The Coming Day.

MARCH, 1895.

SPIRITUAL MATURITY.

SPOKEN AT CROYDON.

HONOURABLE age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. —WISDOM OF SOLOMON, iv., 8-9.

A sound philosophy of life would lead to a clear sight of the truth that underlies these words. And what is that truth? Something of far wider sweep and of much deeper value than anything relating to the external life, something that takes us behind the scenes and brings us face to face with the realities of spiritual maturity. This wise man says that it is not time which gives us honourable age, for we may live and live and yet never be any nobler or wiser or more useful, and then all that can be said is that our stake in life is less, that we are gradually being drifted out of the living stream, and will soon be stranded, with our chance here for ever gone. Then he says that wisdom measures our real age, and that an unspotted life determines how far we are on the road. The thought here does not lie on the surface, and some could not be made to comprehend it. "What?" they will say: "do you mean to tell us that a man of forty may be older than another at seventy? It is impossible." I reply, it is impossible arithmetically, but what has arithmetic to do with mental developments and moral conditions and spiritual states? The difference between the worlds of matter and of mind is that the one is governed by spaces and intervals, while the other relates only to conditions and volitions. In the world of matter you are entirely dependent on distances and hours; in the world of mind or spirit, distance is not known and hours are overleaped: or, rather, distance is only dissimilarity, and time is only represented by states of mind. We say a man is thirty, or fifty, or seventy, because we think in the material sphere; but a higher kind of being, who could see the real man, and who could tell just how far advanced he is towards ideal manhood or even towards the doing of the proper work of life, would determine his age by that, and would say: he is mentally, morally and spiritually so far, or so far on the way, and it is easy to see how literally true it then would be that some who are only arithmetically thirty may be older than some who are arithmetically sixty.

But we need not appeal to any higher kind of being to see this for us: we can see it for ourselves. Even in our common speech we talk of an "old head on young shoulders." What do we mean? we mean that some youth or maiden has developed a wisdom, or a prudence, or a self-reliance usually found in riper years. Or we say they are "beyond their years," and we mean that in thought and insight and knowledge they are not what they are arithmetically. And this is no mere figure of speech, for the youth or maiden in question is literally, in the realm of mind and spirit, older than their years would make them out to be. I remember that when I was in Leicester, there stood behind me in the wall, on Sundays, a tablet in memory of a former minister long long ago. He died at the arithmetically early age of 22, but this is what the marble says of him: "What though short thy date? That life is long which answers life's great end." That is precisely the truth of my text: he is truly aged who wins the great end of life, no matter when the winning comes, for "honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time." Time, in reality, is non-existent. Processes are everything, and all we can do is to rot or grow. We talk of "wasting time" and rightly so, but what we really mean is wasting opportunity. In that sense, time can be as distinctly lost and wasted as money, so that it would be utterly unprofitable to us. Nay! time may be lost as money is not lost, for money lost by one may be found by some one else, and by some one who may need it more, or put it to a better use, but time lost is lost for ever, it is lost and dead, and its only possible resurrection will be in the eternal world, when the memory of our poor lost, dead and wasted hours will rise up in bitter judgment against us.

Here, then, we come up with the very heart of this great thought that we have it in our power to make more of life than the grudging years may seem to make possible for us. Hence the profound wisdom of the words of Philip James Bailey,

> This life's a mystery.
> The value of a thought cannot be told;
> But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
> Like many men's.

A literal truth. A great thought, a sublime inspiration, a daring act, an intense passion, a burst of fiery song, all begun and ended in an hour or two, have been more, really and absolutely more, even in the history of the world's life, than a thousand lives of some men; and the glorious being who lived during that hour or two of intense and splendid life literally marched on over the mental and spiritual space of those thousand lives, and stood that far beyond them. Thus Jesus Christ, dying a young man, by his intensity of living and by his wondrous dying, crowded into his brief space the thoughts, the feelings, the affections, the experiences and the results of ten thousand ordinary lives, and in the world of souls he is by that much older because by that much more advanced than others.

Life's more than breath, and the quick round of blood;
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live,
One generous feeling, one great thought, one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days
Spent as this is by nations of mankind.

We live in deeds not years; in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end,—that end
Beginning, mean and end to all things—God.

What is that but a modern rendering of the grand old truth here in this text, that honourable age—the real spiritual age—standeth not in length of time, and is not measured by number of years? for earnestness and courage and wisdom laugh at the narrow limits of arithmetic, and scorn to be held in by the slow and periodic beats of time, and, in their glorious realm, events and ideas make ages of their own. As our own rare Ben Jonson has it:

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be,
Or standing long, an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.

