WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Enjoyment of Halloween Mysteries in Great Britain.

The Queen Assisting in the Ceremonies at Balmoral—One Delightful Night Among the Irish Peasantry—"Bannock-Baking," "Snap-Apple" and "Nut-Burning"—"Pulling the Kail" in Scotland.

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One often hears it said that the old customs and traditions are all forever passing away. Perhaps those who feel and say this are themselves merely growing away from them, and in a manner passing, through age and shifting condition, out of their own former environment. Some of the more ancient customs are surely becoming obsolete, and with no loss to humankind. But there will ever remain to the Christian world a few of the sweet old days of mirth and merry-making which no change or iconoclasm can mar or dispel.

Halloween is one of these. It is growing upon American people in countryside quarters, and even in city homes. The continuous strong, firm and fine incoming of English, Irish and Scottish folk among those who have preceded them long enough to become distinctively "American," is gradually engrafting the best loved olden memories upon our new social trunk. Halloween, next to Christmas-tide, must ever remain the most cherished of all recurring yearly periods when the mysteries have most affluent and the most forgivable, it often grotesque, expression, through the longings and vagaries of the human heart.

Whether its origin was pagan or Christian, is of no consequence. Halloween would have been invested with just the same tender brood of superstitions and practices if it had fallen upon the eve of Easter, St. John's day, or the Fourth of July—if the latter had had the white beard of age upon it. The hearts of men and women, maids and youths, fixed upon a time for Cupid worship; for the plighting of troths; for the divining of what love might have in store. Sacred as all other things ever have been or ever will be, is the period of awakening of the sweetest emotions. No more fitting a time could be for this than the night before All Hallows, All Holy, or All Saints' Day, and the mellowing of the centuries has curtained this eve of All Hallows with such misty draperies, and set behind them such a wealth of innocent memories, that even age and austerity, turning to their witching maze in youthward gaze and longing, ever draws them aside with a tender and loving hand.

In the remoter districts of England, and especially in the ancient villages where little change has taken place for centuries, the older and more innocent features of Halloween are still preserved and enjoyed with unbounded zest. In the larger cities and villages the observance has never been much above "horse-play" and rude burlesque. The Saxon mind is not so retentive of sweet old custom and tender superstition as is the Celtic. In a large sense it may be said that the English folk, generally, while ignoring Halloween practices, universally make mental defense of the Halloween time and spirit, and are affected, in a passive and admirable manner, by its hold on them through literature rather than through its direct spell upon their natures, as with all folk of Celtic origin. Therefore while its recognition by the English is complete, its observance is tolerative rather than active.

The Queen herself was the chief personage in a marked illustration of this fact in 1876. Halloween was celebrated with unusual ceremony at her Balmoral Castle, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, by the tenantry and servants of Balmoral and Invergeldie. There were torchlight processions, extraordinary bonfires and the burning in effigy of witches and warlocks. Nearly 200 torch-bearers assembled at the castle as the shadows of evening fell. They separated into two parties, one band proceeding to Invergeldie, the other remaining at Balmoral. When the torches were lighted at 6 o'clock the Queen and Princess Beatrice were driven to Invergeldie, followed by the Balmoral torch-bearers. Here both parties united and returned in procession to Balmoral. A tremendous bonfire was then lighted, the Queen's pipers playing the while. Refreshments, comprising every dish dear to Halloween memory, were served to all, when dancing to the strains of the bagpipes was begun on the greensward.

When the frolic was at its hight there suddenly appeared from the rear of the castle a grotesque figure representing a witch, with a train of ogres and elves as attendants. All these made every possible demonstration of terror at sight of the huge bonfire. Then followed an ogre of demoniacal aspect and shape, followed by another hideous warlock drawing a car on which was seated the effigy of a witch, surrounded by other figures in the guise of ogres and demons. These unearthly intruders were marched several times around the bonfire, and finally the chief figure, the embodiment of witchdom, was taken from the car and hurled into the blazing pile amid weird shrieks and howls from the masked demons, who instantly fled into the darkness, the cheers of the multitude mingled with the wildest strains of the bagpipes, and a great display of fireworks.

An attendant present at the time told me that the scene was most impressive and picturesque, Lochnagar and other mountains in the nighborhood being covered with snow; that dancing and all manner of Halloween festivities were kept up until morning; and that the Queen, precisely as any other mortal present, entered into the spirit of the extraordinary occasion—assisting in some of the preparations with her own nands—with the utmost interest and zest.

