

The Coming Day.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

TENNYSON.

(SPOKEN AT CROYDON, OCTOBER 9TH.)

THREE days ago, England breathed its tender and reverent farewell to one of its few supreme men,—to a man who seldom appeared amongst men, and who, perhaps partly on that account, stood apart in our imagination,—in our world but not of it: and now we think of Tennyson as we think of Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspeare and Milton, great with a special, nameless greatness, indefinable, spiritual, supreme.

Many subtile attempts will be made to define and fix this fine spirit's place and influence in English history, and in relation to the development of the English mind. It will not be possible. One might as well try to define and fix the place and influence of a sea-breeze or of a ripe September day. Nor is it entirely easy to explain his elevation to the supreme place. Not greatly original, except in exquisite methods of delicious style, nor keenly responsive to the social signs of the times, he, nevertheless, by some magic of glamour and grace, went on, in stately solitude to the throne. Much of his early work was more effeminate and trivial than it is the fashion to admit, but he grew in wisdom, and gathered gravity, and deepened in his soundings of human life, till, as in *In Memoriam*, *The Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, *The Idylls of the King*, *Aylmer's Field*, *The Northern Cobbler*, *Rizpah*, *Vastness*, and *The Ancient Sage*, he seemed to go, in lonely grandeur, to the highest place, as teacher, prophet, poet, seer and sage.

I will not say Tennyson is "dead": and, if there were no other reason, it would suffice that, in these later years, he has been one of our greatest teachers of persistent life. In his supreme solitude he seemed to keep watch on the "mount of the Lord," himself the glorious "sentinel," in the deep night proclaiming that "all is well." So let us obey him, and let there be "no moaning of the bar," now that he has "put out to sea." Remember how he said,

"And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For though from out our bourne of time and space
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to meet my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

His latest messages were fired with an anxious energy quite unlike him: and the anxiety and the energy were both born of zeal for Life and God. In *The Higher*

Pantheism, he took us to one of the very highest-won peaks of thought and aspiration :—

“The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns ?”

“Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.”

And again the anxiety and the energy burst forth against the two extremes of Calvinism and Materialism—the one with its blasphemy of Hell and the other with its poverty of Unbelief and want of hope.

Not “dead,” then, is this great soul, but only passed on, from the plane of the outer senses to the plane of the spirit-self,—from the moonlight of that quiet room into the full radiant day, beyond the hiding veil :—and no one ever more completely belonged to that sunlit land than he—at once psalmist and prophet of the living God ; for, indeed, I see no difference between God’s Old Testaments and His New,—between the man who wrote *In Memoriam* and the man who wrote the 119th Psalm, or the Gospel according to John ; for God is ever revealing Himself to man, and the bells of heaven, heard by receptive souls on earth, forever “ring in the Christ that is to be” : and this man was one of God’s Christs, too.

SWEATERS AND A REMEDY.

THE following, by Mr. J. Page Hopps, appeared in *The Star*, and lived its day. It is here reproduced, in the light of recent revelations, and in the hope that it may secure deliberate consideration :—

For all practical purposes we have heard enough of “the bitter cry,” and we know as much as we need to know of the sweater’s greed and his victim’s wrongs. No thoughtful reader of the distressing revelations made during the late inquiry will need to be argued into sympathy or to be convinced that thousands of poor creatures in London are agonising in what we may, without any irreverence, call their Garden of Gethsemane. It is to be hoped that we are passing from the stage of indignation and shame to the stage of cool consideration. It will not do to end with raving at the “slave-drivers,” or cursing political economy, any more than it will do to end with howling at the rich or clamoring for the application of some rough-and-ready socialistic remedy. We must look all the facts in the face, and seek a sober and business-like remedy for anything that is wrong.

What has happened is that the natural and inevitable conditions of human life are altered. Moderate towns have grown into great cities, and great cities mean an intensification of the struggle for life, the separation of classes, increased speculation,

GREATER CHANCES FOR THE STRONG,

the swift and the daring, and smaller chances for the slow, the weak, and the timid. They mean, too, swollen enterprises and mechanical methods, even in dealing with

flesh and blood. All this means doing everything on a large scale, and dealing with human beings in the mass, and not as individuals. Everywhere the big fish are eating the little fish, and the saying of "Holy Writ" is being verified with grim significance, that "to him who hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, and from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

It is useless to howl at this. It is a great fact of modern life, and it has come in an orderly sequence of events, chiefly depending upon the growth of great cities, and the slow decadence of chance or hope in relation to rural pursuits. What we have to deal with, then, is a natural law which for the present is working disastrously for the many, while it tends to enrich the few. No one is to blame. In one sense, the few can no more help it than the many.

The real problem is how to harness the altered circumstances so that they shall work for us, and not wound us. The disunited many are getting more and more powerless, and to-day, as a rule, the only chance of the unit is combination in some way. He can no longer take his work, as an individual, to an individual, and dispose of it. He must be aggregated in order to be adapted to the new style of doing business. But that is just where the shoe pinches. He is aggregated; he does not combine. What happens is that he falls into the hands of an organiser—of a shrewd, sharp, competent drill sergeant, or "captain of industry" (but not of Carlyle's type), and so forms part of an army.

