FREELIGHT.

DECEMBER, 1871.

REASON AND IMAGINATION.

By the Editor.

The great thinkers, the sublime poets, the brain-workers, the heart-seekers of the world, create new cycles. Thought and poetry inspire us all with the feelings and convictions that are life. It is true there are many apparently incapable of exercising the faculties that connect the Human and Divine; but every man has his own ideal life, good or evil. Superstition, or stony negation, or noble faith, or bitter doubt, must be at the bottom of activity: these powers, these principles, influence men throughout their existence. Reason is not the dominant authority in the realms of life; but reason or imagination cannot be absent from action. Reason, in its highest phase, is the grandest and divinest essence we know. But the imagination is then its soul. The imagination supplies wings to reason. It is that which, according to Shakespeare, "bodies forth the forms of things unknown." Mr. Browning, one of the most profound and metaphysical of poets, demands,—

> "What unseen agency, outside the world,
> Prompted its puppets to do this and that?"

—a cynical charlatan puts the question. Superstition is an unseen agency that makes "puppets" of its victims. To confound the superstition of men with the rooted conviction of a Divine is one of the errors of negative freethinkers. Show me the man who is continually walking with the light—show me the noble thinker who gives to reason the things that are reason's, and to imagination the things that are imagination's, and I recognise his genius. Gifted men have always a faculty that is not identical with logic. To conceive that metaphysicians, men of science of the highest order, and magnificent religious teachers, are devoid of poetry or imaginative inspiration, were absurd. Immense reasoning power, with an eye for

unseen influences, will always be found in the great organic genius—in Shakespeare, in Socrates, in Goethe, Hegel, Spinoza, &c. The sensitive mind of poetry and the philosophic thought, not seeking beauty but truth, bend to one influence.

In the beautiful poem of "In Memoriam," the melancholy singer thus exclaims:—

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee?
For thou wert strong as thou wert true."

It is highly probable that there is a spiritual influence over us. Certainly the poet, were he sceptical as Shelley, can hardly dispense with the all-permeating idea of the supernatural. The philosopher can never deny agency that is beyond our capacity of detection. The very Atheist—and I am not certain that there is such a thing as a *really* Atheistical philosopher—must attribute to Nature far more than what we are in the habit of calling natural. To quote the words of our motto,—

"That ONE FACE, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe that feels and knows."

Without imagination, however, there would be little to say concerning a spiritual world. The Materialists would have it their own way. The brute, evidently, has no notion of supernatural agency. He will lie quietly in a churchyard all night, and fear no spectres there. "True," says the negative logician, "and the brute is better off than man." Well, he has no fear of demons and hells. Man peoples the world with devils. In the time to come, Satan will be "transformed into an angel of light." Humanity will then no longer tremble. The imagination corrected by the reason, the reason elevated by the imagination, poetry and philosophy reconciled, reason and religion correlatively powerful, there will be a balance of all the faculties which are now in a chaotic state.

The Universalist delights in the serene contemplation of the good time afar off.

"My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

It is a blessed thing that all our loftiest poets now predicate absolute Humanity as the corollary of faith. Preach on, ye prophets

of a new era! Preach on, ye believers in a Gospel that neither pseudo-reason nor low bigotry will tear from the grasp of hope! Preach on, starry-seeking science, that demonstrates the immensity and eternity of the universe! God has work for our generation that was denied to the old Hebrew bards, who saw in a glass *darkly*. He has work for us that he would not give to a Voltaire—hardly to a Goethe, in spite of the immortal German's immense reach of thought and capacious imagination. That work is the holiest ever vouchsafed to man, who must feel the reality of—

"That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off, divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

OKEN'S PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE.

By John A. Heraud.

1. The Hindú doctrine of Inference, to which we have alluded in a former paper, is, as Lord Bacon would have called it, "a pregnant instance," and accordingly fruitful in results. In its proper philosophical application, the Inference intended is a *valid* inference, with all considerations in its favour and nothing against it. The Vital Force, acting in man as a Cause, coming into contact with an unknown force, and producing a sensible world of *effects*, wholly or in part independent of the individual will, naturally generates the Inference that such foreign force is one similar to itself; namely, another vital force or co-operant cause, aiding in the production of the specific phenomena, which are partially dependent on its agency for their exhibition. Such foreign force, or noumenon, is needed as a Reason for the result experienced, and is an *inevitable* Inference, though no object of the sense, but only of Faith—such faith as in apostolical language is defined as "the *evidence* of things not seen." An invisible world is *inferred* as a cause of the visible, *another* cause being the percipient man; and these two causes are alike in attribute, as correspondent noumena or spiritual activities. Man, moreover, as the percipient cause, is intelligent, and readily accepts the foreign force also as an intelligence, with which by actual contact he has become acquainted. Nor can he arrogate to himself the credit of the fact of the contact, but readily recognises it as the result of a Third force, or

cause, which has the power of bringing the other two together, and does so for a wise purpose, being, like them, intelligent as well as ever active. Three causes thus concur in the production of each effect throughout an entire series, and of each series in a world of effects. The whole of these effects constitutes what we call Matter, which is none other than the sum of *living* sensation in percipient beings, and of which, therefore, as Oken explains, "deadness" cannot be predicated. As the result of a "polar duplicity," which is regarded as the origin of motion, the entire process must be recognised (as observed in our previous contribution) as spiritual or dynamical, and not as mechanical.

2. "The motion of finite things," says Oken, "thus prompted by polarity, may be comprehensively termed LIFE. Without Life," he continues, "there is no existence. The old idea of a separate vital force is an absurdity. Things do not pre-exist, and wait for the breath of the Deity that is to call them into life; they are *breathed*, *spoken* into existence. Nothing is *dead;* the world itself lives, and maintains itself by its vital process, just as an organism maintains itself by constant self-regeneration." The following quotation may also be given from Oken, as of great value. So little is known of Oken in this country, that every citation we can make from him is a veritable piece of information—a real addition to our literary knowledge.*

3. "In the Universe there are two totalities—the primitive totality, + 0 —, and the final totality, the summary of all the particular acts of the former; the one *eternity*, the other *infinitude*. An individual comprising all these particular acts would be a representative of the latter totality—the highest and last being in creation. Inasmuch as the realisation of the Eternal is self-consciousness, such a being would be a living self-consciousness. This being is Man. He is the Deity 'self-objectivated,' thought in the infinitude of time. Man is the

* "To Lorenz Oken in particular," says Mr. Alfred Tulk, in his translation of Chalybaeus, "belongs the merit, not of having been the first to surmise, but to *discover—i.e.*, to make known by demonstration, that the Cranial bones in the Vertebrata are constructed upon the same type as the bones composing the spinal column; that they are, in fact, 'vertebræ expanded and otherwise modified to enclose the expanded termination of the spinal cord, the brain.' The essay containing this beautiful thought is entitled 'Uber die Bedeutung der Schädelknochen.' (Jena, 1807.) Recent researches, conducted under the guidance of this essay, have but served to prove the truth and justice of Oken's theory, and so make good its claim to be regarded as the most definite contribution that has yet been made to the study of Animal Morphology, or that branch of organic science which investigates the laws that determine, within certain limits, Animal Forms."

Deity wholly phenomenal. In the inferior beings and forms God thinks and speaks part of himself—particular attributes only; in man he thinks his integral being. Man is a complex of all things in nature—of the elements, minerals, plants, and animals. Man is a compound of freedom and necessity. A being which is not determined by another being is free; God is free. Man is free inasmuch as he is the image of God; he is not free inasmuch as he is the image of the world. Man is free in his principles, but not free in his object: free in his resolve, but not free in its execution."

4. These are evidently important utterances. It is well that we should become acquainted with their source.

5. The school of Oken recognises a Unity of Life in Man and in Nature. All vital development, with them, depends upon the energetic relation between whole and parts, the life of the whole being reflected in each part. Life manifests itself in a reciprocation between World and Monad, and every individual organism is a material exhibition of these reciprocating agencies in conspiring, harmonic operation. The figurations of Nature are thus no less than the *gesticular* expression of Nature's inner life. Hence Goethe exclaims:—

> "Wie Alles sich zum Ganzen webt,
> Eins in dem Andern wirkt und lebt!
> Wie Himmelskräfte auf und nieder steigen,
> Und sich die gold'nen Eimer reichen!
> Mit segen dufflenden Schwingen
> Vom Himmel durch die Erde dringen,
> Harmonisch all' das All durchklingen!".

Nature is an internal unity revealing itself necessarily in the form of multiplicity by a law of perpetual motion; or, rather, it is itself absolute motion, or activity. The word that expresses the absolute, substantial, timeless motion in and through itself, is Spirit. Matter, on the other hand, has no foundation either by or in itself. The theories according to which matter consists of final, unital, permanent atoms, the mere change of whose arrangement is to produce the various modifications of material products, are utterly irreflective and groundless. Intelligent chemists have on that account openly repudiated them. Motion substantially taken, or the substance moving, acting in itself—in a word, the living substance, absolute life—is the ground of all things. Mind is the absolutely Restless in itself, the absolutely Creative, the absolutely Free.

6. There is, I think, no inherent difficulty in understanding these propositions. Stallo, the expositor of Oken, labours hard to illustrate

them, but space will not permit us to follow him. We may, however, briefly indicate his method of reasoning. Two great spheres are assumed by him; "one in which the individual unit effuses itself into the totality of life, radiates forth into the universe, and forms as it were an organic bridge between the Individual and Universal—*vegetable life;* another, in which the individual likewise enters into relation to universal existence, shapes out its bearings to the totality of life, and holds reciprocal communion with it, but in order to maintain itself against the same AS an *individual*,—not as a primary isolated unity, but as a unity involving this reflection from universality—involving the double negation, first, of its isolated unital being, since it immanently relates to the Universal, and therefore contains it, and, secondly, the negation of this Universal again, for the purpose of its own assertion—*animal life.*"

7. Stallo denies that the production of its own germ by the plant is a sexual process. The universal elements, he says, simply develope themselves within the limits assigned by the ideality of the plants, and necessarily progress also to their unity. The germ is produced merely because the elements mirror themselves in the plant in their full historical existence, and consequently also in their luminar ideality. "The inflorescence," he adds, "is the organ of light, the germ its child. The flower of the plant is literally the eye which it lifts heavenward. And *all the transports of existence which beam from the human eye, all the ecstacies of joy conveyed by its glance, are legibly portrayed in the variegated hues which the plant seems to breathe from its bosom.* But the plant blooms only at the moment of its death; it does not awaken until the hour of its expiration; for its station in the scale of beings is that of transition, its life the evanescence of the Individual in the Universal."

8. The beauty of this illustration ought to provoke a lively interest in the philosophy of Oken, which is replete with similar examples.

9. The animal system embraces the osseous, muscular, and nervous formations, which subserve the functions of free motion and sensation. "The senses are to the animal what the flower is to the plant." The senses are born from their functions. Life absolutely precedes its manifestations. The senses and their objects are not heterogeneous; those have not been formed apart from these. The eye has not been formed independently of light, for the eye is the offspring of light. The world organises itself in the animal, and thus awakens to its own life and existence. An abstract existence without subjectivity, an existence *in* and not *for* itself, would be equivalent to non-

existence. Hence the gradations of animal forms. "On the lowest stage we behold mere assimilation, and organs only which barely appropriate the immediately surrounding matter. Next we meet with appreciation of chemical action by taste; then the organ of smell becomes sensible of the more distant electrical relations of matter, and the sphere of the senses is enlarged beyond the immediate abode of the animal. Farther on in the animal system, the ear embraces in its sympathy the formative struggle of concrete matter in the derangement of its cohesive energy, and listens to the voice of creation in planetary existences, until, finally, the eye carries the individual into the regions of infinitude, and reveals the entire realm of creation in its forms as well as in its movements. . . . Man is the full realisation of the idea of animal life, and the lower forms are only advances towards it. One by one the features of the Universe are produced and incorporated in an individual form, until their perfect ideal expression smiles upon us from the human countenance; one by one the breaths of the Universe are inspired into particular organisations, until the human organism respires the balm of the whole spiritual atmosphere."*

10. This philosophy is at once the oldest and the newest. It dawned upon us from the beginning of history and literature, though in vague and curious colours. But the hues that vary the mists of the morning are the witnesses of the irradiant sun that is struggling to penetrate the obscurities that prevent the full display of his power. So in the doctrines of earlier epochs—such as those which apparently

---

* Oken remarks a difference in the structure of man and other animals. Perfect equilibrium, he says, in the system of the senses, which are perfect in their form of development, mobility, &c., appears in the human organisation. It were superfluous, he adds, to mention outward characteristics; perfect bodily freedom in the erectness of his posture, eyes with parallel axes surveying the whole horizon, are the most striking. "Man sees the whole universe; whilst animals behold only individual and different parts with eyes laterally directed, so that their ideas are never brought to unity." Human kind are distributable into five races, in conformity, Oken opines, with the most prominent development of the sensuous organs, namely:—

Homo cuticularis.—African, Æthiopian.
Homo lingualis.—Australian, Malay.
Homo nasalis.—American.
Homo auricularis.—Asiatic, Mongolian.
Homo ocularis.—European, Caucasian.

This classification nearly coincides with that of Blumenbach. Others, like C. G. Carus, regard each race as a permanent representative of a particular epoch in the development of mankind, civilisation being symbolised in the march of day

deify Nature, describe humanity as dwelling in inferior animals, or insist on the metempsychosis, or on alchemy, or on astrology—there are references to one eternal Truth, which in these imperfect utterances is seeking to reveal itself for the instruction of mankind. What is that Truth? Our author, who himself suggests the comparison, replies that it is the Consciousness or Recognition, that what we call Nature, or the Universe, is an organised Whole; adding, that, "in whatever naturalistic systems, pantheistic philosophies, &c., this consciousness has vented itself, they all bear testimony to its depth and permanence."

11. Oken deserves great credit for his identification of the principles of Life and Activity. He allows of no sabbath rest, in the ordinary sense of the term. We must, according to his teaching, accept the scriptural term "rested," as in the notion of "days,"* for a condescension to the necessities of human language. Thought and language are coeval, and both express ideas by analogy with time. They represent eternal acts or states in the order of temporal succession. The Infinite Creator is no more subject to Time than he is limited by Space. The creative acts are pronounced in Eternity; and in them there is, properly speaking, no cessation of activity. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." But when we endeavour to describe in words this eternal and infinite acting of Deity, we are compelled to separate it into parts, or states, and to speak of each part or state as preceding or succeeding some other, though "in themselves" essentially coeval.

12. "Rest" is a relative term. It has been truly said that inquirers have generally sought to reason their way up to a cause

---

from East to West. The Nocturnal—Æthiopian; the Diurnal—Caucasian; the Matutinal—Malay and Mongolian; and the Vesperal—American. "Abstracting," says Stallo, "from all inductive accuracy of the classification of Carus, we are almost tempted to a poetic belief, when he makes the American Indians the representatives of the evening twilight. Yea, evening is breaking in upon them. We read it in the numerous monuments indicative of a formerly flourishing civilisation among their ancestors (or predecessors, according to some)—in the gloomy, melancholy expression of their countenance, in which the mourning for 'brighter days gone by' and the boding of their complete extinction seem to be stereotyped." Some simply distinguish the races of mankind into active and passive—the first the Caucasian, and the second all the others.

* These so-called "days" are said to be "in *the* Beginning," which, as Milton shows in his "Christian Doctrine," is the Hebrew phrase for *Eternity*. The days are therefore better understood as *states* in eternity, of which the number "seven" represents the complete whole.

where inquiry ceases or *rests;* and they have hastily inferred that there everything, as it were, reposes on an absolute basis. Absolute repose, indeed, was long regarded as the origin of creation, and rest the bearer, the absolute condition, the source or element of motion. But nowhere is there absolute rest, while motion is everywhere. There is, indeed, relative rest, where an equilibrium is established; but this, after all, is only apparent, not real. This kind of rest is merely an incident to motion, and explainable by it. In mechanics, the theory of motion precedes that of rest. The first verse of Genesis presents not the Elohim as resting in Eternity, but as projecting* the heavens and the earth. It introduces us to eternal active Intelligence as purposing the work of creation; and many gifted men, besides the Hebrew cosmogonist, have, like Seneca, accepted the variegated shapings of the material world as symbols "recording the self-realising thoughts of an all-powerful Intelligence," and "in the features of the universe recognised the lineaments of God's countenance smiling upon man." We are presented with the Elohim, distinct from creation, in eternal self-communion (and not with the immobile principle of the empirical theorist), as the originating, generative, active, and absolute Source of all existence.

13. The Scriptures, particularly the Christian portion of them, name the Deity by an appellation suggestive of the most intense degree of activity conceivable by us. GOD IS LOVE.

14. I have been compelled to be concise in the statements I have made of Oken's propositions. They must be received rather as suggestions than as explanations. A paper like this can only be intended for thinking readers, who should *think out* for themselves the hints that it contains. They are here offered as some of the elements of a sublime theory which merits investigation, and presents one of the latest phases of German philosophy. For the English mind, too, it possesses some advantages, since it associates spiritual science with natural, and finds in physical facts abundant corroborations of those highest truths which the robust Saxon intellect, however willing to accept them on their own authority, desires to see further demonstrated by their analogons in sensible experience.

Sunday Oct 18-85 Good

* The word "projected" is preferred to that of "created," because the Hebrew verb *bar*, traced to its root, yields that as the primitive meaning. Dr. Webster gives the various meanings of the term in his English Dictionary, under the head of "Bar," at great length.

A SONG FOR THE AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

Now the winds a-wailing go
Through the sere, forsaken trees;
Now the day is waxing low,
And above the troubled seas
Faint stars glimmer in the breeze,
Sad with many memories.

Now the time to part is come,
What is best for us to say?
Shall we wander sad and dumb
Down this garden's leaf-strewn way,
Or by tossing waves and grey
Hand in hand together stray?

In this garden where we stand,
In the closing windy light,
Here, where first I touched your hand
On that unforgotten night
When you stood 'mid roses bright—
Dream-embodied to the sight;

Where we met, love, shall we part?
In this garden shall we twain,
Mouth to mouth as heart to heart,
Loving turn and kiss again?
In this garden shall we drain
Love's last bitter-sweet and pain?

Nay, love, let us leave this place;
Let us go, dear, to the beach
Where in happy Summer days
Sleeping Love awoke to speech,
And his voice, though low, could reach
From our spirits each to each.

There the sea-wind, blowing sweet
From some strange land far away,
And the blown waves as they meet
One another in the bay—
These together haply may
Find a thing for us to say.

Let us kiss, love; let us go
Down together to the sea;
We will kiss, dear, meeting so,
In the days that are to be—
If my heart should still be free,
And you yet remember me.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

A Prelection.—By William Maccall.

Like other lofty dramas, the Drama of Human History, on its Western scene, is divided into Five Acts—the period of Poetic Legend, the period of Pagan Grandeur, the period of Christian Conflict, the period of Christian Triumph, the period of Scientific Development.

A legend is a fantastic fable with a germ of historical truth. How large or how small the historical element in a legend, criticism, the keenest, the wisest, is never able accurately to discover or finally to decide. If we are credulous, every legend has to us, in all its parts and points, a historical authority; if we are sceptical, no legend has to us any historical basis or significance. It is the tendency of man to be too credulous at first, and too sceptical at last; so that the historical worth of the legendary must remain for ever a subject of debate, each inquirer being left to form his own conclusions, which, as human beings are never at their ease except when they are making other human beings uneasy, are sure to be different from those of his neighbour.

Be this, however, as it may, the main thing for our present purpose is that you should see the full meaning of the legendary, and, travelling back three or four thousand years, should sympathetically apprehend the vitalities wherefrom that Greek and Roman world grew which has potently moulded, and must immortally influence, the civilisation of our race.

