"ENTERTAINMENT NIGHT."

Money Collected for Charity On the Ocean Steamers.

It Goes to Support the Seaman's Orphans' Homes—Description of the Liverpool Institution—How This Noble Charity Is Conducted—Wakeman Among the Waifs.

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LIVERPOOL, December 7, 1891.

Every one who has crossed the ocean in one of the great liners knows all about "Entertainment Night" at sea. Yet few know, save in a dim sort of way, the real object of the impromptu diversion, or have any manner of idea as to what becomes of the large sums thus frequently realized.

On some one night of each voyage the great dining salon of the ship is transformed into a concert hall, theater and lecture-room combined. Among from two hundred to a thousand passengers there are always found men, women and youths who can do some one little or big thing well. The witty man, the sarcastic man, the elocutionist, the poet and the story-telling man, are all on shipboard. Then there are the misses or mesdames who play or sing or both. And there is always found the rubicund clergyman, the brow-wrinkled Senator, or the bland, unctuous Judge to preside.

Again, scarcely a voyage of the mail-ships occurs when there are not professional people on board, usually the best of European actors, singers, instrumentalists and all manner of specialists, from danseuse to freak, who are traveling from one continent to another to fill their various engagements. These are folk with hearts quick to respond to anything genuine with charity at the end of it. So that with the amateur performers willing to be distinguished, and the distinguished artists willing to perform, "Entertainment Night" brings a programme often of very great variety and merit, and fills the salon with hundreds of passengers who are on this night for the first and last time in full dress on shipboard.

The transformation of passengers themselves is not the least interesting feature of this concert in mid-ocean. The most genuinely aristocratic people on shipboard are usually the shabbiest of all passengers at all other times than this. Even this night many dress richly but soberly. But the rule is to make the occasion one of at least partial display in dress, and a majority honor the event with costumes and jewels befitting the most select social gatherings in any land. To the "first tripper" it is an affair of unique interest and delight. The oldest travelers awaken from their ordinary tolerative lethargy and permit themselves to be drawn into the brilliant salon after the manner of blase theater foyer loungers. Even the officers and stewards of the ship welcome the affair as a relief to the monotony of the voyage. And, as I have taken the pains to find out, the generous sums secured from the sale of programmes, and the irrevocable "collection," provides for one of the most needful and deserving of all charities pathetically suggested by the endless and dolorous tragedies of the sea.

The proceeds of these "Entertainment Night" collections secured on all steamships plying between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and Liverpool, except one, are turned over to the officers of the Liverpool Seaman's Orphan Institution, which is almost exclusively supported in this manner. The exception noted is on the part of the Inman Line. This line, having American affinities, and being largely the property of American owners, bestows one-half of the sums thus collected upon the Liverpool institution, and the other half upon the American Blue Anchor Society's charity, a kindred institution. Whether they go to Liverpool or New York, no one should ever hesitate about giving liberally when distinguished actors, clergymen, jurists or simple citizens "pass the hat" at sea, for these Seamen's Orphan Homes are among the noblest charities of our time.

Every American tourist to Europe should visit the Liverpool institution. Its offices are at 14 Water street, not 500 yards from the steamer landing, where the Secretary, Captain Edward Stubbs, R. N., will extend every possible courtesy, as all the officers of the orphanage are peculiarly grateful to Americans, for, without their contributions, the grand work of this charity would wholly fail; and everything possible is done by Captain Stubbs, Sir James Poole, the Treasurer, and Rev. C. E. Gaussen, the Chaplain, to make Americans feel that they have acquired a personal interest in and regard for the institution. I know of no other place in all Britain where an American citizen can experience the same delightful feeling.

The orphanage was founded in 1869 to feed, clothe and educate the destitute or necessitous children of all classes of seamen, or seafaring men. It is not restricted to any nationality, though children of seaman who have sailed five years out of the port of Liverpool, have the preference. The frequent recurrence of such names as Lund, Lundren, Schavii, etc., indicates the Scandinavian paternity of many of the children. Recipients of relief are divided into two classes, the children admitted to the institution, and those placed on the "outdoor list."

Inability of the widow to support these children is the only qualification. Relief of some kind has never been refused. The boys are retained to the age of 14, and are then sent out to trades and other vocations, many securing comfortable clerical positions. The girls, if their mothers wish it, are kept in the institution until they are 15, the last year being passed in receiving training in all branches of household work, while school instruction is also continued.

