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The English Educational Bill recently passed by the House of Commons has created a furor of opposition among all classes of non-conformists. We give below an account of a demonstration of indignation held in Hyde Park of over two hundred thousand people who were enthusiastic in their denunciations of the measure. It is said that the king went out to see "the non-conformist Conscience." The Baptists took an active part in the demonstration.

We give below a report of the gathering:

## Parliament of the People

### The Hyde Park Demonstration By Nemo

On Saturday, May 23, the educational question of England was transferred from the floor of the House of Commons to the great forum of the people in Hyde Park. Not since the day when Queen Elizabeth and her courtiers stalked deer in this historic spot, not since the day that Henry VIII, planted the glorious trees that this day line the walks and cover the green, has there been such epoch-making scene as this gathering of half a million sturdy Nonconformists to protest around the "Reformers' tree" against the iniquitous spoiling of their educational system and the trampling of their consciences under the feet of the State Church. No wind swept forest of maple ever had its floor strewn thicker with orange colored leaves than this dense crowding of men and women to say an emphatic "No" to the London Educational Bill. The Park was radiantly beautiful—green of sward, deep green of forest tree, bank on bank of flowers touched by centuries of culture—blue of sky, flecked here and beyond with white fleeces—loping hillside filled black with masses of men—bronzed statues peering out of the crowd—yet all was still. It was an ominous stillness as though a gathering storm was making ready for onslaught. There was no noise or political clamor—the business in hand was of too much moment for froth and fume—conscience was at stake and the future welfare of the children of the Kingdom was at stake—it was the day of Judgment for the House of Commons. The appeal was to Caesar. For more than a year the outraged sentiment of the people had been flouted by Westminster, yea insolently defied. Today, Parliament meets in the Park in answer to the Parliament of the Priest. Here was focussed the revolt of the Nation against a monstrous tyranny, against a wilful and ignoble violation of the consciences of free men.

The plot against the Educational system of London and the Empire is the plot of Rome. The State Church does not need to say "We go to Rome also," they are there already. The Confessional, the high altar, incense and all the products of the Romish Church prevail in nine out of ten of the churches denominated the "Church of England." This new bill provides for the exclusive control of all schools in the kingdom by the Clerical party, paid for out of the funds which Nonconformists are taxed to raise. The children are compelled to attend these schools and be taught the worship of Mary—to be taught that nonconformity is of the devil and that only burning candles and fragrant incense will pave the way to heaven. The Bill excludes the right of women to places of authority, abolishes the London School Board and applies with rigor the religious test to all teachers—if you cannot subscribe to the Romish formula, you need not apply for a situation as teacher.

The Nonconformists of the Kingdom number more than one-half of the population of the Kingdom, and against this injustice they rebel. Every whither, passive resistance organizations are springing into existence. Principal Fairbairn leads the way. English Protestants have learned the art of going to prison for conscience sake, and the plain declaration is that they will suffer the spoliation of their goods, or even to go behind the bars rather than pay the educational rate—rather than be taxed to have their children taught that the religion of their fathers is schism and worthy only of excommunication and the gibbet.

Here it is. A child enters school and asks his teacher: "Teacher, what does Milton mean by Paradise Lost?" "Child I cannot answer, I am forbidden by act of Parliament to speak of Paradise." Another child has lost her mother, she wears a tiny band of crape on the sleeve of her dress, the teacher asks her the meaning of it—she replies—"My mother died the other day and went to heaven; teacher, where is heaven?" "My child, I cannot tell you, I am forbidden by act of Parliament to speak of heaven."

Shall we wonder then at this mighty uprising of the people. From all quarters of London they came, from the palace of the rich and the novel of the very poor—the "Coster" and the millionaire stood side by side and side by side they marched.

For long hours the streets of London were alive with the moving mass, both men and women, stalwart youth and beautiful maidens—they came with songs and banners—"Onward Christian Soldiers," "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," "When Wilt Thou Save Thy People" rent the air as they moved along the crowded thoroughfares. All traffic was halted, gay and fashionable London with patches of royalty were compelled to stop and take note. The entire police force of the metropolis was called out, not to take care of the marching host, but to direct the people who gathered along the way.

