WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Brantwood, the Home of Ruskin, and Its Surroundings.

An Unexpected Visit to Rommany Friends in a Quaint Gypsy Camp Near Bowness and Windermere—A Bed of Sweet Rushes.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1891.]

BOWNESS, England, May 19, 1891.

The entire year of 1888 was passed by me in wandering among the peasantry of Ireland, with the exception of a few day's visit with friends in northern Lancashire, England. Journeying from Carnforth to Ulverston I entered a railway carriage in which sat a man muffled to his ears in wraps and rugs.

My presence, and especially my having left open the window of the close compartment, made him uneasy. He snorted and fidgeted for a time, conveying, by undeniable token, his intense displeasure. Then, making a deliberate grab at the window strap, he hurled the sash back in its place with a crash, and, as he gave his wrappings a tempestuous swirl to replace them, snarled at me:

"Do all Americans live out of doors?"

"All," I responded cheerily, "save those living in tepees and tents. We have not time to build houses. We like it. It's our way."

My companion instantly shot two spare legs wide apart out of the rugs, leaned a thin body and face far forward as if to make his passionate glare the more effective, and, cutting a swift large circle in the firmament of the musty compartment with the index finger of his skinny right hand, piped in a vociferous treble:

"It is *not* your way, sir, it is God's way. You Americans would assume the credit of creation's cosmic plan. Even if you lived as you falsely assert, you would be unaware of the dignity you unconsciously, or impudently, assumed. Supreme intelligence wedded to supreme simplicity are alone competent to the realization of eternal Truth!"

I acceded to all this so quickly and eagerly that it seemed in a manner to shatter my nervous companion. He slid back upon his seat in such a helpless sort of way that I at once, without apology, gathered the man and his wrappings together, soothingly adjusted the latter, and was relieved of some anxiety to find, in a little time, as evidenced by certain rhapsodical snorings, that he had passed over, if but temporarily, into the poppy land of dreams.

This gave me an opportunity to gratify an almost imperative curiosity. I went so far as to examine his hand luggage. The plain Roman initials "J. R." was all I found stamped upon antiquated portmanteau and rustier handbag. But over in the corner of his seat was a neat brown paper parcel which might have held a bit of untouched lunch, and I saw on this the startling legend—"For Mr. Ruskin."

When John Ruskin awoke we could both look out of the compartment window and see the tide sweeping in from Morecambe Bay across the Leven Sands. It seemed to please him, and his large gray eyes flashed brightly under the grisly brows with a light that transformed his pinched face into something like kindly radiance. But I do not believe it was the face, despite his imperial fame in the realm of art and letters, that had ever stood between the world and a happy heart since that long ago time when the mystery of his life left him in wifeless and childless isolation.

Some impulse of companionship led him to question me closely and without ceremony regarding myself and my then literary work in Ireland. I answered him honestly, addressing him by his name, and expressing regret that Englishmen like him would not do as I had done—visit the lowly of Ireland in every part of Ireland with an honest purpose of discovering misgovernment and its deplorable results, and protesting against it in high places where it would be heard. This threw him into another paroxysm of rage in which he gave vent to language I would not care to repeat, the tenor of which may be shown by his closing objurgation, repeated again and again:

"Guns, not government, for Ireland!"

Mr. Ruskin, or no Mr. Ruskin, I would not sit silent under that, and at all risks, denounced his barbarous Toryism so roundly, pointed out his own inexcusable and wholly ignorant malignity with such daring, and illustrated his lack of humanity, while famous before the world as a prophet of illimitable tenderness and charity, the logical outgrowth of his endless battle for the worship of nature, truth and God, with such unsparing recklessness, that its very audacity, or some manner of kindly introspection, calmed him, just as the train slackened its speed at Ulverston. Here, when I hastily left the carriage with a curt "Good day, sir!" he called to me to return. Reaching his thin hand out to me he gave my own a hearty grasp, and said most graciously and friendly:

"Bear away a kinder thought of me. You have been very plain, sir; but you have done me good. I am not well, sir; not well at all. But I like any man who is not afraid of me. I'll think about Ireland. Come to my home, at Brantwood, any time at your pleasure."

The grizzled face had everything human and good in it as he spoke. I thanked him, said I would come, and hurried away in the crowd, but with the then many conflicting emotions in my mind, I said to my welcoming friend at Ulverston, as I mentioned my ride with the famous Englishman, "If it had not been John Ruskin I should have regarded the man insane."

"John Ruskin?" he added sententiously. "Oh, everybody up Lancashire way knows he's always been crazy!"

