

The Witness

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

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A VISIT TO THE OLD COLLEGE

A Series of Articles by
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IV.

On my last night at Kenyon I realized how much group singing was sustained as a feature of the college life. Groups of students were on the path, in the darkness, singing the old familiar songs, and it was sweet music to those who had grown to love the associations of college days.

We were sitting in the windows listening to the music, when '98 broke in:

"It is hard to realize that many of those boys are preparing, after graduation, to go to the training camps, and then overseas. But they will be ready. Do you realize that Kenyon has introduced military training as one of the requirements for every student in college? It will be a tremendous advantage to the boys, if they must go to war. It means that they will be prepared at once for positions of responsibility. They will be a long way on their training for officers. At the same time they will not be neglecting their general and specific education. If there was ever a time when the nation needed educated men, it is today. Kenyon is offering the two necessities at once—the military training and also the education."

"It is always true that one, at some time, uses every scrap of knowledge or ability developed at college," said '99. "I had a curious experience once."

"A story, maybe old, maybe new; we'll take a chance," broke in '03. "Let us have it."

"You know that I have been in newspaper work since graduation. One morning, early in my career, the editor called me to his office and gave me an assignment. It was one of those freak newspaper assignments that get men into no end of trouble. I had to be the victim. There had been a lot of talk in the papers about bogus colleges that were selling degrees. One so-called college had been discovered, that had as its faculty a keen young man and an office boy. It was situated on the tenth floor of a Chicago office building, and occupied one room. It did all business by mail, and it sold degrees all over the country. You could become a Doctor of Philosophy for twenty-five dollars, and a Doctor of Divinity for fifteen dollars. It was a scandal."

"There was one chap in our office who claimed to be a Master of Arts of a college in Pennsylvania. He did not look the part, so my chief sent me over to investigate the college and to write it up. I sent for a catalogue and studied it. It seemed a real but rather rural institution. While planning my investigation on the train, I made up my mind that I must be very cunning and not reveal my errand. If I hung around the place too long, I might find myself investigated. I determined at all costs to evade any question as to my identity, but to assume whatever character the place seemed likely to tolerate without suspicion."

"As my train pulled into the little village in which the college was located, I took my suitcase and prepared to step to the platform, when my case was taken by a lanky young man, who said:

"I was sent to meet you, Professor Brown."

"I was stunned. Instead of walking darkly into that neighborhood, I was in the limelight at the first step. But Professor Brown! Was that a joke?"

"How did you know me?" I asked my lanky guide, who was making toward a dilapidated carriage, with me at his heels.

"Your name is on your suitcase," he answered, looking as pleased at his own wisdom as if he had read my mind. "The president is expecting you."

"That settled it. Some one had given

me the thing away, and the president had sent for me, either to convince me or to give me a piece of his mind. The lanky chap evidently thought that the title professor was a safe compliment. He did not look capable of irony.

"Well, that carriage creaked along a country road for a quarter of a mile, and then turned into a grove, in the midst of which stood a three-story brick building, surrounded by houses, evidently the homes of the faculty. The lanky chap did not say much. He pointed out the objects of interest, mentioning the names of several of the professors.

"When we drove up to the door of the building I was beginning to get shaky, and was about ready to turn back. I could scarcely make a secret investigation of a college when I was hauled up to its front door and directed by a guide, who mentioned my name again to step inside.

"You are just in time, Professor Brown," he said, as he pushed open the door.

"Then my troubles came thick and fast. In a little office-like room were three or four men in black coats, looking very formal and educational. One of them rushed up to me, and, without noticing my look of bewilderment, shook hands with me, as if it were a necessary matter for which he scarcely had time, and then said:

"Please come right this way, Professor Brown. We are glad to see you. Sorry you have been delayed. But we have filled in the time."

"He hustled me up a flight of stairs, and along a corridor. I scarcely grasped his words—I was completely bewildered. He came to a door and paused. His haste settled down to a calm unrest. Opening that door, he took my arm and conducted me to what was beyond.

"Never can I describe my feelings. The next moment we were on a little platform, and before us was a large hall, every face filled with sober-faced men and women.

"I must have shown my state of collapse, for that unfeeling president pushed me into a chair. There I sat and stared. The audience stared, too. "Then that president stepped forward and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is a great pleasure to have with us today such an eminent man as the learned scholar who is to deliver the address."

"I almost jumped from my chair. An address! I glanced toward the door. The other members of that black-coated bunch were just entering. No escape there.

"I am sure," continued the voice that was burning into my brain like a hot iron. But what he was sure of I didn't hear. My brain was in a whirl. But that president had points. One of his virtues was being long-winded in making speeches. As he kept on I grew calmer. I learned some facts about my life that I had never known before. I had taken honors at Oxford, England. I had studied in Paris. I had made two or three discoveries. I was a wonder—a very marvel. My mind was a whole library, and so on. It was so funny that I began to get my nerve and to grasp what was going on. I was to make a speech. That was sure. I had been invited. The president talked on. I began to wonder if I could do it. Could I say ten words? I gleaned that my subject was to be 'education'. Surely that was broad enough.

"Now Graves, here, knows that I used to be the chief mogul of the literary societies and the dramatic club. I was used to audiences. As the president went on recounting my virtues, I cast about in my mind for something to say. Finally he concluded:

"And now I have the honor to present Professor Brown."

"There was loud applause, chiefly because the president had finished, I believe. I arose and walked to the front of the platform.

"It is useless for me to pretend," I began, 'that I am all these things that the president has so eloquently recounted.'

"That was the truth. The audience took it for modesty.

"Then I launched into a little essay I had once written on the value of a small college. That seemed to go, for this college was pretty small.

"After that, I took up the beauties of the place. I had just written a nature article for our Sunday supplement, describing John D. Rockefeller's place at Forest Hill. That gave me the vocabulary and the high lights.

"From there I branched into the need of moral training. This was from the report of a sermon I had written for the paper the preceding Sunday.

"Then I named the branches of study most conducive to a thorough education. That was from the very catalogue of this college, and the president looked very much pleased.

