

The Living Church

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VOL. XXIV.

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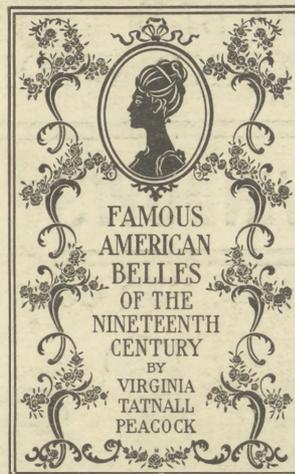
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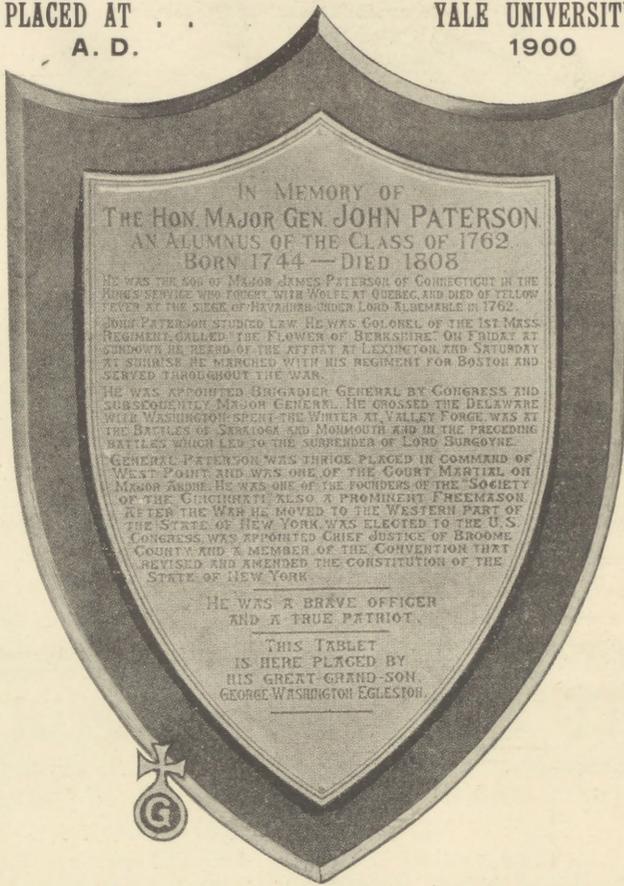
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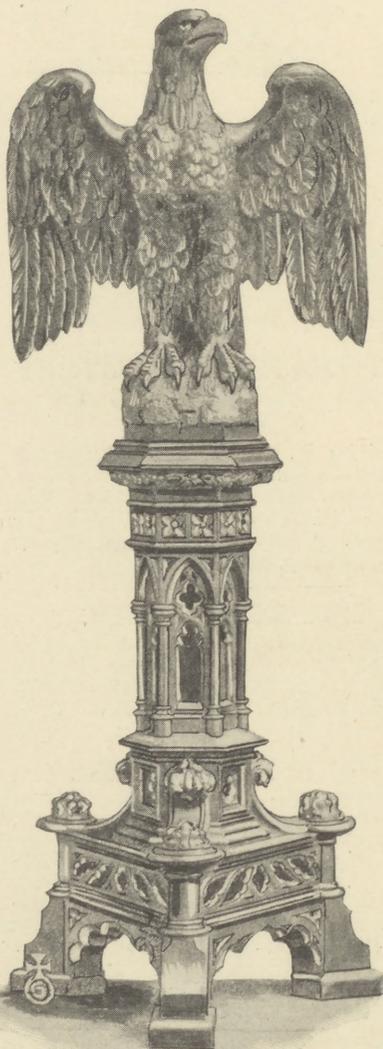
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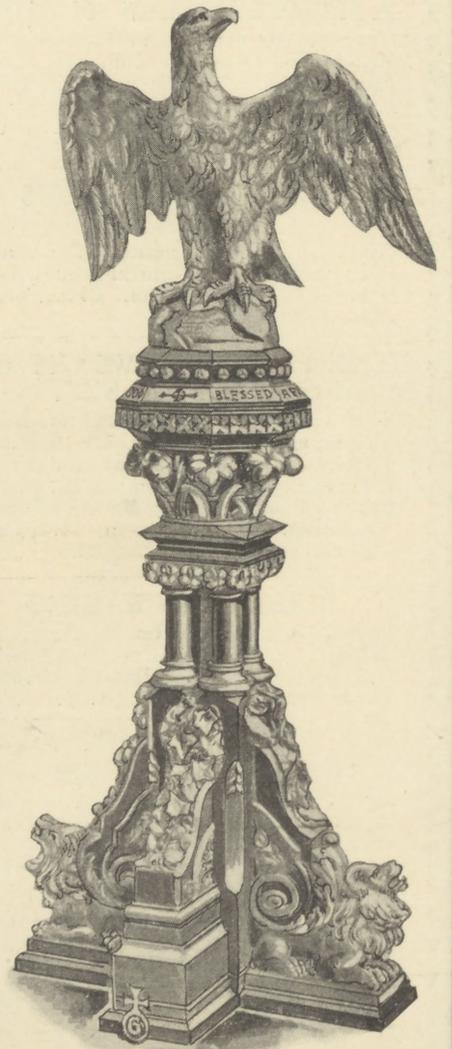
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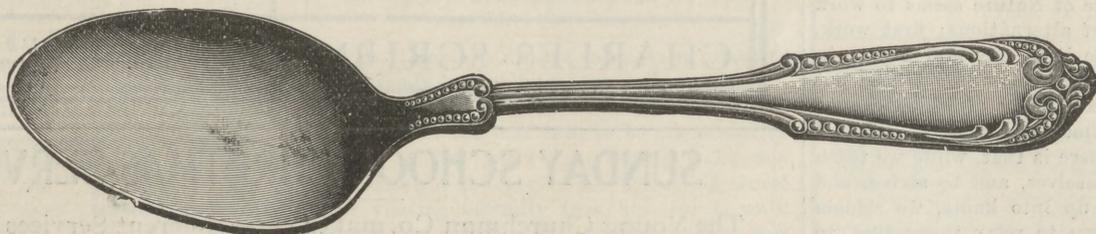
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THE NEED OF REST.

Professor Eustace H. Miles, formerly lecturer at Cambridge University, England, and the head authority on athletics in that institution, contributes to the current Saturday Evening Post a leading article on Fallacies About Training. In the course of it he writes:

"A serious evil in the modern training system is the constant tension of the nerves and muscles. At Cambridge I used to watch my athletic pupils, and none of them seemed to have acquired the power of repose. They were always on the stretch. When the time came near, for instance, for the University boat race or the football match, the tension reached an extreme, and the men seemed quite unable to be at their ease. It is strange that, while the trainers perpetually teach their men to exercise, and try to teach them how to exercise, they never teach them to rest. The whole of Nature seems to work on the principle of alternations; first work, then rest. We see it in day and night; in breathing out and breathing in. I need not give other instances, many of which can be found in one of Emerson's Essays. What I wish to insist on here is that, while we teach men to exert themselves, and to strive, and to tie themselves up into knots, we seldom or never teach them to relax themselves, to be at rest, and to undo their nerves and muscles. Two of the most popular and sensible of modern writers, namely, Professor James, of Harvard University, and Annie Payson Call, have drawn the attention of their readers to the need of relaxation. It is Americans especially who need to relax, to smooth themselves out, and, for example, to let their arms and hands hang limp and heavy. If the business man were to give up only three minutes each day to standing with his knees bent, and with his arms and hands hanging down quite loose and limp, and with a contented smile on his face, and with his mind as empty as possible, the difference in his state of feeling during the day would be almost beyond belief."

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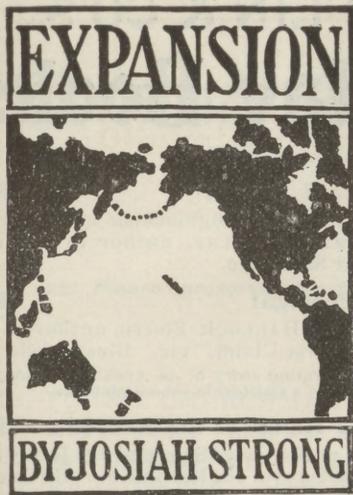
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A long line of vehicles, outside cars and cabs, some of them battered and shaky, others sufficiently well looking, was gathering on two sides of the green, says Kate Douglas Wiggin in the November *Atlantic*, for Dublin, you know, is "the car-drivingest city in the world." Francesca and I had our first experience yesterday. It is easy to tell the stranger, stiff, decorous, terrified, clutching the rail with one or both hands, but we took for our model a pretty Irish girl, who looked like nothing so much as a bird on a swaying bough. It is no longer called the "jaunting," but the outside car, and there is another charming word lost to the world. There was formerly an inside car, too, but it is almost unknown in Dublin, though still found in some of the smaller towns. An outside car has its wheels practically inside the body of the vehicle, but an inside car carries its wheels outside. This definition was given us by an Irish driver, but lucid definition is not perhaps an Irishman's strong point. It is clearer to say that the passenger sits outside of the wheels on the one, inside on the other. There are seats for two persons over each of the two wheels, and a "dickey" for the driver in front, should he need to use it. Ordinarily he sits on one side, driving, while you perch on the other, and thus you jog along, each seeing your own side of the road, and discussing the topics of the day across the "well," as the covered-in centre of the car is called. There are those who do not agree with its champions who call it "Cupid's own conveyance"; they find the seat too small for two, yet feel it a bit unsociable when the companion occupies the opposite side. To me a modern dublin car with rubber tires and a good Irish horse is the jolliest conveyance in the universe; there is a liveliness, an irresponsible gayety, in the spring and sway of it; an ease in the half-lounging position against the cushions, a unique charm in "traveling edgeways" with your feet planted on the step. You must not be afraid of a car if you want to enjoy it. Hold the rail if you must, at first, though it's just as bad form as clinging to your horse's mane while riding in the Row. Your driver will take all the chances that a crowded thoroughfare gives him; he would scorn to leave more than an inch between your feet and a Guinness' beer dray; he will shake your frounces and furbelows in the very windows of the passing trams, but he is beloved by the gods, and nothing ever happens to him.

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"There are diversities of gifts," said the rector, pointing with his stick to the man at the plow. "Now, your Grace, that poor fellow is doing something that you and I could not do in spite of our learning."

"Umph!" muttered the Archbishop, who is a man of few words.

His companion waxed eloquent on the subject of plowing. Dr. Temple remained silent until the man came to the top of the furrow; then he climbed over the gate. A word to the farm laborer, and the next moment the Pri-

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"I had to learn that in the school of necessity," remarked the Archbishop quietly, as he walked home with the dumfounded rector.

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"Once upon a time there was a man who sat in his room at his boarding-house, waiting for the gladsome sound of the dinner-bell. He was well-nigh famished, and when the joyous clang of the bell smote upon his ear he arose in haste, and with jocund glee hied him to the dining-room. When he entered the door his eager eye fell upon the table, and he smiled happily as he noted in rapid succession the roast turkey, roast lamb, fried chicken, hot biscuits, mashed potatoes, stewed corn, cauliflower, mixed pickles, escalloped oysters, parsnips, baked sweet potatoes, brown gravy, celery, chow-chow, mince pie, tapioca pudding and angel cake. But a terrible frown quickly succeeded the smile, and with a snort of rage he tore himself away from the chair where he was in the act of seating himself, and turning to the astonished landlady, he howled: 'Why this insult? Why do you presume to have canned apricots on your table when I do not like canned apricots? By me halidome, 'tis monstrous. I will not sit at your table!' In vain did the landlady endeavor to soothe him, and assure him that there was no rule compelling him to eat what he did not like, and that if he didn't like apricots he could leave them alone and eat what he did like. In vain did she point out to him the fact that she provided a large variety of edibles, that all her guests might find something to their liking, and that no one person was expected to like everything. The hungry boarder only raved the more, and stalked majestically from the room, preferring to go hungry than to eat at a table whereon was placed an article of food that he did not like.

"And there was another man who was a subscriber to a religious newspaper. He needed the matter therein contained, and he knew he needed it, and he greeted it with joy when it reached him each week. He read eagerly the editorials and news notes, the church reports, the items of interest, and the correspondence, and the advertisements, and the poems, and the stories. But one day he chanced to find a little thing that he did not like. He did not have to like it. He did not even have to read it. But he was exceedingly angry, and sat down and wrote the editor a letter, and spoke his mind—what there was of it—with great freedom and fluency." And let us add, he stopped his paper.—*Selected*

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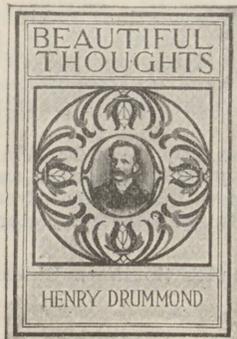
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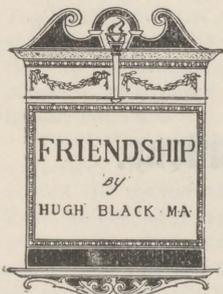
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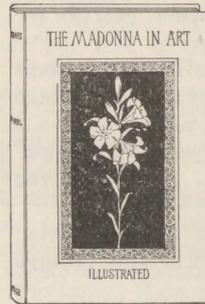
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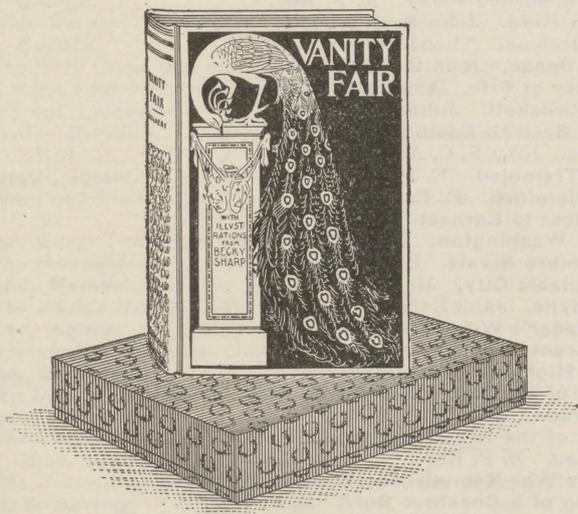
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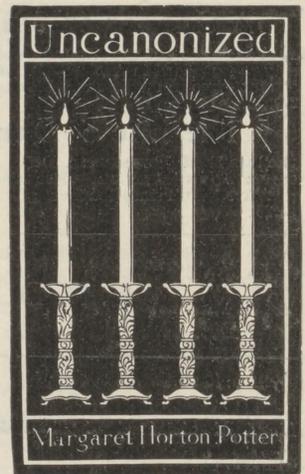
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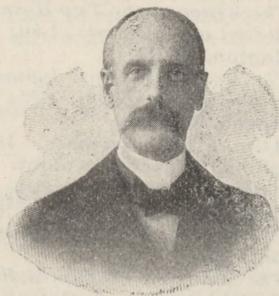
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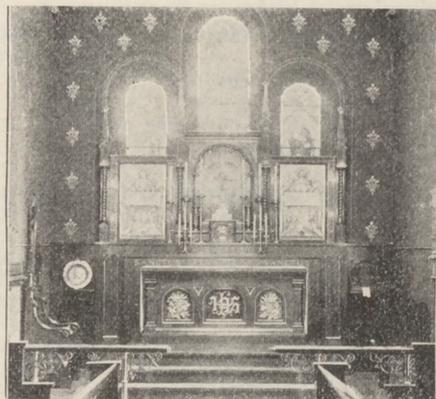
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News and Notes



THE ELECTIONS are past and the world knows the result. Mr. McKinley's majority of electoral votes will apparently be the largest ever given to a presidential candidate, he having carried every Northern state except Colorado, Montana, Nevada, and Utah, the combined votes of which are thirteen, added to which is the electoral vote of the Southern states, all of which, excepting Maryland, will be cast for Mr. Bryan.

The net result of the campaign so far as it may be measured from votes cast, appears to be summed up in considerable reductions in the vote cast for Mr. McKinley in the East, particularly in New York and New England as compared with four years ago; while in the Western states, which were very strong for the tenets of the Chicago platform in 1896, the Republican party has made enormous gains, sufficient to change the plurality of votes cast from one side to the other, except in the case of the four states already mentioned. Lying between these two sections in which there were such large changes in the votes cast, are the states of the middle West, in which the tremendous Republican pluralities of four years ago are substantially duplicated without showing any considerable change from either party to the other.

OF COURSE no one should suppose that this tremendous victory means that the Republican party is henceforth to have no strong opposition. An Opposition party, keen and watchful, is the best safeguard for honest government. That Opposition will continue to exist. It may divest itself of the several idiosyncrasies which have come to be known collectively as Bryanism, in which case its gains will probably exceed its losses. From the absolute certainty of the Democratic papers before the votes were counted, one would hardly suppose there were so large a number of Democrats who knew all along what would be the result, as have appeared in print since the election was over. It is not strange that old-time Democrats have little regard left for a faction which conducted a campaign four years long—to date it only from the election of 1896—and then succeeded in losing several of their best states, and in winning just thirteen electoral votes outside those states whose fidelity to the Democratic Party, regardless of issues or of principles involved, is the most pathetic spectacle in American history. Sometime a statesman will arise in the South who will recall to its people the example of their fathers who placed principle before partisanship, and voted the ticket which they believed embodied right principles. Then the South will resume its old-time and respected place in the counsels of the nation, and Virginia may perhaps again become the mother of presidents.

BUT LET THE Republican party understand that its enormous victory constitutes its greatest peril. The Republican party has behind it no tier of states that will support it right or wrong. There are probably not three states in the Union whose voters would hesitate to vote the Democratic ticket at the very next election as a rebuke to the party in power, if they believed it deserved it. And this is as it should be. It is the power which keeps the evil influences in the party in check—not absolutely, but relatively. If the Republican party had at any time been able to count on one hundred or more electoral votes in any election as *certain*, it would have degenerated into a colossal cesspool of political iniquity. It does indeed possess the elements of wickedness to-day; but those elements are kept

under to some extent, by the very struggle for existence; the knowledge that each of the great Republican states of the country—Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Wisconsin—has at some time within not many years past, given a Democratic majority; and that each one of them can be very easily driven to do it again, if corruption or maladministration within the Republican party gains the upper hand. This absolute necessity resting upon the party to maintain some measure of purity, despite its occasional falls, is the secret why the vast majority of thinking, honorable men the country over, felt safer in voting for Mr. McKinley, though his policies have not always seemed best or even consistent, than they could feel in depositing their ballots for his opponent. A Republican administration, however, is *always* on trial.

WHILE WE in the United States have been busily occupied with our own campaign, we have perhaps overlooked the fact that our neighbors across the line to the north in Canada were engaged in a similar conflict. It will be remembered that the names of the political parties in Canada, the Liberal and the Conservative, follow those of the mother country. The Conservative party was in power up to 1896, the same year when the American government was transferred from Democratic to Republican hands. Since that year the government of Canada has been in the hands of the Liberals, whose chief is the present Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier. There are various issues between the two parties, but apparently that which is accounted paramount is a demand on the part of Conservatives that Great Britain shall recognize her colonies by granting a differential tariff in their favor as against other nations. The result of such a policy would of course be that shipments from Canada to England might be made on a very much more profitable basis than corresponding shipments from the United States to England. This policy the Liberal party denounces, maintaining first that it is no part of the right of the colonies to dictate to the mother country what should be her attitude toward internal policies, and also believing that such action is altogether unnecessary for the building up of the resources of Canada. The result of the recent election was that the Liberals won a notable triumph, carrying with it a large majority in the Provincial Parliament. Since the election the Conservative leader, Sir Charles Tupper, who has been for many years a leading figure in Canadian politics, and who bears the reputation of being one of the most thoughtful of the statesmen of the provinces, has issued a letter to his fellow partisans withdrawing from the party leadership.

ON MONDAY of last week the Cuban Constitutional Convention gathered at Havana and very courteously passed resolutions, which were forwarded by cable, expressing to President McKinley the sentiments of gratitude felt by the Convention to the American people. The details of organization occupied the greater part of the time of last week and the actual business of the convention did not begin until Monday of the present week, when the reports of committees began to be presented. In the meantime, General Gomez, who was a notable figure during the war of rebellion, before and after American intervention, has declined to accept office under the Cuban rule, declaring that his calling had been that of a revolutionist and that his work has therefore happily come to an end.

IN MADRID, the capital of Spain, gathered on Friday of last week the first session of the Spanish-American Congress, which was invited by the Spanish government with the idea of cultivating a close commercial relation between Spain and the Latin republics of South America. Every South American republic except Bolivia was represented at the gathering. It is plain to see that this unprecedented grouping of the republics evinces a common sympathy with their mother country, the existence of which was hardly appreciated by people in the United States. It was the fond hope of Mr. Blaine when the Pan-American conferences were first inaugurated, that this government might enter into such friendly relations with the nations of South America that they would look rather to the United States than to any European power for sympathetic assistance and the commercial alliances that the expansion of their own commerce might require. Indeed the Monroe Doctrine can only be maintained by the United States by the cooperation of all South America. When, moreover, that Doctrine was so re-stated by Mr. Olney as to constitute the United States a protector of the whole of South America, bringing in its wake the brush with England over the Venezuelan controversy, it was felt that a Pan-American understanding existed with sufficient clearness to prevent any of the Spanish-American nations from entering into closer relations with any of the Powers of Europe. Unhappily this hope was proved to be without foundation as soon as the United States found herself at war with Spain. Almost unanimously the South American nations showed their sympathy with their mother country as opposed to the United States, and nowhere was bitterness against the American people more marked than in Venezuela, the very republic for whom our government had ventured so much. Whether this gathering at Madrid augurs well for the interests of the United States in South America may perhaps be doubted, while yet there is of course nothing unfriendly about the gathering that can elicit the attention of the government. We cannot but think that the Monroe Doctrine, which has been so long declared to be the policy of the United States, must sometime bring this nation to the verge of deciding quickly whether or no a European rather than an American supremacy or protectorate over some part of South America shall be permitted. In the meantime it is certainly the duty of the American people to cultivate friendly relations with the people to the south of us, and to attempt to draw them to the higher ideals of the Anglo-Saxon race in matters both of statesmanship and of religion.

LAST WEEK was quiet in China principally because the representatives of the Powers are still engaged in their deliberations as to the recommendations to be submitted to the cabinets of the world, and partly perhaps, also because our ears have been open rather in the direction from which election returns were announced than toward Asia. There has, however, been punishment inflicted at Pao Ting Fu by order of a court martial of the allies on at least four of the ring leaders of the outbreak at that point. At one or two other places in the vicinity punishment was inflicted upon those who were responsible for outrages, and two villages, in which the two priests of the S. P. G., Robinson and Norman, who were barbarously murdered before the beginning of international difficulties, were burned to the ground. It appears, as all along has been probable, that the report that the notorious Yu Hsien had committed suicide was false. Reports continue to be received of the atrocities inflicted by Russian and German troops upon the defenseless Chinese, and the long delay in reaching a decision on the part of the Powers seems likely to produce a state of uncertainty and unrest among the Chinese which will make it almost impossible for any government to hold them within control. In the meantime a note from Li Hung Chang to the foreign ministers protesting against the expedition to Pao Ting Fu can be regarded as but little short of an insult in view of the revolting atrocities on the part of Chinese officials which were the direct cause of that expedition.

IT WAS ANNOUNCED on Monday of the present week that the representatives of the Powers in Peking have united on agreements concerning the punishment of the main culprits, the mandarins and princes; regarding the witnessing of the execution of such punishments by representatives of the Powers; regarding the principle of paying damages to the several governments for the cost of the Chinese expeditions, and for damages sustained by private persons and missions; regarding the per-

manent stationing of sufficient guards for the Peking legations; regarding the razing of the Taku forts; and finally, regarding the maintenance of secure and regular communication between Peking and the seashore. This omits the proposition made by the United States to abolish the *tsung li yamen* and place the foreign affairs of the nation under the head of a single responsible minister as is the practice with other Powers.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, October 30, 1900.

THE Bishop of London, ever since his translation from Peterborough about four years ago, has been well-nigh the hardest worked man in London, and not having Archbishop Temple's cast iron constitution has not only aged very much in appearance, but has now, regrettably to say, fallen in the harness. It is reported that he is suffering from an acute form of dyspepsia, which probably means nervous exhaustion. The Bishop was unable to take his September ordination and was forbidden, moreover, by his doctor to make any public engagements during October; which period of abstention has now been lengthened to the December Ember-tide. Happily his health is not entirely shattered, for he is able to attend to his correspondence, and even to see somewhat to the routine administrative business of his Diocese.

The late Marquis of Bute held the patronage of nine benefices in South Wales, but being a Roman Catholic was debarred by law from exercising his right of presentation, which, therefore, was transferred to trustees; and he showed his sympathy with the Catholic movement by appointing as trustees staunch English Catholics. *Apropos* of the subject of private Church patronage, Rev. Mr. Lacey writes to the *Pilot* to say that he is in no frame of mind to "take part" with the Church Committee for Church Defence and Church Instruction, which some of his friends have strongly urged him to support, so long as that society complacently concedes to Protestant Dissenters, who happen to own advowsons, the right to exercise their vested right of patronage. To the mind of the Committee, as recently expressed through their organ the *National Church*, the "anomaly" of a Methodist, like Sir Christopher Furness, appointing a clergyman to a living presents "no practical difficulty"; though to the less easy-going Vicar of Madingley it seems "a scandal of the gravest kind." Unquestionably it is a flagrant abuse, for Protestant nonconformist patrons have no more moral right to exercise this right of patronage than Papal nonconformist patrons have.

The noble parish church of Stratford-on-Avon (containing Shakespeare's dust) has been enriched with a handsome new pulpit, which was dedicated the other day by the Bishop of Worcester in the presence of a number of notable persons. It is the gift of Sir Theodore Martin in memory of his wife, Lady Martin, better known as Miss Helen Faucit, a gifted and highly esteemed actress, and is octagonal in form and, like the church, Perpendicular Gothic in style; the materials being dark green Italian marble, relieved by alabaster statuettes (in canopied niches) of St. Ambrose, St. Augustine of Hippo, St. Jerome, and St. Helena, the latter figure being the central one and in whose face is reproduced the features of Lady Martin. The preacher for the occasion was Canon Ainger, Master of the Temple, who based his discourse on St. Paul's oration at Athens. "They would sum up," the literary Canon said, "the work that Helen Faucit did for her generation when they said that her life was one long endeavor to promote the nobler drama and to discountenance and depose the lower. All her life through her chief pleasure was in embodying the heroines of Shakespeare, that wondrous gallery of pure and noble women."

The Feast of the Translation of St. Edward the Confessor (October 13th), which was restored at Westminster Abbey four years ago, was specially observed again this year. Although only a black letter feast in the English kalendar, it is most fitting that it should be kept as a red letter one at the church which St. Edward founded and where his shrine, still visited by pilgrims, occupies foremost place amidst an august crowd of sepulchres. Besides the early Celebration there was a choral Eucharist after 10 o'clock Matins, the venerable-looking old Dean being Celebrant. The special preacher this year (at 3 o'clock Evensong) was Dr. Mason, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge and Canon of Canterbury, whose interesting sermon, based on Habakkuk iii. 2, was partly historical and partly political. "Two kings of England," he said, "are brought prominently before our eyes on the Feast of the Translation of

St. Edward (the sainted monarch himself, and Henry III. who refounded the abbey) and neither of them was the man whom we should have expected to have had so enduring a place in the memory of England. In the distress which the English people suffered from the imposition of Norman laws and the oppression of Norman masters, they forgot (however) the share which Edward himself had in the subjection, and looked fondly back to the days of the last kindly King of the House of Alfred. Henry III. by his oft repeated attempts to evade the Great Charter, consolidated the opposition of the country, and contributed powerfully to the success and dominance of that great second founder of English liberties, Simon de Montfort."

The retiring Bishop of Natal (Dr. Baynes) has accepted from the Bishop of Southwell the important living of St. Mary's, Nottingham (the church being almost cathedral-like in size and in decorative treatment), and thus returns to rule the parish which he served as assistant curate from 1881 to 1884. Just prior to his consecration in 1893, he was domestic chaplain to Archbishop Benson. Dr. Baynes has recently written a very interesting book of his experience in Natal during the Boer war.

The Primate never seems happier than when making a public speech on the subject of "Temperance," unless it be when expatiating on his almost equally endeared theme of "Education." Being the chief speaker at a recent largely attended meeting of the Oxford branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, his Grace stated that he had been a total abstainer for about thirty years, and he did not find that total abstinence contributed in any way to weaken him from doing his work or to make him gloomy or depressed. He could remember, he went on to say, how in the University of Oxford it was "the influence of a really great man (Mr. Gladstone), of whom many now spoke in condemnation, and in some respects perhaps the condemnation was deserved, who put a stop to drinking in that University when he was a member of it."

The acoustic properties of St. Paul's Cathedral always seem singularly well adapted for the effective rendering of Plain-song, which is heard there from the choir of the London Gregorian Choral Association three times during the year with both artistic and devotional effect, the anniversary service of the Guild of St. Luke, on the eve of St. Luke's Day, being one of such notable occasions. This important guild, founded in 1864, is for students and practitioners of medicine who agree to practise frequent and regular communion and intercessory prayer, to promote works of mercy, and to exercise personal religious influence and example. The Guild service was attended by about one thousand unrobed members and by 300 doctors in state; and also by a vast number of Londoners who never miss an opportunity to go to St. Paul's to hear the Church's ancient and lovely and only orthodox music. The preacher was the Bishop of Rochester, whose thoughtful sermon was based on Acts x. 38.

J. G. HALL.

NEW YORK LETTER.

INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS.

BISHOP POTTER was before the National Industrial Commission last week, to tell about industrial conditions in New York, than whom few men have made a more careful study. Public sentiment, the Bishop said, was a greater factor in the solution of the labor problem than legislation ever could be. There was no doubt that public sentiment was always in favor of arbitration, and that the unwillingness to arbitrate displayed by the proprietors in the Pennsylvania coal strike was the cause of their being beaten.

Large aggregations of capital in the form of trusts and corporations, the Bishop held, should be met by extending and perfecting the organizations of the laborers. He did not object to legislation, but he was not a "machine man," and believed thoroughly that the best government was one that governed least. His hope for the future was in the individual, and the outlook from this point of view was encouraging.

