The Coming Day.

APRIL, 1894.

MR. GLADSTONE'S GOING.

It certainly was sudden, but that probably was best. Delay, discussion, the setting up of a hundred stumps and caucuses, would have done harm. The strong man went strongly, and notably shewed his strength in appointing his successor, and making his own prophecy true. The cheap gabble about his being "hounded out of office by his friends" is simply gas, and bad gas too; the tearful lament, fitly expressed in *The Chronicle* by Mr. Le Gallienne's poem on the ceasing from the earth of all great men now, is hysterical nonsense; the perversions of a portion of the comic papers,—representing Mr. Gladstone as surrendering his sword to Lord Salisbury (!), for instance,—are sheer impertinences.

The clean truth is that a grand old man has grandly done his duty, and, in his fine simplicity, has seen for himself what we could not see for him. And now, if one might say it without irreverence, the word of the great master would be true on his lips, "It is expedient for you that I go away." That would have been cruelly untrue but for those eighty-four years and what they may at any time mean. In the circumstances, it is better that he should deliberately see the period of transition through. We shall lose nothing by his going but the joy and elevation of his leading, for surely not one soldier worth counting will be lost because of his going, and perhaps some things will be possible now that he would hardly have cared to undertake. The example, the teaching, the justification will be all here, as ever, but the speed of the march may be accelerated. We shall see.

Meanwhile, the ripe old master knows full well that we all reverence and love him. He is wise enough to measure all the truth about himself and us, and he has in him a justification for having lived which in itself may well be his Heaven begun on earth.

And now for the future. There is no reason for the hope or the fear that there will be any halt. Rather, as we have said, the speed may be increased. It does not depend upon Lord Rosebery any more than it depended upon Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone was never much more than an instrument; a powerful one, with much accelerating force, but still an instrument, and Lord Rosebery will be the same. As the writer of these words has said elsewhere, the stream of tendency is the main factor, not the man who voyages on it. In a sense, all is written in the Book of Fate, and the instruments must obey.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE GENESIS CREATION STORY.

By T. H. Morgan, F.R.Met. Society.

[Now that Mr. Gladstone has practically left the political arena, increased public attention may be paid to his cherished Biblical studies—much, we hope, to the advantage of the public, inasmuch as Mr. Gladstone's championship of certain old notions and beliefs must compel more earnest attention to them. The result must be this conclusion,—that as Mr. Gladstone has said the best that could be said in favour of these notions and beliefs, and as what he says is so palpably insufficient to justify them, they must go. Believing this, we commend to the reader's attention Mr. Morgan's temperate review of the great master's best theological book.—Editor of *The Coming Day*.]

The great name of Mr. Gladstone has ensured wide-spread attention to his book on "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," and especially to the remarkable chapter on the Genesis creation story, a chapter which calls for a reply from those who have long since relegated this interesting record to its proper place as a mere archaic production, interesting only as reflecting the ideas of primitive man. We have waited long before attempting such a reply; but the subject itself can wait, though it must not be ignored.

Mr. Gladstone, as we might have expected, has employed his abnormally subtile powers of suggestion in trying to harmonise this ancient narrative with the discoveries of modern science. For the scientist who reads the article, he will not have relieved the load of objection to its reception by a featherweight, but, for the unlearned reader, swayed by a lingering affection for the teaching of his school-days, he has presented this Mosaic account with such an air of plausibility, and has fenced with its self-evident objections with so much ingenious resource, as to present it in quite an illusive light.

It is difficult to discuss such a matter on anything like common ground with one who, like Mr. Gladstone, believes in the fall of man (he alludes to early man as being sinless), and thus is no evolutionist; for it is idle to use the language of evolution, as he does when he talks of "orderly development," while he accords a place in his mind to a belief that is totally inconsistent with this philosophical doctrine. Surely he is far behind some of his bishops, who have, more or less boldly, declared for evolution. These men, custodians of the welfare of the Church of England, cannot close their eyes to geological facts which point with overwhelming evidence to an evolution from primitive simplicity of form to a latest one of great relative complexity, these forms carrying in themselves, by creative endowment, potentialities for an endless development. All praise to men who are not unwilling to learn, and avow truths which must have clashed with cherished associations. Dr. Temple, the Bishop of London, indeed, has declared in his Bampton lectures, "Religion and Science," "It seems in itself something more majestic, more befitting of

Him to whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years, thus to impress His will once for all on this creation, and provide for all its countless varieties by this one original impress, than by special acts of creation to be perpetually modifying what He has previously made." This is the wiser spirit of the close of the nineteenth century. Mr. Gladstone, though he admits as admissible in the battle the modern weapons of precision, contends with them with the bows and arrows of ancient thought, the weapons of a man who still clings to separate creation and man's degeneration from a sinless state.

