WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Among the Famous Schools of England.

Winchester College and Its Plebeian Founder, Who Became Chancellor of England—Colorful Scenes in the Ancient City and Curious Antiquities at the Quaint Old School—"Dulce Domum."

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1892.]

WINCHESTER, Eng., Oct. 3, 1892.

There is a very rich and eminent man of my acquaintance who in moments of honest confidence often confesses to me that his nostrils are never assailed by the vigorous aroma of boiling cabbage and corned beef that he is not instantly possessed of an almost uncontrollable impulse to bodily assault and drive out his many servant masters, sell his house and belongings, free himself from the abject slavery of his present aristocratic surroundings, fling social distinction and honors to the winds, and, at a plunge, return to the care-free, zestful and humble habits, appetites, gratifications and ways of the old farm-home in which he was raised.

Similarly with men, when the shadows begin to lengthen, an almost overwhelming heart hunger comes whenever the eyes, turning from the sterner affairs of life, fall upon the faded walls of some old school. It does not matter whether it be a historic spot like Winchester, a treasure-house of memories and associations verily interwoven with the best of civilization's making; some modest village seminary, where lads and misses have built their day-dreams together, or the little old red country schoolhouse you and and I used to know, with its tiny blackboard and sheetiron stove, and roundabout ground worn brown and smooth by the coming and going of barefoot children. One is fossilized quite if the heart is not strangely stirred where all these budding hopes have been and are, if the eyes do not mist as the boy you were takes your hand in his and leads you back with him into the sweet young paths again.

All this gentle influence will reach and touch you at Winchester College. There is a grave and stirring charm besides. Its great antiquity alone almost fills you with reverence, for in reality old Winchester is the mother school of all preparatory schools in all English speaking lands. Harrow, Rugby, and even old Eton, under the shadows of Windsor Castle, are all modern in comparison with Winchester. Even Merton College, Oxford, is structurally only about 100 years older, while New College, Oxford, whose founding was the real birth of the English University in its broad sense, was still an afterthought in the inception of the mind which gave England her great University and college system, for Wykeham, the founder of both, simply built the University at Oxford that he might send it those who should be prepared for it at Royal Winchester.

This William of Wykeham was an extraordinary man. His career was one of many examples of sturdy plebeian blood having the iron in it to carry its possessor past all bounds of caste or class to the lasting fame of personal achievement. He was born in 1324 in the village of Wyckham, near Fareham. His father's name was John, and because of his stature he was nicknamed "Long John." He was as tall and huge a man as the late "Long John" Wentworth of Chicago. The gigantic figure of his son William looms through the mystery of the time grandly. The lad was educated at the then royal city of Winchester at the expense of Sir John Scures; in 1346 entered the household of Bishop Edyngton, prelate of Winchester; the latter turned him over to King Edward III, and by that King he was at once employed in architectural art. It was Wykeham who built the great tower or "Round Table" of Windsor, which was to be the meeting place of the newly founded order of the Garter.

In 1364 he was made keeper of the Privy Seal, then in 1367 Bishop of Winchester, and the same year he was appointed Chancellor of England. He was for a second time appointed Chancellor, from 1389 to 1391, and the plowboy of Wyckham had become virtual ruler of England. Whatever his political or strictly ecclesiastical ability and power, his fame will chiefly rest upon his architectural skill and his educational foundations. He transformed Winchester Cathedral and was national in genius, feeling and purpose. He is regarded as the father of the perpendicular style of architecture, and his own chantry in the cathedral here, built by himself, is one of the most matchlessly beautiful creations in stone to be found in all Britain. It stands beeween two pillars in the nave of the cathedral, in the south tier, and curiously enough the great prelate placed his own monument on that part of the cruciform plan of the cathedral which originally corresponded with the pierced side of the Savior on the cross.

There is no doubt of Wykeham's piety. He was determined to improve the intellectual and social condition of the clergy. His college was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Solemn processional entrance was made into the structure at 9 o'clock on the morning of March 26, 1393, a few months less than 500 years ago. The name of every officer, fellow and scholar who took part in that historic ceremony, carefully registered in a vellum book, is still preserved. And the school that "Wykeham's seventy poor scholars" then entered is standing here to-day just as Bishop Wykeham built it, apparently brave and stout enough to shelter "Wykehamites," as its alumni are proudly called, for another half a thousand years.