Children on the outdoor list are those whose mothers desire to retain them under their own care. It frequently happens that there is not in the widowed family a child old enough for public school life, or religious difficulties may intervene. Again, there are deaf and dumb children, and those who are unfortunately mentally incapacitated from receiving instruction. To meet such cases as these the institution grants an annual allowance of clothing and boots, and a monthly allowance of ten shillings. I know of many instances where this cash allowance pays the entire rent and actually keeps a roof over the desolate family's heads. There are no red tape and official captiousness about this. The sole condition of payment of the money is that the child shall produce a certificate of school attendance, providing it be able to attend school.

Of these two classes there are at the present time 360 children in the orphanage, and nearly the same number on the outdoor list. An idea of the expenditure for so great and practical a charity can be had from the fact that the annual cost of maintaining each child in the orphanage is a trifle over $60, and the annual expense upon each child in the outdoor relief class, including cash allowance and clothing, is $40. About 3,500 children have been cared for in one or the other of these two ways since the organization of the charity. Noble as has been the work accomplished, the need for the extension is pitiful indeed. I have not the figures at hand as to the loss of American seamen; but the returns from the English Board of Trade are appalling in their evidence of loss of life at sea, for they show that in the nineteen years following the establishment of this orphanage, no less than 82,920 seamen died in English ships abroad, of whom 51,156 were drowned. The improvidence of seamen is proverbial. The sufferings of many of their families on this side of the water, even with the mitigation of this beneficent charity, is inexpressible. The bare hint of it all one gets from the glimpse given on "paying off" day is heart-breaking.

I went with Captain Stubbs the other day and sat with him while over 350 orphan children, or those who represented them, were paid their monthly allowances. We took a pretty heavy bag of yellow half sovereigns and pushed our way through the great throng which, on the first Saturday of each month, gathers at the entrance to the Old Church School, Moorfields, just off Dale street. The outer room was packed, and the society's old Inspector, who is a Liverpool ex-Police Inspector, and knows the inns and outs of every family receiving these payments, was acting the part of bulwark against the surgings of the crowd. We passed into the master's room, and were in a few moments joined by Chaplain Gaussen, Captain Stubbs and myself paid out the money and checked against each payment. The old Inspector kept the children and their mothers in line, and got their school certificates ready. Then as each one came in the Chaplain re-examined the certificates, and a running fire of comment resulted, showing that the exact status of each child, the condition of its health, the occupation of its mother and the general welfare of the entire family, were matters of actual personal knowledge on the part of these officials.

"Ah, Robert, glad to see you. Folks well?" "Thankee, sir; yes, sir." "Good. Tell mother to come next Monday for the clothes and boots. Next." "Mrs. Tolmie?" "Thankee, sir; yes, sir," with a duck and a salaam. "William ill?" "Yes, sir; with the throat, sir." "Doctor?" "Oh, yes, sir, thankee, sir." "All right, William's a good boy. Take care of him, Mrs. Tolmie." "Bless God, so he is; thankee, sir." "Bella Bathgate. And you, too, Mrs. Bathgate? Yes, the child is an honor to you in that suit. How'd you get time to do it? Next." "And here's Sarah Bettly. Well, Sarah, all alone to-day?" "Yes, sir, thankee, sir. Mother's a job o' scrubbin' 'n' couldn't come. "All right, my little girl. Hold the money tight for mother." "Richard Rowlands—Richard, a little better work at school or we'll have to cut you off, Richard." "Thankee, sir." "Helloa, Tommy Raffles. Growing to be a man, aren't you? Only three months more on the list, Tommy. Tell mother we'll have Gracie in the orphanage in a few weeks." "Thankee, sir; got a place, sir." "Good boy, Tommy. Next." And so it goes from one to three hours. But the struggles; the battles for existence; the blessed help this little help is to them all; the eyes suffused with tears; the choked words of gratitude; the pinched and pitiful efforts to come there clean, patched up and deserving; the dolorous, dreadful hours in these fatherless homes behind all this woeful procession to the alms-giving, are enough to sicken and sadden strongest hearts.

