WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

A Visit to the Charming Gardens of Kew.

What May Be Seen from the Top of a Hammersmith Fourpenny 'Bus—The Finest and Most Richly Stocked Gardens in the World—The "Downtrod" of London on an Outing.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1892.]

LONDON, September 26, 1892.

"Hus is downtrod, the Lord knows, but hus 'as our reg'lar houtings, cheap enough to get to, and warlouser than can be named in a jiffy."

Thus spoke a hearty London stoker who sat beside me on top of a fourpenny Hammersmith 'bus. Along with him were his buxom wife and four red-cheeked children. It was early of a Saturday afternoon, and there was not a happier family, "downtrod" or otherwise, in all London.

"My missus 'ere," proudly clapping his huge hand on his wife's abundant knees, "an' Hi an' the young uns be goin' o'er to Kew. Missus loikes w'ere she can plunk 'ersel' flat to grass, tho' Hi allus says, 'Pol, grass an' rheumatiz grows t'gether,' an' the young uns romps an' gallops like mad. Hi says, 'Pol, them young uns'll waste theirsel's to bone from 'oppin' an' steamin' round Kew.' But Pol says back to me, 'Scat, Handrew, hit makes 'em sleep like haldermen and heat like paupers,' an' so Kew hit is if it takes my last bob for hour houting. Been to Kew, sir?"

No, I had not, but I should be glad to see the gardens, I told him.

"W'y, Lord bless hus! come right 'long wi' hus. Hit'll do ye good, sir!"

And so it did, for I kept in the delightful company of the "downtrod" all the way out on the pleasant journey, returned to the city with them, and never lost sight of them until the blazing evening lights of the winding Strand shone on the tired family safely ensconced on the deck of a Whitechapel 'bus, which whirled them away to their lowly home in thet world's foulest slave pen—the east end of mighty London.

It is an interesting little journey by underground railway, by river or by road to Royal Kew. Interesting below ground for the glimpse of the folk who live down there in the bowels of the earth—station masters, porters, news clerks and barmaids—out of whose faces, like the Cornish miners, the light and color have gone, and who move about in a desolate, discouraged way, as though hopeless prisoners there. You read pathos and heartache all along under these foul underground ways, breathe a prayer that our cities shall never know them, and wish you could whisk all these white-faced toilers with "Handrew" and the "young uns" for a romp about the lovely gardens of Kew.

A thousand historic places and lordly structures are passed should you go by boat upon the Thames. It is not only these and the vast throng of craft you see from your steamer's side, but you recall the royal processions of boat and barge of other days passing and repassing from London to wondrous Hampton Court, and these bear you wraithful company. The whole stream is sounding with music. German bands, Italian bands, Swiss bands, Hungarian bands and gypsy bands crowd these boats and give good music, too. Swift are the steamers, and a mighty wash is left behind them, while all the tiny boats afloat seem to dance and curvet in your wake to the endless music of the Thames.

From the roof of your 'bus you see miles upon miles of the wealthiest part of West London. Here is Picadilly with its aristocratic clubland on the right; Green Park and lordly Buckingham Palace are on the left; Hyde Park Corner, Knightsbridge, Albert Memorial, Kensington Gardens, Kensington, Holland Park, Olympia and Hammersmith follow, and then you come to where the hedges, avenues and villas hint of the restful country scenes of England. Bright indeed is this road to Kew, through busy Hammersmith and drowsy Chiswick, with its nursery grounds and glass houses by the wayside, and fine market gardens crowded close by new houses, and dreamful Gunnersbury, where the ancient forests show in dark masses against the horizon. There are lush orchards, too, where the rich fruit dapples the fading leaves, and meadows wavy and rich, where the late buttercups and daisies star the tender green.

