

# The Coming Day.

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AUGUST, 1895.

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## A WELCOME.

Spoken at Manchester College, Oxford, June 27, 1895, by JOHN PAGE HOPPS, to the students then leaving the College and 'entering the ministry.'

BROTHERS, I do not think this ought to be a sermon, and my heart's desire would not be fulfilled if I were to so far forget myself as to preach. What a mercy it would be if we needed no words at all! if we could come close, spirit to spirit and soul to soul, and if you could know as much of my thoughts and wishes for you as spirit could read in the spirit's book of life. You would, perhaps, not find much to help you, but, as I told your friend Austin, you would find that after more than forty years of the campaign to which you are going, I am still in love with it, and would fain live longer for its dear sake. Nothing has been able to 'stale its infinite variety.' That may at least encourage you.

You must forgive the somewhat unconventionally personal nature of this address, but what is the good of asking an old campaigner to welcome you into the ministry if he does not look you in the face, and tell you something of what he has felt and seen? Let us secure at least one thing to-day that we be practical and sincere.

I said 'campaigner.' Ah! dear brothers, you are going to the wars, if indeed you are going the right road in the right spirit, and if you know your business. You cannot dream the world into sense and goodness. 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' Of course. Every good thing has to suffer violence, and only the violent can capture it. But I should like to read that saying in some such way as this: The heavenly kingdom has to be won, and only the good soldiers can win it. Does that sound a little harsh and hard, as though God's gospels had to go and fight the world and make it uncomfortable? Ah, yes! and who was it said that his coming meant the bringing of a sword? Why shrink? It is right to make war upon folly and ignorance, brutality and sin. But blessed is he who can do it, and yet make men and women love him! And that can be. Did not he who said his coming meant the bringing of a sword, also say, 'Come unto me, toilers and heavy laden, and I will give you rest'? If you have to think of your work as a campaign, there is no reason why you should be hard and

militant and aggressive in temper. If some day you may have even to deny a deacon, or resist a trustee, you must try all the more to love him, and make him love you : and sometimes you will resist best when you seem to fight least. But you must be strong.

And now, as that subject has naturally arisen, I will say this : differences of opinion are sure to come, especially between the young minister and the managers of the congregation—and of him. As a rule, perhaps, you had better yield ; but if you feel quite sure you are right, and if, for the congregation's good, you intend to have your way, have it—simply have it. Don't say you are having it, but, all the same, have it. Avoid resolutions and votes. Do not fight, and, if you can manage it, do not complain ; and never, never complain from the pulpit. See your road, and walk quietly but manfully in it. Never be one of two combatants if you can avoid it. Even in having your own way you must be the good physician ; and so, in that way and no other, magnify your office.

Live as you will, your little pool of Bethesda will often be troubled. Try to believe it is an angel that troubles it, and do not be hurt, or feel hurt, at every collision with men or fate. Remember Lowell's keen saying, ' Nobody knows what's in him till it is knocked out of his running against some granite-post of necessity.' You will have plenty of chances !

In all things remember that 'ministry' means service. That should guide you everywhere, even in 'running against some granite post of necessity,' even in insisting upon this or that. Minister ! minister ! The word 'edify' defines it precisely. Do not think much about being clever, or eloquent, or scholarly, but never cease to think how you can best build up, always remembering that men and women are best built up, not by being taught propositions, but by being helped to the right spirit. It is for you to create an atmosphere and develop a state of mind.

Make much of Sunday. Learn to love it well. Never talk or think of 'work' in connection with it. It should be too supreme a joy for that. As a minister, I have had more than two thousand awakenings, to remember it was Sunday morning, and not a score that failed to give me a thrill of joy. Yes ! if you love your brother, and know life, and have hope of the world, you will never meet Sunday morning except with open arms,—you will never be in want of something to say.

Be mindful of the children's right to their share of Sunday. In the Sunday school there is still much to do, especially in the direction of transforming the school into a meeting-place for friends. But I have found it a useful and beautiful thing to occasionally turn the Sunday morning service itself into a service for young people. We call it 'Young people's morning' ;

but we make it a condition that the ordinary congregation shall attend; sheep and lambs together. 'Bring (not send) your young people' is the order for the day.

I wish I could say anything useful concerning what is known as 'pastoral visitation.' Of one thing only am I certain, that its results are of great value. But my impression is that the value comes when the officialism goes—that the good is done when the people forget that the minister 'called,' and only remember that they have seen a pleasant friend. It is a very difficult matter. 'Pastoral visitation' may easily become positively degrading. On the other hand, it may be so carried out as to be most engaging and elevating. I would say that it all depends upon yourself, if I did not remember how even the best tactician and the simplest-hearted minister may be chilled or thwarted by stiff or clumsy members of the congregation, and I have often wondered why a greater proportion of people do not make it easy for the young minister by well-timed invitations, not to absurd dinner parties, but to brief home-gatherings, when it might be arranged that all would be, as far as possible, at home, if only for an hour. We have had many discourses to young ministers on 'How to visit': I want to hear one to congregations on 'How to be visited.' For my own part, I have always made it a rule to have no rule. I have gone where I thought it was necessary, and as I have usually gone to the very lonely or to those who were in trouble, I have often congratulated leading members of the congregation who reminded me that I had not called for a year.

