

F R E E L I G H T.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

IN WHICH THE EDITOR PROTESTS.

WE protest against Protestantism in all cases where it becomes ungenerous. We protest against Freethought in all cases where it is contemptuous and bitter. We might adduce a Litany of protests were we so disposed, after this fashion:—"From baseness, that has no courage to brave the animosity of men; from all superstition, that makes a hell of this life; from fear of the future—now and hereafter, good Heaven, deliver us!" The protest that we are constrained to utter is insufficient, however, for reform. The Press deliberately ignores the existence of many things which the Roman Catholic Confessional could divulge. "Sixty thousand women"—more or less—"in one smile," are hardly ever referred to, save in "Midnight Meetings" reports. "They only smile at night beneath the gas." Our Press and our ladies are so refined, you see! The ridiculous reticence to which we refer is often almost criminal. Until Society is roused from apathy by some great anguish, "the social evil" will remain unredressed. Correspondents too, we have, so ultra-refined that we must not allude to some painful and shocking subjects. Unbelief, again (which is one of the uppermost things in existence), it was odious to mention in ears polite not long ago. Sceptics will take you aside, and say, "If you're a man of the world, be cautious. Tut! what does it matter? Let fools believe what they like," &c. Now, this is the spirit which is sapping the life of Society. If an Emerson, with insight and wisdom, observes, "All unbelief is but founded on a greater belief," worldlings sneer—talk of "a play upon words," and "the jargon of metaphysics."

Affirmationists of Providence and a Divine Hereafter should have "the courage of their convictions." It is such men as these Mammonites to whom may be applied the words of the text, "Ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves."

It is for want of heroism, as well as for want of charity, that the

true ethics of life cannot be understood. We apprehend that the most sublime of all ethical truths is, that we live in order to be wiser, purer, nobler; that, by such consideration of existence, we may be able to exalt our fellow-mortals.

Perhaps it may be said that the mere denunciation of "shams" effects no good. This is true unless we devise a remedy. The Satirist, the Iconoclast, the Destroyer of old Ideals, is bound to point the way to altars where we may sacrifice to the Divine. Of this we are so entirely convinced, that, politically, we would rather join philosophical Conservatives than mere Demagogues and Revolutionists. Yet we are on the Liberal side. Let gentlemen govern—let even the aristocracy be dominant—in preference, at *this* time, to "our king, the people." Providence is *not* entirely on the side of Progress at present, though, as Gladstone finely said, "Time is on our side," until what Disraeli applies to his party (he is "educating" the same) can be applied to the "toiling masses." When the people willingly render unto Cæsar "the things that are Cæsar's," the people must govern. We protest against Democracy in anything until the ultimate spirit of religion is received by all.

A ROYAL BED OF SICKNESS.

BY WILLIAM HITCHMAN.

If it were the lot of Fuller, in his "Holy and Profane State," when drawing nigh unto death, to send most pious thoughts as harbingers to Heaven, and his spirit saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of his sickness-broken body, as did Waller in his divine poesy, singing thus brightly and beautifully—

"Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home"—

who, of all the inhabitants of Her Majesty's three kingdoms, whatever may be their conservative tendencies or radical love of change, has not, by actual sympathy with human suffering, felt deepest interest, amid life's storms, in a royal bed of sickness? Above and beyond all other people, the British have a profound reverence, even in abstract theory, for the sacred and inalienable rights of Majesty, Church and State, Queen, Lords, and Commons. The sentiment of loyalty is, indeed, a national characteristic, dear to the heart of every Briton—at least, each *native* Englishman—that has a haven, however small, in this "tight little island," where he can cast anchor on her

beauteous waves, and of such men ever sing, *they* "never, never shall be slaves!" The name of Royalty calls up, in vividest emotion, all that is truest and tenderest in British nature—all that is hallowed in affection for bygone times: nay, more, the sacred interests of Religion, Truth, and Justice in general, and the domestic virtues of family ties at Sandringham in particular. The Scotch share in these peculiar traits of the genus Man, as one of their proverbs clearly proves: "Leal heart ne'er lee'd," or, being Anglicised, "A loyal heart scorns a falsehood." The reddest Republican loves the nobility of fair play—a priceless jewel, that cannot tarnish in Communism or International union; the purest, most lustrous homogeneity of the soul's interior blessedness. Sweet home of peasant or prince—monarchical, queenly Balmoral of the North, or beggarly hut of mean, narrow dimensions, squalid wretchedness, and hopeless poverty, that now holds the life, health, and disease of many a dear child of toil, in the South, it is home still—the solemn temple, not seldom, as I have witnessed, of the higher purity, affection, gentleness of spirit, love of the great and good deeds born of that devout truthfulness and sincerity of sentiment which constitute the majestic character of our common Humanity, and abhors shams, falsehood, or deception. Yes, no livelier *sympathies* with sickness and sorrow on a royal bed of sickness or elsewhere have been found, I ween, than in the loyal hearts of those lowly homes where first is learnt that love of man which rests not till it finds repose in God.

Augustin, the Manichee, belonged to the same human BODY as did also Augustin, the Rhetorician, and Augustin, the Self-Indulgent; but Augustin became not the Christian Father until he found the whole vast sum of his worldly experience expressed righteously in one short pregnant confession, of freelight—

"Inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te."

Philosophy is superior to Science, in being *reasoned*. Physicists may yet protest in vain, either as a British Association or German Congress of *savants*, that all man *knows* is what he sees of mortal ken. Nature tells only of the order of occurrence of mere organic sensations, and mind is made up "solely" of external objective phenomena; but surely it cannot be affirmed that this outward and visible knowledge is all we *think* of in our deathless souls in connection with a royal bed of sickness, or that purer reason and higher intellect which cannot restrict themselves within the limits of the physical and the palpable, but, contrariwise, yearn to comprehend the wonderful realities of health and sickness, life or death—veritable powers, which

never forsake us, in the issues and tissues of universal Providence. Verily, there is far more in the constitution of spiritual being than organic nature can adequately disclose. Maker of Man is He by whose supreme will Matter exists. Shelley failed to communicate his "Atheism" to others, for the best of all possible reasons—*he had none himself!* Who does not remember the exquisite proemial part of "Queen Mab?" Death! Sleep! All is change, yet never-ending brilliancy and splendid meteoric composition; in fact, his verses seem like clouds of glory—

"For ever flushing round a summer sky."

Of late, in any event, the British nation has had abundant opportunities of considering itself *seriously* in these different views of frail human existence, and may have learned to perceive the native beauties of its *inward* structure more plainly. A royal bed of sickness, if one may judge from the countless number of articles in newspapers and other periodicals treating of "Typhoid Fever" and "Illness of the Prince of Wales," has been teaching something of "What hath the wise more than the fool?" In other words, the lesson has been more publicly taught than in ten thousand volumes of sermons by eminent divines—a widely-illustrated example that even Queens and Princes need more lasting props of dignity and strength than are comprised either in external fortification or the vain outworks of that social greatness which cannot but have devoutly inspired them with a profound *diffidence* in our earthly state, and at the same time have blessed them with happy thoughts of a diviner future. Science abounds in wealth of physical phenomena of extreme public interest, especially to the thoughtful readers of FREELIGHT. Indeed, the public in general have recently thought much in particular about the etiology or causative influence of eruptive fevers; emphatically has the subject of enteric, pythogenic, or typhoid forms of such maladies been dwelt upon day by day, from John o' Groat's to Land's End—nay, rather, throughout the whole world of civilisation. Medicine is no mystery. Withal, problems arise for solution of a difficulty that is neither mean nor unimportant. For example, diseased structure in one animal organisation is absolutely *identical* with normal structure in another living being! Here, as elsewhere, Intellectual Philosophy continually transcends Physical Science. Every specimen of organic life, whether called man, animal, or plant, must be fairly represented from at least two different points of view. From one the lover of freelight is directed towards chemico-physical forces, manifold, exquisite; two kinds of "seaweed," it may be, yet both so

passing wonderful; the one is a veritable seaweed, but what of the other? It is not a vegetable at all; on the contrary, it is a colony of living animals of extraordinary complexity and most singular beauty, mathematically arranged—material, immaterial. In short, the beholder, in taking another survey of natural philosophy, passes at once from Matter to Spirit. Even so does the freelight of modern science reflect myriad shapes of creeping, swimming, flying things; definite features of molecular constitution mingle, shift, and fade, until at last the truth-seeking philosopher reaches infinitesimal beings—marvellous creatures whose animated form scarcely realises a broken sphere, partaking, perhaps, of no fixed shape, analogies, types, groups, classes, or kingdoms. No animal, large or small, equals man himself in everlasting destruction and ultimate *perversion* of that natural equilibrium of vital force which is understood by the term Health. The real truth concerning “zymotic” diseases, and consequently respecting a royal bed of sickness, cannot be too widely known and acted upon by all mankind. There is no royal road from typhoid fever to strength of body and mind, and until prince and peasant consent to lead a “righteous, sober, and godly life”—no matter whether of British or Hanoverian extraction—and scientifically obey those laws of Nature which form the commandments of God, written in deathless tablets underneath their feet and above their heads, so long will contagious poisons prematurely convert them into water, carbonic acid, and ammonia.

The specific blood-poison by which communicable disease such as typhoid fever propagates its kind is never in abeyance. There is a law of *vicarious* mortality which the ordinary theory of zymosis does not adequately explain; for instance, the poisonous germ has always escaped the test-tube and the object-glass of each philosophical experiment, and the British people may depend upon it that they will never enjoy healthful, practical exemption from zymotic diseases until correct sanitary knowledge, involving as it does the welfare of the masses, “the groom” not less than “the prince,” shall cease to be a doctor’s question; rather it is a builder’s question, a landlord’s question, an inspector’s question; above and beyond all, it is a literary and scientific question, that must henceforth be hygienically treated in the pages of FREELIGHT, ever remembering that such morbid phenomena may be philosophically accounted for, in strictest accordance with the science of Biology and those fixed natural laws of Physiology and Pathology which govern other forms of molecular growth, development, or decay. Each decomposed molecule may be set in motion by *any* force when the body is weak or suffering from fatigue, and immediately imparts its own destructive energy to another

with which it is in physiological contact, from gradation to gradation throughout the whole animal economy, and typhoid fever is the result: no matter whether such outbreak occur as mere *locus in quo*, in the delta of the Ganges, Londesborough Lodge,* Sandringham House, or Windsor Castle. These morbid influences are *modified* from time to time by the peculiar geological properties of a district—the constitution, soil, water, and air. To elevation above the level of the sea, vicinity of rivers, stagnant offensive sewage, woods, vegetation, alterations or variations of temperature, vicious sensual indulgences, may also be due certain *adverse* conditions, in connection, it must be stated (without exception, some authorities affirm), with other habits of life, excessive or defective quantities of food and “drink,” immoral agencies, dissipation, alcohol, tobacco, regardless of profound ignorance or mental culture. Without the presence of healthy freedom of circulation as contradistinguished from “congestion,” the human frame must succumb evermore to the destructive nature of endemic, epidemic, and *pandemic* influences; and this, too, with entire independence of all other conditions, socially, morally, politically, or religiously considered, by Law, Physic, and Divinity.

Force is matter in motion, and poisonous secretions have the same composition as the very molecules which separate them:—

“*Omnia mutantur, nihil interit. Errat et illinc,
Huc venit, hinc illinc.*”

Existence is a war of atoms! Man is built up from day to day by the external agency of homogeneous living matter similar to his own organisation; soft, jelly-like protoplasm flows along the stream of human life from the cradle to the grave, in physical obedience to some unseen bidding, yet instantly, by virtue, it may be, of some veriest contingency, *the right thing is in the wrong place*; the whole phenomenal organisation is at once clashing, in error and confusion, working out forthwith its rapid destruction, and with an exalted temperature or burning eruptive fever, the insensate production of violated organic laws, the typhoid Nemesis, with lash of cruel vengeance, urges on its victim with impetuous velocity to *continued* disease, madness, or death. In this respect, therefore, the vitalised structures of our common humanity, whether destined for mansions or mausoleums, workhouses or the narrow cell of a pauper, “where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,” differ not from those of

* “In an experience of more than thirty years, no typhoid fever has been generated by putrid gases, according to my observation, except such drains were *actually* charged with the poisonous dejections of typhoid patients themselves.”—Hüchman’s “*Lectures on Hygiene*,” 1871.

the tiny ephemeral insect, the sprig of mignonette, the gigantic oak, or the invisible atom. Nevertheless, where the spirit of man is, death is not; and where death is, man himself is not; for "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Οικεί μὲν ἐν τῷ σώματι ψυχῇ, οὐκ ἔστι δὲ ἐκ τοῦ σώματος.

To latest moment of organic being, the rational powers of the soul, which are in the body but not of it, have remained wholly unimpaired; e.g., Frederick the Great could think deeply and reason accurately even amidst the excruciating agonies of acute gout.

What, then, in fine, shall be the lawful and righteous corollary of our passing review of a royal bed of sickness, *sancte et sapienter*? To what practical conclusions do such meditations necessarily lead us? None shall escape, as we all know, the fullest realisation of those terrible words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," whether it be the strong muscle of an unconquered "champion of England," the beautiful face of a ball-room *belle*, the proud heart of a despotic Emperor, or the well-organised brain of a world-renowned philosopher; nay, more, the very tear of affection annually shed by Her Britannic Majesty (beloved even of her "enemies") over the grave of her separated but not disunited husband, at Frogmore Mausoleum, like the cypress of a metropolitan cemetery or the modest daisy of a village churchyard when bathed in morning dew, having been once water and rock-salt, must, in the cycle of atomic change, become water and rock-salt *again*. By virtue of the sublime teachings of a royal bed of sickness, as in the splendid discoveries of the physical sciences, one may hear the voice and learn the legislative commands of Creative Wisdom, sounding throughout the universe of being, from pole to pole, above and beyond the uttermost parts of earth. It is alone, in the solemn stillness of each human soul—an ever-changing bodily organisation yet leaves mental phenomena identically continuous and radically free—when the busy hum of worldly strife is truly hushed, that enchanting strains of divine music captivate the heart, attuned by genial contemplation to move responsive to the harmonies of Heaven. Speaking to the scholar, by way of intellectual freemasonry, in the classic language of the most ancient and celebrated of Greek poets, one may fitly exclaim of the problems of life and our *actual* humanity—

Ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ θεῶν παμένη Αἰδοῦσα βεβήκει,

*Ὁν πόντον γούωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀνδρωτῆρα καὶ ἤβην.

(*Iliad* ii., 856; and x., 362.)

Or the spiritual idea is not inaptly rendered in the exquisite sentiment of Burns: "Thought in man brings its patent of nobility direct from

Almighty God." To recapitulate, however, briefly. The precise form that contagious disease assumes in each individual sufferer depends, amongst other causes, upon the particular channel through which the noxious agent operates, and the peculiar conditions, sanitary or otherwise, under which *those susceptible of its action* are then living, as regards the natural organic laws of life, health, and disease. The chief art or true secret of being "*well*" is the proper regulation of normal temperature by strict attention to personal cleanliness, good food, free ventilation, suitable clothing, frequent bathing; cold water internally, hot water externally, in fever; the speedy restoration of lost elements in the production of dynamic vital force, chloride of sodium, phosphorus, sulphur, and the like—in fact, the same as that of the serum of human blood in density, 1.004 at 68 deg., and between 1.000 and 1.001 at 98 deg., when ready for use; exercise in the open fields, change of occupation, and regular habits of Body and Soul.

Of many towns and villages subjected to the *same* morbid poison, at home and abroad, I have seen one set of inhabitants manifest symptoms of an external eruptive fever, whilst others in similar circumstances yet different countries—France, Germany, England—exhibit those only of internal disease. *Lampada tradam!* The insidious process of this interstitial destruction in all varieties of mankind is going on incessantly. No matter whether aristocrat or democrat, in conventional sociology, without proper hygienic conditions, typhoid fever *will* be periodically generated; and in spite—nay, worse, in the very teeth—of Contagious Diseases Acts, Compulsory Vaccination Acts, or any other Act of "orthodox" medical despotism, men, women, and children shall poison each other to the end of time. Withal, amid a ceaseless vortex of atomic change and formal vicissitude, each lover of freelight finds in his own soul the requisite capability of apprehending the Immutable; on a planet of molecular relationship and mutual inter-dependencies, the Unconditional; and in "civilised" society of sinful imperfection, the All-Perfect. Infinite is the omnipresence of God, upholding each department of spirit and matter "by the word of His power," in supreme, absolute will, and up the whole ascent from strata to strata geologically, or from gradation to gradation, throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms. In the roll of historic ages or the silent reign of fossil death, the life of Nature is a prophetic hymn, heralding the advent of future glory.

