

# GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Dr. Carter, terribly agitated, lays his hand on Mrs. Bouverie's.

"We may prepare for the very worst. After the judge's charge they will bring him in guilty. My poor friend, it will be more than you can bear. Come with me now."

The mother's head is bowed, her lips form a faint "No." Then with an effort she raises herself and looks steadily at her son, who must know himself that his cause has been lost.

His counsel sits with bent head and moody face. There is a mystery in the Portraver bank robbery that even he cannot fathom, unless, indeed, the prisoner is the hardened criminal so aptly described by the judge as he thundered out to the jury the sin of one law for the rich and another for the poor.

There is not long to wait. The jury come back to their box with their minds made up.

"Guilty!"

Every one expected it, but yet a thrill as of horror shudders over the crowd as the wind sighs and waves over a field of corn—a wave of feeling that makes itself felt. Then, for the first time, despair, dark and terrible, whitens the prisoner's face. He hears his mother's broken utterance of his name, and his eyes turn to her with a passion of regret; then he nerves himself to receive his sentence.

Even Sebastian Saville turns cold as he listens.

The judge is a stern judge, and determined not to let the prisoner's position stand in the way of being made an example of. Five years' penal servitude is the least he can give—five years in which this hardened sinner will have time to repent. Before he pronounces the sentence he delivers a homily on the sin of gambling, the yearly increasing sin of betting on every race. He points out how, in this case, it has brought the prisoner at the bar to temptation and sin, and finally to the awful position in which he now stands. And then the dreadful sentence—five years' penal servitude; and George Bouverie, white as death, like a man going to the scaffold, goes from the dock out of the sight of his fellow men.

His mother's eyes, dry with an agony that is tearless, gaze after him.

"Will they let me see him?" she says a little wildly.

"My son, my darling!"

Ay, were he the sinner the trial has proved him to be, he is hers still, the mother-love is his in spite of all.

"I will try and arrange an interview," Dr. Carter says huskily. "My poor friend, nothing I can say can comfort you. There, there, try and fight off the faintness; let me take you into the air."

Sympathetic voices whisper, "She is his mother," as the doctor pushes his way out through the crowd, half carrying Mrs. Bouverie, who feels as if her heart were breaking.

They had told her not to hope, that the Crown was sure of a conviction, but the hope had not died till the words five years' penal servitude fell on her ears. Up to that moment the mother had believed in some proof of George's innocence being produced.

It is all over now. He has been led away a free man no longer, to live out a hideous nightmare of days and weeks and years, crushed, ruined and disgraced; and he had said he was innocent!

It is the same evening; but the glad, bright morning has turned to rain, and the drops race down the window panes. Sebastian Saville sits opposite his mother at the other end of the long dinner table. His face bears an expression of satisfaction. They are discussing the all-absorbing topic of the bank robbery.

"The judge charged dead against him," Sebastian says, filling his wine glass. "The jury was not ten minutes out of their box."

Mrs. Saville, as usual, regally attired in satin and lace, smiles half disagreeably.

"It is very fortunate it was all over before Barbara's return. She will hardly care for going on with her farce of an engagement now."

"Hardly!" sneers Mr. Saville, leaning back in luxurious contentment. "Even Barbara wouldn't be mad enough to wish to marry a convict!"

Then he stands up and strolls over to the window. "What a wet night! I suggest we try and forget the Bouverie episode. What do you say to our taking Barbara to London, or abroad, or somewhere? She'll get over it soon enough."

"A very good suggestion," Mrs. Saville returns. "I am sorry for Mrs. Bouverie, of course, but for her unprincipled son I have no pity. It will rest with yourself, Sebastian, to win Barbara. I think a tour on the continent would be the best plan. Being in mourning, we could not go to any gaieties, and the Court would be depressing just now for Barbara."

While mother and son are amicably arranging over Barbara's future, Barbara herself is sitting on board a

homeward bound steamer, her face full of hope as every throb of the screw brings her a moment nearer to seeing George again. Her father's death had been a shock, but hardly in one sense a grief; for she had not seen him since her childhood and retained only a very faint memory of an austere, silent man who seldom spoke to her. She has been told that she is rich, that her father's will has left her everything completely and unconditionally. She may marry whom she chooses. The news of so much wealth had come as a surprise on Barbara; she can hardly realize it yet.