This story of the Creation given by the Mosaist, whoever he was, is probably an old Chaldean legend common to the East in primitive times. Be that as it may, the ingenuity of fifty Gladstones cannot galvanise it into a life-like portrait of creative development. Without knowing its exact order and condition as to particulars, we at least claim to know what it was not, if the unbiassed opinion of modern science may be trusted.

Mr. Gladstone says (p. 48), "In order to approach any attempt at comparison between the record of Scripture and the record of Natural Science, we must consider first, as far as reasonable presumption carries us, what is the proper object of the scientist, and what was the proper object of Moses, or of the Mosaic writer, in the first chapter of Genesis." Why so? A record should be true, whatever the object, and this latter, however much it might sway the marshalling of facts for better presentation of individual purpose, can form no excuse for erroneous disarray. Such a pretext would be disallowed to modern scientific narration. He says this should be allowed here, on the ground that the Mosaic narrative was written with a view to "convey moral and spiritual training." But surely a narrative said to be inspired by God must be so correct and incontrovertible that, like a moral truth, it must stand the scrutiny of all ages, receiving more and more general acceptation. It should, in fact, be found perfectly consistent with the revelations of the book of Nature, as leaf after leaf is uncut by the wondering industry of man, and be rather an aid to research than, as it has been, a delayer of it, from the presumed necessity of having to make facts fit into theory. "The method here pursued," says Mr. Gladstone, "is that of historical recital." Exactly, and it must stand or fall as such, regardless of any gloss of motive. The evidence at its back should be such as, and no less than, would usually be accepted in any impartial court at the present day, a court guided by reason and unbiassed by theological prepossession of any sort.

It would not do, for example, to have this "historical narrative" presented in the way pleaded for by Mr. Gladstone in his long preamble. He says (p. 42), "The question finally to be decided is not whether, according to the present state of knowledge, the recital in the Book of Genesis is at each several point either precise or complete. It may be here general, there particular; it may here describe a continuous process, and it may there make large omissions, if

the things omitted were either absolutely or comparatively immaterial to its purpose; it may be careful of the actual succession of time, *or may deviate from it* (the italics are mine) according as the one or the other best subserved the *general and principal aim*." But this order of succession of creative time is of the very essence of the case, and when deviations result in placing effect before cause, they are fatal to any narrative which is put forward as historical. Just imagine the way in which any detailed account of the history of Ireland, submitted by an opponent during a Home Rule debate, would have been received by Mr. Gladstone, where omissions were made *as convenient*, and where the order of succession of events was so confused that the rebellion in Ireland was described as prior to the wrongs that mediately or immediately led to it, and if other confusions occurred. Prepossession of belief would then have lent as ready a tongue to the gifted orator, to ruthlessly expose such an account, as it here lends a pen to defend as erring a statement. The opponent's "general and principal aim," however legitimate it might appear to him, would have stood him in poor stead when criticised by his great assailant.

Before going to the narrative, we must premise that Mr. Gladstone accepts the "nebular theory" as admissible in the argument as to the correctness of the Genesis account of creation, and that his article endeavours to reconcile the two. It is important that we should take a glance at this theory. It is that of Laplace originally, but now more developed. By it our sun is held to be the parent of the planets, and therefore, of course, of our earth. The volume of the sun, instead of being contracted to its present dimension, was, according to this theory, originally extended in a highly attenuated form to far beyond the orbit of the farthest planet, viz., Neptune. As this nebulous sun contracted by gravitation towards its centre, from time to time rings were formed externally by the action of its rapid revolution on its axis. These surface rings, centrifugally formed, had of course a tendency to fly off at a tangent from the sun, unless this tendency was balanced by the power of gravity attracting them to his centre. On the occasions when this latter became deficient, the rings, or portions of them, became detached, consolidating themselves subsequently into the spheres which form our planets. Neptune, the planet farthest from the sun, must therefore have been first whirled off, when the sun's gaseous volume was greatest. Then followed in order of distance, and therefore detachment, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Earth, Venus, and finally Mercury. We here, of course, take no account of the asteroids. Each of these planets, when first dissociated, must have been as attenuated and heated, or nearly so, as the parent sun; but, being small, they have rapidly cooled and contracted on to their respective centres, while each one revolves on its axis, and travels round the sun in an orbit of varying diameter. As the sun's centre is now about 2,745 millions of miles from the planet Neptune, it follows that the diameter of its volume since it threw off that planet has diminished by double this distance or 5,490 millions of miles,

during all of which contraction it has been parting with heat set up by the friction of the atoms due to the contractive force. But the planets, when first thrown off and when, in their intensely heated and gaseous condition, in their turn threw off rings which, whenever not sufficiently held, became detached, and subsidiary planets or satellites were formed. Such is our moon. Jupiter has four such moons, and Saturn eight thus thrown off, and, while both these planets are belted with densely gaseous envelopes, Saturn has rings whirling round it of colossal dimensions; and if, at any time in the future, their tendency to fly off should exceed the attractive power which holds them, and they become detached, Saturn's eight moons would be added to.

