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DEATH OF MRS. FANNY KEMBLE.

The Central News learns that Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble, the celebrated Shakespearian reader and actress, passed away very suddenly on Sunday night at the residence of her son-in-law, the Hon. and Rev. Canon Leigh, Gloucester-place, Portman-square, at the advanced age of eighty-five. Her illness had been of very brief duration, but she had been attended throughout by Dr. Stormount Murray. The funeral will take place on Friday next at Kensal-green Cemetery, at two o'clock. The deceased had retained all her faculties until the end, except that she had latterly become slightly deaf. She was universally admired and esteemed, and enjoyed the friendship of all the greatest characters who in the literary, scientific, and political world have played a conspicuous part in public life during the last sixty-five years. Among her friends were the late Lord Melbourne, Lord Lansdowne, the late Poet Laureate, and the poet Longfellow. Kensal-green has been selected for the burial as being the place where her father, the celebrated Charles Kemble, lies interred.

PRIVATE BILLS IN PARLIAMENT.

When the limit of time allowed by the regulations of Parliament for depositing at the Private Bill Office of the House of Commons memorials, alleging non-compliance with the Standing Orders in respect of any of the second hundred of Bills on the general list of petitions had expired yesterday afternoon, it was found that nine memorials had been lodged in reference to six Bills. Three of these memorials had regard to the London Improvements Bill, promoted by the London County Council, and were presented on behalf of Mr. E. F. Dumble and others, and Mr. N. T. Lawrence and another, and Mr. James Hillhouse and others, and one of the allegations is that the notices, as published in the *London Gazette*, do not specifically state certain of the objects of the measure. The Bill, it will be remembered, proposes the construction of a new street from Holborn to the Strand, of a southern approach to the Tower Bridge, widening of Wood-lane, Hammersmith, rebuilding of Vauxhall Bridge, new ferry at Rotherhithe, and a southern approach to Woolwich Ferry. In the case of the County Council Bill making provision for the imposition of a new rate or charge on lands and property within the County of London or on the owners thereof, one memorial was presented, being from Mr. N. T. Lawrence and another. It appears, therefore, that in regard to three measures of the Council, viz., those relating to open spaces, including the requisition of Hackney Marsh, of York Water-gate, and the maintenance of the Albert Palace, Battersea; to the removal of numerous gates and bars and the General Powers Bill, no question is to be raised at this stage. The other Bills, besides the two mentioned above, as to which memorials were presented yesterday, were the Manchester, Middleton and District Tramways; Staines, Chertsey, &c., District Sewage Board (memorial from Mr. Albert Sill and another); Rochester Extension and Water (from Mr. J. Baird and another) and East Stonehouse Water (two). On the other hand, the Channel Bridge and Railway Bill, Manchester Ship Canal (Additional Capital, &c.) Bill, London, Chatham, and Dover and South-Eastern Railway Companies, Hornsey Local Board, West Ham Corporation Bill, and other measures are, like three of the Bills of the County Council previously alluded to, to go unopposed before the examiners.

BANDS OF HOPE AT THE WESTMINSTER TOWN HALL.

A competition in singing and recitation between the Westminster Bands of Hope took place yesterday evening in the Westminster Town Hall. Archdeacon Farrar presided, while Mrs. Gladstone kindly consented to distribute the prizes. Canon Fleming adjudged the prizes for the best recitation, and Professor Bridge for the best singing. The hall was filled to overflowing with the various bands of hope and their friends, so that the young performers had a formidable ordeal to go through. Both the recitations and the singing of solos and glees were extremely well done. Representatives competed from the Bands of Hope of the parishes of St. John, St. Margaret's, Holy Trinity, St. Andrew's, and St. Stephen's. Members of the St. Andrew's Band of Hope were particularly distinguished in the singing competitions, carrying off the first prizes for girls' and boys' solos and boys' glees, and the second prize for girls' glees, while the St. Margaret's Band took the second prize in the three first-mentioned competitions, and the first prizes for girls' glees and girls' recitations. Holy Trinity took the first prize for boys' recitations, and St. Andrews the second, and St. Stephen's the second prize for girls' recitations. The challenge banner, which has been presented by Mrs. King, and awarded on the results of the whole competition, was won by the St. Andrew's Band of Hope, which defeated St. Margaret's by one mark. Professor Bridge, in adjudging the prizes for the singing, said he would like to give all the boys and girls a hint, and that was to stand up straight and to open their mouths. He himself had begun to sing in a choir when he was six years old, and had been taught to open his mouth, and if he had not learnt to do that he probably would not now be organist at Westminster Abbey. (Cheers.)—Canon Fleming said he had great pleasure in being present that evening, and hoped that those who had not won would not be discouraged, but would remember what a poet had said to us, that virtue lies in the struggle, not the prize. (Cheers.)—Mrs. Gladstone, who was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers, then distributed the prizes to the successful competitors.—Archdeacon Farrar expressed his thanks to the two judges for their kindness in coming. He had only one more duty to perform, and that was in the name of the meeting to return their best thanks to Mrs. Gladstone for the honour which she had done them in coming there that evening. She had come for two reasons, because she took a deep interest in children, and also because she took a deep interest in temperance. He was sure they all felt honoured that the wife of the Prime Minister was there to distribute the prizes. Three cheers were given for Mrs. Gladstone, the audience standing.

