

F R E E L I G H T.

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PREDESTINATION AND RELIGION.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ We are thus led to the well-founded suspicion that the cosmological ideas, and all the conflicting sophistical assertions connected with them, are based upon a false and fictitious conception.”—KANT.

THAT everything in the external world happens according to inevitable necessity no rational man denies. The sun *must* rise to-morrow at a certain hour, and not a man of science believes that the legend in the Old Testament that refers to Joshua is *literally* true. Indeed, nearly every miracle that supposes a violation of the laws of Nature can only be regarded as an “ old wife’s ” tale.

All this may be conceded to “ infidels ; ” and yet the wise man cannot get rid of the conviction that there is Providence in the “ beneficent necessity ” of Nature. By Providence we mean conscious, intelligent direction in everything that happens—including storms, volcanic eruptions, and moral earthquakes.

The bipolarity of the Bible is one of the most remarkable features in that remarkable book. There are a few texts in it which may lead us to the assumption that there is no Providence in what we call Evil ; but there are a great many passages opposed to the notion that we must ascribe any phenomena in the universe to that which we idly denominate Chance. There is no such thing as Chance. There is a reason for everything that happens, down to the most minute and trivial event—such as the fall of a sparrow. The greatest historical catastrophes may depend on a general not having had his breakfast, or a crust sticking in his throat, or a dog running in his way and causing him to have a fall. There is nothing in our daily life without purpose and direction, if we could see into futurity.

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Assuredly it is better to believe thus than the contrary, but it is also better to act without attaching any particular importance to what we *call* trifles. We have the large ideal to make actual, and must not count the steps to its attainment.

The tritest truisms, however, are not accepted as true if they stand in the way of certain theories that are as life to the dogmas of a numerous class of thinkers. The limited views of Providence entertained by all sects must be the cause of their abortive theology. "Among the Jews," says Channing, "nothing was more common than to give the name of a religious teacher to the system of truth which he taught. We see this continually exemplified in the New Testament. Thus it is said of the Jews, 'They have Moses and the prophets.' What is meant by this?—that they had Moses residing in person among them? Certainly not; but that they had his law, his religion. Jesus says, 'I came not to destroy the prophets.' What did he mean?—that he had not come to slay or destroy the prophets who had died ages before his birth? Certainly not; he only intended that his doctrines were suited to confirm, not to invalidate, the writings of these holy men."

No one will deny that Christianity came, and was foreordained to that end, to supersede Judaism; no thinker can avoid the corollary that Moses gave "judgments whereby a man could not live;" and yet, on account of "the hardness of the hearts" of those men who were subject to the authority of Moses, the laws that were rigorously carried out in his day were adapted to that stage of society.

This seems simple, plain, and necessary. The "beggarly elements" of religion were essential to the development of a more spiritual idea, such as that taught by Christ. But, this granted, how can we deny that Christianity is susceptible of *further* development, as we recollect the "many more things" which the Founder of the religion *could* have said, "but ye cannot bear them now?" Christianity is but a stage in the eternal march.

Now, to say that God did not intend Judaism to fail is obviously absurd; but it by no means follows that Moses was not inspired by his Maker to say what he said: "Beware of false prophets!" Well, he was a false prophet to Christ, who utterly transcended the "eye for an eye," &c.; but he was the man appointed for his work.

The *lex talionis* must be adapted to a low and brutal state of society. Mercy would be out of place with men who are hardly higher than the brutes. As society advances, however, Christianity triumphs. The merciful idea becomes sacred, and with that merciful idea Satan himself is "transformed into an angel of light." All this

must have been predestined. It is nonsense to say that God did not intend the success of Christianity and its ultimate *failure*—as it now exists. “If I did not depart, the Comforter would not come.” Thus Christ predicts the end of the reign of that “sword,” or divisional era, which is the cause of the strife and war of men.

If we have false ideas in science and philosophy that are corrected in the world's progress, a suspicion should now dawn on the theological mind that the religion which God gave to the Jews not being final, Christianity is not final; yet the errors through which men must suffer enable them to grasp the vital truths which, without what Browning calls “the catching at mistake,” could not have taken possession of our souls. The suffering involved in the religion of the Cross, with all the monstrous delusions of the priests, with their antics and winking saints, must have been intended by the All-Wise. There is no grosser error than to suppose God is absent from the superstitions that we outgrow. Why, it must be the intention of God that the babe should suffer in teething, that the pain endured by the infant may prepare him for the battle of life. And superstition is the *teething* of religion. The absurd and monstrous views of popular theology must be sent as stimuli to the thought that is certain to abrogate such fallacies. The very infidel ought to see that without superstition he would have nothing to argue about, and stagnation would be the alternative.

But the vulgar unbeliever is not able to grapple with such problems. He is a poor creature, like the sectarian bigots whose tenets he sneers at, and he is ignorant of the all-reconciling philosophy which lies miles and miles beyond his degraded vision.

German philosophy—derided as it was a few years ago—has now so far succeeded, even in England, that Materialism is afraid, and Science retreats before it. Metaphysical power *must* be greater than physical power. Religionists all dread metaphysics, and with reason, for it is certain that thereby dogmas and creeds, the invention of sophists, must perish. The greater metaphysician will not allow for an instant that religion can be identified with theology. The framer of the creed was not capable of rising to the height of the philosopher's great argument.

But the Author of religion—a SPIRIT—sent *both* the religion and the philosophy. He intended the theology to fail, having given greater powers to the thinker, who transcends creed and dogma; but he did not intend the religion to fail, because it is by such means that the human race becomes wise and humane. Providence erects scaffolding which in due time he bids us take down in order that we may

see the fair, finished temple. The theologies are scaffoldings that in reality are obstructive of our view of the universal God. The predestination of divine religion to effect the regeneration of man is one of the truths that Universalism is anxious to establish. It is ridiculous to imagine that great religions, with an organic unity that cannot be denied—great “vertebrated” religions—have been the result of the superstition or the cunning contrivance of priests whose sacerdotal minds we can easily penetrate. The mind of the priest originates nothing; it is the prophet, the poet, the thinker, who possess inspiration to teach and lead us onward in the career of progress. The priest knows nothing—cannot allow himself to think—while he ministers to a dead Past.

The Present is embodied in science; the Future belongs to the philosophic and the spiritual realm. God is a spirit. Does the world believe that? No. It believes in a corporeal God; in the resurrection of a physical body; in a material heaven and hell. Anthropomorphism leads to the worship of a man—Jesus. Does any church worship a spirit, and say God’s truths are spiritually discerned? Where is the evidence of such a faith? The Roman Catholic, with idols, has it not; the Protestant, with bibliolatry, has it not; the Infidel (Atheist, Deist, or otherwise) has no belief in the operation of Divine Spirit on the soul. The Universalist, therefore, cannot by possibility fraternise with sects that obstruct the perception of light. He knows that all sects see through a distorted medium, because they *are* sects. But that God predestines sects to do their work of division is very clear. Not a sect but is a stream that is flowing towards the ocean—that “dark and unknown sea which rolls round all the world.” Death, who “keeps the keys of all the creeds,” intends to destroy the sects, as our individual lives are destroyed. There is a plan throughout the universe for continual death and renovation. Christianity itself must share the fate of its Founder—must be crucified, must die and be buried; but Christ rose from the dead, and “dieth no more.” The Universal Church established, as it *must* be, the little heresies will not show their diminished heads in the presence of the Sun of Righteousness.

If there be any meaning in revelation, it is that Christ—as a church—will come to rehabilitate society. The incoherent ravings of religious bodies can do nothing to promote the unity of the Church. The State will have nothing to do with these fragmentary and chaotic voices. The State ignores the religious idea, except in the abstract; the reason is, because the conscience of the community opposes Sacerdotalism. Look, however, at the history of the world, and say

which has had the most influence, Church or State. Secular power has no authority over conscience, and conscience is the voice of God. Now, the thinker, who must even find with the philosopher that the only proof of Divine existence resides in conscience—"the soul and centre of humanity"—must reflect deeply on this problem. The State rejects religion, except as a thing quite apart from its functions, and all the while Christianity is "the law of the land." Here is the anomaly. We want the reconciliation of reason and faith. Clearly, without such reconciliation society is on a false basis—is but a Pharisee and a hypocrite, denying the revelation which it professes so profoundly to cherish. "Centuries of Atheistical government" is the phrase of Thomas Carlyle. Atheistical government cannot reform itself. To *re-form*, there must be a divine spiritual power, and that can only reside in the religious instinct of man.

This the sceptical and the secular mind will not understand. Ignoring Divinity, this abortion of modern times cannot comprehend that "where the *spirit* of the Lord is there is liberty." It is for this that we contend most firmly.

And why is it that ceremonial religion is rejected by some of the best and highest minds of this century? Because the religion that is usually taught is neither metaphysically deep, nor spiritually beautiful, nor practically possible. The religion that is generally taught is childish and anomalous. We must unlearn everything—become as little children in *one* sense—to grow out of the infantine thought which God has sent to blind the eyes of its weak and superstitious slaves. We want a religion growing out of *all* religions—embodying *all* truth.

We know, if we have studied Nature and philosophy, that there must be revelation; and we accept the Bible as an aid to the conception of the Universal God, which once arrived at, the mission of that book is over.

We conclude with an extract from the "Divine Drama" of James Elishama Smith, to the following effect, viz. :—"In the latter days, when the Drama is revealing the principle of its construction and realising the idea of its ultimate purpose, the Scriptures represent the regenerated earth as singing the song of Moses and Christ in union—the song of Law, that regenerates a people; and the song of Faith, that regenerates the individual. And both these are male and absolute principles in their own sphere, and each is feminine to the other in its own opposite sphere; for nothing can be more absolute than the moral law in the visible sphere, and nothing can be more absolute than faith in the invisible sphere, for it is the inward life of the moral man. Yet each is a sphere of liberty in relation to the other; for

the law cannot exercise jurisdiction over invisible faith, nor can private faith interfere with the public jurisdiction of law; and men may be elevated by faith above the sphere of law, and corrected by law amid the doubts and vicissitudes of faith. Each belongs to a separate polarity, but the sphere of order is the sphere of law; consequently, the Jews have no articles of faith—no creed; and the Gospel has no law, but only a faith, for the faith is its radiating centre; and if it has borrowed a part of the law in order to organise a visible community, it is not because the law forms a part of itself, but because it is weak, like woman, in social organisation without it."

[The "DIVINE DRAMA," we may here add, may be purchased of Mr. Burns. It is a library of ideas.]

INCARNATION AND APOTHEOSIS.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

SOME people are frightened at the ordinary teaching of the Incarnation, and it is indeed a narrow view of the true doctrine, and connected with many errors. Perfect love, however, casts out all fear—whether it be perfect love of God or of humanity—perfect love of truth or virtue. To say that Jesus Christ is God is a very limited and really blasphemous assertion. To say that God is in Christ, reconciling the world to himself, is not so. There is, probably, no erroneous doctrine which has not its side of truth, or which, if extended to its full capacity, will not become true. The doctrine of the Incarnation is only false when it is exclusively applied to Jesus. Let it be extended to all human souls as they take flesh, and to the great universe itself as the body of God, and recognise the unity of substance in all that proceeds from God with himself, and we then perceive how God does indeed dwell with men and take up his abode with them. The doctrine of the Trinity as ordinarily held is irrational and false; but there are many true trinities in the Divine Being, without which we could not well account for the diversity of operation with the same Spirit, or be able to place the trinitary powers with which we ourselves operate as with fertilising streams, in any relationship of likeness to the Universal Divine Fountain from

whence they flow. There is a substantial Unity in all things, and that Unity is God, and this Unity characterises the variety of the universe and is partaken of in various proportions by human-kind.

All things come from God, and all things return to Him. There is Divine Incarnation and Human Apotheosis. As we use that which comes from God, so shall be our state when to Him we return. The deeper and truer and more thorough the Incarnation, the higher and fuller and more thorough the Apotheosis. We are sent out as gleaners into this field of God, and according to our industry is the size of the sheaves which we bear back home to Him. God's providences are not partial or capricious, but all that is is from Him, and will work out a good purpose; for we are not only in a state of Being, but of Becoming. The Divine Providence is universal; and although the deeper the want, the fuller is the Incarnation, and prayer is thus answered, and herein may appear inequality, Equity yet rules—for the excess in proportion answers to the capacity of the soul at birth—a result of antecedent ages, and to the influx of the Divine Spirit into its life, corresponding with its co-operative activity. These conditions are, in other words, referable to the antecedents of prior existence, for we are in God from everlasting to everlasting, to laws in humanity of succession and heritage, and the moral stamina thereby strengthening us, and afterwards to the right use of the means and opportunities which our surroundings minister to us.

The unity of substance in the universe is the only possible basis of Divine Incarnation in Humanity. Spirit and matter are the two poles of universal being thoroughly essential to each other, and existing—although in different forms and relationships—to the same amount from ever and for ever. So much spirit and so much matter—so much of the more refined and so much of the grosser portion of the substance of the universe, always existing, but undergoing continuous change, becoming and again to become incarnate and reincarnate, coming from God and going to Him, now in Incarnation, then in Apotheosis. We have been from all eternity with God, because we are one with Him in substance, whose body is the universe and He its soul. As Jesus Christ came from Him and went to Him, so do we. The finite cannot do otherwise in relationship to the Infinite. We each of us lived before that Spirit, as incarnate, under the name of Abraham, existed upon earth; even as Jesus said, "Before Abraham was, I am." Immediately, we come in body and soul from the loins and spirits of our parents and human

ancestry; but in the beginning, each one from God, to whom we return after each life to receive in new frames a new existence, according to that which we have done in the body, whether to be abased or to be glorified in Him. There is—

“ One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.”

Since the universe is identical in substance, and we stand upon the unity of God in all things, and Nature is God manifest in matter, and Humanity is God manifest in the flesh, and these two epiphanies are substantially the same—science and religion, their interpreters, speaking with like voices—what is the course of progress? how may advancement be best made? It is in the more conscious intelligent harmony of the parts with the whole that progress consists. As finite souls grow into understood union with the Infinite Spirit, the universe goes onward to perfection. The attainment of the highest moral unity in intelligent existence is the aim and end of Universal Providence. It is in moral harmony, in spiritual unison, in unity of will and character with God, that we attain perfection. It was of this unity which Jesus spake when he said, “I and my Father are one”—and of this unity we may all partake. One in substance with the All-Father—as are all things more or less—Jesus entered also into the nobler moral harmony, into the spiritual union with God, into the “Higher Pantheism” of Tennyson, into which we may enter, and where is the fulness of bliss for evermore. As, to accomplish His designs, we come from God, so in their fulfilment we go to Him; and the course of an elder brother is the type of what all the family have to perform; hence the object of Divine Incarnation in individuals is to work out the designs of Universal Providence, and the consummation of Human Apotheosis personally is to become one with God in having aided to fulfil them.

Through the incarnation of the soul in the body as a finite part of the Infinite Spirit, there is given us from the first the means of communion with God, and the glorious opportunity of becoming revelations of his character and manifestations of his will. Through communion with Him and by benevolence to others of his human family we have to cleanse away the stains which our spirits have acquired in their transmission from Him, that He may shine through them in perfect purity, and that we may attain the glory which we had with Him at the beginning—the excellence of his design in us. Thus there is not only Incarnation, but Re-incarnation, in one phase

of existence; God is not only in us, but will be more in us. We may not only have his presence passively, but have it working in our souls, so that we may say with Jesus that the Father heareth us always. According to our capacity, we may have Him fully with us. So we may understand of Jesus, that in him the fulness of the Father dwelt, and accept the poetical sentiment:—

“Then did the Force expand, expand—
I knew him through the dread disguise,
As the whole God within his eyes
Embraced me.”

English poets are most quotable on such themes, as they are the best expositors for us of the religious sentiment in our day, as the Hebrew psalmists were for their nation and times. And they are, at least, nothing inferior to these in elevation of conception, in beauty of illustration, in clearness of expression, or in morality of life; while their light is greater—as is the general light of our days—compared with those of Israel.

With the progress of the ages God becomes more and more incarnate in humanity. From every point of view the growth has been great, the progress glorious. The church of God—or collective humanity in its various sacred aspects—was never in a better state than at the present day; there was never more energy in it, more true life quickening and stirring in it, a larger heart of benevolence, or a more inquiring state of mind. All its doubts and distractions, its spiritual agitations, and intellectual controversies are in reality most excellent signs, and prove to all true vision that it is seeking higher ideals of faith and nobler forms of development, and, dissatisfied with the past, is pressing nobly on to the future. Rome abdicates, and Mecca and Benares behold greater light. The Moslem are converting Africa. The Hindu turns from his native idols and will not receive those of our lands. Christians and Buddhists, whose lines from the beginning have run wonderfully parallel, are both now engaged in revision and retranslation of their ancient scriptures. We are, in fact, at the end of one great ecclesiastical age of the world, and ready to hail the dawning of another more bright and beautiful.