In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

There's a divine line!

"And in short measures life may perfect be." You who are young, aim at that! O, how I wish I could persuade you to it! Length of days may not be given you; but anticipate time, and coin your days into golden years, and spend them for the earning early all that life can win. And let us not believe that this will shorten life, or leave us with our work all done too soon. For more die of sloth than of activity, and rust may wear away faster than the friction that keeps the instrument for ever bright. And, though we do outstrip time, and win the old age that is not gained by the measurement of years, we would not be left with an empty and superfluous age, for age of years will be doubly delightful and refreshing and useful if we can take to it the age acquired by wisdom and experience and work. For there is a weariness in old age that comes, not with an ended programme, but with the absence of a programme or the huddling up of too many things when the hours are few.

If, then, you want "a green old age," do not be afraid of ripening too soon, or of finishing too early. Wordsworth tells us of those whose "old age is beautiful and free"; "beautiful" because the sunlight gained in an earlier

time has been prolonged into it, and "free" because the spiritual old age was won before the arithmetical one. And so the old English poet Crashaw sings of

> A happy soul that all the way
> To heaven hath a summer's day.

But that again cannot be unless the ending is kept free from the clouds of remorse and worry, and duty deferred, and work undone. So far from fearing, then, lest we should unduly hasten the process, or drink the cup of life too soon, or spoil life's later epochs by anticipating them, learn this: that the mind and soul should always be before the body, like a pioneer, to survey the country and prepare the way. So would life be free from shocks and surprises, and old age will come like a long sunset of peaceful beauty, and not in sudden mist and gloom. And, in truth, there is no natural reason why there should be any age at all in the sense that age is the closing up of the spirit's delight and vitality, and sympathy with all bright and joyous things. In old age we too often find conservatism, expostulation, timidity. I pray God to help me so to live that, in my latest days, if I then can speak and march no more, I may cheer on those who can, hopeful and confident to the end. Happy he who, in old age, rejoices in the energy and the enterprises of the new army of the day!

Of a perfectly natural soul, unscarred, unstained and unfettered by life's merely artificial things, it might be truly said: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety": and there might come more than that which Shakspere says "should accompany old age," as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends; for there might come with age what troops of friends could never give,—a deeper trust in nature, a sweeter sense of life's mystery and essential beauty, a less selfish love of good men and good causes and a fuller sympathy with the great flow of life that carries all our little lives on towards better things. But that can only come by never suffering the soul to lag behind the body, and by perfectly winning in advance all that becomes every spiritual stage of our mortal life.

That brings us to the main thought in the words before us: that the chief end of life is this very thing: not to live out a certain number of days (that is purely mechanical, and, in itself, is really unmeaning), but to gain certain results. If these be not gained, life is not only a failure but an impertinence; if these be gained then all is gained; and then it is that wisdom is more venerable than gray hairs, and that an unspotted life is the true old age. Hence we may see the deepest meaning of the sweet old Bible-saying, "The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness," for there is nothing in gray hairs themselves to make them a crown of glory. Indeed, there is something so incongruous in age associated with vice that the rough popular phrase, "a hoary-headed old sinner," has become proverbial; for

intuitively we feel that age and wisdom, gray hairs and righteousness, ought to go together.

To the young, these thoughtful words of the wise old philosopher specially belong. They tell you that you may triumph over time, and run before the laggard hours, and win beforehand the harvest of a life. And to those who are coming to life's latest chapters, they come right home with penetrating power. When a man or woman gets just over sixty, the last hill that divides from threescore years and ten is climbed. Then the pilgrim seems to come to the most significant stage of the great life journey—the loveliest as well as the last. When the traveller climbs the last hill that divides him from the city and the bourn to which he is going, he instinctively pauses, and bethinks him of his mission,—what he has done and what he has to do. Climbing the hill of sixty, and facing, for the first time, seventy, is something like that. Do you call that a doleful thought? I don't. It is beautiful. A poet once remembered this when two years had passed, and seventy came still nearer. "Just sixty-two," he said to his soul,—

Just sixty-two! Then trim thy light,
And get thy jewels all re-set;
'Tis past meridian, but bright,
And lacks one hour to sunset yet,
At sixty-two
Be strong and true;
Clear off thy rust, and shine anew.

'Tis yet high time; thy staff resume,
And fight fresh battles for the truth;
For what is age but youth's full bloom,—
A riper, more transcendent youth?
A wedge of gold
Is never old;
Streams broader grow as downward rolled.

So work away;
Be young for aye;
From sunset breaking into day.

LEAVES FROM THE LONE LAND.

