THE ENGLISH "BROADS."

Wakeman's Wanderings in an Interesting District.

The "Gorgio Chal" Again Among His Gypsy Friends—Another Masterpiece in Word Painting From His Gifted Pen—A Region Famous Among English Sportsmen.

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

THE BROADS, Eng., May 25, 1891.

It was a pleasant reunion, that one given me with Gypsy friends, from the accident of crossing Furness Fells from Ruskin's home at Brantwood, and stumbling upon their picturesque camp at the fellside edge of Dalepark, where, in the late afternoon I found only the old men and women, the sentineling Gypsy dogs, and the very young Gypsy chauvies or children in possession of the lovely glen which formed their temporary home.

By and by as the shadows lengthened the camp gradually began to awaken with returning life. The fires which had smoldered the day through were renewed by the now bustling old Gypsy women, and the pots and kettles sung merrily of good things to come. Gypsy men and women began coming into camp from all directions, and nearly all came singly or in groups to the tent I had been given, to emphasize my welcome as the "Gorgio Chal" (the non-Gypsy friend to the Gypsy) who was already known for his wanderings with their "brothers and sisters" in the far-off wonderland, America.

Ah, you who read these words will never know the thrill that gladsome welcoming term has brought to me in all lands for a quarter of a century past. "Gorgio chal!"—"Gorgio chal!" Those words of Gypsy trust and endearment follow me ever out into the other world of labor, struggle, endeavor. They pursue into the haunts of men where life rages and activities roar. They call from striving and winning, from race and place, almost as the sweetest of all home-sounds to me. They come across invisible hills and meadows when the brain is tired and the pen weary. "Gorgio chal!"—"Gorgio chal!" They are as the sound of summer melodies, of singing birds, of falling waters, when one all but faints in the withering city's ways. They call to me even in dreams. There is surely the Gypsy taint in my blood; or I am become Gypsy vagabond altogether. I would not resist the spell if I could. They are my own, these tawny folk, who press around to thrill my heart and moist my eyes with the heartiest, truest, sweetest welcomes I ever knew or can know in all the wide, wide world!

Nearly all brought trophies of the day's outing. Women who had been among the Umbrian "statesmen's" farms were laden with poultry, butter, eggs, cheese, knots of homespun yarn, and many an article representing hours of toil, which had been exchanged for a bit of gibberish and a "fortune," while those from the villages of Ambleside, Bowness or Windermere, and some who had even wandered to far-off Kendall, chattered gaily over trifling purchases and gewgaws of worthless tinsel and color. Now and then a Gypsy appeared in the lively condition of spirits indicating that considerable liquor had entered into the day's jockeying among the wise yokels of the remoter hamlets, but while some general sport was had with the fellow, it was not difficult to see that his weakness was the subject of a general disapproval. Indeed, there is an universal unwritten law among Gypsies that all men may profit from. The adage runs in this wise: "Only a Gypsy fool letteth his wits fly away through drink, when he hath aught to do." And there is a world of wisdom in that little sentence, if these rude people did make it.

But soon the camp was everywhere filled with life and activity. Horses neighed; donkeys brayed; dogs charged and tumbled over children and between horses' heels; while old men and women seemed to renew their youth and smiled and gabbled upon and with home-comers, with each other, and as if with the empty air. Snatches of song begun by Gypsies at one extremity of the camp were taken up and finished with a flourish at the other. Here are single stanzas from three of them, called respectively, "By Day and Night," "The Night ha' Come," and "Chee!—Chee!" (Silence!—Be still!):

By davies (day) and rat (night)
Be as sly as a cat,
Or the bing (devil) will pull out his harro (sword)
With a wink, through the hedge,
Or from off some near ledge,
He will spring out and chop off your sherro (head)!

The night ha' come the stars are out,
The campfires twinkle i' the hedge;
But sure as I'm a Gypsy lout,
If "bobbies" sneak this camp about,
The stones will rattle from the ledge,
An' heads will break, my word I pledge—
My word I pledge, my word I pledge!

On the drom (road) there is much that is trying;
Make dickering do for thy buying.
Be wise as an owl,
But if "bobbies" should prowl,
Just give them a fine lesson in lying,
Look them square in the yak (eye),
If they warn ye;
Hit them plump in the nak (nose),
If they scorn ye;—
For it's "Chee! chee!" when the "bobbies" come;
Then it's "Chee! chee!" when the "bobbies" come;
For it's better to be lying than crying!

