

The Coming Day.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.

About eighteen months ago, OUR FATHER'S CHURCH sent forth its message. Since then, many meetings for worship and teaching have been held, chiefly in London, and about two thousand letters have been received and answered. But the newspaper press has done most of the work of dissemination. By its help, *The Ideal* has been laid before millions of readers in almost every part of the world. Besides this, many thousands of copies of *The Ideal* have been circulated in English and Italian. A German translation is in the press, and French, Spanish, and Welsh translations are in hand.

The result has been, not so much to attract a large number of confessed members, as to elicit a very remarkable agreement in favour of the principles of the Church, and especially in favour of the conception of a Church as a spiritual communion of kindred spirits without external organisations, and of adherents without sectarian operations.

To many this will be vague, but to multitudes it seems to be the most satisfying of all bonds of fellowship. "Why," ask these, "why should not kindred spirits in India and Great Britain, in Canada and Germany, in Italy and Ireland, in Switzerland and New Zealand, belong to a spiritual brotherhood, and have the helps and joys of knowing that they are not alone in identifying Religion with simple faith in a heavenly Father, and with doing what we can in the homely world to make the crooked things straight and the rough places plain?"

At present, this seems to be the mission of OUR FATHER'S CHURCH—to set forth this human and serviceable Gospel—in the hope that every one may in time come to see that the truest church-work is the world's work, and that, to be a member of OUR FATHER'S CHURCH anywhere is to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God.

The charm of this great simplicity is not only its inherent beauty. It is also in harmony with the finest conceptions of God reached by the psalmists and prophets of old, and it is the very essence of the teachings of Jesus, whose delightful universalism was so imperfectly understood by his immediate followers. Only now, in the fulness of time, do we seem able to take him at his word when he said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God:" "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth:" "They shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

The undernamed, being members of OUR FATHER'S CHURCH, signify their willingness to give information to inquirers. They may not be able to do more than send, to those who would like them, copies of *The Ideal* and *The Inviting*, but, believing that much help and comfort have been given by these, and by the presentation of their simple and practical thoughts of duty and life, they invite communications from any who may wish to know what OUR FATHER'S CHURCH means and what it hopes to do.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS (*Recorder*).

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A FRIEND in America writes : “ With your own work I have hearty sympathy. How to help in it I do not know as yet. People will ask me, ‘ In what does the teaching of OUR FATHER’S CHURCH differ from what is taught in our pulpits, Sunday schools, and literature ? Is there *anything* I can do for the advance of the kingdom of God, by joining OUR FATHER’S CHURCH, which I *cannot* do, and do as well, by working with Unitarians and Universalists ? ’ Such questions will be pressed on me, and I do not see how to give really satisfactory answers.”

The following reply has been sent :—“ The question you put to me, others have put, but I can never quite understand it. The testimony of OUR FATHER’S CHURCH is altogether different from the testimony of any ‘ denomination ’ ; but it is not easy to get people to do without the strongly concrete. There are many who will not believe in OUR FATHER’S CHURCH until we hire or build a cage, and go into it once or twice a week. Others want to know who form the committee and what are the rules. We are sunk in the sensuous even in religious matters. But really *The Ideal* and *The Inviting* say all that is to be said, so I enclose these to save writing. But I will ask your attention to the following passages from them :—

“ The question has been asked, ‘ In what way will any one be advantaged by joining OUR FATHER’S CHURCH, and what can be the practical outcome of it ? ’—just as though it made no difference to a sensitive and thoughtful human being whether its life is isolated or related, or whether it made a good confession or none ! God has so made us that we are all helped by the sense of sympathy and the deliberate taking of a side ; and those of us who know human nature know well that the simple act of decision, the actual stretching out of willing hands to OUR FATHER’S CHURCH, may make all the difference to solitary or struggling souls, and to those who feel that the sect does *not* speak the deepest or highest word.”

“ ‘ Roman Catholic,’ ‘ Episcopal,’ ‘ Established,’ ‘ Presbyterian,’ ‘ Congregational,’ ‘ Baptist,’ ‘ Wesleyan,’ ‘ Unitarian,’ ‘ Non-subscribing,’—not one of these goes down to the deepest things, not one testifies to the highest. They bear witness to an earthly authority, an official, an Act of Parliament, a conclave, an assembly, a rite, a man, a solitary doctrine, or the negation of doctrine. They do not bear witness to the Father. The perfect ideal would be the merging of all the churches in one mighty Brotherhood, all acknowledging the Fatherhood. But that cannot yet be. What can be is this—that there shall be brought into existence a testifying Society, whose one object shall be to present the Ideal to the world. The ordinary

churches cannot do this. They are hampered by Acts of Parliament, by trust deeds, by ghostly creeds, by rites and ceremonies, by tradition and by habit. The need of the hour is a simple beacon-light, whose sole mission shall be the lifting up of the clear-shining truth that in the Father we are all one: from which it follows that sects and creeds and rites are, at best, only a few of the narrower doors by which we may pass on to Him, and that His true Church is, like His true kingdom,—uncontrolled by human hands and unseen by human eyes."