I have never in any country visited a charitable institution so well adapted to its uses, and where there was such a splendid and universal evidence of one having entered the atmosphere of a Christian home. The first orphanage was an old structure in Duke street. The present one was completed and opened in 1874. It is situated on uninclosed ground, granted by the corporation of Liverpool, surrounded by the sylvan groves, limpid streams, mimic lakes and velvety lawns of beautiful Newsham Park. The buildings comprise the orphanage itself, a five-story edifice of gray brick with stone trimmings, as sweet as a new-laid egg from cellar to garret, one of the handsomest chapels in England, a commodious and beautiful sanitarium, and an ivy and rose-covered parsonage.

The discipline and regime are faultless. They comprise regular family worship and religious instruction; safe association of the sexes, who take their meals and attend chapel in company; a thorough secular and commercial education, and regular and substantial diet, including three ample meals each day. Health, comfort, happiness and cleanliness are absolutely secured. The dormitories are capacious and even beautiful. There is a basket for clothing under each bed, and each child is allowed a private box with lock and key, where brush and comb, letters, home treasures and all keepsakes are kept. There are a teachers' sitting-room and a bedroom off each dormitory ensuring perfect order, and the bathrooms and dressing-rooms are perfect and complete.

Extraordinary provisions have been made in this institution for recreation and amusement. The park is the great open air play ground for them all. For unpleasant weather there are spacious indoor rooms and gymnasiums for both boys and girls, and a great arched porch extends along the rear of the orphanage to an immense paved court, very similar to the covered promenade you will find at the entrance to the quadrangle of Eaton College, and much on the same plan as that of the ancient English monastic cloisters, which always opened into a beautiful court or garth. Here, also, perhaps, to a greater degree than in any other similar institution, the combined elements of drill and music have been utilized. The bearing of these children is exquisitely manful and womanly. The theory and practice are that children can be interested in maneuvers and drills, and all manner of dispositions rendered facile and quiescent under the influence of music. So there is an almost ceaseless series of musical accomplishments—music on rising, music at entering and leaving classes, music at going to and coming from meals, innumerable musical entertainments and soirees—even music on going to bed. I have never known of such a marked and luminous proof of the humanizing, and even christianizing influence of music, and the singing of these 300 or 400 children is alone, almost, worth coming across the sea to hear.

There are two public services held each Sunday. The afternoon service perhaps attracts the greatest number of visitors. During the voluntary is heard the sound of approaching hundreds of feet, as if the footsteps were blended into the echo of one tread. Tramp, tramp, tramp, on they come, with heads erect, turning their eyes neither to the right nor the left, with hands crossed behind them, and with the cleanest, brightest faces you ever anywhere looked upon. The boys enter first and occupy the pews of the south transept. The girls follow them, and pass into the north transept aisles. The Chaplain, robed in plain surplice, enters last. The discipline, order and decorum are marvelous. After a short pause, all standing, the children sing with taste and expression the well-known anthem, "I will arise and go to my Father." These who sing have no living fathers this side of the grave. The ordinary shortened service of evening prayer is then proceeded with, and in the responses, reading the Psalms and chanting the *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis*, the children display intelligence and feeling. But most pathetic of all things here is the plaintive Litany sung immediately after the prayer for those at sea. Your eyes cannot but mist as you look and listen, and you can never cross the ocean again without knowing the real and blessed significance of shipboard "Entertainment Night."

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

THE OLD STAGE COACH.

'Neath the shed of a wayside inn it
Stands, a relic of bygone days,
Ghosts of a buried past hide in it—
Deadheads all, not a one that pays,
Shades of the fares that once it carried
Ere the days of the iron rails;
Spectral forms of the knights who tarried
Armed to rifle defenseless mails.

Broken now is the brake that grated
On the wheels when the way was steep;
Gone are the steeds so closely mated,
Nightmares now in the land of sleep.
Long since gone is the skillful driver;
Silent now is the guard's clear horn,
Stands it there as a sole survivor,
Wrecked, dismantled, and all forlorn.

Years ago grown decayed and musty;
Frayed its trappings by winter's blast;
Chains once bright, now with old age rusty,
Link to-day to the days long past.
Glistening once, now marred by scratches,
Gone is the gloss it one time wore,
While a hinge or a broken latch is
All that remains now of a door.

Many a long-forgotten story
Told of scenes that it moved among,
Many a plot of Whig and Tory,
Formed when the old stage coach was young.
It hides away in silence jealous,
Spite of the roof which is prone to leak;
Much of the past it well might tell us,
If but its tongue could only speak.