The old days are remembered more than once on this winding highway—most suggestively, perhaps, where on a new red brick wall is seen the inscription; "London Stile." Who that has read Dickens, or Thackeray, or Albert Smith (who barely escaped being as great as either) does not in fancy instantly live in the old coaching days and see disappearing to the west in a cloud of dust the "Flying Mail" or the "Wonder," or with pathetic recognition remember the country yokels, resting on that broad stile, the meantime munching their crusts as they gazed down the Thames to Westminster's towers and St. Paul's dome and dream of the wondrous London streets all paved with shining gold?

And then the mossy bridges, with steep, old-fashioned pitch and broad, crumbling parapets, where rosy-cheeked lasses still linger and marvel as your 'bus goes rumbling by; gray turnstiles leading to brown, deep footpaths that wind through gardens and fields, where some one, as in the old days, always tarries and turns to gaze at passers, gazing in their turn, as though the two were the only ones seen in a whole day's journey; the gay but stolid looking barges lying here and there in the back water against the shore, and, finally, quaint old Kew Green, where the years bring no change, and where everything is so little, odd and antiquated that you could feel no surprise if Farmer George and Queen Charlotte, with lumbering caleche and six horses, came dashing through the gates of Royal Kew.

About 200 years ago Lord Capel laid out the garden which has since become not only one of London's most beautiful pleasant grounds, but a scientific institution, whose influence and benefits reach to all quarters of the globe. On the death of Lord Capel in 1696, the estate passed into the hands of his son-in-law, who made the place still more famous as the headquarters of English astronomists. Under the advice of the Earl of Bute the dowager Princess Augusta made it a scientific establishment, and it was called the "Physic Garden." As early as 1768 Sir John Hill published a catalogue of the plants of Kew. There were then fifty ferns, 600 trees and shrubs and several thousand herbaceous plants. In 1789 the estate was bought by George III. He devoted much money and attention to its improvement. "Farmer George," he was called, in praise by scientists and in derision by taxpayers, for his pains. For a long time after this monarch's death the gardens sank into neglect. It was then proposed to disestablish and disendow them. A protest was raised and the whole kingdom opposed, whereupon the gardens were surrendered by the crown and became a national establishment in 1840.

Then Royal Kew in name became Royal Kew in fact under the directorships of Sir W. J. Hooker, who remained in charge until his death, in 1865, and his son, Sir John Hooker, the renowned traveler and botanist, who succeeded him. The latter is known to every student of botany in the world from his "Flora Antarctica," "Himalayan Journals," and his great work, "Genera Plantarum," and the tremendous importance of Kew as an international scientific educator, has been almost wholly due to his genius for compelling its work to cover a vast and practically limitless field.

To faintly illustrate this extraordinary comprehensiveness it may be truly said that wherever in the world classification of new plants is required Kew stands ready to attend to the matter. Wherever new plants are wanted for cultivation these royal gardens will supply them, and this readiness of supply is not all limited to British subjects or colonies. Where plant disease threatens or pests approach, Kew will consult and advise. Foreign institutions co-operate in all these beneficial relations. Lists of new plants are constantly being published. Lists of seeds matured here are also printed, and the institution wisely goes so far as to exchange these seeds with regular correspondents all over the world.

This magazine of seeds is nominally collected for the benefit of similar associations which may sometime, in part, return like favors. But any one in any part of the globe applying with a serious purpose for seeds or plants is not refused. At the time of my visit applications laid upon the curator's desk from Oregon, Texas and British Columbia in America; from English shires, from South Africa, Ceylon, India and Guatemala. All were to be served with equal attention. This characteristic of Kew gives the whole world an interest in its resources, proficiency and increased powers for interchange of botanic knowledge and aid.

How the rapidly increasing population of the globe may be provided with food and clothing is regarded as a problem falling within the province of Kew's authorities. The splendid success of the cinchona plantations in India also illustrate the scope of the work at the Royal Gardens. The Peruvian supply was showing exhaustion. Quinine was becoming alarmingly expensive. Cinchona seeds and young trees were secured in Peru, brought here to Kew and nursed, and finally given successful culture in Jamaica, Ceylon and Bengal, until the annual output from these sources amounts to nearly 100,000 pounds. That was a direct benefit to all humankind.