"OUR FATHER'S CHURCH needs only kindredness of spirit and the spiritual companionship of unseen comrades. Its Church-work is the work of daily life, done, not as an operation of a church establishment, but as part of the life-work of a human being. Its members will be in all parts of the world. It will not matter that they may never meet. The bond of union will be the simple and happy confession; 'I am a member of OUR FATHER'S CHURCH, and I try to do His will.'"

"*This is not one more sect.* It is the very reverse. It is the expression or outcome of an attempt to find the foundation-fact in every sect. Its special testimony is, that within, beyond, and above all sects, OUR FATHER'S CHURCH spreads its havening hands, and claims us all. Deeper than all our dividing shibboleths, we hear the uniting confession,—'Our Father who art in Heaven.' OUR FATHER'S CHURCH is like our Father's Holy Spirit. It comes to every one who desires it: and it can be neither appropriated-by nor excluded-from any organisation."

"You may be a member of the Established Church and of OUR FATHER'S CHURCH. You may be a Baptist and a member of OUR FATHER'S CHURCH. You may be a Wesleyan and a member of OUR FATHER'S CHURCH. Nay, you may be a Jew or a Buddhist and a member of OUR FATHER'S CHURCH; for OUR FATHER'S CHURCH contains all the Father's adoring and seeking children,—and, in a sense, contains all the careless children, too. It is perfectly clear, then, that the Churchman, the Baptist, the Congregationalist, and all the rest, may say,—'We are members of OUR FATHER'S CHURCH, and we rejoice to bear witness to it.'"

"I rejoice to say that many *do* understand, to whom OUR FATHER'S CHURCH is as the pearl of great price, and, for myself, I must say that I never more clearly saw its value and its mission. I am only sorry I did not find that 'pearl' twenty or thirty years ago. But perhaps none of us were ready for it. How many are ready for it even now?"

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH IN ITALY.

MEMBERS, in Turin and San Remo, have lately joined us, with every expression of sympathy and delight. The *Ateneo Italiano*, published at Rome, has an interesting article, signed by the editor, from which we extract the following :—

"Two months ago there came to me from Milan, a few copies of a little pamphlet, elegant, and original, sent me very kindly by my illustrious friend Professor Ferdinando Bracciforti. The attractive title, 'The Ideal,' the novel subject, 'Our Father's Church,' aroused my curiosity. I read it, and was profoundly impressed by the new idea of humanitarian religion which these pages contain, and by the sacred and supreme truth the English writer has enshrined in them.

" I feel very grateful to the esteemed translator to whose kind thought of me I owed the pamphlet ; and, indeed, deep gratitude is always due from persons of true feeling towards those, who like Bracciforti, put the country into possession of some new truth, which they have gathered from foreign lands. Truth is like the ocean, it is not bounded by nation nor place.

" I have delayed till now to speak of this pamphlet to the friendly readers of our dear Athenæum, because space and leisure were, for the moment, not at my disposal. To-day, after reading again these deeply serious pages, I can speak of them with double warmth.

" What is the conception, religious and human, which inspires the soul of this new idea ?-- the unity of the idea, expressed in the unity of faith ?

" I quote a few very noble sentences, regretting only that space does not allow me to quote more.

(HERE FOLLOW QUOTATIONS).

" This most precious little English pamphlet continues, in the same style, to speak of the powerful and ardent ideal, so holy, so christian, which it advocates, till the heart of the reader is deeply impressed, and stirred as if by some spiritual breath of new life and new love. It is the whole thought of Christ which is here revealed, and which directs itself towards the units underlying our human civil and social affairs ;--the symbol of brotherhood and peace among all nations of the earth, without the distinction of race, colour, or place. It seems possible that its sublime application may affect some far-away society of the future ; it cannot, for certain, be seen in our present day, where the pride of incredulity destroys every noble attempt towards virtue and progress in things divine and human.

" It is difficult to teach love to one who has never loved ; it is difficult to teach faith to one who has never believed. But let us not despair, nevertheless.

" Affirming, then, the sublime ideality which pervades this work of the new apostolate, due to the sacred initiative of the generous Englishman, John Page Hopps, and nobly seconded by the ardent warm heart of Ferdinando Bracciforti, in Italy, the country sacred to the Ideal, I will not add another word. Let us valiantly till this fertile soil, if we desire that we may one day behold the tree of the true faith spreading above us its superb branches, and that it may be given to us, dear brothers, in its holy infinite shadows beneath, to labour and to love.