Mingled with the lusty notes of these English Gypsy songs were merry "tally-yo-hos!" rung out on the evening air by returning horsemen to the campside singers. Now and then some dare-devil of a fellow (and often a Gypsy woman, who is as much the horse's master as her Rommany lord), would come pell-mell, full gallop into camp, with whoop and halloa, and, dashing through the brush to tether, make the tree-limbs rattle and clatter in passage, while approving shouts or half-serious yells and objurgations followed with the laughing children and ecstatic dogs. Soon came the supper—the really one great universal home-meal of the Gypsy day. They were a long time at it, as they always are, and as much fun as food was taken. Then with the cheery camp-fires brightly burning, here and there a lantern hung from elevated cart-thill or swaying copsewood, and with blazing cressets in honor of the stranger, first came my own tales of all the wondrous good fortune of their own kind in America; then children's games and all manner of campside jollity, followed by singing and dancing after marvelous jigs and reels upon "raal ol' Cremonys," until at last sleep and silence settled upon the Parkdale Gypsy camp and the one "Gorgio Chal" within it, with that amplitude of rest which so comes with loving touch to no other people on earth as to this outcast Rommany race.

The outcome of my visit to my Gypsy friends was making the acquaintance of a curious and interesting corner of England, of which I had never before heard, and which must also be to most Americans quite an unknown region. It is variously known in Great Britain as the "Norfolk and Suffolk Fens," the "Broads of East Anglia," and, provincially and by fowlers and sportsmen, as "The Broads." One of the families of this Gypsy Parkdale community annually visits the Broads, lives in a punt boat as a floating camp home, and while the women dicker and ducker among the lowly peasant families, the men, often with the women and children's assistance, make a good deal of money by weaving and selling all manner of rush and osier bags, pouches, crates and baskets required by fenmen, marshmen, eel and mussel catchers and the numberless sportsmen and yachting parties that frequent the region.

Our party comprised "ol' granpop" Wharton, tinker, fiddler and what-not; his son Uriah Wharton, a splendid type of the shaggy, huge, manly, kind-hearted English Gypsy; a huge hulk of a son with his father's sunny nature and frame; the wife, little, sharp-faced, sharp-eyed and sharp-tongued; three as pretty Gypsy girls as one could wish to find for poem, romance or idyllic company, Fashion, Melinda and Bess, and a number of Gypsy brats of both sexes and all sizes and ages so bewilderingly mixed with the family dogs that assortment and description are needless. What with visiting Gypsy friends at Keighly, Doncaster and Lincoln, we were three days reaching our destination, the village of Hickling, near Hickling Broad, in Norfolk; and a short tramp from Hickling, accompanied by a village cart well laden with Gypsy belongings, brought us to the waterside. Here, hard by an old daub-and-wattle cottage, whose peasant owner roared out an alarming welcome, we found our punt. This was already in fine order for the season, the cottager having cared for it in winter, and got it in readiness against the Gypsies' coming; and in an hour more the floating summer-home was launched, the evening meal in preparation, and snug quarters for all the motley crew arranged for the night.

Consulting the map of England, it will be noticed that the shires of Norfolk and Suffolk push out boldly from the nearly north and south English coast-line into the German Ocean. The shore is here a mass of sand-hills and dunes. Nearly the entire surface of the two shires behind it is but a few feet above the level of the sea, and in many respects is similar to Holland, which is but 100 miles distant to the east. The whole eastern portion of the shires is dotted with extensive reedy and marshy sheets of water, of but from three to six feet in depth, with a hard, smooth bottom of marl. These lake-like marshes or lagoons are feeders to the Bure, Yare and Waveney Rivers, all of which form confluence, and flow lazily into the sea, at the ancient city of Yarmouth. These lagoons are provincially called "The Broads." No one knows how or when the term originated. Their borders are chiefly flat and marshy. But many are richly wooded to the water's edge, giving them a peculiarly picturesque beauty, particularly in contrast with wide flat or slightly undulating fens by which they are surrounded.

