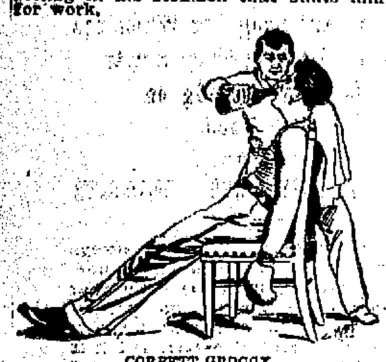
for ten minutes because of his nerves. He must be doing something all the time or he suffers intensely.

THE PUGILIST'S DREAM.

Yet he sleeps well. He never sleeps less than nine hours and more often sleeps ten. In fact, he cannot get along without plenty of sleep. If he cuts his sleeping hours short he gets a weak feeling in his stomach that unfits him for work.



CORBETT GROGGY.

While sleeping he rarely dreams. There is only one dream he ever remembers when he wakes.

"I never have but one dream," he said, "and I guess you would call it a nightmare. I always dream of fighting and I'm always getting licked. Somehow my arms are hanging down to my sides. I try with all my might to lift them, but they are paralyzed or something. Anyway, they won't come up, and all the time the other fellow is soaking it into me! That's the only dream I ever have."

NOT A BIT SUPERSTITIOUS.

Corbett is not superstitious. He has, instead, a mania for testing all superstitions and will ask for room 13, and

SLY WATCHING FOR AN OPENING.

will look at the new moon over his left shoulder and all the things he should not do.

"Tell me that a thing will bring bad luck and that's the thing I'll do," he said; "and yet I am lucky and have always been so."

James Corbett is religious. He is a Roman Catholic, and until lately always went to church every Sunday. Although his travelling interferes with regular attendance now, he makes it a point to get to church and confession at least once a month.

Every night he kneels down by his bed and says his rosary. His wife was a Protestant, and he made a point never to speak of religion to her; but she became impressed by his devotion, and of her own accord accepted his faith.

They have no children.

"Wouldn't I like to have a little boy!" he said, wistfully; "or I wouldn't object to a little girl, but I would so like to have a little boy; they are so cunning."

"I love animals," he told me. "My Scotch collies, Bert and Ollie, are the best friends I have in the world. I own a horse, but I don't like to drive. I'm always uncomfortable driving. If I see the horse get the least bit warm I think he is worked too hard and I want to get out and walk."

Corbett is fond of pictures, photographs especially. The picture he likes best of all is one he had taken with his wife a long time ago. Another picture he values highly is one he found in Ireland. It was taken of him when he was fifteen years old, and he says it is very funny.

Corbett's greatest ambition is to make money. To be the champion of the world is only incidental, for it helps to make the money he wants. Money was always his ambition, and prize-fighting is merely a matter of business, just as selling ribbon is to some men.

BEFORE HE ENTERED THE RING.

"I never ate meat until after I was twelve years old," he said. "I was a sickly boy, the most delicate child in a family of twelve. When I was put to work I didn't know what I wanted to do. I always seemed to be reaching around and couldn't find the right thing. I tried more trades than any one you know. I was in the insurance business, three kinds—fire, life and marine—one after the other. I was a clerk in a bank. I was in the grain business. I worked in the City Hall and then in the Tax Collector's office, and I once ran the livery stable business for my father. At last I became an instructor of boxing. I was only seventeen years old

A CLINCH.

then, the youngest instructor in the world for the largest club—the Olympic. At one time I was instructor for three [illegible] I never thought of [illegible] Delaney, my trainer, [illegible] He was always [illegible] make a prize-fighter [illegible] when I whipped [illegible]

week. It was all due to him that I won."

"Didn't you like being a bank clerk?" I asked, curiously, when I got the chance.

"No; there was no future to it," he replied. "One can get up to $100 or $150 a month and there he stays all his life. There is no chance to work up. If I had a son the bank would be the last place I would ever put him. I never was satisfied to make a monthly salary. I used always to say: 'Some day I'll make a great, big pile,' and I did."

MONEY HE HAS MADE.

"What did you do with the money you won on the Sullivan fight?" I asked.

"I won $25,000," he said, "and within twenty-four hours I had spent $27,000. I gave $5,000 to my trainer, sent $10,000 to my father to pay off a mortgage that was on our home, and sent a telegram to Ollie, my wife: 'You always wanted diamonds; you can plunge on them.' She did. But the next week I cleared $20,000 showing."

"God has been very good to me," he resumed, thoughtfully. "I am always happy. But everybody gets a set-back and I suppose I'll get mine some day. But I'll try to stand it; I'm getting all the happiness I can now. Why, my father had never been back to Ireland since he left there almost fifty years ago, so this summer I took him and mother. I didn't send them the money, you know, for I was afraid they'd think it extravagant and stay at home and save it, but I just telegraphed them to come on and go with me. When I got there I introduced my father to a brother he had never seen, born since he left Ireland, Rev. Father James Corbett, for whom I was named. Well, it made me happy to see them meet. Then when my mother came over nearly fifty years ago, she had a very dear chum that she lost sight of, but who had married Henry Irving's scenic artist, and when I went to London she came to ask if I wasn't Patrick Corbett's son, and I had the joy of having her and mother meet again. They both thought the other was dead.