"Then I shied toward dramatics as a means of self-expression. This tickled the students. They had been trying, I learned later, to give a play, and had hit on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' as the one they had heard most about. We had given 'The School for Scandal' in college, and I had coached some amateurs only a few weeks before, so it was fresh. I started out with a few lines, then gave the whole first act, taking the various parts. By this time I had warmed to my work.

"I was pretty well at the end of my string then. But my mind was keyed up, and as a finish I recited part of my commencement oration. Then I thanked them and sat down.

"The audience was enthusiastic, but the president looked puzzled. He arose and thanked me. Some one played a piano solo, and during that operation the lanky chap came to the platform with a telegram. It was addressed to the president, who read it, and then handed it to me. It read thus:

"Missed my train at Pittsburgh. Cannot lecture today."

"A. F. BROWN."

"It came across my mind in a flash what had happened. Professor Brown was in wicked Pittsburgh. I did not know what to say to the president, so I only smiled in a most cordial way and handed back his telegram. The piano stopped. The audience began to leave, and I prepared for the worst.

"They took me into an office, and I surrendered. Well, that was the most gracious faculty you ever saw. They forgave me on the spot, for they had gone through all sorts of trouble to get that audience together, and were nearly scared to death when Professor Brown's train was late. They offered me the fee, which I refused.

"I investigated that college, and found it a real institution of learning, with good, steady students. I left on an evening train, escorted by the president. Nobody but the faculty ever knew the truth.

"And today you will find men about that whole country boast of having heard the famous Professor Brown."

(To be continued)

The Church's Influence

"What is the third estate?" asked one.

"The third estate is everything," cried Merabeau, the orator of the French revolution.

What is the Church? The Church of the nation is everything. The Church stands watching from dusk till morn at the railroad station as each hour trains of troops pass and some mother for a moment greets some boy and presses into his hands her last gift before he goes overseas. Twelve such trains on Monday, in the night, eight in the day; and eleven such Tuesday. And the Church gathers her children at her Altar and prays for the men going into the night of pitched battle, and for the waiting and watching mothers.

REV. WM. MERCER GREEN ELECTED BISHOP COADJUTOR OF MISSISSIPPI

The Rev. William Mercer Green, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Jackson, Miss., and president of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Mississippi, was unanimously elected Bishop Coadjutor of his diocese at a special Council held in the church of which he is the Rector, on June 25. The Church News, commenting upon his election, says:

"In all the Council there was not a heart but what silently pledged itself in loyalty to the choice of the Council. It is quite evident that the man that the Council wanted was elected. Although every man should stand upon his own virtues (and Mr. Green does this in an exceptional manner), it is fitting that the Bishop Coadjutor should be a native Mississippian, closely identified with the diocese himself, and identified in a unique

manner for two preceding generations. Not only was his grandfather the first Bishop of Mississippi, but his father, the Rev. Duncan Green, was a Mississippi clergyman, dying in a yellow fever epidemic as Rector of St. James', Greenville. Mr. Green himself has been constantly identified with the diocese, spending only two or three years of his ministry away from Mississippi. As lay reader, before he took orders, as Rector at Canton and Meridian, as first Dean of All Saints' College, as Rector of St. Andrew's, Jackson, for the past seven years, as delegate to many successive General Conventions, and as giving himself to all movement in the diocese, Mr. Green has so woven himself into our diocesan life that his elevation to the Episcopacy will come without the dropping of a stitch in the weaving.

Diocese of Kansas Does It

One hardly knows whether to be pleased or disappointed when he sees a pet project put through by some one else, before he has himself put it in motion. But it is only a momentary question with a Christian if, as such, he is really more concerned about the project than for the self-glorification, says the editor of the Framingham, Mass., Church Messenger.

At the January meeting of the Archdeaconry we made a speech in which we urged that something be done by the diocese in the way of making known in our cities the history, teachings, works and customs of the Episcopal Church, as a branch of the historic Holy Catholic Church. We add the last nine words now to indicate a large part of our argument—that we have something to teach and the right to teach it. But the main fact is that the cities and towns have a right to this knowledge and education. There are thousands of people all around us who are being deprived of God-given spiritual rights, because they are ignorant of their existence—and we have a duty to them which is not being fulfilled, and will not be fulfilled until we use more paper and ink.

But our temerity was met with the silence of timidity—or our timidity with the temerity of silence—put it as you like—and the matter rested for the time being.

And now comes the Diocese of Kansas, and does it! At its recent Convention it established a bureau of Publicity and Advertising—the first in the history of the Episcopal Church in America!

Fifth Anniversary of Rectorship Observed

Sunday morning, June 16, a large gathering of men assembled at the early celebration of the Holy Communion at Grace Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., in connection with the Rector's fifth anniversary, the Rev. William P. Kerk. At the later morning service the Rector preached a special sermon, dwelling upon the marks of progress covering the five years. During that time the Sunday school had been absolutely transformed. A real awakening to regular church attendance had been manifested. A missionary spirit on the part of many parishioners had been stirred. Considerable increase in systematic giving to current expenses had been brought about. Somewhat elaborate structural improvements to the church property had also been effected during the present rectorship. A formal request, from a number, for the publication of this anniversary sermon was made after the service.

A 2000 Mile Auto Trip by Bishop Hunting

Bishop Hunting has just returned from a two-thousand-mile motor car trip through Nevada. In the course of it he almost completely wore out the Episcopal automobile.

"I had a strenuous trip," he says, "but got through without more than average mishaps. I went into every county in the state. I visited some places where no clergyman of this Church had ever been. I could not rest content until I knew conditions. It is a comfort to be able to write that there is not a place where we have as many as three communicants which is not cared for after a fashion by our nine men. I do not know of a community where we are missing real opportunity. There are places where no religious services of any sort are ever held. Of course, the souls in these towns should be cared for. Some of them are almost as virgin fields as the foreign fields. If I could get three men I could pay them, rearrange my groups of missions, and go into some of these new places. No communicants here are neglected or forgotten. I got around to them, if no one else does. This especially applies to isolated ranches."

The Board of Missions are mighty good to Nevada. All we can do is to keep at work here, planting and watering. There will be a harvest some day. I honestly believe the Board's expenditures will be fully justified. I am sure not a penny of Board money is wasted, and we get the people to do all possible."

