

# THE

ISSUED  MONTHLY



# ARROW

BY THE SONS OF   
 SAINT SEBASTIAN

VOL. VII, No. 9.  
WHOLE No. 83.4

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1898.

SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS  
50 CENTS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

It is cheering to find the *Pro-Cathedral Record* of the Diocese of New York, in its August number, urging people who find it difficult during the summer months to attend more than one service on Sunday, to make that one service the early celebration of the Holy Communion. Everywhere Mass is slowly supplanting Matins as the service of obligation.

AMONG the many masses which were offered for the repose of the souls of La Bourgogne victims the solemn requiem which was sung in the Russian Orthodox Church in this city was notable. Mme. Anna Povolony, a Russian woman, well known in the Russian colony here, and a member of the church, was among the victims of the disaster to the French liner, and it was principally on her account that the mass was celebrated. The Rev. Alexander Hotovitchky, who officiated, was assisted by two other priests. Consul-General V. A. Teploff of Russia, Vice-Consul Petersen and his secretary, Count Tisnhausen, Consul-General Bruwaert of France, Vice-Consul Charpentier, the French Consul at St. Thomas, D. W. I., and his wife, and all the officers and thirty sailors of La Bretagne, save the Captain, who was ill, were present at the mass.

OUR Roman Catholic brethren frequently sneer at the sensational methods which Protestants sometimes use to support their churches or charities. Alas for consistency!

"A benefit entertainment took place at the Asbury Opera House, Asbury Park, N. J., on Friday evening, Aug. 5, in aid of the Roman Catholic Church at Asbury Park, and under the management of Francis H. Ross. Several well-known actors and actresses appeared, and Champion Bob Fitzsimmons sparred three rounds."

IN the Paulists' Roman Catholic Church in this city, there is an ingenious contrivance to prevent the poor box from being opened by any one except the Paulists. Where the poor box used to be is now the cap of a heavy metal pipe that leads down into the basement. In the cap is a slot where coins are inserted. Once deposited they rattle down the pipe into a receptacle in the basement safe from the sudden attack of sneak thieves.

The Paulists have also a spiritual nickel-in-the-slot machine which is ingenious. Quarters will fit this slot, as well as smaller coins. The machine is scrupulously honest too, for one is allowed to get the goods before paying for them. This is the way this lucrative device works, as explained in the Paulists' parish paper, *The Calendar*:

"Some very remarkable answers to prayer have been granted through this special and popular devotion. The idea is this: When you want any favor you promise St. Anthony that you will give a certain sum of money to be devoted to the poor, in honor of St. Anthony, if he intercedes with God for your petition, and succeeds in obtaining your request. When you gain your favor you place the money in the box at his shrine, and it is spent for bread for the poor. One woman whose husband drank to excess promised twenty-five cents. Next day, to her utter amazement, her husband told her he had taken the pledge; he has kept it a year. A young man lost two checks belonging to his employer; he promised half a week's salary if they were found. They turned up after a few days."

WE have received a very valuable historical pamphlet entitled "Narrative of Events Connected with the Bi-centennial Celebration of Trinity Church, New York, in May, 1897." It is a valuable record, containing the account of the services of the Bi-centenary, a sketch of the history of the parish, and a report of the scope of its work at the present time. By this we learn that it maintains services in nine buildings, the parish church and the chapels; supports seven schools—a long step toward the establishment of a much needed system of parochial schools. The parish has one hospital, its own foundation, besides liberally supporting many others, the Trinity Chapel Home for the Aged, the Summer Home of St. Agnes' Chapel. Of Industrial schools, Sunday schools, Guilds, Associations, Brotherhoods, Girls' Friendlies, Cadets, etc., there are about one hundred and ten in the parish. It is a very commendable report of a stewardship whose responsibility is faithfully discharged. Trinity parish as the mother parish of the colony of New York, has long led in developing the work of Christ for the good of souls. Her rectors have been men of large ability and influence throughout the Church, and have made an honorable record as leaders in advancing the Catholic Faith in this land. It is the prayer of all good churchmen that Trinity parish and its clergy may ever continue in the forefront of the work and the teaching of the Church, strengthening by its powerful example the hands of faithful priests in less favored situations. Two centuries of steadfast work for Christ and His Church, in an unfriendly colony, through the perilous days of the Revolution and the half century following, in the end assisting the Church to its present position of strong influence in this land, is a record of honor for which all Churchmen may give God thanks.

## CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN,

WEST 46TH ST., NEW YORK.

