White broadcloth is much used for bridesmaids' gowns this season. At a fashionable church wedding last week such costumes were worn with black velvet picture hats, into which touches of deep orange velvet were introduced among the drooping sable plumes. Bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums tied with yellow satin ribbon gave a pleasing color note to these pretty bridesmaids' frocks.

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Heavy satins in violet, nasturtium yellow, burnt orange, and a superb shade of Italian red are used for linings on fur pelerines, coats, jackets and muffs.

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Following the craze for polka-dotted and mottled effects, the breast-plumage, wings and tail feathers of the humble guinea-fowl are in marked favor this autumn. The shaded plumage of the brown pheasant is also in great use on toques and turbans, and the owls' breast feathers and head, green and gold pheasants' wings, and aigrettes. Ostrich plumes are dotted with white or colored chenille, and stiff quills, couteaux, and breast feathers are also chenille-dotted or spangled. Curving albatross quills mingled with soft marabout tips, and chenille passementeries and edgings, hat crowns and rosettes, guipure lace appliques, and plain and fancy velvets likewise hold first place in fashionable millinery for the season before us.

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Among the winter petticoats recommended for durability are those of American surah lined with watered percaline, with one deep ruffle of the silk merely finished with a two-inch hem, and five narrow tucks above. Another style suggested on the merits of its wearing qualities is a skirt of silk moreen with four or five narrow taffeta frills at the hem. The moreen comes in a variety of colors, and this material will outwear any three skirts made of taffeta alone.

* * *

One of the very fashionable models for an elegant tailor-costume is of the finest, lightest French broadcloth, the color jet black, the lining black or violet silk, the trimming special designs in silk cord passementerie en applique placed upon the skirt, coat and sleeves.

* * *

A very easy and pretty way to freshen your corded silk waist is to veil it with an overdrapery in blouse style of net chiffon the shade of the bodice or of a contrasting color. As there are neither darts nor seams save those on the shoulders and under the arms, the light drapery is easily adjusted, and you can purchase at any city dry goods house fancifully crimped or simple accordion-pleated textiles of various airy weaves by the yard, with dainty frills to match, of different widths, in black, white, cream, pink, blue, pearl, ecru, or violet. Bows of satin ribbon on the shoulders, with straps of the same carried from the bows to the belt both front and back, will quite transform the appearance of your plain waist, serve to keep the folds of the chiffon in place, and also give the desired appearance of slenderness to the figure.

* * *

If not actual blouses, blouse effects innumerable still largely prevail, together with all sorts of open basque bodices. Etons, square-cornered Russian shapes, Figaros with rounded fronts, and graceful modified Louis styles with cut-away fronts and backs considerably lengthened. There seems to be no diminution whatever in the exceptional popularity of these familiar features among fresh winter modes, and in spite of so very much that has been said and written in condemnation of the separate fancy waist and bodices of various sorts distinct from the skirts they accompany, the fashion still flourishes, and as they now appear after so many seasons of false reports and prophecies concerning them, they are likely to maintain their place indefinitely.

* * *

Never have fur and velvet been more elegantly or effectively combined upon winter wraps than upon the models designed for the coming winter. Costly examples show a mingling of Russian green velvet and sealskin, gray velvet with orange-colored accessories and darkest mink decorations; deep ruby velvet with sable edges, Neapolitan blue and ermine or chinchilla, etc. Short, stylish shoulder capes display a melange or velvet, two kinds of rich fur-like ermine and otter, sable and Persian lamb, etc., the yoke piece of dark velvet overlaid with heavy cream silk guipure and a matching lace jabot in front.