AN opportune friend will be found in Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant when racked by a severe cold and the many lung or throat affections which sometimes follow. This old remedy has met the approval of two generations, and is to-day as popular, safe and effective as ever.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Fortunes of the Stage in the American Metropolis.

Plays That Are Successful and Others That Do Not Draw—John T. Kelly in "U & I"—Sullivan in a Comedy Role—Stage Notes.

A. P. Dunlop, writing from New York under date of December 12th, says:

"The productions on Monday were 'Die Hermannschact' by the Meininger Company at the Thalia, practically a new production of 'The Tyrolean' at the Casino, and a new version of 'The City Directory at the Bijou. Erminius or Herman's flight about the beginning of the Christian era and his destruction by the Romans under Varus in the Teutoburzer Forest, Lippe-Detmold, where Bandel's statue was erected in 1875, is not exactly a plot which is apt to arouse Americans to any great pitch of enthusiasm, but it was so admirably staged and acted as to bring out nothing but praise. The contrast of Roman pomp with the wild, semi-barbaric majesty of the warlike Teutons and Cheruscans formed some noble stage pictures—in fact the play is but a series of tableaux, displayed by conscientious and earnest artists, every scene as much a delight to the eye as the faultless declamation is to the ear.

"Carl Zeller's comic opera, 'The Tyrolean,' was pulled out to its full and original length at the Casino, giving Miss Tempest two new love songs, but the opera does not amount to very much even now, although it will be kept on until after the holidays.

"The Russell comedians at the Bijou made another hit in the 'New City Directory,' the spoken portions having been cleverly rewritten by Louis Harrison. The quite-up-to-date company created a great deal of laughter, and the entertainment is a good illustration of how a carefully selected company of extraordinary nimble-footed and clever specialists may, under skillful control, produce a rattling good show that amuses the most refined kind of audiences.

"On Tuesday Alexander Bisson and Albert Carre's 'The Junior Partner' was produced at Herrmann's Theater, and like all of Manager Charles Frohman's ventures, scored a success. Alexander Bisson is the author of that greatly successful play of laughter, 'Mr. Wilkinson's Widows,' and Albert Carre is the author of that hardly less prosperous piece, 'Doctor Bill.' Together they have written a bright comedy filled with amusing incidents that is sure of a very long run. Arrangements had been made for simultaneous production in Paris and here, but the French production was delayed, and so the representation at Herrmann's was ahead. It was a smooth and clever one, too, by a company formed for this purpose out of Manager Charles Frohman's numerous and best players. 'The Trip to Chinatown' at Hoyt's Madison Square is doing a wonderful business, hundreds being turned from the doors each night. On the other hand 'Alabama' at Palmer's, pretty play as it is, has very small audiences."

"U & I."

The farce comedy "U & I" is said to be much improved since it was seen here last. It is claimed that the music is prettier, the songs new and the dialogue improved. The play is of the usual farcical kind, only distinguished by brisker action and more cleverly arranged comedy situations. It fairly teems with funny hits, catchy songs and incidents. John T. Kelly as Odonovan Innes is a unique creation. He is funny at all times—always original. Kelly is one of the brightest Irish comedians on the stage. His singing is excellent and his dancing the very quintessence of terpsichorean humor. The German character assumed by "Dutch" Daly gives the part all the vim and humor it requires. He fairly divides the honors with Kelly. A feature of the performance, however, is Miss Florrie West, one of the cleverest soubrettes ever seen on the stage. Miss West makes the hit of the evening by her excellent singing and pleasing dances. Among the others in the company worthy of mention are Adele Estee, Flora Veldran, Lizzie Ennis and Charles F. Walton. In the last act le petite Aimee Angeles, a very clever child premier danseuse, introduces some difficult dances that are well received.

HANLONS' "SUPERBA."

Hanlons' "Superba" is proving a tremendous holiday attraction in the East. During Thanksgiving week in Boston the Globe Theater was not large enough to accommodate all comers. For the Christmas and New Year engagement in Philadelphia, enough applications have been received at the Chestnut Opera-house, to put many of the New York ticket speculators on the alert. The performance is apparently a revelation to the little ones, and those of older growth wonder, too, at its marvels. The dancing and singing is said to be excellent, and the young ladies pretty; the clowns and other fellows seemingly have neither bones to crack nor flesh to sting, so agile and daring are their movements. The scenery gives one the impression that it is charmed, so quickly does it melt from one thing to another. The Boston critics are unanimous in pronouncing it the greatest triumph of the famed Hanlon brothers.

