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A Noted Architect.

William Halsey Wood, a well-known Church architect of Newark, N. J., died in Philadelphia March 13th. He came conspicuously before the public in 1889, when his was one of the four plans selected for elaboration in the international competition for the design of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York. Fully one hundred architects had taken part in the competition. Mr. Wood's plan, with others, was exhibited in the see house, New York City, and elsewhere in this country, and won him great celebrity. It was not selected, however, that of Hains & La Farge being finally selected by the Cathedral trustees. Among his other prominent works are the Church of All Angels in New York, an adaptation of the Angel choir of Lincoln Cathedral, England; the Cathedral of St. Matthew, Laramie, Wyo.; St. Michael and All Angels, Anniston, Ala.; St. Matthew's, the Redeemer, Zion and St. Timothy, New York; St. Paul's, Chattanooga, Tenn.; St. John's, Passaic, N. J.; St. Paul's, Paterson, N. J.; St. Paul's, East Orange, N. J.; St. Alban's, Newark, N. J.; St. Luke's, Smethport, Pa.; St. John's, Cohoes, N. Y.; the Ascension, Pittsburgh; and churches at Wellsboro, Pa., and Youngstown, O.

Mr. Wood was an active and devoted member of the House of Prayer, Newark, having been connected with the church since boyhood, when he served at the altar as an acolyte. He was for 25 years its choirmaster, and it was under his leadership that the choir of the House of Prayer attained a very high reputation for the excellence of its music. Not only was he a very successful trainer of boys, but he took a warm interest in their welfare, and was exceedingly liberal and kind to them, as well as most generous in his gifts to his parish church, to which he was always deeply attached. One of his last works was the designing of the beautiful memorial altar in the House of Prayer. Personally, Mr. Wood was one of the gentlest and most lovable of men, an enthusiastic lover of his profession, with a very high standard of art, which he persistently refused to lower for mere ends of gain.

The burial services were unusually elaborate, and consisted of vespers for the dead, at St. Clement's, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, March 16th, followed by a requiem Celebration at an early hour Wednesday morning at the same place, and requiem Celebration and the Burial Office at the Church of St. James the Less.

Mr. Wood was about forty-two years old, and leaves a wife, who was Miss Hemsley, of Philadelphia, and three children.

D. Smith Wood, of Newark, and the Rev. A. L. Wood, formerly Rector of St. John's Church, Woodside, are his brothers. He has another brother, Theodore, in Lexington, Ky.

The death of Professor Henry Drummond removes one whose works have been widely read and discussed. Though he never formally entered the ministry, preferring to devote himself to the study of natural science, he was noted as a preacher and lecturer, and also as an assistant in evangelistic work. He had traveled widely. His first work, which attracted much attention, was "Natural Law in the Spiritual World;" it has passed through several editions and been translated into French, German, Dutch and Norwegian. "The Ascent of Man" has also excited much interest, and the booklet, "The Greatest Thing in the World," is largely read and prized.

Experiments With Plants.

A recent experiment made by the well-known French physicist, Camille Flammarion, at the agricultural climatological experiment station at Juvisy, indicates plainly the effect of different colored light upon plants, and the result is of special value, practically and theoretically, to plant physiologists and climatologists. Colored light, according to the particular color used, causes either one-sided acceleration or retardation of the plant. Flammarion adopted the plan of exposing sensitive plants [mimosa sensitiva], which he raised from seed, to different colored light. These plants are especially sensitive to the effect of light and touch, and were, therefore, well adapted for Flammarion's experiment. He planted a number of seeds, and the seedlings, after they reached a height of about one inch, were then planted in pots in pairs and placed in a hothouse, where each pot received the same quantity of light and an even temperature prevailed, so that the plants were subjected to the same conditions. But the experimenter placed over some of the plants bells of green, red or blue glass, while others received the sunlight through the pla in glass of the hothouse window. At the end of two months the plants under the red glass were 16 inches high, those under the green glass measured only 5 inches, and those under the blue glass were only one inch high, while the plants that had been left under the "coloriess" light were 4 inches high. The red light forced the plants most, for those subjected to it blossomed five weeks after the seeds were planted, and the stems were much longer than those of the other plants. The difference between them and those exposed to the blue light was most marked. The leaves of the latter were, indeed, dark green, while the leaves of those subjected to the red light were pale, poor in chlorophyl; but the "blue" plants themselves seemed unhealthy and stunted; they had gained nothing in height since they were placed under the blue glass. The effect of the red light was noticeable, not only in the growth of the plants but also in their sensitiveness, for even the slightest touch, a breath, was sufficient to cause the leaves to close and the little stems to droop. The plants exposed only to white light were not so easily affected, and those raised under blue glass were not at all sensitive.

