

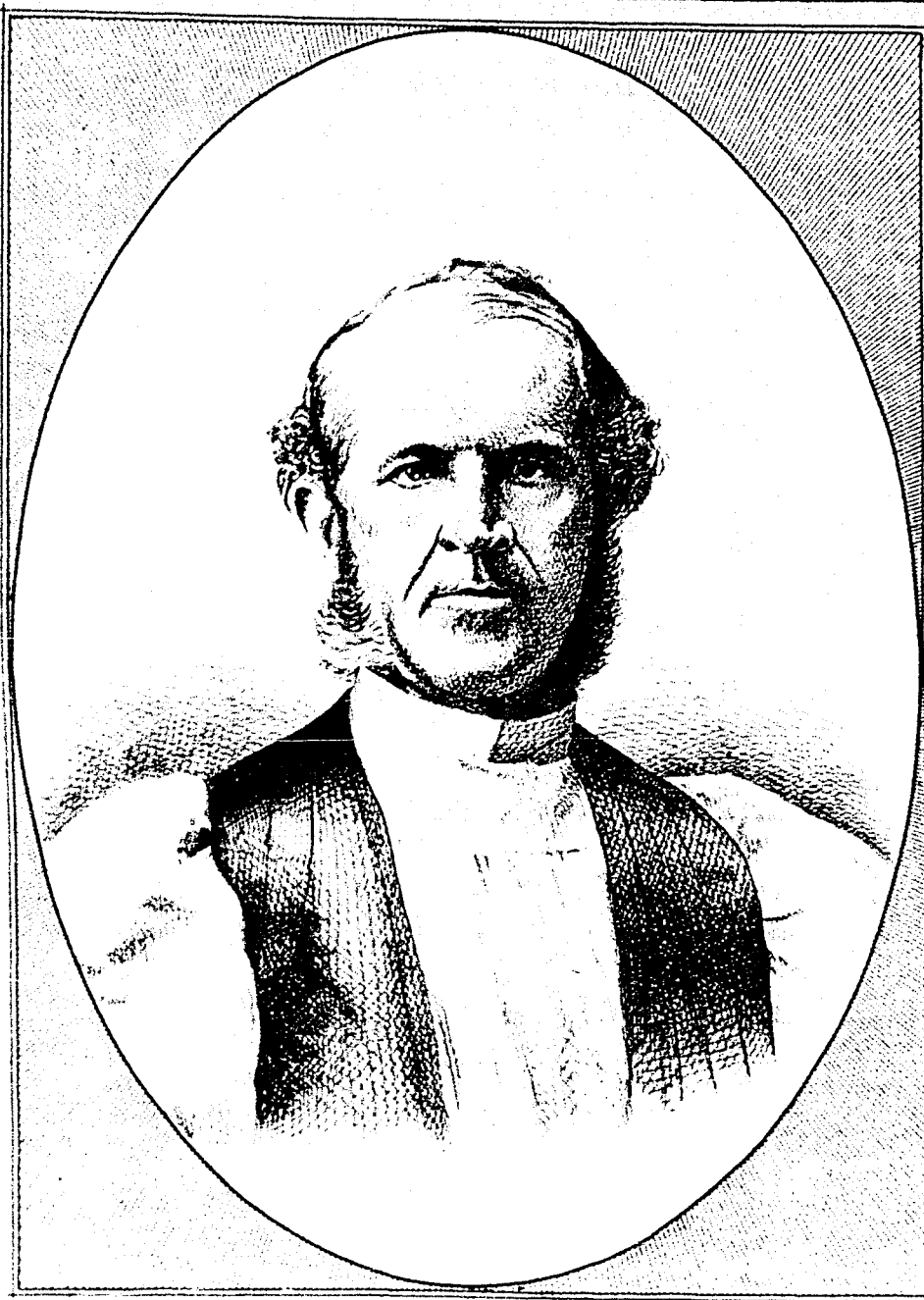
BISHOP CUMMINS.