Altogether there are nearly fifty of these broads, all communicating with each other by lazy currents called "dykes," or with the rivers, which they feed; and their total water surface is about 5,000 acres. They teem with fish—the roach, bream, perch and pike—and are the resort of countless water-fowls. Eels and mussels are taken from them by the ton. In their quiet, their unusual diversity, the characterful folk who live beside them, the almost countless miles of river and dyke waterway for small boating and yachting, the quaint and sunny old inns-of-call dotting here and there the silent shores, and the genuine possibilities for securing fish and game among them, they no doubt possess sweeter and subtler charms than any other known resort in England to the naturalist and sportsman.

My tawny friends belonged to neither class, but our house boat possessed quite as many provisions for necessary comfort as many of the hundreds of aristocratic yachts which haunt the region, and its crew and passengers were quite as care free and merry. The boat itself was about twenty-four feet in length and perhaps eight in breadth. Properly speaking, there was neither "fore" nor "aft," but the terms were interchangable at will. At one end was a little compartment, having at its own extreme end a comfortable bed for the Gypsy and his wife, with a capacious door-closed "locker" beneath. In this all the provisions and valuables were stored. Extending towards the middle of the boat were four bunks, two on either side, with sliding windows above. In these slept Fashion, Miranda, Bess, and a couple of the lesser progeny. Still in front of this was the most curious compartment of all. In its center, on the bottom of the punt where there had been made a solid bed of baked clay, shaped like a gigantic saucer, was the Gypsy fire that is never allowed to go out; and above it the real Gypsy crooked-iron kettle-stick, firmly imbedded in the clay. Here is where our kettles sung, and where the sweet perch and luscious pike were broiled, while the smoke escaped sometimes through a round hole in the roof, but generally and principally where it listed. This was kitchen and parlor in our boat-house. Necessary utensils hung against the walls, but could not quite hide many efforts at decorative art, from the illustrated papers, pasted solidly in their places, and given antique and generous coloring from the smoke of the burning "hovers" of peat.

Amidships was our salon. It was not large but, as "Gran'pop" Wharton remarked, "Hit 'ad good prospecs, an' airy ones." This was covered by an old sail having once done duty with the Yarmouth herring fleet. Here our hearty meals were taken; and this place was also the workroom where the nimble fingers of the Gypsies wrought the pouches and baskets of flag and osier. Beyond this, and extending to the end of the boat opposite that occupied at night by father, mother and daughters, was a little shed-like coop, where the Gypsy grandfather, the huge lad, myself and a few of the children had comfortable bunks for the night; and on top of this, something after the fashion of the "upper deck" of our American willow-ware hawkers' wagons, was a sail-covered place where the stores of baskets and pouches were kept until sale—the showroom, as it were, for the fishers and hunters of the lagoons.

Then came the nights and days of this strange, quaint life with my Gypsy friends among the "Broads." We seldom remained long at one mooring. There were countless cottages of farmers, fenmen and marshmen to be visited. The Gypsies were welcome everywhere. Old anglers and fowlers paused in their wherries, gave cheery greetings, often made purchases, and never passed without flinging "white money" into our outlandish punt. Many of the passengers of yachts visited, patronized and tipped us handsomely for our ever-ready secrets of where the perch and pike were hiding. All day long it was greeting and parting—now a wherry with a single occupant fierce and restless in quest of game; now a boat-load of roysterers, careless of all but carelessness and enjoyment; now a market-boat being "polled" or rowed, or both, to the market village, with the entire family on board, as in Holland, and now perhaps some lone naturalist in hungry, harmless quest of rare butterflies and bugs.

Then came evenings when the sun went down in forests of waving reeds flaming the thatches of some low lying cottage on the opposite shore, wierdly lighting the arms of the huge windmills of the region, bringing to a looming nearness the grim Norman towers of some far olden church, or gilding the top of some medieval ruin as with gold. Then as it sank from sight, the waters for a moment were purple, the reeds puce, and then, in another moment, everything was pitchy black, until the stars, shining in the depths above and from the waters beneath, seemed to envelop all. Then the songs and chirps of myriad insects; the whirr and splash of the late homing water-fowl; and the witching, whispered soughing of the breeze in the rushes and reeds. And then "gran'pop Wharton," hugging his thin old fiddle to his thin old breast, played many a Gypsy lullaby tune that seemed to merrily or plaintively answer the witch tongues of the reeds, until, as the "peat hovers" flickered fainter and fainter in our cabin, all nature in the "Broads" seemed to have gone with us into the land of silences and dreams.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

THE ONLY WAY.

