate. The *Gloria in Excelsis* having been sung, the Bishop dismissed the convention with the Benediction. A committee, consisting of the Rev. Dr. Locke, the Rev. Messrs. J. H. Edwards, J. H. Hopkins, and E. M. Stires; Messrs. E. P. Bailey, W. H. Chadwick, H. A. Towner, and G. H. Webster, on Friday, proceeded in a body to Oak Park, and formally notified Mr. Anderson of his election. In reply, he said that it would be impossible to accept or decline immediately. He should wish to consult with the Bishop, and his brethren of the clergy and laity.

It is understood that an effort will be made to have the consecration before Lent, possibly on St. Matthias' Day, Feb. 24th.

The Rev. Charles Palmerston Anderson was born Sept. 8, 1863, at Kemptville, Canada. He was educated at Trinity College University; in 1887, was ordered to the diaconate by Archbishop Lewis who also advanced him to the priesthood in 1888. He took charge of the parish at Beechburg, Ont., and early in 1891 accepted a call to Grace church, Oak Park, where there has been rapid growth, and the building of a \$60,000 church edifice has been commenced.

Bishop Garrett's Anniversary

The celebration of the 25th anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Garrett, and the formal setting aside of the cathedral of St. Matthew from "all unhallowed, worldly, and common uses," occurred on Dec. 20th. The service of consecration took place in the morning. Some 25 priests and six bishops were present. The procession formed in the building of St. Matthew's Grammar School, and led by the choir of 40 men and boys, marched around the front of the cathedral and entered at the door of the tower from the east. The Bishop was received at the door by the wardens and the vestry, Judge Richard Morgan, chancellor of the diocese, reading the request to consecrate. Then the Bishop and the people repeated alternately the verses of Psalm xxiv., and when the altar was reached, the choir began "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove." The form of consecration followed. The prayers and sentences were read by the Bishop, the sentence of consecration was read by the dean, and placed upon the altar by the Bishop, who then pronounced the thanksgiving. "All people that on earth do dwell," was sung by the congregation. The introit anthem was Mendelssohn's "I waited for the Lord." Before the sermon, was sung an adaptation of

hymn 299, "Lift the strain of high thanksgiving!"

The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, Bishop of Missouri, who had preached at the consecration of Bishop Garrett at Omaha in 1874. The anthem was Sir John Stainer's, composed for the occasion of the Queen's jubilee, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers." On account of the length of the service, it was requested that none but the vested clergy should receive the Holy Communion at this celebration.

At night there was a special thanksgiving service for the blessings of the past. The service was sung to the accompaniment of a full orchestra, as well as the great cathedral organ. Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee, preached the sermon on the text from Isa. vi: 8, "Here am I, send me." After the sermon, the clergy within the sanctuary grouped themselves about the altar, and the *Te Deum*, the central feature of the service, was sung to Berthold Tours' setting. The anthem of the evening was Barnby's "King all glorious." The decorations in St. Matthew's consisted chiefly of palms and wreaths, the altar decorated with white flowers, and the bare massiveness of the walls relieved by banners in brilliant colors. Over the stall occupied by each bishop was a shield blazoned in gold and color with the arms of his diocese. The choir was carefully trained, and the rendering of the anthems and canticles, some of which were elaborate, was most satisfactory. The whole service of the day was prepared for under the constant supervision of Dean Stuck.

After the night service, the Bishop and Mrs. Garrett held a reception at the Oriental Hotel before the banquet, which began at 10:30. The toasts were as follows: "The President of the United States," the Hon. Richard Morgan; "The Historic Episcopate and the Anglican Communion," Bishop Tuttle of Missouri; "The Church, the mother of learning," Bishop Gailor of Tenn.; "Christianity and civilization," Bishop Broöke of Oklahoma and Indian Territory; "The Guest of the Evening," the Rev. B. B. Ramage presented to the Bishop a full set of episcopal robes given by the women of the diocese, and the sum of \$1,000 given by the men. In his grateful reply the Bishop announced that the money was to be applied to the boring of an artesian well at St. Mary's, and he stated, also, that he had received another gift of \$1,000 that day, which would be used to help raise the debt on Graff Hall at the college. "The Province of Texas and the Provincial System," Bishop Kinsolving of Texas; "Retrospection," Bishop Millsbaugh of Kansas; "The Ladies," Bishop Brown of Arkansas; "Mission Work in Cities," "The Sunday School," "The Diocesan Educational Institutions," Mr. Francis E. Shoup; "The Influence of the Professor," Colonel W. S. Simkins, of the University of Texas; "Church Finance," Mr. J. T. Trezevant; "Auld Lang Syne," the Very Rev. Stephen H. Green. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung at the close of the day's celebration.

Chicago

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

The Bishop was able to preside at a meeting on Wednesday of the trustees of Waterman Hall held in the Church Club. He also preached in the church of Our Saviour on Sunday evening last. The Bishop notified his clergy on the 15th that every parish and mission will have a visitation before the time of the annual convention on May 29th.

On the evening of the 12th, the Rev. Fr. Osborne addressed a large assembly of men in Epiphany church, under the auspices of the Junior Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

On the 11th the Men's League of St. Thomas' decided upon plans for the erection of a guild hall on the vacant piece of ground behind the church.

The Rev. J. H. Edwards, of the church of Our Saviour, was called to Lincoln, Neb., on Friday morning last, by a telegram announcing the

death of his brother-in-law. His services on Sunday were taken by the Rev. Messrs. Gregg and Rushton; the evening preacher being the Bishop.

The Rev. C. C. Tate is assisting the new rector of Christ church, Woodlawn.

The clerica met on the 11th, at the residence of Mrs. Delafield, 4333 Ellis ave. Sixteen clergymen's wives were present; but the president, Mrs. Locke, was absent through sickness.

St. Peter's Parish

A large audience heard the excellent rendering by the choir of St. Peter's, on the evening of the 10th, of the sacred cantata, "The daughter of Jairus." The rector was able to be out, for the first time in 10 days, on Sunday morning last. St. Peter's showed in many ways at Christmas, by timely gifts, its interest in the mission work of its late rector's episcopal jurisdiction of North Dakota.

Girl's Friendly Society

On the 12th there was a full meeting of the Literature Associates in the Church Club Rooms, when arrangements were made for meetings, in the cathedral for the West Side branches; in Grace church for the South; in St. James' for the North; on which occasions the essays adjudged prizes in the annual competition by members of the G. F. S. will be read.

New York

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

The religious bequests left by the will of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt have just been paid in full.

The Church German Society has become amalgamated with the Archdeaconry of New York, with the Ven. Archdeacon Tiffany, D.D., as president.

The City Mission Society has enlarged its staff by the appointment of the Rev. James Hall McIlvaine, D.D., who will be a public speaker at missionary meetings, and will act as regular visitor at the House of Detention for Witnesses, the Hopper Home, and the Gouverneur Hospital.

General Theological Seminary

A mortgage was filed Jan. 11th, which was executed in 1882 as security for a fund for scholarships amounting to \$63,079, given by divers persons. The money was temporarily invested in improvements to the property, and the transaction is to protect the endowment.

Alumni of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

At a meeting just held, the rector, the Rev. Joseph M. Coit, announced gifts of money of about \$100,000 for the building of a new upper school, and a gift of a library. Mr. Sherman Evarts presided at the meeting, and among those taking part were Bishop Niles, of New Hampshire, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith, and the Rev. Edward Parker, one of the teachers. There was a large and enthusiastic attendance.

Columbia University

The board of trustees met Jan. 8th, Mr. W. C. Schermerhorn presiding. It was announced that Mr. John D. Rockefeller had presented \$100,000 to the University for the endowment of a chair of psychology. President Seth Low, LL.D., also announced a gift of \$500 for the Department of Oriental Languages, and \$800 for the Department of Mechanical Engineering. Arrangements were made regarding the new dormitories. An election resulted in the choice of the following officers of the board: Chairman, Mr. W. C. Schermerhorn; treasurer, Mr. John McLane Nash; secretary, Mr. John B. Pine.

Church Temperance Society

At the 18th annual meeting the Bishop of Delaware presided. The annual election took place, resulting in re-election of old officers and the addition of the Rev. Drs. C. T. Olmsted and L. W. Batten, and the Rev. Messrs. Edward

Osborne and J. Newton Perkins. The Woman's Auxiliary elected Mrs. Geo. S. Bowdoin, president; Mrs. Chas. Townsend, treasurer; Miss H. D. Fellows, corresponding secretary, and Miss Graham, recording secretary. Financial and work reports were presented. A notable feature of the latter is the organization of a new branch of the Knights of Temperance, to be called Veteran Knights, which will begin Jan. 26th. A conference in the afternoon discussed practical questions affecting inebriates. Bishop Doane, of Albany, occupied the chair, and addresses were made by Mr. Robert Graham, Dr. W. D. Mason; Messrs. B. McC. Whitlock, and Geo. Bradford; Judge Colvin, Col. B. F. Watson, the Rev. Dr. David Greer, and the Rev. Edward Osborne.

Pennsylvania

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

Bishop Whitaker has given canonical consent to the establishment of a mission at 56th and Market sts., West Philadelphia.

Bishop Whitaker started for Cuba on the 12th inst., on a tour of the island, inspecting the work which is being carried on there.

The 84th anniversary of the Sunday school of old St. Paul's church, Philadelphia, the Rev. T. J. Taylor, priest-in-charge, was held on Sunday evening, 7th inst. Addresses were made by the Hon. G. D. McCreary and others. This is the oldest Sunday school in the diocese.

For the first time in Philadelphia, West's cantata, "The Story of Bethlehem," was rendered by the combined vested choirs of the church of the Ascension, Philadelphia, and St. Andrew's, West Philadelphia, in the latter, on the 10th inst., under the direction of Howard R. O'Daniel. The same cantata was repeated on Sunday afternoon, 14th inst., by the same choirs, at the church of the Ascension.

Churches Consolidated

Bishop Whitaker, in a letter, states that St. Paul's church, West Philadelphia, and the church of the Atonement, Philadelphia, have been consolidated, and makes an appeal for the erection and completion of the new edifice, noticed in THE LIVING CHURCH of the 13th inst., to be known as "The church of the Atonement, memorial to Dr. Benjamin Watson."

Theatre Services for Non-Church Goers

Were resumed on Sunday evening, 14th inst., at the Walnut st. theatre, with a reproduction of Tissot's paintings, illustrative of the life of Christ. The meeting opened with a song service, and the exhibition of the paintings was accompanied by an explanatory lecture. The Rev. J. Edgar Johnson was in charge of the service. The speakers for the succeeding meetings will include Bishop Talbot, the Rev. Messrs. C. T. Brady, Louis S. Osborne, of Newark, N. J., and others.

An Aged Churchwoman at Rest

Mrs. Abigail Homer, the oldest communicant and life long member of Gloria Dei church, Philadelphia, entered into life eternal, on Friday, 12th inst, aged 91 years. During the Civil War, when soldiers were passing through the city to and from "the front," she was one of a committee of women helpers who fed them, and in many cases cared for the sick and wounded coming North. She was born, and she lived and died, in the immediate neighborhood of the old church, where the Burial Office was said on Monday, 15th inst., interment being in its ancient cemetery.

Church Census

Plans for a house-to-house canvass of the entire city of Philadelphia, and outlying districts, were discussed at an informal meeting of Sunday school workers, held on Monday evening, 8th inst. They contemplate doing the work in one day, the legal holiday, Feb. 22d; the object is to ascertain how many residents attend church, Sunday school, or other religious service. Every Christian denomination is represented in the undertaking, including Roman Catholics and

the "Friends." The Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins and the Rev. Henry L. Phillips represent the Episcopal Church.

Washington

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

On the afternoon and evening of Jan. 10th, at Trinity church, the Rev. Richard P. Williams, rector, there was a series of missionary conferences, when the Rev. Dr. Abbott, of Cambridge, Mass., gave some valuable and interesting information, drawn from personal investigation, in regard to our missions in China and Japan.

Church of the Epiphany

On the evening of Jan. 4th, the Christmas oratorio by Saint Saens was excellently rendered by the choir, under the direction of Mr. E. A. Varela, the choirmaster. On the previous evening, a reception to the congregation was given at the parish building, by the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McKim, to celebrate the 11th anniversary of the rector's service. It was a very delightful parish re-union.

The Sunday School Institute

The monthly meeting was held on the evening of Jan. 8th, in Christ church, East Washington. The model lesson was given by the Rev. J. B. Perry, on "The manifestations of Christ in miracles." A paper, followed by a discussion, was read, on "The status of the Church S. S. superintendent as compared with that of the denominations."

Minnesota

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

The Rev. C. E. Haupt, diocesan missionary, went to St. Luke's hospital, St. Paul, two weeks ago, for medical treatment. He is slowly recovering, and expects to resume active duties shortly.

On the first Sunday after the Epiphany, the Rev. Father Huntington preached to a large congregation at St. Paul's church. In the evening a missionary rally was held at Christ church: Bishop Frances, of Indiana, delivered an eloquent sermon upon missions. Bishop Gilbert supplemented the discourse with an eloquent appeal for hearty support of the missions in foreign lands. Evensong was omitted in the city churches, and the gathering at Christ church was very large.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew

The Junior chapters of Christ church, St. John's, and St. Peter's met at Christ church and formed a junior local assembly. Bishop Gilbert, several clergymen and Brotherhood men were present. Bishop Gilbert gave the boys some excellent advice, and instructed them upon parliamentary rules.

Death of the Rev. Herbert Root

As announced in our last issue, the Rev. Herbert Root died at St. Luke's Hospital, St. Paul, from heart disease, Jan. 5th, in the 52d year of his age. The funeral service was at the church of the Good Shepherd, St. Paul, and the committal, at Racine. Bishop Francis, of Indiana, the Rev. E. S. Peake, and the Rev. Wm. C. Pope read the Burial Service. Mr. Root was a graduate of Racine College, and had resided at Valley City, N. Dak., for nearly 20 years since his retirement from the ministry. In 1881, he gave a half block for the site, and contributed largely towards the erection, of All Saints' church. His contributions for its support were continued to the end of his life.

The Church Club

Held its Epiphany-tide meeting at the Masonic Temple, Minneapolis, Jan. 9th, on which occasion it had as its guest of honor, the Rt. Rev. Joseph M. Francis, D.D., Bishop of Indiana, and was disappointed in not having also Bishop Williams, of Omaha, who at the last

moment telegraphed his inability to be present. This being the annual meeting, the following officers were elected: President, the Hon. R. R. Nelson; vice president, J. C. Reno; secretary, Frank O. Osborne; treasurer, E. H. Holbrook. The treasurer's report showed the club to be without liability and to have net assets of \$800. The club now has a membership of 142, being a net gain in membership, during the year, of 39. More than 500 copies of the Minnesota Church Club Lectures for 1899 on the topic, "Leading persons and periods in English Church history," have been sold. Arrangements have been made for the delivery of a course of lectures during the approaching Lent upon the topic, "The Church at work," in Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, under the auspices of the Church Clubs of those centres of Church life. The Rev. John J. Faude, D. D., formerly of Indiana, in behalf of the club, extended a cordial welcome to Bishop Francis, who responded in an address which was both witty and wise, interesting and entertaining. Other addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. MacLean, Andrews, and Jones, and Prof. F. J. E. Woodbridge, of the State University. Bishop Gilbert was detained at home by illness.

Quincy

Alexander Burgess, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

St. James', Griggsville

On Dec. 14-15th, the ladies held a bazar for the sale of needlework, fancy goods, and candy, on behalf of the church. They also supplied meals at a moderate cost for the visitors to the Corn Carnival and Farmers' Institute, which were held on the above-mentioned dates. The bazar was well attended, and was a success financially. On Dec. 28th, by the kind permission of Mr. John George, the lady Sunday school teachers gave a party, at his house, to the members of the Sunday school.

Easton

Wm. Forbes Adams, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop

Mrs. Alice E. Adams, wife of the Bishop, died, Jan. 11th, at the episcopal residence in Easton, after a short illness. She was formerly Miss McAllen, a native of Kentucky. Four daughters and two sons survive her.

Long Island

Abram N. Littlejohn, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

The Rev. H. O. Ladd, rector of Grace church, Jamaica, and the congregation are much interested in the movement on foot to enlarge the church and choir loft, and to procure a new organ.

The Bishop visited the cathedral mission of St. Gabriel, Hollis, on the evening of the 5th inst., and administered the rite of Confirmation to a class of 17.