It must be remembered, in reference to this theory, that our sun is still in a highly gaseous state, continually contracting, continually storing and evolving heat and light as a consequence of this contraction: also that our earth in its beginning (*i.e.*, when first detached from the sun) was itself luminous, being so highly heated that what are now solid and liquid constituents of land and sea existed then only in a gaseous condition. From this condition it has gradually cooled down through millions of years. What is now the cool crust of the globe has reached this state through conditions, first molten, then solid white hot, then red hot, till now a descent into the earth is necessary to perceive that lower down a state of intense heat must sooner or later be reached; an average increase of temperature taking place of 1° Fahrenheit for every 60 or 70 feet of descent. Volcanic eruptions, however, offer ample testimony to its present internal and, by inference, its previous general state of incandescence. Jupiter and Saturn, though older planets, are younger in development than ours, their immense size causing the cooling process to proceed with extreme slowness; and astronomers, according to the late Mr. Proctor, do not fail to see in their conditions the previous history of our own earth, which, though cast off later, has from its smaller size cooled down into habitable development; while our moon, from its extreme smallness, has long since burnt out, losing, it is believed, both seas and atmosphere in the process. Finally, our sun, though the parent of all the planets, is youngest in development, its most enormous size preventing appreciable cooling. At any rate, physicists have no reason to believe there has been any distinguishable change in historic times.

The above is in short the nebular theory; and, though the digression may have appeared long, it has been necessary that some understanding of it should be had by any who wish rightly – in view of modern scientific consensus—to appreciate the value or otherwise of the Mosaist's account of creation. As this theory is now acquiesced in by the best astronomers and physicists of Europe and America, and is more and more confirmed by the spectroscopic researches of such men as Norman Lockyer, Mr. Gladstone was constrained to give it his provisional adherence for the purpose of the argument under discussion.

FOLLOWING AND CARRYING THE CROSS.

A MEDITATION. LENT, 1894.

THIS is the first Sunday in Lent, which many will keep devoutly and seriously, but which "society" (ready enough to play at mortification) will largely keep in its own frivolous way, setting its penitence to dainty music, and moving through the regulation little self-denials as at other times it will move through the figures of a quadrille.

And yet there is something in it; and the old Church was wise when it mapped out with carol and miserere, with mortifications and festivals, the Christian year. Let us fall in to-day and consider the reality of Lent behind the mere ceremonial of it; and let us do it with the help of the great teacher's words, "*Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.*"

This is, probably, one of the genuine sayings of Jesus. It is, at all events, one of the profoundest sayings in the Gospels. It indicates the great Christian ideal, so far above us. Still, one might say, here is the whole programme,—we are to deny ourselves: say No to ourselves.

Not that mere self-denial, for its own sake, is a good thing. There is no virtue in being miserable.

The two-fold uses of self-denial relate to the self and the not self, and thus largely enter into the battle of life, which is only to be won by saying No to the tyrants and the tempters without and within. The end of that will be the enthronement of the self that denies; then no need to "deny himself": then he will be able to say, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God, yea, Thy law is within my heart."

We are also called to "take up our cross." This is an intensification of the denying of self: as though it said, Push that to extremities. Here is no plausible deceiver, promising delights. "If you will come after me," he says, "you must take up your cross and follow me." How suggestive!—not the garland yet: that may come. How did he take up the cross? Not on Calvary only. He carried it from the manger to the tomb.

"Take" it up, *i.e.*, choose it; understand it; be brave under it; be patient under it; stand to it. One who knew all this well once said, "It must needs be that a cross comes into every life. The difference is how that cross is borne. In Annie Keary's 'Life' is found this beautiful passage, 'And you must carry your cross, not let it drag on the ground.' I am thinking of a little picture in a French book. There are two figures, each with crosses of the

same size, climbing a hill. One figure has taken his cross on his shoulders and is marching bravely and lightly on, his head lifted up to the blue sky overhead, and scarcely seeming to know that he has a cross to carry at all. The other figure is letting his cross drag behind him, pulling it up after him with, oh! such tugs and strains over each little stone on the road, always obliged to look behind him, never able to take his eyes off the cross for a moment, and feeling its burden and its hindrance at every step. The motto to that picture is, 'We must not trail our cross.'"

We must not look like martyrs if we can help it: and yet life is full of crosses, great and small. By the side of every cradle-bed lies a tiny cross, and a cross is the last thing the oldest wayfarer will put down.

Then, last of all, we are to "follow" him. This has a pathetic reference to himself, as though he said, "See, I shew you the way."

How can we follow Christ? In one sense, it is the simplest thing in the world. Choose his path; face his peril; do his work; cherish his spirit; bear his burdens; seek his ends; be mastered by his motives; pay his price. And, remember, "follow" means the giving of the self, and of that there are ever fresh interpretations and expressions.

