# ENGLISH PREACHERS.

## Dr. H. T. McClelland Describes the Appearance and Mannerisms of

## OME FAMOUS PULPIT ORATORS.

## Dr. Joseph Parker's Glowing Eulogy of Rev. John McNeill.

## SPURGEON'S TALK AT THE TABERNACLE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

*Dr. Maclaren.*

WHILE in Europe this summer I heard a number of famous pulpit orators. The best sermons for edification I heard in Scotland were preached by Prof. Laidlaw, of Free Church College, and by Dr. Whyte, of Free Church, Glasgow. The most original preacher is the "blind preacher," Dr. George Mathewson, of whose peculiarities we often hear. But at the first sentence of his prayers, you would say there is one who knows what it is to need to pray. If Dr. Mathewson's head has gone wrong in theology on some points, his heart seems still to be fixed upon the living God.

We heard Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, preach a Wednesday evening sermon on Revelations ii., 19: "I know thy works and charity, and service and faith, and thy patience and thy works; and the last to be more than the first." Dr. Maclaren is very precise in his use of terms, and impresses one as a good man, of good mind, in a rather poor body. There was a large audience, more especially so for a week evening, but those who attended got something for going. Dr. Maclaren, with a limited amount of physical power, well used and husbanded, manages to feed his people from the Word of God.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

*Rev. John McNeill.*

One Thursday at noon we heard Dr. Joseph Parker at his church, the City Temple. He drew the heads of his sermon from the first ten verses of the first chapter of Ephesians. But the stress of the thought rested upon the tenth verse: "That in the dispensation of the fullness of times, He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and are on earth; even in Him." Here Dr. Parker took the opportunity of soaring, and whether he soared to any particular point of the compass, or whether to all points simultaneously I know not. I do know he took a grand flight. He lit down occasionally, once upon the present generation for refusing to hear good preaching. And again, like Elijah upon Carmel, upon those who think that all things in heaven and earth can be written in books in materialistic, scientific phrase

The floor of the large church was well filled by the audience with some overflow into the gallery. The doctor seems vigorous and able for many more flights and hard knocks, of which he receives quite a number. He has been in the world since 1830. I was not impressed with any particular arrogance or conceit in his manner, although some say he thinks too much of himself. Dr. Parker's mannerisms are indescribable. He impressed me as like what men of Western Pennsylvania say of an extraordinary man whom they are at a loss adequately to describe, "He is a queer genius." And yet doubtless a man of tremendons energy and of highest intellectual power. But that sermon was a performance; it was not a life or death grapple with or for souls.

REV. JOHN M'NEILL, A. M.,

of the Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, is a Scotch phenomenon. He looks like a strong man, and is a strong man. His accent marks him from the north of the border, and he does not try to minimize it. Often while he is preaching he seeks to make a point more effective by putting it Scottice. He appears to love long passages, and chooses them as biographical or picturesque. We heard him on Thomas, Naaman the Syrian, and Isaiah's vision. He excels in treading on one's spiritual corns and in making one thoroughly miserable and uncomfortable. As a fault finder, I have never heard him surpassed. Yet he can comfort if he will. He quotes Scripture and poetry with fine effect. He impresses you with the fact that he is laboring, but it is the labor of one who is in a hand-to-hand conflict with the powers of darkness. He is wrestling for souls, and we can excuse the creaking of the windlass if men are being saved from the depths.

Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., said of Mr. McNeill: "I have no hesitation in saying that I could not name a non-conformist preacher in London who is Mr. McNeill's equal in the pulpit." Dr. Parker sent through the *British Weekly* this message to Mr. McNeill: "Tell him to go on just as he has begun, and not for a moment to listen to any one who would have him alter his style. Tell him to pay no attention to spiteful criticisms. Tell him that prosperity always excites jealousy. Above all, tell him that God is the strength of His servants, and that God is never so near and so accessible as in the day of trouble."