TITO MAMMOLI."

A HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND A CHILD.

SPOKEN AT CROYDON.

" The child shall die a hundred years old " ; or " He who is a hundred years old shall die a child."--ISAIAH LXV., 20.

In a sense this is true of all, for the space that divides childhood from age is but trivial after all, and it is only filled with developments, not decays. The old man is only the completed child, and his apparent decays are real enfoldings. There is ignorance as well as heartlessness in the sneer at the " dotage " of old age. Life is a circle, and it is very beautiful to see the old man coming round again to the simplicities and the dependence of " second childhood," very beautiful to see the old man playing with the child, the twining ivy climbing up the gnarled old oak, for then the patriarch calls his child-life to mind, and, with renewed simplicities, slips behind the veil and is " gathered to his fathers."

That which we call "decay" is orderly progression. Nay, even death is only the beginning of a fresh experiment. It is a "child" who dies here, though a hundred years old: it is a "child" who is born on the other side. So that there is no such thing as death—thank God! no death.

But the special meaning of the words, read in their connection, takes us in another direction. What the prophet is saying is that, in the good time he is predicting, the old man shall not be burdened and depressed and worn. Even at a hundred years he shall be as a child. What a lovely dream! But may we not in a measure make it true?

Why, for instance, should we not keep, in old age, our delight in Nature, and our old love for her in all her moods? How dear is Nature to the heart of the child! though the child may often be unconscious of the source of its joy. When we were children, how we revelled in her ever-fresh delights, her clouds and sunshine, her winds and snows, her streams and birds, her freezing blasts and her meadows in the time of the daisies! But, as time goes on, too many of us get blinded with gold dust, and confused with cares, and dulled with toil, and befooled with fashion; and these get estranged from the old mother Nature, and come to think of her as only a poet's dream.

Yes; Wordsworth is right: "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." But "shades of the prison house begin to close upon the growing boy."

"The youth, who daily farther from the east must travel,
Still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid,
Is on his way attended.
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

It is one of the miseries of modern life. The charm of old books, old times, old customs, and old heroes is the air of simplicity and freshness that breathes about them. The old poets! how sweet and unconstrained and joyous they are! To read them now is like going back to "the green pastures" and "the still waters." But the modern poets! you see their wrinkles in every line. It may be inevitable, but it has its sad side, and we sorely need to do all we can to keep the child-heart warm for the great mother from whom we all came, and back to whom we shall all go. Why not love her and delight in her all along? Then the wrinkled face and the hair white as the silver sea would only hide the child-heart, and we should at last be gathered to the fathers in "a green old age." Yes; and again is Wordsworth right, that

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'Tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us;—so impress
With quietness and beauty; and so feed

With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings."

For this is what is ever promised to the true child of Nature, who loves her and delights in her to the end: that he shall die with his spiritual eyes clear and bright, whatever may happen to these other eyes, and, with his heart still beating responsively to the harmonies of the seen and unseen worlds, depart "a child," though "dying a hundred years old."

In the same sense this may be so when the old bloom of life and the love of the ideal work of life remain. But this, alas! seems possible only to the very fewest, for who does not know how the glows and enthusiasms of youth hurry to fade away! The new evangelist or fresh reformer starts to change or convert the world, impatient of old wrongs and aghast at old sins. Awhile he protests, struggles, entreats, gets neglected or laughed at, bursts into tears, serves his cruel hour in some small Gethsemane, and then evades the cross only by taking the world as he finds it, and ends by trying to get a living where he thought to accomplish a reformation.

Only one here and there escapes the common fate. For the rest the order is reversed; the promised land is turned into the house of bondage; Canaan is changed for Egypt; the fire in the soul flickers low with the fading years; and the watchwords of the olden days, no longer rung out as by men who would die for them, are hardly whispered, even with bated breath. One of the saddest of all life's tragedies is when the hearts of the old heroes are chilled, and we have to lament that our finest spirits have lived too long. But what a glorious sight it is when the old men lift up the banners with the ancient cry! What a sight when some other venerable apostle is even carried into the assembly of the people to gasp out his dying testimony to an undying faith! What a sight when the silvery head leads the young hearts, and the advance guard of the new cause is the scarred and wrinkled warrior of the old! What a sight when, amid timid friends and cruel foes, the bare old head faces the storm like some grand cliff that never flinches while it stands! And what music when the cheers of youthful chivalry are aroused at the voice of some "old man eloquent," "always young for liberty"—dying a child, though dying a hundred years old!