Before I could visit Brantwood it was known to all that the cloud which is seldom lifted had dimmed the great man's intellect. But a little time ago the cable told American people that he had attempted to take his own life. Though his own invitation had been repeated by others who stand for him at the beautiful lake-side home, I could not justify its acceptance. Going to the shell of what had held a great spirit and holding a sort of literary autopsy on its defenceless remains seemed a heartless thing to do. Yet, being so near him here in the English lake region, I found myself continually yielding to a subtle fascination which impelled me to go where the man, Ruskin, had dwelt. It is but a little walk over the fell from Ambleside Ferry to Brantwood—a longer one, but an ever-winsome foot-journey, around by Hawkshead, where Wordsworth's early school days were passed, through the little hamlet of Waterhead, leaving the Town of Coniston and Coniston Old Man Mountain to the left. Thence to the south, along the eastern shore of Coniston Water, it is hardly three miles to Brantwood. The surroundings are of the greatest natural beauty. The Coniston Water stretches to the north and south immediately in front, with Walnay Scar and Coniston Old Man beyond the opposite shore, and grand but lesser scars and fells breaking away in billowy reaches to the west and south. To the north, almost beside Brantwood on the eastern shore, nestles Tent Lodge for a time the home of Tennyson, and just below are the fine seats of Dodgson Wood, Waterpark and the bold hill of High Nibthwaite.

Brantwood itself, as seen from the highway, seems like a single facade of gray old stone, set in a hanging wood against the verdure-covered mountain escarpment. It is long, low, but two-storied, with an almost flat slate roof, through which project three tiers of huge double chimneys. On the first floor the entire front is almost wholly occupied by three low but wide bow-windows, the one to the right furnishing light to Mr. Ruskin's study, and the only one in the second story is immediately above the study. This lights his capacious chamber. At the other corner of the house is an out-jutting, tower-like structure, surmounted by a lookout window something after the style of the bartizan of an ancient tower. The entire front is covered with ivy nearly to the eaves, and the massive roadway wall forming the inclosure, which was built by rustic stone masons under Mr. Ruskin's personal direction, is now as lichened, mossy and gray as the fellside rocks out of which its stones were hewn. As I stood there for a time drinking in the beauty of the spot and the quaint simplicity of the structure a face appeared at the window. Then another was seen beside it. The latter was big and rosy. It was the face of a keeper. The former was deathly white, features, hair and beard. It was pressed against the pane as if with the meaningless impulse of a babe. In a moment more two white claw-like hands were raised. These clutched nervously at the bars of the sash. The whole picture was as if the living shade of Ruskin, for an instant, implored for release from imprisonment, despairingly exerted a last feeble struggle for liberty, voiceless but eloquent cried out to God for flight beyond the misty purples of the far mountains to the Ultima Thule of eternal rest. I could not bear to see it longer, and heart-sick from the frightful picture and its dolorous suggestions, made hasty flight from Brantwood, forsaking the pleasant highway and plunging bravely towards Windermere over the rugged Furness Fells. In three hours' time—after stumbling among fir-crowned rocks, descending shadowy crags, crossing foaming ghylls and circling lonely tarns—I suddenly came to the edge of a circular dell or dingle at the western descent into Dalepark, about two miles from the southern end of Esthwaite Water. A tiny ghyll leaped, the edge where I stood, into the dale below, plowed its way in a spumy "force" through the little hollow, and leaped out again in the direction of Esthwaite Water, and I saw that the only entrance to the strange basin was alongside the latter waterfall. I also saw in the little dell, nestled along either side of the foaming, "force" the round, brown-hooded tents of the largest gypsy camp I had ever come upon in England.

As for upwards of a quarter of a century any gypsy camp in any land or clime where I have found it has been my home as long as I wished to tarry, and as it was already late in the afternoon, I was not long in making a circuit of the fell-brow, clambering down the sides of the little glen entrance—where I saw that a seldom used way led through protecting larches to the Patterdale highway—and securing a hearty welcome from three of my tawny Rommany friends who were biding beside the smoldering camp-fire.

There were but few in camp at this hour of the day. These were the very old men who were pothering at all manner of tinkering upon broken donkey carts, donkey gear that required mending, and pans, pots and kettles which were being renewed in true tinsmith style for peasant housewives roundabout, many young chauvies (gypsy children) that were at all sorts of rustic children's games, and the gaunt old spae-wives, too old for the labors and artifices of the road, who still always serve to hold the reins of good government in any gypsy camp well in hand, while bravely preparing the evening meals against the younger wanderers' return.

During the interval I had leisure for examination of the picturesque camp and time for learning much of the ways and annual journeyings of this particularly large single community of English gypsies. There were sixteen tents. I knew that meant housing for from a score to two-score gypsies. They were indiscriminately scattered along the little stream over whose channel, cut in the solid rock, one could anywhere step or leap. The dingle comprised, perhaps, eighty acres of land. The part chosen for the camp was always a patch of sunlight which gypsies dearly love. Larch, fir and a few fine beech trees were deeply rooted in the grassy marl on either side. And underneath these and along the patches of copsewood and shrubbery at the circling edges of the dingle, as well as here and there along up its sunny sides, was grazing in abundance for the donkeys which drew the gypsies' carts. I have never seen a more picturesque gypsy camp, possibly, excepting one I found in a tiny canyon off the Guines Calzada, just outside of Havana, Cuba. From any portion of the camp one had in full view the lower reach of Esthwaite Water, silvery Windermere beyond to the east, with the towns of Bowness and Windermere looming against the emerald sides of Brantfell behind, and yet the wanderers encampment was wholly invisible to the spying constabulary from any of the highways or foot and pony paths of the lake region.