"Happy is he who lives to understand
 Not Human Nature only, but explores
 All natures, to the end that he may find
 The law that governs each, and where begins

The union, the partition where that makes
 Kind and degree among all visible beings;
 The constitutions, powers, and faculties
 Which they inherit, cannot step beyond
 And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
 To every class its station and its office,
 Through all the mighty commonwealth of things
 Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.
 Such converse, if directed by a meek,
 Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love:
 For knowledge is delight, and such delight
 Breeds love. Yet suited as it rather is
 To thought and to the climbing intellect,
 It teaches less to love than to adore,
 If that be not indeed the highest love."

(WORDSWORTH, "Excursion," Book IV., "Despondency Corrected").

PRAYER BY TELEGRAPH.

It was but natural that a profound sensation should pervade this country when the intelligence spread that the Heir Apparent to its Throne was dangerously ill. His death would have been an event in the history of England, and the importance of the crisis was magnified because it came at a time when an unusual agitation had arisen concerning the value of the Throne. The illness of a Prince whose succession had been the theme of political discussion produced a reaction in the popular feeling favourable to himself and the monarchy. The especial champions of monarchy had availed themselves of the reaction to revive the old doctrine of the divine right of kings, and I have heard that one who began his career by writing Socialistic books—Canon Kingsley—affirmed in his discourse a Prince to be the highest visible representative of the relation of Almighty God to human Society. It was but natural, too, that partisans of this character should be eager to find in the Prince's recovery a proof that Providence interferes in the affairs of royalty in a way that it does not interfere in the case of common people. For this purpose the bad symptoms of the Prince's disease have been exaggerated. The case was stated to have reached a phase before which medical skill stood powerless. Then God steps in, and the Heir to England's Throne is saved.

Now, I do not mean to say much on the political reflections which arise out of these facts. I will only remark that when one reflects upon the great statesmen that have been stricken by disease; the

historians, philosophers, thinkers, who have languished under the shadow of death ; and that the prayers of the nation have forgotten these, and passed by them, to be especially concentrated upon a young man, who, whatever his good qualities, has not yet shown himself to be the Fountain of Living Waters for the healing of the nation,—there is suggested a question whether in the future there must not be added to the consideration of the political value of the Throne that of its moral influence in causing the people to love and honour that which is most worthy of love and honour. We may be sure that in the end men will analyse pretty closely that kind of loyalty which leaves a dying Cobden or Grote, or a Bright struck down at his post, unprayed for, and besieges Heaven for the life of one whose only claim on the nation is the accident of his rank. And in saying this I do not wish to be understood as suggesting that the young man in question is unworthy of respect. I have no doubt that he is better and more intelligent than he is represented to be by the disparaging gossip we have so often heard.

What I wish to speak of particularly is the literally awful condition of the popular mind which this incident has made manifest. The Prince recovers, but we are left with a realisation of the sad fact that the nation is stricken with superstition—the whole head sick, the whole heart faint. While the intelligence of the country has been ridiculing those quacks or simpletons who came from every ignorant district and hung around Sandringham, each with his or her nostrum or charm warranted to bring health to the Prince and fame to the wretched compound, they who laughed were engaged in trying to save the Prince by spiritual nostrums and charms far less harmless than those of the rustic herbalist. We have seen Christians—not simply the vulgar Revivalists of New York, but men educated in the great English Universities—combining with the Fire-worshippers and Mahommedans of the East, to whom they send missionaries, to petition the Deity to interfere with and alter the law of cause and effect, and change the course of Nature, in order to save a Prince. To the eye of Reason no sight could be more indicative of that flint-age of religion in which we are still living.

Let me put on record here the following editorial article from *The Rock* (Dec. 22, 1871), the organ of the largest section of our National Church :—

“ THE ANSWER TO THE NATION'S PRAYER.

“ A tidal wave of prayer rolled through the country on Sunday week, which, we may hope and believe, will have saved the Heir Apparent for

the kingdom, and perhaps a kingdom for the Heir Apparent. It was a 'great salvation,' and so signal an answer to prayer that the secular journals of all classes have acknowledged the plain connection between cause and effect in the standing miracle of covenant prayer. From the *Daily Telegraph* up to the *Times*, such things have been written as, for pathos, Evangelical piety, beauty, Christlike sympathy, and revived loyalty, have driven not a few of God's waiting people to their knees—not now to pray for the Prince so much as to praise God for saving the country, and giving rich promise that Englishmen need not be ashamed of their Christianity before the world.

"The Constitution (as God's instrument) saved the Prince, and the Prince has saved the Constitution. Truly may we lift up our hearts, our hands, and our voices, and cry, 'Saved!' But how has this reciprocal salvation been effected? We have seen that the Prince represents the Constitution by the acute sympathy which has opened the hearts of the people from one end of Great Britain to another in prayer, and shut up or postponed places and appointments of dissipation. Like Nineveh, England has really mourned, fasted, and mightily cried unto God. For the first time in the history of our land, the electric telegraph has been used to throw England, as one man, upon its knees. The Providence of God ordered that this should not be, however, until the very acme of the crisis was reached. When the beloved Princess for a short time quitted the sick-room and went down to Sandringham Church, she, as it were unconsciously, led the prayers of an entire nation. The very fact of the telegrams arriving in church-time had a truly electric effect upon the congregations. All England in spirit worshipped in the sick-room at Sandringham on that Sunday when a widowed Queen was bending over a dying son, and that son England's future King. The very accessories of haste gave that thrill throughout the congregations which telegrams give everywhere; but how much more on Sunday, at such a time, and in church! It imparted a domestic character, moreover, to the national sympathy. How true is it that—

' God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head !'

"It was only the action of the Archbishop upon a perfectly disci-

plined organic body of clergy which startled, or could have startled, an entire people into such united earnest prayer—such prayer as surprised many of themselves, and fulfilled the covenant promise in St. James. The Constitution saved the Prince; how has the Prince saved the Constitution? The nation was at church; the clergy were in office. Suddenly, through the clergy, Government communicated with the people, and a thrill of revived loyalty, pity, love, and true British kind-heartedness set the heart of the nation a-throbbing; so that the Church and the State, the Court and the Public, the high and the low, were melted by one stroke of the mysterious power of Omniscient Love, and fused into such unity of heart that all the sophistries of Atheism and efforts of Red Republicanism could not reverse. So the Prince saved the Constitution—not by active wisdom, but by passive suffering *in extremis*. The tone and spirit of the whole Press on the Monday prove the fact. The articles were, without exception, able and eloquent continuations of the Sunday sermons; they seemed to be really of use. Now let us pray that the Prince may be ‘saved’ in the deepest sense. To this end let us pray that he and they who will enjoy the solemn privilege of relationship in pastoral and domestic nearness to him, may boldly, firmly, skilfully, and tenderly cultivate and ripen the new, and deep, and holy thoughts and resolves bred in his heart and will on the sick-bed, in mental view of which an entire nation prayed, and rescued him, through faith in God, to become, in heart and character, in piety and wisdom, every inch a king.”

The pious newspaper says:—“For the first time in the history of our land, the electric telegraph has been used to throw England, as one man, upon its knees.” Remarkable indeed has been the connection of the telegraph with this outbreak of superstition. The Nawab of Bengal uses this magnificent achievement of science to throw the Mussulmans of India on their knees: Sir Moses Montefiore uses it to flash to Jerusalem and Hebron the summons to prayer for the Prince. Never before were the grandeur of human intelligence and its degradation brought into such close and startling relation and contrast! The telegraph is the triumph of Reason co-operating with the great laws of Nature. From the time when Franklin snatched the lightning from the cloud, or Volta raised his little pile of zinc (nobler than Mont Blanc!), every step by which man has gained power to flash his thought over land, and under sea, and round the world, has been a step in obedience to laws that never changed—laws which those great men never prayed should be altered or relaxed for their use. Man fulfilled their conditions, not they his, until he came at last to

command them by obedience. And it is this invention which is used to throw a large part of the human race on its knees to petition the Deity for a special administration of the universe in the interest of the Prince of Wales!

If the Archbishop of Canterbury believes in the principle of his prayer, why, having composed it, did he go to the telegraph? Why did he not retire into his closet and pray it into the provinces? Why should not Sir Moses and the Nawab dispense with the wires, and trust their prayers to be borne East by angels? Cannot the same power which can pray an alteration in the tissues of the body, pray also the wind and light into intelligent messengers?

If one would know how the giant of modern civilisation may in a moment, by a wave of the hag-wand of superstition, be transformed to the religious dwarf, let him take to heart that fearful phenomenon—Man invents the electric telegraph; he uses it to pray God to regulate the universe in accordance with English notions!

What do we learn from all this concerning the God of England? We are taught, by this case of the Prince of Wales, that there can be no doubt whatever of His power to interfere with the course of natural laws. Here a miracle has been wrought. The Catholic Church has the liquefaction of a saint's blood and the winking eyes of a wooden Madonna; but the English Church now has a modern miracle—has it along with Romanists, Parsees, Jews, and Mahomedans—a Prince saved from death by prayer! Next, we not only have evidence that God can, but that he does, on suitably great occasions, interfere with the course of Nature. In this country he has not interfered in cases where great thinkers, poets, philanthropists have been stricken with mortal illness. His Almighty arm has not been moved where Crime has held riot, and Sensuality preyed upon womanhood. The sighs of the millions who toil through an unsunned existence in hovels, in dens, in mines and pits, have not come up before Him. The agonies and stains of the Haymarket, the Seven Dials, the Black Country of Staffordshire, the Fens of Lincolnshire, the Currags of Ireland—these all remain.

The ancient Jews said God was no respecter of persons. England's God is different. The ears that have long been deaf to cries from St. Giles have been attentive to petitions from St. James. Millions of wives and mothers must wrestle in hopeless agony at the bedside where the supporter of their families or a darling child sinks to death; but it is a different thing when the Heir Apparent is in danger. Then God is touched. How can He get along without the Prince of Wales? Our newspapers and clergy no sooner make

this suggestion than it becomes apparent to Providence, and the danger vanishes. And this is thy God, O England!

Now, the obvious deduction from all this is apparent to the editor of the evangelical newspaper. He is careful to remind us that "the nation was at church; the clergy were in office. Suddenly, through the clergy, Government communicated with the people." There is no mention of the eminent physicians who attended the Prince. In this view they might as well have been dispensed with altogether. The amount of it all is, that the real Supreme Rule of this Universe is vested in the united Church and State of England. After all, God only interfered in a tertiary way. The Government moved the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop moved the Clergy, the Clergy moved God, and so the Prince was saved. Thus, though God immediately acted, there was a power behind His throne. The original order that the Prince should get well went forth from the Cabinet. An American humorist reminded his countrymen that in a certain heated election, whichever party triumphed the Sun would still rise and set, subject to the Constitution of the United States; but it has been left to Establishment Theology to suggest that Divine Providence is subject to orders from Downing Street. And this is thy God, O England!

Are they who make such declarations as these, hypocrites? The writer from whom I have quoted is not, I think, for he accepts honestly the logic of his position. He agrees that prayer having saved the Prince's life, is thereby competent for a great deal more. "Now," he says, "let us pray that the Prince may be 'saved' in a higher sense." A valuable suggestion. If the combination of the nation's prayers secured a power sufficient to affect and alter the intestinal condition of the Prince, why should not a similar combination make a prayer-power that will so change his cerebral tissues that, on rising from his bed, he will be a Shakespeare in genius, an Alfred in statesmanship, and a Saint John in piety? Surely God cannot be more ready to answer prayers for the flesh than those for the mind and heart. And while the order is going forth from Omnipotent Downing Street that the Archbishop should move the Clergy to move God, that the Prince shall be such a genius and such a saint that the mouths of Republican gainsayers shall be stopped, let us further require of the Government, which has been so successful where a Prince was concerned, to employ the same praying-machine to sweep our cities clear of crime, and corruption, and filth, and disease, and secure to everybody health, and wealth, and happiness, so that there shall not be left a single man, woman, or

child in Great Britain who shall have any reason to be discontented with the existing order of things in what will then be the Isles of the Blest. If the Clergy have been sincere in their prayers, if they believe those prayers have been answered, surely they cannot hesitate to apply their power for the universal benefit. What a chance for silencing sceptics, and converting the whole world! Notwithstanding the recovery of the Prince after the prayers, many will remember the adage of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*; others will remember that the crisis of the Prince's disease was passed some hours before the telegraphed prayer of the Archbishop was read in the churches; and a great many may doubt whether a little credit of the recovery may not be due to the three eminent physicians who watched over the Royal invalid. But if the united prayers of Christendom will only free this country from the evils which afflict and degrade the people, all secularists and scientific doubters will be silenced for evermore.

But it is not enough that we should consider the absurdities of the superstitions around us in an abstract way. It is more important that believers in a Religion of Reason shall ask themselves how far they are sharing in these superstitions or contributing to their prevalence. And this self-questioning should be pressed upon us by the remembrance that no evil can be greater for both mind and body than superstition. We sometimes hear people speak of a "harmless superstition," but no superstition is harmless. Every superstition that enters the mind demoralises it. It can enter only through a flaw in reason, and through that flaw every low parasite of the mind may worm its way, while all the vigour of the intellect may leak out by the same defect. What evil physical effects a superstition may produce I fear we shall soon feel in this latest instance. Even while we all sympathised with the suffering youth who has happily recovered, we recognised that the attack might have a good effect in calling general attention to the wretched condition of the drainage system of the country, and the systematic violations of sanitary law; but the introduction of a special Providence into the matter draws attention away from the violated laws, and further declares to the nation that the prayers of the clergy are of more importance than obedience to the laws of health. The parsons have already done all they could to disparage the real and needed lesson of this illness, and so far they have sacrificed man to their superstition as surely as if they had sacrificed human victims before a savage idol.

These considerations, I say, urge upon us the serious question whether Rationalists may not be conniving with these superstitions. I cannot help feeling a renewed satisfaction that, in

our chapel at South Place, we have borne our testimony against the conventional practice of offering petitions and suggestions to the Deity as to the course of his providence. Adoring the order of Nature as the illustration of Supreme Wisdom, holding ourselves in lowly trust beneath the unknown purpose of Eternal Love, our prayers have sunk to silent aspirations—our adoration knows no other language than thankfulness and hope. But whatever may be our course in public, it becomes us to guard ourselves from infecting our children in private with the conventional notion that the language of prayer is in some way grateful to God and beneficial to man. I sometimes hear people say that they pray not for effect on God but on themselves. This amounts to attitudinising before the Deity. It means using a fiction for the good of the heart. It assumes that the Divine benediction is made to act through a formal unveracity. We ask a blessing of God, knowing that it will not influence his dealings with us in the least, for the sake of reminding ourselves of our dependence. This is insincerity in the guise of humility. Then, again, we hear it urged that we may rightfully ask God for spiritual gifts, but not for earthly gifts: we may petition for piety, but not for earthly health or prosperity. Another fiction! There is no real Theism possible which is not based upon the faith that moral and spiritual laws are as certain and fixed as physical laws. To suppose that we cannot by prayer alter the law of gravitation, but that we may alter the law of love or that of guilt, is to suppose that while every planet, every pebble, moves by a certain order and wise law, the human mind and heart—their right and their wrong—are lawless wanderers in a universe without moral order, and that their condition is dependent upon the arbitrary impulses of God, according to the casual suggestions of man.

“But,” I have heard it asked, “may it not be that prayer is the very natural and lawful means whereby the divine laws, in their application to the inward nature of man, are controlled? How do we know but that, as medicine applies physical laws to the body, prayer may not apply moral laws to the soul?” I answer that we know this just as we know anything else. We know so well that prayer cannot cure the body, that the very nation which prayed for the Prince’s life has lately punished members of a sect—“The Peculiar Family”—for allowing children to die without medical aid, because they found in the Bible a prescription of prayer and anointing by elders in case of sickness. And similarly we know that prayers for moral benefit—prayers for the conversion of the wicked—prayers for Christ-likeness, for piety and saintliness—have never given us a holy and

righteous world. That we know by experience. Anyone may test the power of prayer on his invisible nature by praying for genius, or praying for culture, or for prophetic insight, or perfect sanctity. But beyond that we know that all good must be obtained by work and by fulfilling the conditions through which that good may be reached. Yet men who know that a pearl must be dived for, and a harvest toiled for, and culture reached by study, are sometimes ready to believe that for the priceless pearl of purity, the harvest of virtue, the culture of the moral nature, no courage is needed, no toil, nor devotion, nor service, but only the moving of the lips or the expression of a want. The topmost, ripest fruit of all is to fall into our mouth in response to the charm of a word!