## SERVICES.

*Sundays*—(See Parish Note). Low Mass, 7:30; Choral Mass, 9; Matins, 10; High Mass, 10:45. *Vespers*, 4.  
*Daily*—Low Mass, 7:30; Matins, 9 a. m.; *Vespers*, 5 p. m.  
*Holy Days*—Additional Low Mass, 6:30 and 9:30 a. m.  
*Confessions*—Daily after *Vespers*; at other times by appointment. Special hours before feasts announced in Kalendar.  
*Baptism and Churching*—Stated hour, Sunday, 3 p. m. At other times by arrangement with the Clergy.  
*Confirmation*—The names of those who desire to be confirmed will be received at any time by the Clergy.  
*Visitation of the Sick*—The Clergy desire to be notified of any sick persons in need of the services of a Priest. The Blessed Sacrament can be taken to the dying at any hour; but in cases of ordinary sickness it will be administered only in the morning, after notice given the day before.  
*Special Celebrations* for Marriages, Funerals, Month's Minds or other Memorials of the Dead may be had, freely, by applying to the Clergy.  
The Church is open daily from 7:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.  
The red light burning before the Altar signifies the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament.  
The office hours of the Clergy (for consultation or business) are daily at the Church, or Clergy House, from 10 a. m. to 12 m.  
The Church is No. 139 W. 46th St.  
The Mission House, No. 133 W. 46th St.  
The Clergy House, No. 145 W. 46th St.  
The Rectory, No. 144 W. 47th St.

## KALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

- 1 Th. *St. Giles, Abp. and Con.*
- 2 Fr. *Abstinence.*
- 3 Sa. O. V. B. V. M. Monthly Mass, 8 a. m.
- 4 S. **Thirteenth after Trinity.** G. A. S. Monthly Meeting and Office for the Dead, after *Vespers*.
- 5 Mo. G. A. S. Monthly Mass, 8 a. m.
- 6 Tu.
- 7 We. *St. Eusebius, Bp.*
- 8 Th. **Nativity of B. V. Mary.**
- 9 Fr. *Abstinence.*
- 10 Sa.
- 11 S. **Fourteenth after Trinity.**
- 12 Mo. Requiem Mass, 8 a. m.
- 13 Tu.
- 14 We. *Exaltation of the Holy Cross.*
- 15 Th. C. B. S. Monthly Mass, 8 a. m.
- 16 Fr. *Abstinence.*
- 17 Sa. *St. Lambert, Bp. and M.*
- 18 S. **Fifteenth after Trinity.**
- 19 Mo. Requiem Mass, 8 a. m.
- 20 Tu.
- 21 We. **St. Matthew, Ap. Ember Day.** *Abstinence.* Masses, 6:30, 7:30 and 9:30 a. m.
- 22 Th.
- 23 Fr. **Ember Day.** *Abstinence.* Bona Mors Devotions after *Vespers*.
- 24 Sa. **Ember Day.** *Abstinence.* Bona Mors Monthly Mass, 8 a. m.
- 25 S. **Sixteenth after Trinity.**
- 26 Mo. *St. Cyprian, Abp. and M.* Requiem Mass, 8 a. m.
- 27 Tu.
- 28 We.
- 29 Th. **St. Michael and All Angels.** Masses, 6:30, 7:30 and 9:30 a. m.
- 30 Fri. *St. Jerome, Priest, Con., Doc.* *Abstinence.*

## SPECIAL, VOTIVE, AND OTHER MASSES.

- Sunday.— For the Children, 9 a. m., weekly.  
Monday.— G. A. S., 8 a. m., first in month.  
Requiem 8 a. m., other Mondays.  
Wednesday.— St. Mary's Guild, 9:30 a. m., first in month.\*  
Thursday.— C. B. S., 8 a. m. Nearest middle of month.  
Saturday.— O. V. B. V. M., 8 a. m., first in month. In Mission House other Saturdays.\*  
Bona Mors, 8 a. m., last in month.

N. B.—The intention of the Votive Mass, as indicated above, will be retained, even when on Holy Days or within Octaves the Votive Mass itself gives way to the proper for the day.

## GUILD MEETINGS, ETC.

- Sunday.— Singing School, 10 a. m., weekly.  
Sunday School, Lessons, 2:30 p. m., weekly.\*  
Guild of All Souls, after *Vespers*; before first Monday in month.  
Monday.— St. John's Guild, 8 p. m., after First Sunday.\*  
Tuesday.— Men's Guild, 7:45 p. m., weekly.\*  
Sons of St. Sebastian, second in month.  
League of St. Lawrence, as called.  
Wednesday.— St. Mary's Guild, 10 a. m., first in month.\*  
Guild of St. Mary of the Cross, 8 p. m., weekly.\*  
Guild of St. Alban the Martyr, 8 p. m.\*  
Thursday.— Guild of St. Mary of the Annunciation, 7:45 p. m., weekly.\*  
St. Joseph's Guild, 7:30 p. m., weekly.\*  
Friday.— Guild of St. Mary of the Angels, 3:30 p. m., weekly.\*  
Bona Mors Society, after *Vespers*, before last Saturday in month.  
Saturday.— Industrial School, 10 a. m., weekly.\*

\*Usually discontinued from the first of June until Michaelmas.

