Some of the more expensive woolen dress fabrics just brought to view are so woven that an effect is given of a surface alternately plain and corded, the heavy reps looking like a tiny tuck taken in the cloth as narrow as it could be stitched, although no stitching is shown. This material is used for entire costumes, jackets and capes, or it is employed for panel-fronts, vests, yokes, cuffs, revers, and collars—these accessories being bordered with handsome silk cord passementeries.

* * *

Natty little Eton jackets still appear as portions of the gown on newly imported models, those in velvet, cloth, drap d'ete, repped silk, etc., to be worn with a skirt to match, and a shirt-waist of Roman-striped taffetas, silk-dotted Liberty satin, tartans of brilliant coloring in gros-grain, and satin weaves or of plain shot surah. The familiar shape is retained for most of these, the greater portion of which are slashed or cut out low in the neck all around, revealing the upper part of the shirt-waist. A newer effect is given to others by adding a short, narrow postillion back like that of a close habit-bodice.

* * *

Decided favor is shown to all the new spring weaves in dress fabrics that are light in weight and soft and smooth of surface. These dainty pliable wools lend themselves most gracefully to all the fashionable modes of manipulation—slight draperies, shirrings, frillings, puffs and pleats; and being all wool, they are quite as protective and comfortable as the heavier weight materials in rougher wools, in silk or colored flax mixtures.

* * *

The most popular of the new bustles are light, pliable and diminutive.

* * *

One can do but feeble justice to the present exhibit in the various importing houses of the city of the latest effects in French silk and satin petticoats. The majority represent the extreme limit of present fashionable luxury and the rage for aggressive coloring and bizarre combinations. The skirts of the past winter, with corsets to match, were fit, in richness and beauty, for the wear of a queen. They were formed, for instance, of beautiful jardiniere brocades, small lovely Marie Antoinette designs on grounds of cream color or cameo-pink satin, or they were made of soft mauve or paler rose satin brocatelle, or of pure white satin brocade, etc. The latest models are of the most striking Scotch plaid patterns or of vivid orange yellow, with trimmings of black and white lace and insertion; of the brighest emerald-green or cherry-red silk; crude aggressive blues and purples decorated with seemingly miles of accordion-pleated frills or ruffles and festoons of yellow lace. Entire windows in the largest stores in the city are filled with these very garish, very expensive French "creations," only about one in a dozen having any genuine attraction for a refined woman, no matter how costly in price, or by what famed atelier they are made. The exceptional models are indeed beautifully and wonderfully made, some of them of white corded silk, trimmed as only a French artist can trim them, with insertions and edgings of daintiest lace, of soft, lovely shades of mauve taffetas, with knife-pleated, scalloped flounces and frills, edged with real Valenciennes lace, the full-back breadths kept in place by shirrings headed by narrow openwork lace insertions run through with bebe satin ribbon the color of the silk.

* * *

Changeable effects still appear among silks, satins, velvets and fancy dress goods in silk and wool mixtures, notwithstanding their greatly extended lease of favor.

* * *

Gray gowns are greatly in evidence this season, many wholly gray, but formed of a combination of two handsome fabrics like repped silk and drap d'ete; but more youthful-looking costumes show a melange of nun's or opal gray with a rich, beautiful shade of geranium red or a changeable material in gray and rose color, with added accessories of cut-steel gimps or more elaborate designs for gray silk passementerie en applique.

* * *

Some very graceful and exceedingly smart basque bodices are added to the new spring costumes, many with open fronts and white satin plastrons and revers trimmed with lines of fine gold braid. Some are made with rounded fronts; others are cut straight and square. In the meantime, the ubiquitous blouse-waist is kept exceedingly attractive by the quaint and odd effects in trimming that are constantly multiplying upon it, and the little tail- or jacket bodice by its numerous fancy vests and pretty belts, buttons, and buckles.