Here were representatives of all the English gypsy families of note—the Wharton, Stanleys, Reynolds, Smiths, Brewers and the Falls, Baileys and Boswells, descendants from the Scottish gypsies of Yetholm by intermarriages of generations ago. They were all originally potters and packers. Their former permanent home was in Westmoreland and Cumberland. In olden times they made all the rude delft ware used by the Umbrian peasantry, and by journeyings into Staffordshire brought back in their carts over the old Liverpool, Manchester and Carlisle coach road much of the better ware—even trading in "Mintons" and "Wedgewoods" at the houses of the Umbrian gentry and nobility. Now they have their winter homes in Liverpool, Birmingham and Lancaster, and before the snow-drops and primroses are showing their pale lusters besides the English lakes, the gypsies are back here in their old haunts, many of the men dickering and trading at the Umbrian fairs, and often buying and shipping horses to Manchester and Liverpool, some pursuing their ancient calling at tinkering and osier work, and the women selling willow ware and trinkets, and reaching rich harvests at dukkering (fortune telling) among the Umbrian dames and the less credulous but more generous tourists who throng the lovely region.

I had not been in a gypsy camp since my last year's brief wanderings with the Rommany in our own loved land, and it was like a delicious home-coming to see the genuine gypsy belongings that were here. There, were the rude forges that could be slung under the creaking carts. There, innumerable odds and ends of the real tinker's craft. There, the camp-fires, which, low as they may smolder, are never allowed to wholly go out, because they represent a lingering loyal trace of olden Aryan fire-worship. There, crouching by cart, or tent, or fire, or on haunches at the glen entrance, as if sentineling the glad eventide return of absent masters, were the brave, loyal, gaunt and voiceless gypsy dogs. Here and there the kettle sticks—not the stage tripods which burlesque gypsy reality, but the strong, sacredly-prized, crooked iron kettle sticks—with their sizzling pots beneath. While here and there, but always facing each other and the fires between, were the real tents of the Rommany; hoods rather than tents; woolen blankets like our grandmothers' stout old sheets, stretched over oaken bows and fastened with polished oaken skewers, all so snug and strong that no ordinary storm can wreck this tiny gypsy home. And I knew that my bed, this night, would be beneath one of these, on piles of sweet rushes from the silent tarns above, mingled with fragrant fronds of larch and fir.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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ONE SUMMER.

Life Story of a Lazy Man With a Heart.

One of the "Backwoods Belles" Writes a Story Entirely Out of Her Usual Style—"The Little Gray-Eyed Frau Deserved a Better Fate."

[Special correspondence of RECORD-UNION.]

Wag was lazy as the day was long. He knew it, and had never been known to deny it or apologize for it. It was an inoffensive sort of laziness that everyone respected. He had a happy faculty of escaping the duties of camp cooking and stewing and brewing, but among his half-dozen jolly companions a look at his long yellow face and stooping shoulders secured his immunity from the worries of the domestic circle. To-day he had lain on his back in the meadow all the long, sunny afternoon, his fishing trappings idly beside him, and the little brook hurrying by with its harvest of fishes ungarnered. He had come home at supper time portionless, with "beggar lice" and "fox-tails" in the crevices of his clothes, a wild azalea in his button-hole, and the sharpest rebuke he received was the nickname "Barnaby Rudge." For months he had been perched on a high stool, bending double over weary columns of black, spidery figures, and when his hollow cough made their nights sleepless the greatest complaint heard was "poor devil."

It is said of Wag that he earned his abbreviated name by being too indolent to write the last three letters of the name, Wagner, handed down from father to son for many generations. A use was found for Wag, but in time he proved unequal to this slight task. It was to bring milk from the dairy across the creek. Finally it took two to perform the duty—the second delegated to go in search of Wag. He would be found sitting in the dooryard, smoking a social pipe with "Dutch Gus," the proprietor of the milk ranch, his bucket beside him, forgotten. It was not so much the dereliction of duty that exasperated the boys, as the fact that he found such royal entertainment in the company of "that wooden Dutchman."

When he was seen disappearing across the footbridge, with his curly brown dog Lassie solemnly in his wake, it was taken for granted he had "gone to Germany."

The usually reticent dairyman had warmed toward Wag, and little by little had told him his life's story and his plans for the future. At the approach of any one the conversation ceased, and the quiet was as deep as that which hangs over a green pool filled with croaking frogs when a pebble is tossed in its midst.