A most accommodating man,
He tried to live upon the plan
Of pleasing all his neighbors—
But what one thought good the other thought bad;
What made one smile made another one mad;
So, worn out with his labors,
The poor man laid him down and died—
And every one was satisfied.
—Indianapolis Journal.

THE four H's—health, happy homes and hospitality—fostered by Angostura Bitters. Sole manufacturers, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

FOR bronchial, asthmatic and pulmonary complaints, Brown's Bronchial Troches manifest remarkable curative properties. 25 cents a box.

"BACKWOODS BELLES."

One of Them Has a Severe Spasm of Patriotism.

She is Disgusted With the Eastern People Who Do Not Appreciate California, and Points Out How They May Find Relief.

[Special correspondence of RECORD-UNION.]

You have met him! You will grasp my hand with a silent, tender sympathy. If Fate has blessed you, and spared you the trial of coming in contact with him, then I only ask your commiseration. He is the Eastern man who finds California a blooming bore. I would not rob him of his opinion—everyone has a right to that in this glorious land of the free, but I would raise my voice against his making our lives a gruesome nightmare by dissecting our climate and resources and hoisting on high the alleged deficiences. I am not overburdened with patriotism, inasmuch as my shouts did not mingle with those of the dear people in welcoming the smiling Chief Executive to the Golden State—the figure-head that adorns the prow of the ship of State. In preference to reading the engrossing telegrams that tallied every sneeze and smile, I turned to the market reports and legal ads. Nothing to be proud of, you say. No, but that is to show that I can be patriotic when occasion demands, and the occasion is when an Easterner, who has crawled out of his shell of ice and snow, and sunning himself like a lizard on a June day in the floods of Pacific Coast sunshine, deliberately sits and deprecates California. It is to my bump of combativeness what the red rag is in the Spanish arena.

He marches in with a "fetch-on-your-rats" air, and his nose elevates at the pride the people manifest in their State. Nothing is quite as good as it is beyond the Rockies. The fruits may be earlier, but ah, they lack the flavor of those in good old Yankeedom. While we are being pelted and smothered in banks of sweet blossoms, his people are hibernating in caverns of snow. But there is the sleigh-riding, you know. Did you, come to think of it, ever talk five minutes to an Eastern man that he didn't expatiate five hours on sleigh rides? When you have replied meekly that you never saw enough ice to skate on, he towers above you majestically, and in a princely manner that makes you feel about as big as a peanut, informs you that "half your life's gone."

I have concluded that in order to make my life a howling success I will have to skate on ice and sleigh ride once. I don't particularly want to do eye-ther, but it is so embarrassing to have to admit, time and again, that I have had the bad taste to live all these years without participating in the heaven-chosen pastime. At the time his sisters, cousins and uncles-in-law are being cycloned and frost-bitten he is basking in the—

Rich breath of the garden,
Where the golden melons lie,
And the purple plums are turning
All their red cheeks to the sky.

I would not be harsh with this genus man; he is our guest. But, verily, I would rather—ah, how much rather—throw my purple plums at him than to eat them.

I admire patriotism. I like to see him uphold the advantages of his State and prop up its weak points; but I would like to show him one pitiful object, that approaches within shouting distance of the excellence of his home products.

If he got to heaven—and of course he will, for the home of such perfection is heaven—he will buttonhole grim St. Peter at the door, secure a night-key, and give Peter a few pointers on how they kept door "back East." He would stop the chorus of the glorified throng because his harp was out of tune.

I have quietly reasoned with myself in the dead, still hours of the night, as to whether if I were in the East I would be obnoxiously enthusiastic about the Golden West. I would uphold it with the last fleeting breath that flickered in my mortal clay; but were I disgustingly ardent, may the undertaker have mercy upon me!

He comes to California and makes more money in one week than he has seen before in six years; but then prices are so high it takes so much to live. The climate is so changeable, and people here don't know how to live, anyway.