It will thus be seen that Royal Kew is not only a favorite resort for holiday visitors, but it is the great central botanic workshop of the world, not a flower show nor a pretty park merely, for serious and vast work is accomplished here every year. And nothing is to trifling to receive Kew's candid attention. It is a matter of record that "debate has been gravely held, opinions even have been formed and reported upon such matters as a South African cane, which some gentlemen in those distant parts thought adapted to fishing rods, upon the values of West African palm kernels as material for coat buttons, and upon a pithy stem which the Government of a West Indies island believed suitable for razor strops."

Kew is now training young men to fill botanic situations in the colonies. Instruction is given in principles of scientific botany, and the general conditions governing horticulture under differing conditions and circumstances. In the end Kew is repaid. Nearly all these men, becoming emigrants, remain enthusiastic correspondents with, and contributors to, the stores of the Royal Gardens. Thiselton Dyer, who became director of Kew in 1886, is only the fifth in a period of 130 years, and is broadening rather than restricting the field of scientific investigation so nobly opened and developed by Sir William Hooker and his son, Sir Joseph.

The gardens and grounds are extensive. Those portions known as the Botanic Gardens comprise nearly thirty acres, and the pleasure grounds and aboretum have an area of 270 acres. Beyond, stretching to Richmond, is the old Deer Park of about 400 acres, though only a small portion of the latter is accessible to the public. In front of the garden stretches a broad, smooth walk, and dotted about the lawns are noble specimens of Italian, Spanish and Corsican pines. At the end of these one sees the old red brick house in which Queen Charlotte died. To the left is the principal avenue with flower parterres on either side. In the distance the magnificent palmhouse rises like a fairy palace, and beside it are tiny lakes with flocks of aquatic birds.

The herbarium at Kew is undoubtedly the finest in existence. The number of specimens now exceeds 1,500,000, duplicates not included. They fill a large structure in the northwest corner of the green, including a great hall, added in 1876, fitted with two tiers of light iron galleries. Beginning with the Ranunculaceæ on the ground floor, they conclude with the grasses up aloft. There is no red tape here to oppose the student. A table stands in each corner for his convenience. All specimens are arranged after the system of Sir Joseph Hooker's great work, the "Genera Plantarum," so that the visitor only has to give the number attached to a particular genus, and the portfolio containing the corresponding specimen is before him in an instant.

In the garden proper the smaller plants are found in almost endless variety. Altogether there are nearly 30,000 species. Small as is this proportion to the total sum of nature's wealth, the knowledge, patience and labor in forming such a vast collection are in themselves almost inconceivable. Think of 3,000 species of trees and shrubs, 3,000 greenhouse plants, 2,500 "stove plants," 1,200 ferns, 1,000 succulents and 1,000 orchids among this bewildering collection in one compact garden!

The Museum of Economic Botany was established in 1847. Its influence upon trade has undoubtedly since been increasingly felt in the two hemispheres. Every tree and plant known to serve a useful purpose is represented here, with illustrations of the manner of its employment and most valuable use, while the Museum of Timber is a permanent world's exposition of woods. The showing in this from the two Americas and the West Indies exceeds that of all the rest of the world in extent and variety, and every great American city should duplicate this timber exhibit. Its economic suggestiveness and hints to woodworkers, from the most ordinary necessities of building timbers to the highest possibilities in art woods and woodworking art, would prove invaluable.

To the casual visitor the show places of Royal Kew are the great palmhouse and the structure housing the huge water maize of Central America, named Victoria regia by its discoverers in compliment to Queen Victoria. The palmhouse is a veritable crystal palace. It is 362 feet long and 100 feet wide. It stands near the center of the gardens with a broad terrace and the lakes with their aquatic flocks in front. Nearly 25,000 feet of hot water piping are required for its heating. Though sixty feet in hight, its most gigantic habitat—the finest specimen in Europe of the *Pandanaceæ*—is continually being lopped and pruned to keep it within bounds. There are, besides, magnificent specimens of the betel, the wax palm, the bread tree, the orange, the coral plant, the coffee shrub, the cocoanut and the tamarind.