Winchester is not only an old school town, but it is an ancient cathedral city, and perhaps the oldest city in England. It was "royal Winchester" a thousand years, tradition says, before London was more than a marshy fishing village huddled about the gate of Belin. Ludor Rous Hudibras founded it 892 B. C. So there is antiquity here outside of the flinty walls of the quaint old school. King Rufus is buried here, and here St. Swithin lies. Cerdic was crowned in the heathen temple which preceded the cathedral, and the bones of Canute, Wina, Alwin, Stigan and Emma, who trod the heated plowshares unscathed, are gathered in mortuary chests over the side screens of the cathedral choir. But the real Winchester, dear to the hearts of Englishmen, is not the Briton or Roman Winchester, but the city which is represented by the square Norman tower and the ridge of the mighty nave rising above broad masses of foliage and scaled by the graceful tower and turrets of Wykeham College to the south.

The shiny reaches of the Itchen stream show here and there entrancingly. Split up with numerous crystalline threadings, you come upon their vagarous wanderings unexpectedly, and always with a sense of surprise and delight. In the by-streets are many curious old nests of homes, little stone pens with tiny windows, heavy overhanging gables, chimneys a fourth as large as the houses, strangely carved casements, low and narrow doors strong enough to withstand a siege, all covered with masses of ivy so packed and dense that they seem like habitations cut out of verdure-matted rock.

A maze of fily cobbled streets with narrow pavements crowd toward the old Market Cross on High street. In these are dreamful inns; dark book shops, where bargains which would do credit to London East End dickerers are made with lads for schoolbooks, old and new; a few pert drapers' stores; as many jewelers and music dealers, and the inevitable print shops of the cathedral town, where sad-eyed old folk, who seem to have been left over from Rufus' time, doze over dusty cathedral views, and any number of "sweets" stalls, with endless temptings to the college lad's palate and purse.

The latter are all half-houses and shops. A bell like a fire gong announces your entrance. Four generations of servers are in waiting. Old, old men, reminding one of "Little Nell's" grandfather, are perched in dark, platformed corners on carved old chairs of state. A daughter, nearly as old, appears with a rush from the living-rooms, as though long and varied skirmishes with solemn-visaged but ingenious youths had made her alert for device or reprisal. A still younger matron, perhaps a widow, is pothering among the boxes and shelves, and, prim, peachy and prudent, a young miss, conscious of her value as a trade magnet, where there are a thousand lads to know a pretty face when they see it, comes out of the half lights, a radiant, wheedling presence. In every one of these by-street shops the shillings and pence of the Wykeham lads are the entire quarry, and everything dear to a boy's heart, from a cricket bat to leaden "pasties," comprise the stock in trade. Queer old shopkeepers all are they; quaint as from the last century picture books, and they still keep the coin of the realm in leathern bags, and test suspicious sixpences and threepenny bits with their teeth, here in Winchester.

Again the ancient city is given color and interest to the stranger by the presence at all times, as in all English provincial towns or sleepy old cathedral cities, of sturdy country folk from roundabout. It is as though a fair or market had just been held or was about to open. Heavy-jowled stock-buyers are here. Frocked yeomen look wonderingly into little shop windows as though they held the marvels of Regent street or the Strand. Smocked louts from near hamlets dawdle about the streets, snappy-eyed farmers' wives have come, and, best of all, there are bevies of countryside lasses with all the radiance of English roses in their flaming, peachy cheeks.

In and out of this motley crowd glide the cloaked masters; gently pass deans and deacons; dart the bright-faced Wykeham boys, or prance the military; for Winchester is not only a cathedral town, a college town, and the London of Wiltshire for all its thriving country folk and farmers, but it is one of the important military centers of England, being about equidistant from Aldershot, its greatest military station, and Portsmouth, its greatest naval station. It is especially a station for recruits, a depot for ten regiments. Four are of rifles, called the King's Royal Rifles, four from the Rifle Brigade, called the Prince Consort's Own, while two are the Thirty-seventh and Sixty-seventh Territorial Troops. Recruits are constantly arriving, and as constantly being drafted into service at the different stations in England and to the distant commands in South America, Africa and India.

The building now used as barracks at Winchester was originally intended for a palace by Charles II., who built it for Nell Gwynne, with whom he lived at Winchester, but Charles died before the palace was finished. When the King brought "pretty Nell" to Winchester he begged Ken, then a dignitary in the cathedral and afterward known as Bishop Ken, to accept the fair orange girl as his guest at the house in the cathedral close, but he peremptorily refused. So the King was obliged to take lodgings for Nell in St. Peter street. Charles, however, showed no resentment to Ken, but afterward promoted him to be Bishop of Wells.