[We have received, we know not from whom, a few pages of recollections and reflections—so tenderly simple, so wisely human, that we must print most of them. If we do not agree with everything, what matters? It is a glimpse of what some way-faring comrade feels].

It is May once more, and on May 2nd, 1891, we were still fog-bound on "the mournful and misty Atlantic" near the banks of Newfoundland. The previous evening we passed the French Islands, very barren and desolate, but the first land we had sighted since leaving the low-lying coast of Ireland, last link with the British Isles and "the days that are fled."

We had left the gardens of England, the happy pink and white wind-blown apple blossoms, the woodland ways dainty with wild flowers, the cowslipped meadows. We left our home beside the sea. Still nights I seem

to hear its waters now, but it is only the lapping of this great inland Lake of Manitoba. Children, you had your happy time. I see you now come trooping in from long days on the beach, sun-tanned, bare-footed, bringing home shells and sea-weed. They left no graves, thank God! But I left mine, and some day I shall freeze in death in this cold clime, thousands of miles by land and sea from all that once I loved.

Athwart the tender haze of memory, old days, old times come back to me, and, from the glorious hills, perfume of golden gorse blows freely around me. I know a dim long avenue of trees leading to an old-time hall, white sheep browsing in the park. I hear again the murmur of the wind through the tall branches. My father's face, noble and free from care, my mother's gentle form, as in her youth, come to me. I step back twenty years and more into the magic past, over which we weave as many phantasies as over the shrouded future. And in that past, so dear, so unforgotton, some there are I cannot but recall. . . . I think of one who is dead—yes, many and many a year ago, and she loved him so! I can see them now in the old stone porch at Worth standing to say good-bye to me in the summer evening light soon after they were married: she in a pink gown, simple as was her wont, he in gray, towering above her, with their band of happy pigeons, so tame, flying and wheeling around their heads. The wife so beloved, so loving, remains alone; she gave to Holy Church (safe keeping), her eldest son and only little daughter, her sailor lad sleeps under alien seas. There will be no inheritors of their name; but the world is not so bright a place that one could wish one's descendants always to inhabit it. She gained the blessing promised to the faithful wife who "shall convert the unbelieving husband," and she did not live in vain. With all her care she could not keep him here, but she hopes to spend with him the long sweet ages of eternity.

Sometimes a passionate longing comes across me to hear the rustle of the trees in England. I feel as if it would make me happy to smell the dainty fresh primroses, the last flowers my mother saw with dying eyes.

> Like a lover, down through all, his blood drank in
> The dewy, meadowy morning breath of England.

All things are more real with Englishmen—faith and hope and love—they have more depth of character and lead more earnest lives. They carry this earnestness with them wherever they go; this is why they make such good colonists, for they are not so patient and good tempered as many others. They live longer too, I believe. People here hang more lightly on the tree of life, and drop more lightly from its branches. O! Christopher Columbus, why did you discover the New World!

There is no such cure for nostalgia, I have heard, as returning to the old land after years of absence (I should like to be cured!). The waves of time

have flowed over the quiet valleys and the busy marts we frequented. Our place knows us no more, strangers inhabit the old home. Who is this leaning out of the window, where our mother used to lean and watch us with loving smiles when we went away from her? Another has our place in church. They have even crowded the dear graves we remembered so well.

> Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange,
> And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.

Here we come and go in strange and lonely places in ways and lands most rugged. For many a weary month these children had no place to call their home, only their mother's heart, and she, being absent from them and lonesome for them, and having no one to speak to about them, must needs write their little, simple history so still to occupy herself with them. They left behind as in a dream their beautiful house in England, the house where they were born—six girls, three boys. Once a lady said to their mother, "Whatever do you do with so many children?" and their mother answered, "What should I do without them?" Oh! every day she thanked God that her garland was still unbroken, that her blossoms still grew in the same order in which He had placed them. In absence, in poverty, still blooming, still fragrant, the roots of her lilies deep down in their mother's heart, their stems growing better and taller each day, and their blossoms nearer to Heaven. This mother carried with her in all her wanderings an *Ecce Homo* her dear mother had given her for her birthday years ago; also a Mater Dolorosa which had hung at the top of the stairs in the old home, and which the children were in the habit of kissing as they went up to bed. She took besides the long white filmy robe in which they had all been baptised; these were her earthly riches. Even now we have no real home, that is to say, no permanent one; but in nearly all these silent wildernesses a little church raises its humble head, and we know we have a friend therein,

> Whom we have loved all through
> And with a love more true
> Than other loves.

And we feel that if we had all the friends in the world, wanting this one, our Lord and God, life would be of little worth, and death too terrible.

