

IN MEMORY OF BISHOP MEDLEY.

The Volume Published by Rev. Canon Ketchum—A Tribute by a Layman.

The biographical work, just issued from the press of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, and written by the Rev. Canon Ketchum, rector of St. Andrews, on the life work of the Right Reverend John Medley, late bishop of Fredericton and Metropolitan of Canada, is so full of church interest that a single newspaper article is incapable of doing it justice.

As an example of imitation the clergy have in this work no doubt a great deal to learn in the way of untiring industry, in the unceasing toil which attended the good Bishop's labors while visiting all parts of his diocese, when roads were often all but impassable, in all seasons of the year, winter and summer alike, submitting to all sorts of privation in his places of rest—no hotels, no accommodations in fact for one who had been reared in comfort—not to use the word luxury—in his old home, Exeter—even we might say up to the day of his leaving England, and that only the year before.—1845.

But the book must be read to be appreciated—it is a field full of flowers of the highest cultivation, although the thorns and thistles of life are contained therein, as well as the sweet and fragrant blossoms which strewed the Bishop's pathway every where he went throughout his diocese during the long period of forty-seven years.

The Rev. Canon Ketchum has thrown his soul into the work, and has risen from his desk with laurels as un fading as the memory of the good Bishop, which shall last for many generations to come.

Having heard of the addresses recently delivered in Fredericton at a public meeting held at the Church Hall for the consideration of what is called the "Metropolitan Memorial Fund," the Lord Bishop in the chair; and as PROGRESS also learned that the addresses of Canon Ketchum, Archdeacon Brigstocke, Sir John Allan, Rev. Mr. deSoyres and Mr. G. E. Fenety—all delivered from the platform—were very able and to the purpose, we took the liberty of writing a note to the latter gentleman (knowing that he had more leisure than the others) asking him if he could or would furnish us with an outline of his remarks made on the occasion, as we know he was better acquainted with the career of Bishop Medley than any other living person, Canon Ketchum, perhaps, excepted, and thus enable us to deal more fully with the biographical work before us, as we felt that what Mr. Fenety stated would cover all the ground requisite in the life of so good a man as the Bishop.

Mr. Fenety said he had been called upon by the committee to second the resolution moved by the Rev. Archdeacon Brigstocke, and he did so with a great deal of melancholy satisfaction, melancholy he meant under the circumstances of the occasion in the great loss we had all alike experienced. We had met to consider the ways and means in connection with the memorial to be erected to our late Metropolitan, the character of which had been presented to us, by circulars, in a two-fold form,—viz: a monument to be placed in the Cathedral, and a fund for the endowment of a missionary canonry—the cost of the first to be \$5,000, as near as may be, and of the second \$20,000. Those circulars were printed and circulated throughout the diocese, as we may suppose, some six months ago, and what has been the response up to this time? According to the financial statement, just read by Mr. Schofield, the sum collected and subscribed amounted to something like \$2,800. This he thought was a long distance off from the total amount required, but he did not despair of the full sum being raised in time. He fully agreed with the remarks just made by his honor, Mr. Justice Hanington, that no time should be lost in pushing the subscriptions throughout the diocese—for as time went on people grew cool, or all indifferent to the great object we all had in view and so we ought to strike while the iron was hot. He (Mr. F.) was fully sensible of the truth of this utterance, for promptitude in action was half the battle gained.

Archdeacon Brigstocke, said the speaker, in his excellent address just delivered, called the late Bishop a great man; and so he was—not great in the sense that the world accounts greatness. He was not great as a soldier in the battle field called into activity through the strife of nations, whose laurels are reaped over the death groans and miseries of his fellow creatures, the victims of just, or unjust, aggressions. He was not great as a statesman, or politician. He was not great as a member of the bench or the bar, nor was he great in the field of letters although in this he held a high place. In none of these professions, or callings, all of which taken separately, or as a whole, not always up to the standard of great moral accountability, was he to be considered. But he was a great man in a far higher sense than any