HENRY GEORGE AND HERBERT SPENCER.

"A Perplexed Philosopher." By Henry George. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.)

The key to this last production of the author of "Progress and Poverty" lies in the quotation from Browning's "Lost Leader" on the title-page. Mr. Herbert Spencer is a "Lost Leader." He is one of those who "did run well," but is now a backslider; and, according to Mr. George—whose righteous indignation carries him into the use of very strong language—a dishonest backslider. For, while Browning never meant to say definitely and literally that Wordsworth left the Progressive cause "just for a handful of silver" or "for a ribbon to stick in his coat," Mr. George does bring such an accusation against the author of the Synthetic Philosophy. We quote Mr. George's exact language (p. 84):—

But as hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue, so the very crookedness of this letter (to the *St. James's Gazette*) indicates Mr. Spencer's reluctance to flatly deny the truth to which he had borne witness. He no more wanted to deny it than Simon Peter to deny his Lord. But the times had changed since he wrote "Social Statics." From an unknown man, printing with difficulty an unsaleable book, he had become a popular philosopher, to whom all gratifications of sense, as of intellect, were open. He had tasted the sweets of London society, and in the United States, from which he had just returned, had been hailed as a thinker beside whom Newton and Aristotle were to be mentioned only to point his superiority. And, while the fire in the hall of the High Priest was warm and pleasant, "society" had become suddenly aroused to rage against those who questioned private property in land. So when the *St. James's* and the *Edinburgh*, both of them chosen organs of Sir John and his Grace, accused Herbert Spencer of being one of these, it was to him like the voices of the accusing damsels to Peter. Fearing, too, that he might be thrust out in the cold he, too, sought refuge in an alibi.

Such is the charge which this volume attempts to sustain. It is a plain charge of dishonesty brought against a man of great intellectual distinction, though not the Aristotle that his injudicious friends (who have probably never opened Aristotle in their lives) assert. Mr. Spencer is distinctly charged with having abandoned his doctrines as to public ownership of land, because he has been taken up by "society," and has the opportunity of gratifying every sense. We may say at once that we regard this charge as absurd, and this kind of argument as unworthy of a man who can write so well and who was once so influential as Mr. Henry George. Whether this stinging personal attack, suggested by a controversy now some years old, is likely to revive Mr. George's popularity we do not know. What we do know is that controversy of this sort is not profitable, to say the least of it. As a matter of fact Mr. Spencer is a recluse in very feeble health, and he has been so for years. The amusements into which he enters, and which Mr. George minutely particularises, have been and are remedies for bad health, and for the terrible insomnia to which for years Mr. Spencer has been the victim. To represent him as caught up in the mad whirl of London "society," and as probably spending his time with dukes and countesses, sportsmen and actresses, is so ridiculous that no one with any sense of humour could have made such a charge. And we fear that, like all men of one idea, Mr. George must have entirely lost what humour he ever had—a dreadful warning to reformers; for life without humour is dreary to oneself and intolerable boredom to others. We prefer this hypothesis to the assumption that Mr. George deliberately intended to be malicious. The zeal for the "single tax" has eaten him up.

The other ground furnished us in this book for Mr. Spencer's apostasy is contained in the final chapter, which is a sort of "moral." It is not only "society" which has ruined poor Mr. Spencer, but a "blank materialism" which, it appears, "affords as efficient a means for stilling conscience and defending selfish greed as any perversion of religious truth." Now Mr. Spencer's philosophy is by no means ours, nor do we think his ethical speculation a very strong part of his system; indeed, we do not think a great deal of Mr. Spencer's "system" at all. But to insinuate, in the face of Mr. Spencer's "First Principles," that its author holds a creed of "blank materialism" indicates a lack of perspicacity which shows that the hand of the author of "Progress and Poverty" has lost its cunning. But a truce to all this kind of argument, which imputes low motives or unworthy creeds to men with whom one happens to differ on great matters of social reform!

Every one who has read Mr. Spencer's "Social Statics" is aware that he there declared that equity "does not permit property in land." That was his opinion in 1850. Mr. George differed from him in the way of stating the land problem and of solving it; but he felt that they were brothers, as it were, in the same crusade against landlordism. Mr. Spencer has now receded from that view of his early manhood; or rather, to quote from his letter to the *St. James's Gazette*, he holds that "the purely ethical view of the matter does not obviously harmonise with the political and the politico-economical views." In other words Mr. Spencer finds the whole question of land tenure so complicated and the present conditions of social life so largely determined by historical evolution that he is not able to pronounce a clear dictum on the question as he was forty-three years ago. We may regret—we *do* deeply regret—the stiffening of Mr. Spencer's thought into a hard and narrow individualism which kills out hope of vital social reform (and which Mr. Spencer shares in no small degree with Mr. George himself), but we must protest against this being put down to desire to please Sir John and his Grace, with whom Mr. Spencer is assumed to be lounging at his club or shooting over the ducal estates. Doubtless, Mr. Spencer might have been bolder in definitely renouncing the doctrines of his youth. But allowance must be made for a constitutionally cautious and nervous man, who has spent his life in study, and who, as a matter of fact, has always written as a thinker, as a calm student, and not as a practical reformer, much less as a "leader" of political action.

