

the kind of fuel that is available in each country. To Professor Atkinson, more than to any one else, are we indebted for the scientific development of the use of heat in preparing foods. Traveling about the country in summer, one is impressed, when in the regions where wood is plentiful, with the great inconvenience, the enormous percentage of waste, that must follow the cooking of foods with wood alone. There is no doubt that oil-stoves, constructed as they are to-day, would lessen the labor of cooking and produce infinitely better results than can be produced by cooking with wood, for the reason that the heat produced by wood is so intense as almost to burn up the food, and frequently does, the meat served bearing testimony to the awful waste through over-cooking, or food is destroyed because the wood fire has died out or become so low as to stop the process of cooking. Now the housekeepers in these regions are of the average intelligence, and ought to see the difficulty under which they perform their labors. They ought to be familiar with the economy of consuming that fuel which can be regulated and controlled according to the kinds of food being prepared. The value of cooking by steam is not understood. There are several kinds of steamers in the market that lessen very greatly the labor of cooking; and almost any woman can improvise a steamer with a pot, a cullender, and a cover. Foods should be not merely palatable, but should be nutritious, furnishing each person with the necessary energy to perform his part of the world's work, whether it is done in the infant class of a district school-house, on the floor of the stock exchange, in the halls of the Senate, behind a typewriter, at a desk, or before a sewing-machine. The medical profession has shown wonderful progress in its appreciation of food values and effects. Side by side with a prescription the doctors leave instructions as to the kinds of food necessary. Many men and women can testify to consulting physicians who look at them and say, "You do not need medicine, but you do need different kinds of food from what you are eating, and exercise. You will be as well as anybody if you will follow my directions in your food and exercise." But comparatively few are able to follow the doctor's instructions in the matter of foods, because of the ignorance of the cooks of the proper method of cooking food so as to retain its nutritive values. The one scientific fact which housekeepers must learn Professor Atkinson puts very clearly:

If regard be given to the greater number of cookery books, it will be observed that the instructions given in them may be divided into two distinct parts—first, combining or mixing food-material; second, subjecting this material to the application of heat. These instructions consist in directions for making the choice of food-materials and for measuring them out in certain proportions and combining them in certain ways. What will be the result of these combinations depends much more upon how they are cooked than upon the method or proportion in which they are combined. Cooking consists in applying heat to the chemical conversion of these food-materials—a work which corresponds to that of the chemical laboratory in the dissociation and synthesis of the subjects that are dealt with in chemistry.

The true problem in cooking is to substitute what may be called predigestion for a part of the work of the digestive organs, in order to enable them to assimilate all that is suitable and reject that which does not nourish. This statement suggests a wide chapter in chemical physiology, which would be out of place in this treatise.¹

That we often fail to prepare foods in this country in such a way as to preserve their values is shown very conclusively by the success that follows the preparation—that is, the chemical preparation—of raw materials for home consumption. We have become perfectly familiar with predigested foods when put up at so much a bottle or can. The reason why America is the home of these foods is because the stomachs of so many people have been ill-treated from their birth, and even in early youth they become familiar with prepared foods. Professor Atkinson asks and answers the question: "In what does the art of cooking consist?"

Before dealing with the science, we may define the art of cooking as consisting in applying heat to each of these subjects

in such a way as (1) to render it digestible, so that its nutrient properties may be assimilated in true proportion in the human system; (2) to render it appetizing by the development of its own specific flavor; (3) to combine different kinds of food-material in such a way that each will render the other palatable; (4) to remove certain portions which may not be palatable or digestible after the first application of heat, either as waste, like bone, as excess, like much of the fat that may be used for other purposes, or as woody fiber in many vegetables; (5) to add to the essential elements salt in its due proportion in almost every process, and sugar in some combinations, and other condiments, spices, or flavorings in such a way as to develop rather than to disguise the true flavor of the principal food-material entering into each dish.

