

The Witness

"Ye Shall be Witnesses Unto Me." Acts 1:8
FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

VOL. II. NO. 67

HOBART, INDIANA, APRIL 13, 1918

3 CENTS
PER COPY \$1.00 A YEAR

PRESIDENT WILSON ENTERTAINS ARCHBISHOP LANG IN WASHINGTON

Noted Visitor Preaches To Large Audiences In
Nation's Capital—Visits Corcoran Gallery
Of Art—Delivers Prayer In Senate

The Archbishop of York spent five days in Washington, arriving there on Saturday, March 30th, and departing for Baltimore on Wednesday, April 3rd. From Baltimore he went to Pittsburg, Pa., and thence to Canada. He made a profound impression on the national capital. He was the guest of the Bishop of Washington over Sunday and preached on Easter morning in the Bethlehem Chapel of the Cathedral. In the afternoon he spoke at historic St. John's and in the evening at the Church of the Epiphany. At all these services large numbers failed to gain entrance. All his sermons and addresses were upon the war.

The Archbishop gave an address at the annual meeting of the National Cathedral Association on the Cathedral grounds. The POST states that Bishop Harding introduced the Archbishop of York, and on the platform were seated Henry White, former ambassador to France; Charles J. Bell, Rear Admiral Charles H. Stockton and Dr. William C. Rives.

In the audience were distinguished members of the Episcopal clergy and prominent laymen of the Church.

Union of English-Speaking Peoples

The Archbishop said he could foresee a day when the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the ocean would be united by even closer ties than they now contemplated.

"Since I have been in Washington," he said, "I have felt the touching of those mystic chords binding this country with the old world nation, into whose long and ancient history the new world's birth is merged, and to which it still is bound by ties of race and speech.

"More and more this capital city must have a place in molding the mind, speech and tone of the whole republic. Rights of the states are secure and no one would interfere with them. But one cannot look into the future without realizing more and more the circumstances that will bring these states together in a common will and purpose, with this great capital as the center."

For this reason, the Archbishop stated, "if anywhere in the world an outstanding witness is needed for Christ it is in Washington."

Duty of Churchmen

Referring at one point to the duties that devolved upon Churchmen during the war he stated: "You have a great help in this country in the singular elevation and nobility with which your president has put the issues and ideals of the conflict before you."

The Archbishop said he had been deeply moved by the "spirit and faith and hope that is projected in this great building," referring to the Cathedral.

He said the unfinished structure, standing on the heights overlooking a capital which would have a profound part in the future history of the nation and the world, "is a conspicuous witness of things unseen and eternal upon which the foundations of the new world the war will bring must be built to be enduring."

In his reference at the outset to the ties binding England and America, the Archbishop said: "I have felt these ties more deeply within the last few days between these nations fighting together for the breath of liberty, without which we of these nations cannot live, now that sons of America may be laying down their lives side by side with British and French soldiers on the soil of France."

The Archbishop said his benediction

was upon the association which is building the cathedral.

Large Audience at Epiphany Church

To an audience that filled every seat in the Epiphany Church and overflowed into the parish hall adjoining, his grace, the Archbishop, delivered a sermon that appealed most powerfully to the religious sentiment suggested by the Easter season and to the patriotism of his hearers.

Assisting the Archbishop in the service were Bishop Harding and the Rev. Dr. R. H. McKim, rector of the Epiphany, and other clergymen present were the Rev. F. A. Iremonger, the primate's chaplain, who is traveling with him; the Rev. P. F. Hall, the Rev. Townsend Russell, the Rev. Dr. Robert Talbot, the Rev. E. H. Ingle, the Rev. Dr. Van Rensselaer, Canon De Vries, the Rev. Angus McD. Crawford, Prof. Wallis and Dean Green, the last three of Alexandria Seminary, and the Rev. W. B. Everett, rector of the Ballston (Va.) Church.

Earl of Reading Present

Included in the audience were Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels, Gen. Wood, Henry D. White, former Ambassador to France, and the Earl of Reading, the British Ambassador. Most of the embassies were represented by attaches.

A conspicuous note of patriotism was contributed to the occasion by the singing by the audience of "God Save the King," the "Marseillaise" and "The Star Spangled Banner" just previous to dismissal. Many were visibly affected at this appropriate conclusion.

Prays in Senate for God's Blessing on Allied Nations

The Archbishop delivered a prayer at the opening of the session of the United States senate, calling down the blessing of God upon the armies of the United States and the allies, upon the president of the United States and congress and the rulers of the allied nations, in the great undertaking before them.

The senators, impressed with the earnestness of the Archbishop and the occasion, listened with reverence to his words and joined with the distinguished Churchman in reciting the Lord's Prayer.

After the work of the senate had begun, Senator Saulsbury, president pro tempore, took his stand beside the Archbishop in the rear of the chamber and introduced the senators, to him.

Clad in his knee breeches, the Archbishop was an unusual as well as a distinguished figure in the senate.

ARCHBISHOP ENTERTAINED AT WHITE HOUSE AND CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

President and Mrs. Wilson entertained British Ambassador and Lady Reading and their house guest, the Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of York, at dinner on Tuesday evening, April 2nd, at the White House.

A report in the Evening Star of that city states that from the White House Lord and Lady Reading and the Archbishop went to the Corcoran Gallery of Art, where the trustees were hosts at one of the most interesting receptions of the season in honor of the Archbishop.

The gallery furnished a beautiful background for the gathering, which was a representative one, including many clergymen and foreign officers. Several hundred guests had already

PRAYER OF ARCH- BISHOP BEFORE U. S. SENATE

April 2, 1918

"Let us pray.

"O, Almighty and Eternal Lord God, Thou strong power to all of them that put their trust in Thee, to Whom all things in heaven and earth do bow and obey, we beseech Thee to hear the prayers of Thy people which rise to Thee at this time of trial, with reverence and with godly fear. We see Thy hand laid upon this nation at a supreme moment in history and upon the nations who are joined with it, in the defense of the peace and freedom of the world. We devoutly believe that Thou wilt show Thy favor if they will rise to the height of Thy justice and mercy. Uplift them, we beseech Thee, by Thy strong and holy Spirit that they may find in Thee their refuge and their strength.

"With malice toward none and with charity toward all, with confidence in the right as Thou givest us to do the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in. Strengthen our hearts and our hands and confirm our purpose that contending valiantly for truth and freedom we may conquer by Thy might.

"Imbue with wisdom Thy servants, the president of the United States, and the assembly of congress, and with them the rulers and the assemblies of the people allied with them in the cause entrusted to their care.

"Hear the prayers which we offer before Thee for all who bear commands of our forces both by sea and by land. Stretch forth Thy almighty hand to succor and defend the men who are now defending the cause of truth and freedom in the awful battle being waged across the sea. Strengthen them that they may stay the hand and hold their place. To those who this day will be wounded give Thy soothing and healing. To those who fall to die, give Thy peace. And for all who have laid down their lives for their country, we beseech Thy mercy.

"God, accept them; Christ, receive them.

"If it be Thy gracious will, grant success to their arms and overrule, we beseech Thee, the issues of this war so that, through Christ, we may be brought to a lasting and righteous peace, and that the nations of this world may be united in closer fellowship for the promotion of Thy glory and the good of all mankind."

The Archbishop concluded with the Lord's Prayer, in which members of the senate joined.

assembled when the party, including the guest of honor, arrived from the White House. The Archbishop at once took his place in the receiving line, which had formed near the top of the stone stairway. He was a picturesque figure in his suit of ecclesiastical purple, with long coat, shorts and huge silver buckles on his shoes. General Charles L. McCawley, U. S. M. C., in full dress uniform, made the presentations. Others in the line were the Bishop of Washington, Right Rev. Alfred Harding; Mr. Charles C. Glover and Mr. Henry White.

The British Ambassador and Lady Reading took up their position nearby and were surrounded throughout the reception. Lady Reading wore a lovely gown of black net, brocaded in silver, with a diamond tiara against a bandeau of black net, and carried a

(Continued On Page Five)

CHURCH ATTENDANCE DOUBLED BY CANVASS OF CHILDREN IN PARISH

Christ Church, Dayton, Ohio, Has Lenten Congregations Of More Than Twice Usual Size
Through Efforts Of Sunday School

A unique and splendid Lenten campaign was conducted by the Sunday School children of Christ Church, Dayton, Ohio, under the direction of the Rev. B. H. Reinheimer, curate in charge of the parish, through which the attendance of the adult congregation at the regular Church services has been more than doubled.

This Children's Church Attendance Campaign was designed to cover the six weeks of Lent. The plan was to have the children canvass the parish and to get every communicant and everyone who was interested to pledge themselves to attend as many of the services on the Sunday mornings of Lent as possible. In getting the plan organized, the teachers were first called together and the whole plan explained to them. The plan was then explained to the children on Sexagesima Sunday. The actual canvassing of the parish was done during the week of Ash Wednesday. Quinquagesima was organization Sunday. The children were grouped under their teachers as captains with a unit working in each ward or section of the community. Cards with the names of every member and their addresses had been prepared and sorted beforehand, and these were distributed to the children along with a corresponding number of pledge cards to be filled out and returned the following Sunday. On Sexagesima Sunday the children were given pledge cards to be filled out by their parents and to be returned. This eliminated a great deal of the subsequent canvassing.

A great factor in the success of the enterprise was a talk given by Herbert Baggott, a boy from the Sunday School, before the congregation at the morning service on Quinquagesima Sunday. Herbert spoke as follows:

"We have heard even in the Sunday School about the fine meetings which the men of the parish have been holding on Saturday nights, for we, too, are interested in the forward movement which they plan to start in the life of the Church.

"The boys and girls in the Sunday School love the Episcopal Church and Christ Church in particular. Nothing would make us happier than to see it the biggest, finest and most influential Church in the city of Dayton.

"We wish that were true now—we don't believe that it is necessary to wait until we grow up to make it come true. We are sure that it can be done now, and we want the men of the parish, many of whom are our fathers, to know that we stand ready to help them.

"To prove it we have undertaken a Church Attendance Campaign covering the six Sundays in Lent. We want your encouragement and help in getting at least five hundred people at church for the morning service on each of these Sundays.

"Between today and next Sunday, committees of children from the Sunday School will visit every home in the congregation to enlist their help.

"In the meantime we want you to talk about it whenever you have an opportunity in order to help us create an atmosphere of enthusiasm and success.

"Our campaign slogan is a speech from the lips of Jesus, 'Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' We are doing this for our Mother, the Church, and it surely is the business of our Father in Heaven.

"We would be very glad to have you fill out the pledge attached to the

Lenten Calendars which have been distributed in the pews this morning and leave it in the pew to be collected after the service.

"Surely this challenges the admiration and merits the support and co-operation of every man, woman and child in the parish."

As a matter of fact this was very much more than a children's campaign because it called out the sympathies and the efforts of every member of the congregation, and an appeal was made to all the parish organizations to reinforce the efforts of the children.

The expense of publicity and postage amounted to nearly one hundred dollars, but several members of the congregation underwrote this before we started the campaign, so that it cost the vestry and parish nothing.

Another kink in the plan was to have representative men from the congregation visit the Sunday School for a "four minute" speech, every Sunday morning, which should bear upon the success of the campaign and serve to maintain the children's enthusiasm. This has been such a happy experience that it has been decided to extend the plan throughout the year, using not only representative men of the parish but also representative women. This will relate the work of the Sunday School to the adult life of the congregation in a way that has never been done before.

How One Church Will Help Make Third Liberty Loan A Success

Resolutions passed by the vestry of Gloria Dei (Old Swedes') Church, Philadelphia, at their Easter meeting:

"In view of the urgent request of the National Government, that every possible association and agency should join in making the third Liberty Loan a success, the campaign for which is to be started on April 6th, the first anniversary of the entry of the United States into the world war, and in view of the practical feasibility of combining the patriotism of members of the congregation and other friends of the parish with their interest in the general endowment of the Church, so that Old Swedes' may in a special manner render service to the Government by emphasizing and encouraging participation in the Liberty Loan; be it

"Resolved, That the Rector be authorized in behalf of the vestry to call the attention of the congregation on Sunday next, April 7th, and at other times which may prove convenient, to the following suggestions:

"1. That any person wishing to endow a sitting in the church, whether in their own name or in the name of another, at the stated figure of \$200 for each sitting, may do so by subscribing to a Liberty Bond for that amount, and making it transferable to the rector, wardens and vestrymen of Old Swedes'.

"2. That, if a sufficient number of the members of the congregation, who may become subscribers to the Liberty Loan, or who hold Thrift Certificates, in smaller or larger amounts, join together by making their bonds or certificates transferable to the Church, to the total amount of \$1,000, a pew in the back of the church shall be set aside and named the Liberty pew, and a suitable plate shall be prepared and placed thereon."

A list of those subscribing under the above plan is to be posted in the vestibule during the progress of the campaign.

MISSIONARY MESSAGES FROM THE CHURCH'S HOLY DAYS

By the Rev. Francis S. White

Tuesday in Easter Week

THE COLLECT

Almighty God, who through thine only-begotten Son Jesus Christ hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; We humbly beseech thee that, as by thy special grace preventing us thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost ever, one God, world without end. Amen.

Three successive times is this prayer printed in our Book of Worship. Let us turn to it again for another message, and think of the phrase, "hast overcome death". In the life and work of the Church, and of each individual Christian, there should be a note of confidence—not overweening confidence, which is born of self-importance, but of that confidence which cannot be shaken, because it is built on the certain rock of intimate contact with Jesus, a contact so intimate that the Church says concerning it that "we may dwell in Him and He in us".