Now, there is an awkward Latin saying—*Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*—which, if we believed in this method of conducting controversies, we might very fairly address to Mr. George. He contrasts his own consistency with the tergiversations of Mr. Spencer—both of them basing their sociology, by the way, entirely on the doctrine of "individual rights," preached by Locke and the eighteenth-century school. Mr. George tells us he was always for the single tax, as the one "Morrison's pill" which was to solve all our economic troubles and purge the body politic from its complaints. Well, that was not the impression which Mr. George first produced here or in his own country. Mr. George was never a "land nationaliser," he tells us, but only a "single taxer." Well, in "Progress and Poverty" we read (book vi. chapter ii.) that the true remedy is this: "We must make land common property," and the line is italicised as showing its importance. Now, land reformers here flocked to Mr. George's banner because he was, as they understood, for communism in land. Does anyone mean to say that merely taxing land values, without interfering in any way with ownership, fulfils the promise of making "land common property"? What is a plain man to think of such a communistic phrase and of such a commonplace interpretation? Mr. George worked here with the Social Democrats, and he made use of the New York Socialists and Labour leaders when running for the mayoralty of that city on an undoubtedly Socialistic program in 1886. Curiously, it was only after this that the "single tax" was heard of as being the universal remedy. It was after the Syracuse Convention, when Mr. George rid himself of his Socialist friends, and determined to fall in with the Democratic party, putting confidence in Mr. Cleveland as an absolute Free Trade leader. From the position of a prophet Mr. George descended to that of a Democratic party man. We, for our part, believe that in all this Mr. George was thoroughly honest, that his individualism grew upon him, and that he found it impossible for him to co-operate with the Socialist factions of New York. But suppose any carping critic were to adopt towards Mr. George the methods he adopts towards Mr. Spencer, and attribute this change to unworthy motives—to the fact that the journalist from the *Irish World* who was arrested in Ireland ten years ago had become well-to-do, connected with a prosperous publishing house, able to make a long voyage to the West Indies? What would, we say, be thought of criticism of this kind? It would be rightly denounced; for whatever else we may think of Mr. George, we are certain that he is not only a brilliant and persuasive writer, but a sincere and honest man, whose highest aim it is to promote human welfare. And we therefore think that in his consideration of the "Perplexed Philosopher," Mr. George has not done justice to his own inherently noble nature; and that is a more serious injury than any he can have inflicted on Mr. Spencer.

A PRAISE OF CULTURE.

"In the Key of Blue, and Other Prose Essays." By John Addington Symonds. (London: Mathews and Lane.)

"I have tried," writes Mr. Symonds in his preface, "to make the selection representative of the different kinds of work in which I have been principally engaged—Greek and Renaissance Literature, description of places, translation, criticism, original verse." This catholicity of interests is one of the great attractions which scholarly readers feel towards the work of Mr. Symonds: he is ever leading them to fresh fields of art, ways of thought, regions of emotion. He does not write of Walt Whitman without knowing Homer; of Goethe without knowing Plato; of Swiss valleys and Italian plains without knowing Arcady and Attica. His knowledge is alive, active, sensitive; the humanities to him *are* human or humane. Life and literature, places and peoples, are equally dear; an old Italian poet or a modern Italian peasant will stir in him an equal curiosity, an equal sympathy. A universal critic, his wealth of learning enables him to produce an abundance of fine experiences; in the presence of actual life, he has at his command whole troops of memories, images, reflections, comparisons, contrasts, won from learned study, wherewith to double his interest in that actual life. To him, all things are coloured by association: he can never be at a loss for appropriate sentiment: nothing comes to him a mystery altogether. All of us know that strange impression of having done certain things, been in certain places, at some earlier period of our lives, although we know that it is a delusion. The true man of culture is somewhat in that state; the new place, person, book, experience, does not seem to him quite unfamiliar; not, in Emerson's phrase, "a virgin, to-day." He has an instinct which tells him that what he feels, or sees, or hears, has this or that connection with, likeness to, derivation from, this or that other thing felt, or seen, or heard, before. The verse of M. Verlaine, the spiritual tone of Dr. Ibsen, the character of Whitman's doctrine, the aims of Mr. Whistler in painting, of Wagner in music: these do not come upon him with an overwhelming surprise, a baffling novelty. He is in a measure prepared for them, has known the like of them before, is comparatively at his ease and at home with them. Men are said to be in a physical condition to "receive" poisonous germs, or in a spiritual condition to "accept" religious truth: just so the man of culture is in a mental and emotional condition to receive and to accept new experiences in literature and in life. Not, of necessity, to welcome and approve them; but, certainly, to comprehend them, to recognise and reckon with them. A Keats will fasten upon Greek beauty by some high prerogative of genius, some innate affinity, without all this preparatory culture: genius is genius, and never entirely explicable. But the man of fine culture, disciplined and trained, with the muscle of his mind, so to say, in good order, and his spiritual nerves well strung, acquires his wealth of wisdom and wit by delighted pains, arduous ardour, vigilant toil: his talent, which is not genius, gains ten talents.

