The Coming Day.

NOVEMBER, 1894.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(SPOKEN AT CROYDON).

SINCE we last met here, another bright spirit has gone into the world of light, to whom this earth was one of the sunny homes of God, and who helped to make it so,—Oliver Wendell Holmes. A beautiful spirit,—genial, tender, pitiful, wise, so full of humour, always on the sunny side; and yet how near to "the fountains of the great deep" hovered his mellow-hearted mirth!—always a subtile, gracious pathos in it. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* was almost a sheer originality in literature, and it puzzled the critics, who mistook it for a new kind of nonsense book. But, with all their delicious humour, I think the fine series of which it was the first may be most accurately described by the words *human sympathy*.

But one never knows whether to admire most his subtile, engaging, racy prose or his poetry, at once so graceful and so strong; the sunshine never absent, the kindly smile always there; but, at the heart of them, what angelic tenderness! and sometimes what immense strength! as witness the grand series entitled "Wind-clouds and Star-drifts."

But this choice spirit has a special interest for us here. We are, this month, engaged in a study of the religious value of our Heresy, and this is to be our subject to-day. How can I fail to bear in mind that this man was one of our comrades, and only as one among many brethren? Abraham Lincoln, William Lloyd Garrison, James Russell Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Emerson, were all entirely or virtually with us,—were all at one with us as to that vital Heresy which affirms universalism as to the human race, and the reign of law in nature.

Think of it! What must that Heresy be which breeds or satisfies such men? and what must the consequences of that Heresy be when such men steer by it? Surely, if there is a wise and righteous God, these men are His beloved. They rebelled against the old theology, for the reason indicated by Oliver Wendell Holmes when he wrote:—

Who is he,
The one ye name and tell us that ye serve?
Is it the God that walked in Eden's grove
In the cool hour, to seek our guilty sire?—
The jealous God of Moses, one who feels
An image as an insult, and is wroth
With him who made it, and his child unborn?
The same who offers to a chosen few
The right to praise him in eternal song
While a vast shrieking world of endless woe
Blends its dread chorus with their rapturous hymn?
Is this the God ye mean, or is it he
Who heeds the sparrow's fall, whose loving heart
Is as the pitying father's to his child,
Whose lesson to his children is, "Forgive,"
Whose plea for all, "They know not what they do"?

Let the world think what it likes of the faith that sufficed for such men, and of the fate of these fine spirits who held it; for one, I say, To the place whither they have gone, let my spirit go; and may my home be with them at last!

LIFTING UP THE EYES.

(SPOKEN AT CROYDON.)

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."—PSALM CXXI., 1.

THESE beautiful words—all the more beautiful because they are so simple—appear on the title-page of the book of hymns which we use for the first time to-day. They were written by one of the old Hebrew hymn writers, but they tell for us the whole story of our religion, our longing, our sense of independence, and our hope. For, indeed, what does all this mean that we say and do here? Is it not all told in this, that we lift up, to the almighty and all-merciful Power above us, the eyes of a confiding love? And is not that salvation everywhere? Ay, everywhere—in the home, in the school-house, in the workshop, in the church—to know that there is someone higher, wiser, stronger—someone who knows, someone who helps—is not that salvation everywhere? And not for help only; for consolation also, for the satisfaction of heart's longing and spirit's hope. What could we do, how could we get on without it? "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help."

The hills. I remember my first sight of a true hill, among the Austrian Alps, many years ago—only one longing glimpse from a railway carriage, and that nearly missed. How anxiously I looked to the place where the mighty hill should be! It was a somewhat misty morning, and, as we sped on, I thought I should never see my hill. But, just when I despaired, I saw an intense silvery shimmer in the distant haze. What was it? Cloud or a sunny spot on the drifting mist? Presently it revealed itself. It was a snow mountain; and there, for three minutes, I saw the enchanting dream. It was all very beautiful and noble, but what I noticed most was the different angle at which I had to look. I had, indeed, to "lift up mine eyes."

The charming spiritual suggestion is obvious. The sight of all great and noble objects is good for us. In truth, that which marks the difference between the mere animal and the human being is this very tendency to lift up the eyes—to look up. The oxen in the meadow, the sheep on the hill side, do not seem to care for the scenery. It is the human being who stands enraptured before the gradations of colour, the complex harmonies of form, the superb clouds, and the fine audacities of the "heaven-kissing hills," and everywhere we see that this lifting up of the eyes is at once the great human characteristic and the great human salvation. Herein is the whole of the philosophy of life:—look up!

Look at that man, at that woman, higher than yourself. Don't be jealous, or satirical, or discouraged; but look up. You youngsters, watch your fathers, be mindful of your mothers; don't think only of their kindness, think of their wisdom, their goodness and their sense. If you can, set greater store by their high characters than by their ability to clothe and feed and shelter you.

Look at that great book—a little hard and dry, perhaps—not much fun in it, no pictures; but full of fine thoughts and splendid ideas—above you, perhaps; but lift up your eyes unto the hills. A good book is a noble hill, good for a climb, for the fresh air and the view; one might call a library a mountain range.