So also in regard to the manifestation of God in Nature. In no past era has science been so glorious an interpreter of the Divine embodiment in the universe as at the present time. We are tracing the evolution of finite form from the minutest germs that compose matter up to the noblest proportions of humanity. The ascent from

the worm to the angel is every day becoming clearer to us. The Divine laws of development in the universe are evidently sufficient to account for all that is or will be. Grand, but baseless cosmogonies, the leaps of ignorance in the dark, or the arbitrary assumptions of speculation are superseded by scientific facts of evolution under which the imperfect passes away and all the best survives, and we recognise the Divine unity in all life—no longer as a beautiful dream, but as a glorious reality. And all this fresh religious life and new scientific interpretation has its representation everywhere. The church, as an aggregate of all religious organisations, great and small, is moving in all its branches; even its most stationary sects have free inquiry in some direction or other stirring among them, and the wind of God blowing amid their boughs. And all our progress in science is available to the masses. Literature is at everyone's command. We no longer publish our books in Latin for fear the crowd should know too much; no longer is knowledge or talent the property of a few. We have multitudes of able men. The revolution that takes the sword perishes with the sword; but the peaceful revolution—social and democratic to its core—in which all classes are really concurring, for the spirit of the age compels them and is irresistible, is still going on, and will go on until all true principles incarnate themselves in the masses, and not human legislators but Divine laws shall rule them.

While rejoicing in this glorious process which shall render God incarnate in collective humanity, we must not forget to acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude which our race owes to those great personal spirits who, when there was no open vision for the peoples, heard the Voice Divine and obeyed its word. Jesus was crucified, but Christ they could not crucify; for the Christ—the Anointment within him—was God himself, the Infinite Father, the Eternal Saviour of all! It is through the great personal spirits of the past that the Divine Incarnation has attained its present elevation in the heart of collective humanity; and this process of embodying the Divine Will has not been confined to Christendom. The Jews thought that they were the only people of God, and deceived themselves. But the rule of God is a Universal Providence; nothing takes place without His overruling its means to His end. Christendom has not been His only instrument, but the other great dispensations of religion have been eminent factors in the embodiment of His will in humanity; and Buddha and Mohammed, and others who with them have been the great founders and conservers of religious life to so many myriads, have not been without His inspiration and overruling

help. His is the sole and absolute power, and men cannot act for good without Him. True Universalism, indeed, divides itself into two grand compartments—Universal Providence and Universal Salvation—and the one represents Divine Incarnation, and the other Human Apotheosis.

THE SCIENCE AND ART OF METHOD.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

1. BEFORE we close our series of Prolegomena as an introductory discipline to the study of the Methodical Philosophy which we design to substitute for the inverted Transcendentalism and apparent Pantheism of German progressive Thought, we think it well, seeing we have made so much use of the writings of Oken, to give some account of the man himself. Our biography is brief, and mainly derived from the "Conversations-Lexicon," which indeed does but scant justice to a great and strong thinker. Lorenz Oken was born on the 2nd of August, 1779, in Offenburg, Schwabia, and studied at Göttingen, where he lived several years as a private tutor. In the course of time he was called to Jena, where, as professor of medicine, his lectures on natural philosophy, natural history, zoology with comparative anatomy, vegetable, animal, and human physiology, proved early to be very successful. In 1810 he was made Counsellor of the Court; in 1812, regular Professor of Natural Sciences. In the autumn of 1816 he published the "Isis," an encyclopædic paper, the contents of which were mostly contributory to the natural sciences. The liberty of the press was then greater at Weimar than elsewhere. Accordingly, all complaints and grievances that the discontented desired to have well ventilated were addressed to Oken. Such as were of general interest were accepted and printed by him in the "Isis." This practice of Oken caused great displeasure at Court. At length the Government of Weimar gave him the option of either surrendering his counsellorship or the "Isis." Oken preferred the first alternative; and about the same time was implicated in the Wartburg affair, but duly acquitted. He continued to reside at Jena, and occupied himself exclusively with the publication of his journal and his works on the natural sciences. In 1827 he delivered lectures in natural history, at the recently-established University of Munig—firstly as private tutor, and afterwards as

regular professor, which trust, however, he resigned on being invited to a professorship at another Bavarian university. In 1832 he accepted office at the newly-founded University of Zurich, where he became regular professor, and endeavoured to carry out the main purpose of his life, namely, the establishment of a philosophical Method which should embrace all the different kingdoms of Nature, and their elements, in one general system, of which his book on "Natural Philosophy," published at Jena (1808-11—second edition, 1831), is the foundation. This book—a monument of industry—bears also a singular character, inasmuch as in its very method it departs from all previous systems, and its leading propositions had to be classified by terms which the German language had then no means of supplying. Oken, therefore, like Kant, created a nomenclature of his own, which many considered forced, unauthorised, and difficult, and which, of course, occasioned much misapprehension, but nevertheless gave rise to a school of writers who have fallen under the censure of matter-of-fact and conventional people, to whom the new and the original are always distasteful. He had many opponents both in France and England;* but on the whole Germany has done him justice, having acknowledged that by him a new and beneficial impulse was given to natural history, and having adopted most of his propositions. Oken is, moreover, celebrated as a practical anatomist and physiologist. His work on "Natural History for all Classes" is a standard book (13 vols., Stuttgart, 1833-4); and in justice to his memory we should not omit to state that the German Society of

* Even Coleridge speaks of him with some prejudice. "The inevitable result," he says, "of all consequent reasoning, in which the intellect refuses to acknowledge a higher or deeper ground than it can itself supply, and weens to possess within itself the centre of its own system, is—and from Zeno the Eleatic to Spinoza, and from Spinoza to the Schellings, Okens, and their adherents, of the present day, ever has been—Pantheism under one or other of its modes." Professor Nichol takes a more favourable view. "Considering," he writes in Griffin's 'Cyclopædia of Philosophy,' "this vast scheme of Material Nature, not as a mere collection of dead forces held together by external relationship, but as a development now and for ever—a development, incessantly unfolding, of the attributes of that Supreme Intelligence—how profound and impressive the Thought! It is no exaggeration that this exalted and most true Idea has infused alike into the Science, Art, and Literature of Germany the greater portion of that loftiness and inhering life which has stamped it with the impress of Immortality. The Universe, said Schelling, is not merely an existence, it is a *becoming* and *about to be*. It is not a *mechanism*, but a gigantic ORGANISM; and on this ground Oken and many of his compeers wrought out those wonderful and prophetic views which, even now, to elaborate and discern in their details, is perhaps the highest glory of our own illustrious Owen."

Natural History has to thank Oken for its origin, through his articles in the "Isis."

2. A similar attempt at an all-comprehensive Method which should include both the physical and metaphysical sciences was made in England by our own Coleridge. His aim was to reconcile Bacon and Plato, showing that both were equally inductive, but that the induction of the latter was inclusive of ideas as correlates of law, the acknowledgment of which is the first condition of Method, and the inseparable associate of our belief in a Divine Intelligence. We have Aristotle's testimony that Plato had seriously regarded the question whether, in order to scientific ends, we must commence with principles or ascend toward them—a problem which he manifestly held to be of an esoteric character, since we find no reference to it in his published teachings. Coleridge himself held that religion being the ultimate aim of philosophy, the latter "becomes the supplement of the sciences, both as the convergence of all to the common end—namely, Wisdom—and as supplying the copula which, modified in each in the comprehension of its parts in one whole, is in its principles common to all as integral parts of one system. And this," says he, "is Method, itself a distinct science, the immediate offspring of Philosophy, and the link or mordant by which philosophy becomes scientific and the sciences philosophical."

3. The works of Plato, indeed, according to our sage poet and critic, have all one common end—namely, to establish the sources, to evolve the principles, and to exemplify the art of Method, to which a previous act and conception of the mind is indispensable, and a principle of unity with progression must be supposed. Such a principle, however, he justly adds, can never, in the sciences of experiment or in those of observation, be adequately supplied by a theory built on generalisation, or be grounded on mere hypothesis, which being in its nature phenomenal is necessarily a part of the problem that it may be adduced to solve. Coleridge is also eloquent in his admiration of Kepler, whose conduct he favourably contrasts with Bacon's. Nevertheless, he contends that the latter likewise, as strongly as himself, demands an intellectual initiative, calling such initiative or mental anticipation, indeed, *dimidium scientiæ*, or the prior half of the knowledge sought, and referring us for satisfaction to "the pure and impersonal reason, freed from all the various idols enumerated by our great legislator of science—from the limits, the passions, the prejudices, the peculiar habits of the human understanding, natural or acquired; but, above all, from the arrogance which leads man to take the forms and mechanism of his own mere

reflective faculty as the measure of Nature and of Deity;" adding that "the difference, or rather distinction, between Plato and Lord Bacon is simply this: that philosophy being necessarily bipolar, Plato treats principally of the truth, as it manifests itself at the ideal pole, as the science of intellect; while Bacon confines himself, for the most part, to the same truth, as it is manifested at the other, or material pole, as the science of Nature."

4. We spontaneously acknowledge a Method in Nature, soon learn to appreciate it as essentially one with the human intelligence, and, as a consequence, insist not only on efficient but final causes—an antecedent Method, or self-organising Purpose, on which the very existence, and not alone the position, of things depends. This Method has been exemplified in the history of the race—a theme on which we might dilate with advantage, were it not out of place in mere prolegomena like these. We shall have ample opportunity for the fullest illustration when we have fairly started the investigation we propose into the grounds and conditions of Methodical Philosophy, and to which investigation we shall without further delay take the privilege of proceeding in an orderly manner, and one equally proper to philosophical disquisition, whether regarded as speculative or practical, according as we consider it in relation to Nature or Morals. Such disquisition Coleridge has wisely said "must begin with postulates, which the Conscience alone can at once authorise and substantiate." Our commencement will require even a loftier stand-point: we must assume Man himself to be a living and personal Axiom, a self-evident Truth, the simple affirmation of which suffices for demonstrative proof and satisfactory definition.

TRUTH AND HER COMPANIONS.

Jupiter. Daughter Truth, is this a befitting manner of presenting yourself before your divine father? You are positively dripping; the floor of my celestial mansion would be a swamp, but for your praiseworthy economy in wearing apparel. Whence, in the name of the Nereids, do you come?

Truth. From the bottom of a well, father.

Jupiter. I thought, my daughter, that you had descended upon earth in the capacity of a benefactress of men rather than of frogs.

Truth. Such, indeed, was my purpose, father, and I accordingly repaired to the great city.

Jupiter. The City of the Emperor Apollyon ?

Truth. The same ; and I there obtained an audience of the monarch.

Jupiter. What passed ?

Truth. I took the liberty of observing to him, father, that, having obtained his throne by perjury, and cemented it by blood, and maintained it by hypocrisy, he could entertain no hope of preserving it unless the collective baseness of his subjects should be found to exceed his own, which was not probable.

Jupiter. What reply did he vouchsafe to these admonitions ?

Truth. He threatened to cut out my tongue. Perceiving that this would interfere with my utility to mankind, I retired somewhat precipitately from the Imperial presence, marvelling that I should ever have been admitted, and resolved never to be found there for the future. I then proceeded to the nobles.

Jupiter. What said you to them ?

Truth. I represented to them that they were, as a class, both arrogant and luxurious, and would, indeed, have long since become insupportable, only that the fabric which their rapacity was for ever striving to erect, their extravagance as perpetually undermined. I further commented upon the insecurity of any institution dependent solely upon prescription. Finding these suggestions unpalatable, I next addressed myself to the priesthood.

Jupiter. Those holy men, my daughter, must have rejoiced at the opportunity of learning from you which portion of their traditions was impure or fabricated, and which authentic and sublime.

Truth. The value they placed upon my instructions was such that they wished to reserve them exclusively for themselves, and proposed that they should be delivered within the precincts of a certain subterranean apartment termed a dungeon, the key of which should be kept by one of their order. Whereupon I betook myself to the philosophers.

Jupiter. Your reception from these professed lovers of wisdom, my daughter, was, no doubt, all that could be expected.

Truth. It was all that could be expected, my father, from learned and virtuous men, who had already framed their own systems of the universe without consulting me.

Jupiter. You probably next addressed yourself to the middling orders of society ?

Truth. I can scarcely say that I did, father ; for, although I had much to remark concerning their want of culture, and their servility, and their greed, and the absurdity of many of their customs, and the

rotteness of most of their beliefs, and the thousand ways in which they spoiled lives that might have been beautiful and harmonious, I soon discovered that they were so absolutely swayed by the example of the higher orders that it was useless to expostulate with them until I should have persuaded the latter.

Jupiter. You returned, then, to the latter with this design ?

Truth. On the contrary, I hastened to the poor and needy, whom I fully acquainted with the various wrongs and oppressions which they underwent at the hands of the powerful and the rich. And here, for the first time, I found myself welcome. All listened with gratitude and assent, and none made any endeavour to stone me, or imprison me, as those other unprincipled persons had done.

Jupiter. That was indeed satisfactory, daughter. But when you proceeded to point out to these plebeians how much of their misery arose from their own idleness, and ignorance, and dissoluteness, and abasement before those higher in station, and jealousy of the best among themselves—what said they to that ?

Truth. They expressed themselves desirous of killing me ; and, indeed, would have done so if my capital enemies, the priests, had not been beforehand with them.

Jupiter. What did they do ?

Truth. Burned me.

Jupiter. Burned you ?

Truth. Burned me in the market-place. And, but for my peculiar property of reviving from my ashes, I should not be here now. Upon reconsolidating myself, I felt in such a heat that I was fain to repair to the bottom of the nearest well. Finding myself more comfortable there than I had ever yet been during my residence on earth, I have come to ask permission to remain.

Jupiter. It does not appear to me, daughter, that the mission you have undertaken on behalf of mankind can be efficiently discharged at the bottom of a well.

Truth. No, father, nor in the middle of a fire either.

Jupiter. I fear that you are too plain and downright in your dealings with men, and deter where you ought to allure.

Truth. I were not Truth else, but Flattery. My nature is a mirror's, to exhibit reality with plainness and faithfulness.

Jupiter. It is no less the nature of man to shatter every mirror that does not exhibit to him what he wishes to behold.

Truth. Let me, therefore, return to my well, and let him who wishes to behold me—if such there be—repair to the brink and look down.

Jupiter. No, daughter, you shall not return to your well. I have already perceived that you are not of yourself sufficient for the office I have assigned to you, and I am about to provide you with two auxiliaries. You are Truth. Tell me how this one appears to you.

Truth. Oh, father! the beautiful nymph!—how mature, and yet how comely! how good-humoured, yet how gentle and grave! Her robe is closely zoned, her upraised finger approaches her lip, her foot falls soft as snow. What is her name?

Jupiter. Discretion. And this other?

Truth. Oh, father! the cordial look, the blooming cheek, the bright smile that is almost a laugh, the buoyant step, and the expansive bosom! What name bears she?

Jupiter. Good Nature. Return, my daughter, to earth; continue to enlighten man's ignorance and to reprove his folly; but let Discretion suggest the occasion, and Good Nature inspire the wording of your admonitions. I cannot engage that you may not, even with these precautions, sometimes pay a visit to the stake; and if, when an adventure of this sort appears imminent, Discretion should counsel a temporary retirement to your well, I am sure Good Nature will urge nothing to the contrary.

ANTI-WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY J. M'GRIGOR ALLAN.

(*Author of "The Real Differences in the Minds of Men and Women," "A Protest against Woman's Demand for the Privileges of Both Sexes," "Influence of Sex on Mind," &c.*)

"I humbly urge upon the Legislature to resist demands opposed to wisdom, mercy, and religion."—MRS. S. C. HALL ("Book of Memories").

I.

THE supporters of Mr. Jacob Bright's Bill form three classes:—1. Supporters of Woman Suffrage as a principle, who claim it as the abstract right of all women. 2. Supporters of the Bill as a final measure, who think no further extension of the franchise would be demanded or required. 3. Supporters who *pretend* that they will be satisfied with passing the Bright Bill, knowing that it must be only the instalment of a much larger measure, which they dare not openly demand. How can these three parties conscientiously co-operate? I respect most an opponent of the first class. Such a

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man, or woman, does not at least sail under false colours. We know the worst. We can conjecture the full extent of the revolution we have to face, should the Bright Bill ever become law. We are warned that it is not to be a final measure. I ask this advocate of Woman Suffrage, as the abstract right of all women, how he can consistently and conscientiously co-operate with supporters, who want to enfranchise only a *section*, not the *sex*—who are obstinately opposed to Woman Suffrage as a principle; and with supporters who *pretend* to consider the present demand a final settlement?

The *Daily News* really believes that by passing the Bright Bill, the vexed question would be settled satisfactorily. *Settled* it would be, but not as they imagine, who think Woman Suffrage would stop there. The passing of that Bill would prove but the beginning of troubles. Advocates of the first class openly avow; advocates of the third class chuckle, but do not avow; and second-class supporters apparently do not admit, that if we enfranchise one woman, on any pretence whatever, we must sooner or later enfranchise the whole sex. Consider the justice, or *injustice*, of enfranchising a small number of widows and celibate women, because they are property holders, on the plea that as taxpayers, they should enjoy the male taxpayer's privilege of the electoral suffrage. It is proposed to emancipate certain women—not as *women*, but as *citizens*. The privileges of citizens are accorded to men, not merely as a property qualification, but in right of *sex*, because from men are exacted duties of citizenship, fraught with toil, danger, and considerable consumption of valuable time, from which all women are exempt, solely on account of *sex*.

Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., says that no reason has been given for excluding women from the franchise, beyond the fact that they are women. This fact constitutes the very strongest reason for excluding them, so long as it can be said: No reason has ever been given for excluding women from the *burthens* imposed on male citizens but the fact that they are women! Exclusion from *burthens* is a fair offset against exclusion from *privileges* of citizenship. The gentler sex are not expected to serve in the army, navy, militia, volunteers, police, coastguard, marines, fire brigade, on juries; or to render to the State, various other services required in time of need, from all able-bodied men. In all civilised States, women have been, and are, dispensed from the perils of war, and a great number of arduous occupations, in right of their sex (which even strong-minded women must admit to be *physically weaker* than the male), and on account of important maternal functions devolved on woman, not by man's unjust legislation and tyrannical oppression, but by the fiat of the Creator.

Each sex has its special naturally-appointed duties and corresponding privileges. Woe to that nation and race where such an equitable division of labour—mental and physical—is not jealously respected and jealously guarded! Can woman carry arms in her country's defence? Can she capture smugglers, murderers, thieves; protect property in the silent watches of the night, or quell a riot? Can she toil with hand or brain the livelong day? On behalf of Woman—as the champion of her *natural rights*—I answer in the negative. Woman cannot, ought not to do these things. We expect and exact such offices from *men alone!* Woman is no more capable of making, administering, and executing the laws, than of defending the country at the hazard of her life. Milton echoes the wisdom of the inspired volume when he says:—"Laws are masculine births. Nothing is more away from the law of God and Nature than that a woman should give laws to man." Woman can no more discharge man's special duties as citizen, soldier, politician, legislator, judge, general, statesman, &c., than man can discharge woman's special duties of wifehood and motherhood. Each sex is strong, precisely where the other is weak. Each is therefore the supplement, not the rival or substitute, of the other. Such is the ordinance of Infinite Wisdom.

Miss Becker made the grand discovery that the word *man* comprises both sexes! Hence the female logician proved that woman is, in addition to woman's rights, entitled to all the rights of man, including, of course, such a trifle as the franchise! Revising barristers, however, being *men*, were unable to perceive the force of this argument, and relentlessly struck female names off the roll of voters. The inventor of this *argumentum ad fœminam* proves a good deal too much! If the word *MAN* is to be wrested from its scientific meaning, and applied in a political sense to give women the franchise—if it is to comprehend women so far as man's privileges are concerned—it must also comprehend women as far as man's *duties* and *burthens* are involved. Our legislators are asked to abrogate the law; our judges and lawyers are asked to interpret and stretch the law, so as to confer—not on women in general—but on a few favoured women, the privileges of both sexes, and have replied virtually to this effect:—"The demand of women for men's privileges is as preposterous as would be man's demand for women's privileges—exemption from a citizen's duties, masculine burthens, toils, and dangers, amounting to the hazard and possible sacrifice of life. To grant this demand, made not as a *request*, but as a *RIGHT*, would be equivalent to ignoring all distinctions between man and woman, subverting the Constitution,

and razing the foundations of social order and civilisation." Mr. Gladstone said, in 1870 :—"I cannot recognise either the necessity or desire for the measure which would justify such an unsettling, not to say uprooting, of the old landmarks of society."

"We are a small minority," cry female householders. "Indeed we would not swamp the male voters." Now this plea abandons every atom of principle on which is based the claim for Woman Suffrage. It means: Only relax the law founded on the eternal and sacred distinction of sex, sufficiently to let a certain class of women become possessed of political power, and then shut the door in the faces of all the rest of the sex! The cool selfishness, illogical nature, and matchless impudence of this demand, almost surpass belief. The women (some in middling circumstances, some prosperous, some affluent, and all more or less above the world) who would be enfranchised by the passing of Mr. Jacob Bright's Bill, and who should then rest and be thankful, leaving their sisters out in the cold, are selfish beings, utterly unworthy of the franchise, and not representatives of their sex. And if they declare (as many of them do) that it is not their intention to rest satisfied with getting the franchise for themselves; then no one unwilling to enfranchise married women, ought to say one word in favour of a measure which, if final, is partial and unjust; and, if not final, is clearly intended as an instalment of Universal Woman Suffrage.

We cannot, consistently with principle and equity, concede to women the electoral privilege, and nothing more. If a woman elects, why should not a woman be elected to Parliament? Mr. Bouverie, M.P., said :—"If women once got admission to the House, it would be difficult to say where matters would end. If they conceded electoral power to women, they could not refuse them legislative, judicial, or administrative power. All the great branches of political power would have to be given to women." If we look forward to women becoming legislators, judges, ministers, governors, admirals, generals, &c., let us say so; but if we do not contemplate such changes, let us not advocate a partial enfranchisement, morally certain to entail an utter confounding of the present special privileges and duties of the sexes. It is not yet said that we should copy Gelele King of Dahome, and raise a regiment of Amazons; but I challenge any champion of Woman's Rights and Female Suffrage to give a satisfactory reason *why* we should not so utilise our surplus women. There are many more women exceptional in *physical*, than in *mental vigour*. For one woman who really merits the much misapplied term *strong-minded*, there are five hundred who are undoubtedly *strong-bodied*.

A claim is made, on the ground of sexual mental equality, for giving political power to women, allowing them to enter the professions, and to rival man in all profitable avocations. This claim logically includes the right of *able-bodied* women to act independently, and follow the promptings of their own sweet wills, as to enlisting in army, navy, entering the volunteers, and other branches of public service, even if we stop short of *compelling* them to share with men (their equals and fellow-citizens) in the defence of their common country! Female regiments might be formed. But, under the new state of society, to which Woman Suffrage would bring us, vulgar prejudice will have disappeared, and men and women soldiers will serve promiscuously in the ranks! Dr. Drysdale (a strong advocate of Woman Suffrage) observes:—"Wherever men go, women should accompany them." According to his views, our soldiers and sailors should all be married, and their wives should accompany them on foreign service, regardless of all expense. It is only stretching the point a little further, to permit wives to accompany their husbands to the battle-field! If this is considered too barbarous, even in an age when, logically, no constraint whatever ought to be laid on women—if it be admitted that expectant mothers ought on no account to be allowed to peril their unborn children—this objection may not at first seem to apply to unmarried women soldiers. Yet cynical critics will urge, that unless we can abolish the passions of human nature, as well as the political disabilities of women, it will be extremely difficult for male and female soldiers campaigning together, and for male and female sailors on board the same ship, to live as chastely as the Shakers!

There are well-authenticated instances of women who have adopted the masculine garb, and braved all the toils and dangers of a campaign. In a new state of society, where every woman will emulate womanly freedom, there will probably be a great increase of women warriors. Not a few women will then endorse these sentiments of Medea, rather a fine specimen of strong-mindedness:—

"——— Yet will they say
We live an easy life, at home, secure
From danger, whilst they lift the spear in war:
Misjudging men; thrice would I stand in arms
On the rough edge of battle, e'er once bear
The pangs of childbirth."

POTTER'S "*Euripides*."

"There is a good time coming, *girls*," when women will be eligible for anything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter! People will *then*

be prepared to welcome a considerable expansion of Dr. Drysdale's suggestion that women should accompany men *everywhere*. While we are legislating to remove woman's political disabilities, let us have a Bill a good deal more straightforward, consistent, thorough, and comprehensive than the poor abortive measure of Mr. Jacob Bright. Let us have a Bill to abolish all disabilities of sex whatever. Let every woman be permitted to do what her hand findeth to do—what seems right in her own eyes. Let female modesty, weakness, and virtue take care of themselves! Let there be regiments composed exclusively of women, for those who are particular and fastidious, and who still cling to old-fashioned notions of female prudery. Women who unite strong minds and strong bodies, will discard vulgar prejudices, and if their martial tastes lead them to adopt the military profession, they will prefer to enter regiments composed of men and women. The active life of a campaign will be the best cure for many female complaints resulting from a sedentary life; and when political disabilities are removed, women who now go through a *regimen*, may prefer to go through a *regiment*!

The objection that female dress is not suitable for soldiering and sailing, I regard as a mere cavil. The emancipated woman of the future, will not retain any special garb distinctive of sex. Under their present political disability, the law accounts it a misdemeanour for a man or woman to assume the distinctive dress of the sex to which he or she does not belong. Public opinion endorses the law. But when the new female philosophy shall have *elevated* woman to the lofty height of man's equal, such views will be regarded as antiquated and absurd. Why should the emancipated woman, who wishes to unsex herself, wear the *dress*, when she has abandoned the chief characteristics of womanhood? *Political rights include all others!* The principle of sexual equality, pressed home, must infallibly level all barriers of modesty and decency. Humanity would sink from civilisation to a savage or bestial state. If there be no moral and mental distinctions between man and woman—if woman be capable of doing, ought to do, and be permitted to do, everything that man now does—if there be no employments exclusively masculine and feminine—if youth and maiden are to be educated together, and to work together—on what plea are we to maintain a difference in *dress* between the sexes? Logically, from the premisses on which is based a demand for Woman Suffrage, it would be manifestly, absurdly, transparently unjust to attempt to retain the disability of distinctive sexual costume, even if in the midst of such a moral and social convulsion we could hope to cling to this remnant of decency, propriety, and common sense.

Once establish the proposition that woman has an indefeasible right to *act* in every respect like man, and, since the greater privilege comprehends the less, the corollary is inevitable—that woman has a right to *dress* in every respect like man! To this happy goal of progress British Emancipationists have not YET brought woman. Lessons of religion and morality instilled into woman, under man-made laws, are not so easily unlearned. But the new female philosophy looks down on our women, as poor arrested, distorted, undeveloped beings, with forced habits and forced ideas, fit for nothing without a *re-combination of their elements!* (See FREELIGHT, Feb., p. 271.) If medical women cannot altogether succeed in abolishing sex, at least, the woman of the future is to become much more like man. The present generation can merely *see* the promised land. But we have only to turn our gaze towards that country cried up by reformers as a model to us in everything. It is a most significant fact that some of the Transatlantic “Shrieking Sisterhood” have joined practice to precept, by adopting, partially or totally, the habiliments of the tyrannical, inferior, and “*played-out*” sex! Wonderful, that the *superior* should condescend to copy and covet the clothes of the *inferior* being! But so it is; and though decorum now opposes moral objections to this “*reformation*” in female dress, there is no physical impediment to woman adopting male costume. We could not train a woman, physically or mentally, like a man; but the law alone hinders woman from dressing like man.*

Sexual non-equality benefits woman by exempting her from military service. When the British navy was manned by press-gangs, no woman incurred any risk of being forced to fight, no matter how far she excelled the average man in size and strength. This will be altered when women get their “*rights*.” Able-bodied women will first volunteer; they will gradually assert their right to enter the police, preventive service, fire brigade, and militia; lastly, they will enlist in army and navy. They will find that citizens’ *rights* are accompanied with citizens’ *duties*; the law will make no distinction between *the two sexes of man* in the enforcement of military and naval service. Should we ever have to recur to the press-gang for the navy, to

* The Latin word *virago* means a female warrior, or manlike woman. If a woman is ashamed of her sex, and apes man; instead of wearing a compromise between male and female costume (like Dr. Mary Walker), it would be more consistent to abandon every vestige of female dress. It is sad, however, to think what prejudices still remain to be overcome, even in America! It is said the President refused to grant an audience to Dr. Mary Walker, unless she abandoned her “*pantalettes!*” and that the lady burst into tears!

employ conscription, compulsory recruiting, or the Prussian system for the army, women will have the full benefit of the new order of things introduced by their officious friends, the advocates of Sexual Equality and Woman Suffrage! Possibly, women may *then* regret the old system, when they laboured under political disabilities, and were exempt from a citizen's duties.

Captain Marryatt's graphic description of a press-gang beaten off by a woman, shows how polite rough sailors could be, even to those specimens of the female sex, who had forfeited all title to consideration. Peter Simple describes the party entering a house where the landlady stood to defend the entrance. It was long and narrow, and she was a very tall, corpulent woman, so that her body nearly filled it up, and in her hands she held a long spit, pointed at them, by which she kept them at bay. The officers did not like to attack a woman, and at last she made such a rush upon them, that had they not fallen back and tumbled one over another, she would have run it through the second lieutenant. The passage was cleared in an instant, and she bolted them out, so that three officers and fifteen armed men were fairly beaten off by a fat old woman. Peter concludes with a moral reflection, exceedingly appropriate to Woman's Rights advocates, who are virtually teaching woman to fight: "Had her husband been in the passage, he would have been settled in a very short time. But what can you do with a woman who fights like a devil, and yet claims all the rights and immunities of the softer sex?"

It may be said: It is superfluous to dwell on a self-evident proposition: woman ought not to engage in war. I reply: Women warriors are as natural as women politicians. We cannot—on the principle of *sexual equality*—draw a hard-and-fast line between what women may, and may not do. I dwell on the enfranchised woman's *right* to shed blood as soldier or sailor, because war is a sad necessity. Hitherto war has (with some trifling exceptions) been confined to the male sex. But war cannot be confined to man, after our laws shall have accorded to woman the right to labour in any profession. If one woman has a right to legislate, another has a right to fight. If the talents of the *strong-minded* female are to be displayed in the forum, the senate, the pulpit; the qualities of the *strong-bodied* and physically brave woman, have as good, if not a better, right, to be exhibited in the tented field. If one woman has a right to embrace a political career, another has a right to embrace a military career. If a woman may be an M.P., a Speaker, a Lord Chancelloress, a Prime Minister, a Secretary of State, a Bishop, or a Judge; a woman may be Admiral of the Fleet, or Commander-in-Chief. All these

abnormal avenues to female ambition are involved in the principle of *sexual equality*, on which is based woman's claim to political power. They cannot be objected to by the advocate of Woman Suffrage. If there be no sexual equality, man has as good a right to debar woman from *politics* as from *war*. No bounds to the insatiable ambition of woman, can be expected from a *consistent* advocate of Mr. Jacob Bright's Bill. Woman's modesty, happiness, interests, rights, and privileges, are comprised in ANTI-WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE SHADOW OF LEVI.

A MYSTICAL ROMANCE, IN THREE PHASES.—BY EDITH HERAUD.

PHASE THE FIRST.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

RACHEL'S DREAM.

RACHEL quitted the tent, and sped swiftly over the hallowed soil till she arrived at the foot of the sacred mountain, which has been described in the preceding chapter. She paused and gazed up at the ancient pile. There it stood, picturesque and barren; its gaunt, spectral sides flashing variegated tints in the noonday sun;—an impressive sight, investing the soul of man with a portion of its own vast expanse, lifting his mind from its earthly contemplations, directing his thoughts to the Source and Fountain of his being, engaging him in speculations profound and mystical, and prompting him to all those holier feelings which subdue his carnal nature and create him anew in the image of his Maker.

The soul of the Jewish maiden responded to the scene in all its magnificence and grandeur. It was here the Word of God was extended to the great Lawgiver of her race, which formed the substance of the code of the Mosaic dispensation. It was here the Ten Commandments, traced by the Divine hand on tables of stone, were destroyed by Moses, whose indignation was elicited by the manifested apostacy and unbelief of the people. It was here—but the Jewish maiden's thoughts were intent on other things than those connected with the past, however sacred the events the records of which have been miraculously preserved; her mind was busy with the present—with her brother's agony, and the blinding shadow which shut out from him the daylight of the soul. She had come to Sinai that she might raise her voice in lamentation, believing that the shades of the departed holy ones would speed her cry to heaven. She bowed her head, and knelt at the foot of the solemn pile. Her lips

unclosed themselves as if in prayer, but she did not pray. A drowsiness came over her—her eyelids drooped, her head sank upon her bosom, and her body inclined itself slightly forward, till it found a resting-place in the trunk of a tall palm tree that grew at the foot of the sacred mountain.