A valuable book to every housekeeper to whom economy and nutrition are of equal importance is the prize essay on "The Economic Cooking of Foods," by Mary Hinman Abel, published by the American Health Association of Rochester, N. Y. Such a book, and Professor Atkinson's pamphlet published by the United States Department of Agriculture, form a basis of comparison for every cook-book published for the housekeeper who must study economy.



Dilly's Party Dress

By Nellie E. C. Scott

In Two Parts—I.

"But I must have a new dress if I'm to go, Mamma."

"Then I'm afraid you'll not go, Dilly."

"But, Mamma, Effie'll think it strange if I break my promise; I told her I'd go."

"There's no need of breaking your promise, my dear; your blue serge is quite good enough to wear."

"It isn't anything like a party dress. Think how it will seem, Mamma, to be the only girl there without a party dress!"

"I know how it will seem, Dilly, if you are foolish enough to let it spoil your pleasure. Perhaps, since a new dress is positively out of the question, you'd better stay at home. I think you understand, my dear child, how gladly I would get it for you if I could," she added, gently, for the tears were standing in Dilly's eyes.

Seeing that further argument was useless, Dilly said no more, but she was far from reconciled to either alternative; that of staying at home was not to be thought of, and the wearing of an old dress to the party was only less dreadful.

However, there still was Grandmother. Grandmother, whose wants and needs had been second to those of her granddaughter ever since the little girl was born; who would stint herself even in the matter of food, had it been necessary, that the children's appetites might be satisfied. There was Grandmother, who, when her son had finally given up a losing struggle for something more than mere daily bread, waged against heavy odds in a sleepy little New England town, had followed his fortunes as cheerfully as ever, left behind her the friends of a lifetime, and put all her little savings into this more promising venture in a new field.

And to Grandmother, secretly, Dilly went with her tale of woe, the beginning of which was "party," the end of which was "new dress."

Grandmother was washing the dishes in the kitchen. She always washed the dishes, in addition to a thousand and one other tasks, for the family was large and the mother's cares were many. Then, too, as Grandmother was wont to reason—"Dilly, dear child, had enough to do to keep up with her studies—and her little hands were so soft and pretty—and it was easier, really, to do the thing one's self than to stand over and direct a child."

Brought up on such fallacious theories, it is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at that a great, healthy girl of twelve or thirteen should not only look on unconcernedly while her grandmother washed the dishes for a family of seven, made pancake batter for breakfast, and set a "rising" of bread, but should also coax and plead that

¹ "Suggestions Regarding the Cooking of Food."

this valuable relative would "somehow" obtain the longed-for dress.

"I don't see how I can do it, Dilly, but I'll try," promised this foolish grandmother, who held even half-promises in such respect that Dilly went back to her lessons with a lighter heart.

Shortly after the family's removal to Beach City, Dilly formed a school-girl friendship for Effie Wilson, a little girl about her own age, who thereupon became her model in all things. Effie's will was Dilly's law, Effie's taste her standard of beauty or excellence.

The acquaintance had not extended to the other members of the two families, nor had the children ever visited each other's homes until this party was talked of, when Dilly was asked to come and help in the delightful work of preparation.

It was a revelation to Dilly, this pretty, well-ordered house, where the children did not tease, where everybody was considerate of everybody else, and where, too, there was a grandmother—a grandmother who set Dilly to thinking.

She was a dainty, delightful little person, pretty and youthful-looking almost as her daughter, Mrs. Armand. (It was only upon remarking the difference in names that Dilly learned that Effie lived with her aunt instead of her mother.) But the idea of expecting anything of *this* grandmother, further than smiles and sympathetic words in small trials, and that she should look like a charming old picture at all times, seemingly never occurred to any of the family, while the homage paid her was unlimited.

Dilly rather avoided the kitchen at home on these evenings after she had been with Effie; the chink of the dishes in Grandmother's hands vaguely disturbed and irritated her, as it never had done before.

