

The Coming Day.

SEPTEMBER, 1894.

MR. GLADSTONE ON HERESY AND SCHISM.

(SPOKEN AT CROYDON).

MR. GLADSTONE's article in *The Nineteenth Century* on "The Place of Heresy and Schism in the Modern Christian Church" is in every way notable, both as giving us a further insight into a remarkable character and life, and as bearing upon some of the urgent problems of the day.

The opening paragraph is a perfectly startling one, resonant as it is with the incessant claim of the Roman Catholic Church,—a claim which, in effect, Mr. Gladstone endorses, though he does not mention it, and doubtless would repudiate what has been built upon it. Here is this paragraph :—

"If Christ our Lord founded the Church as a visible and organised society, by a commission from Himself; if He did this in the most definite and pointed way by a charge, not to the mass of believers promiscuously, but to the apostles, whom He had chosen, and whom in many significant ways He designated as His successors in carrying forward the great work of the Incarnation; and, again, if this charge, far from being limited to the brief term of their personal careers upon earth, was expressly extended by a promise of His superintending presence with them (which could only mean with them and their successors) until the end of the world; if, finally, this Church was to be the great standing witness in the world for Him and for the recovery of lost mankind; it follows that the most serious question arose hereupon, which may be described in such terms as these. It relates to the condition of any who, acknowledging His authority, yet should rebel against the jurisdiction then solemnly constituted, should sever themselves, in doctrine or in communion, from His servants, and should presume in this way, to impair their witness and to frustrate thereby His work, so far as in them lay."

Mr. Gladstone's repeated "if" may suggest that he is putting only a hypothetical case. But this is not so. He adds: "This, I think, is a fair account of heresy and schism, according to the view of our Lord and the Apostles." He also quotes "our Saviour" who, says Mr. Gladstone, dealt with this matter of heresy and schism "in the simplest and most decisive

manner." "If he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican." "With this stringent law, the language of the Apostles coincides," and, says Mr. Gladstone, they treated heresy and schism as something which "excluded from salvation," and so "the unity of the Church was maintained."

Bear in mind Mr. Gladstone's express declaration (undoubtedly correct) that this promise of Christ to abide with his Apostles and their successors "was expressly extended by a promise of his superintending presence with them (which could only mean with them and their successors) until the end of the world." This is, as I hinted just now, the whole case of the Roman Catholic Church, and only that Church can justify such a delegation of authority and such a promise of superintendence and support.

Mr. Gladstone, after his grave admission, at once proceeds to spirit away the whole theory, and to crumble down the gigantic structure. The Church triumphed over the world, but the admitted world speedily triumphed over the Church. "All the elements of evil, which at first had carried on an open warfare with the Church, now wrought against her true life and spirit more subtly from within;" and "her witness for God . . . was darkened and enfeebled by latent corruption in a thousand forms."

This is a curious side justification of what some of us have said hundreds of times, that very early in the career of the Christian Church a host of corruptions crowded in, spoiling the pure and simple gospel of Jesus and his first followers. But if so, what becomes of the theory set forth at the outset with such pomp—that Christ founded a society, which, by his perpetual presence, he would keep united and pure? That, said Mr. Gladstone, *was* what Jesus and his apostles declared. But, on Mr. Gladstone's own shewing, it broke down at the start.

After the pouring in, or internal growth of "corruption in a thousand forms," came the great theological conflicts. (I am still quoting Mr. Gladstone). During such periods as the fourth century the wide sway of the Arian opinion often made it a matter of doubt *where* the true Church of Christ was to be found. Then, "the eleventh century established the rupture between the Greek and the Latin Churches which has never yet been closed." Then, "there grew up in the fourteenth century a division between West and West . . . under which the English Christian found himself excommunicated in Scotland, and the Scotch in England:" and, when that quarrel closed, "there remained the formidable question . . . which party had been in true corporate union with the chair of St. Peter." It is apparently an awful question upon which seems to turn the validity of orders and sacraments, and the point whether, for half a century, "the light of half Western Christendom had been extinct." And all this depending, remember,

upon the queer theory that there must be legitimate successors through all the ages to what Mr. Gladstone calls "the chair of St. Peter." What a grotesque perversion of spiritual religion! and what an incongruous comment upon the simple religion of Jesus Christ!

But we have not finished the inroads of heresy and the advances of schism. The split between East and West, followed by the fracture in the West, was followed by various fractures in the East—continuing to the present day. "Moreover," says Mr. Gladstone, with a comically puzzled air, the heretics "appear to enjoy equally with the Orthodox Church the prerogative of perpetuity." Then came the tremendous breaks in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when Protestantism smashed the Western Church in twain, producing again a fresh crop of heresies and schisms;—followed in time by the great exodus of Nonconformity, in many ways, says Mr. Gladstone, so divinely "blessed and honoured."

What then has become of that sonorous first paragraph? Where is "the Church" which "our Lord founded as a visible and organised society"? Where are his successors whom he was to superintend until the end of the world? Where is the Church's commission to treat as a heathen and to denounce as an enemy the heretic and the schismatic? The whole thing has gone to pieces. But Mr. Gladstone does his best to make a way of escape. He cites the denunciations of the Old Testament against the making of images and the taking of interest, and shews how "the mixed and fluctuating conditions of life" have made these obsolete; and he draws a distinction between the first heretic and aftercomers. It is the "ring-leader" who is to suffer, it is "the *founder* of a heresy" who subjects himself to the force of the denunciation of the Church. Mr. Gladstone's justification of this is stuffed with assumptions. Here is the whole paragraph referring to it:—

"The word heresy does not in itself imply poisonous or mischievous opinion. It means self-chosen and self-formed opinion. The gospel is not chosen or formed by us: but fashioned by God and tendered for our acceptance. Here lies the responsibility of the arch-heretic or heretic proper: God offers him something, he puts it aside, and substitutes for it another thing."