HIS FATHER'S SISTER.

"I'm funny that way," he continued with a laugh, "but I do like to hunt up relatives. I pick 'em up all over the country. Why, I introduced my father to his favorite sister, whom he hadn't seen these fifty years. I was on the road and a young fellow came up to me and said he was my cousin. I told him I guessed not, but he asked wasn't my father's name Pat, and his mother

THE CHAMPION KNOCKED OUT.

was my father's sister Sarah. I telegraphed my father 'Have you a sister Sarah?' and he replied 'Yes; dead forty-five years ago.'

The young fellow, my cousin, gave me his mother's address in New York and I came on to see her. I went to the house and I knocked on the door, and there sitting in the kitchen peeling potatoes was a little old Irish woman. I thought she was the servant until she lifted her face. Then I knew she was my father's sister. She had the same stare about the eyes my father has, and I have, too. I said to her 'Were you Sarah Corbett?' and she said she was. 'I am your brother Pat's son.' I told her, and she said 'Poor Pat! He's dead these forty-five years!' My father used to send money to her because she was his favorite sister. I didn't say anything to her, but went out and telegraphed my father to come on to see his sister Sarah, and when I took him down to her the shock was too much and she went out of her head and has been so ever since."

James Corbett will be twenty-eight years old on Sept. 1. He says he has been saving and is worth to-day $150,000. He is fond of acting and believes, to quote his own words, that he can do "fairly well on the stage." He expects to do "less of fighting and more of acting every year."

A WORD ABOUT JACKSON.

"Why do you fight Jackson if you don't like prize-fighting?" I asked.

"Because I want to do one thing," he explained. "You see only three countries in the world produce prize-fighters—England, America and Australia. I have whipped the champion of America and the champion of England. Now I want to whip the champion of Australia, and then I will have done what no other fighter ever did—whipped every champion in the world. Then I will really be the champion of the world, and then I will fight no more.

"I intend to devote myself to the theatrical business. I have gone into partnership with my manager, Brady, and [illegible]

bought several plays from which we expect to gain large profits."

"Have you any doubts as to the result of your coming fight with Jackson?"

"No, I fought him once, you know, and we both know what we have to encounter. I fought Jackson sixty-one

THE HAIR-PULLING TEST.

rounds to a draw. It is the longest fight on record, four hours and a half."

"Who was the hardest man to whip you ever fought with?"

SULLIVAN A WONDER.

"Sullivan," he replied instantly. "There was something about him, a mesmerism or something, that made me uncertain of everything. I couldn't tell when he was whipped. Every moment I looked for some move on his part that would settle me. Not until the very last moment did I know he was whipped. Sullivan was a wonderful man."

"Are you ever sick?"

"No; but I always have a doctor. I go to him at least once a month and he looks me over and sometimes gives me something for my liver."

"What do you like to drink best?"

"I would give more for a glass of ice-water than for the oldest wine you could find. I don't like drink, and I only drink a glass to be social."

"I don't believe you told me what you think of boxing for women?" I suggested.

"Oh, I don't believe in it," he answered quickly. "Not that there is anything out of place in boxing, but I consider it too rough. A woman can get as good exercise in some better way. Boxing is too violent and rough. A woman is always liable to get a black eye, and a woman's nose bleeds easily, and there's no telling she might get it broke. Tennis is a good exercise. Swinging dumb bells, swinging clubs, plenty of walking and bicycle riding are the exercises best suited for women. Hand ball is the best thing. It is something like tennis only it requires more quickness and consequently is a better exercise."

"Did you ever see women in a prize-fight?"

"I never did, but I think it would be funny," he laughed. "I don't think they could possibly hurt each other. By the way, wrestling is a great thing for women. I am surprised that they don't wrestle more as an exercise."

Corbett is 6 feet 1½ inches high. He was never hurt in a fight except once, a man broke half his right front tooth off. It was done with the elbow, not with the fist. He has always fought with men twenty to forty pounds heavier than himself, and he says his great point is his "ruggedness."

Corbett never takes on flesh when out of training, but remains about the same weight all the time.

"Do you think it would be proper for women to witness a prize-fight?" I asked Mr. Corbett.

WOMEN AT PRIZE FIGHTS.

"Why not?" he asked in surprise. "Prize-fighting is the most manly art on earth. There is nothing brutal in it. One man as capable as another stands up and defends himself. With good boxers neither fighter is ever seriously injured. You call it sport for a man to go out and shoot an innocent little bird or a timid deer that can't defend itself. I call it the acme of brutality. What can be more brutal than a football game? The constant aim is to disable each other. If one of the best men gets his leg broken the crowd yell and go crazy with joy. They hope he's dead so his side will be weakened and the other side will win. What can be more brutal?