## THE PARISH.

The hours for services on the first Sunday in September will remain as during July and August. Low Masses at 7:30 and 11; High Mass at 9; Matins at 10; and *Vespers*, plain, at 4.

The Convention of the Diocese will assemble upon the last Wednesday in the month. The Convention will be opened by a Mass, celebrated by the Bishop.

The lay delegates to the Diocesan Convention will be Mr. Haley Fiske, Dr. George B. Prentice and Mr. William B. Fletcher.

The regular meetings of the Men's Guild will be resumed on Tuesday, October 4th, at 7.45 p. m. It is to be hoped that there will be a large attendance at the first meeting.

The regular afternoon session of the Sunday School will be resumed on the 2nd of October, the first Sunday in the month. We hope to see a full attendance of both teachers and scholars on that day. In addition to the old teachers, the clergy will be glad to receive the names of other persons who will teach classes during the coming year.

## WHERE THEY GO TO CHURCH.

THE President is a Methodist, and a regular attendant at the Metropolitan Church in Washington.

Secretary Day was brought up a Methodist, but has belonged to the Lutheran Church since his marriage. He attends the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant in Washington, because of its convenience.

Secretary Gage is a member of the independent Presbyterian congregation which worships at Central Music Hall in Chicago, being one of the founders of that organization with Prof. Swing. In Washington he also attends the Church of the Covenant.

Attorney-General Griggs is an Episcopalian.

Secretary Long is a Unitarian.

Secretary Bliss is a Congregationalist, and one of the pillars of Broadway Tabernacle, New York. In Washington he worships at the Church of the Covenant.

Secretary Alger is a Presbyterian and attends the New York Avenue Church in Washington.

Postmaster-General Smith is a Presbyterian.

Secretary Wilson is an old-fashioned Scotch Presbyterian and attends the Church of the Covenant.

Ex-Postmaster Gary did the same, and occupied the pew of Col. John Hay, our ambassador to England.

Vice-President Hobart is also a regular attendant at the Church of the Covenant.

Admiral Sampson is a Presbyterian.

Admiral Dewey and Commodore Schley are Episcopals.

Gen. Miles is a frequent attendant of St. John's Episcopal Church.



**WHY BUILDING OPERATIONS HALTED.**—Mr. Corliss (the ingenious engine builder of Providence), not very long before his death had occasion to build an addition to his manufactory, —a big “L” for additional machinery. To prepare the foundation for this L, it was necessary to remove a ledge of rock by blasting. The men to do the work on the addition had been employed and put on the pay-roll; the materials had been purchased and brought to the building, and the work of blasting had begun. The next morning Mr. Corliss passed by the place where work was proceeding, when the foreman in charge knowing his interest in pretty things, called him:

“See here, Mr. Corliss,” said he, “here’s a bird’s nest that we’ve found, and that’s got to go.”

He showed the manager a robin sitting upon a nest that had been built, fast and snug, in a crevice of the rock, among some bushes that grew there. The bird flew off her nest as the men came near, and showed five blue eggs that looked as if they had just been laid.

“Can we move that nest somewhere else?” asked Mr. Corliss.

“I’m afraid not, sir. We’d tear it to pieces getting it out, and it isn’t at all likely that you could get the bird to go to sitting again anywhere else. We’ve got to go on, so we may as well rip it out and throw the eggs away.”

“No,” said Corliss, “we won’t disturb her. Let her bring out her brood right there.”

“But we’ll have to stop the work on the building.”

“Let it stop then.”

And so orders were given that operations on the addition should be suspended. They were suspended; and the hands stood still, drawing their pay for doing nothing, or next to nothing, while the robin sat on her nest with her air of great consequence and zealous attention to business, and had her food brought by her mate, and at last hatched her brood. And then there were three weeks more to go by, at the least, before the young ones could fly. Corliss visited the nest frequently, not with any uneasiness or impatience to have the robin and the young ones out of the way, but with a genuine interest in their growth. The old birds had all the time they wanted; and when at last they had sternly helped the clumsy, reluctant youngsters over the edge of the nest, and they showed themselves able to get about on their own hook, orders were given to resume the building operations; and the dull boom of the gunpowder tearing the rocks apart was heard where the birds had peeped — *Boston Transcript*.