Bishop Potter said the distinguishing feature of the Board of Mediation and Conciliation was its absolutely voluntary character. The personnel of the Board—which includes Dr. Felix Adler, Seth Low, Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, two or three representatives of the employers of labor and the same number from the working classes, including a walking delegate—was of such a character as to bring all phases of life, sentiment, and reasoning to bear on any question to be dealt with. The result obtained by the councils held, the Bishop said, had given him more of an insight into the lives of the various classes

in New York and had raised the workingman in his estimation to an extent unmeasurable. The spirit of fairness which each side to a controversy had exhibited after the matter had been discussed in a purely voluntary and conciliatory way was conclusive proof that the great difficulty was the utter lack of familiarity and the feeling of restraint existing between the classes representing the employers and the employed.

To foster a familiarity between the classes and to enlarge the vision of the individual in every station regarding his brother, not only lessened the friction between labor and capital as this condition was being developed, but it was the only solution of the problem which would be satisfactory.

Bishop Potter said that conditions in every way among the working and poorer classes in New York city were improving. There was a disposition to be more fair on the part of employers, which the Bishop attributed to the better organization of the workers, and, while he had never known of a voluntary increase in wages by an employer, he believed a better understanding and feeling existed all around.

Bishop Potter did not regard strikes as entirely avoidable. They were a necessity at times, just as war was a necessity. He was unalterably opposed to any legislation that would make arbitration compulsory and said that a rightly educated public sentiment would be sufficient pressure to insure settlements in which right would prevail.

CITY NOTES.

The Bishop of the Diocese consecrated the new S. Esprit Church Sunday before last, the Rev. Dr. George F. Nelson preaching the sermon. The fine building, already described in these columns, was filled, the rector, the Rev. Alfred V. Wittmeyer, being not only the head of the only French-speaking Episcopal parish in New York, but also the head of one of the most earnest and active of congregations. The location of the new church, Twenty-seventh Street near Fourth Avenue, is central to the people, who come from every part of Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Jersey suburbs.

An innovation is announced for the Transfiguration, where the Rev. Dr. Houghton will begin at Advent, Evening Prayer and Sermon, with full choir, to continue throughout the winter. Evening services have never been had at the Transfiguration before.

Bishop Coleman of Delaware, speaking to Columbia College students on the Monday before election, traced the history of the Church in the history of the Nation, and said that the Church had always stood for the welfare and stability of the Republic. He quoted Henry Clay as basing the perpetuity of the Nation upon the Church and the Supreme Court, the two protectors of the morals and rights of the people. He urged the young men to assist in "sweeping the country," for no other country so much needed to be swept of political dishonesty. Modern patriotism in the lives of too many men means mere selfishness. The great agent of regeneration must be the Church. That body includes the best blood of the land, and instead of urging the Church to keep aloof from politics I pray that it may always unite actively with everybody who seeks to make things better. The Bishop spoke before an association of young men who are organized as Churchmen.

The Rev. Dr. William Cabell Brown is coming from Brazil, and the Rev. W. H. McGee from Cuba, for the purpose of laying before the Church in the United States the needs of the mission work in their respective fields. The conditions in Brazil do not improve. Not only is larger effort necessary, which means larger expense, because of increased men, but the monetary situation there is still deplorable. Prices are where they were six months ago, while money has fallen, or the rate risen, whichever way it be looked at, manipulated, it is said, by private speculators. Even with a twenty per cent. increase in salaries which has been granted, most of the workers are compelled to get on with the bare necessities. In Cuba the need of permanent work in Havana is still felt. An encouraging feature of the outlook here is the fact that almost every rector appealed to for engagements for the Rev. Dr. Brown and the Rev. Mr. McGee has responded favorably.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY OF LONG ISLAND.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, Diocese of Long Island, was held in St. Ann's Church last week. Dean Cox of Incarnation Cathedral, presiding on the second session, said he had never seen so large an attendance, and he hoped the fact meant increased interest, especially in local missions. The preacher at the morning ses-

sion was the Rev. Dr. W. M. Grosvenor of the Incarnation, Manhattan. Dean Cox was the celebrant in the Holy Communion which followed. Among the reports was one to the effect that the money received amounted to \$5,677 and the box values to \$7,914. There were some minor gifts and the total reached above \$13,000.

At the afternoon session the Bishop of Salt Lake spoke on Western work, the Bishop of Kyoto on work in China, doing so at the request of Bishop Graves, and the Rev. Dr. Lloyd told about mission work from the point of view of the Board. The address of special local interest, for what the others said has been recently reported in these columns, was made by the Rev. Townend G. Jackson of St. Paul's, Flatbush. There is just as much need for work on Long Island, he said, as in foreign lands, but the entire amount that had been contributed to the support of diocesan missions during the past year was \$5,000. It is much harder, he continued, to smooth out the wrinkles and carry on the work in a small country district than in a large city parish, and yet men who have been in the receipt of good salaries in the city are sent to the country and allotted a mere pittance, and in the northern archdeaconry the salaries of some of the missionaries have not been paid for six months. Within the past ten years there has been an increase in population in Brooklyn of 400,000 and little provision made to meet the spiritual needs of this increase by the establishment of missions. In the outlying districts, particularly between here and Rockaway and Garden City and Brooklyn, it would be a safe and proper thing to buy corner lots now for the churches of the future.

The Armenians, which were formerly cared for by a Manhattan church, have recently come to Brooklyn, but those who eagerly sent money to the Armenians far away have none to give for those who seek the protection of the church in this Diocese. The excellent work that was being done in the missions at Sheepshead Bay and Vanderveer Park was referred to, and the speaker concluded by urging the members of the woman's auxiliary to besiege the rectors until the latter awake to a realization of the condition of affairs with regard to Diocesan missions.

On the morning of election day there was a solemn requiem mass said in St. Mary the Virgin's for the late John E. Atkins. The rector was the celebrant, assisted by the curates, both choirs and the orchestra. The friends were of course present, and so were many members of the Men's Guild. The latter has adopted some resolutions upon the loss of their fellow member.

The funeral of Mr. John Sabine Smith was held in Grace Church. The rector, the Rev. Dr. Huntington, said the service, assisted by the Rev. N. P. Carey. Governor-elect Odell and many men prominent in civic and political affairs were present. Mr. Smith was an active reformer—a splendid example of ability, of wealth and of the Church bearing the burdens incident to securing a higher civic righteousness.

On All Saints' Day a window was unveiled in Trinity Church, Roslyn, in memory of Eliza Eastman Garretson, the wife of Judge Garretson, and for many years one of the most faithful of the Trinity parishioners. The window, which had St. Cecelia for the subject, was placed in the church by the present members. The rector of Trinity is the Rev. Isaac Peck.

OUR MISSIONARY DUTY.

[FROM THE ANNUAL ADDRESS OF THE BISHOP OF ALBANY TO HIS CONVENTION, NOV. 13, 1900.]

CHRISTIANITY must conquer paganism. The civilization of the only Civilizer must prevail over the false systems which are but veneers to hide the rotten, worthless substance underneath. Let it be by the sword of the Spirit. Let it be under the standard of the cross. So "the armor of the armed man in the tumult and the garments rolled in blood shall be for burning and fuel of fire." And "of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end."

Meanwhile, before the marvels and the mystery of the strange order or disorder of things in the world to-day, we are shut up to one of two alternatives: either a hopeless belief in the relentless cruelty of destiny which crushes, like a car of Juggernaut, all that stands in its way; or a hopeful faith in the overruling Providence of God, who can turn even the wrath of man to His praise, which counts, as worth the precious price of earthly human life, the development of the higher heavenly life of a converted world. Meanwhile the lie is given to the scoffs and sneers at the unfruitful unreality of missions, by the courage of the men who risk and the men who have laid down their

lives by thousands in China this very year. Meanwhile the call is all the louder to reinforce the ranks, and push still farther on the only religion that really makes for peace. Meanwhile the need is more than ever urgent for earnest and intentional praying "Thy kingdom come." Meanwhile the demand is still more strong for the right in all things; for the wisdom of the children of this generation to be given to the children of light, that they may learn caution, consideration, charity, the duty of respecting racial traditions and religious convictions, ever so mistaken, and of using the little thread of truth which is in them all, as a clew to lead those who hold *only* it through the maze of their mistaken zeal and up to the clear and open vision of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Meanwhile there is the duty of rejecting and refuting the senseless silliness of the devil's apothegm, "First the missionary, then the consul, then the gunboat," by the demonstration of the fact that everywhere the missionary ought to be the pioneer. As Livingstone said, "Where commerce ends, missions begin." It is true, as a matter of course, that the civilization which follows in the train of the Gospel must represent itself by government, and protect itself after it has won its way by evident superiority over the conditions which it seeks to improve. But it is false to imply that missions are the cause of war, because the missionaries are the least obnoxious of the foreigners; because demands for government protection are based on citizenship and not on Christianity; and because the wars that have come from the progress of civilization are not Gospel wars, but "opium wars," and the like. Meanwhile the diabolical diplomacy which seeks only selfish advantage by sinful spoliation, must give way to the Christian statesmanship which is patient, unprovoking, and seeketh not its own. I stand as an American citizen to-day thankful and proud that this government, new and untrained in dealing with the entangling complications of foreign nations and with the treacheries and subtleties of the Oriental mind, has been first and foremost in the dignity, the firmness, the foresight, and the wisdom of its counsels and its words.

Brethren and friends, we dare not as Christians or as Americans be faint-hearted and fearful in this crisis of the world's affairs. Over and over again the contending tides of barbarism and civilization, of the superstitions of Satan and the religion of Jesus Christ, have rolled against each other in the progress of the world. The hordes of the Huns and the Vandals which overspread Europe, the wiping out of the missions of Augustine in England by the pagans from the North, the invasion of Spain by the Moors, the outrages of the Turks, the ebb and flow of the tides in the Crusades, the fury of the false prophet of the Koran, have written in red letters, big to see, upon the pages of history, the same lesson. In some such crisis of the world we stand to-day. God will work out His will in His own way, and through it all runs the one lesson, alike in the lurid light of history and in the dawning hope of the prophecy which seems hastening towards its fulfilment, that "the earth shall be covered with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea," "that kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ"; that God will give to His beloved Son "the heathen for His inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for His possession."

BISHOP WELLER'S CONSECRATION.

SELDOME—perhaps never—has our communion in this country witnessed so magnificent a function as that connected with the consecration of the Rev. R. H. Weller, Jr., as Bishop Coadjutor of Fond du Lac. It was on the octave of All Saints' Day, Nov. 8th, and at the Cathedral of the Diocese that the event occurred. The grand Cathedral, with its long nave, its roomy transepts, and its spacious choir, was decorated with festoons of greens from which bunches of chrysanthemums were suspended, and with many artistic banners in honor of the event. The Latin and Greek fathers of the Church were portrayed on the banners in the nave, while those in the south transept pictured Seabury, Kemper, Brown, and Welles, and those in the north, Laud and Sancroft, the figures being represented in copes and mitres. The Cathedral is itself excellently adapted to such an high function, its appointments reminding one of an English or European Cathedral. Indeed if only it had been erected in England or in France instead of within less than 150 miles of Chicago, it would be one of the leading points of interest which "personally conducted" parties of Americans would annually visit in large numbers. The long frieze, painted by Miss Upjohn, representing scenes in the life of Christ, extending en-

tirely around both sides of the lengthy nave, is alone worthy a long pilgrimage; while the marble statue of St. Margaret bearing the cross aloft is a piece of surpassing beauty, and the figures of the apostles carved in wood, from Switzerland, are most excellent in workmanship.

Numbered cards showing the seats reserved, distributed in advance, prevented any confusion in seating the enormous congregation from every part of the State which gathered to witness the event, and before the entry of the procession every seat was filled, and the overflow, which had been unable to obtain seats, was waiting patiently for permission to find standing room. The "King's Army," an organization from the parish of the Bishop-elect at Stevens Point, had acted as a guard of honor and members were assigned to duty in various capacities around the Cathedral building.

The *Marche Pontificale*, by Lemmens, was played as the long line passed silently through the front entrance, up the nave into the choir, and without the slightest confusion, filed into their places. A thurifer with censer, and the bearer of an incense boat, a crucifer, and the Rev. J. M. Raker, assistant master of ceremonies, preceded the vested choir, and these in turn

began the Order of Holy Communion, the service rendered being that by A. J. Eyre in E flat. Bishop Anderson was epistoler, after which were sung the gradual appointed and a sequence. During the latter the altar was censed and a procession headed by acolytes and thurifers moved to the gate of the choir where the gospel was intoned by the Bishop of Milwaukee. The sermon, a masterly production, was preached by the Bishop of Chicago from the text: "O ye spirits and souls of the righteous, bless ye the Lord." He spoke of the saints of God at rest, the great saints of both the Old and the New dispensations, and the household saints of every family, who are being perfected, and whose souls are in the hand of God; there shall no torment touch them. He alluded feelingly to the first Church service ever held in Fond du Lac, by Bishop Kemper, mentioning that one was now present who had been in that small gathering of Indians and pioneers who prayed with and listened to the pioneer Bishop so many years ago. He spoke also of that roll of noble Bishops in Wisconsin—Kemper, Armitage, Welles, Brown, Knight, who had bravely done their work and had then laid down their lives.

After the sermon the Bishop-elect was presented for con-



VIEW OF THE NAVE WITH BANNERS—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, FOND DU LAC.

were followed by other thurifers; the clergy, with banner carriers interspersed among the ranks; acolytes; the Archdeacons; the deputy registrar, Rev. S. R. S. Gray; the attending presbyters of the Bishop-elect, being his father, the Rev. R. H. Weller of Jacksonville, Fla., and the Rev. B. T. Rogers of Fond du Lac; the Bishops, in order as follows: the Bishop Coadjutor of Nebraska with his chaplain, the Rev. F. J. Hall, D.D.; the Rt. Rev. A. Kozlowski, Polish-Catholic Bishop in Chicago; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Tikhon, Russian Bishop of the Aleutian Islands and North America, with two chaplains; the presentors, being the Bishops of Marquette and Indiana, with their chaplains, the Rev. W. W. Webb, D.D., and the Very Rev. Dean R. H. Peters respectively; the preacher, the Bishop of Chicago, with his chaplain, the Rev. E. A. Larrabee; the assisting consecrators, the Bishop of Milwaukee and the Bishop Coadjutor of Chicago, the latter acting in place of the Bishop of Springfield, who was unhappily prevented from being present; the Bishop of Fond du Lac, consecrator, preceded by his chaplain bearing the pastoral staff. The Anglican Bishops and Bishop Kozlowski were all vested in copes and mitres, while the Russian prelate wore the peculiar habit of the Eastern Bishops. The Russian Bishop was honored by being seated upon the episcopal throne. The procession presented a most dignified appearance.

After the singing of the introit the Bishop of Fond du Lac

separation, and the reading of the several testimonials followed—the certificate of election by the Ven. Archdeacon Jenner; of the consent of the Standing Committees by the Ven. Archdeacon Gardner, D.D.; of the consent of the Bishops by the Bishop Coadjutor of Nebraska; and the mandate for consecration by the Bishop of Marquette. The promise of conformity was made by the Bishop-elect kneeling, and the Litany was sung by the Bishop Coadjutor of Nebraska. After the examination, the Bishop-elect retired that he might be "vested with the rest of the episcopal habit," during which period Gounod's anthem, "Lovely appear over the mountain" was sung, after which he re-appeared, vested in a cope of cloth of gold, the gift of the clergy of the Diocese. The *Veni Creator* followed as appointed.

At the consecration the seven Anglican Bishops (only) united in the Laying on of Hands, repeating the words in concert. Following the delivery of the Bible, the Bishop-elect was anointed with oil, and the episcopal ring and the pectoral cross were conferred upon him. He then received the kiss of peace from his senior consecrator, and in turn bestowed the kiss upon the two Bishops assisting. Psalm 133, "Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity," followed.

At the Offertory the ceremonial use of Incense followed the

historic Western practice. After censuring the altar, the Bishops were each censured in turn, first those at the altar, afterward the Russian Bishop on the throne and the Bishops in the choir, individually; then the priests on either side collectively, and afterward the congregation. The offerings were for Diocesan Missions and the Offertory anthem was Garrett's "The voice of one crying in the wilderness."

A line of four acolytes with processional lights, three thurifers, and four more acolytes with lights, passed before the sanctuary rail before the *Sursum Corda*; and at each of the three strokes of the Sanctus Bell incense was used, as also at the *Benedictus*, the communion, and the festival *Te Deum*, which followed the celebration. Before the latter, and after the Benediction, the Mitre was placed upon the head of the newly consecrated Bishop, and accompanied by the two assisting consecrators, he passed down the full length of the nave, blessing the people of the congregation, who fell upon their knees as he passed.

The service, though elaborate and ceremonially correct in every detail, was attended with no confusion or roughnesses. It was thoroughly reverent and at no time did it degenerate into mere spectacular display.

Bishop Weller will remain at his parish at Stevens Point until after January 1st, when his resignation of the rectorship takes effect.

DEATH OF DR. J. W. BROWN.

TO some men in orders in the Church it is given to bear high ecclesiastical rank and to labor in lowly places, among the poor, the scattered, the widely separated from civilized centres. To others the lot falls to bear a lower ecclesiastical rank, but to labor in high places, among the rich of this world, and in the very centre of that around which a national civilization seems to please itself to revolve. The Rev. Dr. John Wesley Brown of St. Thomas' parish, New York, who died on Saturday, Nov. 10th, was called to the administration of two parishes that were at once the centre and the types of the social, the fashion, the wealth, of two great cities. What St. Paul's is to Buffalo, that St. Thomas' is to New York, and in both of them, as rector, the Rev. Dr. Brown was a force for all that was best and purest, noblest and highest, in the one as widely as the influence of Buffalo extends, and in the other as widely as the nation itself has power.



REV. JOHN W. BROWN, D.D.

The Rev. Dr. Brown was a native of Baltimore, where he was born July 7th, 1837. He went to the public schools as a lad, and early thought he would like to follow the life vocation of a civil engineer. That was a day, back in 1845, when he was graduated from old Dickinson Seminary, when engineers were needed. General Simon Cameron was at the time spending millions of public money in digging the mountains of Pennsylvania into ridges for canals, and from Baltimore to Harrisburg was not far, even then, to go to get a job. A few years later, when it was discovered that canals were not to be the highways of the future, there were railroads to build, and engineers were wanted to build them.

Civil Engineer Brown spent only a short time at his profession, however, and two years of that time in the Government service, when he made up his mind to enter the ministry. He chose the Methodist Episcopal ministry, which was by no means then what it is now, considered simply in the light of an avocation. He got fully into the Methodist harness, and quite out of the engineering one, by 1858, just in time to speak from the pulpit upon the great issues that were then driving the country into civil war. Young as he was, he felt deeply the responsibility of the minister in time of war. Few men of his day labored harder, and few of his years attained higher honor within a religious denomination. In 1866 he applied to the Bishop of Maryland, the venerable Dr. Whittingham, and was by him ordered deacon. The following year he was advanced to the

priesthood by Bishop Lee of Delaware. He labored in Philadelphia, Detroit, and Cleveland, and in the eighties went to Buffalo, as successor to the Rev. Dr. William Shelton, as rector of St. Paul's. In 1888, upon the death of the Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan, he came to St. Thomas', New York.

Under Dr. Brown St. Thomas' has been a tower of spiritual and financial strength in a place where that strength could exert an influence as wide as the nation, one might almost say as wide as the world. There were few deserving things that its rector did not find means to help, and the wonder always was how he found opportunity to help so many things. St. Thomas' parish, under Dr. Brown, changed from an up-town to a down-town one. As the metropolis expands in area its business centre widens, and although St. Thomas' is still surrounded by houses of the rich, its conditions are down-town. That is, it is looking for an endowment, and massing one, as a condition precedent to its continued usefulness. With all these changing conditions the influence of its rector was undiminished, and his name will be entered, along with others, in the long list of great Church leaders in the great city of the nation.

DISCOVERY OF A LETTER FROM HADRIAN.

By W. C. WINSLOW, D.D., LL.D.

WHAT purports to be a letter written by the Emperor Hadrian to his dear friend and successor, Antoninus Pius, turns up among the papyri discovered by the Egypt exploration fund in the Fayum. It was composed by Hadrian in view of his approaching death. This most interesting circumstance recalls at once "The Dying Hadrian's Address to His Soul," which suggested to Pope his "Vital spark of heav'nly flame." Many more than 100 translations into English have been made of Hadrian's address; that of Prior (1664-1721) is to my mind unsurpassed by any other version in its pathos and delicacy. It begins:—

Poor little quivering, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?

Although the papyrus is fragmentary, its general meaning is clear to our translators. Hadrian declares his death to be neither unexpected nor to be regretted, nor to be unreasonable; that he is prepared to die; but he misses the tender care and the life of Antoninus. Hadrian goes on to say:—

"I do not intend to give the conventional reasons of philosophy for this attitude, but to make a plain statement of facts. . . My father died at the age of 40, a private individual, so that I have lived more than half as long again as my father, and have reached about the same age as that of my mother when she died."

The known facts of Hadrian's life accord with the foregoing; there is no improbability that his letters should be in circulation in Egypt, particularly as he at least once visited Egypt and kept himself in close touch with all parts of his empire. Phlegon, his freedman, is stated to have published his letter after his death. The handwriting of the papyrus cannot be later than the end of the second century, which at farthest brings the manuscript within 60 years from Hadrian's death.

This papyrus, translated, will appear in the coming volume of many papyri and facsimiles, published by our Society and mailed to all five-dollar subscribers to the Society.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN has just been put upon the civil list with a pension of £200 (\$1,000) a year, and the usual chorus of dispraise has arisen which is heard of late whenever the Poet Laureate is mentioned. *The Westminster Gazette* says: "Critics, however, should remember that Mr. Austin was a Tory leader-writer before he was laureate, and perhaps his reward is rather for his labors in the former capacity than for any eminence attained in the poetic line. Still, of course, it is as laureate that Mr. Austin is known now, and it is interesting to recall that he once issued—in 1870—a book entitled *The Poetry of the Period*, in which he had something to say of his distinguished predecessor in the same office. One quotation will suffice. He wrote "In Memoriam" will assuredly be handed over to the dust as soon as the generation arises which has come to its senses." Thirty years hence what, one wonders, will be the opinion of Mr. Austin's poetry?"

WE ALL feel the need of encouragement at times. No one looks to the Lord who does not receive encouragement. The word to every one who looks to Him and trusts in Him is: "Be strong and of a good courage. The Lord doth go before thee; He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee; fear not, neither be dismayed."

Correspondence

All communications published under this head must be signed by the actual name of the writer. This rule will be invariably adhered to. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed, but yet reserves the right to exercise discretion as to what letters shall be published.

GALVESTON.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

WILL you kindly allow space for the following statement? I trust that personal reference which seems unavoidable shall be pardoned.

From the day that the mails opened after the terrible storm at Galveston to the present I have been the recipient of letters from clergymen and laymen from many quarters. Some of these letters were expressions of warm Christian sympathy; some contained Offerings to be used by the clergy to meet the special demands made upon them; and some gave notice of clothing that had been shipped to my address.

Up to the 15th of October every letter and postal card reaching me was acknowledged by a personal letter. On Oct. 15th I left my parish, under the direction of the Standing Committee, to undertake a work in the interest of the Diocese. Four days thereafter, being relieved of the active service of ministering to others, the strain of the past weeks got in their work on me and the result was a complete collapse. At the moment of writing, though still confined to my bed, I am beginning to recover from a severe illness. For two weeks I was not even permitted to know that the mail man visited the house. I make this statement because a full explanation is due those who have trusted me to bear their gifts of relief to those dear people who are suffering and have had no reply to their letters. I beg those who have not received answers to their letters to wait on me for a few days.

In the meanwhile no time has been lost carrying out the wishes of those who have addressed boxes to my care. Before leaving my parish I appointed a carefully selected committee of our ladies who were authorized to receive all clothing and distribute the same according to a definite plan. Our effort has been to supplement the work of the general relief committees. There are hundreds of families who would not apply for aid and whose needs had to be sought out. This has been our peculiar work, and those who have enabled us to do it should have the satisfaction of knowing that their gifts have been *carried* where want was keenest felt. While it has been impossible for me to send a personal notice on the arrival of each box or package, as might have been expected and as would have been my pleasure to do, our ladies request me to make the following statement from them:

"Almost without exception the boxes sent to the care of the rector of Trinity Church have contained clothing most carefully selected and most aptly suited to meet the needs of our suffering people. In many instances the goods were new and bore the unbroken seal of the stores from which they were purchased, and in every case the manner in which the clothing was chosen and packed showed that behind it all was the consciousness that members of a Common Father's family were suffering and that the gift must be of a kind that could bear the stamp, 'In His Name.'"

Our general relief committees, as might be taken for granted, are composed of our representative Christian men and women who from a sense of privilege, no less than responsibility, have been fully equal to the tremendous burdens laid upon them. And yet it was not possible for even these devoted men and women, who for the time laid aside everything else that they might the more untrammelled meet the wants of the suffering and needy, to do more than the portion of the work that fell to them. The clergy still had their duties to perform and neither those duties nor the obligations resting upon them could be delegated to others. To expect the rectors of the Church to go empty-handed among people whose material wants were so urgent were an unspeakable cruelty. Herein was the meaning and the value of the offerings which were sent to our care. Beds and bed clothing, and shoes and stoves and such like things were needed, and these things had to be bought, and hence the absolute need of ready money. As trustee of a most sacred fund

we have sought to carry out the wishes of those who have authorized us in their names to carry relief. During my absence from the Diocese the Bishop has charge of my parish, and will carry on the work I was doing. To him I have forwarded all offerings that have reached me since my departure.

May I take the liberty of reminding our brethren whose hearts have been touched by the sorrows of our people that the most urgent demands are yet to be made on us? Many of our people are in tents and many more in houses that have been badly shattered, and whose cracks have widened. The winter months are on us, and a greater need will be felt for such things as must be bought. May I ask that Offerings to meet these needs shall continue to be sent to the clergy of Galveston? The Offerings need not be large if they be general.

I cannot close without in some way expressing my sense of gratitude for the hundreds of letters that have come to me, and yet words do not respond to the call of my heart. I have a long list of names known to me only through letter and by act of Christian sympathy. We are made to realize more than ever before that the Body is indeed one and that we are members one of another.

If it meets the wish of the clergy, letters may continue to be sent to my address. I will make the acknowledgment and thus save our Bishop the extra tax of correspondence. Mail addressed Petersburg, Virginia, will be forwarded to me.

Petersburg, Va., Nov. 9, 1900.

C. M. BECKWITH,

Rector Trinity Church, Galveston.

THE HONOLULU BISHOPRIC.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

IN your editorial comment appended to my letter on the above subject, which you courteously inserted in your issue of Sept. 29th, you say:

"The right of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States to hold property held for the use of the Church of England in the American Colonies prior to the Revolution, is, so far as we can see, sufficient precedent for assuming that it may hold property held under similar trusts in Hawaii."

To this I reply that the trusts are *not similar*. The Islands were never a British Colony, and the property is not held for the use of the Church of England, but of "The Anglican Church in Hawaii," subject to the use of the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England.

Honolulu, Oct. 30, 1900.

ALFRED WILLIS,

Bishop of Honolulu.

A GOOD THING DONE IN MONTANA.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

MONTANA has had so much notoriety of late, that when a good thing is done in the State, we want the benefit of it.

Bishop Tuttle, in his remarks upon statistics connected with missionary offerings, said: "Oregon has *no* parish giving nothing; Montana has *one* parish giving nothing." This was taken from reports in the year ending Aug. 31st, 1899. The Bishop will be glad to hear that this year his old jurisdiction has "gone one better"; that is to say, *every* parish and mission coming under his qualifications contributed something. With a communicant list of 2,400 this jurisdiction gave \$2,251.67 to Missions, being *per capita* the highest, I believe, in any Diocese or Jurisdiction.

Missoula, Mont., Nov. 6th, 1900.

CHARLES H. LINLEY.

CONCERNING MR. PANDIAN.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

IN response to many letters and inquiries regarding Mr. T. B. Pandian, the Hindoo gentleman, in whose work we took much interest last winter and spring and concerning whom grave charges have been made, we beg to say that we are investigating the charges and ask suspension of judgment for the present. We are also bound to say that thus far we have found nothing that has proved Mr. Pandian unworthy.

FLOYD W. TOMKINS,

CHARLES HENRY ARNDT,

WM. MCGEORGE, JR.,

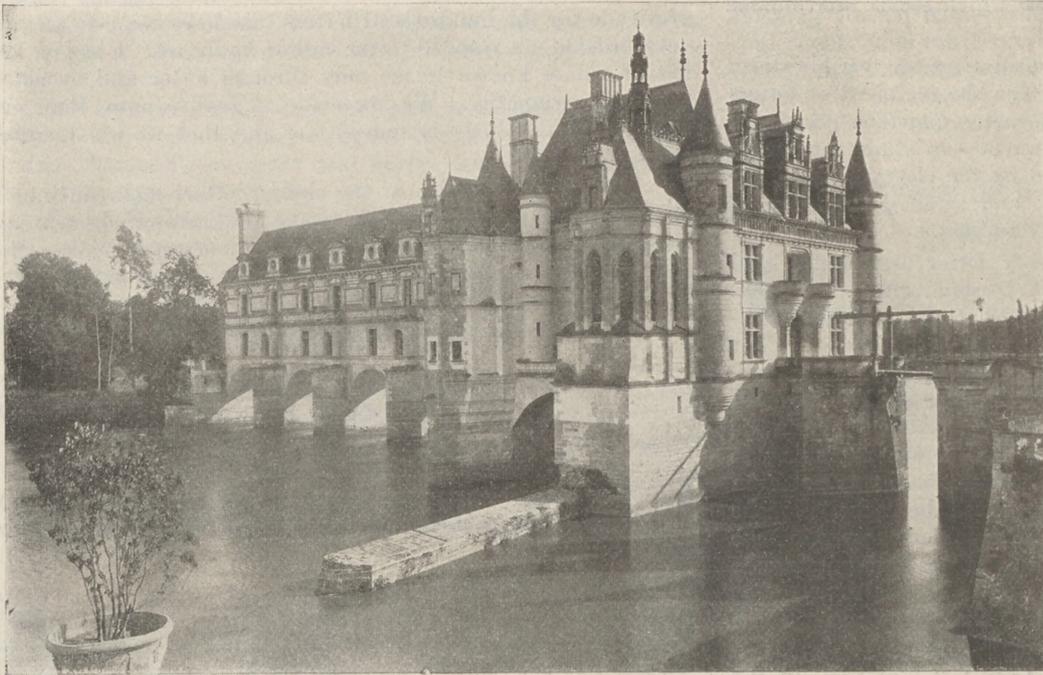
CHARLES E. PANCOAST.