A few yards distant is the home of the tremendous water lily, the Victoria regia. Its gigantic leaves and flowers spread completely over its allotted water space of 18,000 square feet in the summer months, while at this season of the year its wide oval leaves, yards in surface diameter, with beautifully curled edges, suggest the fabled shells in which Aphrodite is wafted upon obedient seas.

One never tires of these matchless Royal Gardens. If I should confess to my abiding, overwhelming feeling while within them, it would be that they or their double was ours. As the setting sun warned me with all visitors away, and "hearty Handrew, Pol an' the young uns" joined me for the return journey on the roof of the Hammersmith 'bus, my stoker friend brought me to a clump of American oaks.

"Them ere'll do yonr furrin heyes good," he remarked with a roar that had a gentle and kindly undertone ringing through it.

How foolish for a wanderer here to embrace these hard old trees like suddenly met friends from home across the sea! But I did. And then we returned quite comfortable and cheery to the great city.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"Alhambra" Business a Flat Failure in New York City.

"Larry the Lord" Strikes a Popular Chord, and "A Trip to Chinatown" Still Draws Great Crowds—"The Ruined Abbey"—Margaret Mather—General Stage Notes.

A. P. Dunlop, writing from New York under date of October 1st, says:

"The much talked of change at the Casino took place on Monday and resulted in a flat failure. The variety part of the entertainment would have been hissed off the stage on either the Bowery or Eighth Avenue, and the ballet part is not of a kind that will create much of a stir in Gotham. It is a very bad imitation of the London Alhambra, and will probably last until the stockholders can find some one able to make legal opera pay even the smallest kind of a dividend, none so far having been declared by Mr. Aronson in spite of many successes.

"The only other novelty in town was 'Larry the Lord,' a musical comedy by the late Fred Maeder, at the People's Theater. R. E. Graham, the star, is one of the cleverest comedians on the stage, and he is well fitted, the play being both clever and amusing. Pretty songs and catchy music sparkles through the three acts, through which Mr. Graham dances with his usual grace and finish. 'Larry the Lord' is unmistakably a success.

"At the Star Theater 'The Lost Paradise,' last season's great success, has been doing a large business. It is one of the few plays dealing with the labor problem, displaying in its construction a degree of skill in stage craft that makes it very popular.

"At the Third Avenue another new Irish drama, not yet seen in the metropolis, was produced on Monday. It is called 'The Rambler from Clare,' and it is the work of Dan McCarthy. The Irish drama seems to have evolved out of the bog lately, for even this has no red coat nor shillaleh, without which an Irish drama of ten years ago could not have succeeded.

"Otherwise the week has been bare of new attractions, the plays having long runs coming in for a good deal of the regular patronage. This was particularly shown at the Madison Square Theater, where 'A Trip to Chinatown' has filled every seat at every performance. This phenomenal record-breaker will celebrate the 350th consecutive performance at this house October 14th, and on November 9th its first anniversary will be commemorated by Hoyt & Thomas in great style. For a whole year, autumn, winter, spring and through a hot summer, without closing its doors once, has the bright little comedy made big audiences laugh nightly, and now, as the second winter is approaching, it looks strong and healthy enough to run for another whole year, and make a third fortune for its lucky owners."

PADEREWSKI'S TOUR.

The appearance here of the celebrated pianist, Ignace J. Paderewski, is being talked of by the music-loving public. Paderewski is unquestionably an inspired and phenomenal pianist. He possesses the power of interesting and arousing the enthusiasm of an audience of the highest musical culture, and of giving pleasure and delight to one of less musical intelligence and simpler tastes. Steinway & Sons have engaged this artist for a tour of the United States, beginning at San Francisco, Saturday, November 12th. Only three concerts will be given outside of the metropolis, for which Hahn & Love, the concert and dramatic agents, are now arranging. The matter has been left in the hands of music dealers here, and if sufficient interest is taken and enough subscribers to warrant it, a concert will be given in Sacramento. The prices will be $3, $2 50 and $2.