In visiting the sick, I have found that it is very much the best not to talk about sickness or the soul. Sometimes it is best to tell the gossip of the day, to report what is going on in fields interesting to the invalid, or even to fall back on that old bankrupt stock, and talk about the weather. But of this I am sure, that he will best succeed in this difficult duty who least thinks of it as a duty, and who is freest from professionalism and fullest of brotherly love.

That suggests the homely counsel: Be kind. Not a very profound thing to say, but, ah! how much there is in it! And remember that being kind does not mean being soft; it may mean the reverse; it may mean being exceptionally strong. Nearly all the great, strong men are somehow gracious men. It is too much the custom to confound kindness with politeness: ah! but that is not it. If necessary, be kind—and grip. Again I say, you must be strong. Where you must make a stand, make it, and stand like a rock, and be as silent, if you can, but let the sunlight shine upon the rock. And again I say: Be kind. It is your vocation. To put it on no higher ground, you do not know your business if you do not know how to be kind. It pays. But be specially kind to old people and children; and, again, be specially kind to the unkind, the stubborn, the fools. Most of them cannot help it.

You are not going forth as priests: it is your good fortune to be simply men. The great apostle just hit it when he said to the Corinthians that he

wanted to be a helper of their joy. At present, I am sorry to say, yours must be a kind of profession, but do what you can to make it as little that as possible, and strive to be only a helper of the people's joy. Do not mind people saying you want to be master, but never let them say with truth that you are ill-natured or unkind.

There is one matter which may give you some concern or, worse still, which may put you in some peril. Interest in social, economical, and political affairs has enormously increased during the past few years, and the religious teacher has, quite naturally, been attracted to them. A score of socialisms are in the air; a hundred life and death problems haunt us everywhere. How natural that an ardent young soul should want to face them, to grapple with them, to find the 'airs from heaven' amid and in these 'blasts from hell'! What are you to do? There is not a man or woman upon this planet who can tell you. One man's vocation may be another man's ruin. Who can set up finger-posts for his brother here?

And yet you may not escape by flight; for the social problems of our time, or, as I should prefer to put it, the new human interests and enthusiasms of our time, are here from God, and they are here for judgment: and they and we stand together as truly before God as the highest angels and whatever interests may be theirs. And if you, as His messengers, are to be loyal to Him and to those to whom you are sent, you must face the duty of the hour.

There is no need to prolong on the Sunday the conflicts of the week; but, as religious teachers, it will be your business to bring to light great principles, to set on high pure ideals, to make humanity your main subject, and generosity and justice your good angels who will guide the strugglers out of the land of Egypt and the house of bondage, into the Promised Land. It will be your business to bear witness to the wonderful ideal God who is coming out of holy places and sacred books into the arena where we wrestle, and into the ways of common life with all their duties, relationships and problems.

We have been too ready to discourse of God as the God of the Unseen, and of so-called sacred things. Let us now grasp His hand in the market, the mine, the exchange, the House of Commons, the Parish Council, the workhouse and the jail. We have talked too long of reconciling man to God. Let us at least suspend that for a time, and see how we can reconcile man to man. We have said too much about saving men from hell hereafter; let us see what we can do to save men from hell here.

The old theological fight had its uses, its even immense uses, and may have its uses again; but the real 'forward movement' for the day is a movement which will give hope and guidance to the social armies whose revolutionary movements have already brought us so near to civil war. If the religious teacher has no creative or guiding part to play here he is doomed.

What part you ought to play in this difficult arena no one can tell you. That you must quietly find out for yourselves. But this, at all events, may be usefully said,—that you may distinguish between the minister and the citizen. It will be, not only your right, but your duty to work with your fellow-citizens for whatever social, economical, or political proposals you approve, and any one in a congregation who resents that far exceeds his right; but it will also be your duty to keep the church as free as possible from these subjects. I cannot comprehend how any minister who takes his place and has his say in the open, with other men, can think it right to use his church for political or kindred purposes. It is unfair, it is wasteful, it is irritating, and it may easily be mean. No, we sadly need quiet meeting-places where we can all be one. Let the church, at all events, be one of them—the brightest and the happiest—a very haven of rest and reunion, not for sentimental dreaming, but for deep feeling and lofty thinking, on the highlands of faith and hope and love.

But now, leaving these subjects that are always in season, there must be some special message for you to-day. What is it?

You have arrived at a deeply interesting moment. One is tempted to say, at a critical moment; but all moments are critical, and yet surely there is in this moment something exceptional. Science has revolutionised theology; the politician is getting the better of the priest; the strenuous, I might say strident, sense of freedom is making all things new; the air is full of strange voices, and, in your special sphere, a sterile and sometimes cynical disbelief in things unseen is whispering, moaning, or laughing everywhere. You are specially interested in that; and in that, for you, there is a special danger. You are called to be critical, and it is right you should be; but there this danger lies. On the one hand, unbelief will push you hard, and, on the other hand, the people in possession—the obscurantists, the timid, the officials who cry ‘Great is Diana of the Ephesians’—will aggravate you, and tempt you to be militant. Perhaps some of you, out of pure chivalry, will join hands with the denounced iconoclasts, and go farther than you meant—farther than you need. It is not a conservative and a churchman, but a radical and a free lance, who now begs you to give faith in things unseen the benefit of the doubt, to cleave ever to its ‘sunnier side.’