The Right Rev. George David Cummins, D. D., the Founder and Presiding Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, was born in the State of Delaware, December 11th, 1822. He graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., in 1841, was ordained a Deacon of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1845, and a Presbyter in 1847. Princeton College conferred upon him the degree of D.D., in 1850. He had successively charges of parishes in Norfolk, Va., Richmond, Va., Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Md., and Chicago, Ill. Whilst in charge of Trinity Church, Chicago, he was elected Coadjutor Bishop of Kentucky, and received consecration in Christ Church, Louisville, in that State, on the 15th of November, 1860, seven Bishops taking part in the ceremony. The Ritualistic practices and tendencies of certain churches in the See of Kentucky being censured by him, and finding that neither his example nor influence were sufficient to effect the reformation within the Episcopal Church which he desired, he and a number of other clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church who, in other parts of the country, had a similar experience, met during the winter of 1873-74, and organized the Reformed Episcopal Church.

Bishop Cummins has just completed his annual visitation for 1875, of the several parishes of the Reformed Episcopal Church established in the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Ontario. The Bishop in the report of his visit to Canada, says: "I cannot doubt that a great work is before our Church in the Provinces. Besides the parishes already established, other places are calling for information concerning the cause, and many souls, longing for a pure Gospel in union with a pure liturgy, turn to this Church as a Day Star of hope, and eagerly await its coming among them. *Esto perpetua.*"

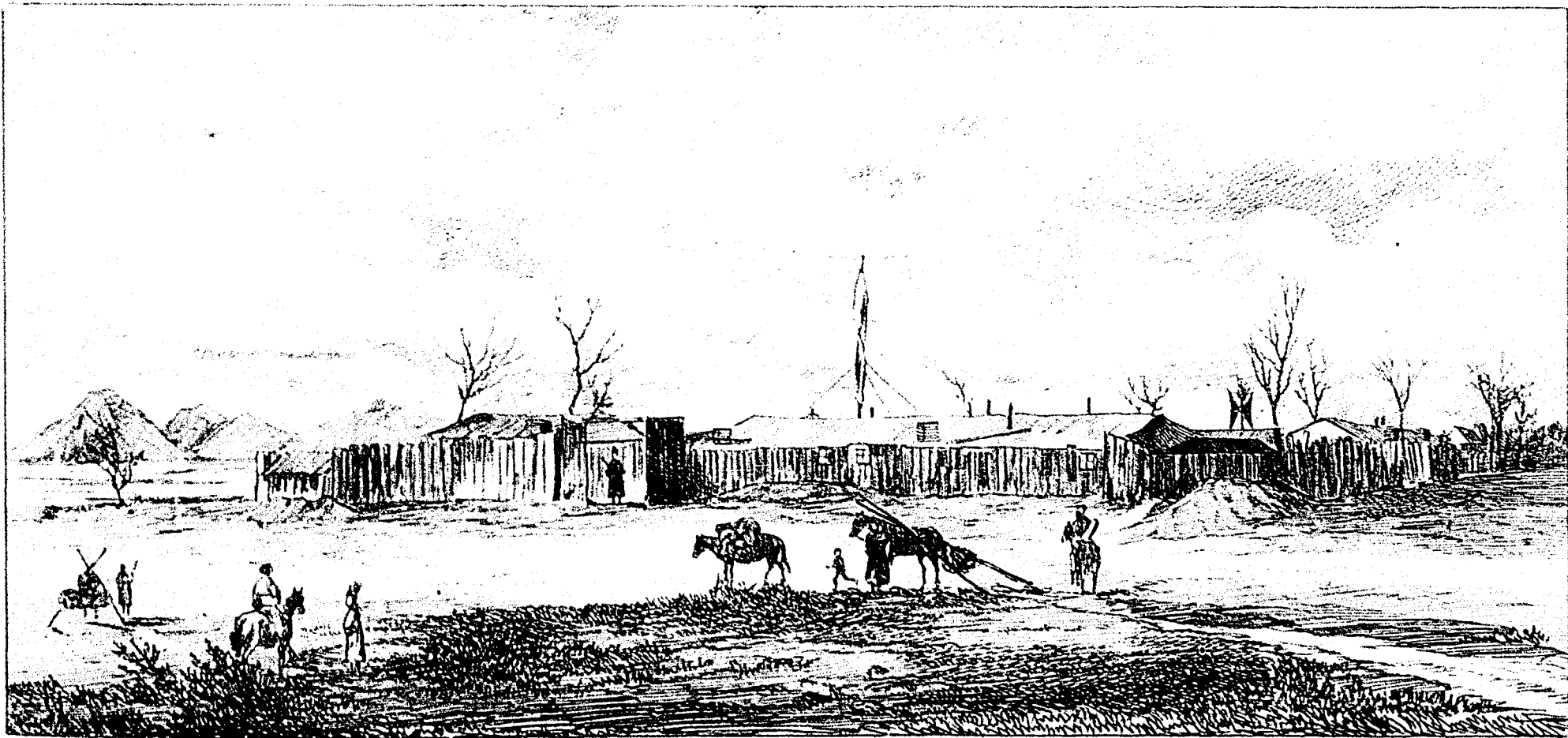
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