Look up to the great subjects of the day—in politics, in the march on of the mighty human interests that centre about work and wages, in social affairs, in the penetration of the human mind into that immense region which lies beyond the senses. Don't think you know all; don't shut up any avenue: don't be content with the few things we have at hand; don't talk about the "impossible"; be hospitable to great themes; give the great thought, the great hope, the benefit of the doubt. Lift up your eyes!

Look up for the tenderest light. How beautiful the light over the mountain top!—what a serene blue!—what gracious glintings of colour with the partings of the clouds! What sweet blendings of tender tones at day dawn or sun set! Look up! Go up! and you shall often see the blue beyond the haze.

And is not that true of the intellectual and the spiritual spheres? The upper lights are the freest from haze and fog; the great souls live and feel and love in a purer atmosphere, and think in a brighter, tenderer light; and there, in the heights of thought and feeling, are the great hopes, the truest consolations, the sweetest intimations of something above and beyond. Lift up your eyes!

Look up for the larger view; ay, go up and see it! Get grand deliverances from the urgent, the near, ofttimes the squalid, the clamorous, the impertinent, the really unimportant. Forget the spilt milk, and think of the milky way; shut out the silly gossip or the slander, and think of the mountains and the stars. Too often the wrong things grasp and hold us, filling our eyes and ears:—the insolent world! cheating us even out of ourselves. Lift up your eyes!

Look up for help. This was the Hebrew poet's thought—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." It was probably an exile's cry, telling of the banished one's longing for Jerusalem, girded about with hills, and, to him, Jehovah's chosen home. Thus read, how charming and yet pathetic the closing words, "from whence cometh my help—my help cometh from the Lord!"

A beautiful suggestion for us! Beyond all the barriers, ay, and all the highways of earth, the great help is in store. Beyond the struggle in the valley lies the peace of the silent hills. Beyond man waits God. Lift up your eyes!

But there are times when the hills are hidden—when the grey haze hides, or the big clouds roll between; and we are shut up to ourselves, and to that which is near us. Not all loss; for then we may see the beauty and find good in common and familiar things. We may look up to the hills until we forget the meadows and the flowers. One day I stood and looked and longed for the appearance of a glorious hill, but it came not. The thick dull clouds went to sleep before it, and forgot to move all day; and so the disappointing hours went by until I lifted up mine eyes no more, and then the consoling angel came, for the sun was shining on the buttercups and daisies, the vines, the acres of wild pansies, the cottages and roses, the pine-clad cliffs—and they sufficed to fill eyes and heart, and that day I thought of the hills no more; but I thought how true that is of human life, and how much we may lose by forgetting it. The great things are denied, the strong reliances go, the hills are hidden, God Himself seems not to know—or care. Then is the time for divine philosophy to save the chafing soul. If your great faith is dim, turn to the small faiths. If you have, for a moment, lost even God, look around on man, remember your friend, go and play with the little child, write that neglected letter, go and have a chat with the old grandmother, remember the sick neighbour, and take her the pictures or the bit of gossip that may do her almost as much good as the doctor, go into the garden, help God's ivy and roses to cling to the wall if you cannot for the moment cling to Him, help His earth if you cannot soar to His heaven, grapple with your work, take refuge in some duty that calls for grasp and grip with brave tenacity; and you may even come to bless God that now and then the clouds make it seem useless to lift your eyes.

But that real or seeming uselessness of lifting up your eyes must never be allowed to become a settled thing; and note this well—that this lifting up of the eyes is something to which we can train ourselves. It may become a habit, just as the reverse, alas! may become a habit. Some, most foolishly, drift with the tendency to drag everything down, to belittle everything, to minimise the spiritual, to magnify the animal; or they are naturally depressed and find it pitifully hard to look up. The remedy is resolute endeavour, the creation of the second self—"Ye must be born again." Look up, when it is not easy to do it, and all the more because it is not easy; train yourself to it;

look out for the high hills and expect them; try to see the good; think over what there is to reverence; forget the gutter, remember the mountain peaks.

In relation to religious beliefs and hopes we greatly need this habit now. Our right revolt against the old bankrupt theologies has led us at times too far. Our energetic freedom has here and there loosened the grasp of much-needed hands. There are imminent dangers attending Free-thought, just as there are dangers connected with the push on of the Democratic spirit. "One man's as good as another;" "Jack's as good as his master;" "Every man may think for himself;" "It does not matter what you believe;" "There are no holy places and holy days." Such are some of the blunt gospel-truths of Free-thought and Democracy. I do not dispute them; in a sense, I admit that they are gospel truths; but they are terribly dangerous, and only too easily lead to the dull marshes of irreverence, or the dry sands of commonplace. No; let us, by all means, have Free-thought and Democracy, but let us lift up our eyes.

And now comes, indeed, a great thought as to the lifting up our eyes to the hills for help. That help I chiefly find in their splendid suggestion of lofty steadfastness and supremacy. How the great Alps stand and shine in their stately beauty, wherever you go, within the borders of their enchanted land! When you enter, when you leave, still you may lift your eyes to the hills. From place to place you seem to inevitably lose them. Turn your back upon them, and travel many miles through a score of little towns, you will find they persist. All that lies between them and you merges into a dim reach of field and forest and lake and town; and there, above them all, their pure and mighty presence shines. Century after century, amid all the great changes of possession and government and tongue, with changing laws and fresh allegiancees, still stand these calm unchanging forms. Like the great humanities—pity, kindness, love; a hundred languages, but the same affections; a thousand fashions, but the same deep human heart.