So then it is *wrong* to form your own opinions, or to choose them. It is wrong to start out on a voyage of discovery in this great matter. The gospel is there, and it is God's gospel: "God offers the heretic something, and he puts it aside." What a preposterous assumption! How are we to know that it is God who offers what you call "the gospel"? Even the New Testament is seriously inconsistent: and when you pass beyond that, as we have seen, you plunge into a dark and stormy sea. What did God offer the few adventurous spirits who founded this little Free Church? They were heretics and

schismatics. Did God offer them the gospel of the parish church, or the gospel of the Roman Catholic chapel, or the gospel of Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle? Or is it possible that God really offered them what they thought He did—a gospel woven out of their own lives' experiences, blending with the free reason, the conscience and the affections? What nonsense to talk of these heretics and travellers putting aside what God offered to them, when all the time they thought they were accepting what He offered them! And then it appears *they* alone are to smart for it—these “ringleaders” and “founders,” and we poor innocents, taken in by them and inheriting this pleasant bit of property—we are to be excused! It sounds rather mean: and we repudiate it; and I pray God to let me, for one, share the lot of Teulon and Saxton, Grant and Taylor, Walters and Wood.

But the truth, I am sorry to say, is that Mr. Gladstone does not shake himself quite free from that old dead hand of his first paragraph, which a good Roman Catholic would find so comforting and supporting. Even after his own strong setting-forth of the crumbling down of the theory of an authoritative Church, entitled to excommunicate the heretic and the schismatic, he again and again harks back to the discredited theory. He says, “From every page of the gospel we find that the great message to be conveyed to the world . . . was to be transmitted through a special organisation.” But he says this, apparently in order to push away the State from interfering with religion. There are, he says, “the Church and the world;” “Foul fall the day, when the persons of this world shall, on whatever pretext, take into their uncommissioned hands the manipulation of the religion of our Lord and Saviour.” And so, again and again he warns off the State from touching this sacred Ark of the Lord. It is very odd. Are these the first notes of another Disestablishment campaign? Ireland we have had. Scotland and Wales are warmly in hand. Is England to come next? But it is useless to speculate what would happen if Mr. Gladstone could still push on, and have another thirty years. Our only interest is in seeing even now these animating signs of life.

In connection with this striking cry of “Hands off!” he warns us against permitting the State to put forth any emasculated statement of the Christian Faith. He wants all or none. And what is the Christian Faith, according to Mr. Gladstone? “What is the gospel?” he asks. “It lies,” he answers, “in the doctrine of the Trinity and Incarnation of Christ,” or, as he puts it on the next page, “in the Trinity and the Incarnation, in the God that made us and the Saviour that redeemed us.” “These,” says he, “constitute the very kernel of the whole gospel;” and he says he bows his head “in amazement before this mighty moral miracle” of the agreement of nearly all these discordant sects as to these two essentials. I am afraid Mr. Gladstone has somehow been excluded from the actual condition of affairs. If he knew the truth, he might bow his head with amazement at a very different spectacle—

for the Trinity and the Incarnation are precisely the two doctrines which no one can define but which are loosely held in a hundred different ways. I venture to say that there are vast multitudes who believe in The Trinity as Dean Stanley, for instance, believed in it; and Dean Stanley, as I personally know, believed in it as most Unitarians do—and, as for the Incarnation, it is capable of endless meanings, and in endless ways it is believed. No; Christendom was never less united, and never less orthodox, even in this narrowed groove of only two essential doctrines to be received.

But Mr. Gladstone dwells upon these two doctrines, and their reception by Christendom, as the hope of the Church and the world. He calls it “the un denominational religion of heaven,” and draws a fanciful picture of its meaning and effect. He says “It represents perfected union with Christ, and conformity to the will of God, the overthrowing of the great rebellion, and the restoration of the perpetual Eden, now enriched with all the trophies of redemption, with all the testing and ripening experiences through which the Almighty Father has conducted so many sons to glory. It is the fair fabric now exhibited in its perfection, which could afford to drop, and has dropped, all the scaffolding supplied by the Divine Architect in His wisdom for the rearing of the structure.”

We cannot but admire the pretty picture, but it will not bear examination; for surely it is not possible to believe that whatever modern “Eden” we have is the product of these two very difficult doctrines whose influences can be traced in history as much by persecution and excommunication as anything else. Surely “the fair fabric” and “the testing and ripening experiences through which the Almighty Father has conducted so many sons to glory” have not depended on two such very subtle doctrines as the Trinity and the Incarnation. In preference to any refuting statement of my own, I prefer to let Mr. Gladstone’s own words supply the corrective to these,—words to which, not so very long ago, he assured me he adhered “in the widest sense.” “I am truly glad to think that the Almighty is not stinted or limited in His modes of operation; and that those who, in fact, bear the blessed likeness of Christ are most truly and surely His.