"See the courage it takes to be a prize-fighter. A bicycle rider may be afraid of his own shadow, but if he has endurance he can win a race. A billiard player may be afraid of a boy, but that doesn't keep him from knocking balls around. A man who goes in the ring must in the first place have courage, and lots of it. He must have generalship. If a man has a weak spot h's opponent is going to find it out. Besides the science, strength and courage, a man must be as quick as chain lightning. If he wins, everything is smooth sailing. He's ruined for life if he loses.

"It doesn't need nerve to go into other contests, but think what it takes to go into a prize ring! If I win it is $45,000 and the applause of the world. If I lose I am without money, without a future and am laughed at and scorned. It doesn't matter what a man has been, the world never forgives him for being whipped."

The day after my bout with Corbett I met him again and was surprised to see his eye red and inflamed.

"I've been to see my doctor," he said, laughing, "and he said I had a sty in my eye, but I didn't tell him I'd been sparring with you!" NELLIE BLY.

Salt Codfish.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

Says a correspondent of a New York paper: "I don't know when I have seen a whole salt codfish." Now we are reminded of it, who has seen one? Time was when it was a common sight to see the householder wending his way homeward with a triangular package, which, if not a kite, was sure to be a salt fish. Now the fish is picked and packed in boxes, so commonly that nobody can know from observation whether the householder is carrying home codfish or [illegible]

NEW LIGHT ON THE BIBLE

Dr. Grote's Remarkable Discovery of Ancient Writings About Christ in an Old Cloister on Mount Sinai.

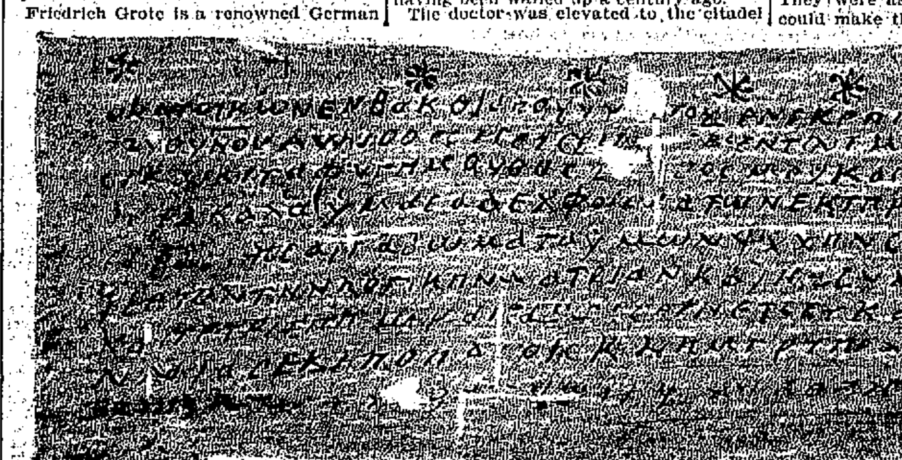
GUARDED FOR AGES BY ASCETIC MONKS.

Now Being Translated at Cairo from the Aramaic Dialect — Probably the Oldest Scriptural Manuscripts.

(Special Correspondence of The World.)

CAIRO, July 25.—While the discovery of a manuscript dealing with the life and deeds of the prophet Issa, by a Russian traveller, who asserts that Issa was identical with Jesus Christ, is still being discussed in the religious world, El Mouktataf, the great Oriental magazine published here in the Arabic language, makes an important announcement respecting the finding of scriptures by Dr. Grote on Mount Sinai.

Friedrich Grote is a renowned German



EXTRACT FROM MANUSCRIPT IN THE ANCIENT ARAMAIC DIALECT REFERRING TO ELIAS.

savant who some time ago obtained permission from the Turkish Government to copy the manuscripts stored in the cloister on Mount Catherine, founded by Emperor Justinian in 528 A. D.

This ancient edifice retains its original character of a mighty fortress, eminently well adapted as a repository to ward off either the onslaughts of robber bands from the desert, or the intrigues of rival monasteries and scientific bodies that have an eye on valuable records and prints.

Mount Catherine is the highest peak in the mountain group of Jebel Musa, and from the monastery a path of granite steps leads to the "Mountain of the Law." The desert commences at its base, and the entire neighborhood is covered with the ruins of Christian churches and cloisters.

El Mouktataf says that the very fact of the ruins' presence bespeaks the importance and the exclusive character of the scripture-treasures within the keeping of the monks of Mount Catherine. The cloister-fortress alone was able to withstand the exigencies of perennial wars, and the Christian dwellers of the holy region were forced to deposit their valuable manuscripts with the monks for safe keeping. In the course of time the monks fell heirs to all these scriptural treasures, and now boast of a collection which the libraries of all the world could not duplicate.