And Rachel slept. Soft and peaceful were the breathings of the Jewish maiden as she lay beneath the shadow of Sinai, inhaling holiness and sanctity from the mystic influences by which she was surrounded. Above, the sky was a sheet of gold and silver, without a cloud or speck to mar its glory; earthward, a soft wind blew across the peninsula, stirring the leaves of the straggling palm trees, and setting them rustling with a silken murmur that fell like angel-whisperings on the soul of the pious dreamer. And the vision that came to Rachel at the foot of Sinai was fraught with a mystic interpretation, that showed to her dim and shadowy in the present, but pointed onward to its full perception by the aid of a mighty enlightenment in the future. And Rachel dreamed that she saw herself walking barefoot on an open plain, with thorns and briars, hard flint stones, and poisonous nettles prickling at her feet. From the lurid heavens the sun was pouring down its red scorching rays, withering up her skin, and raising ulcers, black and innumerable, on her shrinking flesh. Her lips were white and moistureless; and around her, as far as the eye could reach on the desert plain, there was not visible a pellucid stream at whose living waters she might allay her thirst. And despite the red scorching rays that fell like streaks of blood from the source of day, the atmosphere around was black and terrible, as though the solar and lunar orbs had changed places, and the former had by some strange blunder become suspended in the firmament of night. And afar off in the vast distance—so vast as to appear illimitable—she saw shining before her a bright light that ever and anon divided itself into a myriad particles, reuniting into one substance, shedding forth innumerable rays that penetrated to the extremest boundaries of the plain, and yet was only one small light, which but for its brightness would have been unnoticeable. And above her head, suspended in the air, was a phantom hand whose finger pointed toward the light, and beckoned her the way that she should go. But between her and the light, obstructing her passage, apparently an insuperable obstacle, was the shadow—the curse of Levi—that for years had been the bane and terror of her race. And, following the direction of the hand, she saw herself toiling toward the light, impeded by the shadow, which still interposed its dark presence between her and the haven of her seeking. And looking downward she saw her feet swollen and

blistered, and bleeding copiously from the wounds inflicted on them by the sharp edges of the flint stones that strewed the pathway of the plain. And behind her, a long way in the background, labouring with the same impediments that checked her onward progress, she beheld her brother Reuben, his features expressive of a vague terror, following in her footsteps, and toiling to make up the ground which she had gained in starting. And the plain seemed interminable, the agony and the travail endless; before her, the immovable shadow clogged her passage, and the hand still pointed onwards to the goal of light. And then there seemed a long, long lapse of time, during which her spirit sickened, and her body wearied with excess of burden, and she was about to sink down exhausted on the stones, when, lo! as if by the interposition of a miraculous Providence, the shadow approached too near the light, in the intensity of whose rays it became absorbed, and was no more. And all around where the shadow had rested was light and glory, and the reflection of this glory shone in her countenance and enveloped her whole person, and she was as one newly risen from the dead, resuscitated to a new life and a new hope. And her brother, who had hitherto lagged behind her, now forced his way through the flints and briars and stood beside her. And the reflection enveloped his person also, and he was as a new man, whose heart had been regenerated and strengthened by disaster. And the light was within and without him, as erewhile the shadow had been. And there appeared coming toward him, whose countenance also shone with the reflection of the glory, one like unto Esther, yet not Esther—a copy of the original, but fairer to look upon; and this advancing stranger her brother first covered with the shield of his protecting mantle, and then received into his bosom. And there stood beside her (Rachel) an angel with outspread wings and a hand pointing upward, who lifted his voice in melodious accents, saying—

But the words were in a strange and unknown language, whose meaning was undecipherable. She darted forward to stay the angel in the act of his departure. She looked around, and found herself standing amazed and breathless at the foot of Sinai. She wiped her forehead, which was still moist with the dews of slumber; she gazed up at the triple summit of the sacred mountain, the mist fell from her eyes, and lo! it was a dream.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

RACHEL'S GOING FORTH.

SORELY perplexed was Rachel. The dream was fraught with a mystical meaning beyond her skill to interpret. She needed the diviner's aid. She felt that after the pattern of the olden times the Word of God had been revealed to her in a vision, but by reason of her sinfulness and ignorance she could but partially imbibe its truth. The giant mountain reared itself before her. A shudder passed through her as her eye wandered from the triple summit to its fearful cleft. Would not the holy ones of Israel, whose memories had been perpetuated through the ages from this huge record of antiquity, shed forth their spiritual influence to clear away the mists that clogged her understanding? Was it for nothing that she had grown up beneath the shadow of Sinai, on which, in those past ages, the glory of the Godhead itself had rested? Would she not receive a further manifestation of Divine favour? These and like speculations troubled Rachel, till her mind became more and more perplexed, and less capable of arriving at a solution of the enigmas which caused her such concernment.

Suddenly the countenance of Rachel brightened. A light had been vouchsafed to her. She saw her way to the unravelment of the mystery. The Holy Man of Sinai, he who was venerated by the whole Jewish fraternity as possessed of knowledge and wisdom, and spiritual affinities that raised him above his fellows! He was a man who for thirty years had separated himself from human intercourse, and lived apart with God. By prayer and abstinence, and complete abnegation of self, he sought to throw aside the trammels of the flesh, and obtain a clearer insight into eternal truths. He was one whom the world knew, but who knew not the world, mundane things being alien to his contemplations. He lived in a cave or fissure of the rock, which offered him a convenient asylum, near the base of Sinai. From this cave he seldom issued, except in times of panic and sickness, when he came forth to relieve the burdens of his oppressed brethren. The one gift he had at command he was liberal in bestowing. He sought none; but those who came to him for spiritual advice and ghostly comfort never returned unsolaced to their homes. He lived as the sparrows live—on the waifs of Providence and the chance contributions of his neighbours. His life was passed in devotional exercises, and he was seldom observed to toil or sleep. His

name was obsolete, his parentage forgotten: to the Jews around him he was known by the simple designation of "The Holy Man of Sinai." To this holy man Rachel resolved to turn in her perplexity. And there before her was the sage's dwelling—a crude habitation, formed by nature for the abode of sanctity. The entrance was low and narrow, but inside the cave was wide and lofty, and afforded ample space for the conveniences of life. Its furniture comprised the trunk of a large tree, placed in the centre of the aperture, on which the Holy Man arranged, in neat precision, his books and parchments; a low stool on which he sat; and a coarse matting ranged along the ground, the only resting-place afforded to his pious limbs when weary. Rachel entered this quaint-looking hermitage, and found the Holy Man, as usual, absorbed in his devotions. She waited patiently till the last prayer of praise and thanksgiving had sped from his lips; she then came forward, and introduced herself and mission to the pious devotee.

The Holy Man listened intently while Rachel unfolded to him the substance of her dream. With the history of the house of Levi he was already conversant. For years he had watched the shadow that overhung its tents, and ruminated on its strange, mysterious import. At the conclusion of the narration, the sage turned to Rachel, saying:

"Hast thou reflected on this dream, damsel? hast thou no internal light to illumine thy path, and guide thee to its right interpretation? Think. To thee the vision was vouchsafed; to thee may also be accorded the knowledge of its meaning."

Rachel shook her head.

"The dream came to me but now," she said. "As I sank on my knees at the foot of Sinai, my heart ached for my brother, stricken down with his sorrow. I sought relief in prayer, when sleep overpowered me, and the vision was manifested. I come to thee to enlighten my ignorance and clear away the mists of my understanding. I submit myself to thy superior sanctity and wisdom. Holy father, I await thy elucidation."

"Thou errest, daughter," said the sage, with a stern look at Rachel, "when thou supposest me endowed with superior sanctity and knowledge. Of myself I am nothing—or less than nothing—being but as the lowest and vilest of created atoms. By the grace of God alone, who in his infinite goodness hath been pleased to look down favourably on my long vigils and yearnings after godliness, am I enabled to obtain a clearer insight than my brethren into spiritual truths. But small and inadequate is this insight compared with the

vastness and grandeur of the object my perceptive faculty would grasp. Would that my mind could cast aside the limitations of the flesh and conceive the Infinite! And comest thou to me, worm that I am, to interpret thy dream? And thou hast no inward light to guide thee?"

Still Rachel shook her head.

The Holy Man mused for a few seconds, turning his face heavenward, and then said:

"Vast are the speculations which the mind of man would encompass; few are the lights afforded to his understanding. Reason is nothing; faith is all. By faith alone—implicit and unquestioning—can he arrive at the faintest perception of the Real. There is between heaven and earth—souls in time and souls in eternity—through the medium of faith and love, a direct communication (symbolised by the dream of our forefather Jacob, when he saw the angels ascending and descending on the mystic ladder), by which we are put into possession of truth otherwise beyond our ken. It is during the periods of slumber that this communication is elicited, because then the spirit is clearer and less clogged by the blinding plague-spots of its fleshly prison—it is a free essence, and acts by the aid of its own spontaneities. Thy soul, Rachel, during thy short slumber at the foot of Sinai, hath held communion with the spirit-world, and under cover of a vision thou hast received from heaven a divine revelation. Thus far is the prospect clear before me; but beyond there is a film and a darkness that eclipse the light. The carnal in my nature is not sufficiently subdued to perceive truth in its entirety, and so I fail in the full interpretation of thy dream. But I have a partial insight that may serve as a clue to guide thee in the right direction to the goal."

The lips of Rachel parted as if to speak, but the Holy Man interrupted her, saying:

"Thou must obey the call of the Spirit, Rachel, though the way be long and the travail mighty; and the way thou hast to go, as foreshadowed in the dream, is strewn with thorns and briars, amid an atmosphere threatening direct storms and tempestuous upheavings. It appears to my crude perception that to thee is deputed the mission of redeeming thy race by a long and tortuous process, involving self-abnegation and much laceration of the flesh from the heavy curse which has rested on it for ages. The phantom hand is the call of the Spirit impelling thee onward to the haven. The open plain is the world's wilderness, through which thou must wade, sore, bruised, and wearied, to arrive at the wished-for goal. The light is that goal, the

brightness of whose rays shall absorb the shadow, and leave thee free and unshackled of the curse. But there my interpretation ends. There is a subtler meaning, but I fail to grasp it. Thou must go forth, Rachel—forth from Sinai and the dwellings of thy people, into the strange wilderness presented in the vision. Go ye forth in quest of the shining light, whose radiance shall absorb the shadow and redeem thy race. Fear not! Thou shalt surmount all obstacles and escape all snares, for so it hath been prefigured. A special Providence watches over thee; it shall never desert thee till thou desert it. Take thy handmaiden with thee. Which way thou shalt turn I know not, but the Spirit will lead thee in the right direction; but remember, in all things let thy own intuitions guide thee, for they are of divine origin. God bless thee, Rachel! God bless thee, and prosper thee in thy pious mission!"

And, spreading forth his hands in sign of benediction, the Holy Man returned to his devotions, thereby signifying to Rachel that their conference was ended.

Rachel departed from the hermitage and pursued her way back to the tent of Reuben. Summoning her handmaiden, she bade her prepare for a long and toilsome journey. Sara was puzzled and perplexed, but obeyed her mistress. In a short time their arrangements were completed, a small travelling-bag conveying all the apparel that was needed. And Rachel, followed by Sara, turned her face in the opposite direction to her people's tents, and sped forth alone into the world's wide wilderness.

THE POSITION OF FREELIGHT.*

BY SIR WILLIAM GULL, BART., M.D.

OUR position is a somewhat peculiar one. We are partially antagonistic to the theological and the scientific aspects of the world. We differ in a very serious sense from that section of theologians who regard the world as a world that was once better than it now is; who believe that there was a past—however limited—without disease or death; who regard the troubles and perils which now exist as the result of a condition which I shall not now discuss, and which evils we must bear as well as we can, with but little hope they will be better, and with the fear that they may be worse. This is, I think,

* Extracted from "Address to the Clinical Society," January 26, 1872.

entirely opposed to the view which as students of Nature we are *obliged* to entertain. Whoever will take the least pains to look over the facts of creation may see that this world has been *always* evolving into the higher and the better; that it has always had a coming future of good, not having reached perfection, and not—in the present condition of things—very likely to reach it, but ever advancing towards it. Thus, whilst one set of thinkers regard this world as decaying, we look on it as improving—improving in all respects—in its physical conditions, as well as in its moral and intellectual conditions. We are, as it were, the Optimists of Nature. We believe—though we rarely see signs of it, and work more by *faith* than by sight—that this world, amidst all its diseases and all its failures, has a law of perfection with its inexhaustible fruits in store for it; and when we see individual suffering, disease, deformity, or premature death, we regard them as the failure of a law which, in our minds, we faithfully recognise, though its operations are frustrated. If the early inhabitants of this planet could have met in conclave, *they* might well have concluded that there was nothing conceivable beyond *their* own degree of mental organisation, and could anyone have foreshadowed to such dull intelligences the mental activity of man, he must have met with an obstinate and sceptical denial. We can as little deny the Subjective as we can the Objective. If we resist the inroads of superstition on the one hand, neither can we admit the limits of Scepticism on the other. We are taunted with being “worshippers” of Nature, and yet we are so only in a limited way. We cannot believe that Nature as thus expressed is perfect; though we are admirers, we are not blind devotees. Nature, as expressed to us in living forms, shows tendency to perfection, though in many parts imperfect. Disease, to the ignorant, is some entity to be attacked and exorcised as an evil spirit. A man, we say, has had a “seizure.” What is he seized by? The old theological notion was that an evil spirit had entered the sick man. The error is gone, but its mark remains, and still conveys the popular notion. “Seizures,” however, there are none; although to the ignorant it implies, as disease, something *ab extra*, to be got out again as soon as possible. Again, there are parts in us more and other than we want, and without which we should be no losers—the relics of our ancestral relations. Other organisms may have needed parts superfluous and injurious to us; these are commonly the seat of disease. Our museums contain frequent instances of this fact, and in Guy’s Hospital there is an example from the body of a young man who had enjoyed perfect health until his fatal illness, at thirty-six years of

age, due entirely to this superfluity. Owing to "cold," or some such circumstance, an irregular movement of the intestines twisted them round this useless part and set up fatal obstruction; so that to him was applicable (with change of one word) the epitaph of Burton, author of "Anatomy of Melancholy," and I requested it might be thus recorded in the museum as to this relic: "Cui vitam et mortem dedit diverticulum."* How much longer and happier, perhaps, would have been this man's life had his oviparous ancestry not entailed this *yoke* upon him! Like the bees, we must go far afield for our honey, and gather it from EVERY SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE.

ON BOARD THE LARGE SHIP.

"And Nature's show-room vanished from my eyes."

PATRICK SCOTT.

THE MATE TELLS US HIS NOTIONS.

I've not been the wisest or best of men—I know that well enough. I've had a tug for it to be even what I *am*. I used to think once I was hardly treated by the Pilot who steers us all. I had a love affair in my young days, and I found that the woman I thought was an angel had no truth in her; she jilted me, and a good job too! I didn't think so *then*, because I was a fool. I fell in with a younker about that time—a lad of my own age—twenty or so. He had some queer notions, and, though he was but the ship's painter, knew more than I. He was the natural son of a naval surgeon. I recollect thirty-six years ago there was a most dreadful storm, and we were nearly lost. A lot of the ship's crew having been washed overboard must have become food for sharks. My friend, Tom Sykes (that was the name of the ship's painter), and I had a narrow squeak for it. He was a good deal hurt and bruised as it was; and so was I.

Sykes was what is called a Fatalist. I don't know his religion, or if he had *any*. I never heard him say precisely what he was. He could paint a decent picture, could Sykes; and I may as well add that, years afterwards, he became not exactly famous, but well known as an artist in portraits.

We stood here together as we stand now on deck a day two after the hurricane.

* During the age of Robert Burton in the flesh, I was a dramatic author of fourteen works, one of which I entitled "The Gull's Hornbook," and even now cannot but perceive a false quotation from his tomb.—DEKKER'S GHOST.

"Sykes," says I, "don't you think it's a wonder you and I didn't get drowned?"

"No, I don't; I shall never be drowned," he replied. "Perhaps there's no such luck for me. My father and mother were burned."

"Indeed, Tom," I exclaimed—"indeed?"

"Yes; they were in a ship coming home from Jamaica," says he, "and a fire broke out, it's supposed, and every soul perished. I was in the Foundling Hospital when it happened, thirteen years ago."

"A shocking thing!" says I.

"I don't know *that*," says he: "better here than hereafter!"

"Now, look here!" was my reply: "I don't say I wouldn't have come into life, Tom, on *any* consideration; but I *do* say that to possess all the world for ten thousand years I wouldn't have consented to be born, if my opinion had been asked, supposing that hell-fire is possible!"

"But here we *are*, my boy," says he, smoking his pipe very sedate. "Maybe we *are* in hell—I don't know. I was travelling the other day in a stage-coach from London to Portsmouth, and there was a Methodist fellow with a lot of us atop. And if he didn't try to convert us! and he says, says he, 'One good thing, we're not in hell *yet*. I've been one of the greatest sinners that ever lived—a swearing, drunken wretch; but I'm converted, and now I feel I am as safe as the apostles of being saved.' He was a singular fellow: but look here—there are some that *must* be saved, as Cassio says, and some that *must not* be saved!"

"There I don't hold with you," says I; "there we part company. I'm not what is called a religious man, but supposing the Devil got *half* the world, he's quite a match for his Maker. Look here, now! You and I, Tom, pitch for a penny—good. I want that penny; so do you. You toss this time—I the next. Very good. But the penny remains a penny—no more, no less—whether you or I win. And they *do* tell me that not one atom in the universe is ever *lost*. How do you account for that?"

"Can't say," says he. "I know there's a lot of rubbish that *ought* to be consumed. If it *is* to be burned, burned it will be. The world is no poorer for the loss of rubbish."

"Ah! But who made the rubbish?"

"A poser that, you think! I can't say. Maybe there's a malignant, cunning, and ever busy Spirit that wants us for bad purposes, tempts us with all sorts of things, and hates to be baffled by us."

"Which came first—good or evil?"

“Maybe evil! There must be a tremendous power at the back of it. The Lord, you see, evidently *can't* do what he wants. He does the best he *can* for us. That there's a fiend everyone can feel; I've felt him again and again, when I wanted to do well.”

“Ah! but he must be a poor creature if he thinks he can thwart the Almighty.”

“I don't know *that*. It's a game of chess between them. God is omnipotent for good—the Devil for evil. The Devil plays with the black men, watches every opportunity to get his adversary into a corner; and there's a fate superior to everything, to which, as the Pagans thought, the very Gods must submit. I'm not a Methodist, as *you* know, yet I believe they are right on some points.”

“I can't think it, Tom,” says I; “for in *that* case God *isn't* God. Two equal powers, *both* omnipotent, there can't be. I've been reading a good deal of late, and my mind's made up.”

And for many a month after that I read a lot of things that few in my condition (at least, as I was *then*) ever read. And I suffered a good deal in my mind from doubt. There's nothing more dreadful than doubt, I fancy, when you seriously think what will happen when death comes. It's only fools that can't be interested in the question: and I have heard some folks say that the men who are not interested about their souls are clean wiped out at death.