We ask no more than that; and we commend this wise, generous and most Christian saying to the multitudes who still believe that to doctrines we may attribute the transforming virtues of Christianity, and that doctrines will help or hurt us in relation to “acceptance with God.”

On the whole then, it seems to me that the only conclusion we can come to is this, that in the presence of what Mr. Gladstone calls “a very Babel of claimants for the honours of orthodoxy and catholicity,” we must dismiss altogether the fear of heresy and schism, and admit that heresy and schism are solid facts in the process of the evolution of Christianity. The alliance of

the Church with the State, or the capture of the Church by the State, is only a morbid incident by the way. There is nothing for it but rational thought and reverent freedom, taking advantage of all help but acknowledging no finality. We are on a journey, staff in hand, and not shut up in a family coach; and perhaps the Gladstones of some new day will discover that heresy and schism, once excommunicated and damned, take their place in the natural and beautiful development of man.

MR. LE GALLIENNE ON THE ETERNAL LIFE.

IN *The Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Le Gallienne has been allowed to put before the world one of the most flippantly melancholy screeds we have ever read on the subject of immortality. Its pathos is hectic and piled up, its thought is very poor, its invective is spiteful, its animus is bad, its utility is nil. The whole thing only reveals a blasé Piccadilly lounge's state of mind, with a backing up of the jaded penman's descriptive power. He poses as a very young man in years—but O so old in thought and feeling—one who has realised, if not death, at least decay. He reminds us of Byron who at 36 wrote the unwholesome lines—

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone.

The dialogue at once reveals his sick languor. It begins:—

LECTOR. But do you really mean, Scriptor, that you have no desire for the life after death?

SCRIPTOR. I never said quite that, Lector, though perhaps I might almost have gone so far.
. . . It really matters less to us than we imagine.

Mr. Le Gallienne has already preached this thin and sickly gospel in his "Religion of a literary man," and we have not heard of anyone who has been in any wise helped by it. How is it likely? The man who sits and balances the desirability of a future life, as an invalid might balance a thin slice of buttered toast, in doubt whether he really cares for it, is no more a teacher than he is a navvy. He is suffering from literary dyspepsia, and needs the tonic of wholesome work.

We know nothing of Mr. Le Gallienne. He may be painting a fancy picture—these literary gentlemen are uncommonly fond of that sort of thing. He may be more than 36, of robust health, and six feet two without his boots; and all this peaking and pining may only be literary affectation, but, any how, his gospel is unwholesome. He only wants rest, he says. He is so tired, he would, on the whole, prefer not to live beyond the grave. He is

"tired at the end of a busy day . . . tired in the morning, tired in the memnonian sunlight (what a lackadaisical sunlight!) when larks and barrel-organs start on their blithe insistent rounds" (what a cockney mixture!). "Will you never want to go to bed, Lector?"

Lector, who is allowed to get a word in occasionally, as a sort of peg on which poor Jeremiah may hang his bits of weeping willow, says: "Surely your ill-health and low spirits vitiate your judgment." "No", replies Scriptor, "the condition I have been supposing is not merely particular, but, on the contrary, the most general among men," which is a slander upon old England and even upon Piccadilly. We have not yet turned the old country into a hospital or a convalescent home. But Scriptor, though so very very young, and O, so very very blasé, knows all about the old men. They all want to go to bed—to sneak into the grave and be at peace. What about "the grand old man," Mr. Le Gallienne? And he by no means stands alone. You must not make a dry beanstick the standard of the vitality of the oak.

Lector mildly suggests hope. But Scriptor screams. "Hopes! wishes desires! What of them?" "Who has not cried for the moon?"

The people who argue in favour of life beyond the grave only write "cowardly dreams," he says: they are "a hypocritical clutching at that which their writers have not the courage to forego." How very sick this man is! The very flush of health on the cheeks of his neighbour is taken for scarlet fever! But are not people happier for this hope? suggests Lector. "Ah," shrieks Mr. Le Gallienne, "at last you play your trump—the lie that I was waiting for, the lie that has bolstered up this immortality theory from the beginning." How strange that the only signs of strength and life shewn by this limp soul should be directed against the hope of life! Your belief in eternal life, says he, "simply means unlimited cakes and ale for good and evil alike, for all eternity." "It simply gives us all eternity to procrastinate in:" and then he quotes what appears to be a verse of his own poetry, the drift of which is that the believer in eternal life laughs and throws away his life here. Rich in eternity, he can afford to squander time.

With eternity his, what need to care?—
A sort of immortal millionaire.

What a miserable and shocking perversion of the truth! Even so blasé and tired a wreck of humanity as Scriptor is painted might have taken in the fact that the believers in Eternal Life have been the most strenuous, the least selfish, the most devoted, the noblest workers of the world. What the world needs is life, and what Jesus said he came to give,—life abundant and more abundant; and we know that the men and women who have had the richest treasures of life in them have most believed in life hereafter, and have done most for bettering man's life here.

HOLIDAY GLIMPSES.

BRIGHT BASLE.

"BRIGHT" is the very word. No wonder in the old time it was called "The Golden Gate," and "the jolliest" episcopate on the Rhine. It is the centre of a veritable garden, a smiling land, the Canaan of Switzerland, "flowing with milk and honey." And the people match the place;—a people fond of merry songs and bright pictures, of colour and decoration; a simple, polite, and kind-hearted people, and, as a rule, highly civilised; the artisans Parisian in their dress, but a sturdier set, with a mountaineering air about them, good to see.