Standing by the river side, I see a tiny child come running round the corner, looking for its mother, who is over there by the stream, with a perambulator. Speeding with all its might, she reaches at last the desired haven; two great arms are quietly held out to meet the eager outstretched hands and the tall woman bends down to kiss the little face; and so the great God wins; and so His mighty abiding alpine truths persist. What man creates or destroys, decrees or alters, is ever exposed to ceaseless change; but there, above all, amid the eternal silences, the unchanging righteousness, the superb ideals of justice, humanity, purity, stand firm—and the certainty that these will abide:—a great consolation in these confusing days. Lift up your eyes!

But all this means conscious active sympathy with the divine ideals, and joyous co-operation with the permanent forces that make for them. I am not talking of artistic efforts or esthetic thrills; I am talking of the creation of

the world and of that tremendous stage of it with which we have to do. God never wanted helpers more than now—translators of the ideal into the real - dreamers and doers—lovers and warriors. His saints are not to be isolated now. He wants them for the rough creative work of the world. Lift up your eyes, indeed, but not only in ecstatic contemplation; lift them up as the soldier who takes account of the stronghold he has to capture, the mountain pass he has to occupy.

I have lately seen, in church and gallery, glorious pictures of the saints of old—radiant with colour, haloed with mystery, and with hands crossed on their breasts, and uplifted eyes. But they did not live like that. That is but the artist's dream. Any saint ever worth the name belonged to the mighty army of which it was said—"These are they who have come out of great tribulation;" and it is so we must follow in their train.

One thought more. I have again been deeply touched with the sight of the profound devotion of the Roman Catholics to their church. After we have said all we have to say as to the superstitions of that church, the fact remains that those who believe in it and love it never seem tired of lifting up their eyes to it. How difficult it sometimes is to get rational Christians to church once a week, and to get them there in time! We invite them for eleven o'clock, and they can hardly do it; but there, in France, in Belgium, in Switzerland, in Germany, you will find the churches (sometimes even the Protestant churches) crowded before eight o'clock. No one thinks it necessary to waste time over special dressing, or right to attend to everything else before the church. There are no particular attractions; only the prayer, the adoration, the lifting up of the eyes; and that comes first. Even on week-days the same. By eight o'clock, the touching sight is seen in many a little town—housewives, leaving their pots and pans, locking their doors and going, none with any extra touch of "dress," creeping old men, school boys and girls, singly or in little groups, leaving their satchels and clogs in the porch of the church, young women, for a few minutes, standing upright and silent by the church wall before a grave, and sprinkling holy water upon it, before going in—all very beautiful to see, and all meaning the lifting up of the eyes; and we who are justly proud of our "freedom," and rightly congratulate ourselves on our "emancipation," what has happened to us? Have we, then, made altogether a good bargain in giving all that for this! Perhaps yes; assuredly yes; but I will tell you what is more certain; that, however rational a religion may be, it is somewhere hollow, it will some day break down, if it does not induce us to lift up our eyes.

THE ATONEMENT.

BY J. TINKLER.

MR. GLADSTONE'S article on the Atonement will, we trust, draw renewed attention to what is really the central doctrine of "oxthodox" Christianity. All we desire is that this doctrine should be considered,—really considered by those who talk of "the atoning blood." And that at once suggests the question whether a great amount of unthrifty reasoning concerning this topic does not rest upon the assumption so gratuitously made of its being inherent in the death of Jesus rather than in his life.

Passing by the gratuitous assumption of the doctrine of Jesus being God and man, though plain minds can hardly understand that an incarnating God can drop His being God and assume merely a perfectible human nature, we are simply uttering an obvious truth when we say that the whole purpose which popular theology gives to Jesus seems to be a purpose of death. He was born that he might die. He came into the world simply that he might die for the world. But there seems something sweeter and nobler in the thought that Jesus lived for the world. Can there be any more dishonouring thought concerning him than that his death was the best thing he could render to humanity? Life, and not death, is the nobler thing. The death was met bravely as the life had been lived nobly, but it takes more genius to live nobly than to die bravely. There has come upon the Church from the schoolmen an almost incorrigible superstition that there was something miraculous about that death, that it was a substituted punishment, a ransom, or, more especially, a sacrifice.

Here is a citation on the matter from that authority only too prominent even to-day—John Calvin :—

> Had Christ been murdered by robbers or tumultuously sacrificed in a sedition of the mob, his death would have been no kind of satisfaction. But when he was cited as a criminal, was accused and crushed by witnesses, and condemned to death by a judge, we understand by these tokens that he sustained the character of a wicked criminal. Nothing had been effected if Christ had only died a corporeal death, but it was incumbent on him to feel the severity of the divine revenge (!) in order that he might both ward off wrath and satisfy a righteous sentence . . . wherefore we wonder not if he be said to have descended into hell, since he endured that penalty which is inflicted by an angry God on the wicked.