just named; he spent his services and talents in a field that had to do with our immortal destinies—viz., the church militant, one of the great captains of the noble army of martyrs, for he never flagged or tired for an instant in the great work he had undertaken and continued up to within a few weeks of his death. In saying this much little more need be said. But Bishop Medley was great as a theologian—great as a pulpit power—great as an administrator of the affairs of his diocese, whether as chairman of the Synod, or in conducting the details of the parishes wherever called upon to advise; and also as a preacher he was great—in holding his congregations in wrapt attention, through the beauty of his diction, his seductive voice always well modulated, the simplicity of his language and yet faultless composition. He was great as a composer of church music—his anthems, introits, Te deums, hymns, and chants, are equal to the best we have in our church choir books. Then he was good as he was great. His heart was filled with christian love and charity towards all. A strict churchman himself, yet tolerant in spirit toward all who differed with him in creed, doctrine or practice. He was liberal in his offerings, a free giver to the poor—a friend to the fatherless and the widow—always ready to assist in a good cause—uniting in his visits to the sick and afflicted, sparing not himself in season or out of season—whenever he could do good, he went and administered consolation by words, and acts of charity often; facts might be mentioned here said the speaker, if time permitted. Then he died among us. His ashes repose beneath the shadow of the eastern end of the beautiful Cathedral reared through the arduous of his great christian faith and industry. And here said the speaker, he wished to emphasize this point, viz: his death and burial in our midst. When at the Lambeth Conference in England a few years since, some of his old friends asked the good Bishop if he intended to retire from his Episcopate and spend the latter years of his life in his old home, now that he had a coadjutor. He replied by quoting from the first chapter of the book of Ruth, adapting the passage to suit the occasion; "And Ruth said, intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die; and there will I be buried."

This certainly, said the speaker, was a matter of comfort to us all. How different with his predecessors in the episcopate. With the exception of Bishop Binney they all went to England when their end was drawing nigh. At that time New Brunswick formed part of the diocese of Nova Scotia. The Bishops were Dr. Charles Inglis, Dr. Stansar, Dr. John Inglis. The speaker did not find fault with those dignitaries retiring from their labours and finding rest in the soil of England—it may have been unavoidable. But our good Bishop resolved from the beginning to lay his episcopal staff down in the home of his See and lie beside it when the time came, until the final resurrection.

Now I ask this highly intelligent audience, said the speaker, composed as it is, in a large measure of the representative clergy of every parish in the diocese, are we to shorten our arms in this great work—that of preserving the memory of our great and good Bishop by some specific act or memorial worthy of the subject, when by united effort so much may be done in the way of gathering in the needed amount? He was satisfied that this gathering would prove to be a revival of the spirit awakened when the whole business was fresh in the minds of churchmen six months ago; and that it will not be long ere we hear of the whole amount being raised, and a practical illustration of our good feelings in the cause be demonstrated. If we look abroad we shall see how they do things in other places. Montreal and Toronto, to say nothing of other cities, contain monuments to departed statesmen, or politicians, amounting in some cases to fifty thousand dollars and even more. While, the speaker said, he had no objection to such tributes being paid to the memory of politicians, he could not avoid stating how much more should a whole diocese be actuated (comprising 40,000 churchmen) by a spirit even more generous towards the memory of one who had done so much for a whole people, even bringing light out of darkness in the obscure corners of the province. The noble Bishop Brooks of Massachusetts had not been dead a month when the sum of seventy thousand dollars was subscribed by his people towards the erection of a monument to his memory, on Copley Square fronting his church; and it is said this amount will soon be augmented to a quarter of a million. True, the needs of the diocese of Fredericton were great and many; but where there is a generous spirit there is a worthy response. He could call to mind a dozen churchmen in the diocese who might give one thousand dollars each towards this fund and not miss the amount. But let the comparative poor as well as the rich, as God has prospered them, come forth and cast their money into the treasury towards the erection and consecration of the noble work projected. Above all things let no time be lost. While memory holds dear and fresh the noble works of the departed, this is the time for active effort.

Canon Ketchum deserves much credit for the careful and sustained effort necessary to collect and arrange material for such a volume, which speaks well for the capacity and efficiency of the press of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. To one acquainted intimately with the beautiful surroundings of the Cathedral and with the kindly features of the late metropolitan it is a matter of regret that the photographs from which the engravings were made could not have been selected differently—for there are views of the cathedral and its grounds when nature looks its best and then photographs of the late Bishop Medley which do full credit to the vigor and expression of his countenance.

The volume is for sale throughout the province and from the publishers, Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. Price \$2.

"Progress" in Boston. PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY.

How The Washing For The Royal Family is Done Every week.

It may not be generally known that the Queen has a special laundry, but such is the case, and it would be difficult indeed to pick a more picturesque spot than that occupied by the Royal Laundry on the borders of Richmond Park.

At the entrance to the drive is a pretty, ivy-covered cottage, beyond which it is impossible for the unauthorized stranger to pass, as the Royal Laundry is almost as jealously guarded as the bank of England, and the drive itself in summer-time is rendered beautiful by the greenery and masses of red roses on either side. Arriving at the laundry, it is found to be a large but rather unpretentious ivy-covered building, and upon entering it the usual smell of soap and soda peculiar to "washing day" is very much in evidence.