"Conquering and to conquer!" This is an Easter thought well worth pondering. "Overcome" was a favorite word with Jesus and the writers of the New Testament books. It should be one with us. The more one overcomes, the nearer one attains that for which he undertook to overcome. The resurrection of Jesus from the dead shows us how God wants us to overcome. It must be more by evolution and steady growth than by convulsive effort. We overcome death by manifesting the ability to rise and "go up higher". The ability to follow this law of progress comes from Almighty God Himself. It is the power of an endless life conserved, protected and permitted to assert itself in our thoughts and words and deeds. Just as the life in the seed shoots up through congenial soil towards flower and fruition, so the life of the spirit will likewise work in the lives of those who will let themselves be "led by the Spirit."

"I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." If the Church members only could and would have this principle fixed in their subconscious lives, we would see parishes and missions thrive wherever they were planted. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." One reason for this is that men have tried to overcome and destroy death by prohibition and excommunication. Now we are beginning to see that change of direction and cultivation of the life-giving principles will do more to destroy death than offensive and mutilating methods. The only way to finally overcome an enemy is to change him into a friend; otherwise he continues an enemy, even though he may be subdued. So the enemies of the Cross of Christ must be changed into friends of the Cross—lovers of Jesus. And Zechariah lets us into the secret of doing this when he wrote, "Not by ordinance or by might, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." The missionary work of the Church is a great overcoming work. The Church goes into communities and gathers groups of individuals together, teaching them how to overcome and rule themselves. Then it goes on with these groups of individuals, endeavoring to teach the same overcoming lessons to the communities wherein they dwell, changing darkness into light and death-dealing conditions into life-giving and life-sustaining conditions. This is the plan of God through Jesus Christ. The closer we work as individuals and corporations in conjunction with this plan, the healthier, happier, safer place to live in will this old world become.

THE EPISTLE

Men and brethren, children of the stock of Abraham, and whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent. For they that dwell at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets which are read every sabbath day, they have fulfilled them in condemning him. And though they found no cause of death in him, yet desired they Pilate that he should be slain. And when they had fulfilled all that was written of him, they took him

down from the tree, and laid him in a sepulchre. But God raised him from the dead: and he was seen many days of them which came up with him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who are his witnesses unto the people. And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children, in that he hath raised up Jesus again; as it is also written in the second psalm, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee. And as concerning that he raised him up from the dead, now no more to return to corruption, he said on this wise, I will give you the sure mercies of David. Wherefore he saith also in another psalm, Thou shalt not suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption; but he, whom God raised again, saw no corruption. Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified by the law of Moses. Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets; Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.—Acts xiii:26.

"Whosoever among you feareth God, to you is this salvation sent." How is it possible to read this sermon and not see its missionary import? The gospel of the resurrection is the one answer to the great desire, which all men have, to live forever. If those who "dwell in Jerusalem", that is, those who are baptized, confirmed and communicating Christians, with their rulers, are not primarily concerned with spreading the message far and wide, think you that they can be said "to know Jesus and the power of His resurrection"? How is it possible to hear the "voices of the prophets which are read every sabbath day", and not be moved to translate those voices into life-giving efforts for the cause to which Jesus gave His all?

"They took Him down and laid Him in a sepulchre." Every Church which does not believe in Church extension or missions is a sepulchre full of dead men's bones. Thank God, it is possible for the Spirit to blow on those bones and make them live again. This has been proved in the history of many a parish which has finally awakened to the fact that it is only a superficial and unthinking joy over the glorious resurrection of Jesus to make Him an Easter offering which shall be devoted to paying debts incurred for parochial comforts past and gone.

"Thou shalt not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." The deathless Christ is the only one who can free men from the death of sin. If we will let Jesus cross the threshold of our lives, that is, if we will become more than formal Christians, His words and His warnings will help us from becoming corrupt. And yet we need to be patient, as He is patient, with those who do see corruption. While we try by all means to diagnose and touch the sources of individual and corporate corruption, let us do so in humility, and hopefulness, and great tenderness, for it is always possible, after we have preached to others, that we ourselves may become castaways. The despisers were told to "wonder and perish". So when we come into contact with corruption and sin, let us remember that all we can do is to do our best to bring the corrupt, and the blind, and the halt, and the deaf, and the unclean into the presence of the Christ, or, if you please, to help Jesus manifest Himself to them, and to leave the justification with Him. To the fallen, and the sinner, and to those who sit in darkness must go the message from our lips and lives. "Friend, go up higher." This is a hard thing to do sometimes, but it is the Christlike thing to do, and in the power of the resurrection life we can learn to do it, and to do it with joy in our hearts.

THE GOSPEL

Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why

do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he shewed them his hands and his feet. And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And he took it, and did eat before them. And he said unto them, These are the things which I spake unto you; while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures, and said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things.—St. Luke xxiv:36.

"He did eat before them." The Christian religion is an other-worldly religion, but it should not be an unnatural religion. The risen, or resurrection, life gives due and rightful prominence to spiritual claims; but Jesus wants us to make the physical side of our earthly lives bear the impress of the normal, rather than the abnormal. He does not wish us to despise the use of material things which minister to bodily needs, but he would have us use all such things with Him present, and with Him in mind. The purpose of the Christian religion is to open our understandings to the great and absolute necessity of plain living and high thinking. In our living, we can have the sustaining foods and the pleasure-giving foods—the fish and the honeycomb—but the use of these things, and the thought expended on them, should be proportionate to their necessity in our household economy, and always subordinated to the real purpose of our earthly existence. It is a great day for father, mother and children, as well as the Church, when the whole family decide to live according to their needs, rather than their wants, provided such decision is made with an understanding opened for Christ.

"Written in the law of Moses and in the prophets and in the psalms concerning me." One of the great purposes of the Christian Church is to help men see that all the best writings of ancient times looked forward to a golden age, and not backward. When our golden age is in our past history, we have become moribund, and there is no pulsing Christian life in us. The gleam of hope is gone, the wings of faith are broken, the heart of love is numb. This is true of us as individuals as well as of parishes. Herein lies the stirring thought about our "Jerusalem". Gospels must begin with our home Churches, but they must not nestle and brood there only. We should teach men to know absolutely what and where their home Church, or Jerusalem, is, and then must we teach them to fare forth as witnesses to the fact that "here we have no continuing city, but that we look for one". Always and ever is our golden age ahead of us. Always and ever must we follow after Jesus out of the dead past into the living future—out of the conquest of one continent into the conquest of another continent—out of the Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children, toward the Jerusalem which is above, and is free, and is "the mother of us all". Onward! Forward! This is the Gospel of the resurrection. This is to begin at our home Church. This is to which we are to witness. For this were we made a witnessing, a missionary Church. Are you not glad that Jesus has called you to this work? Are you trying to do your share in seeing that His resurrection is made known everywhere, and in a simple, natural, every-day sort of way? F. S. W.

American Church Building Fund Commission

At its meeting on March 21st, held at the Church Missions House, New York City, loans amounting to \$24,000 were voted to the following parishes and missions: St. James' Parish, Fresno, California; St. Peter's Church, Lake Andes, South Dakota; St. Paul's Church, Brookings, South Dakota, and St. Michael's Mission, Wind River, Wyoming. Gifts amounting to \$5,700 were voted to the following parishes and missions: St. Mary's Church, Waynesboro, Pennsylvania;

COMMENTS ON THE NEW LECTIONARY

By the Rev. C. B. Wilmer, D. D.

| | MORNING PRAYER | | EVENING PRAYER | |
|------------------|-------------------------|------------------|----------------|---------------|
| | First Lesson | Second Lesson | First Lesson | Second Lesson |
| 2 S. aft. Easter | Ezra 1 Jonah 3 and 4 | John 21 | Jer. 31:23-37 | Romans 6 |
| M. | Isa. 60:4; 61:8 | 6:22-50 | 23:1-8 | 7:1; 8:4 |
| Tu. | 51:9; 52:12 | Mark 12:18-37 | 33:1-18 | 8:5-25 |
| W. | 54:1-10 | 11 Cor. 4:1; 5:4 | 33:19-end | Col. 1:1-20 |
| Th. | 54:11-end | 5:5-end | Ezek. 36:1-15 | 1:21; 2:7 |
| F. | 55 | 6:1; 7:1 | 36:21-38 | 2:8; 3:4 |
| S. | 52:13; 53-end | Acts 9:32-end | Jer. 17:19-end | 3:1; 4:6 |
| 3 S. aft. Easter | Ezra 2:68; 3-end | 1 Cor. 15:1-22 | Isaiah 60 | Matt. 5:1-16 |

The first lesson Sunday morning records the fulfillment of the specific prediction given in last Sunday's lesson that Cyrus, King of Persia, would decree the rebuilding of Jerusalem and the Temple. Much is made by the Biblical writers of this fact. Cyrus was, in their view, the shepherd and anointed of God for this express purpose. The return, predicted and accomplished, was to them an outstanding proof of the providential ordering of the world by Jehovah, that is, by the God who had been continuously revealing Himself to His chosen people, as the God of creation, history and redemption. Indeed, the history of this people became such an evidence of God and of providence, that we today can look back upon it and strengthen our faith. It would seem, then, that the Sunday public reading of the Scriptures should make more of this marvelous history, and that is what the New Lectionary tries to do. There is room for discussion as to whether to put the return (Ezra 1) where we have it, or on Whitsunday, but it was decided to put on the latter the renewal of the covenant of the law, after the joyful completion of the Temple. Certainly the return belongs somewhere after Easter.

The New Testament lesson, St. John's account of the reinstatement of St. Peter in the Apostolic office and the symbolic teaching of the draft of fishes contained in the unbroken net, was selected, not as correlative to Ezra 1, though there is a certain congruousness between the two, but as a continuation of the record of the great forty days, a portion of Scripture teaching ignored in the present Prayer Book Sunday lessons. Even the admirable Epistles and Gospels for this season are inadequate.

The second lesson for the morning supplements the Gospel for the day, the Good Shepherd by the undershepherd. The closing verses, about St. John tarrying until the Lord should come, are of particular interest and value as helping us to understand the so-called second Advent as beginning with Pentecost, and also explaining how St. John could write his Gospel.

In the evening, the leading part is taken by the second lesson, St. Paul's discussion, in continuation of last Sunday evening's lesson, and in line with the Collects for these two Sundays, of the Divinely intended results of justification, viz: a new and risen life, in union with the risen Conqueror of sin and death. (Note—Justification may be fruitfully studied in connection with the morning historical course, to wit: the re-establishment of an erring and forgiven people in Canaan as an act of free grace. See *Ritschl in loc.*) This carries out the teaching of Gospel and Epistle, urging the following of the Christ, as opposed to the notion of "resting in a completed salvation".

The Old Testament lesson from Jeremiah, continuation of last Sunday evening's lesson on the New Covenant, though recently used, seems justified for a Sunday reading at this time.

The week day lessons are (1) Old Testament, morning, continuation of the prophet's discussion of topics related to exile and return, redemption and life. (2) New Testament selections bearing on resurrection and eternal life. (3) Evening, Old Testament, true Shepherds and the New Covenant. (4) Evening, New Testament, practical conclusions from the death and resurrection of our Lord, as regards the Christian life here and hereafter.

THE SANCTUARY OF PRAYER

Absolve, O Lord, we beseech thee, the souls of Thy servants who have laid down their lives for us and our cause, and the souls of all the faithful departed, from the sins which in this life, through frailty, they committed; and whatsoever was wanting to the completeness of their penitence, do thou mercifully supply by Thine infinite merits.

Rest eternal, grant to them, O Lord. And let light perpetual shine upon them.

May they rest in peace.
O God the Ruler of all governments and peoples, Whose chastisement is our healing, and Whose pity is our

salvation; extend to us thy compassion, that peace restored by thy will, may be used for our amendment to the honor of thy name; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Lord, we beseech thee, let Thy continual pity cleanse and defend thy Church; and, because it cannot continue in safety without Thy succor, preserve it evermore by Thy help and goodness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

From a leaflet issued by the American Society of Church Literature. Keene, N. H.

Poems Worth Preserving

Selected by Pastor Suburbanus

WITH THE POETS

Under this heading we plan to print from week to week poems of helpful character, old and new, famous or little known, but worthy of preservation. This corner will be in the care of the Rev. Francis L. Palmer, Rector of Ascension Church, Stillwater, Minnesota. Mr. Palmer was for some time at Seabury Divinity School, as teacher of Ethics, Christian Evidences, and other subjects. He is the author of the "Life of Bishop Gilbert." He will try to present each selection in authentic and complete form. Where

abridgment is needed, on account of the length, this will be indicated.

Opportunity

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge, And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing—" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Edward Roland Sill.

THE WITNESS

Confirmation Instructions

Rt. Rev. Irving P. Johnson, D. D.
Bishop Coadjutor of Colorado

XV.

THE MINISTRY OF THE SICK

Catechism: Office for the Visitation of the Sick. (p. 281.)

Prop. 1.

Christ came into the world to redeem men from sin and to give them the gift of eternal life.

In His office of Redeemer, He not only ministered to men's souls but He also healed the sick of their diseases.

On one occasion (St. Matt. ix:1-8) He explains why He healed men's bodies. "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, then saith He to the sick of the palsy, 'Arise, take up thy bed and go unto thine house.'"

The healing of the sick was a sign to the Jews that He had the power, which He had claimed, of pardoning sin.

The human body is mortal and therefore subject to sickness and death.

Even those whom our Lord healed of disease and raised from the dead, afterward fell sick and died.

Our Lord performed no permanent cures, nor did He give it to mortal man not to die, but rather by example as well as precept, He showed that it was through death we should enter into life.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

We may therefore expect some time to fall mortally ill and die, for that is what has happened to the whole race, and it is also what happened to our Lord Himself, for "He was crucified, dead and buried."

Any system which attempts to persuade you that it can cause you to escape death is simply appealing to your credulity. For Christ did not evade suffering or death, but endured both as our example.

Prop. 2.

But, the Church, like her blessed Lord, has a tender care of your physical health, and for this cause she has built many hospitals and performed many wonderful cures through prayer and sacrament; but as 'it is appointed unto men once to die,' the Church does not guarantee a cure, nor claim that she can ward off death permanently from her children.