* * *

Black taffeta silk gowns are everywhere in evidence at all the importing houses of the city. They have a quaint, very old-fashioned appearance, with skirts frilled to the waist, in straight rows, or arched to simulate a rounded or pointed overskirt. Some of the ruffles are pinked at the edge, others finished with lines of velvet ribbon, sometimes wide, oftener very narrow. Other very expensive black taffetas are trimmed with flounces of exceedingly handsome black Chantilly lace, and again they are wholly veiled with sable net, which is a mass of scintillating jets and spangles.

* * *

The skirts of all tailor-made gowns are plain with exceptions now and then like stitched straps trimmed with tail- or buttons, or with deep hems turned up on the outside, and covered with rows of braid or silk stitching. The jackets that accompany these simple skirts are made to look very dressy by open fronts with which are worn any number of fancy vests, change and change about, thus varying the appearance of the costume constantly by the use of the wholly different fabrics which form these natty and stylish toilets.

* * *

The spring cycling costumes are far prettier than those worn last year. Clear dark shades are used more than the fawn and dust-colored grays and tans, and the result is very pleasing. Only an extremely well-cut and well-made tailor suit of light-colored cloth looks trim and appropriate, while the dark blues, blacks and greens are almost always neat and natty looking, and show less signs of wear after an entire season than the paler costumes very often do after a month's service.

* * *

Some very stylish Lenten costumes are made with a closely fitted princesse back and a redingote front opening over a skirt made of contrasting material and color. Some of these gowns have a fitted bodice front, trimmed simply with braid and buttons, or a chemisette Russe is inserted in a square or V-cut opening about the neck. For slender figures, however, most of these new garments are made with a trim-looking but seamless, dartless front, slightly bloused and turned back over a pointed half-yoke of pleated silk or crepe de chine. This is framed with velvet revers that reach from the turn-down collar to the waist. The sleeves are in very small mutton-leg style, and most of the models show the skirt portion cut with a slight dip at the back. The back breadths of house dresses cut after this design are made with a train more or less long.

* * *

The novelty goods and French and English suitings for women's wear this season are in soft medium weights in pretty blended colors, the result being a very uncertain shade. The English goods are proof against wear and tear, and although they can be made up in combination, they are most stylish when the single material is used for the entire costume. A very attractive textile called drap de Ladack is much like a double-warp cashmere, either plain or interwoven with threads of various bright shades. The same style of fabric is also being woven into a pattern of handsome spring plaids and heather-mixed checks.

* * *

The popular checked cheviots reappear in very light, delicate shades of mignonette, green, blue, mauve, old rose or fawn, in fifth of an inch squares, alternating with white, and will be used for traveling, walking and cycling dresses. Dappled cheviots show several shades of one color, with white, violet and green being first choice among these; then blue, brown and an odd and pretty shade of amethyst, which last autumn was classed among the popular dahlia tints. Other dappled cheviots are of a single color, with a pronounced effect, imparted by a rough, bourette-like weaving of the silk and wool threads.

* * *

The new toques and bonnets are considerably larger in size than those recently worn; they are broader on the sides, or from side to side, above the temples, and are therefore becoming to women with slender faces, when the trimmings are not arranged too straight and high. The flower toques are charming, and many of the Paris models are composed of exquisitely shaded violets or roses, in pink or Jacqueminot tintings, the toque itself being formed entirely of soft green thorny stems, intertwined in a lattice pattern, with a tiny in-and-out tracery of tender rose or maiden-hair greenery at the edge, and an aigrette to match on one side, mingled with a standing spray of violets or roses.

* * *

Black and white gowns for demi-dress wear are extremely popular, while a skirt of black satin looks well, and is distinctly fashionable, if three tiny frills edged with the narrowest white satin ribbon are used to trim the skirt at the hem. This decoration is repeated in point yoke form on the bodice and in triple Vandykes on the sleeves, the yoke proper being of white satin veiled with jetted net.