Yes! but it is not all sad and hard. This "follow me" suggests something beyond the cross. And yet remember this well,—that it is by way of the cross we must come to the crown. There is no other way; for it is through tribulation of some kind that we must all enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Somewhere it lies for us all, the dark garden of Gethsemane; and some time it will come to us, perchance when we look not for it.

In golden youth, when seems the earth
A summer land for singing mirth,
When souls are glad and hearts are light,
And not a shadow lurks in sight,
We do not know it, but there lies
Somewhere, veiled under evening skies,
A garden all must sometime see,
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
Somewhere his own Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our ways,
Love lends a halo to the days,
Light sorrows sail like clouds, afar,
We laugh and say how strong we are.
We hurry on—and hurrying, go
Close to the border land of woe
That waits for you and waits for me—
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
Forever waits Gethsemane.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams
Bridged over by our broken dreams,
Behind the misty vales of years,
Close to the great salt fount of tears,
The garden lies; strive as you may
You cannot miss it in your way.
All paths that have been or shall be,
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane!

All those who journey, soon or late
Must pass within the garden gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say—
"Not mine but Thine;" who only pray,
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane.
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
God help us through Gethsemane!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE SUNDAY EVENING ADDRESSES AT THE PUBLIC HALL, CROYDON.

IS THERE A GOD?

THIS question is the second greatest of all questions: the first being—Is there continued life for us beyond what we call death? To those who say they have no faith, I have nothing to say by way of reproach or threat, nor do I believe that will tell either way in a future life. But, for this life, it makes a tremendous difference whether we believe in God or not. To deny Him is to lock the door of life and home, and lose the key.

One thing is certain: we cannot prove that there is no God, and denial is indeed the last word of the "fool." Why? As one has said; "Before a man can say there is no God, he must be a great explorer. He must be such an explorer as to make himself divine. He must possess such powers as to bring himself up to the level of Omniscience. For if, in his own breast and mind and heart and moral nature, if in his own intelligence and will, he cannot find any evidence of God, he may find it in nature. . . . And when he has searched with finite power and only that, there will be yet before him the infinite eternities of time to aid him in the search; and thus he must be an omnipotence in himself before he can stand up and say, 'There is no God.'" Atheism will not damn a man. It is only a gross and unwarrantable absurdity.

Proof? There are two kinds of proof:—the proof of demonstration and the proof of inference, and the one is about as good as the other. The proof from inference is that which proceeds by way of reasoning from the seen to the unseen, from the known to the unknown. The second only is available here in our thinking of God. Demonstration is out of the question; but the inference is enormously strong.

We must, however, get rid of the old idea of God,—the God who could walk in a garden, try and fail, curse or save. His personality we can know nothing about, except that it must be something entirely unlike our own, and yet there is more evidence for the existence of God than for our own, mere bubbles, as we are, on the stream of time, here to-day and gone to-morrow, while the awful, persistent, beautiful order goes on its stately resistless way. Yes, God is the great inference of the Universe.

We necessarily identify mind and purpose with order, law, far-reaching processes. That is an "intellectual necessity." The mighty harmony demands the mighty God. If we infer that man existed on the earth thousands of years ago because he has left his rude marks on tools and weapons, how much more are we intellectually driven to infer, from the complex progressive forces of nature, the existence of some one who always had intention and desire!

In like manner we are driven to the conclusion that man's mind and power are not the highest in the Universe. Poor little man! what does he know? how long can he forecast? what destiny can he secure? What feeble power, what narrow knowledge are ours! As we go on, and discover the immensities of the universe, the immensities in area and the immensities of complex law, how is man dwarfed into absolute insignificance!—how inevitable becomes the inference,—There must be some one who persistently intends and sees and knows!

Again, there is at the heart of all things a profound law of righteousness, a moral order, what one well-called "a stream of tendency" or "power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," – a power which may take centuries to expose the lie or crush the wrong, but which does it remorselessly at last. The inference is again inevitable:—There is some one who is the lord of the conscience, the ordainer of these mighty moral channels, the upholder of these persistent forces which make righteousness the law of all progressive and happy life.

Still further, there is an instinct, an emotion, a sense of dependence, call it what you may—an instinctive idea of God. The life of the race is the life of a great haunting by this instinct. The consciousness of God is in the very make of man, and the longing of man is the promise and assurance of God. We have no right to say that nature is betraying us in relation to her deepest monitions, that she is mocking us when she offers her highest prize.

We need not hesitate to admit that we can never know Him in Himself. That matters not. He is the great inference, the mighty Musician, the glorious Artist, the sublime Architect, the profound Mathematician, the patient Evolver, the resistless Creator of all.

Even in matters of science we only infer. What we call laws of nature are only generalisations built up from certain observations—deductions apparently justified by experiments, inferences compelled by facts. It is not necessary we should know the *How*. We do not know that anywhere. Who knows what the ether is? or what electricity is? or how a baby thinks—or its mother? Inferences are inevitable even when that which is necessarily inferred is altogether inconceivable. We cannot possibly think of unlimited space or never-ending time, but we are obliged to infer them. Why hesitate, then, to infer the existence of that which is intellectually demanded by such a Universe – an adequate intender—God?