The death of Jesus is variously described as a Ransom, a Substitution and a Sacrifice, and yet between these there is nothing in common. For a good citizen to bear the punishment of a convicted criminal is quite a different thing from a philanthropist paying the ransom of a slave, and each of these two ideas, though used simultaneously as illustrations of the great redemption, is again different from the idea of a friend propitiating anger on behalf of one who has committed wrong. By no process can these three ideas be amalgamated.

The slave holder who receives a ransom as the condition of liberating his slave is in no sense propitiated by the ransom; necessarily he has no anger that needs appeasement. He is simply paid the commercial value of his property. Righteous anger against a wrongdoer cannot be pacified by money payment at all;—still less can it be wiped away by the infliction of pain on the innocent friend instead of on the guilty wrongdoer. These three forms of illustration are the staple of the million tracts which issue from Paternoster Row and the haunts of the Evangelical Alliance, and yet they are in themselves radically and absolutely contradictory. If we examine the idea of the atoning death of Jesus in the light of a ransom, the first question which naturally comes to us is to whom the ransom was paid. Was it paid to the devil? Those who now discuss its moral character forget that this was the teaching of the early Church. The "ransom of blood," understood commonly in modern times to have been paid on Calvary to the justice of God, was taken by them in the quite different meaning as a discharge of the claims of the devil. Iraenæus distinctly taught that mankind since the fall had become the property of Satan in the sense in which slaves belonged to their masters, and that it would have been unjust for God to rob him of souls which belonged to him. Christ as a perfect man, and therefore independent of the devil's claims, had offered himself as a ransom for the rest of mankind, and the devil had accepted the bargain.

By-and-bye it was observed that Satan, in his negotiation, had made a tremendous blunder, and Origen candidly admitted that he had been outwitted, and had been induced to accept the ransom of Christ's life which the redeemer had given, knowing that he could not be retained in hell. This idea, to us so shocking, that the devil was deceived and Christ the deceiver, was accepted universally throughout the Church till the time of Anselm, who, in his "Cur Deus Homo?" expounded the idea that it was the Father's justice and not the devil's claims which were satisfied by the sacrifice of Christ.

But is the new explanation of Anselm any more explicatory? To whom was the ransom paid? To the justice of God? Did God pay it to Himself? Was it paid by Christ to save us from the power of the Father? Surely schism in the Godhead is worse than schism in the Church. Was it paid by the Divine Mercy to the Divine Justice? Such separation of attributes is mere rhetoric.

Was the death of Jesus a sacrifice in any other sense than that the lives and deaths of all martyrs to truth are a sacrifice to humanity? The Roman Church has preserved through all the centuries, in the commemoration of that death, an idea of perpetual sacrifice. It is the sacrifice of the Mass. Protestantism has thrown over the accessories, but has still retained the central idea of propitiatory sacrifice, and as if by way of making up for the Roman accessories, has drawn most largely and minutely on what they call the types and prophecies of the Mosaic sacrifices.

It would be astonishing to those who have not mixed in evangelical circles, to learn how largely these crudities about types and symbols hold their sway. We have even had a series of volumes, "The Gospel in Genesis," "the Gospel in Leviticus," &c.

It might be pointed out that even if the half-civilised Hebrews held blood sacrifices as essential to salvation, it would not be binding on the Christian centuries, but it will strengthen our case to go further back in our examination, and examine the evidence of the recorded types. So doing, instead of finding in the recorded laws of Leviticus and Deuteronomy a warrant and a type for blood-bought righteousness, we shall see that there is not a line, not a word, in the whole Mosaic dispensation to imply that sin could be removed by the sacrifice of blood. In other words, every injunction in the Pentateuch to sacrifice, and expiation to be thereby obtained, only refers to the ceremonial law. Nowhere throughout the record was forgiveness of sin connected with ritual observance of any kind, and, above all, never was it connected with the taking of animal life. The offences to which alone these sacrifices referred and for which they are said to atone were offences simply and solely against the ceremonial law.

We may ridicule that ceremonial law with its intricacies of guilt and elaborations of sacrifice, but that is beyond the question at issue. Of these sacrifices and offerings, which are supposed to be types and emblems of the sacrificial blood-spilling of Jesus, we simply say that in no case, according to the record, were they designed or applied to the removal of moral guilt.

If the epistle to the Hebrews is read free from the spectacles of inherited theology, it is manifest that even in that stronghold of this supposed typology, the dominant thought is not resemblance but contrast.

> It is impossible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins. These things sanctify to the cleanness of the flesh. If the blood of goats and bulls and the ashes of a heifer, sprinkling them that have been defiled, sanctify unto the cleanness of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal spirit offered himself without blemish, cleanse your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.

The writer of the epistle evidently regards the effect of the sacrifice as manward, cleansing the conscience by its inspiration.

That this ceremonial law was an ignorant contrivance is a point which should not readily be admitted. It was probably essential to the health of these Jews in the warm climate of Arabia and Palestine that the blood and the fat should not be taken into their diet. It was perhaps unwise that Moses should draw down an idea of God's personal interest in their washing of vessels and their management of flocks, but it was hardly a vicious error. Surely, if any error can lean towards virtue it was this. The root-idea of God's immanence and interest in all life lies underneath the exaggeration.

(To be continued.)

HUSHING IT UP.