I am persuaded that we are nearing a tremendous crisis, and that faith on the old lines is breaking down, and I am as fully convinced that faith, or, rather, trustful expectation, based upon a scientific sense of the vast possibilities of nature, is the main hope of the world. What we want is a blending of rationalism and spiritualism (using that word in no narrow or technical sense). Why not? Why should not a rationalist be an even exultant believer in the Unseen, and with the help of science too? You have only got to get rid of the supernatural by adequately enlarging the sphere of the natural, then God

and the angels will be at least as real as man and his beetles, and, instead of a faint hope, we should pass on to a joyous expectation that the spirit-self is in training here for the great forthmarching to vaster possibilities beyond. And I think I can see that such an expectation will in time come to be regarded as a very refined and potent form of faith.

It is here that you may become vividly conscious of your oneness with all religious spirits. You and the conventional Christians will never agree about the Trinity, the precise nature and genesis of Jesus, the meaning of inspiration, and the place of pardon or atonement in the matter of salvation, but you and they may intensely agree about the things of the spirit which are spiritually discerned, and I have a strong hope that the militantly anti-theological men of science, and even such iconoclasts as Colonel Ingersoll, may come home by this route of a generous reliance upon the stupendous possibilities and suggestions of Nature. In truth, I hope as much from the laboratories as from the altars of the world. So then, as far as we can, let us ignore the creed which killeth, and cherish the spirit which giveth life.

We are all the more encouraged to do this because, in all the churches, and in all the camps of literature, rationalism is making way. The bright spirits, the men and women it is worth our while to reckon, are nearly all going what we have been calling 'our way;' and that suspected foot-path is rapidly becoming a good high-road. By all means. Let them go on. They sorely tempt us to say, 'We told you so!' but we must use that saying economically; and yet, all the same, they are justifying Lindsey and Priestley, Channing and Carpenter, Yates and Aspland, Parker and Martineau. What if, at last, we willingly let the other side finish the capture of the old earthworks, and wait till we can go on with them to the citadel by and by? It is delightful, it is amusing, it is splendid, but it considerably alters the programme of work set down for us to do.

And that brings us, last of all, to our true vocation as ministers and teachers. Never before shone out as clearly the bidding, 'Feed the church of God'; and feeding is surely not criticism and controversy. Volumes, manuals, reviews, magazines, the very newspapers, are, to a considerable extent, doing the work of criticism. It is in the air. Be thankful in so far as you can be relieved from the task of spending the precious Sunday mornings in dissecting Isaiah, or disentangling Genesis, or fixing the date of the Gospel according to John. The people ought to know about these matters, but the information should come in by the way,—as seasoning, not as blocks of salt.

It is vitally important that a clear understanding should be arrived at as to the Bible, and it should be unnecessary for the minister to remind his hearers that the Bible is one of the most inconsistent books in the world, whose glories and grossnesses are as far apart as heaven and hell; but that

should not need dwelling upon; it should be taken for granted; and, when once it is taken for granted, it is astonishing how interesting and really instructive the Bible becomes, and what rich and varied pasture it affords.

But your real subject is humanity and life;—the baby, not 'born in sin and shapen in iniquity'; the little toddler, just taking to his feet; the scholar, off to school; the young apprentice; the workman; the housewife; the tradesman; the manufacturer; the doctor; the lawyer; the newspaper man; the justice of the peace; the engine driver; the cabinet minister; the farmer; the old people, feeling their way to the hiding veil; the silent ones, gone into 'the silent land.'

Do you wonder when your subjects will be exhausted? Never, while you have eyes to see, a mind to discern, a conscience to judge, and a heart to feel; never until the last throb of sympathy stirs blood and brain; never till the last gleam of imagination leaves pictureless the deserted house; never till the last tear is dry and the eyes are turned to dust.

Go now and prove it! and the blessing of God and man, of heaven and earth, be with you all!

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### 'THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.'

THAT 'great and good' man, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, is now probably satisfied,—for the time. The Conservatives have got him and will use him: but he has got them and will use them. The result we shall see, a pretty sight to watch. A wrecker is not always worth his price to other people. His business tends too much to make him plan for his own hand. But 'sufficient unto the day is' the bargain thereof! In the meantime, it is interesting to observe how very general the feeling now is that Mr. Chamberlain *does* plan for his own hand, and that his attack and defence are purely personal. Even in discussing great questions calling for statesmanship, he always gives us the impression that he is considering, not the questions, but the game—that he is laying his hands, not upon tools, but upon catapults. His one business seems to be to go for the men who stand in his way. As for their proposals, Let us find out or invent every imaginable defect, and try, not to amend, but to crush.

When Mr. Gladstone said that he played the part of 'the devil's advocate,' it was felt by some that for once the genial old man had been vindictive. But the fine humour of it, when the reference was understood, and the absolute exactness of it, quite carried him through. 'The devil's advocate' was an official of the old Roman Catholic Church who, on the proposed canonisation of a saint, came in to say all he could against him. That was his business. It was not his *role* to be fair and judicial, to look on all sides, or even to tell the truth; his sole duty was to be smart and pitiless, to rake up all he

could that was bad and to cover up all that was good, to do and say anything, in fact, that would damage the chances of the proposed saint. Not a noble *role*, and a very poor sort of a creature could fill it.

Rome probably never appointed its strong men to play the part, though perhaps, now and then, a strong man with a twist drifted into it. He deceived no one. He had to be listened to. He emptied his pail. He was always understood. He had his day.