Query: If the winds and sunbeams and people and customs are so odious to your delicate organization, why, in the name of the great pewter pitcher, don't you pack your household effects and grievances in a box-car and roll back to the land of perfection? We would weep to see you turn your classical heels on us, never, alas, to return more, but we would not hang on to your coat-tails and beseech you to linger among us against your own inclination. That would be heartless and cruel. Can't make enough money to get away? Half an excuse is better than none, but that is not half a one. You can watch your opportunity when the roads are good and walk out, or you could steal horses, or rob sluices, and thus expedite your progress. Where there's a will there's a way. And any jury of twelve big-hearted Californians would acquit you without a second thought in the lawless, uncivilized style you have ever credited them with. They could not see you pining amid barbarous scenes removed from your own loved land of art and literature. It would be as heartless as the removal of a bright-plumed songster from his tropical forest home, voiceless, and languishing for his perfumed bowers and silver-tongued companions. If, in very truth, California is so distasteful, go ye into a dank, drear corner of your woodshed and there fling your epithets at the unsuffering posts and sawbucks.

A man said once that there was "no society in California." He was a minister of the gospel. It was my misfortune to witness the quantities of golden fruits and succulent chicken pie with which he fed the flame of his inspiration, and, sacrilegious as it was, I wondered if he missed the soul communion of his brethren and sistern as long as plenty went smiling through the land. A man who cares more for a square meal than the salvation of a bunch of the rabble cannot talk to me of lack of society in California or even Timbuctoo. I have sat on a dreamy Sabbath morning and watched and listened to his preaching. There was a prominent lack of spirituality and a conspicuous presence of the material. When the deacon droned a prayer and the amens came fervently floating to the center, as if by gravitation, it was safe to assert the man in question had his mind on the dinner that was now next in order.

All ministers cannot have the high-bred brow, the resigned, peaceful contenance, the spiritual, uplifted eyes, but where the holy light shines from the face it inspires more reverent thought in me than where well-fed obesity voices the words.

There are faces that remind one of a page with the punctuation and capitalization omitted—the substance is there, to be found with patient searching, but its blankness can only be brightened with the little marks that give expression.

A gentleman from the piney regions of the Carolinas once bewailed the fact that California boys and girls were rude and ahead of their years; that Californians lived too fast. In short, the Carolinas were about to be incorporated with Paradise. To use a polite form of speech, I let him have enough rope and he hung himself. He confided that he wore a tow shirt and went barefooted till he was 21 years old; he showed a specimen of the soil that was cherished like a sprig of shamrock; it was like coarse sand and was a cheery terra cotta in tone—red enough to call up a cavalcade of white horses. He said it was true they drilled holes to plant corn, and blasted it out in the fall; he, himself, had hitched a scrawny little calf in a cart and taken a pint of wild blackberries to town to exchange for a peck of corn meal. And I wondered, as I listened, if I would rather be identified with speedy California or wear a tow shirt and swap garden sass.

The sprinter from the "Hub of the Universe," while she buries her stiff-brimmed nose in the dewy, fragrant clusters of starry flowers, and is regaled royally with the abundance scattered from the horn of plenty, raises her chin and tells you that in "Bosting we have superior fruits and flowers." Uh! huh! In that land of spectacles she existed on cologne water and catnip tea, but here she is spared even that expense and amasses her six bits a month regularly with living on the donated treasures of orchard and vineyard. I have tried living on rose leaves and cistern water, too, but invariably resort to corned beef and cabbage.

I heard two unfortunates bemoaning their bitter fate the other day: "Ugh," said one with a shiver, "Will the weather never settle?"

"That's the trouble with this (here he used a word not meant for publication) country," said No. 2. "Now in Kansas ——"

"I had a brother killed in a cyclone cellar there, though. It uprooted the church and cut it in two, and ——"

I did not hear more. I vanished. But the wonder is that they would raise their voices against weather or anything else.

Had I a shadow of thought that these sentiments would arrest the sweep of immigration I would spend the remnant of my life in bitter weeping. My advice is this: Do not longer linger far away from your native State. We poor, benighted wretches know nothing but our own glad, sunny clime, and you cannot jeopardize yourselves by hoping to bring us within the pale of appreciation of your state of culture and heaven-blessed region you call your home. Come one and all. There is room for us all. Bring along your poor relations and your relations' poor relations, but, in the name of sweet charity, let us have peace! A. R. L.

Santa Rosa, June 5, 1891.

THE ALMANAC.

Now, Hanner, 'taint no use to tell what them newspapers say
About the storms and winds and floods that's comin' right away,
The cold waves that they harp about that's brewin' in the west,
An' movin' east 'bout just so fast. I hain't no confidence
In anything of that ere kind; it's the new-fangled way
Of running things as if the Lord He wouldn't hev' His say
About the weather any more. I ain't so tarnal green
As 't be tuk in by weather that's ground out of a machine!
An' I look where I'll find it straight, for snow an' rain an' hail,
In the good old Almanac that hangs there on the nail.