* * *

Albatross models are now shown among the beautifully fine night dresses of soft wool that have grown so in favor with those who are sensitive to the chill of autumn and winter weather. Another style is made in the peculiar gray white color described as "natural," and neatly finished at the edges with white or tinted silk feather stitching, a frill of fine wool lace around the neck and wrists, a narrow ribbon tie at the throat, make a sufficiently smart-looking gown to satisfy the taste of those who like dainty lingerie. It is now an easy matter to be clothed from head to foot in the finest Saxony wool garments, from caps and toques, elastic-woven one-piece under garments, etc., to stockings, leggings and slippers. The new wool corsets are as pliable and easy to wear as a French model in silk or satin.

* * *

Tempting patterns of exceedingly pretty fancy silks appear among the season's genuine bargains in various importing houses in the city. Some have grounds in richly shaded effects under beautiful designs of small flowers, discs, dots and circles. Shot and flowered taffetas offered the last week were lovely in coloring and design, and of lustrous, beautiful quality; also heavy changeable American surahs, with iridescent house gowns, bodice trimmings and cape figures in raised satin. These silks make lovely house gowns, bodice trimmings, cape and jacket linings, and best dresses for little girls.

* * *

New cold-weather shirt-waists are made of velvet, fancy plaided faille with satin bars of contrasting color, corduroy, English velveteen, plain, striped or polka-dotted; silk and wool fancies, soft French flannels almost as finely woven as ladies' cloth, in rich winter dyes, and drap d'Alma and drap d'ete. Roman striped satins and pretty natty silks are much favored for dressy uses, and with these waists is usually a club tie of matching fabric and pattern.

* * *

There is again a decided fancy for dress buttons of every color, size and style, and on many of the new display cards at the button counters are shown three distinct sizes for the skirt, bodice and jacket. Many of the smallest buttons are like the finest gold-framed jewels in their delicate beauty of color and design, and very many of the new styles from Paris and Vienna are set like the most expensive gems in low mountings of chased gold, frosted silver and fine-cut steel. Jet, opal, enamel in artistic colorings, and old bronze buttons set in riveted points framing dainty miniature medallions, profiles in cameo, etc., are familiar styles this season. Many of the costly dress garnitures have buttons to match, which are not intended to have any strain upon them, but merely finish strap ends, lacings at the back of the sheath-shaped skirt, mock button holes on jackets, skirt fronts, etc. When used upon the bodice, they are usually fastened on the outside, or, again, in the center of handsome gimp or chenille trimmings en applique, the bodice closing with strong hooks and eyes set upon an invisible fly.

* * *

Never before were so many cold-weather jackets, blouses and coats made with open cutaway fronts, showing waistcoats, plastrons, etc., of airy summer-like textiles. It seems absurd to introduce chiffon or net in the form of a vest, on the front of a tailor-made cloth gown, for suits of this class are intended merely for general wear, and the incongruity of the associated but diverse fabrics challenges one's common sense. Nevertheless, this particular feature of day dress is a decidedly marked one among many autumn and not a few early winter styles.

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Muffs of velvet to match the hat and pelerine will be very fashionably worn with any stylish street costume, and these are made round or flat as one prefers, but each shape is moderately large. The flat ones with doubled ruffles of velvet at each end are the prettiest; others are shaped like a butterfly, with a fur or chenille body, and large wings of velvet bows, and natural-sized velvet poppies or orchids which harmonize in color with the hat trimmings and the linings to pelerine and muff. Other fanciful muffs are made of black velours du Nord, almost covered with drooping feathers thickly figured with white chenille dots. The hat en suite is trimmed with corresponding plumes, and the shoulder-cape and muff are lined with white satin.

* * *

Gray-fox fur shoulder capes and muffs are exceedingly stylish, and will this year be worn with any and every color of gown. They look particularly handsome en suite with the new beautiful dyes in deep jacque-rose red, petunia, ruby, violet and Russian-green cloth costumes. This delicate fur is especially becoming to young girls with color, and there are some simple, stylish costumes in friars' gray, winter-sky and frost-gray cloths that are greatly enriched and wholly transformed by the addition of these handsome fur accessories.