"Dr. Grote was, of course, not allowed to acquire any of the manuscripts," says El Mouktataf; "he found it likewise too laborious to copy them. So he employed photography as a means of transcribing them, an undertaking in which he, assisted by effective instruments, was eminently successful.

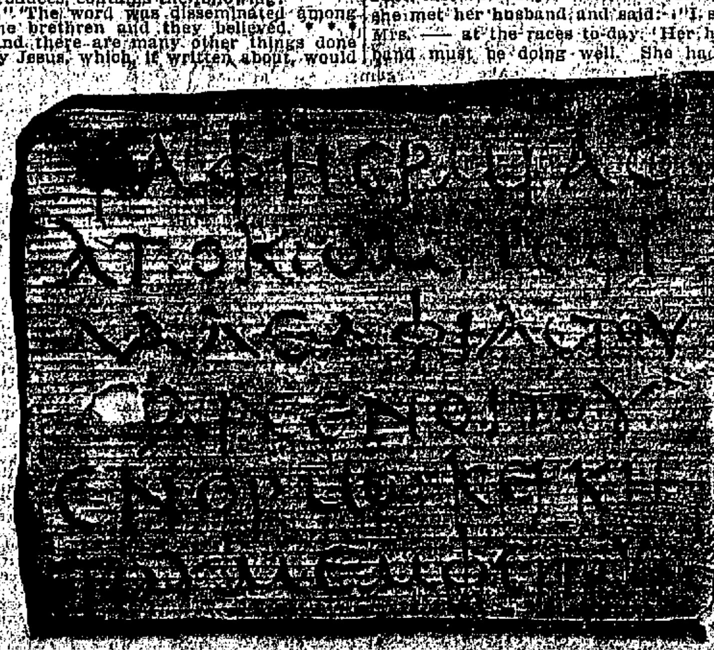
"The photographic plates, submitted by Dr. Grote to the editor, prove that the majority of manuscripts are in the ancient Arabian and Syrian languages, but the most important discovery is an Evangelium manuscript, which seems to be older than any parts of the original holy scriptures heretofore found.

"We were greatly puzzled by this manuscript when we first saw its photographic reproduction. The handwriting was unrecognizable. Finally we discovered a key for deciphering it and found it to be part of the Book of St. Mark, 9th chapter, 11th and 12th verses, beginning: 'And they asked him, &c.,' and ending, 'must suffer many things and be set at naught.' The discovery of the key was principally facilitated by the occurrence of the word Ailia, that is Elias, in the text.

"The language used is the Aramaic dialect that prevailed in Syria at the time of Christ, and it is very probable that Dr. Grote discovered the most ancient of all existing Evangelium manuscripts in the form of a contemporaneous Aramaic translation."

Aramaic, according to Julius Furst, is the mother of all Semitic dialects. The oldest writings in that language, heretofore known, were the Chaldaic parts of the Old Testament, Jeremiah 10th and 11th, Daniel, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 28, Ezra, 4, 8, 18 and 7, 12 and 26.

El Mouktataf continues: "The last page of a translation of a part of the Evangelium in the ancient Arabic language, which Dr. Grote's photograph reproduces, contains the following: 'The word was disseminated among the brethren and they believed. * * * And there are many other things done by Jesus, which, if written about, would



FROM A GREEK PAPYRUS—PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. GROTE.

fill the world with more books than it would hold.' * * *

"The holy Evangelium by John was finished at Ephesus. The copying of the four holy Evangeliums was finished in the middle of Lent for the owner, Epiphanius, son of Frieh, from Antioch, known by the name of Nues. The latter was a layman, and when he received his copy of the holy Evangelium he became a monk and [illegible]

a poor devil without virtue, known among the peasants as Surur, Frieh's son-in-law, who deserves the life of hell. God have pity on the reader and the writer, and forgive the writer. Amen.

"And this happened in the months of the year 408 of the Moon Era, and the copy is correct."

"Another photograph represents parts of the first book of Timothy, chapter 6, commencing as follows: 'I give the charge in the sight of God, who quickens all things, &c.' This manuscript shows traces of the Arabic style of writing in use now.

"While most of the manuscripts are of Biblical or religious import, several refer to science and philosophy. One of the doctor's photographs reproduces a page from a medical book containing this bit of wisdom: 'There is no way of producing hair on a natural bald head, for baldness results from natural causes, which regulate the moisture of the head!'