Yet all this does not make your man of culture a man of art, a master of composition and design: it can but fertilise and enrich the soil of his mind, make him a better companion to himself and to the world, give a fine quality to his experiences and thoughts. There is nothing of the creative, the productive, the artistic faculty here. It is a lamentable habit of mind which leads us to expect good writing from all and any men of good understandings and wide sympathies. Mr. Symonds has written many books of diverse kinds; has he written one perfect book? His seven great volumes upon the Italian Renaissance are heavy with erudition, full of laborious research, the fruit of years and pains and knowledge and zeal; they abound in positive information, suggestive criticism; but it were idle to pretend that we read them, as we read the volumes of Gibbon, enchanted by the felicity of method, the arrangement of matter, the skilled disposition and harmonious ordering of multifarious detail. Mr. Symonds' poems, too, are moving, dexterous, not without passion and energy, but they hardly give us the unique, the indescribable emotion, that the master poets give. His essays, sketches, his miscellaneous writing upon art and nature and the ways of men, do not introduce us to a charmed world, as do the writings of Lamb, or Montaigne, or Coleridge, or Arnold, or Mr. Pater. The scholarship is there, the fine taste, the learning and the sympathy; but not—just not—the genius. Read one of Mr. Symonds' Italian sketches and descriptions, and after it read one of Goethe's, or of Heine's. Mr. Symonds has the human sentiments, the happy allusions, the charm of classical or mediæval or renaissance memories, the eye for landscape, the love of a phrase; but all this is not enough, and what is lacking is the incommunicable grace of genius. The present writer has too often envied Mr. Symonds his great gifts and enjoyed his writings to hesitate about hinting at his limitations. Mr. Symonds is himself aware of them. It is less his work than his culture that is attractive, the type of mind and character that his books reveal. In the art of writing he hardly reveals a strong and distinct personality; but in the art of life, as his books enable us to see it, he reveals an admirable genius, a potent personality.

There are thirteen pieces in this delicately adorned volume: one criticism of painting; seven criticisms of literature from various aspects; two English and two Italian pieces of description, varying from fact to fiction; and one general essay upon "Culture: Its Meaning and its Uses." In some of these pieces there are snatches of verse, original and translated. There are passages of fantastic narrative, half personal recollection, so it would seem, half poetical reverie and dream. The variety of Mr. Symonds' interests! Here are criticisms upon the Venetian Tiepolo, upon M. Zola, upon mediæval Norman songs, upon Elizabethan lyrics, upon Plato's and Dante's ideals of love; and not a sign anywhere, except maybe in the last, that he has more concern for or knowledge of one theme than another. Add to these artistic themes the delighted records of English or Italian scenes, with their rich beauties of nature or of art, and the human passion that informs them. How joyous a sense of great possessions, won at no man's hurt or loss, must such a man retain!

Mr. Symonds has here a kindly and admiring criticism upon Edward Cracroft Lefroy, a young clergyman and poet, who died, little known, not long ago. What has so strong a charm for Mr. Symonds is the spiritual, æsthetic character of the man; just that native humanity, cultured and trained, which gives distinction. Lefroy was "a Christian without asceticism, a Greek without sensuality." He loved all that is young and sane, in Greek life; yet he was a sincere Christian, and could express in life and art the harmony of Christian faith with Greek sympathies. Here we see the positive wealth and health and strength of culture; its force and power in a man's life, its ability to deepen and to widen thought, to coordinate diverse tendencies, to interpret doubts and difficulties, to help a man to live. Culture is not the silly thing that some misrepresent it to be; no privilege of superior persons, no idle accumulation of knowledge, no pretence to an over-exquisite refinement. It is a means of living in sympathy with the past world, and with the present; of feeling at home among all classes of men; of realising "one common humanity."

But this, you may say, is not criticism of "In the Key of Blue, and Other Prose Essays." Well, it is at least what the book suggests to us; and few books could suggest thoughts more complimentary to their writers. At the same time, since Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Le Gallienne are at their duel, let us boldly confess ourselves of Mr. Le Gallienne's side, and declare that, if a book's style be naught, the book is naught. Literature is literature; and true, high, fine thoughts badly expressed are as bad as vile, low, mean thoughts well expressed. Mr. Symonds writes very often with simplicity and directness, often with peculiar grace and charm, sometimes perfectly; and he sometimes writes detestably. Thus, upon a picture: "Its marvellous luminosity, its multiplication of low-toned colours in a scheme of yellow and green, delicately heightened by audacious flakes of red . . . and turquoise blue and crimson . . . and blots of *acqua marina*—gemmily imposed upon the thick impasto of the dominant ochres, and flooded with light in which the melody of tone throbs and quivers." That is astounding: a Greek, a Frenchman, would have been ashamed to write it. And even the "Key of Blue," a pretty study, in verse and prose, of various effects produced in various lights and shades by the triple blues of a Venetian youth's dress, for all its whimsical ingenuity, is a little too fantastic for a sober mind. No, Mr. Symonds is best when he is simple and humane, and, after all, his Augusto is a man, not a model.