## HOLIDAY GLIMPSSES.

### LAKES LUCERNE AND THUN.

JOHN RUSKIN notwithstanding, Lake Lucerne (or, more properly, the Vierwald-stätter) is still one of the most delightful spots in Europe. To him the steamers were hateful, but they have enabled thousands to see it who otherwise would have known it only as a rumour. It is now too late for this year until the autumn. Indeed, the only reasonable time for going to such places is early in June, or even before. After that, tonic air may easily be too warm, and we may have too much of Regent Street and Vanity Fair, crowding and clatter, tobacco and dust.

The 23rd of last May was a memorable day. After several days of rain, came the heavenly morning which can only come after rain, with purged skies and glorified clouds, pellucid air and magic colours everywhere, and every bird and blade and leaf and flower smiling with absolute freedom from the soiling earth. On such a day, the sail from Lucerne to Flüellen is surely one of the most enchanting in the world. The slow boat is best, as this most frequently crosses and recrosses the lake, and one has chances of scores of perfect pictures. But it is necessary to go to the front, speak to no one, and just look.

There are three supreme places to stay at on the lake; Hertenstein Pension; Hotel Paradis, Weggis; and Tellsplatte. They are all quiet and beautifully situated, but are entirely different. For serious beauty and

romance Tellsplatte is best. The hotel, standing quite alone, rather high above the lake, is on the Axenstrasse, as wonderful for its loveliness as for its bold and ingenious construction. This Axenstrasse enables even weakly people to take walks of many miles on a fairly level road which gives unbroken views of extreme beauty. It has been made as near as possible to the lake, and from it one may always look down upon its intensely beautiful blue green water, surrounded by richly wooded mountains, rather 'shut in,' but with occasional glimpses (and one notably fine and full view) of Alpine mountains and snow.

The hotel is a very pleasant and well-appointed home, with an English-speaking host and kindly women attendants. Here, for five or six shillings a day, one may find all that any one ought to wish, and they who go at the sensible time we have named may have a room with a balcony and French windows, overlooking one of the most charming pictures imaginable; (not extensive, but very peaceful and pretty.) One could easily live at this window for a month.

The place is so entirely winsome and restful, and the road is so charming that one need not desire to leave it during a brief holiday; but, for those who want short excursions, it abounds in historically interesting and naturally beautiful places, such as Altdorf, Burglen, Goeschenen, Axenfels,

Seelisberg, Rigi; or short sails can be taken on the very good steamers for sixpence or a shilling.

At the three places named, the boats land passengers on tiny stages close to the hotels; Tellsplatte being the greatest distance from Lucerne, in fact, near to Flüellen, at the other end of the lake—a glorious sail!

The exquisite lake of Thun can easily be taken after Lucerne. This will give an opportunity of enjoying the wonderful railway journey over the Brunig pass and the sail on the lake of Brienz. On Lake Thun, the best places to stay at are Oberhofen (Pension Moy) and Spiez (Hotel Schonegg), with a very picturesque view. From Spiez, on a clear day, the drive to Kandersteg should be taken, returning by Aeschi. If there is time, linger for a few days on the way at Hotel Belle Vue at Frutigen with its fine view of the Kander valley and the Blumlisalp. If Spiez is too warm, one can very easily go across the lake to St. Beatenberg, half way up and on the side of an exceedingly steep mountain. At Hotel des

Alpes there the view is superb, including the Jungfrau, the Monch, the Eiger and other fine mountains, a lovely bit of the lake far down, and a great sight of the Kander valley and the mountains beyond. Higher still, Hotel Amisbühl is perhaps the supreme spot, after all. It is surrounded by flowery meadows, and fine clusters of larch and pine, and commands a view of Interlaken and the whole plain beneath, with the pass or gorge leading to Lauterbrunnen beyond. Far away to right and left there are scores of rugged and very picturesque mountains, all crowned by the snowy heights of the Jungfrau, Monch, Eiger, Schreckhorn, &c., all in full view, and seen across a superb foreground. The place is somewhat difficult of access, as carriages cannot get nearer to it than a distance of half a mile. The two ways of reaching it are by driving from Interlaken, or going by the mountain railway from the lake. But, when once there,—!

By the way, the walk or ride down to Interlaken is simply superb.

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## TYNDALL AS AN INVESTIGATOR.

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Now that *Light* can be had, by ordering it, at any of Smith's railway stalls, every inquirer should give it a trial. In a late number, 'General Lorrison,' in the course of an 'interview,' tells a good story of Tyndall's 'investigation' of Spiritualism. It is really funny and illustrates much. Here it is: 'Now, General, let me have some of your experiences with mediums. To begin with, I think I heard you mention that you were present at the famous sitting at which Tyndall settled the question of Spiritualism to his own satisfaction once for all?'