From the season and the region so sublime and yet so dim, so strangely veiled, of Poetic Legend—from the age of gods and demigods—emerged for Greece, and then Rome, the age of heroes, with the record of whose deeds authentic history begins. For Greece, Pagan Grandeur attained its culmination in the overthrow of the vast Persian Empire by Alexander the Macedonian; for Rome, in the destruction of Carthage. After the annihilation of the Persian kingdom, the Greeks became a people of pitiful sophists, though their intellectual brilliancy survived their moral majesty; after the extinction of Carthage, the Romans sank into brutal sensualists, though their conquering force outlived the simplicity and the sobriety by which the Romans had in their better days been distinguished.

The source, the symbol, the expression of Pagan Grandeur was the deification of the individual; and so far was this carried, that, in the "Iliad" of Homer, written at a time when legend was melting

into history, Achilles and the other heroes are pictured as nobler, more valiant, more interesting than the divinities of Olympus, with whom they rush into battle.

This deification of the individual had an incomparable literature to hymn its praise, and arts the most beautiful to celebrate its glory and its victory; and in stoicism, the most exalted and exalting of moral and philosophical systems, it sought refuge as thought when it ceased to be possible as action.

For, alas! a horrible eclipse enveloped in darkness the pagan heart, which, instead of consecrating itself as of old to virtue and to the fatherland, rioted in the most bestial and unnatural vices—varied hellish lusts with hellish cruelties. The loathsome book attributed to Petronius Arbiter is only one among many portraitures of the abominations into which the Romans plunged when, with the Republic, republican purity and piety had departed.

But to a community bewildered and enervated by Greek sophistry, enslaved by Roman despotism, polluted by Roman corruption—a community as hopeless and miserable as it was debased—the Star, gladdening and elevating, shone, which had gleamed over a manger in Bethlehem, wherein an innocent babe reposed. How long the rays from that Star were unheeded by mankind, or were welcomed by the desolate and despairing alone! Yet it went on shedding its beneficent beams till millions in every land hailed it as light and life, as the truth everlasting.

The Christian Conflict with pagan Rome continued to the end of the fifth century; for the adoption, by the Emperor Constantine, of Christianity as the State religion, left Paganism still comparatively strong; and it was not before the disappearance of the Empire of the West, and when Italy became that battle-field for the stranger which it is to this very hour, that the fourth act in the Drama of Human History—the period of Christian Triumph—was, by marvellous actors, played on a marvellous scene. The act, extending from the end of the fifth century to the end of the fifteenth century, was as marvellous as the scene and the actors.

On this fourth act in the Drama of Human History—on this period of Christian Triumph, more generally known to us under the name of the Middle Ages, opinions the most various have been formed—judgments the most contrasted have been pronounced. By Voltaire and his contemporaries the Middle Ages were hated and vilified, because those thinkers were grossly ignorant regarding them, and because they tested everything, the Middle Ages included, by the mere understanding.

After the first French Revolution, there was a reaction in favour of the past—of Romanticism. There was an invincible tendency to idealise and idolise the Middle Ages, and many gifted and imaginative persons passionately regretted that the characteristic features and institutions of the Middle Ages had passed away, never to return. Some of the excellent scholars and gentlemen, such as Frederick Schlegel and Clemens Brentano, changed the Protestant for the Catholic creed to prove their sincerity. The Romantic school in Germany, whose primordial inspiration was blind worship of the Middle Ages, after profoundly leavening German literature, wondrously coloured and shaped other literatures, and, on the whole, the transfusion and transformation were infinitely wholesome and enriching. Poetry, philosophy, and historical studies, all profited from the metamorphosis; and assuredly we could not have had such writers as Walter Scott, the originator and the consummate master of historical romance, if the interest excited in the Middle Ages had not been intense and enthusiastic.

But reaction follows reaction. A more thorough and impartial acquaintance with the Middle Ages than that which was possible sixty or seventy years ago, has not made even the calmest thinkers more in love with them. We have left Voltairean shallowness behind; we have left behind the exaggerations and puerilities of Romanticism. With the Middle Ages we now stand face to face; that is to say, so far as elaborate research and vivid and opulent phantasy can summon from the grave that which has been buried for ages.

There is no living man who has so much historical genius—there are few living men who have so much genius absolutely and altogether as the French author, Michelet, some of whose works have been translated into English; but, also, there is no living man who has explored the Middle Ages with so much conscientiousness and insight. Now, Michelet, with his astonishing knowledge, execrates the Middle Ages more than Voltaire, with his astonishing ignorance, detested them.

One of Michelet's productions—that on the Mediæval Witch—shows you why he anathematises that which others, almost as learned as himself, have been in the habit of adoring. Why, to Michelet, are the Middle Ages so odious? Because the people of the Middle Ages were, in the mass, unspeakably wretched, and because they could only escape from their wretchedness by crimes the most mad and monstrous.

Doubtless there is no one here who has not read something about the Middle Ages—if not from original sources, from commonplace

compilations. Now, whether you have read hastily, or have read earnestly, have you received any impressions except these? That the Middle Ages were full of confusion—that they were full of restlessness; but that, nevertheless, you are attracted by their pictorial concourse, and commotion, and splendour. Yea, verily, it is the gorgeous pictorialism of the Middle Ages which enchants and deceives us; and it was meet that Raphael and his compeers, as the last of the mediæval men, should carry Painting to perfection. We forget that, as at Athens—even when Athens was the flower of earth's intellectual and poetical beauty—there were twenty slaves for every free man; so, in the Middle Ages, there were a hundred hapless and haggard serfs for every man-at-arms and every monk, and that the wife or the daughter of the serf was a thousandfold more afflicted and despised than the serf himself. Is it well that a hundred men and a hundred women should be trodden in the mire, in order that a priest and a knight may figure in a dazzling picture or a magnificent procession? Most pertinent, most pithy question—question most imperative, though not to be asked in a vulgar and utilitarian spirit!

Communities, like individuals, should be good and great, whether they are happy or not. We are all entitled to just so much happiness as remains to us after we have made the most strenuous efforts to be good and great. But a community cannot be good or great which wantonly disregards, as the Middle Ages disregarded, the welfare of the multitude.

The cardinal principle promulgated by Christianity was the sanctification of the individual through self-sacrifice and self-effacement. Whereas Polytheism maintained that the individual could not assert himself too much, the Gospel declared that he could not obliterate himself too much. While Polytheism sought to make heroes, the Gospel sought to make saints. Apotheosis was pre-eminent in the one case, Incarnation in the other; for, grace, the influence of the Holy Spirit, and the other terms employed by Christian theologians, merely indicate modes or degrees of incarnation, and not till the process of self-abasement is complete can the process of incarnation be achieved.

Now, during the warfare of the Gospel with Polytheism, and when the new faith had its utmost freshness and fervour, the sanctification of the individual found its natural and necessary food in anguish and affliction. Indeed, as Christianity has been called the Religion of Sorrow, it would seem thereby to be implied that only in sufferers and in sufferings can its divinest beatitudes and opulences be displayed; and that it is shorn of its distinctive attributes, loses its

hallowed and hallowing force, when it prospers—when it is enthroned in the palaces of kings.

Could Christianity be the sanctification of the individual, founded on self-abasement, to the barbarians who rose to sway on the ruins of Rome? Was not the deification of the individual founded on self-assertion much more in harmony with their impetuous vigour—their lawless violence? But it was the Goths, the Vandals, the Franks, and other barbarians who gave to the Middle Ages transfigurement—a special and ineradicable stamp. Nominally, those barbarians were converted to Christianity: the conversion, however, was little more than nominal. The barbarians continued to be as before—men of blood; and you all know what sort of Christian Clovis was. Armed with its terrors, Christianity could strike remorse into the heart of the barbarians; but if it put on its celestial charities—if it taught the sanctification of the individual, founded on self-abasement, the barbarians rushed the more furiously into the deification of the individual, from the very restraints which the Gospel attempted to place upon them. And to the close of the Middle Ages, the soldier or the knight, as the descendant or representative of the barbarian, was as merciless as the barbarian himself had been—supremely indifferent to the wrong and the wretchedness he inflicted. Indeed, the first Spanish troops that went to America far surpassed in cruelty the most cruel of the barbarians. Whether, then, you judge the Middle Ages leniently or severely, you have to keep this appalling fact before your eyes, that from the beginning to the end of the Middle Ages, the most powerful, the most influential class abhorred and despised the people, if, indeed, it is not grossly inaccurate to speak of the people when as yet the people, in the noble sense of the term, were not.

But it was the very keenness of accumulating pangs which helped to render the Middle Ages—that ghastly dream of a thousand years, that miraculous phantasmagoria of a thousand years—so immensely, so intensely religious.

On the threshold of the Middle Ages, a fresh faith, Mahometanism—the rival, and in Africa and elsewhere the victorious rival, of Christianity—sprang up. The rivalry, if it dislodged Christianity from some of its strongholds, braced its strength and broadened and fertilised its sway in other directions. Mahometanism, with its stern and naked Monotheism, drove Christianity to enlarge, to enrich, to deepen its complicated creed.

To this, as much as to any other cause, we may ascribe the Symbolism which so amazingly augmented the religious wealth of the Mediæval period. The more Mahometanism was an arid and

angular, if puissant dogma, the more Christianity stole away to veil itself in typical representations.

It has been said that the tendency to Symbolism which arrays the Middle Ages in such prodigiousness and prodigality of fascination flowed from the Bible. Assuredly the Old Testament and the New have a plenitude of types and symbols, and the charm of the Bible is lamentably weakened if these are not studied. But till the expiring years of the Middle Ages the Bible was imprisoned in the original languages, or in the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, or in Latin versions of both the Old Testament and the New, and copies could not be multiplied except slowly and laboriously. Even if they had been multiplied a millionfold, what would have been their value to poor starving and struggling mortals who could not read? Directly, then, the Bible could not promote Symbolism; though indirectly it no doubt herein was an impulse and an inspiration.

There were two other—two inexhaustible—fountains of the Symbolical. Nothing ever dies: all things that apparently die are transformed into a higher life; so that death is ever the holiest glorification, the most valiant vindication of God. In Paganism or Polytheism the religious worth and the religious wealth were wholly in the symbols, in the allegories, in the personifications. Now, all these had in the Middle Ages a persistent, stimulating, suggestive existence in two shapes—in the treasures of Greek and Latin literature preserved in the monasteries, and in the indestructible superstitions of the peasant in his lonely hut, and of the shepherd far away on his lonely moor.

Furthermore, the Mythology of the Northern nations that subdued Rome was loaded and adorned with Symbolism of the rarest and richest order. That Mythology was transcended, as to quality and quantity, only by one other Mythology—the Mythology of India.

The profound religiousness of the Middle Ages, nourished by ancient symbols and evermore giving birth to new, was, as the very appetite for the symbolical proved, closely related to a most fecund imaginativeness. This is one chief reason why we are prone, even with the best intentions, to be unjust to the Middle Ages, which knew nothing of the frigid and pedantic reflectiveness whereby we attempt to appreciate them. The poorest of the poor—fed perchance on the husks which the swine disdained—shared the banquet prepared by Religion and Imagination; indeed, probably partook thereof with a keener relish than those more favoured by fortune. Hence, though the record of the torments and privations borne by the people in the Middle Ages may fall much below the truth, the people on the other

hand were heirs and possessors of the divinest blessings which can be allotted to human beings.

Egregious nonsense is talked on the subject of compensation. In a man's life there are really no compensations deserving the name, and he feels insulted when you talk to him about them. Still, that only is misery to a man which he feels to be misery—that only happiness which he feels to be happiness; though it may seem to us all exceedingly absurd that certain things should make him miserable, or that certain things should make him happy. The worst of all bigotries is that which refuses to let a man be happy or miserable in his own way. While other bigotries decline, this bigotry rapidly and dangerously increases, and we are perpetually interfering with our neighbour in matters with which really we have nothing whatever to do. Let us believe that even the most unhappy in the Middle Ages, if they had pangs of their own, had also raptures of their own, and that though we are never rent by such pangs, we can never taste of such raptures.

It was one of the most singular characteristics of the Middle Ages, that while Nature—like man himself till regenerated—was viewed as accursed, Nature as visible and invisible life had never been so aboundingly and passionately felt. Men flung their wrath at Nature, then clasped Nature yearningly and burningly to their bosom. The more anyone retired from commune with his fellows, the more good and evil spirits haunted his thoughts and his movements. To the Polytheists of Greece and Rome, Nature was alive; but instead of cursing Nature they were the idolators of Nature—saw in Nature nothing but what was beneficent and beautiful; and every tree, every fountain, every natural object—great or small—had a protecting divinity. In the Middle Ages men were flung wildly into the opposite extreme. Besides being taught that Nature was blasted by the anger of God, they saw around them—they saw in their own heart—Satan and his legions of angels, and malignant imps did, in the way of mischief or wickedness, what the more formidable devils deemed it beneath them to do.

Elements, also, of the gloomiest kind had been derived from the Northern mythologies, and demons of the North joined demons of the East to augment the awful sum of diabolical agencies.

Moreover, much of the conquering force of Christianity came from the Solitaires of the Desert, principally the Solitaires of Egypt. Saint Athanasius, who did more than all the other Greek and Roman fathers together to create and consolidate the orthodox creed, nourished his best of vigour and valour from contact with the Soli-

taires of the Desert. Now, the Solitaires of the Desert, though sustained and succoured by Angels of Light, were continually tormented and tempted by the Angels of Darkness. As these Solitaires of the Desert were the holiest of men, and were revered as such by the people, what so logical as to conclude that if one Angel of Darkness tormented and tempted a saint, a hundred must torment and tempt a sinner?

Finally, we have to take into account the hideous chaos, the insane excesses, the unbridled ferocities, the matchless calamities, the incessant wars of the Middle Ages; toward the end of the tenth century, for example, there was such a climax of despair, and horror, and pain, that there was a universal belief in the approaching end of the world.

It is an amusement to some idle folks in our own day to prophesy the end of the world when there has been a railway accident or a fall in the Funds. Surely these idle folks have never read the history of the Middle Ages—the history of pestilences and famines, such as, till the advent of the Middle Ages, our earth had never known—such as, let us devoutly pray to the God of Mercy, our earth may never know again. We have been so much in the habit of gazing with gratified eye and self-satisfied smile at the Middle Ages as a panorama, that we forget to weep over them as a tragedy. But we no less forget to discern the consolation and the comedy that mingle with the tragedy as in a drama of Shakespeare.

In truth, we fix our attention too much on the political revolutions and the military evolutions. Now, would the ablest, the most vivid chronicler of the Crimean War teach us aught of the character, conduct, condition, manners, customs, and so on, of the English people during the continuance of that war? We should learn more, much more, from a single copy of a newspaper of the period. Richard Cobden was ridiculed for saying that more might be gained by perusing the London *Times* than from perusing the great work of Thucydides. In a certain sense, Cobden was right, for the *Times* is a transcript, a photograph of actual existence, and from that transcript, that photograph, we are led to pregnant and profitable meditation on what is deepest in the nation's life. Historians are more in the habit now than they once were of delineating the ideas, the feelings, the actions of the people, as the people, in addition to parading pompously the movement of troops and the downfall of dynasties. They do not say, as Voltaire often said, that certain things are beneath the dignity of history. But they might go much further in practical condemnation of Voltaire's preposterous doctrine,

for it is exactly those things which are supposed to be beneath the dignity of history that we want to know.

The Crusades were the grand, the memorable episode in the Middle Ages; an episode extending from about the middle of the eleventh century to the middle of the thirteenth. Now, take away those two hundred years, and you despoil the Middle Ages of more than half of their interest and their import. Yet the popular enthusiasm that rolled Europe on Asia would never have been so ardent or so organic, but for the dread of spiritual, or, rather, of diabolical influences which leavened and tortured earth, air, ocean, and, above all, the human soul. There was love of God, love of Christ, love of the Virgin, love of the Saints—unutterable longing to see, to kiss, to clasp the Holy Sepulchre where the crucified Saviour had rested. But infinitely stronger, as a motive, was the fear of Satan and of Satan's ministers. Not inaccurately the Middle Ages might be described as a long duel with the Devil, and the Devil had often the best of it. Every mode of expelling the Devil and the Devils being fruitless, there was, as the only remaining remedy, the hot and headlong onrush of countless men on the Saracens, as the allies, as the manifestations in the flesh of evil spirits. One of the names given to Satan was a corrupted form of the word Mahomet. The Saracens, it is true, were quite as valiant as the Crusaders, and far before them in knowledge, courtesy, and culture. This superiority was accepted by the Crusaders as proof, if proof were needed, that the Saracens were the Devil's friends and servants, for, clever himself, the Devil naturally chose the cleverest persons he could find as his instruments.

It may seem to degrade the Crusades to regard them as essentially a fashion of exorcism; it may seem to slander the Middle Ages to delineate them as more possessed by the idea of diabolical possession than by any other idea. Here, and now, however, we have simply to ascertain what history testifies, what philosophy determines, and listen as little as we can to our prejudices and prepossessions. Assuredly, then, the Middle Ages must be a blank to us, unless we master the central, the colossal phantasy pervading and enslaving them—repulsive as that phantasy may be to our modern refinements.

The growth of the Monastic system, of the Papal Power, of Feudalism, had the shadow and the shape of the Devil on it, though numerous social influences might intervene.

Was not exorcising chief among the powers and privileges of the monks? And by living in common, were not the monks able, as they believed, to present a more compact and concentrated force,

either for assault or for resistance, in their warfare with him who was both loathed and feared as the enemy of God and man?

Many things hastened the progress and established the strength of the Pope's authority. On ceasing to be the centre of political and military sway, Rome naturally became the centre of spiritual empire. The old genius for governing and organising remained, and it was intensified, not impaired, by the ecclesiastical character it assumed. In Italy, the ancient civilisation never quite perished—the ancient institutions were never radically overthrown; and Rome was, from its monuments and memories, the stronghold of that civilisation. Is it not certain too that the Popes were regarded by the most patriotic Italians as the champions of Italian freedom and independence? You have an instance in our own days of a Pope who was so greeted by Italian patriots. But, revered as the Popes might be, for these and other reasons, they would not, whether accepted as vicegerents of Deity or not, have climbed to such invincible supremacy unless there had been a lively faith that they could disarm or let loose diabolical vengeance. If grandly they could exorcise, grandly also they could anathematise, deliver from Devils, or doom to the hands of Devils. It is often wondered why the strong warriors of the Middle Ages—even the mightiest Emperors themselves—trembled like the basest cowards before the Papal ban. By, however, being given over to Satan, they were objects of abhorrence to universal Christendom, and the very leper, who himself was shunned, shrank from them as spiritual lepers.

And what was the castle on the crag, where the feudal lord held dominion? It frowned, to be sure, defiance to his earthly foes, but to him and to his retainers it was an asylum from infernal adversaries. Far down in the woods the demons had their haunts, but nothing more dangerous than a ghost could venture up to towers that proudly soared above forest and river.

As years wore on, and when something which we in these days should call enligtenment began to spread, the fear, the ferocity, the downright madness connected with diabolical possession enormously increased instead of gradually diminishing. One of the most atrocious crimes in all history, the condemnation of the Templars to death by fire, was justified by its perpetrator, the French King, through the pretence that the Templars had entered into a league with Satan—were sorcerers most execrable.

What armed the Inquisition with such fatal, and, we may say, such fatuous omnipotence? The charge of heresy, or the suspicion of heresy, could not of itself have done much. But what did heresy,

either as a charge or a suspicion, mean? It meant a contagion and a pestilence of Devilry; it meant legions of Devils contaminating, conquering, slaying—slaying with the unerring arrows of eternal damnation. There may be something most hateful in the Inquisition to us; and yet there was an epical sublimity in the idea on which its gigantic enginery of torment was erected. Man is not naturally cruel; there are deep fountains of tears in us all, which never flow, because we so seldom trust to spontaneous impulses. When we think that everyone who is hopelessly depraved has slept as a little harmless child on his mother's knee, we feel it difficult to hate him, or the vast host of evildoers to which he belongs. We are the creatures of our age whenever we cannot be the creators thereof. It is wholesomest to believe that though some of the Inquisitors were scoundrels, the most of them were convinced that they were performing a meritorious duty in trying to extinguish a perilous plague by purifying fire.