Yes: there *must* be what is called fate. Only, I don't believe for an instant that it's *blind* fate. There must be a head and a heart wiser and better than ours; and they must direct everything that happens.

When I came to be mate of this vessel I went to London, and found that my friend, Tom Sykes, besides being an artist of reputation, preached on Sundays in a sort of queer chapel. So I went to hear him, and I was shocked and horrified at what he said. He preached very hot indeed—thought few, perhaps not one in a hundred, or maybe in a thousand, could get to heaven. Yet he didn't say much about the Devil. So, the sermon being over, I went and I had a talk with Tom, for his soul's sake.

“Tom,” says I, sadly, “if you really think as you preach, how is it you've become a family man and have got six children? According to you, there's no chance for them. What a cruel, wicked, heartless man you must be! Don't you see it would be our duty, if we all thought as *you* do, to strangle babies as soon as they're born? ‘Of such is the kingdom of heaven!’ But that would be a crime against Nature, assuredly!”

“We may be of the elect,” was his answer; and I felt indignant.

“Then you must be a brute,” says I. “Don't talk to me! If you can't believe in the mercy of God, except to a few chosen for no

particular reason, how comparatively happy Atheists should be; and how good the ugly idea of annihilation is by comparison!"

Tom Sykes was rather a clever man and a decent scholar, but couldn't answer. We were forty years old, or nearly so, at that time; and convictions don't often alter, you see, after that season of life. So he preached on, to little purpose, I think; but one day he was found dead—hanging by the neck. Suicide, sir! He had gone mad through want of charity—and that's worse than want of faith, *I* think. Thank God, I've never believed, for many years, in anything but Universalism.

[Such were the mate's opinions. The conclusion of the narration of the worthy fellow's ideas involves another vision of the LARGE SHIP.]

There I was again! The seas rolled, and the winds roared, and all were sore afraid. And the Captain called me to him.

"Mate," says he, "there must be a lot of bad fellows on board?"

"Yes, Captain."

"And some of them, *you* think, will never be able seamen and true men?"

I scratched my head, and was silent.

"But as you didn't make them, mate, you're not responsible for what they do or what they are. Perhaps you think *I* am?"

"To tell the truth, Captain, *I do*."

"And if I choose to have the fellows punished, it's for their good, mate. I'm always ready to reward the conduct that is conducive to the ship's welfare. Can you devise any way of making such men better except the old way of suffering?"

"Can't say *I can*, Captain!"

"There it is! I can't myself, or I would."

"But, Captain," says I, "with deference, it's a very different thing to get a round dozen or so, and to have dozens every hour for ever and ever, and no good to come from it."

"I agree with you, mate," says he. "But why let people think it's true? The fools and bad people who fancy I am like themselves, or worse, may be incapable of feeling anything but fear as an incentive to action. The more people fear God, the less they love their fellow-men. The more they love God, the more they try to improve and exalt humanity. I am the trusted Teacher and Prophet to whom few will or *can* listen, because of their inhumanity to each other. Now, look at these poor unfortunate creatures on board. They pretend to love and trust me; but *do* they? No! When there is the slightest gust, they fall on their knees in despair; and I say—O .YE OF LITTLE FAITH!"

I felt great reverence for the Captain then, and I knew who he was! And I *am* persuaded that if we trust in him he will never disappoint us! Nevertheless, the passengers in the ship kept swaying to and fro, and making a sad disturbance, and trying to move the Captain to alter his course—which was the right course, as you all know—and moaning over their afflictions. They thought that if they only did so, they would get their own way at last. *They trust the Captain so much!* But they *don't* get their own way; and it rains, hails, and blows all the same, whether they cry out like children or not. And the more sense they get, and the more perception they have that the Captain knows how to steer, the less they will annoy him by saying, "Help, Lord, or we perish!" He wants us to trust him, and work.

"Still, mate, it's natural to ask for help when we are in trouble."

"Natural, yes—not spiritual. The spiritual mind is never struck down because the clouds are heavy. We've only to wait the Captain's time. Patience we may need, but deliverance is sure."

"You think, then, he despises prayers?"

"I say that we ought to make life an adoration. 'My life is a perpetual prayer'—as I read in a book called 'Zanoni.' When we can thank the Lord for the evil he sends, we are worth something. It proves we've intelligence. For, look you, messmates! the clouds that scare us discharge the rain—and nothing can grow without rain—and the winds purify the air, and so do thunderstorms; and, as I say, the large ship is never lost; and we are in the ship until she arrives in port and drops anchor."

V. B.

A UNITY IN TRINITY, AND TRINITY IN UNITY.

THE KING OUR FATHER, DEFENDER, AND SAVIOUR.

By T. G. HEADLEY.

The State, in its representative the King, is our Father.

The Law, in its representative the Judge, is our Defender.

The Church, in its representative the Priest, is our Saviour.

The State Father.

The Law Defender.

The Church Saviour.

And these three (the King, the Judge, and the Priest,) should respectively reflect the three divine aspects of God, viz., His Power, Justice, and Love.

But the Law is only the instrument of the State, and the Judge is only the servant of the King ; and, therefore, the King in his Judge is our Defender.

Also, the Church is only an instrument of the Law, and the Priest is only a minister of the King ; and, therefore, the King in his Priest is our Saviour.

And in this manner the King is our Father, Defender, and Saviour ; *i.e.*, one King in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.

For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Defender, and another of the Saviour.

But the sovereignty of the Father, of the Defender, and of the Saviour is all one ; the glory equal, the majesty co-eternal.

Such as the Father is, such is the Defender, and such is the Saviour.

The Father is King, the Defender is King, and the Saviour is King. And yet they are not three Kings, but one King.

For like as we are compelled to acknowledge every Person by himself to be King ;

Yet are we forbidden to say there be three Kings.

So there is one Father, not three Fathers ; one Defender, not three Defenders ; one Saviour, not three Saviours.

And in this Trinity none is afore or after others ; none is greater or less than another.

But the whole three Persons are co-eternal together and co-equal.

So that in all things, as is aforesaid, there is Unity in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.

And as the Earthly King is a type and substitute of the Heavenly King, therefore God, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, and the great King of Kings, is our FATHER, DEFENDER, AND SAVIOUR.

And it was the mission of Jesus Christ, the beloved of God, to bring us to believe this, and to follow him in working for God, as he himself worked, by striving to do good and to disestablish evil, in order that all men, everywhere and eternally, might be brought to be at one with one another, and to see with the eye of faith, and feel in their hearts that God, the King of Kings, was a loving FATHER, DEFENDER, AND SAVIOUR, and so a Unity in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.

And it should be the aim and mission of the State, the Law, and the Church to reflect in their Power, Justice, and Love, these three divine aspects of God, in order that all men might be brought to worship God in spirit and in truth.

Petersham, S. W.

MORAL EDUCATION.

THE following observations, written by J. E. Smith many years ago, suggest to the minds that consider education of the intellect as the panacea for evil much matter for reflection. The sagacious thinker observes : " Intellectual education, being merely one of the fine arts, can never be properly regarded as *the* means of improving the moral character of society. The proper means for such a moral end must be purely moral means—conscientious means—which may employ the intellect as an agent, but the conscience as the primary cause. If intellect were the primary cause of goodness, then the most talented and intellectual people would always be the best. But this is so far from being the case that simplicity and honesty are instinctively united as correlative terms in the common conversation of life, and the sharpers of every trade and profession are well known to be men of great knowledge and little conscience. The intellect is not the purifier, but *a thing to be purified* before it can be pure." Nothing can be wiser than this view of the subject of education.

The former Editor of the *Family Herald*, whom the world did not receive, further remarks : " What then, we ask again, are the moral means of education ? A moral law, to be sure—nothing more. Intellect never reasoned men into virtue, and, moreover, it never will reason them. As it was in the beginning, and is now, so it ever shall be, world without end, amen. A moral law has made men virtuous in all ages ; a law of honour has made men honourable in all ages ; a law of good manners has made men polite and agreeable in all ages ; and to all generations henceforth that established law of Nature will eternally prevail. This is an intellectual, mechanical, and scientific age. It is riding the intellect as a hobby, and making it all in all. But it cannot succeed. Nature laughs at the blunder, shakes her head, and says, ' It won't do, my children—it won't do. Intellect teaches knowledge, but THE LAW teaches virtue.' " The writer adds : " The hopes and the fears of immortal life constitute the power of the law of religion, and there is no power in religion without them, even as there is no power in the civil law without the police."

Moral education, even if undertaken by moralists, will fail without a religious element ; but it by no means follows that the Bible, as it is ordinarily received, will effect much benefit if read in schools. Moral education appeals to conscience. It is true the Bible does the same. But the appeal to *fear*, which is the beginning of wisdom, is

like the appeal to the laws of the land. If children think they can break the laws with impunity, they will steal pears and apples.

The power that we want throughout all ranks of society is a power to follow us in all our deeds and walks, demonstrating to our awakened souls the infinite satisfaction of a pure mind in a pure body, and the misery of vice.

This power the Roman Catholic conceives to reside in the Church; but the radical defect of every church is the absence of authority, from the well-known immorality of every priesthood. As soon as the people perceive that there is no priesthood but desires power and wealth—that the priest loves the things of this world—the Church totters, and its ultimate destruction is near.

J. E. Smith once more says: "To make the poor man cease to violate the body of the law, the rich man must cease to violate the spirit of it, and then they will both keep the law together, for humanity is one. 'We are all one body and one head, one blood and one spirit;' and one class does not break and another keep, but all classes break and keep together; 'for God hath included us all under sin, that He may have mercy upon us all.' The poor are not more criminal in violating the body of the law, than the rich in violating its spirit."

B. T. W. B.

THE LIFE OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY RICHARD BEDINGFIELD.

"The laws of Nature are the thoughts of Nature, and these are the thoughts of God."

MILTON has said—

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
Both when we wake and when we sleep."

"It is possible that the distance of heaven lies wholly in the veil of flesh, which we now want power to penetrate."—CHANNING.

FROM the Freethought of the Universe we turn to its Life. We are now face to face with the mystery of being. The Life of the Universe is the soul of all things which pervades our spirits. I can only think of a universe without God as a corpse; or one might say, with Heraud—

"———Silence sits
Gibbering to Night what Desolation saith."

This would be chaos ; and this is exactly what the Materialist—who cannot recognise a Divine—believes. Let us pity him, and pass on.

There is no real chaos in Nature ; there never was, and there never will be. If the laws of Nature be eternal, the one inconceivable thing is chaos. Life existed from the beginning ; if it had not been so, there would be no life now.

The substance and essence of all things are eternal. “God is a spirit,” we are told. True ; spirit, essence, and substance are the Trinity in unity, beyond which it were vain to seek to penetrate.

By *spiritual* gravitation, God in Nature calls on all souls to move, as the law of *physical* gravitation necessitates the operation of all things. We are free to some extent, because there is absolute freedom in spirit (“the service of perfect freedom”), or (as Coleridge says), “will is freedom.”

“If,” observes Kant, in the “Critique of Pure Reason,” “we admit the existence of *spontaneously* produced events—that is, of free agency—we are driven in our search for sufficient reasons on an unavoidable law of Nature [*and what is this, the present writer asks, but the will of God?*], and are compelled to appeal to the empirical law of causality, and we find that any such totality of connection in our synthesis is too small for our necessary empirical conception.”

The German philosophy is fatal to the empiricism that aims at substituting the facts of science for Divine intuition. The facts of science are good—so is our daily bread ; but we do not live by bread alone—we need “the bread of life.” And what is this real bread but spiritual truth ? As history is earthly, according to a poet, without “spiritual deductions” that is not philosophy at all which deprives us of Divine sustentation.

Without perception of the Life of the Universe, creation is meaningless. Without conception of a plan in Nature, philosophy must be dumb. Without belief in the progress of our souls, existence is a curse.

Now, the pseudo-philosophy which will not hear of a religious instinct asks us to do battle with evil without a definite motive. If we are but the sport of a “happy-go-lucky” or a chaotic scheme of things—one *must* use anomalies in terms to express our meaning in regard to such sophistries—the efforts that are made to ameliorate the evils that afflict us are obviously absurd. The sheet-anchor of faith in a wise and omnipresent Providence gone—a Providence educing good from evil—the puny efforts of man will be utterly unavailing to

cleanse the Augean stable; but if we can predicate, both from Reason and Revelation, a ceaseless resolve in the Life of the Universe to improve the world, all is clear.

A never-ending reform, according to a thinker, is the vital principle of Christianity; and a German writer considers that Christianity is the basis of freedom. So it may be; but that is *not* the theology of the churches.

We are taught, on the one hand, to deny all reason and science, to scoff at geology, and look coldly on the sublime discoveries of astronomy; and if we turn away from such idiotic negation of the universe, we are asked by flimsy negationists and sceptics to gaze merely at the external facts, which no man of genius can be satisfied with understanding. Even Goethe (by no means an exclusively spiritual man), observing a curious natural process, exultingly cried: "Ah, here we have the old lady at her work!" Nature will not reveal herself in her glory to the mere student of the outside universe—a fact which Dr. Hitchman in a recent article adverts to.

Patient, diligent research into the realms of spirit is always rewarded. This spirit of investigation is the secret of the triumph of true spiritual forces over the material obstructions that impede our view of the Infinite. The vulgar theologian has no more sense of the spiritual than the sceptic. No wonder there is hostility between pure metaphysics and theology, as there is between ontology and science. A shallow man will actually deny the existence or possibility of metaphysics; yet this is but giving the lie to history and to thought.

A negation, according to the Kantian view of the matter, "cannot be cogitated as determined, without cogitating at the same time the opposite affirmation." The existence of matter would imply that of its antithesis. "Nothing in the world is single," as Shelley perceived. It is remarkable how the poet, even when he is not a believer, draws near to the philosophy contained in Revelation.

"The discovery of the abyss of our ignorance in relation to the universe" must teach us our lesson of humility; but, so far from compelling us to abandon our researches into the nature of the universe, it is in truth a splendid stimulus to exertion.

The astronomer can now effect the most marvellous and astounding calculations, insomuch that every day the universe is becoming an object of more devout admiration and wonder even to the searcher as he gazes. The impossibility of an ontological proof of the existence of God, by means of the Speculative Reason, was insisted upon by the great German in his

extraordinary work. Nor shall we find an astronomical proof that is satisfactory; and Lalande atheistically asseverates that no telescopic power will afford such a demonstration. We need it not. The proof of God is in ourselves. The cosmological proof is fading from our eyes; philosophers have nearly all agreed it is feeble. The Life of the Universe is manifest to that wherewith it corresponds. The pure in heart, according to Jesus, see God. And the utterance is confirmed by the ethics of the philosopher. In proportion as we depart from a *moral ideal*, we invariably lose the consciousness of God. In proportion as we do good to our fellow-creatures, we are conscious of the dignity of life and of a Divine Presence. Charity, therefore, is the life of the spiritual universe. There is no substitute for it. Innumerable blessings follow in the train of this Deliverer. A Church of Charity were omnipotent. Has there ever been such an entity? The idea of Milton, that we are continually in the presence of spiritual beings who take an interest in us, must always be a consolatory and ennobling idea. The belief in devils, on the contrary, fosters superstition and is ever debasing. There are many things, especially in "the Apocalypse," tending to the belief that we shall soon reach a point when all superstitions must cease. "Where's the need of Temple, when the walls of the world are that?" asks the modern poet; and he must have imbibed the spirit of a grand text which bigots cannot fathom, namely, "And I saw *no temple* therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." The profound wisdom and prophetic light contained in Revelation will never be received by popular theologians. Perhaps Swedenborg was sent to prepare the way for a higher interpretation of the Book. Suppose we disregard all revelation, how can we rationally account for the enormous influence over the human mind exercised thereby? Throughout the universe, revelation, real or false, is one of the dominant powers exercised by the world-spirit in the government of mundane affairs. To account for the fact by a reference to the stupidity of the masses is infinitely stupid. Just in proportion to the elevation of the masses does religion become a spiritual force. The Bible informs us that "He that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the *earnest* of the Spirit. . . . We walk by faith, not by sight." The same authority assures us, "Whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God; or whether we be sober, it is for your cause." Spiritually interpreted, here is abundant evidence for the believer to accept the doctrine of Universalism—God as All in All. This Life of the Universe can never be absent from the work of his hands. Providence is the

Great Worker indeed. It is necessary that there should be some blindness on the part of men to this universality of the operation of the Divinity; but the faith will extend as we become more moral and more intelligent.

To the believer in Universal Providence the creeds of the churches are negations. The creeds stand in the way of spiritual development; and they will all be swept away, to make room for the New Church of Humanity. Philosophy in this ulterior Temple of Truth must become one with Theology. In this temple "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," when philosophy will demonstrate that there is nothing in Nature to shut out the vision of the Divine, all is unity. The cosmical unity of things necessitates our attribution of existence to a Life of the Universe. This Life, however, must be found not merely in the order of Nature, but in the elements that constitute the true spiritual being of humanity.

THE MORAL FORCES.

THE moral forces of the universe and their correlation will be the final study of the philosopher. The wonderful equilibrium of these forces demonstrates "a soul in Nature." On the other hand, there is enormous difficulty, especially to the human mind, in finding any reason for some of the evils that afflict us. A time comes at last when every human being will have to stand face to face with some ineffable terror or anguish that will probably attain the mastery over him. "Thou turnest man to destruction," cries the sufferer; "again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men." The moral forces must eventually win, for spirit is stronger than matter. But it is a mighty battle, menacing reason itself.