In her deep mourning she sits on a deck, with grave, steady eyes looking over the tossing waves, and thinking of George. What a surprise it will be to him to find he is to have a rich wife!

"I will help him to use this money wisely and well," muses Barbara, little dreaming that behind prison bars the man she loves is living through the first awful days of his sentence—days when despair clutches at the heart, when the terrible realization of the horror of the life breaks down the manhood, when even trust in the mercy of God seems but a mockery.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Have you quite made up your mind to resign?"

Mr. Kelly, the bank manager, puts the question to the cashier, who has asked for an interview, and has announced his intention of resigning his post at the bank.

In answer to Mr. Kelly's question, Mr. Grey lifts his eyes from the contemplation of the carpet.

"Yes, sir, I have made up my mind. I have never been the same since that day. Every time the bank door opens my heart beats. It has affected my health, Mr. Kelly—indeed it has!"

"In that case you had better go," says the manager. "What do you think of doing?"

"I have a brother in America; he will get me work," Mr. Grey says, rather evasively. "And, Mr. Kelly, I never told you that I am a married man. My wife was beneath me in position, and I kept it secret. It is chiefly to please her I am going to America."

"Well, I hope you will get on," replies Mr. Kelly, "but you have a good berth here, and would be likely to get a raise."

"I know all that; but my wife is extravagant; I give her all my salary. Oh, you don't know what an anxiety it all is!" explains the cashier, glancing round with his frightened gaze.

"You don't look well, Mr. Grey, and I am sorry your marriage is an unhappy one. Perhaps you are wise to emigrate, after all."

The interview is ended, and Mr. Grey goes back to his work, a crushed, depressed looking figure. He is nervous and starting at every sound. He has never been the same since the attack made on him at the time of the robbery; the shock left him a perfect wreck.

A carriage rolls down the street and passes the bank. Mr. Grey sees it driving by as he looks over the wire blind of the bank window. It is the carriage from the Court, with two men on the box in faded claret livery, and in it are seated Mrs. Saville and her son, en route for London, to meet Barbara on her return from Tasmania.

The Court is to be half shut up, and the few servants remaining in charge are to be left on board wages, for it is not Mrs. Saville's intention to return until the marriage between Barbara and Sebastian has taken place.

Three days later Barbara herself stands before her aunt, with blazing blue eyes looking out from the whiteness of her face. She has landed only this morning, and Sebastian met her, and brought her straight to the hotel where his mother is staying.

Mrs. Saville, with heartless callousness, has told her niece of the bank robbery, and the crime and punishment of George Bouverie.

Anger and pity swell the girl's heart to bursting. George in prison! Words seem to choke her. She cannot speak, but stands with her hands locked together, staring at her aunt.

Sebastian regards her critically.

"My dear Barbara, Bouverie was always a bad lot," he says calmly. "Tolerably good looking, I grant you, but quite unprincipled. He was bound to come to grief."

Barbara turns slowly.

"You are not speaking the truth, and you know it!" she cries, with sudden passion. "If I had only known, if I had only known!"—her eyes wide and full of pain.

Mrs. Saville, in her sable draperies, sweeps across the room.

"My dear child, try and be thankful that you have escaped without having your name mentioned with such a man. Not a soul knows of any foolish nonsense between you."

"It was no nonsense!" Barbara says firmly. "I was engaged to George Bouverie when I left home, I am engaged to him still!"

There is pride and determination in the young face.

Mrs. Saville gives a short laugh.

"You will have plenty of time, dear, to test your constancy and his. Five

years is a good slice out of a life, and they say a convict life has a degrading influence. Where are you going, Barbara?"—as, with one wounded, indignant look, Barbara moves towards the door.

"I am going to save George," the girl says, her voice rising with a kind of triumphant ring. "I shall cross over to Dublin tonight. No, Sebastian, do not say one word. I am going to prove George Bouverie's innocence."

"I fear you are attempting an impossible feat," sneers Sebastian, a dull flush spreading over his face.

Barbara, with her hand on the door, lifts her glorious eyes.

"He is innocent. It was I who lent him the money. I forced him to take it, and it was for my sake he kept silence. Oh, I see it all now!" she cries, with a little irrepressible sob.