Very beautiful, too, is the suggestion of simplicity and docility, and the sense of dependence here—lovely everywhere, loveliest in old age. The period between childhood and old age is apt to be a period of self-assertion and want of reverence. It is very natural, for the young soul is only trying its strength, and revelling in the first sensations and emotions of self-conscious power. The

new-comer upon the scene is more apt to want to try his strength upon it than to ask questions of the old performers. The eager nature longs to get to work, to mark out a way for itself, to make full proof of everything for itself. It is natural, I repeat, but it is always dangerous, and it is seldom beautiful, and, in excess, with the restraints of reverence put aside, it may soon become detestable. What years of trouble it may take to bring the prodigal home again! and what a hard road and a stony may lie between the random talk and the defiant mood of to-day and the time when the profound saying of Jesus shall be understood, that we must become little children e'er we can enter into the kingdom of heaven! Happy for us all if, after the perilous experiment of life between childhood and age, we be guided by the heavenly spirit safely past the shoals and sands whither self-will may drift us! Happy for us if, after the masterful passions and flickering vanities have burnt themselves out, we be at last led, in the cool of our mortal day, back to the old place, saving enough of the wrecks of the old trusts to build just one lowly altar to our God, whereon to lay our humble sacrifice of self-surrender, going down to the fathers truly in "a ripe old age," children again, at least in gentle trusts and tender reliances; children again in guilelessness now made wise by experience, and in confidingness now made thoughtful by trouble; children, though dying a hundred years old; so that, after all life's storms and glooms, our sun may set at last upon green fields and in a cloudless sky.

PAUL'S LETTER TO THE GALATIANS.

(Concluded from Page 117.)

I BESEECH you, brethren, be free as I am, for I have become one of you. Ye did me no injury when, as ye know, because of an infirmity of the flesh I preached the Gospel to you at the first; and that which was a trial to you in my flesh ye despised not nor loathed; but ye received me as an angel of God,—as Christ Jesus. Where now is your self-congratulation? for I bear you witness that, if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your eyes and given them to me. Have I become your enemy because I tell you the truth?

They zealously but not disinterestedly seek you; nay, but they take you aside in order that ye may seek them: not but what it is a

good thing to be zealously sought in a good cause at all times, and not only when I am present with you.

My little children! for whom again I suffer birth-pangs until Christ be perfected in you, I could wish to be present with you now, that I might change my tone, for I am deeply concerned for you.

Tell me, ye that desire to be under law, do ye not pay attention to the law? It is there written that Abraham had two sons, one by the handmaid* and one by the freewoman†: but the son by the handmaid was born after the flesh, and the son by the freewoman through promise: and these things contain an allegory‡. These are two covenants, one

* Hagar. † Sarah. ‡ The whole of this seems very fantastic to the modern mind, but, in Paul's days, and for a long time after, this grave trifling with the Old Testament was a sacred fashion. It is extremely difficult to believe, before evidence, to what amazing lengths "the fathers" went in their attempts to find allegories, predictions, and occult meanings in the Old Testament, and, indeed, everywhere.

from Mount Sinai, bearing children unto bondage, which is Hagar (Sinai is a mountain in Arabia), and answers to the Jerusalem of to-day, which is in bondage with her children. But the Jerusalem from above is free, and she is our mother: for it is written, "Rejoice, thou barren, that barest not! shout and cry, thou who knowest not the birth-pangs! for more are the children of the lonely than of the married."

Now ye, brethren, as Isaac was, are children of promise. But as then he who was born from the flesh persecuted him who was born from the spirit, so is it now. But what says the scripture? "Cast out the handmaid and her son: for the son of the handmaid shall not share the inheritance with the son of the freewoman."

So then, brethren, we are not children of a handmaid but of the freewoman. For freedom did Christ make us free. Stand fast therefore, and be not entangled again in a yoke of bondage.

See now, I, Paul, tell you that if ye receive circumcision Christ will be as nothing to you, and I protest to every one who receives circumcision that he is bound to obey the whole law. Ye who would be justified by law have broken with Christ, and are fallen away from grace. For we look for the expected righteousness through spirit from faith. For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision nor uncircumcision avails anything, but faith working through love.

Ye were speeding well: who hindered you from pushing on to the truth? This bias came not from him who calls you:—but "a little leaven leavens the whole lump."

Because of the Lord I am moved to think that ye will be of the same mind, but he who troubles you shall bear his judgment, whoever he is. As for me, brethren, if I were preaching circumcision, why am I still persecuted? If that were the case, then had the scandal of the cross ceased. I would that they who unsettle you would cut themselves off!

Brethren, for freedom were ye called, yet not that your freedom should be an inducement to the flesh, but that by love ye should

be servants one to another. For the whole law is comprehended in one precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." But if ye bite or devour one another, beware lest ye be consumed one of another.