Six Months in Prayer

Christians are beginning to realize that only Christianity visibly united can convert the world to Christ, and that such a visible unity can be attained only through prayer which shall put the wills of the members of the Church Militant in harmony with the will of Christ, its Head.

The Octave January 13-25 (January 5-12 in the Eastern calendar) of prayer for the visible reunion of the Church which is the Body of Christ, was observed in 1918 in every part of the world and by Christians of every Communion; but a still more general observance is needed, and a more complete surrender of our hearts and minds and wills to the Will of God.

The Commission of the American Episcopal Church on the World Conference on Faith and Order therefore again requests Christendom to observe the same octave in the year 1919 for the same purpose. This notice is sent out early to reach the distant parts of the world. But many of us who will receive this request at once may well spend six months in prayer that through united intercession Christians may have no will except the Will of the One Lord.

MISSIONARY MESSAGES FROM THE CHURCH'S HOLY DAYS

By the Rev. Francis S. White

"The Churching of Women"

O Almighty God, we give thee humble thanks for that thou hast been graciously pleased to preserve, through the great pain and peril of child-birth, this woman, thy servant, who desireth now to offer her praises and thanksgivings unto thee. Grant, we beseech thee, most merciful Father, that she, through thy help, may both faithfully live and walk according to thy will in this life present, and also may be partaker of everlasting glory in the life to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"What is home without a mother?" To ask the question is, in the case of a good mother, to answer it, for where there is a good mother there is the beginning of heaven on earth; where there is a good mother there is the prattle of children's voices, running the gamut from the infant crying in the night to the lilt and laughter of childhood just merging into the sweet seriousness or bluff boisterousness of adolescence. Where there are children there are tears, and smiles, and childish confidences, and the echoes of sterner strifes, as "will" meeting "discipline" learns the laws of self-control, both by precept and example.

And wherever there is a good home, there the service of "The Churching of Women" has a place and a message all its own. That might well be a holiday, or holy day, where the father escorts the mother on her first journey from the home, through the gates of the house of the Lord into His sanctuary, and the father holds the child of their joint love in his arms while the mother kneels at the chancel steps and renders her thanksgiving for coming safely through that child's advent. Does this seem mystical or too romantic a transaction to be considered by the practical, hard-working parents of today? For some reason or other the ceremony has drifted toward, if it has not crossed, the threshold of the limbo of neglected rites; but its words and phrases are still retained within the Book of Common Prayer; therefore this service may again some day become a common service in this branch of the Church, where that which is primitive and catholic may be revived, if it can prove its right to live and help live.

Wherever the Prayer Book finds an entrance, some day rises the building which will house those who have learned to love and live by that Prayer Book, and in that building this Collect will have a right to be heard. Whether it be said or no, it certainly has a message, and therefore, and especially if it be neglected or forgotten, will that message have a missionary aspect.

It would seem as if this service was the reconsecration of parents to the task of religious education, based on a thankful appreciation of the responsibilities of parenthood. Why should a father and mother join in an expression of gratitude to the Almighty One, if there was not in their hearts a strong desire to seek grace and favor of that Almighty One, which could be turned to the advantage of their little ones? God has put himself on record that He never did care for lip service, whether the lips professed thankfulness or promised vows. Unless the heart is on the lips, the whole transaction of gratitude becomes artificial and hardening—an empty mockery. And if parents really feel no gratitude to God for the safe arrival of their little one, and, above all, for the preservation of the mother life and the mother love, it is not to be wondered at that this service has lost its hold on folks, and that the churching of women has become a relic of the past.

Can any transaction, though, savor of finer feeling on the part of man and woman who have been blessed by a child than a little journey to the sanctuary of God, following the safe convalescence of the mother? See the mother, with the flush of maternal joy, over a man born into the world, pulsing pink the cheeks which tell of recent pangs and pains; and the father glad and proud, and so grateful for the good gift of the good wife, as well as the nestling youngster, so appealing in its helplessness; the quiet sanctuary; the few close friends for this intimate service; the psalm and prayer of thankfulness; the sacrament of baptism, followed by the sacrament of life and love, with the final blessing of the man of God; the re-

turn journey to the home fireside; the taking up of daily tasks with new vigor, and new reasons for ambition, and effort, and continued struggle. Out of scenes like this must emerge beauty and brawn, grace and courage—children that are worth having, and parents that one could love with an abiding and increasing devotion as the years increased their tale. It is a service like this which will take courtship and marriage and talk of eugenics out of the atmosphere of the market place and the stock yard, and flood them with the flecked sunshine of modest and restrained attitudes and conversations toward those processes of human nature whereby God would replenish the earth.

"This woman, thy servant, who desireth now to return her praises and thanksgivings unto thee." Only as a mother keeps on her lips the song of praise and thanksgiving will her children learn these two important lessons of life and manners. Only as she lives them in her daily life will she be able to hold fast in times that try her soul, and to teach her husband how to walk according to God's will in those relations which involve the possible creation of a human being. Only as she desires to offer praises and thanksgivings to God can she become that holiest thing God meant her to be—a natural mother of natural children. Only as she holds herself close to the ideal of a holy family can she have grace and power to refuse to become the unnatural wife of an unnatural husband. If many women of today would change their mental and moral attitudes toward "The Churching of Women", there is a strong possibility, even probability, that home life would become that sweeter and attractive thing which so many modern writers of fact and fiction tell us it is not. If the women of today would ponder well the reasons for marriage, and what God teaches men to expect as the result of marriage, the whole service of Holy Matrimony would be approached in a much finer and better spirit by both men and women than it is by many approached today. If a man approaches his marriage day with coarse and unnatural emotions, one may be very sure that no good mother ever bared her soul to that son of hers; no good father ever talked in quiet, even tones to that son of his on the responsibilities and privileges of the marriage state. "The Churching of Women" has possibilities in its revival that should not be lost sight of by parents who love God and want to keep His commandments. The service circles around motherhood, because motherhood is the shrine, and cradle, and inspiration of every man and woman born into this world, and when motherhood is divorced from its dependence on God, and its adherence to the laws of God, a pagan virtue will rapidly succeed a Christian virtue, and quite as easily degenerate from a religion of nature only, to an unnatural religion, and a debased civilization.