FRENCH BLUE CLOTH GOWN FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

A French blue cloth gown, with a trimming of rolled velvet bands in a rich dark shade, has the latest variation of the seamless skirt, which reaches only to the knees, while the rest is a graceful shaped flounce, extending up the front of the skirt in the form of an apron panel. The looped bands of velvet decorate the apron in popular redingote effect, and the continuation of the fold indicates the outline of the flounce, whose width at the hem is four and a quarter yards. The pattern furnished by "Harper's Bazar," where the gown appears, gives directions for making with a bias seam in the back and with fullness at the waist if preferred.

The coat, like many of the later models, is worn with a velvet belt slipped through ornamental buckles at each side, confining beneath the fullness of the blouse vest, which is made of geranium rose velvet. Velvet bands trim one side of the bust to the shoulder, where the coat, fastening with silver buttons, curves away into a cutaway form with rounded Louis XV. coat tails.

The sleeve is the newest two-piece model for tailor wear.

A rolling turban of rich blue velvet has only one jeweled quill for a decoration.

Quantity of material: Cloth, 54 inches wide, 8 yards; blue velvet, 3½ yards; geranium velvet, ½ yard.

THE IRISH SUITORS.

The market was over; pigs, sheep and cattle were being driven away in different directions to an accompaniment of hideous shouts and waving sticks; it was a mystery how the opposing streams of animals disentangled themselves, but either fear or instinct accomplished what seemed to be impossible. It is hardly necessary to say that a good many drivers were drunk; the potency of Mrs. Mulcahy's porter was beyond question; it was said by people of imagination that it would have stood up without the glass.

Carmore is one of the whitest towns in the South of Ireland, where so many towns are white. This does not imply that it is particularly clean, but the prevailing outward shade gives an impression of cleanliness. The market square blazed under the declining sun; the sound of voices and shuffling feet, of lowing and bleating beasts, rose into the still sky, while the old half-ruined castle looked down upon it all placidly from its gray rock. It was a sight of curious, fantastic, almost exalted beauty, dashed with an unconscious squalor that gave a piquant spice of contrast. A group of three men stood talking by Mrs. Mulcahy's door, which sent forth mingled and tempting odors upon the street.

"Tom Condon," said the biggest man of the three, "meanin' you"—he tapped Tom on the breast—"so it's you that fancies Kitty More? Bedad, yer taste's beyant quarrel; any man'll say that for yer. Mick here'll say that for yer, Tom."

Mick, a slim, dark, good-looking young fellow, with honest but rather timid eyes, smiled faintly and apparently with a particular inner enjoyment that shook him down to the waist. He lit a pipe carefully before he spoke. "Shure, Tom's got an eye," he said quietly.

"And I've a mind," said the big man, "to black it for 'um! Kitty More and me's been makin' it up this two months, and the man that says a word ag'in her I'll break!"

"And me, too!" said Tom.

"And me, too!" said Mick.

"'Tis no business o' yours, Mick; 'tis betwixt Tom Condon and me. Tom has a fancy for Kitty, bad cess to 'um, and we'll talk it over raisonablelike!"

John O'Dwyer dived into the doorway of many odors, followed by his companions. "Biddy," he called, "some of the ould stuff, God bless it!"

The old stuff was poured from a black bottle and placed before the three men, who drank it without water.

"Shure and this is the thrue dhrink," said O'Dwyer; "'tis like milk; it soothes the timper—like a woman," he added, contemplatively. "Now, thin, Tom Condon," he went on, "is it to marry Kitty More yer afther, or what?"

"To marry her," said Condon, "before Father Rourke, wid ivery convainyence for a good weddin', an' all the frinds there an' the world to look on."

"Och! be aisy," said John; "the frinds 'ull come afther. Ye've a tongue like a sthrame."

"Didn't ye ast me a question?"

"I did."

"And didn't I answer ye?"

"Ye did; but it wasn't how ye'd do it I wanted to know, but whether ye'd did it at all."