Along each side of the passages are large, well ventilated cupboards, in which the several kinds of soap are kept, tons of which are bought at a time, and tremendous chests filled with soda and carbonate of soda are to be seen.

The ordinary linen, consisting of towels, tablecloths, etc., arrives at the laundry in huge square baskets. These are then emptied, the contents sorted, compared and checked with the lists accompanying them.

The personal linen of the Royal Family is sorted in a special room, the wooden boxes containing it bearing brass plates upon which is inscribed the owner's name and number of the box, such as "The Queen, No. 16," "The Princess of Wales, No. 21," etc.

The washing apparatus is of the most perfect and recent manufacture, and the wringing, drying, and mangling machinery is most complete.

In every room order and the strictest cleanliness are observed, and the different operations are conducted with clockwork regularity and despatch.

When the clothes are properly dried, they are placed in big heaps, each heap belonging to a different palace.

Most of the linen is prettily marked in red cotton, O.H., B.C., B.P., with V.R.L. above, but some of the markings, are now done with rubber hand-stamps. To show how the Royal linen wears, the date 1860 may be noticed on some of the table-cloths, which are of exquisite fineness specially made for the Queen, and the designs are exceedingly pretty, consisting as they do of ingenious combinations of Her Majesty's monogram and the rose, thistle, and shamrock, together with a number of Royal armorial bearings.

Some idea may be gathered of the extent of the Royal Laundry when it is mentioned that the Queen's annual washing bill amounts to very nearly £5,000.

He Finally Got Fitted

A theft, amusingly ingenious in its conception, took place a short time ago at the Grand Hotel, Paris. An elegant-looking gentleman lodging at that well-known establishment, and giving his name as Sir James N., Bart., went into a fashionable bootmaker's shop in the Boulevard des Capucines, and ordered a pair of the handsomest boots that could be made; no expense was to be spared, and the boots were to be sent home on a certain day by ten o'clock, as the purchaser was to leave for Marseilles by the 12.40 train. After that he went to another bootmaker on the Boulevard des Italiens, and ordered a second pair of boots precisely like the first, which were to be sent home on the same day as the others, but at three o'clock, as he was to leave for Brussels at five.

Punctually at the appointed hour, bootmaker No. 1 appeared with his boots. Sir James tried them on, and found them splendid, admirable, not in the least dear, but the left boot hurt him a little. Would not the bootmaker take it home, put it on the last, and stretch it slightly? He could bring it back the next morning, as Sir James was obliged to delay his departure for twenty-four hours, owing to pressing business.

Of course, the obliging tradesman complied with the wishes of his aristocratic customer, and walked off with his solitary boot.

In the afternoon bootmaker No. 2 entered, and the same process was repeated, only this time it was the right boot of which the customer complained, and which the bootmaker carried off to stretch. The next morning the two luckless tradesmen met face to face, each with an odd boot, their charming and aristocratic customer having taken his departure by the night train for London with the other pair.

Secrets of Snake Charming.

A snake charmer can, by a simple motion of his hand, make a moving snake stop instantly.

The reason is this: A snake is the most timid animal. His eyes, as has been said before, while dull to color and form, are quick to motion, especially if it is rapid. If any large thing moves very quickly too near him, he gets frightened and scurries off; while at a certain distance the motion stops; him if he is moving. He stops from astonishment, fear, or the wish to see what it is that moves. Hence he glides on, unconscious of the charmer's presence near him so long as the latter remains perfectly quiet; the snake doesn't know him from a tree or a rock. But when he gives a sudden evidence of life, the snake is astonished, and immediately remains stock-still.

In India and Africa the charmers pretend the snakes dance to music, but they do not, for they never hear it. A snake has no external ears, and perhaps gets evidence of sound only through his skin, when sound causes bodies in contact with him to vibrate. They hear also through the nerves of the tongue, but do not at all comprehend sound as we do. But the snakes eyes are very much alive to the motions of the charmer, or to the moving drumsticks of his confederate, and, being alarmed, he prepares to strike. A dancing cobra (and no other snakes dance) is simply alarmed, he prepares to strike. A dancing cobra alarmed and in a posture of attack. He is not dancing to the music, but is making ready to strike the charmer.

A Summer to Talk About. Just a century ago, 1793, there was in France a great drought similar to the one just passed through. Heavy rain fell in the early months of the year, but from April to the middle of September the sky remained always cloudless and the sun shone with great brilliancy. During five

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