No religion, no philosophy will sometimes avail to sustain Job. Poor Job will "curse his day." The woman suggested to the Hebrew, "Curse God, and die." Nature is full of blasphemy. The moral forces are sometimes insufficient for the task appointed; then the Spirit comes and ministers to us. The Spirit is the final force of all—"God manifest in the flesh." No final force is conceived by man until he is in extremity of pain. "It is finished," is the last cry of the disciple of the great religion.

We are told, after that exclamation the Martyr "gave up the ghost." And so the religions of this world will "give up the ghost." The grand consummation will come. The "Devil" of pseudo-creeds will leave Christendom, and "angels come and minister."

THE DEAD CANARY.

BY WILLIAM MACCALL.

SWEET little bird! He had been my cheerful—sometimes my only—companion for nine long, weary years; and when, one gloomy morning in December, I found him dead in his cage, I felt in my great anguish as if I had lost one of my truest, most loving friends.

His eyelids were closely shut. The claws of one foot were drawn together: those of the other were extended. Manifestly the beautiful bird had fallen from his perch when sleeping—perhaps when dreaming—and had died without the pang of dying. It was well that a life so happy should be happy in its closing scene.

After gazing till my grief deepened into misery, I lifted with tenderest hand the tiny frame in which a brave heart had been beating the evening before. Gently, very gently, lest I should ruffle a single feather, I kissed the dead bird; gently, very gently, lest I should ruffle a single feather, I placed him in a small box of precious wood, which was to serve as his coffin. Then I dug his grave in my garden, and dug it deep enough to know that never, except by some great commotion, could his rest be disturbed. Slowly—reluctantly—I shovelled the clods on the coffin, and having made a diminutive grassy mound, I poured on it the water in the bird's glass, and all his remaining stock of food. I breathed a prayer for the repose of his body in the dust, and for the flight of the atom of life to the infinite and mysterious Principle of Life. Scarcely had I finished the solemn and sorrowful ceremony, when a robin came and sang a melancholy dirge.

Often I visit the grassy mound—often I scatter crumbs on it, and feel that I cannot better show my regard for the dead bird than by gladdening his brethren of the woods and fields that have never known bondage.

Of nothing had I so frequently dreamed as of the death of my beloved bird by flood, by fire, by the most cruel disasters. In no terrible shape, however, was death destined to come, but in the shape we all wish it to come to ourselves.

My dear departed playmate was a miracle of elegance and grace. He was one among the smallest of his race; but the absence of size and power disappeared in the admirable symmetry. With a mould so fine, tints the most delicate harmonised; the rich grey of the head and wings blending so gradually with the rare yellow of the rest of the plumage as scarcely to furnish a contrast.

Starting from Dicky as the appellative of all his tribe, I had a thousand fantastical names for the canary, the chief of which was the somewhat harsh Daggery. But I heaped round this sharp, hard word, showers of affectionate diminutives.

Daggery was a manly fellow, with a proper sense of his own dignity. He was sometimes in the humour for fun, sometimes in the humour for a fight. But he never allowed me to take any liberties with him. If I attempted to tease him, he retired to the back of his cage, as if he thought I was not behaving exactly like a gentleman.

Always on the very plainest food was Daggery fed—rape and canary seed, with the slenderest sprinkling of hemp seed. A piece of common unsweetened biscuit stuck in the bars of his cage he liked to nibble at. Dainties he despised. His coarse biscuit he preferred to the most luscious cake. To egg and sugar in the minutest quantities he did not object. Chickweed was always welcome; but primroses and apple pips were Daggery's luxuries.

Wondrous as a musician, Daggery excelled still more as an orator; and while he sang for his own pleasure, it was plain that he talked for my benefit. Aided as it was by his brilliant eye, the language of his affection responded to my words of endearment. But when I asked him whether he loved me, and when he had made the accustomed reply in his softest voice, his discourse ere long wandered into regions whither I could not follow him. I knew that he was speaking to me of the profoundest mysteries, and that he was for the moment an oracle of God—an oracle revealing a little, only to make more impressive the unrevealable.

Wiser in nearly all things than we, the ancients learned from their reverence for Nature secrets which we can never learn. Birds to them were angels, prophets, symbolic presences. To us they are things to be classified by the pedant, or to be snared by the Cockney, or to be slain in hosts by the cowardly butcher who calls himself a sportsman. Saint Francis, with, on this point, the sagacity and sympathy of the ancients, but with an opulence of Christian tenderness in addition, addressed the beasts and the birds, and would not have disdained to address the butterflies and the bees, as his brothers and sisters. Than a singing bird, what can be more ethereal? He is all wings, all voice, all passionate fervour; and he so spiritualises matter that it ceases to be a burden and a bond. Thou, my beloved little friend, by thy fluttering to and fro in thy prison, by thy music, and by thy death, symbolised what I am—what I yearn for—what I am next destined to be in the ceaseless metamorphosis of my individuality.

INDIVIDUALITY IN DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM MACCALL.

THERE is a characteristic of dreams which has hitherto attracted little or no attention, yet which is eminently interesting. The dreamer may have the maddest, most monstrous visions—may witness myriad impossibilities—may undergo myriad transformations; but he ceases not for a moment to be faithful to his own individuality. Indeed, he is conscious of manifesting his distinctive nature more frankly, fully, spontaneously, when dreaming than when awake. It might at the first glance be supposed that in that chaos of sudden and incessant change into which we are thrown by dreams our innermost being would be profoundly deranged by the general metamorphosis. Our innermost being, on the contrary, has all its attributes intensified, so that our dreams are a sort of wild confessions we make to ourselves of what we really and essentially are. We associate with dreams the idea of mystery, and justly; but we might quite as justly associate with them the idea of revelation, for we learn things about ourselves in dreams of which we should never in our waking state have had either the sentiment or presentiment. In dreams, how high we rise and how low we fall, mingling strangely and swiftly the beast and the god! Poets—writers of fiction—amuse themselves and try to amuse their readers with invented dreams; yet for the most part they egregiously fail. Even authors so opulently gifted as Richter scarcely form an exception. The explanation is obvious: that psychical identity, which dreams never violate, is totally overlooked. There are two notable phenomena in dreams: our brain is the whole universe, and we are the principal, or, rather, the only, actors there—never simple spectators. Hence the absurdity of the dreams created with much skill by the poetical artist, wherein the dreamer is invariably represented as absolutely passive; the fact being that a dream and a phantasmagoria have nothing in common. For the prosaic or the energetic, dreams are a mere transcript of their daily experience; for the imaginative they are a completion of existence. And perhaps it is only the imaginative who can be properly said to dream, either sleeping or awake. Men of consummate activity, even when imaginative, are sound and heavy sleepers, such as Napoleon was; and in sound and heavy sleep there is no dreaming. But in the imaginative, as such, sleep is so light that nothing but a slight film severs them from the outer world; and in light sleep, dreaming is never for an instant intermitted. The life of the

imaginative is a failure, a disenchantment, a sterile idealism. It is well that sleep should bring them in dreams one of sundry compensations. Not that the dreaming of the imaginative in their brief and feverish slumbers is joyous—far from it; but it satisfies their hunger for movement. A morbid conscientiousness is commonly an accompaniment of the imaginative temperament. And there is one sin which men of imagination conceive themselves in dreams to be always committing—divulging some secret, some hidden deep in the sanctuary of their souls. In dreams likewise—and in dreams exclusively—they feel the utmost bitterness of remorse. There are few more striking features of dreams than that dreams, while reproducing the past, restore the feelings which we had in connection with any particular phase or event of the past. If we dream of our childhood, we have the feelings of our childhood; if of our youth, we have the feelings of our youth. Awake, we can recall the past by memory, but not by feeling; so that in truth we cannot, awake, be said to renew to ourselves that season of enchantment at all. Asleep, we roll the years back, and have again, when dreaming of days long gone by, the emotions of youth or of childhood. It looks as if there were a profounder, more potent memory than the memory of the mind, and as if the soul never forgot what it had once felt, though the mind may often forget that which it has surveyed with the keenest attention. As related to the great question of immortality, this point is of supreme importance. We are inclined to pride ourselves on our intellect, its treasures, its achievements—to boast of our reason as our divinest prerogative. But our intellect decays, and our reason grows feeble and confused. Our soul, however, in dreams has an undying, an undiminished freshness, as if ever in sympathetic commune with the invisible, which is its kingdom and its home. Dreams, therefore, victoriously oppose psychical identity in its most various aspects to a vulgar Materialism. Frequent is the debate whether dreams have any bearing on the immediate future—whether they have a prophetic significance, and whether in the fulfilment of seeming prognostics there is more than mere coincidence. Assuredly it is not foolish to deem dreams prophetic because we may err in interpreting them, and to talk of coincidence is merely to employ a meaningless word. Let dreams, however, be the predictions and the preludes of the immediate future or not, they dart—and that is better—a holy and consoling ray into the remotest futurity. We know from our psychical identity in dreams, and from its countless transfigurations, that we shall be divinely and for ever awake when the dreams of earth are no more. Doth God sleep? Doth God dream? If God sleeps

not, dreams not, could the universe be so rich in beauty, or could there be grander and grander mysteries?

The German, Schubert, has written an interesting work on "The Symbolism of Dreaming," which ventures into a region that English authors seldom approach. In the works of Richter, also, there are many suggestive hints on the subject of dreams—a subject well suited to Richter's singular genius.

ANNIHILATION AND THE GALLOWS.

THE idea of sending a man to *heaven* for murder could not be entertained by those who are allowed to legislate; and yet the Judge says, after putting on the black cap, "The Lord have mercy on your soul!" I recollect an unbeliever in a future state—a literary man well known in his recent career—remarking to me: "Those who think as I do may logically put a scoundrel out of existence; but how those who have faith in a future life can *dare* to send a fellow-being to perdition, I know not." The fact is, we *don't* believe in any such horror. Then why strangle a felon?

Thackeray, in his graphic sketch written some years ago—"Going to See a Man Hanged"—exclaims in disgust, "If we *must* destroy a murderer, for God's sake let us get rid of the farce of praying for him!" And he was right. Annihilation and the gallows as correlatives I can understand. If we are annihilated, of course there is no sanctity in human life. What is a man, if he ceases to exist as soon as he is executed, more than a rat or a flea? The Atheist is very consistent in advocating the gallows—very inconsistent in objecting to the principle of capital punishment. The Religionist who believes in eternal hell is infinitely worse than the Atheist. The crime of sending the *worst* of men to eternal misery would be greater, *far* greater than a hundred murders. The Universalist says the murderer is better off when he is strangled. But perhaps it is wisest to conceive that he takes up his existence just where he left it. Therefore, whether he remains on earth or not, he must work out his "salvation" somehow.

The abolition of Capital Punishment is imperatively demanded by the most humane and the wisest. We have found that the retention of public executions could not be justified. The corollary is that the penalty itself is not to be retained. That was a barbarous law, "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood

be shed;" but it was entirely abrogated by Christ, who indignantly repudiated the idea of "an eye for an eye," &c. The fact is, that revelation is *prediction*. Whoever takes up the sword will perish by it. Such is the inevitable justice of Nature. Military nations perish by the sword—and this is only equitable. Annihilation following death (as negation conceives), there is no wisdom, no benevolence, no reason in the system of things. If slow torture (say the protraction of death in the instance of a murderer) for a month could protect society, the Atheist and the hell-believer should not object to the same. It is because the true Christian of the universal creed believes in the ultimate triumph of divine principles that he protests against brutal and devilish legislation. It is because Universalists believe in Wisdom and Love in Eternity that they consent to be so long doomed to wretchedness on earth, for they hold to Charity, which "suffereth much and is kind," as the very similitude of the Creator.

R. B.

THE EDITOR OF "FREELIGHT" ON GOD.

"Fact I know, and law I know."—HUXLEY.

"And never a word did anyone hear;
But so God speaketh everywhere."

GOODWYN BARBY.

THE miracle of the universe baffles us. Scientific men, therefore, rest on Fact. The ordinary mind thinks this is wise. The believer in the *literal* meaning of the Bible rests on history, or on external authority, and asserts that "FACTS ARE GOD'S ARGUMENTS."

Now, it is evident that Science, only resting on the facts of Nature, ought logically to recognise old Nature as a first cause; and if this be done, God is a name. "Here we have the old lady at her work;" so Goethe said, in reference to Nature, very profanely, for the secret work of Nature is divine, though theologians may be inclined to speak without reverence thereof. Theology only recognises divinity either in a Church or a Bible. The reverential mind will always identify Nature with Providence, and this inevitably leads to Universalism. God is never known, save by spirit. The spiritual man knows God by the spiritual evidence of his being. This is mere Mysticism to Science; yet this is the only evidence we have. We must worship the Great Spirit "in spirit and in truth." Let Truth, then, never be forgotten as one of the most sacred names we utter. "I think the men of science and the theologians in general are so 'external' in their ideas that they teach mere negation."

UNIVERSAL UNBELIEF.

"And when they had found him, they said unto him, All men seek for thee."
—MARK i., 37.

ALL are included in unbelief. No human being can believe *all* things; yet nothing is created in vain. The lowest form of belief and of *unbelief* must be sent on a providential mission. The evasion of life's proof by the substitution of a DEVIL for Providence will no longer avail. The belief in a DEVIL is unbelief in God. If a devil can reign in *any* part of the universe, it is obvious we must adopt Manichæanism.

It is the evil of sectarian theology that it will not recognise good in evil. Until we do so, we are all of our "father the Devil," or NATURE; for the "natural" man cannot believe that God despises his sect, whether he be a Jew, a Mohammedan, or a Papist. Revelation when most genuine is most allegorical or prophetic. The letter "profiteth nothing;" the spirit vivifies. In Adam all die (and Adam represents the "carnal" or sectarian man), in Christ we are made alive. In Christ, or Universality—the very image of God—is unity and peace. The inability to see this fact makes us at war with each other. Even the Universalist—who asserts that the aggregate of opinion constitutes truth—must have his predilections. Still, it is best to see, as far as we can, the good that is in each sect—each idea; if we do not, we must continue for ever to hate and revile. When we have found the Universal Christ, with law and liberty—when reason and faith are reconciled—there will be indeed a Divine Church of Humanity.

These truths must be reiterated. We shall never advance until we can make *churches* humble and true. The authority in a church it is conceived by priests must be stern, haughty, and despotic. As they have an idea of God (through their vanity and assumption) full of severity—even of the most cruel and horrible excess—they cannot comprehend that Christianity, to correspond with its Author, must be "lowly and meek." Christ at present sits upon "an ass"—sits upon stupid, ignorant, drivelling weakness. Christianity rides on an ass until men recognise its *liberal truth*. That truth will "make us free." Shut up the Bible—shut up "the kingdom of heaven against men"—and we shall retrograde.

Jesus cast out devils, it is said. Christianity will cast out *the Devil*. It will cast out—if it be true—the impious negations of God

which make men ascribe anything either to chance or infernal agency. The Lord is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." There is *no* iniquity to God. The infidel sneer at this position is as ludicrous and shallow as the holy horror inspired by the word Pantheism in the minds of the devout. Universal Providence is the only creed worth any thought. The meaning thereof is simply that all things, great and small, happen through the inevitable decree of God. What amount of "free agency" we have is beside the question. Suppose there *were* free agency (and "will is freedom," says Coleridge), it must be overruled by the Maker's will.

So there is a Providence that "*shapes* our ends," as the wise great poet teaches. The Son of Man (or enlightened humanity) will at last become a providential power finding out every evil in order to redress it. Our laws at present are merely brutal: a Draconic severity pervades them. Christianity—typified by Christ the crucified—will forgive the thief, and as soon as he is penitent take him into the universal fold; for, in truth, the result of our laws manifests a sorry failure. We hang a man to prove there is sanctity in life! Oh! the irony of such laws as Moses taught—"an eye for an eye," &c.—by the side of the precepts of the Great Prophet—of that voice proclaiming liberty to the captives and mercy to all! And yet Christianity is the supplement to Judaism, as Universalism is the supplement to the old Christianity. The "many more things" promised by Christ must come. We want a *new* Christianity. The Spirit asserts: "I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW." The law of Moses was adapted to a low state of society. The doctrines of Christianity (an immense advance) repeal the very Decalogue by the declaration of the new commandment—"Love one another." But there is no love in the State; and Mr. Carlyle talks of "centuries of atheistical government." True enough! Why? Because no State is Christian. The Church follows the State, still fulminating, "An eye for an eye," &c.; uttering its blasphemies so mildly!

I know well enough I am not a perfect believer; I confess it. Were I an entire believer I should quite annihilate self, only thinking of the good of the race: that is the highest of all states of mind. Conceive a Church (also a State) practising Christianity! It would "draw *all* men" unto it. We could not refuse to enter the Holy of Holies. The universal temple would be the refuge of every creature. And *this* is the "New Jerusalem." The Swedenborgians do not believe in the little, wretched, literal Jerusalem, but they might perceive something in the prediction as it applies to this world—"Thy kingdom come Thy will be done on EARTH," &c.