The mortgage on St. Peter's church, Bay Shore, the Rev. J. C. Stephenson, rector, has within the past 13 months been reduced from \$3,050 to \$1,595.

Church of the Epiphany, Brooklyn

Within the first two months of the Rev. Dr. Babbitt's rectorship, a successful church fair, by which \$1,100 was realized, has been conducted, and \$5,000 towards the liquidation of the church debt has been raised by Dr. Babbitt. A meeting of the congregation has recently been held, called by the rector who proposed to make the work of the church institutional, as far as possible. Much interest and earnestness were shown by the many persons present. A committee of 15 was appointed to arrange plans for a general organization. It is proposed to establish a gymnasium and other features for physical, as well as mental and religious, development.

St. George's, Brooklyn, Destroyed by Fire

Almost entirely on the evening of Saturday, Jan. 6th. The loss is estimated to be about \$50,000, which is said to be fully covered by the insurance. The use of the Marcy avenue Baptist church Sunday school room has been tendered by the pastor, and accepted by the congregation of St. George's, until a new church is built.

The Sunday school is held in the main auditorium of the Baptist church. Every branch of the work will go on without the slightest interruption, and the new church will be begun as soon as the business with the insurance company is adjusted.

Massachusetts

William Lawrence, D. D., Bishop

Groton School, Groton, has received a legacy of \$30,000, from Jacob C. Rogers, the Boston banker.

The will of Miss Lydia M. Palmer, of Cambridge, leaves \$2,000 to the Rev. Robert Walker, rector of the church of the Ascension, to be used by him at his discretion for Church purposes.

St. Paul's, Hopkinton

The new and beautiful altar is now in place. The Rev. Horatio Gray has given to the parish a beautiful alms basin of brass, in memory of the Rev. Dr. Baurly. He has also presented the wardens' wands, which are soon to be placed on their pews.

The Rev. Waldo Burnett's Good Record

The faithful rector of St. Mark's church, Southborough, has received a most cordial testimony from his parish, indicating the feeling cherished towards him, and the appreciation of his valued ministry among them. He came to St. Mark's in 1884, and has accomplished a work which will always endear his name to the parish. He started the work at Marlborough, which has since resulted in a self-supporting parish, also the mission at Westborough, and revived after many years' neglect the old parish of St. Paul's Hopkinton, where a new church building has been erected and entirely paid for. His resignation of St. Mark's took place Jan. 1st. The headmaster of St. Mark's school, the Rev. William G. Thayer, has been placed in charge of the work, and will be aided by a curate.

Dr. Shinn's 25th Anniversary

The Rev. George W. Shinn, D.D., observed with divine services the 25th anniversary of his rectorship of Grace church, Newton, Jan. 7th. At the morning service in his sermon, he said: "I first preached in Grace church in 1874. My first sermon as pastor was on Jan. 3, 1875, and on Jan. 25, 1875, I was instituted by Bishop Paddock. The Rev. Dr. Huntington, then of Worcester, but now of New York, preached the sermon. I hope to have Dr. Huntington here to preach the sermon on the celebration of my anniversary, the 25th of this month." During Dr. Shinn's rectorship, the chapel and parish house were built in 1884, and the church was consecrated in 1887. The Bishop Brooks Memorial Guild Hall was built in 1893, and the Townsend Memorial Library in 1895. Dr. Shinn has been an earnest and indefatigable worker for the Church in Newton. He has been the means of starting four parishes in and near the city of Newton, and is esteemed highly in the place where his labors have been so signally blessed.

Central Pennsylvania

Ethelbert Talbot, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

The Reading Archdeaconry

The winter session met in Grace church, Allentown, on Jan. 8th and 9th. The session began with Evening Prayer on Monday night. The special prayer for the sick was read in behalf of the Rev. Mr. Angell, late of the archdeaconry of Harrisburg. The Rev. F. C. Lauderburn preached the sermon. After service a number of the clergy met at the rectory for a social time. The Holy Communion was celebrated Tuesday A. M. at 7:30 by the Archdeacon, after which a business session was held. After noon an essay was read by the rector, the Rev. R. H. Kline, on original sin. Missionary reports were made by the Rev. Messrs. D. J. Davis, Tobias Auman, Dr. Otto Brandt, F. C. Cowper, H. C. Pastoris, P. B. Stauffer, Dr. Heighaus, G. W. Van Fossen, and George A. Zellers. The first speaker on Tuesday night was the Rev. Mr. Marshall who spoke on missions of the past. Mr. W. R. Butler, secretary of the board of dioc-

esan missions, made a short address, and Dr. Orrick gave an historical address on missions in this diocese. Dr. Powers discussed the best method of raising money for missions. After the service, a reception for the members of the convocation and the parish was held in the beautiful residence of Hon. and Mrs. R. E. Wright.

Pittsburgh

Cortlandt Whitehead, D.D., Bishop

The entire indebtedness resting upon St John's church, Sharon, amounting to over \$5,000, was cancelled on Christmas Day; and the church will be consecrated by Bishop Whitehead on Wednesday, Feb. 7th.

Bishop's Appointments

JANUARY

- 21. St. George's, Pittsburgh; Trinity, Washington.
- 23. Missionary Committee.
- 25. Eighteenth anniversary of consecration; Trinity, Pittsburgh; evening, Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses.
- 28. St. Peter's, Butler; All Saints', Allegheny.

Anniversary of Rev. J. H. B. Brooks

On the first Sunday after Epiphany, the Rev. J. H. B. Brooks celebrated the 17th anniversary of his rectorship of Christ church, Oil City. In spite of the day being a very stormy one, the church was well filled, and many received the Holy Communion at the Celebrations at 9:30 and 10:30. Mr. Brooks was presented with a handsome white stole by the members of the Altar Society.

The Clerical Union

The January meeting was held on Monday, Jan. 8th, in the parlors of the Hotel Henry, beginning with luncheon at one o'clock. The Rev. Joseph Baker read the paper on this occasion, and had for his subject, "The present crisis in the Church of England."

Virginia

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

On Sunday night, Dec 31st, a watch-night service was held at St. Paul's church, Richmond, by the Rev. D. A. Guerry. At midnight the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah," was sung.

At a meeting of the Standing Committee held in Alexandria, Dec. 30th, consent was given to the consecration of the Rev. Sidney C. Partridge to be Bishop of Kyoto, Japan.

Marriage of the Rev. Robert W. Patton

The rector of Christ church, Roanoke, on Jan. 2nd, was married to Miss Janie Stewart Stringfellow, in Monumental church, Richmond. The officiating clergymen were the father of the bride, the Rev. Frank Stringfellow, assisted by the Rev. Lindsay Patton, missionary to Japan, and brother of the groom.

Mississippi

Hugh Miller Thompson, D. D., LL. C., Bishop

Christmas Gift to Rev. Irenaeus Trout

The following letter was tendered to the rector on Christmas morning by the wardens and vestrymen of all Saints' church, Grenada.

GRENADA, MISS.,
Christmas Day, 1899.

REV. IRENAEUS TROUT.

Beloved Rector:—Your zeal and energy in building up our parish; your fidelity and consecration to the high office of priest in the Church of God; your daily walk as you go in and out among this people, comforting the disconsolate and cheering the depressed, regardless of their religious views, is highly appreciated by us. In token of our respect, esteem and affection, we beg that you will accept the enclosed \$100 check. With the hope that the days of your ministrations among us may be many, and pledging you our united support in furthering the welfare of the parish, we remain,

Sincerely Yours,
B. C. ADAMS,
R. DOAK,
Wardens.
A. C. LEIGH,
EUGENE WEYNETH,
J. L. HARTSHORN,
Vestrymen

Editorials and Contributions

The Episcopal Election in Chicago

NO BISHOP ever had such proof of the complete success of a firm, and at the same time peace-making, policy, as has been afforded to the Bishop of Chicago in the election of his coadjutor. The iniquitous attempt of some of the newspapers to magnify differences, and foment division between clergy and laity, was shown, when the convention met, to be utterly without foundation. The election was accomplished with an unanimity rarely, if ever, paralleled in the history of the American Church. The slight opposition which manifested itself took the form, not of an attack upon any candidate, or even of the advocacy of a rival candidate, but of a question whether it might not be well to postpone the election until a later time. It was conducted mainly with dignity and restraint, and yielded gracefully to the inevitable.

THE remarkable features of this election are worthy of more than a passing notice. They are memorable in themselves, and still more in the light of the past history of the diocese of Chicago. It was inevitable that when men, of whatever school, thought of that history, and when they thought also of the venerable Bishop, of whose greatness and strength they are so proud, and whose long and patient policy, working for the things of peace and for the highest spiritual ends, they have so fully understood and so deeply appreciated, they should determine first of all that there should be on this occasion no interruption of the harmony which has grown into a tradition of the diocese. It was felt that there must be no invasion of party spirit, and that this election must not lead men to array themselves in opposing factions and bring back the dreary and disheartening conditions of 1875, now long passed away. The old divisions are dead; let this convention and this election bury them beyond recall! We speak from knowledge when we assert that such considerations as these afford the explanation of the striking features of this episcopal election—an election of such profound importance to the great diocese which has the city of Chicago for its centre, and to the whole Church of the Middle West.

ONLY one candidate was placed in nomination. Men of all parties or schools were so nearly united, through previous friendly discussion and free interchange of opinion, that individual preferences which may have existed were laid aside, and it was not thought necessary to name other candidates. Yet we have the best means of knowing that there was not at any time any thing of the nature of a caucus, and that not a single vote was pledged. It seems necessary to say this in view of the assertions which found place in the public press. The general agreement upon a single name was the result of a singular comradeship which exists among the clergy of Chicago of all views and opinions.

ANOTHER notable feature of this convention was the refusal of the laity to withdraw for separate consultation. Hardly anyone doubted that such withdrawal would take place, and perhaps there were some

who earnestly desired it. But when the question was submitted to the parishes, voting by themselves, the proposition to retire was rejected by a decisive majority. No greater proof of the confidence of the laity in their clergy could possibly have been afforded. It was the most conclusive evidence of the entire falsity of the assertion, so persistently repeated in certain newspapers, that the clergy and laity were arrayed against each other. The election was accomplished by a single ballot. Probably this may have occurred elsewhere, but it is rarely, if ever, the case that such a result is attained in a large diocese by a majority so overwhelming. Of sixty-seven clergymen voting, sixty voted for the Rev. Charles Palmerston Anderson. Of forty-seven parishes, thirty-nine confirmed the election. These facts and figures again prove, if anything can prove, a closeness of sympathy between the clergy and laity of this great diocese which has seldom been equalled.

A FURTHER feature of this election may be mentioned which is worthy of commendation. The common practice of resorting to some distant diocese for the selection of a bishop was happily ignored, and the candidate was chosen by his brethren from their own number. Clergymen who have grown old in the service, as well as those most recently ordained, were at one in their desire to elevate a comparatively young man to be ruler over them in the Church. It is difficult to see what greater honor could be conferred on any man than this.

THOSE who recall the events of a quarter of a century ago, during the period immediately preceding the consecration of Bishop McLaren, cannot but be devoutly thankful for the wonderful change which has been wrought in the character and prospects of the Church in Chicago. Then it was torn asunder by party strife. Conflict and bitterness were the order of the day. The Gospel of Peace was forgotten, and the progress of the Church was stayed for years. In the providence of God the action of the diocese was guided more wisely than they knew who took part in it, and one was elevated to the episcopate who, though only a short time in Holy Orders, was destined to attain a place among the greatest and strongest prelates of the Church. As we have already pointed out, the contrast between the recent election and the turbulence of former days is a convincing proof that the administration of the Bishop of Chicago has worked, and worked successfully, for the highest interests of Christ's religion. The unanimity of spirit which has been manifested at this trying and critical juncture, is full of rich promise for the Church in the central regions of the West.

IT is sometimes assumed that in the selection of a coadjutor it is not necessary to insist upon a first-class man. But no such thought has been entertained in the present instance. The Rev. Mr. Anderson, the recipient of this high honor, is not perhaps widely known in the Church at large, but he is well known to those who have so enthusiastically elected him. That he is sound in the Faith, wise, tolerant, and strong, none

should know better than those among whom he has gone in and out day by day. His unusual gifts as a preacher are acknowledged by all who have heard him, and his reputation in this respect has already extended far beyond the boundaries of his own diocese. Early training in mission work, if indeed such experience was needed, has given him that ready adaptability to all classes and conditions of men which is one of the first requisites in a Western Bishop. Those who know him best are most confident that the strength and dignity of the episcopate will not suffer at his hands, and that he has elements of greatness which will enable him to carry onward the work of the Church to ever increasing degrees of influence and power. At present, and we trust for years to come, he will have an inestimable advantage in the presence and the wise counsel and guidance of the venerated head of the diocese whose cares and labors he is called to share, and this will form his best preparation for the time when the full weight of responsibility may devolve upon his own shoulders. Taking into account all the circumstances of this remarkable election, as well as the character of the Bishop-elect, we cannot but congratulate most heartily both the Bishop of Chicago upon the assurance that his great work shall go on without a break, and the diocese of Chicago, which has honored itself by such a choice so peacefully accomplished.

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THE report that the Pope had sent an encyclical letter abolishing celibacy as a requirement for the priesthood in South America was, on the face of it, extremely improbable, and has now been categorically denied at Rome by the highest authorities. Cardinal Satolli, formerly the papal legate in this country, characterizes the report as "absolutely unfounded, false, and absurd," and the editor of the *Osservatore Romano*, the organ of the Vatican, called it "ridiculous." But however improbable that such a concession should be made, considering the present attitude of the Papacy, it is not, in itself, either absurd or ridiculous. Such a concession was long ago made in the case of the Uniate communities of the East, who are permitted to retain the customs of the Oriental Church. They continue to use their ancient vernacular liturgies, to be married, and to wear beards. What has been allowed in the one case in order to induce the Eastern Christians to accept the Papal supremacy and to live contentedly under it, may, in another case, be conceded without absurdity by a large statesmanship, in order to retain large bodies of Western Christians in their allegiance to the Roman Church. It would be the part of wisdom, indeed, to consider whether such a step might not be expedient if the Church is to recover her position as a moral force among Spanish Americans. The divorce between religion and morals cannot be permitted to become permanent without serious consequences to the cause of religion. It is here that a nominal Christianity is in danger of relapsing into virtual paganism much more than in the details of custom to which attention is commonly attracted. A wise old Pope, Pius II., is reported to have said that for "good reason marriage was taken away from the clergy, but that for still better reason it would one day be restored."

Studies in the Prayer Book

BY THE REV. HENRY H. OBERLY, D. D.

II.—THE ORIGIN OF THE PRAYER BOOK

(Continued)

In order to obtain a correct and intelligent understanding of the Book of Common Prayer, it is necessary to insist again and again that in the sixteenth century the Church of England was reformed, not created, and that in all points of true doctrine, discipline, worship, sacraments, orders, rites, and ceremonies, it was identically the same in 1550 that it had been in 1500. There had been no break in the succession of the episcopate, no defection from the Faith, no departure in any important ceremony or usage. The great majority of the clergy, both bishops and priests, who ministered at the Church's altars in 1550, were the identical men who had ministered there in 1540. They said the same creeds, celebrated the same Eucharist, administered the same Baptism, used the same ritual, and wore the same vestments. The Church furniture and ornaments were the same under the English book that they had been under the Latin book for the eleven years preceding 1549. The only important change that had been made in the interior of church buildings was the removal of lights before shrines, pictures, and statues. In a word, the Church was as Catholic in 1550 as it had been at any time in the preceding thousand years.* The only difference was its relation to the Papacy; but the Papacy was an innovation and an un-Catholic corruption that had been introduced into England in 1213. The Papacy did not exist in the primitive Church. It came into existence through the circumstances created by the decadence of the Roman imperial power in Italy, and was fostered by the usurpations of ambitious bishops of Rome.

Protestantism had no part in the formation of the first English Prayer Book. It was of recent introduction into England, and had no foothold among either clergy or laity. Its growth, however, was rapid, for there was an influx of radical scholars into England in the middle of the sixteenth century, and a vigorous correspondence was carried on by the Continental reformers in the effort to introduce their ideas among the English. The Continentals lacked the conservatism of the Anglo-Saxons, and they had greater cause to break with the Church. If schism is ever excusable, the acts of the continental reformers can be overlooked, because ecclesiastical abuses were far greater on the continent than they had ever been in England. The efforts of these men with the English were in a large measure successful, for they succeeded in influencing a number of the clergy, and the scholars, and the nobles, and especially the young king and his uncle, the Protector Somerset. A revision of the Prayer Book was ordered, and a commission appointed. In 1552 they presented a new book as their report, which was immediately legalized, and ordered to replace the first book. But it was not received with favor, and never went into general use; in fact, it was probably not used in a single church outside of London, and the book of 1549 continued in use all over the kingdom, until the death of the king on July 6th, 1554,

*Cranmer offered to prove that "the order of the Church of England," set out by authority of Edward the VI., was the same that had been used in the Church for fifteen hundred years past.

just eight months after the second book was issued.

