

**IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT.**

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6.)

He was a phenomenal power in eliciting and organizing the charity of his congregation. Though composed of comparatively poor people, with perhaps not a rich man among them, under his inspiring guidance they not only sustained the expenses and incidental charities of his vast church but supported, by themselves, a hospital and a Lay College that sent out as many as seventy missionaries a year.

From the Tabernacle in the morning we went to the City Temple Church at night to hear the man who was the Henry Ward Beecher of London. There are two good things in this world—a good speech and a good painting. It is difficult to say which is the better of two. In many respects they are similar. A true painting is no servile copy of external nature but a sketch of the painter's own ideas. So with a true speech. The orator, just as the painter, must accomplish the embodiment of original conceptions. He must bring out inner thoughts in bold relief and beautiful harmony. To do this he uses words as the painter uses oils. In fine, he must be an adept at word painting. We have dwelt upon this analogy only to emphasize the fact that the strongest impression made upon our mind by the celebrated Non-conformist preacher, Rev. Joseph Parker, was his remarkable power of word painting. And yet the City Temple Church with many adverse surroundings, located in the heart of the business district of London, could not be filled at every service, Thursday noon and twice of a Sunday by the attractions of a mere word painter. Men do not go into the wilderness to see a reed shaken by the wind however unique it may be. They follow the teachers of Christianity now as they did the first great Teacher—for the miracle of the bread. And yet the manner in which a minister of the Gospel uses his great instrument is a matter of just and great moment. Every sermon Jesus delivered is discovered to be a prose poem, rhythmically embellished with natural pictures vivid as any that were ever flashed upon the screen. This element of power the Temple preacher possessed in a marked degree. His artistic skill was very great in combining words to produce the precise effect. And this also—the use of light and shade, a la Rembrandt—was very perceptible in this preacher's oratory. Contrast abounded in the discourse and one idea was so set over against another so that both stood forth in vivid, almost painful distinctness. One part lies in deep, dark gloom while the other gleams and glistens in the glad, gay light. Thus the picture of completed thought stood out before you with a distinctness that admitted of no mistake and with a vividness that consented to no forgetfulness.

But Mr. Parker's highest excellence consisted not in artistic skill, in the handling of his tools in an accomplished way of doing his work. It was skill used to some purpose—and that purpose the most important in this world—the impression of truth. And it was the whole truth for which he wrought, the truth in its entirety, not garbled parts of it, not one-sided views of it, but the truth so far as possible in comprehensive and harmonious whole. He was without doubt, the most acumen preacher of the English world in his generation, apparently engrossed in the grand work of not only making men truer but making them broader and more wholesome thinkers. Sectional issues and petty organization received little attention and defense at his hands. Life is too short, the issues too tremendous to admit of spending it in unproductive efforts. Sin and error are too firmly entrenched, too strongly armed, too determined in battle to allow of petty skirmishing at the outposts. It is not a time for dallying when the pitched battle is on and there is no other battle cry but "Victory or Death." Such a conception gives earnestness without which no man can powerfully impress his fellows.

Besides this large hearted earnestness there was a pointedness about his pulpit performances which declared him not only to be fighting, but fighting something. He took aim before he fired and rarely failed in "hitting the bulls-eye." No shooting in the air by him or firing like the common soldier at random at the word of command but like the Kentucky rifleman of the Revolution, he picked out some epauletted officer among the errors of the day and laid him prostrate before his steady aim and fatal fire. In illustration of this the theme of the preacher, on the day of our visit to Temple Church was, "Ingersoll Answered." In a unique and masterly introduction the preacher contested the qualifications of such a man as Robert Ingersoll to answer the chiefest questions of a thousand years. The spirit which approaches so solemn a question could not properly be one of such humor as to provoke in the audience "laughter," "loud laughter," "roars of laughter" and the like. "Great questions should be considered in a spirit worthy of their gravity. Clowns and mockers are never consulted on grand occasions. And so for myself I must positively decline the aid of any man who answers the gravest questions of my heart with jibes and sneers, with puns and quips and seeks to turn my agony into a hypocrisy and my sin into an occasion for the display of his own powers of ridicule." It is quite impossible at this date to give from memory any adequate idea of the incisiveness, the point and power of the preacher's answer to the irreverence of Ingersoll.

**PARLIAMENT.**

It is seldom the case that Parliament sits so late as the August of our visit but the prolonged session of 1881 furnished an unusual opportu-

ity for the visitor to witness the debates. Respecting the architecture of the English House of Parliament, there is little originality and an excess of ornamentation. The lofty Gothic walls, the formidable towers, the vastness of the proportions, the sombre color, deepened by volumes of smoke from the manufactories, the gilded angles of the huge cupolas lighted up by the rays of a deeply veiled sun, all this would leave on the mind a stronger impression were the building to crown a hill as our Capitol at Washington instead of standing as it does on the low ground of the Thames embankment and suffering by contrast with the finished glory of Westminster Abbey and the massive grandeur of the Foreign Office on Pall Mall. And yet, above the impression of every other building in London is the undefinable grandeur of the Parliament House—the grandeur of the sovereignty it represents which has been so great by the consent of ages. What one admires most is not what meets the eye, but all that is thought and done under those vaulted roofs, the extent of English liberty, the progress which nothing interrupts, the prestige of a race that has known how to protect its rights from the universal serfdom into which all others fell in the 16th century when absolute despotism prevailed.