And what I say is this,—Act from spirit and ye will not gratify the longings of flesh, for flesh longs in opposition to spirit, and spirit in opposition to flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye can hardly do the thing that ye would. But if ye are led by spirit, ye are not under law. Now the works of flesh are manifest,—fornication, uncleanness, indecency, idolatry, sorcery, evil tempers, factions, divisions, sects, envyings, drunkenness, revellings, and such like, concerning which I tell you plainly, even as I did tell you plainly, that they who give themselves to these things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control; against such, law is not. And they that are of Christ Jesus have crucified flesh with its passions and longings. If we live from spirit, by spirit let us also act, not boasting, provoking one another, envying one another.

Brethren, if one be overtaken in a fault, ye who are spiritual restore such an one in a gracious spirit, mindful of thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil Christ's law: for if one thinks himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceives himself; but let each one prove his own work, and then shall he have boasting in himself alone, and not over another, for each one shall carry his own load. And yet let him who is taught in the word join with the teacher in all things that are good. Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap. He that sows for his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that sows for spirit shall of spirit reap eternal life. And in doing well let us not be weary, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. So then, as the time serves, let us work that which is good towards all, and especially to those who are of the household of the faith.

§ Some one must have been saying that, after all, Paul taught circumcision where it was palatable.

|| In plain English,—I wish they who make all this fuss about circumcision would circumcise themselves from our company!

See with what large letters I write to you with mine own hand.*

As many as desire to make a fair outward show, they constrain you to be circumcised, only that they may not be persecuted on account of the cross of Christ. For even they who are circumcised do not themselves keep the whole law, but they desire to have you circumcised that they may exult over your flesh; but God forbid that I should exult save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,

through which the world has been crucified unto me, and I unto the world. For neither is circumcision anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creation † As many as shall walk by this guiding line, peace and mercy be upon them, the Israel of God.

From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear, branded upon my body, the scars of Jesus.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit, brethren. Amen.

NOTES ON IRELAND.

LORD SALISBURY CHURCHILLISING.—Lord Randolph Churchill's outburst about "milice of infernal powers," is matched by Lord Salisbury's moan about "the wrath of God" "Semi-detached" is his phrase for Home-rule, and he said: "If, by the wrath of God, Ireland and Great Britain ever became semi-detached, we might be quite certain, &c." This new mode of swearing is worth noting. It certainly indicates a loss of intellectual grip and moral continence.

INCONSISTENT—I have received from an anxious friend a newspaper containing extracts from old speeches by Mr. Gladstone, Sir Wm. Harcourt, Sir G. Trevelyan, and Earl Spencer, all of which are contradicted by their speeches to-day. What of it? "Live and learn." When such men have to contradict what they said ten, twenty and thirty years ago, we are driven to infer that they have seen reason to change. The inconsistency is in favour of to-day's view, surely.

It is not too late to draw attention to one of Lord Randolph Churchill's wild speeches, in which he said at Bolton. "There are many constituencies in which there is an Irish element, but that Irish element will be trampled under foot as it has been in Bolton." Having lived for many years in the neighbourhood of Bolton, and knowing well what trampling under foot the Irish element means, this comes home to me. Not in Bolton, but in a neighbouring town, I have seen the Irish

quarter invaded by religious zealots trading on labour prejudices. Windows were broken, furniture and bedding thrown into the streets and burnt, and the Catholic church was broken into and set on fire. My own home had to be specially guarded because I publicly rebuked this trampling under foot of the Irish element which Lord Randolph Churchill so ardently inculcates.

But the drift of it goes farther afield. It is a bit of class brutality that lights up the very centre of our field of conflict. I have always felt that masterful temper is, in England, a most important factor in the opposition to Home Rule, just as religious bigotry is in Ireland, and nothing better describes it than Lord Randolph Churchill's phrase, "trample under foot." There is no need to moralise over it. It speaks for itself.

A FRIEND writes to me, blessing me for something I have written, but mourning over my lamentable Home-rule policy. Here is my reply. It may do for scores of others, and save time and trouble:—"My friends must take fat and lean together,—or bear to see me eat both. I think with amusement of "the reading of friendships caused by political opinions." Such a cause! As for poor old Ireland, I am more than ever in favour of giving her the housekeeping keys to tie round her own apron, and no one makes me laugh more than Lord Salisbury with his fat and funny British want of Ideality." J.P.H.

* Some have supposed that the remainder of the Epistle was written by Paul with his own hand; the whole of it, up to this final postscript, having been written by an amanuensis:—a pathetic touch!