Come back, my Muse, come back to him,
Who warmed the cold hue, bright or dim.
Those ivory brows, those lustrous eyes,
Those grape-like curls, those brief replies;
These are thy themes—the man, the life—
Not tints in symphony at strife.

THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

MISS WILLARD AT THE EAST END.

The Great Assembly Hall, Mile-end-road, was the scene of a great temperance demonstration last night, and if the building was not perhaps so crowded as was Exeter Hall last Monday, the proceedings were not one whit less enthusiastic. The meeting took place under the auspices of the East London Women's Christian Union, and took the form of a reception and welcome to Miss Willard, the president of the British Women's Christian Temperance Union, and Lady Henry Somerset, the president of the British Women's Christian Temperance Association, by the officers and council and the branches of the union, supported by, among many others, Mr. F. N. Charrington, hon. superintendent of the Tower Hamlets Mission, the Rev. P. Thompson (East-end Wesleyan Mission), Miss Macpherson (Home of Industry, Bethnal-green-road), the Rev. Thomas Richardson, Mrs. Richardson (founder of the union, and president of the council), Miss Gregory, Mr. Williams-Benn, M.P., Mrs. Benn, Mrs. Gregson, Miss Scrutton, Mrs. Helton, Mrs. Paddon (hon. sec.), Mrs. Servante, the Rev. J. de Kewer Williams, Rev. J. Fletcher, Rev. Marmaduke Hare, Mr. J. Hilton, Mr. J. L. Brooks, Rev. C. James, Hon. Emily Kinnaird, Hon. Granville Waldegrave, and Miss Turner.

MRS. RICHARDSON, who presided, said the East-end was often represented as a very miserable and, she was sorry to say, a very degraded place. Still, there were very many warm hearts there—(cheers)—and especially among those who were temperance workers. She believed herself that the best regenerator they could have was this temperance movement. She was fully convinced by her own observation, having lived for thirty years among the poor in East London, that when drink went out of the house prosperity and hope came to the family.

MRS. SERVANTE then read an address of welcome to Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset.

MISS MACPHERSON said that she had frequently had the pleasure of meeting Miss Willard on her visits to America with the many children of drunkards who had been given a fair chance of a happy life in the great New Continent, but she was more glad to meet her here in London, and in the East-end of London, and she devoutly hoped that Miss Willard's visit might result in many people being converted to total abstinence.

The Rev. PETER THOMPSON said he believed in prohibition for the State and total abstinence for the individual. There in the east, if anywhere, total abstinence would solve their difficulties of almost every kind which were now pressing so heavily upon them. It would very soon settle some of the questions of the unemployed—some of the questions of the uneducated and unskilled of our boys and girls who were growing up in drunkards' homes, and influenced to be practically from their very boyhood and girlhood casuals and loafers, and not having a chance of a start in life in this great so-called Christian city and Christian country. They had much to learn from America on the question, which must be dealt with in the Old Country if they were to succeed as temperance reformers, in completely emancipating themselves from the liquor traffic. They all expected a grand temperance Bill from the present Government. They hoped they had knocked compensation on the head, and they hoped they would not be disappointed in the character, and strength, and the thoroughness of the Bill which would be introduced into Parliament. (Cheers.)

Mr. F. N. CHARRINGTON remarked that they would all agree with him that the union were to be congratulated on the great meeting they had got together to welcome Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset. In this East-end of theirs there was no room for any petty jealousies; they wanted every worker they could possibly get, and he hoped this meeting would give a great impetus to the crusade against their most terrible enemy. (Cheers.)

Miss WILLARD, who was very enthusiastically received, many of the audience rising and waving handkerchiefs and cheering, returned thanks for her welcome in a brief speech. There was nothing so becoming in the way of jewellery, she said, as a little white ribbon—the badge of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and she just wanted to have them all belong to it right away. They had heard something about the direct veto. Well, she expected to be here when it passed Parliament, and as she would only be here about four months Parliament would have to hurry up. (Laughter.) But they could all have their own direct veto. Up there in the bright legislature of their own intellects they could each enact a prohibitory law for one. They must make recruits by ones—all their work lay in that. There was a serial story in every man's life with regard to temperance. Chapter one was when he could leave off drinking if he would. Chapter two was when he would leave off if he could. They believed as much in the power of total abstinence as it was possible to believe, and they were willing to struggle hard in the cause. They had to pray and they had to work; to work as if there were no prayer, and to pray as if there were no work. They had been told about the work among the factory girls, and it rejoiced her heart to know that they were being stirred up to join the total abstinence cause. They must sow before they could reap, and they must pay in time and effort and devotion, and then God would make the harvest like the cedars of Lebanon. They need not mind the men who did not like their way of doing things, or the woman who differed from them. They would remember the lines: "Oh, no, we never mention them, their names are never heard." Silence was the best answer; no harsh words, but going right straight on ahead for the thing they thought right, with a kind hand stretched out for those who would take it—that was the way to push total abstinence propaganda. Her father, who was a farmer, taught all his children that it was a disgrace not to work. (Cheers.) And so she believed. She believed that some day, and not a very distant day, as a result of the splendid dignity coming to Labour, we should read that sacred verse that said, "If a man will not work neither shall he eat," in conjunction with another that "if a man will work he shall eat." (Cheers.) The temperance cause would bring that time nearer. She believed that the temperance cause and the Labour cause, so far as it sought its outcome through the ballot-box, and the prohibition cause and the uplifting of woman, were all parts of one great whole. Woman was rising; in the very meek and mild manner which was her usual way; but she was rising. She was trying to make it safer for boyhood and girlhood to go beyond the threshold of the home. (Cheers.) Let the women just try and get the good easy-going folks who had not thought about it, to turn their wineglass right side up, which was always upside down. (Cheers.) Where there was drink there was danger. She had known the danger; the trail of the serpent was over all our pleasant places. In no unkindness to anybody, she had vowed that what one could do in the life that flitted away so fast, by God's grace and the love of mankind she would do to protect the homes of the English-speaking race, and she pledged them that so long as she could speak and think she would work for home and God and native land. (Cheers.)