On this church there is a cross, on the topmost point of the cross, a long, slender rod of iron. This sunny afternoon a little bird has perched on it, getting as near Heaven as it can; this is how we should be,—get as near to Heaven as we can. How happy it seems in the pure blue! And now it has gone! What wonder! Even we who have souls come down all too quickly from spiritual heights. We most times only dimly gaze on them, seeing them as it were from afar.

When "the time drew near the birth of Christ" last year, I remember how the moon shone in the west those radiant mornings, and cast the shadow

of the church upon the graves beside. So this kind mother, Holy Church, spreads her mantle over her dead children, never forgetting them, praying for them, weeping over them, suffering for them, daily offering for them the divine sacrifice, until she delivers them at last from those cleansing fires by the light of which they shall reach Heaven.

Many a time these mornings, the shadows of the leafless trees were pictured with delicate tracery on the spotless snow, like studies in black and white. But one never to be forgotten night, the snow was crimson far as the eye could reach and infinitely farther, one glittering mass of lovely rose caused by the northern lights. I have only once seen it like this. We seemed to be in an enchanted world, and reach the pinnacle of bliss; but came in, closed the door, and lo! the humble cottage, white-washed walls and the mean things of our wild life. A home-made house our baby said it was; they are mostly so in the great north-west.

We must follow closely after our Saviour. He walks upon thorns it is true, He is crowned with them also, and the thorns are blood-sprinkled under His feet and crowning His head: but the nearer you walk to Him the less they will hurt you. His feet have trodden these down: walk in His divine footsteps. You must walk in this path, and if you linger too far behind you will perhaps faint and drop on the way. If you press closely after Him, He will turn sometimes and smile on you: perhaps He will even speak to you. You would not hear His voice, you would not see His kind smile from afar off, and would lose courage and turn into other paths perhaps.

Cecily with her wild-rose bloom, transplanted from English lanes, seems all too sweet for this Lone Land, where the sun and the wind, so fierce, dry up the roses on the cheeks of her children—a land of extremes; no gentle graduations, no tender dewy morns, no misty, bashful eves; where the sky is too blue, the wind too fierce, the winter too cold, the summer too hot. We said Cecily should write a pamphlet, "Side lights on the school question," she knew so much about schools, or "My trustees and how I managed them," and that in it she should tell us all about her little lovers and the funny things they said and did. But I think she has been courted once for all now, and that the book will remain unwritten.

When I lie awake at night I hear the wolves howling in the distance; they are too frightened to come near unless driven by hunger. Nature has been very bountiful to the dwellers in these wilds, fishing all winter with nets drawn under the ice, hunting, by which they obtain valuable furs, and in the spring and summer seneca root and berries which they sell. They also go to the corn districts and work for farmers, and are seldom too poor to possess a few animals. If they were white people they would make money; but most of the half-breeds only work from necessity; they have no strength of character, no perseverance. The real Indian is a much finer fellow. They make early

marriages. I said to a half-breed woman one day: "You were married very young, *n'est ce-pas?* "Oh, no!" she said, "I was seventeen."

When the Indians come fresh from the hand of Nature to the bosom of the Church, how good they are! When, alas! the sordid white man intervenes and teaches them his evil deeds, how much to root out before sowing the gospel seed of holy truth!

A PIONEER OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

JOHN PIERPONT, the writer of the noble hymn beginning, "O Thou, to whom, in ancient time," was one of the noblest spirits in America from 1820 to 1866, when he went into the world of light at the age of eighty-two. One who knew him thus described him at that time, as president of a great spiritualist convention:—

> His presence added a grand influence, which went abroad like a pentecostal spirit to elevate and bless. He was in his eighty-second year, and, as he stood before the assembly, it seemed that an ancient father had descended, endowed with all the radiant goodness, love and benevolence of the spheres, to give his last advice and pronounce his benediction on his children.
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> He was a strong and powerful man, over six feet in height, preserved to his venerable age in perfect health; he stood erect, without the least stoop of age; his long, flowing hair and beard, white as the driven snow, falling gracefully over his massive forehead and finely-chiselled face; his cheeks ruddy, and countenance lighted up with a joyous smile as the words flowed from his lips, entrancing his hearers with their intense earnestness: He was a man of whom any cause might well be proud.

His great-grandfather was a minister in New Haven, and one of the founders of Yale College, and in 1819 he himself entered the ministry as pastor of a Unitarian Church in Boston. He attracted a very strong congregation; but, after 1836, he began to get into trouble. He exchanged the conventional ministry for the calling of a prophet, and rebuked the wrongs and sins of his day as a prophet should. His first serious troubles came with the preaching of total abstinence from strong drinks—a very eccentric thing then. Being warned, he said, "If I cannot stand in a free pulpit I will stand in none! I will utter my honest convictions, or I will not speak at all!"