The woman, at the usual time after her delivery, shall come into the Church decently apparelled, and there shall kneel down in some convenient place, as hath been accustomed, or as the Ordinary shall direct; and then the Minister shall say unto her, Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of his goodness, to give you safe deliverance, and to preserve you in the great danger of child-birth; you shall therefore give hearty thanks unto God, and say,

Then shall be said by both of them the following Hymn, the woman still kneeling.

Dilexi quoniam.

I am well pleased: that the Lord hath heard the voice of my prayer; That he hath inclined his ear unto me: therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

I found trouble and heaviness, and I called upon the Name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous: yea, our God is merciful.

What reward shall I give unto the Lord: for all the benefits that he hath done unto me?

I will receive the cup of salvation: and call upon the Name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows now in the presence of all his people: in the courts of the Lord's house, even in

the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise the Lord.

"I am well pleased that the Lord hath heard the voice of my prayer." Think of the prayers mothers breathe over the life while it yet rests under her heart! How tender, how beautiful the picture! How stirring to him who has been taught to reverence womanhood! To what mighty resolves should it not stir him, as he beholds that appealing picture.

"Therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." Yes, in joy and in sorrow, in anguish and despair will you call; but there will be less anxiety and blackness of despair, and more joy and happiness, if you and "father" keep the atmosphere of this service in your home lives and speech, and do it in such fashion that your children will see at what you are aiming in life, and will be stirred to help create a "holy family" atmosphere.

"What reward shall I give unto the Lord?" What could please our Heavenly Father more than to have His children bring their children to Him for a blessing? What could please Him more than to seek His life and strength and courage from the Holy Grail? What could please Him more than to call on Him for wisdom and patience and love and pity and understanding?

And what greater help and example can parents set their children than by letting them see that in all events of life, from the cradle to the grave, none is complete or fully rounded, or completely blessed, until contact has been made with the courts of the Lord's house, where the Lord has promised to meet and bless his children? Let us resolve to make the teaching of his psalm and prayer and service so real a thing in the daily life of ourselves and our fellows that what now seems an unreal, and remote and artificial transaction shall again grow into our children's minds as the most natural thing in all the world to do. Let us banish false modesty and substitute a humble and reverent attitude towards those mysteries which God has wrapped up in human flesh, with the hope and plan that when we see what He wants us to do we will have both grace and power to bring it to pass, as far as in us lies.

Poems Worth Preserving

Selected by Pastor Suburbanus

FROM "A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL"

Was it not great? Did not he throw on God

(He loves the burthen)

God's task to make the heavenly per-
riod

Perfect the earthen?

Did not he magnify the mind, show clear

Just what it all meant?

He would not discount life, as fools do here,

Paid by installment.

He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success

Found, or earth's failure:

"Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered, "Yes!"

Hence with life's pale lure!"

That low man seeks a little thing to do—

Sees it and does it;

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,

Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,

His hundreds soon hit.

This high man, aiming at a million, Misses an unit.

That has the world here—should he need the next,

Let the world mind him!

This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed,

Seeking shall find Him.

—Robert Browning (1855).

A cablegram has been received from the Rev. Dr. Coupland, Rector of Trinity Church, New Orleans, La., announcing his safe arrival in France. The vessel upon which he was a passenger was attacked by a U-boat.

Nobody ever gets a real blessing from God without immediately wanting somebody else to do the same thing.—Ex.

God wants to hear about whatever occupies our time and thought, not that He may be informed, but that we may keep in communion with Him.

PERSONAL RELIGION — AIDS AND HELPS BY THE WAY

Edited by Bishop Reese of Southern Ohio

PATIENCE

Patience is not another name for resignation. Not folded, but active, hands, ministering to human needs, are the hands of patience. It is your firm grip on the eternal moral laws of God which makes you work with patience, "without haste and without rest". The result of your effort is sure, and you are willing to wait God's time of fulfillment. The feverish desire to get quick results produces impatience. Character is not grown in a day—you can't force the sunrise. Think of the infinite patience of God with His creation, with your wrong doing. He does not thunder the sinner down, like an angry tyrant. He works and waits until man comes to himself. By His patient restraint God calls forth our best.

IN YOUR PATIENCE YE SHALL WIN YOUR SOULS.

PRAYERS

O God, with whom a thousand years are as one day, Thou hast called us whose lives pass as a watch in the

night into Thy service. That we may so do our work that it should not need to be undone, stay, we beseech Thee, the fever in our hearts, and help us to walk in the light of Thine own eternity; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O God, builder of the universe, in whose sight a thousand years are as a single day, help us to be patient. In time of sickness, grant us patience to wait the operation of Thy healing power. In time of mental conflict may we patiently wait until Thou shalt show us the pathway by which we may be delivered from our distress. In time of war and upheaval, grant us patience to wait Thy time of peace. In the building of our own lives, may we with patience make each day a polished stone fit for the Builder's use, raising us ever nearer the perfect likeness of Thy dear Son, and as Thou knowest the deepest desires of our hearts, grant us, we humbly beseech Thee, patience to wait Thy time of fulfillment; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

A. M.

St. Luke 21:5-24.
Psalm 27.
Psalm 37:1-22.
Lamentations 3:18-36.
Psalm 40
Psalm 62.
Psalm 33.

P. M.

James 1.
II. Timothy 2.
I. Timothy 6:6-19.
Galatians 6.
I. Peter 2:17-25.
Hebrews 11:39; 12:13.
Romans 15:1-14.

MISSIONARY NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST

By G. W. J.

The Bishop of British Honduras wants to teach his people to kneel in prayer, and on the afternoon of Ascension Day there was a "bee" of the Churchmen in Belize to make kneelers for the Cathedral. One of the laymen organized the men and boys, and they made wooden benches to fit the pews exactly. They gave the work, the Bishop furnishing the wood. Every one seemed to enjoy it, and the work went on so briskly that about thirty benches were finished between the hours of 4:20 and 6:30 p. m.