But always remember that God exists and acts in and from the sphere of spirit, and that we do the same. "God is a spirit," so is man a spirit. The real self is not the body but that which moves and uses it. God, then, can act upon us in relation to the deepest things. He is the light of the reason and the voice of conscience. He is the music and harmony of love. He has us now at school. He is disciplining us. Be patient; be brave; be faithful; be hopeful; stand firm; and in the end you shall see "the glory of the Lord."

JOHN TYNDALL, A GUIDE INTO THE UNSEEN.

III.

In following Mr. Tyndall in his persistent excursions into the Unseen, one fact of surpassing importance always confronts us, as we have already seen, – that what we call our senses are extremely limited in their range, so limited, indeed, that they report only a very small part of the surrounding possible exciters of sensation. Let us go a little further into this.

We very properly regard the eye as extremely sensitive, but, compared with the myriad rays around it, it is almost blind: that is to say, the eye reports only a very small portion of the flood of rays that continually pour upon it. In Mr. Tyndall's lecture on "Radiation," he says,

> Sir William Herschel showed, and his results have been verified by various philosophers since his time, that, besides its luminous rays, the sun pours forth a multitude of other rays, more powerfully calorific than the luminous ones, but entirely unsuited to the purposes of vision. Ritter discovered the extension of the spectrum into the invisible region beyond the violet, and, in recent times, this ultra-violet emission has had peculiar interest conferred upon it by the admirable researches of Professor Stokes. The complete spectrum of the sun consists, therefore, of three distinct parts: first, of ultra-red rays of high heating power, but unsuited to the purposes of vision; secondly, of luminous rays, which display the succession of colours, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet; thirdly, of ultra-violet rays which, like the ultra-red ones, are incompetent to excite vision, but which, unlike the ultra-red rays, possess a very feeble heating power. In consequence however, of their chemical energy, these ultra-violet rays are of the utmost importance to the organic world.

So here are rays beyond the spectrum at both extremes, the one important for heating, the other important chemically, not one of which can the eye ever see. The rays beyond the violet, to which the eye cannot reach, are vital to the world's life, but to these the eyes are blind.

In the same lecture, he describes a very remarkable experiment which, with some trepidation, I will try to condense; first of all, recalling the contrivance which is used to arrest the light rays and to let only the heat rays pass. This contrivance is a solution of iodine, to which Mr. Tyndall refers in the following explanation.

In the experiment the light rays were shut out, so that not a trace of light was visible in a perfectly darkened room. Even a white screen, which was placed at the focus of the mirror used to concentrate the light, shewed no trace of any ray.

It was thought, however, that if the retina itself were brought into focus the sensation of light might be experienced. The danger of this experiment was twofold. If the dark rays were absorbed in a high degree by the humours of the eye, the albumen of the humours might coagulate along the line of the rays. If, on the contrary, no such high absorption took place, the rays might reach the retina with a force sufficient to destroy it. To test the likelihood of these results, experiments were made on water and on a solution of alum, and they showed it to be very improbable that in the brief time requisite for an experiment any serious damage could be done. The eye was therefore caused to approach the dark focus, no defence in the first instance being provided, but the heat, acting upon the parts surrounding the pupil, could not be borne. An aperture was therefore pierced in a plate of metal, and the eye, placed behind the aperture, was caused to approach the point of convergence of invisible rays. The focus was attained first by the pupil and afterwards by the retina. Removing the eye, but permitting the plate of metal to remain, a sheet of platinum foil was placed in the position occupied by the retina a moment before. The platinum became red-hot. No sensible damage was done to the eye by this experiment; no impression of light was produced; the optic nerve was not even conscious of heat.

But if "the purely luminous rays" had been focussed and admitted to the eye, it would have been destroyed. "And yet," said Mr. Tyndall, "this would be accomplished by an amount of wave-motion but little more than half of that which the retina, without exciting consciousness, bears at the focus of invisible rays." Here, then, were rays which had power to make platinum red hot which the eye could neither see nor feel, but an eye is perfectly conceivable which should see these now dark rays as objects of even startling beauty. This may not prove much, but it goes a long way to suggest the extreme limitations of the senses at our present stage, and to suggest also the strong possibility of senses immeasurably finer, more subtile, and wider in range than these.