To the flames consuming heretics, flames consuming wizards and witches sent a ghastly reflection: and even after the advent of the Reformation—with which the Middle Ages substantially terminated, but which, alas! too frequently added the intolerance of one religion to the intolerance of another—the appetite for murdering wizards and witches grew fiercer and fiercer. Seven thousand, Michelet informs us, were burned at Trier, or Trèves, fifteen hundred at Bamberg, eight hundred at Würtzburg, five hundred in three months at Geneva, and at Toulouse so many that they cannot be reckoned. Wizards of eleven years old, witches not much older, were thrown into these horrible holocausts. The way in which wizards and witches were tormented, before being burned, as grossly outraged decency as it flagrantly sinned against justice and compassion.

Was it the wretches who sent up their despairing shrieks to Heaven, from the midst of the lurid smoke and the crackling blaze, whom their executioners dreaded and execrated? No; it was the Devil, and the Devils that had chosen those unfortunate bodies—those unfortunate hearts—as their abodes. Men are never made so base, so cowardly, or so merciless as when they hate certain things or certain persons much, but fear them more. The men of the Middle Ages detested the Devil and the Devils cordially, but the terror so infinitely transcended the detestation, and went on so swiftly and so insanely increasing, that all other motives were engulphed by the monstrous monomania. If those who burned the wizards and the witches had met the Devil and the Devils, they would have fled from them with boundless alarm. Indeed, whenever

they imagined they met them, legs were at once converted into wings. It was, therefore, a joy of joys to the idiotic poltroons to torture and to kill the wizards and the witches, as they could thus spite, as they thought, the Devil and the Devils—insult the powerful spirits they could not vitally strike and had not the courage to defy. As late as the last century, persons accused of witchcraft were burned: and as all our institutions, customs, habits, creeds, ideas, feelings, have still much of mediæval inspiration and impress, the burning of sorcerers and sorceresses is not excluded from the possibilities of the future.

The Middle Ages, harassed by so many positive evils, and crucified by visions of diabolical possession, would have been unendurable but for poetry, the eternal comforter. From the Witch, that ghastliest figment of the popular imagination, proceeded the Fairy, that beautiful being whose sphere of loveliest glory Shakespeare and other poets might embellish and enrich, yet who was, like the Witch, a popular creation. Surely, if the Middle Ages had bequeathed to us nothing but the Fairy, we should overlook their craziest follies, and pardon their manifold transgressions.

The Fairy, however, alone would not have been enough to gladden and console the men of the mediæval period. There was in the Middle Ages a sort of rough, unwieldy fun, an unbridled riot in the grotesque and the burlesque. At midnight gatherings in the forest—sometimes of hundreds, and sometimes of thousands—the people invented and practised the wildest amusements, which were seldom free from peril and guilt; just as, before the late Secession war in America, the negroes of the South travelled vast distances at night to indulge together, by the light of the moon or of the pine torch, in the most extravagant jollities. The parallel goes further—for, as, in the Middle Ages, Satan had his foes, he had also his friends, and at the midnight assemblages his friends paid him a species of homage, as to a champion and avenger. Thus, also, the negroes varied the barbarous nocturnal comedy with the abject adoration of idols, which, by their ugliness, betrayed their African origin.

The people of the Middle Ages found, however, other entertainments for themselves, which involved no danger or crime. They prepared and performed rude dramas, which were the forerunners of dramatic literature in all modern nations. Those dramas were sacred tragi-comedies — were farces with a seasoning of devotion. The subjects were generally scriptural; the theatre was—for the most part—the church; and the clergy, so far from disapproving, were often the principal actors. The people did not love their theological faith

less from seeing it so strangely travestied, or from joining in the mockery of its holiest dogmas and most solemn rites; and the clergy were perhaps all the abler to preach and pray from having had their fill of laughter. None have such a keen sense of the ludicrous as profoundly religious souls, just because they alone feel those awful social or human contrasts in which the idea of the ludicrous originates. The two gravest nations of Europe—the English and the Spanish—have the richest treasures of humour, and surpass all nations besides in the abundance and the excellence of their comic productions. Precisely, then, because Religion to the Middle Ages was a very serious thing, and the more serious from the prevailing misery, were the people inclined and impelled to caricature its creeds and to parody its ceremonies.

In the Middle Ages there was more a union of classes and more a severance of classes than among ourselves; this was one of their most signal peculiarities. Hence it is so difficult to study the Middle Ages—to form a definite conception of them—to get to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth respecting them.

There was an intimate union of classes, because Religion, which, from its very name, is the strongest of bonds, enveloped all classes in a common enthusiasm; and because Philosophy—for there was Philosophy, and a very remarkable and often very deep Philosophy—was the interpreter, the ally, and the defender of Faith. Throughout the Middle Ages there were no sceptics; at least, there was no active or aggressive scepticism. Men might be indifferentists, or Epicureans, or mountebanks, or shrewd political calculators; but they were all loyal to Faith in one fashion or another. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the Middle Ages were passing away, it was from being too faithful to Faith as Art that Pope Leo the Tenth hastened the Reformation.

Two of the greatest men of the Middle Ages—the Emperors Frederick the First and Frederick the Second, belonging to the Hohenstaufen family and the Suabian dynasty—were distinguished as statesmen; distinguished as warriors; distinguished, above all, for a thorough comprehension of the spirit and wants of their time. They took part in the Crusades; and Frederick the First was drowned when, as the leader of a Crusade, on his way through Asia to the Holy Land. To both the Fredericks, Crusading was a somewhat unwelcome task. But are we to say that these two men, because they countenanced the Crusades mainly from political ambition or political necessity, were hypocrites? They were not hypocrites; for by sympathy, if not by conviction, they entered into the religious

aspirations and inspirations of their day. Oh, the joy of living in an age of Faith, when even the most apathetic or the most designing are carried away as by a whirlwind or a flood!

But if—through imagination, through religion, through symbolism, through a passionate plenitude of puissant vitalities—classes in the Middle Ages were sublimely fused into unity, they were by other causes tragically torn asunder. There was a common creed: there were, however, myriads of separate interests. Strong individualities trooped forth in hosts; but there were no nations, no nationalities. If anarchy was enchained for a moment, it was soon set loose again by irruptions of fresh barbarians, such as the Normans—by the incursions of Mongolian or the like Asiatic hordes, or by a swarm of disturbing elements at home. No man had a country, and they who yearned for a country had to seek a heavenly one.

The monk fled to his cell; and if he was a commonplace monk, he fulfilled the tasks allotted him, heedless of the chaos, the wretchedness, and the guilt beyond the walls of his habitation. If he was not a commonplace monk—if he panted for what was high and holy—so much the more was he inclined to isolate himself from the outward world.

What could the working clergy be but serfs, since from the hovel of the serf they had mainly come? In some respects they were more happy than the serf, in some more unhappy. Though the best of them might pity the serf, the bulk of them looked mainly to their own advantages as the members of a corporation—of an order.

From the titled ecclesiastics, only in rare instances could unselfishness and nobleness be expected. For, besides that they identified themselves with the powerful Papal Hierarchy, they were likewise often feudal lords—exercised a temporal as well as spiritual authority; and they differed from other feudal lords only in being more hard, cunning, and unscrupulous, if somewhat less violent.

The feudal princes were always plotting the ruin of each other or oppressing their vassals; the smaller feudal chieftains were robbers; Might was Right; and it was not the meek who inherited the earth.

At the end of the eighth century, an illustrious man filled the world with the fulmination of his renown. This was Charlemagne—that is, Carolus Magnus, or Charles the Great. Charlemagne reconstituted the Frankish Kingdom, and transformed it into a German Empire. He was on the best terms with the Papal Power, and on the last Christmas of the eighth century, Pope Leo the Third heralded

the advent of the ninth century by crowning Charlemagne at Rome as King of the Romans. Charlemagne dreamed of welding, by marriage, the Empire of the East to the Empire of the West, and if he had been able to do this, he would have been stronger than any Roman Emperor had ever been. It is remarkable that this first and mightiest of the German Emperors was the contemporary of Haroun-al-Raschid, or Haroun the Just—the mightiest of the Caliphs—of whom, and of Bagdad, his city, Arabic tales and legends have so much to say. With Haroun-al-Raschid—whom he survived only five years, Charlemagne entered into friendly relations. Some of Charlemagne's descendants had slender capacity for government, and the result was the existence, as a separate Monarchy, of France—so called from the Franks. But under various dynasties, and ultimately under the Habsburg Dynasty, there continued to be a German Empire, till, after the battle of Austerlitz, the grandfather of the present Emperor of Austria renounced the title and authority of Emperor of Germany, which for ten centuries had been familiar things to Europe. During the agitation in Germany which followed the February Revolution in France, the late King of Prussia was enthusiastically elected Emperor of Germany; but he had nothing of the heroic in him, and he rejected what would have given so much lustre and potency to Prussian ambition. To be a second Charlemagne as well as a second Cæsar, to found a new Empire of the West, was one of Napoleon's daring visions—a vision that could not be revived when the ice and the snow of Russia had become the sepulchre of his magnificent host.

In the Middle Ages, the Pope and the Emperor were the sole and most salutary representatives of order, and but for the Pope and Emperor there would have been no order at all. Unfortunately, they could seldom agree. If they had been able to agree, the unity which flowed from religion, and which drew classes together, would have been followed by a political and social unity. The Popes would, if they could, have degraded the Emperor into one of a hundred contending German Princes; and the Emperors would, if they could, have degraded the Pope into a Roman Bishop. For a long time, the Popes had, and could not fail to have, the superiority, from causes already indicated. None were so affluently endowed as the Popes, with the subtlety of the Italian genius; none had a finer tact in applying the maxims of ancient Rome, and even if they lost the sympathy of Italy, which they seldom did, they had the reverence of Christendom. Supposing the reverence of Christendom to be found wanting, they could send forth legions of terrors.

On the other hand, the Emperors were entirely dependent for strength on the principal Feudatories, who, even if they had been loyal, and this they seldom were, had always an important duty to perform—the duty of cutting their nearest neighbour's throat. It was a duty very seldom neglected. A tough business it was, if Feudatories were refractory or treacherous, to bring troops enough together to fight, or to gain a battle—and this, supposing you the Emperor were a better strategist than Napoleon, a more gifted captain than Hannibal.

We call our own age the most selfish of all ages, and a mean, shabby, contemptible age it is. Quite as selfish was the mediæval period, with this difference, however: while the selfishness of the Middle Ages was a selfishness of Fire, the selfishness of our own age is a selfishness of Frost, and though the Fire of passion is fierce and formidable, the Frost of apathy kills much more surely.

The saintly souls of the Middle Ages, an Elizabeth of Hungary, and many more, had an unexampled heavenliness, just because, in order to consecrate themselves wholly to charity, to humility, to prayer, and to God, they had to cleave their way through the thick darkness with swords of lightning and with wings of light. But those saintly souls, those miracles of sweetness and beauty excepted, all was selfishness, the coarsest, the hungriest selfishness, relieved by frequent gleams of magnanimity and pity. If, however, when everyone was selfish, when every class was selfish, the Emperors were also selfish, they, from their high position, and from the traditions and ideas they represented, seldom permitted their selfishness to be of a sordid character. Unless thwarted and baffled, as they continually were thwarted and baffled, by influences most numerous and most malign, they would have made a stable and honoured throne a guide, a bounty, a bulwark, and a gladness to communities panting for, yet never gaining, prosperity and peace. But reckless rivals, perfidious Feudatories, plotting Popes, jealous cities, the general chaos, labyrinths within labyrinths, abysses behind abysses, neutralised the noblest, most generous efforts of the Emperors, and the valiant task, eternally defeated, had eternally to be renewed.

The Church Catholic, or Universal, should have been, as its name implied, far more comprehensive and inclusive, both as a positive institution and a Divine principle, than any temporal Government. Torn by sects and schisms, however, undermined by heresies, weakened by worldly contamination, the Church Universal existed only in name; there was no longer any Church Universal except that Church Invisible of which Churches Visible are the imperfect embodiments.

Rather more than eight hundred years ago, the so-called *Catholic* or Universal Church was cloven in twain—the garment of Christ was rent afresh. There were now two self-styled Catholic Churches—the Greek Church Catholic and the Roman Church Catholic. But the Church of the East retained its primitive constitution; that is to say, a federative union between the individual Churches, supremacy not being accorded to any one Church in particular. This, and the freedom to marry conceded to the priests, formed and form essential differences between the Church of the East and the Church of the West. A Patriarch of Constantinople there was, there still is; and Constantinople, as the capital of the Greek Empire, was the metropolis of Oriental Christendom. Yet the Greek Church Catholic would have had a hapless lot when Constantinople was taken by the Turks, if it had not secured the adhesion of the most notable of the Sclavonic tribes, the Russians, whose power and whose very name are traced to a chieftain, Rurik, who lived a generation or two after the death of Charlemagne. The first translation of the Bible into a vulgar tongue, that by Bishop Ulfilas into the Gothic, appeared just fifteen hundred years since. Next in the order of time was the translation of the Bible into the Sclavonic, with which the Russian and other Sclavonic dialects have more or less affinity. It might have been expected that when the Church Universal was cleft into two parts, the Popes, as the heads only of Roman Christendom, would have been despoiled of their force and greatness. The severance, however, of the Church of the East from the Church of the West seemed to stimulate and strengthen the Papacy, exactly as the rise of Mahometanism had stimulated and strengthened Christianity. Not more than thirty years had elapsed from the memorable disruption, when the monk Hildebrand, the son of a carpenter, became Pope, under the name of Gregory the Seventh, and changed the Papacy into a real, an irresistible Theocracy. The period of this Theocracy's growth and incipient decline witnessed the growth and decline of interest in the Crusading expeditions.

Some persons have tried to find in antagonism the principle of Human Development. But antagonism only comes into play when a far nobler principle, that of analogy, is for a season exhausted. It is notable, at all events, that the Papal Theocracy and the Crusades marched together to victory, and sank from their blazing zenith together.

For an honest and cordial estimate of the Middle Ages, and for insight into the deplorable separation of classes, it is important for us to see that while no ages were so richly original, no ages were

ever more inclined to imitation. Ancient Rome was unrivalled as a military conqueror; it was quite as unrivalled as a lawgiver, and, in its reverence for law, modern England has a striking resemblance to ancient Rome. As the givers of laws, the German Emperors and the Roman Popes alike sought to excel. Hence a class—a special class, whose influence was considerable through the whole of the Middle Ages—the class of Legists: a class whose voice was seldom on the side of loving-kindness. And but for that Roman law, on which all European law is based, and which humanised like the Latin literature, the law of Christian nations, spite of the Christian doctrine of Love, would have been horribly merciless.

In other things, quite as important as legislation, the German Empire strove to be, and the Roman Papacy succeeded in being, the reproduction of Ancient Rome, that great and immortal teacher of political wisdom. Ancient Rome, as an Aristocratical City—the doer of marvellous deeds—merged into Rome the Imperial City. By the iron will, the indomitable purpose of Gregory the Seventh, Rome the Aristocratical City was converted into an Imperial City, as the spiritual ruler of Western Christendom, so that Gregory the Seventh might be called the Julius Cæsar of an Ecclesiastical Revolution, which, as in the case of the Revolution which overthrew the Roman Republic, had long been prepared. The Church of the West was doubtless, as has been maintained, constituted into an Episcopal Aristocracy after the fashion of the Feudal Aristocracy, with which it was at war, except when their interests were identical. But it was quite as much a revival of the old Roman Aristocracy. When, likewise—confronting and affronting the German Empire, which was shaken and shattered by the encroachments and turbulence of the great vassals—Gregory the Seventh aspired to transfigure the Church of the West into a Pontifical Monarchy, he simply copied the bold course which the first of the Cæsars had followed. With craft the subtlest, with resolution the most unbending, he availed himself of the agitations and calamities in the Empire, to deliver the Church from temporal control, or, rather, to make the mission and mandates of the Church supreme. He wished to reform the clergy, because he really was a reformer; but still more he wished to reform the clergy because only a reformed clergy could be a blind instrument in his hands, either for creation or destruction. As, in Ancient Rome, social and political order was ruined by the corruption and cupidity of the patricians; so, in Western Christendom, order of a more sacred kind was enfeebled by the worldly spirit, often by the downright wickedness of the Bishops. Who was to rebuke the Bishops, or to lead them

back to wiser, purer, nobler ways? How could the Bishops fear the censure or the anger of the priests, seeing that the priests were dependent in all things on their spiritual superiors? How could the Councils break the pride, brand the crimes of the Bishops, kindle shame, kindle repentance in their hearts, seeing that the Councils were simply the Bishops in congregation? And how could the Pope smite Bishops with more than reproaches, seeing that each of them, besides being shielded by his feudal environments, conspired with his brother prelates to defy the Pope? It was from the application of the principle of antagonism that redemption came. Matters were desperate: there was no hope: but it was from the very excess of the anarchy that the pontifical dictatorship of Gregory the Seventh arose. He did what Julius Cæsar did; he conquered the aristocracy by the help of the democracy. The lower clergy saw in Gregory a saviour, though he insisted on the strictest celibacy and the purest life. Envying the aristocratical Bishops for their wealth, and hating them for their oppressions, the poor priests were glad and eager to be led to the onslaught on those who had kept them in grievous bondage. The protection which Gregory the Seventh accorded to the secular clergy gained for him the sympathy and admiration of the people, or rather of the hordes of serfs who were the kinsmen of the secular clergy. Of the co-operation, the zealous devotedness of the regular clergy, he was no less assured; for they, in the mass, having a popular origin, had popular instincts, and seconded Gregory's daring designs, though when the enthusiasm was over, professional selfishness ensnared the secular clergy, and the regular clergy forgot that the people were their kinsmen. The secular clergy formed the main body of the Pope's army in his contest with episcopal arrogance and pollution, and with what needed to be strengthened instead of attacked and weakened, the legitimate and beneficial authority of the German Emperors. But the various monastic orders, magnificently organised, and nourished by diviner spiritual food than the secular clergy, formed the rear, the reserve of the huge pontifical host. The priests, the monks, who trooped forth in mighty multitudes to the spiritual battle, were the subjects of no king, were the citizens of no kingdom, were the slaves of Fate and of the Pope. Who were their commanders at whatever point they might be placed, or whatever duty might be allotted them? The heads of the monasteries, or such of the Bishops as had remained faithful amid the general degeneracy and defection. And who was the commander of the commanders? A man, the elevation of whose genius, the firmness of whose character, the energy of whose hiero-

cratical spirit, have been admired by those even who are no friends of the system which he did so much both to construct and to prolong. That Gregory the Seventh, as a true Italian who died four hundred years before Machiavelli was born, could be the most flexible, as he was the most pertinacious of men, is shown by the English history of the period. At the Castle of Canassa, he made the Emperor Henry the Fourth, in the depth of winter, kneel, garmented as a penitent and barefoot, three days on the snow before granting him absolution. But William the Conqueror was allowed to do infinitely more rebellious things, from the Papal point of view, than those for which the impetuous Henry the Fourth was placed under the ban.

What Gregory the Seventh had left unfinished at the end of the eleventh century, was completed and perfected at the beginning of the thirteenth, by Innocent the Third, a man whose birth was as noble as that of Gregory the Seventh was humble, and who had a larger, though certainly not a loftier, nature. Innocent the Third gave the Papacy an imperial splendour and sweep which Gregory the Seventh could not have given it. With a munificence which some of his successors transcended, Innocent claimed the right to bestow kingdoms on those who were willing to be obedient to him; his successors went a little farther, by bestowing continents.