*Pere Hyacinth.*

It may be said that Mr. McNeill possesses a voice of great compass, and capable of great variety of modulation. That he usually preaches in an animated conversational style, but sometimes rises into a cry loud and harsh, but effective withal. He has no notes with him, and would and does tear off his gown, and tramp the high pulpit into a platform. The fact is I have read that the pulpit has come down, and most likely the gown will follow.

A CATHEDRAL SERVICE.

At St. Paul's Cathedral, on the Sabbath before Easter, we heard Canon Liddon. Our seat was under the northeast rim of the great dome of St. Paul's, while the preacher stood in the high pulpit under the southwest rim. The voices of the readers, who had been much nearer to us, were so attenuated in the great space, that to us they were only quivering sounds without sense. We were afraid that the same would transpire in the case of the Canon. But from text to close, for nearly an hour, that magnificent tenor voice rang out through the great cathedral, and we did not lose a word. He argued that justice is an essential attribute of God; that it is as easy to imagine no God as to imagine God without justice. The justice must be preached. "To put it bluntly," said the Canon, "theoretical justice which is not practical justice is practical in justice. Christ could be our substitute by assuming human nature. His is an important likeness to Adam, yet there is a most important difference. All are united to Adam who derive their physical life from him, but all are united to Christ who derive their spiritual life from Him. Christ could atone for sin, for all the sin, because of His divine nature. Consider how great sin is, but consider how much greater is God than sin.

*Canon Farrar.*

The Canon appeared to be a large, vigorous man, with smooth face and radiant, iron gray hair. He preached from manuscript, but I forgot all about that as the enchanting power of the learned, earnest, eloquent man carried me along the lines of his high discourse.

DR. DALE'S DISCOURSE.

I shall ever consider it one of the privileges of my life to have heard the sermon preached by the Rev. R. W. Dale, L.L.D., at Great Queen Street Chapel, London, on Friday, April 26, in connection with the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society. He took for his text the words, "Wherefore we henceforth know no man after the flesh; even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know Him so no more." The following sentences will give some clew to the trend of the discourse: "The historic Christ is the object of memory; the present, the living Christ, is the object of faith, the source of power, the inspiration of love and the author of salvation. Are we, then, to forget His earthly history? Ah, no! We know Him even during His earthly life, not as His cotemporaries knew Him, but with a larger, deeper knowledge. That poverty, that loneliness, that physical exhaustion, that agony—behind them all we see the divine glory."

Then insisting upon the necessity of personal assurance of the love and saving power of Christ, Dr. Dale said, having reviewed the early days of Methodism, "You must recover your losses, that full assurance and that great devotion and knowledge of Christ, that your fathers had, if in this country or in foreign lands you preach the gospel as they preached it." We must see men not merely in their place in the visible and temporal order, but environed with all that is glorious and all that is terrible in the invisible and eternal order." This sermon is considered one of the most able ever preached on the missionary theme.

*Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.*

Dr. Dale is a shrewd, substantial-looking man, of square figure, medium height, square features, black eyes. His voice is clear, his tone quiet, but with great power. He read his sermon, but more intense interest and substantial attention I have never seen than that which these Wesleyans gave to this Independent brother, as he told them with glowing eloquence how Israel ought to do.

SPURGEON AT THE TABERNACLE.

The Sabbath morning was one of the wettest I have ever seen, yet a grand audience, filling almost to its utmost capacity, the Metropolitan Tabernacle (it will seat about 6,000), gathered to hear Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. He began wearily, he had been watching, we were told, by the bedside of his sick wife, and sat during the introductory services. But there was that silvery voice, and that blood earnestness which fame attributes to this great Baptist divine. His text was Proverbs xiv, 10, "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." As the subject opened the weariness vanished like the morning mist. The sermon fell, of course, into two main parts. The preacher took us into his confidence. He won our attention and sympathy at once. During the first part of the sermon my spirits fell lower and lower as the discussion of man's utter desolation went on. Among other depressing matters was an allusion in terms of bitter grief to some in the ministry who had been the preacher's own loved and longed for, but who had departed from the faith.

