

of Christian homes. On Monday, at the Sheffield Scientific School, I heard the graduates "speak their pieces," and very good pieces they were. On Tuesday was held a meeting of the New Haven Historical Society, commemorating the 150th Anniversary of the removal of the College from Saybrook to New Haven. A very interesting sketch was read by Professor Gilman, of the long struggle leading to that result. On Wednesday the Society of the Alumni were treated to a noble address by Rev. Dr. W. Adams, of New York, on Success in Life; and in the evening the Phi Beta Kappa Society were addressed by Senator Ferry, on National Justice. On Thursday, the Commencement Exercises proper, were held in the Centre Church, lately Dr. Bacon's. Some score of the graduating class delivered orations, relieved by instrumental music. The affair was altogether too long, from 9 a. m. to 6.30 p. m., and is to be confined to one session hereafter,—but the speeches were decidedly good and *not* "bifalutin." In the middle of the day we dined in the Alumni Hall, I being taken thither by Rev. S. W. Magill, among my elders of the class of 1831. The graduating ceremony is very simple. The class (about 100) come up about ten at a time, when the President repeated the Latin form of admission, and handed the diplomas to the leader of the squad, who made their bows and departed. I was but an outsider at Yale, but, even as such, I could enjoy seeing the meeting of old classmates, many of them aged men. Private meetings of the classes which graduated 3, 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 40, and even 50 years ago, were held at various places in the city. It is a good sign for Yale that its graduates seem so fond and proud of their Alma Mater. The institution is becoming rich. Besides the College proper (with 500 students) it has Divinity, Law, Medical, and Scientific Schools. Munificent endowments are being provided by private generosity. Handsome buildings are replacing the brick barracks of former times. The faculty numbers many distinguished men. The tone of the place is manly and healthful, and the city is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, a charming place to live in.

EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION.

Returning to New York, I had the opportunity of attending the consecration of a Bishop for the Diocese of Florida, in Trinity Church. The corporation of Trinity is enormously wealthy, by the rise in the value of the property bequeathed to it many years ago. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave them a cheque for two million dollars lately for St. John's Square, where is to be the Hudson River Railroad Depôt. Trinity is quite "High Church," and follows the pattern of the English Cathedral services. On this occasion the whole staff of the parish was employed to give dignity to the service by which one of their own clergy—Dr. Young—was to be promoted to new honour. A surpliced choir of over 100 voices, boys and men, passed down one side aisle and up the centre, singing a "processional hymn;" the whole service was choral, and admirably performed; the sermon, by the Bishop of Louisiana, on the Prayer Book, was earnestly delivered. Five Bishops assisted the presiding Bishop,—Hopkins of Vermont,—in the laying on of hands. The Church was crowded, and continued so for nearly three hours, spite of a torrid temperature, and the demeanour of the people was, on the whole, decorous and devout.

CATHOLIC GRANTS.

The people of New York are waking up to the fact that their rulers are altogether too good to the Roman Catholics. One of the finest sites on Fifth