Holiday Gift Books.

CHENONCEAUX.

[From *Old Touraine*; The Life and History of the Famous Chateaux of France. By Theodore Andrea Cook, B.A. New York: James Pott & Co. 2 vols., 8vo., \$5.00. *Edition de Luxe*, limited to 100 numbered copies, \$10.00.]

The first view of Chenonceaux is a magnificent one. On the immediate right is the long range of splendid stables—a modern building, but of good taste; and to the left spreads the wide terraced garden built by Diane de Poitiers, surrounded by its high walk which leads to the raised courtyard immediately in front of the main building, a large and very hand-



CHENONCEAUX.

[From "Old Touraine," by Theodora Andrea Cook. New York: James Pott & Co.]

some space rising upon high walls from the lower level, with a fine detached tower at the right corner, the oldest part of the chateau, the last relic of its earliest owners. It bears the initials of Thomas Bohier and Catherine Briconnet his wife, upon the beautifully carved doorway at its base, and is crowned by a huge extinguisher of slate, while the lines of its sides are gracefully relieved by a smaller turret clinging to its walls, whose pointed top breaks the outline of the larger roof. Immediately to the left of this is the great drawbridge leading to a strong circular stone pier rising out of the waters of the Cher; then begins the main building of the chateau, that fairy-like construction which owed its birth to Catherine Briconnet.

THE SWISS ALPS.

[From *Unknown Switzerland*, by Victor Tissot. New York: James Pott & Co. Crown 8vo., \$3.00.]

This lofty white summit, wildly majestic, makes one of the royal family of the great peaks of the Swiss Alps,—Mount Rosa, the Matterhorn, and the Finsteraarhorn. Eight glaciers unite at the foot of the first, seven at the foot of the second, and five at the foot of the third. The Mer de Glace, which surrounds the Bernina, is more than sixteen leagues in circumference. Its tempestuous waves, with azure reflections like lava, pile themselves in the defiles, precipitate themselves into the gorges, or run by a rapid descent

into the depths of the valleys; sometimes they leap up between two points of rocks, dart into space, and remain suspended above the abyss till the day when their frozen sheet is broken up and hurled into its depths. The debris of this ice avalanche is frozen anew into a single mass, and forms another glacier, which develops like the first, the structure of which it exactly reproduces. Pursuing its march forward, it proceeds by successive falls, like an immense cascade, always subdividing, until it reaches the limits, where the ice dissolves into water.

The Scottish Chiefs. By Miss Jane Porter. With Illustrations by T. H. Robinson. London: J. M. Dent & Co. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$2.50.

Miss Porter in her preface to the first edition of *The Scottish Chiefs* in 1809, says: "To paint the portrait of one of the most complete heroes that ever filled the page of history, may be a bold, though I hope not a vain, design."

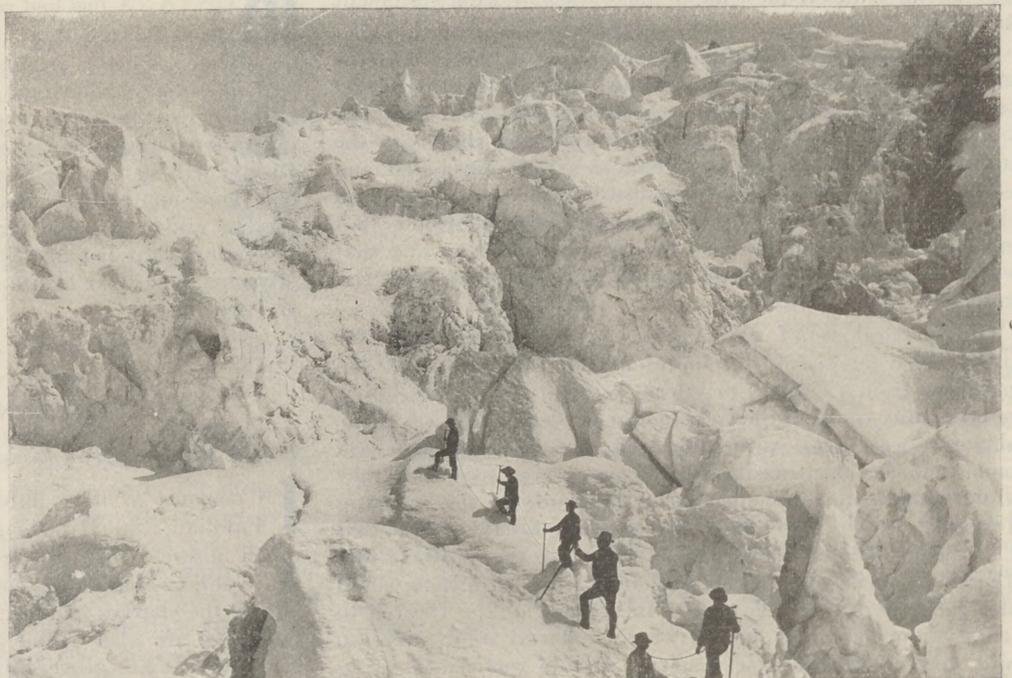
We surmise, that were Miss Porter alive now, with near a century passed since her great historical novel first saw the light, and could she see it published in this sumptuous form, she might fairly well believe she *had* painted "the portrait of one of the most complete heroes that ever filled the page of history" extremely well.

We have no means of knowing how many copies of this story have been sold. We do not know that Miss Porter reaped any material fame or substance from the sale of this,

one of the few novels in the English language that is read today with as much interest as in the days of its first appearance. It would be interesting to know how many of the novels that have been published of late, will survive for three generations as has *The Scottish Chiefs*.

The publishers have spared no pains to dress this great romance in fitting garb and they have made it most artistically.

B.



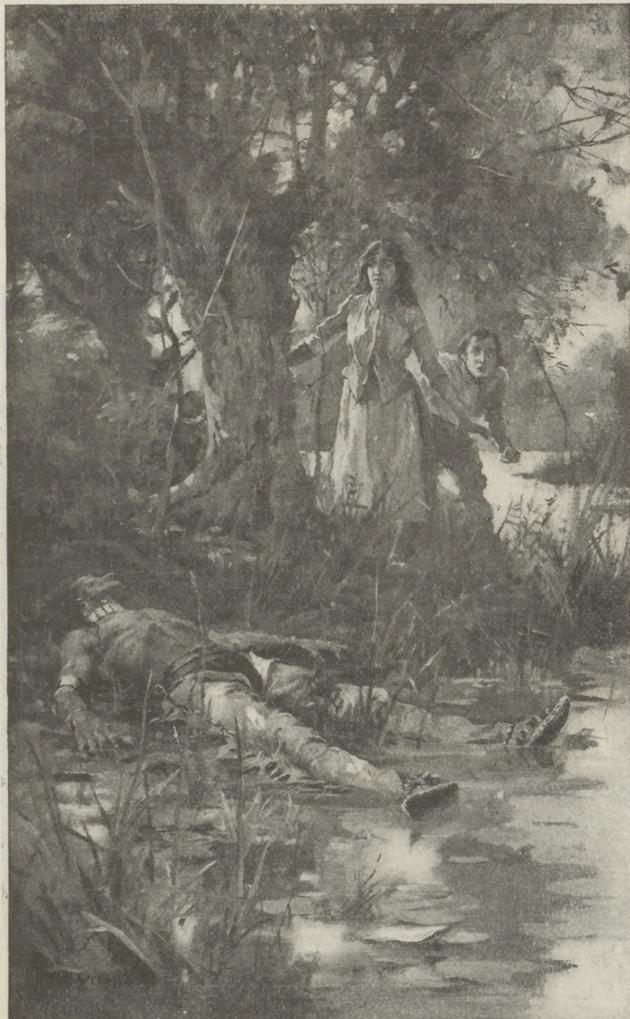
THE SWISS ALPS.

[From "Unknown Switzerland," by Victor Tissot. New York: James Pott & Co.]

MERCY TO THE REDSKIN.

[From *Alice of Old Vincennes*, by Maurice Thompson. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co. Price \$1.50.]

Strangely enough it happened that, at the very time of this chat between Madame Rousillon and Rene, Alice was bandaging Long-Hair's wounded leg with strips of her apron. It was under some willows which overhung the bank of a narrow and shallow lagoon or slough, which in those days extended a mile or two back into the country on the farther side of the river.



THEY DISCOVERED LONG-HAIR, BADLY WOUNDED.

[From "*Alice of Old Vincennes*," by Maurice Thompson. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co. Copyright. Original in Colors.]

Alice and Jean went over in a pirogue to see if the water lilies, haunting a pond there, were yet beginning to bloom. They landed at a convenient spot some distance up the little lagoon, made the boat fast by dragging its prow high ashore, and were on the point of setting out across a neck of wet, grassy land to the pond, when a deep grunt, not unlike that of a self-satisfied pig, attracted them to the willows, where they discovered Long-Hair, badly wounded, weltering in some black mud.

His hiding-place was cunningly chosen, save that the mire troubled him, letting him down by slow degrees, and threatening to engulf him bodily; and he was now too weak to extricate himself. He lifted his head and glared. His face was grimy, his hair matted with mud. Alice, although brave enough and quite accustomed to startling experiences, uttered a cry when she saw those snaky eyes glistening so savagely amid the shadows. But Jean was quick to recognize Long-Hair; he had often seen him about town, a figure not to be forgotten.

"They've been hunting him everywhere," he said in a half whisper to Alice, clutching the skirt of her dress. "It's Long-Hair, the Indian who stole the brandy; I know him."

Alice recoiled a pace or two.

"Let's go back and tell 'em," Jean added, still whispering, "they want to kill him; Uncle Jazon said so. Come on!"

He gave her dress a jerk; but she did not move any farther back; she was looking at the blood oozing from a wound in the Indian's leg.

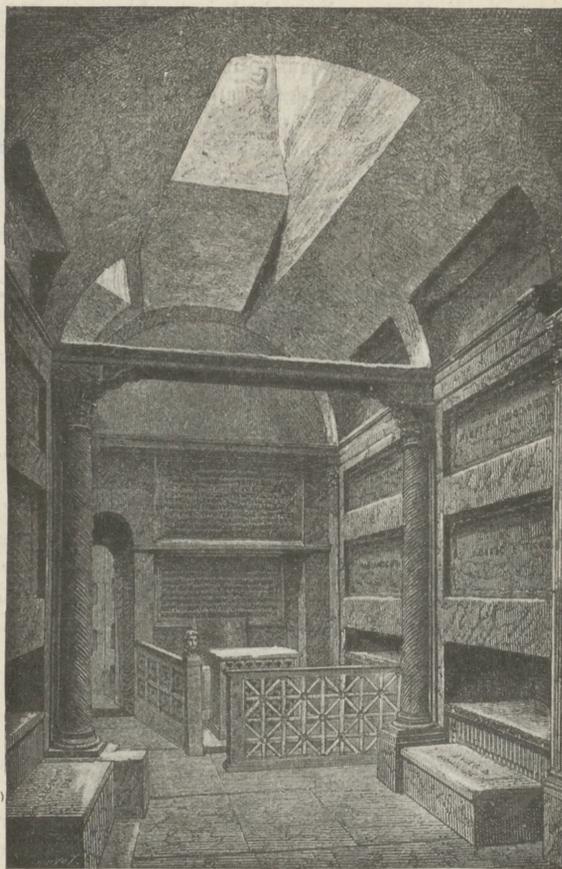
"He is shot, he is hurt, Jean, we must help him," she presently said, recovering her self-control, yet still pale. "We must get him out of that bad place."

Jean caught Alice's merciful spirit with sympathetic readiness, and showed immediate willingness to aid her.

It was a difficult thing to do; but there was a will and of course a way. They had knives with which they cut willows to make a standing place on the mud. While they were doing this they spoke friendly words to Long-Hair, who understood French a little, and at last they got hold of his arms, tugged, rested, tugged again, and finally managed to help him to a dry place, still under the willows, where he could lie more at ease. Jean carried water in his cap with which they washed the wound and the stolid savage face. Then Alice tore up her cotton apron, in which she had hoped to bear home a load of lilies, and with the strips bound the wound very neatly. It took a long time, during which the Indian remained silent and apparently quite indifferent.

The King's Message. A Story of the Catacombs. By the Author of "Our Family Ways," in collaboration with Grace Howard Peirce. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. Price, 50 cts. net.

This is a delightfully written book which under the guise of a story for young people presents a strong plea for Christianity, and brings to notice much of historical value. St. Stephen had among his followers who had taken refuge in the Catacombs (A. D. 250) a Christian martyr named Hippolytus. His sister Paulina and her husband Adrius, at that time both pagans, knew the secret of his retreat, but supplied him with food by means of their two children, a boy and a girl, who repaired to their uncle's hiding place at stated times with a basket of provisions. Hippolytus sorrowing over the heathen darkness of his relatives, detained the children, thinking the parents would seek their children; which they did, and in this manner he was able to place before them the claims of the Christian faith. Under his instruction the children and the parents were



CHAPEL OF THE POPES, THE CATACOMBS.

[From "*The King's Message*," Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co.]

baptized and all subsequently suffered martyrdom after cruel sufferings.

The story gives a clear picture of life in the Catacombs and the death of martyrs—

"A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid.

* * * * *

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

In this short paper it will be impossible to give any satis-

factory idea of this beautiful story, but those who love children, as every brave man always does, must enjoy the narration. It contains through its course a golden thread of the story of the life of the Redeemer and its most interesting feature to many adults will be the capability of affording *solace to those in bereavement*. It is in this usefulness a gift which those in sorrow can appreciate! From page to page it breathes sweet hope, and in spite of pathetic incidents which *almost* move to tears one puts down this little volume refreshed, comforted, stronger in the old Faith as it was, and is, and evermore shall be, in Jesus. Three thoughts we *must* mention.

Hippolytus is telling the children of the King's Country and says:

"We know that it is a very beautiful country, more beautiful than we can imagine, and everyone there is perfectly happy. There is no *sickness there, or pain or sorrow, or trouble of any kind.*"

And in the death of the Christian maid Gracilla the friend and playmate of the children, reference is made to "the *majesty* of death that awed her, and which she had never seen before."

"Gracilla a Neophyte (new convert)
She lived ten years and thirty days;
She sleeps in peace."

Such is the epitaph and in perfect keeping with the traditions of the Catacombs where the word "*Pace*" is the *eternal* theme. Away from the fierce world peace reigns, emblematic of the peace *above*. "Above," the martyr teaches, "*must* be heaven, for when the King spoke of His home *He always looked up!*"

The story of the angels and their missions is very expressive. Hippolytus is telling them of "the angels sustaining the martyrs in their sufferings," and adds: "When He Himself was on earth they (the heavenly angels) came to minister to *Him*, and now He sends them to us to help us bear our pain, when we ask Him for aid."

The sign of the Cross and its general use amongst Christians and our blessed privilege to use it *when we will* is related in a delightful manner.

These few lines of praise are willingly offered, for the little book *has a mission* and deserves to be well known. The illustrations of the wonderful catacombs are excellent and the publishers' work makes it worthy of being used as a gift.

Would that in this world of pain and sorrow more of such lessons could be brought to us to fill us with hope in Christ and with gratitude that we may enjoy the sublime legacy our dear Mother Church has bequeathed to us. "*In the King's name*" we heartily commend it. W. THORNTON PARKER, M.D.

THE DEATH OF BILL FRANK.

[From *With Hoops of Steel*, by Florence Finch Kelly. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co.]

They turned to retrace their steps, their faces eager and alert and their feet quickening beneath them, when through the silence came the dull, faraway thud of a pistol shot. It was behind them and seemed to come from the canyon toward which they had been walking. With one glance at each other they drew their pistols and ran toward its head. They clambered over the boulders and, with reckless leaps and swings, let themselves down to its floor. Pausing only a moment to reconnoitre, they hurried down the gulch, casting quick glances all about them for the first sign of a living being. After a little they stopped and listened intently, each holding a cocked revolver, but not the faintest sound broke the midday stillness.

"Do you reckon it was in this canyon?" said Tom in a hoarse whisper.

"Got to be," Nick replied, poking out his lower jaw. "We've been sniffing the trail long enough. We'll give them a bait now."

He raised his revolver to shoot into the air, but even before his finger touched the trigger, a pistol shot resounded from down the canyon and its echoes rolled and rumbled between the walls. An instant later they saw the smoke curling upward and dissolving in the still, clear air, perhaps half way toward the canyon's mouth. But they could see no sign of man, nor of any moving thing in its vicinity. They hurried on, cautiously watching the walls and the canyon in front of them, and now and then turning for a quick backward glance, to guard against attack in the rear. As they neared the point from which the smoke had risen, they saw that one of the narrow, deep chasms in the mountain side opened there, with a wide gaping mouth, into the canyon. A mound of debris was heaped in front. Stepping softly, they peered around the pile of rocks and saw, lying in the mouth of the chasm, a man with a revolver gripped in his right hand. Blood stained his clothing and ran out over the rocks and sand. He was a tall man with a short, bushy, iron-gray beard covering his face. Tuttle and Ellhorn covered him with their revolvers and walked to his side. He put up a feeble, protesting hand.



From "*With Hoops of Steel*." Copyright 1900—The Bowen-Merrill Co.

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, STRANGERS. YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ME. I'LL BE DEAD IN TEN MINUTES."

Original in Colors.

"It's all right, strangers. You've nothing to fear from me. I'll be dead in ten minutes."

"Who killed you?"

"Was it the two ornery scrubs we're after?"

"I've put the last shot in myself. If you'd been half an hour earlier I might have had a chance."

"What's the matter? What's happened? Tom, give him a drink out of the flask."

"No, give me water," said the man. "I emptied my canteen this morning."

Nick lifted his head and Tom held their canteen to his lips. He drank deeply, and as he lay down again he looked at Tom curiously.

"Two days ago I had a fight with two men, and I've been lying here ever since. They did me up, so that I knew I'd got to die if no help came. And I knew that was just about as likely as a snowstorm, but I couldn't help bankin' on the possibility. So I laid here two days and threw rocks at the coyote that came and sat on that heap of stones and waited for me to die. This morning I drank the last of the water and I said to myself that if nobody came by the time the sun was straight above that peak yonder I'd put a bullet into my heart. I had two left, and I used one on the coyote that had been a-settin' on that rock watchin' me the whole morning. I was bound he shouldn't pick my bones, he'd been so sassy and so sure about it. You'll find his carcass down the canyon a ways. That tired my arm and I waited and rested a spell before I tried it on myself. But I was weaker than I thought and I couldn't hold the gun steady, and the bullet didn't go where I meant it to. But I'm bleedin' to death."

THE ARMED PATROON.

[From *Patroon Van Volkenberg. A Tale of Old Manhattan in the Year 1690*, By Henry Thew Stephenson. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co. Price, \$1.50.

When I came to myself in the water I was in full possession of my wits though I did not recognize where I was. I had wandered into a narrow lake whose cold water had chilled me into consciousness. I waded back to the shore and set out along the ribbon of pebbly beach, hoping to find a path. The trees were close together, overhanging a steep bank. By this time I must have been abroad in the woods for some hours, for it had now become dark and the moon was up. It was not long before I discovered an ascending footpath, very narrow, and cut in steps up the bank. From the top of the cliff to which this path led, the ground sloped gently through the woods toward the north. The trees became more and more thinly scattered as I went forward. Soon I was aware of a reddish glow



From "Patroon Van Volkenberg." Copyright 1900, Bowen-Merrill.
THE MIDNIGHT DRILL
Original in Colors.

in the branches ahead of me. As I drew near, the light became brighter and flickered like a fire. Sharp sounds of clanking metal fell upon my ears and, from time to time, a quick word or two of command in a ringing voice.

Twenty steps farther brought me to where I could see the source of the light and sound. The woodland ended at a level, grassy plain that extended a quarter of a mile towards a towered building, a huge pile of shadows and dim walls. At regular intervals before it were planted burning cressets. They were arranged in a large square on the lawn so as to send their vagrant lights and shadows dancing over its gloomy walls. A company of men stood motionless within the square of torches, like troops in regular order. Suddenly another sharp word of command broke the stillness. A sparkling flash from every man showed, what I had not noticed before, that each man was armed with a sword. I looked close for the commander; but not till he spoke a second time could I make out his position on a terrace in front of the house. I started violently when my eyes fell upon him. The leader of this band of troopers was Kilian Van Volkenberg. I had come upon the Red Band at

drill in the dark woods at night. "The patroon and his Red Band will ruin this city yet," the dominie had said to me. A hundred or more of his armed men were now before me. Surely this was a dangerous gathering! They were well armed and perfectly drilled like the regular soldiers of the King. The host at Gravesoon had spoken of Van Volkenberg as the Armed Patroon. Now I understood the meaning of the term, though I did not know till later that he was the only patroon in New York who had organized his retainers into a regular military band. No wonder the authorities looked askance upon this new departure in the province, and feared a serious clash between him and the governor. How just these fears were will soon become apparent; but at that time I was so ignorant of affairs that I thought this company—so suggestive of European customs—quite an ordinary sight.

While I stood in the shadow of the trees, gazing upon this troop of soldiers, a woman came out of the house upon the platform. Though I could not see her face at first because of the shadow where she stood, most of her body was in the compass of the light. She was dressed in white and, like me, watching the drilling of the Red Band. After ten minutes had elapsed, she stepped forward and touched the patroon upon the arm. When the light fell upon her face I was startled into a cry of recognition that would have betrayed my presence had the troopers been alert for signs of intrusion. She was the woman who had appeared to me in my dream.

THE YOUNG ALFRED.

[From *In the Days of Alfred the Great*, by Eva March Tappan, Ph.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.00.]

As she sat in sadness and anxiety, the little prince climbed upon her knee, and said:

"Mother, won't you tell me a story? Hilda used to."

"My fear shall not make my child sad," she thought, and she said:

"Yes, I will tell you a story, and I will show you a story, too." And she called one of her women.

"Go to the carved oaken chest in the southeast corner of the treasure room, and bring me the manuscript that is wrapped in blue silken cloth."

The manuscript was brought, and the child watched with the deepest interest while the queen carefully unfolded the silken wrapping. She took out a parchment that was protected



"WHAT IS IT, MOTHER?" HE CRIED.

[From "In the Days of Alfred the Great," by Eva March Tappan. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (Reduced.) Copyright.]

by a white leather covering. At the corners were bits of gold filigree work, and in the filigree was traced in enamel, in one corner the head of a lion, in the second that of a calf, in the third a man's face, and in the fourth a flying eagle. In the

center of the cover was a bright red stone that glowed in the light of the great wood fire.

Then the cover was thrown back, and there was a single piece of parchment. It was torn in one place and a little crumpled, and one corner had been scorched in the fire. It was covered with strange signs, most of them in black, but sometimes one was larger than the rest and painted in red, and blue, and green, and gold, in brighter, clearer colors than Alfred had ever seen in silk or in woolen.

"What is it, mother?" he cried. "Did the gods—the old ones—did they give it to you? and did they tell you how to make runes?"

"Hush," said his mother, looking half fearfully around and making the sign of the cross on the child's forehead. "There are no gods but our own, but there are evil spirits. This is a manuscript from Canterbury."

THE VISION OF HEBE.

[From *The Weird Orient*, by Henry Iliowizi. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.]

Once more Omeyya is alone in the dead of voiceless night, under cloud-obscured stars. He has been waiting since before the sun had withdrawn his last beam from the picturesque panorama afforded by the sight of the Western Mecca and its wealth of groves and gardens, spreading on the slopes of the valley through which flows the Wad-el-Jubar. Omeyya stood



"THERE SPRUNG, LIKE IRIS FROM THE CLOUDS, A SMILING HEBE."

[From "The Weird Orient," by Henry Iliowizi. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Copyright, 1900.]

on the height crowned by Mulai Ismael's bastion; whence the view of Fez is as perfect as that of the palace grounds. As night closed over the city and the green tops of Mulai Edris—the famous mosque, striking because of its all-overtopping golden globe,—faded in deepening twilight, Omeyya heard the nightingale at her best, and his soul was well attuned for the amorous cadence. Now the crescent soared in relief on heaven's mystic tapestry, but a later hour was to evolve the vision of Egypt's mystery. At the right moment the potency of Omeyya's rod raised up the bird. Over court and palace broke a white radiance, and in its core hung the heron on wing in mid-heaven.

"Bird of Osiris, worship of Heliopolis! by the invisible

masters who fashioned thee, demand to let me behold her whom destiny has decreed to be my consort!"

Omeyya was frightened on seeing the phoenix fade, as if offended by his command; but in its stead there sprang, like Iris from the clouds, a smiling Hebe; back of her rose in imperial majesty Muley Zidan and his foremost Sultana.—"Hamdillah!" cried Omeyya, falling on his face to praise Allah, "the most merciful, the King of the Day of Judgment!" When he arose there were the stars above him and the silvery crescent, while the valley of the River of Pearls rang with the trill of a thousand nightingales.

LONDON VIEWED FROM AN OMNIBUS,

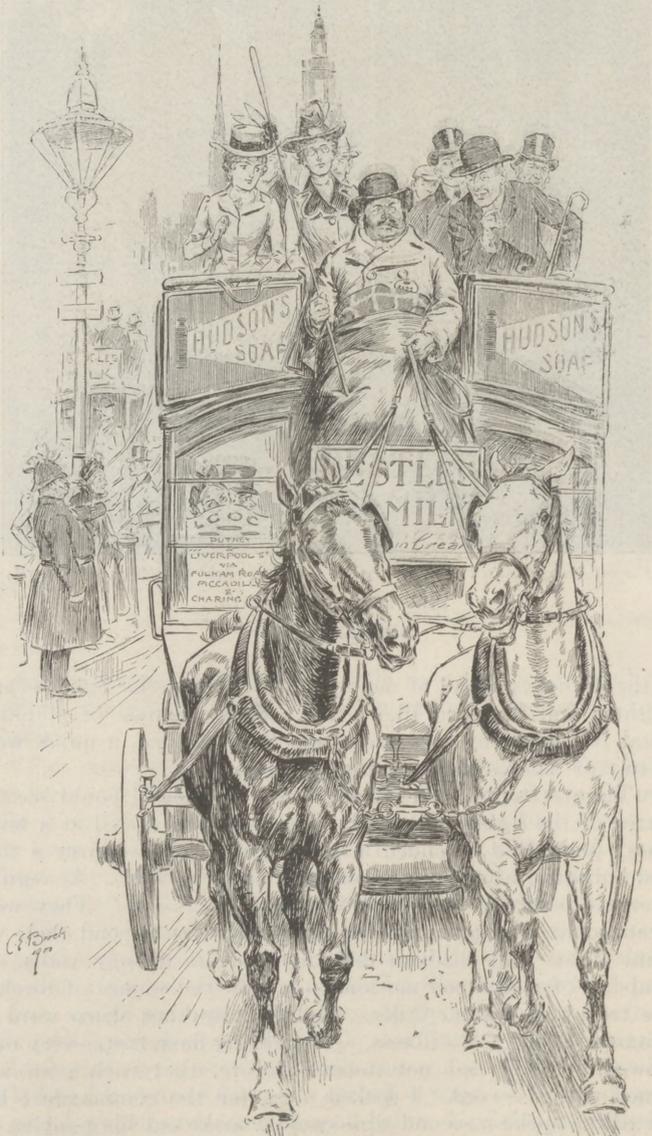
[From *Penelope's English Experiences*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

If one really wants to know London, one must live there for years and years.

This sounds like a reasonable and sensible statement, yet the moment it is made I retract it, as quite misleading and altogether too general.

We have a charming English friend who has not been to the tower since he was a small boy, and begs us to conduct him there on the very next Saturday. Another has not seen Westminster Abbey for fifteen years, because he attends church at St. Dunstan's-in-the-East. Another says that he should like to have us "read up" London in the red-covered *Baedeker*, and then show it to him, properly and systematically. Another, a flower of nobility, confesses that he never mounted the top of an omnibus in the evening for the sake of seeing London after dark, but that he thinks it would be rather jolly, and that he will join us in such a democratic journey at any time we like.

We think we get a kind of vague apprehension of what London means from the top of a 'bus better than anywhere else, and this vague apprehension is as much as the thoughtful or imaginative observer will ever arrive at in a life time. It is too stupendous to be comprehended. The mind is dazed by its dis-



TUPPENNY TRAVELS.

[From "Penelope's English Experiences," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Copyright.]

tances, confused by its contrasts; tossed from the spectacle of its wealth to the contemplation of its poverty, the brilliancy of its extravagancies to the stolidity of its miseries; the luxuries that blossom in Mayfair to the brutalities that blossom in Whitechapel.

We sometimes set out on a fine morning, Salemina and I, and travel twenty miles in the day, although we have to double our two-penny fee several times to accomplish that distance.

We never know whither we are going, and indeed it is not a matter of great moment (I mean to a woman) where everything is new and strange, and where the driver, if one is fortunate enough to be on a front seat, tells one everything of interest along the way, and instructs one regarding a different route back into town.

We have our favorite 'buses, of course; but when one appears, and we jump on while it is still in motion, as the conductor seems to prefer, and pull ourselves up the corkscrew stairway,—not a simple matter in the garments of sophistication,—we have little time to observe more than the color of the lumbering vehicle.

We like the Cadbury's Cocoa 'bus very much; it takes you by St. Mary-le-Strand, Bow-Bells, the Temple, Mansion House, St. Paul's, and the Bank.

If you want to go and lunch, or dine frugally, at the Cheshire Cheese, eat black pudding and drink pale ale, sit in Dr. Johnson's old seat, and put your head against the exact spot on the wall where his rested,—although the traces of this form of worship are all too apparent,—then you jump on a Lipton's Tea 'bus, and are deposited at the very door. All is novel, and all is interesting, whether it be the crowded streets of the East End traversed by the Davies' Pea-fed Bacon 'buses, or whether you ride to the very outskirts of London, through green fields and hedgerows, by the Ridge's Food or Nestlé's Milk route.



"THEY TOLD AARON SOMETHING."

[From "Tommy and Grizel," by J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1900. Reduced.]

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY FINDS A WIFE.

[From *Tommy and Grizel*, by J. M. Barrie. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.]

"Ay," replied the old man, bitterly, "you're dull in the up-tak when you like! I dinna ken, I suppose, and you dinna ken, that if you had the least dread o' her taking him you would be into that room full bend to stop it, but you're so sure o' her, you're so mighty sure that you can sit and lauch instead."