Lady HENRY SOMERSET also returned thanks, and the proceedings closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Mr. A. Robinson's military band played a selection of music during the evening, the choir of the hall, under the direction of Mr. G. Day Winter, conducted the singing, Mrs. French gave a vocal solo, and Mr. Lambert a cornet solo.

THE public are warned against imitations of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, which are a specific for impurity of the blood, for clearing the skin, and for constipation. One million of these are sold per annum, and as they are made of sulphur, combined with several other valuable medicinal properties, they cannot be successfully imitated. Price 1s. 1½d. per packet, from all Chemists, or from 11, Ludgate-square, E.C.—[ADVT.]

IS CHRISTIANITY PLAYED OUT?

THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—What can be said to a critic who puts "The Epic of Hades" and "Lucile" in the same category as "The Faerie Queen" and "Paradise Regained"! I am sure I never dreamed of saying that the first two were either literature, or even "mere literature." I wouldn't say it if you put me to the torture. And to say that "The Faerie Queen" and "Paradise Regained" are "examples of the form of poetry without its living soul." O day and night, but this is wondrous strange! Test the point even on the weaker couple, "The Idylls of the King" (which it has become a mere cant to disparage) and "The Essay on Man." In Tennyson's poem I find many a stirring line to inspire to true manhood; in Pope I find the very lines, if duly assimilated, to settle the whole of the big question that heads this column:—

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

Gnomic, certainly. Pope didn't realise it himself! Very likely. But would he thus be the only person who builded better than he knew? For me, at least, there is "soul" enough in those lines to make "The Wandering Jew," as Mr. Swinburne would say, "to kick the beam and vanish."

"M." pretends to misunderstand what I mean by "essential Christianity." Surely I could hardly have expressed myself more plainly, though I must not forget "M.'s" years. Surely "essential Christianity" obviously means Christianity pure and simple, disassociated from the creeds and conventions that have in the course of time grown round its central ideal—in other words, what "M." calls "bald Christianity."

This brings me to the test sentence of "M.'s" letter. He says: "If you put bald Christianity before a bench of Bishops or a Wesleyan Conference, or all the deacons in Christendom, they would have at you for a blaspheming atheist." Could anything be more hopelessly from the point? Did I not expressly state that when I spoke of Christianity I was not referring to Romanism, Anglicanism, or any conventional form of it? Did I not speak of Christ re-arisen "released from the trammelling grave-clothes of ecclesiastical superstition?" What more could I have said, what more was needed to make the thing clear even to a man who pleads guilty to the infirmities of middle age? I must buy "M." an ear-trumpet, I think. "M." gives a list of certain men of letters who have despaired of the present age; but he mustn't forget that it is largely the influence of these very men which is operating so beneficially amongst us to-day. All of them, despite lapses of despondency or selfishness, were, I claim, "essential" Christians.

I have read Mr. Buchanan's second letter with much care, and I regret to say that he gives my feet no sensation of that solid ground which he promised them. I know all about the un-Christianity of Christian history—

The name of God
Has fenced about all crime with holiness,

and all that kind of thing, but priests and merely "professing Christians" are irrelevant. The question at issue is at last, one is glad to say, to be fought out in a much narrower pass. Priests and "professing Christians" may still be discussed along with the Trinity and the plenary inspiration of the Bible at preparatory secularist meetings; it is well they should, and I agree with "M." that the Secularists have done splendid work in so discussing them. But they are only skirmishing grounds; the heat of the battle has long since passed elsewhere. The priest and the mere professing believer are the phenomena of all religions; they explain each other as cause and effect; to the prophet and the true believer they are not even step-brothers. They represent the spirit of compromise in all lands. They materialise all they touch; the mere mechanical imitators of great minds, they have discredited Christianity as they discredited Buddhism. Praise indeed be to the Secularists who have discredited them. But the Secularist mistook his mission when he proceeded to discredit the message of which the priests are the unworthy oracles. For that the Secularist's one great weapon, reason, is inadequate. In criticising the fundamental elements of Christianity reason goes beyond its depth. In criticising its historical, ecclesiastical, credentials alone is it within its province. Actually, it cannot even discredit the miracles of Christ. Asked what in Christianity I regard as "essential" I reply: The belief in the beneficence of the Power who made us, in the spiritual significance and ultimate blessedness of existence, and the life for others—(no anchorite self-maceration, but a healthy subjection of self.) Reason cannot disprove any of these propositions; but, curiously enough, while denying the first two, the Secularist has adopted the most transcendental of all three, the life for others, without a murmur. And yet it is harder to prove why we should live for others than to prove the Trinity. It is round this most vital question that the modern armies of faith and doubt are closing for the final struggle.