"JOHN L." IN COMEDY.

John L. Sullivan will be seen in Sacramento during the holidays in "Broderick Agra," a play in which he appears in a comedy role. The champion was funny enough in melodrama to make a horse laugh.

STAGE NOTES.

Wilton A. Lackaye, who has been playing in London, England, sailed for America December 9th.

Isabelle Evesson has joined Manager Charles Frohman's Company, and will travel with Henry E. Dixey.

Charles Wyndham has revived Bronson Howard's "Saratoga" ("Brighton") at the Criterion Theater, London.

Paul Potter is writing a play to be called "The American Minister." If he will take Egan and Chile as his cards, he will score a hit.

Ione Dunham, one of the pretty girls in the "Le Cigale" chorus, has fallen heir to a $125,000 estate in Elmira. She will now find plenty of claimants for her hand—and fortune.

The Twenty-eighth street front of Miner's Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, is nearly finished, and it is certainly the prettiest in the city, in the opinion of *Dunlop's Stage News*.

R. D. MacLean and Marie Prescott have decided to open their season at the Union Square Theater December 21, with "Sparticus," to be followed with "Cleopatra," and a repertoire of classic plays.

Mrs. Florence, widow of William J. Florence, arrived from England December 6th, and at once went to the home of her sister, Mrs. Barney Williams, in New York. Mrs. Florence is to retire from the stage.

A Western critic writes of a well-known soubrette, "She is as graceful as a cat, shows her teeth like a pet terrier and her singing resembles a gas-pipe laid on the wrong street." That is expressive if it is ungraceful and ungracious.

Edwin Knowles, Al. Hayman and Daniel Frohman, composing the firm of Edwin Knowles & Co., lessees of the Columbia Theater, which Liebmann Brothers are building for them, adjoining the Postoffice, Brooklyn, say they will open the theater on or about March 1, 1892.

The next play Charles H. Hoyt will write after "A Temperance Town" is produced, has been named "A Man Born in Missouri." Is it not time for Mr. Hoyt to turn his genius for play writing towards a legitimate line of composition? He has once proved his capacity in that direction.

Harry Lacy, the star of "Jack Royal of the 92d," was taken ill while playing in Philadelphia last week. On Saturday, December 5th, his role at both performances was assumed by John H. Bunny. Mr. Lacy had been rehearsing a greatly revised version (by John A. Stevens) of "Jack Royal."

Count De La Miranda, husband of Christine Nilsson, has been appointed Spanish Embassador to the Court of Sweden and Norway, and thus the great singer will be an Embassador's wife in the city in which she entered a poor girl with bare feet. Mme. Nilsson is to be received with special honors.

Manager Charles Burnham of the Star Theater, New York, has just lost a relative in Boston who left an estate valued at a million dollars. Everyone has been congratulating the genial manager and made him rather sore, as the bulk of the estate has been left to charities and the balance, $100,000, to a housekeeper. Mr. Burnham does not mind the money given to charity, but objects to the legacy left to the housekeeper and will contest the will.

In old century days, in times when chivalry was esteemed the greatest of virtues, man defended his honor by the sword, and so it has come down to the present generation that the romantic drama, to be correctly interpreted, must have its sword combat. The young romantic actor, Alexander Salvini, has organized a class in swordsmanship among the members of his company. Each day Mr. Salvini devotes a certain hour to practice on the stage. Being one of the most proficient swordsmen in America, his pupils are fast learning the art, that in olden times made men worshiped above princes and monarchs.

Actors are proverbially at a loss how to pass the summer months—or rather, how to pass the summer months amid the tender environments of board and lodgings. The story is told of an actor—one who is known, too—who made an arrangement with a landlady to give her in exchange for board two seats for the theater every night in the week. She filled her part of the contract and he did the same. For a long time that landlady went night after night to the theater. The actor had to "hustle" considerably, but it was a question of bread and butter, and he was not vanquished. He was rescued from his awful position just as it was beginning to pall upon him.

A. P. Dunlop says: "The realistic drama means the destruction of all good actors and actresses. Without romance there can be no drama. Make the stage completely realistic, and no actors are required, because any man and woman can then go on and represent themselves. Destroy the illusion and you destroy the profession. The persons who invented the new style have had to invent new people to play it. Their own recruits from the profession have been those who have failed in the legitimate. These facts are very significant. They show that the profession is unconsciously conscious that realism is the death of acting. If the theater is to represent men and men just as they are, there is no use for the theater, because men and women as they are can be seen everywhere without charge for admission."