"An extract from another ancient writer reads:

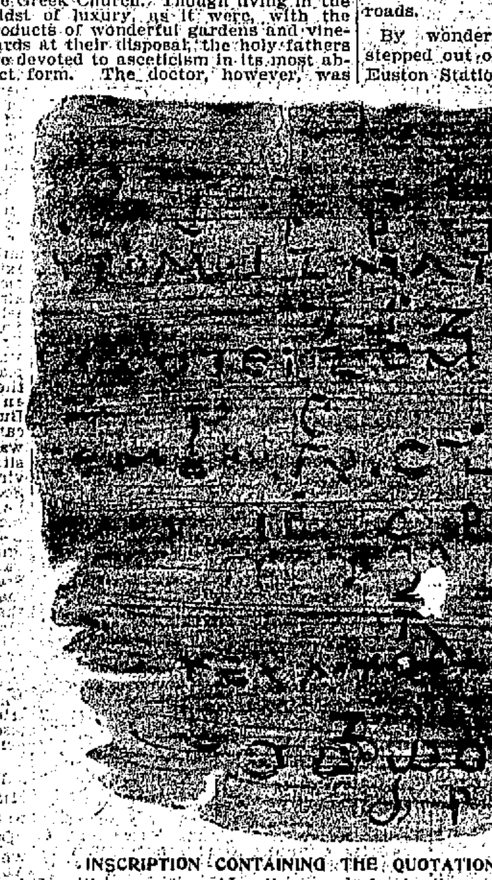
"'Oh, man, when thou hast found a master and desire to avoid the road that leads to perdition, take a care not to be entrapped by the evil one.'

"A photograph of a manuscript of Psalm 46 produces Arabic and Syrian translations of each verse, set opposite each other. We have before us verses 8 and 9, 'Come, behold the works of the Lord,' &c., and 'He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth.'

"Another Arabic manuscript contains the sentence, 'Whoever killeth a man is excluded from inheritance.'"

Dr. Grote is now in Cairo preparing his wonderful collection of photographs for publication. He hopes to establish many new facts in relation to the life of Christ, his disciples and the early Christians. Dr. Grote's journey to the cloister on Mount Catherine was a memorable one. The edifice is situated at an altitude of 5,500 feet and surrounded by a wall forty feet high. There is absolutely no entrance, the only gate in existence having been walled up a century ago.

The doctor was elevated to the citadel by means of a windlass. He found it inhabited by forty old monks belonging to the Greek Church. Though living in the midst of luxury, as it were, with the products of wonderful gardens and vineyards at their disposal, the holy fathers are devoted to asceticism in its most abject form. The doctor, however, was



INSCRIPTION CONTAINING THE QUOTATION FROM JOHN.

treated with every consideration, and was allowed the same freedom as Tischendorf, who at the end of the fifties discovered the Codex Sinaiticus in the cloister, a complete manuscript of the Holy Bible, written in the fourth century, and bought up by the Czar, Alexander II. It is now at St. Petersburg.

It's Different in France.

(From the Chicago Record.)

In Paris they name new streets after successful literary men. What would we think in this country if somebody were to spring a movement in favor of Cable street, Lew Wallace avenue, Stedman boulevard, Riley road, Thanet place, Wilkins drive, Howells court, &c.? We can fancy that the sun will be a charred sphere by the time the City Council of Chicago finds out what the meaning of the word literature is.

New Turf Mascot.

(From the Chicago Herald.)

Mrs. ——, of the north side, a novice in sporting matters, went to Washington Park last Saturday. When she returned she met her husband and said: "I saw Mrs. —— at the races to-day. Her husband must be doing well. She had a colored maid with her [illegible]

The husband had met the husband of the latter woman downtown, who had said to him [illegible]

M'ALLISTER ON HIS TRAVELS.

His Observations of London Men and Women, Houses and Hotels, and the Church Parade in Hyde Park.

SOCIETY AS SEEN AT THE OPERA.

Fashionables at a Swell Musicale Given by an American Matron—Gradations of Social Leadership.

From the moment I touched English soil I found all was civility itself, the very newsboy repeatedly touched his hat on thanking me for buying his paper. A shilling secured an astonishing amount of civility, and one felt one's self elevated in the scale of humanity. The cars themselves had seen better days—they were too light and were pretty well used up. I was travelling over the best road in England, and yet they bumped about in a way which surprised me. They were as clean as soap and water could make them, but as shabby as our old used-up cars, and would not have been tolerated on any of our trunk roads.

By wonderful good fortune, as I stepped out of my compartment at the Euston Station, I met one of the most fascinating and beautiful women in England, who was with her husband and father. She rushed up to me, exclaiming: "Oh, oh, it is Mr. McAllister," giving me the heartiest of English welcomes, and presenting me to her father, Lord ——, the head of one of the oldest families of the English nobility. I told him he was too young to be a father, much less a grandfather, at which he bowed to the earth, calling my attention to his bald pate.

In a few moments I found out much that was interesting. First, that most of the swells had left London; that I was too late to even catch a glimpse of them. Again, that all the fashionable world this season had flocked to Willis's rooms to dine; that the Amphitryon had now to take second place, though the Savoy was a strong competitor for society's patronage; that those who still remained in London of the smart set would go to the Goodwood races, a few returning to London each day.