During the Crusades, the various orders of knights had taken organic shape; from them, as the French word *chevalier* indicates, chivalry came, whose heroic and poetic significance let none of us undervalue; and let us not even undervalue heraldry, which is so closely connected with chivalry, though it is still more closely connected with the rich, and holy, and beautiful symbolism that makes the Middle Ages, for the student and the poet, a treasure of treasures. But the Knights, though they contributed unspeakably, while the worship of the Virgin contributed still more, to the idealisation of woman, and though they were the champions of the defenceless, yet deepened that feeling of caste for which the Middle Ages were more and more notable.

As if in contrast to the Aristocratic Knights, the Mendicant Orders had their birth, which, by their democratic attributes and tendencies, renewed the existence of Catholicism. It had another source of democratic renewal through Mysticism—of which the Book on the Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis, is the most celestial utterance. The philosophy of the Middle Ages, commonly known by the name of Scholasticism, was, in a certain sense, the voice of Reason; but it was much more—a beggarly imitation of the old and subtle Greek philosophies. The Mysticism of the Middle

Ages, however, sprang from the heart of the serf. So did the epical poetry—the Nibelungenlied, and the poetry relating to the Arthurian Cycle: so did the lyrical poetry, the poetry of the Troubadours and the Minnesingers.

What killed the Middle Ages and the Mediæval Spirit? The excess and then the exhaustion of the Imagination. Cold Reason came, and Universities came, and cities waxed fat and kicked, and gunpowder was invented, and a thousand other things were invented or discovered, including the compass, and printing, and a new world was revealed. And we have passed from the fourth act in the Drama of Human History into the fifth act of the Drama of Human History—that of Scientific Development—in which there is neither the deification of the individual nor the sanctification of the individual; nothing, in fact, but the stench and the classification of gases. Let us learn to appreciate the Middle Ages by being grandly imaginative and grandly religious, as they were: and if we cannot, like them, build magnificent cathedrals, let each of us, by heroism and holiness, build his soul into a Temple of Deity.

PROGRESS IN THE CHURCH.

By George Sexton.

When Mr. Connybeare first employed the term Broad Church as a description of a few latitudinarian clergymen in the Church of England, no one dreamed that it would ultimately become so generally accepted a term, nor that those designated by it would numerically increase to such an extent as to be recognised in a few years as a great power in the Establishment. The High and Low Church parties were alone known before this time. One of these was generally supposed to be fast merging into Roman Catholicism, and the other into Dissent. The former, then called Puseyites—the idea being that they were disciples of Dr. Pusey—or sometimes Tractarians, from the famous "Tracts for the Times" issued at Oxford, have now approximated still nearer to Popery in their Ritualistic services, and in the gaudy robes with which they decorate themselves during worship. And the latter now, as then, preach extempore sermons; advocate the doctrines of salvation by faith, spiritual conversion by the grace of God, &c.; and in other ways resemble closely the so-called Evangelical Nonconformists. These two parties have, as a matter of course, ever been in violent opposition, each looking upon the other as a chosen instrument of Satan for the promulgation of damnable heresies and the

destruction of the Church of Christ. The Broad Church party comprised, when first so designated, simply a few clergymen who, looking upon the whole affair of Ritualism on the one hand, and faith and grace on the other, as insignificant when compared with the great principles of love and human duty, preached what were termed good moral sermons, but entirely destitute of the saving truths of the Gospel, and with a very strong tinge of Rationalism in them. These have increased so rapidly in number within the last few years, and come to include within their party so many of the most influential men in the Establishment, that they have now become a great power in the Church, and one which is hereafter likely to influence her destinies very considerably. The Church of England must be looked upon as being now in a transition state. The present is a critical moment for her. She must either advance with the age, or be swept away as so much useless lumber, no longer capable of serving mankind. With the Ritualists and their mummeries and fooleries, playing at Popery before God Almighty, as though he could be pleased with the mere acting of religious rites—and such acting as would not be tolerated by an intelligent audience in a regular theatre—and bowings, and genuflections, and millinery, and robes of all the colours of the rainbow, and wooden crosses and images, and processions of adult men resembling charity-school boys going to a funeral, and such wretched worn-out tricks, the world at large has no sympathy. These belong to a past age, and are out of place amidst the civilisation and science and advancing education of to-day. Popery itself feels that it is out of harmony with the progress and enlightenment that is taking place around us, and therefore losing its influence over the minds of men; yet it has antiquity, and a history, and *prestige* to recommend it, whilst this sham gingerbread thing called Ritualism has nothing but its hollow pretensions and idle mockeries to bring itself into notice. We may pass it by, therefore, without further discussion of its claims. Of the Evangelical party in the Church, little need be said. It breathes the old Puritan spirit of zeal, with the like Puritan intolerance. It assumes a superiority of a pharisaical character, which is ill compatible with the humility that forms the stock-in-trade of its pulpits. Low Church clergy and Low Church hearers look upon themselves as the elect of heaven, and in their hearts thank God that they are not as other men. They are hard-crusted on the outside, and what little goodness there may be in their hearts is completely hidden by a thick outer covering of sanctimonious demeanour. They have little sympathy with human weaknesses, less with human faults, and none with human errors. *Humanum est errare* they hold to be

true enough of the unregenerate, but in no way applicable to the believer; whilst the addition of the poet, that "to forgive is divine," they look upon as so essentially true that they leave such mercy to be shown by God, but will have nought to do with it themselves. They are somewhat numerous in the Church, as orthodox Dissenters are outside, but can only comprehend a certain order of mind. In their conduct they are, as a rule, moral; but there is a stiffness about them that makes them disagreeable to those with whom they come into contact. They are fearfully deficient of sympathy and kindness —two qualities most of all needed in the Reformer.

The Broad Church party is every day becoming more numerous and more influential. It clings to one truth of all the most essential: the inherent goodness—or at least sinlessness—of human nature. It subjugates revelation of the past to man's conscience in the present, and holds that goodness and virtue are higher words than faith and grace. "Love is the fulfilling of the law" it looks upon as a divine truth, not because an apostle said it, but because it is in keeping with the teachings of God's inspiration in the soul of man. The Broad Church clergy by no means display that uniformity of belief to be met with in the High or Low divisions, simply because they hold this to be to a great extent non-essential. Creeds and dogmas may, they maintain, serve a useful purpose, but cannot form the basis of salvation, or stand, in the eyes of God, before noble deeds and generous actions. Hence we should class in this division such men as the late Dr. Rowland Williams and Professor Maurice; the late Baden Powell and Professor Kingsley; Dean Stanley and Bishops Colenso and Temple—men in whose writings will be found a great difference of opinion, but an agreement on the great principles of toleration and freedom to think. Mr. Voysey is no longer in the Church, and therefore cannot be classed with the party. He has much more freedom where he is, and is likely to do a vast amount of good; but we are dealing here simply with the Broad Church party in the Establishment. Many years since Mr. Maurice was deprived of his professorship at King's College for doubting the monstrous doctrine of eternal torment, a dogma in which all the intelligent men of this age have lost faith. This was really the commencement of the recognition of the division in the Church, since called Broad. Later, there came into the field the outspoken authors of "Essays and Reviews;" and still more recently have been published the ponderous but valuable volumes of Bishop Colenso.

No one who knows anything of the modes of thought prevalent at the present time, amongst the more thinking classes of the com-

munity, and the advancing tendency of religious opinion, can for a moment doubt that the Broad Church party—as it is termed—is destined hereafter to occupy a most conspicuous position amongst the religious teachers of the age. In the Church or out of it, these men will become a great power in the country. Should the narrow-minded and dogmatic Evangelicals, or the shallow-brained Ritualists, or both combined, succeed in expelling many more, as they have done Mr. Voysey, then the Church is doomed. She will not only lose her influence, but what will perhaps be considered of far greater importance to many of those who read her liturgy every Sunday—her revenues and endowments. A clergyman of some position wrote the following not very poetic lines:—

"The good old Church of England!
She alone hath power to teach;
'Tis presumption in Dissenters
When they begin to preach.
You may take away her church,
You may take her lands away;
But she will be the true Church,
And base intruders they."

It is very doubtful, however, whether very many of those who now boast of her as the true Church would not lose some of their faith in her pretensions were her temporal endowments taken away and her lands appropriated to other purposes.

The only hope for the Church of England is, to open the doors of her ministry to talented men of all shades of thought—men who can teach God's truth from the outpourings of their own souls, regardless of sacred books of the past, or stereotyped creeds framed in a dark and benighted age—men with great hearts and lofty aspirations—men who will tell the truth as it appears to them, and will not lie "even for the glory of God."

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A Dramatic Sketch.—By Victor Douglas.

Old Jeremy *and* Sternmore.

Old J. An old, old man, sir—nearly ninety years
Since I was born. 'Tis time for me to go.
Stern. Ah! nearly twice my years.

OLD J. And there's a mystery—a mystery,
I must confess—a something on my mind.
You know, sir, that my master—(Jeremy
Ne'er had a kinder master than he was)—
Married a widow forty years ago—
Himself advanced in life—and had a child.
You are a lawyer, Mr. Sternmore?
STERN. Yes;
I practise in the Common Pleas.
OLD J. 'Tis well.
My master died—a rather sudden death—
Soon after he was married; just about
The time that child was born.
STERN. I recollect,
Though faintly, when he died.
OLD J. His widow, sir,
Was still a handsome lady.
STERN. Yes; I know
She married a third husband.
OLD J. There it is!
I like not a third husband.
STERN. Yes; a man
Of iron, and a distant relative
Of mine was he;—a very clever man!
A skilled physician—so astute and grave!
A serious man to talk to. I disliked,
Almost abhorred him, Jeremy.
OLD J. That's strange!
A generous gentleman; and he had wit.
So I became the gardener.—You say,
"Almost abhorred." Ah! was it truly so?—
He also died; and I was near his bed
When he was raving awfully!
STERN. I've heard
He suffered agonies.
OLD J. Yes, that he did.
And I must tell you all—I must—I must.
I cannot keep it now—it matters not.
He was a lover of that lady, sir,
Before her second husband's death!
STERN. What else?
You pause—you shake!
OLD J. To hear him rave! Good Lord!
To see his ghastly face—the lurid eye
Rolling in frenzy; to behold him thus
Was almost, I declare, to see a hell!
Such raving! And such words!

STERN. Some deed—some crime
Black as the sepulchre.
OLD J. I'll tell you all.
My lady, trembling in a fit of fear,
Asked me to sit with him, and went away.
He told me that such agony as that
Should be reserved for murderers alone.
I did not answer him; and I was struck
With a great terror, sir, as if a dream
Of torture had benumbed all faculties.
Yet I had been a soldier, as you know,
And served in Spain. Oh, it was terrible!
"Good Jeremy!" he cried, "I cannot die!
I am not old—I'm hardly forty yet!
Why should I die? I *will* not! Jeremy,
Do you believe in God—or in a hell?
I have committed murder—it is true!
I murdered that poor man! Eternity
Is staring me so blankly in the face."
His very words. "I loved her."
STERN. What! the man
To whom he owed so much?
OLD J. E'en so, e'en so!
He, the physician, poisoned him!
STERN. And then
Married that woman!
OLD J. Yes, the faithless wife—
For she confessed her criminality.
She came again, and sank upon her knees,
And prayed, and groaned. I fear she knew it all.
They had been married then so many years
(It must have been a dozen), and her face
Had lost its beauty. She was nearly old,
As women are ere fifty, and her eye
Was haggard—and her lips were very pale!
I see her now; and on her knees she cried
In piteous accents, wailing, sobbing, sir:
"Oh, don't betray us, Jeremy, old friend!
You will be silent?"
STERN. Heaven forgive us all!
OLD J. And then she lost her reason!
STERN. There it was!
She ne'er recovered?
OLD J. No—for twenty years
She was a maniac, sir.
STERN. An awful doom.
OLD J. I saw her often.

STERN. Do you, then, suspect
She did incite the murderer?
OLD J. God knows;
He hinted half as much.
STERN. And then he died
In stony wretchedness?
OLD J. So long ago!
I never can forget; but I believe
He loved the woman passionately! Oh,
She was so beautiful; her loveliness
Seemed half to dazzle sense!
STERN. The murdering wretch!
OLD J. A blessed thing the little baby died,
Whether 'twas his or not!
STERN. And she is gone unpunished!
OLD J. Say you so?
Unpunished! What! a maniac?
STERN. Yes, the law
Required a victim.
OLD J. But consider all
That maniacs suffer!
STERN. Why, some noble souls
Are stricken thus, old man!
OLD J. I grant that true!
She never smiled, as lunatics sometimes
Are seen to smile, and even in her sleep
Uttered those awful moans!
STERN. Yet surely death
By the excruciating pain of hands
Fell as her own she merited?
OLD J. The hand
Of God was on her, sir!
STERN. That's very true.
The example—*that* was wanting!
OLD J. Pardon me!
That life in death was darker!
STERN. Twenty years
A Bedlamite!
OLD J. And I have wept for her.
I knew her in her childhood, and I loved
Her pretty face, you see; and, sir—a word
I never whispered to a soul before—
A word that seems ridiculous, perhaps,
In one so poor and ignorant as I—
Never but her I loved! I loved her, sir,
Ah! as a star—an angel!
STERN. Strange! But lost.

OLD J. God knows, I say again!
STERN. Yes, lost for aye!
OLD J. I wonder, being ignorant I feel,
If *anything* is lost—so lost, you know,
It never can be found by any skill?
Think of the treasures of the deep!
STERN. They lie
In darkness, man, *for ever!*
OLD J. But the waves
Above are pure, so very pure and sweet!
The angels are so pitiful, and He
Who made the angels—
STERN. Judges all!
OLD J. Not so!
"The Father judges no man!"
STERN. You believe
The worst may yet be saved?
OLD J. God made them, sir!
That is the argument; and He foreknew!
I loved her! Oh the pity! oh the pain!

(*Scene closes.*)

A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

By EDITH HERAUD.

"OH that mine enemy had written a book!" exclaimed Job, in his agony. "Oh that mine enemy had been an actor!" he might have ejaculated with equal force and as much devotion. Few amongst the numerous spectators congregated before the curtain are acquainted with the manifold evils which beset an actor in his toilsome, upward career. Beyond the mysterious region of the footlights all is unknown, and fabulous as the Valhalla of the Scandinavian deities. Into this mysterious region I am about to introduce the reader.

I had early imbibed a *penchant* for the stage, and, having obtained the consent of my family, determined to adopt it as a profession. With some difficulty I obtained an engagement in a small country theatre, and thither proceeded on the morning of the day, the night of which was to be signalised by the event of my *début*, to be duly instructed in some of the technicalities of my art.

The stage-manager received me with studied coldness, and informed me, quite as a matter of course, and with the most superb indifference imaginable, that, according to stipulation, I was to play the part of Hamlet that night, and enact the characters of Claude

Melnotte, and Charles Surface in the "School for Scandal," on the following evening.

Incredible announcement! I started back in amazement. Claude Melnotte and Charles Surface! Those arduous parts were not included in my *repertoire*, and how was I to accomplish the study of two such prominent characters by seven o'clock the succeeding night? Problem difficult of solution. I proposed it to the stage-manager, who opened his eyes, and stared at me with a look of unmistakable astonishment, exclaiming, as he did so, "A juvenile leading gentleman, and not studied Claude Melnotte and Charles Surface? It can't be! Preposterous notion, sir—quite preposterous!"

"But, sir, I never have."

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense, sir—nonsense! Everybody knows Claude Melnotte and Charles Surface; no one has to study them—positively no one, sir!"

"But, sir, I have."

"Then you oughtn't to have to, sir—you oughtn't to have to. What does a manager engage you for, I should like to know? Not studied Claude Melnotte and Charles Surface? Bless my soul!"

Amazed and bewildered by the magnitude of the task set before me, I sought for sympathy and consolation from the several members of the company. "Never studied Claude Melnotte and Charles Surface?" said one. "How remarkable!" chimed in a second. "Upon my word, quite incredible!" exclaimed a third. "Poor young gentleman!" compassionately ejaculated a fourth. Perceiving an eccentric-looking individual sitting cross-legged upon a form in the green-room, I went up to him, and poured into his listening ear the story of the burden thrust upon me. "Could you study them?" I ejaculated, by way of final appeal to the apparently undisturbed equanimity of my cross-legged listener.

"I study them!" said the eccentric-looking individual, who, by-the-by, was no less a personage than the principal "heavy man" of the theatre. "My dear young sir, I have been upon the stage exactly twenty years, and I have never studied a single character during that whole extended period of my theatrical career."

"Never studied a single character? What did you do, then?"

"Gagged them."

"Gagged them?"

"You don't understand the signification of the term, perhaps. Gagging means conveying the author's fancies in your own diction, saying whatever comes uppermost in your mind at the moment, presupposing, of course, that it is appropriate to the situation."

"But I can't gag Claude Melnotte and Charles Surface."

The principal "heavy man" gazed up in my face with a broad grin.

"You'll have to if you play them to-morrow night, for the foul fiend himself could never hammer the voluminous text into your bewildered brains."

What success crowned my efforts in the portrayal of the character of "Hamlet" that evening I cannot say; my mind was too intent upon the next night's serious ordeal to take much note of passing events. I may mention, however, that the audience was of too limited a number to admit of any positive demonstration, either of approval or disapproval. After the performance I went to the prompter, and solicited of him the parts of Claude Melnotte and Charles Surface, being anxious to depart at once to my lodgings, and set to work in earnest at the study of those two difficult assumptions.

"We have no parts, sir," said the prompter; "but here are the plays themselves. Be good enough to copy out your portion of the dialogue, and return them to me in the morning."

"Copy out my portion of the dialogue!" I exclaimed, looking aghast at the prompter. "Copy out the parts of Claude Melnotte and Charles Surface! Why, it's a feat that will take me the whole night to accomplish. Consider the length of the characters."

"Can't help it, sir," said the prompter; "it's a rule of the theatre. Ladies and gentlemen always copy out their own parts; be kind enough to do so, and return me the books in the morning."

Here was a multiplication of difficulties. This was an addition of labour to labour, a piling of Pelion upon Ossa with a vengeance. Behold me, then, gentle reader, sitting up the whole livelong night transcribing the characters of Claude Melnotte and Charles Surface. Behold me scratching away with my blunt-edged pen, piling up sheets and sheets of manuscript, and ever and anon calling upon the shades of David Garrick, Edmund Kean, and John Kemble, who had doubtless in life gone through a like purgatorial passage, to assist me in my enterprise.

I went to the theatre the next morning with aching eyes and a fluttering heart. How I was to get through the performance of the evening, so inadequately acquainted with the text of the characters I had to impersonate, was a problem I dared not contemplate. I resigned the books to the prompter, and commenced the rehearsal. To my intense satisfaction I found myself coupled with a partner in affliction. Miss Heritage, upon whom, as "leading lady," devolved the task of impersonating the gay and sparkling Lady Teazle, was also defective in her knowledge of the text, and heroically kept her

eyes fixed upon the open page of the book during the whole of the morning's rehearsal; not that she manifested any concern at this deficiency—quite the contrary. She was an "old stager," and never for a moment allowed a doubt of the evening's successful representation to disturb the equilibrium of her thoughts.

