

sometimes a Romish party in the Church, variously designated as Anglican, Catholic, and High, has insisted on practices which to the ordinary observer do not differ from those of the Church of Rome, and on ecclesiastical doctrines which do not differ from those professed by the Council of Trent—differ from those of Rome only in denying the later doctrine of Papal infallibility. Naturally, this Romish party has generally been the more exclusive of the two. The logic of its position has almost necessitated this. He who believes that the Church of Christ is an organization instituted by Christ on the Galilean mount, and transmitted by the imposition of hands through fifty generations, may look with tolerance, but cannot look with approval, on men who assume to exercise the functions of the Christian ministry without receiving this Apostolic commission. It is not, therefore, strange that the followers of Laud and Pusey should be dissatisfied with the position of their fellow-Churchmen who regard the episcopate not at all as a necessary condition of Christ's Church, but only as a convenient method for the administration of its government.

But they are now, as they always have been, grossly unjust to their brethren in accusing them of disloyalty to the standards of the Church because they refuse to accept the Anglican interpretations of those standards. It is very easy to pick out from the Prayer-Book certain phrases which were imported from the Roman ritual, and, ignoring all others, insist that all true Churchmen must conform to these phrases. It is very easy thus to formulate, and apparently to sustain, charges of bad faith against the Protestant clergy and the Protestant communicants. But this is neither just nor scholarly. For it ignores that composite character of the Church which Lord Macaulay has made so clear by abundant illustrations.

There are two courses open to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. The two parties, united under one episcopate and by the use of one liturgy, may recognize the fact that both their ecclesiastical organization and their forms of service are in the nature of a compromise, and were intentionally made so, and that the Church is, and is intended to be, large enough for both the Anglican and the Protestant parties to live in together peaceably. If the unity of the Church is to be preserved at all, it must be by such a spirit of mutual respect. Both parties must recognize that the Church is a compromise and both must loyally maintain it. The Protestant must be willing that his Anglican brother practice auricular confession, bow to the altar, use candles, and delight himself in the faith that he has received a special supernatural grace which has not lost anything of its peculiar energy by descending through more than fifty generations. The Anglican must be equally willing that his Protestant brother should discourage auricular confession, regard the altar as a communion-table, and the Lord's Supper as a commemorative rite, not as a sacrifice, prefer the light of day to the light of candles, regard himself as a minister, not as a priest, and agree with Dean Alford that Apostolic succession is a fiction of which the New Testament contains no trace.

True union is impossible without mutual respect. So long as the High Churchmen denounce their Protestant brethren as disloyal to the standards of the Church because they adhere to the Protestant or Genevan interpretation of those standards, so long they not only prevent any reunion of Christendom by making it impossible for honest and loyal descendants of the Genevan Reformers to come into their exclusive fold, but do what in them lies to disrupt the Church which was founded on compromise,

and thus still further disintegrate the Church of Christ, and add another to its already too numerous fragments. Such men are not catholic; they are schismatics.



## Editorial Notes

—Governor Waite's desire to ride in blood up to the bridle of his horse is apparently further removed than ever from the probability of gratification. Colorado has deliberately turned away from the slaughter which would have permitted the Governor to gratify his inclinations. The carnage is indefinitely postponed, and there remains before the warlike Chief Magistrate of Colorado only the anti-climax of a life of peaceful occupations.

—One of the leading newspapers of New Jersey has brought before the legislators of that State the need of public action to preserve the Palisades. The agitation is a most hopeful one, not only for the preservation of scenery which it promises, but for the appreciation of scenery which it shows. The magnificence of the Hudson is simply a priceless possession of the American people, and States cannot act too soon to prevent individual proprietors from wasting this patrimony of beauty simply because their own land will yield more money as gravel-beds than as scenery.

—In the distribution of credit for the overthrow of Tammany Hall in this city last week, the energy and work of the women of New York will not be overlooked. The administration of government in a city like New York is practically housekeeping on an immense scale—the housekeeping of a community instead of a single family—and there was every reason why the intelligent and capable women of the city should make their influence felt in antagonism to an organization which was doing its utmost to rob that housekeeping of integrity, efficiency, and helpfulness.

—Those who pooh-pooh the Weather Bureau reports may not be aware of the extent to which captains of vessels heed the warnings as to coming storms. During the one storm of September 24–29 more than a thousand vessels, valued at over seventeen million dollars, remained in port on our Atlantic and Gulf coasts during the time for which the warnings were issued. During the next storm, that of October 8–10, over twelve hundred vessels, valued at over nineteen millions, remained in port. Most of these vessels would have gone out but for the warnings, and great damage would have been the inevitable result.