The streets beautifully kept, and pretty with foliage wherever possible; the trees in the streets tended with extremest care, every one staked with a huge pole, making shaking impossible, and guarded with well-appointed defences, though there is nowhere any suggestion that a Basle boy would ever think of hurting a tree.

The Rhine here is very swift, and broad and massive enough to impress one with its historic as well as its natural importance: a handsome blue-green colour, as becomes a stream with its home in the snows. The ferry boats are a marvel of audacity and ingenuity. No steam, no oars, scarcely any labour. By a clever contrivance of chains and wheels, the swift-flowing river is made to rush the boat across, and the slightest conceivable steering is needed to bring the boat to its dwarf landing stage not ten feet long. The charge is one halfpenny.

What a feast of old houses, with their innumerably varied gables, roofs, projections, pinnacles, turrets, windows! The sight up and down the river from the Alten Brücke is a real "joy for ever," in any light, under any sky. What Emerson calls "the frolic fairies" might have planned it. But the quaint wilderness of beauty could never have been planned. As Oscar Wilde would say, everything had to "occur." But, alas, one insolent tall chimney has occurred! One great delight of the city is its old fountains. They are everywhere, with their huge fonts, their beautiful carving, their grotesque bronze, their clever statuary, their wonderful old spouts, their unceasing flow. Unfortunately, the women who bring their pitchers seem too busy now to gossip as their great great grandmothers did, generations or centuries ago.

And such air!—so sweet and soft and persuasive. The Rhine here—as often elsewhere—has to be felt before one can believe it is cold. It looks so balmy and douce, a kind of gulf-stream whose business it is to make the air the parent of cherries and roses and grapes. All day the windows are wide open, and at night one longs to sleep on the roof.

No one who comes to Basle should miss the pretty walk, right in the centre of the town, along a narrow lane, from close to the Alten Brücke to the Münster, past the University. At two or three places on the way there are delightful views, and at the back of the Münster (or cathedral) the view is indeed splendid, with the spurs of the mountains of the Black Forest, the Jura, and the Vosges for distance, and a beautiful landscape for foreground.

A Sunday here would be perfectly shocking to most English people if they cared to see or find out what happens. The churches are all closed after four, and then the acrobats, clowns, comic singers, actors, drinking saloons, beer gardens and ballet girls have it all their own way. Their clients and customers are not 'Arry and 'Arriet: they don't live here: but well-dressed and orderly people, and nearly as many women as men. The drinking saloons abound, and all appear to have domestic dramas, comic concerts, or tomfoolery. It is intensely disagreeable, but use is everything, and no harm is meant or felt. Still, one turned from a brief look at it all to the Alten Brücke with refreshing delight, in time to see the unspeakable artist at work in river and sky, with a sunset that all Basle should have turned out to see, but it seemed to prefer its playacting, its fooling, its tobacco smoke and its beer.

LORD ROSEBERY AND RACING.

MR. PAGE HOPPS has received the following letter. It is on a matter of public interest, and—though with much hesitation—he has decided to print it. In one sense, it is out-of-date. In another sense, it is very timely, and gathers strength from being held over until the late small storm swept by.

"I was glad to have the opportunity of hearing your stirring address to the Croydon Liberals on Wednesday, and the high terms in which you spoke of our new and democratic Prime Minister. I am sure that his hard work on L.C.C. and his practical sympathy with labour entitle him to our enthusiastic support and confidence. Yet, sir, he is a patron of the turf, and his ambition to control the destinies of the State is shared with his desire to attain the blue ribbon of the turf. Lord Rosebery, I doubt not, is a gentleman of the strictest honor, whose transactions on the turf are absolutely straightforward. Were all the votaries of the sport like him, there would not, perhaps, be much to complain about. But Lord Rosebery cannot fail, on looking around from his aristocratic enclosure at Epsom, to

observe the pandemonium that is spread out before him;—the noble downs desecrated by the hideous uproar, the drunkenness and folly. I am aware that many people go merely for a day's outing, but a large proportion consists of the very scum and refuse of society. It has been my lot to work in a Birmingham workshop, where invariably the first operation, before commencing work, was to study the sporting papers, and make your bets for the day. This culminated, as it often does, in the utter ruin of our foreman—who was an intellectual and lovable man, and an exceptionally clever mechanic—theft, flight, desertion of his innocent family, and all the rest of it. In the public streets of Birmingham, bloated and purseey book-makers take piles of money, comparatively unmolested, from men, women and

children. For there, incomprehensible as it seems, women join with the men in discussing the relative and various merits of horses they have never seen, or are likely to. I regret to say that I have entrusted various small sums to these omnivorous vultures, though fortunately I found out, not too late, that horse-racing is, to use an expressive if not elegant term, a "mug's" game, a contest between sharps and flats, in which the chances are 100 to 1 in favour of the former.

I hope, sir, you will pardon me for all this, which cannot be news to you. I am not quite sure why I have troubled you with these remarks, though I think I have a vague notion that you might be able, by your posi-

tion and influence, to do something in the way of persuading his lordship, not, I am afraid, to give up his sport, but to initiate sweeping and stringent legislation against betting and gambling. You know the organs of the Opposition are poking much fun at the attitude of the "Nonconformist conscience" towards the Premier's sporting proclivities. But I think that both the Nonconformist and Rationalist conscience, though it does not manifest itself from the public platform, pricks a little. To me the association of racing man and Premier in this progressive age seems somewhat incongruous. Who could imagine our noble and glorious Gladstone as an owner of race horses, an aspirant for turf honours, and a provider of 'sport' for thieves? " * * * * *

MEETING PLACES.