"If I had been there it could never have happened! The hundred pounds was mine, only he was too honorable to make my name public!"—a loving, tender look sweeping over her face.

(To be continued.)

## HEALTH AND GOOD LOOKS.

Something Useful May Be Learned from an Actress' Experience.

One of the most admired of American actresses, both for her grace and comeliness, has been divulging some of the secrets by which she has preserved her beauty. "Vigilance," she says, "is the first requisite. I am ever on the alert and when I discover traces of fatigue or any other beauty-destroying symptoms in my face or figure I set about remedying it at once. I don't attempt to be anything but a professional woman during the theatrical season. I don't receive and I don't go to other people's houses. I simply haven't time, and I don't make it. My mode of life is very simple. I sleep nine or ten hours as a rule—never less than eight. I eat regularly and heartily, and avoid everything that would be apt to give me indigestion. Indigestion is a powerful foe to beauty, a greater foe than age, as great even as worry. I walk every day, rain or shine, and I wear a corded corset waist and stout flat-heeled boots. I try not to worry, no matter what happens, and I never tire myself unnecessarily. My method is so very simple few women would care to try it. It has no balms or diets, and I don't even go in for fancy baths. A warm bath at night and a cold bath in the morning are good enough for me. On Sundays I don't have to go to the theater, but I don't devote it to lolling or receiving visitors. I have my usual amount of exercise and then devote most of the day to manure and hairdresser. When one's hair is five feet long and very thick it is not an easy task to have it shampooed. How do I keep the same weight all the time? Why, by vigilance and determination. If I gain a pound I immediately stop drinking water at meals and give up sugar for a while. If the bones in my neck begin to show I eat bananas and cream and put an extra spoonful of oil in my salad. It's so simple, but, of course, it precludes much pleasure."

## INVENTION AND APPETITE.

Great Thinkers Are Sometimes Great Eaters.

Sometimes the ability to meet a prolonged and highly productive mental strain is curiously linked with the ability to digest a hearty meal; which is another way of saying that great thinkers are sometimes great eaters. This may be especially the case where great thinkers have really had very little to eat. This story is told by a Chicago paper, evidently on the authority of Mr. Tesla himself, of a somewhat amusing experience which Nikola Tesla once had when in Mr. Edison's employ. Mr. Edison had a laboratory in Paris, and to this establishment, when a student, Nikola Tesla went to ask for work. The laboratory was in charge of a foreman named Fulton, who told Tesla that he would employ him, but only on the condition that he "would work." Tesla said he would, and he did, to such purpose that for two days and nights he did not close his eyes. At the end of the first fortnight he had not had forty-eight hours of sleep. The foreman here intervened and ordered the young man to rest. "We have both been under a strain," he said. "Let us go and get a good meal." He took Tesla to a restaurant, and ordered one of the biggest and thickest steaks that could be bought anywhere. It was enormous. With it there were various garnishings, which made for the two men a hearty meal. But when they had finished it, something in the young student's look led Mr. Fulton to say: "Is there anything else you would like? You are out with me, you know, and I wish you would order anything you want." Tesla looked around vaguely for a moment, as if making up his mind, and then said: "Mr. Fulton, if you don't mind, I would like another steak!"—"Youths' Companion."

## As to the Teeth.

Sound teeth not only add to one's comfort, but they prevent disease. Many diseases of the eye, ear, and cavities of the head are traceable to unsound teeth, and there is not a disease to which the body is liable that is not aggravated by an unhealthy condition of the teeth. Eye diseases are especially common as the results of poor teeth. These affections may vary from a simple dimness of sight to total blindness, the symptoms, however, usually disappearing when the teeth are attended to. Poor teeth are, moreover, a common cause of indigestion, for good digestion can take place only when the food is thoroughly masticated, and this demands sound and healthy teeth. Proper care of teeth during childhood often means prevention of much trouble later in life.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### ANXIETY AND WORRIMENT LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

The Conduct of the Disciples Commended—The Board of Invitation—Power of Temptation—Bearers of the Cross of Persecution.

(Copyright, 1890, by Louis Kloppsch.)  
The text is Matthew xiv., 12, "And his disciples went and told Jesus."