* * *

The shepherdess hat is one of the new shapes for the coming summer. It appears in fine chips in various pretty colorings, and in fancy lace and zephyr braids and Milans in black. It has a low crown and medium wide brim and what gives it its name is the odd crook-shaped curve of the hat at the back, first curling up, then turning down again, and beneath this pretty arch are placed clusters of violets, apple blossoms, shaded roses of vari-colored tulips, intermixed with braids of fine green foliage.

Leavening the Lump.

Wesley's great-grandson, who is contributing a series of letters on "John Wesley and the Church of England" to the Gainsborough (Eng.) "Leader," relates a story, in the course of a reference to burial ground consecration expenses that is worth telling. "I remember," he says, "the good old caretaker of a Lincolnshire cemetery telling me that he had made the unconsecrated portion of the ground all right. Having some surplus soil on the consecrated side, he wheeled the same over to the unconsecrated earth and mixed the two well together, declaring that we have it upon the highest authority that 'a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.'"

(Written for the "Record-Union.")

Is the Old Love Dead?

Is the old love dead? Will it ne'er again
Be mine as in the days of old?
Will the passionate longing in my heart remain
Since your love for me is estranged and cold?
The coming years will be a dreary waste,
While in my soul will ring a knell,
O'er buried hopes, o'er faith now dead,
O'er a blighted life, o'er love's farewell.

Why do I grieve o'er love's defeat;
Oh, why repine o'er fate's decree;
Your love with mine will ne'er entwine,
Your heart-throbs ne'er will beat for me;
Then why should I not bear my cross,
Tho' lips are dumb with mute despair?
While in the heart dark shadows rest,
That all through life shall linger there?

If I have erred through love for you,
Atonement I will make;
Forgive, forget the past, I pray,
I ask it for love's sake;
E'en though our paths now lie apart,
E'en though your love be dead,
I treasure deep within my heart,
Each loving word you've said.

—MRS. NELLIE BLOOM.

San Francisco, March 14, 1898.

WILLIAM A. KIRKLAND.

The Ranking Rear-Admiral in the United States Navy.

The ranking Rear Admral in the United States navy is William A. Kirkland, who has been commander of the Brooklyn navy yard. He is a man of a great deal of hard naval service and has had experience in war which would be of service in case of trouble with any of the Governments of the world. He is

a bluff veteran of the old school and was appointed to the navy in 1850, hailing from North Carolina. He first served in the Pacific squadron and was appointed past midshipman in 1856 and served in the Brazil squadron until 1862. He was commissioned Lieutenant-Commander and served in China and East Indies until 1864 when he came home and joined the western gulf blockading squadron. He was commissioned commander in 1869, and promoted to Captaincy in 1880. He had charge of the Pacific squadron at Honolulu in 1894 and was made a Rear Admiral in 1895. He ranks first of the six Rear Admirals in the United States navy.

What Wives Should Remember.

That Adam was made first.
That "he pays the freight."
That "blessed are the meek."
That nine men in ten detest gossip.
That all angels are not of your sex.
That confidence begets confidence.
That men sometimes have "nerves."
That there should be no place like home.
That it takes two to prolong a family jar.
That the least said is the soonest mended.
That with all his faults you love him still.
That you should have no secrets from him.
That husbands have troubles of their own.
That he's "all right" when you know him.
That woman's best weapon is her weakness.
That home is more than half what you make it.
That he is just as anxious to get rich as you are.
That wives are unusually favored in this country.
That his typewriter cannot help it if she is pretty.
That he likes to hear that the baby is his dead image.
That six pairs of slippers are enough for any man.
That a man likes neatness in your attire at all times.
That candy in excess is worse than rum in moderation.
That you should not run up bills without his knowledge.
That "a baby in the house is a well-spring of pleasure."
That she who puts on the gloves should know how to spar.
That he is not in love with every woman he glances at.
That it is policy to let him believe he is "lord and master."
That your relationship is closer to him than to your mother.
That a prompt and pointed answer does not turn away wrath.
That he does not get sleepy the same moment that you do.
That there are letter drop boxes on the near by corners.
That you should not expect him to light the fire in the morning.
That you can't keep books, and there is no use of your trying.
That he expects you to look your best when you go out with him.
That it does not improve his razor to use it for chiropodical purposes.
That house hunting is not reckoned by the average man as pastime.
That 8 p. m. is 60 minutes past 7 o'clock, not 15 minutes to 9.—Boston Globe.