"Our friends at home will be glad to know of some of the work done by Archdeacon Mellow's missionary automobile. She is named 'Phoebe the Deaconess', because she is supposed to help the clergy. On Palm Sunday, 'Phoebe', guided by the Archdeacon, took Miss McKnight of the Hooker School, Miss Guerra, from the House of the Holy Name, and the Rev. Mr. Carrion to visit the mission at Xochitence. This is a small Indian village about twenty miles out of the city. As the people were expecting a visit, they had decorated the little chapel with flowers and branches of trees, so that it looked as gay as a Christmas festival. The people took part in the service with great heartiness, and Mr. Mellen, being prohibited by the present Mexican laws from officiating, spoke to the people after the service. Miss Guerra and Miss McKnight told the people of the work of the schools, for we want them to have a knowledge of our Church institutions."

The above is an extract from a letter from Deaconess Whitaker, in Mexico, to which Archdeacon Mellen adds: "The Hooker School is doing a very fine work. The very reason that the school is so small makes the power and influence over each one of the girls all the greater. The garden is fine, also the alfalfa, and now the corn is growing well, for the first of the rains have come."

July Fourth of the present year marks the one hundredth birthday of the American flag. The Continental, Grand Union, flag of the colonies was the first standard to have embodied in its design an attribute which endures in the flag of today. The union in the upper left hand corner still showed the device of England, the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and thirteen alternate red and white stripes filled in the field. These stripes were substituted for the red field that England was then using. This flag was raised for the first time on Jan. 1, 1716, on Prospect Hill, Cambridge, Mass. Notwithstanding its adoption, other flags, bearing various devices and mottoes, continued in use among the Ameri-

can patriots. On June 14, 1777, the American Congress adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The stars in this flag were arranged in a circle, and the credit for making it is usually given to Miss Betsy Ross of Philadelphia. After the thirteen original states were increased to fifteen, upon the entry into the Union of Vermont, on March 4, 1791, and Kentucky, on June 1, 1792, Congress passed an act increasing the stars and stripes to fifteen each. It was this flag, flying over Fort McHenry, in 1814, that inspired Francis Scott-Key to write "The Star Spangled Banner".

Later, as other states came into the Union, a bill was introduced into the House to make a change in the flag that would adjust it to the increased number of states. The first flag raised after the enactment of the new law was hoisted on the flagstaff of the House of Representatives, on the 13th of April, 1818. This flag was made under the supervision of Capt. Reid by his wife and some other ladies, at her house on Cherry Street, New York City.

Captain Reid, to whom our flag as we know it is so largely due, was a naval officer who won fame in 1814, when he commanded the American privateer, General Armstrong, by beating much superior naval forces at Fayal, in the Azores. Reid was acclaimed with great honor upon his return to the United States, and rendered his country many other services before his death, in 1861.—New York Times Magazine.

Sanctuary of Prayer

PRAYER FOR RECTOR IN WAR SERVICE

"Heavenly Father, we pray Thee to bless and protect our Rector, who, at Thy bidding, has laid down his work and forsaken the quiet path of duty here, to serve his stricken brothers, midst strife and peril, in a distant land. Be with him, Father; strengthen and sustain him; comfort and bless all those who through him will call upon Thy name. Give to him wisdom and sympathy, and grant that in his ministrations he may bear fruitful witness unto Thee. And having finished his appointed task, restore him, we pray Thee, to his accustomed duties, to worthily serve Thee, in his own place and among his own people. All of this we ask in the name of Thy dear Son. Amen."—Trinity Parish Paper, New Orleans.

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EDITORIAL

Bromides and Sulphides

From the standpoint of an ox, quietly chewing his cud under some peaceful shade, the career of a lion, roaring and cavorting, must be wholly inexplicable.

As some psycho-chemist has analyzed the human family, it may be divided into bromides and sulphides. The bromide is bovine in its temperament; the sulphide is leonine. The ox is a harder worker than the lion, and more useful from a strictly commercial standpoint. The lion is more picturesque, and seems to have a more eventful life. He certainly is not popular with the oxen.

And no wonder! We fancy that it was because of lions that oxen grew horns. When the lions are all killed off, we dehorn the oxen.

I fancy that most of the burden and heat of the day is borne by the bromide folk. They resent the sulphides, who disturb the peaceful conventionalities of life. Yet the lions, roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God—and the oxen seem to be their meat. But the oxen, in their turn, are provided with horns by the same beneficent providence, and they have the right to protect themselves. It is a world in which lions and oxen work out their destiny through much struggle and noisy conflict, and neither one can understand the other.

The oxen are more useful, but no nation has yet chosen the ox as the symbol of its ideals. We have eagles, and lions, and unicorns, but not oxen, as the symbols of national spirit.

The Christian religion, on the other hand, includes the lion of St. Mark and the eagle of St. John, with the ox and the man in the symbolism. It is the tragedy of life on this earth that there is war between lion and oxen; but it is the triumph of grace that "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea".

But we are living now on the earth, and praying that God's will shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

And the lion and the ox struggle just because they are made that way. It is the nature of the bovine to run in herds—but the lion is more independent of his kind.

Society has its conventional herds, in which the bromidic congregate. They always do the conventional. Prejudice is stronger than reason, and, like sheep, they go astray in flocks. They resent the presence of the sulphide, and are quick to show their horns when he threatens the peaceful security in which they dwell.

There is the conventional flock known as good society. Who would have the temerity to enter here and upset the fashions and precise ritual of the elite? Certainly he would be made to feel that he was an intruder to be warned off by the coolness of his reception, and, if that is not sufficient, then to be forcibly ejected from the sanctuary of established rites.

There is the herd in which are those who feel the sacred privilege of caste. No sulphide of the outer world must disturb its peaceful security. Here we find herded together the blue-blooded stock of imperial ancestors, and the red-blooded stock of military heroes, and the golden-blooded stock of financial captains. And without are the sulphides, the natural enemies of caste. They must be snubbed and, if necessary, fought, that no privilege may be lost.

Then there is the flock of ecclesiastical sects, each one hedged in by barriers of prejudice, and depending upon the bell-wethers of the sect to scent danger, and to herd their own by the sound of warning. So political parties are held together by that form of patriotism, which Dr. Johnson well says is the final refuge of scoundrels. Why men should vote a party ticket, the principles of which have long since been forgotten, in order to keep a particular stripe of politicians in power, is the same sort of a bromidic problem as why men fight viciously for a sectarian platform which they no longer believe nor understand.