Then came the second part, and my spirits began to rise till at the end I was up in the regions of the hallelujahs. There was no creaking of the machinery on the part of the preacher. He was talking good, crisp English, the very best, with a pleasant voice, earnestly appealing to experience, but he did not strive nor cry. It was life, free, unsophisticated, abundant, flowing on at full tide, not as a wild freshet, but as the steady fullness of perennial springs.

There was only one bit of drollery in the discourse. That was when the stream of thought, emerged from the lower depths of gloom and still rising had turned out of the dumps and dolorousness. "Why should the children of a King live in a cellar when there are plenty of good rooms at the top of the house?" Then stepping to the edge of the platform, he looked over and called out in a most matter of fact way, "Come up out of that cellar."

*Dr. George McDonald.*

Mr. Spurgeon with all his afflictions, looks as if he might be a power for good, for a score of years yet. It is very surprising, but equally gratifying to hear all parties and denominations speak of him in terms of the highest personal regard.

The saddest sermon I heard was by Dr. George McDonald, in one of the principal Baptist churches in the west end of London. He supplied the pulpit in the absence of the pastor. His theme was Christ coming to seek and to save the lost, and yet he wound up a most delightful and earnest talk by exhorting those present to save themselves by following the example of Christ, saying "I am an old man, I am trying to get home." Somehow or other, if he was on the "Rock of Ages" his feet seemed to have lost the due sense of touch.

H. T. McCLELLAND, L.L. D., D. D.

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# POOR MARRIED MEN.

## Bessie Bramble Takes Up Their Side of the Marriage Problem and

## GIVES THEM BUT COLD COMFORT.

## Aspiring Benedicts Should Study the World's History and

## KNOW FAIR WOMAN AS SHE REALLY IS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

A correspondent, evidently in good, sober earnest, has sent us a letter of praise for what he is pleased to call our "scathing criticism of men before and after marriage," but he ardently urges us "to give the other view of that important subject as well, because the side presented against the 'dear brethren' may mislead many young minds who are candidates for matrimonial sweetmeats." He then goes on and requests us to write another article on the same subject, and "go for" the women, and show how the average young lady assumes the character of an angel before marriage, and "strains every nerve and faculty to appear kind, loving, bright, intelligent, thoughtful and appreciative—a model lover and sweetheart, and a candidate as a model wife." He ardently asks us to discourse upon the millions of poor men who have been cheated, deceived, defrauded out of all they had counted upon, hoped for, dreamed about, and labored for, when they sought to obtain intelligent, thinking, appreciative helpmeets and companions, and find instead, after marriage, that they have been beguiled by artful creatures, who relapse into their natural stupidity, and who are wholly unfitted to be the companions of the men they have won by power of fascination and artifice.

Well, really the picture presented is pathetic.

Millions of poor men being cheated and defrauded with their eyes wide open in the light of the nineteenth century, with the whole experience of the world's history before them since the celebrated scene in the garden of Eden, where Eve ate of the tree of knowledge, and then beguiled Adam to eat the apple likewise. Despite of their claim to superior sense, wisdom, judgment, logic, and brains, millions of men are deceived into marrying by a lot of silly, stupid women, away off from

THE PATTERN IDEAL WIFE.