Yet, if we think a little, we will see that this apparently fantastical, unpractical gospel of unselfishness was a necessary outcome of evolution: it is, in fact, the inevitable *reductio* of the gregarious instinct. Very early on in the world's history men found it impossible to live together on primitive self-preservation principles, and thus the law of "give and take," the recognition of the rights of others, gradually developed in the thick head of primitive man. Unselfishness was, as often since, selfishness at its start, but suddenly from out this slow accumulation of experience sprang the flash of intuition, and men began to see a mystical beauty as well as convenience in self-sacrifice. Buddha, as we know, had formulated the intuition into a great religion long before Christ, philosophers in Europe had taught and practised it, but it remained for Christ by the emotional power of His personality to give it the crowning formula of all. Moreover, He added to it those other assurances I have mentioned, previously denied by Buddha, and speculated on by the philosophers. What are the witnesses against these assurances? Pain and science. Pain says that God cannot be love, else why all this suffering? But what can the corn know of the process and end of its grinding? As it is, do we not continually find in our individual lives instances of that mystical operation of pain by which pain to-day means growth, and consequently joy, to-morrow. As with individuals may it not also prove with man: that all this bitter agony of his is but "growing-pain" to purify the race, not merely for "the higher heights unclimbed yet," but for here and now.

As for science, till it can teach me anything but names and distances I care little about it. If Christianity be a hypocrisy, what must science be? When a man of science can give me a final explanation (no intermediate phraseology) of how a blade of grass grows, why the beauty of a flower charms me, why I love my wife and my friend, then I shall think him a profitable companion. Till then he but wastes my time. That flower which Tennyson pulled out from the crannied wall still lies where the poet threw it down as a challenge. If the man of science will tell us what it is, what it means, "root and all, and all in all," we can deduce for ourselves "what God and man is." But the man of science cannot tell us the meaning of a single petal, and yet he is ready enough to dogmatise as to what God and man is!

He and all such "thinkers" remind me of an animalcule in my blood which I heard just now violently denying the possibility of my existence—and all the time I am here sure enough, wielding pen against Mr. Buchanan! "Thinking" beyond a certain limit is futile. In the hackneyed phrase, man knows most when he realises that he knows nothing. We are but tiny grains of the bricks that make the mighty building. How, in the name of common sense, can we expect to know anything about the Architect's design? My "simple" philosophy, it will be seen, is one of intuition. Without intuition, indeed, nothing but a doll's-house philosophy is possible. All my senses appear to me intuitions. Reason gives me no explanation of why I smell, taste, or hear; in fact, as Whitman said, "every tag of me is a miracle," and it is no use trying to explain life in any other terms.

It seemed necessary first to deal with the central idea of Christianity as an idea. Now, as to its application to life. Mr. Buchanan and "M." both say that, so applied, it has failed—both would seem to say that mankind is more selfish, or at least just as selfish now in 1892 as in the first year of the Christian era. Here I have a comrade in the writer of the very admirable letter signed "Inquirer." He alone has gone to the root of the matter. He has not perversely misunderstood what I obviously meant by "Essential Christianity," but he also with me sees "the Christ-spirit" more influential to-day than it has ever yet been. It is unnecessary for me to repeat what "Inquirer" has said so well. I thank him for so ably developing a point of view which I did not profess to do more than state in my first letter. Mr. Buchanan, however, says that this "new spirit" is Secularism. The influence referred to is no mere sociological force generated by moral philosophy; it includes and transcends such forces, and has its spring in those spiritual intuitions of the import of existence which Christianity alone of all religions has taught. Mr. Buchanan complains that the Kingdom of Christ is long in coming. Of necessity it is, for, odd as the statement may sound, it has had no chance till within the last few years. Like most truth, its gospel came into the world long before the world was ready for it. Man was still too busy with material problems to have any success in the application of a system of such pure idealism. I will go so far as to say that it was necessary for the power of machinery to be settled with before Christianity in any wide sense could freely operate. Mankind at large, I say, was hedged in with material preoccupations, subduing nature, discovering countries, experimenting in government, &c. Consequently Christianity fell into the hands of those spiritual middlemen the priests, who for a long period supplied more and more adulterated forms to the world. To truly understand it, simple as it looks, a great deal of reasoning must be gone through. In the long battle of science with spurious faith, reason once more regained its proper sphere. Besides, it was necessary before Christianity could be understood, that the problems of the physical world should be put into juster relation with those of the spiritual. This has come about. Man has no longer any crude childish notions of his place in the scheme of things. He has made a thorough survey of his planet, and science has at least taught him to measure his own littleness. Along with the dominion of the priest, the social tyranny under which he has suffered is passing too. There seems some chance of his at last being at home in the world. He is, therefore, at length in the mood to which the teachings of Christ can alone appeal. He has no stuck-up ideas about himself, no preoccupations with undiscovered Americas or "Prester John," his many tweedledum and tweedledee battles may be said to be over. That this new wisdom is as yet but in a small degree operative amid the masses is immaterial. It is to be seen clearly enough in the influences directing those masses: for what is the significance of the London County Council, of the Eight Hours Bill, of Early Closing, of the whole Socialistic movement? What is at the bottom of it all but Christianity? Mr. Buchanan says "Secularism." But the whole is greater than its part. The word "Secularism" is not sufficiently inclusive. So far "Christianity" is the word which best expresses collectively the influences or intuitions I have spoken of. If some one invents a better I will use it to-morrow. Meanwhile I shall "dare," with Sir Thomas Browne, "assume the honourable style of a Christian." But our concern is not with names. The point is that "He, the gentle one," is becoming to a greater and greater degree "the Master of this hard, coarse, &c., age."