*The Evening Post* describes a curious substitute for religious services at Bennett City, B. C.:

There is but one church here, and that is of canvas. A tent about fifty feet long, half as wide, with an eight inch bell hung from a post just outside the door, has done good service for several months to all Bennettsians who cared to visit it. Meetings are held nearly every night, all of a very informal character, but they have done much to promote the general feeling of good fellowship of which I have already spoken. On the eve of May 24, they held what was called “a literary musical,” in honor of the Queen’s birthday. The church was not large enough to hold the crowd, and as the evening was warm and clear we stood outside and listened to the recitations and music. First came a series of poems and songs by Irish and Scotch, bearing upon the

relative merits of these two peoples in time of war. The Irish claimed—good naturedly, of course—that they had always been first, and the Scotch disputed it till they got up quite an amusing controversy. But the star of the evening was Capt. Jack Crawford, a United States government scout, dressed in the regulation frontier suit of buckskin-fringed trousers, a white silk shirt, and sombrero. He recited first a poem of his own composition depicting the horrors of the trail in a very amusing light, and later was called up for several recitations, among them “Sheridan’s Ride.”

## NEW CHURCH FUND.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR GIFTS TO COVER DEFICIENCY IN THE OLD DEBT OF THE PARISH.

St. Joseph’s Hall.....	\$15,000
St. Elizabeth’s Chapel.....	3,000
Confessional.....	500
Confessional.....	500
Organ in St. Joseph’s Hall.....	800
Carving Capitals of Columns, 19, 20, 21, 22, each.....	100

These gifts may be made memorial if desired. Payments may be made in cash; or subscriptions will be received, payable in 1897, or in special cases, in annual instalments.

Copies of the fine drawing of the interior of the Church are for sale, the proceeds going to the credit of the New Church Fund. Price, unframed, \$1 00; framed in oak, \$2.50. The sexton will receive subscriptions; or application may be made to any member of St. Mary’s Guild.

### OTHER GIFTS DESIRED.

Subscribed (to May 1) for New Reredos.....	\$1,205 58
Wrought-Iron Grille around the Chancel.....	\$1,800 00
Calvary under Rose Window (exterior).....	\$2,400 00
Tympanum, upper panel.....	600 00
“ middle.....	600 00
“ lower.....	1,000 00
Statue of St. George and the Dragon (subscribed)	
Upper Statues on front, each.....	700 00
Statue of St. Joseph, front of Clergy House...	700 00

Two minor news items which we recently published were of so general a nature that we did not consider it necessary to give credit for them to the *Church Standard*, whence we obtained them. We notice, however, that they have been credited to THE ARROW by certain of our Exchanges.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of “The Arrow.”

SIR:—Will you kindly permit me to say that the Bishop of Vermont did not communicate at the late Mass at the consecration of this church, as was stated in a recent number of *The Arrow*. The only person there communicating beside the celebrant, was a priest from a neighboring diocese.

CHARLES JUDD,  
Curate of Christ Church.

New Haven, Conn.,  
Aug. 13, 1898.

## FOR SALE.

A desirable summer cottage and  $\frac{3}{4}$  acre lot on the “Bay Crest” property, Huntington, L. I., at a low figure. Address H. G. L., care of THE ARROW, 145 West 46th Street, New York.




# THE ARROW:

ISSUED MONTHLY BY THE SONS OF SAINT SEBASTIAN:

145 WEST 46<sup>TH</sup> STREET NEW YORK:

50 CENTS PER YEAR  SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS:

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE OCT 20 1895.

THE LORD HATH MADE ME A POLISHED SHAFT  IN HIS QUIVER.  
HATH HE HID ME  AND SAID UNTO ME THOU ART MY SERVANT  
O ISRAEL IN WHOM I WILL BE GLORIFIED: 

THE subscription price of THE ARROW is 50 cents per year. The paper is sent in *exchange* to Diocesan and Parish papers, and to other regular publications. It will gladly be sent *free* to clergymen seminarians, religious, and to Church Institutions upon the receipt of a postal card giving proper address. This request must be renewed at the beginning of each year.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1898.

## THE RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHAPEL.

ALL that relates to the Eastern Catholic churches is of interest to Anglican churchmen. We have in the past sent deputations to the East to investigate the manners and customs and doctrines of Oriental Christians. Now that there are representative congregations of several of these bodies in the city of New York, one can learn much from a weekly tour of private investigation. The following account of the services at the Russian Orthodox Chapel, which lately appeared in the *Sun*, will interest our readers:

New York worships many gods in many ways. The big up-town churches, known of all women and of many men, are not the only places of public prayer. There are small altars not dreamed of by the crowd. The manner of worship in these places would seem strange indeed to the average New Yorker.