It is similar, however, to the spirit of self-preservation which the scent of the lion arouses in the leaders of the herd, even though they are defending a barren waste.

It is the function of the Church to include within its borders those who live by the set rules and conventions of the past, as well as those who so ruthlessly intrude upon the sacred preserves. There is no place for caste, or sect, or party in the service of Him who

yoked together Simon the zealot and Matthew the publican in His common service. It was significant that the Sons of Thunder should be the chosen companions of the Prince of Peace.

The world is narrow, petty, exclusive in its cliques and sects; but in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, but all are one in Christ Jesus. But this is the hard task which is set before us.

It is fully as easy to make the calf and the young lion lie down together as it is to persuade a colonial dame that she should occupy the same pew as the fishmonger's daughter. We are told that this war has caused prince and pauper to respect each other in the trenches; but Christ has always taught that the rich and the poor are to meet together in His sanctuary.

But "the pride of life" must intrude itself, like a Prussian, into Christ's presence, entirely oblivious of the fact that such intrusion is against the Master's will, and an evidence merely of its own conceit.

But that is not the thing that I started out to write. It is a mere digression. What I wanted to protest against is the bromidic character of Church gatherings, such as Guilds, and Institutes, and Councils, and the like, where the obvious is always expected, and where the expression of cold disfavor is manifested toward the sulphide nature that breaks into the placid waters, so apt to become stagnant, unless some sulphide angel came to trouble the same.

"But they are disturbers of the peace!" some one objects. "And there is no time for argument," says another. More often they are disturbers of stagnation, while argument is at least a sign of mental activity and a test of real charity. That is the trouble. We feel that we must herd all bromides together and drive the sulphides into sects and the outside world, where they can be as reckless as they please, so long as our bovine calm is not disturbed.

I am very much afraid that it is this which makes the Church so dull and the world so fascinating. Better the thundering of theological controversy than the low vitality of bromidic stagnation.

In short, Christ expects us to welcome the disagreeable and to harmonize the chaotic elements that come to us from the world. Let us remember that the Church is for sulphides as well as bromides, even if they irritate us into a wakeful activity.

Better anything than the whitened sepulchre of dead men's bones! Let us rub cheek and jaw together, and realize that Christ did not suffer on Calvary merely that you and I might have a smug, respectable time, free from irritation and annoyance.

EDITOR'S QUESTION BOX

Ask any questions that are sincere and send them to Bishop Johnson, Wolfe Hall, Denver, Colorado.

What do you consider the greatest bar to Christian unity?

The fact that such a large proportion of Christian people trust in themselves that they are right and despise others.

In order to have Church unity, Christians must want it, and they will never secure it until they are praying for it—earnestly. So long as their vision of Christian fellowship is bounded by the horizon of their own opinions they will never even appreciate the purpose of Christ to bind together in one fellowship all who believe in Him. So long as men lay the emphasis on the sanctity of their own opinions they will never understand Christ's prayer that all may be one.

Parties within the Church are retarding her efficiency. What can be done to remove them?

Nothing.

When those who wish to be married refuse Holy Baptism, what is a priest to do?

This is a matter which the Church itself should be courageous enough to handle, and should not leave the burden upon the conscientious priest. Christians should not be unequally yoked together with unbelievers. Unbaptized people are not in the state to receive the grace of blessing in Holy Matrimony.

I should say a priest would be justified in marrying them as a civil officer by some other ceremony than that which the Church provides, just as he may bury an unbaptized adult by some other service than that in the Prayer Book.

But the General Convention should put a rubric in the Prayer Book to protect the priest.

Should the Burial Service be used in the case of a five-year-old unbaptized child?

Certainly. The Prayer Book service is forbidden only to unbaptized adults, that is, those who by their own refusal to accept the responsibilities of Christian baptism have no right to any claim upon Christian privilege. Why should they expect it?

Should a clergyman permit a denominational minister to assist in funerals or weddings, when requested by the family?

I see no harm, providing the priest takes the essential parts of the service. I know of no contagion by proximity that would occur.

What right does an undertaker have to open the casket, to parade at the head of the funeral procession, to tell what a clergyman is to do?

In the Roman empire undertakers were forbidden to receive equestrian rank, or to enter the ranks of the nobility. They are often asked to act as master of ceremonies at a funeral, but their powers are limited. In the church building they may not open caskets, nor assume the chief rank in the synagogue. They should be told what they may and may not do.

I once had an undertaker tell me, in answer to the question, "Why are you so anxious to open the casket?": "When I have done a good job I want people to see it." Manifestly the church is an improper place for exposing his wares.

May I introduce a word of caution to the clergy, especially in large cities? When an undertaker offers you a fee, accept it, and send a letter of thanks to the family, mentioning the amount, or returning it to them. There are undertakers who render a bill to the family for clerical services at one figure and tender the clergyman a much smaller amount.

Do not misunderstand me. There are many honest, courteous, Christian gentlemen in the undertaking business, and from them I have had most courteous treatment; but there are others, and there is no time when a family needs some one to protect them and theirs so much as when they fall into the hands of an unctious and unprincipled undertaker.

Those, also, who are chaplains at hospitals should always see that the casket of the friendless and the poor is accompanied to the grave. I once knew an undertaker who disposed of the body between the hospital and the place of interment to a medical college. In other words, there are undertakers who need careful watching.

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NEWS IN A NUTSHELL FROM EAST, WEST, NORTH AND SOUTH

St. John's Church, Camden, Ark., was recently destroyed by fire, supposed to have been caused by lightning.

The National Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew will be held at Northfield, Mass., beginning on Wednesday, August 14th.

The inquisitive man in the back pew wants to know why we don't make all the pews, back pews, so that they would all be occupied at every service.—Texas Churchman.

"Your paper is a real friend and joy to a busy woman," writes Miss Dorothea Wood of Los Angeles, Cal. "It would be a real deprivation to me to be without it. I wish every Churchman and woman might read it."

A meeting of the West Tennessee Convocation was held at Dyersburg, in St. Mary's Church on Monday and Tuesday, July 8 and 9. The Rev. Dr. Buckner of Memphis gave the opening address.

At an outdoor service, held under the auspices of the deaf mute mission of Christ Church, Hartford, Conn., and conducted by the Rev. G. H. Hefflen, Mr. E. C. Luther, a lay reader and a deaf mute girl "sang" a flag hymn.