Them proberbilities don't count; I want to know for sure
An' sartin, when the winter 'll come, the real Simon Pure!
The kind of weather that we had so plenty in my day,
When sleighin' in November came, an' sometimes held till May!
In them times, Hanner, blizzards wuz a thing we didn't know;
A snowstorm wuz a snowstorm, and a high wind wuz a blow,
An' when it cleared away we didn't harrer up our souls
A-worryin' about the storm that wuz hatchin' at the poles;
An' when we wanted weather news 'bout which there was no fail,
We looked in the old Almanac that hung there on the nail.

We trusted some to signs you know, as how the wild geese flew
A goin' south, an' how the husks upon the field corn grew,
An' how the beavers built their dams, whether they's high or low,
An' if the breast-bone of a goose wuz white, look out for snow;
But when my mother wanted for to set a broody hen
She'd have to have the signs all right for a good hatch; an' when
My father wanted to find out if there'd be a rainy May,
So's he could raise his calves, an' know he'd have a crop of hay—
Why, then they looked where weather calculations did not fail,
In the old Almanac that hung there on the nail.

So, Hanner, 'tain't no use to try to beat it into me,
That them "forecasts" in the newspapers that every day we see,
Is of any sort of consequence; why, there hain't no kind of doubt
But what a man that undertakes to plan the weather out
Must know the heavenly bodies, an' conjunctions, just as I
Know all my cows an' horses 'an pigs that's in the sty!
He can't trust to them thermometers with figgers sot by rule,
Like the sums upon the blackboard when I went to deestrict school.
An' when I want to know about the rain, an' snow, an' hail,
I'll look in the old Almanac that hangs there on the nail.

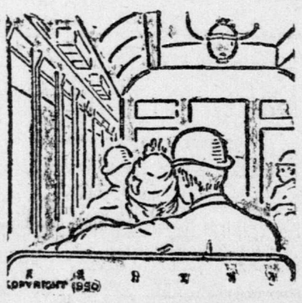
—Clara Augusta, in New England Magazine.

From Fry to Yearlings.

We had an inquiry some time ago as to the best method of keeping trout fry until they become yearlings, and being anxious to supplement our own experience with that of Monroe A. Green, Superintendent of the New York hatchery, we wrote him on the subject, and now give his response:

"I think the fry will do better if you could screen some place where there is plenty of vegetable matter. They would get more natural food, and do better than you can do for them in troughs. It is a pretty nice thing to raise fish up to yearlings. They have to be fed six or eight times a day, and the troughs cleaned out every day or the water will get foul. We start our fry in troughs fifteen feet long, seven inches deep, fourteen and a half inches wide, with gravelly bottom, until they are about two months old. Then we transfer them to a pond thirty feet long, three feet wide, with gravelly bottom, covered over with trap-doors, which we close up nights to keep the rats and minks out; and it takes constant care to raise them. I keep one man that takes care of them, and he is busy all the time."—Nature's Realm.

In the war of the rebellion the United States had 2,213,364 men.



In the train

of diseases that follow a torpid liver and impure blood, nothing can take the place of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Nothing will, after you have seen what it does. It prevents and cures by removing the cause. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, improves digestion, builds up both strength and flesh, when reduced below the standard of health. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Scrofula, or any blood-taint it's a positive remedy. It acts as no other medicine does. For that reason, it's sold as no other medicine is. It's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

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.

Discussion over Dr. Briggs and Dr. Heber Newton may seem idle in the face of this pronouncement of the *Flaming Sword* of Chicago: "The Church to-day is an abomination. Its stench ascends and is offensive in the nostrils of Jehovah, till his threatened visitation of wrath hangs portentous over the doomed Babylon, holding in vassalage the kingdom struggling for deliverance."

Of heresy trials the *Sacred Heart Review* (R. C.) says: "Upon the whole the sects are in a difficult position. They are bound to fight against heresy and unbelief; but towards these is precisely the tendency of Protestantism. The tendency is natural, irresistible, inevitable. The various denominations may struggle as they can, but ultimately there is either Catholicism or infidelity."