Travelers come home and tell how in certain foreign lands people prostrate themselves before their altars. For the matter of that they do the same thing over in Second Avenue. Not far from Stuyvesant Square there is a modest red brick house which has become the New York home of the Russian Orthodox Church and its priest. The priest and his wife live upstairs; the church has the main floor. Every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock there is service in the ancient Slavonic tongue, the language of the church.

The surroundings are not ecclesiastical. There is the usual New York house arrangement, a narrow hall containing the stairs and opening into a large front room, which, in turn, opens by a wide, high arch into the rear room. At one side of the front room is the inevitable grate with a white marble mantel. There are two front windows reaching to the floor. They are open on these hot Sundays, and the yellow shades, which are pulled down, blow back and forth in the breeze. The floor of this outer room is of polished hard wood. There are no seats except a few little camp chairs. Pew rents do not vex the Russian congregations.

The back room is two steps above the front one and is carpeted with red. About four feet back of the archway there is a high wooden screen with double doors in the middle. The space back of this screen contains the altar and only the priest may enter there. At certain parts of the service the doors are opened and the worshippers

may look at as much of the altar as is visible to them. But that is as near as they may go to it. In the corner of the rear room, between the screen and the wall which partly separates the front and back apartments, stands the choir of half a dozen young men. In the opposite space there are a few privileged persons, the Consul, for instance, and his friends.

At each side of the archway, down in the front room, are small silver candelabra which, before the service is over, twinkle with their full complement of votive candles. They stand beside two racks, hung with cloth of silver and supporting deep picture frames. Under heavy glass, these frames contain pictures of various Madonnas and saints, almost covered with solid embroidery of seed pearls. On the walls are Byzantine pictures of the saints, and before each one hangs a tiny oil lamp, whose flame is not permitted to go out.

There is nothing particularly striking in all this. Priest and congregation absent, the chapel is almost commonplace. But last Sunday morning, even before the hour for service, the congregation had begun to arrive and, in the eyes of one stranger at least, that old stereotyped city house was soon forgotten.

In the middle of the front room a man was kneeling. Not on one knee, in a comfortable, transient way, but squarely on both knees not scamping his work. His lips moved and his eyes were fixed on the doors behind which was the altar. Two or three other men knelt near him. There wasn't a sound in the place. Their lips moved, but silently. Finally the man in the centre of the room crossed himself and bowed his head, repeating this three times. Then he bent forward, his hands on the floor, touched his forehead to the polished wood, and kissed it. Again he repeated his prayers, and again he crossed himself and prostrated himself in the dust—if there was any dust.

After repeated prostrations and fervent kisses he got up and creaked carefully across to the picture on the rack at the right of the archway. Here he prayed again, but this time standing. He did not relax his fervor however, but crossed himself often and devoutly, each time bowing deeply. Finally he reverently approached the picture and kissed the glass. He repeated this at the other framed picture and then turned his attention to the pictures painted on the panels of the screen. He did it all in the most thorough manner, never irreverently hurrying his genuflections.

Meanwhile the other men were following in his wake. The whole effect was strange. There was utter silence save for the creaking of their heavy boots and the familiar street noises which came through the open windows. There, in practical, undemonstrative New York, dressed in the familiar products of the ready-made tailoring shops, were men kissing the floor which they had already worn smooth with their knees. One felt like saying, as in "Hedda Gabler," "But people don't do such things." At least not here.

At 10 o'clock a young man standing in the corner reserved for the choir began reading the hours. It was a long and rather monotonous intonation, interrupted at intervals by the voice of the priest behind the screen. Meanwhile, one by one, the congregation drifted in. The men stood on the right side and the women on the left, but as there were about three times as many



men as women, they spread gradually across one entire end of the room and filled the hall as well. For the most part they stood passively listening to the not unmusical droning of the service. Newcomers knelt in the crowd, repeated their prayers, and kissed the empty floor spaces among the feet of the people.

There was no whispering. There wasn't a suspicion of levity. Gradually the room filled, until more than a hundred men and women were standing there. Yet, except for the voice of the reader and the slight shuffling as people shifted from one foot to another, the quiet was complete.

The worshippers were an interesting study. As before said, the great majority of them were men, and there was among them a remarkable resemblance. Perhaps there were more than eighty of them altogether, and of that number not more than half a dozen departed in even a slight degree from the type which they followed. They were a strong-jawed, square headed lot, a serious, stubborn, slow, sure set of men. Their noses were all cut after one pattern, the Kalmuck nose. The nose would have been a revelation to New Yorkers, who have pictured the Russian after their knowledge of the Russian Hebrews.