"Am I laughing, Aaron? If you but knew, Elspeth's marriage would be a far more joyful thing to me than it could ever be to you."

The old warper laughed unpleasantly at that. "And I'se uphand," he said, "you're none sure but what she'll tak him! You're no as sure she'll refuse him as that there's a sun in the heaven and I'm a broken man."

For a moment, sympathy nigh compelled Tommy to say a hopeful thing, but he mastered himself. "It would be a weakness," was what he did say, "to pretend that there is any hope."

Aaron gave him an ugly look, and was about to leave the house, but Tommy would not have it. "If one of us must go, Aaron," he said, with much gentleness, "let it be me," and he went out, passing the parlor door softly, so that he might not disturb poor David. The warper sat on by the fire, his head sunk miserably in his shoulders; the vehemence had passed out of him; you would have hesitated to believe that such a listless, shrunken man could have been vehement that same year. It is a hardy proof of his faith in Tommy that he did not even think it worth while to look up, when by and by the parlor door opened and the doctor came in for his hat. Elspeth was with him.

They told Aaron something.

It lifted him off his feet and bore him out at the door. When he made up on himself he knew he was searching everywhere for Tommy. A terror seized him, lest he should not be the first to convey the news.

Had he been left a fortune? neighbors asked, amazed at this unwonted sight, and he replied, as he ran, "I have, and I want to share it wi' him!"

It was his only joke. People came to their doors to see Aaron Latta laughing.

Elspeth was to be his wife! David had carried the wondrous promise straight to Grizel, and now he was gone, and she was alone again.

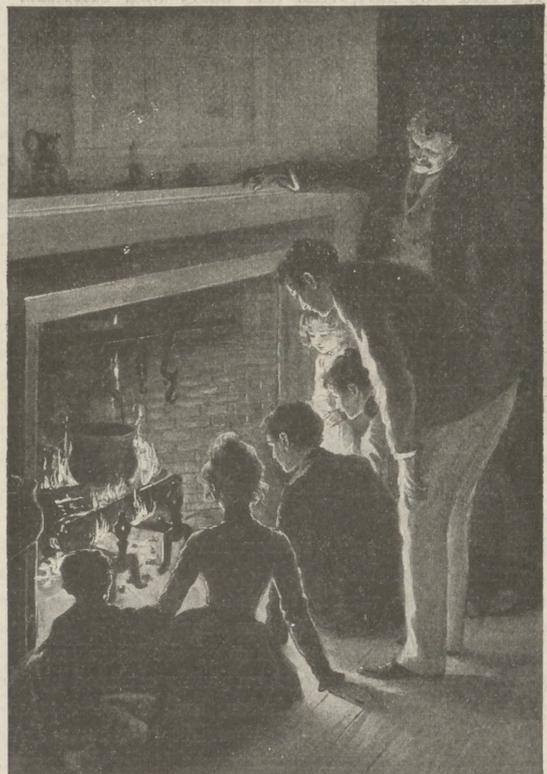
HALLOWE'EN SPORTS.

[From *Myths and Fables of To-day*, by S. A. Drake. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.50.]

All charms of this nature are supposed to possess peculiar power if tried on St. Valentine's day, Christmas Eve, or Hallowe'en. Curious it is that on a day dedicated to All the Saints in the Calendar, evil spirits, fairies, and the like are supposed to be holding a sort of magic revel unchecked, or that they should be thought to be better disposed to gratify the desires of inquisitive mortals on this day than on another. At any rate, calendar or no calendar, St. Matrimony is the patron saint of Hallowe'en.

Among the many methods of divination employed, a favorite one was to drop melted lead into a bowl of water, though any

(Continued on Page 102.)



HALLOWE'EN.

[From "Myths and Fables of To-day," by S. A. Drake. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (Reduced.) Copyright.]

Editorials and Comments

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AMERICAN FICTION—A FAVORABLE SIGN.

ONE of the hopeful signs of the progress of the American people in a refining culture is to be observed in the character of the popular fiction of the day. It is not too much to say that even fifteen years ago it would have been impossible for an American writer of fiction to have received the hearing which a number of authors of "first books" have received within the past two or three years. We were indeed producing fiction, and producing it on a large scale. We had not forgotten our early and brilliant heritage which Cooper, Hawthorne, and Harriet Beecher Stowe had left us. If Scott was the father of the modern novel, his genius was fully inherited by his son in the craft, James Fenimore Cooper, whose services to the early America are similar to those of Scott to Scotland. Hawthorne wrote with a style more truly his own, perhaps, than did Cooper, whose indebtedness to Scott is everywhere evident; while Mrs. Stowe, whose novels "with a purpose" made an epoch in American literature, applied herself to the living present for her theme, rather than to the past.

But without underrating our novelists of the seventies and eighties, it is not too much to say that their work did not approach to the high dignity of the national classic. If Howells succeeded—as certainly he did—in whiling away many happy hours, he did not, yet, succeed to the high standard of the masters. Marion Crawford, whom Americans love to claim as their own, wrote undoubted masterpieces when he wrote of his beloved Italy, but failed almost pathetically when he wrote on American themes.

Indeed there was some reason for the comparative failure of the American novel of those days. We were satiated with cheap reprints of the wholly transitory successes of the day in England. The absence of an international copyright law in this country was an effectual preventive of the large success of any American novelist. The protection justly claimed by the American printer, the American binder, and the American paper maker, was long denied to the American author. Indeed this protection to the American artisan was itself a discrimination against the American author. Cheap editions—cheap from every point of view—of English stories of high life, generally intended for consumption in low life, flourished at bargain prices which defied the competition on the one hand of the

manufacturer of workmanlike books, and on the other, of the American author, who could not expect a fair return for his labor in the way of royalties, in competition with reprints of English works to which no royalty liabilities were attached. The popular mind saw in the begged-for international copyright, only an act to make books more expensive, for the sole benefit of the English authors. They did not see that the conditions of the day were steadily preventing the formation of a purely American literature. They did not see that whereas the English author was only indirectly injured, the American author was being driven from the field.

THE PASSAGE of the American International Copyright Law was a Declaration of Literary Independence on the part of the American people. It did not indeed contract the supply of cheap reprints of books already in the English markets. Consequently it was impossible that the beneficial effects of the law should appear for some years after its passage. So long as the public was satisfied with the lists of titles then available, that long would it be impossible for American authors to achieve large successes. That day was, however, destined to pass away; for the public taste ever craves something new.

Then it was that the American novel really became a possibility. The demand for cheapness as the first requisite had resulted in the production of shoddy volumes which disgusted people of refinement. It produced a reaction. To-day the demand of the public is for *the best*. The successful books of the past two or three years have all been comparatively expensive books. They have been books on which the publishers have endeavored to make *worth* rather than cheapness the prime recommendation.

And the new novel became essentially American. It was not a re-hash of Old World characters in settings of castles and coronets. In one phase it dealt with the humdrum life of the American people, choosing its characters, like *David Harum* and the creatures of Miss Wilkins, of Thomas Nelson Page, and of others like them, from the most homely and unexpected sources. Much of the success of *David Harum* was no doubt due to the fact that while character studies had been discovered in out-of-the-way portions of the country—the "Great Smoky mountains," the farms of New England, the plantations of the South, among the Creoles of Louisiana and the prospectors of the Rockies; while American society life as lived by the elect alone in the cities, as well as the low life of the tenements and the wharves, had received ample attention from author after author; it was reserved for Mr. Westcott alone to see the possibilities presented by the ordinary plodding citizen, who is neither of the "four hundred" nor of the "submerged tenth," and whose life is the life of the average man of the ordinary smaller city of this country.

Another phase of the new novel in which also it showed its national character was the seizing of events of American history as its themes. It is not too much to say that English history was far more familiar to the average American of twenty years ago, than was American history. Thackeray indeed had shown the possibilities of American colonial and early national history; but he had had almost no followers, largely no doubt because of the discouragement which attached to the American author. If it could justly be charged that English readers would not read American books, and that English reviewers were unfair to them, it might easily have been replied that American readers were even more unfair. The American novelist would indeed have ceased to exist if it had not been for the encouragement extended to him by the magazines. And when sometime American Literary History is written correctly, it will appear that the service rendered by the monasteries to the cause of letters in England during the so-called Dark Ages, has been reproduced in the cause of American fiction for a quarter of a century, by the *Century* and *Harper's* most conspicuously, and latterly by *Scribner's* and a few other magazines.

Who is there to-day that is not more intelligent as to affairs of early American history than he was before *Richard Carvel* and *Janice Meredith* became household names? It may be true

as Chaplain Royce pointed out in *THE LIVING CHURCH*, that the Paul Jones of *Richard Carvel* is but a caricature; but it has at any rate stimulated the interest of the public in the real Paul Jones, and it is quite likely that the cordial reception so lately accorded to Mr. Buell's two-volume work on *Paul Jones* would have been impossible before Mr. Churchill had first awakened the public interest in the character. The American people had wholly forgotten that Paul Jones was, as Mr. Buell so accurately defines him, the "Founder of the American Navy."

The rise of the new American novel has immeasurably increased the number of novel readers. No longer does the paper covered trash satisfy the demand. It is most hopeful, also, to observe that for the most part, the successful novels of the day are conspicuously pure and free alike from grossness and from irreligion. There are indeed exceptions. It is unfortunate that religion should be so caricatured in *The Reign of Law*, even though perhaps it was not so intended by Mr. Allen. There are also current novels, such as Mr. Grant's *Unleavened Bread*, in which unfaithfulness to the marriage vow is unpleasantly obtrusive. But in neither of these instances, nor in the fiction of the day as a whole, is there the open contempt for religion or for morality which has characterized a large part of continental European fiction, and only too much of that of England. Even such *fin de siècle* moderns as Mrs. Humphrey Ward on the one hand and Count Tolstoi or M. Zola on the other, have no conspicuous disciples among American novelists of to-day.

Certainly the influence of current fiction on public manners and public morals was never more helpful than at the present time; while the perfecting of the art of illustration, seen in the exquisite half tones from wash drawings or from photographs, the artistic pen-and-ink sketches, and particularly the artistic color work which some of the new volumes of fiction portray, as notably *Patroon Van Volkenberg*, *With Hoops of Steel*, and *The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock*, make delightful as works of art, those accompaniments to the text itself.

IN A RECENT ISSUE of the *New York World*, in an article on "Babists," a new Oriental sect, the statement was made that Miss Lillian Whiting, the author of *The World Beautiful*, is a believer in "Babism," and one of the latest to return from Syria. We are informed by the publishers of Miss Whiting's books, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., that this assertion is absolutely unfounded. Miss Whiting had never even heard the name of "Babism" until her return from Paris, and she has never been to Egypt or Syria, but divided last winter between Rome and Florence. She was born and bred a Churchwoman and is not likely to become anything else.

USE your influence," said the Russian Bishop Tikhon at the consecration of Bishop Weller, "to have the opening service of General Convention at San Francisco, modelled on the lines of this service to-day. It will have great weight with the Holy Synod of Russia."

Oh for a statesmanship in this Church broad enough to rise above petty considerations and to mould the official functions of the whole Church on those lines which our Catholic heritage would suggest as appropriate! The function at Fond du Lac was one that was perfectly loyal to the Book of Common Prayer and to the best Catholic tradition. Certainly if there had been "Romeward" tendencies—if it had "aped" Rome—no one would have perceived it so quickly as the Russian Bishop, for nowhere is there greater bitterness against Rome and against all that pertains to the Roman system, than throughout the Eastern communion. If the service had impressed the Rt. Rev. prelate as *Roman* in tendency he would undoubtedly have resented being drawn into it. When, therefore, he expressed his delight with the function, and his desire in the interest of Catholic unity that it should be the model for the opening service of General Convention, is it not clear that our own popular Romophobia as applied to such a function is but the narrowest prejudice? We who are so prone to charge narrow insularity against Englishmen in general: may we not perhaps be suffering ourselves from beam-in-the-eye?

Loyalty to the Prayer Book, loyalty to Anglican tradition, loyalty to our Catholic heritage of nineteen centuries, breadth and sympathy with respect to Catholic customs; these should be the foundation principles on which our great public functions are based. In our ordinary parish services it would be folly to

overlook the prejudices and narrowness of parishioners, or to attempt services that would be beyond the intellectual or spiritual level of the common people; but in our extra-parochial, official functions, which are beheld and criticised by the whole Catholic world, which hears our high professions and cannot fail to see that we sometimes fail to put them into practice, there is no reason why the splendor of intelligent Catholic worship should not round out and expand the grandeur of our offices as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer.

IN THE issue for next week will begin a new series of Helps on the Sunday School Lessons, which will be prepared by the Rev. Edward William Worthington, rector of Grace Church, Cleveland, Ohio, who, it will be remembered, was the author of the excellent series of papers on the Holy Eucharist which appeared in *THE LIVING CHURCH* in the early autumn. The subject of the course to be taken up at that time, in accordance with the plan of the Joint Diocesan Series, is "The Words of the Lord Jesus as found in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. T.—Your question whether "before the coming of St. Augustine there was an established English Church" seems to overlook the fact that at that time there was not an established English nation, and that the term "established" as commonly used in England to-day could not apply until there was an English nation. Before the conquest of the British Isles by the hordes of English, there were a considerable number of Christians among the native British, and at least from the time of the early Fourth Century, possibly even from the latter part of the Third Century, there were Bishops among the British. The line, however, seems not to have been perpetuated, and so far as known, the present English episcopate does not even indirectly trace its orders to these early British Bishops. The ancient British Church was altogether distinct from the Church afterward founded among the English, and also distinct from the Celtic Church of Ireland and Scotland. It is probable that these three early forms of Christianity in the British Isles—the early British and the Irish and Scottish Celtic—were themselves missions tracing their orders to Rome, although this has been violently contested. The whole history of the British and Celtic Churches abounds with legend and it is impossible to say how much dependence can be placed upon it. Happily the apostolic succession of the present Church of England and its offshoots does not at all depend upon any such questions, which are of purely archaeological interest.

A BISHOP WITHOUT A DIOCESE.

IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD in Westborough, Mass., is the following curious epitaph over the remains of the venerable Rev. Dr. Parkman:

Here lies deposited the mortal part of that man of God, the Rev. Ebenezer Parkman, who was born Sept. 5th, 1703, *ordained the first Bishop of the Church* (italics ours) in Westborough October 28, 1724, and died on the 9th of December, 1782, having completed the 79th year of his age on Sept. 16th and the 58th year of his ministry on November 8th preceding. He was formed by nature and education to be an able minister of the New Testament and obtained grace to be eminently faithful in the work of the Lord. He was a firm friend to the faith, order and Constitution of the New England Churches. He was a learned, pious, good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and faith unfeigned and St. Paul's description of a Scripture Bishop being "blameless, vigilant, sober and of good behaviour, given to hospitality, Apt To Teach." Be thou faithful unto the death and I will give thee a crown of life, says Christ.

A SOUND MIND is sanctified common sense, a wisdom that preserves an even balance, heaven's gift to the humble heart that will not shut out divine direction, nor clothe itself in the chain-armor of self-conceit, and that habitually rises to the height of believing that wisdom will come liberally to him that asks it of God. It is not the product of experience, nor the science of old laws and maxims, nor is it based upon the counsels of natural Solons, but it is from above, (*another*): It can say with Him who gives it, "I am from above," but never accomplishes its best in us until we differentiate it from, and keep it from being overinvolved in, natural wisdom. As long as the natural man survives will nature be active and aggressive, and hence wisdom lies in the cultivation of the gracious power of discerning between that which comes from self and that which comes from above, which discernment presupposes love, humility, and prayer. It is a spiritual education to acquire it, but how glorious, for it is the moving upon the great deep of the will of the brooding Spirit of God, made practicable by the love of God, and pointing out what ought to be done and giving strength to do it! Wisdom is charity in action, and is therefore a real guide and counsellor.

It is a prudence, a calm and dispassionate equipoise, a gravity of vision, which is imparted by those who possess it to those who need it, not always by words; but always by example, by the general tenor of conduct and the lucidity of motive, by unconscious influence and undesigned actions.—*The Bishop of Chicago.*

HALLOWE'EN SPORTS.

(Continued from Page 99.)

other sort of vessel would do as well, and whatever form the lead might take would signify the occupation of your future husband. Or to go out of doors in the dark, with a ball of yarn, and unwind it until some one should begin winding at the unwound end. At this trial, the expected often happened, as the enamored swain would seldom fail to be on watch for his sweetheart to appear. So also the white of an egg dropped in water, and set in the sun, was supposed to take on the form of some object, such as a ship under full sail, indicating that your husband would be a sailor.

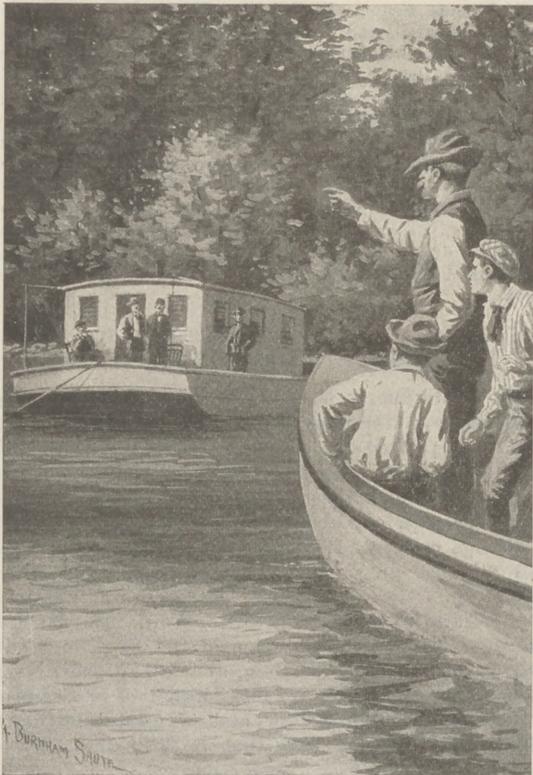
Burning the nuts is perhaps the most popular mode of trying conclusions with fate, as it certainly is the most mirth provoking. On this interesting occasion, lads and lassies arrange themselves in a circle before a blazing wood fire, on the hearth. Nuts are produced. Each person, after naming his or her nut, puts it upon the glowing coals, with the unspoken invocation:—

"If he loves me, pop and fly,
If he hates me, live and die."

A MISSING HOUSE-BOAT.

[From *The House-Boat on the St. Lawrence*, by Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.50.]

As the afternoon wore on, it began to seem as if Jed had indeed been correct in his opinion. Camp after camp was passed, but not a word had been heard of the missing house-boat. The sun was low in the western sky, and the slowly returning skiffs, which could be seen making their way across the water, pro-



"WHAT YE DOIN' WITH OUR HOUSE-BOAT?"

[From "The House-Boat on the St. Lawrence," by E. T. Tomlinson. (Reduced.) Boston: Lee & Shepard. Copyright.]

claimed the fact that the night would soon come. Even the sturdy Ethan was convinced that the search for the present day must be abandoned, and he was about to suggest a return to the hotel, when he and all the company were startled by a shout from Jock.

"There she is! She's right over there in that little cove!"

Glancing quickly in the direction indicated by the exultant lad, all could see the outlines of the house-boat, though apparently it had been intentionally concealed behind some low cedars that grew along the shore.

Instantly the yacht started toward the place, but the sight of four or five men on the deck of the house-boat threatened to complicate matters, and present a new and unwelcome aspect to the problem.

"What ye doin' with our house-boat?" called Jed, excitedly, as the yacht drew near the place they were seeking.

"Your house-boat?" responded one of the men, glumly. "How do we know it's yours any more than it's ours? Just prove your right to it, will you?"

"It's just as I told you," remarked Jed in a lower tone to the boys. "Ye see they don't mean to give it up at all."

A brief conference, however, convinced the men that the party was indeed the one to whom the house-boat rightfully belonged; and despite the words of the boatman, it was at once evident that they were not planning to make any claim to ownership. They told how they had seen the strange craft swept toward them while they were fishing near the shore, and its peculiar antics, as well as the apparent absence of any one on board, had induced them to make investigations of their own. When they had discovered that to all appearances it had been abandoned by its owners, and was being borne onward to certain destruction, they had not hesitated to take it in charge, and had towed it into the sheltered place where it had been discovered by its rightful owners.

They now were very willing to turn it over, and in response to Jock's invitation, decided to remain on board and share the evening meal with the party. A bill which Jock slipped into the hands of the one who appeared to be the leader assisted in strengthening the bond of peace, and preparations for supper were at once begun.

A BAD LITTLE DARKEY.

[From *Stories from Dreamland*. New York: James Pott & Co. Price \$1.25. Copyright.]

"Is dat you, Jericho?"

"Yes, sah."

"What yo' doin' prognoscatin' 'round dis heah chicken-coop?"

"Yes, sah. Dat's jess what I sayin' to myse'f, sah: 'What yo' doin' heah, Jericho? I 'low yo' ain't got no 'scuse for bein' heah. You'se a bad little darkey, an' yo' bess mek yosef skearce befo' de Pahson ketch yo'.'"

Jericho, with all his wickedness, was the pet of the plantation, and his answer was delivered with so full a conviction of



"IS DAT YOU, JERICHO?"

[From "Stories from Dreamland." New York: James Pott & Co. Copyright.]

his own innocence that the Parson could not find it in his heart to use the switch which he held in his hand. Stealing chickens, however, was an abomination to Parson Thompson; and stealing his chickens was a crime for the condemnation of which even his well-furnished vocabulary could not afford sufficiently strong language. Jericho, therefore, would have fared ill had he been anyone else but Jericho. But somehow everyone loved this mischievous little darkey. His blissful smile, large, innocent eyes, and merry, affectionate ways atoned for many a prank and saved him many a flogging.

AT DIJON.

[From *A Little Tour in France*, by Henry James. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

The ancient palace of the dukes of Burgundy, long since converted into an *hôtel de ville*, presents to a wide, clean court, paved with washed-looking stones, and to a small semi-circular *place*, opposite, which looks as if it had tried to be symmetrical and had failed, a façade and two wings characterized by the stiffness, but not by the grand air, of the early part of the eighteenth century. It contains, however, a large and rich museum—a museum really worthy of a capital. The gem of



OLD STREET, DIJON.

[From "A Little Tour in France," by Henry James. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Copyright.]

this collection is the great banqueting-hall of the old palace, one of the few features of the place that has not been essentially altered. Of great height, roofed with the old beams and cornices, it exhibits, filling one end, a colossal gothic chimney-piece with a fireplace large enough to roast, not an ox, but a herd of oxen. In the middle of this striking hall, the walls of which are covered with objects more or less precious, have been placed the tombs of Philippe-le-Hardi and Jean-sans-Peur. These monuments, very splendid in their general effect, have a limited interest. The limitation comes from the fact that we see them to-day in a transplanted and mutilated condition. Placed originally in a church which has disappeared from the face of the earth, demolished and dispersed at the Revolution, they have been reconstructed and pieced together. The piecing has been beautifully done; it is covered with gilt and with brilliant paint; the whole result is most artistic. But the spell of the old mortuary figures is broken, and it will never work again. Meanwhile the monuments are immensely decorative.

I think the thing that pleased me best at Dijon was the little old Parc, a charming public garden, about a mile from the town, to which I walked by a long, straight autumnal avenue. It is a *jardin français* of the last century—a dear old place, with little blue-green perspectives and alleys and *rond-points*, in which everything balances. I went there late in the afternoon, without meeting a creature, though I had hoped I should meet the *Président de Bosses*. At the end of it was a little river that looked like a canal, and on the further bank

was an old-fashioned villa, close to the water, with a little French garden of its own. On the hither side was a bench, on which I seated myself, lingering a good while; for this was just the sort of place I like. It was the furthestmost point of my little tour. I thought that over, as I sat there, on the eve of taking the express to Paris; and as the light faded in the Parc the vision of some of the things I had enjoyed became more distinct.

THE NJEGO FINDS A MEAL.

[From *The World of the Great Forest*, by Paul du Chaillu. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Copyright.]

Now we will only follow the big njego, having lost track of his mate. He was in a pitiful state, and mad with starvation. It happened one day that he saw a spring where human beings came every day to get water. He scented their footprints, and his appetite then seemed to increase tenfold. He followed the scent, which led him to their village, and as he came near the scent seemed to him the most delicious and appetizing aroma he had ever smelled.

"I have never dared," said he, "to attack human beings before. I have always kept shy of them. But I am famished, and the country contains no prey, so that I shall die of starvation unless I eat one of them. So I must not be afraid."

The village was fenced, and that first night he did not dare



"HE WATCHED HER."

[From "The World of the Great Forest," by Paul du Chaillu. (Reduced.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright.]

to leap over the fence, for he was timid in spite of what he said to himself. Toward morning he hid in a thick part of the jungle close by the spring, and went to sleep on a cross branch of a tree. He was so hungry that after sunset he descended the tree, and lay in wait near the path leading to the spring, waiting for a human being to come. It was almost dark, and all the people had come to the spring to get water but one.

The njego's quick ear soon heard footsteps coming, and presently he saw a woman with a big water jar on her head walking in the path toward the spring. He watched her. While she was bending over the water, filling her jug, he made a tremendous leap and landed on her back, fastening his claws in her body, at the same time that his big jaws with their terrible teeth sank into her back.

The poor woman was so paralyzed by fear that she did not utter a single cry. The leopard carried her into the jungle and devoured her. The flesh of the woman tasted so good, and the blood he licked was so sweet, that the njego thought it was better than all the kambis or anything else he had ever eaten in his life before, and he said to himself; "Why did I not dare to kill these human beings before? They are harmless. This one did not fight. What a fool I have been."

HER LIVING TO EARN.

[From *Almost as Good as a Boy*, by Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.25.]

On Thursday Mr. McAllister was to go, not only to Oxford, but to two other towns, and would not be home until the evening.

"And that order for Howard & Co. must be packed so as to ship the first thing Friday morning. They want it Saturday noon. Afternoon and night is their great trading time. Sharp, now. Don't leave until every box is packed and directed. We're a little late on those browns, but you girls must hurry. Howard was mighty particular about that lot."

Howard & Co. were old customers who had strayed off, and returned by sending quite a large order, of which several kinds were wanted Saturday noon, if all could not be shipped. But they found all could be sent as well as not.

They were doing their best with that and some other work. Then Rose Farley, a pretty, bright girl, who was the best binder in the shop, opened the door to Bel's room.

"Miss McAllister," she said, "we want two more pieces of this binding. We'll be through in a little while. The very best quality."



"THE TWO GIRLS LOOKED AT EACH OTHER IN DISMAY."

[From *"Almost as Good as a Boy,"* by Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (Reduced.)

Mabel took down the box and tried to match the sample. They tumbled over the pieces.

"Did you give me all there was this morning? Oh, look in the remnant box."

Bel was a little perplexed. "Yes, I think I *did* give it all to you," she answered uncertainly.

There was none in the remnant box where they put stray pieces. The two girls looked at each other in dismay.

"Oh, Miss McAllister, we *must* have it!" said Rose. "Mr. McAllister will be so angry."

"Will nothing else do? Oh, here is some almost like it," cried Bel, eagerly.

"That's half cotton, Miss McAllister, and not for the nice work. Well, bring them out to Mrs. Layton."

That lady shook her head after examining them.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

[From *The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock*. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.]

I did not meet the old gentleman or see him again on the street for some little time. But one day as I turned into a new street, which had been cut through and built up recently, I saw a figure some distance ahead of me all muffled up and walking with the slow and painful steps of an old man.

When I was still about half a block from him his hat blew

off and was caught in a sudden gust of wind and whirled into the street.

He stepped slowly down after it, but before he could reach it a young girl, who had evidently seen him through a window, opened the door and ran down from one of the little new tidy houses on the opposite side, tripped out into the street and caught the truant hat and restored it to its owner. And then,



"SHE REACHED UP AND WRAPPED IT DEFTLY AROUND HIM HERSELF."

[From *"The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock,"* by Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. (Reduced. Original in Colors.) Copyright, 1900.]

as he attempted to wrap his comforter, which had become disarranged, more closely around his neck, she reached up and wrapped it deftly about him herself, tucking it in with great care, and, as he thanked her warmly,—which I could see even at a distance,—she turned, laughing, and tripped back across the street, her brown hair blown about her little head, and ran up the steps into her house, giving me just a glimpse of dainty ankles, which reminded me of Elizabeth Dale that sunny day so long ago.

I had recognized old Mr. Basham Miles at a distance as his hat blew off, but I did not recognize the young lady who had rendered him the kindly service. Indeed, I did not see her face. I was sure, however, that she was a stranger, for I knew every girl on the street, by sight at least.

The Vision of Christ. By the Rev. William Miller, Author of *The Transfigured Valley*. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, 50 cts.

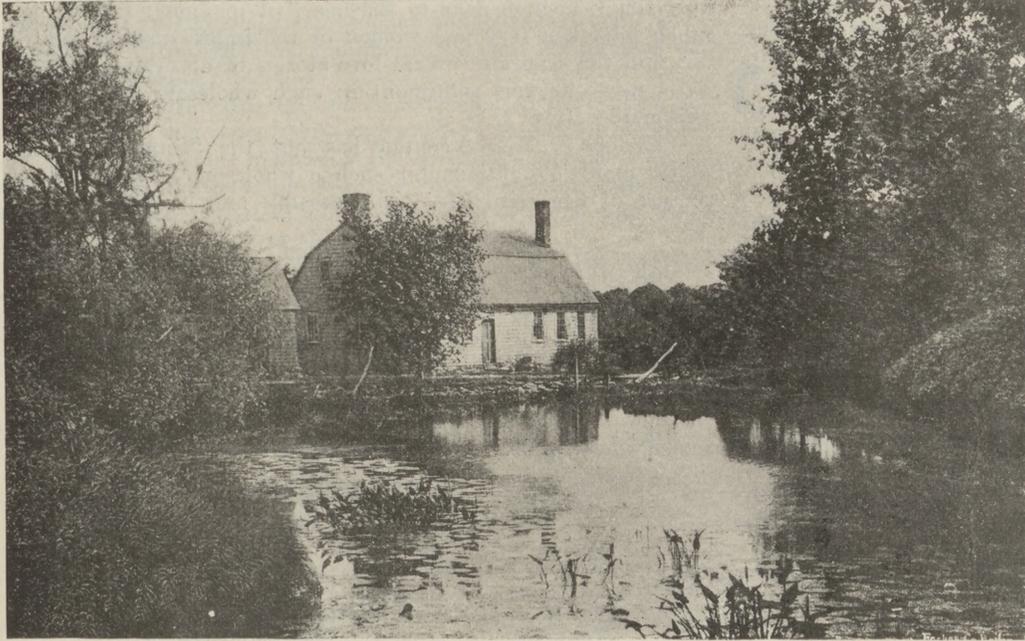
This is one of the numerous and attractive religious booklets published by the Revell Company. The author is a seer, a visionary in the true sense, and has seen the Vision of Christ, which he earnestly desires to impart to others. He shows how men long for God and Christ, and that we can and do by faith see Christ the King of glory ruling in His world. In consequence men and women are taken out of themselves, and filled with the love of God, so that they are able and strong enough to endure all hardship. Many apt stories and experiences serve to illustrate the truth and fix it in the hearts of his readers. The book is prettily gotten up, and would make a pleasant and helpful holiday gift.