WHAT CAN BE DONE ?

It is a tremendous question, and will not be fully answered just yet. The first answers must be mainly negative. The wrong roads will have to be exhausted before we find out the right. The first thing to see is what cannot be done, and what cannot be helped. For instance, the remedy that seems the easiest and the speediest is just the remedy that may most aggravate the disease. These sorrowful campaigners have indeed to fight the battle of life, and anything that would tend to curb alertness, to hinder self-reliance, to check energy, to restrain resolution, would only make their poor chance poorer still. One of the worst things to do, then, is to give alms. It seems a hard and cruel conclusion to come to, but it is necessary, though, of course, it is also very necessary to say that there are many exceptions. Extreme youth and extreme age, prolonged sickness and sudden calamity will, let us hope, always plead for mercy not in vain; but every case of "charity" should be treated as a strick exception to a solid rule. Half-a-crown given on Monday will, in most cases, only stave off the old need until Wednesday or soon after; and, every time it is given, the path of least resistance will be this path of "charity," and that is the path of pauperism, as sure as fate. It is a fatal lesson to teach anyone that there is an easier way of getting a shilling than earning it.

Almost as hopeless is the remedy that turns upon

THE INVENTING OF ARTIFICIAL INDUSTRIES

for idle hands. It may, indeed, happen that work which can wait can be properly put aside for an idle time, and can then be turned to in the hours of need, but the possibility of such a case is rare, and no practical man will see much real economy in

it. In times of distress, it is common enough to hear it said that roads somewhere want making, that earth wants excavating, and the like; but ask the borough surveyor or the engineer what he thinks of work artificially provided—what he thinks, for instance, of putting on distressed cabinet-makers and impoverished tailors, or even frozen-out masons, to excavate a sewer or make a road.

The root of the present trouble we found in the loss of individuality, and of the power of the individual, and in the need of aggregation. Very well, then, let us have aggregation of the right kind. The aggregation achieved by the sweater is the aggregation of the helpless many by the very potent few. The remedy for that is combination. A glimpse of this led to the formation of trade unions. The weak workers felt it necessary to combine and protect themselves from the dominant and dangerous power of the masters who held the keys; and the unionists were right, as even the majority of masters confess. The late troubles at Bryant and May's were really sweaters' troubles, and the remedy has been sought in a union. That remedy is all very well so far as it goes, but a trade union as at present constituted is really very little more than a combination for possible battle.

The same right instinct led to what was at one time the hopeful experiment of industrial co-operation; and it is by no means clear that hope in this direction ought to be abandoned.

TRUE CO-OPERATION,

especially true industrial co-operation, requires patience, forbearance, resolution, and administrative skill; and perhaps the day for the adequate manifestation of these qualifications amongst the workers is not yet, but it may yet come to pass that Labour and Capital—even with a preponderance of Labour—will combine to spread the rewards of industry more evenly over the whole of those who are concerned in it, and to take from toil the sting of serfdom which must always remain while the worker knows how really helpless he is to resist. But something else is possible. The sweater is, as we have seen, a kind of necessity in his way. He is the organiser and director of helpless labour. Granted. Then what we have to do is to provide the right kind of sweater, and to take care that in this Gethsemane of toil the sweat shall not be as “great drops of blood falling to the ground.” How? There is plenty of work to do; and these poor toilers in Egypt only need guiding to the promised land. The big companies, taking the place of the comparatively small master-ships, are, to a considerable extent, the cause of our present trouble. Well, then, let us have companies, answering, in spirit and effect, to those which have provided the well-paying industrial dwellings, not on charitable but on strictly

BUSINESS AND YET HUMANE PRINCIPLES.

Why, for instance, should there not be a manufacturing company for cabinet workers, for the organisation and directing of what is now done by gangs of sweaters, to the extreme loss of helpless labour? The plant need not be in any way costly, and everything like display should be steadfastly resisted. Workshops of the simplest possible character would be needed, with cheap comforts and civilised arrangements. Competent, practical men at home and abroad would be required to regulate labour and dispose of its results; with, of course, a small board of keenly interested men. The enterprise could be floated with very little capital, and with very little risk of

failure, so long as business principles and methods steered it. There are, indeed, reasons for believing that work done under such conditions would be more than usually productive and valuable, and one of the marketable advantages of it (especially in relation to all kinds of clothing) would be that work so done would be less likely to be tainted with the contaminations that are undoubtedly connected with the present foul methods of production. The sweater's occupation would be gone, and with it the sweater's foulness and squalor; and, in many ways, the worker would be advantaged. Let capital forswear everything over an honest four or five per cent., and let as much of the work of direction as possible be done by men of business and for love. So much of charity or philanthropy is entirely admissible.

Now there are hundreds of men and women in London with plenty of time on their hands, with organising and administrative talent lying half idle, and with a fair amount of spare capital at their disposal. Will they try an experiment on the lines indicated? It hardly matters in what direction they turn. Any one of a dozen occupations presents a crying need. Dismiss the wrecker, and construct a haven. Give poverty a chance to have what it can earn. At all events give it a chance to steady itself in smooth waters instead of being dashed against the jagged rocks.

A DREAM.

BY O. ELSIE-NELHAM.