"Be still," said Mick, "and talk sinse. What'll Kitty say?—that's the thing." He winked furtively at Mrs. Mulcahy behind the bar. Mrs. Mulcahy returned the wink and poured out more whisky.

"Thrue for yer," said John; "what'll Kitty say?"

"I'm thinkin'," said Tom, "of askin' her this blessed day."

"The divvle ye are! Well, thin, and I'll do the same, and here's to my own luck, Mister Condon."

"And here's to mine," said Tom.

"And here's to the both of yer," said Mick; "and may Kitty forgive us for playin' like this wid her name."

They drank, O'Dwyer's queer eyes blinking rapidly in appreciation of the tickling in his throat. "We'll go togither, Tom," he said, "and put it plain and swate to her—you, Tom Condon, or me, John O'Dwyer. That'll be fair to the girl, and no shame to any one. And you, Mick," he went on, "can come to see all's square and kape Tom from makin' his long spaches. I'd pity the poor soul 'ud marry him; shure, he'd talk the divvle dumb!"

"As for the talk," said Condon, "'tis you have the gift; and yer father had it before yer."

"He was a good man, God rest him!"

"He was—barrin' the talk."

"Come," said Mick, "if it's to Ballyhinch we're goin', 'tis time we set out. And lave the dhrink be now—no more, Biddy; take thim glasses away. Arrah, would ye want to be dhrunk whin ye spake to the girl? Come an, now, while 'tis light." And Mick Moriarty marshaled the friends into the street.

They turned to the left and mounted a slight hill to the barracks, where they turned into the Ballyhinch road. They gave the impression of men bent on serious business, and the nearer they got to Ballyhinch the more serious they became. O'Dwyer's pace slackened; Condon's fell in with his; and the only one who seemed in any hurry was Mick. His backward face, as he turned to urge them on, was gravely earnest; his forward expression was indicative of a budding chuckle, artfully repressed.

"Have ye it all arranged?" he asked.

"What?" said O'Dwyer, sharply.

"What ye're goin' to say."

"Av coorse; what'd I be comin' for at all if I didn't know that?"

"Well, well," said Mick, "'tis sometimes hard, I'm tould, to manage whin it comes to the question. Ye might feel shruck like and narvous. Ah, no doubt ye'll manage well, John; sure, ye've had expariance in thim matters. Who's to ast first?"

The two men stopped dead.

"Begorra," said Condon, "I niver thought o' that."

"Well," said Mick, "ye must fix it up, for two can't spake to onst, and it 'ud be an ugly thing to quarrel before the girl."

"I'll begin," said O'Dwyer.

"No, but I will," said Tom.

"You shall, thin, an' that's settled!" Condon repented and looked appealingly to Mick.

"Toss up," said Moriarty, "and him as win'll spake first. Hurry, now, for there's Father Rourke just come away from the house, and Kitty'll be alone." The coin spun and O'Dwyer won; Tom fell back a step with a relieved sigh. The priest paused as the men touched hats. "Boys," he said, "did I see a coin go up?"

"Ye did, father—but shure ye wouldn't be too partic'ler about the like o' that," said Mick.

"Who won?"

"I did, sor," said O'Dwyer.

"How much was it?"

"Nothin' at all. 'Twas only for who's to ast a question first, sor."

"Is it a weddin' you're thinkin' of, boys? Go on, then, and settle it. Don't stand there grinning at me, Mick. A wedding, is it? Ah, but that's brave news for a poor priest!" And Father Rourke waved his hand and swung heavily up the road.

The three men approached the house in single file; first came O'Dwyer, then Tom Condon, and last Mick. It was small, but unusually neat; a few new outbuildings, with sound roofs, indicated a certain definite prosperity, and there was a little garden, full of carefully tended flowers, before the door. John tiptoed up the pathway and cautiously knocked; they all instinctively took off their hats before the door was opened. There was a minute's delay, during which Mick saw the curtain of a side window move suspiciously and caught a glimpse of a coil of black hair. Then the door opened and Kitty stood before them, flashing welcome from flushed cheeks and white teeth, and drooping demure eyelids over deep blue eyes that seemed always brimmed with laughter. Mick noticed a red rose in her hair that he could have sworn was not there a moment before.