Think of it. With that plain story of the first marriage—with the obvious moral attached—having been preached in every Christian pulpit in the world for over 1,800 years; with the history of Samson and Delilah; of Bathsheba, who held power over David, and who gave to Solomon his crown; of Athaliah, who pushed her way to the throne of the kingdom of Judah; of Jezebel, who converted Ahab to the worship of Baal—with all of these and more of Bibical "awful examples" drummed into men's ears for centuries, they have not grown wiser as to the ways of women. With the history of Helen, who through her wiles laid proud old Troy in ashes; of Cleopatra, who, as the poet says, lost Marc Antony the world; with Aspasia, who held the great Pericles tied to her apron strings; with Messalina, who ruled Claudius to his shame—by her charm of person and power of mind—may with even the more modern instances of the beguiling powers of Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Montespau, Madame de Pompadour, who ruled kings and made and marred men's fortunes, with the picture of the miseries of Milton, caused by his wife's tantrums, the woes of John Wesley over his wife's temper, and many other good men who have wedded vixens and scolds—with all these examples and many more in history, with the writings of the ancients, and the press of the present teeming with diatribes against women and their wiles, with all the knowledge to be obtained everywhere around them among friends, neighbors, in society, and in the divorce courts fully before their eyes and within their knowledge, yet, notwithstanding millions of men who claim for themselves reason, intelligence and common sense go on marrying Xantippes, and Jezebels, and Messalinas, and Mrs. Wesleys, and then they moan and groan and claim to have been cheated, and deceived, and defrauded out of their ideal wives.

BUL WHO IS TO BLAME?

As a matter of course they will say, as did Adam of old, "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me she gave me of the tree of knowledge and I did eat." But the fact is they fell blindly into love with the "stupid, thoughtless, irrational beings," who, by beguiling smiles, winning ways and artful deceptions, capture their hearts and fill their fancy—and marry them in hot haste. Then, as the old saw goes, they repent at leisure. There is just one little piece of consolation for them—if it can be called such—and that is: If they believe marriages are made in heaven, they can accept their unhappiness in matrimony as a means of discipline to teach them such a degree of patience and long suffering as will win them shining crowns hereafter. Socrates, with calm endurance, accepted, it is said, the sharpness of Xantippe's tongue as an incentive to fortitude and philosophy. Mrs. Wesley's vixenish temper seems not to have had a bad effect upon the good John, who became more saintly, more earnest, more bent upon the spread of piety than ever as the years passed on. Perhaps he needed just such manipulations of wrath to keep him on the straight path to the establishment of Methodism.

It may be said here, however, that when history is consulted, it will be found that none of these renowned beguilers, infamous characters and notorious scolds were as black as they have been painted. Brother Talmage calls her who gave the mighty Samson into the power of the Philistines the "infamous Delilah." But she herself was a citizen of Philistia and doubtless a red-hot hater of its enemies. Employed by the Philistines to aid them, and conscious of her power, she by stratagem and wiles despoiled Samson of his strength and delivered him into the hands of her countrymen. Her woman's wit was more than a match for the tremendous power of the man, who with simply the jawbone of an ass had killed a thousand men. Charlotte Corday delivered France from the tyrant Marat by stratagem and murder. Brutus killed Cæsar in behalf of his country. In them these crimes are called patriotism—the highest Roman virtue—so as Delilah delivered her country from an enemy so formidable that he could, single-handed and alone, slay a thousand Philistines at one time, it seems plain that she can, at least, be credited with patriotism and superior mental powers.

CLEOPATRA WAS PATRIOTIC.

Even Cleopatra with all her sins was true to the interests of her country and people, while Marc Antony was a sorry and ignominious traitor. Milton, as can be learned by his life, was an ugly man to live with, and it is little wonder his wife was cross and unhappy, and had ample provocation for her misdeeds.

It is a well-known fact that many men rush into matrimony with a blind foolishness that is absolutely amazing, considering their keenness of judgment, quick insight and cool calculation as displayed in other matters. Our correspondent tells of how women who want husbands deceive men and capture them. But why do not these poor men have their wits about them, as they have when a real estate agent wants to sell them a house or a farm—or when a book peddler trys to inveigle them into buying a compendium of slush? When a man buys a farm or a house or takes a big contract he sits down and counts the cost. He surveys the purchase all around about, and puts his mind to weighing its advantages and disadvantages. He ponders over it by day, and sleeps on it at night. He takes little stock in the palaver or fine words of the seller. He makes up his mind for himself, and if he gets "stuck" he has only himself to blame. In all business matters most men show a marked capacity for taking care of number one and for keeping a keen look out for their own interests. But when it comes to marriage—the most important contract of their lives—very many of them show themselves to be "blooming idiots" of the first order. A man of this class seeks no sweet, sensible, intelligent woman for a wife who, as a congenial companion, will give joy to his soul and make his home "the resort of love, of joy, of peace and plenty; where supporting and supported, polished friends and dear relations mingle into bliss."