Rather the Church teaches that "through the grave and gate of death we enter into our joyful resurrection."

The Church always preserves the proportion of faith, and like our Blessed Lord, she uses the ministry of healing in order to bring men to her greater function, which is the grace of pardoning sinners that they may inherit eternal life.

So we may seek, as did our Blessed Lord, freedom from pain and suffering, but we must do it as He did. "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me, but nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Prop. 3.

The method by which the Church invites her children to seek the ministry of healing is first of all by prayer.

If you fall sick you may call upon your minister to pray for your recovery, either at the altar or at your bedside, and I have seen men brought back from the edge of the grave by the prayers of the faithful.

But even our Lord required that those seeking recovery should ask Him to relieve their need. In no case do we read that He went about healing the sick promiscuously, but in each case either the sick man or his friends applied to our Lord.

So if you want the prayers of the Church you should ask for them, either for yourselves or for your friends, for that very asking is the sign of faith, which is a vital part of the process.

You should either send word to your priest that you would like the prayers of the Church, or else that you wish him to come to your bedside.

Nor has any physician any right to prevent you from this means, which he may not believe in, but which you do believe in, as helpful to your recovery.

Besides this, each Christian has the right to ask his priest for the rite of unction.

The scriptures say, "If any man be sick, let him call for the presbyters of the Church; let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." St. James v:14.

And in this anointing we are assured of two things, (1) that our sins will be forgiven us; (2) that the prayers of the faithful may recover our physical strength.

It is a strange thing that so few people use this privilege which the Church puts in our hands, and which is far more efficacious when used than any other system which has arisen outside of the Church, and copied various parts of the Church's practice and then claimed to be superior to the Church.

Surely if we do not use the prayer and sacrament which Christ bestowed upon His Church, we have no right to complain that we have been neglected by the Church.

Surely you must ask if you wish to receive, and if you have not the faith to ask, then the Church has not the power to help you.

We cannot urge too strongly that the children of the Church ask for the prayers of the Church when they are ill. (The Roman doctrine of extreme unction is a curious perversion of the primitive practice of the Church, for it is used only when there is no hope of recovery.)

TEXT

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." St. James v:15.

QUESTIONS

1. What was Christ's chief purpose in coming into the world?
2. What relation did healing the sick have to this purpose?
3. What can you say finally happened to all that Christ healed? What to Christ Himself?
4. Can we expect always to be healed from sickness?
5. In what spirit should we seek to be healed?
6. What method has the Church provided for our healing?
7. What is absolutely essential to our availing ourselves of this privilege?

TEXTS

1. St. Matt. ix:1-8.
2. St. Matt. xvii:14-21.
3. St. Luke xvii:11-19.
4. Acts iii:1-11.
5. St. James v:14-16.

He Was Properly Instructed

A strict Baptist mother visited her son in one of the cantonments on a recent Sunday. She was deeply solicitous that her boy should receive proper religious instruction.

"Is there a Baptist preacher in camp?" asked the mother. The son did not know, but he would inquire. Yes, one was to hold a service that

afternoon and give an address in a Y. M. C. A. hut. The two went and heard an inspiring address on how Christ is always the comrade of all men who fight for righteousness, even when they are not conscious of His presence.

The mother was delighted and after the service told the preacher how happy she was that her son could hear such good Baptist doctrine.

"But, madam," said the speaker, "I am not a Baptist, I am an Episcopalian."—Ladies' Home Journal.

PASTOR and PEOPLE

The relationship between pastor and people is a reciprocal one. If the minister has a duty to his congregation, not less does the latter owe one in return.

If the pulpit has its responsibilities, there is on the part of the pew an obligation not less distinct, though often not clearly recognized. Doubtless a major portion of every congregation is just, appreciative and loyal to the Church and to the pastor, both in his official capacity and personality, but there are none of us who may not occasionally ask our own hearts, "Do we do our whole duty"? Certainly there are in every hundred a larger or smaller percentage of those who for no other cause than thoughtlessness, and with no worse motive than carelessness, evince a very lively appreciation of the clerical "mote", coupled with an extremely minute perception of the lay "beam."

Laying aside all questions of charity in judgment, let us bear in mind considerations of simple justice in the verdict that is so often hastily rendered, concerning the "doings" or "not-doings" of these men who are, so to speak, "set upon a hill", and frequently judged by a critic whose point of view is from one very restricted side of the same hill's base. One must sometimes wonder, with inward chuckles, how the self-constituted critic would look were the positions reversed, and the clergy to evince as minute and censorious interest in his conduct of professional and personal affairs.

Might it not be well to suppose that our "minister", of whatever rank, knows quite as well as we how to conduct his charge? That he is quite as anxious for the success of his "business" (which is, too, the Lord's business) as we could be, and that he can see it from more sides than we? There is probably no one thing that wounds in so tender a spot as injustice from those who ought to know better, or, at any rate, should be chary in speaking adversely; yet I doubt if there be, from highest to lowest, a member of our clergy (of our world in general, for that matter) who have not at some time so suffered.

There be shallow minds that consider fault-finding ("criticism" they term it) an evidence of superiority on their part; it more often betokens sour temper and mental laziness, or lack of ability to weigh.

As to those instances where corrupt life, inattention to duty, or absolute inability to preach, should debar, there is nothing to be said here. Such cases are few. The average ability among the clergy is, to say the least, quite as high as the average in the pew, and there are many who tower for the very reason that his office brings him so prominently forward, it is true that the minister is oft a subject of criticism. Because people, almost unconsciously, associate perfection with that office, is every imperfection so glaringly apparent to the onlooker who does not stop to think?

There be those in this world who deem every possible virtue included (on the minister's side) as an equivalent for salary to be paid him. Pray pardon here a short story. Long years ago I heard a dear old gentleman say to a young lady just beginning housekeeping (and somewhat appalled by the servant troubles predicted by her seniors), "My child, don't expect absolute perfection in your servant; you can't buy the cardinal virtues for dollars and cents." Said the young housekeeper, "I'll try to remember I'm not 'absolute perfection' myself."

If we be of those who consider the clergy no better nor worse than other men, subject to like limitations, were it not as well to mete out to them a leniency we'd desire for ourselves; a remembrance of mitigating circumstances when arraigning them before the bar of our opinion for laxness in some parochial service, deficiency in oratory, insufficient intellectual scintillation, or such?

If we have any respect and reverence for those in official position, any love for the pastor personally, and loyalty—what then? Rest assured that a great deal, a very great deal, depends upon us; and upon the use we made of our opportunities, no less than the character of what is offered us, here and hereafter. In years of such attendance my experience as a listener has ranged from some of the great preachers of the earth to some who would be termed very poor ones. No one more heartily enjoys and values fine oratory, eloquence, deep learning; yet it may be truthfully said that no sermon ever spoken in my hearing has failed to carry some message worth having; some thought, if but by suggestion, worth taking home, to re-

member or dilate upon. Your very attitude of receptivity is a value to you. If the preacher cannot tell you something you never knew, he may recall, either by analogy or contrast, something you did know. If he gives you no new thought of value, he can revive an old one; and just bear in mind that if one office of the Holy Ghost is to "teach," another "is to bring all things to your remembrance."

Do we stand ready to receive from our clergy, or do we wait to be hammered upon like an obdurate metal?

Do we realize (the Holy Apostle did) what it is to have "the care of the church" pressing on heart and shoulders?

Do we give them the opportunity to help us find "the straight and narrow way" through our personal difficulties, by going direct to them for help?

Do we complain "we scarcely know them personally because they visit us so seldom," when we might occasionally visit them?

Do we remember how many griefs their sympathetic hearts help bear for their flocks, when we see them look depressed or worn?

Do we remember the mere writing of a sermon is a small matter compared with the preparation for it? That in a few pages may be condensed days of study of various authors or authorities, and oft amid manifold interruptions?

Do we give them our support, moral and financial, remembering that who, or what we pray for we work for; and what we work and pray for we "stand" for? How loyal are we?

Oh, believe me, nothing worth having can be one-sided; no service, no loyalty, no love! Think of it; try it. Even to the benediction, which may be reciprocal; for when the minister, be he of high or low degree, pronounces, "And may the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always," your heart may well, in gratitude and reverence and tenderness, interpolate, "And you."—Living Church.

A basket supper was given in connection with the annual parish meeting of Trinity Church, Iowa City, Ia., at the Hotel Burkley. The reports showed the parish to be in a flourishing condition. There was a substantial increase in the Easter offering over past years. Bishop Longley officiated and preached at the services on Easter Day. The Rev. Dr. Watson of Holy Trinity Church, Paris, France, was rector for a number of years of the Iowa City parish.

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By

Lord, can a sad, unworthy one, Who only cries, "Undone! undone!" Turn to the holy, just and true, And ask, "What wilt Thou have me do?"

Oh, it would gladden heart and eye—"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by".

Once we were blind—what joy to see, Through the blood shed on Calvary. Once faith was feeble, shadows dark Quite overcast our little barque; Our anchorage sure beyond the sky—"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by".

Life is a pilgrimage at best— Soon do the weary feet find rest, Rest, calm and peaceful, pure and deep,

Rest that is earnest, blissful sleep. Oh, Saviour, list my yearning cry—"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by".

Saviour, I come, I come to Thee, With yearning heart, with bended knee.

No mean lip-service thus I bring, But simply to Thy Cross would cling. Though blinding tears may dim the eye—"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by".

What joy to lay the armor down— Always the cross before the crown— After the suffering, the bliss— After the death-throe, blessedness. Then the full bliss without alloy—"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by".

THE WITNESS

Meeting Of Religious Education Board Of Diocese Of Mich. City

At a recent meeting of the Board of Religious Education of the Diocese of Michigan City, held at Howe School, Howe, Ind., definite plans for the second annual diocesan summer school were formulated. The school is to be held at Vawter Park, Lake Wawasee, Ind., June 24 to July 2. The purpose of this school is the training of Church school teachers, teachers in mission study classes, and all clergy and laity interested in religious education. The place for the school is ideal, it being on the north shore of the largest lake in Indiana, where is located the summer home of Bishop White, with All Saints' Chapel within the grounds. The lake, with facilities for boating, bathing and other sports, will form an excellent opportunity for recreation outside of study hours. Special arrangements can be made with the Vawter Park Hotel for the accommodation of all who will attend the school. The Diocesan Board of Religious Education has appointed to act with them as a board of directors Mrs. Ferdinand Boedefeld, president of the diocesan branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, and Miss Alice Goldthwait, educational secretary of the Auxiliary. A prospectus of the school, with the program and other information, will be published soon. Mrs. Boedefeld of Elkhart, Ind., will continue as treasurer of the school, and Miss Goldthwait of Marion, Ind., is the corresponding secretary.

Because the Rev. R. H. White, secretary of the Board of Religious Education has been called to the colors, to serve as a chaplain in the United States army, the Rev. John F. Plummer of Kokomo, Ind., was appointed to serve in his place as secretary of the Board.

Dr. Watson Of Paris To Return To U. S.

The Rev. Dr. S. N. Watson has resigned from the rectorship of the American Church of the Holy Trinity and been made rector-emeritus at Paris, France, where he has rendered notable service not only to the English speaking people to whom he has faithfully ministered during the fifteen years of his rectorship at the French capital, but especially in recent time to war sufferers. His work has been international in its scope of usefulness. Both the Doctor and Mrs. Watson have won a large place for themselves in the hearts of the French and other peoples, and have been decorated with medals and shown many honors by the French government. They will return to America for a needed rest. The Rev. F. W. Beekman, sometime Dean of the Pro-Cathedral of the Nativity, South Bethlehem, Pa., until he resigned last year to engage in war service, has been elected the successor to Dr. Watson. The Dean is residing in Paris at the American Soldiers' and Sailors' Club.

Personal Mention

A cable from Bishop Lloyd dated at Monrovia, Liberia, was received at the Church Missions House on April 4th. Bishop Lloyd says that both he and Archdeacon Schofield are well, and that the date of their sailing from Monrovia is uncertain.

The Rev. Newton Middleton, Rector of Trinity Church, Portsmouth, Va., recently assumed charge of All Saint's Church in the suburb of Park View, and is doing a very encouraging work there. This work is in addition to his duties as rector of Trinity Church.

The Rev. George C. Dunlop, rector of the Church of the Advent, Cincinnati, O., was one of the noon-day Lenten preachers at Christ Church, Springfield, Ill., of which he was formerly rector. From there he went to St. Louis and accompanied the Archbishop of York to Cincinnati.

The Rev. George D. Child, in charge of St. John's Church, Springfield, Ill., and of the missions at Elkhart and Mt. Pulaski, has enlisted in the engineering corps of the Canadian forces. Mr. Child is a native of England and came to this country from Canada where he was ordained to the priesthood. He is married and has two children. After enlistment he was given a week's furlough at home prior to transfer either to Toronto or Quebec for training.

Our New York Letter

Dr. Manning at Camp Upton

Reports from all sides indicate a Lent unusually well observed, at least so far as church attendance was concerned. Among the parish Churches not depending on outside help for special services, St. Thomas', Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street stands out most prominently. There was a daily preaching service at 5 o'clock, including Saturday, and the Rector, Dr. Stires, was always the preacher. The average attendance at this rather awkward hour was probably five hundred, one of the largest congregations being on Easter Even, a time when most Church people have a let-up for a day of rest before receiving the Easter Communion. Though preaching twice every Sunday and every week day afternoon, when it is customary elsewhere to have outside preachers, and though obliged to speak frequently at other times, as well as prepare a Confirmation class for Palm Sunday, with all the other anxious cares of administering a great parish, the Three Hours' service of Good Friday, when the church, holding 1,800, was full, found Dr. Stires almost as resonant and clear of voice as ever, and his last Lenten address on Saturday afternoon was a masterpiece of churchly eloquence.