There was a good deal of Protestantism in the second book, more by implication than by direct enactment, but not enough to impair its Catholicity. There were numerous changes, chiefly in the addition of those portions of the daily offices that precede the Lord's Prayer, and in the introduction of exhortations. There were some abstractions, such as the entire omission of the Office for the Unction of the Sick, and the first part of the sentences of administration of the Holy Communion to the people.

Queen Mary succeeded to the throne on the death of her brother, and she, being a Papist, restored at once the authority of the Pope, and re-introduced the Latin services. But the queen died in 1558, and Elizabeth became sovereign. She immediately repudiated the Papacy, and abolished the Latin services. The English Prayer Book was hastily revised, most of its objectionable Protestantism was expunged, and its use was ordered at once. Another commission was appointed for more careful work, and in 1562 a new edition of the book was legalized, and made the order of worship for the whole realm. This book returned in many essential points to the standard of 1549, but it was marred by some compromises. Compromise has always been dear to the English heart, and it prevails to-day in its diplomacy, its foreign and domestic policy, and its religion. Its very form of government is a compromise between a monarchy and a republic. The decision of the Archbishops on incense is a compromise. And we may be sure that if a revision of the Prayer Book were to be made now by the English Church, there would be compromises all through it.

We Americans have a different temperament, and consequently in our revision of the Prayer Book in 1892, such changes were made in the direction of the book of 1549 that they are the envy and the despair of our English brethren. Our rubrics are so worded that they give such flexibility and freedom to our services as deprives them of formalism, and allows adaptation to circumstances. While there is uniformity in text, there is variety of usage, and the same service can be used with equal propriety and devotion in a rural barn or under a tree, in a great cathedral or stately parish church. The exhortations that were so dear to the men of 1552 have been partially eliminated, and the "Dearly beloved brethren" of daily use has been cut down to Sunday morning only.

For many years before the Reformation there had been a cry for the use of the vernacular in public worship, because the speech of the people had become a language, and there was no longer a necessity to use Latin. There was no English language before the fifteenth century. In Chaucer's time the language was only beginning to take form, and it was not moulded into shape until the Prayer Book and the Bible fixed it.*

The book was also accepted because it simplified public worship, and made it "common." This fact was displayed in the title of the book, "The Book of Common

*The following is a specimen of the English language of the sixteenth century: "Here begynneth a rule that lettith in whiche chapitris of the bible ye may fynde the lessouns, pistlis and gospels, that ben red in the churche aftir the use of salisbury; markid with lettris of the a. b. c. at the begynnynge of the chapitris, toward the myddil or eende: after the ordir as the lettris standen in the a. b. c. first ben sett sundais and ferials togidere."

Prayer." The time had gone for the people to be mere spectators and auditors in church, and the time had come for them to become intelligent participants in the offices of worship. Yet they wanted nothing new or unusual. The book gave them the condensed and simplified services to which they were accustomed, and they received it with joy. So eager were the clergy and people for the new book, that copies were bought as fast as they could be printed; and wherever copies could be procured, the reformed services were begun on Easter, 1549, although the book was not authorized for use until Whitsunday.

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"All the Day Idle"

FROM A SERMON PREACHED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL BY THE REV. H. SCOTT HOLLAND, M. A.

IN a world where work is so sorely needed, how does it come about? What can be the explanation? There must be something wrong, some blunder. And the blunder has gone on so long, the whole day they have been there standing about idle. Why has the mistake not been discovered and been set straight before this? What have the men themselves been about? It surely cannot be their wish to be lolling there against the wall with nothing to do, in the full height of the sun, and to the derision of their neighbors! A most extraordinary thing! It shocks his instincts. It violates his anticipations. "Why is it that ye stand here all the day idle?"

Ah! we are too familiar with the sight to feel his surprise. In our secular industries, the unemployed are there always before our eyes. The modern employer, unlike the old, expects to find them there. His own position depends on them. If there were no men standing idle to draw upon, how would his wage bill be kept within reasonable limits? That is what our competitive economy has brought about. It counts on the unemployed. In some form or another it seems to be constantly creating them. They form our constant problem, often our despair. Everyone has a judgment to give as to the reasons why they are there, and how far it is due to themselves, and how far to the system under which work is now organized. But there they always are. A wonderful expansion of trade has, it is true, at this moment, lightened the burden of the problem, and as soon as it is lightened we try to shut our eyes and forget it. But that very expansion terrifies us in view of the reaction that it may itself create. There will come the unhappy hour of recoil; back will swing the great tide to its lower shoals; and there, behind it, it will leave, as of old, desolate herds of deserted men, who will, through the sheer force of fluctuations over which they have no control, find themselves cut off from the labor on which they had learned to count. They will be thrown back upon the market, all day to stand idle; and, once there, they will be undistinguishable from the broken and skill-less multitude which is there more or less by its own fault—the nerveless, demoralized men who stand all day idle because they do not want anybody to hire them. If once these poor fellows whom no man can be found to hire are driven down to the level of those who love to stand idle, the uttermost disaster has happened. The way of recovery closes up. We sink back into our old paralysis of how to deal with the unemployed. Hope lies only in preserving them

from becoming unemployed, or rather in helping them to preserve themselves from this dismal fate. And this they can do by trade unions and confederations, which can store up in the good times the resources which may tide them over the backward drag that may overtake them for a time while no man hires them. The strong unions can do this now. But it is yet to be discovered how this can be done for and by the poor, disorganized, unskilled men on whom the blow falls sharpest. And it may sting us on to the task of this discovery to see how the kingdom of heaven, from its own point of view, would regard it as an intolerable thing that a market should be found crowded with men who are forced to stand idle. Its spirit, its temper, is dead against such a spectacle of impotence. It can only suppose that some extraordinary mistake has been made. Why is it? Why are they idle? That will be its first, its persistent inquiry.

But our parable carries us from the industrial to the spiritual market. It is the work of the Kingdom of God of which it speaks; and it is there that the parable asks, "Why idle?" * * *

They said: "Because no man hath hired us." Ah! there we seem to catch the echo of the sadness which men know so well to-day. So many men are idle, not because they like it, but because they can see no work to be at. Who is there who wants their services? What is there that they are fit to do? We are not thinking so much of secular occupations, though there too, at the root of much leisured and contemptible idleness, lies the ruinous conviction that they are not wanted. The world is over-stocked. Every post is scrambled for. There are hundreds of men keen to do the work that only needs one. Why then work if, by hook or by crook, you can manage without it? Why not be idle when the chance is given? So men with competences justify themselves in an unemployed life, and dribble away their vapid days in airy nothings, forgetful of the law which makes work to be man's special vocation. For man was made with this design "to go forth to his work and to his labor until the evening." So alone can he fulfill his natural destiny. So alone does he display his proper capacities and resources, and gifts. Only under the pressure and discipline of work do these find their bearings, or put themselves to proof. This is the curse of idleness—that it wrecks the primary intention with which a man is alive, and robs life of its purpose. The man who has no real work has missed his mark as a man, and that is why it is so melancholy to look round London to-day, and see the swarms of men who even though they have escaped the disastrous doom of having nothing to do for their living, and are set to work—perhaps to hard, grinding work—to earn their daily bread; yet in all their highest manhood, in reason, in imagination, in spirit, have found no work required of them—no good cause to which they can surrender themselves, no blessed work for God's glory or for man's welfare that they care to undertake. In this moral or spiritual region of their life they are idle. Idle because perhaps they are too exhausted by their labor for their livelihood to have any energy to put in this higher work of the soul. Idle, perhaps, because the mere dullness of their professional routine has closed in upon them, and has shut them up as in a prison house, and they have lost the capacity to be stirred by any call to work with their imagi-

nation or their social will, and cannot believe that such work is to be done, or has any real significance or any prospect of achievement. Their profession appeals purely to their lower and most commonplace motives. The work is done more or less mechanically; it has no positive attractions; it is a necessity in order to live; its end is to escape from it with a pension. Such a life never touches the finer gifts, it never requires their co-operation; with this result, that the man is left too often by sheer carelessness without using any of these gifts at all. And so the gifts dwindle and collapse; they grow stale and beggared; they lose nerve and pith; they loaf unused; they "stand all the day idle." Such a man goes through his life to the very end without one high passion having ever been worked. The best part of himself has never been brought into action. "No man has hired it." No spiritual ideal has claimed it. No venture has been made with it. No voice has summoned it to rise and follow. It has felt no splendid necessity laid upon it to spend itself and be spent. Earth has not inspired it, heaven has never found it. There it lies in the man—unexamined, unexercised, unverified—until the man himself has forgotten its existence. For it, therefore, life has been given in vain. It was there to prove its power, to test its validity, to disclose what patience, what tenacity, what pluck it possessed. And it has never done it, for it has never got to work. It has been brought under no test. "No man has hired it." It was ready once to stir under the influence of love—to dedicate itself to some ideal hope; but the love never appealed, and the hope passed it over. No one hired it, no one wanted it, no one had any use for it. And at last its very idleness undermined its force. It grew sickly, it despired itself, it derided itself, it withered and died. * * *

And if other causes and ideals fail to justify their appeal to men's souls, what are we to say of the highest cause of all, of the purest ideal? What of the cause of God's own vineyard of the Church, of the love of Jesus Christ? Ah! can it be that here too these weary men in the market place can retort, "It has not hired us?" "There is no clear call come from God to our ears. We have listened for it keenly enough at times. We have thought how glad would be the sound, how grateful the work, if only here in the service of the Christ, the good Master, we were set our task. We would commit ourselves to bear even the burden and the heat of the day, if it were only God who hired us. But here, too, we recoil with disappointment. We hear no definite summons which assures us of its authentic validity. We hear cries for help loud enough; but they are very human, and very mixed, and very doubtful in authority, and they contradict one another, and they dispute, and they are angry. And they all claim to be God's own voice. Which are we to believe? Which is the master to whom we shall hire ourselves in this confused Babel of claimants? And then the Church itself, if we fall back on that! It is distracted by opposing movements. Its government is in a tangle. Its authority is shaken. Wise, self-respecting men cannot join in this poor wrangling. We can but stand aloof, and, standing aloof, there are counter-influences to beset us, which make us half think that religion is played out, and that it has lost its ancient efficacy—that it is muttering obsolete phrases, out of which the meaning has long ago vanished; that it is smit-

ten with the same paralysis which has stupefied all other lofty aspirations to which humanity once so freely responded. Here, at the close of a century of religious revivals, we stand watching the dying struggles of religion. It has exhausted all modes of recovering its lost ground, and the shadow of the end has fallen upon it. No master power here to claim us for its hire. Better to stand idle in the market-place than give ourselves to a doomed service."

Ah, my brethren, that is easy enough to say from outside—looking on. I think it quite impossible to say it from within—in active service. Outside, the semblance that the Church of God is apt to wear is piteous enough. I grant it. Always it seems to be toppling over under some fresh blow. Always it is being disfigured and brought into contempt by the antics and the anger of its members. And there are contradictions and quarrels and uncertainties, and doubt and lapses and failures which encompass its work and rob it of its promise, and render its hopes sterile. Looking on, I can well fancy dismay at the sorry sight. But within, for those committed, for those hired to the task, there is an experience wonderful, unailing, miraculous, which is forever reversing the natural judgment. For them God is forever verifying His supremacy over all that man can do to defeat Him. Beneath the apparent chaos they become aware of a secret law and order which hold on their own way undaunted as the Spirit of the Most High verifies to them His presence and His purpose. Within the storm, though the Master seems to be asleep, yet the whisper is ever reaching them from His blessed lips, "Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith!" Within the trouble there is always renewed the unailing succor, the unexhausted consolation. In the heart of the night there is light found about their feet. When they feel most weak, they find themselves strong; the strength of God is made perfect in and through their weakness. When the worst hour falls upon them they hear still that unconquerable voice that says, from One who is still in their midst, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; your joy no man taketh from you." That Church which seems ever breaking under hostile attack, sinking under the weight of its own sin, still for ever survives, for ever recovers, and still lifts itself from its sloth; still purges itself of its sin; still finds its work given it to do; still, though ever dying, is ever being made alive. Under it is the unshaken rock, above it the everlasting heaven, and within it the beseechings and intercessions of the unflagging spirit of all comfort and strength and peace and joy and love. And souls are still fed with these unailing gifts of God; and thirst is quenched in the chalice of compassion; and everywhere in quiet places the redeemed are to be found moving by still waters in green pastures at the feet of the Good Shepherd of the sheep, the Bishop and Pastor of their souls. The ancient powers are yet at work in their old habitual energy. The peace that passeth all understanding yet broods within the holy shrine. This is the amazing victory of God, achieved amid much dismal disarray. And the very dismalness of the disarray heightens the glow of the victory. That is our experience.

And it is in this victory, won under the menace of a perpetual defeat, that I would implore you to-day to take your part. From without, it will always look like defeat. From within, it will always prove itself a vic-

tory. Here is London, East and North, with its well-worn tale that you know so well; no familiarity can strip it of its pathos and its tragedy. This indeed is its pathos, this is its tragedy, that no change ever comes to those woeful and weary multitudes. Still they crowd thicker and thicker on the cumbered ground. Even in old centres like Bethnal Green, swarming already, it is found possible to herd more and more, and where there were 6,000 there are now 8,000. And there has ceased to be rooms that can be found for those who must have a roof over their heads. And so closer and closer they huddle, and the last hope of home life is wrecked, and the only home where peace and rest can be found is the public-house, and the only joy open to them is drink; and ever the awful nightmare of rent rises higher and higher, and if they try to escape the crushing burden of the rent, they can only do so at the cost of being dumped down in meaningless heaps at Tottenham and Edmonton, miles away from their work, with no associations, no bonds, no knowledge of one another. There they lie in thousands upon thousands, and there is no one to befriend them, if it be not the Church of God; and the Church is staggering under an overwhelming burden, and the multitudes pour in unmothered, unsheltered, untended, unfed. Yet if only she can be given free play with men, with resources, with buildings, she can justify her national mission—she can reach and touch those whom no others can arrive at. She can deliver the Gospel which they need; she can make good the Name of God in the land. Can any of her sons stand idle when the need is so sore? Can any protest that there is no need of them, of their personal work, of their help, of their gifts? Can any presume to declare that no one has called them to the work? Surely the call is ringing like a trumpet in their ears day and night. The call of tired, helpless, weltering London—so impotent, so nerveless, so disunited; the call of England, drained of her best life, that sickens and dies as all her sturdy sons from the country pour up to be worn out in two generations—shrunk into thin, wizened, bloodless Londoners. The call of Christ through His Church as He sees populations passing wholly out of the very sound of the Gospel into the darkness from which they had been redeemed. These are the calls, loud and terrible, that are crying to-day. Is there not a cause that you can serve? Is there not a Master, Christ Jesus, who craves you for His vineyard? Here is the Man, the true Man, who would put you to his. Why! why is it so many of you stand all the day idle?

Letters to the Editor

PROTESTANT OR CATHOLIC

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

I note in a late editorial of yours the remark that it might be, but surely only from some very grievous sin, that a "candlestick" be removed out of its place. And I feel a wondering: What if a candlestick refused to occupy its place?

Y. Y. K.

AN INQUIRY ANSWERED

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

In a little book of poems entitled, 'Thoughts for Sunrise,' I find the last four stanzas of "Life's Answer" credited to "Alford," which I take to be Henry Alford, dean of Canterbury from 1856 to 1871, as he published a book of poems.

A. C. BUDWELL.

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 9, 1900.

Personal Mention

The Rev. J. Arthur Evans's address is changed from Lompoc, Cal., to Boyle Heights, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Rev. Joseph A. Foster has resigned the rectorship of St. Thomas' church, Methuen, Mass., on account of ill health, and returned to his home in Lowell, Mass.

The Rev. Robert B. Kimber has resigned the rectorship of Trinity church, Seymour, Conn., and entered upon his duties as local secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, Jan. 10th. Address Church Missions House, New York city.

The Rev. Geo. A. Latimer has accepted charge of the Episcopal Hospital mission, Philadelphia.