The gray old mass of college buildings is reached through the close alongside the cathedral, thence passing into College street under the archway of St. Swithin's Church. The outer gate opens directly into a quadrangle, on the east side of which is the warden's residence. From this, through another gateway, called "middle gate," above which is "election chamber," the great quadrangle is entered. Here the whole of the principal offices form one length of about 100 feet. The southern side is formed by the chapel and hall, and the western side chiefly by the kitchen. Beneath the hall, adjoining the great hall staircase, is a passage called "seventh chamber passage." This leads into a lesser quadrangle known as "School Court."

On the south side of this is the school, and the chapel cloisters extend along the eastern side. At the western side are the buildings of the "commoners." These are scholars, not foundation or free scholars. A passage between the school and the cloister walls leads to "the meads." These are the playgrounds of the college. To the west of the meads and divided from it by an ancient wall is the "sick-house" or hospital, and about this are pleasant grounds locally known as "sick-house meads." The school can in no degree have the same interest from a modern standpoint as ample Harrow, huge and most venerable Eton, or that most beautiful and perfect of all English public schools (the term "public" schools having an entirely different application here from that in our country), the Rugby of Hughes' delicious "Tom Brown," and one instinctively seeks the odd, antiquated and curious within these ancient walls.

In the college bursary is an ancient vellum pedigree tracing the descent of King Henry IV. from Adam, and the old college plate contains a very fine specimen of a "loving cup" and a curious and very large antique salt cellar, while in the college library are some Saxon charters, and charters from the Conquest to the reign of Charles II. One of the curiosities of the library is Raleigh's "Briefe Description of the Newe Foudde Lande of Virginia." Above the sacristy, at the north end of the chapel, is as quaint a munument room as that made famous by Chatter en at Bristol. The original window shutters are incased in iron, and the oaken iron bound chests still contain the ancient deeds and charters of the college. Here also are the traveling cases for the mitre of William of Wykeham, the worm-eaten lockers for the copses, and the curious draws in which the title-deeds and bulls were placed, all remaining as they were in the fourteenth century.

Perhaps the most grotesque carvings are to be found in the inner or great quadrangle above the windows. They refer to the uses of the several apartments. On the hall and kitchen entrance are the bagpipe and psaltry. Over the kitchen window Excess is represented by a head vomiting. Opposite, as Frugality, is a bursar, with his iron-bound money-chest. And over the masters' windows are the Pedagogue and the Listless Scholar. Some of the hugest fireplaces to be found in England are still in use in the rooms of "collagers" and "commoners." The great hall is as odd an old jumble of stone, carved oak and colored glass as the ancient guild-hall of Coventry; the crypt-like beer cellar is still devoted to its old inspiring uses, and "fagging," that relic of mediæval college-day barbarism, still flourishes in this venerable school.

There are nearly 500 boys at Winchester College. I have seen them "in hall," at chapel, in cloisters, in "a hot" in football, and in nearly all their various moods and duties of everyday college life; but the time when their forms, faces and voices most thrill my old boy's heart is when, the year's work all done, they gather in the pleasant meads and pour forth their home longings in that sweetest of all songs of home-going and college parting, "Dulce Domum," whose tender strains will remain long after these old walls are mingled with the dust of their builder:

Sing with a sweet melodious measure,
Waft enchanting lays around;
Home, a theme replete with pleasure!
Home, a grateful theme resound!

Home, sweet home, an ample treasure!
Home, with every blessing crown'd!
Home, perpetual source of pleasure!
Home, a noble strain resound.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Desires to Bear Testimony.

Henry Thorne, Traveling Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., writes from Exeter Hall, Strand, London, February 2, 1888:

"I desire to bear my testimony to the value of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I have used them for pains in the back and side arising from rheumatic and other causes never without deriving benefit from their application. They are easily applied and very comforting. Those engaged as I am in public work which involves exposure to sudden changes of temperature, will do well to keep a supply of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in their portmanteaus."

FARM AND ORCHARD.

Breeders' Associations Adopting the Advanced Registers.

Poultry On a Large Scale—Does Butter Production Exhaust Vitality?—Treat the Cows Gently—Feed the Straw—Treatment for Milk Fever—Give the Horse a Bath—Care of Work-Horses at Noon—American Titles.

A thoroughbred scrub is the most hopeless and worthless of all scrubs.

As Darwin's theory of evolution rests upon the "survival of the fittest," so the evolution of improved breeds rests upon a process of selection with a view of development of certain desirable qualities and prepotency to transmit such qualities.