Surely it is time that such fatal superstitions ceased to mislead men from the tremendous task of life! Thinking people know well that health comes by obedience to the laws of health, involving prudence, self-restraint, obedience: they know that prosperity follows no petition but that of honest industry: they know that knowledge responds only to study and thought: they should know as surely that the only prayers that can bring the blessings of virtue and purity are obedience to conscience, the service of humanity, the formation of character by justice and kindness, the passionate devotion of the whole life to excellence.

THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY GEORGE SEXTON.

RECENTLY large numbers of persons have become dissatisfied with the old revelations, and have cast about them to endeavour to discover new ones to supply their place. Direct inspiration has in a great many instances completely superseded the written records of the past, and in others all professed supernatural teaching has been completely discarded, and Reason looked upon as the only safe guide for mankind. With many of those who cling to inspired books, a belief in a kind of progressive revelation seems to be entertained, thus rendering necessary every now and then a new volume to appear to keep pace with the times and clear up previously existing difficulties. The followers of Jobanna Southcott maintain that her writings sustain the same relationship to the New Testament that the latter does to the Old, and the same doctrine was taught by Richard Brothers, Ludwig Muggleton, *et hoc genus omne*, with regard to their

productions. Nor is this theory at all unreasonable in the abstract, since, as all things else march onwards on the high-road of progress, it is difficult to see why Revelation should prove an exception. Inspiration is surely as necessary to-day as it was eighteen hundred years ago, and revelations are needed as much in the nineteenth century as in the first—perhaps even more.

Amongst the modern sects who have new light to throw upon the records of the past, the Latter Day Saints occupy a singular position. On the one hand they cling to direct inspiration, holding that their teachers are daily in immediate communion with Heaven; and on the other they possess a sort of supplementary revelation, which they look upon as a kind of key to the Old and New Testaments, though of itself considerably more ancient than the latter. The Book of Mormon is, according to the teaching of this sect, of great antiquity. It is a large volume, containing about as much matter as the Old Testament, in the style of which it is principally written, and was, as the story goes, originally inscribed upon plates of gold, which, after being buried in the earth for thousands of years, were discovered by Joseph Smith in 1823. These plates must have been somewhat bulky, since, being in size seven inches by eight, it would have required at least a thousand of them to contain, in the Egyptian characters—the language in which the revelation was given—the contents of the Book of Mormon. And as they were each of the thickness of common tin, the whole put together must have measured something like two feet in thickness, and have weighed nearly a quarter of a ton. Despite this fact, Joseph Smith carried them home, and in so doing ran so rapidly with them on his back that two robbers who waylaid him for the purpose of depriving him of his treasure were unable to overtake him. With these plates was found a curious instrument called the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of “two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in two rims of a bow;” and by the aid of this the translation was effected, since the Prophet, being unacquainted with the Egyptian language, could not with the naked eye read the records.

In the Book of Mormon we have a history, or rather two distinct histories, of the former inhabitants of America. One of these refers to a people called the Nephites, of the tribe of Joseph, and the other describes the doings of a race termed the Jaredites, who emigrated to the New World at the time of the building of the Tower of Babel. The history of the Nephites occupies the first portion of the book. This people went to America with a view to escape the judgments of God with which the Jews were threatened in the reign of Zedekiah, and

in their journey were led by a prophet of God named Nephi. At starting the party comprised Lehi and his four sons, the younger of whom was Nephi, the captain of the tribe; and Ishmael and his daughters, the latter being married to the sons of Lehi. The first adventure that they met with arose from the fact of their going away in a hurry and forgetting the gold plates, some of which seem even as early as this to have been in existence. When they remembered what a valuable treasure they had left behind, Nephi at once returned for the purpose of repairing the error. The task, however, was not an easy one, since the plates were in the possession of one Laban, a relative, who seems to have been somewhat reluctant to give them up, at least, it may be supposed, without compensation. As Nephi retraced his steps to the city of Jerusalem he met Laban, and demanded the plates. The old man, who, it appears, was at the time in a state of intoxication, declined to comply with the prophet's request, whereupon the enraged Nephi rushed upon him, murdered him, and cut off his head. The death of Laban, though no doubt very desirable in such a case, still did not remove every difficulty in the way of procuring the plates, since of course he did not carry them in his pocket, and they would therefore have to be obtained from his residence, where they were in the charge of servants. Nephi was, however, equal to the occasion. He stripped the body of his uncle, dressed himself in the clothes thus taken from the dead man, assumed his voice, and personating him, went to the house, when the servants, mistaking him for their master, gave up the plates. He now returned to his relatives in the wilderness, compelling Laban's servant to accompany him; but forgetting to change his clothes, when his brethren saw him they mistook him for Laban, and, affrighted and terrified, they fled away. Nephi having convinced them that their fears were groundless, they continued their journey. In the wilderness they lived for the period of eight years, procuring their sustenance by their bows and arrows. Here they were guided in their travels by a compass, which is very singular, as that instrument was not known to the world till many hundreds of years afterwards. Pushing their journey onwards towards America, they came to the sea, and as they had no boat with which to cross, the difficulty presenting itself would, to an ordinary mind, have been considered insurmountable. Nephi, nothing daunted, immediately began constructing a vessel, which in the course of a very short time he completed. His brethren, appearing to have but little confidence in his ship-building capabilities, for a long time refused to trust themselves in the craft after it had been launched and was quite

ready for the voyage. In the end they gave way, and the vessel put to sea and set sail for America. They had not gone far before the crew became jealous of their captain's supernatural powers, and becoming enraged with him, they confined him in some part of the ship, and treated him very cruelly. The consequence of this was that a dreadful storm arose, the wind became boisterous and adverse, the sea rolled mountains high, the compass ceased to work, and the ship was in danger of sinking. For four days did this terrible storm continue, at the end of which time the crew, becoming convinced that it was a judgment of God for the ill-treatment of their captain, went and set Nephi free, and requested him to pray to God for them. He at once arose and complied with their request, when the storm subsided, the sea became calm, the wind favourable, the compass again acted correctly, and the ship sailed on for the new country. At last, after a long and tedious voyage, in which many dangers were incurred, America was reached, and the crew left the vessel, again to try their fortunes on dry land. They now settled in the south-west part of the continent, where for a long series of years they and their descendants quarrelled and fought until the tribe became nearly exterminated. Those who were left after all these internecine wars became Christians, and worshipped God according to gospel ordinances four hundred years before the birth of Christ. During this period a goodly number of prophets arose amongst them, each of whom wrote down the events connected with the people during his lifetime. These writings were afterwards collected by Mormon and buried in the earth, where they were ultimately found by Joseph Smith, under the direction of an angel. Each prophet makes it a special part of his mission to predict the future coming of Christ. Very curiously, in all the prophecies the names are in Greek, a language which one would imagine these people could hardly have been acquainted with at so early a period. After the death, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus, he paid the Nephites a visit, and two thousand five hundred of them, imitating Thomas, put their fingers into the prints of the nails in his hands, and into the wound in his side. From this time they lived more peaceably than they had done before, there being a greater number of Christians amongst them, and in the year 36 the whole tribe became converted. A community of goods was now established between them, and they lived in peace and harmony for nearly two hundred years. Then quarrels broke out amongst them once more, bloody battles were again fought, religion became quenched in the strife and tumult of war, and only two or three apostles, who were never to die, and who were seen alive four

hundred years after Christ, preserved their faith and righteousness intact. The end of the whole matter was that the people became terribly degraded, degenerating, in fact, into savages, and at the present day their descendants may be seen in the Red Indians of America.

The Jaredites appear to have assisted in the erection of the Tower of Babel, and to have escaped the penalty inflicted on the rest, of having their language confounded. For some reason or other they made a journey to America soon after. Like the Nephites, they had to encounter the difficulty of crossing the sea to gain the favoured land, and up to the time of their reaching the shore had made no provision for accomplishing the task. They were commanded by God to build eight barges, which, being of a somewhat peculiar kind, deserve even in modern times some attention on the part of ship-builders. These barges were made in the shape of ducks, and had each a hole at the bottom to admit water, and another at the top to let in the air. They could swim on the water or dive under the water with the same degree of ease. Each vessel had two windows, made of molten stones. These, God touched with his fingers, and they immediately became transparent, so as to allow the free passage of light to those inside the extraordinary diving ships. Two of these stones constituted the Urim and Thummim that Joseph Smith found with the plates, and by the aid of which the translation into English of the writing on them was accomplished. The Jaredites had no compass to guide them across the pathless sea; they had, therefore, to rely entirely upon the Providence of God as to the direction that they should take. But miracle was ever present with them. On one occasion Jesus appeared personally to them, and said: "Behold, I am Jesus Christ; I am the Father and Son." It is singular that in this case, as in that of the Nephites, the Greek form of these words is employed. After sailing and diving for three hundred and forty-four days, these curious barges reached the land of America. Here the Jaredites built a number of cities, and lived for a long time in all the ease and splendour of wealth and affluence. They then began to dispute and quarrel about various small matters, and ultimately to make war one upon the other. They fought many very sanguinary battles, so much so that more than two millions of men were destroyed, besides women and children. Finally, about eight hundred years before Christ, after they had dwelt in the land for fifteen centuries, the whole of them were slain with the exception of one man, and consequently the race became extinct.

Such is the kind of matter contained in the Book of Mormon, a

volume declared by the Latter Day Saints to have been inspired by God, and to be equal in authority with the books of the Old and New Testaments.

RELATION BETWEEN SCHELLING AND OKEN.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

1. SCHELLING, like Oken, has left us a philosophy of Nature, and in many respects their systems are similar; in others there are differences. The philosophy of Nature is, in fact, the Objective side of Philosophy, all philosophy being, in fact, bi-polar. The Subjective side is a philosophy of spirit. The latter is generally called Metaphysics, the former Physics. These have a history and involve progress. Those are purely scientific, and as perfect in their beginning as in their end. They imply self-intelligence throughout. But Schelling supposes (and here, I think, he and his school are in error) that in natural evolutions there is a "blindly-working life" leading to a rythmic movement, whereby Nature elevates herself from one stage to another. The law by which this is accomplished is the same at all stages, only at every later stage it enters upon a higher potency. It is, he tells us, everywhere, upon the lowest as well as the highest stage, the self-same mode of activity, namely, an objectifying of self to self: "first of all, a putting forth of what resides in the subject, and then again a retrograde reflection from this objectively created content of the subject upon itself, a distinguishing of itself from its object, while with this it remains continually united, and is at bottom the same essence. This original essence, having become intelligible to itself in man, still recognises the remainder of nature also, or as it were in all its members, its own life and essence—in a word, here contemplates as objective what it perceives in a directly subjective manner in the human being; it follows that all knowledge has, so to speak, two poles—subject and object, knowing and known; and thus, also, there are actually but two fundamental sciences, or rather but two modes of viewing *one and the same life* from two different points of view: first, the Philosophy of Mind, the self-consciousness of the subject—Transcendental Idealism; and secondly, the Philosophy of Nature, the being or life, objectively regarded from its real side and its development—i.e., as natural life."

2. What I object to in this statement is simply the assumption that the life prompting this movement is a "blindly-working" one.

It will be recollected what was said in a previous paper of "Rest;" that having, in working a regressive series, stopped at a certain point, we attributed to that what was true only of ourselves; in like manner it is we who are blind to the working of the predicated life: we are so because of the Method adopted in these philosophical inquiries. However transcendental the theory, German philosophers nevertheless adopt the Aristotelian method, and commence their investigations with the Senses. This was Kant's method, and his successors do not appear to have improved upon it. The Kantist marches up from the finite to the infinite, by removing the limits of the lower manifestations. Remove the limits from Sense, and the Understanding is unveiled; transcend the boundaries of the Understanding, and we are landed in the region of Reason. We have by these degrees surmounted space and time, and attained the eternal. Now, the infinite must have been already justly assumed as lying beyond these various limits, or it could not have been reached by their removal; but until the aspiring student has removed the last of these limits, though he may have felt its influence, he has not realised its presence. It has all along appeared as "a blindly-working life," when it has really been the most intelligent of spiritual powers. Owing to the confusion thus occasioned, many apparent contradictions occur which might have been avoided if the writers had considered themselves permitted to start with the intuitions of the conscience and the ideas of the reason, instead of the phenomena of sense. Not having done so, they attribute to the operations of Nature what really belongs to the investigating mind, and describe the former as rising from potency to potency, when, in fact, it is the student of Nature who is climbing a scale already in existence.

3. However this may be, Schelling insists that both the philosophy of Mind and the philosophy of Nature mutually complete and presuppose each other. "This, and nothing else," he says, "lies at the bottom of our endeavours to bring theory to bear upon the phenomena of Nature. The highest perfection of the natural sciences would be the perfect spiritualisation of Nature's laws into laws of intuition and of thought. The phenomena (the material) must, as regards ourselves, completely disappear, and the laws only, or the formal, be left remaining. Hence it comes to pass that the more the regular or normal in nature comes into view, by so much the more does the veil or covering vanish, the phenomena themselves becoming more spiritual, and at length ceasing altogether. Optical phenomena are nothing else but a geometry whose lines are drawn by the light, and this very light itself is but of a doubtfully material nature. In the pheno-

mena of magnetism all trace of matter disappears; and of the phenomena of gravitation, which even natural philosophers would have us believe that they can only comprehend as directly spiritual influences, nothing remains behind but the law, the carrying out of which upon a grand scale is, or constitutes, the mechanism of the heavenly motions. The perfected theory of Nature would be that by virtue of which the whole of Nature might resolve itself into Intelligence. The dead and unconscious products of Nature are only abortive or unsuccessful attempts upon the part of Nature to reflect herself" [that is, they so appear to the student working on the Aristotelian method upward from the senses to the powers that imply "the vision and the faculty divine," instead of working downward from the powers, and thus shedding light upon every step of the process]; "the so-called dead Nature being, altogether, but an unripe intelligence; so that in and through her phenomena the character of Intelligence is still, though unconsciously, revealed" [that is, apparently unconsciously]. "The highest goal, that of becoming wholly an object to herself, is first attained by Nature through the highest and final stage, that of reflection, which is none other than man, or, to speak more generally, is that which we call *reason*, through which Nature first completely returns into herself, and whereby the fact becomes obvious that Nature is originally identical with that which in us is cognised as intelligent and conscious."

4. This statement appears to me to demonstrate that it would be better to commence inquiry with the Spiritual Philosophy, and next to condescend upon the Natural, which would afterwards reveal itself in the light of ideas, without further trouble. The naturalist would then learn to regard the germ in the embryo as a subject, and the process of development as a vital elaboration. And seeing that the invisible vital forces are intelligent, we should credit it with proceeding consciously as an organising life, and as having present, really and not hypothetically merely, "an idea, a type, or a pattern," to which it seeks to conform, and which resides within it; such idea or exemplar *becoming* what in itself it had the determination, possibility, and disposition to become, gradually unfolding itself into a certain perfect structure. We should thus recognise the law exhibited in this process not as an internal necessity, but one of perfect liberty, regarding it from a subjective standpoint, and tracing its development as one of its own volition. Schelling, indeed, acknowledges that the law "is not one that is imposed, but is the special yearning of the germ after development—the elasticity of its own special nature. The operation of this law," he adds, "is a successive self-liberation,

self-satisfaction, and consequent declaration of freedom; and thus it is already seen provisionally how far *freedom and necessity may signify in themselves one and the same thing.*" The naturalist in gaining this knowledge has simply been contemplating his own spiritual operations in the objective world. Hence, both Schelling and Oken aspired sometimes after a more *à priori* method, and leaped to ideal conclusions before consulting experiences. Mr. Morell, the historian of our nineteenth century philosophy, fears that Idealism may in such cases venture too much. The "empirical process," he says, "on the one hand denies that the process of scientific investigation has anything to do beyond the observation and classification of facts: the idealistic extreme, on the other hand, contends that facts may be altogether dispensed with," and he quotes, indeed, Schelling's "Natur-Philosophie," and Hegel's development of the "Dialectic Process," as instances. "In both cases," says Mr. Morell, "there is a bold attempt made to grasp the fundamental law of *being*, in its most general form; and then, by logical inference, to construct the universe. The law being either assumed or discovered, or said to be known by intellectual intuition, in the outset, the attempt is made to evolve from it the whole process and the whole product of creation itself. Now, we should not deny, indeed, but that reason, when stimulated and directed by facts, may sometimes anticipate the results of induction, and rise, almost by a leap, at some law of Nature. It was thus that Goethe, by *à priori* thinking, enunciated the doctrine of the metamorphosis of plants; and thus also that Oken, stumbling on a skull amongst the Hartz mountains, exclaimed, as though by a sudden flash of thought, that it was vertebrated; but certain it is that purely rational systems of physics have failed to give any solid advancement to science."