† Over and over again Paul returns to this, and he ends almost as he began. He might well say, "This one thing I do." A Hebrew of the Hebrews, he had yet broken away so thoroughly that nothing remained but war against that which had once enthralled him. He was the first follower of Christ who really saw the difference between the old and the new—the religion of ritual and the religion of spirit and life.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.—It is hoped that arrangements will be made for a series of five Sunday meetings, in the Cavendish Rooms, during the month of October.

"ACTING": MORE GUSH.—Even the sober little *Echo* is at it. On the leader page there lately appeared half a column, headed "An International Event." The international event was the opening of a London theatre, built by a few shrewd American players, who have made money here and want to make a little more. "Tumultuous cheering followed the lifting up of the curtain." "Miss Ada Rehan, amidst wild manifestations of welcome, was led forward" to speak her piece. Then "she played as in a whirlwind of inspiration," and "seemed to move as if winged to a superb and memorable triumph." Isn't it getting just a little silly?

"THE LIBERATOR."—Few events have more plainly revealed the rottenness of much of our vaunted "enterprise" than the building up and breaking down of the rascally "Liberator" fraud, and few events are more likely to sweep away the criminal negligence of "directors" than the examinations which have been dragging on for weeks, under the direction of Mr. Registrar Emden. Every one of these wretched directors seems to have been either villain or fool. One after another has been put into the witness box, and every one had to show up in a light which led to the conclusion that the witness box ought to have been followed by the pillory. The use of a director is to direct. People imagine that the multiplication of directors is a check against personal manipulations, but it turns out that the multiplication of Liberator directors was a multiplication of endorsements of personal manipulations. Instead of checks they were blinds or decoys. Every one of these directors is morally responsible for the losses, and ought to pay up to his last half-crown. It has been a miserable object lesson. Will it be comprehended and acted upon?

"BORDERLAND."—A useful, perhaps a notable effort, but Mr. Stead has hardly done justice to the patient, brave and true-hearted spiritualists of the past thirty or forty years.

He, however, is called to service in his turn, and for him we hope and believe all things. He is a strong man,—swift, keen, and devoted to ideals. The possible rift in the lute is in the direction of his singular combination of obstinacy and impressionability. He is almost sure to be "sold" by some of the people who are playing the game behind the veil. "Julia" made a good shot at the result of the Newcastle election, and Mr. Stead's journalistic instinct makes him hungry for a tip. "Julia" followed up her success by writing through his hand, "Now that you have proof that I am able to foresee some things, perhaps you will be less unbelieving. I will often be able to tell you things in time for you to make great use of them, but you must believe." That points directly to journalistic news,—say, the earliest intelligence from the seat of war. Mr. Stead will not be able to resist it. A war correspondent costing nothing, unshootable, needing no pass, and bound to be first is priceless. "But you must believe." That is at once Mr. Stead's temptation and his danger signal.

MAGNANIMITY AND LOYALTY.—The *Inquirer* draws attention to a luminous instance of true magnanimity and loyalty. Mr. Frederick Nettlefold most vigorously opposed the removal of Manchester New College to Oxford. He was defeated, and at once—without his subscription? Oh, no; he at once said, "We must make the best of it, and do it well," and then gave a thousand pounds to the building fund. The money, many men could spare and give, but, O Lord! how hard it would be to give it—so.

HATS OFF!—It certainly does seem rather hard on poor Samuel Fox that he should be turned out of church for keeping his low-crowned hat on, as a religious scruple, when scores or hundreds of women, out of sheer vanity or foolery, are allowed to sit in the best places with floral or feathery structures on their heads which frequently completely blot out the view, or obstruct it with vibratory motions of silly sprays of artificial abominations.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"The life of Thomas Paine. With a history of his literary, political, and religious career in America, France, and England." By Moncure Daniel Conway. To which is added a sketch of Paine, by William Cobbett, hitherto unpublished. Two vols. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. "Time tries all," and time has tried Thomas Paine. "Firebrand," "rebel," "atheist," he has been for over a hundred years, and now the curtain rises on him as prophet, hero, rational Christian. Mr. Conway rescues him from the little smelly farthing dips of the angry divines, and puts him under the glow of a modern electric light. The effect is wonderful. If we can believe our own eyes, there was never such a forerunner of great redemptions, such a herald of good things to come, and few of the world's reformers have done more than he for the democracy in politics and for the rationalist in religion. It is true that Paine's predictions concerning monarchy, in England have been unfulfilled. So much the worse for Europe. But there is time yet. Mr. Conway has done the world a service in preparing and publishing this lucid and painstaking book.