IN OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.

MANY members have expressed a strong wish for some means of communion, especially in the direction of submitting difficulties, and exchanging ideas and experiences. It also appears desirable that there should be some way of bringing prominently forward the best sayings of men and women in and beyond all churches, shewing that in spirit and in the deep things we are all one.

We intend to supply this want if we can, by publishing an occasional paper with the above title: the paper to be sent to every member, from three to twenty copies each, free of all cost: the expenses to be defrayed out of the general fund.

The following points should be well considered and remembered by all our members:

1. Carefully notify any change of address.
2. Ask for about as many copies as can be conveniently used, and notify, from time to time, should any change be wished.
3. Remember that the object is not at all to secure clever writing, but that the aim may be best answered by perfect simplicity.
4. What is wanted is the frank setting

forth of difficulties, the asking of questions or the honest and loving attempt to answer them, and the presentation of experiences.

5. No names will appear without consent; though names and addresses are desirable.

6. Send extracts from speeches, sermons, poems, prayers, &c., from all quarters, to illustrate the fact that in spirit and in the deep things we are all one.

7. Invite and persuade to membership, and never be without copies of the Ideal, the Inviting, and forms of membership.

8. Always be sure we are doing good, and probably influencing much farther and much more deeply than we know.

For the present, send all literary communications to Mr. J. Page Hopps, 216, South Norwood Hill, London, S.E., and all communications concerning the posting of "Meeting places," to Miss Trower, 1, Carlton Terrace, Redhill, Surrey.

Persons not members may have the paper by sending names and addresses, and a contribution of any amount to Mr. J. Page Hopps.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"Diggleism and Dogma. The story of the School Board Circular on religious teaching." By W. C. Bowie, M.L.S.B. London: Horace Marshall and Co. A good penny bucketful of London School Board slush, for which Mr. Bowie is not, or is only a very little to blame. He would be entirely free from blame if he had not committed himself to three unfortunate admissions,—that it is right to teach "Religion" in our National Schools, that it is well and successfully taught in the London Board Schools, and that teachers ought to be left free to do it,—three preposterous admissions which simply open the door to Mr. Riley and "Diggleism and Dogma." For, surely, if you are to teach religion, you ought to define it; if you say it is well done you ought to prove that by testing it, and if you would leave the teachers free, you bid for confusion and make a child's "Religious teaching" turn upon the accident of its going here or there to school.

Mr. Bowie well exposes the nonsense talked by Lord Salisbury and others, when they say that "it is the inalienable right of the parent to determine the religious instruction given to his children." This is nonsense because it is put forth as a plea for teaching "Religion" in Board Schools. The "inalienable right" is undisputed, but it leads straight to the exclusion of the subject from the public schools where children from all churches as well as from none meet together. The "inalienable right" is not to be secured at the public day school any more than in the public park or at the public bath.

By the way, Mr. Bowie might perhaps do well to be more careful in his criticisms. He says: "Mr. Coxhead is quite frank about the circular being a test; and he ought to know, for his hand shaped it, though Mr. Riley's voice (according to his own account) inspired it. The words are:—'If there are those among you who cannot conscientiously impart Bible instruction in this spirit, means will be taken, without prejudice to their position under the Board, to release them from the duty of giving the Bible lesson.' The grammatical construction of this sentence is hopelessly bad, the pronouns are in confusion."

We think not. *You* and *them* are surely right. The sentence says—Among you there are these. They will not be prejudiced. They will be released.

"Folk-tales of Angola." Fifty tales, with Ki-mbunda Text, literal English translation, introduction and notes, collected and edited by Heli Chatelain. London: David Nutt. One of the publications of the American Folk-Lore Society, and a notable one too. The naive clearness, simplicity, brevity and humour of these tales are charming. The Ki-mbunda language is, or, in its purity was, spoken by natives of Angola in Africa, a Portuguese province, one of the largest territorial divisions of Africa. This language Mr. Chatelain, as U.S. Commercial Agent at Loanda, and "pioneer and linguist" of Bishop W. Taylor's African Missions, has had very special opportunities of studying, and, with the help of it, he has rescued from the natives many precious stories which were only afloat in the memory. It is a remarkable fact that here once more we meet with many of our old friends, though in odd disguises. Indeed, it has been long known that much of the mechanism and drift of the folk-lore of South African tribes is traceable all over the world: as Mr. Chatelain says: "African folk-lore is not a tree by itself, but a branch of one universal tree." The text and the translation are given side by side. We are not able to judge whether the text is quite as sharp and quaint as the translation. If it is, all we can say is, that some of our own writers might profitably sit at the feet of these "savages."