This tendency is not uniform, and all breeds develop individuals varying widely in typical characteristics, and in value. Now the temptation is very strong to sell such animal at reduced prices to amateur breeders instead of destroying their capacity to represent the race as should be done. Such breeders form and scatter through their community an opinion of the breed based upon such as they have had, reasoning that all animals with pedigree should be practically identical. Whenever any breed has gained enough reputation to be in profitable demand speculators will enter the market to buy the cheapest animals that will pass for that breed, and sell them on the reputation made by better animals. Owners of such often think that they have the best, and expect to receive premiums upon animals that are far below average.

Again, people buy and breed without any clear idea of the special purpose for which the breed is intended, and you will see herds of milking stock being improved in the direction of beef, to the sacrifice of qualities distinguishing the race. And such people wonder bye and bye why blooded stock won't sell. Now to improve standard of breeding and direct attention to points for which breed is propagated, breeders' associations have begun to adopt advance registers.

To be eligible to entry here an animal must scale a certain number of points and have a record for performance which is at least above average for the breed. For instance, a trotting horse is not standard unless the individual, his sire and dam, or his progeny are in the 2:30 list.

Let us hope for the time when there will be similar early maturity standards for beef breeds, butter and milk standards for dairy breeds, standards of wool and weight for sheep, and so on through the list of improved stock. That would soon place such animals as were ineligible to advanced registry in the same position as grades now are, and practically rule them out of competition as thoroughbreds. Thus it would accomplish more than almost any one step we could take to improve standard of breeding and enhance prices of first-class stock.

Breeders are not yet strong enough in numbers in California to secure all advantages to be gained from this course, but all should have organizations connected with similar bodies in the East, should have an Inspector and Secretary of advanced registry, and should hold annual meetings at the State Fair whose proceedings should be a part of its record.

POULTRY ON A LARGE SCALE.

It does not always follow that because one is successful in raising poultry on a small scale that proportionate success will come when they are reared by the hundreds. The conditions are somewhat changed then. A retail merchant may make money at his business and yet prove an entire failure if he entered into the wholesale business. Nevertheless, if the work is understood, there is more profit in poultry on a large scale than in a small way, but to make it one must study the business from the beginning. The most successful wholesale poultrymen are those that started in a humble way and worked up their business to a gigantic one.

Poultry raising on a large scale demands special study. One cannot reason that if one hen makes a profit of $1 50 a year, therefore 1,000 will make $1,500 clear profit. In large flocks it will be necessary to increase the size of the farm, so that there will be a larger initial outlay and the interest on this money must be considered. There will be a great deal of loss from deaths and crowding if one is not careful. Different sanitary conditions will come into existence. A dozen or two chicks on a farm will not breed any disease to speak of, but when several hundred are kept there, new and strange diseases will break out. An epidemic will carry off half the flock unless precautions are taken beforehand.

But in another way there are many advantages in raising poultry on a large scale. Feed can be bought by wholesale quantities and quite a saving will be realized in this way. New blood and poultry can be purchased at wholesale prices, and disinfectants and medicines likewise should all be purchased in large lots. It is such small trifles that makes poultry raising on a large scale successful. Every small item of expense and loss must be magnified in the poultryman's eyes until he has reduced it to the lowest minimum. As in all wholesale business, there should be no leaks, no breaks and no unaccounted-for items of expense.

It is necessary to divide the poultry into flocks of about fifty each and let each flock be separated from all the others. A greater number than this will cause crowding and breed disease and vermin. Give each flock a large range of woodland or grass to roam through. Where land is cheap this can be easily done, and it will do more toward preventing disease than any other measure. If there is a small running brook on the place, make each fenced-in range touch the brook at some point. One cannot realize how healthful this is to poultry in summer time. They will drink more of the water than if supplied to them in cans and troughs and it will always be cool and fresh. Care must be taken to see that no disturbing element is introduced into the flock. Sometimes a cross hen or young rooster will worry and frighten the hens so that it is necessary to remove the disturber at once.

The hen-house and roosting-place should be empty in the daytime. Keep the poultry out in the cool range, and give the house a thorough airing. Make it clean and fresh with water, soap and lime all the year. At night the poultry will return to the house in better condition, and it will be clean and sweet for their night's rest. A great deal of the disease among hens is contracted and prolonged by allowing the hens to stay in the house through the hot day. This is as unhealthy for them as it is to coop a human being up in a hothouse in midsummer.—Annie C. Webster, in American Cultivator.

DOES BUTTER PRODUCTION EXHAUST VITALITY?

The assertion has recently been publicly made that the enormous yields of butter with which certain dairy cows are credited is of no interest to the ordinary farmer, since such yields are abnormal and so extremely exhausting that there is loss of vigor both in the cow and in her progeny.