A Reversal in Store.

"Mamma," said little Ethel Gaswell, "isn't it funny for a woman to have a man's name?"

"What do you mean, dear?" asked Mrs. Gaswell.

"I saw Lady Somerset's name in the paper. Isn't Henry a queer name for a lady?"

"She is called by her husband's name, dear. He is Lord Henry Somerset."

"O, I see," added the troughtful girl. "Then I suppose that after a while, when the ladies get their rights, the husband will take the wife's name, and Mr. Somerest would be called Lord Mary Jane Smith, or whatever his wife's name happened to be."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A ton of oil has been obtained from the tongue of a single whale.

FAKE WAR OMENS.

RIDICULOUS "YELLOW JOURNAL" STORY EXPOSED.

How the People of the Great Metropolis Are Kept Stirred Up—Destroying the Grand Scenery on the Hudson River by Blowing Up the Palisades—Some Keen Fakirs.

(Special Correspondence Record-Union.)

NEW YORK, March 13.—On last Monday evening a large wooden hotel at Fort Lee, on the Jersey side of the Hudson, caught fire, and there being no human agencies at work to impede the progress of the blaze, the building was completely destroyed and the heavens brilliantly illuminated.

The papers on Tuesday morning, along with the rest of the war breakfast, dished up a beautiful entree in the way of a "flaming heavenly sword" story, which the superstitious of the metropolis devoured ravenously. To the rational mind the connection between these two incidents is obvious and direct; but it is surprising how many people of sound judgment who having seen the reflection in the sky the evening before, were, by Tuesday morning's newspapers, deceived into the belief that the object seen was really a "flaming sword."

The fire took place opposite the extreme upper part of Manhattan's Isle, and the locality is anything but thickly settled. Very few people having seen the fire proper, and the atmosphere being in a peculiar miragic condition, the newspaper men thought themselves safe in making a little war excitement that had a strictly local origin. Hence, the flaming sword story, which served as a pretext for recalling incidents connected with warriors of ancient and mediaeval times, who also at critical periods of history looked upon similar heavenly omens.

The writer was in a position to see the conflagration at Fort Lee plainly, and with several others who were looking on, remarked the strangely powerful reflection that overspread the firmament above, which was then accounted for by an uncommon combination of misty atmosphere that seemed to exist among the clouds and a clear and dryer condition nearer the earth.

So much for the first great war omen.

The condition of mind which the metropolis is in at present is well illustrated by the readiness with which so many accepted as true the above story. But this feeling of nervousness over, the prospect of a war, whose results at the worst can be but comparatively insignificant to the country's welfare, has a far more potent illustration in the hysteria of Wall street.

In fact it would take but little to throw the great city into just such a state of excitement as the town of Norfolk experienced on a certain Sunday afternoon shortly after the Virginia Legislature passed the ordinance of secession. Upon that occasion, while the greater part of the population was in church, a rumor (without foundation, of course) spread that a strange vessel had entered the harbor; as the tale spread it grew and finally the one strange vessel became a whole squadron of frigates and transports and the town became panic stricken. The churches were quickly emptied, and soon crowds of men were running towards the wharves armed with every kind of weapon, while the women actually busied themselves with securing the valuable family possessions. Yet such a state of affairs is easily conceivable in New York at the present time, and this because Dame Rumor has such able seconds in the way of yellow journals and hysterical stock speculators. Simply this and little more.