[The writer, in reply to a question, says;—"The dream was written years before I ever heard of Olive Schreiner."]

I WAS sick, even unto death, of the world—weary of all its great sin, and misery, and bitter agony; and oh so weary of my own unsatisfied yearning—my yearning that was all in vain. If we could but have our heart's desire here below! I cried passionately: if we could be happy for but one day—for one day only to have nothing on earth to desire! I cannot bear it, I weakly thought—cannot bear to see the look of wistful longing in the eyes of all the children of men! I had wandered down to the shore, and, as I gazed gloomily over the waters, the ocean's cold spray came dashing against my feet; and the waves took up my cry. Then I saw a boat at my side. I stepped in and loosened it from its moorings, thinking: the currents shall drift me whither they will—on the great sea's breast I shall be pained no longer by the cruel city's terrible sights; I shall see no longer those who have hoped, and their hope was crowned not—who have wished and trusted so longingly, so longingly in vain. If I am rocked to the sleep from which there is no awakening, if I sink down into a watery grave, what then? the future can have nothing more woeful in store for me than the past has had. I shall have ease and light at last, or, everlasting night.

So I committed myself to the deep. I laid myself down in my little craft and turned my face to the wondrous mysteries of radiance on high. The sun was setting, and the sky was all one blaze of glory; dazzling gold and amandine-hued cloudlets

went floating upwards into the beryl and jasper brilliance above, and the earth looked strangely fair. For one moment the grand flame-ball shone out in the fulness of his splendour, then he sank swiftly down into the shining waves, and the chill of eve fell over all.

I shivered, for a thrill of awe came upon me as I lay there, alone, upon the restless, wailing billows. The heavens darkened, and the shore grew dim, and my bark sped on. I gazed out wonderingly over the dark, cold, troubled waters: slowly its foaming rage softened down, ocean's white-crested daughters rocked themselves to rest; the tolling for even-song died away, and soon all was still. Slowly the night darkened; then of a sudden an ethereal beam of light streamed down into the mystical darkness, a luminous ripple played over the deep; and, glancing upwards, I saw that the skies had changed. The moon sailed along high up in the heavens amidst glittering myriads of stars. Her spiritual beams fell soothingly upon me, quieting the tumult of my soul—and soon I sank into restful unconsciousness.

I wakened, to find a glory of rose-light shed all around, and the mighty flame ball—— But, who can speak in measured terms of that entrancing vision: the sunrise on the sea? Who dare attempt to describe the indescribable? Not I. The sun rose, and the sun set, and the moon came out; and the sun rose and set again four times; then I neared a foreign strand.

Far away in the distance I saw forms, as of men, walking over the land; but here, down by the water's edge, all was lone and still, so I ran in my skiff and stepped once more on shore—then, as one in a dream, I walked forward gazing about me.

The land seemed wondrous, wondrous fair, as though no disturbing elements of pain and sin were there to mar its beauty. No fishermen sat along the banks letting down their lines or mending their nets; no little bare-foot, gaunt-eyed children staggered along under heavy human burdens; no starving curs slunk aside at my approach; no signs of the sordid monotone of woe that disfigures each fishing village, each inland hamlet, as it does each prosperous city in the miserable realm I had left, were anywhere visible. All here was lovely and serene: the shining yellow sands curved into dimples as they laughed up at the sun, and the little baby waves ran merrily in, kissing the dimples ere their jealous foaming guardians could catch them, and the glad sea-birds noisily clapped their wings in honour of the mischievous victors—and Æolus swept over the joyous scene with a long-drawn sigh of rapture. Then the birds circled round and settled down confidently, a pair of them on my arm knowing of no danger—they took their rest, and darted happily away again. When they had left me, I wandered thoughtfully on. First I passed a great causeway of towering boulders. The small denizens of the rocks crawled fearlessly over their own domain, regardless of advancing steps, and I cried to myself—Oh! what a happy land is this, where the birds and the creeping things fear us not—where the un-reasoning have no terror of reason!

I wandered on. Soon I had left the sea-shore far behind, and I came among vast green plains. I gazed searchingly around, for the spot seemed familiar to me: still I was sensible of some undefined strangeness: some want troubled me. All was

so beautiful, so exquisite, so calm—and yet it did not satisfy a missing something: a feeling of vague unrest made itself keenly felt. Then I looked closer. I saw that I was in no desolate region, for, within a stone's throw, lay the dwellings of men. Nevertheless, my feet sank ankle-deep in grass on the road where I stood, and over every wayside stone clustered a rank luxuriance of moss. Seeing this, I turned to the level uncultivated expanse once more, and I knew what it was that I missed: the waving cornfields, the golden barley-plains, and the acres of green-topped earth-apples, where were they? In vain I looked—moss and a tangle of wild flowers only met my gaze on every side.

But now, once more the forms, as of men, appeared before me, and I hastened forward. They were, in sooth, human beings that I encountered, but beings with a beauty far surpassing that of the children of earth: spiritual flower faces they had, and ethereal forms, and their vestments were as of moss, of the moss that trailed, with its grace of feathery tendrils, over everything. They were strangely fair, these beings, and their figures were supple and finely knit, yet they seemed to take no joy in action. In listless languour they wandered up and down, and their musical sweet voices had a passionless ring. They spoke gently with one another, and I understood what they said, though their language was not the one spoken in the land I came from, and I noticed that by some strange agency their wishes were always fulfilled as soon as they uttered them.