5. It is curious that this mention of Oken is the only one in Mr. Morell's two bulky volumes;* and this may serve to show how little the works of this great philosopher are known in England, and perhaps the value of the references that we have given in these four essays on dynamic action. Mr. Morell, indeed, has still a lingering affection for the experimental method, even when he rises above it.

* This fact is all the more extraordinary, seeing that Oken is really a voluminous writer. His "Natural History" alone extends to fifteen volumes. Then we have his "Theory of the Senses, and a Classification Founded upon Them;" works on "Generation" and "Biology," and several programmes, namely:—"The Universe as an Extension of the Senses," the "Manual of the Philosophy of Nature," and various numbers of his "Isis." The reader will doubtless appreciate our attempt to condense much of this matter into a few pages.

Accordingly, he takes credit for having constructed his own work in accordance with it. But, after all, he tells us that the great question of philosophy is Method, and appears to prefer the Eclectic, which he denominates the Philosophy of Progress. Doubtless this method has attractions for the historian of philosophy; but the philosopher himself soon feels the need of direct vision. He must raise himself at once to the eternal and the infinite, and discard the notion of a creation in time, finding the ground of creation in the self-intelligence of the Elohim. To do this, he must commence, not with Sense but with Conscience, and see that, in the infant, Self-contemplation as an eternal principle must precede any experience of the temporal universe. By this the child constitutes *the* beginning of all its knowledge, and adds to it such notices of other Being as flow in upon the human consciousness from birth to death. It is my aim to show that such commencement with the higher powers is possible, and that by adopting a Method in conformity with it we obtain a philosophy more satisfactory than any yet promulged. These preliminary papers are intended as Prolegomena to the logical statement of the process which I am interested in commending.

6. We have already seen that Schelling and Oken imply the truths that belong to such a Method, but approach them under disadvantages, because, as it were, in the darkness of ignorance instead of the daylight of the Self-intelligence, which is, we should believe, the *Logos* in man imparted to him as the image of his Creator. Accordingly, they had to deal with ideas as Abstractions instead of Intuitions. We, on the contrary, have no need, as Schelling had, to postpone the consideration of the being of God until the question of the Absolute is settled, but can at once give the proof in the direct vision of which the Conscience is capable, and also declare the truth of our own personality from the beginning, instead of being compelled to trust to inference at the end, recognising the identity of knowing and being as the starting-point of the inquiry. With him, too, we recognise a mental activity in the reception of sensuous impression, and not the mere passivity assumed by Kant; but to this activity we ascribe the highest origin, together with life, reflection, and intelligence, distinguishing throughout the Ego from its product. Besides, it is acknowledged by the pursuers of what I consider the defective method, that all the momenta of intuition, distinction, cognition, and judgment are simultaneously present in the consciousness during the reception of sensuous impressions, and that only in the contemplation and description of them they appear separated, seeing that one cannot regard and describe them otherwise than successively. "In the actual

psychical process," says Chalybæus, "all occurs, so to speak, at one stroke; all these momenta do not follow consecutively upon each other, but mutually presuppose one another, and one must, even in theory, reunite what has at first been unnaturally separated by the mental anatomy of abstraction." Our improved Method avoids the confessedly *unnatural separation* altogether, and at every step proceeds by self-affirmation, producing the evidence and witness of the Word within us. We recognise no involuntary art-products, but assign to Will and Conscience the parts that they actually perform in the genesis of sensation. Indeed, Schelling himself, and also Fichte, dissatisfied with the Aristotelian method, endeavoured to modify it, so as to make the process a constructive one. Hegel gave to their efforts a definite form, calling the result, as Mr. Morell has done, "Intellectual Intuition," a point still in debate among Transcendentalists. "The Intellectual Intuition," say they, "requires a definite methodising, unless it is to degenerate into an unscientific game of the imagination." Enough that they allow the subjective and ideal activity to correspond to what in nature is called Light. "Light," says Chalybæus, "is the thought of Nature, or rather its self-intuition. For us human beings, who stand upon a higher stage, light appears as a movement, which we see taking place objectively; but this movement is for nature, thus in the objective sense, what thought is for us, a contemplation of ourselves. Light is the soul, the spiritual (although unconscious?) activity of the world, a thought which, while filling a space, is yet a spatial act of self-intuition."

7. Having found in the human intelligence the true spiritual light, and recognised its power of self-intuition, we are enabled to assume confidently, even upon the Transcendentalist's own knowledge, the truth of the leading proposition (the prothesis) which stands at the head of the Method to which, in our next paper, we shall require the adhesion of the philosophical student. Thereby it will become still more clear that the ideal and real, which usually address the understanding as two irreconcilable opposites (or the Knowing and Being), are in fact relatively only two poles of one and the same intrinsic potentiality—in a word, are identical in the Absolute. We shall prove, I think, that Nature in the long run not only acts rationally, as is admitted by all, but intelligently;—for the cosmic forces, as operant causes, manifest the presence of reason in act, quite as much as the human reason declares itself a cause in the production of the sensible effects which constitute matter, or sensation. Both the one and the other refer to the Absolute as the Cause of causes, as Creator and as God, in whose Being all activities

originate. Of these truths the genius of poets has at all times been percipient, and by its working we learn to judge of Divine operation, and what it is for the human mind to become inspired, and to be made the medium of spiritual revelations regarding both worlds. But I trust that by the Method which I am about to unfold we shall get rid of the contradiction between the conscious and unconscious which burthens the systems equally of Schelling and of Hegel. It will be in our favour, too, that what we assert in the way of affirmation they already admit and presume, so that there is no dispute concerning the verities themselves, but only about the manner of arriving at them. We avoid, however, what is called their Pantheism; while we show with them that "man in his inmost nature or essence is nothing but actual Self-consciousness," a fact which finds its echo in Nature, and is itself the echo of the Prescience which we must needs predicate of Deity.

8. Such is the importance of Method in Philosophy, that it is by its method one philosophy becomes distinguished from another—so that the method is in great part the distinctive philosophy itself. In proposing an unusual method, therefore, I necessarily make a claim to originality, and demand for my own whatever the reader may perceive in it to differ from the modes with which he is most familiar. I do not, however, claim it as absolutely *new*, for I find that the improved Method which I propose is verily the old one which the earliest writers employed in their endeavours to explain the secrets of Cosmogony and Theogony to the ancient world.†

INFLUENCE OF SEX ON MIND.

By J. M'GRIGOR ALLAN.

(Author of "*The Intellectual Severance of Men and Women*," "*The Real Differences in the Minds of Men and Women*," "*A Protest against Woman's Demand for the Privileges of both Sexes*," &c.)

"Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse."

TENNYSON.

THACKERAY tells us in "Pendennis" that his hero was too young to understand women. In some verses illustrating the impossibility of a young man comprehending the sex, he says, "Wait till you come to forty years." If the minds of men and women were not profoundly, radically distinct, there would be no difficulty in one sex understanding the other. Woman is a riddle to man, and *vice versa*.

Diderot observes: "The symbol of woman in general is that of the Apocalypse, on the front of which is written *Mystery*. Where for man exists a brazen wall, for woman often there is but a cobweb." In literature, it requires a very high order of genius to depict successfully a character of the other sex. For this reason an acute critic soon detects, by the disproportionate finish of the male and female characters, whether the author is a man or a woman. It is exceedingly difficult to describe *from within* characters of the sex to which the author does not belong. Men have certainly been more successful in delineating women, than women in delineating men. We cannot conceive a woman looking into man's mind, as Shakespeare, Milton, and other great poets have looked into the female heart. No lady novelist has given us studies of men, to be compared with those of female character, by Sir Walter Scott, or by Balzac, of whom Goethe said that each of his best works seemed dug out of a suffering woman's heart.

If a novelist were utterly to disregard the influence of sex on mind and character, and represent his female personages thinking, talking, acting, feeling, exactly like men, the book (whether the offspring of ignorance or bad taste) would be condemned as intolerable. Every reader with the slightest knowledge of life and manners would revolt against the outrageous error of burlesquing human nature by confounding the sexes. Yet some men and women appear desirous of reducing to practice in real life, that which is insufferable in a work professing to be a picture of male and female character. Such reformers appear to think *sex* a trivial, artificial distinction, since they deny natural differences in mental constitution, and attribute all intellectual divergence and inequality to education! Suppose a social reformer said, "Woman is naturally as big and as strong as man," no sensible woman would believe him. She would see it was not so. But the advocate of physical sexual equality might say: "Oh! it is not fair to compare the sexes as they now exist. It is true there is a considerable advantage of size and strength on the man's side *at present*, but you are utterly wrong in inferring that this difference is natural and always existed. It is nothing more than the result of disabilities in dress and physical education imposed on women by centuries of masculine tyranny. Just turn over a new leaf by training boys and girls exactly alike—give men and women the same gymnastic exercises and the same day's labour to perform—and you will soon see that Nature will recover her rights. All artificial distinctions of size, strength, bulk, shape, carriage, beard, features, skull, complexion, &c., will gradually disappear, and woman

will be man's equal in every respect." A sensible woman would laugh at this doctrine of Physical Equality, perhaps not aware that a similar scheme of physical education was suggested by Plato, although he thought woman to be in every respect weaker than man. Speaking for her sex, she might say: "Woman never can become as big and as strong as man. These distinctions are inseparable from sex. Nor would we, if we could; because in that case we should have to rival man, not merely in light and remunerative occupations, where there is little to do and plenty to get, but in hard physical toil—to become soldiers, sailors, marines, militia, police, navigators, &c., and, in short, attempt all those difficult and dangerous employments which men now do for us. Besides, we see clearly that we are made on a *pattern* altogether different from the rougher sex. Man was made for strength: woman for beauty and grace. We think the female type quite as excellent as the male. We prefer to remain as God made us—*women*."

To tell a woman she could have a masculine *mind* if she trained for one, is quite as absurd as to say she could develop masculine strength of *body*. Would the advocate of Equality be surprised to learn that it is a little more absurd? Women who excel in physical strength are far more numerous, than women who excel in mental vigour. The argument founded on exceptional instances would be more in favour of physical, than of mental equality. The normal woman cannot be masculine either in body or mind. Intellectual sexual equality is flatly contradicted by everyday experience, history, and tradition, independently of anatomy and physiology. Man's mental supremacy is an accomplished fact. Equality advocates admit it, as the basis of their argument for a revolution. "True," say they, "man *has* this intellectual advantage. But it is usurped. Woman has every intellectual faculty of man—innate, undeveloped; or, as Mr. John Willet would say, 'not drawn out of her in youth.' Educate her like man, and she will be his mental equal." To tell a lady in the nineteenth century that she has unconsciously a man's mind, might elicit the inquiry, "Why did you not say so before?" The Equality hypothesis is as uncomplimentary to woman, as untrue. Its advocates assume that woman is undeveloped, because she does not display the mental qualities of man.

Old grammarians defined the masculine as the more worthy gender. This has caused a counter-assertion on the part of woman. Some American ladies go far beyond *Equality*, and ascribe the asserted *superiority* of woman to "the greater complexity of her physical organisation." This specimen of feminine logic is chaste, elegant,

lucid, and not at all pedantic! They abandon Equality, which is as far as we have gone in Great Britain. Here are three distinct views: Woman inferior, superior, equal to man. All are wrong. "But," urge Equality advocates, "if woman is neither superior nor inferior, she must be the equal of man." That does not follow. It is a futile attempt to compare man and woman. They offer no common standard of measurement, and therefore no ground for comparison. We might as well compare animals of different species, or one colour with another. The three primitive colours constitute solar light. We cannot compare them, or call one colour superior to another. It is not strictly correct to say man is *superior* to woman in size, bulk, and strength. It is more correct to say man is taller, bigger, stronger than woman. It is no mark of inferiority in woman to be shorter, smaller, weaker than man.

It does not thus imply non-development or inferiority, that woman has a mind corresponding to her body, and consequently very different from that of man. In relation to her sphere and functions, woman is quite as excellent a being as man, in reference to his province. To say one sex is absolutely superior to the other, is philosophically false, and even impious, as it implies that Almighty Power and Infinite Wisdom are not equally discernible in each sex. Man and woman constitute the human species. Each sex, in developing its special gifts, characteristics, functions, and faculties, accomplishes the designs of Providence. Man and woman, by being psychically distinct, by thinking and acting differently, more nearly approach perfection (so far as that is attainable by human nature) than by resembling one another. A perfect man and a perfect woman do not exist. But a fine type of manhood, and a fine type of womanhood, never did, and never will, assimilate in mind or body. They may marry and never quarrel; there may be a good understanding between them; but one cannot be the echo or counterpart of the other. They will represent respectively distinct ideals of humanity. They will differ psychologically to the mental eye of the philosopher, as decidedly as they differ physically to the material vision of physiognomist and artist.

Equality advocates insult woman by considering her as a mentally undeveloped man! They say to woman, "How is this? You might have a man's mind. You ought to have a man's mind. And yet you haven't got a man's mind." Then they abuse the majority of the sex for being as God made them. A lady writes (*Victoria Magazine*, May, 1870):—"Women have a long lee-way to make up. The treatment of centuries, by themselves and others, has left its brand upon them in the distortion, if not arrest, of their development, in the

transmission of defect from mother to daughter, through forced habits and false ideas, such as would almost appear to demand a re-combination of their elements to enable them to make use of the endowments they now possess, and unfold those which still lie dormant." This magniloquent sentence occurs in an essay called "Our Censors and Satirists." But what censor or satirist ever produced a greater libel, a more sweeping condemnation on women in general, than this *friendly* summary criticism of a strong-minded Mrs. Candour, who is supposed to be *defending her sex*? This is the result of judging actual women by an imaginary standard;—the woman of the future, the faultless monster who is to unite the privileges and the qualities of both sexes; who, while chopping logic and writing dictionaries, is to be a model of womanly beauty and grace; who is to regulate the affairs of the nation, and not to neglect her family; who is, in short, to possess a man's ambition and a man's mind in a feminine body!

No man has a right to despise his mother, wife, sister, daughter, or any woman, because she cannot compete with him in argument. It is a very superficial view to suppose the female mind undeveloped because woman lacks reasoning power. I, an advocate of non-equality, protest against such a monstrous caricature of woman. The women of England are *not* distorted, arrested, undeveloped beings; do *not* demand "a re-combination of their elements"—whatever that may mean!

Equality advocates reiterate, "There is no sex in mind." But this assertion is simply beside the question. We have no experience of mind apart from matter. Every human mind is masculine or feminine, more or less. Whether sex will be prolonged beyond this existence, we know not. I have as good a right to assume that it will, as anyone to infer the contrary. The Rev. Mr. Haughton sustains the affirmative with arguments based on Scripture, in his work "On Sex in the World to Come." The resurrection of the body favours the idea that sex will continue. It is evidently an open question, respecting which experience furnishes no *data*. But in regard to mental phenomena manifested by human beings (and even by many animals), all experience testifies that sex exercises an invincible influence. Minds enshrined in men and women, boys and girls, are, to all intents and purposes, masculine and feminine. It is an indisputable truth, that actual, palpable, admitted mental and moral distinctions between man and woman, repose on causes far more recondite than culture and training. Education (as the word denotes) can only develop faculties; it can create none.

No one dreams of comparing the Belvidere Apollo with the Medicean Venus. We know they ought not to resemble one another. If the Greek sculptor had altered his models so as to make the Apollo more feminine, and the Venus more masculine, the distinct types of manly and womanly forms would have been lost; we should not possess—

“The Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed;”—

nor “the goddess” who “loves in stone,” “the statue that enchants the world;” but two nondescripts, neither man nor woman;—the sort of sculpture which will be admired when Nature has been *reformed* sufficiently to satisfy Equality advocates; *but not till then!* We cannot confound physical types of sex. The artist, whether poet, painter, sculptor, or novelist, must depict humanity as masculine or feminine. How, then, can we blend mental and moral qualities which are the direct and inevitable concomitants of sex? The minds of the sexes differ naturally as widely as their forms. A masculine woman, an effeminate man, are alike detestable. To ignore these principles in education and career, is to sacrifice some valuable quality of sex. We shall never succeed in making woman resemble man, or enable her to do man’s work well. But we may, in the attempt, pervert and injure the individual, mar her prospects, ruin her happiness, and make her very unlike the ideal of womanhood. We cannot alter Nature, but we cannot attempt to thwart her with impunity. Man is formed for physical and mental strength—for long-sustained efforts of thought and labour. He is meant to be thinker and worker. Woman is made for beauty, grace, sympathy, pity, and maternity.