Speaking of Fort Lee, by the way, the story of that historic spot is one of degeneration. From the time that the Father of His Country evacuated the now vanished stronghold to the British regulars till the early seventies the locality steadily improved; then, however, it evidently reached the top of the hill and has been, figuratively, sliding down the other side ever since. Now it is but an abiding place for several hundred Italian laborers, who are engaged in destroying the Palisades, the locality's only remaining claim to natural beauty.

Previous to the beginning of its last ill-fated epoch Fort Lee was a summer "day" resort for respectable people of the middle class, never crowded, always innocent of catch-penny devices and a spot of ideal rural beauty. It was then reached by a pleasant sail up the Hudson from lower down town.

When the elevated railroad was extended to the upper part of Manhattan Island another ferry was established, which connected Harlem with Fort Lee, and at that time the rough element invaded the latter place and finally succeeded in driving the former quiet-loving habitues away. These also in the course of years departed, and the fort was then held by a scant handful of German roadhouse keepers. Even these now have fled, however, and to-day the driller and blaster reigns supreme. The hotel that burned down had not been occupied for ten years.

The news that 2,000 Italians had enrolled themselves as prospective volunteers, in the event of war, may come as a surprise to those having but a slight acquaintance with the immigrant of that nationality. He was a good shoveler, ditch-digger or section hand, but as a patriot to the land of his adoption he has never been considered. During the war between the States there were Irish brigades and German legions, but the representatives of the land of Caesar and Hannibal were to all intents and purposes present elsewhere. But then it must be remembered that the Italian population was then, in comparison to the present proportion, insignificant. However this may be, we never have associated the Italian with anything but a red shirt and a shovel, or possibly a stiletto in the dark; but at any rate never with a sword or a musket.

Yet one who would take the time to watch the parade on "Garibaldi Day" down town would see many bright, athletic well-featured fellows who apparently wouldn't make half bad soldiers, and, moreover, he might see more of them than he expected, as the writer has on several occasions.

It may be taken as an evidence of the serious condition of things, according to the metropolitan jornalistic view, that no account of Steve Brodie's "volunteers" has appeared in type during the present war fever. On all former occasions the newspaper reader was kept fully informed as to the doings of Steve's militant sons of the Bowery. He was told the number of recruits wha daily came in, and how and where they were "drilled." Steve Brodie, be it known, is not a medal-of-honor man, although he has jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge; he is merely a Bowery saloon-keeper, with as great a knowledge of things military as his most ignorant recruit, but with a deep desire to emulate the deeds of Billy Wilson and his "Birds," who flourished with the Civil War.

There are a number of "Tammany regiments" in process of formation whose members are enrolled in anticipation of a call for volunteers. One of these informed me that he had been enrolled in three separate organizations, but as yet hadn't decided that he would go with any of them. A friend of this Tammanyite's, who enjoys a pull and a war record, is promised a paymoster's position at $3,600 a year. This gives an illustration of the true condition of things; many in search of glory are used as a means for a few who are looking for spoils in war as well as in peace. This spirit, however, but betokens the truly ambitious and progressive Tammany man.

One good effect of the war fever in New York is the apparent metamorphosis of Pulitzer's "World." This paper, shortly after the Maine disaster, tried its best to out-saffron its yellowest contemporary, but the "Journal," because of more real, inborn, yellow genius, or because of greater resources, rapidly went far into the lead; whereupon Mr. Pulitzer wisely took another tack. In a night almost, the "World," pioneer of sensational insanity, became "conservative." This fact was made known by a decided modification of headlines, a sudden, unexpected attack on sensational contemporaries, and a self-glorification of its own reputation for truth. The "Joudnal" thus is left alone to fish in its own private sewer, as the "Sun" might remark.