CATCHING A TARTAR.

Oh, no. He is charmed by the giddy, rattling girl, the belle of the ball, the beguiling coquette, who slyly angles for him, or the mercenary, artful being who only wants his money and a home. He sees not through their wiles, nor marks the insincerity of their smiles. No advice of friend or warning from relatives makes an atom of impression upon his mind. Instead of going slowly, and taking time to consider and inquire, instead of waiting until time shall have tested the strength of love, he marries and speedily rues his bad bargain, when he finds that marriage has marred his life—that instead of a wife to his mind he has caught a Tartar—that instead of domestic peace he finds disappointment, neglect, unhappiness, and realizes to the full that—as Shakespeare puts it: "War is no strife to the dark house and detested wife."

Everybody wonders over the wives that many men marry. A pretty face, perhaps, or some inexplicable fascination, covers over with them every defect of character and education, and then when the awakening comes it is usually "the woman thou gavest me" who is held to blame, and is given as an excuse by the husband for going to the bad. But such men should learn philosophy and patience under a nagging wife as did Socrates, and grow in grace and goodness as did Wesley under the fire of a scolding woman's tongue. It never pays to go the bad. To make the best of it is the beginning of wisdom. It is fitting that men should do penance for their own mad folly.

Marriage is a lottery, as everybody says, but the prizes and ideal wives are plenty, if men would only seek for them where they are to be found. There are any number of "maidens withering upon the stalk," as Wordsworth puts it, who would make angelic wives, if men in search of them had only gumption enough to perceive their virtues, but alas the poor tomnoddies go out into the world and pick up the crooked sticks.

WOMEN HAVE RIGHTS.

It is constantly being said that intelligent women are growing averse to marriage—are becoming chary of bartering their freedom and independence for a so-called mess of pottage. Supposing this to be true, what of it? Has a woman not the same right to decide whether she will marry or live single as a man? Young women every day take vows of celibacy in the church and become nuns, yet no reproach is flung at them, so why should intelligent women be particularly assailed if they choose a life of single blessedness? A Boston editor has said that the marriage rate among men of the better class has declined owing to the higher education of women. But if men of such sort so sadly want ignorant wives they can very easily find them among the illiterates, and if the supply should run short in this country they could draw upon Italy or Hungary or Kamschatka. Then again we are told that rich men are growing more unwilling to marry and prefer the luxuries of club life without the incumbrances of wife and children. If all this be true it only shows that history repeats itself and that we are getting back to the manners and fashions of the primitive Christians, when celibacy was esteemed as the highest virtue.

But perhaps the chief cause of the unhappiness of many marriages may be found in the remarks of a Cincinnati judge, who said recently that, "When a man gets the idea that he is a lord of creation and his wife is the ground he walks on, he can't make a good husband. It is my experience, he continued, in hearing proceedings for divorce, that

THE AVERAGE HUSBAND

considers the average wife only a little above his domestic, and that his will must be obeyed or she is made to suffer for it." From these remarks, coming from a learned judge, it seems pretty clear that if the average man will mend his manners in the domestic sphere he will have a much better chance of happiness, and will have much less reason to complain of his wife. All women, or at least most of them, desire above all things a happy, peaceful home, and if they were gifted with good sense they would use their best endeavors to promote it. But alas! there are some women who use their wits as do gamblers, sharpers and swindlers, who prey upon their fellows. When a good man marries one of these his fate is indeed pitiable, but he receives as little sympathy as does the victim of a "bunko steerer." He should have known better. He has married of his own free will and must bear the penalty. "Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

MISTAKES OF WIVES.