Sir Walter Raleigh says: “Woman was made of the man and for the man; expressly given to man for a comforter, a companion—not for a counsellor.” The Bible distinctly declares woman was made to be man’s helpmeet—not his rival, ruler, servant, or slave. Consequently woman always, more or less, leans upon man. This is the natural relation of the sexes. Hers is the vital system, easily deranged by any great employment of the locomotive or mental organs. “As to intellectual ladies,” says Mr. Walker (“Analysis of Beauty”), “they seldom become mothers, or they become intellectual after they have ceased to be mothers. These few facts are worth a thousand hypotheses and dreams, however amiable they may be.” The French proverb, “*Bête comme une danseuse*,” shows how incompatible with intellectual pursuits is great physical exertion.

Woman's skull and brain are proportionately less than man's; but the nerves connecting the brain proper with the external organs of sense are comparatively larger. Hence the increased sensibility and quickness of observation characteristic of woman. Here we may have the physiological cause of the daily-experienced fact, that man is a being of the intellect; woman, of instinct and emotion. Man reasons and reflects; woman perceives and feels. Man is active; woman passive. To man belongs the kingdom of the *head*; to woman, the empire of the *heart*. Nor can the sexes exchange sovereignties. Woman is less guided by intellect than by feeling and emotion. Her movements are more easy and prompt, though less sustained than man's, favoured by ready obedience of muscular action and shortness of stature. She is less combative than man. She desires to please; man's mission is to protect and defend. Her disposition to sustain mental and bodily exertion is much less than man's. She is naturally fonder of change, and more fluctuating in opinion. Hence the character attributed to the sex nearly 2000 years ago by Virgil—

"Varium et mutabile semper fœmina,"

and echoed by Sir Walter Scott's well-known lines. Not by her understanding or force of mind, but by her prompt and easily-affected sensibility, is woman eminently adapted to surmount maternal suffering—through affection and pity, to be interested in children and household cares. A woman will make incredible sacrifices where her heart is touched—for a lover, a husband, a child. Woman's constitution perfectly fits her to be wife and mother, to "guide the house," entering into the minutiae of details for which man is altogether unqualified. A girl of sixteen makes a better housekeeper than a man of sixty! Woman's life is more sedentary than man's. Her disposition is milder. She is less acquainted with great crimes.

The opinion, founded on observation, is all but universal, that woman does not possess man's reasoning and reflective powers. It is not confined to physiologists, physicians, and anatomists, who draw conclusions from head-forms and organic structure, but is held by multitudes of both sexes who have no theory to maintain, and judge solely from experience and practical acquaintance with human nature. This opinion is popularly expressed in the colloquial axiom, that it is impossible to argue with a woman. Men and women have been far too hasty in concluding that this inability to argue is any mark of woman's inferiority or non-development. Equality advocates admit that women lack reasoning faculty as compared with men, but (deceived by their hypothesis) they declare the power exists latent, and might

and ought to be developed by a masculine education. Here I join issue with Equality advocates. On this assumption, inability to compete with man in argument, is a defect in woman; whereas I maintain it to be the result of natural organisation, and, therefore, no more a defect, than woman's lack of man's size, strength, shape, stature, beard, and complexion, are defects. Men who grow impatient and angry with female relatives for inability to argue; men who despise the sex for this peculiarity; and advocates of Equality, who libel women as poor, stunted, distorted, mentally-arrested creatures, because they cannot argue—are all in error when they adduce this general absence of reasoning power, as a *defect* in woman. The mistake is to gauge woman's mind by a masculine standard, and to take for granted the marvellous absurdity, that woman can and ought to possess all man's mental qualities, *in addition to her own!* Those who blurt out that woman is stupid, or that her education has been shamefully neglected, because she cannot chop logic or write like Locke, Bacon, Newton, and Shakespeare, do not perceive that this inability to argue (which would be a *defect* in man) is a *characteristic and valuable quality* in woman.

Woman's *forte* is certainly not argument. We might as well expect her to chop wood as to chop logic. A far greater number can do the former than the latter. In reasoning, reflection, generalisation, she cannot compete with man. As Mr. Losberne says in "Oliver Twist": "Bless the bright eyes of your sex! They never see, whether for good or bad, more than one side of any question, and that is always the one which first presents itself to them." But it is a most rash and irrational conclusion, that woman is a mentally undeveloped man, who claims your pity, or a masculine mental and physical culture to enable her to hold her own. If it be said, man's pre-eminence in reasoning power gives him a great and unfair advantage over woman, I reply, it certainly would do so, if woman were what Equality advocates imagine her to be—a kind of undeveloped man. But woman was no more intended to argue with, than to fight with man. The masculine woman attempts argument, and fails; the womanly woman has her own way by carefully avoiding argument. Woman has a compensating gift in her marvellous faculty of intuitive perception, defined by Mr. J. S. Mill as "a rapid and correct insight into present fact." In these distinct mental faculties—reasoning and intuition, induction and deduction—man and woman differ of necessity, as decidedly as in physical structure. Neither sex can impart its special mental gift to the other. No education can give to man, woman's keenness of perception, tact, and quickness in arriving at a

conclusion. No education can give to woman, man's power of patiently following out a chain of reasoning, analysis, concentration, and generalisation. "Decide," says Rousseau, "to educate women like men. The latter will cordially assent. The more women resemble men, the less will they govern men, and then indeed the latter will really become the masters." All sound education must be based on a recognition of—

THE INFLUENCE OF SEX ON MIND.

"VANITY FAIR."

"ALAS! the mockery of God is heavy upon me! The great Author of the universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, has determined to make the petty earthly author, the so-called Aristophanes of Germany, feel to his heart's core what pitiful needle-pricks his cleverest sarcasms have been, compared with the thunderbolts which his divine humour can launch against feeble mortals." So wrote Heine. This tragi-comedy of existence becomes at last too real. We revolt against it. Then we are tossed hither and thither, the boiling waters around us, and but for gleams of affection we could not endure the intolerable burthen. The human love makes us certain of divine love somewhere. Probably no human being would have any belief in a Heaven of mercy but for ministering angels in mortal form who alleviate our tortures.

"The imaginative reason" is now the great power in literature. Even in the works of fiction that are most popular, a sort of reason is required which was not wanted prior to this century. The Scriptures assert that it is the inspiration of the Almighty which giveth understanding. This is a truism. But the world does not believe even as much as this. It believes in its own ugly and silly face. This was the fact at the time of Christ, just as it is now; so he spoke an infinite number of parables to the Hypocrite of his era. He walked down Vanity Fair very sadly, and yet convinced that God was the author of it. This is the only hope. If a Devil, or Chance, or any other nonentity in fashion with fanatics or sceptics, be the author, Vanity Fair will continue to the crack of doom, and for ever!

In the "Divine Drama" we read: "The Law is the Song of Moses that is sung along with the Gospel in the day of Restitution, and

without which the marriage of the two everlasting principles can never be consummated. Scripture prefigures all the great leading features of the Divine Drama to the end, in language of *recondite meaning*. They are found in the Book like gold at the diggings, not coined into sovereigns and lying on the surface in rows or bags, but scattered and buried in the form of dust, for which a man must search both long and deep, and which he may even see without perceiving, and handle without feeling, and find without appreciating or converting into profitable use." In *Vanity Fair* this is "mysticism." The cries of the clowns, the drums of the showmen, the whistles of the boys, and the crackers and tin kettles that distract the attention, will not allow a still small voice to be heard.

Vanity Fair asks no wisdom, bless you! In much wisdom there is infinite sorrow. The author of the very clever book designated as above once asked—referring to fiction with a tragic end—why he should let his sympathies be agonised at the rate of twopence a volume. It is true, you may make your way through the Fair, and listen to the Teetotal lecturer, the Methodist young man with a white face, or the blatant "Secularist" with scoffing lip, for nothing; but all these seem part of the grim humour of the holiday. Pause, O thinker of many thoughts! and at last, perhaps, when the hand fails, the eye is dim, the aching head throbs no longer, you may hear, far off and hardly audible, something distinct about a world which darkness will not comprehend—for the light "shineth in darkness" to the latest hour.

Vanity Fair, with beadle voice, requests you not to annoy the "gentlefolks." If you let them pass by unmolested, you will be quietly allowed to walk in the green fields and pluck daisies. "This Christian Land: a Satire, and Something More"*—a little work of genius—contains the following passage, viz.:—"The exceptional individuals who are truly Christians here are in an uncongenial clime. If they simply do good, as their Leader did, they are looked upon with suspicion by the "orthodox" modern leaders of the faithful, who fling the accusation at them that they are thinking of being saved by works instead of faith. The Shibboleth-monger of the present epoch is a dog in the manger; he will not be a Christian himself (in the true sense of the word), and he flies at the throat of any who would make a better use of the name."

Vanity Fair is greatly shocked at such an enunciation of blasphemy. Here is a fellow—ultra-Unitarian at least—who rejects

* "This Christian Land." *Marven*, Bull and Mouth Street.

theology. As we cannot send him to Smithfield to be burnt (which was the "good old plan"), let us ostracise him—socially ignore his existence. If he should write in an audacious publication which thinks there is *no* pasture on which Universalism cannot feed, obviously he is not fit for anything but the fate of prophets and reformers;—let him starve. He does not want our bread, and though we will not cast the "first stone," let him pick up stones in work-houses—let him break stones on the roads! Christian charity is so great. But as we are in a Fair, we don't want these men of reflection. It were an irony in nature to send them for anything that can disturb our rest.

"Beware when the Almighty God lets loose a thinker," we are told. More awful still the devastation of "a Lord Christ's heart," for many can *feel* that who cannot *think*. As I was walking to-day, I saw written on a wall, "Thou shalt not *starve*," in large letters. Is this a new commandment, or a new interpretation of the injunction to "love one another?" There is something half awful in it; a little more, and out bursts Revolution. The greatest sufferers and the deepest philosophies can inform us that "as the flesh profiteth nothing," the babble of the indigent is contemptible. God knows! Another Christ will come, perhaps, when we least expect it, and "confound the ignorant and amaze the wise." Why should there be no second Christ, if Vanity Fair needs the besom of destruction? "The Lord is a consuming fire" now and evermore.

The writer did not mean to be so grave. He is not a preacher—has no great faith in sermons—would not be incisive or ironical to go end. Come, let us get out of the noise and bustle—away from the poor tin trumpets, the roughs and their oaths—and worship in the Temple of Nature. Do not let us for ever accuse our great Mother of unkindness.

Denizens of Vanity Fair, come and listen to the birds as they ascend with joyous hymns! This is no dirge, after all. We do not dwell in a charnel, but in a world of good and evil, where genius, goodness, patience, and hope will prove at last too potent for the demons of the pantomime. Do not say, "Put away the puppets," with Thackeray, but remember all are God's puppets, at any rate.

VICTOR.

“THE GOOD OLD TIMES.”

BY JOHN PAGE HOPFS.

To one who has been called *the wisest* man has been imputed the saying, “Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.” Certainly the saying is a wise man’s, whencesoever it came. And yet it is a pleasant delusion that there was once a world or an age of gold, and that we can look back, if we cannot look round, upon perfection and peace. It is the old story, as old as poor humanity itself, that “distance lends enchantment to the view.” But it is an unreal enchantment: it is the enchantment of the sunlight upon an Eastern town, with turret, and minaret, and tower, and dome glittering in the noontide splendour—glorious to look upon when the traveller beholds it from a distance, but a horror of dirt and confusion to those who are actually in it. So is it with the past, looked back upon by our noisy present: how sweetly it lies behind us—so still, so beautiful; the broadening stream of the world’s life nothing but a swelling of the tumult and an increasing of the discord and the strife!

In the Old Testament, the history of humanity itself is pictured as a history beginning amid beauty, and sweetness, and order, and purity, and peace. The starting-point is an Eden; but it is an Eden that existed only in the poet’s dream. Man did not begin his strange and sorrowful career as a perfect being or even a happy being, but as an animal who had to fight for his nut or his acorn with the wild beast, and who, through long laborious processes, has climbed to even his present imperfect condition; and every step has been marked by tears and toils as well as by successes and advances.

So also with the history of nations. And here we are not so apt to be deluded by any golden dreams of perfection, because, for the most part, reliable history is available to check or correct this tendency to glorify the past; but even here this tendency is too strong for us. We have pre-historic legends that revel in the marvellous and the monstrous; and even modern men, speaking of comparatively modern days, talk of the “good old times”—a foolish phrase that has almost risen to the dignity of a proverb. And yet the truth is, there never were any “old” times or any “good” times in comparison with our own. These are really the old times, for the

world is older to-day than ever it was ; and as for the "good" times, they surely never were better. What we call "old" times were the young times, and what we call the "good" times were wofully bad times ; for the "good old times" were bad old times, disgracefully dirty old times, shamefully cruel times, ridiculously foolish times, detestably wicked times ; and it is our business to thank God we have got well rid of them. For the history of a nation is like the history of the race ; it is a history of progress—of an ever-onward movement from darkness to light, from error to truth, from folly to wisdom, from a selfish government in the interests of a few to a just government for the good of the many. And, as a matter of fact, that has been the history of every nation that has come to anything.

So, again, with the history of the Church. And here, in spite of a Church history that tells plainly enough the sorrowful truth, Christendom still persists in thinking of a time when a united Church held a common faith, and kept to the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace ; when there was no strife, no heresy, no party spirit—nothing but a joyous harmony of all-concurring minds and hearts. Alas ! it is a dream, and nothing more. There never was such a time ; there never was anything approaching to such a time. The history of the Church has been a history of division from the first—a history of strife, confusion, and schism, from the day when Paul withstood Peter to the face "because he was wrong," to the day when the Bishop of Oxford asked his brethren to curse Bishop Colenso because he was right. The New Testament itself bears witness to this ; the very apostles rebuking one another and separating from one another, while heresy appeared where the gospel was at first preached, even at Jerusalem. The history of the Christian Church is a history of heresy on the one hand, and of persecution on the other. And this is only what we ought to expect ; for the moment men begin to think they begin to advance, and the moment they begin to advance they offend those who want to stand still. It only requires that one man shall think a little faster or speak a little more freely than others, in order to open a door that must lead to all the diversities and strifes we are apt to regard as the sad product of these degenerate days.

The truth is, we are leaving behind the age of great strifes and divisions, of the strifes and divisions that belonged to an age of darkness or of shadows, and we are now approaching the age when, with the added experience of 1800 years, the great ideas that lie at the root of Christ's republication of natural religion will be perceived

by all. Uniformity, indeed, we shall never have, and for the best of all reasons; but there will come a cessation of cruel and envenomed strife, and a recognition of the precious truth that it is not what a man believes but what a man is that makes him dear to God.

And as it has been with the world at large and with the Church, so has it been with social life and with the character of the individual. It is all a dream that the past was either happier or better than the present. Read the old poems, the old plays, the old histories, the old biographies, the old sermons, the old romances, of Italy, Greece, France, England, and you will see that the pure, quiet, and beautiful social life of to-day is comparatively a new thing on anything like a large scale, and that, in the main, men and women are immeasurably more temperate, more pure, more intelligent, and more mutually helpful than ever they were before.

But leaving that widest circle of all, the history of humanity, that lesser circle of the history of nations, that circle still less of the Church, and that other circle of society, and the character of the individual, we end with that which is the centre for every man—*himself*. And here it seems a part of our very nature that we should love the dear old days, and look at them through an enchanted atmosphere, and think of them with pensive regret. We fancy we were never so happy as when we were very young, and that no days have been so free from care or trouble since. It may indeed have been so for some of us, but for most of us it is all a delusion. A kind of glamour has gathered round the past—that is all. A mist rises up in the valley below us as we climb, and on that mist the lovely vision paints itself. We really were not the perfectly happy creatures we think we were, though perhaps we might have been had we been wise: and the old home was neither so large nor so handsome as we picture it. We go back to the old spot, and find it much smaller than we thought it. We look at the old tree, and it really seems to have grown shabby. We revisit the old playground that once seemed endless, and it seems to say to us—"I am sorry you have come: what an old impostor I have been! Go, and dream of me no more!"

No; we were not in Eden in the old home. It might have been made an Eden; but, to the majority of us, it was only a kind of land of Egypt, where anon we sighed for the promised land. Our lessons were very hard, the yoke of authority was very heavy, our experiences were very painful, and our young hearts were always breaking over something. It may do to look back upon, but it would not do to go back to. Time may have toned down the old harshnesses and glorified the commonplaces of the past; but let no one moan for it. It is of

God's mercy that "distance" does lend "enchantment to the view." Let us bless Him for that; but, in doing so, let us press onward, knowing that the former days were not better than these, unless, indeed, we have shamefully missed our way, and been desperate spendthrifts of faculty, opportunity, and time.

It is the glorious law of progress, then, that governs us, leading us on, step by step, from one stage of our great life-journey to another. There are some who think they glorify God by depreciating the work of His hands, and, in order to exalt Him, they spit upon His creation, and think to praise Him by making out that man is a miserable failure. But this is as irreligious as it is illogical. Our lessons are many, our tasks are hard, our school hours are long; but the good God is over all, and every generation advances the general good. For it is not Chance that is drifting us, but it is a Hand that is leading us, shaping our ends, "rough-hew them how we will."