—The Outlook welcomes to the editorial fraternity of New York City the Rev. Dr. H. L. Wayland, who comes from Philadelphia to take the editorial chair of the New York "Examiner." Dr. Wayland is a born journalist, and has added to native qualities those which only learning and experience combined can give. In theology he is essentially liberal and catholic, and will impart the spirit of a large mind and a warm heart to any journal which he controls. In social philosophy he belongs to the new and humane school, and in certain phases of sociology is a recognized authority. Far removed by the earnestness of his purpose from being a professional wit, he has that kind of spontaneous humor which enables its fortunate possessor to be in earnest without being prosy. Under his direction we may be sure that the "Examiner" will assume a new importance as the leader of the Baptist churches in a wise and conservative progress, fearless but not rash, catholic and kindly, but never hesitating nor ambiguous.

—Mr. Depew says that our kinsman across the water continues to be a serious person:

"The airy trifles and grotesque exaggerations of American fun [says Mr. Depew] he does not take to kindly. To relieve the strain of the centerboard incident, I advanced the theory that, on account of the irritation felt by the English over the McKinley law and our tariff legislation, the British Government had caused the rocky reef to be placed in the channel which scraped the centerboard from the Vigilant. This was published in the Paris edition of the New York 'Herald,' and on several occasions I was taken to task by indignant friends over what they denounced as an infamous charge against their Government."

Upon which the London "Saturday Review," which, as everybody knows, is always right and always reminding you of it, in an unaccustomed attempt to be genial has actually made the slight slip of getting Mr. Depew's middle initial wrong. It calls him:

"Mr. Chauncey P. Depew!  
Is it positively true  
That you found our native humour  
Quite corroborate the rumour  
Current in the sparkling West—  
Namely, that we never jest?"

"Mr. Chauncey P. Depew!  
Pity is our proper due;  
We are dying to be funny,  
But we can't, for love or money,  
Learn the royal road to wit,  
Save you kindly show us it."



## A Story for Thanksgiving



# The Upsetting of Philander Jenks

By Sophie Swett

"WHERE be they? They're a-movin' 'round if they're alive. Leonidas Cram wouldn't never be satisfied 'thout he *was* movin' 'round." The man's voice trembled, and he jerked nervously at the stiff satin stock that encircled his thin and grizzled neck.

"Land, Philander! I shouldn't 'a' spoke if I'd known you was within hearin'."

Aunt Dorey Flagg leaned over the chopping-tray in her portly lap and wiped the clinging bits of citron from the chopping-knife with her forefinger, with an embarrassed air. "M'ria, did you hear?" she said, in an impressive whisper, as Philander, after holding up a kerosene lamp—not quite steadily—so that he might look at himself in the ancient mirror with a gilt eagle at the top, as he had done every Wednesday night for twenty-three years, went out of the great kitchen with the little hesitating shuffle that was peculiar to him.

"Was you speakin' about Lyddy?" said Maria, appearing in the pantry door. She spoke in a scared voice; she was a timid and appealing little woman, with an air of having been inadequate to the demands of life, but not quite resigned to failure.

"I never thought but what 'twas you that was standin' behind me. I never heard him come in," said Aunt Dorey, in dismay. "But there! I don't know as it's anything killin' for him to hear her name spoke. All I said was, 'Where on the face of the earth do you expect Lyddy 'n' her husband be? Come Thanksgiving time you can't help thinkin' of them that's wand'ers 'n' that you won't likely never see ag'in.' He up 'n' answered me, Philander did, 'n' his voice kind o' shook. 'They're movin' 'round,' says he. 'Leonidas Cram wouldn't never be satisfied 'thout he *was* movin' 'round.'"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Maria, sitting down and extending her feet into the stove oven, with the air of abandoning herself utterly to astonishment. "He ain't spoke their names—or heard 'em spoke, so fur's I know—for twenty years."

"Philander's a man that's ben humored a dretful sight," said Aunt Dorey. "I some wonder at you, M'ria, you that's had a chance to find out that 'tain't good for men folks to be humored too much. I don't know as 'twas any worse for him to have Lyddy marry a man that wa'n't what he'd ought to be than 'twas for the rest of you."