It cannot be denied that some wives make a great deal of their own unhappiness. Some set up standards of righteousness, and if their husbands do not live up to them, the poor women are disquieted in their souls, and feel as if destruction were impending. They besiege heaven with prayers, and go around looking as melancholy as a dilapidated tombstone. These should take note of the text: "Be not righteous overmuch." Others will give a man a cold, cheerless, miserable dinner, with perhaps sour bread and strong butter, on the only day in the week when he has time to enjoy a good hot one. Others will gad about the neighborhood gossipping, with everything at sixes and sevens in their homes in a maze of dirt. They will dress as slovens in dingy, ragged wrappers, and look like the "old scratch" as to hair. They become careless in conduct, vulgar in speech and disgusting in manners. Do such as they hope to retain any husband's love and respect and fond attentions—assuredly a vain, dead hope. Such women foster the saloons, fill the clubs and crowd the street corners. They are ruining their own best interests; they are bartering happiness for misery; they are laying up for themselves much tribulation. Their husbands have a hard row to hoe, but, as Brother Talmage observes, it is "their duty to bear and forbear, remembering that the longest life is short and for those unhappily mated, death will grant quick and complete bills of divorcement in letters of green grass written upon quiet graves."

But after all men are to be held responsible for most of the ills and woes of matrimony. They have made the laws of marriage and divorce. Women have had no voice therein. Men have usurped the province of public education, both as to girls and boys. They have constituted themselves as rulers, and women as subjects. For all the evils of marriage and divorce, as regards legislation, they are directly responsible. When women themselves can take a hand in matters, which so nearly concern their interests as marriage and divorce, a better state of affairs than at present exists may be confidently expected.

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# TALENTED OLD MAIDS

## Mrs. Ashton Dilke Writes About Distinguished English Spinsters.

## TRYING TO ELEVATE THEIR SEX.

## Investigating the Hardships of Poor Working Girls.

## THE FIRST LADY ALDERMAN ON RECORD

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, October 2.—Should any one in America still be old-fashioned enough as to regard spinsters as a necessarily narrow-minded and comparatively useless portion of the community, I think they ought to be converted by a single glance at all the work English spinsters have done during the last 30 years. To be sure, we have here in England three-quarters of a million more women than men; in other words, 750,000 women for whom marriage is an absolute impossibility; but even with this immense surplus they have reason to be proud of all they have accomplished. Putting aside for the moment the vast army of lady novelists and lady artists, many of them unmarried, and turning to practical social work, either political, educational or philanthropic, we find the erstwhile despised spinster distinguishing herself all along the line. Best of all, our spinsters have ever been true to their own sex, and their work tends invariably toward the development and ultimate enfranchisement of women.

If one fact more than another points to the truth that "the old order changeth, giving place to new," it would be found in the fact that even that time-honored and most conservative of institutions, the office of Alderman, has been invaded by the female sex in the person of a spinster. When last winter the nomination of Aldermen for the new London County Council took place, it was felt that not even the difficulty of finding a suitable feminine equivalent for the title was sufficient reason for excluding the whole sex from the office, and Miss Emma Cons enjoys the distinction of being the first Lady Alderman on record.

MISS CONS' SPECIALTY.

Miss Cons' metier is practical benevolence on a large scale, and her sphere of work has been that vast area constituting South London, so little known to the ordinary dweller in the West End. Ever since she was 17 years of age, when she began to teach in Ragged Sunday schools, Miss Cons has been busy working for somebody, and such questions as the better housing of the poor, the drink traffic, the erection of people's palaces and polytechnics, are only a few of the many subjects with which Miss Cons has qualified herself to deal by the experience and study of a life time. For 20 years she has had the management of various blocks of working men's dwellings, and some years ago she formed a company for the erection of a block of model dwellings, which in 1884 at the "Healtheries" Exhibition was awarded the only silver medal accorded to any block in London for sanitary construction. On this one subject alone, her presence on the new County Council, whose duties embrace the whole sanitary system of the metropolis, ought to be invaluable.