"Ah, an' welcome to ye all!" cried Kitty. "An' has it been a good market to-day, an' did ye see father with the young calves? Come in, do, and sit down. Shure, ye're such big sthrong men the little room'll hardly hould ye, and I feel just like a child among ye all. Never mind the workbox, Mister O'Dwyer; I'll pick up the things afther; av coorse ye couldn't know it was there. Don't stand, Mister Condon; take father's chair—'tis fine and comfortable afther a hard day. An' now what'll ye take to dhrink?"

They took whisky, all in embarrassed silence; but Kitty was queen in her father's house and chattered on as though the object of the visit had never entered her pretty head. "I hear there was a noise in Limerick yesterday. Mister O'Dwyer, and you not there! Shure if ye'd have known there'd been a bigger wan."

"I'm a quiet man now, Kitty," said John.

"Is it say that and you in the biggest row only last week? I heerd ye stood up and sint them flyin' all ways. 'Twas four down at wan time from yer own fist."

"That's the thruth," said O'Dwyer, warming to the recollection. "'Twas afther Sandy's weddin', ye mind, and a rale fine weddin' it was."

"An' would ye do the like o' that at yer own weddin', Mister O'Dwyer?"

"He would," said Tom Condon, with conviction.

"Och, no! Kape yer tongue still, Tom. 'Twas by way of divarsion, and no bad blood in it at all."

"Well, anyway," said Kitty, "there was blood spilled, good or bad."

"'Twas me high sperrits," said O'Dwyer, apologetically.

"Well, well!" laughed Kitty. "An' so yer a quiet man, now? I can't say ye look it, with yer eyes that fierce on Mister Condon! Mister Moriarty, sit down here by me."

Mick obeyed; he thought it was about time for his friends to get to business. "Mister O'Dwyer and Mister Condon have a word to say to ye, Kitty," he said, fixing the two waverers with a stern glance. "'Tis you first, John."

"Me, Mick?" he asked innocently.

"Yes, you, to be shure; didn't ye win the toss?"

"I did, but shure I wouldn't hould to that if Mister Condon has a mind to spake first."

Tom waved his arm threateningly. "Go an!" he said.

O'Dwyer drained his glass and regarded the bottom of it with an apoplectic flush. Then he cleared his throat laboriously three times. "'Tis this way, Kitty," he said. "Me and Tom's frinds; an' bein' frinds, we has tastes in common, so to spake." He paused and rattled his money in his pocket, perhaps to create a good impression, perhaps only to reassure himself. "An' bein' frinds," he repeated—

"Ah, lave the frinds alone, John," interrupted Condon; "spake up, man, an' say what's in yer mind!"

"I apologize for 'um, Miss More," said O'Dwyer, with great dignity; "wan gintleman should know betther than to interrupt another."

"But what's it all about?" cried Kitty, with an appealing glance at Mick.

"It's like this," said O'Dwyer, "bein' frinds, we has tastes in common, and wan o' them tastes is for you."

"For me?" murmured Kitty.

"For you. 'Tis my wish to marry, and to marry you; 'tis Tom's wish"—

"To marry, and to marry you," broke in Condon, who did not approve of this manner of conducting the affair. "To marry you, Kitty," he added, "before Father Rourke, wid ivery convainyence for a good weddin', an' all our frinds there an' the world to look on."

"I've good land," began O'Dwyer again, "an' a dacent house, and as fine cows, bedad, as iver were milked; an' money in the bank and the best pigs in Tipperary"—

"Barrin' mine," said Tom; "an' ast Father Rourke, for he had a side o' bacon av me last week, and it made his mouth water to look at it. 'Tom,' says he, ''tis a pig to be proud of; an' do ye happen to have a few greens I could boil wid it?'"