An outrageous assassination had just taken place. To appease a revengeful woman King Herod ordered the death of that noble, self-sacrificing prophet, John the Baptist. The group of the disciples were thrown into grief and dismay. They felt themselves utterly defenseless. There was no authority to which they could appeal, and yet grief must always find expression. If there be no human ear to hear it, then the agonized soul will cry it aloud to the winds and the woods and the waters. But there was an ear that was willing to listen. There is a tender pathos and at the same time a most admirable picture in the words of my text, "They went and told Jesus." He could understand all their grief, and he immediately soothed it. Our burdens are not more than half so heavy to carry if another shoulder is put under the other end of them. Here we find Christ, his brow shadowed with grief, standing amid the group of disciples, who, with tears and violent gesticulations and wringing of hands and outcry of bereavement, are expressing their woe. Raphael, with his skillful brush putting upon the wall of a palace some scene of sacred story, gave not so skillful a stroke as when the plain hand of the evangelist writes, "They went and told Jesus."

The old Goths and Vandals once came down upon Italy from the north of Europe, and they upset the gardens, and they broke down the statues, and swept away everything that was good and beautiful. So there is ever and anon in the history of all the sons and daughters of our race an incursion of rough handed troubles that come to plunder and ransack and put to the torch all that men highly prize. There is no cave so deeply cleft into the mountains as to afford us shelter, and the foot of fleetest coursers cannot bear us beyond the quick pursuit. The arrows they put to the string fly with unerring dart until we fall pierced and stunned.

I feel that I bring to you a most appropriate message. I mean to bind up all your griefs into a bundle and set them on fire with a spark from God's altar. The prescription that cured the sorrow of the disciples will cure all your heartaches. I have read that when Godfrey and his army marched out to capture Jerusalem, as they came over the hills, at the first flash of the pinnacles of that beautiful city, the army that had marched in silence lifted a shout that made the earth tremble. Oh, you soldiers of Jesus Christ, marching on toward heaven, I would that today, by some gleam from the palace of God's mercy and God's strength, you might be lifted into great rejoicing, and that as the prospect of its peace breaks on your enraptured gaze you might raise one glad hosanna to the Lord!

## Disciples' Conduct Commended.

In the first place, I commend the behavior of these disciples to all burdened souls who are unpardoned. There comes a time in almost every man's history when he feels from some source that he has an erring nature. The thought may not have such heft as to fell him. It may be only like the flash in an evening cloud just after a very hot summer day. One man to get rid of that impression will go to prayer, another will stimulate himself by ardent spirits and another man will dive deeper in secularities. But sometimes a man cannot get rid of these impressions. The fact is, when a man finds out that his eternity is poised upon a perfect uncertainty and that the next moment his foot may slip, he must do something violent to make himself forget where he stands or else fly for refuge.

Some of you crouch under a yoke, and you bite the dust, when this moment you might rise up a crowned conqueror. Driven and perplexed as you have been by sin, go and tell Jesus. To relax the grip of death from your soul and plant your unshackled feet upon the golden throne, Christ let the tortures of the bloody mount transfix him. With the beam of his own cross he will break down the door of your dungeon. From the thorns of his own crown he will pick enough gems to make your brow blaze with eternal victory. In every tear on his wet cheek, in every gash of his side, in every long, blackening mark of laceration from shoulder to shoulder, in the grave shattering, heaven storming death groan, I hear him say, "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out."

"Oh," but you say, "instead of curing my wound, you want to make another wound—namely, that of conviction!" Have you never known a surgeon to come and find a chronic disease and then with sharp caustic burn it all out? So the grace of God comes to the old sore of sin. It has long been rankling there, but by divine grace it is burned out through these fires of conviction, "the flesh coming again as the flesh of a little child," "where sin abounded, grace much more abundantly." With the 10,000 unpardoned sins of your life, go and tell Jesus.

## An Ever Present Friend.

Often when we were in trouble we sent for our friends, but they were far away; they could not get to us. We wrote to them, "Come right away," or telegraphed, "Take the next train." They came at last, yet were a great while in coming or perhaps were too late. But Christ is always near—before you, behind you, within you. No mother ever threw her arms around her child with such warmth and ecstasy of affection as Christ has shown toward you. Close at hand—nearer than the staff upon which you lean, nearer than the cup you put to your lips, nearer than the handkerchief with which you wipe away your tears—I preach him an ever present, all sympathizing, compassionate Jesus. How can you stay away one moment from him with your griefs? Go now. Go and tell Jesus.