Mr. Tyndall was often on the verge of the great discovery, but, though he many a time stood on the boundary line of sense, and peered anxiously into the darkness that he knew was darkness only because his poor range could carry him no farther, he never drew the mighty inference. The nearest approach to it was, I think, at Manchester, when, in his memorable lecture on "Crystalline and Molecular Forces," he paused, and painted his famous word-picture of Nature's mysterious grandeur and beauty, and then said, "Standing before these, I am compelled to ask: Is there no Intelligence in the Universe that knows more about these things than I do? Do I, in my ignorance, represent the highest knowledge of these things existing in this Universe?" He evidently, in his own mind, had drawn the conclusion that the intelligence of man was not the only and not the highest intelligence in the Universe, and well knew, as Newton did before him, that he was but as a child playing on the shore with his sand heaps, while the ocean of eternal realities spread out before him. "Having exhausted science," said he, "and reached its very rim, the real mystery of existence still looms around us."

In almost every one of his lectures and addresses we come across the same note. Towards the conclusion of his lecture on "Radiation," he said,

It is thought by some that natural science has a deadening influence on the imagination, and a doubt might fairly be raised as to the value of any study which would necessarily have this effect. But the experience of the last hour must, I think, have convinced you that the study of natural science goes hand in hand with the culture of the imagination. Throughout the greater part of this discourse we have been sustained by this faculty. We have been picturing atoms, and molecules, and vibrations, and waves, which eye has never seen nor ear heard, and which can only be discerned by the exercise of imagination. This, in fact, is the faculty which enables us to transcend the boundaries of sense, and connect the phenomena of our visible world with those of an invisible one.

Here once again it is desirable to watch this frequent use of the word "imagination," which, with Mr. Tyndall, really means the faculty of imaging or projecting the mental vision into the Unseen, beyond the boundary of actual experiment. Apply that to the whole field of religious inquiry, and there you have the justification of it, and a most fruitful thought concerning it, for, as Mr. Tyndall said, in his address on "Science and Man,"

Following the lead of physical science, we are brought without solution of continuity into the presence of problems which, as usually classified, lie entirely outside the domain of physics. To these problems thoughtful and penetrative minds are now applying those methods of research which in physical science have proved their truth by their fruits.

This is an ideal presentation of the real vocation of the religious teacher—not to quote texts and authorities, but to carefully keep to Nature and her profound suggestions, and to follow "those methods of research which in physical science have proved their truth by their fruits." If religious teachers understood this, remembered it, and acted up to it, religious belief might be as scientifically based on natural facts and inferences as knowledge of chemistry. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Tyndall saw this, though he did not feel called upon to follow it up, but again and again he seemed to suggest to others the application of scientific methods, and he never did this more clearly than in the Belfast address itself when he spoke of that deep-set feeling which, since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world, and said,

You who have escaped from these religions into the high-and-dry light of the intellect may deride them, but in so doing you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour.

"SCIENCE AND A FUTURE LIFE." *

These six essays are reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly Review*; that on Science and a Future Life being placed first because in it the writer's "purpose is most plainly expressed." To say that these essays are solid, thoughtful, and keenly responsive to the living thoughts of the time is only to say what everyone who is acquainted with Mr. Myers' scholarly and patient work would take for granted. It is perhaps more in the way of news to say that Mr. Myers, fresh from prolonged investigations in the dim regions of psychical research, returns to us with the deliberate remark that he proposes to meet materialism on its own ground, and to discuss the question of a future life "on the ground of experiments and observations such as are appealed to in other inquiries for definite objective proof."

Mr. Myers holds that "the existence or nature of an unseen world around us has scarcely, thus far, been treated as a scientific question at all." How could it have been so treated? We are only just emerging from crude superstitions into free and clean science. The unseen world is not a world of moonshine, magic and incantation, but a world of science as well as this, "a world governed by laws which regulate all that goes on in that world, and all communications (if any there be) which pass between that world and this." Spirit-communion, then, is a purely scientific matter, to be studied through observation and experiment, with a view to ascertain whether, as Mr. Myers puts it, we must go on to "the extension of our terrestrial science so as to embrace possible indications of a life lying beyond, yet conceivably touching the life and the conditions of earth."

Ever since John Stuart Mill's day, enormous advances have been made, as Mr. Myers shews. Derided mesmerism is now admitted, and very much beyond it; and human consciousness, as we now know it, is not at all the human consciousness that John Stuart Mill contemplated and described. For the first time in the history of the world, perhaps, cool observation and scientific experiment have attacked the subtile problems of psychology; and the scientist is out of it who talks in the old narrow agnostic style about life and its limitations. With telepathy as certain as telegraphy, the limiters of man's mind to his skull or of man's spirit to his body are old-fashioned indeed. Mr. Myers has even got so far as to enable him to say that his study of the subject has gradually convinced him that "the least improbable hypothesis lies in the supposition," not only that "the passage of thought and emotion from one mind to another without sensory aid" is a fact, or that "phantasms of the living" at a distance are a reality, but that "some influence on the minds of men on earth (why *men?*) is occasionally exercised by the surviving personalities of men departed."