Perhaps the work with which our Lady Alderman has endeared herself most to the poor dwellers in South London, has been as manager and trustee of the Royal Victoria Hall, better known as the "Old Vic." Theater, the only place in the district which supplies really healthy and enjoyable recreation at an extremely cheap rate.

Miss Cons has never taken part in any political agitation, and is by nature a quiet motherly woman who would never court publicity; thus the outside world—even in London—has remained very much in ignorance of all she has accomplished, although among her own people there is no one more warmly loved and respected.

A NEW SCHOOL.

The founder among women, of what may be called the new school of enlightened philanthropy, as distinguished from the old-fashioned virtue of indiscriminate almsgiving, is of course Miss Octavia Hill. She it was who originated the "lady rent collector," who has since become a well-known feature in London poor districts. The lady rent collector, as a rule, takes charge of a "block" of workingmen's dwellings; she not only collects the weekly rent, and keeps a watchful eye on sanitary arrangements, but she generally "mothers" the whole concern, finds work for the boys, and places for the girls, cheers up the over-driven wife, and does her utmost to keep the husband from the public house. The whole system depends, of course, for its success on individual character, and power of sympathy and discrimination, and it was in this that Miss Hill excelled. She is quite an old lady now, and I have only once had the pleasure of meeting her and hearing her make a short speech on some benevolent scheme; but I remember being much struck by a sense of her quiet strength and evident power of discernment.

Among Miss Hill's numerous disciples is a lady who has now entered the bonds of matrimony as Mrs. Leonard Courtney, wife of the Chairman of the committees of the House of Commons, but who, as Miss Kate Potter, was extremely successful as rent collector to a large block of dwellings in the poorest part of Whitechapel.

A younger sister of Mrs. Courtney, Miss Beatrice Potter, ought hardly as yet, in point of age, to be reckoned among English spinsters, except for the determined manner in which she has given up fashionable society, and devotes her whole time and interest to the social and economical problems of the day. At the time when the horrors of the sweating system were exciting particular attention in London, Miss Potter worked for a whole month, disguised as a common "hand," in one of the East End tailoring workshops in order to master for herself the real conditions of female labor, and the results were published in a most ably written article in the *Nineteenth Century*. Since then Miss Potter has written a large share of "Life and Labor of the People," edited by Mr. Charles Booth, quite the most valuable book of reference which has yet been published, on the conditions of life in the East End. She is now absorbed in a study of co-operation which will probably keep her engaged for two or three years.

A TITLED LABORER.

A very energetic worker, of a less intellectual sort, although a member of a very intellectual family, is the Hon. Maude Stanley, daughter of Lady Stanley, of Alderley, and sister to Lynlph Stanley, a great educationalist and member of the London School Board. Maude Stanley is the founder of a large and particularly successful girls' club in Greek street, Soho, which has been the model for many similar institutions. It requires great tact and much judicious supervision in order to make a club of that sort both attractive and useful to girls; but, when I went over the building a few months ago, I was quite charmed with all that I saw. A large and lofty clubroom was made bright with red curtains and lots of pictures and flowers; there is a lending library and a refreshment bar, while classes for dressmaking and singing are held on the premises. Upstairs are neat little bedrooms for girls living away from home; everything is charged at a wonderfully low rate, the club subscription being, I think, only twopence a week. As a result, the place is immensely popular among shop and workgirls, and Miss Stanley has conferred a very practical boon on one of the poorest districts in London.