In Scotland and Ireland, where superstitions have held their own against all change and progress, though undoubtedly having largely passed by gradual evolution from the status of almost savage belief to that of loved and cherished custom, there is not another more prized time in the whole year for deference to the universal sway of gentle witchery and ogreish charm. I have found that the same, in degree, holds true in Northumberland, Durham, northern Yorkshire, Cumberland and Westmoreland, and in Wales and the Isle of Man. The people of all these regions were originally Celtic. To me the conclusion seems irresistible that the traditions, superstitions and practices are not only largely of Celtic origin, but that Halloween memories and charms hold closest and longest in the hearts of all folk having descent affinities to the Celtic parent race. My attention was first called to a study of these lines of distinction through the interest awakened in the personal enjoyment of a Halloween festivity, while wandering among the peasantry of Ireland.

It was nightfall ere my peasant host and myself, who had been passing the day among the Donegal glens and mountains, reached the farm-house, where quite a number of country folk were already awaiting our arrival. The house itself was somewhat larger than the average Irish cabin. It contained three very large square rooms. Above these were fairly spacious lofts, rather close against the thatches, where most of the scanty stores were placed, and where the entire family were disposed of at night in bunks not unlike sailors in a vessel's forecastle. But across the road stood a mortar-walled barn as large again as the house; and this, swept clean and set to rights, was also ready for hospitable service. Both house and barn were lighted brilliantly, considering the humble means of the host, with lamps, candles, and even here and there an Irish "splinter," or long silver of bog wood coated with tallow.

With all those constantly arriving came mysterious little bundles which were secretly edged into the peasant-mother's hands, or dropped with great effort at nonchalance in some old corner; making it easy enough to see that whatever might be the bounty of the night, each one had been mindful of the farmer's small purse and the assemblage's concrete mighty needs—all much after the manner of our American countryside "donation party." Within, everything the home possessed, shone as brightly as the faces of all who came. The housewife seemed swelling and bursting with cheery flurry and heat over pots and kettles at the great fireplace of the room, and sundry savory odors promised much for a later hour. The kitchen had been given over to the youngsters, who were already deep in their Halloween charms and games, and becoming one of them, like the old man who "cared not for the fall," in Willis' "Saturday Afternoon," I soon won place and honor.

Of all brief periods of Irish pleasure, Halloween yields the sweetest, because the most harmless and innocent, delights. It is the night of unbounded mirth, witching charm and sinless dream. It is then that the tenderest of all of superstition's eerie broods, the kindly Irish fairies, mingle with human moods and wish, and weave their friendly spells through all the warp and woof of thought, emotion, dream and desire. And his is an insensate heart that will not grow younger and tenderer under the influence of these mirthful revels. Where will one begin and end in telling them as he sees and feels them?

Over every door to house, room or barn an apple-paring was hanging, and some maiden's eager eye was watching for him who first passed beneath, for that one the fairies had charmed as her beloved. Groups of lads on all-fours ducked their heads in buckets of water and brought out small coin with their teeth. Lasses were cutting out alphabets with which the fairies were to spell, in water basins, secretly-cherished names. Stolen herrings—which must be salt, must be broiled without turning, eaten with hot tongs and dreamed on "without drink"—now made their appearance. Then the "bannock-baking" and its wild merriment. Whoever turned the bannock on the huge griddle that hung from the crane was to wed her whose nimble fingers kneaded its oaten meal, salt, soda and water together.

"Nut-burning" and "snap-apple" were going on merrily at the hob. The hazel-nut ashes, in dainty packets beneath the pillows, were to yield charmed dreams; the burning "snap-apples" told whether loving pairs would sputter or mellowly age during wedded life. Then there was the "dumb-cake" making for fairy-aided dreams; the "charm-pies" with their buttons for old bachelors, thimbles for old maids and rings for the lucky ones who should wed; the "candle and sweets" suspended and whirling between grinning faces where teeth snapped for bites and luckless frowsy hair was singed, and an hundred other innocent delights, leading to the more serious affairs of "postman's-knock" and "forfeits," where genuine old-fashion kissing was there for the fighting, and the struggle for your "rights" with a bouncing Irish lass from the mountains insured her hatred if you did not overcome her, and a sore body or broken bones if you did; and then, amid deafening clatter and chatter, the supper in the great room, piled upon tables like fat stalls in a plethoric market, various, smoking, awful, but with the jolliest, hungriest crew you ever broke bread with in all your life. And, oh, for room in which to tell the tales here told, to give the songs here sung, to reproduce with all their delicious floriture the quips and jokes here perpetrated, while oceans of tea flowed gurgingly, and the poteen, as clear as rock water and as guileless of excise, went on its "winding" way.