The congregations of other Churches, large and small, were as large as in any past year, and sometimes larger. St. Mary the Virgin was full all through the Three-Hour service, when the Rector, Dr. Barry, preached. The Church of the Ascension held large congregations at the same time, listening to the forceful addresses of Dr. Grant, interspersed with extraordinarily good Passion music by the regular choir. Most other Churches were satisfied to have only congregational singing.

The sermons everywhere echoed the sombre note of world tragedy so fearfully enacted in the person of Christ, and by the sufferers of the present international war.

How a secular critic looks at the growing reverence for Good Friday is well expressed by the following from the New York Evening Post:

"Good Friday has attained a degree of observance in this country which would have seemed incredible to Americans of 1850. The change since then does not, however, necessarily indicate the increasing hold of a severe churchly view. It is, rather, that Good Friday has come to be accepted as one of the significant days of Christendom, respect for which is fitting on public and, one might say, international grounds. The growing tendency in the United States to mark the day may be thought of as a part of our new world-sense. From the religious festivals and holy days of other nations we do not hold ourselves aloof in the old way. On the peculiar bitterness to devout souls of the fact that Good Friday this year comes in the midst of a terrible slaughter of Christians by Christians, we need not dwell."

Easter Day

As is the rule everywhere, the larger parish churches were "packed" on Easter Day, the regular congregations, in most instances, having been let in at back doors, and by card. The day was beautiful and mild in sunshine, and the "Easter parade" on Fifth Avenue, which is no more than the outpouring of the congregations on that great thoroughfare at the end of the services, was as gay as at any time in past years. The newspapers essayed to give lists of distinguished people attending such churches as Grace, St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas', and had picturesque descriptions of the decorations and the crowds, all of which smacked of the extended notices given to an operatic performance. But it would be unfair to make the Churches responsible for this sort of thing, and, on the whole, it is a matter for devout rejoicing that people did "turn out" for the Easter services, in spite of the awkward "daylight saving law" having made, for example, the 6 o'clock celebration virtually come at 5 a. m. The effect of this change was to render the earlier hours not as well attended as in former years, and the later hours better than ever. Perhaps, in future, it would be well always to have the "late celebration" an hour earlier than the standard time, even under daylight saving ordinances. Easter seems to be the one day in the ecclesiastical year when Church people do not object to being routed out of a comfortable bed to greet the Lord.

The 302nd Engineers, to which Dr. Manning was attached as chaplain, sailed the other day, but Dr. Manning remained on in Camp Upton for more permanent and general work. All the chief officers of that Long Island camp agree that his usefulness among them is so great that he can hardly be spared, and his vestry in New York City feel that certain legal matters in the famous old parish would be imperiled if he was so far out of reach as France. Other volunteer workers in Camp Upton are delighted that he is to stay among them. They say that his being free from any official alliance with any regiment, and his appearing in clerical uniform, while still in the official khaki, has vastly increased his opportunities of spiritual helpfulness among the soldiers. He wears, by the way, the clerical cotta and a "rabat" of khaki, with a silver cross on either shoulder, the cap and the rest of the uniform being quite soldierly in color and design. Your correspondent saw him in camp this week. While not so tall, there is something about the rector of Trinity which reminds him of the Bishop of London in uniform. There is the same alert and clever expression of the face, with its mingling of ecclesiastical devotion and scholarly mentality. Like the English Bishop, the American rector is more interested in his work among men than he is in denominational distinctions. He said that his months in Camp Upton had been wonderfully helpful to himself and he was disposed to think that such training would be the making of any clergyman, from the standpoint of manly human interest.

Few people realize, perhaps, the importance of the fact that the rector of what is commonly called the "richest parish in the world" should so gladly and willingly "rank it" among young soldiers, without the assistance of servant or secretary. His duties included even the care of his own room, and he has at the same time been unable to put aside the care of "all the Churches" of a diocesan-sized parish sixty miles away in the great city. It shows his devotion and loyalty to this new work that, in Holy Week, because the regiment he was then attached to was in the throes of final preparation for the journey "over there", he stood by the camp while the honor of being the Archbishop of York's host was his at the rectory of old Trinity. He is intense about the war, and he explains his intensity by exclaiming, "How could one be otherwise? The ten commandments are at stake!"

The Chapels of the Tongues

The seven chapels of the tongues surrounding the ambulatory of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine have now been consecrated, the last two being the chapels of St. Martin of Tours and St. Ansgarius, recently consecrated. The Chapel of St. Martin will be known also as the Huguenot Chapel, and will be used on special occasions for services in the French language. This chapel is in memory of William Ponsenby Furniss. St. Ansgarius is in memory of the late Rector of Grace Church, Dr. Wm. R. Huntington, and will be the special home of Swedish services.

It was the original intention of the diocesan authorities that a chapel be assigned for services in each of the important foreign languages. This has been done, the Chapel of St. Ambrose being designated for services in Italian, the Chapel of St. James for services in Spanish, the Chapel of St. Ansgarius for services in Scandinavian, the British Chapel of St. Colombo for services in English, the Chapel of St. Saviour for services in Oriental languages, the Chapel of St. Martin for services in French, and the Chapel of St. Boniface for services in German.

Thus far, foreign language services have been held only in Italian and Serbian. No objection has been made to the authorities of the Cathedral Diocese against using the Chapel of St. Boniface for services in German, although Dean Howard Chandler Robbins is quoted as saying that there was scarcely any likelihood of German services being held in the chapel during the war.

Work on the nave, following the completion of the crypt walls and floor this summer, is to be suspended until after the war, but there is good reason to hope that this magnificent metropolitan church will be seen finished inside the next decade, although spires and ornaments may have to await another generation of church builders.

secured the services of the Rev. Charton S. Turquand of St. Peter's Church, Sheboygan Falls, Wis., as curate, who entered upon his work on Low Sunday.

Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire introduced a resolution in the United States Senate, which was unanimously adopted without debate on the 1st inst., requesting President Wilson to proclaim a "day of public humiliation, prayer and fasting to be observed by the people of the United States, with religious solemnity and the offering of fervent supplications to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of our cause, and His blessing on our arms and speedy restoration of an honorable and lasting peace."

The Church of the Holy Apostles, the newest Mission in the city of Chicago, established thirteen months ago, is making remarkable progress and promises in the near future to become one of the strong parishes of the Diocese. 107 persons made their communion on Easter Day and the offering amounted to \$466.00. The Lenten offering of the Sunday School was \$21.44. The Rev. Edwin S. White is the priest in charge. Mr. Franklin H. Spencer, field secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew for the Middle West, is clerk of the Mission and deeply interested in its upbuilding.

A large and deeply interested congregation assembled in old Trinity Church, Portsmouth, Va., Thursday evening, March 28th, to take part in the ceremonies attending the unfurling of the service flag of that parish. The rector, the Rev. Newton Middleton, read the service and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Arthur C. Thomson, Suffragan Bishop of the Diocese, preached the sermon. There are forty-six men in the army and navy represented by stars on the flag. On the previous evening the sacred cantata, "Penitence, Pardon and Peace," was very creditably presented by the choir before a large and appreciative audience.

their regular drills and gun practice. One of his old students is now in France, "only 21, but the oldest of the company". The Easter offering of the Church was \$104.78. The children's mites were \$32.62, which were taken up at their evening service, at which time each "soldier" present received a carnation, and potted plants were distributed to each child. Easter lilies were sent to the sick; also the grown ones were remembered, as the usual custom. Rev. Johnston built for himself a rock house at Eagle Lake, Wis., where he spends three months' summer vacation, with one or two of his boys for company, enjoying his boat on the lake.

The Church of England still maintains its marvelous record for missionary giving in spite of the heavy drains of war. During 1917 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel received \$70,000 more than during 1916. There was a gratifying increase from every source except legacies. The fact that these fell off \$10,000, as compared with 1916 emphasizes all the more the splendid giving of the living donors. The total income for the year was \$1,215,000. Only in three other years has the income risen to a higher level, and in each of these some specially munificent bequest raised the total beyond comparison. Never in any previous year have the offerings from parishes and the gifts from individuals been so large as during 1917. The year, with all its difficulties and disappointments, its trials and sorrows, will stand out on the S. P. G. records as a period remarkable for devotion to the great cause which the venerable society has for 217 years so successfully promoted.

"We begin our new year's work," says Bishop Montgomery, "in a spirit of thanksgiving and hope. It is easier now than ever before to plead the cause of the Church beyond the seas. Only those who do not care to have a part in Christ's final victory can venture to refuse to respond to His command, 'Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.'"

The Witness

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Published every Saturday at Hobart, Ind., where all business communications should be addressed.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES

Three dollars an inch each insertion.
All advertisements next to reading matter.
Rates revised each three months, according to actual circulation.

DISCOUNTS

5% for two months; 10% for three months; 15% for six months; 20% for twelve months.

All news matter, Diocesan and Parish papers, intended for THE WITNESS, should be sent to the Rev. Charles J. Shutt, 312 Warren Street, Mankato, Minn.

Entered as second-class matter in the post-office at Hobart, Ind., for transmission through the mails.

Interpreting Christ

The world and worldly folk are always interpreting Christ in the terms of the world.

But Christ cannot be judged by man's judgment, for God seeth not as man seeth.

The standard of excellence set by Christ was not that of numbers but of truth; not that of finances but of mercy; not that of great buildings, but of justice; and unless large numbers, great sums of money and fine buildings are instruments of truth, mercy and justice, they are nothing.

Witness Christ standing on the Hill of Olivet, and looking west toward the magnificent building known as Herod's temple: "See these great stones. The time shall come when one stone will not remain upon another."

The magnificence produced by wealth, station and quantity makes no impression upon God. With Him "the rich and the poor meet together and the Lord is the Maker of them all."

What does appeal to God?

Christ gave His approval to a humble publican, a social outcast confessing his sins in the temple; to a heretical Samaritan going out of his way to do a deed of mercy; to a patient beggar lying helpless at a rich man's gate; to a woman of questionable character who anointed His feet and loved Him much, and therefore was forgiven much; to an unselfish pauper who gave two mites which was all that she had; to a penitent thief who asked Him to make him a better man; to a pagan centurion who had absolute faith in Christ's divine power; to another publican of small stature but a big heart; to a Canaanitish woman who persisted in prayer over obstacles; and in commending these, He condemned the cultured Pharisee who felt superior to other men; the orthodox priest and levite who passed by on the other side; the rich man so intent on his own affairs that he did not see the poor; Simon the patronizing host who neglected the ordinary civilities to Christ; those who gave large sums to the treasury in an ostentatious manner; the ribald thief who remained impenitent; the disciples who were dubious about Christ's power; all these and more Christ condemned.

Let us make this a personal matter of real self-examination—not of the Church's shortcomings, nor of our neighbor's faults, but of the unreality of our own discipleship inasmuch as we live after men's judgments and not after Christ's example.

And that moves me to comment upon the oft repeated accusation that "the Church has failed."

This is really a great compliment to the Church. For nobody says that the lodges have failed; or the universities have failed, or the commercial clubs have failed.

It is like standing beside an automobile and saying, "the engine has given out." And it is no good to say that the magneto is all right, or the tires are sound, or the brakes are working.

That which has failed is the only thing upon which you can depend to make the machine go.

It is really a compliment to the engine that it is the one thing needful.

But how often do we discern that after all it is not the engine that has failed but only the driver? The engine is all there. It just needs to be connected, or a little more oil, or some gasoline, or something of that sort.

The truth is that the Church has never failed. Those who are driving the machine sometimes fail, but never the engine—that has stood the test of nineteen centuries.

But, of course, if it is more important to keep up other activities and let the engine run out of gasoline, you mustn't be surprised if the engine does fail, and no fault of the engine either.

If people want to substitute liberty loans and knitting for prayer and service, they can, but they don't have to do it.

The engine will go for a long time on its momentum, but,—when it stops and there is no prayer or sacrament, we will be no better than the Huns; for we will have cast Christ out, because we were busy with many things.

U. S. Will Be Unhealthy for "Hyphenates" After the War

Henceforth this nation will be a mighty unhealthy place for "hyphenates." In the past we have been altogether too lax in this respect, and we shall atone for our indifference by the shedding of blood. The war will intensify Americanism, and in the future there will be but one Nation, one Flag, and one Language. Our welcome will be just as cordial for the alien, but if he comes to stay he must embrace citizenship. The figure is not without a parallel in our Church. Today the Church is appealing to only one percent. of the population in this country—and why? Simply because her membership is altogether too hyphenated. She is regarded by too many as simply another church. If somebody becomes offended they straightway become a Methodist—or some other "ist." The children of some of our prominent members are regular attendants upon other Sunday Schools, simply because "their friends go there." Some of our clergy have become so "broad" that they have all but expelled the Prayer Book from their services. The Catholic doctrine of our Spiritual Mother has become so mutilated that it is hardly recognizable. The writer knows of a prominent member who gave \$500 to the Red Cross and refused to increase his monthly subscription to the Church 50 cents, because, he said, "The Red Cross does so much good." He was rather astonished when informed that it was the Church which first made the Red Cross possible. The same thing applies to the Y. M. C. A. and many other altruistic agencies which are now doing such a splendid and noble work for humanity. But shall we permit the very foundations of Christian benevolence to rot and tatter, while we are so busy sustaining the superstructure? Shall the home fires be permitted to die out because of our indifference and stinginess? The Church is the bulwark of the nation, and the Kaiser would rather see the altars of Christendom deserted and destroyed than to capture Russia. Never while a shred of loyalty or a drop of blood remains to flow in our veins. The nation places a high value upon the Church. This fact is demonstrated by the exemption of her clergy from military draft; the nation wants these men right where they are, and to hinder their work by opposition or lack of financial support is high treason. If these words sound harsh, it is only because the crisis of the hour demands plain speaking. The war is cutting into our ranks, and perhaps the end is not yet. Our patriotism must not be one-sided. Many have been called to the colors—ALL are called to the Cross. Alike we all must share the sacrifice. There must be no "slackers," nor hyphenated Christians. If, as a Church, we are going to arise to the emergencies of the present, we must present a united front. "Party" lines must disappear, and personal whims must be forever subordinated to the great task before us. The full Gospel of the Blessed Christ must be preached without fear nor favor. The laity must be taught to understand and appreciate the value of the seven-fold Sacraments. The people must be inspired to give as they have never given before to sustain the work of the Kingdom. The very principles of our American liberty were nursed from the breast of our Spiritual Mother, and now her sons and daughters grown to maturity must prove themselves her defenders and supporters in the day of adversity. Let us rally to our task with an unquenchable zeal and stand by the Church that stands by the nation.—C. Edwin Brown.