"The inadequacy of 'natural selection.'" By Herbert Spencer. Reprinted from *The Contemporary Review*. One of Mr. Spencer's keen and patient bits of dissection. We find once more that "doctors differ," and that there are folds within folds. We are glad of it. The dogmatism of the Darwinians and the lordliness of the Lankesterians are rather hard to hear, and it is good to have it brought home to them that they don't know everything.

"The Women's Trades Union League" By the Rev. S. A. Brooke, M.A. London: The Women's Trades Union League Office, 2, Clerkenwell Road, E.C. A sermon by a true friend to all struggling people, and a fine example to all teachers of religion. What is the good of talking about opinions compared with the good of helping God's weak and little ones to be strong, and to resist injustice?

"The beginnings of Christendom." A popular sketch. By W. G. Tarrant, B.A. London: P. Green, Essex Hall. A keen and thoughtful little book, necessarily a mere sketch, as it modestly professes to be, but none the worse for that as a handbook by the way. A cheap book, too; over 100 pages, well printed and bound, for a shilling.

"Boswell's life of Johnson." With an introduction by Mowbray Morris. Globe edition. London: Macmillan and Co. This edition of a famous old book is taken from the fourth edition of 1804, completed and edited by Malone. It contains all the original notes, with some fresh ones, which, in a gossip book of this kind, are acceptable even if not necessary. The index is a remarkably full one. The type, although necessarily somewhat small, is very readable, but the margins of the pages next to the binding are narrow and rather troublesome. On the whole, a neat, cheap, serviceable, and praiseworthy presentation of a delightful book.

"News from the invisible world." London: J. J. Morse, Monmouth Road, Bayswater. One penny. A most interesting reprint of the letters of the Wesley family, together with John Wesley's extract from the diary of his father, Mr. Samuel Wesley, concerning certain very remarkable experiences in his house, similar to those described by Mr. Page Hopps in his book, "Death a delusion." The letters and the diary will not convince the impatient and the incredulous, but they will be understood by those who have seriously looked into a subject of profound interest.

"The rise and progress of modern spiritualism in England." By James Robertson. Manchester: "The Two Worlds" publishing Co. (6d.) This is too good a book to be published out of London. It is the very story that wanted telling, and it is told by a reliable, calm, and patient inquirer. It is all very simple and unadorned, but that is an advantage.

EMERSON DAY BY DAY.

*So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,*

*When Duty whispers low, THOU MUST,
The youth replies, I CAN.*

VOLUNTARY.

1.—IN my utter impotence to test the authenticity of the report of my senses, to know whether the impressions they make on me correspond with outlying objects, what difference does it make whether Orion is up there in heaven, or some god paints the image in the firmament of the soul?—*Nature.*

2.—MAN thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings.—*The American Scholar.*

3.—CHARACTER is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function, living is the functionary.—*The American Scholar.*

4.—CULTURE inverts the vulgar views of nature, and brings the mind to call that apparent which it uses to call real, and that real which it uses to call visionary.—*Nature.*

5.—So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished and planted, or so far have I extended my being, my dominion.—*The American Scholar.*

6.—WHILST a man seeks good ends he is strong by the whole strength of nature.—*Cambridge Address.*

7.—THE sensual man conforms thoughts to things; the poet conforms things to his thoughts.—*Nature.*

8.—THAT is always best which gives me to myself. . . . That which shows God in me fortifies me. That which shows God out

of me makes me a wart and a wen.—*Cambridge Address.*

9.—THE world is his who can see through its pretension.—*The American Scholar.*

10.—JESUS CHRIST belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. . . . He saw that God incarnates Himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of His world. He said in this jubilee of sublime emotions, I am divine! Through me God acts, through me speaks. Would you see God, see me; or, see thee, when thou also thinkest as I now think.—*Cambridge Address.*

11.—WE cannot prove our faith (in immortality) by syllogisms. The argument refuses to form in the mind. A conclusion, an inference, a grand augury, is ever hovering; but attempt to ground it, and the reasons are all vanishing and inadequate. You cannot make a written theory or a demonstration of this as you can an orrery of the Copernican astronomy. It must be sacredly treated. Speak of the mount in the mount. Not by literature or theology, but only by rare integrity, by a man permeated and perfumed with airs of heaven—with manliest or womanliest enduring love—can the vision be clear to a use the most sublime.—*Immortality.*

12.—IT is essential to a true theory of nature and of man that it should contain somewhat progressive. Uses that are exhausted, or that may be, and facts that end in the statement, cannot be all that is true of this brave lodging wherein man is harboured, and wherein all his faculties find appropriate and endless exercise.—*Nature.*

13.—As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of His attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin it is flint. . . . In proportion as a man has anything in him divine the firmament flows before him.—*The American Scholar*.