'Was I not? It was I who brought the thing about. I got a friend, who knew Faraday better than I did, to tell him of some of our experiences and invite him to a sitting. Faraday said, "I know you and Captain Lorrison believe in this. Now, when you and Captain Lorrison can produce by yourselves these raps and other phenomena, then I will come and look into the matter." When I heard this, "Tell him," I said, "that on your giving me his message I remarked that I was a sceptic as regards a

man having such an extraordinary tenor voice as Mario, and if I went to the opera of course there would be fraud, and all sorts of dodges to imitate it; but when Mr. Faraday could come and imitate him then I would believe in Mario." Faraday on that admitted that his logic was unsound, and, excusing himself personally on the ground of being too busy, said he would send a very good man to investigate. So Tyndall came. He dined with us first, and laid down the law on the subject in a very dogmatic fashion. It was, he said, one of the peculiarities of the human mind that what people wanted to believe they did believe, and what they wanted to see they usually fancied they saw. I tried to convince him that this was, at any rate, not my experience; for whilst hunting in India, I would have given my little finger to see a piece of a man-eating tiger big enough to shoot at, and never saw it, or imagined I saw it; but he only snorted. After dinner we sat, and the raps and movements began. In a moment Tyndall was under the table, and got hold of

the medium's feet. She was a young lady, and she didn't like it, and said so. "Oh, you object to it," he shouted, "do you? Very well, that's quite sufficient." It was quietly pointed out to him that the young lady had a perfect right to object to having her feet handled by a man under the table, even if he was a scientist intent upon experiments; and he retorted, "Very well, then. These are what you call raps, are they? Now rap on that picture five times before I count ten." And he counted ten with such volubility that it was quite impossible to distinguish the utterance of any one of the numbers. "No raps. That settles the matter. I have done with it." And that was the style, extent, and end of Tyndall's investigation. Fancy a man

calling himself a scientist, and pretending to be an investigator, behaving in that way!

As a contrast, here is a bit of his own experience: 'With Miss "L. M.," a very wonderful medium, I have had at least a thousand sittings, and in the course of them every idea, if not every word, contained in those much vaunted books, "The Perfect Way" and "Clothed with the Sun" was given to me through her hand years before they were written, and is in my possession in manuscript now. Home I sat with quite a hundred times, the Marshalls more than a thousand times, Forster dozens of times, Squire the same.'

The man who can say that has a right to an opinion.

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## 'THE FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD.'

THE London *Chronicle* lately printed a sermon by the Rev. H. R. Wakefield, of St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, London, in which occurred the following passage:— 'The Atonement had been robbed by some well-meaning people of all its real beauty. He had been reading lately an attack upon Christianity which quoted in condemnation of our faith the hymn—

There is a fountain filled with blood.

That was called "language of the shambles." But the Bible itself in many parts puts spiritual truth in a material form. For the Eastern understanding, which loved to be instructed by parabolic methods, it was imperative that somewhat crude and material images should be employed. Is it not the obvious meaning of the hymn that there is a constant life-giving power sent out from the heart of Jesus Christ.'

But that is precisely what the odious verse does not say. Here it is:—

'There is a fountain filled with blood

Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,

Lose all their guilty stains.'

So far from that being 'a constant life-giving power from the heart of Jesus Christ,' it is really the finished result of a wicked murder. The blood has been 'drawn' from the veins, and is separated from the murdered man, as a fountain, in which the sinner has to be plunged. Of course, it is figurative, but that does not improve it. The disgusting hymn is beyond defence. It is gross, heathenish, and brutally silly, as Mr. Wakefield would see if it were not included in his book, and if he could come to it without prejudice.

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## THE LATE ELECTIONS.

THE late elections will be memorable for several things, and notably for the enormous lying that preceded it, and for the avidity with which everything that could be perverted was seized hold of and used, without scruple, by such newspapers as the *Times* which probably thinks it is honest and the

(London) *Evening News* which does not think at all. Here is an instance. With only a palpably cooked paragraph to go upon, which, even at its worst, only suggested a party 'deal,' these papers built up a huge structure of charges of personal treachery and fraud, not only against the Irish leaders, but

against some of the most honourable men in England, and a host of papers and speakers all over the country hastened to spread abroad the wicked concoction of malice and falsehood. Corrections, stern denials, and palpable explanations were forthcoming, but the authors and disseminators of this black concoction made no sign, but went on ladling it out. To one of the guiltiest of the London newspapers the following letter was sent, but no notice was taken of it, and the old lie was repeated with almost unbelievable malice:—

SIR,—I suppose that even at election times one may ask for at least the rudiments of fair play. Will you allow me, then, to say that even if we take for granted the entire accuracy of the brief report of the Dillon and Healy scene (which I do not) it does not in the least follow that there has been a trace of corruption, or, indeed, anything improper. Everybody knows that money is found by the representatives and executives of all parties for the contesting of seats. I myself, two weeks ago, was practically offered this same sum of £200 as a help towards expenses if I would

contest a seat, and I thought the offer an entirely pure one. Does not the Conservative party find money for contesting seats, and for registration purposes? I do not ask for a charitable reading and construction of the "scene": I ask only for a candid one: and a candid reading and construction only suggests (at the worst) that the Nationalists were disposed to turn over a very doubtful contest or two to the Liberals.

Yours truly,

J. PAGE HOPPS.

July 10th, 1895.

At the same time, we must say that the Irish leaders make it very difficult for us to advocate their cause. We believe them to be, in the main, patriotic, honest, and really unselfish men, but they play their game badly. And yet their crudities and absurdities shew how much they and their countrymen need responsibility and the self-control which only self-government can give. Home Rule is the remedy even for these ill-trained and ill-regulated tempers.

## NOTES BY THE WAY

A CORRECTION.—Page 90. For 'Rheims, 1852,' read *Rheims, 1582*.

THE second part of the Study of the religious opinions of Robert Burns is unavoidably postponed.