It was with special pleasure that we entered the House of Commons under the Premiership of Gladstone. On a former visit, Disraeli was in power. He drew men in his train by the force of his remarkable genius. His policy was dramatic, full of political coup de etat which dazzled and oft alarmed the English mind. An "Adventurer" he was called at home and truly his schemes were very fearful. Not long could he have bullied Europe and meddled everywhere without involving England in war. Gladstone was a slower but safer man, seeking ends by scrupulous and sure rather than by revolutionary means. More than any statesman in English history, he represented the power, not of trickery but of Conscience in politics. To arrive at ends no matter what the means was Disraeli. To arrive at good by means of good, to rule human nature by ideas rather than compulsion, to govern a people as conscience governs an individual, awakening in them by the voice of duty, a nobler political morality, never to sully a great cause by a crime not even for the palpable welfare of the country—this I take it was Gladstone and the only saving principle of politics in any land. The Land Bill for Ireland was passing its final reading during our visit. It was easy to perceive as one of the first impressions, talk is at a discount in the great debates for such a stumbling, stuttering, hemming, hawing lot of speakers it has ever been my lot to listen to. English parliamentarians speak slowly and conduct their arguments with many a painful pause that would be scouted by American auditors. Glibness is of much less worth to a member of Parliament than capacity for work. Oratory as we idealize it is unknown among the King's benches. Even John Bright, the greatest of English speakers, talked in slow and measured phrases until he arrived at his peroration which was written and pronounced with some spirit. Gladstone was a mechanical talker dependent for his impression upon his thought rather than passion. He would not have been regarded as an eloquent but a very able man in America. His genius consisted in a colossal ability for work. The Land Bill for Ireland was a masterpiece of constructive ability covering the whole field of the rural and social economy of Ireland in comprehensiveness and minute adaptation of means to end turmoil and displaying qualities seldom combined in one intelligence. It was a stupendous, almost superhuman effort to cure the woes of Ireland. Obstructions and difficulties resisted its passage until even the Premier's opponents acknowledged its passage to be the greatest feat of a long and illustrious career. Months of uninterrupted sittings were occupied. The campaign through Scotland, closing with the Lord Rector's address to Glasgow University, was deemed a physical and intellectual exhibition beyond parallel. But the endurance of Gladstone through that Parliamentary session, his address and patience, his flexibility and firmness, his unsleeping vigilance and his unflinching resources of logic and rhetoric constituted a wonderful example of powers ripened to their completeness and perfect use. "Grew old with me" says one of Mr. Browning's heroes, "the best is yet to be the last of life which the first was made." Fit expression of the life discipline which fitted the noblest statesman of English history for the great achievement which the Parliamentary session of 1881 chronicled.

Before departing from London, I joined the promenaders of a late afternoon along Rotten Row. Often on like occasions had I seen Princess Alexandra alone in the back seat of an open brouche, shaded with a gay parasol held with a long gauntleted hand and two or three of her children fronting her upon the forward seat. Rarely was the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VI seated by her side. She was fairly tall, refined and beautiful of face with the light Scandinavian complexion and with perhaps a too elongated neck which was always encircled with a narrow black silk or velvet band clasped with a single jewel. Upon this occasion returning from a constitutional, I paused opposite St. James Palace arrested by the manifest stir among the double file of soldiers, ordered to "Attention" as they guarded the entrance. The great gates were swung open and the State Carriage with Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, the King and Queen of the Helleni with their children, swept in preceded by postillions and drawn by four splendidly caparisoned horses. Little did I think, standing opposite, that I, a plebeian American had at that time in my home across the sea a daughter, Catherine, who would later be welcomed as a guest in the palace of their Majesties of Greece, be a preferred member of the Queen's dancing set and

that one of those lads would be a rejected suitor for her hand. It is a pleasure to add that though she might have been a Grecian of no mean degree she preferred to remain an American and chose for her partner a fine upstanding Naval officer. Gentle reader, pardon the gratification of the writer over his narrow escape from the dubious honor of being the father-in-law of a King!

**A Literary Curiosity.**

The following remarkable compilation is by Mrs. H. C. Dunning. Each line is a quotation from some standard author and represents the result of years of laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight poets.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man's a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh!
5. To be is better far than not to be.
6. Though all men's lives may seem a tragedy.
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joys to no man here befall.
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere.
12. Fortune makes folly her particular care.
13. Custom does not often reason overrule.
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse, where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down however dear.
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
21. Her sensual snares led faithless pleasures lay,
22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise—
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh, then, renounce the impious self-esteem!
26. Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat—
30. Only destructive to the brave and the great.
31. What's all this gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way of bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years but actions tell—

34. That man lives twice who lives his first life well.

35. Make, then, while yet you may, your God your friend,

36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.

37. The trust that's given, guard, and to yourself be just,

38. For live we how we can, yet die we must.

The lines are contributions from: (1) Young, (2) Dr Johnson, (3) Pope, (4) Prior, (5) Sewall, (6) Spencer, (7) Daniel, (8) Sir Walter Scott, (9) Longfellow, (10) Southwell, (11) Congreve, (12) Churchill, (13) Rochester, (14) Armstrong, (15) Milton, (16) Bailey, (17) Trench, (18) Somerville, (19) Thompson, (20) Byron, (21) Smollet, (22) Crabbe, (23) Massinger, (24) Cowper, (25) Beattie, (26) Cowper, (27) Sir Walter Deverant, (28) Gray, (29) Willis, (30) Addison, (31) Dryden, (32) Francis Charles, (33) Watkins, (34) Herrick, (35) Wm. Ma-

son, (36) Hill, (37) Dana, (38) Shakespeare.

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