As for the women, they might easily have passed for a gathering of American women. They have delicate skins, clear gray eyes, and rather light hair. If anything, they were less devout than the men. They wore hats which interfered effectually with their kissing the floor. If there had been any struggle between religion and millinery, millinery had won the day. But they made no other concessions. They knelt without regard for their gowns, and they stood patiently to the very close of the service.

Next to the exceeding devoutness of the worshippers, the music is the most striking feature of the Russian Church. Of course, at the little Second Avenue chapel one does not expect the singing which has made the church in Paris, for instance, famous. But the music here is an agreeable surprise. During the winter it is better than at present, as some of the best members of the choir are away now. There is no instrumental music of any description. There is no accompaniment on the organ. There is no organ. All of the music is vocal. In the New York church the choir of young men leads, but the congregation joins in.

There is a peculiar charm about this music. In the first place, it is exceedingly reverent. There is a dignity, a solemnity about it which is not always found in ecclesiastical music. There is no hurrying, and yet there is no effect of dragging. The harmonies are often peculiar, but they are rich and satisfying. The singers have a way of prolonging the last note so that it seems to float slowly and imperceptibly into silence. The individual members of the congregation do not swell their lungs to the utmost, with the apparent determination of making a little louder joyful noise unto the Lord than any one else can make. They all sing softly, so that the general effect is of a deep musical undertone, rising and falling and forming sudden harmonies and then dying utterly away.

This musical responding of priest and congregation constitutes, after the reading of the hours, almost the entire service. Of course, the music accompanies the action of the priest, but that is not in a general way unlike the forms of the Roman Catholic Church. At a certain point a

red curtain hanging behind the screen is drawn back, and the congregation can see the upper portion of the great crucifix over the altar. A little later the doors themselves are opened and the priest steps forth in his great cope of cloth of silver, bordered with gold braid.

The priest of the Second Avenue chapel is a young man with the face of a mystic. He has a great shock of black hair, which falls over his forehead; on his upper lip is a slight black mustache, and there is downy shadow on his chin. He preached a very brief sermon, scarcely ten minutes in length. The sermon and the announcements were in Russian, the rest of the service was in the old Slavonic. The communion was brought out before the congregation, but no one partook of it. In the Russian church, unlike the Roman, communicants receive both the bread and the wine. No one took the communion last Sunday, but at the close of the sermon the entire congregation filed past the steps which led into the back room. Here the priest stood at one side holding a crucifix, while at the other side stood the deacon (though that may not be his title) holding a great silver platter full of blessed bread. This is not the same as the bread of communion. After crossing themselves repeatedly and bowing low, the worshippers kissed the crucifix and then took a piece of the bread. Everybody did this, the mothers even giving some to the little babies.

Most of the congregation went directly out after this act, but a few remained in the hall or knelt to say a final prayer. Among the latter was a man who had seemed especially devout during the service. He had bought a whole handful of candles, too, and had lighted them and set them up in the candlesticks with exceeding great care. Now he knelt in the middle of the room, his arms hanging limply at his sides, his head thrown back, and his eyes fixed appealingly on the great crucifix. Just then the choir began to sing again and the people who were still in the hall came back to see what was going on. One of them explained that it was a special service, an appeal to Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of the church.

"He has evidently ordered it," pointing to the abject kneeling figure. "He must be in some trouble, for the prayer is for help in great darkness."

The priest came to the top of the steps, holding a great book covered with red velvet and clasped with gold. He and the singers sang responsively and then the priest beckoned the man to approach. He went up and knelt on the lower step, crossing himself and bowing in an access of fervor. The priest touched with the book the head of the suppliant, then let him kiss the pages. After that the singing died away, the doors closed behind the priest as he returned to the altar, the man left outside threw himself upon the floor in a final abandonment of prayer, then got up and creaked out.

Robbed of its priest and people, bereft of its element of human interest, the whole atmosphere changed. The old-fashioned marble mantel seemed the most conspicuous feature of the room. There wasn't an echo of the strange harmonies with which the place had been filled a few moments before. And the floor, polished by the knees and the hands and the foreheads and the lips of the people who had worshipped and prayed there, reflected nothing now except the flicker of the dying candles and the undying flames before the holy pictures."