One fine Sunday morning a to ur ist arrived at a kirk in Argyleshire, intending to enter for the English service as soon as the Gaelic was over. "Is the Gaelic service over?" he inquired of the beadle.

"No, but it will not be fery long."

So the tourist strolled on into the churchyard, where the tombstones lay deep in the long grass. By and by he was recalled by the shouts of the beadle, who stood at the door waving to him.

"But is the Gaelic service over?" he asked once more.

"Oh, ay! it will be over."

"But I have not seen the congregation; which way did it go?"

The beadle directed his attention to a solitary figure slowly wending his way up the hill and said, "That's him..."—*Tid-Bits.*

A pretty anecdote is related of a child who was greatly perturbed by the discovery that her brothers had set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied: "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said, "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps," and, as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, "I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."

Soul Saving as a Profession, and Fashionable Religion

For the Gazette.

Is there not a tendency in our land just now to make a fashion of religion rather than a duty? Are we not seeking brains and brilliancy for our pulpits rather than modesty and morals? Are we not making of our spiritual teachers heroes, causing them, by offering large salaries and elegant surroundings, to become professional soul savers instead of honest, conscientious advisers for our good?

The progress of civilization and Christianity on the great western continent never has been more manifested than in the erection of magnificent churches.

The churches in the great metropolis of our land are dedicated ostensibly to the worship of the living God. We are not disposed to dispute the piety of a great many Christian people, nor to endorse that of a great many professed Christians; if churches are an indication of godliness, we have a good deal of it among us.

The churches increase with the increase of population and the value of town lots. They sell out to the highest bidder when they become surrounded with the commercial crowd of secular speculators.

It is true old Trinity—or rather new Trinity of New York City, still rears its Colossal of Conscience at the head of Wall street, but it has so many tributaries in "chapels" up town, and so many tenants outside of the shadow of its great spire, that it can afford to withstand the progress of trade, and hold its own, amidst the bustle of the bulls and bears, for it is worth millions upon millions, and this in the midst of squalor and misery. Occassionally the ghost of Anneka Jans rises up against Trinity, in the persons of a myriad of heirs, and lay claims to what they allege to be her ill-gotten gains; but Trinity holds on with a grip as deadly as if her treasures were not laid up in Heaven. In defending her claims she does not despise the subtle counsels of shrewd and unscrupulous lawyers, and to gain her case she would not object to give an extra prayer for the salvation of the souls of her judges—judging by what her members do every day in the prosecution of their own temporal affairs.

If the great external edifices of our Christian worship are beautiful to the eye decorous to the taste, how much more edifying it is for us to contemplate the spiritual character of those who adorn them! How gorgeously the women dress! How exquisitely the men are attired! A first-class, scarlet cushioned pew here is as necessary as a conspicuous box at the opera.

But times have changed, and with them the churches. "Progress" requires us to rear a school of divines in keeping with the dignity and humility of our intelligence and humanity. If our home production of gospel preachers is not equal to the demand, we import them, as we do our dry goods, from abroad. Young preachers whose vivid imaginations build up churches as massive at that of Trinity, yielding salaries as enormous as Dr. Hall's find themselves superseded by great celebrities from England or Ireland.