We are really sorry to have again to draw attention to the *Inquirer's* curious way of inquiring. It has vehemently supported Mr. Bowie and the people who are in favour of continuing so-called "religious teaching" in Board Schools, and seems resolved to stifle the exceedingly grave fact that the teachers of the Board Schools have just solemnly declared that they are energetically engaged in teaching theology, including "the divinity of Christ."

Mr. Page Hopps, thinking that this concerned Unitarians, wrote to the *Inquirer* drawing attention to this serious fact; but the editor declined to print his letter, and yet descended to the unfairness of actually replying to it and misrepresenting it. We submit that the *Inquirer* has neglected its duty in order to save from damage an electoral campaign in which it is engaged.

A second letter was sent to the *Inquirer*, pointing out its unfairness in replying to a letter it declined to print, and also pointing out that the suppressed letter was misrepresented in that reply, and asking for permission to set this right. This also was declined.

We give here practically the whole of these letters:—

I hope those of your readers who approve of so-called "religious teaching" in Board Schools will be enlightened by the manifesto of the teachers. They strongly boast of the religious teaching they have given. They protest that Mr. Riley and his friends had no need to move in the matter, because what was demanded was being done. The teachers do not resent being told to teach doctrine: they resent the insinuation that they do not teach it already. They declare that they are giving such religious instruction as "Christian theologians could collectively endorse," that they are teaching "the essentials of the Christian faith as drawn from Holy Scripture," that they use "a compendium of the fundamentals of Christianity," including "the miracles and the divinity of Christ," that "three-fourths of the teachers have been taught and trained in schools and colleges controlled by the clergy of the Church of England."

All this is what we are asked to support. This is the blessed gospel of the so-called "Progressive" party, the sacred "Compromise," and, in order to preserve this precious legacy, we must fight Diggleism to the death!

"Leave the teachers free to teach religion in their own way, and trust them," is the cry of the "Progressive" compromisers. But this is the very last thing we ought to do. Assuredly it is the very worst thing we can do.

There is no "compromise." Mr. Riley and his friends want doctrine taught. "Why," cry the indignant teachers, "why do you demand it? We are most of us trained Church of England teachers, and we are teaching doctrine every day!" And Unitarians back them up!

I was aware that my letter drawing attention to the manifesto of the National Union of Teachers would perhaps damage what is called the Board School "Compromise" party, but I did not think you would suppress it. But still less could I think that in suppressing it you would nevertheless answer it—and misrepresent it. You strongly suggest that it only re-opens the old discussion with Dr. Clifford, whereas the fact is that it is on an entirely new development of the subject. The so-called "Compromise" is defended by Unitarians, and the candidates who warmly support and praise it are being as warmly helped by Unitarians. My letter was on the entirely new fact that a manifesto issued by the Board School teachers strongly protests against the charge that they do not teach a full theology. They resent this, and say that they have been, for the most part, trained in Church of England colleges and are members of that Church. They declare that they teach "the essentials of the Christian Faith," including "the miracles and the divinity of Christ?"

A PROFESSOR OF SCIENCE ON SPIRITUALISM.

WE extract the following from the *Daily Chronicle's* report of a meeting of the London Spiritualists' Alliance.

A conversazione in connection with the above alliance, which is a society of spiritualists primarily founded for the purpose of uniting those who share a common faith, and then of giving information respecting that faith to those who seek for it, was held last evening in the St. James's Banqueting Hall, Regent-street. There was a large attendance of members and others, including Mrs. Russell Davies, Mr. Stewart Ross, Mrs. Russell Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stannard, Sir George Lane, and Mr. W. Caffyn. After a short musical program had been performed, Mr. W. F. Barrett, Professor of Experimental Physics and Dean of the Faculty in the Royal College of Science for Ireland, delivered an address on "Science and Spiritualism." Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, president of the Alliance, occupied the chair.

The CHAIRMAN, in briefly introducing Mr. Barrett, remarked that he had come all the way from Ireland in order to address them that evening—(cheers)—and had the deepest sympathy with their cause.

Professor BARRETT, in the course of his address, remarked that hitherto science and religion had blocked the advance of spiritualism, their scientific teachers doubting the possibility of mind existing without a material brain. They contended that the extension of existing knowledge could come only through the legitimate way—viz., the known senses, and by the developments sanctioned by the Church, and that everything outside should be discredited. There was a great deal to be said in favour of orthodoxy. Conservative views were necessary to help to suppress deviations in the order of things. Science had shown that in all visible things there must be order. They as spiritualists, believed that law governed obscure phenomena as well as other things. All the seers, prophets, and scientific men, even Moses and Isaiah, warned the people not to put their trust in or waste their time over oracles, but rather to attend to the dictates of reason. That, however, did not apply to the scientific investigation of to-day, which was based upon order, whether upon the seen or the unseen. There existed amongst Christian people a deep repugnance to their investigations as spiritualists. That, however, existed mainly through misconception, and when the investigations were considered from a scientific point of view, that repugnance entirely vanished. In the region of science he saw no harm in dealing with the present phenomena. The general body of spiritualists were bound together in the common feeling that they had evidence upon which to found a belief in a life after death, to which conclusion, the Professor remarked, the most bigoted Christian could raise no objection. From a scientific point of view, no harm could possibly be raised by these investigations. His own experience of the subject, which extended over twenty years, with the evidence he had obtained from the most trustworthy sources, compelled his belief in spiritualism. It was strange that the accumulated and trustworthy evidence with regard to spiritualism had not made more impression upon the educated world as a whole. The reason was attributable to the fact that the modern school of thought was grossly materialistic. The scientific argument was, however, ably answered by Dr. Oliver Lodge in his columns of "Nature." The professor concluded by remarking that he believed they were on the eve of a very great change in public opinion with regard to spiritualism, and that change had been signalised by one of the most distinguished statesmen of the day—viz., the Right. Hon. A. J. Balfour—in his presidential address to the Physchical Research Society recently, when he remarked that the time was coming when the scientific thought of this country would be aroused to further investigations, which it was their bounden duty to undertake. The wide recognition of thought transference would lead to its culture and development. They hoped that in the world of larger scope that which was here developing would be completed, not undone. (Cheers.)