Shortly after a wild hullabuloo arrested our attention. The "byes" had planned a great surprise. Sallying forth when the tales and songs were at their hight, they had descended upon another Halloween party a few miles distant, and by main force had captured a fiddler and brought him bodily away, the whole crowd of defeated, friendly rivals following after in prideful acclamation. And here they came with wild whoop and hurroo, carrying their prize on their shoulders into the great room where the procession was received with ringing cheers. It was old Billy Drain, the blind fiddler, hero now above all hosts, countryside guests or strangers, hatless, coatless, breathless from the old melee, but with pursed and smiling mouth and positive radiance shining from his white locks and beaming from his blinking, upraised and sightless old eyes

Was there a dance this Halloween night at that farm-house on the ancient Kilmacrenan road? Ask the rafters of oak that shivered a century's splinters and mold upon the vaulting heads and heels of this big-hearted Irish peasantry. And ask the stars that looked softly down until their shining eyes went out in the brighter All Hallow's dawn which lifted flaming cones upon the peaks of fair Glendowan.

Everybody is familiar with Burns' famous poem, "Halloween," in which occur the lines,

> The auld guidwife's weel-hoordet nits
> Are round an' round divided,
> And monie lads' and lassies' fates
> Are there that night decided—

and were a thousand papers written on Halloween in Scotland, they could not all comprise the panoramic sweep and genial insight into the ways and witcheries of auld Scotia's night of mirth, charm and love making. In tracing the affinities between Irish and Scottish customs, however, I have come upon some curious examples of Scottish Halloween custom and belief.

One of these is the extraordinary and varied use to which cabbage, or kail, is put in the traditions and merry-makings of the occasion. Kail-brose or cabbage broth is inseparable from the Scotch Halloween feast. Mischievous boys push the pith from the stalk, fill it with tow which they set on fire and then, through the key-holes of houses of folk who have given them offense, blow darts of flame a yard in length. If on Halloween a farmer's or crofter's kail-yard still contains ungathered cabbages, the boys and girls of the neighborhood descend upon it en masse, and the entire crop is harvested in five minutes' time and thumped against their owners' doors which rattle as though pounded by a thunderous tempest. In some shires at the "pulling of the kail" the youths of both sexes go into the kail-yard blindfolded and in pairs, holding each other's hands. They each pull the first "runt" or stalk that they find, not being permitted to make selection. All thus gathered are carried back to the house for inspection. The straightness or crookedness, leanness or fatness, and other peculiarities of the stalks are indicative of the general appearance of their future husbands or wives, while the taste of the pith, whether sweet, bitter or vapid, also forecasts their disposition and character. But the most singular of all beliefs in Scotland regarding the cabbage stalk is confined to the minds of very young children, though it is so peculiarly a tender delusion that the guidwife holds it in respect to her dying day. The idea is universal among the little folks in the land o' cakes that where a new brother or sister appears in the household it has come, through fairy aid, from the roots of the cabbage stalk! So that when all the bairns of Scotland are singing,

> This is the nicht o' Halloween,
> When a' the witchie micht be seen,
> Some o' them black, some o' them green,
> Some o' them like a turkey bean—

However mad and merry all their games, they never lay their joy-weary heads upon their pillows until with their own hands they have laid generous piles of "kail-runts" against door-sill and window-ledge, so that the gracious and kindly fairies of blessed Halloween night shall set free at least one baby soul from the roots and mold, and the household shall not fail of welcoming another tiny bairn within the coming year.

EDGAR L. WAKDMAN.

SUBSTITUTIONS of well-known advertised articles seem to be the order of the day. We deem it only justice to our patrons to warn our readers against this form of piracy. When you want an article, ask your merchant or druggist for it and don't accept a substitute.

A thrifty woman in New York pawned her husband's set of teeth in order to raise money for the rent.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Dreary Theatrical Season in New York City.

The Only Novelties of the Week Were Sickening Failures—Dr. Bill's Mischievous Friends—Flashes from the Footlights of Many Theaters.