In "A Trip to Chinatown" a cat is used in the first act. A cat is rather a difficult thing to handle as theatrical property, and is usually kept under lock and key. One night last week as Welland Strong stood in the wings ready to go on it was discovered that the cat had escaped, it couldn't be found anywhere. Harry Conner, who plays Welland Strong so cleverly, was frantic. Nothing could be done. He would have to go on without the cat. Conner received his cue and rushed forward when Miss Pussy jumped into his arms, where she quietly nestled and kept on purring during the entire scene. The cat knew her business, and has been added to the regular staff of Hoyt and Thomas. She has now the run of Hoyt's Madison Square Theater with unlimited quarts of fresh milk, which stage manager R. A. Roberts has especially ordered, and which he himself feeds her with.

Some one has discovered, says *Dunlop's Stage News*, the way of judging characters by the feet, and has gazed upon the pedals of the profession for verification. "A large, amply-formed foot," he says, "indicates breadth of mind and firmness of purpose." For this he must have studied Harry Lee, who has the biggest feet "on any stage." The author's cheerful study of chiropody further sets forth that "a well-formed, neat little ankle indicates self-consciousness and vanity;" but does not give the reader the names of the soubrette who induced him to form his opinion. Then corns are translated into bad temper. Probably the author must have seen Ada Gray. Small, fat feet mean that their owners are quick, energetic and given to flirtation. This goes for Marie Jansen. A long, narrow foot indicates esthetic tendencies and a reserved disposition, and stands for Georgia Drew Barrymore. Broad-soled, flat-heeled feet (which are so carefully distinguished from the above-mentioned "large and amply-formed feet") show a mean, grasping disposition; and a high instep shows a nervous, passionate nature. The first is said to stand for Pauline Hall, the last for Minnie Seligman.

The French pitch which musical people are at present talking so much about is explained: "If, in composing a piece of music, I write down the note A, meaning the A in the middle of the pianoforte, nobody knows the exact musical sound I want to have played. All that can be said is that I mean it to be a third higher than the note I write down as F, and a fourth lower than the note I write as D, but this is like saying that the Omer is the tenth part of an ephah, which, however explicit, does not get rid of the question of how much an ephah is. In 1858 the French Government appointed a commission to settle what this A should indicate. They fixed on the note produced by 435 vibrations per second; and that pitch (A=435) is what is called French pitch. The English did not like it, and ordained that, whatever the French might choose to mean by A, the London Philadelphia Society should mean by it a note produced by 452 vibrations per second. It was so set forth in the Queen's regulations and adopted by military bands, from which center it has spread over India and the colonies. The American eagle treated the British lion as the British lion had treated the French. It roared six vibrations higher. It tuned pianoes up to A=458; and the Theodore Thomas Orchestra used very nearly this pitch, that is to say A=456, sacrificing music to brilliancy."

Make It Short.

"If I were a minister's wife," the lady in the car was talking too loud not to be overheard, "you may rest assured I should take an interest—an active interest—in my husband's work. I should say to him: 'Richard, if you want to make a hit next Sunday, preach short! If you want your congregation to grow larger and larger, preach short! If you want to draw them to this church, that church and the other——preach short! Always preach short! But, Richard, have something to say, always! Condense, condense and condense, and then have an air about you as if time were worth something, and you could not afford to lose a minute of it.'

"If on Sunday morning he seemed to be in an extra amiable mood I would venture to say: 'Richard, dear, don't be all day in giving out your notices! Don't blink over them and clear your throat and go poking along through them as if you had never seen them before and were pondering them in your mind as you call attention to them! Don't, I beg of you, Richard, read them straightforward and then say them all over again backwards! There is nothing so tiresome!' I am not sure but some Sunday I should say: 'Richard, if you get the least tedious today I shall fuss with my bonnet strings as a warning! And when you say, "In conclusion," don't, for pity's sake, go on until you reach a "Finally," and after that "One word more," or "Just another thought!" I do think it is such a mistake to try to tell all one knows in one sermon.'" Just then the auditor was obliged to leave the car, but he could not help exclaiming to himself, "What a sensible woman!" It is to be hoped that some day this sensible one will marry a minister. Multitudes of people would attend divine worship if they could be assured that the services would be of a reasonable length.—N. Y. Tribune.