A lovely child bent over a lakelet, weaving a garland of water lilies, and the leaves stood in her way, wherefore she breathed a faint sigh, saying: "I would they had no leaves!" Straightway the leaves dropped off, but the maiden rose up, as though sated with the accomplishment of her own desires, and, throwing her unfinished wreath in the water, she turned wearily away. Presently, I saw a crowd of girls, who came towards her, crowned with blood-red cactus-blossoms and carrying strange fruits in their hands. "Come with us!" they said; so she joined them and I followed, for it seemed I was unseen. They approached one of the dwellings, and, as I went after them, I perceived that it (like all the other habitations) was no dwelling built by human hands, but a mass of natural rock with large clefts in it, flower-grown and sweet and pure. The maidens entered one cleft and cast their lustrous blossoms on the ground. Then they came forth again, and turning to one of the trees, wherewith the city—if so it may be called—was overgrown, held down the branches, plucked of its fruit, and ate.

Then I left them and bent my steps in the direction of one who stood all alone with his face turned to the radiance overhead. "I am weary," he said, with the strange dispassionate tone that I had observed in those others who spoke. "I am weary of joy—I would know pain; death is painful—I would that I might die." As he finished speaking, his eyes closed and he sank softly down through the ground. The earth closed over him, and, immediately, a fragrant white flower sprang up where he had stood, and all was as before.

I walked further. Everywhere I saw the same perfect surroundings. I saw new forms full of grace, of finished beauty; and everywhere, on every face, the same expression of lassitude, of unexpectancy, of painful calm.

What can they wish for? I wondered, in rising indignation. If I lived here I should be completely blessed, entirely happy. Here, where there are no agonised hearts, no sin-tossed souls, to be insulted by the cruel beauty of nature—to be wrought to frenzy by its pitiless impassibility. Here, where all is tranquil and easy and good—where there is no pain, no unsatisfied longing. “What can you wish for?” I cried, in sudden anger, addressing one of the impassive familiars of the place, who was going his ways with the air of joyless monotony that had amazed me in his fellows. “What can you wish for?” I called again. Then he looked up, and, as though answering some voice in the air, some discord in his own heart, rather than my question, he said: “We have no zest in life—we have nothing to win or do.”

PRAYERS.

CHIEFLY FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

God teaches and leads.

OUR most loving Father, because Thou hast been gracious to us we are here together to-day: and yet, to those who have gone into the world of light beyond, Thou hast been gracious too: for it is a good thing to draw near unto God. But we are happy in the thought of God with us,—in the daily joy of being here in this beautiful world, in the pleasant friendships that make life a constant blessing, and even in the work that is often hard and dull, but that may help so much to make us thoughtful, patient, honest, and useful.

We thank Thee for the blessed daylight; for sunshine and rain; for dark clouds and the friendly night and sleep; for the faithful seasons; for wise and good men and women who are always trying to make the world happier and better,—encouraging, uplifting, and saving; and, above all, for the sweet hope of better things to come.

Father, Thy children share together this precious gift of life. Help us more and more to work together to make it a blessed thing for us all to live. Help us together to believe that life is from Thee: and then may we pass on to trust in Thee, and, in some measure, to feel and know what life should mean for us below, and what it may mean for us above.

May we all understand that this earth is a school-house; that we are Thy scholars every day, and shall be to the end, and that every fresh experience, and struggle, and duty, may end in gracious growths in us of virtue, helpfulness, sympathy, and courage.

Help us to remember the good we hear, to firmly choose the good that we inwardly approve, and to practise what we know. Bless fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, teachers, friends, and help us all to help one another in all things right and good. Amen.

For blessing, and for a useful life.

ONCE more, O our Father, the sacred duties of the day in this place are drawing to an end; and once more we come to Thee to ask for Thy blessing upon them: for nothing can prosper without Thee.

In vain we come together; in vain we think, and speak, and strive, if we do not think and speak of Thee,—if we do not strive after Thee. In vain we tell our best thoughts to one another, if we do not let our thoughts begin and end with Thee.

Thou hast brought us together, to be companions and friends, teachers and scholars; O that we may be brought together only for good ends! Save us from doing harm to one another, either by thought, word, or action.

Help us to be true to Thee, O Father, for only so can we be true to one another. May the strong support the weak; may the instructed help the ignorant; may those who have received much do all they can to encourage and guide those who have received but little; may the old set a good example to the young; and may we all try to serve and please Thee, with our whole heart, and every day we live.

Help us to be faithful in little things, and to be of use to others in the homely affairs of life.

By our cheerfulness and by our spirit of helpfulness, may we make life less of a burden to those who are oppressed by care, or who suffer pain.

May we be merciful and patient, and cultivate the habit of doing kindly and generous things, and learn to return good for evil; so shall we brighten our way as we pass along, and make the paths of others brighter too.

And now, Father, bless us as we go; and bless us where we go: and help us to remember these things when we need them most, that we may offer to Thee the best of all prayers,—the prayer of a good and faithful life. Amen.