A. P. Dunlop, writing from New York city under date of October 24th, says:

The novelties this week are the Kendals in "Home," and a production of "Quack, M. D." "Home" has been seen often in America and gained considerable fame at Wallack's Theater years ago, although it never ranked with other of Tom Robertson's plays, such as "Caste." Still it was new to the greater part of the audience at the Star on Monday, who never saw the plays Robertson "looked" from the French and the German without even a "thank you" to the authors, and who probably wouldn't care even if told that "Home" was made over from Augier's "L'Auventuriere." Mrs. Madge Robertson-Kendal is one of the early heroines in her brother's plays, and of course was regarded with manifest adulation by her fashionable admirers, but it is rather a study to observe, if not to wonder at, the manner of plays which used to satisfy New Yorkers, and the way they are now produced. If "Home" had been presented for the first time on Monday it would have been very coldly received by a cultured audience, and even with the help of its former prestige it did not now command respectful attention. If acted and staged as it is, the Robertsonian plagiarisms would have been failures. It is said that this is the Kendals' last American tour, and that it does not matter much how the plays are produced, as the willing public are sure to contribute the $100,000 which they hope to take home with them to London; but this is rather hard on the gifted pair, whose sole stock in trade is their love of true art and their virtue. And yet they are this time supported by what looks like a very cheap London company, and surrounded by the shabbiest of scenery. What makes the deficiencies more glaring is that they have drawn enormous audiences, and, as one of the great morning dailies puts it, "five per cent. of the Kendals' receipts this week, if disbursed in salaries, would raise the entertainment from positive badness to respectable mediocrity."

"Quack, M. D." was produced on Tuesday at the Harlem Columbus Theater, the audience having been dismissed on Monday evening because the "heavy man" had suddenly taken ill. It was the last play written by the late Fred. Marsden, originally on an order from Roland Reed, but never produced by him. If Fred. Marsden could have risen from the grave to see his play, it is safe to say he would not have recognized it until the last act, and then, probably, he would have raised a greater rumpus than he ever did when alive. It is true that "Quack" was written during the time, previous to his death, when powerful drugs had partly destroyed his brilliant mind, but the original MSS. sparkled with witty and brilliant dialogue, and his charming and correct English was not pock-marked by slang and vulgarisms. Whoever has monkeyed with his play has, by attempting to change real comedy into farce, ruined it. The star, the gentleman who is supposed also to have backed the enterprise, is, without doubt, the wickedest comedian on the stage to-day. In private life he is an amiable gentleman, who has passed the greater part of his short life as a dentist in Philadelphia, and a good one, it is said, able to extract teeth without pain. As an actor, he, however, brings that tired feeling Hood's Sarsaparilla advertisements speak of, and his audiences are in continual pain. If it had not been for that sterling old actor, John W. Jennings, who really plays the central part in the play, and infuses into it a fair share of fun, the play would not even be worth the mention. It would be unjust not to say a word about Loie Fuller, who made her first appearance after a two-year sojourn in London. She comes back greatly improved, not alone in her art, but in appearance; but although she has a long and trying part, she was unable to lift it. "Quack" will no doubt be pushed to the wall by the end of the week, and the reputation of the late clever dramatist seriously injured to the younger theater-goers who have not witnessed Fred. Marsden's many great successes.

"Beautiful Star," which was up at Niblo's for a run, has fallen into Manager Gilmore's cellar among other similar rubbish of which the manager is the proud possessor, and the house has been closed. A generation ago old Niblo was blamed for "going out of town" to build his garden; to-day it is too far down town, and altogether out of the way of theater-goers. Could anything more strikingly show the growth of New York?

DR. BILL'S FRIENDS.