A SORE throat, cough or cold, if suffered to progress, results in serious pulmonary affections, oftentimes incurable. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" reach directly the seat of the disease, and give instant relief.

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.

"It is not correct to say that the Bible is 'just like any other book,'" says the New York *Churchman* (P. E.). "In respect of its divine element it is *sui generis*, unique. Other books that have survived the lapse of time, by reason of merits which men would not willingly let die, may resemble and even rival the Holy Scriptures, in the exultation of human intellect, insight, intuition which they display, but their field is experience, not the revelation of that which transcends experience. But with these provisos strictly in mind, the Bible is literature, subject to the conditions and laws of literature, and to literary examination and investigation by the same canons of criticisms as any other book, just as the human nature of Christ is subject to the conditions and laws of humanity, and may be tried by the tests we apply to man as man. Its most ancient manuscripts are comparatively modern, and must be collated by fragments and quotations from earlier documents preserved in independent writings, ecclesiastical or secular. 'Various readings' in manuscript of equal authority must be weighed and judged; interpolations and omissions must be detected and proved; misconceptions of idiom, metaphor, reference and allusion, arising out of lapse of time and loss of contemporaneous knowledge, must be corrected by historical research before there can ever be any 'text' whose letter is final. All this demands scholarship, and hostile scholarship is as valuable, in its way, as the most reverent inquiry."

The Chicago *Standard* (Bapt.), discussing the place and value of creeds in religion, declares that the "mistake and the mischief, all along in Christian history, has been the interpretation and enforcement of these creed-statements as authoritative and final. They are authoritative in no absolute sense, and they are final in no sense whatever. It is the privilege of every student of Christian doctrine to look beyond the 'creed' to that upon which the creed itself depends for all the evidence of truth it can have. This is not to say that the creed itself is always to be held as open to suspicion. The contrary is the fact, inasmuch as that which wise and good men, no matter in what far past time, have in the light of what has long been held for true among men of like character, and in the light of their own faithful and prayerful study of the word, have set down as to be received for Scriptural truth upon matters of faith is always entitled to profound respect, and should not be set aside or changed except for reasons conclusively good. Yet even such men may err somewhat in that which they hold for true. They may not have stated in the most judicious way something which must still be held for true. New 'light' may 'break forth' from the word beyond all they have had. In a word, no utterance of theirs is final; least of all, can any formulary of theirs be justly made the absolute test by which every man's faith or teaching shall be tried. There is always 'the law and the testimony'; it is 'according to these that men are to speak.'"

On the subject of creeds the Boston *Watchman* (Bapt.) says: "The Baptists, as a body, have no creed—not even the Apostles' Creed. The New Hampshire Baptist Convention adopted the confession of faith known as the 'New Hampshire Articles,' and recommended it to the churches. The churches, many of them, have adopted it. Being published in a convenient and inexpensive form by the American Baptist Publication Society, many churches have adopted the manual and supplied their members with it. But it is in their hands for information merely. For want of conformity to an article of belief no one would ever be called in question. But there are truths that are incorporated with the most sacred experiences of the renewed soul. Whoever denies such truths pierces Christian hearts, and will be made to feel that he is out of place in that company of disciples, not because they are intolerant of a difference of opinion, but because he is at variance with them on a question of principle, affecting the spiritual life. Unless agreed on these matters 'how can two walk together?'"

"We need not say," remarks the San Francisco *Occident* (Pres.), "that we fully expect the theology of our denomination to remain thoroughly Calvinistic as well as devoutly Biblical, we do not anticipate that one cardinal doctrine of our system will ever be surrendered. But in the process of making room for valuable accessions to our information about God and His word and work (accessions that are to be expected in every age), it seems possible henceforth to deal more generously than it was once safe to do with those incidental eccentricities of which Dr. Briggs and others are just now giving us a few ticklish specimens. Pledged as he and they are to our common Calvinism, to loyal and devout acceptance of Scripture as 'the only infallible rule of faith and practice,' and to the inspiration and Mosaic vitalization of the Pentateuch, we can, as the case now appears, afford to treat with some leniency vagaries that do no impinge on these great foundations. Dr. Briggs' tone and utterances in his plea before the Presbytery remove a very serious obstacle to this treatment of him and his work. We trust that the rashness and arrogance by which he foolishly—and wantonly, as it has seemed to us—provoked the distrust and resentment of the church and laid himself liable to just rebuke, will not be repeated by him or anybody else. * * * But if in the future Dr. Briggs, or any other higher critic, or anybody else, should again try, or seem to try, to undermine confidence in Scripture as the very Word of God, or to rashly assail any tenet of our traditional orthodoxy, let him be sure that there will be menace of another heresy trial, and that next time the church will not be disposed so readily to accept qualified expressions of regret and vague assurances of loyalty to the Bible and the standards."