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Jan. 16.

THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—May I point out to Mr. Buchanan that several passages in his letter which appears to-day are not merely erroneous opinions, but clearly contrary to easily verifiable facts? For instance, he says of Christ that "He recommended a policy of complete quiescence and stagnation." Than this assertion nothing could be less true; there is no plainer teaching in the Gospels than this, that His followers must use their utmost energies in living and propagating the Christ-life. Again, Mr. Buchanan writes: "He affirmed that heaven was here impossible, because man was imperfect." Such an affirmation (whatever Mr. Buchanan may mean by it) could have had no reasonable place in Christ's teaching, and I do not know that this affirmation is, even constructively, anywhere to be found in the New Testament. Again, we are informed, "He forgot that the Divine kingdom, if it is to exist at all, must begin where God first localised it—on this planet." If Mr. Buchanan will read carefully and without prejudice, he will, I believe, find that what he has here stated is actively and absolutely contradicted throughout the New Testament.

I instance these passages because they go to prove that Mr. Buchanan has not yet arrived at the truth in respect to what Christ's teaching really was. As a consequence, while the spirit of his poem is of the noblest, the matter of it is vitiated by fundamental misconceptions of his subject. These misconceptions culminate in a final one, expressed near the close of his letter: "The nebulæ of His love never cohered to an orb of rational polity." Only a shallow acquaintance with the New Testament and the overlooking of early Christian history could enable this assertion. It was Christ who founded His polity on the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"—an economic axiom infinitely transcending anything our modern economists have imagined. It was Christ who organised the twelve and the seventy for propaganda work, and made His followers preachers by their lives and words. It was He who deliberately wrought on the hearts of men, knowing that all forms of polity were conceived in the heart. It was He whose polity caused the setting up of a kingdom within a kingdom—those Christian Churches whose withdrawal from the ordinary civic life threatened the State with collapse, and brought down the persecution Christ foresaw. It is the teaching of Christ, spread abroad by His polity, which is the potent force in the evolution of morals taking place now; it is the teaching of Christ, exemplified in those early communes, and in later communistic efforts innumerable, that will yet realise on earth the perfect communism, the brotherhood of man, for the manifestation of which the whole creation groans and travails in pain.—I am, yours truly,

J. C. KENWORTHY.

Mansfield House, Canning Town, E., Jan. 16.

THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Your correspondent "M." seems in regard to the present state of religion to confuse Christianity and Christendom. He confesses that the elevating ideal of to-day is due to the teaching of Christ, and yet he says that no religious body accepts the doctrines which were first put before men by Jesus. It would surely be fair to ask how men have acquired the knowledge of the high ideal, and by what means they have been moved to accept it, if the religious teachers have been false to their Master? But the central fact in the whole matter is easily stated. Men are ready to fall in with so much of Christianity as can be received without self-sacrifice; but they, in this century as in the first, cannot submit as a body to the teaching of perfect self-denial. Your correspondent seems to expect that in an age of great luxury, of keen competition, and peculiar devotion to Mammon, the average teacher and the average hearer will be full of spirituality in word and life. But Christ is emphatic in His declaration that this will not be the case at any period of the world's history. Christendom will never, as a whole, be in perfect harmony with pure Christianity. For this blame must attach to teachers and disciples, but not to the religion by which both profess to be guided. A letter such as that of your correspondent would lead the average reader to say that Christ was to blame, instead of His weak followers.

Some of us look forward to a social Luther in the near future. We hope for a man who shall be bold in his declaration that whilst Christ rightly regarded details of worship as important, He placed a far higher value upon the carrying out of His teaching in the daily intercourse of men. Equality before God, brotherhood between all, and consequent loving care for all, with special effort towards the vilest and most degraded to human eyes, these are intrinsic parts of Christianity which are sufficiently neglected by the multitude of Christendom to make men long for a reformer with the devotion and gifts necessary to arouse the followers of Jesus and make them alive to the fact that attendance upon worship, cleanly lives, and charitable offerings, are of no avail unless accompanied by the desire and determination to spend and be spent, not in trying to gain for oneself, but in the service of the meanest and most sinful of the brethren for whom Christ died.—Yours faithfully,

Jan. 16. H. R. W.

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