What, then, is the meaning of this instinct that compels us to cling to the past—that binds us so nearly and so tenderly to beloved ones whose hands we can touch no longer, but whom we can never cease to love? We keep on looking back, and linger often where only pathetic memory can go. What angels dwell for us in that old past! Perhaps it is a mother, who seems to us, now that she is so far in the past, the sweetest and most gracious being who ever trod this earth for us—whose voice was the gentlest, whose face was the loveliest, whose hand was the kindest, and whose love was the deepest that ever mortal knew. Or we think of little children gone from their nest with us, and of many dear faces now long since only given to memory. What does it all mean? Why has God made us to love these "dead" things so? Are we being cheated by our vain regrets, and deceived in the deepest and most sacred things that touch and rule us? Ah me! why has God made the lost things seem the loveliest? There is only one answer. *They are not lost*; but this blessed instinct is ours, not to take us back to cold dust and ashes and the dream of a vanished joy, but forward to the renewal, with large accessions of joy and blessing, of all that was ever dear upon earth.

Yes, the best days are all before us; the best days for the world, the best days for the Church, the best days for society, and the best days for every poor tempest-tossed child of earth and time. Round us to-day lie the dead leaves, or only the ashes of them; but out of that ruin of the Old will presently spring the richer, brighter, better New. At the gates of the fabled Eden the angel with the flaming sword still stands; by the gates of the true Eden to which we are going the angel stands with welcome smiles and an ever-beckoning hand.

DEAN STANLEY.

BY FRANCIS K. KINGSTON.

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER preached a sermon on Christmas Day last, which contained some passages which I quote from the report of the sermon published in the *Daily Telegraph*. He said: "Being good and doing good are far more important than thinking correctly and speaking correctly, even about great subjects; yet still there is a natural and inextinguishable desire to render to ourselves some account of the nature of God, that vast, mysterious, indefinite Being whose name is in all mouths. What is this nature? What is he like? Is he something altogether above and beyond our reason, our understanding, our affections? or, if not, is there anything on which our reason, and understanding, and affections can repose? To answer this question is the task of the true theologian in the highest sense." Again—"Every phrase, every idea which has any truth in it, is in itself, however it may have been used or abused, a good and perfect gift from the Father of Light." Referring to that part of his text, taken from the first chapter of St. John, "In the beginning was the Word," he said: "Our English expression, the 'Word,' and the Latin or French equivalents, are no doubt in themselves quite insufficient; but if rightly understood, they are enough. What is meant is not a single word, but language, speech, reason, or intelligence communicating itself by spoken syllables. Everyone knows what language and speech are between man and man; without them, all human sympathy, all mutual understanding, would fail. Language, or speech, is the only sign and outward conveyance of the unseen intelligence—it is the basis of human society, of human progress, of human civilisation. So it is in the intercourse of God with man." Further on, he remarked that "the peculiarity of the theology of St. John, as of all true theology, is that it speaks of the being of God as chiefly and for all spiritual purposes known to us through the moral and spiritual being of man."

Unless we think correctly we surely cannot understand anything, for to think incorrectly is not to understand what we think we are thinking about. Thought as apart from the subject of thought, is as indefinite and unmeaning to us as the idea of God is indefinite and unmeaning to us as apart from the idea we have of the Universe of Nature. No abstraction has any meaning or existence as apart from some concretion.

If we use the name God as a symbol the equivalent of which is All in All—Omniscience and Omnipotence in Infinite Existence—God is at once the Cause of all things, and is represented in and by all things. But God is all good—all goodness; hence, to be and to be good are equivalent. Again, since all actions are God's actions, and all God's actions must be good, to do anything and to do good are equivalents. Perhaps Doctor Stanley used the terms "being good and doing good" in some secondary sense which he did not define, and in reference to the realisation of some idea, or end, or theory thereof which he did not describe, but which he left the imaginations of his hearers to fill in to suit themselves. If the preacher meant conscious being and conscious doing, then the factor, being in a state capable of thinking, must think of something, whether or not he may be able to tell another correctly what he is thinking of. But thinking and speaking are, like all things, forms of God's being and doing, and are therein all good to God. All things must be true in themselves, though we are not able to understand what is the real form in which all things are related to us. Language without thought has no meaning to us. How, then, without thought can we have intercourse with either God or man? Surely intercourse with God—that is, with the greatest of subjects, with all things—is the most important, because the all-important, aim of a conscious man, and of necessity cannot be inferior in importance to what Doctor Stanley calls "being good and doing good."

What a satire are sermons like these on the vanity of University honours and the learning which passes current as "great!" What a satire on the Church as by law established! Persons go to hear Doctor Stanley preach, much as the ancients would have gone to consult an oracle. They ask for the bread of knowledge, and he gives them etymological specimens which they cannot readily assimilate. Of course the Dean is bound in ecclesiastical chains which confine him as with the mechanism of a vice. He cannot speak the whole truth without losing his preferment and position. He is not free to speak what he may think.

ERRORS IN FIRST PRINCIPLES.

It seems to me there is much mere philosophical cant prevailing in all quarters in the present day that is mistaken for profound wisdom;—as when it is asserted that we cannot know "things in themselves," or that we can only know "phenomena," or that the

mind can have no knowledge beyond its own sensations ; and, again, the assertions about an "unknowable, unconditioned absolute," and the like follies ;—and, again, when writers assert that "force is everything," not distinguishing between the entity and its ability or potential state, and the action or force which is the consequence ;—and a confusion of ideas in men's minds is produced, greatly to the detriment of the progress of sound philosophy and clear scientific views. Dr. Sexton, in his article on "The Correlation of Forces," says that Mr. John Stuart Mill remarks with great truth, "All we know of objects is the sensation which they give us, and the order of the occurrence of these sensations. The whole range of human knowledge extends to modes of action—no further." On which the sagacious Editor of *FREELIGHT* remarks in a note that "this is the question of all questions. Surely Mr. Mill has *not* proved it?" No ; certainly he has not proved it, or he would have proved that nothing could be proved ; for the statement amounts to an assertion, not only that we cannot know "things in themselves," but that we cannot know anything about things at all, and not even that they exist. Now, what is the fact ? That the mind is nothing more nor less than the knowledge about things, and that the nature of a thing is disclosed in what it does, and in the analysis of its elements and its conditions ; and it was wisely conjectured by Bacon that, so far as we can say, there is nothing more to know. Instead of asserting that we cannot know "things in themselves,"—in other words, say, things themselves,—the fact is that knowledge entirely consists of the knowledge of the nature of things and their laws, demonstrated in their action and qualities—which is, in fact, their nature and selves ; and if not so, there is nothing for it but absolute scepticism—that is, if we would be consistent and hold by the logic of the position we have assumed. The truth is, that, in spite of their opinions and assertions, those sceptical philosophers, as Hume well saw, believe practically in a positive knowledge of the external world and of the nature of things, as do those who have not thought about the matter ; and what all men are forced to believe we must hold to be true—for there is not, and cannot be, any other criterion ; besides, much is said on verification in philosophy. Then, surely, the whole of all our lives consists more or less in the positive verification of our knowledge in regard to the external world and the nature of things, which very knowledge we find essential to our existence and well-being. These, doubtless, would cut a curious figure in a court of law, giving evidence on oath, should the counsel care to refer to their published opinions in respect to their profound ignorance of anything existing or occurring

in an external world ; and well might Newton exclaim, in a view of these matters, "Physics, beware of Metaphysics!" I must confess that I have not been consistently free from the cant about only knowing phenomena myself, but am ready to recant and make a clean breast of it. And as regards phenomena, the fact is, the only real phenomena are the phenomena of the consciousness—for neither objects, their conditions, nor actions can properly be called phenomena, nor even the laws, which do not rule, but are their form and rule.

H. G. A.

I.—WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

CHRIST is the personation of all that is great, good, noble, loving, merciful, self-denying and sacrificing, to bless humanity.

Christ is the deliverer of the blind and ignorant from dark superstitions and the fear of death.

Christ is the friend of the poor, the hungry, and the weak.

Christ is the Advocate, the Captain, the Mediator of the fallen, the despised, the oppressed, and the enslaved, to save them from their oppressors.

Christ is the Ambassador, the Servant of God, to justify and reconcile the ways of God as good; and to show that Priests and Pharisees by their traditions had adulterated and corrupted the Scriptures and made them of none effect.

Christ is the personation of the Spirit of God in humanity, proclaiming the love of God to humanity.

II.—WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST CRUCIFIED?

"Christ crucified" is the personation of the Priests', Scribes', and Pharisees' hatred to Christ, and to the gospel he preached, because it made their ritualistic forms and ceremonies wholly needless for a hope of salvation.

"Christ crucified" is the personation of Love, bearing with and enduring the hatred of enemies, in order to melt with love their stubborn and stony hearts, so that, being passed over, they might be converted to repent, and live from henceforth new creatures, as much as though reborn or raised from the dead to live afresh, freed from all fear of the past, as well as from all the prejudices of family, education, caste, and nation.

"Christ crucified" is the personation of God absent from the world so long as men in high places blindly accuse either their

neighbours or God himself of having required innocent blood to be shed, instead of accusing *self* as amongst the chief of sinners for having been false to vows pledged to be true and faithful to Jesus.

"Christ crucified" is a personation of both God and Christ's absence from the world, and of the adversaries of Christ reigning instead (2 Cor. xi., 14); whilst men quote Scripture to justify the crucifixion of Jesus as having been required and preordained by God himself, and cast out of the Church, as evil to be excommunicated and persecuted, all who refuse to profess belief in that evil doctrine.

And to this hour the adversaries of Jesus Christ and St. Paul reign, using their names only to exalt *themselves*, as in St. Paul's day (2 Cor. xi., 14). Let him that hath eyes search the Scriptures, and meditate upon what Jesus is recorded to have taught in the Parables; and then, if Jesus is accepted to be a Witness of truth, the doctrines that are opposed thereto, miscalled Orthodoxy, must be false.

T. G. HEADLEY.

A MENTAL HISTORY.

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

"By an unfettered faith, we mean a common faith in universal Providence."—
"The Divine Drama," by J. E. SMITH.

I WAS BORN about the time when Voltaire was in the zenith of his fame. My father was French, my mother was English. Even when I came into the world, the former was almost elderly. He was fifty-three, my mother was thirty-five, and they had been united ten years when I made my appearance on this stage of being.

My father was a clever man—a bookseller; and he had a good shop in Paris. His circumstances were almost easy; but he liked money, therefore he continued in business until I was fourteen. About that time my mother died. We were inconsolable for a considerable period at the loss. I had acute feelings then. My father was a Materialist, and did not believe in a future life; but from my mother I had imbibed some religious ideas of a very heretical description. She was almost a Mystic, and was full of poetry and idealism. From her I acquired a relish for German literature. Goethe had hardly begun his literary career, but there was a commencement of that wonderful spirit of innovation in Germany which we now find the dominant power in the realms of speculation. France has failed to

lead European thought. My father relinquished his business just in time to avoid the horrors of the great Revolution. Foreseeing the tempest, he sold everything he possessed in France and went to England. I had the advantage of a fair education, and the relatives of my mother took some interest in me; therefore I was not left utterly friendless when my father departed this life, a little before I attained my majority. Being left, at my father's death, free to follow my inclinations, I chose to complete my education at a German University, and there I remained two years. The dawn of the present century found me a wanderer over Europe. I was a restless, unsettled man, devoted to dreams and fantasies. My soul was a chaos. I had at one time an eager desire for fame; and I wrote a good deal, publishing now and then a volume, the success of which was not encouraging. With a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and without expensive tastes, I was not compelled to work for bread. I had no wish to marry. The power of the other sex over me was always small, yet I was not entirely devoid of that sentiment which is generally potent in youth, though I never found a woman whose character harmonised with mine. I am quite old now. Two-thirds of a century have I lived, and I begin to long for a glimpse of the divine, unknown world, the existence of which I once doubted. I have been a minister of the Unitarian denomination in England, but to that body I no longer feel attached. I am a Spiritual Pantheist. It seems to me that all prayers and forms of worship must fail. "Now I pray unto the Father," said an inspired Voice; but He added that the time would come when prayer must cease, for the reason that "*the Father himself loveth us.*" When the world can believe in God as infinite love, why should we pray to him? I used to pray. I am not quite certain that in extreme moments of anguish human lips will ever cease to utter words of supplication. Nevertheless, Christ himself was a sceptic for a moment when he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It is in the perfect divine submission to the Divine that faith evinces its loftiest and profoundest verity. With regard to Christ, let us distinguish between the Man Jesus of Nazareth and the stupendous idea of the union of God and Man, of Humanity and Divinity. Theological blunders will for ever be perpetrated, and the world continue to be divided, till we are wise enough to accept the Christ as a great Church of Unity. For seven years I preached the Unitarian doctrine. In those days Unitarianism was by no means the Unitarianism of this era. I think it was lifeless—soulless. I don't wonder that men of genius, like Coleridge and others, would not

remain in its ranks. It is a negation, perhaps—and so is Protestantism—sent to correct the error of Anthropomorphism into which religionists have fallen. Still, I suspect many of the highest minds will always go through the Unitarian stage before they embrace the final truth of Theology.

In a work recently published I have read that it has been written by Lamartine, "The government of the world by God is a dream; its government by man is a reality." The writer wisely observes: "Man has never yet governed the world, though Lamartine says he does, nor ever will until he understand the Providential plan and co-operate with God. Till then, he may devise and scheme, resist and prosecute; but every party must be defeated, for good and evil are in all parties, and therefore all must both succeed and fail. Parties are only fresh-water rivers; they find their destiny in the ocean at last, when they all agree. Robespierre thought he understood God's plan; but faith without charity understands nothing in universals. It is a specialist—a corruptible river, not an incorruptible sea. Charity is the ocean that embraces, interprets, and purifies all." That is the conviction now of my innermost soul. It has been so for many years. I am no longer a minister of any sect. I regard each religious party as a rivulet flowing to the ocean. Humanity is destined for a far more splendid career than even the Optimists can ever conceive. The dignity of man is that of God. The SON truly glorifies the FATHER. If Humanity were a failure, if existence were a blunder, could we believe in a wise Omniscience who foresaw all things from the first? How can Providence fail in the Great Drama? It was a long time, however, ere I could see the justice of God in injustice. There is no being, I confess, so unjust as God in *Time*. As J. E. Smith has observed, "Injustice is the soul of action." That is a fact utterly incontrovertible. All the good that we enjoy has its root in the sufferings of the Past—in the Cross of the universal Christ. Our sufferings are for the good of posterity. Be that our consolation. Not a pang is ever inflicted to no end. Each individual sufferer must contribute something to the welfare of the Race. Not a thief is flogged, not a murderer is executed, without the Providence of the Highest. In my gloomy days of doubt I denied all this; for I have been torn by awful scepticism. I think Atheism, with annihilation, nearly as terrible as the notion of eternal misery. Indeed, the whole horrors of existence are comprised in the ideas of fruitless misery without end, and extinction of conscious being. Let us deny negation. Let us, O my brothers! desire that the time may come

when the world will regard the chaos of opinion now prevalent with a sad, grave smile. Benevolence must always look up for love and peace—never look down to the dust. The great men have passed away. The giants who have so nobly fought for us are no more. They have earned their rest. The calumniated Spinoza, that devout Pantheist Bruno, and the persecuted Freethinkers prepared the way for Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Theodore Parker, Emerson, and Browning. God be thanked, we live in a new era! I see now, as I stand on the verge of the grave, with clearer eyes. All genius has its mission; and all inspiration, whether that of Socrates or of Christ, *must* be persecuted, in order that the world may be delivered from the bondage of Error.

A PANTHEIST.

PROTESTANTISM AND CATHOLICISM REGARDED AS TYPES OF THOUGHT.

BY SAMUEL PHILLIPS DAY.

It was a saying of St. Charles Barromeo that a priest or missionary should be like a milliner—always bringing out fresh *modes*. Catholicism, however, has not always been distinguished by this characteristic of novelty.

The Papal system is, doubtless, the most stupendous manifestation of Christianity the world has yet witnessed. Its Supreme Pontiffs have been kings as well as priests, who have made of religion a stepping-stone to place and power. Rome not merely aimed at curbing the human mind, but at subjugating nations. As the self-styled Vicars of Christ, the Popes flattered themselves that they had a divine and *de jure* right to temporal possessions. They vaunted, as did the Tempter, that the kingdoms of the world were theirs, and the glory of them. Having once brought the minds of mankind into bondage, it were comparatively an easy matter to obtain dominion over temporalities. They had but to fulminate fierce anathemas, and by working on the superstitious fears and crass credulities of their silly dupes, readily gain their sinister ends. Then crowns were abjectly doffed and sceptres submissively placed at their disposal, whilst dethroned and degraded monarchs would hold their stirrups or lick their feet.