After that came the burning subject of slavery. With all the ardour of his fine nature, he flung himself into the anti-slavery movement, and in 1845 gave up his Boston church, the later years of his life being spent in rousing and instructing the country on the great social subjects of the day.

The friend whose words we have already quoted, says of him, "He had constantly been on the unpopular side, to wage the battles of the minority, to

conquer at last; yet undismayed, in 1856 he identified himself with Modern Spiritualism. When once convinced he wished to convince others, and began to lecture on the subject."

Shortly after his election as President of the National Convention of Spiritualists in America, he said of the leading doctrines of spiritualism, and almost as his last testimony, "The facts upon which those doctrines rest I *know* are true. I *know* that the spirits I have known and loved do, through certain media, hold communication with me."

The Unitarians have been helped on by many fine spirits—keen, courageous, independent, far-seeing; but, among the very first, stands the reformer, the philanthropist, the poet, John Pierpont, who still, from the land of light, sends down guidance and encouragement to the wayfarers below. Would that the rather *blasé* Unitarians would open their brains and hearts to him—and to such as he!

THE ADVERTISING DEMON.

We have received the first four numbers of a choice publication entitled "A Beautiful World." It is issued by and for the National Society for checking the abuses of public advertising (7, Great College Street, Westminster). It specially assails the degradation of English scenery, and in particular of rustic scenery on the great railway routes, by the advertisers of pills and other abominations. If possible, the letting of meadows for the vulgar boards of these quacks should be made disgraceful. Or cannot we tax them out of existence? It would help if every person who disapproves of the vulgarising of the country would vow never to buy or use any article advertised in that way. This would be no act of self-denial, but of self-preservation; for the rubbish thus puffed is, as a rule, perhaps without an exception, as vile for the body as the advertisement is vile for the scenery.

We rejoice to note the success of the Society. The sinners and their abettors may perhaps, as a rule, be within their legal rights, but, socially and morally, they are, in a sense, outlaws. Some of the persons who spoil for us fifty or a hundred miles of pretty scenery by their huge, vulgar boards, puffing some unclean thing, may not know how most of us feel about it. If so, it is doing them a service to protest against what is really a kind of profanation. Yes, "profanation." Little enough have we left of sweet meadow and orchard in England, and what we have is, in a very sacred sense, "the beauty of the Lord." What right has any one to vulgarise or destroy this, unless under the pressure of sheer necessity?

Divines have long disputed about "the sin against the Holy Ghost," and we are not aware that they have settled the matter yet; but, whatever that sin is, this destruction of natural beauty is surely one branch of it, and no one in old England should be allowed to commit it without some attempt being made to stop him or to make him feel ashamed.

WAS JESUS THE SON OF JOSEPH?

As we said last month, the miraculous birth of Jesus is the crucial matter. While people can believe that, they will continue to believe in his deity. When that goes, this will go. In the first and third gospels there are statements which plainly enough affirm the birth of Jesus from Mary only, but that by no means settles the question. The New Testament is quite inconsistent on the subject. In Matt. xiii. Jesus is called "the carpenter's son." In Mark vi. he is called the "brother" of James and Joses and Judas and Simon, and his "sisters" are mentioned. In Luke ii. his "parents" are spoken of, and Mary herself calls Joseph his "father," and it is noteworthy here that where the Old Version reads "Joseph and his mother," the Revised Version reads "his parents." The Revised Version, in Luke ii., also bluntly says, "And his father and his mother were marvelling."

But the emphasis given to the descent from David ought to suffice. Most keenly is that descent traced in Matt. i., ending with "And Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom Jesus was born." Why trace that descent through the line of Joseph if Joseph was not the father of Jesus? We neither endorse nor deny that pedigree, we only say that the man who compiled it must have believed that Joseph was the father of Jesus. The earliest Christians so understood it (see Acts ii., 29-32, and Romans i., 1-4).