I found I had selected for my hotel the Delmonico's of London, situated in the very heart of the city, my room overlooking the Duke of Devonshire's house, all open space before it, and Green Park lying southwest. Sitting in the restaurant at luncheon, the whole world passed by me, as it was quite 4 o'clock before I was served. From its windows I saw all New York, and it appeared to me that I had in review all the smart equipages in London, which appeared to turn from Piccadilly into Berkeley street.

THE PASSING SHOW.

I was a keen observer of persons and things. The women were indeed very smart; even my friend the parson, who was my compagnon de voyage, could not help observing this. We strolled down Piccadilly into Hyde Park, and for a penny had comfortable chairs commanding a fine view of Rotten Row. I was disappointed in the equipages and the whole display, for they could not compare with those seen in Central Park during June. It was not as animated a scene as we daily enjoy in May and June in our park, but, to be sure, it was the tail-end of the London season. Piccadilly, however, surprised me. It has far more life than Broadway, Fifth avenue or any street in New York. I counted twelve four-in-hands and over eight carriages belonging to American women who had married Englishmen. The Row and the park itself impressed me very much, particularly the width of Rotten Row and its admirable condition for horse-back riding. I noticed several women who at first sight appeared to be riding without riding-habits, wearing men's coats, and such a short skirt you could hardly recognize it as such. I was surprised to see all the swell houses with jardinieres at their windows and many of the clubs similarly adorned. London was positively cold. I wore all the time with comfort a thin overcoat.

After luncheon I attempted to get into Poole's, but found that on Saturday at midday all the tailors, hatters and bootmakers closed their shops. Dining at 8 in my hotel, the Berkeley, I found myself surrounded by many of London's Bohemians, all in full dinner dress. "Chacun à sa Chacune" is evidently the motto in this great metropolis.

My dinner was admirable; the sole cooked to perfection, the poularde à la casserole could not have been better. There were strawberries, hothouse peaches, with cream, and the finest Muscats or Alexandria grapes I have ever tasted. Boston cannot rival London in hothouse fruit. The restaurant is a small one, plain and modestly furnished. However, sitting at one of its little tables, from its windows you have the whole world passing you—an incessant throng from early morn to late at night promenading in Piccadilly, making you feel what a great city London is.

AT COVENT GARDEN.

For a shilling, in a hansom I reached Covent Garden at 10 o'clock. To my surprise, on simply giving the number of my friend's box, without any demand made on me for a ticket, I was allowed to enter the house and was taken by an usher to an opera box directly opposite to that of the Duke of Fife. Nearly opposite to me sat the Princess of Wales and two of her daughters, the younger a very pretty woman. The Princess had on a thick string of immense pearls twined around her neck at least ten rows. I noticed that no one entered the royal box the whole evening. Mother and daughters bear to each other a striking likeness. Theirs is a refined, high type of beauty without much animation.

Greatly to my surprise I found the orchestra seats were filled with the beau monde. My hostess told me it was next to impossible to secure an opera-box; it required much influence, and therefore fashionables were compelled if they went to the opera to occupy orchestra chairs, called in London stalls. One-third of these boxes are occupied and leased by Americans. The name of the owner or other occupant is placed in large letters on each door. I saw but two fairly pretty women in the whole house, which I studied carefully for nearly two hours. The house itself is most disappointing, comparatively small and shabby, half the size of our Metropolitan Opera-House, with narrow boxes, and there is no visiting between the acts. The audience was absorbed in the music.

On leaving, the jostling and hustling at the doors to reach one's carriage exceeded anything I have ever seen. Policemen stood with outstretched arms, warning lords and ladies to keep back. I thought I would never get away and stood for an hour in a packed crowd outside the door of the house on the carriage line sandwiched in with the flower of the English nobility.

THE ENGLISH WOMEN.

On Sunday I attended the church parade in Hyde Park between 1 and 2 P. M. The London world attends this parade. Its most remarkable feature is the fact that, though the London shopkeeper turns out with his family and friends in full force, he never thinks of invading that portion of the park which high society then takes possession of, and yet they are only separated from each other by a few rods.

I carefully studied the women as well as the men, to see if nature was more generous to them than to my own people, and I am compelled to say that specimens of female loveliness were few and far between. On Fifth avenue, after church during the winter and spring months, you will see ten beautiful women to one here. There are some exceptionally handsome women in London, but you can really count them all on your fingers. The great professional beauties, whose pictures I possess, and at whose shrine I have been a worshipper for years, are not as beautiful as they are protrayed; i. e., as their pictures make them out to be. The artist has in some mysterious way increased their charm of form and feature.

