

The love that guardeth liberties,
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose Sovereign wept—
Yea, wept to wear its crown."

E. B. BROWNING.

Several other items of interest could have been produced, but the space at our disposal is limited; hence we will leave these to the future historian, and proceed with a short series of "views" which, if you will, we will call "side-lights." And, in view of the great impending intellectual crisis, which Christendom must soon inevitably witness, a brief analytical *retrospect* and *forecast* cannot be out of order in this historical sketch. Now truth has won the day, risen superior to error in all the splendour of an overpowering majesty; and the world will shortly have to make its choice between the two—truth *versus* fiction and fraud.

In times like ours there is nothing to be gained by blinking matters, and it surely is good policy to take one's self quite seriously. For, be it remembered, flesh and blood will ask for consideration, as well as bricks and mortar and grand palatial buildings, ere an age of barbarism, comparatively speaking, is gone. And that the present century has been particularly rich with great women is a truism which may at any moment come to be acknowledged as a truth. Events are moving very rapidly now, and what the near future will reveal who shall say? Prophecy is idle, though that the Nursing Community has passed through what has amounted to a great revolution since the days of Mrs. Fry, can any one doubt? Unto the names just mentioned many more might have been added. This would have been superfluous, inasmuch as among the great women of the Nineteenth Century these names are already secure. Tread upon yonder tiny camomile plant, and the richer will be its perfume and verdure, the stronger its growth. So is it with a noble disposition. Let difficult and trying circumstances overtake it, and the genuine gold thereof comes out brighter and purer for the untoward events; unsuspected resources are developed, and the higher nobility becomes discernible.

Burning words, and destined doubtless to become immortal, were those uttered by Mr. Frederic Harrison, at the Toynbee Hall, during the early part of 1888, in closing his lecture on "The Future of Great Cities." Describing his ideal of what that modern Babylon (London) should be, he said: "It must be a city where our noble river will flow so bright and clear that the young people can swim in it with pleasure; where we shall again see the blessed sun and clear blue sky, and the towers of steeples rising aloft in the

bright air; a city which at night will be made as light as day with electric lamps, and in whose midst fountains will pour forth water from the hills of Snowden and Helvellyn; a city where noxious refuse will be unknown, and where no deadly exhalations will be pumped into homes; a city where typhus and typhoid fevers will be as rare as the plague, and as much a matter of history as the leprosy; a city where the dead shall no longer be a terror to the living, where preventible disease will be a crime chargeable to some one, and an opprobrium to the district in which it breaks out; a city where no child shall go untaught because it has no suitable school at hand; a city where no man shall go without recreation, or society, or religion, because there are no libraries or museums near his abode, no galleries of pictures to visit on Sundays, no parks within easy reach, and no seats free in the church where he cares to enter."

We return to our narrative. Next we pass in review the shelves of the booksellers' establishments; and who does not marvel at the many and varied new groves which have been ploughed up and surveyed during the last decade or so?—proving with resistless might that the "little knowledge" theory in vogue during the opening years of the present century is destined to die with it; that it is now fast becoming an obsolete fallacy. And where, pray, would our knowledge of earth-worms stand had it not been for Darwin's careful study of these creatures? To-day the public smile at the old domestic in the Darwin household, who (so the story goes), in reply to an inquiry as to how her master was, said, "Ah, poor man! he would be better if he had only something to do; but there he is, day after day, doing nothing but looking at those nasty worms."

And is not this the common lot? Does not something of this kind befall nearly every original and thinking mind? The members of his own household seldom know him. Behold the new prophet, as quietly and patiently he ponders over the new vision which has appeared to him, as if endeavouring to spell out its import. He looks, perchance, into the face of those around him; expects to see them glow with kindred emotions, as he relates the wondrous story, only to find them grow dark, angry, and scornful. "Madman! Fanatic! Away with him! We want no such a fellow as he here," cry the company in a breath; "fads, paying schemes, and regulation patterns are our watchwords, and unless he is prepared to conform thereunto, he may go to Golgotha and welcome."

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