"Well," said O'Dwyer, "'tisn't the pigs we're askin' Kitty to marry, but ourselves. An' I'll say this—an' ye'll all know it for thrue—I'm as tender as a girl when I'm not roused."

"But maybe 'tis aisy to rouse ye," Tom suggested.

"I'll not deny that; but shure Kitty knows a man widout a timper is no man at all."

"Thrue for ye," said Kitty; "but there's timpers and timpers; wan'll be free wid his fist an' another wid his tongue."

"I'd niver sthrike a woman."

"Shure I'd be butther and honey to ye," said Tom.

There was a long pause, in which the suitors benevolently regarded each other. Kitty glanced at Mick and smiled; Mick shook with his quiet laughter. The little room seemed full of heavy breathing. At last Kitty spoke. "Father Rourke was here this day," she said, "an' I'll not deny he spoke to me about marryin'."

"He was always me good frind," said Tom.

"A fine man, God bless 'um!" murmured O'Dwyer.

"An' I tould him," Kitty continued. "I was too young to be thinkin' av it. 'But no,' says he, ''tis nineteen years since I christened ye, an' that's a good age and a right age.' 'Well,' says I, 'Father, an' who was ye thinkin' av for me?'"

Here she paused and blushed, and her blue eyes took a new depth of meaning and color. "'No,' says he, 'but who was ye thinkin' av for yerself?'"

"Ah!" sighed O'Dwyer.

"The kindness av 'um!" murmured Tom.

"An' what did ye say, Kitty?" asked Mick.

"'Is it me think about the like o' that?' says I. 'Aye,' says he, 'I've known girls think av it and no blame to them.' 'Well, thin,' says I, 'an' I have thought av it, an' many a soft word he's spoke to me. But could I belave 'im, Father?'"

"Ye could," said Tom.

"Ivery word," said O'Dwyer.

"'That 'ud depind,' says he, 'on who it is. An' what's his name?' says he. 'Oh,' says I, 'an' it's Mick Moriarty, an' may God bless 'im an' kape 'im,' says I." And at that Kitty's head went down on to Mick's shoulder and there was the sound of a happy sob.

O'Dwyer and Condon gazed into each other's faces until a broad smile passed between them. Then O'Dwyer hammered on the table with his glass and burst into a roar of laughter. "Well!" he cried, "to think o' Mick playin' aff that thrick on us! Tom, we're bate fair."

"Shure, I didn't know for sartin mesilf," said Mick; "an' if Kitty had a fancy for either o' ye, well, she must have her chance."

"Ye didn't know, Mick?" Kitty whispered.

"How could I know, asthore?"

"And' me dyin' for ye, Mick!"

"Dyin'! Let me see into yer eyes, Kitty. So that's dyin'? Then I'm dyin', too."

"Ye'll dhrink to our health?" asked Kitty, appealing to the other two.

"Bedad," said Condon, "yes, an' we'll dance at yer weddin'. But ye'd best kape John O'Dwyer away, for he's sthrong wid the fists."

"I'll only use them," said O'Dwyer, "agin yer inimies."

So they drank the health and then the defeated lovers returned to Carmore arm-in-arm. And as they went they sang melodiously and with the lightest-hearted lilt in the world:

Oh, Norah O'Neill she's bruk my heart,
An' Norah O'Neill she's wed;
An' it's Norah O'Neill I'll love, me dears,
Till I'm lyin' could and dead!

—C. Kennett Burrows, in Blackwood's Magazine.

Revenge is Sweet.

"Ah," sighed the faded beauty, gazing cynically in the glass, "would I were a soldier brave!"

"Why?" queried her maid, in some alarm. "Whatever put such an idea into your head?"

"Because then, instead of time marking me, I could mark time."—New York Journal.