The Rev. John S. Moody, Archdeacon of West Missouri, owing to his inability to stand the incessant traveling required, has resigned the office, and accepted the rectorship of Calvary church, Sedalia, Mo. Address accordingly.

The Rev. Oscar F. Michael has accepted a call to old St. John's church, Northern Liberties, (Philadelphia), and entered upon his duties, Sunday, Jan. 7th.

The Rev. W. S. Slack having removed from Musson, La., to Washington, La., requests that he be addressed at the latter place. Lock box 9.

The Rev. W. C. Shaw has become rector of the church of the Advent, Oakland, Cal., and his address is 1365 Eleventh ave.

The Rev. Moses Coit Tyler has been elected first vice-president of the American Historical Association.

The Rev. W. W. Taylor has resigned the chaplaincy of the Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia.

The Rev. Erasmus J. H. Van Deerlin is president of the Standing Committee of the diocese of Honolulu.

Official

THE Rev. E. R. Woodman, for nineteen years connected with our mission in Tokyo, Japan, is staying for a few weeks in the neighborhood of Chicago. He would like the opportunity of addressing churches, Sunday schools, and meetings of the Woman's Auxiliary. Address, P. O. Box 119, Morgan Park.

THE North-West Convocation of Philadelphia will meet on Wednesday, Jan. 24th, in St. Matthew's church, Wallace and 19th sts. Business meeting at 4:15 P. M.; supper at 6:15; missionary service at 8 P. M. At the missionary service, the dean, Dr. J. N. Blanchard, will preside and make a short address on the mission at Lehigh ave. and 25th st., and the Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's, New York, will speak on city mission work.

A WARNING

The undersigned desire to warn the general public, and especially the clergy, against an impostor calling himself Theodore I. M. Baron Stuart.

Mr. Stuart's story is to the effect that his father was a Russian general, and that he himself was formerly in Holy Orders in the Russian Church. After arriving in this country he conformed to Rome, so he says, and decided to enter a Jesuit training school in the Eastern States. That he did so enter his papers show, but it is only charitable to the Society of Jesus to suppose that his severance from the order was compulsory. His knowledge of the Russian language has proved to be very elementary in its character, and the photograph of himself, in the vestments of a Russian priest, which he exhibits, is really a picture not of himself, but of one of the signers of this caution.

WM R. HUNTINGTON,

Rector of Grace church, New York.

ALEX A. HOTORIZKY,

Rector of the Russian Church in New York.

New York, Jan 12th, 1900.

Ordinations

Dec 16th, 1899, at Spearfish, S. D., the Bishop of South Dakota admitted the Rev William Henry Pond, deacon, to the sacred order of priests. The candidate was presented by Archdeacon G. G. Ware who joined with the Rev. Arnold Lutton in the laying on of hands. Mr. Pond, residing in Spearfish as the centre, will continue in charge of a large portion of the Black Hills deanery.

On Sunday, Jan. 7th at 11 A. M., in the church of St. Edward-the-Martyr, New York city, by Bishop Worthington, the Rev. R. Alan Russell was advanced to the priesthood. Preacher, the Bishop. Presenter and gospeler, the Rev. Edward Wallace-Neil, Sc. D. In accordance with the use of Nebraska, the imposition of hands was followed by the investing of the candidate with the chasuble and the *perfectionis ornamentum*. Mr. Russell is to have charge of St. Clement's church, South Omaha, in connection with near-by missions.

In All Saints' parish, Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 3d, the Rev. W. Fred Allen, late of Boardman, Ohio, was advanced to the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. W. A. Leonard, D. D. The candidate was presented by the

rector of the church, the Rev. W. Rix Attwood, [and the sermon preached by the Rev. E. W. Worthington.

Died

CLARK.—In New York, at 6 A. M., Tuesday, Jan. 2d, of pneumonia, James Gilliat Clark, second son of the Rev. James Walters and Henrietta Maria (Gilliat) Clark, aged 27 years, 2 months, and 28 days. Burial from St. James' church, City of Washington, Friday, Jan. 5th, at 10 A. M. Interment in Rock Creek churchyard.

May he rest in peace!

FISKE.—On Jan. 4, 1900, the Rev. Charles Carroll Fiske, in the 72d year of his age.

MAISON.—At Lakewood, N. J., on Dec. 31, 1899, Mary Underhill, wife of the Rev. Charles A. Maison, D. D., and daughter of the late Abraham Underhill, of New York City.

RIDGELY.—Entered into rest at Baltimore, Md., Jan. 2nd, Anne Wright, wife of Wm. S. Ridgely, daughter of the late Jno. K. Wright, of Philadelphia.

Appeals

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Church and Parish

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

WANTED.—An organist and choirmaster for vested choir of men and boys. Must be active and competent. Address with testimonials and salary required, 78 South Prospect st., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A CURATE is desired for mission work in New York city; a young man just priested, of conservative views, preferred; \$1,400 and room. Please address, with particulars and references, CYPRIAN, care W. H. H. Pinckney, 342 Sumner ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BASS singer wants position; has deep, strong voice, with powerful double C; knows service; fine for solo or chorus. For information, address THE REV. WM. GARDAM, Ypsilanti, Mich. Ref.: Prof. Pease and John Whittaker, Normal Conservatory Music.

WANTED.—A working housekeeper in a young ladies' seminary; one thoroughly familiar with the supervision of servants, and competent and willing to discharge any duty of a subordinate should occasion arise. References required. Address J. B., care THE LIVING CHURCH.

WANTED.—By experienced Churchwoman, position as matron in Church home for children. Address C. W., LIVING CHURCH office.

The Editor's Table

Kalendar, January, 1900

6. CIRCUMCISION.	White.
6. THE EPIPHANY.	White.
7. 1st Sunday after Epiphany.	White.
14. 2d Sunday after Epiphany.	Green.
21. 3d Sunday after Epiphany.	Green.
25. CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.	White.
28. 4th Sunday after Epiphany.	Green.

Complacency

BY THE REV. FRANCIS WASHBURN

I sweetly smile, for all is peace within,
Nothing disturbs the calm serenity
Bred of unconsciousness within my soul
Of any weakness, waywardness, or sin.
Naught agitates my mind, for I do all
That sense requires to make my pathway sure.
I never brawl, nor ever raise my voice,
I never speak profanely, nor in rage,
But ever with cool judgment guard my life
'Gainst vagrant fancies and insane desires.
I cultivate complacency with success,
'Mid all the troubling terrors of the times,
Which fret the nerves of weaker men than I.
Why should I worry with another's ills?
Or conjure evils to distress myself?
Why should I wander from the avenues
Lined with stately dwellings of the rich,
And thread the streets where poverty is king?
Whatever is must be, the fates have so decreed.

RESPONSE

A stoic's creed is thine, complacent one!
Yet I would rather be a living hell
Than a Nirvana void of sense and thought.
How can there come to any human soul
A perfect peace, a rapturous merriment,
While earth remains so full of agonies?
Here hungry people die for lack of food;
Here thousands perish in inhuman wars
That men do wage to gain a sordid end;
Here cancers eat their way into the flesh;
Here thousands live by preying on their kind;
Here pestilence and plague their millions slay;
Here storming seas do whelm the fleets of men,
And pour their choking waters down their throats
Until they feed the monsters of the sea.
Here dread siroccos with oblivious swoop
Do follow fast the caravans of trade,
And bury all in sandy sepulchres;
Here all their lives, satanic imps of hell
Do dog the footsteps of the sons of men:
And snare them with their instruments of ill
To drag them prizes to the place of doom.

Strange that complacency should fill a soul,
Amid such verities of woe and want.
Not such was His who, born of virgin maid,
Came to this ghastly sphere of wrecking sin:
He saw the evils of this racking globe,—
Not only saw, but felt, our keen distress,
And chose to leave high joy to suffer here.
Dissatisfied was Love with what it saw
In this the fabric of His Father's skill;
So came He down to ease a breaking heart,
And give heaven's peace, if possible, to men.
Read thou His life, complacent one, and see
What living interest He did take in all
That doth concern the welfare of the race.
Read thou His words against complacency,
Showing His deep disgust with Christian calm,
Which, neither cold nor hot, abides inert,
Viewing earth's sorrows with a placid brow.

-x-

Pen-and-Ink-lings

A VERY valuable book is a Hebrew Bible in the Vatican. In 1512 the Jews tried to buy it of Pope Julius II. for its weight in gold. It is so large and heavy that two men can hardly lift it, and it would have brought \$100,000.

THE University of Chicago, by a vote of twenty to sixteen, has placed itself on record as favoring the use of the reformed spelling adopted by the National Educational Association in its publications. Twelve words are affected by the change. They were selected by a committee ap-

pointed by the National Educational Association to advise some most needed changes. All contain a number of silent letters. The words are as follows: Catalogue, pedagogue, demagogue, prologue, decalogue, although, though, thorough, thoroughfare, through, throughout, and programme. They will appear according to the new arrangement thus: Catalog, pedagog, demagog, prolog, decalog, altho, tho, thoro, thorofare, thru, thru-out, and program.

THE yield of the Kimberly diamond mines is said to average about fifty-five hundred carats a day. They furnish ninety-five per cent. of the world's diamonds. Mr. Kunz, of Tiffany's, estimates that so far nine and a half tons, worth three hundred million dollars in the rough, and double that when polished, have been taken out of the Kimberly "yellow" and "blue." The largest diamond known to exist was found at Jagersfontein, eighty miles away—a gem two and a half inches long, one and a quarter inches thick, and two inches wide, weighing nine hundred and seventy-one carats, or nearly half a pound avoirdupois. When the present war began, the Transvaal was yielding annually about sixty million dollars' worth of gold—or more than one-fifth of the world's production, of which, by the way, the United States is credited with nearly sixty millions.

THE notable lack of our literature, says John Jay Chapman, in *The Critic*, is this: The prickles and irregularities of personal feeling have been pumice-stoned away. It is too smooth. There is an absence of individuality, of private opinion. This is the same lack that curses our politics, the absence of private opinion. The sacrifice in political life is honesty, in literary life, is intellect. The revising editor who reads with the eyes of the farmer's daughter begins to lose his own. He is extinguishing some sparks of instructive reality which would offend—and benefit—the farmer's daughter, and he is obliterating a part of his own mind with every stroke of his blue pencil. He is devitalizing literature by erasing personality.

THE experts who sit in the offices of the journals of the country, says the same writer, have so long used their minds as commercial instruments, that it never occurs to them to publish or not publish anything according to their personal views. The newspaper trade as now conducted is prostitution. It mows down the boys as they come from the colleges. It defaces the very desire for truth, and leaves them without a principle to set a clock by. They grow to disbelieve in the reality of ideas. But these are our future literati, our poets and essayists, our historians and publicists.

WE quote again: We may see the same thing in the other walks of life. There arrives a time in the career of most men when their powers become fixed. It is not because the men stop growing that they repeat themselves, but they stop growing because they repeat themselves. They cease to experiment; they cease to search. Research is the price of intellectual growth. If you face the problems of life freshly and

squarely each morning, you march. If you accept any solution as good enough, you drop. It is the act of utterance that draws out the powers in a man and makes him a master of his own mind. Without the actual experience of writing "Lohengrin" Wagner could not have discovered "Parsifal."

ONE of the best war poems which has appeared in England during the present struggle with the Boers, was published over the initials, "H. H. F." We cite it from *The Academy*:

CONFESSONAL

Lord God, whom we besought so late,
Thou wouldst not suffer us forget
Thy Name and our weak human state—
Have patience, Lord, a little yet.

To-day no pomp of empire fills
The wintry land; amazed and awed
We watch Thy slowly grinding mills
Mete out to us our just reward.

To-day, by foemen sore beset,
Dismayed we draw our destined lot,
We prayed to Thee "Lest we forget,"
And, even as we prayed, forgot.

With foolish, rash, vainglorious words
And sorry self sufficiency
We boasted, girding on our swords
As those who laid their armor by.

Wherefore the curse upon us lies
Of warriors all unready found,
Of braggarts blinded to despise
Their foe before the trumpet's sound.

Humbly we call upon Thy Name,
Ere sounds once more the grim assault,
We do confess, O Lord, with shame,
Our fault, our very grievous fault.

Give back our fathers' stern disdain
Of idle brag and empty boast,
So shall we stand erect again,
And face unmoved the hostile host.

-x-

A Rocky Mountain Lake

ITS FEATHERED TENANTS

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER

"**Y**OU will find a small lake just about a mile from town. Follow the road leading out this way"—indicating the direction—"until you come to a red gate. The lake is private property, but you can go right in, as you don't shoot. No one will drive you out. I think you will find it an interesting place for bird study."

The foregoing is what my landlord told me one morning at Buena Vista, Colo., during a recent rambling tour I made in the Rocky Mountains in pursuit of bird-lore.

Nor did I waste much time in finding my way to the lake, a small sheet of water, as clear as crystal, embowered in the lovely valley lying between towering and snow-clad mountains. To my delight, I found it a habitat for many birds—one might almost call it a bird Arcadia. In no place, in all my tramping among the Rockies, did I find so many birds in an equal area.

In the green, irrigated meadow bordering one side of the sheet of water, I was pleased to find a number of Brewer's blackbirds, busily gathering food in the wet grass for their young.

And who or what are Brewer's blackbirds? Well, you must remember that the *avi-fauna* of the West is quite different from that of the Eastern and Middle States, especially after you reach the arid plains and mesas of Colorado. Besides, there are many forms

that are peculiar to the Rocky Mountains, not being found anywhere else.

In the East, the purple grackles or crow blackbirds are found in great abundance; but in Colorado these birds are replaced by Brewer's blackbirds, which closely resemble their eastern kinsfolk, although not quite so large. The iridescence of the plumage is somewhat different in the two species, but in both the golden eye-balls show white at a distance.

When I first saw a couple of Brewer's blackbirds stalking about in their stately way on a lawn at Manitou, and digging worms and grubs out of the sod, I simply put them down in my note-book as purple grackles—an error that had to be corrected afterward by a more careful examination. The mistake shows how close is the resemblance between the two birds.

The Brewer division of the family breed on the plains and in the mountains, to an altitude of 10,000 feet, always selecting marshy places for their early-summer home; then in August and September, the breeding season being over, large flocks of old and young ascend to the regions above timberline, about 13,000 feet above sea-level, where they swarm over the grassy but treeless mountain sides in search of food. In October, they retire to the plains, before the wintry weather of the great altitudes, and soon the majority of them hie to a blander climate than Colorado affords in winter.

Still more interesting to me was the large colony of yellow-headed blackbirds that had taken up residence in the rushes and flags of the upper end of the lake. These birds are not such exclusive Westerners as their ebon-hued cousins just described; for I found them breeding at Lake Minnetonka, near Minneapolis, Minn., a few years ago, and they sometimes straggle, I believe, as far east as Ohio.

A most beautiful bird is this member of the *Icteride* family, a kind of Beau Brummel among his fellows, with his glossy black coat and rich yellow—and even orange in highest feather—mantle covering the whole head, neck and breast, and a large white decorative spot on the wings, showing plainly in flight. He is the handsomest blackbird with which I am acquainted.

At the time of my visit to the lake, the latter part of June, the yellow-heads were busy feeding their young; many of which had already left the nest. From the shore, I could see dozens of them clinging to the reeds, several of which they would grasp with the claws of each foot. Sometimes their little legs were straddled far apart, the flexible rushes spreading out beneath their weight.

There the youngsters perched, without seeming to feel any discomfort from their strained position. And what a racket they made when the parent birds returned from an excursion to distant meadows and lawns, with billsome tidbits in their beaks! They were certainly a hungry lot of bairns.

When I waded out into the shallow water toward their rushy home, the old birds became quite uneasy, circling about like the red-wings, and uttering a harsh blackbird "chack," varied at intervals by a loud, and not unmusical, chirp.

You should see the nest of the yellow-head. It is really a fine affair, showing no small amount of artistic skill—a plaited cup, looking almost as if it had been woven by human hands, the rushes of the rim and sides folding the supporting reeds in their

loops. Thus the nest and its reedy pillars are firmly bound together. I waded out to a clump of rushes and found one nest with three eggs in its softly felted cup—the promise, no doubt, of a belated, or possibly a second, brood.

This mountain lake was also the abode of a number of species of ducks, not all of which I could identify, on account of the distance they constantly put between themselves and the observer. Flocks of them floated like light, feathered craft upon the silvery bosom of the lake, now pursuing one another, now drifting lazily, now diving, and anon playing many attractive gambols.