In New York we have a plethora of pretty girls, but at this church parade I was disappointed at not finding one exceptionally handsome woman. I saw but one really distinguished looking and handsome man, who, I hear, is trying to marry one of our American heiresses. I must not forget to mention that it is the fashion of an afternoon in Hyde Park to draw up in line on one side in your carriage to watch the people pass, something unknown to us in Central Park. Again, in making a visit to private houses, I found always two bells, one having in large letters over it "For Servants," the other "For Visitors."

Londoners smoke everywhere—on the streets and during dinner at all the swell restaurants, even though ladies are at their table and seated all around them. They puff tobacco smoke in your face, a most annoying practice which we in New York would not submit to. It must be borne in mind that I have not before been in London since 1856; hence the introduction of these innovations surprises me. When I was here before people could only smoke in the smoking-room at a hotel.

LONDON HOUSES AND RENTS.

Looking over the interiors of several private houses, I found on inquiring that the London houses have no furnaces and that one suffers during the winter greatly from cold. The halls and stairs are very trying, as they are in no way heated. A fashionable man explained this to me by stating that London fashionables never occupied their houses during the winter. A laundry for household washing is not permitted in any London house. This clause is inserted in the lease of furnished houses. All the family washing is given out.

A furnished house far inferior to mine in New York, and very shabby in its interior, in a swell part of the town near Hyde Park rents for $3,000 a year. A similarly situated house in New York would readily bring $4,000, but it would be more elaborately furnished and in every sense more comfortable.

At Westminster Abbey on Sunday morning I could hardly hear a word of what the preacher was saying. Hence the necessity of a choral service in such large buildings. When Archdeacon Farrar wants to be heard he preaches in St. Margaret's, adjoining the Abbey, which is, however, his parish church.

The Churchmen here pronounce the A hard. The Low Churchmen give it soft. Sunday is Sunday tout-a-fait, as the French say, in London. On that day, from 3 to 6, I could get nothing served in the restaurant at my hotel. I found all the barber shops closed, but I discovered that two of those almighty shillings bring a barber to your hotel, and he irons your hat even on that day. The swells to avoid a dull Sunday go out of town. Their habit is, after the church parade, to take the train at Paddington for Taplow, and there take a steam launch on the Thames for Cookham and Great Marlow, going even as far as Medmenham Abbey, eating luncheon on the launch, or at one of the small hostelries which line the river, returning in time to dine at 8 or 9 at Willis's or the Savoy.

AT A SWELL MUSICALE.

One of the most remarkable women in London is a gifted American who, thirty or more years ago, drove at Newport four horses to a drag with consummate skill, and who during our civil war, in charity's name, brought to her feet the whole fashionable world suing for admittance to an amateur performance that she gave in the theatre of our present Union League Club. At that day she had a legion of admirers, the first men in our land, and was endowed with wonderful musical powers. She left us for London, and has ever since lived in this great metropolis.

Meeting her at dinner on Sunday at the Savoy, she asked me to a musicale on Monday last, the invitation being from 4 to 6.30 P. M. She had collected London's most prominent people, among others Lady Cadogan, Lady Ormonde, Lady Spencer and Lady Dufferin, the very pick of London's smart set, with a dozen or more brilliant American women, among whom were Lady Vivian, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Mrs. Bradley Martin and Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck. Melba, Scalchi, the brothers De Reszke and fourteen others of the most famous operatic artists in London discoursed music for us. Melba sang, with flute accompaniment, like a bird. I have never heard her in finer voice. Our hostess has the power of always bringing to her house on such occasions the very crème de la crème of London society.

The Duchess of Devonshire and her daughters, Lady Coke, Lady Gosford and Lady De Grey, are the close intimates of the Princess of Wales. The Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Coke have the two smartest houses in London. After royalty they are the leaders of London society, though at Stafford House and Londonderry you meet the best people. Next in point of social prominence are the Duchess Buccleugh and the Duchess of Westminster. Another prominent social personage is Lady Cadogan. You may take them in the order in which I give them, as I have this from the highest authority. Lady De Grey confines herself to giving select musicales, as she has a small house. As with us in New York, wealth is forcing itself on London society, calling society's attention to it by giving, as was given yesterday (July 28), a grand concert, where the orchids used in decorating the rooms cost $2,500.

WARD McALLISTER.

London, August [illegible]

Religious News and Thoughts.

"The Golden Rule."

It is not really known when this title was first applied to that familiar passage in the Bible found in Matthew vii., 12, viz.: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." There is no mention made of the expression in the writings of the early fathers that would show a use of it in their day. There are some, though, who confound it with the "golden maxim" of Confucius. But this is evidently a mistake, for the Chinese sage, while dealing with somewhat the same idea, breathes into his maxim the spirit of selfishness, thus making it mere human philosophy. For instance, here is his passage: "What you would not wish done to yourself, that do not to others." It is generally agreed that the "Golden Rule" is an expression of comparatively modern date.

The Institutional Church.