A union patriotic service was held at Memphis, Tenn., by the several parishes of the city in St. Mary's Cathedral on July 4th. The Rev. Dr. Beatty, Rector of Grace Church, preached the sermon.

The Journal of the Convention of the Diocese of New York for the year 1918 only contains 56 pages. The Journal for 1917 contained 275 pages. The diocese is to be commended for this reduction which was doubtless made as a war measure.

"I wonder why God made me," says Mrs. Faber in one of George McDonald's books, bitterly. "I'm sure I don't know what was the use of making me." "Perhaps not much yet," replied Dorothy; "but then He hasn't done with you yet. He is making you now, and you don't like it."

A sailor's concert was conducted at the Ship and Tent Club, Philadelphia, Sunday evening, July 7th, under the auspices of the Church of the Holy Apostle. The choir of L'Emmanuel Church and the Symphony Club choir sang the Italian national anthems and familiar airs.

Trinity Church, Swedesboro, N. J., one of the oldest edifices in the country, was struck by lightning Wednesday night, July 3rd. A section of the lofty steeple was shattered and the wood work set on fire. The prompt and efficient work of the local fire company prevented the destruction of the building.

The summer school for Church workers at Sewanee, Tenn., will open on the feast of the Transfiguration, Tuesday, August 6th, and continue until the 13th ult. A strong program, including a long list of well known clergymen and laymen, has been arranged for the conference. The keynote of the program will be "Leadership."

The Rev. H. E. Bush of St. Luke's Mission, Weiser, Idaho, writes, "It seems to me that THE WITNESS this past year has proven itself a wonder in religious journalism—better news, better instruction, better Churchman-ship than any other Church paper. My dream includes a WITNESS in every home in this mission and I hope to see the realization of my dream before this year is out."

As a war measure the vestrymen of St. James' Church and the trustees of the Congregational Church at Cheboygan, Mich., have perfected plans for the services of one clergyman until the close of the war. Each Church will maintain its individual organization. The clergyman will divide his time equally between the two Churches, conforming to the order of service in each Church and his salary will be shared equally.

Humanity has always found it easy to say at high noon, "There is no God"; but it has not found it so easy to say at midnight.

One can laugh at the idea of God, when God is smiling all around him.

Godless men do not choose to live in Godless neighborhoods.

If atheists had no churches built by God-fearing people, they would build them themselves for the comfort of having them nearby.—Minneapolis Journal.

Rev. John E. H. Simpson, Rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, last night tendered to the vestry of the parish his resignation, effective September 1. Rev. Mr. Simpson has been at the head of St. Mark's parish for almost 25 years. Ill health caused his determination to retire. He will take advantage of the Church Pension Fund and will live at his farm at Estacada with his wife and daughter. His son, John E. H. Simpson, Jr., is now in the United States Navy.

The vestry on accepting the resignation, elected Mr. Simpson rector emeritus.

"We all desire to be big men and women," says the Rev. Stanley S. Kilbourne, Rector of Gethsemane Church, Minneapolis, Minn. "No one really wishes to be petty. Christian men should be so big that they will not hold enmity and so strong that they will not desire revenge. These days life is pregnant with big occasions, fine ideals, lofty ambitions. There ought to be no room for malice, harsh criticism, unloving thoughts, personal grievances. Let's forget the unpleasant and harmful thing and remember the gracious and helpful thought, word and deed."

Miss Anna M. Spencer of Great Barrington, Mass., criticises in a friendly way recent references in THE WITNESS to "summer slackness in religious observance" which she says the laity stand rather goodnaturedly, and suggests, without finding fault with the clergy who are fortunate enough to take a vacation, that they should not, however, "turn, departing and scold the people who stay at home." The item in question referred, it would seem very properly, to slackness in religious observances rather than to the very desirable custom on the part of many of the clergy and laity of taking a needed vacation in the summer time.

St. Bartholomew's Mission, Philadelphia, had a flag raising on July 3. The pole was donated by Mr. Charles Norton and the national emblem and service flag was donated by the Ladies' Guild. The Rector, Rev. A. Coates, opened the exercises with prayer, after which the twenty-two names on the Honor Roll were read. The Rev. Nathaniel Groton of Whitemarsh, Philadelphia, lately in the service at Camp Hancock, made the address. Then the flags were unfurled by one of our boys from the quartermaster department, Camp Meade. The flag opened out, and out flew a white dove and lots of small flags. Then a salute was fired by a squad from the Boy's Brigade for the one gold star on the Service flag, who was a member of their organization.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Mottet, Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, New York City, announces: "All people, especially Army and Red Cross Nurses, Aviators, Soldiers, Sailors, Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. workers, have a right to the use of this Father's house. For Baptism, Confirmation, the Holy Communion, Marriages, Burials, calls of the clergy in sorrow and in sickness, personal interviews with a clergyman—all people, though they are strangers to this Church, are ever and always welcome. Never any charges for the use of this Church in connection with marriages, burials, etc. Call at the Parish House or telephone any hour of the night. No one is ever kept waiting." The church is always open.

Miss Cordelia Veal, of Rome, Ga., writes: "It seems to me that the greatest fault we Episcopalians have is indifference to our Church work from a general point of view. There is a noticeable ignorance too. If this could be overcome, it would mean much to our power and growth. This can be done by the wide distribution of a paper like THE WITNESS. In other words I consider THE WITNESS one of the best missionaries we have. Ignorance breeds indifference; it is from indifference that the Church is suffering. Our Bishop, we are told, has a plan by which we are to subscribe for THE WITNESS in clubs, but I can wait no longer for your paper. I must have it."

A notable service in commemoration of the fall of the Bastille and in honor of the French nation was held at St. James' Church, Chicago, on Sunday, July 14th. Monsieur Batholomey gave the principle address and the Rev. Dr. Watson, Rector emeritus of the American Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris, France, gave a short talk. Representatives from all the allied nations were in attendance and officers of the various armies carried their representative flags in the procession with the American flag, the State flag of Illinois, and the emblem of the Red Cross. The music included the singing of "The Marseillaise," "The Star Spangled Banner" and the new patriotic anthem, "America, the Promised Land." The Rev. Dr. Stone is the Rector of St. James' Church.