The fallibility of certain writers or editors of the New Testament need not surprise any one. More than one of them went absolutely astray in his reading of and application of Old Testament extracts. The case of Matt. i., 22-3, is a notable case in point. The reference to the passage in Isaiah is remarkable, both as a misreading and as an instance of misapplication. The Hebrew word translated "virgin" means young woman, and might as well mean young wife as virgin, and, in fact, it did mean young wife—the prophet's or the king's own wife—as any one may see who will read Isaiah vii., 1-16; viii., 1-4 (see viii., 10, as shewing the drift of the use of the word "Immanuel," or "God with us"). The inconsistencies, misapprehensions, and misapplications are so numerous that we are perfectly free to choose what seems most reasonable.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

A writer in *The Christian Register* gives us a timely bit of counsel concerning the "close of service." He puts it first in the form of a question:—"The Amen being said, what next?—the abrupt and hasty scattering with which the audience at a theatre breaks up when the curtain drops or the decorous pause which marks the completion of graver matters. In many a church, where my voice alone has uttered the Amen, it has seemed to me as if I had said, March! so instantaneously does the organ peal and the congregation rush. How much better ten seconds of thoughtful silence and quiet just then! A little matter, is it? So is a dead fly in perfumed ointment. The hour of devotion is not to be ended in a hurry, like a business call."

A writer in the *Agnostic Journal* gives the following glimpse of the value of "religious teaching" in Board schools: "My little daughter (who is five years old) recently repeated to me an incident of Scriptural "history" which her teacher had been relating to the infant class. I give the amusing version brought home, verbatim as I heard it, stating, by way of explanation, that the speaker has a playmate named *Mabel*:—"God asked *Adam* to give him a lamb, but Adam never did so. He gave him some corn. So God asked *Mabel* to do so. Mabel did, and the fire went up to God. *Mabel* said his prayers to God. And, when no one was looking, *Adam* killed his brother *Mabel*. God said, '*Adam*, where is your brother?' *Adam* said, 'I don't know. I don't look after my

brother.' But *Adam* did know where *Mabel* was, because he killed him. So God *drownded* the world because the people were nanghty, and Adam was taken away to a nasty place, and never saw his mother any more."

How to keep him right.—The *Girl's Own Paper* lately contained the following wholesome bit of advice: "One of the faults most objected to by men is the habit of nagging. A nagging woman is their pet aversion, and to find that the wife of his bosom is one of this sort must indeed be a sore trial to a man. Avoid nagging, girls; if you have a grievance, out with it frankly and have done with it; also, do not hint, and insinuate, and refer constantly to the subject in a martyr-like tone, and then declare with resignation, if asked for an explanation, that you mean nothing, that you are quite happy, and have nothing, oh! nothing whatever to complain of! You may have the petty triumph of seeing your husband look utterly helpless and nonplussed; but oh! what a very small satisfaction it is, and how very far are you from being the "helpmeet" you should be, and making your home the little Eden of calm and joy your, perhaps, hard-working husband dreamt of. Another little fault which is most frequent in women, and most aggravating to men, especially to some men, is the habit of jeering at them when you are right and they are wrong, and saying, with mocking triumph, "I told you so, but you would not believe me." How many serious quarrels have arisen out of that "told you so," given in a certain tone of voice. "Well, but have men no faults?" I hear you say; "is it all on the women's side—the fault of division in a household?" Yes, men have many and great faults, and some men, I agree with you, are perfectly impossible creatures; but, for the most part, men's faults are perfectly amenable to a wife's gentle influence, and little by little, with time and tact, will grow so beautifully less that they will cease to annoy others, and they themselves derive benefit without knowing the cause of the change.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Title page for vol. iii.—In some copies of the title page of *The Coming Day* for Vol. III. an error occurred, the printer having left in the words, "price threepence," which referred to each separate number. Any one wishing to have a corrected title page should write to Mr. J. Page Hopps, 216, South Norwood Hill, London. It will be sent free.

The Pulpit Tone.—It was a minister who said:—"Many ministers the moment they get into the pulpit change their voices, and drawl, cant, moan, croak and funeralise religion, with a countenance grave enough to break an undertaker's heart."

Music and Mouthing.—There was a glorious organ performance at Bern the day we were there. The concluding piece was the Gewitter-fantasie of Carl Hess, a perfect wonder of mingled beauty and terror, and a supreme work of art, the noble ending especially fine. To our horror, the organist actually ran God save the Queen into and from the last bar. We thought this coarse impertinence was left to England; no man who loves his art ought to be guilty of any such inartistic nonsense.

Lady Sweeps.—Certainly, next to the insolent habit of wearing tall hats, feathers, and sham flowers on their heads in concert rooms, &c., the queerest thing done by women is to drag tails along the streets. It is ugly, senseless, wasteful and unclean. As to "wasteful," Dr. Duff, the eminent Scotch divine, recently told an Edinburgh audience that "if the ladies of that city would give him the cost of that portion of their silk dresses which swept the streets as they walked, he would support all his mission schools in India."