FORCED INTO DISSENT.—The two articles on 'Forced into Dissent' are now ready as a neat pamphlet. A copy will be sent anywhere for twopence. Will those who approve of it help us to get it afloat? We will send it, for distribution, at the rate of one shilling a dozen, post free; or, if friends care to pay for copies for distribution at our discretion, we know the good ground for sowing seed.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.—A London paper tells the following vulgar but refreshing story:—'I overheard a comic opinion pronounced by a 'bus-driver. "It's this way," he said, "Wot 'ud wimen do with a vote if they 'ad it? They're that contrary. Why, if I says to my old woman, 'Give me tripe and onions

for dinner,' does I get it? *No! I gets beef and greens!*" With which convincing argument he settled the matter to his entire satisfaction!' It has just the spice of truth in it that makes it telling: but still we vote for women's suffrage.

THE NEW WOMAN.—We are afraid that, after all, she will not turn out as some of us expected. In reality, she began with a good cause, but there are to-day signs of devilment that are anything but lovely. Her books are often spicy mainly because they are nasty, and her strength is apt to be merely a new form of hysterics. She cuts her hair short and lingers at her cigarettes long. She cultivates the cynical mood and the swaggering style, and seems to be qualifying for a sort of pretty literary hell, with plenty of champagne and tobacco and mutual admiration. There is another side to it—and a side to be admired—but, for a slight glimpse of the side not to be admired, read the *Westminster Gazette Budget's* report of a literary women's dinner party.

CLUBS.—A speaker at the late meetings of the Co-operative Congress about hit it when he said that Birmingham contains thousands of clubs of different grades of morality, the constituents of success being beer *ad lib.*, bacca *ad nauseum*, and politics *ad devilry*. It is probably specially true of Birmingham, but we are afraid it is, to some extent, true everywhere; more's the pity.

THE NATION AND ITS GRACE.—We had not seen the *Daily Telegraph* for nearly a year until a few weeks ago, but how well we remember its style, and all the old grandiose verbosity and exaggerations of its showy young tail-lashers! Oddly enough, on taking up the *Telegraph* by accident again, the first thing we saw was this: 'In that week of May last which ended on the 18th of the month, the delighted country saw its favourite—well on now towards the fiftieth year of his age—play against Somersetshire at Bristol, and score 288 runs before being dismissed, then and there completing the hundredth of his "centuries," and playing—as only W. G. Grace could play—against such excellent bowlers as Mr. Woods and Tyler. Upon such an event being duly recorded, the whole nation, so to speak, rose with delight and pride at the athletic giant, who had been playing first-class cricket before its eyes for more than thirty years. As a batsman he well deserved, in truth, the triumphal ovation thus given to his name. Twice had he scored over 300 in one innings; thrice had he compiled two innings of over 100 in the same match; ten times exceeded 200 runs, and in a memorable encounter has made 100 off his own bat, and captured on the same day all ten of his opponents' wickets. But it was not merely for his prowess as a cricketer that the nation cheered him to the echo,' &c.

Dear young tail-lashers! how amusingly you roar! and how interested we are in finding you are still at it! Go on, and gush, and prosper!

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE.—At a late meeting of the Land Nationalisation Society, the Rev. W. Tuckwell told a distressing story, turning upon his own experience. As a good clergyman, a radical politician, and a true people's man, he let his glebe land as allotment ground, with the best results. But

there is a successor, and *he* brought results. Mr. Tuckwell, however, shall tell his own story.

'Ten years ago I placed my land at the disposal of parishioners. I let them have what they pleased. I charged the fair agricultural rent of the district, which was £1 an acre. In a short time I had eighty tenants on the land, and I gave them absolute security so long as the rent was paid. It was some of the foulest land in England when they took it; in three years it was some of the cleanest land. During the last five years the average yield in England had been 27 to 30 bushels an acre. The average yield on my allotments was 45 to 48 bushels, and, as to the prosperity of the cottagers, they could hardly move in their cottages for corn bags; two pigs were in every pig sty; they all had a well-stocked larder; and from the ceilings of the kitchens hung four hams, generally wrapped in pieces of old *Reynolds's* newspapers. At my last allotment tea, when Mr. Channing came down to do us honour, we calculated that in the past year we had taken £800 out of the land and put it in the cottages. But was this a complete experiment? No, indeed it was not. I could not give the men permanent tenure. It was glebe land, and—well, all landlords are bad, but glebe landlords are the worst. I might have put up cottages. Several friends came to me and said, "Here's the money; put up cottages"; only, of course, as business men they required the security of the cottages. I could not give them that security. My successor might repudiate all I had done; and, as a matter of fact, my successor has justified my worst fears. I have been told that my successor has confiscated the ten years' work, and has turned some of the tenants from the land. (Shame.) You cry shame, but what do you suppose I feel about it?'

Is not this perfectly horrible? But no alteration will come except upon dire compulsion. The rustic who 'votes Tory' must be grossly ignorant or a hopeless lout.

ONE ROOM FREE!—The *Ladies' Home Journal* incidentally shews to what a degrading extent the tobacco demon has got hold of us. The *Journal* says frankly, and quite truly, that the majority of women tolerate smoking, or pretend to like it, only because they have to

put up with it. 'This,' says the *Journal*, 'only admits of a fancied denial.' And now the superior being has taken to smoking all over the place. 'A man's idea of a home is a place where one room is the same as another, so far as his comfort is concerned.' And so, here is a woman pleading that her bedroom should be spared! And we have come to that! And the *Ladies' Home Journal* plaintively says of the plea, 'It is not too much to ask.' It is really getting rather too hot. But the little baby sucks its bottle in the bedroom. Why shouldn't the big baby suck his cigar or pipe there? But, indeed, why should not baby get its smoke too? We have nearly got to that, for almost as soon as the baby ceases to suck its bottle it begins to suck its cigarette. It is getting very silly.

THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT VOTER.—After a long and varied experience, we are afraid Mr. Macnamara is right. Here is a bit of his conversation with a *Sun* interviewer:—'What is wanted in Deptford is a thorough-going education on political questions. At the present time large numbers of the workers don't seem to have got beyond the attractiveness of a man's personality. If the individual who seeks their suffrages makes a jolly good chairman at a smoking-concert, or takes the initiative in the establishment of a fund for some disabled worker, no question is likely to be put as to his politics.'

'But surely there are many topics which concern the working-classes more or less closely?'

'Undoubtedly; and the line I have followed is to deal exhaustively with them. I have taken the Newcastle programme and endeavoured to weave into it the Sermon on the Mount.'

No wonder Mr. Macnamara was not returned; and that useful Mr. Benn was

rejected in favour of a — well, 'a jolly good chairman at a smoking concert' sort of a man.

THE NATION'S LIFE.—What has been or is 'the very heart and nucleus of the national life'? We should like to ask the question as a sort of prize puzzle. What a variety of answers would be given! But 'The Windsor Magazine,' which, we believe, is rather popular, has somewhat spoiled the notion, for it has given an answer that shuts us all up. It oracularly says, 'Windsor Castle is the very heart and nucleus of national life'; a glorified flunkey view which almost takes away one's breath:—but this is the fashion now.

At a meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, Mr. Alderman Spicer proposed a resolution in favour of Bible teaching in all 'day schools.' Several reasons were given, but one was exceedingly odd. It ran thus: 'The Bible is at once a recognised classic, the fountain of all doctrinal truth taught by the sects, and the only religious text-book which is universally received.' The 'recognised classic' argument would be a strong one if the proposed teaching of the Bible had 'classic' ends in view. But what are we to say to the argument that the Bible ought to be taught in all our elementary schools because every tongue in our theological Babel quotes it? It is proposed, then, to let loose Babel and to shew the children how you can extract anything and everything from it? If not, and if only one interpretation is to be taught, we ask—*whose?* The usual answer is 'The teacher's'; but that is the unfairest and the silliest thing imaginable, especially when we bear in mind what Mr. Spicer calls his 'reason.' But the resolution was carried, 'reason' and all!

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

'Christ or Moses: which?' Preface by Madame Olga Novikoff. With a letter by the Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Williams and Norgate. Assuredly a very interesting pamphlet, but palpably one-sided. We do

not object to the alternative suggested by the title, but to its working out in so far as it attempts to make out that a future life was unknown to and unexpected by the Jews, and that the Old Testament has nothing to

say in favour of it. The book is badly produced. The following are curiosities:—*chess* (for chess), *Christ's's*, *acceptanee*, *preceeding*, *permissable*, *foundatoin*, *Darvlus the Mede*, *ls* (for *is*), *amalgamation*.

'A first book of electricity and magnetism, for the use of elementary science and engineering students, and general readers.' By W. P. Maycock, M.I.E.E. London: Whittaker & Co. We lately noticed Mr. Maycock's admirable book on 'Electric Lighting and Power Distribution.' The work before us is of a rather more elementary kind, including original questions and useful hints of apparatus, with over one hundred neat diagrams. It is 'a second edition; thoroughly revised, corrected and greatly enlarged,' and is, at any rate, a creditable attempt to put the beginner in the right road, with excellent guide posts. It is a cheap book, moreover; only half-a-crown.

'Parsifal. The finding of Christ through Art. A Wagner Study.' By A. R. Parsons, New York: The Metaphysical Publishing Company. It is pleasant to find that Mr. Parsons' book on Wagner and *Parsifal* has reached a second edition. If only for the sake of the very copious extracts from Wagner's writings, the book is worth attention. Many who admire his music do not know the intellectual and spiritual intentions and strivings of which it is but the expres-

sion. Wagner was a philosopher, a keen thinker, an artist and poet in the highest sense of these words. As his life-work came to an end, he became profoundly interested in Christ and Christianity, and, turning with disgust from the Jehovah of the Old Testament, he found in Christ and in his revelation of the Father and Son the inspiration which resulted in *Parsifal*. This Mr. Parsons abundantly proves; and, in doing this, he throws light upon many of the subjects which interested a very remarkable man.

'Popular scientific lectures.' By Ernst Mach. Translated by T. J. McCormack. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.; and London: Watts & Co., Johnson's Court. Ernst Mach is Professor of Physics in the University of Prague. He might also have been Professor of Poetry, if we may judge of his faculty by his style, for he makes music of subjects that are too often treated as the property of our old friend 'dry-as-dust';—such subjects, for instance, as 'The Velocity of Light,' 'On the fundamental concepts of Electrostatics,' 'On the principle of the Conservation of Energy,' 'On Transformation and Adaptation in Scientific Thought.' The book has a large number of cuts and diagrams and a notably workmanlike index. The whole 'get up' of the book is excellent.

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## LOWELL LINES.

1.—SOME day the soft ideal that we wooed  
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,  
And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my  
praise,  
And not myself was loved? Prove now thy  
truth;  
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;  
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,  
The victim of thy genius, not its mate."

*Harvard Commemoration Ode.*

2.—THE security of the state is based on the  
moral instincts and the manhood of its  
members.