This is only a very brief sketch of Mr. Myers' thoughts and conclusions; and, even if we tried, we could not hope to give any indication of the complex working out of his argument. His book must be carefully read for this. The Essays on "Charles Darwin and Agnosticism," "Tennyson as Prophet," and "Modern Poets and Cosmic Law," deserve equally close attention.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE IDEAL (OUR FATHER'S CHURCH).—The French and German translations are ready. Now for their distribution. We will send copies free to anyone anywhere, and will welcome the names and addresses of liberal-minded people in Germany and France. We hope this invitation will be well considered and responded to.

A VOICE. — "We have had 'the greatest thing in the world,' and 'the greatest fight in the world': don't you think the greatest lie in the world would complete the set? shewing the harm the doctrine of eternal punishments has done. Thanks for *The Coming Day*, I had it already, but it will do to lend. I think you must be driving the parsons mad.

* 'Science and a Future Life, with other Essays." By F. W. H. Myers, London; Macmillan & Co,

OUR GENEROUS QUEEN! — There is an astonished Guardian at Lambeth. A relieving officer revealed the astounding fact that he knew a woman to whom the Queen allowed sixpence a week. The astonished Guardian said that "it ought to be known to the country."

CREMATION.—We cannot but rejoice at the progress of cremation in England. In 1885 the cremations in this country were only 3; last year they were 131. The increase has been steady. The crematorium at Manchester, which commenced in 1892 with 3 cremations, had 30 last year. We hope the number in England will soon be thousands instead of tens, this sweet and rational method is so infinitely superior to filthy burial.

THE LORDS.—Attention is naturally being drawn just now to the tackling of the Lords by the Commons in 1649. In that year the Lords rejected a certain "Ordinance" passed by the Commons, whereupon the so-called "Lower House" passed the following plucky and masterful resolution:—"That the people are, under God, the original of all just powers; that the Commons of England in Parliament assembled—being chosen by and representing the people—have the supreme power in this nation; and that whatsoever is enacted and declared for law by the Commons in Parliament assembled hath the force of a law, and all the people of this nation are concluded thereby, although the consent and concurrence of the King or House of Peers be not had thereunto."

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"The boy and the angel." Being Sunday morning talks with the children. By the Rev. John Byles. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Twenty-six pretty, clever, and most instructive talks or discourses, each one with its story, and all extremely simple yet penetrating. The talks on Cassandra, the Colosseum, Michael Angelo's David and St. Pancras, are specially thoughtful. We notice very little that anybody could wish away, but page 193 puzzles us. The bodily resurrection of Jesus is here affirmed and described, and then the writer says, "All those who love Jesus and have His Spirit in their hearts will rise as He did." Surely not, if he rose bodily from the grave. But however this may be got over, we are puzzled to know what Mr. Byles means by restricting the resurrection to the lovers of Jesus. It is only fair to him, however, to say that, speaking of these, he says, "Their bodies may be placed in the grave, but their spirits, like a bird escaped from its cage, will pass into the glorious freedom of the light and air of heaven." But that is not rising as Jesus did, if the body of Jesus rose from the dead; and it would be interesting to know why the spirits of those others will not also escape from the cage.

"A Chorus of Faith as heard in the Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago." With an introduction by J. L. Jones. Chicago: Unity Publishing Co. A book of rich, fresh, varied thoughts, containing one hundred and sixty-seven extracts from one hundred and fifteen different speakers and writers in the main Parliament at Chicago. Such a diversity! and yet such vital unity! "This compilation," says Mr. Jones, "is a book with a purpose. The compilers have selected such passages as indicate the essential unity of all religious faiths at their best, the fundamental harmony in human nature, made apparent by the noblest utterances of its representatives." A fine idea, well carried out.

"The Theology of the future, and other brief Essays." By James Freeman Clarke, D.D.; W. Copeland Bowie; J. Page Hopps; R. A. Armstrong, B.A.; Charles Hargrove, M.A.; Frank Walters, James C. Street; Brooke Herford, D.D.; G. Vance Smith, D.D.; S. Fletcher Williams. London: P. Green, Essex Street. An exceedingly neat little book—quite a model of its kind: twelve essays in one hundred and twelve tiny pages, attractive to look at and easy to read.

"The Apology and Acts of Apollonius, and other monuments of early Christianity." Edited, with a general Preface, Introductions, Notes, &c., by F. C. Conybeare, M.A.

London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. The eleven stories, if we may use the word, or, let us say, the eleven "monuments" in this work are well known in Greek, Syriac, or Latin versions. Mr. Conybeare has been able to unearth certain more primitive forms, in the Armenian tongue, and from these versions his translations have been made. His book is deeply interesting on many grounds, but we have found it especially interesting in its side issues or side lights. The glimpses we get of the alteration, doctoring, and what we may call the ortholoxising of documents, are immensely entertaining and enlightening. Again, the glimpses we get of the early Christians and their curious beliefs, ways, and expectations, are like huge baths of sunshine. The eleven Introductions, for instance, are full of light; with manifest scholarship, grasp, pellucid clearness everywhere. Mr. Conybeare thinks that these "monuments" have very much that is genuine in them, and, of the Acts of Paul and Thekla, he even says, —this "adds a new and genuine chapter to the history of S. Paul." If so, it is, of course, unspeakably interesting and important; but it supplies us with a perfect gorge of miracles, as, indeed, most of the "monuments" do. But many of the early Christians appear to have lived in a fairy-land of miracle, and to have revelled in a veritable atmosphere of Hell.