Like everything else that is new, the Institutional Church has had its share of attack, although it is really old enough to be past the experimental stage and to demonstrate its practical usefulness. The chief cause of complaint against it is that it seeks to elevate institutional or all-around work above soul-saving. Now, the very fundamental principle on which the Institutional Church proceeds is that suggested by Christ's own ministry—that the soul is best and quickest reached through the body, just as a wise wife most easily reaches her husband's pocket-book, through his stomach. However, the fact is, and the figures verify it, that this church is the most successful in winning souls and enlarging its membership. An authority on the subject states that from 1882 to 1887, a period of five years, Berkeley Street Church, Boston, received on confession a number equal to 11.49 per cent. of its membership. From 1887 to 1893, when it was carried on as an institutional church, its gain of members on confession was 37.85 per cent. Comparing it with the Old South Church for a period of four years, from 1888-92, the gain of the former on confession was 33.46 per cent., of the latter 9.63 per cent. The same may be said substantially of the other leading institutional churches.

"Multum in Parvo."

The Moravian Church is a practical application of this old familiar proverb. It is a little church, but does a great work. Its total membership is hardly 30,000, and its resources are limited; yet it has one in every sixty of its members in the foreign field. The last report shows that 400 missionaries occupy 150 posts. The result of its work is that it converts more than three times as many souls as it has members. The proportion of missionaries that other churches send out is one in every 5,000 of its members.

The Bible in Brazil.

A summary of the Bible work carried on by a branch of the American Bible Society in Brazil for the past six years, shows that there have been constantly employed from five to twelve men who have travelled over the whole country and visited families everywhere. The total distribution of the scriptures has amounted to 62,999 copies, of which number 56,087 were sold, and 6,912 were given away. The receipts from these sales were, for the first year of the work, $1,813, and for the last year, $4,323. But this is only one society. The agency of the British and Foreign Bible Society has distributed during the same period about 100,000 copies, while another branch of the American Society has given out some 7,000, thus making the total distribution of the Bible in Brazil the past six years fully 170,000 copies.

The difficulties attendant upon this work are many and multiform. For example: The territory to be covered is large, Brazil being about the size of the United States, with 14,000,000 people. There are no railroads, few navigable rivers, and the only way to reach the interior is by the pack mule. Another difficulty is that hardly 15 per cent. of the population can read, the only intelligent people being on the coast. Still the work goes on, and the general advancement of Brazil shows that it is realizing and verifying one of the Gospel truths—"That the entrance of God's Word giveth light."

Protestantism in France.

Once before we gave some facts and figures concerning the religious growth of France, with a comparative table of Protestantism and Catholicism. Although high authority was quoted the statement was made from the Protestant standpoint. But according to an equally good Catholic authority we are told that Protestantism has no chance in the sister republic. In the first place it is a foreign growth and therefore not at home there. In the second place the French mind will not accept it. Again, the old-established Church is an obstacle in the way. The French, declares this Catholic journal, are either Catholic or nothing. And then it quotes from Macaulay that "it is a strange fact that since the Reformation whole nations have gone from Catholicity to infidelity and back again without leaving even the stragglers in the lap of Protestantism." According to Pere Hyacinthe there are 38,000,000 French Catholics. The latest Protestant statistics show houses of worship in 781 localities in the republic. Besides this there are five Bible societies, twelve home mission and six foreign mission societies and 118 periodicals.

The Unknown Life of Christ.

Since writing his "note" on the above subject in The World of July 8, the religious editor has read the book through, and is glad in another column to correct some statements and give the book the credit it deserves. His facts were taken from a high religious authority, but it seems that even this source was wrongly and falsely informed.

Brief Notes.

The report of the Mission to Lepers states that in India alone there are 100,000 lepers; in Japan 200,000 and in China probably 300,000. The Gospel work carried on among them is very successful.

Congregationalists have given $12,000,000 towards the education of the colored people of the South. Methodists have given $6,000,000; Baptists $3,000,000 and Presbyterians $1,250,000.

Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, and his captains of either sex have been officially declared to be ministers of religion within the meaning of the law.

There has recently been started in Jerusalem a Young Men's Christian Association. Its headquarters are just outside the Jaffa gate. A special section is for the Arab converts.

According to the Catholic Herald there are about 152,000 colored Catholics in the United States.

Seed Thoughts.

Obedience to God's command is your highest duty. There is nothing that makes life so glorious as "Thy will be done" wrought into daily life.—Anthony Comstock.

The solemn and blessed truth is that God calls every man to be a minister, assigning each his own parish in the great diocese of Christ's one church.—Dr. Boardman.

The life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that will never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity."—T. De Witt Talmage.

Do you tell me that there are many good men who are not Christians? That's true. But they manifestly borrow from the religion which they refuse to embrace the very morality of which they boast.—Carlos Martyn.

Don't be wheelbarrow Christians, that go only when pushed. Don't be Christians like the Arctic rivers—frozen at the mouth.—J. P. Beckley, D. D.