It was 7 in the evening, near the Germania Theater, and not far from the Astor Library. A grimy individual was tending a flambeau-lit push-cart. He was haranguing a small crowd gathered about the cart, and, while neither a Cicero nor a Depew, he appeared to be entertaining his hearers and persuading them at the same time of the virtues of a whetstone. An old paper and a battered potato-knife served as practical illustrations, and his ability to use them in conjunction with a ready tongue was certainly unique in the annals of street fakirs. He was continually drawing the knife over the whetstone, and when it had arrived at a satisfactory edge he showed how easily paper was cut. Then, slashing the knife across the tinned edge of the push-cart, so as to dull it, he drew it across his throat a multiplicity of times, to indicate its dullness. Whereupon the operation was repeated.

His remarks were something as follows: "Now, gents, your last chance. Only a few more left, and I may or may not be here to-morrow night. Help the widows and the orphans, and put the nickels in circulation. My wife's the widow, and I'm the orphan. Buy these wonderful sharpeners, and my honor is pledged to put your nickels into circulation."

If you should ever hear of a man who wants to engrave your name on a copper plate and print 100 cards for a ridiculously low price, regard him with suspicion, or, better still, lock him in jail. I have heard of a number of New Yorkers (generally supposed to be bunco-proof, by the way) who failed to do either and now are out various sums ranging from 39 cents up.

It was a very cute scheme, and, as far as I learn, a very successful one, for not only did the perpetrator thereof escape the lynx-eyed department of police, but even the vulture-eyed amateurs of the society of the yellow atmosphere.

The scheme was so ingenious and yet withal so simple that it is certainly deserving of description. As far as the writer is aware there was but one trapper. He fitted up a vacant store on Twenty-third street, near the heart of the fashionable shopping district, in serted a conspicuous advertisement in the evening papers, hung out a rough sign inscribed "The Columbia Card Company," and then sat down to await business.

The many who were trapped saw nothing suspicious in the polite young man or the scant furniture, which consisted of a single chair and a few cheap blank-books in which were pasted cards showing the different styles, and a single copper plate. They simply paid their money and returned two weeks later, as instructed, to find the door of the place locked and all the original furniture excepting the polite young man, who has not as yet turned up.

What did the victims do? Well, what could they do? The amount lost was small, and they tried to forget it.

PRESTON JONES.

By Way of Illustration.

"Mr. Trimmer," said the artless girl, "what is a labial salutation?"

"Wh-why," stammered Mr. Trimmer, "I—I—that is, I might per-perhaps illustrate it, b-but I don't think"—

"Why not, Mr. Trimmer? Here is pencil and paper—please show me."

Mr. Trimmer trembled with agitation. He was a decidedly bashful young man.

"I am such a poor hand at illustrating," he murmured.

"Please, Mr. Trimmer."

"Well," he gasped, "if you will promise to shut your eyes while I'm doing the d-drawing, I'll t-try."

The pretty girl closed her eyes, the wicked Trimmer leaned triumphantly forward, there was a long drawn chee-chee-cheep, and all was over.

"Why, Mr. Trimmer," said the pretty girl as her eyes flew open, "is that what it is?"

"Yes, yes," cried the frightened youth. "It is, indeed. I'll get the Webster and show you."

"Never mind about the Webster," said the lovely girl, "Trimmer is good enough for me."

And then their mutual understanding was complete.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Thawed Out.

Anxious Wife—Know where my husband is, sir?

Klondike Karl—Th' last time I seen your husband, mum, he was goin' over th' mountain.

Anxious Wife—In what direction?

Klondike Karl (sadly)—In all directions, mum. You see, he got a can of dynamite mixed in with the canned corned beef he was thawing out.—Judge.

Suspicious.

Edwin loved Angelina; Angelina ditto Edwin. But Edwin was poor, and so went to Klondike, where he has probably taken to drink.

And Angelina sits alone and worries her poor little head over letters like this that he sends her:

"I cannot write any more; my feet are so cold that I can scarcely hold my pen."—Pick-Me-Up.