## UNREST ON THE CONTINENT.

THE "exodus" of priests from the Church of France, and in a less degree from the Church of Italy, has increased so remarkably during the present year as to disturb the Voltairean writers of the secular press. The *Eclair* declares that nothing like it has happened hitherto among the French clergy, that the process continues, and that there are evident signs of a regular organization at the back of the movement. The *Gironde* calls attention to the greater gravity of the case, because the departure of a French priest from the Roman (and we may add the diocesan) obedience has ceased to bear the marks of isolation and individualism. "We have reason to know that the higher clergy are busily occupied with this alarming symptom." The Abbé Bourrier, who is the real organizer of the exodus, has started a paper called the *Chrétien Française*, which already counts 6,000 subscribers, a large proportion of whom are said to be parish priests. He has also started a special fund toward the support of the French clergy who are kept back by the question of daily bread, as he asserts, from following his example. He calls the movement "evangelical," though it seems to be less emphatically stamped with a zeal for Protestantism than with a French nationalist (though scarcely with a Gallican or Catholic) abhorrence of foreign Roman Ultramontanism. Some few of the priests have entered upon a course of study at the Protestant faculty of theology of Montauban, about thirty, we are told, with a view of obtaining employment as Protestant pastors. The agitation is not as yet in the direction of rationalism. An article upon "L'Exode," in the *Catholique Française* gives an account of the grounds of the movement from "a parish priest, steadfast in the Catholic faith," who still adheres to his post, but does not conceal his sympathy with those amongst his brethren who have less patience and hope, than he himself has. It is his conviction that the Pope is upheld in power over the French Church by the State, and that if the Republican Government were to abolish the concordat with the Bishop of Rome, and to suppress the cultus-budget, there would quickly follow a wide-spread revival of "the noble principles of the Gallican Church," which are not dead, but merely silent under oppression.

The prevailing sentiment amongst many of the most devout and faithful French priests, according to this reporter, is a disheartening feeling of disillusion. "Each time that Rome has proclaimed a new dogma, at the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception in 1854, and of the Infallibility of the Roman pontiff in 1870, we have been led to believe that a great revival of religious life would result from it, and a wholesale reconciliation of the masses to the Church, and a new triumph of religion in an unbelieving generation." Every man in France, believer or infidel, is a witness how false were these prophecies from Rome, how delusive these hopes amongst the French clergy and people. "Religion has never sunk so low in France as since those destructive days; it has not only declined visibly on the surface of our life, it has decayed at the very depths. This exodus of our priests is one of the signs of the approaching great humiliation of the pride which has exalted itself." The priests who turn Protestants, he believes, however pious may be their motives, are simply plunging into a

new disillusion. "Protestantism can never find the materials," says he, "wherewith to build up a national Church of France." "The Church of our nation," adds the writer, "is now a bizarre medley of strength and feebleness. She is strong in her organization, strong in her historical prestige, strong in her endowments and strong in her political relations. But she is weak in the religious ignorance of her laity, weak in the superstitions she cherishes, weak in the worldly and anti-Christian spirit of her leaders, but weak beyond all in the mental standpoint of her clergy." The French State says by its concordat "the Bishop of Rome hath jurisdiction in this Republic of France," and there is no help for any such restoration of Churchly life as shall touch all estates and conditions of Frenchmen until the Fathers in God of the French people have faith in their own immediate and direct mission and jurisdiction from the ascended Head of the Church, and until they prove their faith in the Apostolic Succession by having the courage to say what the French politicians are too cowardly or too Machiavellian and Opportunist to say, "The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this nation of France."

The rebel priests (*preti rebelli*), according to the testimony of the *Labaro*, are less numerous in Italy than in France, yet are considerable enough to give ceaseless anxiety in the *Roman Curia*. P. Ugo Janni, the editor of that journal asserts that he is beset every week with requests for counsel from Italian priests who are anxious to shake off the yoke of the Vatican, but are holding on to their posts because they have no other means of getting daily bread. P. Janni states that when Cardinal Pérand asked the Pope how he was to deal with his diocesan who were being drawn by the current of the movement, Leo XIII. could only reply: "You must enforce discipline, you must demand a more rigid obedience!" It is interesting at the moment to learn from a note by P. Janni that Mr Gladstone was a regular subscriber to *Il Labaro* from its first number nine years ago, until the present year, and he prints some excerpts from an Italian letter written by Mr. Gladstone, in which he says he receives and reads the paper with great interest, and wishes "*cordialmente prosperità al Movimento di Riforma iniziato nella Chiesa Latina*"—words which scarcely need translation.

—Church Times.

## ROMAN CATHOLIC BOMBAST.

Now that it has been settled to the satisfaction of everyone that Admiral Dewey is an Episcopalian, the following headlines, cut not long ago from some of our Roman Catholic exchanges, are interesting and humorous.

*The Cleveland Universe*, of Ohio; *The Catholic Advocate*, of Fall River, Mass., and *The Messenger*, of Worcester, Mass., all printed an article with the same headlines, as follows:—

## OUR CATHOLIC HERO.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY IS A CONVERT TO THE FAITH.

He is Said to Be a Very Consistent and Practical Member—Scores of Naval Officers and Many Sailors Are of the Same Belief—Catholics in the Army.