The facts show that the records of great production have been followed by years of continued large yields, and that the cows which most distinguished themselves in the dairy are the very ones that have produced the famous butter cows and bulls of succeeding generations. This certainly refutes the idea that there is loss of vitality. There are dairy cows with well authenticated butter records of 680 pounds, 751 pounds, 945 pounds, and 1,047 pounds each per year. Signal's Lily Flagg yielded the last amount.

It is very commonly supposed that animals of various kinds can be forced to go beyond nature's limits by a system of high feeding; that hens can be forced to lay large quantities of eggs, and cows to secrete great yields of milk or butter fats. Unless certain drugs are used to produce an abnormal activity of the secretory organs, animals never exceed their natural capacity. In fact, very few come up to it, owing to the lack of intelligent feeding.

With the conditions of climate, care and surroundings perfect, a cow will give the maximum amount of milk, or butter, of which she is capable when she is fed upon as much of a well-balanced ration as she is able to digest. A dairy cow is a very complex machine for turning feed into butter, and to get the most profit from this machine it should be run at its full capacity. The great trouble with a large percentage of our dairy cows is that they have not capacity enough to afford any margin of profit, even when producing to their utmost limit.

Cows constitutionally inclined to secrete large quantities of butter fats are needed, and no one need fear that these can be injured by getting the largest possible returns from them by skillful feeding. These large yields that are reported are of vital interest to every farmer who owns a dairy, since they show the value of breeding in butter lines, and also show the necessity of feeding proper foods in proper quantities, that the cow may be as productive as nature designed her to be.—American Agriculturist.

TREAT THE COWS KINDLY.

Cows are naturally of the mildest disposition of any four-legged animal upon the farm, and they should be treated kindly and not abused by the milkers and drivers. The practice of sending a dog after them and allowing him to rush them into the milk yard, exhausted and excited, is a practice that will cost each year from ten to twenty-five pounds of butter for every cow milked. Drive the cows leisurely to and from the pasture. If you are in a hurry let the driver make double-quick time when he is going to and from the field not accompanied by the cows. The throwing of stones, sticks or other missiles should be forbidden, and the operation of milking should be done rapidly and with little or no talking. Should a cow make a misstep or switch you unpleasantly during fly-time, don't speak so sharply as to startle her. In many herds there are often one or more cows which only a certain member of the family can milk. This indicates very plainly that some one is mild-tempered and understands the cow's disposition.

A box located at some accessible point should contain at all times a supply of salt. If salt is fed in heroic doses once or twice a week, the cows will then gorge themselves, causing derangement of the digestive organs. Milk should not be applied to the teats to reduce the power required in milking, for it does not, but most certainly adds filth to the milk obtained, and in cold weather the wet teat will become cracked and sore. All cows with a domineering nature and sharp horns should be dehorned. Brass ferrules at the tips of the horns lessen the danger but do not prevent the pushing and bruising of other cows.

FEED THE STRAW.

In all industries the use of the bye-products is a source of great profit. The straw in grain-growing has much food value. To cure straw in the proper manner the grain is housed in good condition, or is so stacked that the weather will affect it but little. When threshed it is put up in neat stacks which will shed rain, or, if possible, placed under shelter. If in stacks, when the feeding season arrives it is so cut down with the hay-knife that only a portion of it may be uncovered at a time. This applies more particularly to oat and barley straw, the feeding value of which for farm stock is considered to be worth half as much as timothy hay, pound for pound.

If about two quarts of fine salt per ton of straw be applied to straw at threshing time, it will make it more palatable than if not so applied, or, in feeding, a weak brine may be sprinkled over it, when the stock will eat it with more relish.

The beards of barley straw are considered by many objectionable, especially when the stock is allowed to feed from the stack, or from racks in the open air where the wind whisks the beards about, often endangering the eyes of the animals. Should a beard lodge in the eye, a pinch of fine salt thrown under the lid will cause a copious discharge, and the impediment is usually thus washed out, but if not, a second application will remove it. Most of the beards can be separated from barley straw by removing, at threshing time, a two-inch cross section from the straw carrier, allowing the beards to fall through. The chaff is a valuable constituent of the oat crop, and should be carefully preserved for feeding purposes.

GIVE THE HORSE A BATH.

Nothing so refreshes a tired animal, biped or quadruped, as a bath. The profusely perspiring horse discharges an enormous quantity of waste matter through the skin, and the odor of it is as bad as that of the manure, being strongly ammoniacal. This attracts the pestiferous stable fly, which so disturbs the rest of the horses at night. A drenching of cool water, and an immediate rubbing down of the skin, will be a double relief to the wearied animal. It will refresh him and relieve him from its tormentors. A covering of wire gauze on the windows and doors of the stable, and a cooling of the floor and walls with water, with a clean bed, is the least any conscientious man should provide for his faithful horses. Street-car horses are sprayed at each rest.