"I'm going to help Grandmother when I get time," she told herself—"when the party is over, and I've more time."

It was a lovely April day, a week before the great event. Tulips and hyacinths were blooming in the flower-beds of the little park, the robins and bluebirds were singing, and a saucy chipmunk flattened himself out on the limb of a beech-tree beneath which the two little girls paused to rest on their way from school, and scolded them with vigor.

"It's so pleasant here, I'd stay till tea-time, only Aunt Olive told me to get home in time to make biscuit," said Effie. "We've been awfully busy this week, Aunt Olive and I. I told you last week, didn't I, that our kitchen girl had left? Well, we haven't got anybody yet, only a woman who comes in afternoons, and Auntie's so engaged with the favors and things that we all have more than our share to do. You're coming home with me, aren't you, to see how we're getting along?"

"Yes, but *don't* hurry; the biscuit won't take you long; it's too lovely for anything out here. Don't you think April's the best month in the year, Effie?"

"W-e-l-l, there's May, you know," said Effie.

"Yes, but we're used to it all by May. It seems to me the first pleasant days in April are better than anything in the world. My grandmother is the only one of our family that thinks just as I do about it; when we lived in Burnside—it was almost a country place—she and I used to go out in the woods in spring, and walk and *walk*. We always found the first wild flowers, and some kinds that nobody else knew where to look for—dicentra, and yellow violets, and walking-ferns.

"Mamma said the other day that Grandmother was looking kind of peaked, and Papa said it was because she stays in the house so much this beautiful weather—that she must go out more. Grandmother said she would go out more if she knew where to go, and she has, since then. But I don't think she enjoys it as she used to our old walks together; she looked tired to death last night—poor Grandmother!"

"It's too bad she had to leave where she'd always lived," commented Effie; "I always hate to see old people unhappy or troubled. Perhaps, Dilly, she hasn't enough to do to keep her from thinking and getting homesick. I think even old people are happier if they have a little something to do."

"Oh, she has plenty to do," answered Dilly, hastily, as

the picture of Grandmother hurrying from task to task arose before her mind, bringing a hot little flush to her face and leading her to change the subject.

She was still in the dark regarding the party dress, for something—she could not have told what—kept her from asking Grandmother again about it, and Grandmother had not mentioned the subject since that first night.

Effie left her aunt and Dilly together upstairs—the grandmother was away on a visit—when she went down to make the biscuit.

"Tell Margaret she may go home if the ironing is done, Effie," Mrs. Armand said; "she has worked hard all the afternoon."

Occasional snatches of song floated up from the kitchen, and presently the noise of the oven door opening and shutting.

"It didn't take her long, did it?" said Mrs. Armand. "Effie never dawdles over a thing." As she spoke, a scream from Effie suddenly rang out, then another, followed by cries of:

"Aunt Olive! Dilly! Oh, come quick! quick!"

They were downstairs in a moment almost, too frightened to ask what was the matter. Effie met them at the door, wringing her hands.

"Oh, it's Margaret!" she cried; "she's dead or fainted, I don't know which. She slipped right out of her chair."

Mrs. Armand, who was first, caught sight of a huddled-up figure and white face lying on the kitchen floor, and said, reassuringly:

"It's probably only a faint; go for the camphor, quick, Effie."

It was a pitiful sight, that face, white as the silver hair above it, except for two heavy dark lines beneath the half-closed eyes.

But neither Mrs. Armand nor Effie was prepared for the outburst with which Dilly greeted it.

With a wailing cry of "Grandmother, Grandmother!" she threw herself down beside the prostrate figure, and lifted the gray head into her lap.

"It's my fault—oh, it's my fault; it never would have happened but for me," she cried; at which Effie shrank away from her, with confidence and misbelief struggling for the mastery in her loyal eyes.

Filled with grief and alarm as she was on her grandmother's account, Dilly did not fail to notice Effie's attitude, and it hurt her more than accusing words would have done.