Nutshell Musings. Quiet Moments with the Word of God. By Amos R. Wells, Author of *When Thou Hast Shut Thy Door*, etc. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Here is a delightful little book, one of a series of helpful meditations entitled *The Quiet Hour*. The author feels keenly that the rush and worry of our busy life is destructive of spirituality, and his hope is to induce Christian people to rest a moment and think on "things eternal." His lessons, drawn from texts little used, are put in a plain, straightforward manner, which will appeal to many people.

Old Wickford: the Venice of America. By Mrs. F. Burge Griswold, author of *The Bishop and Nannette* Series. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

This book is one that collectors of Americana will certainly wish to possess, and which will make a handsome gift book for anyone. The ancient village of Wickford, in Rhode Island, is not only a picturesque village to-day, but is one that has had a history, which is pleasantly narrated in these chapters.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF GILBERT STUART.

[From "Old Wickford," by Mrs. F. Burge Griswold. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. Copyright.]

Wickford was the birthplace of Gilbert Stuart, the eminent artist, and a handsome photographic reproduction of the humble dwelling which was his birthplace in the midst of the beautiful sylvan scenery which surrounds it, is one of the many attractive illustrations of the volume. Here also was born the second Bishop of Kansas, Dr. Thomas, of whom there is a fine portrait, as there are also portraits of a number of others. The history of the parish of St. Paul's at Wickford is well told and the illustrations include various views of the old church still standing, and also of the new and handsome edifice that has in late years been erected. There is a portrait of Bishop Griswold and of a number of old time clergymen connected with the parish, as also views and portraits of many persons and events familiar in the secular history.

The Real David Harum. The Wise Ways and Droll Sayings of one "Dave Hannum," of Homer, N. Y., the Original of the Hero of Mr. Westcott's Popular Book. By Arthur T. Vance. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

There should be no limit to the sale of this little book, for all who have read *David Harum* (and who has not?) will surely wish to read of the real David. Here we find a key to the characters and situations of that most popular work. There seems to be no question in the mind of the author, but that David Hannum, of Homer, N. Y., is the real David. And as we note the many points wherein the two Davids and their surroundings are so similar, we fully agree with him.

The first chapter, "A visit to the Homeville of David Harum," takes us to Homer, N. Y., where in the interviews with old friends of Hannum, new anecdotes and stories of the "Real David" are told. The Hon. John Rankin, of Binghamton, N. Y., who is supposed to be the original of "John Lennox," was intimately acquainted with Hannum; as they were interested in the same horses, he contributes several stories of "David Harum" style. There are several photographs of David Hannum taken at different periods of his life, also one of Mr. Rankin; the pictures of Hannum's bank and home, and the barn made famous by his clever horse trades, add interest to the work. As we read the last chapter, we wish there were more than one "Unpublished Chapter from David Harum."

A Merry Little Visit With Auntie. By Mary D. Brine. New York: American Tract Society. Price, 75 cts.

A pretty little book by a good author, Miss Brine's *Merry Little Visit* will prove very attractive to little children. It is

a vast improvement over some of the Tract Society's earlier children's stories, although it still offends in being "goody-goody."

Brownie. By Amy LeFeuvre, Author of *Probable Sons*, etc. New York: American Tract Society.

This is one of the books for children which will be equally attractive to the grown-ups. The author has been most happy in painting two perfectly natural children, in the imaginative Brownie with her never-failing resource and invention, and in her matter-of-fact brother who follows her lead in everything. There are impossible scenes and situations in the book, and an impossible child, in the tiny musician, Angelo; but even here, the author's charming style casts a glamour of reality upon what would otherwise seem over-drawn. The book has a moral lesson which is never out of sight, but which, unlike most moral lessons, is in itself an added attraction.

We could wish that the author's loving reverence had forbidden her using our Lord's human name so freely, though from the children's lips it does not sound unnatural.

Brownie's sweet face appears in marginal drawings on every page of the book, and several fine engravings add to the general attractiveness of thoroughly good

literature. It can hardly fail to be prominent in juvenile

Chums. By Maria Louise Pool. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.00.

Older readers, familiar with the late writer's unusual choice of character and incident, in her novels for them, will hardly recognize the pen of Maria Louise Pool, in *Chums*, the story of a school girl's friendship. The early scenes are laid in a Girl's Boarding School; the stage of action becomes later the country home of one of the two heroines. There is a rather unlikely amount of dramatic incident and adventure in the inclusion, (within the short space of three months) of a mid-night adventure on the river, an encounter with a mysterious dwarf, a diabolical plot against the chief character, Mercy, an adventure with gypsies, and a terrible forest fire, the whole concluding with the death of the dwarf. But after all there is no harm in the tale, although there seems to be no particularly urgent reason for its existence.

Soap Bubble Stories. By Fanny Barry, Author of *The Fox Family*, *The Obstinate Elm Leaf*, *The Bears of Wundermerk*, etc. New York: James Pott & Co. Price, \$1.00.

The children of this generation have much to be thankful for in the continuous appearance of the Fairy story, the tide of which seems always full. It seems to us, that still more than the quantity, is to be noticed the fine quality of the modern tale for it grows better and better. The art has flourished and grown strong, the illustrations have become more and more beautiful and attractive. The number of really clever writers increases with the years and we wonder what our grandchildren when they are born will do with them all, sitting as wrapt and interested listeners.

Miss Barry has added another volume of these always new imaginations for the little folks; though if we mistake not, the "grown ups" will get quite as much pleasure and enjoyment reading them to Master John and Mistress Mary as will these two in listening to them.

We confess to a weakness for such delightful stories as Miss Barry has written, and feel that those others who see little of pleasure or profit in the perusal of this kind of literature have been deprived of some essential qualities necessary to the proper appreciation of life.

The Golliwog's Polar Adventures. Verses by Bertha Upton. Pictures by Florence K. Upton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$2.00.

The dictionary may not tell what a Golliwog is, but that only shows how much less information the dictionary gives than can be given by almost any child in "old England." Possibly, however, the Golliwog is not so familiar on this side of the water as across the seas. We may then explain that the Golliwog is a certain wonderful jointed doll which figures each year in versification and most remarkable colored illustrations, the record of whose remarkable existence and adventures is annually presented for the benefit of children by the Golliwog publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. The annual publications of this nature have attained a style of their own, entirely distinct from that of Mother Goose and her many copyists, and every child who has learned to know the Golliwog will be delighted to know that this new volume has appeared.

Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days. By Geraldine Brooks. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price, \$1.50.

We are much mistaken if this volume by Miss Brooks, the accomplished daughter of Elbridge Brooks, himself a successful author of American history, is not pronounced a valuable contribution to the literature of that most interesting period of these United States, the Colonial Period. The women whom the author has chosen as fit opportunity for her pen, are those historic characters whose names are mostly familiar to students. But Miss Brooks has written character sketches of each of them that are examples of conscientious and painstaking method, combined with brilliancy and vivacity of manner that are exceptional and altogether pleasing.

Here are Anne Hutchinson, Mistress Sally Wister, Madame La Tour, of Acadia, Margaret Brent, of Maryland; Madame Sarah Knight, of Massachusetts and Connecticut, Eliza Lucas, of the Carolinas, Martha Washington, of Virginia, Abigail Adams, of Massachusetts, Betsy Schuyler, of New York, and Deborah Norris of Pennsylvania. Each of these is the most attractive woman of her time for some important service done for her day and generation. A type has been selected from the different colonies, and the author has shown the happy faculty of reproducing atmosphere and individuality in a remarkable degree. She has a pleasing and graceful style, a keen sense of humor and perspective; and more than these, a charm wholly her own. The publishers have added attractive and effective illustrations, fine paper, and an artistic and appropriate cover, which together make a suitable gift book that will have permanent value.

Helps For Ambitious Girls. By William Drysdale, Author of *Helps For Ambitious Boys, The Young Reporter*, etc. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price, \$1.50.

The complete Handy Book for girls seems to have been accomplished in this practical volume of Mr. Drysdale's. There must be hundreds of girls who are confronted with the problem of a livelihood to whom this volume will come as a blessing.

The author has the capacity for taking pains, and has certainly gone about the preparation of a useful book with a full knowledge of what a girl has to consider as practical for herself, and then he proceeds to discuss the matter in all its bearings.

He presents all the possible openings a girl has before her as an occupation. He graphically and briefly details the necessary qualifications for each, and how to obtain the necessary qualities if lacking. He dwells forcibly on the necessity for health and the means to preserve it, as a corollary if success is expected. The rules laid down for the guidance in this most important matter are few, but most sensible and correct. The author believes and states as his opinion that a good common school education is necessary, and all that is necessary as preparation for entering most of the businesses a girl can consistently enter.

After treating of a girl's dress and demeanor, and the all important knowledge of the care of a household, the work takes up successively the training and prospects of the teacher, the trained nurse, the woman lawyer, physician, and "preacher," the musician, the artist, the writer, the newspaper woman, the dentist, the politician, the stenographer and typewriter, the farmer and flower grower, the dressmaker, the milliner, the domestic worker, the photographer, the business woman, and the telegraph operator. These different employments are discussed on both sides, the objections noticed, the inducements observed. There is an immense amount of practical information gained by reading the author's observations in these many chapters and any girl will be the gainer by following the author through.

Fortune's Boats. By Barbara Yechton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Five pretty girls, well bred and full of goodness, helpful, sprightly, and with varied talents, form the material from which Miss Yechton composes romances five, all in the covers of one moderate sized volume. This ought to satisfy the most sentimentally inclined. Mrs. Jeffrey's flat with its board of daughters, workers all for bread, has been made the attractive centre of five separate romances, each worked out in a remarkably lively fashion dear to the heart of maidens; and we are much mistaken if young women of the impressionable age do not find the separate several love stories of absorbing interest. It is rare one gets sentiment in such wholesale lots at such reasonable rates.

Seriously, Miss Yechton has put the "Simple Reader" under many obligations for such a wholesome, whole hearted picture of life—real life—quite possible and likely.

Urchins of the Sea. By Mar'e Overton Corbin and Charles Buxton Going. Drawings by F. I. Bennett. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Here we have in black and white, ludicrous adventures of various urchins of the sea whose doings under the water are set forth both pictorially and in text in a very amusing manner. The child who has the opportunity of reading and of seeing the pictures will have a fellow feeling for those sea urchins at school whose misfortunes are set forth in the verse:—

"But Wobbledy Jim, I am sorry to say,
Was always a dunce and kept in every day;
Then Piggledy Peter got into disgrace
For training pet snails in his desk for a race,
When Gobbledy Greedy was caned with the rule
For eating fat barnacles all during school.
But Hobbledy Holdy was worst of the tribe;
The pranks that he played I could hardly describe;
He touched the electric-eel off, and the shock
Started the class-bells and stopped the school clock;
He put a dead stickleback on Pudgy's chair;
He threw a sea-hedgehog in Topsy's kinked hair;
But the very worst trick of this bad little chap
Was to drop a sea-mouse in the good Mermaid's lap,
So she fainted away with a terrible shriek
And was too sick to teach all the rest of the week."

The Grey Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. With numerous Illustrations by H. J. Ford. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$2.00.

The Red, The Green, The Blue, The Yellow, and now behold The Grey Fairy Book, all the handy work of that indefatigable worker, Mr. Andrew Lang.

To the one who is the happy possessor of all of Mr. Lang's series of fairy tales it would seem unnecessary and futile to expect more. But such work as Folk Lore is in a state of constant evolution, and we may expect fresh and vigorous fruitage for years to come. This is right and proper, for as long as there are young ears to listen, so long must there be such delightful stories to read into them. We trust that parents will always remain, in part at least, susceptible to the pleasures of the Fairy story, for so soon as they shall fall from this estate, then appears a doleful time for the children, and the parents, we believe, lose a material food for sustaining youth.

All nations have been put under contribution for the contents of this new volume—Africa, Lithuania, France, Germany, Greece, and other lands. The translators are Mrs. Dent, Mrs. Lang, Miss Lang, Miss Eleanor Sellar, Miss Blackley. The Three Sons of Hali is from the last century "Cabinet des Fées."

The Fairy Story is susceptible of unlimited combinations and endless re-arrangement, always resulting in apparently a new reading. It is quite possible for a Lang to so juggle with his material as to produce an entirely new collection of Folk story every month and never repeat himself. So he has done here, and we are sure every one of the tales will please whomsoever reads.

The illustrations are all that the most critical could desire. The Ogre is awful to behold. The others are all that the expert in the lore of the underworld could imagine.

Marcus Aurelius Antonius, His Meditations Concerning Himself. Translated by Merie Casaubon, and now edited with Introduction by W. H. D. Rouse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. London: J. M. Dent & Co. Price, \$3.00.

"Short is the little that remains to thee of life. *Live as on a mountain.* For it makes no difference whether a man lives there or here, if he lives everywhere in the world as in a civil community. Let men see, let them know, a real man lives as he

was meant to live. If they can not endure him, let them kill him. For that is better than to live as men do."

Such thoughts as these did this old Pagan Emperor have, and yet deprived of friends and children, surrounded by designing enemies, waited upon by fawning sycophants, he still found time for these meditations and for the writing of them.

Dean Farrar, in one of his most scholarly essays, says: "And when I thus think of him, I know not whether the whole of heathen antiquity, out of its gallery of stately and royal figures, can furnish a nobler, or purer, or more lovable picture than that of this crowned philosopher and laurelled hero, who was yet one of the humblest and one of the most enlightened of all ancient 'seekers after God.'"

We cannot imagine any one's book shelves near filled or well filled with any one of these old worthies absent. Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius represent the yearnings of the Pagan world for that Truth which they saw only from afar away and dimly; yet through that "Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," though they knew it not.

The binding of this splendid edition is classical in design and motive; the paper and type are appropriate, the illustrations from bust and bas-relief are magnificent, the price is reasonable. Every lover of fine editions will certainly purchase this.

The Old Testament for Learners.

The New Testament for Learners.

By Dr. H. Oort, Prof. of Oriental Languages at Amsterdam, and Dr. I. Hoekyaas, Pastor at Amsterdam. With the assistance of Dr. A. Kuenen, Prof. of Theology at Leiden. Sunday School Editions. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.50 each.

No doubt a large amount of learning is set forth in these volumes, but unfortunately it is largely of the character, which might perhaps be summed up by Mark Twain as comprising "those things which aren't so." Why the "Sunday School workers" for whom these books are intended, should be obliged to combat with all the myths, superstitions, impossible legends and absurd fancies which the company of authors find in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, is past our understanding. Moreover the practical adaptability of the volume for Sunday School use may perhaps be gathered from the fact that the Old Testament volume consists of more than 1,100 pages, while that of the New Testament fills 760 pages, and pages of many lines and considerable width. We regret that we are unable to find hardly any redeeming feature of the publication, except that it seems to give in comparatively simple language the latest result of the intellectual position in which certain Dutch writers about the Bible found themselves at the time the work was sent to the press.

ONE HARDLY EXPECTS to find something altogether new in Bibles, but an edition just published by the Oxford University Press, to which the name of *The Two Version Edition* has been given, is, to our mind, the best solution that has yet been made, of the problem, how the revised version can be used in connection with the authorized text conveniently and in such way that one is not obliged to read twice for each verse. The arrangement of this edition is that by following the authorized text, printing the usual references in a centre column and using the margins for the varying readings of the revised, the reader has in plain, simple text before him, all the helps that are furnished for Bible study, by the use of a reference Authorized Bible combined with the revised version. Only a few minutes are required to place firmly in memory the style of the abbreviations and references which permit one to use the book intelligently. The copy of the edition sent to us is a fair sample of the perfect book making which is always turned out of the Oxford Press warehouse. It is printed on the beautiful India paper, which was discovered and made famous by the Oxford Press, and which serves to present the Bible in brevier type with the centre references and the special side references to the revised version, all in compass, including the binding, of a thickness of less than an inch. The copy submitted to us is bound in Alaska seal, leather lined, silk sewed, very flexible and most beautiful. It is described as No. 0963x and the price is placed at \$7.50. There are however, other editions ranging in price from the cheapest, bound in cloth boards at \$2.00, to the genuine levant at \$10.50, and the same containing the Concordance at \$11.50, the prices being net.

Do TO-DAY'S duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you can not see and could not understand if you saw them.—*Charles Kingsley.*

HELPS ON THE Sunday School Lessons

JOINT DIOCESAN SERIES.—THE CATECHISM.

MY DUTY TOWARDS MY NEIGHBOR.

FOR THE SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT.

THE plan of interpretation which we have already applied to the Commandments, by which the Christian is to understand them in the light of the higher law of love, applies so obviously to the last six commandments which are summed up in "My Duty toward my Neighbor," that it seems hardly necessary to enlarge upon the subject. It is perhaps well, however, to remind children that the importance of a right faith, which is strenuously insisted upon by the Church, does not at all mean that there is not a corresponding importance of a right life. Faith is the key note of life. If faith is real, it must show itself in the life. Nothing could be more true than that "Faith without works is dead being alone." A dead faith is that faith which is possessed by the devils. They, we are told, "believe and tremble." So also the Christian who accepts with his intellect all the articles of the Christian faith and is therefore eminently orthodox, but yet who swindles his neighbors, or justly bears the reputation of being harsh, unloving, stingy, or even more grossly sinful, cannot hope that his undoubted orthodoxy will lead him to a better fate for eternity than that provided for the orthodox devils.

Indeed one of the saddest features of modern Christianity is that it is easy to see Christians in almost any community who are faithful in their attendance upon church service, and who purport to be in a way pillars of the local church, but who are yet most dismal failures as examples to the community in which their lives may be cast. The harm done to Christianity by such believing Christians who do not show forth their faith in their life, is beyond computation. It has driven many a soul away from Christianity altogether, as being a system responsible for producing hypocrites, and has led them to seek the greatest good in the passing pleasures of this world, or in the intellectual despair of Agnosticism.

The beginning of the statement of "My Duty toward my Neighbor" is a paraphrase of the Golden Rule as applying to all men. The next clauses relative to the duty toward father and mother, the civil authority, all governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters, and all betters, is the Christian summary of the fifth commandment. The family is easily expanded into the civil authority, which represents the nation as one large family, in which the needs of one are the needs of all, and the needs of all are the needs of each one; and even more truly is the family expanded into the Church, which is the Divine family, and into which the child is born in Baptism. The fatherhood of God implies the motherhood of the Church. Without motherhood there can be no fatherhood. The Church is the mother of all baptized, because she is the bride of Christ.

"To hurt nobody;" how simply does this paraphrase the sixth, seventh, and ninth commandments. Sins forbidden by each of these commandments are sins which "hurt," and hurt very keenly. Truth and justice in all temporal affairs are the requirements of the eighth commandment as truly as is it required to keep from picking and stealing. Temperance, soberness, and chastity are the requirements again of the seventh commandment, while the tenth is fully summed up in the ending of the statement of the duty, "Not to covet nor desire other men's goods; but to learn and labor truly to get mine own living and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me."

THE HELPFULNESS OF THE APOSTLES' CREED.

OH! THE grand old words of the Apostles' Creed! How often, when wearied and distracted with the din of petty but bitter controversy, have I said the dear old words with a swelling heart, feeling: Here is my war-song; here is my chant of praise; here are the simple, glorious eternal facts on which I build my salvation. Yes; doctrine is precious; controversy is often needful. But there is something before doctrine, and that is History; there is something more blessed than controversy, and that is Faith.—*W. Walsham How, D.D.*

THE FLORENTINE MISERICORDIA.

By W. THORNTON PARKER, M. D., BROTHER OF THE GUILD OF
MERCY.

CHRISTIAN charity manifests itself in various ways. Its blessings reach from the simplest act, the kindly look, to the giving up of treasure and life; by the child or adult, by the congregation, the city, the State, or the Nation. The value of the charity is estimated, not by human judges, but by the final decision of the Court of Heaven. The widow's mite or the sinner's ointment receives at last the estimate of its real, and not the apparent value.

The Misericordia is an ancient form transmitted to modern

time that the work of the Misericordia shone forth in all its splendor. The heroism and self-sacrificing devotion of the members were admirable. Never sparing themselves, laboring day and night, carrying those attacked to the hospital, and in burying the dead, and by their ardent zeal which knew no repose, they became the benefactors of the city.

The Fraternity in the early days consisted of seventy-two members, in remembrance of the seventy-two sent forth by our Saviour. When the Society increased in number these seventy-two became the governing body, known as *Capi di Guardia*, chiefs or captains. The President of the Society is chosen by these officers. The Society is divided into two classes, the *Giornanti*, or daily workers, who are the regular staff of the fraternity, and the probationers, who work also, but who remain on trial until by their zeal and services they deserve to pass



BROTHERS OF THE MISERICORDIA ON THEIR WORK OF MERCY.

times through unbroken deeds of Christian beauty fostered by the religion of to-day—the same religion which created and nurtured it and which will aid it for all time.

The Misericordia had its human origin in the piety of Pietro Borsi, who in 1240 persuaded his young companions to agree that any one of them who used blasphemous language should pay a fine for the assistance of sick or wounded persons; from that time the Brothers of Mercy have existed in Florence.

“Qui credit in Domino—Misericordiam diligit.

“Mitte nobis Domine spirituum humilitatis charitatis et fortitudinis.

“Misericordis Misericordiam consequentur.”

These are some of the mottoes which have throughout the centuries animated their deeds of benevolence.

In the year 1325, a dreadful plague broke out in Florence. It lasted many months and devastated the city. It is computed that more than 100,000 persons died of it. It was at this

into the class *Giornanti*. Besides these there are a number of members known as volunteers.

The bell of the Misericordia rings twice a day—shortly after sunrise, and at the *Ave Maria*. All who are on duty arrive immediately, and, putting on their black robes, go forth on their daily errands. The sick poor who are not taken to the hospital, are nursed by the brethren in their own houses, who if necessary watch by them all night, sometimes for months together. In case of any accident or sudden death, the bell is rung at any hour, day or night, and immediately the *Giornanti* hasten to the scene of the disaster, always accompanied by a *Capi di Guardia*, who gives the orders, also by a priest, if one should be required by a sudden or impending death.

“The stranger in Florence will soon encounter, in the course of his walks about the city, an uncouth figure, enveloped in a black robe, the face and head covered with a hood, in which are spaces for the eyes. He goes about soliciting alms, never

speaking, but inciting attention by rattling the box which he carries. The disguise is so perfect that a man would not detect his father under it. This person, who may be the wealthiest nobleman in Florence, perhaps the Grand Duke himself, is a member of the Brotherhood of Mercy, engaged in collecting charity, voluntarily or imposed as a penance by his father confessor. This institution, which had its origin in the thirteenth century, and was then substantially what it is now, is one of the forms in which the spirit of religion mitigated the rigor of feudal distinctions and enforced the perfect equality of all men before God. It is an association composed, mainly, of the wealthy and prosperous classes, whose duty it is to nurse the sick, to aid those who have been injured by accident, and to secure decent burial to the poor and the friendless. They are summoned by the sound of a bell, and, when its warning voice is heard, the gay guest glides from the ball-room or dinner-



BROTHER OF THE FRATERNITY OF MISERICORDIA.
[With Alms Box.]

party, slips on his black robe, and aids, perhaps, in carrying to the hospital some poor laborer who has broken his leg by a fall from a scaffold, and waits to assist the surgeon and nurses in their care of the patient. Such institutions, worthy of praise and imitation at all times, were invaluable at the period when they were founded, and they are always to be remembered to the credit of the Romish Church, which so carefully guarded the principle of humanity against the encroachments of casté, during the middle ages, and thus helped to prevent the sparks of freedom from being trampled out by the iron heel of nobility" (Hillard's *Six Months in Italy*).

There are no longer street frays in Florence to make the charitable succor of the Misericordia a thing of daily necessity, and the litters are no longer carried by the rough, homely hands of laboring men snatching a moment for charity out of their hard day's labors. It is said that all classes up to the very highest, form part of the Society nowadays; called by the bell when their services are wanted in all the districts of the city, prince and artisan taking their turns alike, and it may be together. The Brothers often nurse as well as carry the sick. The original undertaking is carried out with a firm faithfulness at once to tradition and to Christian charity.

The dress is in reality no sign of mysterious shame and

expiation, but merely a precaution. "The Grand Duke wore the black robe and hood as a member of the *Campagna della Misericordia*; which Brotherhood included all ranks of men. If an accident takes place their office is to raise the sufferer and bear him tenderly to the hospital. If a fire breaks out, it is one of their functions to repair to the spot and render their assistance and protection. It is also among their commonest offices to attend and console the sick, and they neither receive money nor eat nor drink in any house they visit for this purpose. Those who are on duty for the time are called together, at a moment's notice by the tolling of the great bell in the tower; and it is said that the Grand Duke might be seen at this sound, to rise from his seat at table, and quietly withdraw to attend the summons" (Dickens, *Notes on Italy*).

The Misericordia continues faithful to its work of six centuries. At a sound from the Campanile of the Cathedral the *Giornanti*, or day worker, hastens to the residence in the Piazza to learn his duties from the Captains, or *Capi di Guardia*; a half-hour glass is turned to mark the interval between the summons and his arrival. Every *Giornanti* is provided with his long black dress, and the hood which covers his face, only leaving holes for the eyes, so that he may not be recognized when upon his labor of mercy. The Captain repeats the words, "*Fratelli, prepariamoci a fare quest opera di Misericordia*"; ("Brothers, let us prepare to perform this work of mercy"); and, kneeling down, he adds, "*Mitte nobis, Domine charitatem, humilitatem, et fortitudinem*"; to which the rest reply, "*Ut in hoc opere te sequamur*." After a prayer the Captain exhorts the brethren to repeat a *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria* for the benefit of the sick and afflicted; then four of the number take the litter on their shoulders, and, preceded by their Captain, the rest follow, bearing the burden in turns, and repeating every time, when another set take it up, "May God reward you!" To which those who are relieved answer, "Go in peace."

When sent for by a sick person, the brothers assist in dressing the patient, and carry him down to the litter, whereon he is gently and carefully laid. The Brethren sometimes act as sick nurses, to which office they are trained; but they may never receive any remuneration, nor taste anything except a cup of cold water. As the Brothers of the Misericordia passed along the streets of Florence, all persons formerly raised their hats reverentially; but this custom has not been generally observed during the last few years.

The Society is composed of seventy-two Captains or *Capi di Guardia*. Every day fifty *Giornanti*, or members of the Society who are pledged to be in attendance each on a given day of the week, are in readiness to carry the sick to the hospital and perform the other duties of the Misericordia.

What the Florentine Misericordia has inaugurated and so gloriously maintained, the Guild of Mercy in the Anglican Communion, aims to accomplish. The terrible calamity at Galveston is proof enough that such blessed charity can find work to do. In every city and town every day the services of the Guild of Mercy are needed and would be appreciated. We aim to establish, in New York first, a House of Mercy for the reception of the dead, the dying, and the injured; with a food charity for infants, an ice charity, and a motor ambulance. The work awaits the encouragement which wealth gives when the spirit of charity moves the heart of those who are able to set the blessed agencies in motion.

BUT is solitude less dangerous in our spiritual warfare than company? . . . Self is with us, and the devil may be with us, too, in the closet, as well as in the social gathering. Castle-building, with all its odious train of self-flatteries and self-complacencies; the fretting over any little wound which our vanity may have received, until it begins to fester and look serious; the mental aggravation of a slight or insult, by allowing the thoughts to dwell on it until it fills the field of view in a manner perfectly absurd; the discomposure about worldly cares which is always increased by solitary pondering of them; . . . all these, together with many coarser and baser thoughts which I need not mention, are the temptations of solitude; and the moment we pass out of the sight and hearing of men, we enter into this new circle of snares.—Dean Goulburn.

"A RELIGION without a positive dogmatic basis is no religion in the Christian sense, and the herald of Christ that cannot put into his message the positiveness of Christ as a teacher had better be silent. Guesses at truth are worthless in the struggle to bring souls to Him who said: 'I am the Truth.' Apostles and evangelists of old conquered because they offered a positive remedy for the confusions and negations of the pagan world."

Eve's Paradise

By Mrs. Bray.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOST.

"Gone, and the light gone with her, and left me in shadow here!
Gone—flitted away,
Taken the stars from the night, and the sun from the day;
Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm in the air!
Flown to the East or the West, flitted I know not where."

—TENNYSON.

IN THE meantime, the consternation at Moina can be better imagined than described.

At four o'clock, according to orders, the boatman went across for the children; but no children were there. He waited till five o'clock, and then seeing nothing of them, made inquiries at their usual haunts, but found that they had not been seen since the morning.

At last he returned to Moina. "Cannot find the young ladies!" repeated Margaret, when the servant came in with the message. "What does he mean?"

She was not alarmed, for such a thing as their being lost never entered her head.

However, she at once went out to speak with him, and he described to her how he had inquired everywhere, and could hear nothing of them.

Margaret immediately put on her things, and, accompanied by some of the servants, went at once across to the mainland. Inquiries were made in every direction; but impossible though it seemed, no one had seen or heard anything of the children.

Margaret grew seriously uneasy, and blamed herself for letting them be so long alone.

"They cannot have wandered on along the beach to the Gull Rocks, can they?" said one of the fishermen. "The caves there are very dangerous."

"Never!" exclaimed Margaret, with her heart standing still. "It is five miles, and they know that they are not allowed to go anywhere but on the beach here. I am sure that they would not have gone."

Still, a party was sent out; the caves were searched; the beach for miles around was searched; but no children.