The night arrived. The "School for Scandal" was the first on the list of entertainments. The curtain drew up; I made my appearance before the footlights, and stammered forth some incoherent sentences, which might well have puzzled the shade of the renowned Sheridan himself to construe into any intelligible meaning. The play proceeded. Lady Teazle appeared upon the scene, carrying in her hand a large fan, which she held spread perpendicularly before her, obscuring, with its huge proportions, the expressive play of her supple features. But lo! wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles! the imperfect Lady Teazle of the morning's rehearsal has become, by some mysterious process, the letter-perfect Lady Teazle of the night's performance. "What a swallow she must have!" I mentally ejaculated. "Words must be as nothing to her—as easily imbibed as the air from heaven." As I gazed and marvelled, I became conscious of something peculiar, some little theatrical jugglery, taking place inside the fan. In the first place it was never closed, or allowed to dangle backwards and forwards by a ribbon suspended from the arm of the possessor, as is customary with ladies. There it was, held spread out perpendicularly before her, her eyes peering at it with a persistency and constancy that intimated the existence of something special, if not enigmatical, connected with it. What could it be? As I gazed, the light of knowledge gleamed upon my ignorance, and I became aware that the sympathetic fan contained in its capacious bosom the complete transcript of the text of the elaborately drawn character of Lady Teazle. I speak the truth, as I have a soul to forfeit! I utter no fable, by the shades of all the departed "celebrities" that once were living actors! This fair impersonator of one of Sheridan's renowned heroines had first taken a manuscript copy of her part and afterwards sewn it together, and pasted it deliberately on the interior of her fan, and was now, unsuspected by the audience, coolly turning over the leaves and uttering the dialogue from the transcribed version, with a smartness and volubility that might have excited the admiration of the united audiences of the British empire.

During the whole of that miserable night, while struggling through the text of my arduous characters, I cursed the one-sided conventionalities of society, which had not extended to gentlemen the privilege of using fans.

Then followed weeks and weeks of accumulated study. Parts, parts, parts! perpetually parts! Parts at home, parts abroad; parts in my pocket; parts in my drawers; parts glaring up at me, with rueful, wistful countenances, from every hole and corner of my lodgings; parts mingling with my dreams, and confusing my perceptions in the broad, open daylight; parts growing with my growth and strengthening with my strength. Sitting down to my meals with a fork in one hand, with which I conveyed the morsels to my mouth, and in the other a part, on the open leaf of which my eyes were fixed with a bewildered, fascinated stare. Anon feeling hazed and dizzy, and resorting to exercise in the open air, still with a written part in my hand, my eyes concentrated on it, and all the little boys and girls following and hooting in my path. Going to bed, three hours after midnight, with a part stuck under my pillow, as though its close proximity to my brain would impress the words miraculously upon it while I slept. Parts for ever; nothing but parts! Parts in the morning, parts in the noontide, parts in the evening; parts on the week-days, parts on the Sabbath! Not the blessed respite of an hour. Where did they come from? That was the mystery. I mean those huge manuscript plays, which had never passed the ordeal of the printing press, written in the most abominable Queen's English, full of startling situations, hairbreadth escapes, regicide, homicide, and fratricidal combats, which turned up at the most inconvenient periods, appearing no one knew how, and disappearing no one cared where. Where *did* they all come from? Such an inexhaustible stock, too—apparently never having had a beginning, and certainly not, within the range of my experience, having arrived at the dignity of an ending. It was suggested to me by several of my brethren in affliction that they had been dug up from the tombs of all the actors that had flourished from the days of the mighty Roscius down to the middle of the nineteenth century. But who were their authors?—why had they been entombed?—and at what period had they been dug up and readmitted to the light?—were questions upon which they preserved a stoical indifference. The fact was apparent—there they were, and, what was worse, they had to be studied. It was useless appealing to the manager. He would exclaim, in a tone of indignation, when addressed upon the subject, "Don't talk to me, sir! It's a dead swindle, sir! A juvenile leading gentleman should be up in all these parts."

Up in them! up in parts and pieces which had been dug up from the tombs of long-departed Thespians, and which were supposed to have been concocted in the nether world, and afterwards despatched

to this "stage" of earth as instruments of Purgatorial torture to be inflicted evermore on living artists! What a preposterous idea—an idea on whose altar we are sacrificed! Yes, we poor actors, shorn of all redress, might then, and may still, lift up our voices in wailing lamentation, and exclaim, in the language of the "inky-cloaked" Prince of Denmark, "Oh, words! words!! words!!!"

ORGANIC PHILOSOPHY.

By William Hitchman, M.D., LL.D.

"For *every* thought, sense, or emotion, a definite molecular condition is set up in Brain."—Professor Tyndall.

That Mind is not "*invariably*" dependent upon a molecular condition of brain is, at least, partly shown in the facts of Pathology. Visceral or digestive organs, spleen, liver, uterus, lungs, stomach, heart, are *exclusively* the seat of disease in lunatics—when no anatomical change has ever been exhibited in the cerebral organisation by any variety of mankind—in a scientific point of view; it is surely reasonable therefore to *infer*—because the knowledge of Professor Tyndall himself, *quoad* the Anatomy of the Intellect, is but an "inference"—that the source of the mental functions or passions of the human soul, in some essential measure, may likewise exist in *those* organs. Experiments on animals prove that even sudden lesion of one entire hemisphere does not produce total loss of intelligence or complete stupor—that, in point of fact, these effects do not follow until both are removed, and we know that the medulla oblongata, and its prolongations in the brain, are not proportionally larger in man than in any other animal; injury of the medulla oblongata, however, is equally fatal to *all*, whereas injury to the cerebral hemispheres gives rise to very slight disturbance of the mental functions in the class of reptiles, &c., whose living actions are frequently carried on after decapitation. Again, in whatever way the generation of Mind be effected in man and animals, the *mental* principle cannot be confined to the molecules of the brain, but must be equally contained in parts which are far distant from the cerebral organisation, and is really separable from the human body, as mind in a latent state, as well as an immaterial new individual. At all events, I submit that the whole molecular organisation of brain must be specially *created* in this germ before the mental principle can become free, and the ideas, thoughts, and will of man, or animals, be manifested to the world—in other words,

though the *mode* of mental action is largely determined by the modification of structure and physiological condition of each cerebral organ, it appears to me certain that the spiritual essence of man and the latent mental force of the animal kingdom are respectively independent of all changes in the *molecular* constitution of the brain itself, when viewed from the standpoint of Physical Science—if so, Materialistic Tyndallism is untrue.

The direction of the natural axis of the body in the most manlike animal is horizontal; that of the wildest and most ancient man ever discovered is vertical. Much has been said of late also about the physical *identity*, or otherwise, of Men and Apes, in regard especially to Mind and Brain. An examination of the Human Cranium anthropologically, and each Simian skull, shows conclusively, when the latter is compared to that of the lowest Tasmanian, for example, that the Anthropoid Mammal possesses, the world over, a prolongation of the vertebral column or facial appendage, which is contracted laterally, posteriorly, superiorly, and contracted, moreover, by powerful muscles which contrast strongly with those of the skull of Intellectual Man, that is, the genus Homo—with intelligence either cultivated or degraded—the highest Caucasian, or the lowest Negro. The concave face and retreating chin, without beard, produce a tendency to Prognathism—in a word, a muzzle which contrasts, I think, decisively with the least-developed savage. The eye is not placed below the cerebral organ, and its axis is not horizontal, but directed outwards and downwards. The inter-orbital septum is narrow, and the nose flattened. Without dwelling upon the distinguished characteristics of Apes, the superior maxillary bone, supra-orbital crests, the hair, canine tooth—symbols of bestiality—or noticing in particular the persistence of the inter-maxillary bone and sutures; without staying to discuss the differential characters derived from the teeth in general, the *internal* configuration of the cranium, the structure of the abdominal viscera, vascular system, nails, or penal bone—suffice it to remark that, at present, Man cannot be derived, scientifically, in respect of Anatomy or Intellect, from the Anthropoid Ape, differing as does the latter so essentially, whether viewed anatomically, physiologically, or historically, nay, pre-historically, not only by a persistent and inexorable mental and physical degradation, but by a striking *contrast* in almost every portion of his bodily and mental structure. If we go back to the long-distant unhistorical ages, and examine the same creature in the Miocene epoch of Geological Science, we find him then, as now, exhibiting precisely the same Anatomy, or Craniology of Intellect, the mandible, the bones of the

extremities, and other physical phenomena being equally observable as in existing species, A.D. 1871. The conclusion, therefore, seems to me inevitable, that the functions of Protoplasm are not mere properties of its molecular constitution, and that in Man and Ape there *is* a different initial term in the productive series of Life and Mind—that the latter is a co-ordinated temporary organism of psychical and physical forces, and that the former is a being more richly endowed, because destined for a spiritual Eternity. Emphatically, if Animal Organism *alone* transform heat into vital force, vital into nervous, and nervous into mental, why is not the Mind of an Anthropoid Mammal equal to that of an Aztec or Bosjesman—Speech included?

Having practised the minute dissection of Brains in Human and Comparative Anatomy, and studied the external protuberances of Crania for a long series of years, it appears to me after all—more particularly from severe injuries of the head I have recently attended, in which enormous quantities of cerebral matter have exuded through comminuted compound fractures, intelligence remaining—that the whole question of localisation of mental faculties, and its relation to Philosophy and Pathology, must yet be revised by FREELIGHT!

Whether primeval Man made his organic appearance 6,000 or 60,000 years ago on the planet Earth or the planet Jupiter, his physical characteristics of brain and intellect are of no use to us now, except for present improvement of ourselves. I do not include the future of Science, because it is not in our hands, and, what is more, no one knows whether it ever will be, as regards human nature on *this* globe: therefore, viewed anthropologically, to me the last man is of incomparably more scientific importance than the first beast; and I am also of opinion that men will hardly commit more sin than they are doing when their blind eyes are at length opened by the potent touchstone called Anthropology. To take one only of countless examples:—Diseased Moral Idiots are perpetrating sad havoc among the various races of men each day of the world's history, at home and abroad, and that too often as wicked commercial speculation; whilst, poor indeed, anatomically and intellectually, with and without marriage licences, they never cease to propagate their species, without hindrance or compunction, in the form of miserably syphilitic, scrofulous, epileptic, and insane brains; in short, gross ignorance of the true science of Man is, in this and many other preventible ways, the fiendish author of almost all the incurable ills, as they are termed, that incessantly belong to our common humanity. As so many ephemeral panaceas have been vainly propounded from age to age,

and which experimental observation has fully proved to be neither more nor less than quack poisons, I venture to think, with Mr. Charles Bray, that the fertile and healthful field of Anthropology should now be resorted to by the public at large, if only as a place of "relative importance," for the safe and certain promotion of their own welfare, no matter whether they regard themselves, politically or socially, as high or low, rich or poor, the governing or the governed—Republican, or believers in the virtue, without vice, of hereditary "Majesty."

Illustrations of valuable knowledge abound in this fascinating study of Organic Philosophy, or man's true place in nature. Anthropoid Apes have similar structures, but of different signification. The huge crests of T. Gorilla are natural; in the genus Homo they are unnatural, constituting synostosis, or deformation of the skull, whether belonging to historic or unhistoric races of men, and may be thus explained:—Whenever ossification of the coronal suture arrests the development of the frontal region, the human brain is directed backwards, whilst the frontal sinuses and supraciliary ridges are abnormally increased; in fact, ossification of the coronal and sagittal sutures, whilst the lambdoidal remains open, produces elongation of the calvarium—in a word, dolicho-cephalism, as amply illustrated in the Craniological Museum of Dr. Barnard Davis, and elsewhere. Again, the volume of the brain, in its relation to the cavity which contains it, undergoes momentous changes at the different periods of life, and when the middle period arrives, the cerebral organ begins a course of shrinking, even to atrophy. Meanwhile, the intellect is often more vigorous. In the science of Anthropology, emphatically, we must not conform to the scientific opinions of exclusive and intolerant observers, however justly their names may be distinguished in other branches of physics, but to the inexorability of truth alone, ever remembering that eternal forces, laws, and principles are now clothed with transient beauty and variable grandeur, whether found in the spiritual, mental, or physical condition of man; and that if the Britons in Cæsar's time painted their bodies, and dressed themselves with the skins of beasts, the Englishmen of Victoria's reign may learn an important lesson, whether opposed to diversity of origin or diversity of kind, believers in the modern transmutation hypothesis or not, that Anthropology, like History, may repeat itself in cycles, showing, as it already does, to what a height the Caucasian differences themselves may rise, and, scarcely less, to what a depth they may fall.

To recapitulate. In the initial process of phenomenal evolution, revealed to us by the splendid discoveries of Organic Science, we

cannot but observe, in the *free light* of catholic, impartial inquiry, that there is, and must be, the Primal Cause, or potential factor of Supreme Will, in which and of which chemico-physical forces are but molecular means to the Divine end. Possessed of free light, each unbiassed truthseeker shall hereafter be privileged to deal with psychic phenomena, altogether transcending those of mere animal existence, as those of organic life transcend those of Chemistry and material attractions, or as the natural laws of chemical affinity, in their turn, rise superior to others in the department of Mechanical Philosophy. On a *primâ facie* view, for example, of the scientific relations of Brain and Mind, the resemblance between the genus Homo and the Anthropoid Mammalia is extremely close: *inter alia*, Chimpanzee, by cranial and dental structure; the Orang, by its details of cerebral organisation; Gorilla, by anatomical and physiological conformation of upper and lower extremities, and the like. Nevertheless, as we advance in the study of Organic Nature, we find that, quite independently of the vast difference that exists between them, universally, in attitude, gestures, movements, profuse clothing of hair, and facial diagnosis which relegates the most human-looking Ape, at once and for ever, to the fixed, inexorable brute creation, or Animal Kingdom proper, there are other positive and negative characters which pertain to the Science of Ourselves, and, as it were, Zoology in common. Each animal, being duly considered, is fundamentally co-ordinated with an exclusive sphere of natural action; whereas Man, the organic outcome from the same Causation, as regards mere physical basis of Life and Mind, is himself adequate to the analysis of his *own* Sensations, Emotions, Passions, Will, Choice, and Character, and their present connection with protoplasmic matter, as well as Absolute Totality—spiritually, mentally, physically. Combining together physiological and psychological studies in the wide domain—Natural History of Man—with a view to their advancement by reciprocal illustration, we find Organic Philosophy has an interest, or magic charm, peculiarly its own. Mental actions, so to speak, are the vital actions of living germinal matter, but not the exclusive product, as affirmed by Dr. Tyndall, of "a molecular condition of brain"!

Animals low in the scale of organisation, as Planaria, Polypi, and Annelida—for instance, the Naïdes and Nereides—propagate their species by spontaneous division, and, moreover, each portion of such animal may be divided and subdivided over and over again; meanwhile continuing to evince a separate will and *special* desires, and that, too, be it remembered, without any definite molecular condition

of brain at all. Cells themselves are only protoplasm, yet differ materially in a scientific sense, as may be judged from the fact that some contain glycogen, some cholesterine; others are endowed with protagon, myosin, &c. The atomic composition of organic principles may be enumerated as follows:—Starch, C 12, H 10, O 10; gum, C 12, H 11, O 11; sugar from the sugar-cane, C 12, H 11, O 11; sugar of milk, C 12, H 12, O 12; sugar of grapes, C 12, H 14, O 14; thus showing that they all consist of carbon and the elements of water, but in different proportions; and the juices of vegetable nutriments of animal bodies contain only *three* nitrogenised substances—viz., Fibrine, Albumen, and Caseine—precisely identical, too, in their natural composition and properties with the Fibrine, Albumen, and Caseine derived from each organic structure of the Animal Kingdom, whose fleshly soul, like that of Man himself, is molecularly constituted of C 48, H 36, N 6, O 14. Withal, such is the everlasting phasis of organic matter, that even sugar, to go no farther in this direction, the crystallisable substance most extensively distributed in organised nature, may be at once changed by Nitric Acid into a deadly irritant *poison*, whose action on the human stomach, heart, and nervous system is so fatal in its influence, that, unless immediately removed from the body by means of the stomach-pump, the unfortunate recipient—whether Monarch or Mendicant—will be speedily converted into Water, Carbonic Acid, and Ammonia. Again falling back, by way of conclusion, upon the higher departments of Organic Philosophy, and with entire independence, as it appears to me, of the vexed question whether the *different* Brains of Mankind derive their material origin from one primordial germ or several primordial germs, I have seen in the Negro race *exalted* aberrations, in form of talent allied to genius, flying off, as it were, at a tangent from the general organic type, like unto distinguished Europeans themselves. Individuals, moreover, of the Caucasian variety, kind, or degree have hair as crisp and woolly as that of "God's image, though carved in ebony." The Negro conformation of both head and face likewise occurs amongst true Europeans. Besides the ordinary oval form of the human cranium, may be found in each large town, at home and abroad, skulls of purest elongated and quadrangular forms—examples, in truth, of close sporadic approximation to the special Æthiopian and Mongolian types. We know, too, that the capacity of the cerebral cavity of the cranium is often exactly *the same* in different kinds or races of men, how vastly different soever the mere external forms of skulls may be—osteologically. And, what is more, as a matter of medical observation or surgical experience, this alleged molecular

origin and physical identity of brain and mind is altogether untrue, as belonging exclusively to the attraction of cohesion and chemical affinity. The deathless spirit of man is not unfrequently awake—nay, active—within its own nature, amidst suppurative disorganisation, and, it may be, putrid decomposition of hemispherical ganglia, sensory and motor. I assert, therefore, that Mental Science proves, by these very immaterial operations, that *all* thought, sense, and emotion—yea, every fact of human self-consciousness—are *not* "invariably" dependent for spiritual existence on the physical phenomena of organised cerebral fatty matter. Were "the things of the spirit" ordained otherwise, how could we explain, scientifically or rationally, the magneto-spiritual sense of vision, by virtue of which have been seen clearly the minutest details of our common humanity in time and space, even when distant more than 3,000 miles, as now proved demonstratively by photologic relations? Verily, these are matters of highest and profoundest import, and mightily concern the best interests of all mankind—alike the white, intellectual Caucasian, with large cranial cavity and small face, the jet-black African, the red man of America, the yellow Mongolian, the brown South Sea Islander, the gigantic Patagonian, the dwarfish Laplander, or finest Grecian forms of rarest beauty and most exquisite proportion, as well as fairest colour, whose peripheric sensibility, arising from the peculiar conformation of outward integument and tactile papillæ, are the physical equivalents of the sense *géométrique;* and, scarcely less, the flat nose, thick lips, retreating forehead, and advancing jaws of the "Sydney Bulldog." Surely, such foretaste of future spiritual life and love cannot prove false to the yearning aspirations of each anxious inquirer after another and a better world.

Res rebus quantum distant! Things molecular, I say as parting words, are but the preliminary steps from Matter to Spirit: they may condition *it* for the temporary purposes or passing materiality of this our planet from a genetic standpoint; but it conditions *them*, teleologically. Yes, thus serenely does Spiritual Philosophy now look upon the furious storms yet gathering in the gloomy horizon of *ex parte* physical or materialistic science and its causative fragments of meteoric stones, as sole origin and destiny of mankind, and cannot be shaken; and serenely she *will* look, as a heaven-born angel of purest free light—nay, calmer and calmer, as looked Schiller on death, when, swan-like in dying, he sang his last song:—

"Ruhig und ruhiger. Vieles wird klar und verständlich!"

[NOTE.—In a recent course of Lectures on Intellectual Philosophy, I have sought to prove that *a substance* of Matter cannot logically or philo-

sophically exist, by or through itself, efficiently, *ab initio*, or, as such molecular results, in cerebral or nervous organisation—psychically, for the purposes of their kindred material earth, and analogous forms of animal or vegetable organism. *E.G.*, Particles of ANY given mass, or molecule, are united by laws—called Attraction, Repulsion, Cohesion, Gravitation, &c. However great, therefore, may be EXTENSION, change in existing equilibrium may be adequately effected by superior force, whether power reside for us in aggregated planets or an isolable atom incapable of further division. Substance has no formative existence above and beyond the spiritual and *material* operations of God's supreme will to finite man. Brain itself has no essential reference to mental nature, or to the maintenance of animal life, and nothing *is* to the individual Ego, except by virtue of individuality of consciousness, either in idea, sensation, or emotion, action or movement, thought or deed, externally, internally, subjectively or objectively—in short, whether held to be Noumenal or Phenomenal.—W. H.]