"She thinks me a sneak and a hypocrite," thought Dilly; "and I don't know but that's better than to be a thing without heart or feeling, as I am."

"Oh, Mrs. Armand, you don't think she's dead, do you?" she sobbed, and the lady, who had been working faithfully over Grandmother for some minutes, replied:

"No, child, she'll be better in a few minutes; see, the color is creeping back into her face. Now tell me what you mean by saying it is your fault. Did you know your grandmother was here working for me?"

"No, indeed, none of us knew it. It would never have happened if we had known. But I wanted a new dress for the party, and mamma said I couldn't—"

At this moment Grandmother opened her eyes, and in a few minutes more was sitting up. When she had recovered somewhat, seeming to feel vaguely that her beloved grandchild was being placed upon the defensive, with that instinct of love and protection which was Grandmother's chief characteristic, she reached up and placed an arm tenderly about Dilly's neck.

"Don't cry, my dear; I'm better now," said she. Later, when she felt well enough to go home, the old lady told her story.



There has just been made for Queen Victoria, for the floor of her Indian room at Osborne, a carpet. It was made at the prison at Agra, and required the labor of twenty-eight of the deftest convicts in the prison. It is estimated that there are 59,000,000 stitches in the carpet. A similar carpet is being made for the German Emperor.

For the Little People



A Child and the Flowers

"Why not stay all the year,
Flowers, to delight us?"
"Because, dears, don't you see,
Jack Frost would bite us!"
"You shall live in the parlor,
With plant-food be fed."
"The earth is our bedroom,
And we'd rather go to bed."
—Our Little Men and Women.

The King of France

A True Story

By Alice Ruth Carter

The King of France was just four years old. He had golden curls, and laughing brown eyes, and a saucy little dimple that came and went in the side of his baby chin. He wore a white dress like any other little boy's dress, and shoes and stockings like any other little boy's shoes and stockings; but from his shoulders there hung a long red court-train edged with beautiful white ermine fur, and on his shoes there were great velvet bows with shining gold buckles, and on his golden head was a golden crown, and at his side was a tiny sword with a golden hilt.

His Majesty looked very royal, and all his attendant lords and ladies wanted to pick him up and hug him and kiss him, but they couldn't, because it would have mussed him dreadfully; for, you see, the long red train was made of "Turkey red" from the "corner store," and the ermine was cotton flannel inked in neat and symmetrical ink-spots by the King's grown-up sister, and the crown rested lightly on his curly head, for it was made of gilt paper and pasteboard. So were the buckles on his little shoes, and the sword was one which the King of France had found in his stocking last Christmas morning.

The truth was that the King of France did not know he was the King of France. He thought he was Baby Maxwell, dressed and ready to go to Edith's birthday party. He had never been to a party before, and he thought that a train and a crown and gold buckles and his best sword would always go to birthday parties.

This was a "Mother Goose" party, and Edith's mamma had asked all the mammas and big sisters to send their little boys and girls to it "dressed up" like the people, big and little, in "Mother Goose's Melodies." Baby Maxwell was invited to be the "King of France" who had so many men and never did anything with them but march up the hill and down again. He did not know that he was anybody but just himself going to a party with a dainty little parcel in his hand wrapped in tissue-paper and tied with blue ribbon, which parcel he was to be sure to give to Edith the first moment he saw her, because it was a birthday present for her of some round white peppermints packed into a pretty little box.

His mamma and Marie went with him in the carriage. Marie was the first lady-in-waiting of the King of France, and also Baby Maxwell's nurse.

Baby Maxwell's big sister had told him that "Little Boy Blue" would be there, and perhaps "Little Miss Muffet." All the way along in the carriage he was wondering if the "cow that jumped over the moon" would be there too, because he did not like cows, excepting when they were in the next field, and he knew he should not like one in the house.