It is often that our friends have no power to relieve us. They would very much like to do it, but they cannot disentangle our finances, they cannot cure our sickness and raise our dead, but glory be to God that to whom the disciples went has all power in heaven on an earth, and at our call he will bask our calamities and at just the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding heaven will raise our dead. He is mightier than Herod. He is swifter than the storm. He is grander than the sea. He is vaster than eternity. And every sword of God's omnipotence will leap

## Power of Temptation.

A man who wanted a throne pretended he was very weak and sickly, and if he was elected he would soon be gone. He crawled upon his crutches

to the throne, and having attained it he was strong again. He said, "It was well for me while I was looking for the scepter of another that I should stoop, but now that I have found it, why should I stoop any longer?" and he threw away his crutches and was well again. How illustrative of the power of temptation! You think it is a weak and crippled influence, but give it a chance and it will be a tyrant in your soul; it will grind you to atoms. No man has finally and forever overcome temptation until he has left the world. But what are you to do with these temptations? Tell everybody about them? Ah, what a silly man you would be! As well might a commander in a fort send word to the enemy which gate of the castle is least barred as for you to go and tell what all your frailties are and what your temptations are. The world will only caricature you, will only scoff at you. What, then, must a man do? When the wave strikes him with terrific dash, shall he have nothing to hold on to? In this contest with "the world, the flesh and the devil," shall a man have no help, no counsel? Our text intimates something different. In those eyes that wept with the Bethany sisters I see shining hope. In that voice which spake until the grave broke and the widow of Nain had back her lost son and the sea slept and sorrow stupendous woke up in the arms of rapture—in that voice I hear the command and the promise, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee." Why should you carry your burdens any longer? Oh, you weary soul, Christ has been in this conflict. He says: "My grace shall be sufficient for you. You shall not be tempted above that you are able to bear." Therefore with all your temptations, go, as these disciples did, and tell Jesus.

Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all those who are abused and to the slandered and persecuted. When Herod put John to death, the disciples knew that their own heads were not safe. And do you know that every John has a Herod? There are persons in life who do not wish you very well. Your misfortunes are honeycombs to them. Through their teeth they hiss at you, misinterpret your motives and would be glad to see you upset.

## Suffering Persecution.

No man gets through life without having a pommeling. Some slander comes after you, horned and husked and hoofed, to gore and trample you. And what are you to do? I tell you plainly that all who serve Christ must suffer persecution. It is the worst sign in the world for you to be able to say, "I have not an enemy in the world." A woe is pronounced in the Bible against the one of whom everybody speaks well. If you are at peace with all the world and everybody likes you and approves your work, it is because you are an idler in the Lord's vineyard and are not doing your duty. All those who have served Christ, however eminent, all have been maltreated at some stage of their experience. You know it was so in the time of George Whitefield, when he stood and invited men into the kingdom of God. What did the learned Dr. Johnson say of him? He pronounced him a miserable mountebank. How was it when Robert Hall stood and spoke as scarcely any uninspired man ever did speak of the glories of heaven? And as he stood Sabbath after Sabbath preaching on these themes his face kindled with the glory. John Foster, a Christian man, said of this man: "Robert Hall is only acting, and the smile on his face is a reflection of his own vanity." John Wesley turned all England upside down with Christian reform, and yet the punsters were after him, and the meanest jokes in England were perpetrated about John Wesley. What is true of the pulpit is true of the pew; it is true of the street; it is true of the shop and the store. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. And I set it down as the very worst sign in all your Christian experience if you are, any of you, at peace with all the world. The religion of Christ is war. It is a challenge to "the world, the flesh and the devil," and if you will buckle on the whole armor of God you will find a great host disputing your path between this and heaven. \* \* \*

## General Paragraphs.

Yale's senior class of the divinity school is in New York studying sociology. The year's course includes this visit to New York for the study of types, conditions and charity systems. The class numbers about thirty. The visit includes the Mills hotel and Chinatown.