At the suggestion of Gus, Wag brought over his dog-eared German reader, and till the twilight purpled into evening Wag would sit with his long legs unreefed, laboriously chanting some marvelous fairy tale, while Gus, from a cloud of blue smoke that rose from his long-stemmed pipe, occasionally voiced his approval with deep grunts of satisfaction. Then the gentle moon came over the mountain, and with her troop of bright-eyed children went silently across the skies. A slight wind disturbed the sleeping tamaracks, and nodding their heads and waving their long arms about, they whispered stealthily to one another and gradually relapsed into silence.

Just over the rickety fence the scores of cows were sleeping—one could be heard to utter a long deep sigh, a bell would jingle and the stillness was dense as before. It was under this influence that Gus grew loquacious, and to Wag he confided that in one week more his wife and baby girl would come from the Fatherland. He had left them two years ago to seek his fortune in America. Fate had smiled on his efforts. Midas-like his butter and cheese had turned to gold. On this one theme he was eloquent, and his bald head and game eye were only partially comical when singing the praises of "mein frau Marie, and de leetle gal Gretchen."

Wag grew interested. He was glad the little Dutch wife was coming. He was speculating on how to relieve the monotony of her existence among the wailing pines and rawboned milkmen. But, pshaw, he thought, she was Gus' ideal, and would share his dull life with no thoughts above the market for butter. Of course she would be short and stubby; a face like a flushed full moon, and a capacity for work like a steam plow. It was one of Gus' characteristics to think twice or a dozen times before speaking. You could rely on that preface to his remarks. He was in a meditative mood this night, and most of the talking had devolved on Wag. In two days more it was expected the travelers would arrive.

"And Mrs. Gus came all the way alone?" asked Wag.

Pough, pough, pough, "Ya."

"Then you will meet her in the city, of course?"

Pough, pough, pough. "Nein; my bruder he meetit de wife und madschen und I tendit to the butter."

"Well, hadn't you better go yourself, Gus? She'd like it better."

For once Gus omitted the silent preface to his reply, and slapping one broad hand on his greasy knee, cried:

"Py dam, dot was de idea!"

* * * * * *

The treasures from the old country had materialized, and Wag, tying his cravat with extra care proceeded over the well-worn road to be presented. When Mrs. Gus came forward he mentally called himself a brute for the picture he had been guilty of drawing. Slight and trim as a sapling, hair a golden brown that defied a severe mode of dressing and rumpled into rebellious curls, cheeks like milk and roses and eyes gray and deep. Her quaint innocent manner was delightful; her broken English enthralling. And Gretchen, the newly imported confection, was a lovable little dumpling of three years, a counterpart of her girlish mother. Gus was speechless with joy. His manner plainly indicated that he would let the new-comers speak for themselves—it required no effort on his part to explain their charms. He merely sat beaming, his every instinct bent on the motions of the two.

Meanwhile Wag was speculating. Where in the name of reason, he wondered, did that scarecrow pick up the pretty girl? His visits were made with the same regularity as of old, and it was Marie who listened to his combat with the triple-jointed verbs, clapping her hands and uttering spasmodic shrieks when some three-decker bore down upon him and left him floundering helplessly. Gretchen and Lassie rolled on the grass together, and when the two came home with muddy pinafores and draggled brown coat, it was Marie who pounced upon the little toddler with a storm of mingled scoldings, slaps, kisses and caresses.

In the tender gloaming the pair would sit just outside the cottage door on a wooden bench, with just room enough for two and the water-bucket; Gretchen sitting near, sticking a row of pink daisies in the band of her straw hat. The quietness was deep, broken occasionally by the murmur of their voices, or a snore from the direction of Gus, who slumbered in his chair with the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* thrown over his head.

From the house where the men slept, came the broken-winded wail of Ludwig's accordion. The sweetest sounds floated through the open windows, where the tendrils of honey-suckle crept close and swayed in the perfumed air. It was when Marie sang the baby girl to sleep, rocking and crooning, while the heads of the dreaming poppies were not the only ones that drew closer and listened:

Schlummre, Liebchen, bist noch klein,
Weisst vom schonen Sonnenschein,
Weisst vom Strahl des Mondenlichts,
Und von Wald und Blumennichts;
Schlummre, Liebchen, wer de gross
Sollst es sehen auf meinem Schoos.

Unterm Nachtigallenlied,
Kommt der helle Mond und sieht
Mild herab auf dich und mich,
Alle Blumenn eigen sich,
Leise rauschen Baum and Fluss
Und du fuhlst den Mutterkuss.

Wag grew lazily romantic, and wondered if the merry little wife were altogether satisfied with her lot; if Gus was her ideal. Once he imagined she looked sadly thoughtful and compared him with the figure of her snoring lord. He went so far as to imagine that pink and white face opposite him alone, with the sunlight tangled in those recreant curls. But that very evening he watched her from the end of the long white oil-clothed table, chatting wildly with old Antone, munching meanwhile from a slab of bread and butter almost as large as herself. In his indolent way Wag had his ideas of feminine gentility, and the thought went chasing over his brain that

What in Maud was "native grace,"
In Mrs. Jenkins was out of place.