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28½¢

President Wilson Entertains Archbishop Of York In White House At Washington

(Continued From Page One)

fan of black quills mounted on carved turquoise sticks.

The Marine Band, stationed in the foyer, played many patriotic airs with an occasional familiar Scotch ballad. Among the guests were Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Redfield, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Admiral and Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Charles L. McCawley, Mrs. Charles C. Glover, Mrs. A. W. Bagley, Miss Bagley, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Randolph H. McKim, Representative and Mrs. Henry D. Flood, Admiral and Mrs. Willard Brownson, Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, Rev. Dr. Talbot, Dean Bratenahl, Rev. Edward S. Dunlap, Chaplain G. Livingston Bayard, U. S. N.; Rev. William Tayloe Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore W. Noyes, Mrs. William Holland Wilmer, Mrs. John Biddle Porter, Mrs. James Carroll Frazer, Dr. George Acker, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Kauffmann, Capt. and Mrs. Perry Belmont, Capt. and Mrs. John W. Davidge, Mrs. Gillett Hill, Mrs. Richard Harlow, Miss Alma Ruggles, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Addison, Mrs. B. H. Warder, Mrs. Harry Leonard, Mrs. Robert Hinckley, Mrs. T. T. Gaff, Mr. and Mrs. Gist Blair, Mrs. Thomas Chatard, Mme. Luz Mendez, Mr. Lefevre, first secretary of the Panama legation; Mrs. Victor Kauffmann, Mr. Samuel Kauffmann, Representative and Mrs. Russell, Miss Marion Oliver, Mrs. George T. Marye, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Heath, Representative and Mrs. Linthicum, Mrs. George Becker, Dr. and Mrs. John Crayke Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Douglas, Dr. and Mrs. Francis Nash, Mrs. Ward Denys, Mrs. Denys, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Brown, Miss Codman, Mr. Charles Noble Gregory, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner Randolph, Mr. John Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Downey, Mr. Charles Howe, Mrs. Nathan Sargent, Miss Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Kauffmann, Mrs. Henry Krogstad, Mr. Marcus Benjamin, Mrs. John Kelton, Mrs. Charles H. Howry, Miss Howry, Admiral Capps, Mrs. Archibald Gracie, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford K. Berryman, Mrs. Kingsley, Mrs. Chapman, Miss Lockwood, Dr. T. Wayland Vaughan, Gen. and Mrs. E. M. Weaver, Mr. Douglas Thropp, Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Steffanson, Miss Morgan, Mrs. E. H. Liscum, Mrs. Alexander H. Galt, Mrs. R. D. Shepherd, Mrs. F. B. Noran, Mrs. Joseph E. Thropp, Miss Eleanor Washington, Miss Walmsley, Lieut. Beatty and Sergt. Wandy.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S VISIT AT EVANSTON

The Parish Visitor gives the following account of Archbishop Lang's recent visit to St. Luke's Church, Evanston, Illinois:

The sermon was a heartening appeal to the nation and to the Church to "live at the level of its choice," to face sacrifice and suffering with courage and patience and determination undismayed. Not once was there the slightest tone of rancor or hatred of the enemy. His cruelty and unfairness in attacking defenseless cities was stated, but there was no hatred, not even a suggestion of retaliating—only the conviction of the utter necessity of saving the world from the domination of ruthless military ambition, the quiet resolve of the nation bound to honor its spoken word.

The Church was crowded to the doors; both transepts were filled; there were people sitting in the choir room and sacristy; a hundred stood

at the rear of the Church, and the Chapel was filled; there were even some in the rector's study sitting beside the windows that opened into the Church. It is estimated, from a count of sittings and chairs and an estimate of those standing, that over eleven hundred persons were present. The procession was long and beautiful, with the British and American flags carried side by side in the midst of the choir. Fifteen acolytes assisted. Following the choir were Dean Thomas F. Holgate, acting president of Northwestern University, and several members of the faculties of the University and of Garrett Biblical Institute. The trustees of the university were represented by Mr. James A. Patten and others. In addressing the academic delegation before the service, His Grace expressed his pleasure in meeting the representatives of the learned institutions of this country, who contributed so much to the strengthening and enlightenment of our real ruler, public opinion. Among the clergy present were Dean Bell, our chaplain at Great Lakes, and Dr. Iremonger, the Archbishop's chaplain.

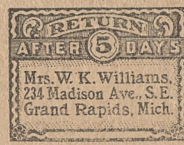
The musical part of the service was rendered beautifully by a full choir.

It was a wonderful service; we were privileged to hear one of the most prominent and most gifted representatives of the Church of England and of the British government; but that it not what remains with us in memory. It is rather the impression of a character; of courage unweakened by the awful sacrifices and the strain of three and a half years of the war, such sacrifice and strain as no generation heretofore has ever been called upon to bear; and of a Christian sweetness and gentility of spirit which outrage and cruelty can never ruffle, but only make more determined the conviction that no victory by compromise must be allowed to ruthlessness, and that war to the end—but war without hatred—is the call of God.

Easter was a perfect day at the National Capital, and all the churches were filled with reverent and earnest people.

APPEAL

Mountain School Farm—"Wentworth" School-Farm, Corbin, Ky., still needs \$5,000 to secure full possession of the 311-acre farm. \$8,000 has already been contributed. Will YOU help us? Address: Bishop L. W. Burton, Lexington, Ky., or Archdeacon Wentworth, Winchester, Ky.



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WE PRINT "THE WITNESS"

Theological Students Becoming Extinct

By Rev. Paul Macou, Secretary Col-
legiate Department General Board
of Religious Education

Seminaries Lost Twenty-three Per
Cent of Their Students

(Continued from last week.)

THE REMEDY

The searching out of qualified men for the ministry at home and in foreign lands must become the major task of those in authority—Bishops, Priests, Sunday School superintendents, teachers, directors of Brotherhoods of St. Andrew, leaders of boys' work, college professors and lay workers of all organizations. Sermons must be preached showing the central place of the Church in the days of world reconstruction, so that fathers and mothers will be proud to have their sons ordained to be leaders of the Church as they now are to have them commissioned in the service of the nation.

There are four classes to whom the appeal should especially be directed.

1. **Older men**, who can be pried loose from their professions, and with such training as they need sent into the vocation of the ministry. The war has shown that no man is too wedded to his work to be able to leave it if the cause is sufficient. There are always a few such men as "specials" in the seminaries. They are the only men who can stop the gap in the line of ordinations, and enable the Church to hold her own until reinforcements come from the seminaries two or three years after the end of the war. Let every minister bring such men to the Bishop for advice and counsel at the time of his annual visitation.

2. **The soldiers**, whose hearts are open to hear the call of the world's spiritual need, just as they have already responded to the call of moral and social need. The Civil War has shown us that we can expect much from this source. Chaplains, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, Red Cross and Brotherhood of St. Andrew workers have a great obligation laid upon them in this matter.

3. **College students**, who are not of draft age. The Government will not call these underclassmen save in case of great necessity. They have been told they are in college preparing for the days of reconstruction. If the opportunity to serve the world through the Church is laid before them, many will heed the call to the sacred ministry. For this our ministers in college towns and the Y. M. C. A. college secretaries are mainly responsible, but the student's own rector is not thereby excused from writing and speaking to "his boy."

4. **High school boys**, who make vocational decisions to a degree that is not fully recognized. The pressure will be almost overwhelming to make the boy choose a business or a mechanical training course, and to go to work as soon as school days are over. Every Church worker that touches the boy of right calibre must urge him to take a cultural course and enter college. The needs of the Church must be clearly laid before him. If he is mature enough he can make an intelligent decision, at least along general lines of Christian service.

If this be applicable to the boy in the distractions of public school life, how much more does it apply to the boy in the Church preparatory school, where conditions are simpler? Principals and masters in such schools have their greatest opportunity now to show that their schools exist to discover and develop the leaders of the Church.

A Caution

This is not an appeal for quantity alone. Our ministers had better be too few than of poor quality. The evil in the present situation lies in the fact that Bishops are forced to accept most of those that apply because they have parishes and missions which must be manned. If the Church seriously enters on a movement to find men for her ministry, she can place her standards at the highest notch, and rest assured that she will secure the men who will reach them. What is needed is not a wholesale call and sentimental God-speed to all volunteers, but a careful "hand-picking" of the choicest boys and college students and older men. This is not overlooking the divine element in the call. Human agents are needed to phrase it. The Holy Spirit will concentrate our common sense. Suppose the War Has an Early Ending

Many optimists will say we are crying "wolf", and that an early ending of the war will remove our sense of fear. But the situation was startling and dangerous even before the war.

Statistics previously published by this Board, and by various missions of the Church, show that we are ordaining each year only enough men to hold our own. Thus our communicants increased in the quarter century ending in 1913 four times as fast as our clergy. The ratio of communicants to clergy in our Church has increased twice as fast as the average for seven other leading communions. We have nearly twice as many parishes and mission stations as we have clergy to man them. Even granting that many of these are not in position yet to need or support their own rector, the fact remains that the Church cannot advance into the unoccupied field at home or abroad. Nor can she multiply as she ought in our industrial centers, or do strategic work in rural communities.

For years we have talked.
Now let us do something.

STATISTICS FOR THE TWELVE EPISCOPAL SEMINARIES

On Which the Above Argument is
Based

| | | |
|---------|---|-----|
| 1916-17 | Total enrollment last year..... | 396 |
| 1917-18 | Total enrollment this year, which is a loss of 23 per cent.. | 305 |
| | The draft will probably take away this spring three- quarters of the 85 Juniors.... | 63 |
| | At Commencement there will leave all the Seniors..... | 99 |
| | And one-half of the special students | 26 |
| | | 125 |
| 1918-19 | There will probably enter the seminaries next fall one- quarter of this year's Junior class | 21 |
| | Thus total enrollment of next year will be 65 per cent of last year's (396) | 138 |
| | At Commencement there will leave all the Seniors..... | 70 |
| | And the remaining one-half of the 51 specials..... | 25 |
| | | 95 |
| 1919-20 | Again we can estimate the Jun- iors entering the seminaries at one-quarter of this year's Jun- ior class | 21 |
| | Thus enrollment year after next (1919-20) will be 84 per cent of that of 1916-17..... | 64 |
| | In other words | |
| 1917-18 | is 77 per cent of ante-bellum enrollment. | |
| 1918-19 | will be 35 per cent of ante- bellum enrollment. | |
| 1919-20 | will be 16 per cent of ante- bellum enrollment. | |

Patriotic Service Held Somewhere In The West

A TRUE AND BEAUTIFULLY TOLD
STORY FULL OF HUMAN
INTEREST

We are indebted to an officer in the United States Army Medical Corps for the following true story, taken from a medical journal:

'Twas a brilliant winter Sunday, following the late heavy snowfall, in a Western city, where a friend and I were travel-bound over the week's end. The thermometer outside was several degrees below zero, and all the morning we hugged the comfortable hotel lobby. The Church bulletin board, hanging on the office wall, announced a special afternoon service at the Episcopal Cathedral, with a patriotic sermon by the Bishop; and, as we were both keen to see for ourselves to what pitch the patriotism of the West was keyed, we braved the cold and went to church.

We walked through huge embankments of piled up snow, which had not yet had time to become soiled, and was sparkling white in the afternoon sun. When we reached the cathedral the service had already begun; the people were kneeling at the general confession. Inside, there was no dazzling white light, but soft purple twilight that filtered in through the stained glass windows. The building was filled to its capacity; the sort of well-bred, genteel audience that one is accustomed to see in an Episcopal church, with a fair sprinkling of soldiers in uniform, and a full vested choir. A Service Flag hung over the chancel.

The officiating clergyman read the shortened evensong service, and over it all rested the atmosphere of quiet

decorum and dignity, that is also characteristic of the Episcopal ritual. In the pause before the hymn preceding the sermon, the Bishop himself—an old man, I should say about seventy-five, with white hair, but a still vigorous body, and a strong, alert face—came to the front of the chancel, and said that he wished to read a letter which had been written fifty-four years ago, by this Church, to the boys who had gone out from its walls to the Civil War. I learned afterwards that the old Bishop himself had been one of the boys.

It was just such a letter as a Church might write all over the country to the boys at Camp Grant, and Camp Wheeler, and the rest of the camps. You know the kind of things that it said. The Church was proud of its soldier boys, and would think of them, and pray for them, and cherish them, and stand loyally behind them; and if any of them should fall in battle for the cause, their names and stories would be emblazoned forever on the tablets of the Church and in the deepest hearts of those for whom they had died; and so forth, and so forth. It was well written, and every line had a thrill and a heart-throb in it, without being in the least mawkish. Before the old Bishop got through, I, for my part, had swallowed hard on my throat more than once; and, while there was no outward sign of effect upon the well-behaved congregation, I can hardly doubt that the letter had stirred something underneath their calm exterior.

According to the service bulletin board, hanging just outside the chancel, the next number should have been the singing of hymn No. 561; but the organist evidently had caught the inspiration of the old Bishop's reading, for he broke immediately into the Battle Hymn of the Republic. And, believe me, he played it! You could hear the trumpets sounding, and you knew that they would never call retreat; you could feel the evening dews and damps on Flanders' field; and when he came to the last verse (for he played every verse, and there was no need for words), you could see the summer wind sweeping across the lilies—don't tell me that you can't see wind, because that's exactly what I did do.

