

by years of endurance and acquired experience in the foreign field, has made it possible in these later years—the years of women's missionary societies—for unmarried ladies to go abroad and live and work among the people of Eastern lands."

THE NUMBER OF JEWS IN THE WORLD.—The *Archives Judaïques* of Paris, in solving the question as to the number of Jews in the world, computes the total at 6,300,000. Of this number there are no fewer than 5,400,000 in Europe, the remainder being thus apportioned:—Asia, 300,000; Africa, 350,000; and America, 250,000. Taking Europe, the bulk of the Jewish element is in Russia, nearly 3,000,000, and of these a large portion (768,500) are in the old kingdom of Poland. Austria has 1,644,000 Jews, of whom 688,000 are in Galicia (Austrian Poland) alone. The other European countries come in the following order:—Germany, 562,000; Roumania, 263,000; Turkey, 105,000; the Netherlands, 82,000; France, 63,000; and Italy, 40,000. The numbers in the Spanish Peninsula and in Great Britain are not given. The original home of the race, Palestine, can only show 25,000 Jews.

RULES FOR THE VACATION.—Never forget that your duty to the Church is unnullified till you have shown yourself a Churchman or Churchwoman wherever you may be. Show your colors and be true to them. Always go to Church if possible, or where you are deprived of Church privileges, read the service in your own room and invite as many as possible to come and join in the Church prayers.

Make as large offerings as you can to the support of the Church where you may be, but remember that the parish to which you belong is not to be deprived of your pecuniary help because you are absent from it.

Help on the work of the Church in every way in your power. Use some of the time gained by freedom from domestic cares and duties, in the promotion of the honor and glory of the Lord.

COMMUNION WINE.—The address of the Right Rev. W. B. W. Howe, Bishop of South Carolina, at the 99th annual Convention of that Diocese lately held in Aiken, contained many notable utterances, among them may be mentioned the following: "I desire to call attention very briefly to the matter of Communion wine. I am afraid that clergymen and churchwardens are not always particular enough here. All is not gold that glitters, and all is not wine that is called wine. Wine for Communion purposes should be the fermented juice of the grape. Blackberry wine, or currant wine, or unfermented grape juice ought not to have the words of consecration said over them. If we can depart from our Lord's institution in one particular we can depart in all, and so invalidate the sacrament. I refer to this matter because on one occasion in a vacant parish I met with unfermented juice of the grape in the vestry. Our prohibition friends that strive against bar rooms and the use of wine as a beverage must not in their zeal invade the chancel and meddle with the outward visible sign of the Blood of Christ. Let us be particular here and offer to God what is good and true, and not that which first comes to hand, and possibly has no blood of the grape in it. My advice to the clergy is not to consecrate where only substitutes for the proper elements are present. There can be no substitutes by us for what our Lord appointed on the night on which He was betrayed.

SPAKING of the late centennial celebration in New York, Dr. Dix says: The pre-eminent figure upon whom all eyes now centre is the Bishop of New York. To him it was given to make for himself, in his address in St. Paul's Chapel an immortal name, and to confer on this Diocese and on the Church at large an

honor which we thankfully accept. When a Bishop stands up, fearless, calm, and strong in the grace of God, and speaks words which set a whole nation quivering with excitement, which turn the hearts of the children to the fathers, and put ten thousands of men to beating their breasts and calling themselves to account it is clear that he has spoken as a Chief Pastor ought to speak, and has said what ought to have been said; nor can there be a more apt contradiction of the idle saying that the pulpit has lost its power. It is a matter of profound gratitude that our Church has borne its part so nobly in the works of these days, and that among the impressions produced on the public mind none is more likely to endure than that which was made by the strong hand and vigorous blows of one of her Bishops in the sight of sixty millions of people, as he rose to speak for purity, righteousness and virtue in the name of God

The discovery of the foundations of an old apse near the Norman west front of the Cathedral at Rochester, is of great interest. Canon Livitt is inclined to think that they belong to the church of stone which King Æthelbert built at Rochester in 604, the year in which St. Augustine established the sees of London and Rochester, Mellitus and Justice being the first bishops. That there was already a Roman Basilica in use as a church at Canterbury is also certain, that the Rochester church was therefore built upon the Basilican type is at least likely. If these apsidal remains really belong to Æthelbert's church, there has been found one of the very first stone churches that the Saxons built in England.