The story of Dr. Bill's mischievous friends, as told in the comedy of "Dr. Bill," is full of fun. They dance dances in his drawing-room, inveigle him away from home into mischief and pull his pocketbook for suppers at which he does not join. A some time back burlesque actress, who has married a jealous inspector of police—a former friend of both the doctor and his wife—wishing to amuse the little bride by proving that her husband is no better than the rest of them, usurps the scene. She goes home; she calls the doctor; he declines to go. A mashing friend of his, one of the gallants of to-day, who does not know the exburlesquer personally, but who has fallen in love with her while she was selling flowers at a charity fair, offers to take the doctor's message to her. He introduces himself as Dr. Bill, prescribes a horrible mixture of nitrate of silver and arsenic for the complaint, which is simply ennui, and puts the real doctor in a bad scrape, as the druggist at the corner where Mrs. Horton sends the prescription to be made up is an avowed enemy of the doctor, by reason that before he gave up his practice he always gave drugs to the poor gratis. Dr. Bill, after he has sent the message by the gallant of the period, changes his mind and crosses the street to see Mrs. Horton himself, thinking, perhaps, it might be a dangerous case, and wherein he could lend assistance; instead he finds in Mrs. Horton an old flame, and sits down with her to discuss old times. She suddenly remembers that she has locked up his wife and the young doctor, who called first, in a closet together, fearing the ring at the bell, which announced Dr. Bill, might be her husband. She faints, and, to bring her to, the key to the closet door in question is put down her back, so that when she wants to let them out she cannot. This really funny episode is repeated three minutes afterward on the opposite side of the room, when Dr. Bill and his mother-in-law are locked in the bath-room, the key to which is put down the back of his father-in-law, who has fainted at the sound of the voice of the Inspector of Police, who is calling in his jealous rage for the blood of the man who has entered his home. The hight of the complications being reached here, they are unwound in the last act, Mrs. Horton and Dr. Bill holding all the threads. It is upon this excellent plot that Mr. Aide has worked out one of the comedy successes of the season.

ACROBATIC MINSTRELS.

Goodyear, Elitch & Schilling's Minstrels, now on the Western circuit, introduce some new features this season, prominent among them the two Arab acrobats who are said to be marvels in their line. The soloist Garcia is also spoken of as a captivating feature of the entertainment presented by this company.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Kate Claxton has discharged her managers, Messrs. Bonta and Roberts, and will manage herself.

Nellie McHenry's new play, "A Night at the Circus," is the biggest money winner she has yet had.

A new one-act play, written by Clo Graves, entitled "The Knave," has been purchased by Augustin Daly.

McKee Rankin and Frank Mayo will jointly star in a new play called "The Athlete," which will be produced at Buffalo November 2d.

At his opening at St. Louis last week young J. K. Emmet beat his father's opening night last season $319.

Judge Grew of Cincinnati has grown weary of trying Sunday-theater opening cases, as under the present jury system conviction is impossible.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke's performance of "The Cadi" is said by the critics to rank with the Rip of Mr. Jefferson, and the Colonel Sellers of Mr. Raymond.

"Yon Yonson," Jacob Litt's successful Swedish dialect play, will begin an engagement at the California Theater in San Francisco on the 9th of November.

"The Man with 100 Heads" will be produced by Manager Charles Frohman at Hermann's Theater, New York, November 2d, with Henry E. Dixey in the cast.

Although Edward Harrigan has his new play all ready for production at his new theater, "Reilly and the 400" is doing so well that it will be continued indefinitely.

The report that Alexander Salvini, the talented romantic actor, is to be married is untrue. To be sure he is young and handsome, but he is wedded only to his profession.

Charles H. Hoyt has lately been playing the part of Brassy Gall in his own play, "A Texas Steer." He is made up to look as Josh Ogden, and Josh is as mad as a Texas steer.

The many theatrical people belonging to the Actors' Fund have determined to establish an orphan asylum where the orphans of people on the stage may be properly cared for until they are old enough to look out for themselves.

Wilson Barrett will shortly appear in London as Othello, and the performance is being looked forward to with great interest by the actor-manager's many friends. The Desdemona will be Miss Maud Jeffries, a young American.

A company will soon start from New York with the intention of playing "Hamlet" in one night stands. The management think that the inhabitants of small towns have not seen Hamlet for a long time, because the play is too expensive for any but towns in which they are able to remain at least one week. The "Hamlet" by this company will be done by twelve people, and the scenery will be carried in a trunk and tacked over the old scenery in the theaters used.

It may be possible that more than one person could be found who would place Louis James or Frederick Ward on the same plane as Thomas W. Keene, as tragedians, but they are not among those whose critical judgment of theatrical talent amounts to anything. Keene is as much the superior of either of the actors named as Salvini is of Joseph Grismer, and this is the opinion, not of "Scissors," but of the best theatrical critics of the world.

THE VOICE OF LABOR.

[Dedicated to the Royal British Commission on Labor.]