Margaret never returned to Moina that night. The days are long in Scotland, and half the night she wandered up and down by the landing-place, and only when it was at last too dark to see any more would she consent to rest in the fisherman's cottage till morning. If from utter weariness she sometimes closed her eyes for a moment, it was only to start up thinking she had heard voices, only again to be disappointed. As early as she could she sent off a telegram to Sir Jasper; he and Owen were expected in the evening, but she felt that she could not wait.

They arrived about twelve o'clock, and by that time the news had spread far and wide, and Margaret had at last received some tidings of the children. The flyman at Kilraven said he had driven "twa bairns twa three miles along the road."

They drove there at once, and interviewed the man; but, owing to Elsie's precautions, they did not think of the children going to the station, and so wasted hours more in a fruitless search inland.

It was Owen at last who suggested it, "Could they have gone anywhere by train?"

"Impossible!" said Margaret. "What reason could they have for going anywhere?"

That Elsie had run away with Eve she never thought.

"Anyhow, we will inquire," said Sir Jasper, who realised more and more how dear Eve had become to him.

There they met with further news. The porter, who had lifted Eve into the train, was able to tell them all about it. The description he gave of the children left no doubt; but what puzzled them very much was his saying that they were in charge of an elderly lady, who had given him a shilling to lift the young lady in.

"Had some one stolen them?"

They made inquiries at the booking-office as to what tickets had been taken, but here they could get no information, owing to Elsie's having provided herself with the return halves.

Sir Jasper telegraphed all down the line, but could hear nothing.

"It scarcely seems possible," said Margaret; "but could Elsie have taken Eve home with her for fear they should be parted?"

No one thought it likely, but it was a comfort to have any suggestion made.

Owen at once wrote a telegram to Priscilla and sent it off.

Then they waited with what patience they could for the answer.

Folks do not hurry themselves in out-of-the-way places in Scotland, and it was three hours before the answer came.

Owen tore open the envelope, whilst Jasper looked over his shoulder.

Margaret turned away, for she was sick with suspense, and dared not face another disappointment.

"Both children here quite safe."

Then Margaret did what she had not done for years, burst into tears. The long dried fountain flowed over with tears which she did not know how to stop.

On Monday morning Priscilla's letter to Margaret arrived, and also one for Owen.

The letters caused the most intense astonishment, and Owen, who knew his aunt, was puzzled to think what Elsie could have said.

The letter to Margaret was written in the most formal way, in Priscilla's very best handwriting, in copper plate style, a handwriting fit for a copy-book, but utterly devoid of any expression of sympathy.

"Miss Priscilla Fairfax presents her compliments to Mrs. Vernon, and begs to inform her that the child in her charge, and of whom she was evidently unworthy to have the care, is now in safe hands. Her niece, Elizabeth, felt compelled to rescue her from a state of heathendom, and bring her to a Christian home. Although regretting her niece has acted in a somewhat hasty manner, she cannot altogether blame her, as it would have been impossible to leave her friend in a household, where she is kept from privileges which are not denied to the very meanest in the land. Miss Fairfax earnestly hopes that Sir Jasper Martindale will not remove his ward from her care; should he however attempt to do so, Miss Fairfax will feel compelled to appeal to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, as it is quite impossible to allow her to return to what is virtually a life imprisonment."

The letter to Owen was in a different style, though not less severe.

"Dear Nephew," it began, "It is with pain and grief to me that I write to you, who are an ordained minister, on such a matter as forms the subject of this letter. Elsie has very properly brought that poor misguided child Eve to me. I tremble when I think how you have neglected your duties; duties which Elizabeth has nobly fulfilled in consequence of the training which I have given her. Never did I believe that the child would have repaid my efforts so abundantly. She tells me that you and Mrs. Vernon refused to allow Eve to be christened, that you gave her no course of religious instruction, but contented yourself, you a minister, with a few words of occasional conversation. That when Elizabeth consulted you as to Eve learning her catechism, you replied that there was 'time enough.' Oh, my nephew, let me plead with you! Suppose that poor child had died suddenly, and had never learned her catechism, you would have had to answer for it. The child is now in my charge, and I decline to give her up. According to Elizabeth, she is again to be immured in her prison home, and not permitted to learn anything; this cannot be allowed. There are laws in England, and to them I shall appeal. When I think of all the poor child has undergone I shudder, and ask myself if this is a Christian land?"

"I may add that I am much astonished and pleased at finding how much instruction Elizabeth has given to her friend. She could scarcely have been in better hands."

"Just what I thought," said Owen, smiling at the want of logic in his aunt's letter, although secretly a little vexed, and a good deal hurt at Elsie's want of trust in him, and utterly at a loss to understand the extraordinary account she must have given of his conduct in the matter. He telegraphed to his aunt that he should return the next day, but refused to allow Margaret to reply to a letter which, if it had not been written under a misapprehension, would have been a most impertinent one, and with her permission took possession of it.

It was quite impossible for Margaret to leave Moina at once, and indeed they came to the conclusion that perhaps it was just

as well that she should wait until Owen had talked matters over with his aunt.

That he should entirely convince her when she had once made up her mind he did not expect; but he hoped to be able to show that matters were not quite so bad as Elsie appeared to have made out.

Sir Jasper said little. He would not acknowledge how bitterly disappointed he was. In the last few months Eve had grown strangely dear to him; her very avoidance of him attracted him as she never had done before, and he never had cared so much or tried so hard to win her affections as when they seemed to be on the wane. Though she was barely fourteen she looked very much more, she was taller than many girls of sixteen, and there was a curious mixture in her of childishness and womanliness that was singularly attractive.

She had belonged to him, she was his, no one else had a right to her. And now she had left him as though he did not exist, and had no part in her life.

All his pet theories were swept away. His work of years was gone. His castles in the air demolished, there was nothing left to him but a bitter sense of failure.

Margaret was right when she had said, "Let some stronger love come into her heart, and be it for good, or be it for evil, she will follow it."

What had his training done for Eve, how had his sole motive power—love—guided her life?

What were the luxuries he had heaped upon her, what were wealth or beauties of art?

Nothing, absolutely nothing. Like threads to be snapped asunder by this new and stronger child love which had come into her life.

She had never been taught to obey because it was right, so it was nothing to her to disobey, nothing to deceive, nothing to leave the love that had been lavished on her for years.

What Sir Jasper did not realize was that to Eve it was like leaving the starvation of the soul for a full satisfaction, like going from darkness to light.

Who could blame her?

His attempts to turn the matter off lightly were not very successful, though he tried to make a joke of it. "Everything," he said, "went on perfectly as long as my wishes were carried out. All this trouble has taken place as soon as I was persuaded to break through my plans for Eve. Indeed," he continued, "I think there is more to be said for my system than yours, Owen. What have you to plead for such an arch plotter and ringleader as Miss Elsie?"

"I own that I am very much disappointed," said Owen, "but at the same time I do not admit that you are right. Elsie has certainly made a great blunder, but perhaps it is a little my fault that she has so misunderstood me.

"According to her own lights she has acted, and," he added a little bitterly, "if she really believed all she appears to have said of me, perhaps she was right."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ELSIE HAS MISGIVINGS.

"And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven."

—"Paradise and the Peri," MOORE.

ELSIE did not feel quite so happy in her mind the next evening about the time her uncle was expected, and she did not go to the station as usual to meet him.

She began to be afraid that she had not given her aunt quite a true impression of the way in which Eve had been brought up. At first she had been so excited that she scarcely knew what she said, and only wanted to find a full excuse for what she had done. Now that she was calm, she was astonished to find how indignant she felt on hearing Aunt Priscilla speak in the way she did against Mrs. Vernon and even against Owen. She had learnt to love Margaret dearly, and as she recalled the unwearied kindness and affection she had shown her, she felt utterly ashamed of herself. The things she had said herself seemed so much worse when repeated by her aunt, and, as is usual, every incident grew a little and seemed a little worse with each repetition. Elsie tried to make matters better, but it was too late now. She had set a ball rolling which she was powerless to stop, and it grew and grew with terrible rapidity.

"And only think," Aunt Priscilla was saying to the doctor's

wife as Elsie came into the room, "they shut that child up in that lonely place, she was allowed no one to play with, she was forced to spend hours over that heathenish instrument, the violin. Whether they actually ill-treated her I don't know, but one cannot tell."

"Oh, Aunt Priscilla," burst in Elsie, "Mrs. Vernon was most awfully kind to Eve, and she loves her like anything."

"Oh, poor dear," said Mrs. Dawson, "she has learnt to love her chains."

"They were not chains," said Elsie indignantly, "and I have never met any one so nice as Mrs. Vernon in the whole world, and I love her better than any one except Uncle Owen."

"Well, Elizabeth, that is a grateful speech after all I have done for you, and as to Mrs. Vernon, I am only saying what you said. Remember I have your own words to go upon."

"I never said she was cruel to Eve."

"No more did I; but you told me you would not be surprised if they shut her up at Moina again, and let no one go near her; and if that is not cruel, I don't know what is."

"I never meant it like that," said Elsie in despair.

"What a dreadful woman she must be," said Mrs. Dawson, "to take advantage of a poor little innocent girl. Why, it's just like that horrible story of a German boy who was shut up in a dungeon in the dark for fourteen years till they nearly made him an idiot."

"She is not a dreadful woman," said Elsie, stamping her foot, "and you are dreadful to say so. She is just the dearest and kindest woman that ever lived."

Elsie rushed out of the room and fled upstairs.

Margaret's sweet tender face rose before her, she remembered how lovingly Margaret had sometimes held her in her arms, she had dreamy recollections of her kissing her in bed when she was half asleep.

What had she been doing? What had she been saying to make Aunt Priscilla think as she did?

Elsie could not recall her words; she had poured them forth in such haste, and really they did not seem so bad at the time. How could she think that Aunt Priscilla would treasure them up and bring them out in this terrible way.

It was cruel of her—it was a shame!

Perhaps when Uncle Owen came he would be able to put things to rights; but how could she ever tell him what she had said or make him understand? Of Aunt Priscilla's letters Elsie knew nothing or she would have been much more miserable. Eve was still in bed, too exhausted to get up, and, much to Elsie's surprise, Aunt Priscilla let her stay there without attempting to persuade her to move, and looking after her with a tenderness that Elsie could not understand.

By eight o'clock that evening Elsie's courage had completely melted away, and she felt that she could not—no, she really could not meet Uncle Owen that night.

"May I go to bed?" she said to her aunt.

"Certainly, if you like," she said; "there's no knowing what you may wish to do. If I want you to go to bed early, it's 'Oh, mayn't I stop up.'"

"I am tired," said Elsie, and truthfully, for the mental strain, to which she was quite unaccustomed, had told a good deal upon her.

A quarter of an hour later Owen came in. His first words were to ask how Eve was and then for Elsie.

"Elizabeth has gone to bed," said Aunt Priscilla.

"Ashamed of her naughtiness, I suppose," said Owen.

"Considering her age," said Aunt Priscilla, "I think Elizabeth has acted with great discretion."

"My dear aunt," said Owen, "you do not mean to say that you have believed all the nonsense that little excited monkey has evidently talked."

"No nonsense at all, Owen; the child has done credit to my teaching. I do not mean it was right for her to run away; but, considering all things, she was not altogether wrong."

"And you believe that Eve was badly treated and not cared for; and that I took no interest in her, and refused to allow her to be christened?"

"It looks like it."

"Aunt Priscilla, I shall be glad if you will go and tell Elsie I wish her to come down; we must have this cleared up to-night."

"And you would have me fetch the poor child out of her bed?"

"I do not suppose she has gone to bed yet," said Owen

coldly; "and if she has she must get up and dress and come down."

When Owen spoke like that Aunt Priscilla never disputed what he said. She got up and stalked out of the room, straight upstairs and opened Elsie's door.

The child was only half undressed and sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Elizabeth, your uncle wishes you to come down and speak to him."

Elsie turned white. "Is he very angry?" she said.

Aunt Priscilla was vexed in her own mind; she had sundry misgivings as to whether she had given too much credence to Elsie's words that first evening, knowing as she did that when Miss Elsie was excited she hardly knew what she said.

"I do not know," she answered; "he seems to think that you have not been quite correct in what you have told me. You had better make haste down at once. Don't keep him waiting; put on your dressing-gown and come."

Elsie put on her red dressing-gown, the only bright-colored garment she possessed, and looking prettier than Owen had ever seen her, the little trembling culprit stood before him.

He did not attempt to kiss her, and it was the first time in her life Elsie had seen him look really stern. Little she knew how hard it was for him to resist taking his pet child on his knee and forgiving her.

Aunt Priscilla sat down in a hard upright chair, without a word of encouragement.

"Now, Elsie," said Owen, "I wish to hear what explanation you have to give as to your conduct."

Elsie held up her head and tried to face her uncle boldly.

"I ran away with Eve because she couldn't be christened or taught anything at Moina. Aunt Priscilla thinks I did right," she added a little defiantly.

"Possibly," said Owen sarcastically, "perhaps she based her opinion upon false statements. Aunt Priscilla, will you be so good as to tell me what Elsie told you?"

"Elizabeth told me you took no trouble about Eve, that she was not allowed to be taught anything, that she was not allowed to be christened, and would be probably shut up again."

"And altogether she gave you the impression that Eve was unkindly treated."

"Certainly she did."

"Is this true, Elsie?"

Was it her uncle speaking, his voice sounded so stern.

"I never meant her to think so," said Elsie, growing red.

"I am not asking what you meant, I am asking what you said."

"I never said it just like that, you know I did not, Aunt Priscilla. I only meant, indeed Uncle Owen, I only meant that you did not talk to her much, and that you did not seem to care about her being christened, and never asked anything about it."

"Perhaps I had my reasons for not asking anything about it; I did not expect that you would doubt me. Now, think before you answer, did I ever forbid you to talk to Eve?"

"No!" slowly, and with her head hanging down.

"Did I not talk to you about Eve? did I not advise you a great deal as to what you should teach her?"

"Yes! uncle."

"Did you ever know Mrs. Vernon to say an unkind word to Eve? did you ever see her treated except with the utmost love from every one? Indeed, did you ever yourself receive anything at Moina but the tenderest love and kindness?"

Elsie was almost too ashamed to speak, but she murmured "No!"

"And yet you were the cause of your aunt writing this letter to Mrs. Vernon."

He read the letter slowly aloud, whilst Elsie wished the floor would open and swallow her up.

Even Aunt Priscilla was sorry she had not written in more courteous language.

"You never wrote that, aunt?" the child cried at last. "Oh! it was unjust, very unjust."

"If I was unjust, Elizabeth, you only are to blame."

"Uncle, I cannot bear it, you can never forgive me," and Elsie burst into a passion of tears.

Then Owen relented; he took the tired sobbing child on to his knee. "My poor little woman, if we could only see the consequences of the foolish, hasty words we say, perhaps we should be more careful."

Elsie sobbed on, though a little comforted at feeling her uncle loved her still. She really did not know herself how to account for all the things she had said, and was too young to

explain how she had thought and thought till her imagination had run riot, and she had made up whole histories to herself, until she had come to believe them. All she thought now was that she was the most miserable child that had ever existed.

Perhaps her uncle understood it all, better than she did herself. He forgave her freely, and then seeing that she was worn out with excitement and tears, and was wanting a word alone with him without her aunt, he lifted her in his arms, for after all she was but a mite for her age, and carried her upstairs.

"Let me say my prayers to you as I used to do when I was little and had been naughty."

Elsie sobbed them out to him, and then she felt herself forgiven.

[To be Continued.]

The Family Fireside

THE WIVES OF THE FISHERS.

THE boats of the fishers meet the wind
And spread their canvas wide,
And with bows low set and taffrails wet
Skim onward side by side.

The wives of the fishers watch from shore,
And though the sky be blue,
They breathe a prayer into the air
As the boats go from view.

The wives of the fishers wait on shore
With faces full of fright,
And the waves roll in with deafening din
Through the tempestuous night.

The boats of the fishers come at dawn,
Cast up by a scornful sea,
But the fishermen come not again,
Though the wives watch ceaselessly.

FRANK H. SWEET.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WAITING ON GOD.

BY THE REV. DR. J. C. QUINN.

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert and rest awhile" (Mark vi. 31).

THERE is one thing I am afraid that we, as Christians, do not take care to do regularly. I mean we do not recognize the importance of seasons of retirement to quietly wait upon God in prayer, reading of the Holy Scriptures, and meditation.

There can be no question, but that we ought to set apart daily a regular season for this "waiting on God."

Methinks I hear a busy brother say: "I have so much to do; there are so many things demanding attention." No doubt of it, my busy friend, but ought not the most important interest receive first attention?

"Yes, most assuredly," you reply.

"Is not your soul's welfare the most important matter now in hand?" God thinks it is, for He exhorts you: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. vi. 33). We have many illustrious examples of this habit of "waiting on God."

Daniel the Prophet, the late Colonel Gardner, and the late lamented General Gordon—all busy men—much busier than you claim to be—all found time in very responsible positions, *daily* and *regularly*, for quietly "waiting on God."

It seems to me, we miss much, very much of the comfort of the Holy Ghost by hurrying through our seasons of devotion and Bible Study.

Did it ever occur to you that Saul, King of Israel, lost the kingdom by being in a hurry, by not waiting a little longer?

A few minutes more and Samuel the Prophet would have been on hand to offer sacrifice, but Saul could not wait, and displeased Jehovah (I. Sam. xiii. 8-14).

Take another illustration of the results of "hurry" and the reward of patient "waiting on God." We find it in John xx. 3-18. Here we learn that three followers of the blessed Lord went to the tomb of Jesus the morning of the resurrection, seeking for *One* who they fondly hoped might be there to gratify their utmost desire. Two of them, Peter and John, "ran

thither," one looked into the sepulchre on his arrival, the other went right into it; but neither found what he sought, and they both at once returned home again. But the third, "Mary," sat without the sepulchre, weeping. There was in this case the silent waiting of love, and she had her reward. Looking into the sepulchre, she saw the Angel and soon after she met the Lord. She enjoyed the privilege of hearing the first resurrection word spoken to any human soul—"Mary." She waited long enough. In her case the word was specially fulfilled: "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."

Dear reader, are we not too often like the two disciples, in a hurry? Oh how much we miss in our hurry, worry and worldly excitement, and even in our Church activities!

Some worldly engagement calls us, and we neglect our accustomed season of communion with Jesus, we miss the blessing He would have given us, and our soul grows lean.

Let us be like Mary: let us wait till Christ comes, and when He comes He will fill our souls with His joy, peace, and strength, and we will go about our daily task-work singing in our hearts, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength."

With St. Paul we will be able to say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Remember, that time devoted to communion with God waiting on God—is not lost. "Blessed is the man that heareth Me, watching daily at My gates, waiting at the posts of My doors." "Wait on the Lord; be strong, and let thine heart take courage." "Wait, I say, on the Lord."

"UNFORGOTTEN HEROES."

SOME few months ago a paper appeared in this journal with the title, "Forgotten Heroes," dealing with deeds of heroism in humble life. At the conclusion of the article the writer ventured to indulge in the harmless task of building a "castle in the air." The "castle" in question was to be a mighty fane dedicated in the first place to the worship of God, and in the next to perpetuate the memory of those who gave their lives in the performance of heroic actions by means of memorial tablets on the walls, or elsewhere. The grand church to be erected for so noble a purpose remains an air-built fortress, but the idea has blossomed in another brain and brought forth fruit.

In explanation we must inform our readers that in the heart of the City of London there used to be an irregular bit of waste land, bounded on the one side by a huge pile of buildings belonging to the general Post Office, and on the other by the ancient Church of St. Botolph. The ground was not exactly an ideal place for recreation, but such as it was the Post Office officials utilized the plot for a stroll during a spare half-hour, and in consequence it got christened "The Postman's Park." It was felt, however, that its forlorn condition did not reflect much credit on a wealthy city, and the authorities aided by private subscriptions took the matter up. The ground is of the nature of a strip, very irregular in shape, with a narrow street frontage at each end. Trees—articles which cannot readily be "extemporized"—were ready to hand, and soon had pleasant surroundings in the shape of a gravel walk, grass, flowers, and seats without end. When the good work had all been accomplished a suggestion came from a quarter which commanded attention. Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., proposed that a cloister should be erected in the "Park," for the dual purpose of providing a shelter in wet weather and of placing on record deeds of heroism of the kind which have already been under consideration. Mr. Watts did more than suggest; he offered to defray the cost of the undertaking, and, it need hardly be said, the offer was accepted with alacrity.

The cloister has been duly erected with room for over one hundred memorial tablets, but only four have as yet been placed in position. It is a pleasant task to give details of these initiatory instances. The first only needs brief mention; it is in memory of the young Battersea laborer mentioned as a "Forgotten Hero" in our previous article. He plunged into scalding steam in a vain endeavor to save his "mate."

The next record is indeed a glorious one; let the tablet speak for itself. "Walter Pearl, driver, and Harry Bean, fireman, of the Windsor express, on July 18th, 1899, while being scalded, and burnt, sacrificed their lives in saving the train." The magnificent heroism of these two brave fellows created a profound impression. They had suffered torture and given their lives to save those of many others, for all depended on the train being under guidance. Pearl had a wife and five child-

ren; Bean, a younger man, left a young wife expecting her first-born. There was little need to ask for money; subscriptions poured in from all quarters, and generous provision was made for both wives and families.

The third memorial tells of a death most noble, most beautiful. The wreck of the steamer, *Stella*, off the Channel Islands in March, 1899, attracted attention all over the civilized world. The stewardess, Mary Rogers, was offered a place in the last boat, but clearly seeing that it was full enough for safety, she declined, gave up her life belt to one of the passengers, and with a solemn committal of her soul to the Almighty, went down with the sinking ship. A writer at the time pointed out that such a death told its own tale; that of a consistently noble and Christian life, a dictum on which there could not be a dissenting voice.

The last of the four tells of Stephen G. Funnell, police-constable, who on Dec. 22nd, 1899, in a fire at Hackneywick, after rescuing two lives, went back into the flames, saving a third at the risk of his own. It will be very interesting in the future to watch successive tablets filling up the vacant spaces, only we may feel assured that when they are filled up, room will be found somewhere for more.

In conclusion some of my readers may remember that one of our "Forgotten Heroes" was a young Scotch lad who deliberately gave up his life to save his father's. Mr. George Buchanan has made this incident the subject of a short yet striking poem, entitled "The Fisher Boy," which I would fain quote in its entirety, but a few of the last lines must suffice.

Three of his sons have sunk and died,
Their death cry fills his ears,—
When, struggling by his father's side,
The fourth, and last appears.

"The oar's too weak to carry twa,
"And one must surely dee.—
"Father, tis time I was awa,
For God can best spare me "

His hands just touch, but do not clutch
The floating oar, — and then
"Farewell!" he saith, and down to death
Sinks, ne'er to rise again.

But, as there was a reminder in our former paper, the "never to rise again" must be taken with a *qualification!*

LONDONIENSIS.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To POLISH copperware, tea kettles, reservoirs, etc., use one tea-cupful of vinegar and one tablespoonful of salt; heat it, apply with a cloth, and rub till dry.

White corsets, when they become soiled, may be cleaned by being brushed over with a strong brush dipped in a mixture of soap, water and ammonia.

If kerosene is rubbed, with a flannel cloth, on steel knives that have become rusty, and they are put aside for a day or two, the rust will be loosened and they may be very easily cleaned.

Common alum, melted in an iron spoon, is a strong cement for joining glass or china to metal. It is especially useful for holding glass lamps to their iron stands after they become loose, or for fastening door knobs in place.

To Mend Stockings.—To mend a very large hole in stockings or woven underwear, tuck a piece of strong net over the hole and darn over it. Thus mended the garment will be stronger than when new, and look far neater than if darned in the ordinary way.

Do not fail to oil the wringer every wash day. If oiled often there is less wear on the machinery and less strength is expended by the operator. To clean the rollers, rub them first with a cloth saturated with kerosene oil and follow with soap and water. Always loosen the rollers before putting the wringer away.

Flowers may be preserved quite fresh for over a week by placing them in water in which carbonate of soda has been dissolved. Faded flowers, except the most delicate varieties, may be restored by putting the stems into very hot water. The water should come at least half way up on the stems. Let them stand in this until the water cools or until they have revived. Then cut off the end of the stems and place the flowers in cool, clear water.

Prepared wax for floors may be bought either in the form of paste or liquid. When the paste is used the floor must be thoroughly polished, but with the use of the liquid polish no rubbing is required. The paste may be prepared at home in the following manner: Cut a pound of yellow beeswax and put it into a bowl or tin can. Place the vessel in a pan of boiling water, stirring frequently until the wax is soft, but not liquid; then take from the fire and beat into one pint of turpentine. The wax will now be ready for use. When the wax polish is not fresh made it should be softened by gentle heat before being put on the floor.

Church Calendar.



- Nov. 1—All Saints' Day. (White.)
 " 2—Friday. Fast. (Green.)
 " 4—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. (Green.)
 " 9—Friday. Fast.
 " 11—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity. (Green.)
 " 16—Friday. Fast.
 " 18—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity. (Green.)
 " 25—Sunday next before Advent. (Green.)
 " 29—Thursday. Thanksgiving Day. (White.) (Red at Evensong.)
 " 30—Friday. St. Andrew, Apostle. (Red.) Fast.

CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS.

- Nov. 20—Diocesan Convention, New Hampshire.
 Dec. 4—Diocesan Synod, Springfield.

Personal Mention.

THE Rev. J. R. ATWILL has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. Mark's Church, Kansas City.

THE Rev. ARTHUR BEAUMONT, of Henrietta, Mich., has accepted a call to St. John's Church, Massena, N. Y., Diocese of Albany.

THE Rev. C. R. BIRNBACH, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has received and accepted a call to the rectorship of St. James' Church, Griggsville, Ill. Address accordingly.

THE Rev. FRANK E. BISSELL has become senior curate of the Church of the Advent, Boston, and should be addressed at 30 Brimmer St.

THE Rev. F. W. BURGE, for more than two years curate at Richland Springs, N. Y., has become priest-in-charge of St. Michael and All Angels', Seaford, Long Island.

THE Rt. Rev. T. M. CLARK, D.D., Bishop of Rhode Island, has returned to Providence, and should be addressed, till further notice, at 10 Brown St.

THE Rev. C. R. D. CRITTENTON, of Ellenville, N. Y., has accepted the charge of St. John's Church, Bainbridge, Ga.

THE address of the Rev. S. B. DUFFIELD is changed for the winter from Quincy, Mass., to Somerville, Mass.

THE address of the Rev. E. H. EDSON has been changed from Rochester, N. Y., to Madison, S. D.

THE report published a few weeks since to the effect that the Rev. J. B. FALKNER, D.D., has become rector of the American Church at Paris, France, was incorrect. The latter is still in charge of the Rev. J. B. MORGAN, D.D., as it has been for some years past.

THE Rev. ANDREW J. GRAHAM has removed from Indianapolis, and is now rector of Christ Church, Rochester, N. Y., and should be so addressed.

THE Rev. W. S. HAYWARD of East Syracuse, has accepted the charge of the Onondaga Indian Mission, his address being Onondaga Castle, N. Y.

THE Rev. A. H. HORD, rector of Emmanuel Church, Holmesburg, Philadelphia, has received a call to St. Michael's Church, Germantown.

THE Rev. M. A. JOHNSON, D.D., has resigned the rectorship of St. Luke's Church, Whitewater, Wis., to take effect at Advent.

THE Rev. WM. JOHNSON has changed his address from Sault Ste. Marie to Leesburg, Fla.

THE Rev. S. G. JEFFORDS, rector of St. Paul's Church, Peoria, Ill., has changed his street address to 706 Hancock St.

THE Rev. HERMAN LILIENTHAL, late rector at Wethersfield, Conn., has been appointed instructor in Mental Philosophy at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. Address, 821 Broad St.

THE street address of the Rev. C. J. LJUNGGREN is changed from 45 Dartmouth Ave. to 33 Harriet Street, Providence, R. I.

THE Rev. DANIEL MACKINNON, rector of Trinity Church, Independence, Mo., has been appointed Archdeacon of the Diocese of West Missouri.

THE address of the Rev. WALTER A. MITCHELL is for the present changed from Beltsville, Md., to Charlotte Hall, Md.

THE Rev. EDWARD J. REILLY, D.D., rector of St. Matthias' Church, Omaha, has been called to the rectorship of St. John's Church, Clinton, Iowa.

THE Rev. W. H. VAN ANTWERP, D.D., has resigned the parish of St. John's, Grand Haven, Mich., and may be addressed at 132 E. 16th St., New York.

DIED.

LILLY.—In Dakota, Minn., Oct. 31, 1900, after an illness of seven weeks, Mrs. ALMA LILLY, wife of Hezekiah Lilly, aged 73 years and 17 days.

Funeral was held in St. John's Church, Dakota, Minn., Nov. 2, Rev. Thos. K. Allen officiating.

SCOTT.—At Cooperstown, N. Y., Nov. 5th, 1900, HENRY SCOTT, son of the late Henry A. Scott, aged 29 years.

WANTED.

POSITIONS OFFERED.

VOCAL TEACHER.—In a Church School for Girls, a good vocal teacher, capable of instructing choir and individuals. Must reside in the school. Address X. Y., care THE LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee.

CHOIRMASTER.—Wanted, a Choirmaster and Organist for an Episcopal Church in Western Michigan. Salary \$400 with chances of tuition. Address F. G., care THE LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee.

HOUSEKEEPER.—A working housekeeper, in a Church School. Must have had experience and the best of references. S. S. M., care THE LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee.

POSITIONS WANTED.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Churchwoman of experience and ability, desires position as mother's helper or housekeeper. Ten years in last position. Address, MATHILDA, Christ Church Rectory, Oil City, Pa.

PARISH.—Rector of an important Southern City, Oxford M.A., would accept Rectorship in New York State, or would take Sunday duty in or near New York City or Buffalo. Address OXFORD, care THE LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee.

PARISH.—Well known Priest desires Rectorship, Curacy, or Mission in large city, suburb, or Eastern Diocese. Young, unincumbered, good extempore preacher, successful worker. Address SACERDOS, care THE LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

STEREOPTICON.—Wanted, Stereopticon, fully equipped and in perfect order. Give description and best cash price. Address W. E. PILCHER, 914 Mason Ave., Louisville, Ky.

EXCHANGE OF PAPERS.

A CHURCHMAN in Lancashire, England, would like to send his copy of *The Church Times* to a fellow Churchman in the U. S. A. in exchange for a copy of THE LIVING CHURCH. Address, Mr. RASMUS R. MADSEN, 95 Newcombe St., Liverpool.