THE AGE OF MAN.

By Miss Eyton.

It must not be supposed from the title of this paper that we are at present in a position to define, with any degree of exactness, the precise duration of man's existence upon the earth. The time has not yet arrived for such exact definitions, and though they have sometimes been attempted, those who have most deeply studied the evidence which we possess on this point will most cautiously refrain from limiting it to any number of years whatever.

But although we cannot fix the date of man's first appearance, we can do more than this. We can examine into the conditions under which he formerly lived, and observe how widely they differed from those of the present time; we can trace his domestic habits and mode of life; we can even, feeling our way as amid the tortuous windings of some subterranean labyrinth, follow him to his original birthplace, and point, with a very high degree of probability, to the ancestry from which he sprang. We propose to accomplish this, in the first place, by a brief examination of the evidence afforded by philology and history, and, in the second, of that opened to us by the science of geology.

The indefatigable and successful researches of the late Baron

Bunsen among the early historical monuments of Egypt and Western Asia, as well as into the languages and religions of antiquity, have placed him amongst the highest authorities upon this species of evidence. His opinion was that the human race could not have required less than twenty thousand years to reach its present stage of development.*

The study of Philology, or the science of language, takes us back into very early times in human history. The first principle of this science is that without speech there is no reason; without reason, no speech. Words are the symbols which intelligent beings make use of to express their inner consciousness, more especially when it developes itself in its highest form—the consciousness of God. And herein lies the immense, the incalculable difference between man in his rudest condition and the inferior orders of being. No other animal in a wild state was ever known to make conscious use of symbols. Domestic animals do indeed exhibit slight approaches to it, as when the dog begs for his food or points game, thus indicating certain dormant capabilities which, as a dog, he cannot further develope. Still less do any of the lower animals exhibit that consciousness of a Superior Being, invisible and intangible, yet omnipotent and omnipresent, which expresses itself in external acts of adoration, and which seems to be one of the attributes inherent in human nature.

Professor Max Müller has shown us that there are three progressive stages in the development of language. First, the radical or elementary stage, which consists in the utterance of simple monosyllabic sounds, each sound standing for an idea. This represents, so far as we know, the earliest gradation after the meaningless cries of the animal had been exchanged for the intelligent utterances of the man; to it belong the Negro and allied dialects. Secondly, the agglutinative stage, in which the monosyllables are joined together to express a combination of ideas. Languages of this class are spoken by the Mongolian race, including the Chinese and Malays. Thirdly, the inflectional stage, so called because language now becomes, for the first time, susceptible of regular grammatical inflections. This stage of development has been reached by nearly all the tongues now spoken in Europe and Western Asia.

It is further known, and dwelt upon both by Bunsen and Max Müller, that in very early historic times, previous to either Grecian or Jewish nationality, there existed in Bactrian Asia, not far from

* Letter to Agricola, 1855. *See "Life of Bunsen."*

the spot pointed out by both Aryan and Semitic tradition as the cradle of our race, a people speaking an inflectional language (Sanskrit) containing expressions which indicate a considerable amount of civilisation; whose religious consciousness expressed itself in myths, some of them both true and beautiful, being founded on an intelligent observation of natural phenomena, combined with a reverent and lofty tone of mind; whose ideas of cosmogony were little, if at all, less advanced than those which until recently were current among us; and who possessed a wealth of religious poetry which in loftiness of aspiration and beauty of metaphor has perhaps hardly been surpassed.

Thus we find that, at the very commencement of the historic era, language had already, in Western Asia, passed through the radical and the agglutinative into the inflectional stage. Now these early Aryan people were the progenitors of the whole Indo-European race. A band of wanderers, crossing the Himalayan chain, established themselves in India under the name of Brahmans. Then they colonised Greece, and from thence spread over Southern Europe, driving the old Mongolian population westward into Spain, where, under the name of Iberians, they existed in the time of the Romans. Another Aryan tribe, known as the Celts, or Kelts, migrated into Northern Europe, and must have been in possession of the British Isles for a long period anterior to the Roman occupation. These Celts are considered to be the lowest branch of the Indo-European stock; indeed, they show some traces of admixture with the older Iberian race. Highly emotional and impulsive, they are amenable in a very low degree to the dictates of reason; yet, at the time of the Roman empire, they were by no means the savage tribe they have been sometimes represented. They seem to have attained their highest point of development during the few centuries immediately following the Christian era. At that time the schools of Ireland were famous throughout Europe, and they have bequeathed to us an abundant and beautiful literature, which shows that, notwithstanding their long separation from the parent stock, and the toils and difficulties attending the transit and settlement of an infant colony in a country peopled by enemies, they had been able to originate a civilisation, and to cultivate literary and scholastic tastes among themselves, very far in advance of those of their ancestors, and to do this must have required a long lapse of time from the period of their first possession.

Although we have no living or philological remains of a pre-Celtic race in Britain (except the before-mentioned obscure traces

among the Celts themselves), we find the lineal representatives of the ancient Mongolians in Hungary and in the Basque Provinces, the latter of which localities is inhabited by a remnant of the old Iberian population. The Laplanders also, or Ischudic race, are usually classed as an extreme type of Mongols, formed by the circumstances under which they live.

There seems little doubt, therefore, from the evidence of philology and ethnology, that previous to the migrations of the Indo-European tribes, Europe was inhabited by a race akin to those which are now found in Eastern Asia, who, having, we may suppose, attained the highest degree of development of which they were capable, were driven westward, and have all but disappeared before the advance of the superior race, just as, on a smaller scale, the Celts have since retired westward and decreased numerically before the Teutons; and, taking into account the analogies of the case, we are fairly entitled to conclude, even without any further evidence, that the Mongols were preceded by a still older race, with fewer capabilities, speaking in disconnected monosyllables, and worshipping, probably, the powers of Nature, incomprehensible to them, under the form of capricious or maleficent fetishes, who must be propitiated by any means, however revolting; all traces of which race, living or philological, have been swept entirely away.

Thus ends the first part of our subject. We now turn to a still older period, the pre-historic, and to a totally different class of evidence, that of geology, which sets before us as an incontrovertible fact, at least to an unprejudiced mind, what, without it, we could only regard as in the highest degree probable.

THE WISDOM OF THE UNIVERSE.

By Richard Bedingfield.

"*Angel.*—Eternal Father, you are doing what is not right, and you will cover yourself with shame. Your much-beloved Son is dead."—Goethe's Prologue to "Faust."

Free as Freelight is, there might be some hesitation whether it would be expedient to quote the whole of the passage from the "Prologue in Heaven." Of course, to Orthodoxy it is blasphemy. A poet once said to the present writer that he *liked* blasphemy, for it proved the blasphemer was in earnest. However, as a matter of taste and of good feeling, a reverential thinker would not care to

outrage all the convictions of sincere men, who have as much right to their principles as the Rationalist has to deny them. The wisdom of the universe is deep. "It is the glory of God to conceal" from us, at present, the profoundest things of nature. The devout Pantheist recognises the divine light of Providence in mystery. The absurd negation of spirit so common with freethinkers—the atrocious folly of the Materialist when he denies a "soul in nature," can only be paralleled by the horrible superstition of a hell and a Devil. The Annihilist and the Hell-believer are the true enemies of humanity. The honest heart rejects the mockery of the one with indignation, and, convinced of universal Fatherhood above us, dismisses with contempt and horror the negation of goodness that consigns myriads of souls to perdition.

"Your much-beloved Son is dead," says the angel; and God the Father replies, "Devil take me if I knew it!" Perhaps there is no utterance more impious than this; and yet, probing the magnificent poet's soul, one is willing to acquit Goethe of any mere sarcasm on the point of the paternity of God. The beloved Son of God *can't* die. "He is not dead, but sleepeth," is applicable to the universal Christ. Humanity is still in the tomb. The Redeemer has *not* risen. He will *never* rise in a corruptible body. A splendid allegory is that of the crucifixion of the great Prophet. In the *spirit* it should be adopted with all the fervour of devotion.

In the "Divine Drama of History and Civilisation" the sagacious author says: "We have compared the line of civilisation to a magnet; we may now regard it as a ladder let down from heaven to earth, beginning with a spiritual power *in nubibus*, and ending with a temporal on *terra firma*. The ancients, and even the Jews, had gross corporeal notions of Deity. The moderns have rejected them. In this respect the moderns are more spiritual. The ancients ascribed all unintelligible phenomena to spiritual agency; we to material agency. In this respect we are less spiritual. And this is the general characteristic of the moderns in comparison with the ancients, that the material world is better understood and more assiduously cultivated; and although in the use of means to attain our ends we use less violence, yet we use that reason which makes use of natural laws to the total rejection of all superstitious auxiliaries. Hence the end of the movement is better represented by *terra firma* than by clouds."

Mysticism excites a smile on the scientific face. The metaphysician and the poet, however, cannot dispense with mystery. The mere mystic will always remain *in nubibus;* but the philosopher wil.

utilise the clouds, and derive from them nutriment and growth. No great thinker can utterly ignore Revelation. The Germans, with all their profundity, accept it. No one can believe for an instant that a thinker like Hegel could endorse the ordinary theological views; but men of Hegel's order—men like Kant, Fichte, Lessing, Emerson, Browning, &c.—are now the true exponents of spiritual thought. It is a matter for surprise that Mr. Browning's wonderful poem, "A Death in the Desert," has excited comparatively little attention. It is one of the finest poems, perhaps, in the English or in any language. Apart from its poetical merit, it contains a new and a sublime theology. The Universalist cannot but regard the work with astonishment and delight. The old St. John is made to say—

"Is not God now i' the world His power first made?
Is not His love at issue still with sin,
Closed with, and cast, and conquer'd, crucified
Visibly when a wrong is done on earth?
Love, wrong, and pain, what see I else around?
Yea, and the Resurrection and Uprise
To the right hand of the throne, what is it beside,
When such truth, breaking bounds, o'erfloods my soul,
And, as I saw the sin and death, even so
See I the need yet transciency of both,
The good and glory consummated thence?
I saw the Power; I see the Love, once weak,
Resume the Power, and in this word 'I see;'
But ye, the children, His beloved ones too,
Ye need as I should use an optic-glass
I wondered at erewhile, somewhere i' the world;
It had been given a crafty smith to make;
A tube he turned on objects brought too close,
Lying confusedly insubordinate
For the unassisted eye to master once;
Look through his tube, at distance now they lay,
Become succinct, distinct, so small, so clear!
Just thus, ye needs must apprehend what truth
I see, reduced to plain historic fact,
Diminished into clearness, proved a point
And far away; ye would withdraw your sense
From out eternity, strain it upon time,
Then stand before that fact, that Life and Death,
Stay there at gaze, till it dispart, dispread,
As though a star should open out, all sides,
And grow the world on you, as it is my world."

Genius like that of Beethoven, Hegel, and Browning is of the future. All high genius, perhaps, is in a measure mystical. The

Idealists, of course, are mystical to realistic minds. The giant transcendental thought—

"IMAGINATION BODIES FORTH THE FORMS OF THINGS,"

will never be grasped by a mere Realist. If the visible things of God are in themselves a mystery and a marvel, how could we believe, as the Seer intimated, if we were told of "heavenly things?" Swedenborg thought *he* could reveal the mystery of the Infinite; but I think few would care to enter into the Swedenborgian heaven. A thinker recently remarked to the present writer (perhaps rather hyperbolically) that he would rather go to hell than read what Swedenborg said about it. Indeed, most profound thinkers consider Swedenborg, in many of his theological views, childish and absurd. Christ told of earthly things, and he was not believed. The wisdom of the universe had not dawned on the human mind in those remote days. The voice of the prophet was high in the air, and the world mocked at him. He struck the deep chords of a divine harp to Æolian music. It comes to us now sometimes like a wail or a dirge; but the suggestion is of the Infinite. Hence the marvellous power and the miracle of Christianity. *Spiritually* true, literally false, Christianity transcends the grasp alike of believer and of unbeliever. A Hegel or a Browning interprets to the instructed mind these utterances of Sibylline truth. We should do well to ponder these words at the conclusion of the great poem to which allusion has been made:—

"'Believe ye will not see him any more
About the world, with his divine regard,
For all was as I say, and now the man
Lies as he lay once, breast to breast with God.'
[Cerinthus read and mused; one added this:—]
'If Christ, as thou affirmest, be of men,
Mere man, the first and best, but nothing more,
Account Him, for reward of what He was,
Now and for ever wretchedest of all.
For see, Himself conceived of life as love—
Conceived of love as what must enter in,
Fill up, make one with His each soul He loved;
Thus much for man's joy, all men's joy for Him.
Well, He is gone, thou sayest, to fit reward.
But by this time are many souls set free,
And very many still retained alive;
Nay, should His coming be delayed awhile—
Say ten years longer (twelve years, some compute)—
See if, for every finger of thy hands,
There be not found, that day the world shall end,

Hundreds of souls, each holding by Christ's word
That He will grow incorporate with all,
With me as Pamphylax, with him as John,
Groom for each bride. Can a mere man do this?
Yet Christ saith, this He lived and died to do.
Call Christ, then, the illimitable God
Or lost.'
"*But 'twas Cerinthus that is lost.*"

Such are the meditations of our century. Thackeray once said he thought that Browning was "a madman." How could *he* think otherwise, with his intense Realism? Browning is the Idealist of Idealists—the true Seer and Prophet of our day, arrayed in singing-robes all radiant with the glory of the Infinite. A great man—a giant; worthy, indeed, to rank with Plato, Goethe, Hegel, and the most colossal minds of poetry and thought. I question whether he is not the greatest Englishman alive. At any rate, he has written poetry and psychology of enormous power. Genius is elemental, and deals with the recondite problems of our being. It is true, there may be genius of a different order—such genius as Hogarth's and Thackeray's; but even this strips life of its outside garments, and reveals to us a fleshly verity. The Analyst will always dissect; and the mission of the great Synthesist is to prove a divinity, even in the mere forms of things* which it refuses to murder in order to dissect. Revelation is nearly all synthetical. Hence it is opposed by the majority of scientific men. When translated into the highest meaning, it will be found assuredly to verify what Hegel maintains, that it is the glory of Christianity that it is adapted to the meanest capacity (which confounds the letter with the spirit); but in its ultimate signification is of a spiritual depth and height that must demand the very highest powers of the cultured intellect.

The Sceptic may demand why God should not have made it all plain from the first. The answer is obvious: Why were not the truths of science (so sublime as they are) communicated to Aristotle and to Socrates? Because if Providence had done this, the aim of Nature would have been defeated. In this half-formed world, the mind of man and the external universe must grow together. The whole philosophy of Revelation is thus admirably expounded in the "Death in the Desert:"—

"Man must pass from old to new—
From vain to real—from mistake to fact—

---

* Wordsworth beautifully predicates that our meddling intellect "misshapes the beauteous forms of things," &c.

From what once seemed good to what now proves best.
How could man have progression otherwise?
Before the point was mooted, 'What is God?'
No savage man inquired, 'What am myself?'
Much less replied, 'First, last, and best of things.'
Man takes that title now if he believes
Might can exist with neither will nor love,
In God's case—what he names now Nature's law;
While in himself he recognises love
No less than might and will, and rightly takes.
Since if man prove the sole existent thing
Where these combine, whatever their degree,
However weak the might, or will, or love,
So they be found there—put in evidence—
He is as surely higher in the scale
Than any might with neither love nor will;
As life apparent in the poorest midge,
When the faint dust-speck flits, ye guess its wing
Is marvellous beyond dead Atlas' self;
I give such to the midge for resting-place.
Thus man proves best and highest—God, in fine;
And thus the victory leads but to defeat—
The gain to loss—best rise to the worst fall;
His life becomes impossible, which is death."

The poet then proceeds in one of the subtlest and profoundest theses possible:—

"Man knows partly, but conceives beside;
Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
And in this striving—this converting air
Into a solid he may grasp and use—
Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's, and not the beasts'. God is, they are;
Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be."

A splendid exposition of the "Higher Pantheism!" One more extract, viz.:—

"*Set to instruct himself by his past self;*
First, like the brute, obliged by facts to learn;
Next, as man may, obliged by his own mind,
Bent, habit, nature, knowledge turned to law.
God's gift was that man should conceive of truth,
And yearn to gain it, *snatching at mistake*
As midway help till he reach fact indeed.
The statuary ere he mould a shape
Boasts a like gift, the shape's idea, and next
The aspiration to produce the same;
*So taking clay,** he calls his shape thereout,

* An exquisite image; *most* suggestive.

Cries ever, 'Now I have the thing I see;'
Yet all the while goes changing what was wrought
From falsehood, like the truth, to truth itself."

This is the very spiritual history of religion. Religionists *are always wrong* while they eat the outside of the fruit. The tree of knowledge is *not* the tree of life. Knowledge will always lead us astray, until we grasp a philosophy full of the higher law. Grant this, O God, in thy good time! Grant that we may be able to acknowledge the perfection that lies beneath the imperfect, and, revering the High in man, do homage to Thee, the Highest!

THE TRUE PANTHEIST.*

"I, you, and God can comprehend each other."—PARACELSUS.

THE fatal error of all infidels and of all religionists is that the universe can be conceived otherwise than in its precise condition. That which *is* must be of God. "The powers that be are ordained of God." A mere truism. But the powers that are to *come* are ordained of God also.

The atheism of the human heart is very great. I can see it in almost every form of speech prevalent in society. I can see it in the prayers of the churches. Why pray for anything to a perfectly wise and good Being? God knows just what we want, and gives as much as he pleases. He is not "the mean and niggardly God" who bestows here and there according to caprice. He gives exactly what is best to every soul.

The Atheist says, "Nay, there are crippled souls, and starved and stunted humanities." The Religionist cries, "Lo! the work of the Devil." The Pantheist sees beauty in deformity—good in evil. "But my children starve, and my wages are infamous," vociferates the poor Infidel. "A God? Tush! Do not tell me of a God with no heart!" There it is! "Oh! but he *has* a heart," rejoins the believer of the vulgar type; "the poor will go to heaven; and think of Dives—he will be cast into hell-fire!"

Now this is an infamous reply: another instance of the "letter

* We are compelled slightly to abbreviate the paper sent by our correspondent, and we differ on some points with him; but in the main we concur with the thesis now presented.—ED.

that killeth." It is very shocking. Do I want the rich to be burnt for ever, and the poor to be for ever happy? If Christ said *that*, I am no Christian. But what if Dives be *Riches*—cast into hell—not a *man*, but a *thing*?

The true Pantheist loves the divine universe. In nature there is no interpolation. Everything is as it *should* be—subordinate to the purpose of universal good. Don't you agree with the universe? Do you choose to pray, and moan, and only call yourself a sinner (which, no doubt, you are); or do you prefer to growl, and curse, and call the Infinite a fool—a maniac? Away with these blasphemies, my brother! They are all mere blasphemies and negations! Away with prayers for the Impossible! Hold devout communion with the "OVERSOUL," and be thankful.

They all abuse the Pantheists. The infidel mocks at us, for we assert the universality of God. The bigot of the creeds calls the Pantheist an *Atheist*—for he really believes in Omniscience and in the continual operation of the infinite Life. No sectarian believer can for an instant comprehend how God can be against *his* little sect. Conceive Wesley, or, for that matter, Voltaire (a far superior man to Wesley), confronted with the truth that God fights on every side for ever! That is the great problem to all but the Universalist of the Pantheistic faith.

We live in an age, however, that cannot be content to sit down complacently with the old petrifactions of impossible negation. I meet every day with "Freethinkers" (save the mark!) who abuse the Bible, and call it "a fiendish book." They may just as well call it a fiendish world. Some of the Atheists do. Then, why are they not consistent? Why don't they refuse to propagate—to marry or be given in marriage? Any man who believes in eternal hell, or in annihilation, must be a monster to beget children.