After a few concluding remarks from the CHAIRMAN, the remainder of the evening was spent in music and conversation.

PUBLIC LETTERS TO PUBLIC PERSONS.

TO MR. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.

SIR,—It may, perhaps, not be too late to offer you my congratulations. Your wonderful energy and pertinacity have given you a vote which is the greatest possible compliment to both. In these days of flattery and yielding, you give us the refreshing sight of a man who knows what he wants, and who sticks at nothing in his resolve to get it. It is very refreshing.

The compliment paid to your energy and pertinacity becomes more and more colossal as we consider what it really was that you induced the Trades Union Congress to do. You persuaded the Congress to instruct its Parliamentary Committee to promote and support legislation for "the nationalisation of the land and the whole means of production, distribution and exchange." That is to say, you induced the Congress to declare that the State should become the universal landlord, capitalist, banker, manufacturer, carrier, and shopkeeper. Or, in still plainer English, you induced the Congress to put on its head the biggest foolscap of the century. It was indeed an amazing tribute to your energy and pertinacity!

As you perhaps know, I am in favour of the nationalisation of the land and of mines on honest terms, and, indeed, of the nationalisation of any not-to-be-repeated necessity, but when you say that the State must push out or put down all independent manufacturing, carrying and selling, and abolish private capital or the free use of it, you,—but no, I will only say that it is time to explain.

Will you, then, assist us by coming down from the rosy region of rhetoric to the prosy common-place, or, if you like, the brutal frankness of a slate and pencil? and will you tell us how you would like the State to proceed in getting hold of the railways, the docks, the Yorkshire and Lancashire manufacturies, and our millions of shops? That may suffice for a start. But, if you feel inclined to proceed further at the first stage, you might give us a sketch of some plan by which the State might economically and successfully control and officer its gigantic businesses. You might explain, too, how inventors would be advantaged by being shut out from "the means of production," and how workpeople would be benefited by exchanging trade unionism and an employer for servitude under the State.

By the way, have you considered the fact that what you propose is actually at work in one department? The Post Office is worked on your ideal plan. Does it give you ideal results? It is a wonderful bit of work, but does it contrast favourably with independent enterprise and free labour? Anyhow, do you want all your clients to be what postmen and telegraphists are—almost criminals if they combine and almost rebels if they strike?

I have the greatest possible admiration for your pluck, and shall be glad to have my admiration increased. You have been wonderfully courageous in formulating a demand. Will you now be as courageous in explaining what you mean, and in telling us how you would like the nation to proceed?

Heartily yours,

South Norwood Hill, S.E. J. PAGE HOPPS.

October 2nd, 1894.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

OFFICIAL TEACHING OF RELIGION.—John Morley truly said of State teaching of religion that a single step in the path of religious interference leads you the whole way. If you once grant that the State can rightly provide for religious teaching, there is no stopping place, and the only logical outcome of it is an Act of Uniformity and belief by Act of Parliament. School Board electors, take note of this!

NOT ENOUGH.—Here is a specimen letter:—"Your *Coming Day* is a very commendable enlightening little monthly; and, being only a

monthly, I think you could well afford to give us a little more of the mental food such as is given therein." A SUBSCRIBER.

We wish we could. The fact is that when we have paid printer, binder, publisher, advertiser, postman, railway, agent, and all the rest of them, we find we lose a little on every number, and then subscribers ask for more, and the Income Tax man wants to include our profits in his assessment

---

A LABOUR ANNUAL.—Mr. Joseph Edwards (64, Carter Street, Princes Road, Liverpool), proposes to publish a Labour Annual, a record of the Social Movements of the day—a kind of "clearing-house of labour's aspirations and needs." We wish it success. There seems ample room and need for it.

BIBLIOLATRY.—A correspondent writes:—A Church of England clergyman said lately, in a sermon delivered near Bedale, Yorkshire, *apropos* of slavish literalism: "Some men can find 'books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything,' but others can only see *stones* in the running brooks, sermons in books, and good in nothing but the Bible."

POLITICAL LYING.—*The Daily Telegraph* lately said, in a most prominent leading article, "Liberalism, as it is now understood by the Radical party, has divested itself of its old features, and put on a strangely new mask of Anarchic Socialism." This is not an error—it could not be an error—it is wilful lying. Some Socialists (not "Anarchic") have ignorantly set forth a so-called "Collectivist" programme, and some Radicals have adopted it, but there is no Liberal or Radical party which has become Socialist, still less Anarchic. If this lying goes on, and once reputable men like Mr. Chamberlain condone and even help it, the political arena will indeed be "no place for ministers of religion," except as missionaries. But it is very sickening and very painful.