"THE RUINED ABBEY."

Since the conclusion of the play of "The Ruined Abbey," recently running in these columns, many people have expressed a desire to see it put upon the stage. We believe that it would prove a drawing card. The characters are all well drawn, stand out distinctly in their personality, and would furnish strong stage studies. The plot is good and is treated with skill, while the climaxes are all well worked up. A sustained interest would be kept up from first to last, and we are confident that any manager who would place the play before the people would reap an ample reward.—Sacramento Wonder.

MISS MARGARET MATHER.

Miss Mather has restored one of her most charming assumptions this season in the character of Rosalind, in "As You Like It." The freshness of this beautful pastoral play never withers, and Miss Mather has acted wisely in heeding the unnumbered requests for its presentation again. The production of this play will have an added interest, in that Orlando will be presented by M. Cautley, whose performance of this character at the St. James' Theater in London, during the memorable run of the play in 1890, made him at one bound an acknowledged artist and favorite of the West End.

STAGE NOTES.

Sylvia Gerrish has returned to London.

Fanny Davenport is on her way home.

Agnes Huntington will not come to America this season.

Miss Lyla Kavenaugh has refused an offer to go to London.

Carl Streitmann is singing at the Theater an der Wien, Vienna.

The Viennese seem to be killing maestro Mascagni with kindness.

Eloise Willis is soon to wed Alexander B. Duncan, a New York banker.

Miss Kenyon Bishop's new farce comedy is to be brought out this season.

James Maas, the comedian, is dead. His real name was James W. Cropsey.

"A Nutmeg Match" is said to be the worst play on the road so far this season.

John McNally's new play "A Mad Bargain" has made a very big hit in Boston.

A. Y. Pearson's new play "The District Fair" will be produced November 7th.

Mrs. Newton Beers, known to the stage as Jessie Lee Randolph, has inherited $30,000.

J. M. Hill's "The Fencing Master" was tried in Buffalo on Monday and scored a complete success.

"A Temperance Town" continues to show the "S. R. O." sign in Chicago at every performance.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere has arrived in London from her Australian tour, and Isabella Urquhart with her.

Gertrude B. Nixon, professionally known as Gertie Thornton, was lately married in Chicago to H. I. Jones, a non-professional.

Bessie Clayton rejoins "A Trip to Chinatown" Company at the Hoyt Madison Square Theater next week.

Alex. Comstock has secured for a term of years the services of Edgar Selden, and will star him in Irish plays.

Mlle. Camilla Urso, the violinist, was knocked down by a bicyclist on Sunday night in New York and severely bruised.

Effie Shannon is suing Henry Guy Carleton for divorce. Effie became famous in a single night, but it took Henry a long time.

Alice King Livingston is still in London, visiting the queer localities and writing interestingly about them to the American newspapers.

The Lilliputians are to remain at the Union Square Theater for at least ten weeks more. Their new play, "Candy," has made a very great hit.

Mrs. Langtry is doing well at the Haymarket with "The Queen of Manoa," and if that fails she is to do an adaptation of Sardou's "Maison Neuve."

The Birmingham *Saturday Night* asks: "Shall we stand quietly by and see our greatest actors leave England?" No! Keep them at home. You haven't any great actors, anyway.

The "A Trip to Chinatown" Company, which is to appear at Colonel Wm. E. Sinn's New Park Theater in Brooklyn next week, played to $8,200 at the Boston Tremont Theater last week.

Helen Sedgwick has married Alderman Charles E. Candee of Syracuse. Mr. Candee owns a hotel in Syracuse and is a politician of considerable influence. Miss Sedgwick's real name was Ella R. Brady.

It may be interesting for some people to know that Queen Victoria's dolls, of which much is said at present, were dressed after a dress seen by the embyro Queen. Two of them represent Mlle. Taglioni.