And the idea that in Antone's society she was quite as happy as his own was galling enough to take the conceit out of any fellow.

Antone, who was intrusted with the plebeian duty of washing milk cans, who had a glass eye, wore a gingham shirt, very often with the pleated bosom piece reposing on his back instead of his manly front! Mrs. Gus was certainly quaint, sweet and original, but there was a strata of the cloddy that even sluggish Wag shuddered at.

* * * * * *

Summer was mellowing into autumn. On the one side of the singing stream was a deserted camp, upturn stakes, a smoldering fire and trampled sod. On the other a little woman clasping tightly a hand, and saying softly, with dewy eyes, "Adieu mein liebert Freund."

A year and a month or two had quietly fallen into the voiceless past, and Wag is again before us. A little more stooped, quite a good deal seedier, but our same lazy, big-hearted Wag. He stands with his hands in his pockets, buried to the elbow, his long legs wide apart and soliloquizing. Lassie lays on his best coat, feigning sleep.

"Look here, Lassie, we've got to get out and take a jaunt in the mountains. Don't prick up your ears in that tone of voice. I'm not going for the purpose of making love to the Dutchman's wife. I am not such a damnable coward as to be guilty of that." Here he took a turn around the room. The memory of the gray eyes filled with tears had come up with this last speech, and as if trying to quiet his conflicting feelings he reasoned at the dog.

"Lassie, you know that Dutch bantling is the only human being that ever dared pull your silky ears and mop you around. Have you forgotten the sweet milk you reveled in, the glorious rabbit-chases over the meadows, you unthankful wretch? Oh, well, like all the rest of your sex, you want to be coaxed. But, Lassie, you are the only living object of your sex that has never talked back to me, and I admire you for it. You have never condescendingly given me advice when I plunged into some idiotic scheme and got bit, and have never told me I hadn't ought to have done it, etc. If I strike Langley right now he'll let me off. Langley'd give me half, his kingdom for the asking, no doubt about it. Always strike a man for favors when he's entangled in the sweet meshes of his honeymoon days. By George! how bright that freckled fairy has made his life. She is freckled and her nose is out of plumb, but these discrepancies don't disturb his quietude in the least. And, Lassie, she gushes, if you'll notice. I'm too confounded poor to marry, too lazy to woo and win, and, between you and me, I wouldn't have much of an opinion of a girl that would marry me. The first thing she'd do, Lass, would be to fire you out in the hall."

Here Lassie got up and slouched across the room heavily, flinging herself sullenly on a rug, and not deigning a look at her master.

"It's mad you are, my lady, is it? I thought I had known you long enough to address you familiarly as Lass. You're in no danger of being relegated to the draughty passage, and by all that's good and bad, we're off to Germany to-morrow."

* * * * * *

Much to Lassie's ill-concealed disgust, they were now again in the land flowing with sweet milk and rabbit chases. Wag was struck with surprise at the changes in the landscape. The huge trees had been leveled to the earth, and in the clearing a house was built. A modern house, all angles, stiff and formidable. The sun glared on the narrow porches; the blinds were drawn closely. A stiff fence ran in front, a stiff walk ran to the stiff steps, and even the rows of holly-hocks had a military bearing. The little old cottage was far in the rear, deserted, desolate, smothered in creepers that had at last accomplished their mad desire and clasped it closely. A new dairy-house, glared boldly, and to and fro a score of workmen pattered and chattered and sang.

In the corner of the meadow he stumbled upon a grave, and being in no hurry to enter the new house, he sat on the topmost rail of the fench with his gun across his knees, and fell to dreaming. The long, narrow mound had sunken deep, the meadow flowers were only now regaining life at its trampled edges. There was no name. Wag thought it might be Ludwig; the tones of that disconsolate accordion might, like the Lorelei's, have lured him on to destruction. Or the lamp of Antone's eye might have flicked out, and he lay with that shirt front at last right side foremost, under the sod and the dew. A man who could not take time to meet his family after a two-years' separation, could not be expected to spare valuable time to bury away his cowboys in civilized communities.

The sight of all this newness and prosperity fell on Wag like a pall. He had expected to drop into the quiet, dreamy spot just as he had left it, but pulling himself together he approached the prison.

Gus was silent for mere want of words of warm welcome. He beamed, he glowed, he almost embraced his visitor. He tread gingerly on the three-ply carpets; he had discarded the comfortable old pipe and affected cigars. Gretchen hung about the door bashfully. She had forgotten him; that was an additional stab.

"Gratchen, little gal, go tell you mama to come."