Dr. F. B. Myer, pastor of Christ's Church, the church with its Lincoln Memorial Tower, headed a vast contingent from South London—over Westminster bridge they streamed to join the assembled host on the Thames embankment—they had come across all the bridges that span the river on which rested a careless shimmer—the Egyptian Obelisk added dignity to the scene—the towers of the Houses of Parliament loomed against a radiant sky.

From the North Dr. Clifford, never so popular in the eyes of London as today, headed a little army and filed on down to the park under an aisle of trees. Just as he passed through the marble arch he met the King, who had come out in a closed carriage to see the "nonconformist conscience." He saw it. It was a big looking affair—200,000 strong—one day it shall wear a crown.

The largest crowd in the park gathered about the platform where Dr. Clifford presided and whence he hurled his philippics. It had been arranged that twelve waggons should be wheeled into the park and scattered about from where the silver Serpentine sleeps beneath the trees to the northern entrance of this place of bloom and beauty. These waggons were filled with orators and the orators were filled with the spirit of the old crusaders.

Watch this moving host with blaring bands and flying banner—banners bearing strange and significant inscriptions. On one you may read the famous phrase from the lips of the great law-giver, Justinian—"Conscience is above all law." And still another reads "Free Church men and women protest against the bill as unwieldy, unfair and unjust." "We will not submit" was a ringing phrase from Principal Fairbairn.

The people were stirred as the ocean is moved upon when the tempest makes riot with the waves. When the burning speech of men alive to the perils of the hour had gone forth into the spring air, a bugle call summoned the twelve chairmen to offer simultaneously this resolution:

"That this mass meeting of the citizens of London emphatically condemns the educational bill now before Parliament, because it destroys the London School Board, excludes women from election to the Educational authority, imposes religious tests upon the teachers, and does not provide for the free teaching of elementary, technical and high-grade education in suitable day and evening schools entirely controlled and administered by a body directly elected for that purpose."

The resolution has become only an echo, indeed the echo had not started when this mass of people broke forth in cheer on cheer like nothing so much as the sea beetling against the eternal crags. There was both menace and meaning in this al-

most deafening shout of the massed thousands until the trees in the far away reaches of the grand old park trembled with the vibration.

There was a silent moment—a moment of all most tragic stillness. Look yonder! An old man, with long white hair streaming in the May wind climbs one of the platforms—he stands erect—he, too, waits a moment—all eyes are upon him—he has the look of a score of the old crusader in his wrinkled face—wait no longer, he sings, the silvery notes ride out upon the evening air—the multitude catch the strain—the swelling tide rolls on and on. Grand old Coronation never had a sublimer rendering nor a place so fitting.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the Royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of All!

The song melted with the sunset, banners of gold in the westerling sky answered the banners of conscience—the people—a mighty people in mighty concourse, turned homewards filled with a sublimer determination to do and dare for the welfare of England's children.

## Be Careful How You Build

It is not enough for a man to build a ship so that it looks beautiful as it stands on the stocks. What though a man build his vessel so trim and graceful that all admire it, if when she comes to be launched she is not fit for the sea, if she cannot stand stormy weather, if she is a slow sailer, and a poor carrier, if she is liable to founder on the voyage? A ship, however comely she may be, is not good for anything unless she can battle with the deep. That is the place to test her. All her fine lines and grace and beauty are of no account if she fails there. It makes no difference how splendidly you build, so far as this world is concerned your life is a failure unless you build so that you can go out into the great future on the eternal sea of life. We are to live on. We are not to live again, but we are to live without break. Death is not an end. It is a new impulse.—Beecher.

Mr. Spurgeon in his quaint way rebukes half-heartedness in seeking religious "privileges": "On prayer-meeting evening, Brother A. thought it looked like rain and concluded that he and his family would better remain at home. Next evening it rained very hard, but the same brother hired a carriage and took his whole family to the 'Academy of Music' to hear a lecture on the 'Intelligence of the Lobster.' Brother B. thought he was too tired to go, so stayed at home and worked at the sledge he had promised to make for Billy. Sister C. thought the pavements too slippery. I saw her the next morning going down the street to get her old bonnet done up. She had an old pair of stockings drawn over her shoes. Three fourths of the members were represented by empty seats."

"In just that very place of His  
Where He hath put and keepeth you,  
God hath no other thing to do!"

—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

If we would bring a holy life to Christ, we must mind our fireside duties as well as the duties of the sanctuary.—Spurgeon.