"A great deal of loose thinking and random talk might be saved if the habit of accurately defining terms were more generally cultivated," according to the New York *Examiner* (Bapt.). "This is an age of discussion. Fluency of speech is at a premium. The man who can discourse readily on the widest range of topics is sure of popular admiration. We have conventions and congresses in almost unbroken continuity. There are well-known people, not a few of them ministers, whose names appear so frequently in connection with these gatherings that the question naturally arises whether, and how, they find time to do anything else. In all stages of human development, including even that of the rudest savagery, 'palavers,' have formed a necessary part of the social machinery. Their usefulness is obvious. Talking things over makes them clear and leads the way to the decision of practical questions. The interchange of thought, the thorough ventilation of ideas and opinions, cannot fail to help in establishing principles. And principles, even though abstract in their first statement, do, after all, underlie conditions and give the safest direction to conduct. It is, however, indispensable, if we are to reach any clear grasp of essential principles, that in discussing them we should know what we think and say what we mean. Nowhere is such precision more urgently demanded than in the treatment of religious themes. It would often prove a safeguard against misunderstanding and bitterness. It would always go far to make debate intelligible and profitable. It would shut off much noisy, but rapid, declamation, and would silence many fierce anathemas."

"The Bible must be honored," exclaims the New York *Christian Advocate* (Meth.). "That some share of our present lack of evangelistic power is due to a growing disregard for the Word of God cannot be doubted. Doubts have recently been dragged into evangelical churches by leading thinkers and teachers. One man says the Book of Job is not inspired, another discards Solomon's Song, another the Second Epistle of Peter, another throws a part of Genesis and Isaiah overboard. The doctrines of the existence of Satan and of the future punishment of the wicked have been attacked. Some teachers, whose reputation for scholarship gives them wide influence, give it as their opinion that the Bible is not inspired at all except as other great books are inspired. This poison has penetrated all our churches. This virus of skepticism has entered pulpits in our own denomination. Little wonder that men who do not half believe the Bible have no revivals. We are approaching a crisis in church life. Gradually, but surely, disregard for the Bible, for the Sabbath, for the church and for God is taking possession of the minds of professing Christians. If this tendency continues it will be in vain that the church will point to the millions of members and millions of property. Better a living hundred than a dead million."

The New York *Jewish Messenger* maintains that Judaism is not an exclusive but a liberal faith. "The synagogue's doors," it says, "are ever open. The synagogue's belief is not for the antiquary shop or the museum, The God of the Jew is the God of mankind. The religion of the Jew is for mankind. Judaism hates and condemns all foulness and wrong. It loves and applauds what tends to honest, helpful living. It deals not with mysteries and abstractions, but with the orphan, the widow, the destitute, the sufferer. It is not casuistry, but justice. It is not formalism, but mercy. It is not ecclesiasticism, but humility. It is not exclusive, but all-embracing. It has fought its fight too long to turn coward now. It needs to-day the power that shall touch the dead bones and make them live. If the synagogue is not broad enough for the task it must be made so. The age of petty creeds is over. Despite prejudice and persecution here and there, the better day is dawning, and the Jew must be among the first to greet the awakening."

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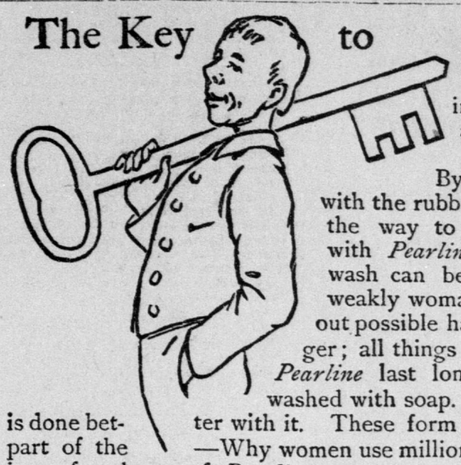

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