HAWTHORNE BUDS.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY JOHN TINKLER.

There, in seclusion and remote from men,
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.
Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower,
Unfinished must remain.

23rd MAY, 1864. LONGFELLOW.

1.—LET us reflect that the highest path is pointed out by the pure Ideal of those who look up to us, and who, if we tread less loftily, may never look so high again.—*Transformation.*

2.—A FRIEND'S eyes tell us many things which could never be spoken by the tongue.—*Biographical Stories.*

3.—IT should be woman's office to move in the midst of practical affairs, and to gild them all, the very homeliest, with an atmosphere of loveliness and joy.—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

4.—IF the moral sublimity of a great fact depended in any degree on its garb of external circumstances, things which change and decay, it could not itself be immortal and ubiquitous.—*Our Old Home.*

5.—WHOSO would shake off the chain of human sympathies must keep company with fallen angels.—*Lady Eleanore's Mantle.*

6.—EVERY crime destroys more Edens than our own.—*Transformation.*

7.—AN innate perception and reflection of truth give the only sort of originality that does not finally grow intolerable.—*Notebook.*

8.—THE Creator, apparently, has set a little of His own infinite wisdom and love (which are one) in a mother's heart, so that no child, in the common course of things, should grow up without some heavenly instruction.—*Doctor Grimshawe's Secret.*

9.—IT is more a coarse world than an unkind one.—*Transformation.*

10.—I AM glad to think that God sees through my heart, and, if any angel has power to penetrate into it, he is welcome to know everything that is there. Yes, and so may any mortal, who is capable of full-sympathy, and therefore worthy to come into my depths.

But he must find his own way there.—*Notebook*.

11.—ANGELS do not toil, but let their good works grow out of them.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

12.—NOBODY ought to read poetry or look at pictures or statues who cannot find a great deal more in them than the poet or artist has actually expressed. Their highest merit is suggestiveness.—*Transformation*.

13.—TIME flies over us, but leaves its shadow behind.—*Transformation*.

14.—IT would be a poor compliment to a dead poet to fancy him leaning out of the sky and snuffing up the impure breath of earthly praise.—*Our Old Home*.

15.—WAS that very sin—into which Adam precipitated himself and all his race—was it the destined means by which, over a long pathway of toil and sorrow, we are to attain a higher, brighter, and profounder happiness than our lost birthright gave? Will not this idea account for the permitted existence of sin as no other theory can?—*Transformation*.

16.—SLEEPING or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen.—*David Swan*.

17.—WHAT an instrument is the human voice! How wonderfully responsive to every emotion of the human soul!—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

18.—BAD as the world is said to have grown, Innocence continues to make a paradise around itself, and keep it still unfallen.—*Transformation*.

19.—IN this world we are the things of a moment, and are made to pursue momentary things with here and there a thought that stretches mistily towards eternity, and perhaps may endure as long.—*Old News*.

20.—YOUNG people's tears have very little saltness or acidity in them, and do not inflame the eyes so much as those of grown persons.—*The Pomegranate Seeds*.

21.—There may come a time, even in this world, when we shall all understand that our tendency to the individual appropriation of gold and broad acres, fine houses, and such good and beautiful things as are equally enjoyable by a multitude, is but a trait of imperfectly developed intelligence, like the simpleton's cupidity of a penny.—*Our Old Home*.

22.—AVOID the convent, my dear friend, as you would shun the death of the soul! But, for my own part, if I had an insupportable burden—if, for any cause, I were bent upon sacrificing every earthly hope as a peace-offering towards heaven, I would make the wide world my cell, and good deeds to mankind my prayer. Many penitent men have done this and found peace in it.—*Transformation*.

23.—WHAT jailer so inexorable as one's self!—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

24.—SUBLIME and beautiful facts are best understood when etherealised by distance.—*Our Old Home*.

25.—THE actual experience of even the most ordinary life is full of events that never explain themselves, either as regards their origin or their tendency.—*Transformation*.

26.—THE hand of one person may express more than the face of another.—*Notebook*.

27.—WE are but shadows; we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream—till the heart be touched. That touch creates us,—then we begin to be,—thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity.—*Notebook*.

28.—Is not the world sad enough, in genuine earnest, without making a pastime of mock-sorrows?—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

29.—WHERE the thoughts and the heart are there is our true existence.—*Biographical Stories*.

30.—How wonderful that this narrow foothold of the present should hold its own so constantly, and, while every moment changing, should still be like a rock betwixt the encountering tides of the long past and the infinite to come!—*Transformation*.