THE UNITARIANS.—Truly the Unitarians are as dull in matters pertaining to religion as they are shrewd in matters pertaining to business, and nice in matters pertaining to life. They are strangely deficient in enterprise, and altogether without originality. Their new chapels are nearly all depressing imitations of conventional Gothic, and their old chapels they touch only to spoil. They innocently allow their architects to introduce symbols of the Trinity, and they put themselves to trouble and expense to provide altars which they never use. Their latest odd blunder is in connection with the putting up of stained glass windows in their new college at Oxford. For the subject, they have chosen the events of the six days of the Genesis creation story. It is too comical for belief, but it is true. In the very centre of their "light and leading," they are going to glorify one of the very things they know to be grossly untrue! They had (or have?) a rare chance of being original and quite honest, and seem content to egregiously miss it. Why not glorify their intellectual and spiritual ancestors, and lift aloft, in light and colour, such men as Galileo and Bruno, Spinoza and Priestley, Lindsey and Parker?

SMOKING.—A woman (actually a woman!) took us to task lately for being so very hard on smokers, and she quoted Tennyson and Carlyle, two ceaseless smokers. We are not quite sure about the results in the case of Tennyson, but we are convinced that to Carlyle's slavish smoking may be traced his tormenting dyspepsia. Perhaps this, from a leading journal, will be of interest: two sentences from different parts of the paper, but, put together, they are very instructive:—"Dinner at Marlborough House begins promptly at 8.45 p.m., when the Prince is there, and lasts for an hour and ten minutes, as his Royal Highness insists upon rapid service. This is probably due to the fact that England's heir is a great sufferer from dyspepsia, and, partaking of only a few dishes, he wearies if he remains longer at table."

"The Prince is a great smoker, and enjoys a pipe as well as any man in the kingdom, but after dinner he always smokes a long cigar 'as black nearly as ink.'"

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"The thought of God. In hymns and poems." Second series. By F. L. Hosmer and W. C. Gannett. Boston (U.S.): Roberts Brothers. We gladly welcome a second series of these tender and thoughtful verses. May we venture to draw distinctions, and say that Mr. Gannett's dainty little pieces are specially welcome? They all remind us of the quaint, keen insights of "Blessed be Drudgery." But though Mr. Hosmer has fewer pleasant conceits, he is perhaps more masculine, and is sure-footed and convincing. These two writers are very receptive to the unnameable revelation concerning God which has come to this hour. What is it?—a strange but most hopeful blend of rationalism, pantheism, and spiritualism. But it is full of promise. Devout spirits who are bewildered in brooding over the Personality of God might find much help in these simple but subtile little poems,

"Public control of hospitals." By Harry Roberts. London: Wm. Reeves. (2d.) Mr. Lowther, in praising a sporting society which is being formed to oppose the Anti-Gambling League, said that the Humanitarian League is a society of faddists, All we need say is that it is publishing the best series of tracts on social questions we have ever had. This is one of them. No one interested in public hospitals can afford to ignore it.

"Children's services with hymns and songs. To which is added Ethics for the young by W. L. Sheldon." Edited by the Rev. A. W. Oxford, M.A. London: J. Fisher Unwin. A notable little work, containing fourteen short services of prayer and response, over 200 hymns and songs, and a very thoughtful series of reflections or questions and answers on The true self, True Belief, True Pleasure,

The perfect heart, The perfect mind, The perfect will. The hymns are reasonable, fresh, bright, and practical.

"Theories of the Atonement." By John Clifford, M.A., D.D. London: James Clarke. A beautiful but bewildering specimen of the rhapsodising of one who is "off with the old love" and not "on with the new." In one place Dr. Clifford sharply distinguishes Christ from God; in another he as sharply merges them. If he would be resolute, and if he were absolutely cleansed from the desire to force agreements, he would see that when he has his Christ sharply distinguished from God, he can only merge them in the same way that he might merge Florence Nightingale and God. That may be "shocking," but it is a fact.

In like manner he gives up with contempt the old theory of the Atonement, and yet he re-strings on some thread of his own the old phrases, and thinks he has got the same thing. He has not. He has got pure spiritual Unitarianism, plus two or three phrases. That, too, is a fact. He says of the old theory this:—"No story is more familiar than that which attempts to illustrate the 'Atonement' by showing us a King who has passed a law that whosoever shall commit such and such an offence shall lose both his eyes. The King's son violates the law and appears in court, and the tender-hearted father, acting as judge, passes sentence that he himself shall lose one of his eyes, and his son the other—a conclusion which vividly illustrates the conflicting emotions of the father-judge; but his procedure is barbaric, and is as strongly opposed to strict justice as the law itself was opposed to good sense." And then, giving his own view, in closing, he says:—"All is thus spiritual, ethical, and divine, and all is victorious. God is satisfied, for sin is vanquished and righteousness reigns. God is satisfied, for the sinner He yearned to save is delivered from the dominion of evil, and in his freedom dedicates himself in passionate devotion to His service. And if God is satisfied, all is right with the world, and will one day be right with our theologies." Wherein does this differ from the teachings of Philip Wicksteed, or Charles Hargrove, or Stopford Brooke,—heretics all?