James T. Fields, writes: "It was at a breakfast in Kenyon's house that I first met Walter Savage Landor. As I entered the room with Procter, Landor was in the midst of an eloquent harangue on the high art of portraiture. Procter had been lately sitting to a daguerrotypist for a picture, and Mrs. Jameson, who was very fond of the poet, had arranged the camera for that



GEORGE DAVID CUMMINS, D. D., FOUNDER AND PRESIDING BISHOP OF THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

occasion. Landor was holding the picture in his hand, declaring that it had never been surpassed as a specimen of that particular art. The grand-looking author of "Pericles and Aspasia" was standing in the middle of the room when we entered, and his voice sounded like an explosion of first-class artillery. Seeing Procter enter, he immediately began to address him in high-sounding Latin compliments. Poor modest Procter pretended to stop his ears that he might not listen to Landor's eulogistic phrases. Kenyon came to the rescue by declaring the breakfast had been waiting half an hour. When we arrived at the table Landor asked Procter to join him to an expedition into Spain which he was then contemplating. "No," said Procter, "for I cannot even 'walk Spanish,' and having never crossed the Channel, I do not intend to begin now." "Never crossed the Channel!" roared Landor; "never saw Napoleon Bonaparte!" He then began to tell us how the young Corsican looked when he first saw him, saying that he had the olive complexion and rounded face of a Greek girl; that the Consul's voice was deep and melodious, but untruthful in tone. While we were eating breakfast he went on to describe his Italian travels in early youth, telling us that he once saw Shelley and Byron meet in the doorway of a hotel in Pisa. Landor had lived in Italy many years, for he detested the climate of his native country, and used to say, "One could only live comfortably in England who was rich enough to have a solar system of his own." Procter told me that when Landor got into a passion his rage was sometimes uncontrollable. The fiery spirit knew his weakness, but his anger quite overmastered him in spite of himself. "Keep your temper, Landor," some body said to him one day when he was raging. "That is just what I don't wish to keep," he cried; "I wish to be rid of such an infamous, ungovernable thing. I don't wish to keep my temper." Whoever wishes to get a good look at Landor will not seek for it alone in John Forster's interesting life of the old man, admirable as it is, but will turn to Dickens's Bleak House for side-glances at the great author. In that vivid story Dickens has made his friend Landor sit for the portrait of Lawrence Boythorn. The very laugh that made the whole house vibrate, the roundness and fulness of voice, the fury of superlatives, are all given in Dickens's best manner, and no one who has ever seen Landor for half an hour could possibly mistake Boythorn for anybody else. Talking the matter over once with Dickens, he said, "Landor always took that presentation of himself in hearty good humour, and seemed rather proud of the picture."



FORT McLEOD, N. W. TERRITORY.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. WINDER, INSPECTOR OF THE N. W. MOUNTED POLICE.