One of the most curious ducks I have ever seen was the ruddy duck, called in the scientific manuals, *Erismatura rubida*. As I sat on a boulder on the shore, watching the aquatic fowl, one of the male ruddy ducks, accompanied by three or four females, swam out from the reeds into an open space where I could see him plainly with my field-glass.

A beautiful picture he presented, as he glided proudly about on the water, surrounded by his devoted harem. Imagine, if you can, how grand he must have appeared—his broad, flat bill, light blue, widening out at the commissure, and seeming to shade off into the large white cheeks, which looked like snowy puffballs on the sides of his head; his crown, black and tapering; his neck, back and sides, a rich, glossy brownish-red; his lower parts, "silky, silvery white, 'watered' with dusky, yielding, gray undulations"; and his wing-coverts and jauntily perked up tail, black. If that was not a picture worthy of an artist's brush, then I have never seen one in the outdoor world.

No less quaint was his conduct. That he was proud and self-conscious, no one seeing him could doubt; and it was just as plain, from his consequential mein, that he was posing before his train of plainly clad wives who looked upon him as the greatest beau of the lake.

Unlike most ducks, in swimming, this haughty major carries his head erect, and even bent backward at a considerable angle; and his short tail is cocked up and bent forward, so that his glossy back forms a graceful arch, and does not slope downward, as do the backs of most ducks on the water.

And of all the odd gestures, this fellow's carried off the palm. He would draw his head up and back, then thrust it forward a few inches, extend out his blue bill in a horizontal line, and at the same time emit a low, coarse squawk that I could just hear. Oddly enough, all the females, staid as they were, imitated their liege lord's action. It was their way of protesting against my ill-bred intrusion into their private precincts.

Presently a second male came out into the open space, accompanied by a retinue of females, and then a third emerged, similarly attended.

With this there was a challenging among the rivals that was interesting to witness; they fairly strutted about on the water, now advancing, now retreating, and occasionally almost, but never quite, closing in combat. Sometimes one would pursue another for a rod or more, in a swift rush that would make the spray fly, and cut a swathe in the smooth bosom of the lake.

Several coots now appeared on the scene. Between them and the ruddy ducks there seemed to be a feud of more or less intensity, each being on the offensive or the defensive, as the exigencies of naval warfare required.

Once I had to burst into laughter as a coot

made a fierce dash toward one of the female ducks, and was almost upon her, and I thought she was destined to receive a severe trouncing, when she suddenly dodged her pursuer by diving. He just as suddenly gave up the chase, looking as if it were a case of "sour grapes," anyway.

After watching the antics of these birds for a long time, I turned my attention to another pretty scene worthy of an artist's brush—a pair of coots leading their family of eight or ten little ones out into the clear area from their hiding-place among the reeds. How sweet and innocent the little coots were! Instead of the black heads and necks of their parents, and the white bills and frontal bones, these parts were tinted with red, which appeared quite bright and gauze-like in the sunshine.

The process of feeding the juvenile birds was quite interesting. The parent birds would swim about, then suddenly dip their heads into the water, or else dive clear under, coming up with a slug in their bills. Turning to the youngsters, which were always close upon their heels—or perhaps I would better say their tails—they would hold out their bills, when the little ones would swim up and pick off the toothsome morsel.

It must not be supposed that the bantlings opened their mouths, as most young birds do, and had the tidbits thrust into them. No, indeed! That is not coot fashion. The little ones picked the insects from the sides of the papa's or mamma's beak, turning their own little heads cunningly to one side as they helped themselves to their luncheon.

The other water fowl of the lake acted in an ordinary way, and therefore need no description. It was strange, however, that this was the only lake seen in all my Rocky Mountain touring where I found water fowl. At Seven Lakes, Moraine Lake, and others in the vicinity of Pike's Peak, not a duck, crane, or coot was to be seen; and the same was true of Cottonwood Lake, twelve miles from Buena Vista, right in the heart of the rugged mountains.

Two facts may account for the abundance of birds at the little lake near Buena Vista; first, here they were protected from gunners and pot-hunters by the owner whose residence commanded a full view of the whole area; and, second, large spaces of the upper end of the lake were thickly grown with flags and rushes, which were cut off from the shore by a watery space of considerable breadth. In this idyllic place these birds found coverts from enemies and suitable sites for their nests.

Unity of Life

RY C. H. WETHERBE

WHATEVER may be said concerning the proposition that man is a complex personality, having in him certain elements which at times contradict other elements in him, it remains true that one's life is essentially and fundamentally a unity. One has no moral right to take credit to himself for the lawful deeds which he performs, and at the same time disavow his responsibility for the unlawful acts which he commits. One may attempt to excuse his misdeeds on the ground that he inherited tendencies which led him in that direction, and that he had desires to do well instead of ill, yet it is he himself that actually committed those misdeeds, and he must, therefore, be held accountable for them.

If man were such a dual being as that the better part of him could lay the whole blame on the worst part for the evil that it commits, then the better part could clean escape not only all responsibility for the wrong-doing of the bad part of his nature, but also all of the suffering of penalty which results from the evil-doing of the bad part of his nature. But one cannot divide his responsibility in this way, nor in any other way. It is he himself that does wrong, whenever he, or any part of his nature, commits evil. And this is so because one's life is a unity.

Now, apply this truth to personal religion. There are professed Christians who act on the supposition that if they steadily affirm loyal adherence to the Creed of their Church, if they steadily attend the services thereof, especially on the Lord's Day; if they contribute somewhat liberally to the maintenance of the Church service, they may be excused if, disconnected from such religious obligations and services, they indulge in lax morals. Does this mean that in a Christian's life there may be a practical separation between the higher and religious part of the person and the lower and unreligious part? It seems so, but it is a false seeming. The truth is, the man who is a real Christian in Church services is also a real Christian in business circles, in politics, in pursuits of pleasure, every day in the week. What a man is in a mercantile house, he is in the house of God. The essential unity of one's life cannot be disunited by either Church relations or business relations.

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Our Prayer Book

THE following is an extract from a Unitarian paper on the Book of Common Prayer:

"No wonder the Episcopalian loves the service in his Prayer Book. For those to whom its leading thoughts are true, to take part in it must be like taking part in rendering a noble oratorio. The simple, stately phrases move on like solemn music. Observe their orderly procession—first, the head bows in quiet confession and then uplifts a bright and shining face; then follows reverent listening as to oracles, Bible oracles, broken by the peals of praise; then the firm tread of the "Creed"; and last the bowed head again in the long, low responsive murmurs of the collects and litany. Each part a beautiful detail, each richly varied from the next, yet all conspiring to unity. The service is a noble work of art.

"And it is what public worship should be, a common service. The book is truly called the 'Book of Common Prayer.' The people make together that 'general confession' with which it opens; the people praise in choral psalms and glorias; the people read the psalms for the day in alternation with the priest; the people voice in unison their Credo; the people respond, petition by petition, in the litany, and take each of the Ten Commandments to themselves, and by amens appropriate the prayers and collects which the priest recites; and here and there the people rise, and here and there they kneel together. The priest, though having much to read, never for a long space reads alone, so closely do the people follow him. Many ages and experiences and modes can enter into this service, and each find that which is its own; the little child in its first churchgoing will recognize the 'Our Father' he has learnt at home, and to the

old in years it must be full of clustering associations. And the use of the same book by all Episcopalians widens the communion through all the lands. At the hour of worship all who bear this name are treading the same wordpaths of thought and praise. Let Sunday come, and whenever he can find his church, the traveler is a native and the stranger feels at home.

"The service, too, is old, and links the generations in communion. It is a century old as used in America, three centuries old or more in its English form, while by many a phrase and formula it is related to Latin mass-books of the mother Church. The glorias come resounding down from that early Christian Church that even mothered Rome's."

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Disproportionate Giving

FROM *The Church Times*

IT would be utterly untrue to assert of Catholics indifference to the needs of the poor, whether spiritual or temporal, for probably no body of believers in Christ does more for the poor, both by way of relief and personal service; yet there is a want of proportion in some wealthy districts, especially in London, between the amounts spent on mission work at home and abroad and the sums paid for what, after all, are in certain cases but luxuries of religion. Where an organ, costing, say, £1,000 would amply suffice for all the purposes for which an organ is properly needed, it is a sin against reverence to spend £2,000 whilst thousands of people are left to perish in their sins for want of priests and sacraments.

We have mentioned organs by way of example, but the same holds good of every detail of Church furniture. The expenditure of £10,000 on the decoration of an east wall, when half the amount would suffice for really handsome work, whilst in the next parish the clergy are aware that £5,000 capitalized would give another priest to their under-staffed district, is surely nothing less than criminal irreverence. We are obliged to use forcible language because it is astonishing to see how many good and generous men are led into disproportionate giving and expenditure. Nobody will accuse us of desiring to see bare fabrics, dull services, unvested altars and priests; we have fought long and successfully against meanness in the houses of God; but we do not intend to lay ourselves open to the accusation of thinking more of the material house than of the stones now waiting for the touch of life which shall put them in their places in the house not built with hands.

Any person who, having taken part in the expenditure we consider questionable and unwise, under existing circumstances, is led by our remarks to see that the effort was not reverent, will not be likely to rush to the other extreme. Rather, we trust, will he be encouraged so to spend as to furnish the material fabrics with a goodly number of faithful who, in thankful acknowledgment of what has been done for them, will in turn bear their part in the material decoration. The error has been one of heart, not will, unthinking rather than miscalculating, but error it is, nevertheless, and we hope to see it corrected speedily.

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Book Reviews and Notices

Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest. By John Allan Wyeth, M. D. With Illustrations by T. de Thulstrup, Rogers, Kelepper, Redwood, Hitchcock, and Carleton. New York: Harper & Bros.

The hero of this book is one of the people. Like Lincoln and Grant, he was not high born, and yet, like them, he rose to great position and power, and was the idol of the South. Forrest's mother was a woman of extraordinary character, and brought up her children in such manner that she retained their devotion to the end of her life. Nathan Bedford Forrest was the eldest of eleven children, and was especially de-

voted to his mother. From her he inherited many of his greatest traits; among these was his ability to foresee and plan, and his tremendous will-power. At sixteen he became the supporter of the family, owing to the death of his father. He worked early and late, and within three years had them living in comfort. He had little education, and always bemoaned it. Going to the city, he displayed great aptitude for business. In Memphis, he dealt in lands, cotton, and negroes, and quickly accumulated a considerable fortune. As a business man and citizen, he occupied a prominent position. Thoroughly devoted to the South, he enlisted as a private at the breaking out of the Rebellion. His abilities, however, were such that his fellow-citizens used their influence to have him commissioned. Receiving an appointment, he at once began to enlist soldiers. These he equipped largely at his own expense, and soon had them in splendid fighting condition. General Forrest was of fine presence, being large and tall, and became an ideal leader. He was a natural born soldier, at first, with so little tactical knowledge that he bitterly attacked the members of a battery who were manoeuvring to get their guns into position, because he thought they wanted to run away! Even with this disadvantage, he won battles by his dash and natural ability. Afterwards, realizing his deficiency, he mastered the tactics; and this, with his powers, made him one of the most formidable opponents of the Union commanders. They feared him as they feared no one else; they never knew when to expect him. At one time, while he was destroying stores, gunboats, and other property to the value of millions of dollars, the Federal authorities reported him at a dozen different places, including Canada and Chicago! His troops, thoroughly organized, would follow him in what seemed the most hopeless undertakings. His successes at Murfreesboro, Brice's Cross Roads, and many other places were far beyond what could be rightly expected from the troops at his command. One of his most brilliant moves was his forced march on Memphis. His troops were met by a large force sent out to destroy him. Leaving one of his officers in command to hold the enemy as well, and as long, as possible, he himself took two thousand men in the darkness of the night, and hurried to Memphis. Crossing rivers which were flooded, and over which the bridges had been destroyed, he marched a hundred miles and attacked the city unexpectedly. He hoped to capture three Union generals then in the city, but being warned, they hastily escaped to the fort. Failing in this, he did much damage, threw the forces into confusion, took a number of prisoners, and got away safely.

The author spends much labor in clearing up the matter of Fort Pillow. In the capture of this fort, there was a heavy loss of life on the part of the Union forces. It was called the massacre of Fort Pillow, and much odium was cast on Forrest. Dr. Wyeth shows from the records that all non-combatants were removed before the battle began; that the garrison twice refused to surrender, and said they never would surrender; and, as a matter of fact, Fort Pillow was not surrendered by the Federal forces. He shows, also, that General Forrest ordered the firing stopped as soon as he saw the fort was captured; and that Forrest left shortly after, and did not return. Dr. Wyeth's evidence, gathered from both Union and Confederate authorities, ought to satisfy any reasonable person that there was no massacre, properly speaking. General Forrest was uniformly successful until the last of the war, when, through the exhaustion of the South, he was unable to get troops. At the close of the war he bade an affectionate farewell to his army, urging them to return to their homes and submit to the government. He himself returned to his plantation, and began at once the work of reconstruction. By both friend and foe, General Forrest was recognized as the leading cavalry leader in the Southern army. Lord Wolseley said of him:

Forrest had fought like a knight-errant for the cause he believed to be that of justice and right. **

As long as the chivalrous deeds of her sons find poets to describe them and fair women to sing of them, the name of this gallant general will be remembered with affection and sincere admiration. A man with such a record needs no ancestry.

The Theology of the Epistle to the Hebrews. By George Milligan, B. D. Edinburgh: H. T. Clark. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

A marked feature of the movement in the Scottish Established Kirk for the revival of Catholic doctrine, is the new appreciation of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The elder Milligan, father of the writer before us, was deeply interested in the study of this Epistle, and a commentary upon it has just appeared from the pen of the late Dr. Bruce. In these days, when the Higher Criticism seems to be occupying the field almost to the exclusion of other kinds of Biblical study, it is refreshing to meet with a book which devotes itself to higher exegesis, rather than to Higher Criticism. All the other kinds of Biblical study, in fact, are only of real value in so far as they are tributary to this, the end for which the Scriptures were given to the Church. Considering the slight connection which the well-worn subjects of the history, authorship, and destination of the Epistle bear to its theological contents, it is unfortunate that so much valuable space should be devoted to those questions. It might have seemed sufficient to direct the student to the ordinary commentaries where they are considered at length. We fail to be convinced by the arguments of recent German scholars, which the author adopts, that the persons addressed were certain Jewish Christians of the Roman Church. Our own view of the subject has long been in substantial agreement with that which Prof. Ramsay has recently defended, that the Epistle was written at Caesarea during St. Paul's imprisonment there, and that its destination was the Church at Jerusalem.

With much of the author's work we find ourselves in hearty agreement. The section on the Divine Sonship, or "The Son in Himself," leaves little to be desired. But surely it is unnecessary to inquire whence the writer of the Epistle came by his belief. He learned it as a part of the teaching of the Apostles, and the idea received illumination through the Holy Ghost. In the next section the author treats of "the Son in relation to other Mediators," upon the basis of the first four chapters of the Epistle, and then passes to the main subject, "The Son as High-Priest." Whatever room for difference of opinion there may be in minor particulars, the general treatment is most admirable. In some instances, as it seems to us, the writer misses an opportunity. He tells us in his preface that he is much indebted to material in the way of comment left to him by his father. In one passage we could wish he had made more use than he seems to have done of such material. We refer to Hebrews vii: 12. All the author here says is much to the point, but he does not say quite all. The elder Milligan, in a paper in *The Expositor* for July, 1888, draws emphatic attention to the word "changed" in this verse: "For the priesthood being changed, there is of necessity a change also of the law." Repeating the word "changed," Dr. Milligan proceeds to point out that "the word is remarkable, for it is not 'was brought to an end,'" and brings this to bear upon his argument that there is a ministerial priesthood under the new Covenant as well as the old. But Mr. Milligan, so far as we have observed, does not anywhere suggest the continuance of a ministerial priesthood in the Christian Dispensation, though he is well aware that the subject of the Epistle is high-priesthood rather than priesthood. This is a point which generally escapes Protestant commentators. Those who deny the existence of a Christian ministerial priesthood, on the strength of this Epistle, are met by a difficulty which is usually ignored; namely, that by the same argument "the priesthood of believers," which they accept, is excluded. The Epistle knows no more

of this than of the other. If its terms exclude the one they exclude the other. Mr. Milligan is too clear-sighted not to have perceived this, and it is noticeable that the points which he adduces to explain the omission in the Epistle of direct references to the universal priesthood of believers, apply equally to the ministerial priesthood. We observe, however, that Moberly's book on that subject is frequently referred to with approval. On the translation of chap. ix: 16, 17, Mr. Milligan agrees with Westcott, rather than with Ramsay in *The Expositor*, translating the disputed word as "covenant" throughout. In this we have no question that Milligan and Westcott are right. On the celebrated words, "We have an altar," etc., our author seems to endorse the explanation of Moberly who finds the most direct reference to be to the Eucharistic celebration. There is a full appreciation of the importance of a thorough study of the sacrificial system of the Old Testament, though here, as in all commentaries with which we are acquainted, there is something still lacking to a perfect appreciation of that system in all its parts, and still more, of its bearing as a whole upon the new dispensation. An adequate work devoted to the older sacrificial system and its fulfillment in the new, is still a desideratum. Of the volume before us it may be said that it will be almost essential to the student who wishes to gain a thorough knowledge of one of the most fascinating books of the New Testament.