"Cremation and the resurrection." By Elnor. London and Manchester: John Heywood. A bright and thoughtful little booklet:—a conversation between a vicar and an artist: the vicar, evidently, "a most worthy man," but a dweller in the old dolls' house, and rather fond of his dollies: the artist, fresh, natural, and really better acquainted with the Bible than the vicar. Every cremationist should wish "Elnor" good luck, and help to circulate this breath of fresh air.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

In *The Inquirer* there is a somewhat curious notice of last month's *Coming Day*. The reviewer commends the address on hymns and singing, but says it would have been improved if the criticisms of Unitarians had been left out. But the Address had for one of its objects, the improvement of the spiritless hymns and singing of Unitarians. Besides, why should we for ever go on helping people to be content who are already more than sufficiently self-satisfied—and often so very very dull? By the way, one of the wisest and keenest of Unitarian ministers writes to us:—"I wish I could say that I thought you all wrong about the hymns: but, if we are nothing else, we are respectable; and, if we die of respectability, what a respectable death to die!" The remedy is to be found in one direction only; but, unfortunately, that remedy is not procurable to order. Faith and longing and aspiring love would strike out, from heart and brain and tongue, the right poetry and singing. There are agnostic tunes as well as agnostic hymns, and they follow in the track of the agnostic mood.

OUR NEWSPAPERS.—Last month we very regretfully, and, in a sense, sorely against our will, drew attention to the *Westminster Gazette* as a violator of good taste and nice feeling, and, at the end of our note, we said, "We wonder what the fine spirits of France, if they see this coarse fooling, will think of us in this centre of the civilisation of the world." Here is what one foreigner thinks:—

"I have often wished to tell you how much I rejoice when you expose some of the most flagrant cases of newspaper vulgarity and gush. *Vide*, your note about the *Westminster Gazette*, in the last number of the *Coming Day*, and some earlier notes on 'Gush about the Theatre.' Oh, that many more would take this up and endeavour to free at least the leading papers from the mud and too highly inflated froth there is about them—from the fatal ambition to be everything to all men in the sense of pandering to their weaknesses. In order to catch people of all sorts, they provide a multitude of dishes, each prepared by a specialist, I suppose. But the whole dinner is horrible; there is no harmony—the dishes kill each other.

This from the æsthetic point of view. But what are the feelings of a serious-minded radical, for example, when he finds his favourite newspaper chiefly taken up with sporting news, chit chat about people in 'society,' the movements of the royal family, with mistaken speculation about them, and false reports that have to be contradicted. The court circular is duly inserted, but fortunately short, thanks to the very regular habits of Her Majesty. The rhapsodies about the theatre appear more like sensational and paid advertising than art-criticism. Fashion, elaborate cooking and murders in detail, take up much space; but the third article seems as interesting to a Radical as to a Tory. I leave the rest.

Now it might be very well for each of these things to appear in full display in certain special newspapers, so that the people who live by preference on such food need not starve. But Radical papers with devoted editors, who take up the cudgels for the poor and the downtrodden, which therefore attack luxury and empty show in all forms, which are started to raise all humanity to a higher moral standard, which are bought chiefly by the humbler and the middle-classes, not personally at home in court circles, and matters of fashion and cookery, might surely turn to better things.

But !"

BETTING NEWS.—*The Echo* lately printed a pathetic and pious article against betting and gambling, and solemnly rated Lord Rosebery for his connection with the turf. We turned over a leaf and saw this:

THIS DAY'S SPORTING.

NEWCASTLE MEETING.

1.45—SCURRY PLATE (Handicap) of 103 sovs.
5 furlongs.

* * * *

Betting—9 to 2 agst Conadale, 5 to 1 each agst Poppœa and Soar, 6 to 1 each agst Petros and Starlight, 100 to 14 each agst Pickled Berry and Orlop, and 100 to 8 agst others.

2.15—SEGHILL SELLING PLATE of 100 sovs.
—5 furlongs.

Black and White.....	1
Foxholme	2
Gartness.....	3
8 ran.	

Betting—11 to 8 on winner.

Has the little *Echo* two editors:—the Publican and the Pharisee?

RANCID ROMANCING.—The rage for novel-reading and the attention paid to novels even by such a paper as the London *Chronicle* must be put down among the mysteries of life. The *Chronicle's* standard is wonderful. Reviewing one of the latest arrivals, it congratulates the authoress upon rising to the occasion at a certain difficult situation, and here is the proof of it:—

"Woman!" he said at last, the word scorching his lips like a live coal. "Woman, you can't mean that! It is not true; for God's sake, tell me it is not true. You were not . . . three weeks . . . in one of those dens?"

She shuddered through every nerve of her body, and slid to the floor, and lay face downwards at his feet.

"Oh, my God! a baby like that!" he cried; "and I worshipped your white soul."

He turned away his eyes to shut out the sight of her humiliation, and slow tears forced themselves through his eyelids. He felt he had no right to witness her shame, and he rose and would have gone from the room, but she held his feet and raised a despairing face.

"You are not going?"

"Going? Can I stay? Let me go, girl."

"No, no! Your love—"

"It is dead! Did you think any man's love could stand *that*? Let me go!"

"No, no!" She sprang to her feet, and stood before him with panting breast. "You can't mean it! You can't! Dead? Your love dead? It dies easy. I could die . . . but not my love. It kills—kills!"

She tugged at her dress for relief to the heaving bosom. She had never been so beautiful as at that moment, but Bevan turned from her with loathing . . . She struggled to her feet and put out her hands helplessly towards him. "I can't feel," she gasped. "I can't think . . . your love dead? . . . But you loved me yesterday, and I've done nothing since then!"

Trembling he stepped back, gazed irresolutely. Her throat was bare, she regardless of it.

The flesh revolted him, and raised a tempest in his bosom.

"I ought to thank you, I suppose. You need not have told. The fool was fooled . . ."

Would not have . . . known in time . . . God knows how I loved you . . ."