Gretchen pattered off, and Wag's hopes rose slightly. A woman came, bowing and blushing, in. Where had he seen those eyes and hair? The same yet not the same. Marie, but with age and coarseness stamped on every feature. Seeing his bewildered stare, Gus explained in a lucid manner:

"You tink von Marie already? She been dead yet. I goes to Germany right away off. Marie's seester, she marry me and come mit me home. Oh, ya, ya, we been already rich, ain't it, Katrine?"

* * * * * *

Wag made his way out through the phalanx of imported cousins, aunts and uncles who were rushing here and there like a disturbed hill of ants, carrying pails of frothy milk, and pausing at the sunken grave, removed his hat reverently, muttering, "The little gray-eyed frau was worthy of a better fate. I believe I loved her after all. Come on, Lassie."

A. R. L.

Santa Rosa, May 27, 1891.

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IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions from the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

The *Central West* (Pres.) says: "A childish and absurd custom is thus struck at by a secular paper: 'Senator Allison was right in keeping his seat when the pastor of his church requested all who were in favor of closing the World's Fair Sunday to rise. There is no reason why full-grown people should pay heed to idiotic appeals from the pulpit, which are on par with Sam Jones' famous call: "Will all who want to go to hell please stand up?" If Senator Allison's action calls attention to the absurdity of this kindergarten system in churches, it may accomplish much.' This 'jumping-up' and 'jumping-down' business ought to be severely sat upon in all self-respecting churches. It is a modern practice, and is the merest clap-trap."

The *Christian Union* says: "It is not for us to enter into the ecclesiastical controversies and party strifes of the different denominations. But, looking at this question wholly from without the Episcopal Church, we cannot refrain from saying that, as the election of Dr. Brooks was a triumph for the no-party element, to a refusal to confirm it would be distinctly a partisan triumph. It would be, in our judgment, a serious hindrance, not only to Christian union, but also to the growth of the Episcopal Church. There is much in that church which commends it to public esteem. Its rich spiritual liturgy, the antique flavor of which no modern inventor is able to imitate; its appeal to the esthetic nature, which the too severely simple service of the Puritan churches in the past mistakenly ignored; its history, reaching back into a period which antedates the Reformation; its freedom of thought, due to the fact that its center is a liturgy, not a creed; its combination of independence and order in an organization which secures to the diocese almost the liberty of independency, with a supervision exercised by bishops, whose office is imitated, though the name is disowned, by missionary superintendents and presiding elders in other denominations—all combine to make the Episcopal Church attractive to Christians of other demonminations; so attractive that, if the broad and catholic spirit pervaded it which is represented by Dr. Brooks it would not be unreasonable to anticipate that, in time, that church might become in truth what some of its members now desire to call it, the American Church."

The *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) says: "It is reported that Phillips Brooks, Bishop-elect, is annoyed at the way certain persons and papers are trying to belittle the Protestant Episcopal Church in order to glorify him. This has certainly been attempted when it commends him for 'stepping over boundaries.' One paper says: 'This stalwart man, head and shoulders above his brethren, easily steps over the little fences constructed in the spirit of arrogance.' Phillips Brooks has probably done nothing that he regards as inconsistent with the canons of that church. Much praise and blame is without analysis of character, and therefore without discrimination. A man who has so many praiseworthy elements needs no comparison with other men or with any institution. A positive exhibition of his qualities, presence and personality, unique and admirable, whose highest claim to consideration is that he recognizes that the 'church is greater than any man,' is all that is necessary to the exaltation of Phillips Brooks."

The *Evangelist* (Pres.) says: "Before acting, let the assembly take a long look ahead. The tide is just now setting very strongly against Professor Briggs. But soon it may turn. If he has a multitude of foes, he has also many able defenders, as our readers have seen by the letters published last week and others published this week. Whereunto will all this grow? We do not believe in being governed by outsiders, yet we canfess that it is not pleasant to hear them recall the suicidal madness of fifty yeors ago, the Excluding Act, the shadow of which rested upon us for a whole generation, and predicting that we shall commit a similar folly, saying that the Presbyterians will probably 'stone Professor Briggs, and that the next generation will build his sepulcher.' May we not learn something from our enemies?

"We have the greatest confidence in the wisdom of the assembly, if it waits till it has come to its 'sober second thought.' The only thing we fear is undue precipitation, which will make increased trouble for the future. It is said of those who make foolish matrimonial alliances that 'they marry in haste, to repent at leisure.' There are a good many other things in life that are done in haste, to be repented of at leisure. Such follies, if done by individuals, may be hidden from public notice by personal insignificance. But this cannot be so in the case of the Presbyterian Church, nor of a great representative body like the General Assembly. Wherefore, we trust that our ecclesiastical legislators may learn wisdom from bitter experience. One such piece of legislation as the Excluding Act ought to be enough, at least for this century. God forbid that the assembly to which is committed the sacred interests of our beloved church, should, in a moment of excitement, commit another act, for which it will have to pay by years of repentance."