The Catholic and Apostolic Church. Letters to His Son. By Roundell, 1st Earl of Selborne. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.

The thought first to find expression on reading this little book is: "O, that the Church had more such laymen!" In these letters, one of the foremost laymen, and the most able lawyer in England in the generation that has passed, gives the results of his study of the Bible as testifying to the Church as Christ's kingdom, its ministry, its sacraments, and its unity. The argument is so persuasive and cogent, yet devoid of controversy, that no one can read it without respect, while to many it will carry conviction. There are some serious errors of proof-reading—on p. 89, fifth line from bottom, "working" should read "washing"; on p. 101, read "signified" for "specified," and on p. 136, read "Lerins" for "Levies." And we are surprised that such an able lawyer as Lord Selborne should state that the mixed chalice is not retained in the Church of England (p. 111), in the face of Archbishop Benson's judgment *in re* the Bishop of Lincoln.

Drake and His Yeomen. A True Accounting of the Character and Adventures of Sir Francis Drake, etc., etc. By James Barnes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.

Just at present is the era of the historical novel. For a long time our writers of fiction have been giving the world stories of pure imagination, and the novelists of the James and Howells school have insisted upon the development of character as the sole aim and object of the art of fiction. They cried out for realism, but objected to that real realism that brought before us great historic characters in scenes and actions that we read about in our school histories. But lately there has come a great change, and writers, eminent and otherwise, have shown us pictures of heroes who were indeed heroes in real life as well as in the pages of fiction. Marion Crawford, in "Via Crucis"; Winston Churchill, in "Richard Carvel"; Dr. Mitchell, in "Hugh Wynne," and others have lately put new life into characters long since dead and some almost forgotten. Now comes Mr. James Barnes and revivifies for us old Sir Francis Drake, and recalls to our minds those old and stirring events when Drake singed his Spanish Majesty's beard, by land and sea, especially the latter. The story is related by Sir Matthew Mansell who, though an English baronet, was brought up in Spain by his Spanish mother. The mother died when Matthew was

still a boy, whereupon he was taken to England to take possession of his estates. He had been brought up as a Romanist, and his Spanish friends hoped to profit thereby in England, but unknown to them, he had renounced his mother's faith. When they discovered this they deserted him and left him to shift for himself in an English seaport town. He shipped on an expedition to the Spanish main, under command of Drake, and he tells the story of his adventures. They are thrilling and exciting enough, and become even more so when, on a subsequent expedition, Drake sinks the Spanish ships in the harbor of Cadiz. There is a little love story wound in among the threads of the more exciting adventures, and the way that Sir Matthew rescues his bride from the decks of one of the ships in the great Spanish Armada, is romantic enough to suit the most exigent reader. The story is a good one, well written in quaint, old-fashioned English, and now, while the interest in Anglo-Saxon naval exploits is still fresh, will doubtless meet with popular favor. But we think Mr. Barnes might have chosen a better title.

True Stories of Heroic Lives. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, \$1.

In this volume we have thirty-nine true stories of heroic lives, lived forth he most part in our day and generation. The stories are told by personal acquaintances of the heroes or by eye witnesses of their brave deeds. Soldiers, sailors, explorers, missionaries, statesmen, scientists, nurses, artists, are among the heroes. George Dewey, Lincoln, Father Damien, Carl Schurz, General Gordon, Wm. L. Garrison, Florence Nightingale, are a few of the noble lives brought to our notice in these pages. Not only boys and girls will find these lives sublime and ennobling, but grown people too will not find the lessons of bravery and patience amiss. The interest of the book is enhanced by attractive pictures of a number of the heroes. We commend the book to those looking for strong, healthy literature for youthful readers.

The Hungarian Exile. By Benjamin Cowell. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company.

A story for boys that is really a story; fresh, vigorous, natural, sensible, and reverent, it is sure to be welcomed by many. There has been no overproduction, so far, in this particular field of literature. Mr. Cowell's story is a natural growth; it sprang from his fondness of historical research, and was told to the bright son and daughter of a lovely Christian home. The book deserves a place in the libraries of Sunday schools; it is very prettily gotten up, and would make a handsome present for young persons of either sex.

The Bible in Court. The Method of Legal Inquiry Applied to the Study of the Scriptures. By Joseph Evans Sagebeer, Ph. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1899.

This little book will be found of real value to all students of the Bible. The author is not concerned to prove the genuineness and authenticity of the sacred Scriptures, but rather to lay down clearly the legal principles according to which such an inquiry must be conducted. This he does with great exactness and lucidity. Hence, if one will but study his essay, he will know how to argue the case for the Bible, which is much better than merely plunging into a discussion. Nevertheless, by way of illustration, the author manages to make some very strong statements in favor of the case for the genuineness of the Bible. The book is worthy of careful reading.

The Beacon Prize Medals, and Other Stories. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. Price, \$1.25.

Stories for children should not deal with impossible boys and girls, nor should the heroes and heroines ape the manners of young men and young women in making love and contracting engagements. The book before us savors a little of the former of these objections, and is conspicuously permeated with the latter. It is a grave mistake to encourage such a tendency in

the training of children, a greater one still to write of the custom as though it were fully justifiable and correct. For this reason alone the book before us is unworthy of a place in our homes. It is as insidious as a so-called dime novel. Some of the stories are excellent, but it is impossible to separate the grain from the huge quantity of chaff.

The Watchers. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, \$1.25.

This is a story set in the middle of the last century. It is a gruesome tale full of pirates and murders and digging of graves in abbey churchyards. A game of cross purposes goes on through the whole book, and it turns out to be caused by hypnotic influence. This influence is carried further than the specialists allow, for it induces a young girl to hang herself, and a man to put his legs in a pond full of crocodiles. There is nothing dull about the book, and certainly nothing commonplace. The hero who has not the slightest reason for his adventures, gets a good wife at last, and foolishly declines to look up a buried diamond cross.

The Wife of His Youth, and Other Stories of the Color Line. By Charles W. Chestnutt. With Illustrations by Clyde O. De Land. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899. Price, \$1.50.

A collection of nine stories, some real tragedies in outline, and all of much interest, are given in this volume. They all relate to the "colored question," in its most intense condition, that is in relation to the complications arising out of mixed blood. "The Sheriff's Children" is Greek in its tragic horror, and "A Matter of Principle" makes one sadly smile.

The Four Gospels from a Lawyer's Standpoint. By Edmund H. Bennett, LL. D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899. Price, \$1.

This useful little book, written by a devout layman, does not attempt anything in the higher flights of learned criticism, but brings a plain common-sense to bear on certain aspects of the Gospel story, and shows that apparent contradictions are not such in reality, but evidences of independent and truthful narration. Such an unpretentious little book can do much good. As an instance of the manner of the book, attention is drawn to the apparent simplicity of the incidents in the tragedy of the Passion, where our Lord is smitten and buffeted; and then asked, "Who is it that smote Thee?" Why ask such a question of one who could, it might be presumed, plainly see. St. Matthew gives no clue to this, but by turning to St. Luke, so ever careful in detail, we read, "When they had blindfolded Him, they struck Him on the face, saying, who is it that smote Thee?" The book, simple and concise, is full of such interesting incidents.

The Mirror of Perfection: Being the Oldest Life of the Blessed Francis of Assisi. By his beloved disciple, Brother Leo. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

This book is a translation from the newly published Latin work discovered and put together by M. Paul Sabatier. The first edition was printed with a French translation early in the present year. For the present volume we are indebted to Mr. Sebastian Evans who has rendered the rough Latin of the original into an antique form of English, very suitable to its simplicity. Brother Leo was an intimate companion of St. Francis, his confessor and sick nurse during the last years of his life. This volume was written during the year following his death. It is, therefore, the most authentic "legend" of St. Francis. It is largely in the form of anecdotes or short specimens of the Saint's teaching. Written in an extremely simple and artless style, the character of the most exquisite fruit of mediæval devotion takes shape before the eyes of the reader with a vividness that no modern analysis could have accomplished. Those who wish to know St. Francis as he really was, will find this book indispensable. The beautiful form which the publishers have given to the exterior of the volume is every way worthy of its contents.

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.

CARNAHAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Little Doctor Victoria. By Louise Carnahan.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & CO.
American Statesmen, Salmon Portland Chase. By Albert Bushnell Hart. \$1.25.
Book of Legends. By Horace E. Scudder. 50 cts.

HARPER & BROS.
Briton and Boer. Both Sides of the South African Question. By Rt. Hon. Jas. Bryce, M. P.; Sydney Brooks; A. Diplomat; Dr. F. V. Engelenburg; Karl Blind; Andrew Carnegie; Frances Charmes; Demetrius C. Boulger; Max Nordau. With map and illustrations. Reprinted by permission from the North American Review. Pp. 251.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
The Life of Edward White Benson. By Arthur C. Benson.

JAMES POTT & CO.
The American Church Almanac.
History of the Church in the Diocese of Tennessee. By A. H. Noll. \$1.
Truth and Counter Truth. By Rev. Thomas Richey, D. D. 50 cts.
Year Book for 1900.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.
True Motherhood. By James C. Fernald. 60c.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
The Light of Scarthey. By Egerton Castle. \$1.50.

STYLES & CASH, New York
Some Things that Trouble Young Manhood.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
Woman's Possibilities and Limitations. By S. W. Dana, D. D. 50 cts.
The Shepherd Psalm. For children. By Josephine L. Baldwin. 35 cts.
Bible Stories Without Names. By Rev. Harry Smith, M. A. 75 cts.
The Children's Prayer. By James Wells, D. D. 75 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
Sir Patrick, the Puddock. By L. B. Walford. \$1.50.
Builders of Great Britain; Rajah Brooke. By Sir Spenser St. John. \$1.50.
Advent Meditations. By V. S. S. Coles. 75c.
Undercurrents of Church Life in the Eighteenth Century. Edited by the Rev. T. T. Carter. \$1.75.

Pamphlets Received

The American Church Almanac. Jas. Pott & Co.
Myths and Bible. By Rev. Olaf A. Toffteen.
Calendar St. Ansgarius Church, Minneapolis, Minn.
Catalogue of the General Theological Seminary, 1899-1900.
Survey of the Student Movements of the World.
A Tribute of Respect Paid to the Memory of the Late Rev. C. C. Pinckney, D. D., LL. D.
Scriptural Evidences. By Laurence Sluter Benson.
The Protestant Episcopal Almanac and Parochial List. Thomas Whitaker.
Year Book of St. Bartholomew's Parish, New York.
The Bible and the Critics. By Rev. O. Applegate, S. T. D., Newburgh, N. Y.
Year Book of St. John's Church, Georgetown, D. C.
Annual Report of the Clergyman's Retiring Fund Society.
Report of the School of Philosophy, Columbia University.
Annual Address of the Bishop of Springfield.
United Offering Calendar. By the Woman's Auxiliary, Syracuse, N. Y.

Opinions of the Press

The Congregationalist

INTEREST IN RELIGION.—We doubt if there ever has been a time when religion was more prominent in the popular mind than now. The daily newspaper aims to represent what men are thinking. In the excitement of the autumn political campaigns, in the amazing development of business, in the intense interest of industrial re-adjustments, and even in the midst of the enthusiasm of the home-coming of our great naval hero from Manila, and the excitement of international yacht races, religious affairs occupy a large place in the daily reports and editorial discussions of the journals most widely read and of greatest influence. The Congregational Council just ended, the assembly of Presbyterians which has been in session at Washington, the Episcopal Church Congress in Minneapolis, and several other meetings of national scope, have been reported and commented

on with a fullness and intelligence which will not only spread information of Christian truth, but will command popular attention to the sense of the Divine Presence which is controlling in the consciousness of a large proportion of teachers and leaders. Of similar significance is the interest widely taken in the inauguration of the new presidents of colleges and universities, whose professed ruling motive in their profession of educating the young men and women who are to be leaders in the coming generation, is the service of Christ. The work of these institutions reported in the newspapers includes a constant recognition of duty to God.

The Christian Intelligencer (Ref.)

CAUSES FOR INDECISION.—The fact must be conceded that there are not a few influences today to cause indecision. The new theology and the new criticism of the Scriptures are alone sufficient to produce doubt and hesitation. Many men may be halting between two opinions. It is enough to awaken serious doubt when a man hears on the one side the declaration that Jesus Christ suffered in expiation of human guilt, suffered in the place of men, offered Himself as a sacrifice for sin, and hears on the other side that Gethsemane and the Cross were only a manifestation of the love of God made to conciliate men and to induce them to be at one with God. It is also enough to awaken doubt when men are told that they cannot know just what they ought to think about the Bible until the critics are agreed in regard to the amount of credit to be given to this or that portion of the Scriptures. Apart, however, from these features of the time we live in, it is true that seasons of religious declension have occurred frequently in the history of the Christian Church, and have been followed by periods of revival when thousands have been led to repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. One fact can be relied upon; namely, that a faithful proclamation of the whole counsel of God has always been followed by a rich blessing from God. But it must be the "whole counsel," and not a one-sided or partial presentation of truth. Men must preach righteousness as well as love, condemnation as well as salvation, peril as well as privilege.

The Outlook

A REMARKABLE PUBLISHER.—The late Daniel S. Ford who died in Boston last week at the age of seventy-eight, was one of the most successful and influential publishers of America, and at the same time, one of the least known. Probably many who read these lines have never known until now the name of the man who for forty years was the owner, editor-in-chief, and publisher of the *Youth's Companion*, one of the most widely and favorably known periodicals published in this country. It is safe to say that through its pages, which have been read by thousands of families for at least two generations, Mr. Ford has exerted a very much more far-reaching influence than that of many journalists whose names are famous on both sides of the Atlantic. When the *Youth's Companion*, forty years ago, by a sort of chance, came into Mr. Ford's control, it had a circulation of 7,000 copies weekly. It now prints and circulates over 500,000 copies every week, and Mr. Ford's estate, which has been made entirely from the profits of his business, is estimated at \$2,500,000. While he gave his personal attention to every detail of this great business, his modesty of disposition led him to keep his own personality absolutely in the background. His name did not appear on the periodical which he published, nor in any of the advertising which he so widely issued to the public. He did his work in the best way he knew, but sought no personal renown. His estate, which was a large one, is bequeathed almost entirely to philanthropic work. To us the most striking lesson of his life seems to be that a man may make a great commercial and pecuniary success while preserving ideality of purpose, absolute rectitude of action, and the sincerest simplicity, modesty, and unselfishness of personal bearing.

The Household

An Unprofitable Servant

WE never thought much of him when we were all fellow-students together at St. Chads' Hospital. "Poor old Parkes," he was generally called, and, by those who knew him best, "Poor old Tom." He was such a funny, original sort of fellow—a queer mingling of the casual and the hardworking. His figure was familiar to more than one set of St. Chads' students, for he spent an abnormal time in getting through his exams., and as he used to say ruefully:

"I'm such a fool of a fellow, things seem to go in at one of my ears and out at the other. I can't, for the life of me, remember the names of them."

An examination drove every scrap of knowledge he possessed straight out of his head. It paralyzed him, and he was the despair of his teachers and examiners. Indeed, it was several times more than hinted to him that he might be wiser in adopting some other than the medical profession; but he always shook his head over such a proposition.

"No, no! I can't give it up. It's the finest profession in the world, and I'm going to stick to it."

When I left the hospital, he was still plodding on patiently and hopefully. He came sometimes to my rooms in the days before I left, and poured out his aims and ideals to me. I don't exactly know why he chose me for his confidant, except that I had tried to be friendly now and then to the poor fellow. It seemed hard lines that he should be so universally looked down upon and laughed at.

He had some awfully lofty notions about a doctor's work. I can see him now, as he stood on my hearthrug, talking fast and eagerly about the moral influence a doctor ought to have over his patients, and I couldn't help wondering what sort of influence poor old Tom would have over his patients (if he ever got any).