The *Congregationalist* says: "The prevailing sentiment of Christians, in view of the present agitation, must be one of satisfaction and thanksgiving. There are multitudes in Presbyterian churches who have known almost nothing of its standards, while the proportion is perhaps as great in other denominations who have given little attention to the system of belief which they are supposed to represent. They are beginning to study with new interest the grounds of their faith. Creeds are printed and discussed in the secular newspapers, and scattered by the million. A new era in the history of theology has begun. A degree of attention greater than this country has yet known is being centered on what God has revealed, and what He calls on men to be and to do. It is time for Christians to study earnestly the Word of God; to consider thoughtfully and with open mind the results presented to them by accredited students of the Bible; and, above all, to pray for the gift of the Holy Spirit that the whole Church may rightly interpret His will, and may devote itself with greater power than ever before to His work."

Of the General Assembly now in session the *Interior* (Pres.) says: "The contending brethren agree upon the Scriptures as the only and the infallible rule of faith and practice.

"They agree upon the Confession of Faith as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures.

"Both parties in the terms of warmest affirmation declare their loyalty to the Scriptures as the supreme, and to the Confession as the subordinate, standards of our faith. Neither the one party nor the other can with any Christian propriety challenge the sincerity of the other in these affirmations.

"Now it seems plain to the plain and unlearned Christian that here is a platform of agreement upon which we may stand with sufficient harmony to calmly consider, reduce to a minimum, and adjust within limits of toleration and forbearance, all existing real differences. Or failing in this, that, having reduced those differences to the minimum, we can as calmly and charitably consider whether any of them are beyond the limits of safe toleration."

Dr. Wayland says, in the *National Baptist:* "The Rambler had occasion to observe some time ago that it is not so much what it is that is said as how it is said and who it is that says it. Some years ago the Rev. John Miller, a well-known clergyman in the Presbyterian Church, published a volume upon theology, in which, of course, he went astray—no one ever writes upon metaphysical theology that he doesn't go astray. As the result of his heaven-daring attempt to state his views, he was tried by the Presbytery, and then by the Synod, and then by the General Assembly, and was deposed from the ministry. Another clergyman of recognized orthodoxy, bearing a name that is a synonym for theological hygiene, said to him, 'I could have said everything that you said in your book, and nobody would have taken any offense at it, because I should not have said it in a way to create opposition.'

"A similar remark might be made in reference to the recent deliverances of Professor Briggs.

"Then it makes a great deal of odds *who* says it. Fifty years ago Charles Sumner, who was just entering on life, was regarded as an idealist, lacking in practical wisdom. The Rambler once heard the late Francis Wayland say, 'If there were a public meeting in Boston, and if Charles Sumner would move a resolution that two and two make four, and Samuel G. Howe should second it, the meeting would refer it to a committee, and then would adjourn.'"

The Rev. Dr. C. A. Briggs says in the June *Forum:* "Dogmatic theology is in a state of dissolution and reconstruction. The dogmatic theologians have elaborated Protestant dogma far beyond the later symbolical books of Protestantism. Thinking men are going back to the symbols of the Reformation, and then back of these to the ecumenical creeds, and then still further back to the theology of the Bible itself. The theology of the Bible was sadly neglected by the scholastic divines, and it has found no adequate expression in the symbolical books of any of the great churches of Christendom. They, for the most part, pursued false methods of exegesis. They knew little or nothing of Biblical criticism. The lower or textual criticism, the higher or literary criticism, and historical criticism are sections of modern scientific study of the Bible. Criticism has made the Bible a new book. And the discipline of Biblical theology which builds on the results of criticism finds in the Bible a new theology—new not in the sense that it destroys anything that is valuable in the old theology; but that on the other hand it is simpler, fresher, full of life and energy, quickening and fascinating people as well as preacher, and, on the other hand, more comprehensive, more profound, more symmetrical and harmonious. It is sublime, and indeed divine, because it brings us face to face with holy prophets and with God Himself."