> We have drained ev'ry drop of Patience!
> We cannot remain as now—
> Ring out the Sons of Labor
> To follow the Progress plow!
>
> Misery, dirt, and squalor,
> Idleness, want, and crime,
> Have long been our companions—
> And are at the present time.
>
> We hold that those who labor,
> And honestly win their bread,
> Should quit the slums and gutters
> Where thieves and loafers are bred.
>
> We want more healthy surroundings—
> Cleanly, wholesome, and bright—
> But the present lot of the toilers
> Deprives them of air and light.
>
> The Labor fields must be weeded,
> The weeds must crackle and burn,
> And a new and better sowing
> Bring forth a richer return.
>
> The pride and the isolation
> Which comes of Wealth and Caste
> Have ignored a patient People—
> But the time for Patience is past!
>
> This is the Voice of Labor:
> "We will not remain as we are,
> The under-current is swelling
> And murmuring near and far:
>
> "Our sinews have moved the levers
> Which made the Empire great—
> By digging and hewing and forging,
> We have founded Britain's estate.
>
> "And as free, enfranchised Britons,
> As true and loyal as free,
> We insist that our employers
> Shall take good heed of our plea.
>
> "We call for a happier Future,
> And with no uncertain sound—
> The Penny will not content us
> While others pocket the Pound!"
>
> —Colin Rae-Brown.

A Baking Powder Conspiracy.

A disreputable method of advertising a baking powder came to light in an Ohio court a few days ago. It seems a band of women go from house to house, wherever they can gain entrance, as they say to test baking powders. They carry along samples of other well-known and popular brands of baking powders, and these it was shown had been drugged for the purpose of the pretended test for purity.

It was shown that the so-called "testers" were in the employ of a certain baking powder company, and that the parties in practicing such deceptions upon other brands or upon consumers, in order to sell their own goods, were amenable to the law against conspiracies.

Two of the women were locked up to await action of the Grand Jury.

In Memoriam.

> He came with a poem, and dire intent,
> And up the sanctum stairs he went;
> Hope and a smile on his face were blended.
>
> And this is the manner in which he ascended.
>
> He bearded the editor in his lair,
> And began a-reading his poem fair;
> But the editor stopped him before he had ended.

Come to Stay.

The terribly aggravated form of influenza, which physicians on the continent of Europe designate as "la grippe," seems to have effected a permanent lodgment this side the Atlantic. It makes its reappearance as soon as the cool weather sets in, and not infrequently during the summer months. In the spring it is rampant. Nothing checks its first attack, or so effectually counteracts its subsequent ravages, as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The fortifying, invigorating influence of that beneficent tonic protects the system against the dangers which beset a feeble physique and a weakly constitution consequent upon abrupt transitions of temperature. It diffuses a genial warmth through the diaphragm, which is the best corrective or preventive of a chill, and is a means of neutralizing the effect of exposure in damp or rigorous weather. In dyspepsia, liver complaint, costiveness, rheumatism, malarial and kidney troubles it is never resorted to without good results.

The Way He Looked at It.

Mrs. Swayback—Here is an account of a man who was arrested on his wedding tour.

Her brother (a chronic bachelor)—Another warning against getting married.

In 1885 the mica product of the United States amounted to 147,410 pounds, worth $368,525, while that of 1889 was but 49,500 pounds, worth only $50,000. Since there is no decrease in demand for this article this decline in the home production can be attributed to no other cause than the large quantities imported from Canada and other foreign countries.

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 *Christian Inquirer* (Bapt.) says: "A feeling of shame must come when Christian courtesy is so outraged as it was at the last meeting of the New York Presbytery. Language which would be reprehensible in a political caucus should not go unrebuked when used in a Christian assembly. It is not a recommendation of the Gospel that men should show such lack of self-restraint and self-respect. Explanations, which do not explain, has been made, but it is not right nor possible to so easily dispose of the matter. Is Christian fraternity but a name? Is courtesy to be forgotten when followers of Christ meet together to consider the interests of His cause? Is a discussion of the gravest matters of Christian doctrine to be an excuse for intemperate language toward brethren in Christ Jesus?"

The *Presbyterian Banner* says: "That Dr. Briggs has committed a grave mistake in taking the chair in Union Theological Seminary, which the late General Assembly, asserting a right confided to it by that institution itself, decided he should not occupy, and while his trial for utterances in his inaugural address was pending before his Presbytery, will be admitted by all right-thinking people. In the course he has elected to pursue he has shown a spirit far from commendable, and has violated the solemn promise made at his ordination when he answered in the affirmatively the question: 'Do you promise subjection to your brethren in the Lord?'