For many weary centuries did humanity groan under this frightful yoke; and the world joggled on as of yore. A monstrous, gloomy

superstition had overspread the earth, while Faith and Hope seemed lost. The human soul was all but totally eclipsed, and for long no wished-for dawn foreshadowed the approach of day. Whenever and wherever any faint scintillations of light appeared, they were speedily obliterated, and the darkness that ensued grew grosser than before. The Church was omnipotent—not to *save*, but to destroy. Oh, how many heroic human souls became despondent, into whom God's holy light was shed, when they found it impossible to disseminate the burning truths with which their minds were filled! Whenever strange doctrines were mooted, the Church's voice burst like a clap of thunder, and men quailed and wailed before its sound as though it were verily that of Deity again speaking from another Sinai out of the midst of fire!

The sixteenth century found the human mind ripe for a glorious struggle. Catholicism had so long held man's soul in its iron fangs, that it grew full weary of its subjection, and simply awaited a leader to deliver itself from the grasp of its subjugator. A reaction had taken place, and the world was about to behold one of the boldest, most chivalric, and imposing efforts ever put forth in defence of religious freedom and human right. Luther appeared! and whatever may have occasioned his personal quarrel with Rome and the Holy See, it is certain that both received a terrific blow, from the effects of which they will never recover. Directly, the long-pent-up thoughts of men began to flow afresh. The right of private judgment was acknowledged, and man went forth again from the Ark, to breathe a freer atmosphere and walk in a clearer light. This mighty moral revolution stands unprecedented in the world's history, affording an earnest of vaster changes still, in proportion as mankind becomes prepared for their reception. As knowledge increases, so will higher faiths have birth among the nations. It is aptly observed by the eminent author of "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development":—"Men have faith enough, but not in the best things. It is not faith that is wanted, but knowledge. Faith will not give knowledge, but knowledge will give faith and elevate its character. Blind faith is a stumbling-block; enlightened faith is a clear path and a heaven on earth."

The grand principle of Catholicism is that freedom of thought is a heinous crime. The Church is to teach, and the faithful are to believe *implicitly*; that is, without examination and without knowledge. Priestly potentates, taking advantage of man's ignorance and credulity, invented a development of Christianity which pandered to their own despotism, and satisfied the religious cravings of their slaves. Popery

was a system exactly suited to the tone, tastes, and temperaments of its early adherents, who were too weak to think for themselves, and too superstitious to do so even had they the capability. The principle of Infallibility so tenaciously upheld by the Roman system is about the worst mistake and irremediable blunder the Church has perpetrated; and now matters have gone from bad to worse by an unwise act of the late Œcumenical Council which has invested that strange prerogative in the Pope himself. As Thomas Carlyle trenchantly observes in his "Latter Day Pamphlets":—"By the rule of veracity, the so-called throne of St. Peter was openly declared, above three hundred years ago, to be a falsity, a huge mistake, a pestilent dead carcass which this sun was weary of. More than three hundred years ago the throne of St. Peter received peremptory judicial notice to quit—authentic order, registered in Heaven's Chancery, and since legible in the hearts of all brave men, to take itself away—to begone, and let us have no more to do with it and its delusions and impious deliriums; and it has been sitting every day since, it may depend upon it, at its own peril withal, and will have to pay exact damages yet for every day it has so sat. Law of veracity? What this Popedom had to do by the law of veracity, was to give up its foul galvanic life, an offence to gods and men—honestly to die, and get itself buried!"

I quite agree with Carlyle that the attempt to reform the Papacy would be a very sorry and a very useless work. Old systems cannot be patched up, and, like cold joints, bear hashing. The intellectual appetite cannot relish, the intellectual stomach cannot assimilate them. They have lost their *gout* quite, and no amount of spicing or condimental accessories can render them palatable.

There are persons who deny the constantly growing tendency to human progress; who affirm that Protestantism is "nascent," unfitted to and behind the age, and that in Catholicism are all the elements suitable to man's nature and development. In proof of their assertion they allege the number of converts to the Papal system from the upper ranks in this country, and the daily accession to the numbers of its adherents. The fact, notwithstanding, is that Catholicism has grown effete, and that it is losing ground even in Italy, its very hot-bed of old. The bark of St. Peter is worm-eaten; its timbers scarce hold together; its cable is rotten; nor will all the attempts made to weave a new one result in aught but failure.

When I identify Protestantism with Progress, I regard it apart from the various theological systems which lay claim to the designation. I mean Protestantism viewed in the light of a philosophy, not

as a mere system of dogmas, creeds, and articles of belief. To be sure, diversity of faith naturally and necessarily emanated from the broad principle that admitted of the right of private judgment. But a good deal of the old leaven is still perceptible in the reformed Churches, a proof of the corruptible and almost ineradicable influence which Catholicism had exerted on the whole of Christendom. However, the main principle of Protestantism is both expansive and progressive, while that of Catholicism is cramped and conservative. The one is expressive of freedom—the other of serfdom. The one emancipates the soul—the other enslaves it. That every man has a divine right to think for himself on matters of religion is a doctrine which strikes at the root of a system that would annihilate the God-principle in the human mind, and make the world teem with priest-ridden pigmies and intellectual dwarfs.

In proportion as mankind is prepared by the acquisition of knowledge—the source of all power—will the beneficial tendency of Protestantism be felt and appreciated. “The opinions of most men,” remarks Montaigne, “are received according to the ancient belief, upon trust, as if it were religion and law.” This justly-earned stricture upon the common sense of the race will cease to be justifiable when knowledge shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. “There are,” observes Cicero, “in our mind innate principles of virtue, which, if they were suffered to grow, would themselves lead us to a happy life. But now, as soon as ever we come into the world we are engaged in all manner of depravity and perverseness of opinions, so that we seem together with our nurses’ milk to have sucked in error, and afterwards, when we are brought to our parents, we are delivered over to tutors from whom we imbibe so many mistaken notions, that truth is found to give way to vanity, and Nature herself to yield to opinion.” Thus the pernicious habit of trusting more to traditionary opinions than to rational investigation is of very ancient date.

The fundamental principle of Protestantism presupposes the existence of knowledge in recognising and establishing the duty of human beings to exercise their reasoning faculties to the best advantage. Unfortunately, at home the education of the people has not been co-extensive with their Protestantism. This evil has at length been admitted, and happily, owing to recent legislation, stands a fair chance of being remedied. “All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind,” says Aristotle, “have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on education.” Now, the spirit of Protestantism is as favourable to the growth of knowledge as that of Catho-

licism is antagonistic thereto. Whilst knowledge is the formidable foe of all priestcraft, ignorance is its chief and devoted ally.

I apprehend that our national Protestantism is fast assuming a higher, broader, nobler, and certainly a more useful and practical character. The nation is full weary of theosophies and theologies born of ignorance and superstition. The spirit of Protestantism has been sacrificed in the effort to uphold its letter. What is mainly wanted is not a mystic faith, but active work, which, after all, is the holiest and most "reasonable service" we can render to the Creator. The legitimate fruits of Protestantism are beginning to appear. Light is breaking, if darkness still remains. Great mental changes are slow in their development, and the life of a nation must not be measured by that of an individual. As Sydney Smith pertinently remarks: "A hundred years, to be sure, is a very little time for the duration of a national error, and it is so far from being reasonable to look for its decay at so short a date that it can hardly be expected within such limits to have displayed the full bloom of its imbecility."

POPULAR THEOLOGY AND NEGATION.

"And the high priest stood up in the midst, and said unto him, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? And Jesus said, I am; and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."—MARK xiv., 60, 61.

"The two missions of Moses and Christ are complemental and correlative missions—the one for the visible, the other for the invisible world; the one for society, the other for the individual."—J. E. SMITH'S "Divine Drama."

THE high priest who asks Jesus if he is "the Christ" stands as the representative of Moses—the representative of the Law. Jewish sympathies to this day are with the Priest. The illustrious Reformer is the representative of Liberty, and he prophesies that he will be seen coming "in the clouds" of heaven hereafter. But it is obvious that priesthoods universally oppose liberty. Every priesthood opposes the humane idea of God; for if mankind accepted "Divine Humanity" as religion, the functions of ecclesiastical bodies must cease. Substitute for the man Christ his *religion*, and you will find it is entirely opposed to every constituted church in the universe. The priesthood is for the visible world (which Christ calls "carnal, devilish," &c.); the priesthood is set up to maintain authority in the most Tory and obstinate spirit. Christianity is revolutionary from beginning to end;

and yet it recognises the necessity for law, just as it recognises the rights of property—tells us that such things must needs “be,” but points to the ultimate demolition of all arbitrary law.

Before proceeding it will be well to refer to the following passage from the present writer’s favourite theologian in the “Divine Drama,” viz. :—“It is the law that makes Israel. Wherever the divine moral law is, and wherever it is united with faith in its divinity, and revered and obeyed by the conscience as the rule of life, there is Israel—the unitary people restored and gathered, the lost ones found, the scattered ones collected—the one Church and the one Temple. This is the people to whom all the promises were made. They were not made to the Gentiles and the divisional, disruptive nations. Search and see if you can find a promise to any but the one united and at last universal and sole nation. It is impossible. God could not make a promise to antagonistic nations.” The negative thinker assuredly will never find a principle of unity. There is no name under heaven except that of Divine Humanity (or a church embracing *all* truth) that can regenerate the world.

Roman Catholicism typifies a future church. It is at this era the development of the ecclesiastical or Divine Idea (serving Law and not Liberty), and the marriage of Christ—or Liberty—with the Church will reconcile conflicting elements and rectify all priestly errors. There are those—Unitarians and Liberals even—who absurdly talk of the plain and “unmetaphysical Bible.” Ridiculous! “It is the glory of God to conceal a thing.” The Bible was purposely devised for the exercise of all the keenest faculties of the human mind, and it has hitherto been a “sword,” not a “peacemaker.” The unbelievers continually sneer at the Bible because it is full of the strangest ambiguities and contradictions. But so is Nature itself. “All things are created double;” good and evil cannot be separated—they are man and wife. Philosophy and Science are inferior in influence at this time to that of Revelation, for a wise reason. It is not that Divinity does not intend Liberty to prevail; it is not that we are to seek to arrest the wheel of progress; but we must wait patiently for the development of the great design—the conservative element in religion being indispensable until the period when humanity can rise above the grovelling desires which encompass us, until, in the spirit of unity, we can seek the good of all. One more extract from the “Divine Drama” may be permitted :—“There is no formal creed in the Bible. A pure and common or universal faith is a spirit without body, parts, or terms, like the Divine Being, who is its object; and therefore it is not the logical foundation of a structure, but its quickening spirit—

that is, a spiritual, not a formal foundation. Law may be expressed in terms, and is, therefore, the true formal basis, the body of which faith is the spirit. But when the radix of the law is a common or unarticled faith, there is the central principle of unity as well as of growth and development for social organisation. With this social organisation articled faith has no right to interfere. It is a sphere of hypocrisy, for a man may feign to believe an article which he does not believe, and it is also a sphere of controversy and strife. It is therefore unfit for a radix of catholic organisation. It is only for a coterie or sect, and is the real mother of sectarianism and infidelity. The unarticled faith is the mother of the common law of peace and order, and the quickening spirit of the age to come. Charity is the soul of it. Faith is primary, as the quickening spirit; Charity is primary, as the reconciling spirit; Law is primary, as the organising spirit; and with these all doctrine is innocent, and communion has free scope and ample encouragement for all good offices."

Obviously, negation of any kind can never afford any bond of union. The very sects—hateful as are the dogmas enunciated in their places of worship—have a greater tendency to the ocean of Universality than the minds that refuse to believe in the Providential order of the world, and contend against eternal verities. The negation of truth would not be so mischievous as it is were there in the ranks of our Sadducees a spirit of love and tenderness, of charity and social union. The dogmatic teaching of the churches would not be so repulsive if our sects were liberal enough to acknowledge that it is not "for the glory of God," but the exaltation of man, that religion is sent into the world. The shocking blasphemy that *God does anything to promote his own pleasure or happiness* is at the bottom of every theological error. God, as Perfection, wants nothing of us except "the service of perfect freedom." This is the burthen of Christ's ethics. Serve man, and you serve God! In a few words we are told that God abhors lip-worship—that he despises our flatteries, and refuses servile homage.

It is not that unbelief is wrong in rejecting popular theology. It is wrong in turning away from the irrefragable evidence of a continuous Providential design—a design that never for an instant halts. It is wrong in refusing to listen to the voice of the ages. It is wrong in maintaining that we can never arrive at any idea of God. It is wrong when it brutally attacks all the highest and holiest instincts of our nature, asserting "a crass Materialism" as the sole wisdom we can attain. The Divine plan of successive development is recognised by some of the truest and grandest thinkers of this

century. In fact, the whole spirit of German philosophy is affirmative, not negative.

"Soul on Matter being thrust,
Joy comes when so much Soul is wreaked in time
On Matter."

Thus "Sordello" conceives of existence. This is the religious intuition. A continual struggle against the forces of Nature (and Nature is the Devil), and this only, can elicit all the powers of humanity. Materialism would only yield to natural instincts. The unbeliever who denies the entity of a soul will only devise things intended for temporal purposes. Vulgar theology, in its glorification of Spirit (which, in fact, it cannot comprehend), becomes a mere ascetic folly, and leads to Rome, with its army of saints and relics of ancient virgins. The true spiritual thinker will never degrade reason—never accept the baseless visions of these anchorites and ecclesiastical madmen. Affirmationists, who adore the Divine Providence, know we can serve at *human* altars. The vulgar theology and the mere unbelief and doubt which oppose it are empty names to the great thinkers who now lead our souls.

"Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work' must sentence pass;
Things done, that took the eye and had the price,
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind—could value in a trice"—

says "Rabbi Ben Ezra." "Look not thou down, but up," the poet adds. And this is the spirit in which it were well to urge all liberal and true souls to strive for the ideal that we seek. The individual will never grow in wisdom in any church of the present; but we are to assist in building a divine church, of which the sects are stones or bricks—a church of catholicity.

The popular theology deems that the earth is cursed—that we live in this world under the frown of God! The universal idea, on the contrary, maintains the great thesis of a Life within our life—patient, forgiving, merciful, even when severe. That is the sole hope of humanity. It is no curse, but a blessing, to work for the common good—"the parliament of man, the federation of the world;" when the church, in which all may be priests, will cease to be a church devoted to its selfish interests—when it will rather extend the hand of fellowship to Art, Poetry, Philosophy—when it will seek, not to appease an "angry" God, but to strike at the root of evil, and establish the highest and wisest laws.

B. T. W. R.

Poetry.

A POET'S SOLILOQUY.

BY VICTOR DOUGLAS.

" Reason thus with life—
A breath thou art."

Measure for Measure.

I know not if 'tis best to be a clod,
Or suffer, as all must, in this our clay.
Nature deals hardly with us. We deny
Our brightest hope in every idle deed.
Here I, but yesterday, possessed a bride,
Whose beauty was a saint's—a holy look
On her bright lineaments assuring all
Of immortality—and she is dead!
Did I so love her? Ah! I think I did!
Look at that corse! A ruin to be cast
Into the dust. We loathe mortality.—
Yet once I loved before I saw her face.
I found my paragon a very wretch.
False—false!—a prince's wanton! Agony
Was that, beyond the vision of this death,
Since still I can believe a soul divine
Is left; at least, I *think* so. Adeline
Was my first passion, and she too is gone;
But whither? Awful mystery!

Serene

And passionless my young bride's face.
No sorrow there—no shadow; beautiful—
A perfect angel! Yet I almost fear
I loved the vile one most; and *then* I was
Almost as pure as womanhood—a boy.
Now more than thirty years a many stains
Of earth I bear with me. Ineffable
The dreams of poesy in early youth!
One's faith in virtue and the light above
Once shaken, how the wings are clipp'd.

She died

Before a week of marriage! Do I weep?
No, no. So happy to be quiet dust!