Of Dr. Phillips Brooks as Bishop, the *Living Church* (P. E.) says: "It is assumed that he will have nothing more to do with 'Unitarian festivals and church congresses'; that a seat in the House of Bishops will work a wonderful transformation; that those who have hitherto followed his leadership will not expect him to lead them in the same paths any more. It is to be observed, first, that this way of looking at things is purely political, and leaves principle completely out of view; second, that, while there is no doubt that such a progress has been seen in certain cases, both in England and among ourselves, it would not be easy to point to an instance in which, on the one hand, the position of the candidate has been so pronounced and explicit, and in which, on the other hand, he has been a man of such strength and independence. In schools and other societies the experiment has sometimes been tried of promoting a troublesome subject to a position of responsibility with the hope of producing a sobering effect. But we confess that we are not very confident of the success of a method, in the case of the famous Boston preacher, which may sometimes prove salutary when tried upon a schoolboy who has misbehaved himself."

The Rev. Dr. Theodore M. Riley of Nashotah says, in the same journal: "There is one point connected with Dr. Brooks' possible confirmation and consecration, which needs to be steadily kept in mind, almost to the exclusion of everything else, viz: that his elevation to the Episcopate will constructively undermine the authority of the Nicene faith in this church.

"That eminent man said at Louisville, in words which burned themselves into the memory of many who heard him 'The minister is but the representative: layman.'

"This phrase does not simply mean Congregationalism, it also means that the Christian ministry is not a 'witnessing ministry,' and that consequently the historical church is not a 'witnessing church' in the sense in which all ages have believed her to be such.

"If this church be not a witnessing church, then the Nicene faith is no longer *de fide*. It does not stand upon the divine authority of the church, but upon its essential credibility as any given man may think it credible. And thus the whole question of the faith, even as respects the Incarnate, is thrown back upon the individual judgment.

"Nothing could be more fatal to the security of faith among us than such an issue. And we may be quite sure that our new Eusebians will press it to its utmost reach.

"Let the bishops pause, therefore, before by consecrating Dr. Brooks they bring the truth of the witnessing church and the creed of Nicea into question in these evil days."

The *Independent* says: "We think we can give the facts about Dr. Brooks. He has never done one thing in the whole course of his ministry in Boston to show his sympathy with Unitarianism. The utmost he has done was at the consecration of Trinity Church a dozen years ago or more, when he invited Dr. A. P. Peabody and Dr. James Freeman Clarke to come to the Holy Communion. They came and received the sacrament. He has been very scrupulous in matters pertaining to his own order. He recognizes the spiritual character of the work of clergymen of other communions, but his theory is that the Church was organized by our Lord, and that the Apostles were appointed to carry out His instructions and appoint their successors and transmit our Lord's authority. He believes the Episcopate is not absolutely necessary to the existence of the Church, but accepts it as an historical fact, and would yield to no one in the respect due the office. The action especially criticised occurred at the old South Congregational Church on Good Friday night. The pastor, Dr. Gordon, had been trying to induce his people to observe the Lenten season, and he thought it would be a good plan to invite the clergy of the immediate vicinity to speak to his people on the meaning of Good Friday. He invited Dr. Brooks, the Rev. Leighton Parks, the Rev. P. S. Moxom and the Rev. Brooke Herford, representing the Episcopal, Baptist and Unitarian bodies. Dr. Brooks and Mr. Parks did not know that Mr. Herford was invited, and, had they known, would have had no responsibility for the invitation. Nobody imagined that Dr. Brooks had done wrong until he was named as a candidate for Bishop. He stands within the lines on which Bishops have heretofore been accepted without question, and the statements in *The Living Church* about him are in nearly every instance gross exaggerations or perversions of fact. It would be very curious to have Dr. Bridgman joining the church because it is so roomy at the same time that Dr. Brooks is rejected because it lacks room."

"Farmton" says, in the *Advance*: "The revised version of the Bible is not gaining in popularity. I am inclined to think that it has not in this decade secured that place in the affections of the people, or in the service of the church, which the revisers believed it would secure. I am confident that ultimately it will gain a noble place; yet I doubt if it ever does succeed in getting that hold on the affections of men which the King James version now has. One reason for my judgment is that this revision follows too closely the idiom of the Greek. The revisers of the New Testament were a body of Greek experts, but their English, alas, in some places does not seem to be English. The people, it is also to be said, have not taken kindly to certain changes. In the Lord's Prayer they have not accepted that version of the petition, 'Deliver us from the Evil One.' I have been very much interested, by the way, in what Professor Potwin, one of the most competent professors of Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, has to say about this rendering in the last number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. He, I am sure, makes out a case against this rendering 'the Evil One,' and succeeds in establishing the proposition that the Greek demands rather the old than the new translation."

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