There are three varieties of the dog that never bark—the Australian dog, the Egyptian shepherd dog and the "lionheaded" dog of Thibet.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

EXPRESSIONS FROM VARIOUS RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press.

"In different parts of the country it is interesting to note the different signification of robes and ceremonies in the church and in the courts," says the "Christian Register" (Unit.) of Boston. "In some places a gown worn in the pulpit on Sunday morning seems to be only a simple and fitting mark of respect. The scholar and preacher assumes the garb of his office without criticism or self-consciousness. The same man in the same gown in another part of the country would find himself stared at, criticised and perhaps denounced. His gown would be a sign of Catholicism or Episcopacy or some pestilent form of ecclesiasticism. In the courts, also, as in the colleges, the uniform dress of the Judges or professors on public occasions in one community is regarded as a decent sign of order and respect for the functions of the college or the court. In another community it would excite violent opposition. A curious inconsistency may be noted in the way in which many accept as natural and praiseworthy military and naval uniforms, the insignia of masonry, and other secret societies, who would resent similar things in the church, the courts, or the colleges. What is it that excites in an American crowd enthusiasm for a woman solely because at a festival she has been called queen, has been crowned and clad in a costly robe? It is impossible to predict which tendency will prevail, the one to abolish all external marks of social condition and special service, or the one to increase the use of the signs which will show to the eyes a man's place and the kind of work that is expected of him."

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"It is evident to all candid-minded people," says the New York "Observer" (Pres.), "that where a moral teacher of men becomes unable consistently and thoroughly to agree with the readily determinable meanings of the creed he professes to uphold, which represents the historic interpretation that has always been put upon it, he should frankly declare that fact, and withdraw from the ecclesiastical connection with which he is no longer in real accord. Mental jugglery with terms and expressions which have certain very distinct meanings for those who have always used them, and who maintain the churches reared as concrete expressions of such doctrines, is indisputably out of place. Yet there are those who disingenuously do this very thing. It cannot be said to such as it once was to Peter: 'Thy speech betrayeth thee!' for the phraseology appears to the average undiscriminating reader to be quite the language of Canaan. But behind the terms there is little force and no fire of conviction. There is a hollow sound to the pronouncement. Evidently it does not mean all it seems to mean. If theme is sacrifice, the significance is represented as ethical, not vicarious; if the blood of Christ is referred to, that is treated as a mere rhetorical figure; if salvation is incidentally mentioned, nothing is said to indicate that salvation is especially needed, or that it is needed in any thorough-going, regenerative sense. In short, what is preached is the gospel of the husk, not of the kernel."

* * *

"As a matter of fact," says the "Watchman" (Bapt.) of Boston, "the popular laudation of unsectarianism, by men who ought to know better, is becoming one of the most serious obstacles to the strength of evangelical churches. If it is true that one church is as faithful to the New Testament ideals as another, and it makes very little difference where a man enlists his personal influence and labor and support, let us have the courage of our convictions, and accept the necessary inference that there is nothing so definite and clear to the Christian revelation that it is worth standing for. Depend upon it, denominationalism, sectarianism, if you please, is practically identical with the vigor and depth of Christian conviction. It has been finely said that the difference between fanaticism and enthusiasm is that the former is intense feeling about little things, and the latter is intense feeling about great things. Some denominations are fairly open to the charge of fanaticism. Their distinctive doctrines are not important enough; but that is not true of leading divisions of the Christian Church. They represent convictions about great matters. The spirit which makes unsectarianism its boast is not the spirit that is swayed by strong convictions or makes great sacrifices for the advance of the Gospel."