MARYLAND.—Bishop Paret in his address at the convention held recently at Epiphany Church, Washington, D.C., stated that since his return from the Lambeth Conference he had held 125 Confirmation services of which 19 were in private; and 1,854 persons were confirmed, of which 85 were colored people.

THE POOR AND THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL.

(A letter to the *Church Review*, Eng.)

SIR.—A propos of your leader in the *Review* of May 17th, on the bearing of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on the needs of the poor, perhaps the following incident occurring to me in my ten year's work as district nurse in the East End of London would help to throw a little light on the subject.

I was called in by the clergyman to minister, amongst other cases, to that of a lad of fifteen dying of consumption in the house of a dock labourer who was the boy's father. The poor child was lying on a miserable bed of dirty straw in the corner of the kitchen floor—no bedstead—and his person and the wretched rags that only half covered him were in a very filthy condition—in fact, he was in a state of permanent and long-standing neglect. His stepmother was an untidy looking woman of about thirty; she appeared quite indifferent to his sufferings, which seemed very great, and was resentful, or rather insolent, because I would wash him and put clean linen on himself and his bed, as usual in cases where there was need. Before I had done my work for him his father came in to his dinner, and was very grateful indeed for my efforts for the greater comfort of the patient. I said to him that the boy wanted more care, and a quieter place to lie in. "I know he does," replied the father indignantly; "but if he was not here where I can do a little for him myself when I come in, she," pointing to his wife, "would let him die of cold and starvation. She is his own mother's sister, and I married her thinking she would look after him better than a stranger; but when he took

cold, coming home in wet clothes from his work, she neglected and starved him, and her cruel usage has brought him to this state. "Thank God," he exclaimed vehemently, "she is not my wife by law, and as soon as my poor chap is at rest I shall leave her. The parson over there (the then vicar of Christ Church, Watney-street, St. George's-in-the-East) would not marry us, and he was right: we had to go to the registrar's office, where I did not tell she was my sister-in-law; but she is no wife of mine, and I shall leave her." Which he did as soon as the boy died. This is the only case of a poor man marrying his wife's sister in all my experience, which extended over the London Dock districts, and where I was in constant and intimate connection with the sick, poor and their families for ten years.

A FORMER DISTRICT NURSE.

THE LOSS OF SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. D. H. GREEN, D.D.

It is evident to everybody whose observation goes back over a period of fifteen or twenty years that there has been a very marked change in the thought and deportment of the great mass of people in regard to the observance of Sunday. The stringency of its requirements has been gradually but very considerably relaxed, and the strictest Sabbatarians are not so strict as they once were. Activities of a business nature may be acquiesced in on the ground of necessity, and so made reconcilable with a belief in the essentially religious character of the day.

The tendency of the change that has taken place, and is still going on, is to dissociate the American Sunday from all religious uses and sanctions whatsoever, and to convert it into a secular holiday. How is this tendency, which all good citizens deprecate, to be arrested and changed? We cannot go back to the old Sabbatarianism, for that is gone and will not return; neither is it necessary to go into controversial questions with reference to the origin of Sunday, whether it began in the Garden of Eden, or with the publication of Decalogue at Sinai, or at a still later date in connection with the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. However it began, here it is, and here it has been for ages as an integral part of our Anglo-Saxon civilization; and the most effectual way to secure its religious observance is by pointing out to the people with calm and sober statement what is involved in its secularization and what they would lose thereby. And what would they lose?

For the great mass of the people, the loss of Sunday, in our judgment, would be the loss of the spiritual life and of a living faith in God. A man may say, I can think of God at any time, and can at any time pray to Him, or meditate upon Him, or come into communion with Him. And that is true; theoretically it is possible, but as a matter of fact will he do it? Are we not so made and constituted that we must come into contact with the outward occasion or circumstance in order to catch and feel the thought for which the occasion stands? Who can feel the full measure of the Christmas joy before the Christmas season comes, or the strange uplifting gladness of the Easter festival in advance of the Eastertide?

Do we not all know how much the mere calendar contributes to the development of character? How long would the patriotism of any people endure without the regular recurrence of anniversary days? Do not the days speak? Have they not a voice? And is it not by listening to that voice that there is stirred and quickened in us the latent thoughts or emotions which would otherwise be unawakened or as good as dead?