LOWELL LINES.

1.—For meek obedience, too, is light,
And following that is finding Him.

Above and Below.

2.—Of what use to import a gospel from Judæa, if we leave behind the soul that made it possible, the God who keeps it for ever real and present?

Essay on Thoreau.

3.—As the broad ocean endlessly upheaveth,
With the majestic beating of his heart,
The mighty tides, whereof its rightful part
Each sea-wide bay and little weed receiveth,
So, through his soul, who earnestly believeth,
Life from the universal Heart doth flow.

Sonnets.

4.—Greatness only achieves its ends by implicitly obeying its own instincts.

Essay on Wordsworth.

5.—Darkness is strong, and so is sin,
But surely God endures for ever.

Villa Franca.

6.—Some substance casts these shadows
Which we call life and history,
That aimless seem to chase and flee
Like wind-gleams over meadows.

Gold Egg.

7.—There is no atheism at once so stupid and so harmful as the fancying God to be afraid of any knowledge with which He has enabled man to equip himself.

The Progress of the World.

8.—Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave.

Harvard Ode.

9.—That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty.

Vision of Sir Launfal.

10.—Perhaps the deeper faith that is to come
Will see God rather in the strenuous doubt
Than in the creed held as an infant's hand
Holds purposeless whatso is placed therein.

The Cathedral.

11.—Truth is quite beyond the reach of satire. There is so brave a simplicity in her, that she can no more be made ridiculous than an oak or a pine.

Biglow Papers.

12.—'Tis our hope doth fashion us
To base use or glorious.

The Ghost-Seer.

13.—Work! you have no conception how 'twill sweeten
Your views of life and nature, God and man.

An Oriental Apologue.

14.—It is man's highest distinction and safeguard that he cannot, if he would, rest satisfied till he have pushed to its full circumference whatever fragmentary arc of truth he has been able to trace with the compasses of his mind.

The Progress of the World.

15.—The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed.

On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves.

16.—Good once put in action or in thought,
Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down
The ripe germs of a forest.

Prometheus.

17.—The deep religion of a thankful heart,
Which rests instinctively in Heaven's clear law,
With a full peace, that never can depart
From its own steadfastness.

Irené.

18.—It is as easy—and no easier—to be natural in a *salon* as in a swamp if one do not aim at it. for what we call unnaturalness always has its spring in a man's thinking too much about himself.

Essay on Thoreau.

19.—As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

Yussouf.

20.—He is a coward who would borrow
A charm against the present sorrow
From the vague future's promise of delight.

To the Future.

21.—One is far enough withdrawn from his fellows if he keep himself clear of their weaknesses. He is not so truly withdrawn as exiled if he refuse to share in their strength.

Essay on Thoreau.

22.—Never land long lease of empire won
Whose sons sate silent whilst base deeds were done.

To W. G. Curtis.

23.—Steep all your truths in sunshine would you have them pierce the crust.

Fragment of an unfinished poem.

24.—Whoso answers not God's earliest call,
Forfeits or dulls that faculty supreme
Of lying open to his genius
Which makes the wise heart certain of its ends.

Columbus.

25.—Ah, there's many a beam from the fountain of day
That, to reach us unclouded, must pass, on its way,
Through the soul of a woman.

Fable for Critics.

26.—Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary line by so much as a hair's breadth, she ceases to be our mother.

Biglow Papers.

27.—PEACE, too, brings tears, and mid the battle-din,
The wiser ear some text of God divines,
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin.
The Washers of the Shroud.

28.—GOOD luck is the willing handmaid of upright, energetic character and conscientious observance of duty.
Essay on Wordsworth.

29.—NATURE'S forces with obedient zeal
Wait on the rooted faith and oaken will.
The Oak.

30.—GOOD lurks in the heart of evil evermore
Legend of Brittany.

31.—FULFIL so much of God's decree
As works its problem out in thee,
Nor dream that in thy breast alone
The conscience of the changeful seasons,
The will that in the planets reasons
With space-wide logic, has its throne.
The Nomades.

SPIRIT DEPTHS.

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtile suggestion is fairer
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer.
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;
Never a Shakspere that soared, but a stronger than he did unfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater
Vaste the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives, thrills the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

RICHARD REALF.