The *Examiner* (Bapt.) says: "There are signs, however slight, yet significant that unity of belief among Baptists may not long continue. The trumpet already gives an uncertain sound in some parts of the Baptist hosts. Our strength in the past has been loyalty to the Scriptures; our weakness in the future threatens to be denial of the authority of the Scriptures. There are those among us whose teachings have a marked tendency to break down men's reverence for the Bible, by treating it as a compilation of documents made by an uncertain authority, documents in some cases of uncertain authorship, and in others certainly of authorship other than that professed in the writings themselves. The 'inspiration' of these writings is not directly attacked, but it is indirectly undermined by these views. The divine authority of forged writings, and of writings that are the composite product of a score of unknown persons, is not likely to be long credited by persons of good sense. Let certain theories regarding the composition of the Bible prevail, and loyalty to the Scriptures will be one of the superstitions of the past.

"As Baptists, we are at the parting of the ways. Shall we remain loyal to the Word of God, or shall we pronounce it to be the word of man and unworthy of our allegiance? We must choose. This is the question of the day that confronts every denomination, and it must be answered. Compromise is impossible, even delay will soon be impracticable. The decision will determine what Baptists will be in the next generation. Loyalty to the Bible has been our strength in the past, and is the bond that unites us today. What can we expect as the fruit of disloyalty except disunion and decrease?"

The *Living Church* (P. E.) says of Dr. Heber Newton: "If we have not completely mistaken his meaning in discourses which have appeared of late, nothing is clearer than this, that his teaching is not Christianity as this Church has received it and as he, at what should have been the most solemn moment of his life, undertook to teach it. Dr. Newton knows this as well as we do. He knows also that the present interest in his utterances is not called forth by what they convey in themselves, but that what engages attention is the audacity exhibited in delivering them from the pulpit of a church to which they are entirely foreign and hostile.

"We have one further remark to make. It is this, that if the principle that a man may voluntarily take upon himself the most solemn and distinct engagements and then repudiate them by a process of reading into them a meaning precisely the opposite of that which they were intended to convey, and always have conveyed—if, we say, such a principle were to be carried into common life and the ordinary transactions of business between man and man, contracts of all kinds would become impossible, the foundations of trust would be broken up, and a long backward step towards barbarism and social confusion would be the result."

Of the action of the Episcopal Church in the MacQueary case, the *Unitarian Review* says: "As long as it has so-called 'Articles of Religion,' and as long as it has theological creeds repeated in its service, just so long it has a duty to truth and honesty, as well as to charity. Its duty is to enforce the plain meaning of those articles and creeds as an orthodoxy upon its laity and clergy, to receive none who do not declare their sincere belief in these formulas, and to expel all its members, lay or clerical, who have come to disbelieve them. There is no middle way between an orthodoxy belief as a basis of a church and an orthodoxy of conduct. Each orthodoxy of belief, however far it go and wherever it stop short, may plead strong arguments for itself. So may the pure and simple orthodoxy of conduct. But a confounding of the two is good neither for reason nor for morality. Any event, then, which serves to make clear this issue, is auspicious of a better day for sound religion.

"In the case of the Rev. Howard MacQueary, the sympathies of liberal Christians must be with him, so far as he is a seeker after truth. But we have little or no sympathy with his former desire to remain in the Episcopal Church and teach that Jesus was born as other men are born, and that He appeared to his disciples after his death in spirit only.

"The question thus raised, whether a clergyman so believing can remain in the Episcopal Church while the articles are unaltered, has been decided in the negative by a vote of three to two. We believe that it has been decided properly; that the right place for a man holding Mr. MacQueary's views is outside of the Episcopal Church, not inside of it, and that the cause of truth is served by the decision of the tribunal and the departure of Mr. MacQueary into another fold, where he will be free to speak as he believes. Welcoming him, as the articles stand, we should have advised him to remain, were the sixth 'article of religion' the entire doctrinal basis of the Episcopal Church. That church may some time come to such a position. But, until it does, intellectual honesty demands that the remaining articles be allowed their plain meaning, and that men who disbelieve that plain meaning should preach religion elsewhere than in a body imposing these articles."

The Rev. Dr. T. W. Chambers writes in the *Christian Intelligencer* (Ref'd) on "A New Critical Analysis of the Epistle to the Romans, by E. D. McRealsham:"

"In the introduction the author states the assumptions which lie at the foundation of all scientific criticism on the Bible. Now when the Epistle to the Romans is examined under the light of these principles, it is found to be a composite work written by at least four authors. These authors, known as G 1, G 2, J C and C J are all Christians, but present different phases of Christian thought. G 1 portrays Christianity as an ethical institution, a spiritualized Judaism. Salvation, according to him, is gained by obedience to the law, and he says nothing about faith as its condition. In G 2, on the contrary, though nothing is said about faith in Jesus, salvation is emphatically represented as a Divine gift, one that is appropriated by faith in God. In J C the prominent thought is justification through faith in Christ, and especially in Him as a vicarious sacrifice. In C J the chief stress is laid on the necessity of spiritual union between the Christian and Christ. The writer proceeds to parcel out the Epistle among these four, removing a difficulty whenever one occurs by suggesting the action of a Redactor who brought the whole into its present apparent unity. The doctrinal argument on the subject is thus shown to be complete and conclusive. The four sets of views demonstrate that four different authors were concerned.