APPEALS.

Will some one for Christ's sake help keep a dear, refined, devout little girl who is fatherless and homeless, at school this year? Address ST. FAITH'S SCHOOL, Saratoga, N. Y.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL. Its mission, to *Save the Boys*. We are very much in need of funds for educational and building purposes. Our work is largely among the neglected and deserving, orphans and poor boys. To save them from making failures in life for want of opportunities; to educate and teach them trades and vocations, is the mission of the School.

Will you help us to make them self-supporting, and thus lessen the danger of their becoming worthless and disgraced through lack of ability to earn an honest living? Particulars on application. W. J. WARRINGTON, Director, St. John's Industrial School, Siloam Springs, Ark.

THE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY INCLUDES all the members of this Church, and

is its agency for the conduct of general missions. The Society maintains work in forty-three Dioceses and seventeen Missionary Jurisdictions in this country (including Colored and Indian Missions); in Africa, China, Japan, Haiti, Mexico, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. The Society pays the salaries and expenses of twenty-three Missionary Bishops and the Bishop of Haiti, and provides entire or partial support for sixteen hundred and thirty other missionaries, besides maintaining many schools, orphanages, and hospitals.

Six hundred and thirty thousand dollars are required for this work to the end of the fiscal year, Sept. 1st, 1901. Additional workers, both men and women, are constantly needed. All possible information will be furnished on application.

Monthly Magazine, *The Spirit of Missions*, \$1.00 a year.

Remittances to GEORGE C. THOMAS, Treasurer.

All other official communications should be addressed to THE BOARD OF MANAGERS, Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, 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.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LITTLE, BROWN, & COMPANY.

Gold-seeking on the Dayton Trail. Being the Adventures of Two New England Boys in Alaska, and the Northwest Territory. By Arthur R. Thompson. Illustrated. Price, \$1.50.

The Pilgrim Shore. By Edmund H. Garrett. Author of *The Puritan Coast*, etc. With many little Pieturings drawn from Nature.

The Hidden Servants. And other very Old Stories, Told over again by Francesca Alexander, Author of *The Story of Ida*, etc.

Ramona. A Story. By Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.). With an Introduction by Susan Coolidge. Illustrated by Henry Sandham. In two volumes.

The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus. A Poem in Prose. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Author of *Quo Vadis*, etc. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Price, 75 cents.

The Head of a Hundred in the Colony of Virginia, 1622. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Author of *White Aprons*, etc. Illustrated. Price, \$1.50.

Brenda, Her School and Her Club. By Helen Leah Reed, Author of *Miss Theodora*, etc. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. Price, \$1.50.

A Little American Girl in India. By Harriet A. Cheever, Author of *Little Miss Boston*, etc. Illustrated by H. C. Ireland. Price, \$1.50.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

The Duke. By J. Storer Clouston. Author of *The Lunatic at Large*. Price, \$1.25.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY.

Black Rock, a tale of the Selkirks. By Ralph Connor. With an Introduction by Professor George Adam Smith, LL.D. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. Price, \$1.25.

CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS.

Crittenden. A Kentucky Story of Love and War. By John Fox, Jr. Price, \$1.25.

A Dictionary of the Bible. Dealing with its Language, Literature, and Contents, Including the Biblical Theology. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D. Vol. III. Kir-Pleides

EDWIN S. GORHAM (Through The Young Churchman Co.).

Oxford Church Text Books:—

The Text of the New Testament. By Rev. K. Lake, M.A., Curate of St. Mary the Virgin's, Oxford. Price, 30 cts.

The Reformation in Great Britain. By H. O. Wakeman, M.A., Late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and the Rev. Leighton Pullan, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of St. John Baptist College, Oxford. Price, 30 cts.

THE CENTURY CO.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. With an Introduction by Henry Codman Potter, D.D., LL.D. The Century Classics.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY (Through A. C. McClurg & Co.).

An Introduction to the New Testament. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D.D., Professor of New Testament Exegesis in Yale Divinity School. Price, \$1.25.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

The Other Man's Country. An Appeal to Conscience. By Herbert Welsh. Price, \$1.00.

LUTHERAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

An Exposition of the Gospels of the Church Year. On the Basis of Nebe. By Prof. Edmund Jacob Wolf, D.D., Prof. of New Testament Exegesis and Church History in the Gettysburg Theological Seminary. Price, \$4.50.

JAMES POTT & CO.

The Outbreak in China. Its Causes. By Rev. F. L. Hawks Pott, D.D., President of St. John's College, Shanghai; President of the American Association of China. Price, 75 cts.

SIBLEY & DUCKER

Lyrical Vignettes. By F. V. N. Painter.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

The Chevalier de St. Denis. By Alice Ilgenfritz Jones, Author of *Beatrice of Bayou Tèche.* Price, \$1.25.

PAMPHLETS.

The Church of God: Which He hath purchased with His own Blood. The Truth spoken in Love, by the Rev. G. H. Sharpley, Curate of Christ Church, New Haven, Conn., A. D. 1900. From the Author.

The Gentle Boy. And other Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With Notes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, 15 cents.

Dante Calendar. Being Certain Excerpts from the Writings of Dante Alighieri. With an accompaniment of sundry Decorations and Picturings by Blanche McManus. Ribbon

tied and boxed. Price, \$1.25. New York: Edwin S. Gorham (Through The Young Churchman Co.).

The Good Shepherd Series. New York: E. S. Gorham (Through The Young Churchman Co.).

The Celestial Country. From the Rhythm of Saint Bernard of Cluny, Translated by John Mason Neale. Price, 25 cts.

The Communion of Saints. By Rev. Morgan Dix, S.T.D. Price, 25 cts.

Remember Thy Dead. Price, 25 cts.

Not Changed, but Glorified. And other Verses. Price, 25 cts.

Church Orphans' Home, Memphis, Tenn. Annual Report, 1899-1900.

English Spelling. A Paper read before the Chicago Society of Proofreaders, by George D. Broomell. Price, 10 cents. Chicago: The Ben. Franklin Co., 232 Irving Ave.

The Society for the Increase of the Ministry. Forty-fourth Annual Report. October 2, 1900. The Hartford Press, Conn.

The Church at Work

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.**Resolutions on the Retirement of Mr. Houghteling.**

THE COUNCIL of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, through its Executive Committee, has adopted the following minute with regard to the retirement of Mr. James L. Houghteling from the Presidency of the Brotherhood:

This Council desires to record its deep regret at the retirement of Mr. James L. Houghteling from the Presidency and leadership of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. For the past twelve years, by the unanimous choice of each succeeding Council, he has held the place of chief responsibility in the organization of which he was, under God, the founder and most representative member. The Council appointed by the last Convention in Richmond earnestly desired to serve under Mr. Houghteling, as President, but was assured by him that he could not accept the office for another term, and that he believed under new leadership the work of the Brotherhood would go on with renewed vigor and effectiveness.

We desire to express our profound thankfulness to God for the great service our friend and leader has been permitted to render in founding and guiding the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. He has seen it develop from a group of a dozen inexperienced young men in a single parish to a great movement, embracing nearly 15,000 men in all branches of the Anglican Communion, and enlisting them for positive service for the extension of the Kingdom of God among their fellows. All this development bears the mark of Mr. Houghteling's kind-hearted sympathy, his high conception of the meaning of citizenship in the Kingdom of God, and his power of imparting high ideals to others. None of us can ever know how much of his best life Mr. Houghteling has put into the Brotherhood, what sacrifices of personal interests he has made for its welfare, and how many men he has, by his example, led to an earnest attempt to discharge their duties as Christian men, through the Church.

His continued membership in the Council, on which he has served since its formation in 1886, enables us to look to his advice for guidance.

Of those more intimate relations which we have been permitted to sustain towards him in the Brotherhood we cannot fully speak. To each he has been a brother and a friend, stimulating us to new endeavor, and ruling us by the power of love.

For all that Mr. Houghteling has been to us and the Brotherhood movement throughout the world, we again express our sincere thankfulness, as with increasing confidence in the high mission of our movement we face the future in his fellowship, though no longer under his leadership.

ALBANY.

WM. CROSWELL DOANE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Improvements in Troy.

DURING the past summer, Christ Church, Troy (Rev. Roderick P. Cobb, rector), has been extensively repaired and improved. The exterior has been painted, and within there has been an entire reconstruction of the chancel and choir arrangements. The Altar has been elevated upon a platform approached by three steps from the choir and seven from the nave; and has been enriched by an elegant silken dossal and a pair of brass Eucharistic candlesticks. A memorial pulpit constructed of brass, and beautiful in design, has just been erected by R. Geissler, of New York, in memory of George B. Smith, for many years senior warden of the parish, and all these improvements were marked by a special service of thanksgiving and benediction on Sunday, November 4, when the Rev. R. M. Kemp, of St. Paul's chapel, New York, son of the present senior warden of Christ Church, preached an appropriate memorial sermon. The Rev. J. N. Mulford, a former rector, also assisted in the celebration of the Holy Communion, and preached at evening prayer. The parish is in a prosperous condition.

CHICAGO.

WM. E. McLAREN, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop.
CHAS. P. ANDERSON, Bp. Coadj.

Deaf Mute Anniversary—Lectures at St. James'—City Notes.

AN EVENT of special interest was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of All Angels' Deaf Mute Mission of the city of Chicago. On Saturday evening, November 10th, the members gave a reception to the founder, the Rev. A. W. Mann, in the parish house of Trinity Church. On Sunday morning the Holy Communion was celebrated. Another service was held in the afternoon, in the chapel. The service, which drew many of the silent brethren from all parts of the city and also many of the regular congregation, was held in Trinity Church in the evening. Bishop McLaren was present; also Bishop Tikhon of the Russian Church in the United States, and three of his priests, one from the Cathedral in San Francisco, another from the Greek-Russian Church in Pittsburgh. The rector, the Rev. W. C. Richardson, read the service, with the Rev. Mr. Mann as interpreter. He also read a written address of welcome and congratulation to the deaf-mutes. Mr. Mann's historical address was

read by Mr. Richardson. Bishop McLaren followed with a written address that deeply touched the hearts of the silent worshippers. Having read the address, he spoke extemporaneously, commending Mr. Mann's work during the last quarter of a century in Chicago and other Dioceses.

Archdeacon Sebastian, of the San Francisco Greek Cathedral, then spoke a few words for Bishop Tikhon, expressing his deep interest in the "silent work" of the Church in the United States; incidentally referring to the work being done by the Russian Church among the educated deaf-mutes of that country.

THE RECTOR of St. James', the Rev. Dr. Stone, announces a series of lectures at the parish house of St. James' on Tuesday mornings from 11 to 12, on the general subject of Old Testament Literature, Lands, and Times, divided as follows: Nov. 20, Geography and People of the Ancient World; Nov. 27, Early Stories of the Creation, Fall, and Flood; Dec. 4, Composition and Contents of Genesis; Dec. 11, National and Spiritual Evolution of Israel; Dec. 18, Anticipations of Christ.

THE CHURCH CLUB of Chicago has just been the recipient of a beautiful set of Smith's Dictionaries for use in its library. The subjects covered are *Christian Biography*, *Christian Antiquities*, *Greek and Roman Antiquities*, and *Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, in all, 17 volumes. Mr. Frederick B. Tuttle, President of the Club, is the donor.

OUR CITY MISSIONARY work goes on so quietly and regularly, that few of our Church people know the amount of work accomplished by Dr. Rushton and his able corps of assistants. For example, on one Sunday lately—and this Sunday is a fair sample of all others—the services were as follows: 9:30, County jail for men; 9:30, County Hospital; 11, Home for Incurables; 1:30, Bridewell for men; another at the same hour for women; 2:45, John Worthy School for Juvenile Delinquents; 3, County Jail for Women; 5, Home for the Friendless. Added to this, a service is often given to the girls at Beatrice House; sermons preached and services held in different parishes, for Diocesan Missions. This work is all arranged for by the Rev. Dr. Rushton, who is most faithfully seconded by the Rev. John M. Chattin, the Sisters of St. Mary and two women missionaries.

SINCE THE FIRST of September, the books of the Treasurer of St. Andrew's parish,

show a net gain in current income of \$675.00 per annum. This amount is represented by offertory pledges and pew rent and is a greater gain than has been made on any September or October, for the past 7 years. The new pressed steel ceiling, just put up at a cost of \$200.00, is a valuable and much needed addition to the guild room of the church. The Junior Auxiliary contributed \$25.00 towards the improvements.

MANY PEOPLE are desirous of knowing what to do with literature too good to throw away, too cumbersome to keep. The Church Periodical Club of the Epiphany has just sent 350 magazines and other periodicals, to the soldiers in the Philippines. The Moral is plain.

AT THE 11 o'clock service on Sunday, Nov. 4th, the rector of Trinity Church had the pleasure of making the annual presentation of gold medals to the choir; they were seven in number. The Hughes Memorial was given for faithful service. The three "musical progress" medals were gifts from Chas. L. Raymond, Geo. S. McReynolds, and the choir-master, C. E. Rudge. The one for regular attendance was awarded by Judge Holdom, and that for deportment, by Geo. H. Webster, junior warden of the parish.

DALLAS.

A. C. GARRETT, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Corner Stone for a Hospital.

THE CORNER STONE of All Saints' Hospital, Fort Worth, was laid by the Bishop of the Diocese on All Saints' Day. With the Bishop arrived from Dallas a party consisting of Dean Stuck and a number of other clergy, one of whom was the Rev. H. T. Heister of the Diocese of Chicago. The party were tendered luncheon after which there was a short informal reception. Those interested then left for the site of the hospital where some two hundred people had gathered to witness the imposing ceremony. The corner stone rests upon the northwest corner of the foundation, is of fine white stone, and bears the inscription, "All Saints' Hospital, Erected 1900." A platform had been erected upon which the choir were gathered. The clergy in vestments moved in procession through the grounds singing Psalm 132. The ceremony of laying the corner stone then proceeded. An address followed by Capt. B. B. Paddock, one of the laymen of Fort Worth who has worked with the Bishop more than twenty-five years. He was followed by Mr. T. O. Walker, the Rev. B. B. Ramage, the Rev. R. H. Cotton, the Very Rev. Dean Stuck of the Cathedral at Dallas, and Bishop Garrett. After the addresses the Bishop offered the Collects and pronounced Benediction.

DELAWARE.

LEIGHTON COLEMAN, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Archdeaconry of Wilmington.

THE ARCHDEACONRY of Wilmington met in Calvary Church, Wilmington (Rev. H. W. Cunningham, rector), on November 7th and 8th. The preacher at evensong on the 7th was the Rev. Arthur Rogers of West Chester, Pa., and at Holy Communion on the 8th, the Rev. P. Owen-Jones, M.D., rector of St. Michael's, Wilmington.

The subjects for discussion were:

The Churchman.—(1) In Business—Geo. A. Harter, Ph.D. (2) In Politics—Geo. A. Elliott, Esq. (3) In Society—The Rev. Wm. J. Hamilton. Discussion—To be opened by the Rev. John S. Bunting. Temperance.—(1) The Church—Idea of it—The Rev. W. M. Jefferis, D.D. (2) How attained—The Rev. F. M. Munson, LL.D. Discussion—To be opened by the Rev. Kensey J. Hammond. 7:45 p. m.—Service and Addresses. Subject: Missions.—(1) Their Ideal a vital Necessity—The Rev. Wm. J. Wilkie. (2) How realized—The Bishop of Delaware.

FOND DU LAC.

CHAS. C. GRAFTON, D.D., Bishop.
R. H. WELLER, JR., Bishop Coadjutor.

Dr. Dafter's Bereavement.

THE RECTOR of Grace Church, Appleton, the Rev. Dr. Wm. Dafter, was called from his parish early in November by the news of the serious illness of his son, Mr. Wm. A. Dafter, at Bear Pass, Ont. Before Dr. Dafter could reach the bedside, his son had died. He was in charge of the survey of a new railroad from the Canadian Pacific to the Rainy Lake gold fields. He was 38 years old and had for several years been engaged in railroad and mining engineering in Canada.

KANSAS.

F. R. MILLSPAUGH, D.D., Bishop.

Convocation at Salina—Gifts Received at Manhattan.

THE CONVOCATION of the Salina Deanery was held in the Church of the Covenant, at Junction City, Kansas, Nov. 6, 7, 8, 1900. Enthusiastic meetings prevailed during the entire session. On Tuesday evening Convocation opened with Evening Prayer, at 7:30. The following addresses were made during the evening: "The Missionary Spirit of the Church," Rev. Jos. Sheerin; "Diocesan Missions," Rev. John C. Anderson; "Present Needs in Diocesan Missions," Ven. Archdeacon Watkins.

Wednesday morning at 7:45, the Sacrament was administered, the Rev. I. E. Baxter, Dean of the Convocation being celebrant. Morning Prayer followed at 9:30, with an able and eloquent sermon by the Ven. Archdeacon Watkins. The Woman's Auxiliary met from 10:45 a. m. to 12 m. This meeting was addressed by the Diocesan President, Mrs. Millsbaugh. At 1:50 p. m. the Daughters of the King assembled and listened to an address by the Ven. Archdeacon Watkins, Diocesan Chaplain. After prayers at 3:00 p. m. the assemblage was very learnedly addressed by the Rev. I. E. Baxter. Mr. Baxter's subject was, "The Bible in English Literature." At this meeting, the question box was opened. The questions were ably answered. At 7:30 p. m. Evening Prayer was held and followed by the Confirmation Service. The rector, Rev. W. C. McCracken, presented a very interesting class of 13 persons. All of those who received the "rite of Confirmation," had come voluntarily to the rector. An interesting and pleasing paper was read by the Rev. McCracken. The service closed with an address by the Very Rev. Dean Sykes of Grace Cathedral. After a choral celebration of the Holy Communion Thursday morning at 7:45, a business meeting was held in which it was decided to meet in May next at Minneapolis, Kan. Mr. C. M. Burck was elected Secretary of the Convocation. The session closed with the singing of *Gloria in Excelsis*.

THE PARISH of St. Paul's, Manhattan (Rev. Will P. James, rector), one of the five represented in the primary convention of the Diocese, has just received a beautiful gift of a large chancel window in memory of Geo. W. Higinbotham, warden, who had been a member of the vestry from the first organization of the parish. There was presented at the same time a parish house by the widow of Mr. Higinbotham, so that the parish is now well equipped with rectory and parish house, as well as the dear old stone church and ivy-covered tower containing its sweet-toned bell. On All Saints' Day these two gifts were set apart by services in the church and exercises in the parish house. The Bishop, the rector, and the Rev. Messrs. Sykes, Sheerin, McCracken, and Leete, participated in the services, and the ministers of the various denominations of the town took part in the afternoon exercises in the parish house. The rector was very happy in his acknowl-

edgement of the gift and his assurance of its benefit to the whole community.

KENTUCKY.

T. U. DUDLEY, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop.

Commencement at the Infirmary.

THE COMMENCEMENT exercises of the class of 1900 at the John N. Norton Memorial Infirmary, Louisville, were held on Thursday evening, Nov. 8th, at 8 p. m. Many friends of the institution were gathered in the spacious hall by that hour. After prayer by the chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Perkins, and a solo, "Hush, Little One!" by Miss Alice Sachs, the class was addressed by Bishop Dudley. He spoke to them of three things to be observed. 1. Avoid a draught for your patient—i. e., don't excite them by your presence. 2. Keep an even temperature—temper. 3. Bring sunshine into the room. The first and second, he said, can be produced by painstaking care; the last must be sought from God in prayer. *Prayer and pains* are the two requisites for your calling.

The report of this Infirmary is a very interesting one. It shows the number of patients healed in the past year to have been 416. Of these 30 were charity patients, 25 were partial beneficiaries.

LEXINGTON.

LEWIS W. BURTON, D.D., Bishop.

Missionary Gathering—Bible Society.

ON OCT. 18th, the Bishop and Mrs. Burton opened their hospitable home to an informal gathering of all the Missionary societies of the Cathedral and St. John's parishes. The Rev. W. H. McGee, Missionary to Cuba, in a pleasant talk, told of the island and its inhabitants, and his work among them.

ON SUNDAY EVENING, Oct. 29th, the Bishop of the Diocese gave an inspiring address before the Bible Society of Lexington, which is an Auxiliary of the American Bible Society.

LOS ANGELES.

JOS. H. JOHNSON, D.D., Bishop.

Convocation at Santa Ana—Enlargement at Los Angeles.

THE CONVOCATION of the Archdeaconry of Los Angeles, which includes the counties of Los Angeles and Orange, met in the Church of the Messiah, Santa Ana, the chief town of Orange County, on Tuesday, Oct. 23d. Eighteen clergymen were present, and there were laymen representing several parishes. At 10:30 there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, the Bishop being celebrant, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon Trew and the Rev. J. D. H. Browne. The preacher was the Rev. George T. Dowling, D.D., rector of Christ Church, Los Angeles, who spoke most strikingly and eloquently on the Reasons for Public Worship. The musical portion of the service was of a high order, especially Howell's beautiful setting of "By the waters of Babylon." In the luncheon which the ladies of the parish served, the standard was set so high that it is doubtful if future years can keep it up.

In the afternoon business session, Bishop Johnson presided, with Archdeacon Trew as assessor at his right. A highly instructive and interesting paper was read by the Rev. Wm. H. Dyer, the pioneer missionary of the Diocese, on "A Missionary's Experiences, and Some Lessons Therefrom."

The Convocation adopted a preamble and series of resolutions which were presented by the Rev. J. D. H. Browne, deploring the growing neglect of the Lord's Day, and calling for its more faithful observance. Before putting the resolutions, the Bishop called attention to the connection of the Friday fast with the Sunday feast, and recommended Hessey's

Bampton Lectures on *Sunday* as a book for the times in relation to this subject.

In the evening a missionary service was held, at which three addresses of a very high order were made, the speakers being the Rev. C. J. French, the Rev. J. D. H. Browne, and Bishop Johnson, their subjects being respectively:—The Missionary Motive, The Missionary Crisis in China, and Do Foreign Missions Pay?

The Rev. W. H. Wotton, the priest in charge of the mission of the Messiah, in Santa Ana, is to be congratulated on the greatly improved condition of his mission. The material improvement in the interior of the church building is a visible evidence of increased life and earnestness among the people.

ENLARGEMENT is the order of the day among the churches of Los Angeles city. On the first Sunday of October Christ Church was re-opened after having its seating capacity doubled; and on Sunday, Oct. 28th, the Church of the Ascension repeated the same evidence of life and growth. The chancel had been cut off and moved back, and the nave was thus doubled in length. Other improvements have been made, and re-opening services were held on the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity. The Bishop was celebrant, assisted by the rector, the Rev. J. Arthur Evans. The Church was crowded, and the Bishop's sermon was in harmony with the encouraging prospects of the congregation.

THE REV. CHAS. J. FRENCH has accepted the rectorship of St. Paul's, Pomona, and entered on his duties on All Saints' Day. Mr. French, for two years past, has been in charge of the Memorial Church of the Angels, Garvanza, and St. James' Mission, Colegrove; and his removal is greatly regretted by the congregations at these places.

MASSACHUSETTS.

WM. LAWRENCE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Free Church Association—Cherry Valley—
Woman's Auxiliary—Orphans' Home.

THE FREE CHURCH ASSOCIATION, a branch of the parent society in Philadelphia, held its annual meeting on Nov. 5, at the Diocesan House, Boston, with its president, the Rev. R. Heber Howe, D.D., in the chair. The treasurer, Mr. Clarence H. Poor, reported a balance of about \$80.00 on hand, but money must be raised for the open air services and other expenditures. The Rev. William C. Winslow, D.D., read the report of the executive committee, which stated that out of 217 churches and places of worship in the Diocese at least 169 have free sittings. The free sittings in 193 church edifices are 38,402, to 23,645 rented sittings. The sittings in the other 24 places of worship are about all free. A large membership of the society for moral and financial reasons was urged. Dr. Winslow referred to the usefulness of the open air services on Sunday afternoons during the summer upon the famous Boston Common. Sometimes 500 people joined in the Prayer Book services. The Rev. Dr. D. D. Addison, of the committee of arrangements, described these services in detail. It was voted to continue the services next summer, and to appeal for funds to meet the costs.

A MEMORIAL REREDOS and rood screen were placed in St. Thomas' Church, Cherry Valley, in memory of the late warden, Robt. S. Olney, and as the gift of the mother and family of the deceased. The beautiful gift was formally received and dedicated on the first Sunday in November, the sermon being preached by Rev. Dr. Vinton of All Saints' Church, Worcester.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Massachusetts Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions was well attended Nov. 7 in Trinity Church. The Holy Communion was celebrated by the Bishop of the Diocese,

assisted by Bishop Partridge of Japan. Bishop Lawrence made an address, in which he described the work and achievements of the modern missionary. The meeting in the chapel, which followed the service was addressed by the president, Mrs. T. V. R. Thayer, who in concluding, announced that the alms bason used at the morning service was the handiwork of a native Chinaman, who was converted to Christianity. It is the gift to the society from Mrs. Abbott of Cambridge. Bishop Holly of Haiti delivered an address upon his work, and emphasized the need of industrial schools in his field. Miss Emery made an admirable address, depicting the work of Missions in a way that won the attention of the large audience, and urging upon them deeper and wiser appropriation of their resources for this great and important work of the Church. A social time was spent afterwards at luncheon at the Hotel Brunswick. The afternoon session was addressed by Bishop Partridge, and Mr. John W. Wood of New York City.

THE REV. F. B. ALLEN made an address upon the subject of "Exposed and Neglected Children" before the "My Neighbor Club" of the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School.

THE WORCESTER district of the Woman's Auxiliary held a conference in the chapel of All Saints', Worcester. Miss Whittemore spoke of the Dakota league, Mrs. Scudder of Foreign Missions, Mrs. Abbott of Mexico, Haiti, and Brazil, Miss McIntosh of the Colored Work, and Miss Loring of Alaska. The afternoon session took up the matter of parochial interests. Mrs. Brigham of All Saints', Worcester, dwelt upon the relation of parochial work to mission work. Mrs. Fisher of Ayer described what a small parish could do and Mrs. Brown of Leominster treated the subject of the value of an Auxiliary branch in small parishes.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Church Home for orphaned and destitute children took place on Nov. 8. Bishop Lawrence pre-

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sided, and called for the reports of the Home, and the Stanwood School at Topsfield. A committee was appointed to consider the advisability of removing the Home, or in making preparation for the renovation of the present building and its enlargement. Mrs. Fabyens read her annual report as secretary, which was marked by many instances of the excellent work, which this home is carrying on. The chaplain, the Rev. A. E. George, then catechised the children upon the Bible, Church History, and the Prayer Book. An address was made to the children by the Rev. W. T. Crocker of East Boston. This address was full of humor, and greatly pleased the children. Bishop Lawrence spoke to the children about their life in the Home, and the good training they were receiving there.

MINNESOTA.

H. B. WHIPPLE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Pastoral Issued—Semi-Centennial of Christ Church—Missions Class—Daughters of the King—Minneapolis Items.

IN A PASTORAL letter just issued the Bishop reminds the faithful of the approach of Advent, and asks them "to lay aside worldly cares that you may at least attend the daily services of the Church throughout this blessed season, and in your private prayers remember the faithful missionaries of the Cross in heathen lands, and all who in our own land are seeking to lead wanderers unto Christ."

CHRIST CHURCH, St. Paul, commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the parish on All Saints' Day, with services befitting the occasion.

The observance of this anniversary and the cancelling of the \$20,000 debt with funds raised last Easter was to have taken place in August, but on account of so many of the parishioners being away on their vacation it was postponed until late in the fall. A History of the parish and cuts of the old and new churches appeared in THE LIVING CHURCH at that time.

The anniversary began with an early celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the Rector, Rev. C. D. Andrews, Celebrant. At 11 a. m. full choral service with Holy Eucharist and sermon by Bishop Whipple. The Bishop's sermon was of a reminiscent nature and was greatly appreciated by the large congregation present. The choir rendered the service in a very excellent manner. On Monday evening a Reception was held in the Guild Room and the \$20,000 mortgage that was cancelled by the Easter offering was burned in the presence of a large gathering of the clergy and laity. The Hall was appropriately decorated with flags, palms, potted flowers, and candles around a raised dais on which were seated a number of the honored women of the church. Judge R. R. Nelson, the oldest member of the parish, presided over the ceremonies, and related a number of interesting reminiscences. The Rev. Charles D. Andrews, who has been rector of Christ Church for fourteen years, delivered the address of welcome. Dr. John Wright, of St. Paul's Church, spoke of the relations existing between the rector of Christ Church and himself. He drew a parallel between the work of the two churches and in his greeting expressed the hope that the parallel would continue. Dr. Faude, rector of Gethsemane Church, Minneapolis, analyzed the nature of a debt. He thought there was no sin in a debt on a church, for it proved the faithfulness of the people in taking upon themselves a burden beyond their own households. Especially was this proven when the people came loyally up and settled their debt as the congregation of Christ Church had done. Dr. Faude spoke feelingly of his love for Christ Church and its rector. Dr. S. G. Smith, of the People's Church, offered his

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ANNUALS.

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congratulations, and was heartily received by the people he addressed. Dr. Smith said that he knew he voiced the sentiments of every church and minister in St. Paul when he said that Christ Church had stood for all that was best in the city's life and development; had silently become a power in the community, and that everybody was pleased at whatsoever redounded to the prosperity of old Christ Church.

THE MISSIONS CLASS opened their fall and winter campaign at Christ Church, St. Paul, the Women of St. John the Evangelist's in charge. "China" was the subject under consideration. Mrs. E. W. Peet read an interesting paper on "The Religions of China," Mrs. Dennis Follett on "American Missions in China," and Mrs. Fernald on "Results of the Work."

All the papers were instructive and helpful. Mrs. Olmstead was elected secretary. The next meeting will be held in St. Clement's Church.

THE FIFTH annual meeting of the Daughters of the King was held in Gethsemane Church, Minneapolis, Oct. 30. The session began with a Celebration of the Holy Eucharist. In the evening the Rev. John Wright, D.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, St. Paul, delivered a special sermon to the order on "Self-Abnegation."

ON SUNDAY EVENING, Nov. 4th, the Rev. Dr. Faude, Rector of Gethsemane, delivered, by invitation, before a gathering of some eight hundred people at the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist) His Reasons for being a Churchman, without apologizing, as so many do under similar conditions, for being Churchmen the Doctor came to the subject immediately without any mincing of the matter. The large number present went home with clearer ideas of the Church and her claims than what they had before. The Lecture was delivered in good taste and will doubtless bear fruit in due time.