Mlle. Laclerque, a high kicker at the Apollo Theater, Berlin, has been ordered to leave that city by the not very squeamish police. She is to appear at the New York Casino, and the high muck-a-muck of the Prussian police is waiting to see what Superintendent Byrnes is going to do about it.

Miss Sedohr Rhodes, the young American, who will make her debut in London, October 16th, was born in Waukegan, near the Windy City, but educated in New York. She was christened Sedohr, which is Rhodes spelled backwards—a whim of her parent Travis Rhodes, who was an Englishman.

Oscar the Wilde is recovering from the shock to his nervous system caused by the Lord Chamberlain refusing to allow "Salome" to be produced in London. He swears it shall not be seen in the United States, and that Bernhardt is the only woman in the world that can do justice to his grand creation.

Madame Ponisi, who was announced to appear with Rose Coghlan this season in New York, has declined the offer. The dear old lady, whom all metropolitan theater-goers still remember lovingly, has permanently retired from the stage. She is, however, still in good health and enjoying her well-earned rest.

From the French: An eminent musician on his summer holiday stops at a village blacksmith's forge to have his horse shod. During the operation the maestro amuses himself by trying his strength with the hammer on the anvil until he is stopped by the village blacksmith. "Don't hit that anvil so hard, sir; it isn't a piano."

"Ali Baba," Manager David Henderson's latest Chicago success, has reached the 153d performance in that city and the houses are still crowded. It may be incidentally stated that the Chicago Opera-house records six years of uninterrupted success in the way of extravaganza, and this is the greatest record ever made by any management in this country in this line of work.

One of the young actresses who have pushed themselves to the front rank, this season, is Miss Emily Lytton of the "Fritz in Ireland" Company. Wherever she has been this season, so far, she has been praised for her clever work, and every pen that has written about her art has also complimented her on her beauty. Miss Lytton is one of the best dressers on the stage.

Schumann, the celebrated circus director who was arrested in Vienna on a charge of deserting military service in Germany, was brought in irons to Bradenburg and marched through the streets to prison guarded by three soldiers with loaded rifles. He has now been drafted into the service and assigned to the lowest place as a private of the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Infantry.

On Friday, October 14th, "A Trip to Chinatown" will reach its 350th consecutive performance at Hoyt's Madison Square Theater, in New York, and on November 9th the anniversary of a year's run will be commemorated. "A Trip" is the most profitable of all those plays which have had long runs in the city, as it has never been forced, and yet the house has been filled at every performance.

The influence Ibsen has acquired on the German stage is shown by the continued attacks he is subjected to and the many who try to imitate him. Last week two new plays have been produced in Berlin due indirectly to his success—one at the Lessing Theater, called "A Blank Page," by Paul Heyse, and the other at the Wallner Theater, called "Mila," by Arthur Zapp. Both failed to "catch on."

Dunlop's Stage News, published in New York City, by A. P. Dunlop, has completed its tenth volume. It fills a place that has never been filled before by any publication, and it is perfectly safe to say that there is no visitor that is so welcome to the table of the dramatic editor, for whose benefit alone it is published. We have found it more reliable and less tainted by prejudice than any of the numerous theatrical papers.

Alan Dale's new novel, "Conscience on Ice," is such a clever description of things theatrical in New York that it has become a theme of gossip among professionals, who try to fit the characters described in the book to the living ones. This no doubt gives the book the great sale it has had, but in the dim distance looms up a libel suit, which if brought would be one of the funniest cases, from a theatrical point of view, tried in New York for many years.

Patrick S. Gilmore used to say that the biggest hit of his life was made a short time before Grover Cleveland married, and when he was seated on the Madison Square reviewing stand. Gilmore, at the head of the Twenty-second Regiment, came marching along, and just before passing the President he signaled for a change of music and gave out "He's Going to Marry Yum Yum." Grover blushed, the mob howled and Gilmore shook hands with himself.