14.—THE Supreme Being does not build up nature around us, but puts it forth through us, as the life of the tree puts forth new branches and leaves through the pores of the old. As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God.—*Nature*

15.—IF the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the huge world will come round to him.—*The American Scholar*

16.—To aim to convert a man by miracles is a profanation of the soul. A true conversion, a true Christ, is now, as always, to be made by the reception of beautiful sentiments.—*Cambridge Address*.

17.—EACH philosopher, each bard, each actor, has only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of one scribe? we have been that man, and have passed on. First one, then another; we drain all cisterns, and, waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever.—*The American Scholar*

18.—THE man who renounces himself comes to himself.—*Cambridge Address*

19.—THE resources of the scholar are co-extensive with nature and truth, yet never can be his, unless claimed by him with an equal greatness of mind.—*Literary Ethics*

20.—A MAN never sees the same object twice; with his own enlargement the object acquires new aspects.—*The Method of Nature*.

21.—THE power which is at once spring and regulator in all efforts of reform is the conviction that there is an infinite worthiness in

man which will appear at the call of worth, and that all particular reforms are the removing of some impediment.—*Man the Reformer*.

22.—TO-DAY is a king in disguise. Let us unmask the king as he passes.—*Lecture on the Times*.

23.—THE time is coming when all men will see that the gift of God to the soul is not a vaunting, overpowering, excluding sanctity, but a sweet, natural goodness, a goodness like thine and mine, and that so invites thine and mine to be and to grow.—*Cambridge Address*.

24.—THE whole value of history of biography is to increase my self-trust, by demonstrating what man can be and do.—*Literary Ethics*

25.—WE cannot describe the natural history of the soul, but we know that it is divine.—*The Method of Nature*.

26.—WE are never tired so long as we can see far enough.—*Nature*.

27.—WITH whatever exception, it is still true that tradition characterises the preaching of this country: that it comes out of the memory, and not out of the soul; that it aims at what is usual, and not at what is necessary and eternal; that thus historical Christianity destroys the power of preaching, by withdrawing it from the exploration of the moral nature of man, where the sublime is, where are the resources of astonishment and power.—*Cambridge Address*

28.—INSPIRATION makes solitude anywhere.—*Literary Ethics*

29.—IF only the men are employed in conspiring with the designs of the Spirit who led us hither, and is leading us still, we shall quickly enough advance out of all hearing of others' censures, out of all regrets of our own, into a new and more excellent social state than history has recorded.—*The Young American*.

30.—YOUNG people admire talents and particular excellencies. As we grow older we value total powers and effects, as the spirit or quality of the man.—*Her ship*

THE SONG OF THE DIRT.

OUTSIDE OF A TRAMWAY CAR.

(After Thomas Hood.)

WITH sorrow, and pity, and scorn,
 With eyelids stinging and red,
 A woman sat, with a wholesome disgust,
 Turning her sickening head.
 Stink, stink, stink,
 With poison, and spitting, and spurt,
 And still, with a voice of pity and scorn,
 She sang this song of the dirt

" Smoke, smoke, smoke,
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And smoke, smoke, smoke,
 Till the stars shine o'er the roof.
 And it's oh! the rubbish they smoke;
 And they think it comes from the Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 And can never a nuisance shirk.

Smoke, smoke, smoke,
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Smoke, smoke, smoke,
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
 Pipe and cigar and stench,
 Stench and cigar and pipe,
 Till, over the lot, I am almost sick,
 And the car cries out for a wife!

O men with sisters dear;
 O men with mothers and wives,
 It is not tobacco you're burning away,
 But the sweetness of human lives.
 Smoke, smoke, smoke,
 In poison and spitting and dirt,
 Till some, for the sake of a smoke and a spit,
 Would almost pawn their shirt!

Smoke, smoke, smoke,
 From lazy chime to chime;
 Smoke, smoke, smoke,
 As prisoners work for crime.
 Pipe and cigar and stench,
 Stench and cigar and pipe,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain denumb'd,
 And the throat for disease is ripe

Smoke, smoke, smoke,
 In the dull December light,
 And smoke, smoke, smoke,
 When the weather is warm and bright--
 While, all around the car,
 The fresh air is forbidden to cling,
 But it stinks, and stinks, and stinks,
 Although it is early Spring

Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of even a London street,
 Without the poisoning stuff
 That would choke the sweetest sweet,—
 For only one short hour,
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before even boys took up with the pipe,
 And mixed it with every meal."

With sorrow, and pity, and scorn,
 With eyelids stinging and red,
 A woman sat, with a wholesome disgust,
 Turning her sickening head.
 Stink, stink, stink,
 With poison, and spitting, and spurt,
 And still, with a voice of pity and scorn,
 She sang this song of the dirt.

Mary Jan.