St. John's Parish, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, the mother parish of several surrounding, proposes to celebrate the Centennial of the first service held in Summit County, some time in September. These services were held in a log cabin in Stow township in this parish a year before the visits of the Rev. Roger Searle. The parish has one of the most beautiful structures in the diocese and several new memorials have lately been placed in the church to members of one of the pioneer families, consisting of a marble credence and a sanctuary lamp, a pair of seven branch evening lights and a festival chasable in silk and gold to be used on the great holy days. The parish has an active men's club of forty members who are fitting up a fine club room in the parish building.

Saturday afternoon and evening, July 13th, the Episcopal Young People's Association of Detroit and vicinity entertained over one hundred sailors and soldiers from the Army and Navy Club at a picnic party at Belle Isle. Supper was served, picnic style, at the lower end of the Island after which games were played and much friendly competition was shown by the boys in blue and khaki. The games were arranged by Messrs. James, of Royal Oak, and Spaulding, of St. Andrew's Church, Detroit. At sundown, just as the flag was being lowered all gathered around the flag banner, after which a social sing was held, led by the boys from the Naval Training Station, River Rouge. Several of the boys of the motor transport division had just arrived in Detroit that morning from a southern camp and certainly appreciated the hospitality shown them, as did all the boys.

The Fourth of July was observed by St. Andrew's Church, Kokomo, Ind., the Rev. John F. Plummer, Rector, with a special service of the Holy Communion at 7 a. m., when the Church was filled with devout factory workers. Special mention had been made that especially those who had friends or relatives in the war should attend. The response was most gratifying. St. Andrew's Church has thirty men represented on her Service Flag, and together with those who are relatives in England of not a few parishioners of this Church, they made the Eucharist of special significance. St. Andrew's Church has been the recipient of a number of handsome memorials within the past few months. At Easter, the following gifts were placed in the church: Brass eagle lectern, pair of large brass vases, white silk super-frontal for the Altar, white silk burse and veil, and Bible and Altar Book markers to match. Since then this year's confirmation class of twenty-one candidates presented as a thank offering a handsome brass receiving basin, and the Sanctuary Chapter has given a silver bread box.

Bishop Sumner, of Oregon, has completed arrangements for preliminary work among the soldiers and drafted men of the spruce sections of the diocese, of whom there are between three and four thousand in number in the various camps controlled by Colonel Disque. The work at Newport and Toledo has been placed in charge of the Rev. John D. Rice, City Missionary, and that at seaside and adjacent points is to be under the Rev. C. H. L. Chandler, Rector of St. Paul's, Oregon City. Mr. Rice is already on the ground to take up his work and Mr. Chandler will begin work on July 1st. These men are engaged in preparing the spruce required for the manufacturing of aeroplanes for the government and come from all parts of the United States. Thus far there has been no religious work of any kind done for the men. On request of the Bishop, the diocese has raised a fund sufficient for him to make a beginning in caring for the men, many of whom come from the best of homes. The

Bishop will appreciate it very much if those who know of any man engaged in these camps, will forward the man's name and any other information obtainable, to his address, 548 19th street, Portland, Oregon.

Personals

The Rev. Clarence S. McLellan, Jr., has resigned as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Niver, Christ Church, Baltimore. His resignation will take effect September 1st.

The Rev. Alexander Miller has assumed charge of St. Thomas' Church, Louisville, Ky. His marriage to Miss Agnes Binford was solemnized July 3rd, at Fulton, Ky.

The Rev. A. E. H. Martyr, formerly Rector of Trinity Church, Lisbon, N. D., assumed his new duties as Archdeacon of the Missionary District of North Dakota, July 1st, with headquarters at Fargo.

The Rev. Charles Clingman, for the past five years Rector of the Church of the Incarnation, Dallas, Texas, has resigned to accept the rectorship of Trinity Church, Houston, Texas. His resignation will take effect Oct. 15th.

The Rev. Francis V. Baer has resigned the rectorship of Christ Church, Sag Harbor, Long Island. Sag Harbor is the oldest port in New York State, and has some beautiful colonial houses.

The Rev. Dr. Floyd W. Tompkins of Philadelphia, preached a patriotic sermon in Trinity Church, Chambersburg, Pa., on the morning of July 4th, and in the evening gave a stirring address at a flag raising over the Canten of the Red Cross building.

Bishop Fawcett, who has been ill since the first of June and confined to his bed most of the time, was recently taken to a Chicago hospital for expert treatment. He hopes to resume his work in the Diocese of Quincy early in the fall.

The Rev. John M. Hunter for the past six years Rector of St. Luke's Church, Marietta, O., has tendered his resignation to the vestry to take effect the first of August in order that he may accept the rectorship of St. Luke's Church, East Greenwich, R. I., a suburb of Providence.

The special preacher this year at Trinity Church, New York, at the Sunday morning services during August will be the Reverend Leicester C. Lewis of Chicago. Mr. Lewis is professor in the Western Theological Seminary. His sermons at Trinity Church during the summer season last year were much appreciated and aroused unusual interest.

The Rev. Joseph J. Dixon, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Calaway, Neb., recently reported for overseas duty in the Y. M. C. A. war service, but owing to the fact that he is of draft age he could not be permitted to go to France, so returned home to wait until he is called to fill a vacancy in some cantonment of this country.

The Rev. Baker P. Lee, Rector of Christ Church, Los Angeles, Cal., has resigned in the hope of receiving a commission in the U. S. Army for which he has applied. He has had fifteen years military experience. He has been in charge of Christ Church for the past thirteen years, one of the largest parishes on the Pacific slope.

Bishop Lines of the Diocese of Newark, underwent a serious but very successful operation at the Post-Graduate Hospital, New York City, July 6th. Owing to the Bishop's illness, Bishop Coadjutor Stearly was called home from Geneva, N. Y., where he was directing the summer conference for Church workers.

The Rev. Charles L. Newbold has resigned as Rector of Christ Church, Manhasset, N. Y., Diocese of Long Island, of which he had been in charge since 1883. He is in his seventy-first year and feels that the work should be taken up by a younger man. His resignation will take effect November 1st, and he will then become rector emeritus.

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