The Rev. Samuel E. Eastman and his wife, the Rev. A. F. Eastman, have been unanimously elected pastors of the Park church, Elmira, to succeed the late Rev. Dr. Thomas K. Beecher. Mr. and Mrs. Eastman had been Dr. Beecher's assistants for several years previous to his death.

The sextonship of the parish church at Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire, England, has been retained in one family since 1631. The latest incumbent, Joseph Bramwell, who has just died, had held office since 1893. He was buried in a vault in which lay the eight predecessors of whom he was a descendant.

Mount Sinai hospital has received a gift of \$200,000 from Meyer Guggenheim and his sons, Isaac, Daniel, Murray, Solomon R., Simon and William Guggenheim, to be used for the erection of a hospital building in the new group to be built by the hospital on Fifth avenue, between One Hundredth and One Hundredth and First streets, New York.

Strong pressure is being brought to bear on the members of All Souls' church, Washington, D. C., to call the Rev. Ida C. Hulton to the vacant pastorate. If the opposition to a woman preacher, which is strong among some of the members, can be overcome, Miss Hulton may go to Washington. She has preached to large audiences in All Souls' church.

The principal speakers at the meeting of the American Baptist Education society at Hot Springs, Ark., on May 10 were the Rev. J. C. Armstrong of St. Louis, whose subject was "Denominational Schools as Factors in Denominational Development During the Century," and President D. B. Purinton of Denison University, Ohio, who spoke on "The Function of the Intellect in Religion."

from its scabbard and all the resources of infinity be exhausted rather than that God's child shall not be delivered when he cries to him for rescue. Suppose your child was in trouble. How much would you endure to get him out? You would go through any hardship. You would say: "I don't care what it will cost. I must get him out of that trouble." Do you think God is not so good a father as you? Seeing you are in trouble and having all power, will he not stretch out his arm and deliver you? He will. He is mighty to save. He can level the mountain and divide the sea and can extinguish the fire and save the soul. Not dim of eye, not weak of arm, not feeble of resources, but with all eternity and the universe at his feet. Go and tell Jesus. Will you? Ye whose cheeks are wet with the night dew of the grave; ye who cannot look up; ye whose hearts are dried with the breath of stirocco; in the name of the religion of Jesus Christ, which lifts every burden and wipes away every tear and delivers every captive and lightens every darkness, I implore you now, go and tell Jesus.

A little child went with her father, a sea captain, to sea, and when the first storm came the little child was very much frightened and in the night rushed out of the cabin and said, "Where is father, where is father?" Then they told her, "Father is on deck, guiding the vessel and watching the storm." The little child immediately returned to her berth and said, "It's all right, for father's on deck!" Oh, ye who are tossed and driven in this world, up by the mountains and down by the valleys, and at your wits' end, I want you to know the Lord God is guiding the ship. Your Father is on deck. He will bring you through the darkness into the harbor. Trust in the Lord. Go and tell Jesus.

## On the Upward Path.

If you go to him for pardon and sympathy, all is well. Everything will brighten up, and joy will come to the heart and sorrow will depart; your sins will be forgiven and your foot will touch the upward path, and the shining messengers that report above what is done here will tell it until the great arches of God resound with the glad tidings, if now, with contrition and full trustfulness of soul, you will only go and tell Jesus.

But I am oppressed as I think of those who may not take this counsel and may remain unblest. I cannot help asking what will be the destiny of these people? Xerxes looked off on his army. There were 2,000,000 men—perhaps the finest army ever marshaled. Xerxes rode along the lines, reviewed them, came back, stood on some high point, looked off upon the 2,000,000 men and burst into tears. At that moment, when every one supposed he would be in the greatest exultation, he broke down in grief. They asked him why he wept. "Ah," he said, "I weep at the thought so soon all this host will be dead!" So I think of these vast populations of immortal men and women and realize the fact that soon the places which know them now will know them no more, and they will be gone—whether? whether? There is a stirring idea which the poet put in very peculiar verse when he said:

"Tis not for man to trifle; life is brief,

And sin is here;

Our age is but the falling of a leaf,

A dropping tear.

Not many lives, but only one have we—

One, only one;

How sacred should that one life ever be—

That narrow span!"

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