The double meaning of true revelation must come out. "The secrets of wisdom are double to that which is." The natural or the "carnal" sense, which kills, must die; it must be dispelled by the spiritual philosophy that is contained in revelation. "Perfect love casteth out fear." When we really love God and man, we shall believe; when we have found Christ, we are saved. "If I do not depart," says the inspired Voice, "the Comforter will not come." The spirit of truth—the spirit of *all* truth—is a legacy. Let us claim the great bequest. It is time, or nearly time, for the verification of those inspired words; and the Spirit must expound all things to true disciples. "BE NOT AFRAID, ONLY BELIEVE."

B. T. W. R.

(A. Bedingfield).

A NOBLE RELIGION.

BY A BROAD CHURCHMAN.

"I am the resurrection and the life."—CHRIST.

"TRIBULATION worketh patience," we are told, "and patience experience, and experience hope." There is "no snivelling and whining" in this, as unbelievers assert there is. On the contrary, it is masculine religion. If stoical Atheism, with sullen acquiescence in destiny, be better than this, we give up our faith. Hearts that feel and minds that think cannot be fettered by the stony negations of scepticism.

A manly belief in Providence and a future state can never be inimical to philosophy. The deepest thinkers, even if heretical, as I own many *are*, have never opposed the ideas of God and eternity. A catholic, comprehensive, humane idea permeating religion will always promote "the education of the world." Narrow-minded bigots are found among all sects; and I wish to feel, with gentle HOOD—

"All sects I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As anybody's rotten borough."

I was walking one day with a very liberal clergyman, who stopped and said a few words, first to a Roman Catholic priest—a man of exemplary life—and a minute afterwards he exchanged some cordial expressions on political subjects with a clever Radical Unitarian minister. Some of his congregation told me they were "shocked at such latitudinarianism." Good heaven! this excellent clergyman was never on terms of enmity with any human being, and certain members of his flock really seemed to think he ought to cultivate an anti-Christian sentiment to prove his "orthodoxy."

Bigotry cannot be the friend of humanity. I am astonished when I hear professing Christians maintain that we should never speak to an unbeliever. How, then, are we to convert them? I am not young now, and have outlived many prejudices. I think that the sects *among* them have the whole raiment of Christ. I don't want to tear off a rag from the Master's vesture. It is very sad to see the state of many religious minds. There are really some very noble beings, in *other* respects, who have no charity in religious opinions. I have met with devoted Evangelical clergymen—politically as liberal as I am—who seemed to think that without entire obedience to certain dogmas it is impossible to be saved! No wonder in these days if the revolt of conscience produce Voyseys and the like. Perhaps, individually, I hardly go as far as Colenso—as far as two or three of the extreme men still in the Church. I like the idea of peace and unity, and don't want to shock the feelings of some strictly orthodox men. Perhaps Swedenborgianism, Universalism, and Philosophy have made me the thinker that I am; but I *believe*. We may think there is a spiritual and an occult meaning in Revelation; we may adopt a very transcendental idea (as Coleridge did), and remain Churchmen. Robertson of Brighton, Maurice, Stanley, and others should not be forgotten when it is asserted that liberal and enlightened men cannot remain in the ranks of the Anglican clergy. I respect those who from conscientious motives desert the Church; but I am content to remain in it.

There are a few in the ranks of all religious denominations, not excepting the Unitarians, with whom I feel much sympathy. The generous and kindly heart of Page Hopps, the shrewd, cultured, scholarly intelligence of James Martineau, I should be the last to deny; and the present Dr. Channing has much of the spirit of his relative of America. That predecessor's career was one not to be contemplated without admiration; and even Theodore Parker, outrageous as he was, we may include in an heroic category. I believe in a religion of fortitude that transcends sentiment and dogma. "Charity suffereth much and is kind" because of a faithful adherence to the Christian ideal. No man should be ashamed of acknowledging the Cross; for, whether we believe in Christ or not, it is only by suffering for others that we achieve heroism.

I see as much worldliness, perhaps, in average religionists as in sceptics. But then they are *not* Christians. The temporalities of existence have no dominion over true disciples of the inspired record. Bitterness and strife, lust of wealth, passion for fame, are all contemptuously cast aside by the lofty, divine spirits of men who live to

feed the hungry soul and the thirsting heart of the seeker after a life of truth and purity. Profound religion excludes anxiety on the score of our own individual good; we do not seek our own immortal welfare, except as a corollary—an inference. Work for the good of our fellow-beings is the preparation for immortality. I think we say too much of the future and too little of the present—holding out glorious hopes of Paradise, and not perceiving that such a state is the reward of those who serve and ennoble others.

The problems of the world are hard, and cannot be solved in this mortal state. I cannot perceive that the “unerring justice of God to man” is made manifest in the flesh. There is much experience too sad and depressing in our mortal career to be regarded without mournful, though not hopeless, consideration of the struggles of life.

I cannot regard the worst of men without compassion. “The path of the transgressor is hard.” Christ is to me the representative of Love and Wisdom without limit. With all my admiration of philosophy—of the ethics of great men, such as Socrates—I think Christianity has imparted more consolation to suffering man than all the sages have taught. For this reason I adhere to the principle it involves. I have conversed frequently with sceptics and unbelievers, with logicians of a negative stamp, with advocates of the icy school of thought that rejects a Divine Hereafter; I have argued with Swedenborgians, Unitarians, Romanists, and Evangelical believers; and I come to the conclusion that *Broad Christianity* is the “resurrection and the life” which we desiderate. The apostacy of churches is no argument against the religion of its Founder, for he *predicted* that apostacy. I maintain that Christ is in the van of progress—that every sect is in the rear; and I wish gloomy, cynical, uncharitable souls would try the blessedness of that liberal faith, devoid of cant, which can sustain us to the end.

THE LIGHT OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

LIGHT, light—“Let there be light!” What should we do without light? In the dead of night we close our eyes and enjoy “nervana,” or annihilation for the while; but with the dawn, up, up; and with the light, renewed life. And can we wonder at the worship of the Sun? Man turns as naturally to the light as leaf and flower; and as a rational being, by the light of the intellect and of the understanding should we be guided throughout. But our feelings colour our judgment and bias our conclusions, and it is seldom that our intellect is

clear and all pure in that dry light, as it has been termed. Locke speaks of men as each steeped in the prejudices of his special nature—as seeing through coloured glasses; while Bacon likens the mind to an uneven mirror, which imparts much of its own nature to the impressions it receives. Again, the fable of the chameleon is a pretty illustration how the aspects of things change in respect to the medium through which they are seen, or in regard to the point of view at which we are arrested; and yet how sure we all seem as to the truth of the opinions we hold! And through the colouring of our own opinions we read, and interpret, and misperceive the opinions of others; so that we do battle not so much with one another as with our own misconceptions; for to be able to truly apprehend and appreciate the views of an opponent is a rare gift. Closed up in egotism each in his little house, and all the windows are coloured glass, and the doors all guarded by those pampered menials—our rooted prejudices and innate preferences. The light comes freely, but then how are we to see freely? We must each become more modest, that we may have more pure light, and by which do better justice both to ourselves and to others, and never be ashamed of lighting our candle by another man's torch. There may be many opinions, but only one truth; and the truth, as with the sun, casts its light upon us freely enough, but we colour it by our own ill-regulated feelings and prejudices; and well is it said that you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven but in the free, unfettered nature of a child. Let us pray, then, that the light not only come freely to us, but enter freely, and as a pure light to the understanding, and as a moral light to the conscience and sense of right, as well as to the free intellect.

Yes, our most earnest prayer should ever be, in the morning, and in the evening, and in the stillness of the night, "Lighten our darkness, O Lord," and purify both the heart and the understanding, that the free light of truth may enter freely, so that we may live in truth, and truth in us, and be just to all men. But first and before all must we learn to know ourselves, and the sources of error, and the nature of the mind's illusions, and the compass of the human intellect rightly applied, being sure that "the commandment of knowledge is yet higher than the commandment over the will, for it is a commandment over the reason, belief, and understanding of man, which is the highest part of the mind, and giveth law to the will itself. For there is no power on earth which setteth up a throne or chair of state in the spirits and souls of men, and in their cogitations, imaginations, opinions, and beliefs, but knowledge and learning."

F. B.

THE LIBERAL CLERGY.

BY THE EDITOR.

COLERIDGE, Edward Irving, Robertson of Brighton, and others have been the principal cause of a development of thought in the Church which will certainly overthrow it.

The Ritualist clergy cannot but perceive the danger that menaces them from within. They know that unless Rome and the Anglican Church can unite their forces, the reign of the priest is almost over. As for the Low or Evangelical clergy, they must fraternise with Dissenters if they want to keep up the farce of the old theology and its ghastly dreams. The Broad Church, the Unitarians, the Theists, and the Swedenborgians are all unanimous in rejecting the views of the Low Church, which is always feeble and tottering. Absolute Free-thought rejoices in these divisions; and the Universalist recognises a providential Power at work, ordering the discords to produce ultimate harmony in a Church to come.

Our contributor, Mr. Headley, though he is still in the Church, has not the slightest sympathy with its dogmas, and evidently rejects the idea of the Atonement; but he is in a different position from Mr. Voysey, considering that *real* Christianity "has never been tried." Mr. Voysey teaches pure Theism, like Newman, and therefore, it is evident, is unable to continue in an orthodox Church.

But perhaps the most remarkable man in the ranks of the liberal clergy is Mr. Haweis. It is strange, when we see the diminutive and frail form of that Broad Church preacher, to hear the words of power, passion, and enthusiasm from his lips. He dares to tell his flock that if conscience works in them to reject the dogmas that the Church teaches, their Christian liberty commands them to abstain from a semblance that is a sham. He rejects the letter, he accepts the spirit, of Revelation. Even Robertson hardly ventured to say as much as he does. These clergymen cannot but have an immense influence (and, fortunately, it is an affirmative influence) on the thought of the congregations entrusted to their care. They are going higher up the mountain of faith. They perceive that faith in the past is an incubus on the present. The vulgar theologians would have us stay in the old valley, and walk in its little puddle. Broad Church clergymen with spiritual convictions would have us toil upwards, and halt not. The Universalist, building in the future, cannot but feel

sympathy with such men as Mr. Haweis, who must incur a good deal of odium for their audacious utterances.

Why should there not be a Church, in a short time, devoted to those philosophical and sublime truths which Christ promised—the “many more things” that his generation could not bear? Coleridge said if Christ had never existed he would be a Christian. The Christ of a Church universal is now to be tried.

And is it conceivable that in such a Church the shadow called theology is the one thing to be taught? Why should we not have the aid of those grand sciences which in the primitive ages were unknown? Why should not astronomy be enlisted on the side of Divine affirmation, since “the heavens declare the glory of God?” Why should not poetry—why should not literature of every sort, but especially that of spiritual philosophy, make the pulpit attractive? Mr. Moncure Conway avoids theology in the pulpit, in order to enlarge the sympathies of his audience; and although there may be treasures in Revelation which would be most interesting to thoughtful students if adequately expounded, let liberal faith declare that there is no subject but may afford food for thought when treated in a wide spirit of discernment, since Providence is the author of all things, earthly and heavenly.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE
REV. C. PRITCHARD, M.A., F.R.S.,

President of the Royal Astronomical Society, Hulsean Lecturer in the University of Cambridge, and late Fellow of St. John's College.

“SOME months have now elapsed* since Professor Tyndall, in one of the public journals, put a question regarding prayer, which at the time excited much attention and some animadversion. In reference to the propriety of prayer to God for the removal of epidemic and other diseases, Dr. Tyndall asked whether Prayer had proved itself a match for Vaccination. Various answers were given to this question, and to other questions which this one essentially involves. I will now endeavour to give my own reply.”

* Published in 1868. Professor Tyndall's paper is republished in “Fragments of Science for Unscientific Readers.”

Then follows an extract from the dialogue between Socrates and Alcibiades, showing that the former expected the advent of a teacher who should make the subject clear.

“The scheme of continuity observable in Nature cannot but force upon our minds the contemplation of the existence of created intelligences superior to ourselves, and active with a diviner energy in some other parts of the universe, or even close to our paths or nigh to our beds, and so onwards and onwards until we reach the One Infinitely Intelligent and Beneficent Mind, the Lord and Creator of them all.

“And here again the scheme of correlation steps in, and inasmuch as it has been shown to apply as closely to the laws of our moral nature as to the laws of our physical being, it affords to us something more than the dawn of a hope that, inasmuch as there is implanted within our universal nature a principle or affection for religion, and a yearning for intercourse with some spiritual essences beyond ourselves, so there must be, in correlation to this affection and this yearning, some proper object for that affection to adore, and some spirits to reciprocate the sympathies of that yearning. It is a part of the constitution of Human Nature that appetites, passions, and affections have their several proper and distinctive objects. What, then, is the object correlative to this universal yearning?”

Then follows the argument from the New Testament.

“But how know we that the Teacher has surely come, and that His religion comes from God? For the learned we appeal to the testimony of history; for the learned and unlearned alike there is better evidence—try it.

“If it be still further urged that the scheme of Nature is carried on by fixed, unalterable laws, and that the storm whose cradle is on the Atlantic must spend its fury on the very spot where the laws of heat and of vapour bid it; if it be said that the path of the cholera, the cattle plague, the small-pox, is as surely prepared beforehand and as inevitably as is the path of the electric flash—be it so; but whence know we that intervention is impossible? I see at this moment a bud on one of the trees which skirt the boundaries of my neighbour's land. I know that when that bud has become a branch next year, it is certain, from the laws of Nature, on what precise spots and at what precise moments the several leaves of that branch will fall. But not so; my neighbour next year may erect his haystack close by that tree, and then all is changed. *So there comes in the contingency of a will.*

“But is not much of the life of man spent in contriving interventions against those consequences which would follow if the laws of Nature took their own course independent of the direction of his

will? By the force of the genius which the Creator has given him, does he not harness the winds and guide the lightning, and make fire, and air, and earth, and water do the bidding of his intelligent desires? Does not the law of continuity, then, lead us to expect that the will of the Creator must be at least as free to intervene as is the will of the creature?"

But what, then, are the proper limitations to prayer? The reply is in these words:—

"In any case, whether that of the philosopher or of the unlettered man, whether the prayer be in public or in private, whether it be the prayer of a nation or of an individual, there can be no doubt that the spirit, and perhaps even the words, of the prayer ought to be conformable to the words of the Divine Saviour, and be presented before the throne of grace with the qualification, 'Father, if it be possible; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'"

[We insert the foregoing, assured that "*magna est veritas*," &c. But "*Not as I will*" merges prayer in the will of God. We are infidel whenever we oppose our will to that of the Highest, and we are *fidel* when we "believe and work." Truly, as J. E. Smith said, "a man is in hell so long as he feels the spirit of prayer;" that is, so long as he conceives that God is malignant, and has to be propitiated. "Now I pray unto the Father"—but how short the Lord's prayer is! The time cometh, according to Christ, when prayer will cease, since "the Father himself loveth us."—Ed.]

Poetry.

THE GOSPEL OF THE PROLETAIRE.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

1.

O Proletaire! O Son of Man!
 Child of the soil, and formed of clay,
 To Labour doomed since Time began,
 A life of sorrow and dismay.
 O Man of sorrows and of grief,
 Born with the mean and the despised,
 In vain soliciting relief,
 Complaining while none sympathised.

2.

Thou helot among citizens,
 Suspected, wronged by rich and poor,
 With aspirations how immense,
 Enchained as to the prison floor—
 A roofless prison, with the heavens
 O'erspread, within the captive's view,
 Wherein the eagles and the ravens
 Do freely wing the open blue.

3.

O lowly born! O basely reared!
 Yet with a deathless soul possessed;
 A seraph, only not ensphered;
 A soul, though slumbering, not at rest.
 Who would in mien so humble guess
 The Saviour of the people hid?
 A form more comely might transgress,
 And pride attempt an aim forbid.

4.

Forget not, O thou Proletaire!
 The words the Galilean spake;
 The badge of suffering to wear,
 Content, nor hostile weapon take.
 Who places in thy hand a sword,
 A double-edged weapon gives,
 That wounds in error its own lord,
 Nor leaves its sheath where Freedom lives.

5.

Wherefore shouldst thou with ready hand
 The implements of battle use?
 Resume the tool, discard the brand,
 The musket, and the mitrailleuse.
 War can but slay, not reconstruct—
 Destroy, not edify and rear;
 Peace only earns the usufruct
 Of works like thine; what though severe?

6.

Blessèd the Labour that to thee
 Brings daily bread, and makes it sweet,
 And will, with opportunity,
 The fabric of the world complete.

Await the time that sure will come ;
 Though slowly it may seem to move,
 And only in the distance loom ;
 Hail, Man, the approaching reign of Love !

7.

O Son of Man ! O Proletaire !
 Producer of the wealth of States,
 The Future weaves for thee to wear
 A wreath more glorious than the Fates
 E'er spun for human destinies,
 In the old days of violence,
 When energy and enterprise
 Lay strangled in the folds of sense.

8.

Welcome its advent from afar,
 Nor in despair, howe'er sublime,
 For thy redress or vengeance mar
 Thy course with folly or with crime.
 In patience work, with prudence bear
 The wrongs of fortune ; each ensures
 Salvation to the Proletaire,
 The joy that evermore endures.

9.

Within the streets of Sodom slain,
 Thy body lies days three or four,
 Ere end the week to rise again,
 And live thenceforward evermore.
 A little while, and they who gaze
 Up to the heavens, with eager eyes,
 Thy form shall note, with glad amaze,
 Transfigured, soaring through the skies.