A great book this vilified Bible, and Freethinkers will not produce anything as good while they remain negative and infidel. A grand universe also—even the material universe, which typifies a spiritual world, with God for its sun! Depend upon it, the universe is eternal, howbeit the earth may pass away. Probably, in a million of ages, this little globe will be fuel for the sun. Why not? We then shall all be glorified spirits, for we are God's—each atom soul a portion of Divinity. We are advancing to be as Christ—one with the Father!

The Christ of the Universe is Humanity without a single flaw. Of *this* Christ, Jesus of Nazareth is typical. A great prophetic Voice—neither more nor less. But I protest against that Unitarian view of the Christ which merges all in a frozen Theism. Creation is

meaningless if that negative Unitarianism be true. I accept the poetic sentiment—

"Then did the FORM expand, expand—
I knew Him through the dread disguise,
As the WHOLE GOD within his eyes
Embraced me."

This is the true Pantheism: "God in us, and we in God; the Infinite and the Finite—ONE." J. K. I.

Oct. 10 - P.

TWO SONNETS.

ASPIRATION.

"The darkness is so absolute," we cry,
Thus ever doth the Human droop and pine,
Denying the great stars that grandly shine,
And to the Infinite still testify.
No darkness *can* be absolute, thank God!
The blind can see while spirit is alive,
And at a goal beyond our sight arrive,
Though Sense is groping with its staff and rod.
There is no darkness to the inner breast;
There dwell the spirits we can aye evoke
To help us in our quest beyond that cloak
Which Death for mortals wears before we rest.
Death! What is death? Amid our pain and strife
It should be rather called the "Holy Life."

BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

And Time, the Shadow, clings to us until
We can outsoar all shadows, evil, gloom.
Time, the Anatomy! Go to! Illume
Thy being with new radiance! Take the WILL
Within the universe unto thy heart.
Yea, bow thy head, O Sophist! and depart
With icy formulas! we need them not.
Thou askest us to reason. Shall we rot?
Is that humility which owns but dust
For everlasting fellowship? Methinks
*This dust shall grow to spirit.** He who drinks
Of life's true water, drinks of love and trust.
I will be proud—in patience, hope, content.
God *gives* not here. E'en Heaven's own gold is lent.

B. R. V.

* "The spirit of the *worm* beneath the sod," &c.—SHELLEY.

MOTION AND LIGHT.

THE motion of the heavenly bodies is recorded to be of such magnitude, and their velocities of so diverse a character, that the imagination can scarcely apprehend the rate at which they move through space. At such incredible swiftness are some of these motions carried on that they do not seem easily capable of being referred to the operation of the more familiar natural laws that govern the Earth; but comprise within themselves an order of phenomena of which, apparently, very little is known.

One of the more curious properties of the heavenly bodies is that of their so-called revolution upon what is termed an axis, which may be compared to a rotation on an imaginary line traversing the diameter of the globe. The Earth is stated to accomplish this motion every twenty-four hours; it moves, in addition, around the Sun, at a distance from that luminary of ninety-five millions of miles, in the period of 365 days, or thereabouts, in the path called its orbit. It has been demonstrated, with apparent reason, that the orbit wherein the Earth travels is in the form of an ellipse; and that, in its progress from a minor towards the major axis of its elliptical path, its velocity diminishes, and increases again as it recedes from it.

The magnitude of the Sun so far exceeds that of the bodies by which it is encompassed, that Saturn, which is at a distance from it of nine hundred millions of miles, if it were physically connected to it by a beam of that longitude, could be easily suspended in equilibrium from a point within the Sun, and if a support were placed under the beam immediately outside the Sun, that luminary would still weigh Saturn down. The wonders of physical science do not rest here, however, for it is alleged that there are bodies in space whereto the Sun itself would hold a similar relation.

Apart from magnitude, however, the celestial bodies apparently possess several properties in common, of which motion and light may be more readily distinguished.

In the case of spherical bodies there is a continuous departure from any uniform standard of motion. "A solid body being turned round its centre, those parts of it which are nearest and those which are remotest from the centre complete their revolutions in one and the same time;" and, under such circumstances, motion is propagated nearly in the order of a concentrical curve.

Within that great concentrical curve afforded by the polar figure

of the Earth we must seek, notwithstanding the alleged combustion of the Sun, for all the gradations of temperature whereof we are sensible, as well as for our actual sensibility to temperature; for temperature is coincident with the curvilinear generation of motion—arriving at its maximum at the equator, where the motion of the Earth is greater, and disappearing towards the poles.

Of all the curious properties possessed by the planetary bodies, that of motion is at once the most common and inexplicable.

It has been well observed of the planetary bodies, that they do not show either aversion to motion or propensity to rest, but possess the power of continuing indifferently, either at rest or in motion, and of resisting, with a certain force, whatever endeavoured to change their state from the one to the other.

Light itself has been subjected to experimental analysis, whilst motion has been, as yet, in no way translated or satisfactorily explained.

To an examination of the properties of light, motion is considered so essentially related, however, that the source of light itself has at length been said to reside within the properties of motion.

The prismatic transmission or refraction of light, and its apparent dissolution into various forms of colour under this experiment, by no means afford that knowledge of light to which it is desirable to attain.

With regard to the results exhibited, we are reminded of what has been said of heat: that it is produced by the Sun's rays only when they act upon a calorific medium, and that they are the cause of the production of heat by uniting with the matter of fire.

Radiant heat is stated to be a condition little short of actual light, whatever the source of radiant heat itself. Therefrom it has been inferred that all bodies propagating light are in a state of ardent combustion.

In some recent investigations, it has been deduced that heat is founded upon motion, and it is altogether curious that the deduction should rest at such a point.

It is indisputable that the Sun's rays produce heat only when they act upon the calorific medium afforded by the Earth.

Light is, therefore, at least, a preceding incident of motion, and of which heat is engendered.

Modern researches into the constitution and features of near and remote planetary bodies are being conducted upon the assumption that light is resolvable into various colours, where a difficulty occurs analogous to that which arises in construing the relation which subsists between heat and motion.

It is of a nature to render questionable how far the conclusions now being derived from spectrum analysis, in regard to Astronomy, are reliable, if not finally to disprove the supposition that the Sun is in a state of declared conflagration.

So far from being sensible of intermittent gradations of light commensurate with the absorption of bodies into the Sun, in order to support a process of combustion, its power, on the contrary, seems so equably sustained that our only sensibility to its variation arises from the variations of the Earth's attitude towards it.

By whatever the Sun's power is replenished, it is clearly not by a process of the irregular absorption of other bodies, as represented.

Throughout the whole range of conditions unfavourable to life, not one could be found more inimical than where the products of combustion are capable of being put in action. Its products are, in short, inimical to the duration of combustion itself, and afford another illustration of that equalising effect wherewith Nature holds its more dangerous elements in subjection.

If the Sun were in that state of high combustion in which it is said to be, one of two conditions might fairly be apprehended; that is, its products would reach the Earth in a degree commensurate with the distribution of light, and, failing that, they would operate towards its extinction.

Few who have interested themselves in the general phenomena of life could remain insensible to the part that is gradually being claimed by that latest agent of Nature—Electricity. It is enrolled in the service of Mankind throughout all natural occurrences, and in occurrences, also, which are by some regarded as supernatural.

Employed, as it is, principally in the dissemination of intelligence, it has almost enabled us to arrive at a spiritual conception of the phenomena of Time and Space.

Its influence in the propagation of light is as unequivocal as it is, unhappily, obscure; but it is a subject which still enthrals the highest powers of the studious, and will doubtless become capable of clearer demonstration.

Meanwhile, even the fallacies of modern science may be presumed to have some utility, inasmuch as they keep alive, for some curious reason, a sense of perpetual danger from which man would in vain attempt to escape, and from which it is evident that there is no mere mortal refuge. They preserve, too, the momentum of a faith which might diminish by the mere lapse of time, and they increase it where it encounters resistance or forgetfulness. They serve to show, also,

that there is always about the world a history to which the "history of Nature" is itself subordinate, and over which we can obtain no physical mastery.

We view in pleasing wonder that Master faculty of Divine Providence which has founded the resemblance of celestial worlds upon more than one condition—which has communicated to them the same outline and the same properties of Motion and Light.

T. M. F.

A SOLILOQUY.

THE PANTHEIST IN PRISON.

A friend once said to me, I recollect,
That we shall only laugh, in very scorn,
At all the evils of our mortal state,
When God has given the eternal robe.
That's blasphemy, to ignorance and fear.
How wise he was, that man! Divinity
Shines on the spirit from the lofty soul;
There only Nature intimates to all
The everlasting verity we need.
They call me *Atheist*, and I am doomed
Because I reverence the universe.
The Brute-God Nature, to the Infidel,
Is the sole entity. Why, the Atheist
Stabs at the Life of life. Indelible
The Hand I call divine. Eternities
Smile on me; and I smile, and ask to die.
In very truth, our life is only death,
So that our death is positively life.
Yes, we "die daily." Dying, we exalt
The Human, and put on Humanity
Without a flaw. Beyond the Visible
I see a realm of spirit, reason, life,
But never Hell. Accursed bigotry!
Thou art the Hell of miserable fools
And slaves who dread Invisibility
As 'twere damnation! Pantheism is
The protest of a loving hope, divine
With Truth and Virtue and celestial calm,
Perceiving in the universe its God,
As in man's body the informing soul,
Against the creeds of terror. I deny
The sheer negation, and I stand upon
A moral mountain boldly, looking up
With heart serene, and confident I feel.

So I shall die to-morrow for the truth!
I might have lived a score of years or so
If I would have retracted. Socrates,
Christ, Bruno—all the noblest of our race
Would bid me die, and never basely kneel
To priests, who diabolically shut
The kingdom against men. Ineffable
The peace of dying! I am often sick
Of the base world, and, in my early days,
I used to wonder how the All-Divine
Could let us live so vilely. I abjure
The idle doubts of youth, and wish to make
My peace with Nature. The solemnity
Of silence speaks to me! I used to cry,
"O God! how bitter 'tis to feel we rot,
Without capacity to tread down sin,
And wrong, and tyranny!" 'Tis manliness
To scoff at man when we are *thus!*

My God!
Thou sendest all the creeds and verities,
All the base errors, but to educate
The chosen ones, the martyrs! I aspire
Above all creeds to Thee. I humbly bow
To the Perfection I so dimly view.
Perfection *is!* Perfection is *to be!*
Man shall become divinity, and die
Into sublimer being. I believe
The race of man will cease. I only say,
Whatever God decrees is wise and good.
The universal Providence sustain
My mortal nature as the pincers tear!
They mean to torture me. I will *not* cry,
"My God! my God!" to *them;* and I adore
Mercy and truth, the all-encompassing,
For which all martyrdom is ever blest.

J. W. K.

PUNISHMENT.

"Neither do I condemn thee."—CHRIST.

"Go, and sin no more," said the representative of Humanity. Now, as the Father "judgeth no man," and *as to the Son* "*all* judgment is committed," no religionist could logically object to accepting the final judgment which he believes in precisely in the spirit that

dictated the above text. But society does not act on any such liberal ethics. Society, after neglecting the hapless felon, hangs him, or gives him the lash. Society sanctimoniously, hypocritically, and lyingly pretends to conceive of God as absolute justice, and acts as if no God were possible. "Centuries of atheistical government" (to quote Carlyle) have left us a bitter heritage. Yes, centuries of atheistical government, *including* that of Cromwell. Centuries of devilish wars, centuries of cruel oppression, centuries of the most infernal theology that could have been possible to the imagination of a devil! Consider the theology that *used* to be taught in nearly every pulpit that is called orthodox! Who would be mad enough to ask for existence if hell were *possible*—if a thousand years of agony were possible? And who would be so diabolical as to beget children if he really thought that half his family must go to Satan? *I* would not on any consideration have come into being to endure a *hundred* years of the toothache, even for a *million* years of beatitude. As a Pantheist, however, I laugh at all these mockeries of effete churches. The Infinite delights not in torturing any creature. Quite the contrary. He carefully limits the possibility of pain. A little pain is beneficial, even to a brute, I doubt not. Probably, if the theories of Darwin be true, it is thus that the beast is capacitated for an ultimate humanity beyond brutality.

Physical pain is necessary for the animal nature. We whip the horse to inform him that he must go on. Were the horse more sagacious than he is, a word would be sufficient; and, indeed, a *very* intelligent horse but rarely needs the whip. The analogy is obvious. Society will at last be able to dispense with lash and gibbet.

The Atheist objects to the process. In fact, we *all* object to pain. The humane man inflicts punishment with great reluctance. I concede immense humanity to many Atheists. That is why I have hope for them. Their God is Man. The Divinity of Humanity is the great doctrine of Pantheism. We ascribe absolute divinity to the collective race. But we deny the atheistical assertion that there is no Spirit "*above* all." At all events, the "Higher Pantheism" rejects *in toto* the vulgar notion of the Materialist and Infidel that anything can happen without the Spirit "*over* all." Spinoza, Fichte, Emerson, Hegel, Goethe, Browning, &c., all agree *there*. No great thinker who believes in Providence can ascribe anything but to the First Cause. There is no First Cause but the Infinite. Therefore the Divine Being is responsible for everything that happens, good or evil.

The responsibility being with God, we repudiate the *sham* of a last judgment: for it *is* a sham and a delusion from beginning to end. It is the most childish and ludicrous of all the theological dogmas. As well might the brutes argue that human beings intend a final judgment on *them* for their ignorance and stupidity. Away with these demoralising, these puerile, these childish traditions! While we retain such a theology, real progress is impossible.

To tell the truth, Atheism (though I agree with Maccall as to its "*ghastliness*") is infinitely preferable to popular theology. The Atheist may be the "victim of a craze," but he is loyal to the Human. The Pantheist only is loyal to the Human and the Divine —to God as the Spirit—to Christ as the embodiment of God and Man. For Jesus of Nazareth is but a prophet of the Christ—the whole human race constituting a Divine Church of unity. When that Church is established, vindictive punishment will cease for ever.

B. T. W. R.

HERETICS, SCEPTICS, AND THINKERS.

"Unity is the rock. You may search the universe, and find no other. It alone can withstand the stroke of the hammer; for if it breaks, it was not unity; and if it is unity, it will not break."—THE DIVINE DRAMA OF HISTORY.

THE extreme Negationist denies the evidence of "things unseen." He is prone to treat everything that is called supernatural as a dream. Another school of thought admits the genuineness of miracles, but accounts for them as the Spiritualists do, by what they call natural causes. A third school admits SPIRIT (as the Germans do), *not* MIRACLE. But all these are heretics: so the Church says. The Church allows *no* truth except its own. The true Churchman or Catholic, Papist or Ritualist, utterly denies and repudiates philosophy and science. The Broad Church is a little more liberal, for it is advancing to the "Deep Church" of spirit. That "Deep Church" is pantheistic. The Pantheism of Germany is inevitably destroying all churches. The spirit of Benedict Spinoza is undermining every sect.

I only record a fact. Not being a vulgar Pantheist, I perceive, perfectly undismayed, the inroads of philosophy (especially of the Hegelian philosophy) as a Providential work to prepare for Unity. God works through philosophy. Mr. Voysey is uttering the protest of Rationalism. He is only an ultra-Protestant, or Unitarian. Mr. Conway is teaching a pure Theism, in advance, perhaps, of Theodore

Parker and W. J. Fox. Mr. Martineau, an Arian, is the most advanced of the old school—indeed, his theology is a bridge, offering facilities for both parties; and Mr. Page Hopps is leaving Unitarianism in the rear.

As for the Atheists, I have nothing just now to say of them. I regard Atheism as a logical absurdity; and as for Antitheism, it simply cuts its own throat. The position of the sceptic, whether of the type of Rénan, Lewes, or Mill, is obviously *not* atheistic, even in the sense of *ignoring* God. Perhaps all those clever writers would agree with the giant Goethe, "Who *can* deny him?" So far they are Pantheists rather than sceptics. But it is the poets, the true Prophets, who represent the "Higher Pantheism." I must assert that Mr. Browning (the only man alive, perhaps, to be named with Goethe) teaches a Pantheism so sublime that it is unassailable. The pantheistic tendency of Mr. Browning's magnificent poetry is mystical and unintelligible to the outside world. This remarkable genius is "caviare to the general." His prophetic utterances are disguised in a transcendentalism that "caps the climax" of the Germanic idealism. We all know the story of "Yerrold and Sordello." But Mr. Browning is a far greater man now than in those days. So, perhaps, is the Laureate. Mr. Tennyson lives "in a wonderful flower garden," it has been said. That he is a "heretic," I have no doubt. That he is a believer in God and immortality, I should also assert. Possibly he is not far from Emerson, who, by-the-way, is largely indebted to the great German, Fichte. Carlyle is another heretic, as pronounced as any I know. He is a mournful, pessimist thinker. When Leigh Hunt, the Optimist, pointed to the stars in confirmation of his hopes, the saturnine Scotchman answered they were "a sad sight." Carlyle is a sceptic. He wants to see Providence, but can't. Thackeray was a Christian sceptic. He once said to me, "I think scepticism a very humble state of mind." Still, he believed in a God very devoutly; and as to Christ, he could not make up his mind as to his divinity. I once said to J. E. Smith (a noble theological teacher), "Do you believe in the deity of Christ?" His answer was, "If you ask me whether I believe in the deity of the man who was executed on Calvary, I do not; but the Christ of the universe is God. We are the parts: he is the whole." Pantheism still.

The Transcendentalists—heretics to a man—are almost all agreed as to a Trinity, though not to the wretched muddle of a theological Trinity. Thomas Wiegman wrote a book to prove the Trinity, founded on Kant's philosophy, sufficiently bold to make theological

hairs stand erect. The Trinity is true. But so is the Unity of God. The Creator has chosen to manifest himself—first as Father, then as Son, finally as Holy Ghost.

This is the burthen of Revelation. Until this is perceived, the sects must quarrel over the soiled raiment of Christ. The Holy Ghost, the "Comforter," is the true, universal God. He will wipe all tears from our eyes. Jehovah was a stern and passionate Divinity; Jesus sympathises with man, but he is represented by vulgar theology as insisting upon hell and devils; the Great Spirit of all truth (the third person of the Trinity) is beyond our ken. Yes; we must come to the Holy Ghost before unity is attained.

A Shepherd.

R. Bedingfield

POETRY, PAST AND PRESENT.

"A human empire, yet it neighbours heaven."—Westland Marston.

The old poetry, with all its physical greatness, was nearly always devoid of a spiritual element. It dealt with the mighty, it was full of the grand, it was redolent of flowers; but it lacked a soul. Sometimes solemn, tremendous, overpowering; often full of evil suggestion, barbarous, superb, and flowing like a river with strong music; it was still a moral failure. The appeal was only to man as he *is;* never to ideal humanity. Yet we cannot reach the heights of Homer; and, one man excepted, who transcended *him*, it is questionable if there be an equal dramatic poet in modern Europe to Æschylus and Sophocles. One great dramatic work—the harrowing tragedy of the Cenci—this century can boast; but the plays of modern Christendom, since the era of Elizabeth, have not risen to the height of antique verse. Recollecting Goethe and Schiller, recollecting our own Browning, can we say there has been a single dramatic work in this century to be compared even with the secondary plays of him to whom we owe Lear, Hamlet, and Macbeth? No; our best modern poetry has been neither epic nor tragic. Perhaps Shelley never equalled the sublime tragedy recently mentioned; but Keats, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, and Mrs. Browning will not be remembered for genius in characterisation. Possibly of all these poets Browning has most insight into the human heart, and most dramatic passion and imagination. The wonder is that he has

failed to produce an *acting* play of a high order. Lord Lytton, a very skilful writer and an admirable novelist, is generally considered to have attained the highest position of those who have recently attempted the Drama. His only rival some years ago was Knowles; a few of Knowles's plays have been acted as often and as successfully as two or three of Lord Lytton's. Mr. Disraeli made a lamentable failure in the Drama, for which he has no talent. At this time, Dr. Westland Marston seems almost the only poet of dramatic ability who writes for men of thought fond of the theatre. Recently, however, a play called "Hinko," by Mr. Wills, gives promise of something excellent. The fine acting of Mrs. Vezin as the heroine few will forget.