For a life of preparation here for the life hereafter.

FATHER of our spirits, we come in spirit to Thee. Thou art nearer to us than all others, though no eye can see Thee, and though no mind can comprehend Thee. Help us to feel how wonderful a thing it is to be alive, and yet help us to know that there is something more wonderful than this earthly life,—that we all belong to the unseen world. Help us to live more for that world, and for the glorious unchanging beauty of it,—for the undying beauty of good thoughts, and holy desires, and pure affections that bring us nearest to the light of God.

Help us to comprehend that there are no gains so precious as the gains of earnest thought, no riches so enduring as the riches of goodness, since these will last for ever, and be the only things that will be our own when we have entered into the life beyond the grave.

Lift upon us the light of Thy face now that we are going from this place, that the words which have been spoken may be fruitful in us all,—that we may love Thee and serve Thee better than we have ever done before, and live more like those who know that they are passing on to the Father's home above, where all His faithful children are for-ever freed from sorrow and sin.

May these thoughts and hopes be often with us when we are away from this place, to cheer us, to guide us, to guard us, and to send us through life like God's happy and trusting children. Amen.

For guidance and deliverance in daily life.

WE desire to feel, O Father, that we are now engaged in one of the most sacred acts of our life ; for we are professing to surrender ourselves to Thee. We are standing here together, teachers and scholars, and by our prayer to Thee we say,—Take us, O Father, for we are Thine : tell us what to do : shew us our way : make us in all things truly and entirely Thine own.

O that this might, indeed, be the prayer of every one of us!—that from the hearts of all, from the youngest to the oldest, there might go up this prayer,—Be Thou, O Father, the guide and lord of my life !

From this place we are now going to the work of life—to the duties, the temptations, the pleasures, and the tasks that belong to each one of us : O help us to feel that not one of us need go forth to these, feeling unaided and alone,—that we may all know where true help is to be found, even with Thee, O Father, who art all-wise to know, all-loving to pity, and all-strong to aid.

May this thought be to us a constant strength and joy : may it support us in difficulty, guard us in temptation, and console us in trouble. When we are in doubt, help us to think of Thee, to ask for Thy guidance, and then to listen for Thee in the voice of reason and the command of conscience. When we are tempted, help us to consider, not what is pleasant, but what is right ; and then to stand by the good and the true. When we are troubled, help us to cast all our care upon Thee, and to feel that in the end all will be well.

So let Thy peace be with us, and Thy blessing rest upon us. Amen.

HARVEST THANKSGIVINGS.

It is a little late in the day to discuss "Harvest Thanksgivings," but the subject was crowded out last month. The point of taste we may pass over, and leave to those who like it, the spectacle of a Church turned into a small Covent Garden market, with grapes and carrots, corn and turnips, and everything proper. Our point is the meaning of it all : and we confess that we cannot understand it. To an iron clad believer in the old giant-God it is, of course, all plain sailing. He believes that God gives and withholds ; that He sends rain or holds it back ; that He allows the sun to

shine or restrains it: and he is logical in praying for suitable weather, and giving thanks when he gets it. His bad logic comes in when he refrains from drawing the right inferences when crops are ruined.

Mr. Gladstone is a luminous "case in point." During his late visit to Wales, he said, in one of his speeches;—"On approaching Barmouth it was with great pleasure that I saw in a single instance within the last quarter of an hour a farmer hard at work carrying in his corn. Well, gentlemen, that I take it is, please God, the first fruits of the storing of the harvest. Almighty God has been very bountiful in giving a very fine and plenteous harvest. We must earnestly desire and look to the source from which proceeds the fulfilment of every legitimate desire that seasonable weather may be allowed to the cultivators of the soil in this country to store those noble crops which are everywhere on the ground, but which in this portion of the country—in a large portion of the country—have not been placed in security."

It is doubtful whether a larger amount of heathenish superstition was ever packed into so small a compass. It will not bear cross-questioning for a moment. If it "pleases" God to give the chance of a good harvest, it may please Him to withhold it. If it rests with Him to "allow" "seasonable weather" to the cultivators of the soil, it equally rests with Him to refuse it—and to rot their "noble crops." But, if He is "bountiful" when He gives heavy crops, and does not spoil and destroy them, what is He when He gives light crops, or when He breaks the hope and heart of the farmer by making all his labour vain?

What, for instance, will Mr. Gladstone say to this, from *The Daily News*;—

"The season which is hurrying to its close has proved, particularly in our Southern districts, so bad that it is being generally compared with that of 1879. A late spring, kept backward by an unusual persistence of drying winds and brilliant sunshine, ruined the hay crop. The growth of spring grass was hindered so long that quantities of live stock were sold at a heavy loss to save the cost of food, which had to be bought at exorbitant rates. Meanwhile the corn made such slow progress as to become another source of grave anxiety. When at last the rain came, it was too late for the Southern counties. Irreparable damage had already been done, and there was a light hay crop, only part of which was housed in good condition. It was pointed out, however, that the spring weather had in many ways resembled that of last year; and it was hoped that when harvest came it would be found that the corn crops had again made up for the losses in the spring. In most districts wheat and barley promised well. But rust made its appearance in some districts far more abundantly than usual. Other pests have been numerous, so that when the earliest acres came to be cut the ears of corn were often found to be filled with withered husks instead of solid grain."