From the Battle Hymn of the Republic he swung, without a pause, into "Illinois", then "Fair Wisconsin", then "Maryland", finishing up the galaxy of state songs with dear, quaint old "Dixie Land"—and, believe me again, a man has to be an artist to play "Dixie" on a pipe organ in an Episcopal Cathedral. Never have I seen such a succession of emotions pass across an audience. First they were stunned; then agast; then, I think, a little scared. But he got them at last by the most consummate piece of patriotic art that I have yet seen achieved. Throwing his organ wide open, he began to thunder out "America", and brought the congregation to their feet.

My country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

Then a sudden and complete stop; and, with his hands on the choir manual, sweet, soft, far away, the anti-phon of "America", so that it seemed to be just a continuation of it, he played—

Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home;
There's no place like home.

Right in front of me, I saw a young giant of a soldier put his arm around his mother's waist and shamelessly squeeze her up to his side; further than that I could not see, for I confess that my eyes were not in condition to see further.

One more coup-de-maitre the wizard had in store; throwing on again the full power of his organ, he repeated the refrain of "Home, Sweet Home", but this time, oh, this time he did not play alone. Every man, woman and child in the great cathedral that could make any sort of a noise with his throat helped to swell the tremendous chorus.

When the last notes had died away, the old Bishop came quickly to the front of the chancel.

"I do not think," he said, simply, that it will be necessary for me, now, to preach a sermon." Up went his apostolic hand, "Now unto Him that is able", and so forth. And we were dismissed.

As the choir filed out of their seats, not even singing a recessional, I caught a glimpse of the organist, on his organ stool, and I saw that he was quite a young fellow, a typical Western American, clean-cut, wholesome, alert. Then my friend and I found ourselves outside again, in the cold

ROUND ABOUT THE PARISH

A Series of Articles by

GEORGE P. ATWATER

Rector, Church of Our Saviour, Akron, Ohio

XXV.

THE PARSON'S MAIL BOX

The few books on Pastoral Care that I have read have much in common. They all deal with the phases of work and worship which would occur to any writer as of first importance. Conspicuously have they in common certain omissions; neglects of subjects which ought to be treated with care. Having loaded up the parson with responsibilities that would require the services of a corporation if all were to be met, the writers have, no doubt, hesitated to add another straw. They do not treat of the Parson's Mail Box.

Here it comes, twice or three times a day, a budget of grist for his mental mill. Magazines, papers, advertisements, notices and letters in a bunch. Every day has its surprise in the mail, its satisfactions and its disappointments. It cannot be claimed that the parson's mail differs substantially from the mail of many another man of affairs, in most particulars, but it has some difficulties and angles all its own.

The parson has his share of get-rich-quick proposals, some of them very alluring until a venture into the uncharted seas of investment has made him so ill that forever after he determines to remain landlocked. Some of the letters are very subtle. I once had a letter addressed to a New York hotel where I had registered. It was as follows:

—Broadway.

Dear Friend:

I am delighted to know that you are in New York and I should have seen you yesterday except that I have been out of town. If you remain long enough I shall endeavor to run in and we can take in the theater. I have been much interested in my new venture out on Long Island. A friend of mine is about to open an allotment and has let me in on the ground floor. It is a beautiful location overlooking the Sound. He sold me a lot at an unheard of price so that he might make a start with general sales. There is a lot adjoining mine on which I have taken an option. Could you not run out and see it? I am willing to release my option if you would like to buy it and in two months you could sell and make a tidy sum. Come out Thursday to the ten o'clock—and get off at—etc., etc.

Your friend,

HARRY BROWN.

I read this letter several times before I realized what it was, a scheme to sell me a lot. I had no friend named Harry Brown. I didn't like to hurt his feelings, however, and following the injunction of a Bishop who declared in his book on pastoral care that a letter ought to be answered the day it is received, I wrote as follows, to my unknown benefactor:

Dear Harry:

It was very good of you to remember me and to write to me. I had returned home before your letter reached me, otherwise I would have been delighted to have you take me to the theater.

sunshine, dazzled by something else besides the white snow.

We talked long about that patriotic service after we got back to the hotel. We agreed that such an inspiring affair undoubtedly would result in many enlistments. At last we asked, both of us together, a question that had troubled us both a little:

"How is it that this man, who can inspire such fire of patriotism in everybody else—he is a young man—how is it he does not enlist himself?"

The question had hardly left our lips when the organist himself came in at the hotel door. He limped across the lobby with the help of a cane; one of his legs was fully four inches shorter than the other, and horribly twisted.

"War To Bring Reconstruction To The Church"

Bishop Charles P. Anderson of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in a Lenten address, answered the critics who say the Church is a failure, and they block progress."

Do you remember having a conversation with me in which you promised me ten dollars when we redecorated our church? We are about to begin the work and if you are of the same mind you may send me ten dollars.

Cordially yours,

Harry, not having read that book on pastoral care, did not answer my letter. I often wonder whether any parson bought that lot.

The mail box brings in countless appeals for money. I sometimes think that everyone believes the parson is the executive head of a big collection agency. The appealers ought to get together and work different sides of the street. In one day I received from three different general commissions or officers of my own church, appeals to make a canvass of my people and to get money for three separate purposes. Inasmuch as my appeal from the chancel does not reach all the people, I determined that the only way was to make a house to house canvass. But three appeals? Could I bunch them. At last an idea occurred to me. I would go to the front door, my normal self, and get something for No. 1; then I would put on a false mustache and a pair of green glasses and go to the side door and soon have No. 2 cared for; and then, having the inmates in a spirit of giving, I would put on a set of false whiskers, change my hat, and, looking like a Syrian bishop, would go to the back door. By the time I got this all arranged the next mail came in. It brought two more appeals. No house in my parish had five doors. My scheme crashed to the ground. But one way was left, a mask, a jimmy, an entrance through a window in the dead of night.

You always have the stimulating pleasure of a race with the mail. Sometimes you are ahead and a sermon gets a little chance. Then the mail is ahead, and you must put on more steam. If you go away for a day or two the mail seems to know it and gets out of sight of land.

Many letters cannot be answered off hand. They sometimes require that one give much time to gathering the necessary information for the return letter. Or a letter asks you to look up a certain person, get him a job, introduce him to your friends, see that he has a good place to live, watch out that he doesn't drink coffee at night, and goes to church regularly. That takes time. Such a letter must go a couple of days before the answer is ready.

Your letters fall into two classes:

First—Letters you like to receive—
(a) From your family and friends.
(b) Letters from former parishioners.
(c) Letters from your Bishop.
(d) Letters from those at school.
(e) Letters with checks.
(f) Letters that you may answer next week.

Second—Letters you do not like to receive—

(a) Bills.
(b) Appeals.
(c) Letters with kicks.
(d) Letters with tickets.
(e) Letters you must answer today.
Here comes the mail, and I must stop.

forecast that the war would bring reconstruction to the Church as well as to the political world.

"I am trying to create in the minds of people in my generation an attitude of mental expectancy for the things that are going to happen," he said. "The whole world cannot be in revolution and the Church escape. It can't remain static. I am not afraid of some revolution in the religious world. I welcome it. I have got such confidence in the ultimate triumph of Christ and the Church that I am not fearful as to what a revolution might do in the Christian world today.

"Anything that will give us confidence, anything that will make us break away from our stereotyped habits and our stale customs, anything that will give us a fresh grip on God's purpose in these pregnant days through which we are passing, we ought to welcome.

"I am speaking as a conservative Bishop of a conservative Church, whose membership are the most conservative people in the world. They are so conservative that sometimes they block progress."

MISSIONARY NEWS

(The following letter to the Junior Auxiliary is taken from the Church Messenger of the Diocese of Southern Ohio.)

January 5, 1918.

Dear Juniors:

I don't feel a particle like studying Japanese, so I have put down my book and am going to have a good time instead. Our servant, O Aya san, has just announced some foreign visitors I am pretending, and when I go out to call them in I find there are a lot of Bethany Home faces, and my heart nearly stops for joy; this is not an exaggeration, I assure you. When I am through laughing and crying and hugging you all (I can't even count you, you are so many), we all start off to see St. Agnes' School. Your heads are nearly twisted off going down Muromachi. The streets are about as wide as Bethany Home cloister, so you can see both sides at once if you only turn your head fast enough. The houses are so low you can easily touch the eaves of the roof, and the stores have no fronts at all. Inside are glass show cases or jars of tea (like All Baba and the forty thieves' jars) or wooden clogs or paper or groceries all spread out in plain sight like a part of the street. Although it is so cold now that there is snow on the ground, the storekeepers are still in their open stores, sitting on their feet to keep them warm, and spreading their hands over a box of ashes and burning charcoal to thaw them out. The carts that pass us are usually pulled by a man or some of them by quite small boys. They are very long low carts on two wheels. Some heavy loads are pulled by big oxen. We have to watch out or a bicycle will run into us. Every one is so busy staring at us that they aren't looking out. Some children playing on the street salute with their hand to their head and say, "Shikket," but most of them say "Ijinsan" and nudge each other. Ijinsan means barbarian, so it's not very flattering; more polite people say "Seyojin," Western Ocean People." It is New Year's time, so the little girls are all dressed up on their long-sleeved silk kimonos, with a pink face—wash all over their poor little faces and red stuff on their lips, etc.—they think they are beautiful indeed, but they aren't nearly so attractive as usual. They are all playing battledore and shuttle cock because this is New Year's time and that is the proper time to play that game—and the Japanese love to do the proper thing. The boys are flying kites, as this is also a New Year's game. But, of course, they all stop to gaze at us—we are much more interesting. Even the boys and girls who have babies tied on their backs turn so the baby can have a treat and see the "Ijinsan."

Some of the houses aren't stores, but homes. At every entrance there are little pine trees now, one on each side, because this is New Year's time. Over the gate, too, are fringes of straw and strips of paper and an orange in the middle. A very elegant place will have a lobster up, too, or three or four oranges. We can't see into the houses because the front is all barred almost as closely as our shutters. But sometimes we hear a "koto" played by some one inside. A koto lies on the floor like a long piano keyboard detached from the piano, but instead of keys it has strings that you pluck at just about as you please, and provided you look dreamy enough and keep on long enough every one will say how well you play the koto. It sounds rather nicely in little snatches—not unlike tuning up at symphony concert, though.

Bye and bye we pass two queer looking men. They have waste paper baskets turned over their heads with a slit in them for their mouth, and are playing on sweet bamboo flutes. It is really nice music. They are standing in front of some one's door playing, and pretty soon they will come out and give them some money. It isn't that they are poor, though. I think it wins merit for them as a religious act, but I am not very sure. One often sees them. You hear a funny, rattling, thumping noise, now, don't you? That is a loom being worked. It is put so near the ground inside this house that the man who works it has to dig himself a hole to sit in. He is making a gold brocade obi that will cost 100 yen or more (that is about \$50). It is about a yard wide and so long that when it is hung in a show case it reaches from the floor to the ceiling and down to the floor again. Yet all this gets wrapped around the Japanese woman's waist, and it is so stiff you can hardly fold it. But this is an obi for dress-up occasions. They are usually just as long, but of less handsome stuff.

We must hurry on, past bean stores and cake stores until we come to "Lower selling street." Almost at the corner of this street and "Crow Street" we come to St. Agnes' gate; the church is on the corner and the school is just back. Over the gate are two Japanese flags crossed, because this is a holiday. The school looks quiet and sleepy as we come in. The Japanese call it the "Peace Girls' School"; and it is only we foreigner teachers who call it "St. Agnes'." We won't go in the front door, it is seldom used. The yard looks pretty bare and grassless, doesn't it; but this is a nice log swing that the girls love to swing on. On the right, as we go around to the side door of the school, we pass the door of the dormitory. It is built around a court, and one gets such an attractive glimpse of the court framed by the entrance that I know you stop to exclaim. Shall we go in and see the dormitory first? You will have to take off your shoes because this is a Japanese house and every one sits on the floor. It is pretty chilly in stocking feet as we go along the shiny boarded hall, but it will be nice in the rooms because they are covered with a thick matting padded inside with straw. The dining room has little tables in it and benches for the girls—this is supposed to be very fine; in most dining rooms one has to sit on the floor just the same as everywhere else. This is the bath-room next to it. It is a huge tub, isn't it, and the water is heated after the tub is filled. When it is emptied all you have to do is pull out the wooden plug and flood the bathroom floor—it is all cement, and the drains run right out in the garden; but be sure the fire is out before you let out the water or you will set fire to the wooden tub. Of course, every one goes into this bath in turn, and you are lucky if you are first. The kitchen comes next. The Japanese call it the "Great place." We walk into it and we find we have walked on the table, as it were. The cook is standing on the mud floor three feet lower and doing her work on our floor. When she peels potatoes she lets the scraps fall on the floor, or if she wants to empty her pan of water that goes on the floor, too. A floor that has no mat on it is of no account to a Japanese. The stove is made of baked mud and has three holes with great iron pots in them. These are filled with rice and nothing else gets cooked in them. Perhaps you would just as lief go away, as she is cutting up "daikow," and the smell is dreadful. It is a big radish (white, though), as long—well, about a foot long or sometimes as big and round as a muskmelon. The Japanese pickle it in "sake" and eat it with rice; they love it, but it smells like rotting things. I couldn't bear it at first, but I like it now myself.