Donnelly and Girard close this week at the Brooklyn Grand Opera-house a season that has lasted for fifty-two consecutive weeks, during which they have been in the four corners of the United States. At every point their "Natural Gas" has been well received, and Manager Samuel Popular Cox proposes now to turn it off until the election is over. The stars and company will remain in the metropolis, and for the first time each and every one of them will be able to cast a Presidential vote.

T. W. Keene opened the Walnut Street Theater in Cincinnati on Monday last, and the event drew a fashionable audience that completely packed the handsome house. J. H. Havlin, Harry Rainforth and Colonel Miles have certainly a magnificent theater. From St. Louis came a great floral horseshoe for Mr. Havlin, and there were other floral tributes. The surprise curtain proved to be a gallery of portraits, and McCullough and Barrett were applauded before the face of Keene appeared. "Hamlet" was the bill, and T. W. Keene was the recipient of boisterous applause that re-echoed through the house. The press unanimously praise him, and hail him as the greatest of our tragedians. His engagement is for two weeks, and next week he will be seen as Richard III.—Dunlop's Stage News.

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IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

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

"It is possible to criticise the Litany," the New York *Churchman* (P. E.) says, "as it is to criticise any composition—but of what use? The Litany has commended itself not only to the reason, but the affections of millions of people for two reasons—its fullness and its moderation. It would be hard to say what genuine necessity it does not set forth in reverent supplication. Yet, by a wisdom little short of direct inspiration, it stops short at precisely the right place. There are general petitions, there are minute details—just enough and no more. 'All sick persons'—but not persons sick of each of a hundred diseases. Then there is an exquisite rhythm—a restrained fullness almost like that of a Hebrew psalm—which almost the slightest touch would destroy. Compared with modern litanies, it has a classic perfection of form as well as a wonderful reserve of reverence. What would be gained by the proposed addition of the words 'from fire and flood'? As to form they would surely be wholly inappropriate. Why pray to be delivered from fire? It is a necessity—man's most useful servant. 'Fire' does not at all correspond with 'flood,' which is a desolating and destructive body of water. Conflagration would correspond to flood and lightning and tempest. We venture to think that the very best amendment of the Litany in this respect is to let it alone; and so leave it with the formal approval which it has won from the silent reverence and deep joy of innumerable hearts."

Speaking of the approaching Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the New York *Observer* (Pres.) remarks: "The report on Christian unity at the coming convention will be looked for with interest by all Christians. Quite an important matter will be the action to be taken by the House of Deputies upon the ordination canons. These canons are in the direction of increased facility in the work of clergy who have come into the Episcopal Church from other Christian bodies. The bishops have passed a canon whereby their former standing and experience may free them from the long training required from young men just entering the ministry; so far the House of Deputies has failed to concur in the action of the bishops. A still further advance in the direction of a wise liberality will be made if the Thirty-nine Articles be bound separately from the Book of Common Prayer. They were originally published by themselves, and the bishops having in their declaration of unity practically offered ordination on the condition of behalf in the two creeds—the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene—it is now suggested, in the interests of union, to repeal these articles, which were not adopted in the American Church until 1801. Should this suggestion prevail, the Articles would be put by themselves with no idea of affirming or denying any truth they contain, but simply to set men of to-day behind the religious controversies of the sixteenth century, and to free them to go forward into the twentieth with every barrier down that separates Christian from Christian, Church from Church, against the will and Word of the divine Master of all. If the House of Deputies in Baltimore shall, by taking up this matter, accentuate this action of the bishops in giving the simple creeds as the one necessity of union in the faith, Episcopal ideas of Christian union will assume a color they have not hitherto manifested."