We earnestly believe in a good and all-wise God, but we should cease to believe in Him as good and all-wise if His ways were as man's ways, and if His modes of working were as ours.

In thinking over this amazing heathenism, one comfort occurs to us: it does not matter, and it does no harm. The belief is only skin deep, and hardly that, and it does not affect the farmer in the least. He is sure to plan and work just as though everything depended upon natural laws and his own energy and prudent care,—in fact, just as though nothing depended upon the mood of the Almighty Giant above, who could ripen or blast, enrich or ruin, precisely as it "pleased" Him. The only

interest we can have in the subject is a purely logical or psychological one : and perhaps, after all, the only important point in it is that such a man as Mr. Gladstone could talk such irreligious nonsense. But, in some respects, he is a grand old survival as well as "a grand old man."

AN IDEAL RADICAL.

A TRUE Radical is a politician who goes to the roots of things,—who, in other words, gets down to principles and applies them unflinchingly. His direct opposite is the Tory obstructionist, or, in a lesser degree, the Liberal opportunist.

The true Radical is not a destroyer but a reformer. He goes to the roots of things, not that he may pluck them up, but that he may convey air and nourishment to them, and help them to live. In one sense, he is the practical conservative. In no sense is he a destructive iconoclast.

The true Radical believes in the rights of man before the rights of rank ; in the rights of labour before the rights of money. The suffrage he regards as the right of every man, not as the gift of one class to another : and he bases every man's right to it on the ground that it is a man's defence against the encroachments of privileged persons. He holds, therefore, that the poor man's right to it is most urgent, since he is least able to protect himself against wrong.

The true Radical, while respecting all natural and inevitable distinctions, recognises no proprietary rights in and over the nation, whether on the part of royalty, the aristocracy, or the Church. The nation, he believes, is supreme, and cannot be owned by dynasty, or class, or corporation.

The true Radical is essentially a peacemaker. Within the limits of the nation he would put an end to the causes of revolt and strife that are always provoked by class legislation, class monopoly, and class rule : while, in all international relations, he would steadfastly discourage those jealous or selfish interferences which have been so largely fostered by ambitious dynasties or interested orders, and always to the detriment of the nation at large.

THE ETHICS OF QUOTATION.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

A FEW weeks ago, *The Times* reported a speech by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in which he said, "Here is another priest who is more excitable. He says, 'We would, if we could, pelt them (the English) not only with dynamite but with the lightnings.'" Mr. Chamberlain said that as one whose special aim is to be a responsible leader, and who, as such, wishes his statements to go forth to the world, not only to be believed, but to be effective in shaping a national policy. Such a man ought, of course, to be

absolutely confident that his statements are true, and especially that his charges against so-called "rebels" should be fully verified.

It was therefore taken for granted that Mr. Chamberlain had gone into this matter, and was prepared to take the full responsibility of his frightful charge against a teacher of religion.

Entirely on public grounds, and as a public matter, Mr. Chamberlain was asked for his authority. The reply throws light on a most painful chapter of English history, and explains a great deal that has gone on during the past few years. Mr. Chamberlain simply said that his authority was "a newspaper report." Pressed to give at least the name of the newspaper, all he can say is—"He regrets that he is unable to give the information. The cutting was sent to him sometime ago, and it does not contain the name of the newspaper from which it was taken." Nor does it appear to have contained even the date. The speaker is said to have been Father Hayes, and Mr. Chamberlain blandly adds that he knows nothing about him!

And this is the age of refinement and honour! Somebody sends a cutting from some print, containing an atrocious imputation against a clergyman. Mr. Chamberlain does not know even the name of the paper. He knows nothing about the speaker. So far as we can see, he knows nothing about the sender of the cutting. But, knowing nothing, he assumes everything, goes upon a public platform, and, in the face of the world, shakes out his little handful of mud as a specimen of the home-products of Ireland!

There is an old book which says "Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things." What is it that receothes every vagrant rumour of iniquity, that is negligent to find out the truth, and that at once believeth all things that are injurious? Let the gentlemen of England say.

CREMATION.

THE new crematory (or crematorium) at Manchester marks another stage on the highway that leads out of darkness into light. In fifty years, the repugnance to burial will, of itself, probably lead to the general adoption of cremation. It is simply a vivid illustration of the power of habit, that so many should be found to justify burial on the ground of "respect for the dead" or to condemn cremation in order to "spare the feelings of the living." Respect for the dead and for the feelings of the living, apart from mere habit, point straight away from the prolonged horrors of that hateful box and grave.