"The old woman who lived in a shoe" was the one of all the Mother Goose people whom he wished the most to see. He hoped she would be there, and, if she was, he meant to ask her if she would not let him have one of the children she didn't know what to do with; because all the little boys and girls at his house, excepting himself, had grown up, and he wanted somebody to play with besides grown-up people, who always said, "Now I must finish my sewing," as mamma did; or

"Now I must go down-town," as papa did; or "Yes, darling, by and by," as sister did. He hoped the extra ones would be boys, for he felt quite sure that he would rather have a little brother than a little sister.

As they drove into the grounds about the house where Edith lived, Baby Maxwell clutched his birthday package very firmly in his little hand, and looked out, first on one side of the carriage and then on the other, to see if any of his old Mother Goose friends were there. The carriage drew up at the veranda steps, and, sure enough, "Little Bo-Peep" came running out. He knew it was she, for she had a crook with a lamb's tail hanging from it. But she looked very happy, even if her sheep had lost all their tails. Probably she was so glad to find her sheep that she did not mind about their being bob-tailed all the rest of their lives. She ran back into the house calling, "Oh, mamma, mamma, here's Maxwell, and you ought to see him; he's a regular king, crown and all!"

The King of France stepped down from his royal coach, assisted by his lady-in-waiting. The Queen Mother watched them go up the steps and into the house, and then the royal carriage turned and drove slowly away down the drive.

When the King of France reached the door, the little girl whom he had taken for "Little Bo-Peep" seized him by the hand and began to pull him towards the most terrible-looking old woman he had ever seen. He had begun to suspect that he had made a mistake, and that the little girl was Edith and not "Little Bo-Peep" at all; but how could he know that this bent-up old woman, with the pointed cap and the bright-red cape, who looked at him out of great big-eyed spectacles, was Edith's mamma?

And when she said, "Good-day to your Highness. Don't you know me? I'm Mother Goose," and held out her hand to him, the poor little King of France gave one loud "Oh, mamma!" and flew out of the house, past "Little Bo-Peep," past the first lady-in-waiting, almost into "Little Miss Muffet"—who was just coming in at the door, holding her spider in her hand—out on to the veranda, and down the steps on to the front lawn, where he could see the royal carriage rolling along the driveway.

The Queen Mother heard "Mamma, mamma!" and, looking about, there she saw the King of France, with his curls flying in the air, his gay red train sailing out behind him on the breeze, his little gilt crown all askew, and tears rolling down his cheeks, running towards her as fast as his fat little legs could carry him!

The carriage was stopped, and his mamma stepped out and took her poor frightened little baby boy into her arms, never minding all his fine clothes. There they waited for Marie, who had to explain to Mother Goose, and tell her that it was the first party Baby Maxwell had ever been to, and ask her to please excuse him. And then they drove home again, with the King of France still holding tightly in his hand the birthday present for Edith.

Just in front of their own house they met his papa, who was very much surprised that the party was over so soon.

"What's this, what's this?" he said.

"Oh," said Baby Maxwell's mamma, looking very wise,

"The King of France, with forty thousand men, Marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

and his papa understood.

A Tender Little Mother

The "Youth's Companion" tells the following story, which must make every boy or girl who reads it love birds better and treat them more kindly:

"A least flycatcher built its nest in a half-dead apple-tree in our dooryard. When the

young ones were only a few days old there came a very hot day, and, having no leaves to shelter them, they suffered greatly from the heat, so that their heads hung over the rim of the nest.

"The mother took a position just above them, and with outstretched wings did her best to shield them from the sun. For more than two hours she kept her place, not leaving it even to bring them food.

"When we noticed that she, too, was panting with the heat, we thought it time to go to her rescue. With a rake we hoisted a grain-bag over the nest to serve as an awning.

"The male bird appeared at once, and the mother, finding the nest shaded, joined him in catching insects for the little ones, who quickly revived."

October

Come, come, my little blossoms,
You should be in your beds;
I mean to tie your nightcaps
Upon your sleepy heads.