Won't Need It.

She—There are people who use religion as a cloak.

He—I know it.

"What will they do in the next world, do you think?"

"Oh, they won't need any cloak to keep them warm there."—Yonkers Statesman.

Wanted—A lady to wear the Cape of Good Hope.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

EXPRESSIONS FROM VARIOUS RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

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

"It is in many ways a subject of thankfulness," says the New York "Churchman" (P. E.), "that controversy on questions of religious truth has lost so much of its former outrageous narrowness and uncharitableness. The controversialist in some ages of the church was quite ready and often anxious to back up his arguments with main force, and to burn the antagonist he could not convince. Even among members of the same religious body there have been differences of opinion, and indeed different schools of thought still are found in the several denominations. We can speak very definitely about the church in this matter, and can confidently assert that controversy as a method of propagating truth is decidedly on the wane. The debates of general convention, like those of the ordinary diocesan convention, show no such closely drawn partisan lines, no such distinct separation between high and low churchmen, or between those who hold different views on minor points, as characterized some gatherings whose sayings and doings are within the memory of many living clergymen. People are beginning to seek points or agreement rather than points of difference in the minds and views of different thinkers, and the charitable allowance of complete liberty in speculation to all alike has resulted from this disposition."

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"While we have just been celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Westminster Assembly, our Episcopalian friends anticipate, next year, the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their Book of Common Prayer. It is a remarkable fact," says the New York "Evangelist" (Pres.), "that both the Catechism and the Common Prayer came forth in large part from the Jerusalem chamber, which in this sense is the mother of us all. It is well to be thus reminded of the former house of both Presbyterian and Prelatist, and whatever have been our differences in the past, there should to-day be nothing but friendly rivalry in the Lord's work. While the prayer-book had a hundred years the start of the confession, yet that advantage has certainly been fully made up. The one church stands for common prayer; the other for a common faith. The one begins with man, his name and duty; the other with God, His attributes and character. And as faith and prayer are the Christian's duty, and God and man the two centers of the universe, so preaching and praying, confession and creed, Presterian and Prelatist, are but two forms or phases of the one true Church of Christ."

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Referring to a recent charge of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the New York "Observer" (Pres.) remarks: "The ritual prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer is, if the primate's pronouncement of the law is to be accepted, the real bond of unity in the Anglican Church, and its observance the only condition upon which its comprehensiveness is possible. That it will prove a bond of sufficient strength to bridge over the present crisis in the church seems probable. For when all is said, the ritual of any great faith exerts a powerful influence on the habits of the spirit. The habits formed by faith in the spiritual world assert themselves long after the soul seems to have thrown off that faith, and tend to bring it back to loyalty to God. To millions of men ceremonial seems essential to the revival and maintenance of devotional attitudes of mind, and in every great faith its necessity must be recognized. The difficulty is that by a strange contradiction, the constant repetition of forms of fealty does in the end tend to weaken that fealty, unless refreshed by a new access of feeling. With monotonous repetition, words and acts of worship do lose their meaning, and instead of stimulating religious feeling, often only paralyze it. It is between these two dangers that the churches have to find a middle course. Without forms to express its loyalty, the spirit is likely to lose itself in mere emotionalism. With too strict adherence to them, worship is apt to become a mere routine out of which living faith has departed."

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"It is not exactly a pretty controversy," says the New York "Independent," "which the English clergy, Protestant and Catholic, have been engaged in as to the evidence which the growing predominance of the Protestant countries of Europe gives to the superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic faith. The patent answer made by the Catholic disputants is that prosperity is a false criterion by which to judge of the ethical or religious character of the followers of Him who said, 'Blessed are ye when all men shall persecute you,' and whose early disciples suffered martyrdom under Nero and Decius. This is true, and yet it is no full answer. There is no blessing on the people of countries that do the persecuting, as so many Catholic countries have done for the last century much more severely than any Protestant countries; and it is just these persecuting countries that show decadence. What is important to the matter is whether the course of a people is upward or downward. If it is downward the religion of the people is somehow to blame, inasmuch as it is the ethics of a people on which their strength and character rest. The early Christians were moving upward while the Roman people were moving downward."