If I could have saved you . . . But though I loved you to a thousand deaths I could never make you clean . . . Marry you . . . nor any good man could."

He was gone. Half-way down the drive a long wild scream drove the blood from his heart."

And this is the rancid kitchen stuff which women concoct, and which is sold, read, and admired,—even by the sturdy *Chronicle*.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.—A certain "religious paper" has, in a prominent position, the following note on poor old Gladstone's malady:—"Many have written of Mr. Gladstone's *retirement from public life*; but this step is impossible for him, though he may be less before the public for a time. Well indeed would it be for England if he had retired from any further public action; for there is mischief in his movements, and when they are secluded they are the more mischievous. It is said that he is suffering from cataract in his eyes, and this may be a beginning of the darkening of the idol Shepherd's right eye (Zech. xi., 17). He will, however, yet appear again in public life, and probably withdraw into a darkened room to mature his schemes. There he will undoubtedly be visited by mischievous spirits, who will find in him one ready to further their latter-day schemes for the overturning of Protestant rule and authority in Britain, and to establish in its place the tyranny of Rome." Disgusting and brutal as this is, it only puts into plain language the venomous temper of multitudes—and of multitudes who pride themselves on their education, their money, their rank, and their religion!

"DEAR BOY!" Now that the baby—in sixteen positions—has been nearly disposed of, the following thrilling paragraph may interest an admiring and loyal nation. We copy it from *The Chronicle*:—"A Royal Stamp

Collector.—The enthusiasm of the Duke of York as a stamp collector has lately been evinced by applications on his behalf which have been made to the Agents-General for most of the colonies for specimens of the philatelic issues of the various countries they represent. In several cases, sheets of the stamps have been forwarded to his Royal Highness by the Colonial Governments through their London representative. The Victorian Office sent some very nice specimens, while the Tasmanian contribution included a number of reprints. The New Zealand Government has also been applied to, but sufficient time has not yet elapsed for their stamps to come to hand."

SINGING.—We have received strong confirmatory evidence of the truth of what we said about hymns and singing in public worship. The remedy is to be found in one direction only; but, unfortunately, that remedy is not procurable to order. Faith and longing and aspiring love would strike out from heart and brain and tongue, the right poetry and singing. There are agnostic tunes as well as agnostic hymns, and they follow in the track of the agnostic mood.

SMOKE HIM OUT!—From a sketch of Mr. Gladstone in *The Christian World* we take the following:—"His habits are extremely simple and gentle; perhaps his disuse of tobacco—for in that respect he has not been quite a life-long abstainer—is due to its unsuitability for family life. When smoking at the dinner-table was very uncommon, about twenty years ago, I met Mr. Gladstone at a dinner-party at Lord Granville's, at which the Prince of Wales was also present. There were four small round tables in the dining-room, each laid for five, and no places were reserved or marked. The party at each table was to a great extent matter of accident. Mr. Gladstone walked from the library with the Duke of Cleveland, who married Lord Rosebery's widowed mother. Much of the youth of the new Prime Minister was spent at Battle Abbey, the Duke's house in Sussex. With Mr. Gladstone and the Duke sat the Prince of Wales, Mr. Bernal Osborne and another whose name need not be mentioned. The

prince suggested smoking, in which he and Osborne took part with great vigour, but with no increase of Mr. Gladstone's comfort."

That must have been a long time ago, but our sweet prince's habits and manners have gone on "conquering and to conquer" in society, and now, at nearly every society dinner-table, cigars are the rule, and even the women have got to the half-way cigarette. At the Royal Academy this year we noticed that it seemed the fashion for the "portrait of a gentleman" to have in one hand this silly appendage, and a society paper shews us lord somebody speaking at a dinner party with the stink tool in his hand."

LABOUR CO-PARTNERSHIP.—We are glad to see the first number of a new Labour Paper. The prospectus says:—"The journal will be issued monthly at first, at a penny, and will be called *Labour Co-partnership*. It will be specially devoted to advocating what its name indicates, and as it will be the only journal existing for that purpose, it should have a good future. The word co-operation is now applied to organisations with such variety of constitutions that it is difficult for those engaged in advocating a definite co-operative principle to make themselves understood. The journal will do much towards making clear what the advocates of the co-partnership of labour in industry are striving for, and this we believe will greatly help in the development of the work. It will collect information bearing on our movement at home and abroad, and will provide for the discussion of details amongst those accepting the principle. The journal cannot fail to be of the greatest value to members of all industrial organisations, for they will be able to look to it for information, and in this way many attempts at impossibilities, resulting in loss of capital and courage, will be prevented, and desirable developments brought into being. Changes in our industrial system in the near future are inevitable, and it is hoped that our journal may do something to guide the forces that make for progress into channels which we think are likely to be ultimately productive of the most good to the community. All communications concerning the journal should be addressed to the editor at this office (9, Joh Street, Adelphi, London).

HAWTHORNE BUDS.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY JOHN TINKLER.