If I say that in the political field the spinsters have led the way for their married sisters, I shall only be admitting as a fact what for many years was thrown at us as a taunt. Nevertheless, "honor to whom honor is due," and we have to go no further afield than Miss Lydia Becker in order to find combined in her person the first lady school board member, and the original Secretary of the Manchester Women's Suffrage Society. It was the study of John Stuart Mill, which first aroused Miss Becker's interest in the question of the suffrage, and in 1867, stirred to action by a paper read by Madame Bodichon before the Social Science Association at Manchester, she started the Suffrage Society. Twenty-two years' hard and persistent work have not yet been crowned with success, as far as the primary object of the society is concerned, but from every other point of view more has been gained for women than probably Miss Becker herself originally contemplated. And for many years, in the eyes of the general public, she was the central figure in the fight for women's political rights. Nevertheless she is now the mouthpiece of that less-advanced section of the Suffrage party, who do not wish to grant the vote to married women, apparently on the grounds that married women are not in need of the benefit, and that, in her own words, "a good husband is worth all the votes in the world."

A LONG PUBLIC LIFE.

Miss Becker's energy and power of work are simply phenomenal. She works as hard to-day as she did five-and-twenty years ago. For many years she was secretary to both the London and the Manchester Suffrage Committees, which necessitated almost weekly journeys to and fro. Since the recent split in the original society, she has been elected secretary of the National Society, whose headquarters are at 10 Great College street, Westminster. When it is further recollected that since 1870 she has sat uninterruptedly on the Manchester School Board, it will be readily admitted that the old taunt of women's physical incapacity for public life does not in any way apply to Lydia Becker.

An early co-worker with Miss Becker, but one who has recently almost entirely retired from active political life, is Miss Helen Taylor. As the adopted daughter of John Stuart Mill, she imbibed a belief in her own sex at a very early age, and enjoyed special educational advantages. A clever speaker and a thorough Liberal, she exercised at one time considerable influence with the workingmen. She also sat for several years on the London School Board.

As regards the status of actual popularly-elected women, our doyenne on the School Board, Miss Davenport Hill, a most valuable member, is the only one among us who has never married; on the County Council, both Miss Cons and my friend Miss Cobden, of whom I have spoken in a previous letter, are, of course, spinsters, while on the Board of Guardians, out of about 70 lady members in different parts of England, at least two-thirds are unmarried women.

RECOGNIZED BY ROYALTY.

I have left myself no room to do justice to a whole row of spinster ladies, heads of schools and colleges, to whose energy we owe the higher education of women. One of the first and oldest among them is Miss Frances Mary Buss. She is now a kind, placid-faced old lady, with smooth gray hair, and her life's work is to be seen in the fine large buildings of the North London Collegiate School in Camden Road, which specially prepares students for the London Matriculation examinations. Forty years ago when Frances Buss was barely out of her teens, girls' education was in a hopelessly deplorable condition; there were no colleges, no high schools, no university examinations, and worst of all, no women teachers fit to instruct the girls when attempts were first made to fill the blank. Now all is changed, and no one rejoices more heartily than Miss Buss. Only this summer H. R. H. Princess Christian made a public recognition of her great services by coming in person to distribute the prizes at the North London school. Among other claims to distinction, the college has the honor of being one of the first girls' schools to build a proper gymnasium for the use of the pupils.

Finally I must not forget to say a few words about one whose clever kindly face is almost as well known on the lecturing platform in America as in England—I mean Miss Emily Faithfull. She has turned her attention principally to opening up remunerative employments for women, and as early as 1860 she collected the first band of female compositors and set up a typographical establishment, in which only women were employed. Since those days Miss Faithfull has seen many of her schemes of improvement carried into practice; quite recently she has given great help and encouragement to our most promising lady decorator, Miss Charlotte Robinson. Miss Faithfull's unselfish goodness has won her friends in every rank of life, and her Majesty Queen Victoria, who is always quick to appreciate talent in her own sex, has on more than one occasion displayed a gracious interest in her labors.

M. M. DILKE.

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