He did not look a very impressive object in those days. He was always rather an untidy sort of chap. His clothes hung upon his loose, shambling figure, a little as if he were a clothes prop; his hair—it was red—had a way of falling loosely over his forehead, which gave him habit of tossing back his head to shake a straying lock from his eyes. He had no beauty to recommend him. His eyes were green, and they were not handsome, though their prevailing expression was one of good temper and kindness. His smile was wide and kindly, but somehow his whole countenance bordered closely on the grotesque, and the more he talked of ideals and lofty aspirations, the more acutely did he tickle one's inward sense of humor.

Tom's talk and his personality did not fit well.

I left him behind me at St. Chads', as I say, when my hospital days were over. I carried away with me a vivid recollection of the grip of his big red hand, as he said:

"Good-by, Marlow. I say, I wish you weren't going, you know. You've— you've been jolly good to me." There was a queer look of wistfulness in his eyes. It reminded me of the look in the eyes of my Irish terrier when I left him behind me.

"Poor old Tom," I said to myself; "I'll come back and look him up now and then. He's such a lonely sort of chap."

I'm sorry now that I didn't stick to my resolution, but other interests soon filled my life, and I forgot to look Tom Parkes up, or even to ask him to come and see me. Then I left town, and shortly afterwards England, and for eight years or so I did not set foot in London.

Shortly after my return I went down to St. Chads', and, as I strolled around the old hospital, feeling a terrible Rip van Winkle among all the "new men, new faces, other minds," I all at once bethought me of old Parkes. A stab of remorse smote me. What a beast I had been, never to think of the poor chap in all these years. Was he, perhaps, still at St. Chads', toiling at exams, which he never passed? Later on I called upon the dean of the medical school and asked him if he could give me any news of Parkes.

"Poor old Parkes," Dr. Thursby said, smiling. "Oh, yes; I can tell you where he is. He has a sort of surgery in Paradise street, in the Borough. He is not making his fortune, I gather."

He gave me the address of a street about half an hour's walk from St. Chads', and thither I repaired on the following evening, with a laudable determination to find Tom Parkes and cheer him up a bit.

"For it must be precious dull living in these God-forsaken slums," I thought as I walked down a forlorn little street, the facsimile of others of its type, which all present an appearance of having been forgotten when the dustman went his rounds. Bits of things of all kinds littered not only the gutters, but even the roadway and pavement. The dwellers in Paradise street evidently used the road as their dustbin, paper basket, and general rubbish heap. It was unsavory as well as unsightly. It belied its name. It bore no resemblance to any paradise. Each house exactly resembled its neighbors in grayness and dreariness, but over one door was a red lamp, and upon the same door a small brass plate, bearing the words: "Tom Parkes, surgeon."

Poor old Tom! There flashed before my mind his wistful ideals of a possible house in Harley street in some dim future. This depressing street in the Borough must have choked his ideals considerably. As I knocked at the door I noticed how the paint was peeling off it, how dilapidated was the bell-pull, how rickety the knocker. It was plain that times were not good for the dwellers in Paradise street.

The door was opened almost at once, and Tom himself stood before me. In the dim light I thought he looked much the same Tom that I had last seen eight years before, except that his face seemed to be older and thinner and whiter. He flushed when he caught sight of me, and his eyes grew bright.

"Why, Marlow," he exclaimed, grasping my hand; "I say, I am jolly glad to see you. It's awfully good of you to come down here, and—and—" I saw his eyes running over my clothes, which were perfectly ordinary; but—well, the poor chap was so woefully shabby himself, it made my heart ache.

"I say," he went on, hesitatingly, still holding the door wide open, "I've got poor sort of diggings. Do you mind coming in? My landlady is out to-day, and we're in a bit of a muddle."

"Mind?" My dear chap, of course not. I want to have a chat, if you can spare time."

"I'm free just this minute," he said; "but I expect some patients will drop in presently, and I may be sent for, too. I'm rather

busy just now, that's the truth. There's such a lot of influenza and typhoid about."

"Making your fortune, eh, Parkes?" I asked, as I followed him down a grimy passage into a small, dingy room.

He smiled, but the look in his eyes gave me a queer lump in my throat.

"Not much," he said; "you see, you can't—well, you can't take fees much from people who—well, who are starving themselves."

I glanced sharply at him. In the better light I could see that his own face was terribly thin, and his eyes had a curious, sunken look. Good heavens! how thin the man was altogether. His chest seemed to have sunk in, and he had acquired a stoop which I could not associate with the red-faced, hearty student of eight years before.

The room into which he ushered me was bare of everything but the merest necessities, and those of the cheapest and commonest kind.

"This is my consulting-room," he said, with a little smile; "the patients wait next door," and he pointed through half-opened folding doors into a second and even barer room, that was furnished only with a few chairs.

He pushed me into the only arm chair his room possessed—an uncompromising and ancient horsehair chair, stuffed, judging by the sensation it produced, with stones!

He seemed pleased to see me, but he talked very little; it was hard to think that he could be the same being who had stood beside my fireplace in the old days, talking so volubly of all his hopes and plans. I had not been with him more than a quarter of an hour when a knock came at the outer door. Tom answered it in person, and returned, accompanied by an old woman.

"That's another doctor, Grannie," he said, nodding towards me; "you don't mind him, do you?"

The old lady having signified that she had no objection to my presence, proceeded to give a lengthy and graphic account of her various ailments.

Parkes listened to it all with a patient interest which I could not but admire. Something in his tone, as he spoke to the old woman, struck me particularly—an indescribable ring of sympathy, of gentleness, which I cannot put into words. Having taken up a good half hour and more of his time, the old lady rose to depart, drawing her miserable shawl round her.

"Oh, doctor, dear," she whispered, as he told her to send up in the morning for some

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fresh medicine, "and I ain't got nothin' to give yer for yer kindness. Will yer let it go till next time? Jem 'e've 'eard of a job, and if 'e was to get it—"

A faint smile showed in Tom's eyes. "All right, Grannie," he said, gently; "times are hard just now, aren't they?"

"So they be, doctor, so they be. What with the cold and the strikes and the influenza, there ain't much doin' for pore folks."

He opened the door for her as if she had been a duchess, and, before admitting the next patient (several had arrived in the waiting-room by this time), he said to me wistfully, almost apologetically:

"They're awfully poor just now. One can't make them pay. I know philanthropic people call it pauperizing, and all that, but—" He broke off lamely.

"Why don't you send them up as out-patients to St. Chads'?" I asked.

"It's a long way from here, isn't it? A good half hour's walk; and then it means a lot of waiting about, and losing work, perhaps. It doesn't seem fair to send them so far, and we've no hospital nearer here."

He said no more, and I stayed on, fascinated, in spite of myself.

The same thing happened over and over again that evening. Half-starved looking men and women shamefacedly asked to be let off any payment, and the same answer met them all in a cheery voice, which somehow did not seem at all to go with Tom's thin, bent form.

"Oh, that'll be all right. We'll settle up when times are better, won't we?"

When the last patient had gone he turned to me, his face flushing.

"I say, Marlow," he said, "I'm awfully sorry I can't offer you supper; but the truth is my landlady is out, and—and so I shan't have my supper at home." He tried to speak jocosely, but my own impression was that he did not expect to have any supper anywhere.

"Look here, old fellow," I said, "I'm going to have something somewhere. Come with me for auld lang syne."

I could hardly bear to see the look that came into his eyes. It reminded me of a starved dog I had once fed.

"Thanks awfully," he answered; "but my old working clothes aren't decent to go out in, and—and—"

Oh, I could guess well enough where his other clothes were! But of course I only laughed, and replied—

"Nonsense, old fellow, never mind the working clothes; I'm certainly too hungry to wait whilst you make yourself smart. Let's go to a quiet restaurant. I shall be offended if you don't come."

"I'd like to come," he said, and the eagerness in his tones made my heart ache again. "I've got a lot of patients to go and see later—influenza and so on, and I'd be glad of a snack of something first." He tried to speak carelessly, but it was a failure.

I felt ashamed, downright ashamed of myself, for being well nourished and well clad as I sat opposite poor old Parkes in that restaurant. It made me choky over and over again, I can tell you, to see the man put away that meal.

Before we parted I tried to persuade him to let me lend him a little spare cash. I put it as nicely as I could, saying I knew that doctoring in a poor neighborhood was very uphill work. But he shook his head.

"It's awfully good of you," he said, "but I

haven't ever borrowed, and I don't know when I could pay back. I shouldn't like a debt."

And I could not move his resolution.

"You'll look me up again some day?" he asked.

"Rather; as soon as possible."

But a summons to a distant part of England on important family business kept me out of town for three weeks, and when I went next to the house in Paradise Street, poor old Parkes did not open the door to me.

A frowsy landlady confronted me.

"The Doctor, sir? 'E's awfully bad. 'E've a got up, as I persuaded him not to, wi h such a cough. But 'e says, 'I must see to my patients,' and so 'e's a sittin' in 'is room as ought to be in bed. 'E was took on Saturday, as to-day is Wednesday," she ended.

I pushed past her into the consulting-room, and there sat Tom in the armchair beside an apology for a fire, coughing and gasping for breath. A wonderful relief came into his face as he saw me.

"I'm—I'm awfully glad to see you," he whispered; "got—a touch of the flue—I think."

He spoke gaspingly, as though speech were painful.

"I'll tackle this patient for you, old man," I said, glancing at an old woman who sat before him. "Look here, let me help you on to the couch."

He could hardly stand, and I almost lifted him on to the horsehair sofa of unprepossessing appearance, and, after getting rid of the old patient, turned all my attention to making Tom comfortable.

"It's nothing much," he gasped. "I've just got—a touch—of—infl—such—a—lot—about," he muttered, wearily; "such—bad nights—so many sick—and dying—and dying—"

He rambled on whilst the landlady and I brought his bed into the consulting-room, and I lifted him upon it, and undressed him. My God! it was pitiful to see his thinness.

"Pore gentleman!" the landlady exclaimed, "'e's bin and starved 'isself, that's what it is; and many's the time I've 'a brought 'im in a bite of somethin' we've bin

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aving, and 'e says always so cheery, 'Now that's kind of you, Mrs. Jones,' and never missed payin' the rent neither, though Lord knows 'ow 'e got it. 'E've 'a put away most everythin'," she whispered, whilst I stood looking down at the flushed face and bright, unseeing eyes, and listening to his rambling, disconnected talk.

We did our best for him, poor fellow. I fetched one of the leading physicians of the day, but he only shook his head significantly.

"Absolutely hopeless," he said, "absolutely hopeless, poor fellow."

"And 'im always 'a slavin'," sobbed Mrs. Jones. "'E was always out day and night in these streets, and in 'is thin coat and starvin' 'isself; t'ain't no wonder 'e got the pneumony, or whatever they calls it; 'e never thought of 'isself, never once."

I sat by him that same night. Towards morning his restlessness ceased, and he turned clear eyes upon me, and whispered:

"I've made a poor thing of it, and—I—meant—to—do—big—things."

"I don't know what I said, but he went on—

"I say—what's that—about—about—an—unprofitable servant? That's—me—an—unprofitable—servant. I—meant to do—a lot. I've—done—nothing—nothing—an—unprofitable—servant."

"I'm not a very religious sort of chap, but somehow when he said those words some others came into my head, and I whispered:

"Not unprofitable, old fellow; there's something else in the same Book, isn't there, about a 'good and faithful servant?' That's nearer the mark for you."

A queer smile crept over his face, a curious light stole into his eyes.

"Unprofitable—or faithful? Which?" he murmured.

They were the last words I heard from poor old Parkes' lips.

I was obliged to be out of town again for the three days after his death, but made all arrangements that the funeral should be a decent one, and I determined to be present at it myself, for I couldn't bear to think of the poor old chap going lonely to his last long home.

There was a gleam of wintry sun upon London as I walked quickly through the Borough, on the morning of Tom's funeral, a bunch of white flowers in my hand. I didn't like to think that no one would put a flower on his coffin, and I knew he had no relations.

As I entered the thoroughfare out of which Paradise street opens, I was surprised to find myself upon the outskirts of a dense crowd of people. The traffic was at a standstill; the few policemen visible were absolutely powerless to do anything with the mass of human beings that stretched as far down the street as I could see, and blocked every corner. In fact, the police had given up attempting to do anything but keep order, which was not difficult, for a more silent, well-behaved crowd I never saw. I looked in vain for its cause. My first thought was that there must be a fire, but no signs of such a thing were visible.

I touched a policeman's arm. "What is it all about?" I asked. "Can I get through?"

"Don't look much like it, sir; 'tis a funeral."

"A funeral? But I never saw such a crowd even at the funerals of very distinguished people. Who in the world is grand enough in these parts to have a following like this?"

"'Tis a—" he began, then turned hastily to cry, "pass on there, pass on, please"—a sheer impossibility, by the way, for no one could move an inch.

"What does it all mean?" I said to a man beside me, a rough costermonger who, like myself, held a bunch of flowers in his hand.

"'Tis the doctor's funeral," he replied.

"What doctor?" I asked, mystified. "Why, I'm going to a doctor's funeral, too, but my poor friend wasn't well known; he won't have crowds to follow him. He lived in Paradise street, poor chap."

"So did our doctor," the man answered, and he drew his grimy hand across his eyes; "maybe 'tis the same. 'Tis Dr. Parkes as we've come to see laid in 'is grave. 'E was good to us, and 'tis the last thing we will ever do for 'im."

"Do you mean to tell me that this enormous crowd—" I stammered.

"'Tis the followin' for Dr. Parkes, yes, sir; 'tis a sight you don't see but once in a lifetime, neither. Most of us chaps 'as 'ad to give up a day's work to come; but, bless you, we don't grudge it to 'e; no, that we don't," and the man gave a little gulp.

This was Tom Parkes' following? And I

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had thought that I should be his only follower. I was but one among hundreds!

When they knew I was the dead man's friend, they at once somehow made a way through the crowd, which grew denser and denser as I walked down Paradise street—a strange, reverent, silent crowd.

Just as I reached the door they were carrying the coffin out; it was one mass of flowers, and I, poor fool, had thought, pityingly, that my insignificant bunch would be the only ones upon it! They told me afterwards that men and women had spent their hard-won earnings to buy these wreaths for the doctor they loved—men and women who could with difficulty spare their money, who were having a hand-to-hand struggle themselves for existence.

I have never seen such a sight as that funeral, never in my life. All the way to the far-off cemetery those thousands of men and women—aye, and even children, followed their doctor, and it seemed as though the great, silent crowd would never cease filing past his grave afterwards, when all was over.

"'E said as 'ow 'e 'ad failed, sir," his landlady sobbed that evening, when I went round to see after poor old Tom's few little things; "'e said 'is life was all a mistake, but lor', it don't look much like a mistake, sir. Why the good 'e 've 'a done, and the influence 'e 've 'ad in these courts, no one wouldn't believe as hadn't seen 'is funeral. 'Twas a wonderful buryin', sir."

Truly a wonderful burying!

I wrote to a lot of his fellow-students to try and raise enough money to put a stone over the poor old fellow. But we were forestalled in this by the people amongst whom he had worked—for whom he had died. They collected the money—those folk in the back streets of the Borough—in farthings and halfpence, and pence, and they put a white cross over the grave, and upon the cross they engraved his name and these words:

"The beloved Physician."

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

—L. G. Moberly, in *Temple Bar*.

THE flock of pigeons in St. Paul's Churchyard is one of the sights of London. It is very pretty to see how tame the beautiful birds are; it is part of their nature. Even down in the country many years ago a couple of ring doves would come out of the wood at the back of my house and eat from my hand. But these are not the St. Paul's pigeons, which are imitated from those of Venice. I have never myself tried the London birds; but having in Venice expended twopence in a bag of maize, I once had eight scrambling on my arms and shoulders for a share. It is said that as far back as the year 877 the sacristans of St. Mark's on Palm Sunday released some with their wings clipped for the people to catch. The birds that escaped got on the roof of the church, and there took up their abode. They rapidly increased, and assumed a quasi-sanctity of character. Whilst Venice was a Republic they were fed daily at the public cost. After the downfall, a charitable lady left a bequest for them, and they have, I should think, a good time by reason of the tourists. Nobody would go to Venice without feeding the pigeons.—*Church Times*.