The "star" system in the pulpit is now as much in the rage as upon the stage. It absorbs the lesser lights. Young men in the church must be contented to remain young and obscure, or learn the *sensational* points in religion, and when to seize them. Create a sensation! Have big posters when you change your pulpit, as the actors when he changes his stage. What needs all the little minor stock business of the sacred office? What needs the burying of the dead? "Let the dead bury its dead," unless it be a great rich man, which requires a whole star company of clergymen to bury him. What needs the attendance upon the sick or dying? It is a small office, that can be attended to by some obscure man of unobtrusive piety. Make a sensation and ten thousand a year, and have it increased in delivering lectures and writing "popular" novels. Do anything, in fact, under the grab of the ministry, instead of performing, in the spirit of humility and truth, the sacred functions of the sacred office.

If a rival church opposes you, denounce it like a pickpocket, in the choice language of a Tammany politician. Your brown stone front edifice rearing its steeple to the skies is not a glass house—throw your stones at your frescoed neighbors! The "divinity which shapes *your* ends," is not *theirs*. Select a text from Scripture, and adopt the parliamentary privilege when the house is in the Committee of the Whole, of speaking upon every possible subject but the one before you. If your text enjoins Christian charity, pervert it to the abuse of your neighbor's religion, or his politics, or worse still his family.

Every man's pulpit is his castle. The libel-law cannot enter there. The law of God repudiated often there, it has no fears for the law of man. The beauty of that indivisible religion taught by Christ which took under its protecting wings the whole condemned race of man, there has no place. Fine houses, fine dresses, rich equipages, large salaries, sensational sermons,—screeching exclamations, wordy declamations, *a la* the prancing *Talmage*, the counterfeit of eloquence—all have a place there, but rarely the true word of God!

That is not talked or preached in the fashionable or popular house, although it is nominally dedicated to His worship.

If Judas Iscariot were to return to earth with the thirty pieces of silver with which he betrayed the Savior of of mankind, and *successfully* invest them in town lots, or a monopoly of the common necessities of life, he would not only be considered an "ornament of society," but be regarded as a shining light of that Eternal Church (as thus perverted) whose divine Founder he has served to sell, and followed to betray.

The Apostles were meek and lowly men; their successors are clad in the pomp and circumstance of ten thousand a year.

Christ preached to the multitude the Gospel of Peace and Love; His Church of to day is not for the multitude—one of the *multitude* intruding in a fashionable edfiice, would be arrested by a policeman.

The old Creed was—

Whatsoever ye would that others do unto you, do ye even so unto them.

The Creed of to-day is—

Will it PAY? *If not, don't do it.*

"Put Out Your Tongue."

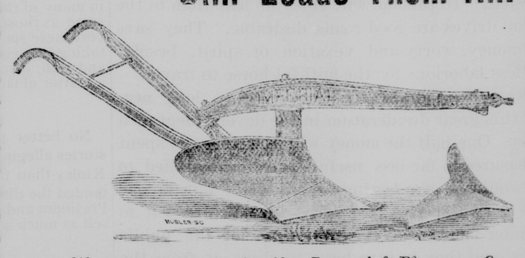
It seems that Dr. Gill, the Commentator, wore a gown, and one of the sisters complained of the excessive length of the white bands. The Doctor said: "Clip them to suit yourself." This the lady did, with the scissors she brought with her. "Now," said the Doctor, "you have something about you which is a deal too long also. It causes me no end of trouble."

"Well," said she, thinking one good turn deserves another, "here are the scissors; use them as you please."

"Come then," said he, put out your tongue." The result is not known, but an abbreviation of this sort would save many a "church squabble," and the surgical operation wouldn't be confined altogether to the sisters.—*Selected.*

Never think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold on; hold fast; hold out. Patience is genius.—*Buffon.*

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