The Manchester crematory has cost £4,000. Viewed from the exterior it is church-like in form, with hall and rooms corresponding with nave and chancel, an arcading on either side of the "nave," and a square tower 75ft. high at the south-east end, which effectually conceals the chimney shaft from view. As no smoke is emitted from this flue, there is nothing to excite repugnance or to suggest to the

observer the technical character of the structure. The hall is about 50ft. long by 25ft. wide, and reaches a height of over 30ft. Light is admitted through 24 side windows of richly coloured glass, each of different design. The furnace, or crematory proper, occupies a considerable space in the rear of the hall, and has been so constructed that no fumes or smoke escape into the air. Coke is the fuel used, and it is estimated that about one ton suffices to reduce a body to ashes. By a careful arrangement of valves sufficient oxygen is admitted to the carbonic oxide so as to secure complete combustion. All that will remain of a body after cremation is about 3lb. or 4lb. of calcined matter. The ground on which the crematory stands is about three-quarters of an acre in extent, and is now being tastefully laid out. A number of shrubs and trees have been planted, and these are growing luxuriously. Here, as in Milan and other cemeteries, cremated bodies may be buried as in ordinary graveyards, with well-kept graves ornamented with trees and flowers.

Our only regret is that the walls of the chapel are to be used for the reception of urns, containing the ashes of cremated persons. It is a great pity. The ashes are the least characteristic part of even a body—the rubbish and leavings of it; and the best use to which they can be put is to quietly deposit them in the soil surrounding some shrub or tree.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.

Two very good meetings were held in London, on September 25th, at the Cavendish rooms. In the evening, the assembly room was very full, and the proceedings seemed to command intense interest. A great many copies of *The Ideal* were taken away. The Address, on *The Music in all the Creeds*, will probably appear in *The Coming Day*.

The following has been received from an Established Church clergyman in New Zealand;—"Your 'Ideal' has just reached me. I am, and have been for 30 years, a minister of the Established Church of England—a *voluntary* Church here in New Zealand. I consent to almost every word of your 'Ideal,' and should like to *work* for it. Here, religious life is all on the bubble:—I would say the *boil*, but the *heat* is lacking. The churches are going to pieces. I feel between two stools. Many have got beyond my reach; many more shut their eyes and ears, and cling on to the old forms. I feel cold and desolate, yet not altogether hopeless, and your Ideal has promise in it. The only question in my mind is as regards its *cohesive* power. We do not want another sect. God forbid! Can your Ideal be realised? It is worth the trial, and I am prepared to make it."

"I am preaching the seven principles right and left, and think that I could gather at least

one hundred members at once. I shall be glad to hear from you what method of enrolling members you adopt. I think that a Roll Book in which members should subscribe to the seven principles would be a good thing—that a certain number of members should appoint a teacher—that all use should be made of existing social and benevolent institutions whether connected with churches or otherwise—that no attempt should be made to own or hold any kind of building or property of any sort whatever—and that, at the meetings of members, some portion of time should be given up to social intercourse—mere *talk*, if you will.

"I am quietly distributing 'Our Father's Church' among those who are likely to appreciate it. Nor am I disappointed. It is generally thought good, pointed, lucid, and likely to convince those open to influence. I have sent copies to one or two liberal-minded men in the ministry, asking whether they approve and whether, if they approve, they will work for it. Some are asking 'what next?' . . . But we are on the move. That is a comfort. The Lord prosper you."

In all probability, a plan of campaign will soon be arranged for London and the suburbs. It is hoped that it may be possible to hold a Sunday meeting somewhere in the centre of

London at least once a month, and to arrange for weekly meetings in places between Croydon and Bethnal Green, such as Norwood, Anerley, Wimbledon, Putney, New Cross, Dulwich, Sydenham and Shoreditch. The effort is well worth making. Of course, it will require money for expenses of halls, advertising and literature, and Mr. Page Hopps, at present, will alone be responsible. Will every reader of *The Coming Day* send a contribution in aid! Sums, how-

ever large, can be used (there is no end to the white harvest field), and sums, however small, will be welcome. But still more precious help is asked. Will any London man or woman, or youth, or maiden, who can play a tune, or sing, or keep a door, or give out printed invitations, or pass round hymn books, send name and address to Mr. Page Hopps, at Oak tree house, South Norwood Hill, London, S. E. ?

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

THE NEW BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER AND MUSIC.—We fully expected to be able to say this month "Now ready": but must ask for patience a little longer. The production of the music has been a slow process: but we see the end, and it is close at hand. Next month, the book will be ready and all information will be given. We hope there will be abundant compensations for the delay.

"POET'S CORNER."—The placing of Tennyson's "deserted house" in Westminster Abbey has revived, amongst those who venture to think and to think steadily, the extreme doubt whether the whole business is not a bit brutal. Unreflecting sentimentality says,—Let us put Tennyson with Chaucer and Dryden, Spenser and Browning. And then we go on to sentimentalise, like thin pagans, about their "last resting-place" and their "last sleep." It becomes increasingly necessary to tell the honest truth about a dead body. It is a mass of rotting or putrefying flesh: and what was put into "Poet's corner" was not, in any sense, Tennyson. That box full of matter should have been reverently taken to a crematory, and the eyes of the world should have been spared the sheer animalism of looking into a hole to "see the last" of him. Was there no nineteenth-century Jesus there to whisper,—"He is not here, he is risen"! When we entirely believe that, we shall cease this horrible custom of treasuring up rotting bodies in noisome holes.