THE REV. DR. WRIGHT, rector of St. Paul's Church, St. Paul, was recently caught in a train wreck near Pipestone, Minn., and had his face badly cut.

BISHOP WHIPPLE visited All Saints', Minneapolis (Rev. Geo. H. Thomas, rector), on the evening of All Saints' Day and consecrated the new altar for the chancel. The work in this parish is enjoying a healthy growth, and the people are devoted to their young rector and Mrs. Thomas. The church was painted and many improvements made while Mr. Thomas was on his vacation, it all being a pleasant surprise to him on his return. \$500 has been paid on the mortgage debt on the church property besides paying off a large floating indebtedness.

FOR 1901.

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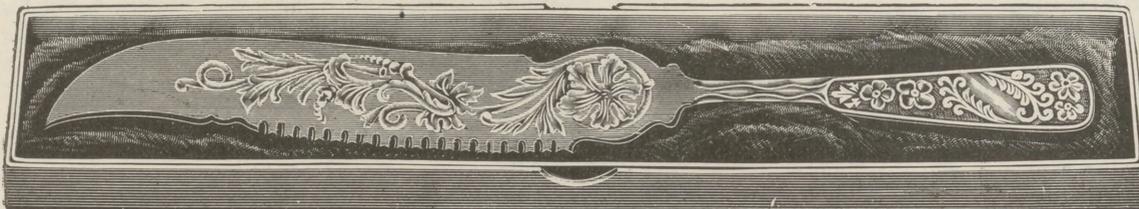
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ST. BARNABAS' HOSPITAL, Minneapolis, held the exercises of the graduating class of five young women on the evening of All Saints' Day. The Rev. Dr. Webb, chaplain of the Hospital, said evening prayer, after which Dr. C. H. Hunter of the staff addressed the graduating class on the secular side of their work, followed by the Rev. Thomas W. MacLean in an admirable address on the foundation, dignity, and religious side of the nurse's life of mercy and service. \$5,000.00 has been paid on the mortgage indebtedness of the Hospital during the past few months.

CHRIST CHURCH MISSION, Minneapolis, has recently been placed under charge of the Bishop who has assigned Rev. A. D. Stowe to duty there in conjunction with St. Matthew's, St. Anthony Park. This mission occupies the field formerly covered by St. Luke's, now dissolved. Morning service is held on the first Sunday in the month with celebration of the Holy Communion, and every Sunday evening, by Mr. Stowe. At a recent visitation by the Bishop he baptized 26 children, and so impressed were the Bishop and Mrs. Whipple with the valuable work being done in the Sunday School that they presented the School with a library of one hundred volumes of the latest and best Sunday School literature.

SUNDAY, November 4th, was the 17th anniversary of Stephen Crutcher as sexton of St. Mark's parish, Minneapolis. No more loyal and faithful person has ever had charge of a church, and in recognition of his faithful services a few friends presented him with a purse of fifty dollars on the anniversary.

MISSOURI.

D. S. TUTTLE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Convocation at Palmyra.

THE FALL SESSION of the Convocation of Hannibal was held during the week beginning Oct. 29th in St. Paul's Church, Palmyra. The Dean, the Very Rev. William Allen Hatch, preached the opening sermon and also delivered each morning a meditation, such as has always been found so spiritually profitable at these gatherings, on matters of the personal religious life. There were opening addresses at the afternoon conferences by the Rev. E. P. Little on The Priest in his Parish; by the Dean on The Priest as Pastor; by the Rev. T. A. Waterman on The Priest as Preacher; and by the Bishop on The Priest as Pastor, Preacher, and Rector. Sermons were also delivered on the other evenings by the Rev. P. G. Davidson, the Rev. Dr. Little and the Rev. C. H. Canfield, a retired priest who notwithstanding the weight of over four score years spoke with remarkable force and clearness. Father Canfield has been in the ministry about half a century, having in his younger days as a local preacher of the Universalist body assisted the celebrated Dr. E. H. Chapin in his pulpit work.

A solemn Eucharist was offered on All Saints' Day, the Rev. H. Mizner, rector, officiating. The Bishop preached at the last service on Friday to a great congregation, the vested choir of St. Jude's, Monroe, being present. He also preached and administered Confirmation the following Sunday. The visitors were entertained with the hospitality for which this quaint old Southern town is noted.

NEW YORK.

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

ON NOV. 25th there will be a gathering of the choirs of the parish of St. Mary the Virgin to celebrate their anniversary. There will be a solemn celebration of the Holy Communion in the morning and special musical service at night. At the latter service will be rendered the whole of the first part of Haydn's Oratorio of the Creation. At the Eucharist the service rendered will be that of Adam.

NORTH DAKOTA.

SAML. C. EDSALL, D.D., Miss. Bp.

Installation of the Dean at the Cathedral.

THE NEWLY ELECTED Dean of the Cathedral at Fargo, the Rev. H. L. Burleson, was installed on the first Sunday in the present month by Bishop Edsall. Mr. Burleson has entered upon his new position as Dean with every promise of success both as to his relations with the congregation and to the Diocese.

OHIO.

WM. A. LEONARD, D.D., Bishop.

G. F. S. Meeting—Founders' Day at Kenyon—Convocation at Kenton.

THE ANNUAL Diocesan Convention of the Girls' Friendly Society of Ohio was held in St. Mark's Church, Cleveland, on the 6th of November. There was a previous meeting on Monday night in St. John's Church at which all the city branches were present to be addressed by the Rev. H. W. Jones, rector of that parish. The Convention proper opened at St. Mark's with a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7:30 a. m., the Rev. E. W. Worthington, rector of Grace Church, being the celebrant. The Council meeting was held at 9:00 a. m., at which balloting for officers took place. At 10 a. m. there was a second celebration of the Holy Communion when the celebrant was the Rev. C. E. Mackenzie of St. Luke's Church, assisted by the Rev. H. W. Jones and the Rev. E. S. Barkdull of Trinity Church, Toledo. The preacher at this service was the Rev. Frederic E. J. Lloyd, D.D., rector of St. Mark's. At noon luncheon was served by the St. Mark's branch of the G. F. S. in the Parish House. At 2:00 p. m. the annual business meeting was held under the able direction of Miss Hamm, the Diocesan President. From every branch there came excellent reports of the work done by the G. F. S. and great enthusiasm was excited.

Bad Dreams

CAUSED BY COFFEE.

"I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare.

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"People really do not appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of it would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned.

"A young lady friend of ours, Miss Emily Pierson, had stomach trouble for a long time, and could not get well as long as she used coffee. She finally quit coffee and began the use of Postum Food Coffee and is now perfectly well. Yours for health. Don't publish my name." — Herrington, Kan. Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better, it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

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.

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FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

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The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Miss Hamm; Vice-President, Mrs. Frederic E. J. Lloyd; Diocesan Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Lloyd; Diocesan Sec., Mrs. G. M. Curtis; Dep. Associate, Mrs. F. W. Jackson. To the universal regret, the Bishop was unable to be present.

ON ALL SAINTS' DAY the annual commemoration of the Founders of Kenyon College was made. The Bishop of Ohio read the Founders' Memorial and celebrated the Holy Communion. At this service the annual matriculation of new students took place, forty-one matriculating in the collegiate department and seven in the theological seminary.

THE TOLEDO CONVOCATION held its autumnal meeting in S. Paul's Church, Kenton (Rev. J. H. W. F. Cole, rector), on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 6th and 7th, Rev. A. Leffingwell, Dean, presiding. The Tuesday evening was devoted to the Sunday School Institute. The Rev. E. S. Barkdull led in discussing the Relation of Clergy, Vestry, Parents and others of the Parish to the Sunday School. The Rev. L. P. McDonald opened the debate on "Normal Classics"; The Rev. Robt. L. Harris on "The Point of Contact Between Teacher and Pupil"; The Rev. W. C. Clapp on "How to Save Our Sunday School Children for the Church." The early communion on Wednesday was unusually well attended. At the 10-a. m. meeting the Dean, Rev. Alsoh Leffingwell, read the Missionary Reports which (to save time) had all been written out and sent in before the meeting.

The Rev. J. W. Thompson opened the discussion on "Missions."

At noon we had the usual prayers for Missions and a Missionary Hymn.

After a bountiful luncheon at the Rector's, the Rev. W. C. Clapp led in the discussion on "Clerical and Parochial Retreats," and the Rev. W. C. Hopkins, D.D., on "Title in Section 66 and 69." All the above topics were freely discussed by nearly all the clergy. The consideration of the Canon led to a motion to have a committee to purchase tracts for distribution and not to use the offering of Convocation for clerical traveling expenses. The committee are the Rev. Alsoh Leffingwell, Rev. W. C. Clapp, and Rev. L. P. Donald.

At the closing services the church was nearly full, and a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. L. Rees, Professor of Dogmatic Theology in St. John's College, Shanghai, China. The April meeting is to be in Findlay.

PENNSYLVANIA.

O. W. WHITAKER, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Woman's Auxiliary—Lectures at St. Stephen's—Transfiguration Opened—City Notes.

AN ALL-DAY MEETING of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions of the Diocese was held on Friday, 9th inst., at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia. At 8:30 a. m. the Holy Communion was celebrated. There was a very large attendance of women at all the services. At 10:30 a. m., after the opening service, a summary of the annual report was read by the secretary, which stated that there are, in the Diocese of Pennsylvania, 90 parish branches of the Woman's Auxiliary. During the past year they have given to missions \$30,813.02 in money; and have sent boxes to missionaries valued at \$21,349.46. In addition to this, they have contributed to the United Offering, this year, \$3,986.03, making a total of \$56,148.71. Of this, \$8,305 has been given for work in the Diocese. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Partridge, Bishop of Kyoto, Japan, then made an address on the subject "World Problems, and what the Church is doing to solve them," in which he gave an interesting account of the work accomplished in Japan by the missionaries, and the earnestness and devotion shown by the converts to Christianity, instancing some

cases of martyrdom for the cause of Christ.

At noon, there were prayers offered for Missions in the parish house, after which there was a conference of the Woman's Auxiliary with the clergy, Bishop Whitaker (who had also presided in the morning) occupying the chair. The Conference was opened by Miss Lucy Jarvis, who drew the line of distinction between the Junior Department of the Woman's Auxiliary, and the Sunday School Auxiliary. There has been a great confusion in many parishes in regard to the identity of these two bodies, which seems to be regarded differently in different Dioceses. Miss Jarvis said that as the work in the Diocese of Pennsylvania had been better done than in others, she had carefully studied its methods. She gave a history of the movement in Connecticut since its creation by the General Convention in 1886; and the act provided that all existing Children's societies should be under the Woman's Auxiliary with the title of the Junior Auxiliary. The question came up as to the relation of the boys in the Sunday School to the Woman's Auxiliary. It was a vexed question, and as the organization grew, the trouble became more and more emphasized. The basis for membership was the Easter Offering. In some Dioceses that has been the stumbling block. In Pennsylvania and Connecticut, every Sunday had come to be regarded as a minor Easter, and every Sunday offering a part of the great Easter offering. So it came to be recognized that all work undertaken on Sunday, through the Sunday Schools, belonged to the Sunday School Auxiliary to the Board of Missions. In Connecticut they had made a rule that all the boys' work should be under the Sunday School Auxiliary. The girls' work belonged to the Junior Department of the Woman's Auxiliary. Miss Jarvis gave many reasons why the girls could do better work in an organization by themselves, where they could be trained to take the places of their elders when they grew to womanhood.

At the conclusion of her remarks, there were many inquiries from clergymen, who had not in their own parishes made the distinction which Miss Jarvis drew, and constant references were made to the "Junior Auxiliary," which, Bishop Whitaker as constantly reminded them, did not exist.

The afternoon service began at 2:30 o'clock. Mr. William R. Butler made a very interesting address on "The Work of the Church in shaping the life of new communities." The Rt. Rev. Dr. Nelson, Bishop of Georgia, made the concluding address on "Missions—the Vocation of the Church."

THE REV. DR. ELWOOD WORCESTER, rector St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, announces that the first lecture of the course, for 1900-01, will be delivered on the First Sunday in Advent, Dec. 2nd, at 4 p. m., his subject will be "The Fundamental Belief of the Christian Religion." On the second Sunday of each month there will be a special musical service, when the lecture will be omitted.

THE COLLEGIATE Church of the Transfiguration, West Philadelphia (Rev. W. H. Bown, rector), was formally opened on Sunday, 4th inst., with special services, and was crowded in every part. A new altar has been erected with handsome ornaments, and a communion rail of carved oak, in memory of the late Professor Kendall, Vice Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, has been put in position around the chancel. At the morning service, the rector preached an able sermon on "The Free and Open Church, and an argument therefor." It is expected that during the present collegiate year prominent priests will preach to the congregation.

THERE WAS a quiet marriage solemnized on Wednesday afternoon, 7th inst., at St.

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Luke's Epiphany Church, Philadelphia, when the Rev. Alfred E. MacNamara was united to Annie Walston Tyler, formerly of the Eastern Shore of Virginia. The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Talbot assisted by the rector, the Rev. Dr. J. A. Tidball.

THE 40th special musical service at the Church of the Saviour, West Philadelphia (Rev. Dr. W. B. Bodine, rector), was held on Sunday evening, 4th inst., when the large vested choir of men and boys under the direction of the Rev. J. G. Bierck, organist and choir-master, rendered Cruickshank's Evening Service in G; the anthems "The Glory of the Lord"—Goss; "Grant, we beseech Thee," by Dr. J. Varley Roberts; and a chorus from

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Costa's "Eli." The sermon on "The Use of Art in Divine Worship" was preached by the Rev. John Keller of Trinity Church, Arlington, N. J.

THE ANNUAL SERMON before the Young Women's Guild and the Sisterhood of St. Mary of Bethany was preached on Sunday evening, 4th inst., in the Church of the Holy Apostles, Philadelphia (Rev. N. S. Thomas, rector), by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Coleman, Bishop of Delaware.

AT OLD CHRIST CHURCH, Philadelphia, (Rev. Dr. C. Ellis Stevens, rector), night classes have been opened on Wednesdays in dressmaking, millinery and cooking, to which all respectable girls have been invited.

ON MONDAY EVENING, 5th inst., at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia (Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester, rector), the Rev. William Curtis White, one of the assistant ministers of Holy Trinity Church, was united in Holy Matrimony to Miss Catherine Richardson Hansell, Bishop Whitaker officiating. The Rev. G. N. Holcomb, assistant at the Church of the Incarnation, was "best man"; and the Rev. Chas. T. Murphy, Jr., of Jenkintown, was one of the ushers.

PITTSBURGH.

CORTLANDT WHITEHEAD, D.D., Bishop.

Daughters of the King—Woman's Auxiliary—Convocation at Titusville—Clerical Union.

THE QUARTERLY meeting of the Pittsburgh Local Assembly of the Daughters of the King took place on Thursday, Nov. 8th, at Calvary Church. In the afternoon there was a meeting, when a most excellent paper was read by Miss McCord, the subject being "Quality, not Quantity." A business meeting followed, and at 6 o'clock tea was served in the parish house for all in attendance by the newly organized Chapter of Calvary Church. In the evening there was evening prayer by the rector, the Rev. Dr. McIlvaine, and addresses by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of the Diocese and Dr. McIlvaine.

THE NOVEMBER meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary was in the nature of a neighborhood conference, and was held outside the city, in the parish house of St. Thomas' Church, Oakmont. In spite of the first snow-storm of the season, there was a large attendance, many parishes being represented. A short meeting was held in the morning, when business was transacted. At noon a bountiful luncheon was most daintily served by the ladies of the congregation, and the afternoon session was opened with prayers by Bishop Whitehead. Arrangements were made for a special meeting in December, to be addressed by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Kyoto, and the place of holding the monthly meetings was changed from the church rooms, to Trinity parish house.

THE NORTHERN CONVOCATION of the Diocese held its autumnal meeting in St. James' Memorial Church, Titusville (the Rev. A. J. Nock, rector), on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 6th and 7th, the Bishop of the Diocese presiding. The opening service was held on Tuesday evening, and consisted of evening prayer, with a sermon by the Rev. Martin Aigner, of Franklin. On Wednesday morning there was an early celebration of the Holy Communion by Bishop Whitehead, and at 9:30 a business meeting, followed by an exegesis of St. Matthew xxviii. 18-20, by the Rev. R. Alan Russell, of Kane, which was followed by a spirited discussion. Later in the day there was a review of *Life Beyond Death* (by the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage), by the Rev. S. M. Holden, of Sharon; and an essay, "The Practical Value of the Episcopate," by the Rev. J. A. Howell, of Erie.

Wednesday evening was occupied by a warm discussion of an essay by the Rev. Herbert B. Pulsifer, of Union City, on the sub-

ject, "The Philosophy of our Foreign Mission Policy."

THE ANNUAL MEETING and election of officers for the Clerical Union of the Diocese occurred on Monday, Nov. 12th, at the Hotel Henry. Those elected to fill the various offices were:—President, the Rev. J. H. McIlvaine, D.D., rector of Calvary Church, Pittsburgh; Vice-President, the Rev. R. A. Benton, Sewickley; Secretary, the Rev. J. W. Burras; Treasurer, the Rev. W. E. Allen, Pittsburgh. During the meeting a most excellent paper was read by the Rev. Mr. Benton on "Some Hindrances to Exegesis." The Rev. W. F. Peirce, President of Kenyon College, was an honored guest at the meeting.

SOUTHERN OHIO.

THOS. A. JAGGAR, D.D., Bishop.
BOYD VINCENT, D.D., Bp. Coadj.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the diocesan work among Deaf Mutes will be observed at Cincinnati, December 2d.

SPRINGFIELD.

GEO. F. SEYMOUR, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.
C. R. HALE, D.D., LL.D., Bp. Coadj.

New Mission at Granite City—East St. Louis.

THE REV. JOHN CHANLER WHITE, rector of St. Mary's Church, East St. Louis, has organized a new mission at Granite City, Illinois, in Madison County. There are about twenty families now connected with the mission and about twenty-five communicants. A Sunday School of thirty-eight children has already been gathered in, and each Sunday new ones are added to the list. Bishop Seymour paid his first visit to the mission on Sunday, Nov. 11th, and confirmed a class of adults. The new mission takes the name of St. Bartholomew and opens up with fine prospects for solid and permanent work. The wardens have been instructed to purchase an organ for the use of the mission and application will be made for admission to union with the Diocese at the coming synod. Granite City is a fast-growing manufacturing town of about 4,500 people, and is closely connected by electric car line with Madison, Venice, and East St. Louis. Mr. White gives the mission service on each Sunday afternoon.

EAST ST. LOUIS, in charge of the Rev. John Chanler White, is making substantial progress and growth. Plans for a handsome stone church have been prepared for the mission by A. H. Ellwood, architect, of Elkhart, Ind., and it is proposed to commence the erection of the building at an early date. The church owns a valuable lot, 100 x 120 feet, in the best part of the city, entirely free from debt and quite a sum of money has been

A Hard Worker

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Mrs. L. S. King, of Concord, Cal., is state organizer and lecturer for the W. C. T. U. of California. She had been carrying on her work without using proper food to sustain her body, and says: "Before I found Grape-Nuts food I was suffering seriously with indigestion and my mind had become sluggish and dull, the memory being very much impaired.

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WATERMAN HALL.

The Chicago Diocesan School for Girls, Sycamore, Illinois. Twelfth Academic year began Sept. 19, 1900. The Rt. Rev. Wm. E. McLaren, D.D., D.C.L., President of, and the Rt. Rev. Chas. P. Anderson, D.D., a member of the Board of Trustees. Address the REV. B. F. FLEETWOOD, D.D., Rector.

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raised towards the new building. There are at present about 125 communicants. East St. Louis is a city of nearly 30,000 people, is largely manufacturing, and is increasing rapidly in population and importance. It ought to be made the center of a wide field of Church activity and only needs a little money to make it so. There is work enough in the city and adjacent towns to keep busily employed at least three priests.

WASHINGTON.

H. Y. SATTERLEE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Woman's Auxiliary—Cathedral Library.

ON TUESDAY the 6th inst., in the Church of the Ascension was held the annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese. It began with the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. The Bishop was the Celebrant, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Elliott, rector, the Rev. A. Griffith, curate, and the Rev. G. C. F. Bratenahl, rector of St. Alban's. This was followed by an impressive and practical address by the Bishop, from the text "Thy Kingdom Come" (Matt. 5). He said he felt greatly encouraged at the immense interest which had been taken during the past year in Missionary work, and his charge to his listeners was, to try and increase the interest, and find out what could be done for Porto Rico. He also said that the Diocesan Missions had been made auxiliary to the Board of Missions.

At the conclusion of the service, the Business session was carried on in the school room. The Rev. G. C. F. Bratenahl read a very interesting paper written by the Bishop of Minnesota, also one upon Statistics, showing what has already been done in Porto Rico, and gave suggestions for more work there.

THE NATIONAL CATHEDRAL Missionary Library of the Diocese of Washington is being formed, and Books, Pamphlets, Tracts, etc., are arranged according to the several Dioceses.

WEST MISSOURI.

E. R. ATWILL, D.D., Bishop.

THE REGULAR MEETING of the Womans' Auxiliary will be held in Trinity Church, Kansas City, on the 15th inst. In addition to the regular services there will be a special sermon by the Bishop of Missouri.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

WM. D. WALKER, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop.

Corner Stone at Dundee.

THE BISHOP of the Diocese visited Grace Church, Dundee, Oct. 30th, and laid the corner-stone for the new church now in course of erection. He was assisted by a number of the diocesan clergy, including Archdeacon Washburn.

CANADA.

News of the Dioceses.

Diocese of Toronto.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, Port Hope, has received a gift of a fine font in memory of Mrs. Shortt, wife of a former rector who had charge of the parish for thirty years.

THE MUSIC at the service on All Saints' Day in St. Simon's Church, Toronto, was very fine. Canon Cayley read the lessons. His son is rector of the parish.

THE 53rd anniversary of the consecration of the Church of Holy Trinity, Toronto, was celebrated with special services, Oct. 26th. A large number of the city clergy were present. Strong hopes are felt that the present debt upon the church will be entirely cancelled by next Easter at the latest. Great efforts have been made to that end during the present year.

Diocese of Ontario.

THE NEWLY CONSECRATED Bishop Mills began his visitations in his Diocese, Nov. 5th. Archbishop Lewis will return to winter in England.

Canadian Church Missionary Association.

THE lady sent out by the C. M. S. in England to undertake deputation work for the coming winter, Miss Etches, arrived in Toronto, Oct. 29th. Her headquarters will be at the Deaconess Training House, Toronto, but she will address meetings in various parts of the country, where it is desired to deepen the interest in foreign missions.

Diocese of Montreal.

SPECIAL musical services were held in the Church of the Advent, Nov. 4th. The special service of intercession for the African war held on Fridays in St. George's Church, Montreal, are still continued.

TRANSFER OF CLERGY.

In the conception of the law of the Church in the United States, no Presbyter or Deacon can be a clergyman of the entire Church, as a man may possibly be "a citizen of the world," owing allegiance to no civil government in particular, but equally at home everywhere as regards civil jurisdiction.

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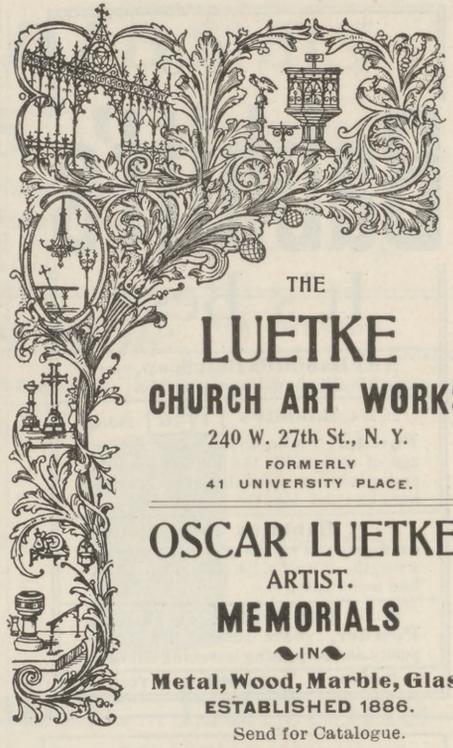
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fect the Church against (it is sad that there be such, but there are), immoral clergymen. If, as soon as a man resigned his cure, he ceased to be amenable to the ecclesiastical authority of the Diocese in which his parish or mission was located, and he was no longer under the spiritual jurisdiction of that Diocese, then he would have no one over him, to call him to account, in case he misbehaved himself. He would be a clergyman at large, owing allegiance to no Bishop or jurisdiction. There would be no one whose duty it would be to call him to account if he were idle, or become secularized or worse.

It is impossible for any clergyman of the American Church, if the canons are observed, to be without a Bishop or ecclesiastical home. He remains under the jurisdiction of one Bishop until he is accepted by another. A Presbyterian or Deacon may be without work for years, he may reside anywhere on the face of the earth, but he cannot escape from the canonical control of his Bishop until he has been transferred to and accepted by another Bishop.—*Diocese of Springfield.*

IRRIGATION THE HOPE OF THE WEST.

No view of irrigation can be appreciative which regards it as merely an adjunct to agriculture, says William E. Smythe in the November *Atlantic*. It is a social and economic factor in a much larger way. It not only makes a civilization in the midst of desolate wastes; it shapes and colors that civilization after its own peculiar design. It forbids land monopoly, because only the small farm pays when the land must be artificially watered. By the same token it makes near neighbors and high social conditions. It discourages servile labor by developing a class of small landed proprietors who work for themselves and need little help beyond that which their own families supply. * * We can expect no millionaires to grow from such surroundings, but neither should there be any paupers.

There is another influence peculiar to irrigation. * * This is the influence which makes for coöperation. Irrigation is not and can never be an individual enterprise. A single settler cannot turn a river to water his own patch of land, nor can he distribute the waters flowing through a system of canals. . . . The result is that coöperation precedes irrigation. It also accompanies and follows irrigation, and is speedily woven into the entire industrial and social fabric of the community. In localities which have been longest established this principle has extended itself to stores, factories, and banks. * * These things will not come suddenly to pass, but they will come because the conditions and surroundings of the time and place will strongly favor, if not actually compel, the result. Such are the hopes of Arid America. What other part of the world offers a fairer prospect to mankind?

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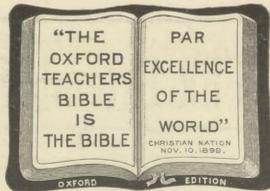
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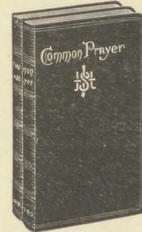
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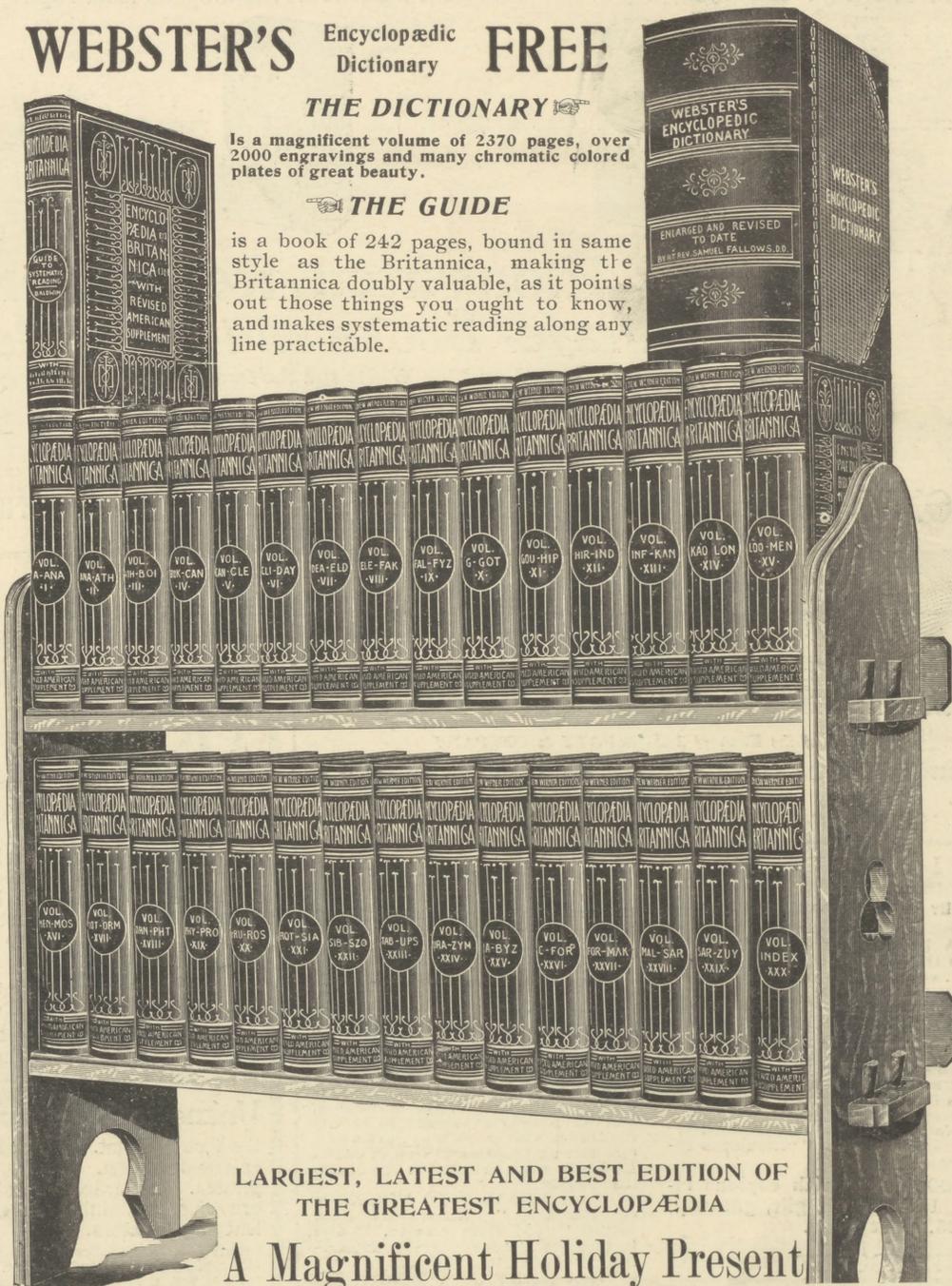
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