- 1.—THE most awful truth in Bunyan's book of such;—from the very gate of heaven there is a byway to the pit.—*Blithedale Romance*.
- 2.—THE act of the passing generation is the germ which may and must produce good or evil fruit in a far distant time. Together with the seed of the merely temporary crop, which mortals term expediency, they inevitably sow the acorns of a more enduring growth.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.
- 3.—THE breach which guilt has once made into the human soul is never in this mortal state repaired.—*The Scarlet Letter*.
- 4.—IT is to the credit of human nature, that, except where its selfishness is brought into play, it loves more readily than it hates.—*The Scarlet Letter*.
- 5.—SIMPLE and earnest people, being accustomed to speak from their genuine impulses, cannot easily, as craftier men do, avoid the subject which they have at heart.—*Transformation*.
- 6.—IT is remarkable that persons who speculate the most boldly often conform with the most perfect quietude to the external regulations of society. The thought suffices them without investing itself in the flesh and blood of action.—*The Scarlet Letter*.
- 7.—THERE is a wisdom that looks grave, and sneers at merriment; and again a deeper wisdom, that stops to be gay as often as occasion serves, and oftenest avails itself of shallow and trifling grounds of mirth; because, if we wait for more substantial ones, we seldom can be gay at all.—*Transformation*.
- 8.—ADMITTING what is called philanthropy, when adopted as a profession, to be often useful by its energetic impulse to society at large, it is perilous to the individual, whose ruling passion in one exclusive channel, it thus becomes.—*Blithedale Romance*.
- 9.—THOSE moments when a man's moral aspect is faithfully revealed to his mind's eye sometimes occur only at the interval of years.—*The Scarlet Letter*.
- 10.—WHEN individuals approach one another with deep purposes on both sides, they seldom come at once to the matter which they have most at heart.—*Transformation*.
- 11.—THERE is no more terrible mistake than to violate what is eternally right for the sake of a seeming expediency.—*Biographical Stories*.
- 12.—THE wrong-doing of one generation lives into the successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.
- 13.—WHEREVER there is a heart and an intellect, the diseases of the physical frame are tinged with the peculiarities of these.—*The Scarlet Letter*.
- 14.—WHEN a man's eyes have grown old with gazing at the ways of the world, it does not seem such a terrible misfortune to have them bandaged.—*Biographical Stories*.
- 15.—THE young and happy are not ill-pleased to temper their life with a transparent shadow.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.
- 16.—THERE are few things—whether in the outward world, or, to a certain depth, in the invisible sphere of thought,—few things hidden from the man who devotes himself earnestly and unreservedly to the solution of the mystery.—*The Scarlet Letter*.
- 17.—ALMOST all the public and private misery of mankind arises from a neglect of this great truth—that evil can produce only evil—that good ends must be wrought out by good means.—*Biographical Stories*.

- 18.—It is our nature to desire a monument, be it slate, or marble, or a pillar of granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man.—*The Ambitious Guest*.
- 19.—WHEN an uninstructed multitude attempts to see with its eyes, it is exceedingly apt to be deceived.—*The Scarlet Letter*.
- 20.—It is singular what a native animosity lives in the human heart against carved images, insomuch, that whether they represent Christian saint or Pagan deity, all unsophisticated men seize the first safe opportunity to knock off their heads.—*Our Old Home*.
- 21.—YOUTH, however eclipsed for a season, is undoubtedly the proper, permanent and genuine condition of man, and if we look closely into this dreary delusion of growing old, we shall find that it never absolutely succeeds in laying hold of our inmost convictions.—*Dolliver Romance*.
- 22.—To the untrue man, the whole universe is false—it is impalpable—it shrinks to nothing within his grasp. And he himself, in so far as he shows himself in a false light, becomes a shadow, or, indeed, ceases to exist. *The Scarlet Letter*.
- 23.—THIS final despair and sense of shortcoming, must always be the reward and punishment of those who try to grapple with a great or beautiful idea. It only proves that you have been able to imagine things too high for mortal faculties to execute.—*Transformation*.
- 24.—HATRED by a gradual and quiet process will even be transformed to love, unless the change be impeded by a continually new irritation of the original feeling of hostility.—*The Scarlet Letter*.
- 25.—NOW-A-DAYS people are as good as born in their clothes, and there is practically not a nude human being in existence. An artist, therefore, cannot sculpture nudity with a pure heart, if only because he is compelled to steal guilty glimpses at hired models.—*Transformation*.
- 26.—SHE who has once been woman, and ceased to be so, might at any moment become woman again, if there were only the magic touch to effect the transfiguration.—*The Scarlet Letter*.
- 27.—THE sick in mind, and, perhaps in body, are rendered more darkly and hopelessly so, by the manifold reflection of their disease, mirrored back from all quarters, in the deportment of those about them; they are compelled to inhale the poison of their own breath, in infinite repetition.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.
- 28.—A TENDENCY to speculation, though it may keep woman quiet, as it does man, yet makes her sad. She discerns, it may be, such a hopeless task before her. As a first step, the whole system of society is to be torn down and built up anew.—*The Scarlet Letter*.
- 29.—IN the battle field of life, the downright stroke that would fall only on a man's steel head-piece, is sure to light on a woman's heart, over which she wears no breast-plate.—*Blithedale Romance*.
- 30.—It is singular how long a time passes before words embody things, and with what security two persons, who choose to avoid a certain subject, may approach its very verge, and retire without disturbing it.—*The Scarlet Letter*.

“Who knows most, doubts most: entertaining hope,
Means recognizing fear: the keener sense
Of all comprised within our actual scope
Recoils from aught beyond earth's dim and dense.
Who, grown familiar with the sky, will grope
Henceforward among groundlings? That's offense
Just as indubitably: stars abound
O'erhead, but then—what flowers make glad the ground!”

ROBERT BROWNING.