A day or two after the *Telegraph's* falsehood, Mr. Ben Tillett wrote the following, "I know of no possible fusion of the Socialists and Liberal party. Our present insistence of our scientific economies is entirely opposed both to the principles of Liberalism and the people who comprise the party. The adverse economic heresies of Liberals are as great as the Tories."

A week or two after, Mr. Tom Mann said that Socialism was at war with the Liberal and Radical party.

SOCIALISM.—That amazing Trades Union Congress vote is bearing fruit. If it had any meaning, it meant that the State should run the whole of the manufacturing, shopkeeping and carrying of the country by state machinery. It is very pitiable. For the past five or six years, Fabianism has been fooling in this direction, and the Keir Hardy style of Socialism has been very active amongst working men, who, ignorant of the laws of trade, have been easily misled by high-flying phrases and tempers. The favorite phrases are, "capital is plunder" and "masters are robbers," and on these two strings the one tune has been played. If this pernicious and ignorant nonsense is not stopped, the Liberal party is done for:—split in two, if it does not follow that lead of the congress; damned by most honest and practical men, if it does. There is really a good deal of cant in much of the Socialism of to-day—and not harmless cant either. Its grotesque attacks upon capital and competition, though to some extent provoked by serious evils that grow out of both, are often enough to "make the angels weep." Even the words "collectivism" and "individualism," have a good deal of cant in them. We point-blank refuse both as an alternative. We prefer to accept both as complementary. We do not believe in the "individualism" which would cut us off from co-operation, and we do not believe in the "collectivism" which would turn us all into bits of human machinery in the hands of a national engineer. But good all mother Nature will look after us. Just in proportion as we overdo the tyranny of the individual she will raise up Socialists, and just in proportion as we repress individual enterprise and competition she will raise up men and women who will kick until they are free. We vote for mother Nature.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

FRIENDS AND SILENCE.—The *Carrier Dove* wisely says:—"Friends do not need speech in the same sense that mere acquaintances do. True friends never need to make talk for the sake of conventional politeness, and that in itself is a great thing. They are not rude if they are silent. They may work or read in each other's presence, taking pleasure in affection which there is no need to express."

A WISE MAN ON SPIRITUALISM. — Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "You don't know what plague has fallen on the practitioners of theology? I will tell you. It is spiritualism. While some are crying out against it as a delusion of the devil, and some are laughing at it as an hysteric folly, and some are getting angry with it as a mere trick of interested or mischievous persons, spiritualism is quietly undermining the traditional ideas of the future state, which have been and are still accepted—not merely in those who believe in it, but in the general sentiment of the community to a larger extent than most good people are aware." "You cannot have people of cultivation, of pure character, sensible enough in common things, large-hearted women, grave judges, shrewd business men, men of science, professing to be in communication with the spiritual world and keeping up constant intercourse with it, without its gradually re-acting on the whole conception of that other life."

CUI BONO? It is often asked—"Even if true, what is the use of Spiritualism?" There are many answers. Here is one. A few weeks ago, our old friend Hay Nisbet "died." This is how a Spiritualist paper ends its announcement of it:—"We cannot regret that our friend has 'gone home'; he has fought a good fight. We wish him God-speed, and happy times over there." It is surely something to have abolished the fear of "death."

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"The redemption of the Brahman." A novel. By Richard Garke. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. A small book on a great subject. The writer, using a story as his vehicle, sets forth the degrading inhumanity of Brahmanism, with its odious theory of caste. The "redemption" of the Brahman is the gradual uplifting of a noble youth from the Brahman to the man. The story is well told; the glimpse of Indian life is most instructive; the "moral" is entirely elevating.

"The open door;" "The dawning day." By J. H. Dewey, M.D. New York: United States Book Company. "The open door" is called "The secret of Jesus. A key to spiritual emancipation, illumination and mastery," and "The Dawning Day" has, for sub-title, "An exposition of the principles and methods of the Brotherhood of the spirit and school of Christ." It is all very loftily pitched and charmingly idealistic. In the truest sense of the world, these books seem to us to be purely spiritual. It would be a heavenly world if we could all understand them and put them into practice.

"Primer of philosophy." By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Another noteworthy book, following up much that Dr. Carus has written in defence of Science as against (not Religion but) Obscurantism. We cannot but admire his zeal, although we think he will have to blow even more lustily than he does before he can get much religious heat out of his purely secular system of Science and Philosophy. It is well to make an end of superstition, but Dr. Carus is almost unaccountably fervent in his crusade against what we understand by spirit and immortal life.

"The Primer of Philosophy" Dr. Carus describes as a book which "represents a critical reconciliation of rival philosophers of the type of Kantian apriorism and John Stuart Mill's empiricism."

HAWTHORNE BUDS.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY JOHN TINKLER.