Let's go upstairs. They are fearful little stairs, aren't they? Japanese stairs are always like this. We will pass along the hall and look in at the girls' room. The hall is really the balcony all around the edge of the house, and the rooms are in the middle. This is a bedroom. Yes, there are no beds—nothing but mats. At night they pull great quilts, three or four inches thick, out of the cupboards between the rooms and spread them on the floor. Then they sleep between these. No, there aren't any sheets. Sometimes they put a hugh towel over the middle of the futon and stitch a piece of white cloth over the top edge that rubs against your face. That piece of wood is the pillow. It has a little ruffled piece of white stretched over it to make it clean, too. Over by the veranda is the girls' desk—it looks like a doll's table, but as she sits on the floor it is high enough. That's all the furniture she needs. We will go down the front stairs and get our shoes where we left them at the front door. Now we will go to the school proper. The brick-covered court is the girls' entrance. Here is where they leave their parasols in summer—they all have one in place of a hat. Those shelves are where they leave their wooden clogs and put on straw zori or sandals for the house. This little shed is a tiny store. They sell pencils and ink and notebooks and writing paper and even hairpins and ties for their kimono fronts here. If it wasn't holiday time you would see more girls. Let us pretend it is school time. This little gentle-faced man is the school clerk. He looks better in Japanese clothes, but in school men must wear foreign men's clothes, and he feels very queer in them. He is selling the things. This woman is my teacher. She speaks English very

well, so you needn't be afraid of her. She is buying a pair of ties for a present for a friend—and, yes, she is taking a bottle of hair-oil for her younger sister, because she is sure she needs it. Here is her sister coming now. She has a round face like the moon, and is always smiling and agreeable. She is in the fourth year, so she is very old and important. In the school house there is a teachers' room on our right. Here the teachers are all gathered together around a fire box warming their hands and gossiping. I always wish the bell would ring for class, because I can't understand what they say, and the room is so cold. The class rooms are just as cold, though. Sometimes they light a stove, but they never put on more coal, so it goes out soon. There are five class rooms—one for each year—and the girls stay in their rooms while the teachers circulate. In the hall is a bulletin board. The girls are always looking at it, but as it is all in Chinese characters I don't get much information from it. All the girls bow as soon as you catch their eye. I try not to catch it, so as to save them the trouble, but somehow they always do it, anyway. When they bow, they go down from the hips and their back is as flat as a table. (They only put their face to the floor in a Japanese house where every one is sitting on the floor.) They never speak when they bow, and it is very solemn and gloomy, so I hate it. I feel like the queen in "Alice in Wonderland" when the cards all fell on their faces, and they couldn't tell who they were, because their backs were all alike. Upstairs are nine class rooms. One of them is a sewing room. It has mats on the floor, and the girls sit on their feet and sew there all day. Some girls take very little but sewing, and all are required to do one hour a day. Across from the sewing room is an assembly hall. It's about as big as your dining room without the school rooms or the platform. The girls pack in, about 180, I guess, as close as they can sit on the floor, and that's pretty solidly packed. Along the walls are chairs for the teachers. They are always having ceremonies here—very long and dull affairs, even when you understand them. When we go downstairs, Mr. Hayakawa ("Swift River"), our principal, comes out of his room and begs us all to have lunch with the teachers. Will you try some Japanese food? The food is Japanese, but we sit at tables and have chairs in foreign fashion. In front of every one is a square tower of blue china dishes fitting into each other. In the top one is some lovely watermelon—red-looking stuff—that is raw fish. In the next is broiled fish and turnips, and in the bottom dish (much deeper than the others) is rice. Beside your box is a pair of wooden chop-sticks and two bananas. Now that every one has refused the honorable seats, we will have the blessing and sit down. The Japanese love raw fish, so we hand ours over, but the rest is very good. They are passing "daikow" in that bowl. I guess you won't like it, because it smells so, but is nice and salty with the rice. You see, the rice has no salt in it. The Japanese eat very fast, and don't talk much while they eat. They are all through, and I've only eaten half my rice. Now they bring around tea, and then we will go. No, there is still more. As a special treat, there is a box of cakes for every one. The cakes are big, lumpy things, filled with bean paste, and in symbolic forms. They think they are beautiful and delicious, but we think they are abominable in every way. Now we can really go. We bow to Mr. Hayakawa and thank him and go out. I know you are tired out, so I will not press you to stay any longer. But I hope you will come again. Please, some of you, come and stay for good.

With love and a happy New Year to you all, from

MARY MATTHEWS.

Bishop Kills Snake That Bit Rev. Soper

Bishop Mann of Southern Florida reports in his journal an exciting experience which he had four miles south of Coconut Grove, Fla., where he had driven with the Rev. B. W. Soper and entered the woods for epiphytic orchids.

"We found plenty, and started back to our car laden with good plants. But we met a little party of three young women and some children who were picnicking nearby. They asked us to guide them to the orchids, and we took two of the ladies into the jungle. While I was pointing out a tree with several clusters on it, I heard Mr. Soper, who was about eight feet distant, exclaim, 'Look out for the snake!' Glancing down I saw



OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER



THE BIRTH OF THE WATER LILY

(Founded on an Indian legend)

From the skies, just at twilight, a pale star looked longingly down upon the beautiful green earth. All about this star its brothers and sisters were bright and happy, and in bands played together upon the great shining plain in which they lived. But this one star was sad and sorrowful. It turned away from the soft light of the moon when she walked forth across the sky, and hid its face when the sun, the bright heart of the day, flung wide gates open for the beautiful, smiling dawn-maidens. Under the light of the young moon or the bright shining of the sun, the lovely earth seemed fairer than all besides. The still green meadows, the cool waving forests, and the blue rivers, far more attractive than the star-lodges set in the sky.

Every night, at twilight, the star saw its image reflected in the quiet lake, set around with green rushes and great forest trees. And it looked with envy upon the trout and the sly pickerel, leaping and flashing in the moonlight, the frog calling among the reeds and rushes, and the bright lightning bug flitting through the darkness above the murmuring waters. Every night the loon called to the echo hiding upon the shore, and the whippoorwill answered clear and sweet in the distance. The wild geese made their lazy flight across the quiet surface of the lake. The bob-white piped from the thicket, and the owl hooted afar in the lonely forest.

A large diamond-back rattlesnake, coiled, with his tongue darting and his rattles whirring. Luckily, there was an admirable stick close by, which I picked up and killed the snake. Then I discovered that Mr. Soper had been bitten just above the ankle. I made a tourniquet with my handkerchief and a stick, and then slashed the bitten place with my knife so as to cause a great flow of blood. Then one of the girls, who had had training as a nurse, said, "We must suck the poisoned blood out." And those two did it. It was a very brave deed, and I record their names with profound respect and gratitude.—Miss Mary Robertson and Miss Frances Holstein. I believe it was their promptness and courage which saved the life of my dear friend.

We then got him into the car and drove into town at top speed. We found Dr. Cleveland at home. He said what had been done was exactly right,—except that we had no permanganate of potash. He put that in, and then Mr. Soper was taken to the Rectory.

And I must add that through it all Mr. Soper's behavior was perfect. He was absolutely calm and self-possessed, recognizing that we were doing what we could and that the issue was with God. No man could possibly have displayed a braver serenity. The venom did not get above the tourniquet, but Mr. Soper will have a bad foot for awhile."

The Bishop revisited the scene of the event, and found the body of the snake. He measured 5 feet in length and 3 inches in circumference.

The Church Engaged In A World War

Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, in a pastoral letter to the boys and girls of his diocese, bearing upon their mite box Easter offering, reminded them that our nation is in the world war "because we believe we can help win things which will be for the good not only of ourselves, but of the whole world. Did you know that the Church is engaged in a world war, too, which has been going on ever since our Lord began it in Palestine—a war against some of the very evils that brought this other war to pass—against ignorance and selfishness and false pride? Wherever these things are, the Church is bound to fight them to the death; and is doing so, not only at home, but in Alaska, and Mexico, Africa and China, and wherever her missionaries are at work.

"Every one of you, when you were baptized, was enlisted as a fighter in this warfare, and those who had brought you to baptism prayed that you would continue Christ's faithful soldier unto your life's end. Never before has the Church had such a sure prospect of victory as she would have today if all the members of her army would get together and do their full part.

Your own special part just now is, of course, to be trained for service, and to back up those who are at the front all over the world."

All through the long months the star looked down upon the fair lake, whose waves were softly splashing and telling of all happy things. It saw the sweet blossoms in the bright month of flowers (May); saw the gentle fawns in the month of deer (July) come trooping down to drink of the cool water of the lake. Now, in the gray month of the beaver (November), the star had grown more and more pale, breathing its life away in sighs and longing.

Then the great Master of Life, holder of the heavens, saw with pity, and because of His love, which keeps all things within the circle of His arms, gave the star its wish. Slowly through the twilight, when Gush Kewan, the darkness, and Weeng, the gentle spirit of sleep, hovered in the air, the star came drifting downward, floating, drifting, falling from the far plains of heaven, the fair land of love.

Then a hunter named the Dreamer, the one who saw where there was nothing, looking up to the sky, saw the star falling swiftly through the darkness, with all its paleness gone, flashed red across the sky. He thought it was a meteor. Then he turned to look in wonder as the star fell downward, until it rested at length upon the bosom of the sleeping lake. And then, wonder of all, it straightway blossomed forth a living flower, with slowly unfolding petals and heart of gold, lying rocked in rest and peace upon the softly whispering water. Thus was born the beautiful O-kun-dun-moge, the water lily.

A Recruit In The Peking Language School

A missionary's first year in China is almost invariably spent in constantly studying a baffling language. Its delicate shadings and sounds and complicated inflections put a heavy strain upon the ear and upon one's vocal cords. The written language is really a picture language, since there is no alphabet, and every character stands for an idea. This makes it largely a matter of memory.

One of the recruits in the Hankow Mission, who went to the Hankow District last summer, and is now studying in Peking, writes:

"The methods used in these language schools are wonderful. Even my dull brain can grasp a few Chinese sentences already.

"Our language study begins at 8:45 a. m., and lasts until 3:30 p. m., with an hour for noon recess. We alternate from class to private teacher all day. The first period, we are given the new words for the day, during which time our teachers sit in the back of the room busily taking notes. Then we disperse either into small class groups or into our private studies, where this new work is repeated until we understand it, and are able to construct sentences on it.

"Not a word of English is used, so if we don't understand the meaning of the word in one use, it is tried in another, and sometimes we may spend two days trying to get one word. We are not permitted to take notes nor consult with others in class about the words, and the first three months we are not permitted to use a text book of any kind, nor to know any characters. The object is to get us to speak as early as possible, and it is wonderful how soon we do speak.

"We also have a splendid course in phonetics during the first term, which helps us in learning how to get correct Chinese sounds. I am glad I did not spend any time in studying this subject last year, because this one has given me more help than I could possibly have had in New York. We have the Chinese with us to test the conclusions drawn, which we would not have found in America.

We are supposed to gain a vocabulary of 1,000 words by June, which will be a splendid beginning.

"The Anglicans are doing such splendid work in Peking, under adverse circumstances at present on account of the war.

"We are constantly reminded of descriptions in the Bible here in Peking. Camels and donkeys are the usual beasts of burden, next to man. Then the water carriers, and trades carried on in the streets, are decidedly Eastern. We are not near enough the coast to become foreignized here, so it is a delightful Chinese city. The legations are here, but no concessions, so the majority of the foreigners are missionaries or in the employ of some government."

AN OLD EVENT—MODERNIZED

The Christian Ministry Needs the Warmth Of Live Coals Of Christian Idealism

By Carroll Lund Bates

"The servants made a fire, for it was cold."

It was night, and such a night as Simon Peter had never seen. The sky was probably overcast, because the arresting party, led by Judas, had to carry torches, though it was the time of the full moon. Every calamity seemed to have been let loose at once, and to have settled over the head of Peter, as when Aeolus let all the storm winds loose at the same time to overwhelm Aeneas and his fellow Trojans. It was particularly hard on Peter, for he was a practical man, who had become an idealist when, the utterance of a single sentence, he had pinned his faith on Jesus Christ as a Spirit (Divine force) direct from God.

It looked to Peter, on this dark night, as if it was all over with his idealism. The man whom he had fastened his faith upon was at the mercy of His enemies. That walk from Gethsemane to the house of Caiaphas must have been much as if an American soldier should march with the last batch of prisoners after Germany had wiped idealism from the face of the earth. Pandemonium reigned that night. God and right and Jesus and truth had been overthrown.

So Peter sat and warmed himself. I am glad that he did. I am grateful to the servants of the high priest that they had made a fire. The night was cold. It was enough that Peter's heart was broken, that his soul was shaken and his reason almost dethroned. It is a comfort to think that he could warm his body at least.

Herein Peter had the advantage of the clergy of the present day. It is night again. It is dark enough, God knows! It is also cold. For several generations the frost of materialism has been freezing the air. Influences have been at work to chill the Bible and the Church. Having its headquarters in Germany, rationalism has coolly informed us that there is no place left in Bible or Church for the least degree of spiritism. The modern Simon Peter has endured all this as courageously as best he might.

The clergy of today have not only had their courage assailed by the current tendency toward materialism, but they have been tried in other ways. They have been well-nigh starved. The "crumbs that fell from the rich man's table" would look like a feast to some of them.

Even this is not all. Christianity has been divided and sub-divided. The problem of the clergyman of today is how to keep heart in face of the fact that in a town of five thousand people his own house of prayer is confronted by five or six others, who, by the ruthlessness of the competitive system, are forced to be eager to fill their own sanctuaries and empty his.

And now the climax arrives. Out of dark obscurity materialism emerges into the open, a great piece of heartlessly efficient machinery, and the Master Himself is captured. It is the old story. Again God makes no resistance. Again materialism buffets the ideal. Again they spit upon Him and mock Him.

And, as if all this were not enough, Peter's colleagues of today gather around Peter and mock him and insult him for his discouragement. The limit has been reached. It is about time some one spoke for Peter. I wish some one would make a fire in the kitchen and let Peter warm himself. I wish they would take note that, on the whole, Simon Peter of today is one of the worst tried men of the era, and to some extent the least appreciated.