'Tis no use to resist me,
For go to bed you must,
As in your eyes the "sandman"
Begins to throw his dust.

So saying, young October
The flowers we love best
Has soon tied up in nightcaps
For their long winter's rest.

—Sunday-School Visitor.

What He Learned

Sometimes we gain our best lesson through experience, and this experience is often painful. We might have learned our lesson without the pain if we had kept our ears open and our eyes open and listened to older people when they were talking about matters that we did not understand. A small boy not long ago, the "Youth's Companion" tells us, was sent out to water the lawn in front of his house. On the street in front of the house there was a trolley line, and the boy after a while directed the nozzle at the trolley. The result was that the boy dropped the hose and fell to the sidewalk. The current of water had made a connection between the boy and the trolley, and he will not hereafter attempt to have fun with a trolley-wire.

Number One

"I tell you," said Robbie, eating his peach,
And giving his sister none,
"I believe in the good old saying that each
Should look out for Number One."

"Why, yes," answered Katie, wise little elf,
"But the counting should be begun
With the other one instead of yourself,—
And he should be Number One."

—Selected.

Chinese Signs

The Chinese use signboards to designate their places of business, but they do not at all resemble signs as we know them in this country. Their signs would be as follows: "Delightful abode of virtue and happiness," "Ten thousand happinesses," and the like. They have several business mottoes, among the many this very sensible one: "A man without a smiling face must not open a shop." Instead of saying that you cannot engage in business without capital, their motto is, "You must have a couple of grains of rice to catch a fowl."

Not Quite Appropriate

It may be interesting to know that the meaning of the word Ch'ao-Hsien, the local name of the peninsula of Korea, signifies "morning serenity"—which is not quite true of that little monarchy at present.

Sunday Afternoon

The Church—The Secret of Its Power¹

By Lyman Abbott

Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.—John xx., 21-23.

Last Sunday morning, in speaking on these words, I said to you that I proposed to preach three sermons: the first, on the mission of the Church—As the Father hath sent me into the world, so send I you into the world; the second, on the secret of its power—He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost; the third, on the measure of its authority and responsibility—Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.

I am to speak to you, then, this morning, on the secret of the power of the Church.

There are persons who do not think the Church has any power; they sneer at it. Now, whatever else may be said of the Church of God, it is not to be sneered at. It may be condemned, it may be regarded even as the enemy of mankind, but it is not to be scoffed at as an insignificant thing. For it has been the most enduring and the most powerful of all human organizations. Not going outside of Jewish and Christian history, it began in the wilderness fourteen hundred years before Christ, with only a tent for a place of worship; it grew up in a little province no larger than the State of Vermont; it uttered its simple message, that there is one God, a God of righteousness, who expects righteousness of his people, and nothing else, and who, if they wish to be righteous, will help them. Even these simple truths it obtained only little by little. A temple was built, and a system of sacrifices organized. Men identified the Church with this temple and with this system of sacrifices; but the temple was destroyed—three temples in succession—and the whole system of sacrifices was swept away, and still the Church remained. It changed its form, its organization, its method of worship, its very language. Men began to worship in private houses, upper chambers, wherever they could get a chance, but still they clung fast to this one great central message—one God, a righteous God, a God demanding righteousness of men, and a God helping men to righteousness if they want the help. Corruption came in again. In its battle with paganism, paganism sometimes vanquished the Church. As the centuries went by, a quasi and dramatic sacrificial system was re-established and a great priesthood organized. Then what we call Protestantism was born into the world. The new Church adopted new forms of worship, a new method of organization, a new language, a new ritual; but still its message was ever the same: one God, standing in personal relations to men, a God who is righteous and demands righteousness of men, a God helping men to righteousness if they want to be righteous. Since that time to the present day this Church has gone through various inflections and changes; it exists to-day in a great variety of forms. Governments have changed, methods of administration have changed, ancient languages have become dead and buried and exist only as the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, buried under the ashes of the dead past; but still this great fundamental message—one God, loving righteousness, demanding righteousness, helping men to righteousness—remains at the heart of the Church to-day—of the Presbyterian Church, the Congregational Church, the Methodist Church, the Quaker meeting-house, the Episcopal Church, aye, and at the heart of the Roman Catholic Church. After over three thousand years, this organization—or, if you prefer, these organizations—have been living under varying civilizations, speaking various languages, using various forms of worship, oftentimes fighting one another even to the death, oftentimes hating one another with a hate which could be born only of an intolerant conscience—nevertheless always bear-