* * *

"There is a genuine hunger to-day on the part of the laity, not merely for practical expositions of certain texts and passages, but for a clearer idea of the Bible itself; how it came to be what it is, why it carries authority, to what extent the human element in it is to be recognized," says the "Congregationalist" of Boston. "The people are not ignorant of the fact that a host of scholars in both continents have given long years to the study of such questions as these. Every pastor has in his congregation more souls that are seeking light on these points than he perhaps realizes. Some are meeting the situation by facing it fearlessly and thoroughly. So prominent a pulpit as that of the First Church, Detroit, has recently been used to set forth the modern views of the Bible, and the eager interest with which the evening congregations have followed the ten consecutive addresse of Dr. Nehemiah Boynton shows that there is a great readiness for a wise and temperate presentation of the subject. Dr. Boynton supplemented his lectures by after-meetings, at which questions were freely asked and answered. It requires a considerable amount of reading and study to prepare one's self to do this special work, and no minister ought to carry to his people mere theories. But one who has come to see that the fire of criticism has left us a very substantial Word of God need not hesitate to share with his people the conclusions reached under the guidance of the Spirit."

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Writing in the New York "Evangelist" (Pres.), on the proposition of a new creed, the Rev. Dr. Field says: "Our astronomers of a Christian temper find their devotion increased as their observations are enlarged. For that reason it seems presumptuous in any man, or in any Christian body, to think it possible to fix a creed for all peoples and all time. Our faith must be to some extent like our scientific discoveries, in a state of growth. All our knowledge is but approximate. We see through a glass darkly. By and by we shall see more, and know more, of ourselves, and perhaps more of the world around us, and so be drawn nearer and nearer to the Father of us all. Meanwhile, waiting for the dawn, I have a tenderness for the old creed of our fathers. Not that I look upon the Westminster Confession as inspired. I do not put those who framed it on the same plane with prophets and apostles. But 'they builded better than they knew.' They builded a house for the Lord whose timbers were as mighty as if they were hewn from the cedars of Lebanon. There our fathers took shelter when the rains fell and the winds blew. If now the ancient rafters begin to creak, by and by the house may have to give place to one newer and better. But may not an old man prefer this one request, that he may spend his last days beneath the roof under which his fathers lived and died?"

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"The spirit of this generation," says the New York "Independent," "is fretted with anxieties. The age is feverish, it is not restful. It accomplishes a great deal, but its tendency is to wear itself out by mad attempts to do more than it finds itself able to do. This restlessness no doubt tends strongly to reduce the average duration of life, counteracting in some measure the gains due to a better understanding of the laws of health and a larger diffusion of physical comforts, and to other causes. The uselessness of constant worry and anxiety no intelligent man needs to have proved to him. Restlessness implies unavailing activity of mind, if not of body; fretfulness means refusal to accept the inevitable; anxiety denotes the condition of mind which takes the possible trouble of to-morrow upon the burdened spirit of to-day. In homely phrase, this is equivalent to burning the candle at both ends. There is a profound philospohy in the teaching of Christ. Take no thought for the morrow, or rather, Be not anxious for the morrow. What is the use of worrying about what may be or may not be? Man has no control over the future; that is in God's hands. No one by being anxious can make one hair white or black, or add unto his nature, or change the current of events. We may be anxious over the things which are under our control—how we may best do our work and discharge the obligations resting upon us. Concerning these we are bound to take thought; but as to the results it is not for us to be anxious."

* * *

"The collect in the Prayer-Book for the first Sunday in Lent contains this significant petition: 'Give us grace to use such abstinence that, our flesh being subdued to the spirit, we may ever obey thy godly motions in righteousness and true holiness.' In these words the Christian conception of the use of abstinence is clearly set forth," says the New York "Outlook"; "It is to bring the body into subjection to the spirit. There is no magic in abstinence; no mechanical efficiency; the denials of the body are not, in themselves, acts of holiness, and do not store up for a man good will in heaven. There is no virtue in abstinence as an end; there is great virtue in it as a means. The denial of the body was carried so far during the monastic period that it became distinctly unchristian; now the reaction has been carried so far that the possible uses of abstinence have been forgotten by many people. The highest type of man has long ceased to be the ascetic; it is to Christ, not to John the Baptist, that men turn to-day for the highest illustration of the highest life."

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