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"Why should not Regular Baptists, as they are called to distinguish them from other bodies of that name, and Congregationalists unite?" asks the "Congregationalist" of Boston. "Baptists are Congregationalists. Both denominations have substantially the same church government, the same doctrinal belief, and the same freedom in forms of public worship. Leaving out the subject of baptism, a worshiper in a church of either denomination, unless he had been otherwise informed, could not tell to which it belonged. Congregationalists do not believe that baptism makes a person a Christian. Neither do Baptists. Both believe that every person is a Christian who is a disciple of Christ and in some measure reproduces the life of Christ through the power of the Spirit of God dwelling in him. The members of each denomination recognize those of the other denomination as Christians. Congregationalists believe that immersion is a form of baptism, as are pouring and sprinkling, the latter forms having been predominant among Christians since the Christian century. Congregationalists believe that the infant children of believing parents are included in the covenant of those parents with God, and therefore that such parents may properly present their children for baptism. But Congregationalists do not insist on such baptism or belief in it as a condition of church membership. They claim liberty for themselves on these two points connected with baptism, and accord it to others."

* * *

"When the physiologist tells us that thought is a function of the brain, and proceeds to draw his materialistic conclusion that when the brain perishes the soul dies, he is thinking," says the "Watchman" (Bapt.) of Boston, "of thought as made in the brain, but may it not be that the brain is the organ for the transmission of thought, just as the lens transmits the light which it does not produce? It seems to us that this is a fair reply and a fair escape from the denial of immortality to which so many of our physiologists think they are shut up. It is not unreasonable to suppose that there is a spiritual world behind, above, and beyond this material world, and that, to quote Professor James: 'Our brains are thin and half-transparent places in the veil. * * * In those places gleams, however finite and unsatisfying, of the absolute life of the universe are, from time to time, vouchsafed. Glows of feeling, glimpses of insight, and streams of knowledge and perception float into our finite world.' To the objection that this is simply imagination, and that science knows nothing of the process of transmission of thought by the brain, it is quite in order to reply that neither does science know anything about the processes of the production of thought, or of states of consciousness by the brain. On all hands it is admitted that the genesis of consciousness is the 'world enigma.'"

* * *

"The preaching that makes the heart burn, and fills us with a glow of new endeavor and higher purpose, may come from stammering lips, from very simple and plain words, from no words at all, simply from a presence that lifts us and ennobles us by its power of suggestion and consecration," says the "Christian Register" (Unit.) of Boston. "Of all forms of insincerity, pulpit insincerity seems the worst, because it postures and mouths in a holy place. Dead formalism has so portentious a hold on our time that nothing short of passionate sincerity, truth and conviction, lived and believed in the profoundest manner, can break up the stony surface. The come-outers from these correct, often beautiful, but dead places, are those who have felt the arrow of genuineness piercing their souls.

* * *

"We can never increase love for the church by lowering its aim or ignoring its true mission," says the "Interior" (Pres.) of Chicago. "It may rightly endow hospitals, and provide industrial schools and supply soup kitchens; but it must be something other and higher than either to be loved of men. So far as we know, there were no converts at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, although the Christ gave them wine instead of water, and the men who were fed miraculously with bread at Bethsaida were the first to turn their backs upon Him. It was only those who could say, 'Thou hast the words of eternal life,' who followed Him to martyrdom. It is true that the church has touched and blessed every relation of man, the family, the school, the State, but whoever limits its horizon to the narrower field robs it of its true glory and deprives it of the allegiance of mankind. He who loves the church most is not he that is oftenest at its sociables, but he who is never absent from its prayer-meetings."

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