CARE OF WORK HORSES AT NOON.

When work horses are brought in at noontime the harness should be removed, the sweat wiped off and the brush and curry comb freely used. The shoulders should be washed if they are sweaty or sore. Before starting work the sore shoulders may be softened with castor oil. Do not water the horses while warm, nor feed them grain. Both at noon and at night the horses should be watered previous to feeding grain. The stomach will then be in better condition for the assimilation of solid food. If obliged to give a short hour at noon give a larger ration of grain or, what is still better, cut the hay into half-inch lengths and add the usual quantity of ground feed, sprinkled with water, and thoroughly mix. This can be eaten rapidly and will digest more readily than when fed separately in the dry, dusty state.

AMERICAN TITLES.

If our California raisin packers would adopt new brands all around, discarding entirely the old designations which have little meaning in this country, they would score a point with the trade and people generally. Apropos of this subject, the Chicago *Commercial Gazette* asks: "Why should not California raisin people drop this 'crown' and 'London layer' business and give us pure American titles for their grades of raisins? It would read just as well, and the fruit would taste as well certainly."

HENRY PIERCE'S TREATMENT FOR MILK FEVER.

At the beginning of labor give two pounds Glauber's salts. Should temperature rise above 100° give ten drops of aconite every hour. Feed lightly. Milk often but never clean until danger from fever is past. Keep the animal out of the sun.

Readers will note that this remedy recognizes the worth of the ounce of prevention rather than the pound of cure. They have probably learned already that danger from milk fever increases in an equal ratio with producing capacity.

WHEN catarrh attacks a person of scrofulous diathesis, the disease is almost sure to become chronic. The only efficacious cure, therefore, is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which expels scrofula from the system and the catarrh soon follows suit. Local treatment is only a waste of time.

WHEN the hair begins to come out in combing, it show a weakness of the scalp that calls for immediate attention. The best preparation to arrest further loss of hair and restore the scalp to a healthy condition is Ayer's Hair Vigor.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

The New York *Churchman* (P. E.), in the course of a long discussion of the question of Roman Catholicism and the public schools, says: "Speaking of Archbishop Ireland's compromise and the timid and delusive action of the Papal See in regard to it, the *Catholic Herald* says: 'It is therefore silly to think that the *tolerari potest* has altered anything in the policy of the church in the United States regarding parochial schools. It is absurd to say that the educational chart has undergone any modification. There we have the light religion of the Catholic school and the "dark continent" of the public school; and between them lies the penumbral section, which may be termed the land of compromise.' Can anything be plainer than this? It can scarcely mean less than that the Roman Catholic Church is pledged to the utter destruction of public schools. The State is to be forbidden to teach her children anything whatever, unless they are to be taught everything that that church believes. What does the State teach? Mathematics, the English language, and literature, grammar, history and the like. Are these wicked and 'godless?' Why does the Roman Church object to them? Because they are incompatible with her claim to control the whole life of every human being, from the cradle to the grave, in every detail. From the Roman Catholic point of view, the founders of our commonwealths were irredeemable heretics. How can she teach the true history of the Reformation or the Puritans without condemning the right of private judgment?"

Of the open letter which Bishop Seymour has addressed to Bishop Doane with regard to the consecration of Bishop Brooks, the *Christian Union* remarks: "This letter seems to us to be an extraordinary breach of ecclesiastical order. It is impossible to maintain an organization if there be not some tribunal in it whose settlement of any specific question will be loyally accepted by all its members as authoritative and final. In the Episcopal Church no man can become a Bishop unless he is first elected by his own Diocesan Convention and by the votes of both houses; nor then unless that election is approved by a majority of the House of Bishops of the entire church. Dr. Brooks' views on the subject of apostolic succession, catholicity of communion, baptismal regeneration and the nature of man were perfectly well known before his nomination, and were very thoroughly and extensively canvassed pending his election. Great pressure was brought to bear upon him, among others by this same Bishop Seymour, to retract, or at least explain, his views in such a way as to make them reconcilable with the views which Bishop Seymour hold. In response Dr. Brooks referred to his written and published utterances, and to his public acts, absolutely refusing to make any utterance of faith or pledge of purpose while the question of his election was pending. With these views fully known he was elected, and despite the protest of Bishop Seymour and two other Bishops, was approved by the majority of the House of Bishops, and duly confirmed. To appeal from this decision, thus regularly arrived at, and to make this appeal by a letter nominally addressed to one Bishop, but really sent to all the Bishops of the church, is practically to refuse to the church the right to settle a question by a definite decision, and to enjoy that peace and quietude and opportunity for aggressive Christian work which can be secured only by respect for such a decision when it is finally reached."