The direction of poetry in our day is, for the most part, lyrical. A few poets there may be who have the courage to appeal to posterity (Mr. John A. Heraud, for instance), but there are not many of us who do not relish the applause of the present epoch. Mr. Tennyson is the representative of that present, and therefore the most popular poet.

As the writer of this paper believes it is the intention of the Editor of FREELIGHT to offer criticisms by various hands, in the pages of this magazine, from Shelley down to Swinburne and Philip Marston, he will at present say but little more. There is hope in this strong yearning for the poetic and the ideal, so evident to us now. The worldliness of the age—and it *is* intensely worldly—cannot avail to repress the tendencies of the soul. Never were there higher aspirations than we find in modern poetry. God grant they may not be in vain! Even the objectionable spirit found in Swinburne cannot impugn this assertion of progress in the feeling of contemporary poetry. The Human has taken hold of the Muse, and will not suffer her to soar for mere sensuous delight. Life is earnest, as Longfellow tells us. Practical works are the highest and most enduring monuments to genius. That is why Gladstone is now our Premier. How he represses the ideal in his heart, in order to have the greater power over men who live only for the present! Gladstone is a poet, too; perhaps as much so as Emerson or Carlyle, who are prose poets, renouncing Pegasus that they may wrestle with present darkness.

"EACH LIFE HANGS PATCHY AND SCRAPPY."

Browning

Old friend, why do you say to me,
"The past is best forgotten now"?
Now, God forbid! I only bow
To that which, as it seems, *must* be.

You will not recollect a kiss
That you bestowed—a gentle lip
Pressed unto mine! Your ladyship
Is proud—*I'm* humble; it *was* bliss.

And so the first, first kiss of all
We want to feel was never given;
Will that conviction of a heaven
For ever gone, the past recall?

You loved me, and I loved you well;
But bitter words and cruel fate
Made you a thing I contemplate
Almost with scorn. Poor Isabel!

You are not happy—ah! I know
You are not—it could never be;
You are not happy! Misery
Is on your brow, with gems aglow.

So rich—so great; and I, you say,
A scribbler—that is all! I own
That is my trade, and that alone.
You came to see my stupid Play!

I saw you in the boxes—yes—
Half smiling, and yet grave, I *think*.
I felt my very spirit sink,
And could not hide my wretchedness;

For there, beside you—very near—
An old, decrepit man—a lord,
Your husband—sat; so clearly "bored;"
A dull old man—an aged peer.

"Disgusting, isn't it, to know
She is his wife?" a friend of mine
Exclaimed. *Disgusting!* So divine
Was love of yore—so hard we grow!

DRAMATICUS.

Reviews.

REPORT ON SPIRITUALISM.*

The London Dialectical Society, which commenced public life in connection with some inquiries of Viscount Amberley, has published a report of an investigation which it undertook to make relative to the phenomena of what is improperly called "Spiritualism." Lord Lytton and others, whose opinions are included in this report, dispute its right to the title. It is, in fact, the most decided Materialism. Its professors, refusing to take such pure demonstrations as philosophy can give of the Immortality of the Soul, resort to table-turning for empirical evidence. They will not believe until they hear raps and see heavy bodies lifted in confirmation of a theory. Of these Materialists, Mr. William Howitt tells us, there are now about "twenty millions of people in all countries." It is time, therefore, that their claims should be tested and characterised. The Dialectical Society undertook the task, and appointed a committee consisting of thirty-six gentlemen of various opinions. These gentlemen afterwards divided themselves into sub-committees, who held practical *séances* and preserved minutes of the proceedings. The results, for the most part, are of an ordinary kind, and merely elementary. As marvels they have been outdone by more than one private *séance* at which we have ourselves assisted.

As the professors themselves of this *art magique* have acknowledged that fraudulent practices have been common in their exhibitions, pains were diligently taken to prevent them in the instances recorded. Yet in one or two cases we think that fraud in some shape must have insinuated itself. None of the experiments, however, were of sufficient importance to make it worth the while to raise the question.

As might have been expected, the greater marvels belong to the hearsay evidence, or are given in the correspondence. Some of this is attested by individuals of the greatest ability. One of these, Mrs. Anna Blackwell, has contributed a communication which shows much talent and more eloquence. Her letter is, in fact, a grand composi-

* "Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society; together with the Evidence, Oral and Written, and a Selection from the Correspondence." (Longmans.)

tion, containing an elaborate theory and many personal facts. Among the latter is the following :—

"On another occasion, I saw, in the same room, standing in the air like the 'saints and angels' in old pictures, a group of eighteen or twenty handsome young men, in white tunics, with red belts and buskins, and curious red hats with 'cream-bowl' crowns and very broad brims, embroidered with gold, and set on so slantingly that the thin line of gold on the edge of the brims produced round each head something like the effect of a nimbus. The right hand of each grasped a stout crook, taller than himself and resting on the ground. They looked as though they halted on a march; and the eyes of all were fixed upon me with a grave, earnest, and rather friendly gaze. After looking at them for a few seconds, I put my hands to my eyes; and then looking up again, to see if they were still there, I saw the same group, but much higher up, at a height apparently far above the ceiling, and proportionally fainter. This second glimpse was only instantaneous; and though I looked up several times during the evening, in the hope of seeing them again, I saw nothing more of my white-vestured visitants."

One sees at a glance that this description relates to a subjective vision, due to the wonderful and beautiful imagination of the writer, and to be interpreted on the principles laid down by Sir David Brewster in his "Natural Magic," or perhaps due to that creative state of the eye of which De Quincey speaks in his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." In the same way, many of the table-turning phenomena could be well explained by a professional Biologist, who in a similar manner, though not the same, produces his marvels. In all such instances natural forces are at work, and it is absurd to suppose that departed spirits have anything to do with their production.

Among the evidence given in the Report is that of some religiously-minded men who refuse to attribute the table-responses to departed spirits, but refer them to demons. These men quote Scripture, and identify the supposed responders with the fiend that inspired Elymas the Sorcerer, and other like ridiculous guesses. They tell us that, as Christians, they must need believe in such assumptions, because they have written warranty for them, and accordingly proceed blasphemously to adjure the spirits in the name of the Trinity. Let such be told that there is now such a thing as Biblical criticism in the world, and let them learn from it that there is much in the Sacred Books which is due to the superstition and ignorance of the times in which they were composed. Having learned this, let them mentally eliminate what is repugnant to conscience and reason, and they will rise from the study of them with more correct notions both of Christianity and of Spiritualism. As it is, being Materialists, they make of the New Testament a materialistic book, and interpret it by

the exploded doctrines of Sensationalism; not by those of the improved systems of thought now taught even in our colleges, wherein the authority of Locke so long held undisputed dominion. Such men rather believe in devils than in "the spirits of just men made perfect," or the Father of Spirits, whose mercy is from everlasting. With the carnally-minded Jew, they substitute the dogma of the Resurrection of the Body for that of the Immortality of the Soul; forgetting that Saint Paul, having previously undergone a philosophical training, was so dissatisfied with the former, that he was conscientiously compelled to make a distinction between the Natural and the Spiritual body, adding that it is only in this Spiritual body we shall be raised. Mark his words: "Now, this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." (1 Corinthians xv., 59.)

Further inquiry into this strange subject will probably only further confirm the truth of the following satirical lines of the great author of "Hudibras," which may be found at the end of the revision of his curious poem on "The Elephant in the Moon":—

"Learned men, who greedily pursue
Things *that are rather wonderful than true*,
And in their nicest speculations choose
To make their own discoveries strange news,
And natural history rather a gazette
Of rarities stupendous and far-fet;
Believe no truths are worthy to be known
That are not strongly vast and overgrown;
And strive to explicate appearances,
Not as they're probable, but as they please;
In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn."

[NOTE.—The Editor will allow any competent person to reply to this article, which is from an esteemed contributor, and doubtless characterised by no little astuteness and ability.]

WHAT IS TRUTH?*

BY THE REV. T. G. HEADLEY.

Mr. Headley thinks "Faith is an intellectual conclusion based on good and sufficient evidence. But faith without sufficient evidence is an intellectual weakness, and is not a virtue, but mere credulity."

---

* Trübner and Co.

He adds that "Faith alone (without hope and love), *in fear*, looks to reaping some advantage *to self*, by passively holding with miserly care some idea or talent, as though it were itself life; when in truth it is but a seed, needing to be buried before life can be witnessed to germinate and rise." This is evident to those who have thought much. The writer continues thus, viz.:—"Faith with hope only (but without love), without fear, looks to reaping some advantage *to self by actively* and boldly using some gift or talent as a seed for the purpose of developing and increasing it." The author is evidently in earnest. One more extract, and we conclude, with a general assent to most of the views entertained by Mr. Headley, without expressing conviction that his theology is correct. Writing of the Divinity of Humanity and the Humanity of Divinity:—"Whether Jesus was divine, either as God or as Man, the crucifixion of Jesus proves that the participators therein were ignorant of Divinity and the enemy thereof; and therefore, if we would be divine, we must become like Jesus in loving others as he loved us."

TEXTS FROM THE TIMES.*

By Ascott Hope.

We are pleased, if not surprised and delighted, with the talent exhibited in this work. Mr. Ascott R. Hope is a very liberal man, and a thinker of decided ability. He inscribes the book to Lowell, in verses that we shall here quote:—

"Poet! not only in thine own great land
Are heard and loved the songs that thou hast sung;
We know thy kindly heart and Saxon tongue,
And fain would hail thee in our minstrel band.

"Thy voice has e'er been raised on virtue's side,
To break the chain of the oppressed, to warn
The unfaithful rulers, or with sharpest scorn
To shame the slaves of bigotry and pride;

"To blame the doubter's sloth, the coward's moan,
And give the sick world hope."

We regret that our limited space prevents our extracting largely from the book; but we cannot resist placing before our readers these words:—

"It is a goodly thing to hear a lettered Pharisee call out against the superficiality, and shallowness, and ignorance of his age! We, with our Carlyles,

---

* "Texts from the Times." Nimmo, Edinburgh.

Macaulays, and Tennysons, are indeed in darkness; but he has the law and the prophets, and for every opinion of his can quote dusty sentences out of some time-honoured folio. As soon as he sees the bayonets of the opposing columns, he retires promptly into a fortress of ecclesiastical and individual infallibility, from which he makes frequent sallies under cover of a volley of such epithets as 'infidel,' 'atheist,' 'heretic.' It will be seen that he has a wonderful advantage to start with; for not only does he claim the choice of weapons, but the right of changing them on both sides at any period of the contest."

We cordially recommend this book to the liberal readers of FREELIGHT. Mr. Hope is one of the band of pioneers to which we Affirmationists should wish success.

Correspondence.

LIBERALITY GAINING GROUND.

We have much pleasure in extracting the following from a letter written by an "orthodox" minister to the Editor:—

"I am exceedingly glad you are going to allow all sides 'fair play.' I hope you will find, even among the clergy, from whom you do not expect contributions, some who will seek to utter in your pages, fully and fearlessly, the truth that is in them. I could not accede to your request for a paper on "Limited Providence,"* for the simple reason that I, like yourself, believe in universal Providence. Nor could I send you an article on the Devil, from the point of view of those who believe in a devil. Supposing there is such a creature of God, I shall hope he may be transformed into an angel of light. I should be only too glad to feel we had an answer to speculative Atheism in the assertion of universal Providence.† We must first establish the same, but to do so seems to me for the present beyond our power. On the other hand, the central atheistic position is unverified and unverifiable. It is as unscientific as the assertion of universal Providence—perhaps more so. Atheism may be incapable of logical disproof, but at any rate it can lay no claim to having established itself by sufficient evidence;" and the Editor asks, How CAN A MERE NEGATION PROVE ANYTHING?

---

* There *can't* be limitation where there is infinity. God is ubiquitous.—ED.

† The "Higher Pantheism" can at all events logically assert it; but we must prove God's omnipresence.—ED.

A LADY'S LETTER.*

I greatly disagree with you, yet I cannot but feel interested in the new magazine, FREELIGHT. Surely, Mr. Editor, the feelings of those who are on the other side of the bridge should not be disregarded? You have somewhere informed the public that "FREELIGHT is a bridge between Reason and Faith." I am of the Broad Church, and I am not frightened because of heterodoxy, convinced that God is not on the side of doubt. Much painful doubt many of us have experienced. When we are wretched, the giant problems of the world press heavily on us. I fear few indeed have passed through human existence without feeling the awful verity of the cry, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

Being of the school of the late Mr. Robertson, of Brighton, whom I heard when I was a child, and who made a deep impression on my mind, I cannot think you culpable for becoming the Editor of a magazine avowedly devoted to the reformation of theology. Coleridge and Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Miss Brontë, Westland Marston, and many others, occur to me as writers who would not be acknowledged even as Christians, by some "orthodox" preachers. I am not sure that Edward Irving, to say nothing of Unitarians like Channing, would not almost excite horror in the bosoms of rigid believers. Still, I think that those of the Broad Church need not endorse such views as the extreme doctrines of Mr. Voysey, which may even become pernicious when they reach beyond legitimate limits—when they assail the authority of Scripture and the vital doctrines of every Christian faith. You may tell me that Mr. Voysey asserts God and Immortality: so did Paine. I don't see, although he prays to the Father of all, that he differs in reality from Paine or Voltaire. I can't see the rationality of praying to the Deistic God. Perhaps I have felt—I acknowledge the fact frankly—that to pray for any change of weather, against lightning, &c.,—to pray God to "change his mind"—for that is the point—does not argue any devotional feeling, but the contrary. I will not dwell on that subject, and I think it is fairly open to discussion. We ought not to ask God to change HIS mind; but that *ours*, sinners as we all are, may be changed.†

---

* Our fair correspondent must excuse us for not inserting the *whole* of her very interesting communication. We wish that all the world were gentle as she seems to be.—ED.

† We can only say, "*Bless* our correspondent for this admission!"

If FREELIGHT be open to discuss this momentous problem, well and good.

I will not angrily allude to some expressions in the pages of FREELIGHT which I suspect have been written without regard to the doctrine of true Christian charity, which, as you say, "hopeth and believeth all things." But surely your contributors need not be so hard on those who see but a little way, perhaps, into the Divine purpose. For myself, dazzled, and even blinded by the light of God, as our "natural eyes" are overwhelmed by the effulgence of the sun, I can only put my hands before my face, and enter the solemn temple of the universe with awe and adoration. God grant (as I hope) that we may all be able to pass the everlasting portals when all tears are wiped from our eyes, and we stand face to face with the Light which is free! M. D. C.

To Correspondents.

We must beg the indulgence of contributors; and cannot, as a *rule*, reply to letters by post.—Stamps and directed envelopes to be sent for rejected MSS.—We are obliged, reluctantly, to decline several contributions.

A lady correspondent says:—"In providing for the *illumination* of the world, the *warning* thereof may be somewhat lost sight of. The cause of true liberty demands the consecration of both head and heart. No lasting work can be accomplished without the union."—The Editor perhaps in the main agrees with his fair correspondent, but he still holds that "perfect love casteth out fear."

"Strong-minded Women" cannot be inserted; but we are *not* on the side of "strong-mindedness."

"An Orthodox but Broad-Church Clergyman" disagrees with Mr. Voysey, and says that he cannot go the lengths of Theism. He prefers the article of Mr. Hopps to the views of the heretic who "has left his Church and creed;" and he thinks Mr. Hopps is *really* a Christian.—Well, *we* agree and disagree with all.

"An Infidel" is *indeed* an infidel if he is serious in maintaining that there is no life beyond life, that we have no idea of God, none of spirit, none of a life to come, and that matter is the sole reality. What is matter? The aggregate of phenomena. Of noumenal existence we *have* an idea.

The answers to the writer of the "Sceptical Position" are very numerous and very unsatisfactory. We should but damage the cause of belief in a wise and good Providence by inserting most of these rejoinders. We think with the late J. E. Smith, that *no* being is so cruel and unjust as God in *Time*, but cruelty and injustice would have no sphere in Eternity.

We trust the "spirit *will* move" our old friend at Ramsgate ere long.

"A Devil-Denier" says:—"A clergyman contended the other day that it was 'impossible to believe in a God and *not* in a Devil.'" He rejoins, "It would be as rational to assert that we must believe in annihilation because

we believe in immortality." Certainly we agree with our correspondent; God is the author of all good and evil.

We cannot answer several very difficult questions put to us by our correspondents. At present they are problems that seem incapable of solution. "How to put an end to war" we cannot say. The position of England may keep her out of unnecessary strife for a *time*, but the time will come for her sword to be brandished again.

"A Comparison between Gladstone and Disraeli." There *is* none. They are the most opposite of statesmen. Assuredly Disraeli is brilliant, acute, of rapid and caustic wit, a hard hitter, a pitiless foe, but the moral power and elevation of the Premier he cannot comprehend. Gladstone is immeasurably superior to his rival in solidity, in strength of character, and in philosophy.

Mr. Charles Bray's article in reply to "A Sceptic" has just come to hand, and will be inserted in No. 3. It is, at all events, by far the most able article on a rather difficult subject we have at present received. Recently a poet of eminence declared to another, well known to the Editor, that he was an Antitheist in the sense of being *opposed* to God. This Antitheism seems still more insane to the Editor than that of the ultra-Atheist, who denies a God-idea.

"A Spiritualist," who attacks "Spiritism," is informed that the Editor personally prefers declining to enter into a controversy which, to tell the truth, has no great interest for him. The Editor o FREELIGHT believes in spiritual being, in God, the Providential design, &c.

"A Radical," who is something *more* than a Radical, and defends the Commune, agrees with Proudhon that "property is robbery." This we deny. Carlyle says, not without philosophy, "Properly speaking, the earth belongs to these two: first, to the Almighty God; and next, to every man who has worked well upon it." Still, great wealth is an evil.

"A Ministerialist."—Certainly Mr. Gladstone is the only *possible* Minister at present. He is a man of the most commanding character and *great* ability.

"A Conservative."—Yes; we have a very large infusion of the aristocratic element in our nature—*all* men have. Mr. Disraeli is a very clever fellow, and although more brilliant than solid, he is worthy to lead Her Majesty's Opposition. Perhaps, as a master of sarcasm, he has had few rivals.

Two correspondents write to us from the same locality in a very opposite spirit. One, a Swedenborgian, asks whether the Bible does not contain *all* truth; the other, whether it can be considered to contain *any* truth. The Swedenborgian considers that, as Christ was the Almighty, "in Him was light;" the Freethinker, who utterly ignores Christianity and every religion, sneeringly compares the Bible to an old fiddle, "on which you can play *any* tune." If that allegation as to its universality be true, it demonstrates that the Bible is the "king of books." Its bipolarity, or double meaning, will confound the ignorant, and it will also amaze the wise, till God, in due season, shall give us the veritable keys of St. Peter, which *no* Church possesses. We consider the Bible a great book. It is a treasury for theologians. It is too profound for the petty and sectarian grasp of Materialists. In answer to another question (but we cannot categorically follow our correspondent), we once more emphatically protest that neither the Editor nor his contributors will endorse the diverse opinions of each other. We strive to attain the stature of the true Peacemaker; but that is almost beyond the capacity of anyone. Individually, the Editor would accept the Fichtean assertion: "The Infinite Will is the only true and imperishable, for which my soul has yearned. All else is but phenomenon-phantasm, which vanishes and returns in a new form."