In any criticisms of the Christian ministry as to their attitude in the present holocaust, it must be borne in mind that this trial is, in a way, more severe upon them than upon any other class. It is a hard thing for almost any one to see the great idealist, Jesus, blindfolded and buffeted by this gross recrudescence of paganism; but it is an especially hard thing for the Christian ministry. They must rise up from under it all with a continuously smiling face. They must confront empty coal bins and depleted larders, and stand before auditors who are themselves discouraged, and preach the great encouragement.

It should be noted that the Christian ministry have measured up to this hardest test that has ever been put upon them. Not only have there been casual instances here and there of voices that have spoken with no uncertain sound for the eternal principles of truth, and right, and justice,

but the number of those so speaking has been legion; and the number of those who have endured secret persecution for their fidelity to the ideal through these troublous times has been more than the average man has any idea of.

In making comparisons between the war work of such organizations as the Y. M. C. A. or the Red Cross and the Christian ministry, it must be remembered that the work of these, while analogous, is not the same.

The blacksmith has his fire, and in his fire he beats his iron. Both the fire and the iron are necessary, or the shoe cannot be made. So, if one expects that the Y. M. C. A. and the Christian ministry will do an identical work, the statistics will disappoint him. The statistics of the Christian ministry are the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross themselves. Out of the fire of the Christian faith, which the ministry, with more or less fidelity, have been stoking, both of these wonderfully efficient organizations have sprung. Moreover, if the Christian ministry should stop its work today, in a few years all such organizations would cease to be.

Peter sat and warmed himself. The servants had made a fire, for it was cold. These are almost intolerable times. They are especially so for us Americans, for even the coldest among us has some idealism in his veins. Haven't we got something more important to do than to discourage or to criticize one another? If it was cold on the night when Jesus was betrayed, it is unspeakably colder at this present hour.

It is time that we gathered around the fire together. It is high time for us all to acknowledge that we need and value the fire's warmth. What is the one thing that has heat in it against the need of these chilly days? Is it not the fire of the Christian faith?

Let us remember that it is the heat of that fire that has saved civilization from the frost at many a critical period. In the cold night of the Fifteenth Century, Luther took a brand from this fire, and the Reformation era brought us letters, invention, schools, democracy. In our own chill days of the Civil War, Lincoln found heat for us in Christianity's idealism, and brought us emancipation and union. Today it is the fire of Christianity that is bringing us what little warmth we get. It is neither Mr. H. G. Wells nor Donald Hanley, nor Raemaker, primarily, who have formed the ideals and the righteous determinative purpose of today. Grant that these have helped, but by what and whom have they themselves been helped? By the Christian faith. By the fact that there has been kept burning on the Church's Altars, however feebly, some live coals of a living faith.

Let it be understood at once that, though each idealist in America may need a practicalist at his elbow constantly to show him how to make his dreams come true, yet if each practicalist does not have a fellow idealist at his side, there will soon be no longer any dreams to bring to accomplishment, no far off Divine event toward which to press.

The contention that the Christian ministry has not done all that it should to keep the fire of idealism going may be admitted; but from the fact that the fire is going at all, it must be allowed that they have been doing much, and that in the face of awful odds.

The world leader is, at the present, Woodrow Wilson, himself the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. He is the world leader because he is a Christian idealist, and because the world instinctively realizes that at this time idealism is threatened, and that without idealism the world would become little better than a pig-sty. He is the world leader because we realize that whatsoever vestige of idealism we are going to preserve, we are going to be solely and absolutely dependent upon Christianity for.

Of course, one trouble with Christianity and with the Christian ministry is that Christianity is divided. Let it be immediately allowed that this does deplete the efficiency of the Christian ministry.

Peter, on that awful night, when he warmed himself at what the text assures us was a "fire of coals", had at least the comfort of a brazier in which a number of lumps of coal were collected together.

The ministry of today has not that meager comfort. The coals are not together in a single fireplace. The case is as if the New Testament Peter had

Scandal

When scandal, the peddler, knocks at your door,

Do you hasten to let him in?

Do you take delight in his sordid store,

Eager to gaze on somebody's sin?

Do you purchase cheaply another's good name,

To show your neighbor tomorrow?

And idly peer at the tears of shame,

Rudely stripped from somebody's sorrow?

Are your fair fingers ready to grasp—
That which will stain them a crimson hue—

Just to hold the wretched past—

Of somebody that you thought was true?

Do you inwardly gloat as your searching eye—

Brings to view some cringing soul—

Is there joy for you in its burdened sigh,

As you mercilessly seek to gain control,

Of that which somebody tried to keep
Away from the public's critical eye,

Somebody fallen with the weak—

The victim of a scoundrel's lie!

Is it at your home the peddler tarries—

Do you know what he takes for his golden fee?

Whilst you busy yourself with the filth he carries,

He is robbing you of your purity.

He leaves you with his tarnished store—

Of somebody's secrets and pain,

And steals away through the open door

To sell your own fair name!

—Peter Livingston.

had to go all around the room warming himself at individual glowing coals.

It is this circumstance of the division of the coals that makes it so especially hard for the modern Peter, or Christian minister, to get the little comfort, either physical or spiritual, that he does. And it is also this lamentable circumstance of the scattered coals of Christianity that makes it take so long for the fire, that has really been lighted by God, to warm the world and furnish it with the ideals that humanity requires, if life is to even remain as decent as it has so far become.

It seems to the writer, therefore, that it is high time to cease discouraging the Christian ministry, who, whereinsoever they fail, are yet the chief spokesmen for the world's one hope.

It seems as if it were no time for complaints or the multiplying of discouragements, but a time for mutual encouragement and appreciation.

Let us remember that it is because German rationalism has chilled, in some degree, the world's idealism that these days are as chilly and dark as they are. Let us second all such laudable attempts as that lately made by the open letter of the eighty-two prominent Christian clergy of diverse denominations in behalf of Christian unity. Let us make all honest and unselfish and even sacrificial effort to gather the scattered coals of Christianity into a single brazier.

And then, for God's sake, let us warm ourselves, for these days are cold. These days are cold, with a bleak wind blowing from across the sea from a Teutonic quarter. They are cold with the negations of Bernadhi, Nietzsche and the others. They are cold with indifference and carelessness in our own America. They are cold with the non-appreciation of the very ones, Americans, who should have most appreciated Christianity. They are cold and dark, because the Christ Himself, whom in our secret hearts we all depend on, is again buffeted and scorned.

Let us be thankful to the "servants" (and servants in the Latin form means simply ministers), let us be thankful to Christ's servants that, under threatening and so hard conditions, they have at least kept a fire burning in the kitchen of this great palace of a world, where our Lord is again misused and insulted, and that the fire will, if we will use it, keep us warm.

The Rev. Everett W. Couper closed his ministry in Christ Church, Alameda, Cal., on Easter Day, and left on the following Friday with his family for Duluth, Minn., to take up his new work as Dean of Trinity Cathedral. A series of receptions were tendered Mr. and Mrs. Couper during Easter week by the several parish organizations of Christ Church before their departure.

"Forward With God" Southern Virginia Notes

Roanoke

Good Friday was celebrated by the Germans with characteristic fervor and force. From the beginnings of the war mutilators or destroyers of the ecclesiastical monuments of medieval and Renaissance architecture, a happy fortune has given them their savage toy, the long range gun, a useful instrument in their old practices. More satisfactory than mere peppering of battered empty cathedrals, the distant organ of Deutschland was able not only to smash ancient stained glass windows in a Paris church, but to wound or kill a considerable number of the congregation. Fifty-four women were slain, a "record" that makes beggarly the number of deaths due to individual Zeppelins and airplanes; and since the injured and slaughtered were mostly women and children, the performance naturally recalls, even if it exceeds, the good works of the assassins of the air.

One seems to see those pious, tender souls, seeking help and consolation while the fate of their country is being decided fifty odd miles away, turning heavenward for the peace denied on earth. Poor women, poor children! What were the last words they heard? At what point did the German missionary of terror break up that immemorial service?

Et milites quidem haec fecerunt. Stabant autem juxta crusem Jesu Mater ejus et soror Matris ejus Maria Cleopha, et Maria Magdalene.

Was it amid the murmur of these kind holy names, dear from infancy, that these women and children came to their death, et milites quidem haec fecerunt? Was it when the worshipers listened to the tale of that supreme agony:

Cum ergo accepisset Jesus acetum, dixit: "Consummatum est". Et inclinato capite tradidit spiritum?

There they lie, sacrificed in the midst of that Sacrifice of the Mass, to the savage German tribes, "barbaras nationes", "gentes quae in sua veritate confident", whose trust is in Schrecklichkeit. A fine, hearty, "echt Deutsch" commemoration of Good Friday!

One by one, in the Tenebrae of the nations, light after light goes out. Gloriously shall they be returned, the resurrection of freedom follow its crucifixion!—New York Times.

Attitude Of Christian Science Toward War

A good many Americans will be rather astonished by the utterances in a recent "Christian Science" pamphlet published by Roy Holland Seward, who quotes copiously from Mrs. Eddy to sustain his utterances.

He says: "By acquiescing with the methods of the carnal mind in an endeavor to end the war, one would make a concession to error, deviate from the metaphysical postulates of divine metaphysics, throw the weight of influence on the wrong or material side, and forfeit his spiritual power, thereby inviting defeat at the outset."

Here is his pharisaic estimate of the patriotic and humanitarian work now doing all over the land:

"The motive and purpose which prompt people to engage in Red Cross work, to enlist in the army and navy, to become farmers with a view of feeding and sustaining those who are fighting in the trenches, and to contribute, in other ways, toward the perpetuation of the war on a material basis, may be patriotic and humanitarian, but they are not spiritual, and being unspiritual they must be unscientific, and being unscientific they must be the outgrowth of material concepts, and not the outcome of the divine law and order."

And he warns his fellow Scientists that they should "beware that they are not misled today" and so "fall from their own steadfastness to principle." That is, they must not send wheat to the Belgians or knit comforters for the soldiers and sailors or make bandages for the hospital, or contribute money to the Red Cross.

We venture to think that such a disclosure of what "Christian Science" means—and it DOES mean this—will lessen the number of converts to it. We even venture to hope that such a disclosure will cause some of its present adherents to go back to the Christian Church which gives her benediction to the soldiers who fight for a righteous cause, and which enjoins upon all her children the performance of "the seven corporal works of mercy."—The Palm Branch.

Christ Church was opened for its first service on Easter Day. Rt. Rev. D. B. Tucker, D. D., who, with the rector, Rev. Geo. Otis Mead, conducted the service, was unstinted in his praise of the beautiful, substantial, well appointed Church and Parish House. Both are built of blue sandstone, trimmed with white Indiana cut limestone. The Church is finished throughout in oak, which is stained a soft-toned gray. Pews, choir stalls and chancel furniture in oak to match. The vestibules, choir and sanctuary are laid with Scotch brown tile, with dark blue marble for border and steps. Hardwood floors, windows of Cathedral and Antique glass set in stone mullions. A handsome two-manual organ of splendid volume and tone. The Parish House is of two stories, finished in clear pine. The first floor is for assembly, with class rooms forming a part of the assembly room. In connection is the library and secretaries' room. Upstairs is the primary department of three rooms, graduate department of three rooms, ladies' parlor, robing rooms for the choir, and a kitchen. Then a large attic over all, which is no necessary for a parish house.

The architect is Mr. Frederick M. Mann, 530 Metropolitan Bank Building, Minneapolis, Minn., who also directed the construction and finishing. The builders are Messrs. E. M. Herrington & Bro., Roanoke contractors. The ground was broken on February 26, 1917, and by pushing hard, it was completed for the Easter services.

The choir of thirty-six voices, directed and trained by Mr. Gordon H. Baker, a vestryman of Christ Church, rendered the service magnificently. The Bishop preached an inspiring and hopeful sermon from St. John 2:19, "Destroy this Temple and in three days I will raise it up." After the sermon, the Bishop confirmed a class of thirty-two persons.

The total cost of the Church and Parish House is about \$55,000. If we add to this the cost of the ground and the rectory, which is next to the parish house, the whole church property cost \$70,000. It is to be noted that during the years of planning and building, Christ Church paid every assessment, paid in full or overpaid all apportionments and responded to all the appeals sent out by the Diocese and General Church. The Easter offering was \$3,300. The Sunday School mite box offering was \$400.

Rev. J. W. Canteley Johnson, who has not been well during the past month, has gone to Charleston and Rock Hill, S. C., to recuperate.

Hollins College

Rev. G. Otis Mead, who is the Church chaplain at Hollins, maintained a weekly service at that institution during Lent. Five of the students were confirmed.

Bishop Tucker had an interesting service and confirmation at Toano in James City County in "Old Hickory Neck Church," Blissland Parish, of which the Rev. E. R. Jones of Williamsburg, rector of Briton Parish, is the minister. This is the first Episcopal visitation this Church has ever had. Built in colonial times, when we had no resident Bishop, the old Church fell into decay and disuse before Bishop Madison's time and it has been in ruins for over a hundred years. During the past year, Rev. Mr. Jones has effected a complete restoration of this old Church and the Bishop preached and confirmed—the first service of its kind since the foundation of Old Hickory Neck was laid one hundred and fifty years ago.

Reports at Easter came that Bishop Randolph was much improved. He had rallied from the long state of unconsciousness, was very weak and still critically ill.

Lexington Notes

Elected Secretary of Standing Committee

The Venerable F. B. Wentworth, Winchester, Ky., archdeacon for financial and educational work in this diocese and president of St. John's Collegiate and Industrial School, Corbin, Ky., has been unanimously elected by the standing committee of this diocese to membership in that body. The archdeacon was also elected secretary of that body, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the Rev. J. M. Maxon, now of the diocese of Kentucky.

All communications intended for the secretary of the standing committee should be addressed to the Venerable F. B. Wentworth, Winchester, Ky., who succeeds the Rev. J. M. Maxon.