THE *Scientific American* says the oldest rosebush in the world is found at Hildesheim, a small city of Hanover, where it emerges from the subsoil of the church of

the Cemetery. Its roots are found in the subsoil, and the primitive stem has been dead for a long time; but the new stems have made a passage through a crevice in the wall and cover almost the entire church with its branches for a width and height of forty feet. The age of this tree is interesting both to botanists and gardeners. According to tradition, the Hildesheim rosebush was planted by Charlemagne in 833; and, the church having been burned down in the eleventh century, the root continued to grow in the subsoil. Mr. Raener has recently published a book upon this venerable plant, in which he proves that it is at least three centuries of age. It is mentioned in a poem written in 1690, and also in the work of a Jesuit who died in 1673.

Hope

"It is not death to die"—
Sweet rang the choral song,
And on the gathered throng,
Consoling, dwelt full long;
"It is not death to die,"
Ah no!

"It is not death to die"—
Then when life's light is fled,
And death's gloom o'er thee shed,
Empty thy heart of dread;
"It is not death to die,"
Ah no!

VIVIAN MORDAUNT.

A Notable Family

ONE of the most remarkable instances of a family consecrated to the service of the Church is found in that of "the Bardsleys" in England. The late Rev. Canon Bardsley, rector of St. Ann's church, Manchester, had seven sons, each of whom became a clergyman: The eldest, John, is the present Bishop of Carlisle; the second, James, vicar of Huddersfield; the third, Joseph, died a missionary in India; the fourth, Charles, is a canon of Carlisle cathedral, and an author of some repute; the fifth, Richard, is an incumbent of a church in Liverpool; the sixth, George, died when a curate to his father at St. Ann's church, Manchester; and William, now dead, was a clergyman in Australia. Canon Bardsley's second brother is Archdeacon Bardsley, vicar of Bradford; and his eldest brother died a few years ago when rector of Finchley, in North London. In addition to these ten clergymen, there are now several younger members of the Bardsley family engaged in the ministry of the English Church.

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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.

Virginia's Air Castle

A SEQUEL TO "THE GIRLS OF ST. DOROTHY"

BY IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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CHAPTER XII.

THE first week went by all too quickly, and at its end the summer home was pronounced a brilliant success. And this was not only the opinion of the boys and girls, but also of such eminent authorities as Mr. Stanley, Mr. Hardy, and Dr. Sanford, all of whom came down on Saturday, by special invitation, and stayed to tea. The boys tried to coax them in swimming, but it was useless. The doctor protested that they were a committee of inspection, and must stand on their dignity.

"It certainly is a great work, Miss Virginia, he said later, when they were sitting on the upper piazza after supper. "I have examined every one of the children, and they are sound and well and clean, and the last is almost a miracle. They can all go back on Monday except the little lame chap, and if you can possibly keep him longer, you ought to do so."

"I intend to," replied Virginia simply. "He is my very own waif, as Bobbie says, and I won't let him go back to the city yet."

"Good," said the doctor heartily. "What's that noise down on the next veranda? Do you keep a band, too?"

"It's only Blossom," Mollie said calmly, as the music of a mouth organ and the sound of moving feet floated up to them. "He always comes over from the camp after supper, and holds a jubilee for the children. He can sing and dance splendidly."

"Can't we have the benefit of it too?" asked Mr. Hardy, his eyes full of amusement. "This is a waif I have not seen yet."

So Mollie agreed willingly to run downstairs and bring Blossom back with her.

All during his stay at Camp Excelsior, the little darkie had been Bobbie's most devoted admirer and attendant. They had fished together hour after hour, sitting side by side on the long pier, using bait out of the same tin, and bringing their trophies up the bluff to the back door of the Castle, where Bobbie always presented them, with a flowery speech, to Miss Pugsley. Sometimes they took a fine mess back to camp, and Blossom cooked them for the boys, in a way all his own. Hot stones figured in it, but none of the boys knew the secret of the process, and were contented to remain in ignorance as long as they got the fish.

They hunted turtles together, too, and caught some splendid ones, razor-backed snappers with handsomely mottled shells of green, and black ones with pink undershells and lazy eyes. All of them were named as soon as caught, and for fear he might forget the names, Bobbie painted them on the backs in bright red letters. In after years, when Robert entered college, and reached the classic dignity of a senior, there was a little joke which the boys of Ottawa loved to play on him. Whenever a turtle was captured in Black river, bearing on its shell the sign of Bobbie's red paint, it

was promptly forwarded to Mr. Robert Cherritt, at Ann Arbor, as a loving memento of happy days gone by, much to that young gentleman's displeasure.

But these were the happy days, before the shadow of colleges and high collars and senior airs had fallen, and Bobbie thought turtles one of the joys of earth. As for Blossom, he was perfectly contented in his new home, and his allegiance to the "boss," was unswerving.

This particular night, when Mollie came to ask him to sing for the guests of honor, he was playing the mouth organ and teaching Bobbie and Jerry to dance a breakdown at the same time, much to the delight of an interested audience.

"You're wanted upstairs, if you please, Blossom," called Mollie, and the music came to abrupt pause. "And the boys, too, to dance for Mr. Hardy and the rest."

Blossom grinned and glanced at Bobbie who swelled with pride over the honor to his waif, and leaving Dave and the other boys to look after the children with Madge and Eleanor, the other four went upstairs. There never were artists more anxious to entertain than the trio headed by Blossom. They danced and sang while the latter played his "orchestra," as Bobbie called it in the next issue of the *Comet*, until at last they were tired out, and it came Blossom's turn to amuse the visitors.

"Sing, Blossom," Bobbie urged breathlessly. "You do that better than anything else."

Willingly the little darkie complied, and sang his quaint Southern melodies and rag-time songs in a full, pretty voice, that sounded delightful on the still night air.

"Now sing the one you like best of all," said Virginia when he had finished; "the one you like the very best."

For the first time Blossom hesitated, and looked shy and unwilling.

"I—I don't believe you folkses would like that," he replied slowly, but the girls teased hard, their curiosity aroused by his anxiety not to sing, and finally he said:

"It ain't just a song, it's a church song, I guess, but I like it best of all."

He stood over in the moonlight where they could all see his face, and somehow the tender, soft light seemed to take away a little of his grotesqueness. Mr. Hardy and the doctor settled themselves more comfortably, while Mr. Stanley glanced at his watch. It was getting late for them if they wanted to catch the last boat back to town that night. Then all at once Blossom began to sing, and all was silent.

"Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave beat shore.
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more."

It was a hymn familiar to all there, one sung often at St. Luke's, but the boy was



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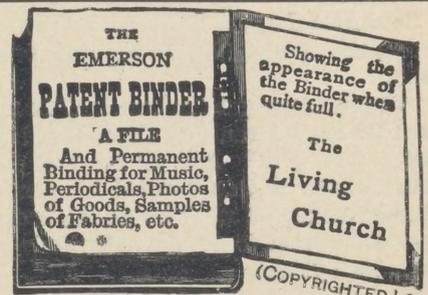
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not singing it in the regular tune. Instead it was the tune of the solo, and he sang it beautifully. Mr. Hardy had started slightly at the first note, and glanced at Virginia. She did not see him. She had bent forward in her chair and was watching the little face in the moonlight with all her heart in her eyes. The chorus came, and it seemed as if an answering call must come from the star-bright sky above.

"Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night."

When he had finished, Blossom looked around half timidly as if to see whether they were laughing at him, but Virginia asked at once, and her voice was full of tremulous eagerness.

"Who taught you that song, Blossom?"

"Virginia," began Mr. Hardy, but Blossom was already speaking.

"Marse Dick used to sing it to us sometimes," he said softly, "when he'd come to draw our pictures."

"Virginia," Mr. Hardy said again, putting out a detaining hand as she tried to rise. "Do be quiet, dear."

"But, papa, you heard—you heard that song, and his name, Dick's name," exclaimed Virginia, her eyes full of tears. Mollie, ever resourceful in an emergency, had drawn the doctor and Mr. Stanley and the boys down to the far end of the veranda to see how queer the moon shone on the water, and the three were left alone, for Blossom had lingered anxiously to see what he had done to make Miss Hardy cry.

"Hush, daughter, hush," Mr. Hardy said gently, folding Virginia in a close embrace. "Be my brave girlie, and we will clear this all up together." Then to Blossom. "Who is Dick, my boy?"

"Jus' Marse Dick," replied Blossom simply. "He comes 'round where we all live, and talks to us, and draws our pictures if he likes to, then they come out in papers. He's awful nice. It was Marse Dick told me for to cum over hyar. He always told me how awful nice it was over this side of the lake, and how he liked it best, and so I jus' crept in on the boat and came across."

"You see, papa, he hasn't forgotten," Virginia whispered. "Ask him some more."

Mr. Hardy hesitated, and then the old shadow fell over his face.

"We have learned enough for to-night, Virginie," he said firmly; "as long as he is contented, we must be. It is late, dear, and I must go."

He turned and gave Blossom a warm handshake, and left a dollar in his little brown palm.

"The last song was the best, lad," he said, "but I'd have given fifty times that if you had not sung it." And all the way down stairs, where Bobbie awaited his coming, Blossom wondered what he meant, because just as he went to go away, Virginia had whispered quickly.

"Come up here tomorrow, and sing some Blossom."

(To be continued.)

AMONG a number of amusing schoolboys' essays contributed to *Cassell's Saturday Journal* is the following by a youthful essayist, aged ten:

"Krugger and Kannerbulism is one. He is a man of blud. Mr. Chamberling has wrote to him sayin come out and fite or else give up the blud of the English you have took. he is a boardutchman and a wickid heethin. lord Kitchener has been sent for

his goary blud and to bring back his scanderlous head ded or alive."

By another juvenile writer Tennyson is thus summarized:

"Tenyson wrote butiful poims with long hair and studid so much that he sed mother will you call me airly dear. his most gratest poim is calld the idoll King. he was made a lord but he was a good man and wrote many hoads. he luvd our Queen so much that he made a poim to her calld the fairy Queen."

A Polite Monkey

THE following incident seems to indicate that politeness, always invaluable in man, sometimes stands animal in good stead:

A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered an organ grinder, with his monkey seated upon the bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey was attired in jacket and hat, and awaited the onset in such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other. The dog was evidently recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave till he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed.

WE are told that when Coley Patterson was a boy at Eton, and captain of the cricket eleven, he was present one evening at a "cricketing supper," and one of the boys told a nasty, low story. Coley stood up before all his school-fellows and said: "If any more such stories are told in my presence, I resign my captaincy, and leave this school." His words took effect, and thus by the influence of a boy, the tone of the great public school was purified and raised. The brave school boy became the brave martyr bi-hop, who laid down his life on an island in the far Pacific.

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"The old-fashioned coffee always made me heavy and dull, and gave me heartburn, with dyspepsia. When we tried Postum Food Coffee it did not taste good, but I begged for another trial, when the directions were followed, and we found it delicious. Since that time we have used it regularly, and I never have any trouble with the heavy feeling or dyspepsia.

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Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth, and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

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All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant-tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath, and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

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Finance and Commerce

THE past week has brought a somewhat easier feeling in all the great financial centers. In New York the interest rate has ruled comparatively steady at from five to six per cent. The last bank statement was considered very favorable, showing an increase in reserves of nearly 5 millions. The stock was affected favorably by the anticipation of it, and prices worked up, but since then the tone has become quiet, and except for activity in sugar, the tendency seems towards dullness. London was a good buyer of stocks early in the week. The Bank of England decreased its discount rate from six to five per cent., and the Bank of France also decreased its rate from 4½ to 4 per cent.

The easier feeling in London, and probably also on the Continent, is due practically to the relief promised by supplies of gold headed that way from other parts of the world, but not a little of the relaxation of stringency is due to the general tendency toward apathy in business throughout Europe.

In Germany, new enterprises had already been expanded to the danger point; in England, the war naturally puts a cloud over business enthusiasm for the time being, and, on the whole, any great expansion in confidence at the moment is hardly likely. No more gold seems to be going away from us just now, and at present rates it is not likely to, but further British disappointments in the Transvaal may revive the demand. The English government is considering further war loans, and while all England, including the Bank, is trying to make the best of it, some degree of immediate military success is necessary.

While money is steady in the country at about the even figure of 6 per cent., it doesn't just appear where an increased supply is to come from, so that if money gets generally easier it will have to come from less demand. At the moment there is no perceptible slackening in business at large. The speculation fever in stocks and cotton has subsided greatly, but in the production and distribution of the great staples things are running along about the same as heretofore, which means that business is good. Prices are neither advancing nor declining. The railways are doing about the same volume of business as last year. The movement of corn and hogs is light, as is also wheat, but this difference seems to be about made good by the increase in merchandise. Wheat has dragged off still further in price. Foreign demand is most unsatisfactory. The Argentine crop has been secured without complaint, and the surplus is estimated at about the same as last year; i. e., 60,000,000 bushels. Recent Liverpool and Continental advices are that wheat is offered more cheaply than ever. There has been no change in the policy of the Treasury Department, and receipts from revenue are still being deposited with the national banks to prevent money stringency through large accumulations in the Treasury. The amount so held by the banks now amounts to about 100 millions.

TWO-THIRDS of the world's sugar is now produced from beets. Prior to 1871-2 the world's production of beet sugar had never reached 1,000,000 tons; in 1899 it was, according to latest estimates, 5,510,000 tons, while the cane sugar crop which in 1871-2 was 1,599,000 tons, was in 1899 2,904,000 tons. Thus cane sugar production has scarcely doubled during the period under consideration, while that from beets has more than quintupled. Meantime the price has fallen more than one-half, the average cost in foreign country of all sugar imported into the United States in the fiscal year 1872, being 5 3/4c per pound, and in 1899, 2.39c per pound.

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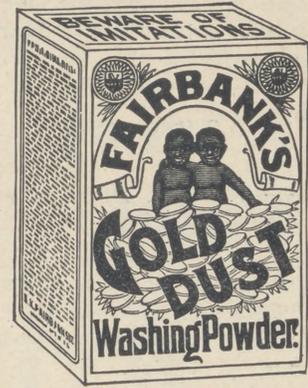
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Hints to Housekeepers

A KITCHEN cabinet made in the following manner is one of the ideas of Mrs. Bertha Marty, New Albany, Ind., for lightening women's work: "The length," she says, "is five feet, width two feet and a half, height two feet and a half. Half of the top is covered with zinc. Next to the top is a shallow drawer, half the length of the table; the other half is arranged for holding the bread and meat boards. At each end of the table there are four drawers. The space in the middle of the cabinet may be utilized as a closet. Behind each section of drawers there is a space eight inches wide, eighteen inches deep, and two feet and a half high, containing shelves for utensils."

This style of cabinet really requires a set of shelves above it to make it complete.

As WINTER approaches we begin to think of methods for ventilating our rooms in such a manner that we need not sit nor sleep in a draught. There is a simple ventilator by means of which we can do this. It is a narrow box, having one side, the bottom and both ends of boards, and the top and one side covered with wire netting. This box is placed under the lower sash of the window, with the wire side out, the sash resting on the outer edge of the box, thus allowing the air, which passes into the box through the side netting, to come into the room through the top netting. The ventilation is regulated by a wooden slide which may be drawn over the top of the box. If a second ventilator could be placed at the top of the window, with the wire side in, the system of ventilation would be nearer perfection. Still, this is a much safer plan to follow than that of carelessly opening windows in such a manner as to cause chilling draughts to pass over a bed or to strike the occupants of a sitting room.

TIME AND PREPARATION FOR COOKING CEREALS —The main secret in the preparation of cereals is thorough cooking, and this necessitates cooking them slowly, in the proper quantity of liquid, for a considerable length of time. A great deal has been written about preparing mushes for the table in from two to twenty minutes, and many cooks serve them prepared in that length of time; but all cereals are more digestible and much finer flavored when thoroughly cooked. The amount of liquid necessary, and the length of time required, for cooking cereals properly, depends greatly on the nature of the cereal and the method in which it has been ground or milled. The table given below will be found approximately accurate:

PEARLED WHEAT.—Five measures of liquid to each measure of wheat. Cook from four to six hours.

PEARLED BARLEY.—Five measures of liquid to each measure of barley. Cook from four to six hours.

COARSE HOMINY.—Five measures of liquid to each measure of hominy. Cook from six to ten hours.

FINE HOMINY.—Four measures of liquid to each measure of hominy. Cook from four to six hours.

COARSE OATMEAL.—Four measures of liquid to each measure of oatmeal. Cook from four to six hours.

ROLLED WHEAT.—Three measures of liquid to each measure of wheat. Cook two hours.

ROLLED BARLEY.—Three measures of liquid to each measure of barley. Cook two hours.

ROLLED OATS (Avena).—Three measures of liquid to each measure of oats. Cook an hour.

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