"His defiant attitude has excited the admiration of his mistaken friends, the commendation of writers glad for some opportunity to belabor an orthodox church, the cheers of infidels and the applause of those who know nothing of the great issues involved. But intelligent, thinking, and devout people will agree with the *Independent* that Dr. Briggs has made a great mistake, as did the Directors of Union Theological Seminary when they voted to disregard the General Assembly."

The *Examiner* (Bapt.) says: "If a church has standards and church courts, and recognizes heresy as an offense worthy of judicial process, it would be a body unworthy of respect if it failed to use this machinery on fitting occasions. If Dr. Briggs has so strong a body of adherents that he cannot be tried, and condemned if found guilty, without disrupting the Presbyterian Church, that church is already disrupted. Under a deceptive and meaningless show of unity it contains two bodies of nearly equal strength—one of which holds to the standards and the Scriptures, while the other rejects both in their hitherto-received interpretations. Such is the fact, we say, if this trial is likely to cause disruption. But that it will have any such issue we do not for a minue believe. The threats of the Briggs' party are not a mark of its strength, but of its weakness. Strong men do not threaten; when the time comes they act."

Apropos of the Briggs case the *Evangelist* (Pres.) says: "John Calvin was one of the great men of the Reformation who devoted his whole life to the study of the Word of God, beside which he counted all ancient philosophy, the wisdom of Socrates and Plato, as nothing. With such reverence for its divine authorship and its sacred character, he studied it from beginning to end—every book, every chapter and verse—with the most ardent zeal and profoundest veneration. To these studies he applied his vast learning and all his powers of reasoning that he might fathom to the bottom, so far as the human intellect was capable of it, the true meaning of that Word which he recognized as, not of man, but of God. And what gave chief value to these studies was that in them all he kept his balance of mind, that saving common sense which is the true corrective of the errors and mistakes into which the most learned of men may fall. If he came to a passage which was a palpable error—a statement of facts which was disproved by authentic history, a misquotation from the Old Testament—or two passages which contradicted each other, he did not think that his reverence for the Bible required him to impute the mistake to the Holy Ghost. He ascribed it to its true cause, the limitations of knowledge of those who were the instruments in the hand of God of communicating His revelations to the world."

Bishop Potter replies thus concerning a Protestant critic who has found fault with an address of his delivered on the Feast of the Transfiguration:

"He is quite right in his conviction that I have never encouraged prayers for the dead. But who are the dead? How far have those who are departed out of this life gone beyond the reach of the care and love of God? May we not commend them to it, wherever they are? And—for that was the main point of what I had to say on the occasion to which he refers, when I was trying to indicate the significance of the Transfiguration as revealing the interrelations of the two worlds, seen and (to the eye of sense) unseen—may they, the departed, not reach back and down in loving sympathy and aspiration for us? I confess I am unable to see how any such vicious doctrine of mercenary masses for the dead denies to one such a pious hope as that, or why the perversions of the doctrine of the communion of saints denies to me the privilege of believing in it; and, if of believing in it, then in all the glorious and consoling corollaries which go with it. I do not forget the texts which your correspondent quotes. I am simply unable to see their pertinency. And, as to his interesting and characteristic quotations from the 'Westminster Catechism,' I am much comforted by the thought that, whatever dogmatic burdens I am called to bear, they do not include allegiance to a symbol which, in such plain terms, denies the teaching of Catholic faith."

The *Independent* says: "We expressed some surprise that it was to a Universalist rather than a Unitarian Church that Mr. MacQueary, deposed from the Episcopal ministry for denying supernaturalism, had been called. We did not then know the history of the Universalist Church of Saginaw, Mich. This church was organized about nine years ago as a Unitarian Church, and for six years Rowland Connor was its pastor. During all those years Mr. Connor was known as the most pronounced materalist in a Michigan pulpit. He very distinctly told his people at the dedication of the church 'that that church was not dedicated to the God of the Bible,' but that it was 'dedicated to humanity, virtue, truth and love.' For four years Mr. Connor had a large following of the very liberal element of the city, among them Jews, skeptics, Unitarians, etc., The church became embarrassed financially, Mr. Connor left the pulpit gradually, and for two years services were not regularly maintained. Finally Mr. Connor ceased preaching and entered the field as a Democratic politician, and was soon a member of the State Legislature. He is now an attorney in Saginaw. The church was closed for months. Then some of the members of the old society came together and reorganized under the name of the First Universalist Church. This took place about one year ago; the Rev. A. Conklin was called as pastor. He served the church for nearly a year, paid off its debt, and resigned. The same persons, the same type of thought, and the same spirit prevail in the society to-day as prevailed in it before it changed its name. Mr. MacQueary will not, we think, be troubled here if he preaches pure naturalism."