"Another chapter sets forth the Linguistic Argument. Some parts have the name Jesus Christ, others have Christ Jesus, while in still others the name Jesus scarcely occurs at all. And the distinction as to these names coincides with the distinction in doctrinal tone. Besides, a complete collation of the words used confirms the theory of divers authorship. If this analysis be compared with that made by Professor Harper of Gen. i., 12, there will be found to be a much greater and more significant diversity than that from which the critics argue a difference of authorship in Genesis. This is shown by many detailed statements which cannot be copied here. The author, comparing his argument with that of the higher criticism in respect to the Pentateuch, justly insists that his is more thoroughly grounded than theirs. It does not require so much minute chopping up of the text, nor is it necessary so often to bring in the Redactor.

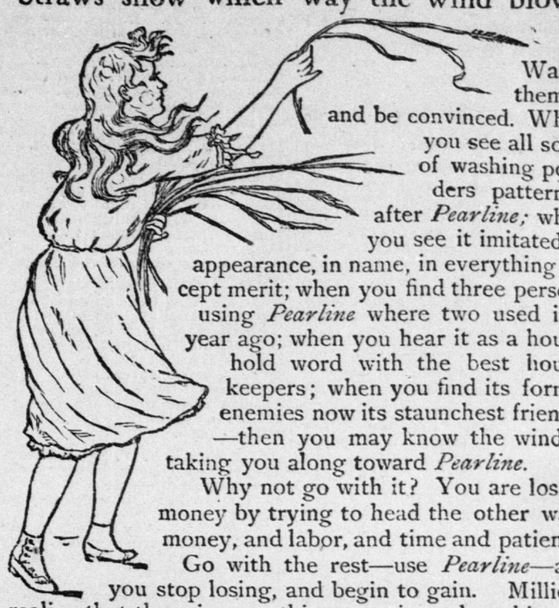
"Next comes the historical argument. This theory aids in solving some problems that have never yet been settled, as, for example, whether the epistle was written to a church of Jewish or Gentile Christians, there being strong arguments on both sides. But on the view of composite authorship the question loses all its importance. The same is true of the inquiries why Paul addressed his most elaborate epistles to the Romans whom he had never seen, when and where he wrote it, how it is to be reconciled with the statements in the Book of Acts, etc. If Paul never wrote the letter, these questions need no answer. That by far the greater part of the epistle is not Pauline has been made clear.

"Such is a very condensed statement of the positions taken in this excellent piece of workmanship, but our account fails to convey the full force and spirit of Mr. 'McRealsham's' tract. We have called 'Romans Dissected' a *jeu d'esprit*, which it certainly is, executed with just the appearance of seriousness that was required, and extremely entertaining to all who have any acquaintance with the destructive criticism of our day. But it is more than a stroke of wit. It is an argument of tremendous force. It shows that by the exercise of ingenuity and shrewdness any document of antiquity, no matter what its real character and claims, can be made to appear a mere compilation to which different authors have contributed with different aims, the whole being afterwards edited, or, as the fashionable term is, *redacted*, into the shape which it now has. The keen writer who disports himself under the name of E. D. McRealsham has rendered a great service to the cause of true criticism and sound learning."

The *Watchman* (Bapt.) says: "One of the remarkable signs of the time is that the most scholarly commentaries—the commentaries in which exegetical principles are applied without denominational bias — substantiate the correctness of the Baptist positions. And quite significant is the tendency of religious controvertists, when pressed by the arguments of destructive critics, to abandon tradition and to revert to the Baptist position of the supreme authority of the New Testament. Those who have sought to meet Dr. Briggs' declaration that the Bible, the Church, and reason are the 'three great fountains of divine authority,' inevitably fall back upon the statement that the authority of the Holy Scriptures is supreme. For instance, the New York *Observer* hardly seems to realize how far it goes towards the Baptists in opposing Dr. Briggs. He says: 'The Church, in so far as it is the Church of God, is such only so far as it expresses the Word of God. The Bible contains its charter, and from the Bible it takes its right to be, and the matter of its teaching.' That is exactly our position. When the different communions accept and act upon these principles Christian union will begin to be a fact instead of a topic."

Miscellaneous.

Straws show which way the wind blows



Watch them—and be convinced. When you see all sorts of washing powders patterned after *Pearline;* when you see it imitated in appearance, in name, in everything except merit; when you find three persons using *Pearline* where two used it a year ago; when you hear it as a household word with the best housekeepers; when you find its former enemies now its staunchest friends;—then you may know the wind is taking you along toward *Pearline.*