ing this one central, vital, fundamental message—the most potent, the most outlasting organization in human history. You may hate it, you may disbelieve it, you may desire to destroy it, but if you know anything of human history, if you have any comprehension of the course of human events, you cannot scoff at it as an insignificant thing.

What has been the secret of the power of this organization? why has it had this life? and why has it exerted this influence through all these centuries?

Not because it has appealed to the fears and the passions and the superstitions of men. Superstition and fear have been the secret of its weakness and decay, not of its life and power. It is not by its appeal to men's superstitions that it has been strong; on the contrary, just in the measure in which it has appealed to men's superstitions—that is, to fear and not to love—it has grown weak.

And the power of this Church has not been in any particular creed (observe the word *particular*)—that is, in any creed that differentiates one Church from another Church—nor in any form of worship. For the forms of worship and the creeds have changed, and yet the Church has retained its power. Its power is not in its wealth and culture. The Church is not strong because it is rich; nor because it lays hold of the people of culture and refinement. It is sometimes said that the Church is a capitalistic organization. I do not believe that is true; but if it is true, then the Church is losing its power, for the men of wealth and of culture are in the minority, and are likely to be for a long time to come. Take any trolley-car in Brooklyn and ride in any direction you please, and see how few houses of the wealthy you pass, and how many houses of the poor. The Church that is composed of the wealthy and the cultivated is like the top of a tree that is cut off from its roots. The tree is not vital unless it is rooted in the common soil, and the Church is not vital unless it is rooted in the common people. The two wealthiest churches in this country are the churches made up of the poorest people—the Roman Catholic Church and the Methodist Church. The way to church-wealth is not the way to the pockets of its few rich men, it is the way to the consecrated lives and the consecrated pockets of the common people. The Church is rich and strong just in that measure in which its doors are flung wide open to the common people, and its message is a message to all the common people, and its heart pulsates with the heart of the common people.

Nor is the strength of this Church dependent upon any historic connection with the past; it is not dependent upon any historical order and organization. Our Roman Catholic brethren claim that there is only one Church—the Church that is centered around the Pope; and our Anglican brethren—not all our Episcopalian brethren, but our distinctively Anglican brethren—claim there is only one Church, the Church which possesses the historic episcopate. But who can look over the history of the past and doubt that there has been divine power in all the various forms of Church organization? What Protestant is there so narrow-minded that he can doubt that there was a real power in the preaching of the Franciscan friars whose ministry laid in England the foundation of its future Protestantism, and its future spiritual and material, aye, even its sanitary, well-being? what Protestant is there who can doubt the good service which the Sisters of Charity have done in the past in many of the hospitals and by many a sick-bed—aye, and are doing to-day? what Protestant is there who can doubt that the message that came from Fénelon and Madame Guyon and Savonarola was a message of the divine life? On the other hand, what Churchman is there, Roman Catholic Churchman or Anglican Churchman, who would blot out of the pages of history the work that has been done by churches that had no historic episcopate and acknowledged no loyalty to the Father at Rome? who of them would blot out the names of William of Orange, Luther, Melancthon, Wesley, Cromwell? who of them would tear out from the page of American history all that grew out of that voyage of the Mayflower and of the New England planted here by the Puritans? The Church is greater than any creed, greater than any ritual, greater than any hierarchy. The river Nile flows through the arid plains of Egypt, and once a

¹ Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, September 23, 1894. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.