Of "Sunday-school Reform" the *Churchman* says: "When the parishes provide some effective method of fitting men and women to teach the catechism and the Bible there will be a great reform in Sunday-school work. The Bible classes of a parish are seldom well attended. Both boys and girls consider themselves too old to go to Sunday-school after confirmation, and they either drop out of the classes or volunteer as teachers. If they could be systematically instructed for several years in the study of the Bible they would be prepared to take charge of classes and to make the Sunday-school a real place of religious learning. The Bible-classes should be in the strictest sense normal schools for the education of teachers.

"Under existing conditions the leaflet system is perhaps the best that can be adopted; but if a competent body of teachers could be employed, as in public or private schools, the orderly study of the Bible, book by book, would be preferable. Boys when they are taught Latin are not called upon to recite a snatch from Virgil one day, a passage from Cæsar the next, and a chapter from Cicero another day. They study one book at a time and when it is finished pass on to another. The discursive study of the Bible from selected passages taken here and there is illogical. It would be wiser to have a class after it has mastered the catechism take up one of the Gospels and study it chapter by chapter in an orderly way; then the Book of Acts, and finally the Old Testament in senior Bible classes. In an ideal Sunday-school there would be less hymn-singing and wearisome practising for festivals, and vastly more Bible study. There would be a system of grading and classification based not upon chance acquaintance and social preference, but upon work and study done in the school; there would be annual promotions from one group of classes to another, and there would be systematic study of the Gospels in junior Bible classes, and finally senior Bible classes for the special training of teachers."

Professor John P. Gulliver says in the *Andover Review*: "Every jurist acknowledges the value of Roman law in the police of modern society. But no greater mistake can be made than the use of its analogies in constructing a 'governmental theory' of punishment and atonement for the Infinite Ruler, unless it be the transfer of the natural law of necessity to the spiritual world of free will. Yet both these calamities have come upon theology under the influence of Roman law. From the date of the supremacy, in the current theology of the church, of the Latin over the Greek fathers; from the advent upon the field of Christian thought of Tertullian, who was a Roman lawyer, the son of a Roman centurion, and the graduate of a Roman camp, and of Augustine, who, aside from the influence of his mother, was educated, up to his mature manhood, in the ideas of Roman heathenism, both of whom saw in the human race simply an expansion of the Roman army, obedient, and bound with the exactness of a machine to a supreme will, and, in the individual man, simply a Roman soldier, possibly only a Roman captive, enslaved to Satan as his antitype was to Cæsar—from the date of that irruption of military necessarianism into the sphere of Greek individualism, Christian liberty and apostolical simplicity, which were the constituents of the earlier church thought—from the date the Dark Ages of Christianity began. Out of that Roman militarism soon grew the Roman hierarchy and the Roman theology. The Reformation discarded the former, while it cherished the latter. The church is still in the penumbra of that great eclipse. The shadow of semi-Augustinianism still darkens Christendom, as a few years since the smoke-cloud from an Asiatic volcano darkened the air of both hemispheres. Any view of God's government should be distrusted which has been photographed through this gloom."

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> on the trees,
> By the chilliness that's plainly felt in every
> little breeze,
> By the fast decreasing number of the straw
> hats on the street,
> And the call for "something hot," whenever
> you agree to treat.
> You can tell it by the shortening days, the fast
> increasing nights,
> By the swallows and the robins who are taking
> southern flights,
> By the way the romping little winds the falling
> leaflets chase,
> But mostly by the happy look upon the plumber's face. —H. D. Pike.

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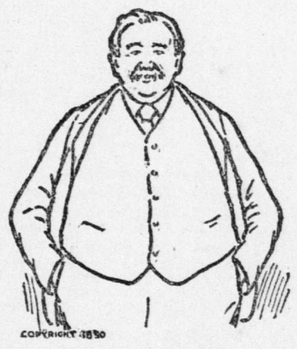

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