 LAMENT OF THE PROTESTANT NUN.

BY J. M'GRIGOR ALLAN,

Author of "FATHER STIRLING," &c., &c.

[The object of the following lines is to portray the unavailing regrets of a young Protestant nun who anticipates the approach of Death in her virtual prison-house. The reader is referred to the pathetic account of the death of Sister Fridswida, who perished under circumstances of neglect which

should have been followed by a coroner's inquest.—See "*Sisterhoods in the Church of England*," by Margaret Goodman.*]

1.

The corn may grow until in ear;
The grape all summer, without fear
Of winepress, drinks the sun;
While I, in youth and beauty's bloom,
Though present days are full of gloom,
My race of life would run.

2.

Let stoics dry-eyed welcome Death.
I fear and hope; to the rude breath
I bend: its force is lost.
If life has sorrows, it has joys;
Where is the sweet which never cloy—
The sea not tempest-tossed?

3.

While fancy comes to break my chain,
The convent walls may frown in vain;
Hope bears me on her wing:
'Scaped from the fowler's net—away
The nightingale to realms of day
More merrily doth spring.

4.

And must I die? who tranquil sleep,
And who no painful vigils keep,
To no remorse a prey:
Whose welcome makes my comrades glad,
Who can impart to faces sad
Of happiness a ray?

5.

Life's end is surely far away—
A pilgrim in my first essay
Its earliest steps but traced;
And at the feast an unpledged guest,
My thirsty lips have hardly pressed
The cup I long to taste.

* "I could not help thinking, Were my last hours to be spent in the same way as those of my poor sister? Was I to be as destitute as a poor wretch who lies down to die in a workhouse—not only without a friend and relative, or any to sympathise, but without a physician, without a nurse, without the ministrations of a priest? It was worse than a pauper's uncheered death-bed; it was like dying in a heathen land. I am sure Mr. Jones would have gladly come at any moment, but of course no one could be allowed there but Dr. Pusey."

6.

'Tis but my spring—let autumn come,
 In all my seasons let me bloom
 Ere like the sun I set.
 The garden's pride, an opening flower,
 I have but reached my dawning hour;
 Let me not perish yet.

7.

O Death, delay! Oh, take thy flight
 To heavy hearts which shame, affright,
 And grim despair devour;
 For me some happy hours remain,
 Love, friendship, music's sweet refrain,
 Before my dying hour.

8.

Thus sympathetic does my lyre
 Awake the chords which griefs inspire,
 The pining sister's prayer;
 The lingering day seems not so long
 While rendering in the words of song
 The captive girl's despair.

9.

Go, spread the tale of Convent drear,
 And let each pitying Briton hear
 The caged bird's stifled cry.
 Perhaps compassion may awake;
 No more unheeded hearts may break,
 Nor women pine and die.

THE FORLORN CHRIST.

BY LEWIS SERGEANT.

[The following lines are an adaptation of a dream-idea which I remember meeting with in a German writer—a fancy woven out of two of Christ's sayings on the cross.]

Yester-eve by my fireside
 I read the life of the Crucified;
 Then lay in trance the livelong night,
 And by the pale moon's chequered light,
 And inner sense bestowed on me,
 I saw the Christ on Calvary.
 All that I had read was here—
 The cross, the crown, the crimson tear,
 The nails, the jagged gash of the spear:—

It was and was not what I knew.
 My soul was smitten through and through
 With dread and very wonderment,
 For round about the cross there went
 The mock and murmur, as of old ;
 Nor only they whose names are told
 In Holy Writ: a myriad eyes
 Looked on the Victim's agonies.
 The Mother Maid, on bended knee,
 Despairing clasped the cursed tree :
 The Magdalene, with tearless eye,
 Beheld her Saviour bleed and die ;
 The loved disciple mused apart
 The last love-lesson in his heart ;
 And still the priest, with wagging head,
 Stood by and scoffed at him, and said—
 " He rescued others from the grave ;
 Behold, himself he cannot save !"
 And still the soldier with his spear
 Transfixed his side, with taunt and jeer ;
 And still the crowd with hiss and groan
 Reviled the King they would not own,
 And mocked his agonising call
 With bitter vinegar and gall.

Then, once more, I heard the cry—
 " *Eh, lama sabachthani ?*"
 Once more the rocks were rent in twain,
 The earth in terror quaked again ;
 The graves burst open, and the dead
 Came forth, and were astonished.
 Deep silence took the surging crowd ;
 They stood soul-stricken, awed, and cowed ;
 And from the silence came a cry,
 Like as of God in agony.

Then spake the Christ to us, and said—
 " Alas ! O flock unshepherded,
 O Earth, it is *not* finishèd !
 In vain, in vain my stainless life,
 The toil, the toilsome way, the strife,
 The burden of Gethsemane,
 The passion of this Calvary !
 O Earth, my pain, my painful tears,
 This bitter barrenness of years,
 My blood, my bootless wounds, my side—
 In vain have I been crucified !
 O Earth, for whom I lived on earth
 A stainless life—how nothing worth,

How worse than worthless, that I trod
 The winepress of the wrath of God!
 O Earth, my passion-flower of pain,
 In vain, I agonise—in vain
 The dregs of sacrifice I drain;
 In vain I kiss the bruising rod—
 I may not reconcile your God;
 I cannot soften the Most High;
 I cannot save thee, though I die!"

He spake, and yielded up the ghost;
 And, as one man, the mighty host
 Drew in their breath, and murmured, "Lost!"
 And every gaping cleft and scar,
 And every mountain peak afar,
 And every cloud above them flying,
 And every mournful wind replying,
 Cast back the murmur of the host,
 And caught its echo, echoing "Lost!"
 The while, above us, white and dead,
 Hung the forlorn Christ, vanquishèd.

L. S.

[We insert this singular poem without endorsing its theology.—Ed.]

"MY UNIVERSE THAT FEELS."

Eternal universe of spirit! thou
 Art infinitely deeper than our souls!
 I stand before thee in mute awe, and bow
 As the great chariot onward ever rolls!
 O charioteer of all our spirits! bless
 The loftier feelings we in pain achieve,
 To purify the hearts that only guess
 Thy glorious truths, and no high life receive.
 My universe that feels, and also knows,
 Desires no worship of the lip or knee,
 But worship of the spirit aye bestows
 When we are ready and by truth made free!
 I hear such voices as I seek at last
 E'en in the Church, and wonder as I hear:
 The heavens inspire them, and pale priests aghast
 Exclaim, "But where is the celestial fear?"
 Priests! love has cast it out! I do adore
 The universe of spirit, calm and strong
 (If God will have it so), and, singing, soar
 Assured that Heaven is Love—the angels' song!

B. T. W. B.

O DEATH! WHERE IS THY STING ?*

BY VICTOR DOUGLAS.

Depths of the spirit stir,
 And rouse to earnest deeds ;
 Pain cries, " Beyond the creeds
 Death is no murderer !"

Through pain, divinely borne,
 The soul is clothed with light ;
 Thus may we see aright
 While yet it is not morn.

Depths of " divine despair "
 Are only dark to sense ;
 For thus Omnipotence
 Can give us power to bear !

And only thus we rise
 And spurn the creeds below ;
 Smiling at pain and woe,
 Having the angel eyes !*

THE THANKSGIVING.

I saw the people in the crowded street
 For the Prince shouting ; and I turned away
 With a sick heart, for I could only say
 " *They know not what they do :*" this is not meet.
 The heavens are still above us, and I go
 Into the country, to a solemn spot
 Where lies my father's dust. Oh, tell us not
 Of earthly pageants! Think of human woe!
 God help us to the light! I do believe
 That death is blessed, and our life is poor;
 Else why the myriad deaths? I feel more sure
 In death is life, as thoughts divine I weave.
 Thanksgiving, then, for *death*, eternal Sire!
 Thanks for the death our bigots call a curse!
 There is no life in all the universe
 Of dust, be sure; or why do we aspire?
 "The burthen of the flesh" a little while
 We bear, forgetful of the truth above;
 We, in the bonds of fear, do cast out *love*,
 Feeling the frown is deeper than the smile.

* These lines were suggested by Francia's picture in the National Gallery—
 "The Dead Christ and the Virgin."

IN MISERY.

Thus standing face to face with evil, we
 Perceive the mighty problems that exist!
 Thus know we how heroic souls resist
 The fiend-suggestions that we cannot see
 Until they utter their tremendous cry!
 Dread forms they come upon us, and exclaim—
 "There is no help! Do evil! curse a Name
 That has been sacred—like old Job—and die."
 Poor mortal! standing wearily before
 The silent portal of the Temple—hark!
 That distant music! It is very dark;
 But there's a light beyond the gloom. Adore
 Ineffable Perfection! Take the hand
 Of Pain, and smile; and thus thou too shalt stand!

VICTOR.

Reviews.

SUNDAY LYRICS,

BY GAMALIEL BROWN,

(Published by Mr. Scott, Ramsgate), may occupy a few minutes very pleasantly. We extract these lines, viz. :—

"Away to the meads and the glad some hills,
 Or the shore of the awful sea!
 Thankful for life—thankful for hope—
 Content that the world should be.
 Away! away! let us away,
 Forgetting our grief and pain,
 And remembering nothing but God's great love,
 Till we turn to our toil again."

A VISION OF TO-DAY,

A FRAGMENT, BY MRS. FAWCETT,

Contains sentiments that are not devoid of poetic charm. We extract the concluding lines, the feeling of which is delicate :—

"O, darksome NIGHT, emblazoned with thy stars,
 Be this our portent; so from out this woe,
 Our sunny joy's eclipse, shall yet gleam forth
 To guide our faltering steps in unknown ways,
 Bright revelations of a vaster heaven."

COMPARATIVE METAPHYSICS,

BY SARA S. HENNELL,

Cannot be reviewed at any length in *FREELIGHT* until we receive the first part. The second part, "Symbolism," in spite of an unattractive and almost repulsive style, will reward patient thought and diligent study. The authoress is a remarkable woman, and has evidently thought on the most abstruse subjects, grappling with them with a masculine intelligence. The work is published by Trübner.

The Confessional.

MANY STATES OF MIND.

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—It is very difficult to prevail on men who have altered their opinions to describe the feelings, motives, and trains of thought which have led them away from old creeds, dogmas, or doubts. As a contribution to your "Confessional," allow me to make a candid statement. I recollect in my childhood thinking it very wrong of people to say that they were afraid certain kinds of weather would be productive of great evil; and could not understand the religion that has so little faith in it as to pray to the Divinity to alter inevitable laws, because we, in our unfaith, dread the effects flowing therefrom. I was told that "visitations" are sent to correct men from their sins. This puzzled me, and made me sad. I think such explanations as these are productive of doubts in later life. But it is clear that as certain laws (as we call them) in the world of matter *must* create much misery, the Author of them is perfectly aware of the effects, and—granting his benevolence—has provided a remedy. The question is, Does the Wisdom that regulates the universe exist, or is it but the idea of an optimist spirit in us? As I grew older I revolved these problems, and, although I never entirely doubted a God, I did doubt that Christian theory of Providence that places implicit reliance on the universality of the Father's care. I saw, however, clearly enough, that unless we believe in the omnipresence of Divinity, Providence is a dream. The omnipresence of the Creator admitted, think of the results of a conviction of that truth! A deliberate murder is committed, an awful battle is fought, female virtue is

outraged ; and the sufferer feels the agony of Macduff when a beloved relative is lost—

“ Did Heaven look on,” &c.

But God does not interfere—at least, so we think. The battle is fought on to the bitter end, and many a noble life is sacrificed. True ! but every life is saved if the doctrine be correct that God “ hates *nothing* that he has made.” Suppose we deny Providence in the awful calamities that afflict mankind ? What then ? The abstract God of the thinker is so vast that he can’t stoop to the petty concerns of poor mortals ! In *that* case, I care as little for God as he does for me !

What is called Deism, then, is just as bad and foolish as actual Atheism. Unless we love God, how can we love man ? It seems to me that philanthropy must always flow from the conviction that the Author of our life is a divine entity, and *does* care for us. There is no foundation, to my mind, for any real ethics but the injunction, fully verified, that we must love God with all our hearts, and our neighbours as ourselves. This Christian Idea keeps me in the fold of faith. I don’t belong to any sect, but am a believer. You tell me there are gross errors in the Bible—that the cosmogony of Moses is absurd—that its science is falsified by the grand science of this century. What then ? Am I to disbelieve in Christ and “ the Spirit of all truth ” because the Book blunders ?

I am not a mere Unitarian. I am firmly convinced that we can place implicit reliance on the Bible ; and I prefer the Broad Church perhaps even to the philosophical views of Martineau and Ierson. I have great hope that the Broad Church movement may extend. I will never despond of the ultimate triumph of liberal faith, considering the learning and talent in the Anglican Church. But it occurs to me that the consummation so “ devoutly to be wished ” must embrace many elements of contrariety. A Church broad enough to include many forms of belief would be far more likely to be “ catholic ” than that stereotyped creed of Rome which sacrifices humanity itself—sacrifices reason, charity, knowledge, and freedom—to the chimera of priestcraft. Still, I strongly suspect that Protestantism and its sects can never be victorious. We are told that for the vesture of Christ lots were cast. Each sect has a bit of the original raiment. I can’t see that any priesthood has the garment itself—“ woven from the top to the bottom.” But every sect conceives that it has the whole original coat. I find that there is *no* denomination but is, in Browning’s phrase, “ patchy and scrappy.” Therefore there are many who fancy that by going over to the Papacy they solve the problem.

Alas! what an abortion is the representative man of the Popedom! Such a man I can never accept as God's representative on earth. I yearn, in common with others who accept Christianity in its widest sense, for union and development. Rome has, or had, the union we desiderate, but philosophy gives the development. If FREELIGHT can promote the reconciliation of the two it will do good work. The base spirit of infidelity in every shape repels us from such a form of thought. There is a corresponding spirit in the negative freethought and in the chaotic and revolting democracy of the masses that would destroy all order and reduce us to a state of savagery. I confess there was a time when I thought there was a levelling spirit in Christianity, and did not embrace religion on that account; but I now plainly perceive that, though God "is no respecter of persons," he is as much on the side of democracy as on that of its antithesis. God, indeed, must be on *all* sides. He is the Great Universalist, who combines and fuses, like a Divine Chemist as he is, the infinite antipolarities of the world, and each moral gas, set up against something diverse from itself, subserves purposes that are beyond our mortal ken. We have need, then, of faith. If we were educating animals inferior to ourselves, possessing a degree of reason, we must deal with them precisely as Providence deals with us. We must inspire them with love and confidence, but also with awe; we must delude them in many ways—all for their good. We must send dread of death (and it is certain that the brute has *no* such dread), and ultimately, when the creature was sufficiently intelligent to bear the light, we should cast out his fear. We have need, above all things, of charity; and hoping and believing to the end, we may be assured that there is not an instance of needless misery in the creation—that our doubts and negations are necessary in the Divine economy, and are as a bridge across the river of Time to the sea of Eternity. B.

[We are compelled to abridge the letter of our correspondent, but thank him for his thoughtful communication.—Ed.]

"An English Girl" says that although she is only twenty, she is a heretic, and has on several occasions stolen out to hear Mr. Voysey—a man who is held in execration by her orthodox friends.—Mr. Voysey is a sincere man, and though we do not entirely agree with him—having a peculiar conception of our own about the Bible—we believe it is a good thing, on the whole, when the clergy enter their protest against the creeds.

"An Ex-Catholic," who is now of no sect, declares that she was driven away from Rome by the Confessional, which outraged the modesty of her feelings. She is of opinion that no married woman should submit to such an inquisition. She informs us that she knows Catholic ladies, who say nothing to the obscenity of certain questions from a priest, who call the Bible an "abominable book." She adds, "I lately heard Mr. Ierson, and I admire that excellent Unitarian."

"A Clergyman still in the Church," has written a private letter, from which we are allowed to extract the following, viz. :—"On the whole, I really think your magazine of FREELIGHT—which, to my mind, is most suggestive—supplies an important desideratum. Having arrived at middle age, I find I was very wrong in many of the conclusions of my youth. When we are nearly fifty, however, I think that we should pause ere we leave the Church altogether. I may tell you, privately, that my opinions are somewhere between the views of Mr. Conway and Mr. Martineau, with an infusion of Swedenborgianism. But freedom may 'broaden slowly down' in the Church. At this very time, I am certain there are many eminent Broad Church clergymen who, though they believe the Bible, are Freethinkers. I have been reading J. E. Smith's 'Divine Drama' with interest. It is, as you say, a 'great book,' and very wise."

To Correspondents.

"Zeta" asks us to drop all atheistical allusions in FREELIGHT, and also to make no allusion to "things evil." He argues that the public in reality wants to know nothing about them. He says that he is of the "Broad Church," as Dean Stanley is, which gives sufficient latitude, as he conceives. But we ask, how is it that God does not exclude even Atheism from the universe? It is one of the evil things sent to educate our faculties.

We are sorry not to be able to avail ourselves, at present, of several communications. We cannot return MSS. under any circumstances, because we are obliged to destroy them if ineligible. There are a good many, however, reserved for the future, to which we look forward.

Several clergymen of the Church of England, who have left the Establishment, write to us to say they want to preach the doctrine of Universalism. Our sympathy is with them.