*Scotch the Snake, or kill it?*

3.—PURE love doth ever elevate  
Into a holy bond of brotherhood  
All earthly things, making them pure and  
good.

*Sonnets.*

4.—FAITH in God, faith in man, faith in  
work—this is . . . a creed ample enough  
for this life and the next.

*New England Two Centuries Ago.*

5.—Tho' the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis  
Truth alone is strong.

*The Present Crisis.*

6.—DEMOCRACY is safe because it is just, and safe only when it is just to all.

*Scotch the Snake, or kill it?*

7.—PETAL by petal spreads the perfect rose,  
Secure of the divine event;  
And only children rend the bud half-blown  
To forestall Nature in her calm intent.

*Ode for Fourth of July.*

8.—THE real will never find an irremovable basis till it rests on the ideal.

*Democracy.*

9.—PERHAPS the longing to be so  
Helps make the soul immortal.

*Longing.*

10.—SLOWLY the Bible of the race is writ,  
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;  
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,  
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.

*Bibliolatres.*

11.—THE Lord wants reapers: oh, mount up,  
Before night comes, and says, "Too late!"

*Above and Below.*

12.—As thrills of long-hushed tone  
Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine  
With keen vibrations from the touch divine  
Of noble natures gone.

*Memoria Positum.*

13.—THE true ideal is not opposed to the real, nor is it any artificial heightening thereof, but lies in it, and blessed are the eyes that find it!

*Shakespeare Once More.*

14.—BE as thou would'st be in thine own clear sight;  
And so thou shalt be in the world's ere long.

*Sonnets.*

15.—It is not to be doubted that minds are of as many different orders as cathedrals, and that the Gothic imagination is vexed and discommoded in the vain endeavour to flatten its pinnacles, and fit itself into the round Roman arches.

*Leaves from my Journal.*

16.—NEITHER man nor nation can find rest short of their highest convictions.

*The Seward-Johnson Reaction.*

17.—No power can die that ever wrought for Truth;

Thereby a law of Nature it became,  
And lives unwithered in its blithesome youth,  
When he who called it forth is but a name.

*On the Death of Channing.*

18.—WHEN people stand in great dread of an invisible power, I suspect they mistake quite another personage for the Deity.

*Biglow Papers.*

19.—O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,

Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!

Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,  
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

*To Garrison.*

20.— LIFE, the one block  
Of marble that's vouchsafed wherefrom to carve

Our great thoughts, white and godlike, to shine down  
The future.

*Columbus.*

21.—COMPROMISE is not a cement but a wedge.

*E Pluribus Unum.*

22.—THEY are slaves who will not choose Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think.

*Stanzas on Freedom.*

23.—PEOPLE who are truly original are the last to find it out, for the moment we become conscious of a virtue, it has left us or is getting ready to go.

*Essay on Rousseau.*

24.—BETTER rot beneath the sod,  
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God.

*On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves.*

25.—SAVING one's soul should be the cheer-  
fullest, and not the dreariest, of businesses.

*New England Two Centuries Ago.*

26.—NOR deem that acts heroic wait on  
chance

Or easy were as in a boy's romance ;  
The man's whole life precludes the single deed  
That shall decide if his inheritance  
Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,  
Our race's sap and sustenance,  
Or with the unmotivated herd that only sleep  
and feed.

*Under the Old Elm.*

27.—NEW occasions teach new duties ; Time  
makes ancient good uncouth ;  
They must upward still, and onward, who  
would keep abreast of Truth.

*The Present Crisis.*

28.—IT is a fine thing when we can accustom  
our animal appetites to good society, when  
body and soul (like master and servant in an  
Arab tent) sit down together at the same  
board.

*Leaves from my Journal.*

29.—TRUTH is eternal, but her effluence,  
With endless change, is fitted to the hour.

*Glance behind the Curtain.*

30.—TO be of good family should mean being  
a child of the one Father of us all ; and good  
birth, the being born into God's world, and  
not into a fool's paradise of man's invention

*Reconstruction.*

31.—The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.

*Columbus.*

## A PRIEST OF NATURE.

There's a stately priest who standeth  
All robed in his vestures green,  
And he clasbeth a silver chalice,  
His holy hands between.

A morning mass he singeth,  
And lifteth his chalice white  
All solemnly up to heaven,  
In the early dawning light.

A noontide mass he singeth,  
And lo ! the adoring sun  
And the flowers, God's sisters of mercy,  
All join in unison.

An evening mass he singeth,  
And the fair evening star  
And the birds, before they slumber,  
Join with him from afar.

A midnight mass he singeth,  
He raiseth his chalice high,  
While the Abbess-moon and her sisters,  
The stars, chant solemnly.

At dawn, at noon, eve, midnight,  
His worship is never done,  
He wearieih not in devotion,  
That zealous, holy one.

The breeze taketh hold of his garments,  
Then droppeth them, mute with awe,  
As he raiseth his sacred chalice  
More grandly than before.

What marvel, priest so fervent,  
So saintly and so wise ;  
Should have mysterious trances,  
And starry sympathies !

Would'st thou see this priest that standeth,  
All robed in his vestures green ?  
Would'st thou join in his ceaseless worship ?  
Would'st thou look on his saintly mien ?

Then gaze on the stately ARUM,  
That solemn, saintly flower ;  
And join in his ceaseless worship,  
And feel its cleansing power

T. B.