On the same subject the New York *Examiner* (Bapt.) says: "Bishop Seymour's act deserves this praise, at least: it is a manly and open attack, differing greatly from the secret and dishonorable methods taken by both bishops and presbyters to secure the rejection of Dr. Brooks by the standing committees of the dioceses. Those methods were appropriately characterized in a public discourse by Bishop Potter of New York, and the guilty parties probably still feel the sting of his words. But it must still be said that the Illinois prelate's attack is most unwarranted, that his charges are untrue, and that he himself deserves to be presented for trial on a charge of slander. The utterances and actions of Bishop Brooks, on which the opposition to him rests, all antedate his election and consecration. Since he became a bishop, the worst things alleged against him have been that he sometimes writes to his clergy on paper bearing his individual instead of his episcopal monogram; that he has appeared in public services 'without his robe'; and that he went to a miscellaneous meeting on one occasion wearing 'a coat that was not black.' These offenses against ecclesiastical etiquette will appear serious only to people who have very slender intellects and a great deal of leisure to talk about trifles. The most sharp-eyed critics have been unable to find greater flaws than those in the conduct of the new bishop. It is not probable that Bishop Brooks has any different ideas about the episcopate than he had as a presbyter; he accepts it as a human institution, having in it possibilities of great usefulness, and he is trying to actualize those possibilities. He no doubt feels that in accepting the office he has pledged himself to conform to its traditions, and thus far he has done this. The complaint plainly lies back of his official conduct."

"A union, by common consent, of the multitudinous Christian societies or churches which rest upon this theory; with mutual concessions as to what shall be required as matters of faith, with an organization devised or adopted by a general vote, seems to be at the present time the dream of many," says the *Living Church* (P. E.) of Chicago. "It is safe to say that it is impossible of realization so long as men retain any strong convictions of truth. No such unity is possible in the first place, except in deference to an authority to which all feel it their bounden duty to yield. Nothing but an authority from which there is no appeal can induce the necessary concessions, for in no other way can men be led without moral loss to give up cherished beliefs and principles. But the existence of such an authority would involve the presence of an organism through which it is exercised. Even if it were possible for existing societies to unite by common consent in a larger and broader body, with a constitution settled by a majority vote, it is still evident that the new and united body would not possess one iota of authority binding upon the consciences of men, beyond that of the individual societies which formed it. Thus the chief end of organic unity would not be attained."

"At the meeting of the Presbytery of Cincinnati at Montgomery last week," says the New York *Evangelist* (Pres.), "the report recommending the prosecution of Professor Henry F. Smith for heresy, which was tabled last spring, was promptly taken up, the warriors of that body being present in full force. Professor Smith was present and made a vigorous speech, claiming that there were no grounds for the prosecution. No matter, it was voted 42 to 16, and the meeting to hear charges fixed for October 17th. These will be presented by Rev. William McKibbin, D. D., Rev. Thomas O. Lowe, and Elder Lawyer Shields. The great majority of the old friends and supporters of Lane Seminary will lament that this matter was not allowed to rest on the table of the Presbytery. No interest of truth or of the church would have suffered, while the cause of religion is put to shame by these unseemly differences in the house of its friends. And all this against a man whose life has been given to Lane Seminary, to whose service he may be said to have been born, since his father, the late Preserved Smith of Dayton, was, among all the laymen of Ohio, its most liberal benefactor. With this training of the home and the advantages of the best education to be had in this country or in Europe, the son grew to be, what he is to-day, of the finest type of the Christian gentleman and the Christian scholar, who has spent years in the study of the Bible, which is to him in deed and in truth the very Word of God, which it is his joy to teach to others. Poor indeed will the Presbyterian Church in this country be when such men are driven from its fold."