*The Republic*, of Boston, also, in an article on "Dewey's Catholic Chaplain," said: "It is fitting that Admiral Dewey, being himself a Catholic, should have a Catholic chaplain for his flagship."

After all, Admiral Dewey turned out to be a Catholic, but not the kind that Romanists hurrah for.

### CHURCH PARTIES.

It is of the greatness and strength of the Anglican communion that she allows varieties of devotional expression in the way of Ritual, and tolerates different schools of theological thought. They help and supplement one another.

While postulating this, we desire to point out some dangers in the way of excess into which two of these schools may run.

First, let us take the Ritual development. It belongs in part to the spirit of our age of culture and refinement, and in part to a developed appreciation of worship. No one but a determinedly prejudiced person objects now to such common sense adornments on our altars as an altar cross, or lights about it, or flowers; or a processional cross, or servers, or a vested choir, or the eastward position of the celebrant at the altar. High and low and broad are to be found using these things. To object to these would show oneself as ill-bred as if one should object to cut glass, and flowers, and silver ornaments, and lights, and napkins, and servants at a dinner party.

But, speaking not of our own diocese but of the now world-wide Anglican communion, we know that in some places there has been a great development of elaborate ceremonial. We do not raise against it the cuckoo cry of Romanism. Now that the Pope has, by denying Anglican orders, destroyed all possibility of a union between these two branches of Christendom, Ritualists, if they ever were disposed to do so, no longer look Romeward. What Rome may do, or say, or think, is no longer a matter of interest to us as churchmen. Within our communion the Ritual development has, we believe, reached its terminus. The church has looked on, at times with suspicion, yet in the United States with parental indulgence; and while the church is content that in a few churches in large cities the experiment may be tried, yet the elaborate ceremonial so developed has not commended itself to the majority of churchmen. Besides, a large number of all schools have seen that there was a great deal of individualism among the Ritualists, which has resulted in a good deal of confusion among themselves. It is a good sign, therefore, in England that a number of scholars who have made Rites and Ritual a study, are laboring for a consolidation of parties within the church. The publications of the Alcuin Club in England, and the book of "Plain Suggestions for a Reverent Celebration of the Holy Communion," by the Bishop of Fond du Lac, are being welcomed to this end.

Then there is the new high-broad school. They are not anti-ritualistic, but they look at Ritual, not from an archeological or Roman view point, but from the common sense one of utility. Does it help the worshipper? Does it aid devotion? They agree with the old high churchmen in believing in the apostolic ministry, and the sacraments and sacramental grace, but they do not press a number of points of theology and

practices, as the extreme men do, and make them essential of a sound Catholicity. They accept all the certified results of modern science and find no fault with evolution. They accept in a modified degree, the results of the higher criticism respecting the formation of the Holy Scriptures, and are not disturbed in their faith by the new discoveries.

Both of these schools have a work to do—just as their predecessors, the Evangelical and Tractarian, had to do before them—and when they have made their contributions they will fade into other movements. The Anglo-Saxon race, the English speaking people, have a great opportunity before them in the coming century. It behooves all schools of churchmen not to accentuate their differences, but to strive to lay them aside, to emphasize only essentials, and not make matters of practice (which vary in every national church) causes of difference, by labeling them as sins.—*Diocese of Fond du Lac.*

### THE NEW YORK CATHEDRAL.

THE following item which has appeared in the daily papers will be encouraging news to New York churchmen who, one and all, hope to see the Cathedral of St John the Divine speedily at work as a central spiritual agency in this great city:

The crypt of the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine is now being inclosed, and into it will be put the Tiffany chapel, exhibited at the World's Fair of 1893, which was recently presented to the trustees of the new cathedral. The reason for this expenditure on the crypt is to provide a more fitting as well as more convenient place for the steadily growing cathedral congregation to worship in during the long time which will yet elapse before the choir now building will be ready for use.

The cost of putting the Tiffany chapel into the crypt of the new cathedral is being met by a special fund raised not long since by Bishop Potter for this purpose. It will be not less than \$25,000, but the money will not be wholly lost, since some of the work done will be available for removal to the choir, and, in any event, a suitable place of worship is required during the three to five years before the choir will be available.

Work on the choir is progressing steadily if slowly. The fact ought to be borne in mind that the choir is larger than any church in New York, and in seating capacity will approach that of any church in the world. Up to this time there has been expended for material and labor on the cathedral a little more than \$750,000, and it is the intention of the trustees to expend \$100,000 more on the construction of the choir in addition to the \$25,000 for putting the Tiffany chapel into the crypt and in fitting the crypt for purposes of worship before the end of the current year.

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