"He set a sight by Lyddy, always," said Maria. "She was the youngest, 'n' she always kind o' clung to him. When she had the whoopin'-cough he'd set 'n' rock her by the hour; 'twas n't a mite like a great boy. 'N' if there was anybody on earth that he despised, 'twas Leonidas Cram. He was good-lookin', Leonidas was, 'n' smart-appearin', but he was shif'less 'n' argyfyin'. He always wanted to argyfy on religion 'n' politics. He'd set in the store 'n' tell 'm how the country had ought to be governed, whilst his mother had to take in slop-work to keep things goin'. Philander he was always set, 'n' didn't care about hearin' nobody else's views, 'n' Leonidas he *would* keep argyfyin'. He never belonged to no church, 'n' never voted with no p'litical party, so fur's I know, but there wa'n't no time nor season but what he was a-holdin' forth. He wa'n't the laziest person I ever see; he'd keep takin' hold of something; first 'twas carpenterin'; then he picked up kind of an education 'n' kep' school over to Jordan's Mills; then he studied law, 'n' 'twas when he was a lawyer that he helped Ambrose Grindall get that timber-land away from Philander 'count of some flaw in the title."

"That didn't make Philander think any better of him, I'll warrant. Philander always did set by proputtty," interpolated Aunt Dorey.

"You wouldn't hardly 'a' thought that he'd have the face to come courtin' Lyddy, right on the top of that, but he did," pursued Maria, in her reflective, reminiscent tone that was always slightly aggrieved. "'N' Lyddy was head-strong, bein' the youngest, 'n' always kind of petted, specially after mother died, 'n' wouldn't hear to Philander nor nobody. That was the fall before father died, 'n' his mind was a-weak'nin', but I don't expect he could have hendered it anyhow; he was always inclined to think that whatever Lyddy done was right. That was why folks was so surprised when he made a will 'n' left his whole proputtty to Philander—the farm 'n' the woodland 'n' the mills 'n' all, 'n' not a single thing to Lyddy. We'd had our portions, Matildy 'n' I, when we was married, 'n' 'twas expected that the rest of the proputtty would be divided between Philander 'n' Lyddy. When there was talk of Lyddy's marryin' Joel Sparks, Philander was for havin' the other part finished off 'cause he couldn't bear the thoughts of havin' her go away. He calc'lated the house was big enough for two families—'n' so 'tis, goodness knows—'n' they'd always live here together. Then he seemed to be 'lottin' on marryin' Eunice Wing, Philander did."

"'N' he's seemed to be 'lottin' on it ever since," said Aunt Dorey, with a dry chuckle. "M'ria, you don't suppose that Lyddy's marryin' as she did had anything to do with Philander's dilly-dallyin' about his courtin', do you? 'Pears to me as if 'twas jest Philander all over, 'n' he couldn't help it. He's slower 'n' cold molasses, 'n' so dretful prudent. It don't 'pear to me as if he could 'a' courted anybody right up brisk 'n' lively 'n' took her to the minister 'thout backin' out; now does it to you?"

"Philander has got his peculiarities," Maria admitted in a reserved voice (Aunt Dorey, who had moved out to Illinois when she was young, brought a Western frankness with her when she came home visiting, that jarred a little upon Maria). "But it seems 'if something came acrost him when Lyddy went that's hendered him about everything."

"He could 'a' kep' her if he'd ben a mind to," said Aunt Dorey, with her uncompromisingly practical view of things. "He could 'a' divided with her same as folks expected your father would divide the proputtty. Or he could 'a' let 'em stay. I guess Leonidas Cram wouldn't object to stayin' where anybody would keep him."

"Lyddy wouldn't 'a' stayed that way. Lyddy was proud. Sometimes seems 's if I couldn't stan' it, nohow, not to know what's become of her. She ain't wrote for ten years, 'n' that was from 'way off in Missoura; he was preachin' then, when we heard before he'd gone back to carpenterin', after keepin' store a while. 'N' Lyddy, she was tryin' to dressmake. That was the time that Philander up 'n' finished off the other part, 'n' I didn't know but what he was goin' to send for 'em; but he never done it."

"'N' you never asked him what he was a-finishin' it off for? Well, you *be* close-mouthed, M'ria!"

"We ain't the kind that talks a great sight," admitted Maria.

"'N' I expect Eunice Wing's the same kind," said Aunt Dorey, somewhat impatiently. "I never could get a nearness to her when she was young. 'N' she's let him shilly-shally 'round her, humorin' him 'n' makin' him crab-apple jell whilst she got to be a double 'n' twisted old maid, 'n' I expect jest about as cranky 's he is."

"I kind of think—" began Maria, and then hesitated, doubting whether the unwonted confidences to which she was being drawn on were not indiscreet.

"Land sakes, M'ria, 'mongst own folks!" said Aunt Dorey, impatiently.

"Well, I can't say certain—Eunice never said a word to