"One of our respected contemporaries surmises that the toleration which has been so conspicuous in church matters for the last two years may give place to 'a revival of old differences, or to the drawing of a new cleavage that will divide men more sharply, perhaps, than any in the recent past.' Barring the rhetoric we accept this estimate of the situation as very nearly correct," observes the *Living Church* (P. E.) of Chicago. "By 'old differences' the writer doubtless meant those of twenty years ago; we should add fifteen centuries to this in our interpretation of the signs of the times. The 'cleavage' is not 'new'; it is as old as skepticism, as old as philosophy, as old as history, as old as sin. The cleavage is between the natural and the supernatural, between imagination and revelation, between hypothesis and fact. The 'cleavage' has always existed. An 'era of good feeling' has been, in almost every century, the precursor of controversy which has resulted in a firmer grasp of catholic truth, and a more uncompromising resistance to the materialism and rationalism that would, while contradicting each other, destroy religion."

"We do not wonder," says the New York *Evangelist* (Pres.), "at the fact that President Harper has been criticised for saying that the intellectual classes in America are inclined to be skeptical. Were it wholly true it need not surprise us, for it was true in Paul's day, and yet he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Even though not many mighty, not many noble, were found among the early disciples of the Master, Paul knew that the Gospel was 'the wisdom of God.' But Jesus Himself found in this fact a reason for gratitude: 'I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' The acquisition of knowledge is ofttimes gained at the cost of humility. Neither the disciple nor his Master felt it treason to the cause to admit that the evidences of Christianity were rather spiritual than intellectual, and were discerned, if at all, by the spiritual rather than the intellectual nature. And yet it is true that the Gospel has won rich harvests among our most highly cultured classes. At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science not many years since, it was our privilege to be at the prayer service held upon the Lord's Day, when the meeting was led by the President-elect, and the first speaker was the retiring President of the association. The intellectual life of America is not to-day alienated from the Cross of Christ."

"To provide for the orphan is, no doubt, one of the first things that Christian philanthropy should look after," says the New York *Examiner* (Bapt.); "but it should be borne in mind that the proportion of helpless orphans in any community is necessarily small. The cases are comparatively few where there are no relatives to care for children bereaved of their parents, whose pride would revolt at the suggestion that such children should become objects of charity. And in cases where relatives are unwilling to do their duty, it is a grave question whether it is good public policy to relieve them of it. Instead of leaving so many things to charity it might be well to compel the nearest relative in such cases to give bonds for the proper performance of his duty. A sensible review of the facts compels one to the conclusion that while the work is one of the most urgent, it is from the nature of the case one of the most circumscribed of Christian charities. There is really more danger of doing too much than of doing too little. There are many orphan asylums in this country, as well as in England, that are seldom or never filled to the measure of their capacity, and have greater resources than they know how to use wisely. And yet Baptists are continually urged to bestir themselves in adding to the number of orphan asylums that cannot be filled without scouring the country to find inmates—perhaps not even then. The arguments urged are purely sectarian. If Baptist orphans are allowed to be sent to Pedobaptist orphanges, 'they will be lost to the denomination.' A denomination that is already growing too fast for its own good ought not to get into a panic, it seems to us, over a possible loss of a few hundreds. A little sanctified common sense would be a good thing now and then in these matters."

The New York *Christian Enquirer* (Bapt.) takes a very gloomy view of the situation. It says: "If a stranger from some foreign shore should visit our land just now, he would confront a condition of things which would startle and appall him, and force him seriously to question the prosperity—social, moral and physical—of the United States. He might ask us to point out the advantages enjoyed by our people which lift them above the subjects of the Kings and Queens of the old world. He would find our industries menaced by a fearful and mistaken antagonism between labor and capital. He would find the purity of our social life and our religious institutions menaced by a subtle corruption which has poisoned the public heart and is running through all the veins of public life. He would find our schools menaced by the Church of Rome; our press the advocate of prize fights and pugilism worthy of the dark ages, and brutal as the bull fights of Spain; holy marriage followed quickly by unholy divorce, and the sanctities of home imperiled on every side. He would find the coast blockaded against the cholera, which, rioting in Europe, is sending its poison over in palace ships to be planted here, to spring up, perhaps, when another spring comes, and spread general devastation. Looking at these matters in any light it seems to us that our Government and our institutions are being subjected to a strain which even our gigantic civil war did not put upon them."

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