THE MESSAGE OF THE CHURCH TO THE WORLD.—We commend to our readers the advertisement on page 3 of cover. The six Discourses have been specially prepared for the purpose of discerning and stating what has happened in "the religious world" in relation to all the great vital subjects, such as the personality of God, the place and authority of the Bible, the

meaning and worth of Prayer, the demand for the blending of rationality and spirituality in Religion, and the contrast between Jehovah-worship or Baal-worship, and the adoration of The Ideal God. The Discourses can be had from any bookseller through Messrs. Williams and Norgate, or direct from Mr. Page Hopps, who finds it still necessary to offer to send his writings direct to persons who wish to have them. There are, even now, many provincial and London book-agents who will not trouble to get single copies, or who pretend that such heretical works are "out of print," or that there are "none in town."

THE PHILISTINE'S DEEPEST DEPTH.—The *Chronicle* says that, at the close of the evening service at the City Temple on Oct. 9th, Dr. Parker asked those present to remain seated whilst a solo was given in view of the great loss which England and the world had sustained by the death of Lord Tennyson. Mr. George Harlow then gave "Angels ever bright and fair" on the cornet, accompanied by Mr. E. Minshall, the organist of the City Temple.

THE RIGHT ROAD.—Here is a newspaper paragraph which shines with wisdom and humanity. We believe the project will pay. But for single women the need of such a home is even greater. Christianity, humanity, civilisation, are in this movement concerned in a very high degree. "Next month, a remarkable home for working men will be opened near Vauxhall Railway Station. It is called Rowton House, and has been built by the efforts, and with the money, of Lord Rowton, for single working men. Rowton House is to be registered as a common lodging-house for their exclusive advantage. The accommodation combines separate bedrooms, a commodious dining-room, a reading-room and library, lavatories, kitchens, a barber's

shop, and, in fact, everything that can possibly be required. The charge for admission to this true palace for the people is to be sixpence a night, or three shillings a week, and substantial and well-cooked food will be provided at prices well within reach of the scanty pockets of the patrons. In the event of Rowton House being, as Lord Rowton anticipates, commercially successful, it is proposed to open similar houses in other parts of London."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. — "Always, in thinking of her, one comes back to this picture: A June day and a garden party that celebrated her seventieth birthday; a throng of the most distinguished men and women of America,

assembled to bring her glad greeting, and on the platform, after poems and psalms were read, a slight, shadowy form, a sweet, tremulous voice saying: '*My friends, let us never doubt: everything that ought to happen is going to happen.*'"

BIBLE AND BEER.—During a School Board election, in a Midland town, the following appeal appeared in a public house window:—

VOTE FOR THE
BIBLE EIGHT:
A
NATIONAL CHURCH
AND A
NATIONAL BEVERAGE.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.—We rejoice to see the first number of a solid and fine-toned American Quarterly, called "The Psychical Review," devoted to "Psychical Science," as the "Organ of the American Psychical Society." The number contains contributions by M. J. Savage, Professor A. E. Dolbear, Rabbi Schindler, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, and other keen and well-informed men. The best things in the Review are the careful reports of committees and experimenters. Some old-seasoned spiritualists may be half-amused at the "discoveries" now being made and the cautious wonder of the discoverers: but no one who knows will withhold from these seekers after truth their interested attention and sincere respect.

"The heart of the Gospel." Twelve sermons delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. By A. J. Pierson, D.D. London: Passmore and Alabaster.—A very interesting volume, and a vast improvement upon Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, except in the matter of what we suppose must be called style. Mr. Spurgeon was vivid, rapturous, robust, and sentimental. Dr. Pierson is incisive, argumentative, keen, and sententious. The possibility of Dr. Pierson as a successor to Mr. Spurgeon is itself a sign of the times. Probably, in spite of himself, Dr. Pierson belongs to the age, theologically, whereas, to the last, Mr. Spurgeon, so far as theology was concerned, belonged to the dark ages, just as Mr. Moody does. Without knowing it, Dr. Pierson is somewhat of a rationalist, though, occasionally, he takes a fearful momentary plunge into some old theological bath of hell-broth, though he never remains in it many

minutes. As a rule, he is sensible, cool, critical, and clear as crystal; and, in a most remarkable manner, is an instructive instance of how the old order is bound to give place to the new. But Dr. Pierson represents the parting of the ways in a curious manner; by sheer inconsistency. In two or three sermons, he reproduces Mr. Spurgeon's favourite old doctrine of the Atonement by substitution—even going so far as to instance the case of a kindly big brother suffering the thrashing due to a small offender: "and so," says Dr. Pierson, "God magnified his law and made it honourable, while our blessed Redeemer took our punishment upon himself, and in our stead suffered on the accursed tree": and then, in another sermon, he, oddly enough, scoffs at this. He calls it "old-fashioned," and says, "Many think of the Father as representing justice, and of the Son as representing mercy. They imagine the Son as coming between the wrath of the Father and the guilty sinner. It is very much like the story of Pocahontas, the daughter of an Indian chief, who came between the executioner and Captain Smith, when the executioner was standing with his club uplifted, ready to strike the fatal blow on the head of his victim. The notion of a great many people is that God the Father is all wrath, and that we can never look at God or think of God, and that God never can look at us or think of us, except with a kind of mutual abhorrence and antagonism; and that so Jesus Christ incarnates the principle of love, and comes in between the angry God and the sinner. That is a very shallow notion indeed." It was always Mr. Spurgeon's notion. Dr. Pierson should explain.