1.—It is only through the medium of the imagination that we can lessen those iron fetters which we call truth and reality, and make ourselves even partially sensible what prisoners we are.—*The New Adam and Eve.*

2.—Death levels us all into one great brotherhood.—*The Procession of Life.*

3.—Curious to imagine what murmurings and discontent would be excited if any of the great so-called calamities of human beings were to be abolished—as, for instance, death. —*Notebook.*

4.—Powerful truth, being the rich grape juice expressed from the vineyard of ages, has an intoxicating quality when imbibed by any save a powerful intellect, and often, as it were, impels the quaffer to quarrel in his cups.—*The Procession of Life.*

5.—Every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important in some respects, whether he chooses to be so or not.—*Notebook.*

6.—It is a very genuine admiration, that with which persons too shy or too awkward to take a due part in the bustling world regard the real actors in life's stirring scenes; so genuine, in fact, that the former are usually fain to make it palatable to their self-love by assuming that these active and forcible qualities are incompatible with others which they choose to deem higher and more important.—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

7.—So long as an unlettered soul can attain to saving grace, there would seem to be no deadly error in holding theological libraries to be accumulations of, for the most part, stupendous impertinence. - *The Old Manse*

8.—There is an influence in the light of morning that tends to rectify whatever errors of fancy, or even of judgment, we may have incurred during the sun's decline, or among the shadows of the night, or in the less wholesome glow of moonshine.—*Rappacini's Daughter.*

9.—Grudge me not the day that has been spent in seclusion, which yet was not solitude, since the great sea has been my companion, and the little seabirds my friends. . . . . Such companionship works an effect upon a man's character, as if he had been admitted to the society of creatures that are not mortal. —*Footprints on the Seashore.*

10.—When fate would gently disappoint the world, it takes away the hopefulest mortals in their youth; when it would laugh the world's hopes to scorn, it lets them live. Let me die on this apothegm, for I shall never make a truer one.—*P.'s Correspondence.*

11.—Is not the human heart deeper than any system of philosophy? Is not life replete with more instruction than past observers have found it possible to write down in maxims?—*Earth's Holocaust.*

12.—Great men need to be lifted upon the shoulders of the whole world in order to conceive their great ideas or perform their great deeds. That is, there must be an atmosphere of greatness round about them. A hero cannot be a hero unless in an heroic world. — *Notebook.*

13.—On the soil of thought and in the garden of the heart, as well as in the sensual world, lie withered leaves—the ideas and feelings that we have done with.—*Buds and Bird Voices.*

14.—Some unfortunates make their whole abode and business in the Hall of Fantasy, and contract habits which unfit them for all the real employments of life. Others—but these are few—possess the faculty, in their occasional visits, of discovering a purer truth than the world can impart among the lights and shadows of these pictured windows. *The Hall of Fantasy.*

15.—All persons chronically diseased are egotists, whether the disease be of the mind or body, whether it be sin, sorrow, or merely the more tolerable calamity of some endless pain or mischief among the chords of mortal life.—*Egotism.*

16.—PURITY and simplicity hold converse at every moment with their Creator.—*The New Adam and Eve.*

17.—A SINGULAR fact, that, when man is a brute, he is the most sensual and loathsome of all brutes.—*Notebook.*

18.—PERHAPS he whose genius appears deepest and truest excels his fellows in nothing save the knack of expression; he throws out occasionally a lucky hint at truths of which every human soul is profoundly though unutterably conscious.—*The Procession of Life.*

19.—BELIEVE the best you can and hope the best is a rule which Christians should always follow in their judgments of one another.—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

20.—THERE can be no truer test of the noble and heroic in any individual than the degree in which he possesses the faculty of distinguishing heroism from absurdity.—*Blithedale Romance.*

21.—How much mud and mire, how many pools of unclean water, how many slippery footsteps, and, perchance, heavy tumbles, might be avoided if we could tread but six inches above the crust of this world. Physically we cannot do this; our bodies cannot; but it seems to me that our hearts and minds may keep themselves above moral mud-puddles and other discomforts of the soul's pathway.—*Notebook.*

22.—THOUGHT grows mouldy. What was good and nourishing food for the spirits of one generation affords no sustenance for the next.—*The Old Manse.*

23.—How often is it the case that, when impossibilities have come to pass and dreams have conde[illegible] their misty substance into tangible reali[illegible] we find ourselves calm, and even coldly se[illegible]ssessed, amid circumstances which it would [illegible]ve been a delirium of joy or agony to anticip[illegible].—*Rappacini's Daughter.*

24.—THE world [illegible]es all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits.—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

25.—HUMAN destinies look ominous without some perceptible intermixture of the sable or the grey.—*Blithedale Romance.*

26.—A VEIL may be needful, but never a mask.—*Notebook.*

27.—WERE I to adopt a pet idea as so many do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others, it would be that the great want which mankind labours under at this present period is sleep. The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted through a morbid activity, and, while preternaturally wide awake, is nevertheless tormented by visions that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and character were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose.—*The Old Manse.*

28.—THE frequent recurrence of hereditary resemblances in a direct line is truly unaccountable when we consider how large an accumulation of ancestry lies behind every man at the distance of one or two centuries. —*The House of the Seven Gables.*

29.—WOMEN are not natural reformers, but become such by the pressure of exceptional misfortune.—*Blithedale Romance.*

30.—TRIFLES to one are matters of life and death to another.—*Notebook.*