"The proposed Congress of Religions, in connection with the Word's Fair next year, has been strongly opposed by some on the general ground that it recognizes all other religions as equal in dignity and importance, if not in truth, to Christianity," observes the New York *Independent*. "Of course this is a misapprehension of the purpose and moral influence of the congress. It is true, as the *Central Presbyterian* says, that it is 'proposed that all nations, peoples and languages shall send in their contributions of faith, as they send their wares, to illustrate their religious industry and ingenuity.' Buddhists and Brahmins, Confucianists and Mohammedans, Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, and all other religionists are invited to participate in the congress. But it is not true that it is intended to give the 'fraternal embrace of the Christian' to the 'grossest idolater, the fiercest Mussulman, and the foulest blasphemer' at the sacrifice of the 'distinctive character of the faith of Jesus Christ.' We do not suppose that our missionaries in India and China and other heathen countries consider that they are sacrificing the faith of Jesus Christ when they engage in conversation with representatives of the Buddhist, Mohammedan, Confucianist, and other pagan creeds. They seek to know what the heathen belief is in order that they may have a better opportunity to give forth the true light. At Chicago, in the Congress of Religions, the simple purpose is to know what can be said in behalf of the various religions of the earth. No approval is to be given to Mohammedanism or to Confucianism, or to any other non-Christian religion. It is not a 'scheme of compromise for the cross of our Redeemer' on the part of those who conceived it; it is not intended that Christianity shall be presented with every truth 'eliminated' which the 'spirit of God has revealed for the salvation of a ruined world.' There is no fear that the reasons given by the Moslem, the Confucianist, or the Buddhist will outweigh those which are to be given in support of the Christian religion. Christ Himself did not fear to have comparison made between the religion which He established and any other whatsoever devised by man. Christianity, we assume, will not be betrayed at Chicago, but will be so presented as to make a profound impression upon the representatives of other beliefs, and confirm in the eyes of the Christian world all the claims which have been made for it."

THE PRAYER-CURE IN THE PINES.

A kind of a purty boy was Hank,
With a girlish face, an' an honest, frank,
Confidin' light in his big blue eyes,
Thet looked with a sorter half-surprise
At the things they seen in Stiggins' camp
An' sunthin', somehow, that seemed to stamp
Him diff'runt from us, and give him just
A trifin' flavor of upper crust.

Nothin' put on, but nateral—see?
Friendly an' social, but not to free.
A gentleman born was young Hank Shaw,
An' he didn't drink, nor did't chaw,
An' never cussed—thet is, not much,
An' when he did he did it in such
An' awk'ard way you could tell for sure
He was more or less of an amachure.

Never said nothin' about his kin,
Never let on whar his home had been,
Worked right along with the rest of us,
An, held his own with the best of us,
Till Big Foot Zekel, who used to laff
At his genteel manners, quit his chaff,
An' give out the statement, cold an' chill,
He'd lick the duffer as used Hank fill.

Now, the boy was young—just turned sixteen—
An' the work was hard an' the chuck was mean,
But he tuffed it out through cold an' damp,
Till, jest as Stiggins was breakin' camp,
He tuk with fever so mighty bad,
He couldn't be moved to town, poor lad;
So me an' Zekel an' Long Dan Drew
Stayed thar in the woods to see him through.

One day—'twas Sunday—he'd got so weak
He couldn't move nor he couldn't speak,
But lay in his bunk so still an' white
We 'lowed he could never last till night;
When 'long in the mornin'—say near ten—
We heerd the jangle of bells, an' then
A woman dashed through the shanty door
An' knelt by Hank on the rough plank floor.

Her face was lit with a look of joy,
As she cried, "Thank God! I've found my boy!"
But he didn't know her. An' then she prayed.
No other such prayer was ever made.
I sorter reckon the angel bands,
As she begged Hank's life at the good Lord's hands,
Must hev stopped to listen. 'Twas rather more
Than I could stan,' an' I broke for the door.

The others followed. "Say, lads," says Dan,
"Do you think pra'rs ever cured a man?"
"Dunno," says Zeke, "but I know ef I
Was a-settin' up thar on the Throne on high,
A-runnin' this yer concern, an' she
Came prayin' an' pleadin' thet way ter me,
I'd cure the kid ef it bust the plan
Of the whole durned universe." "Shake!"
says Dan.

An' jest three weeks from that very day,
Hank an' his mother rode away
Down the loggin' trail. Now some may doubt,
An' argy 'twas nussin' pulled him out,
An' thet pra'rs don't go; but as for me,
I was thar, an' I know what I hearn an' see
An' I hold thet thet day at the Throne of Grace
Thet mother's pra'r was wuth its face.

—Clarence H. Pearson in Lippincott's.

None Was Required.

"And when you asked her to wed she declined?"

"Yes; she dismissed me without ceremony."

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It carries health with it. All Blood, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, and rouses every organ into healthful action. In the most stubborn forms of Skin Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Carbuncles, and kindred ailments, and with Scrofula in every shape, and all blood-taints, there's nothing that can equal it as a perfect and *permanent* remedy.

That's the reason it's the only medicine of its kind that can be *guaranteed*. If it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, you have your money back. And that makes it the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold, for you pay only for the *good* you get.

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