She was too good for me. I am a man
 At war with men, and often, I confess,
 Perceive not as I would the world beyond.
 A few there may be—she, at least, was one—
 Fit for the angels. Adeline, methinks,
 Is nothingness; the evil spirits die,
 Unfit for blessed being—lost, lost, lost!
 Annihilation overtakes the bad.
 Then why are many, even multitudes,
 No better than the lost one I adored,
 Called into this existence? Infinite
 Should be the mercy of our common Sire.
 I shrink not from the silence and the worm
 (Loaded with conscious guilt, and very sure
 I could not bear perfection in my sight).
 Why cling I to the memory of one
 So infamous, whom now for thirteen years
 I have not seen, and contemplate, almost
 Unmoved, my true and lovely? Out on it,
 Base Nature! How I hate and execrate
 The soul within me! It is time to die
 When the pure jewel of life's life is lost.
 Come back to me, my youth of purity!
 Come back to me, O faith in God and man!
 Vile cynicism, hence! A cynic wretch
 I stand, forgetful of ideal wealth.
 No poet should be utterly without
 The love of immortality and truth.
 I plunged into a sea of vice and sin
 In my young manhood, and behold the end!
 Gone, gentle bride, to realms for ever fair,
 Before thou saw'st the evil of my heart,
 Before thou knew'st the face of Adeline
 Haunted my dreams, and thou, a sister sweet,
 Ne'er, ne'er did'st move to passion!

There it is!

I never asked to live; I never wished
 To love so madly. It is hard to bear
 This load of life. Eternity appears
 A name, a shadow, unto half mankind.
 There only *is* the answer to all doubt.
 Eternity for *all*, however lost!
 What says the living poet in his verse?—
 "And look where the healing waters run,
 And strive and strain to be good again,
 And a place in the other world ensure,
 All glass and gold, with God for its sun."

There was a Voice, so many years ago,
 That spake of joy o'er one repentant SOUL.
 Plead for *her*, then, thou seraph! Adeline
 May yet be saved, and all at last, I hope,
 Transformed into *thy* likeness, O my saint!

SPEECH OF STONE.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

A great grey stone spread its hands to me,
 And said, "Sit down and as silent be;"
 Never a word did anyone hear,
 But its silence spoke, and I drew near.

It spake again: "Take my lap of flint;
 'Tis bare as heaven, yet soft as lint;
 To the way-sore foot and the tired knee
 It is sward, and moss, and luxury."

I sat me down, and a couch I found,
 And slept the sleep of the slumber-bound;
 And when I awoke, in no voice low
 Then the grey stone spake: "Get up and go."

Yet never a seat did anyone see,
 And never a couch could imagined be,
 And never a word did anyone hear—
 But so God speaketh everywhere.

THE SPRING.

(From the German.)

Still comes to me the lovely Spring again;
 Still alters not my childlike, joyful heart;
 Still from mine eyes the dew of love doth rain;
 Still lives in me hope's pleasure and hope's smart.

Still comforts me, with wide outstretching ken,
 The azure welkin and the verdant wolds;
 The beaming cup of joy to godlike men,
 Yet youthful, friendly Nature ever holds.

Be comforted! This life repays its woe
 So long as on us shineth God's bright sun,
 And better Time's bright pictures round us flow,
 And, ah! with us a true eye's tears do run.



M A N !

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

Shake hands with me and grasp me tight, O King !
 For you are yet a man, nor can be more :
 Your crown, your sceptre, each is but a thing—
 The soul it is we can alone adore.

Come close to me, come close to me, O Brother !
 Dirt-stained and sweating from the clayey field ;
 Be but thyself a man—no knave of other,
 But man thyself, and I my homage yield.

And so, my Jesus, be thou perfect Man—
 No demi-god, no double-natured thing,
 But one who lived and laboured as man can :
 I'll love thy spirit and my homage bring.

Grasp hands all round : I do not hate a king
 Because he is one, nor do I love dirt,
 Nor think that sweat is a fine fragrant thing
 Or any take at their assumed desert.

But man I am myself, and man I own
 My brother, friend, my other self, and more—
 My fellow-traveller where the stars are sown,
 And him, in God, I pant for and adore.

A D V E N T T H O U G H T S .

BY E. CHARLOTTE EYTON.

"The beloved Son of God *can't* die."

"*Wisdom of the Universe*," FREELIGHT, No. 2.

"That men may rise on stepping stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things."

In Memoriam.

The snow-cloud hangs heavy and dreary,
 The trees stand out ghastly and bare,
 The heart of Humanity's weary,
 And sinks 'neath its burden of care.
 The wintry wind round us is sighing,
 The dirge of the souls that are dying,
 From dens and dark places are crying,
 Exclaiming, "No Father is there."

Toil and pain, like the last linen garment,
 Envelope Humanity round :
 Its sad eyes are closed that they see not,
 Its ears are unconscious of sound.
 The frame that was tortured so strongly
 The tongue that was judged of so wrongly,
 The warm heart that loved us so long, lie
 All silent and cold on the ground.

Is Humanity dead? Nay, the life-pulse
 Beats still in the shroud-covered breast,
 And sighs are convulsively rending
 The depths of the closely-pent chest.
 There is life in each deep aspiration,
 Ev'ry spasm bespeaks animation ;
 We bend in intense observation,
 And know that it lives and is blest.

And see how a heaven-born radiance
 Is gathering round it e'en now,
 While smiles of ineffable sweetness
 Play over the sorrow-worn brow.
 The Word of the Lord hath descended,
 Humanity's death-trance is ended,
 God and Man in one nature are blended,
 While worlds in deep reverence bow.

Humanity always is dying,
 And constantly rising again ;
 Its tomb, and its cross, and its passion
 Lead on to divine life, through pain.
 Calm and strong then in faith and affection,
 Giving each to each help and direction,
 We wait for that great Resurrection
 Which death nor the tomb can retain.

[There are some faults in this poem by our esteemed contributor ; but the *feeling* is so excellent that we insert it.—ED.]

Reviews.

CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY AND MODERN SCEPTICISM.*

BY THE DUKE OF SOMERSET, K.G.

WHOSOEVER or whatsoever else may fail in this year of grace, 1872, there is, at present, no failure in *characteristics* of our times. We have already enjoyed the pleasure of graphic illustrations of each department of the human constitution—spiritually, mentally, and physically considered by practical hands, hearts, and heads. In fact, the pages of “The Thinker’s Magazine” have hitherto contained some *remarkable* sketches, or pencillings, of our common humanity, from gradation to gradation of physical and moral imperfection, until we have been irresistibly reminded of the urgent *necessity*, as well as extreme desirability, of having at least one sweet home, in the establishment of FREELIGHT, for the welcome reception of new truth—wherever it may be found—in Theology, Science, or Philosophy. “All things are full of God,” said the wise father of Greek Philosophy, and this important aphorism expresses, in a few words, the archetypal Divine Idea, or *standard* height, length, breadth, and depth by which all weighty matters must be finally adjusted. Come what may, it is with Christian Theism in its wide relation to modern scepticism, that His Grace of Somerset, and *quondam* Member for Totnes in the Liberal interest, is now engaged in the work above described. Scepticism, no doubt, largely exists, and emphatically so, in the most objectionable form of Atheism, or “scientific” Materialism, which now pervades the fashionable classes of society; and although indefinite, it is sufficiently explicable to the reader of FREELIGHT, in the Latin phrase, of universal signification, *Lex non scripta*—a sort of understood mode of ignoring all questions concerning the Divine government of the world as utterly “unknowable.” Physical research, in short, is everything—controversies about spiritual philosophy, nothing, or, even worse, a positive entanglement of the human mind in webs of sophistry and *unwisdom*, which leads only to complicated, endless disputation. Let the truth be spoken—our actual kinship to the race of Simian Apes is largely, if tacitly, assented to—not only in

* London: James Bain, 1, Haymarket.

“London Society,” but elsewhere. Man now takes his rank in the Kingdom of Animals as the latest physical and psychical exposition of the “*automatic*” phenomenon, Nature. Yes, of all the fine things yet “discovered” in recent philosophy of Soul, the finest projection is but modified protoplasm, or *no phosphorus*—then, “of course,” *no thinking principle*. What a precious relic! For ourselves, we hesitate not to affirm most strongly our sincerest loving faith in a loftier and better sentiment—a catholic synthesis of human reason and free will, capable of uniting *all* spiritual and material results—great and glorious as they are—pertaining to universal knowledge, in one complete and harmonious Whole;—faith to direct the truth-seeker heavenward—dimly adumbrated in bygone schools of Academia, more clearly developed in the spiritual dispensation of Jesus of Nazareth—at all events, the light of the intellect and the love of the heart. Such problems of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come, are here discussed by a late First Lord of the British Admiralty, and were previously taught, long since, in the “Free Library and Museum” at Liverpool, from the following text:—God’s living will is ever flowing through the material universe—thus, and thus alone, do life, mind, and the things of sense become the conscious and *unconscious* phenomena of the Eternal Nounenon, as experienced in body and soul. Whatever may be said, or thought, of the Duke’s Christian Theology by our numerous readers, we ask them to investigate its merits in a literary, scientific, and truly impartial spirit, ever remembering that when immersed solely in crude, material, objective, temporal pursuits, Man is naturally apt to become a slave to his passions, and vain, sensual things—in a word, *dead* to his immortal interests—the true end of his spiritual being. Whether we quote the work of His Grace of Somerset from cover to cover, or extend our philosophical horizon from the first beast to the last man—from the history of a savage people and megalithic structures, down to the drawing-room customs of an emperor’s palace, and *latest* refined civilisation—we require to have a just conception of the *true* constitution of Man—whether all humanity is of one species or not; and *that* we heartily believe is attained in the following lofty ideal, with which, as space presses, we reluctantly conclude our brief notice of this excellent, and, in many respects, commendable book, a valuable, though far from faultless, contribution to Christian Theology and *the removal* of modern scepticism, viz. :—“There is one unassailable fortress to which Religion may retire, viz., Faith in God. In this unapproachable sanctuary she will reign supreme. In affliction and in sickness, the thoughtful man will find *here* his safest support.

Even in that dread hour when the shadows of death are gathering around him, when the visible world fades from his sight, and the human faculties fail—when the reason is enfeebled, and the memory relaxes its grasp—Faith, the consoler, still remains, soothing the last moments, and pointing to a ray of light beyond the mystery of the grave." It is, indeed, a gratifying reflection, that if we have still amongst us characteristics unmistakable of egregious superstition and downright infidelity, above and beyond these are *exalted*, manly characteristics of piety without asceticism—that Christian hearts are yet incomparably more bright and beautiful than atheistic heads without them, even though intellectuality *were* adorned with its high artificial embellishment, a ducal coronet, and all the extraneous resources of patrician rank, hereditary wealth, and political power. The only picture, after all, of unfading beauty—the sole jewel of priceless lustre—is that brilliant gem of *spiritual* brightness that shall never tarnish the native splendour of the soul's interior, but is destined, contrariwise, to shine as the stars of heaven for ever and ever.

W. H.

TIME AND SPACE: A METAPHYSICAL ESSAY.*

BY SHADWORTH R. HODGSON.

MR. HODGSON is a man of decided ability; he is more than a mere outside thinker. This is an elaborate work, and our present remarks are not final. Mr. Hodgson in his introduction observes:—

"The facts of metaphysics, like those of every purely objective science, are facts of consciousness, and their obscurity and the difficulty of observing them make their interpretation or their analysis doubtful. The very questions at issue are—What are the facts? What is their analysis? And is there any phenomenon answering to a given definition, of which there is no judge but consciousness itself? Such questions, for instance, are the analysis of the cognitions of time and space, the analysis of consciousness in its simplest concrete shape, the question whether we are immediately conscious of the Will, and so on. If the meaning of the term red was not sufficiently agreed upon, we should have to appeal to the consciousness of individuals to decide what colour should be distinguished by this name; and those who were colour-blind would be heard before the decision was arrived at, but not afterwards."

* Longman, Green, Roberts, and Green.

This is well and ingeniously put. Mr. Hodgson believes that "doctrines, if true, will ultimately be recognised as such by all individuals whose consciousness is formed on the same type—that is, by all human beings." The commencement of the work argues to this effect:—

"The true opposite of the term metaphysic is empiric, whether empiric is employed in dealing with states of consciousness or with external phenomena. States of consciousness and external phenomena, whether abstract or concrete, whether considered as particular and unclassified or as general and classified, are known to us by experience, either direct or indirect, by perception or by inference; that is to say, they are the data of empirical knowledge or science," &c.

Mr. Hodgson is evidently of the German school of thought, and so are quite nine-tenths of the keenest modern thinkers. He proceeds as follows:—

"The common ground of psychology and physic—phenomena in their most abstract shape—is the proper field of metaphysic. It considers phenomena as they possess an objective and a subjective aspect, and not as they are dependent on a series of events in the kingdom of mind, or on a series of events in the kingdom of matter. It is an analysis of phenomena as such. Standing thus at the meeting-point of the two groups of cognitions, psychological and physical, metaphysic contains, as its proper object-matter, those cognitions only which are common to all objects of knowledge and all modes or states of consciousness. In other words, it is only certain universal modes or forms of consciousness, and of objects external to consciousness, which are the object-matter of metaphysic. The reason of this is, that all the others fall properly into their places in the other sciences to which they belong, while those which are universal, both in consciousness and in its objects, are distinguished broadly by this characteristic from the rest."

It is obvious that the philosophical author of "Time and Space" has a trained and disciplined mind; that he has one of the acute intellects, so rare in our race, that are able to grapple with some of the subtlest problems of our mysterious being. The metaphysician will find ample scope for the exercise of his faculties in Mr. Hodgson's work. We shall return to it on another occasion, when we have more fully digested the volume in question. It were idle to suppose that any critic can at once master the difficulties presented to us in such a treatise—exhaustive as it appears—as Mr. Hodgson's. For the present we merely state our conviction that "Time and Space" is a valuable contribution to our philosophical literature, and we must carefully weigh the arguments of one who is manifestly a Dialectician.

THE DEBATABLE LAND BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.*

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

There is much in this work that deserves our earnest reflection. It is a work that requires more space and consideration than we can just now spare; but the words of the author addressed to the clergy we will here extract, for the world cannot be too often reminded that it owes much to the future. Mr. Owen says: "God permits man to acquire fresh knowledge in measure commensurate with his wants." (This is the theory also of the true Universalist.) "Every age has its special needs, industrial, political, social, spiritual. I think there are strong reasons for the opinion that at the present time we lack—to sustain wholesome reformatory faiths, and to correct old errors that have been mixed up with these—*direct aid from spiritual sources.*" This need we grant to a large extent; but it is a question *how* the same can be effected.

The author quotes Whittier's lines:—

"Doubts to the world's ohild-heart unknown
Question us now from star and stone;
Too little or too much we know,
And sight is swift, and faith is slow;
The power is lost to self-deceive
With shallow forms of make-believe."

Here, then, we stand. Let us be reverentially bold, and seek all aids to true progress. Mr. Owen is worth our attention.

Correspondence.

[Wretched rubbish all Editors must expect to receive. This is the usual characteristic of the thing called "orthodoxy." But the vulgar "freethought" is equally horrid. We sicken as we read the trash that we are expected to print. The following letter we publish—as it is singular—"under protest," but we dissent from nearly every sentence in the communication.—Ed.]

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

I think the individual who designated himself "A Sceptic," in

* Trübner and Co., Paternoster Row.

No. 1 of FREELIGHT, expressed some truths. I agree with Byron that "truth is a gem that loves the deep." The world is but a humbug and a coward, and hates all truth. I shall disguise nothing in this letter; I shall simply state facts. Have you "the courage of your convictions?" The world that we inhabit is but an atom in immensity. Men can be of no more consequence in the system of Nature than insects are to us. The immensity and eternity of the universe (which the early religionists didn't know) is fatal to every religious idea. I say not there is no Being who has existed from eternity. If such a Being can be proved to exist (which I confess that I doubt), he *may* or *may not* be good. I only know that countless myriads suffer, apparently to no end. I only know that hundreds of thousands of years (at the very lowest computation) have left man a poor creature. Whether he be "a developed ape" or not, look at him! Probably a thousand millions (more probably two thousand millions) will yet exist in the vilest state of degradation and misery, even in civilised Europe, before there can be a great amelioration of our present state.

My conclusion therefore is (whether you believe in a God or a Devil as the originator of the same), we have nothing to hope for save from the exertions of humanity for the removal of the awful evils which afflict our race. Face the fact; don't shrink from legitimate corollaries. Look at the wickedness, the pain, crime, disease, and death throughout nature! Surely, if there *were* Omnipotence there would be no necessity for such cruel and monstrous inequalities! A friend of mine asserts that God is *not* omnipotent; another, that there is no absolute Power. Atheism, then, is inferred by such theories.

I will not venture to say there is no absolute Power. *I don't know.* The world is too large for my comprehension; and if there be a God, he must be far greater than the universe. Probably there is Omnipotence somewhere; but I conclude, with a Hebrew thinker, that "no man by searching can find out God." You may call me an Atheist, or not; that is of no consequence to me. I am simply a seeker after truth, who, individually, protests against systems. I believe in a Divine Truth; but I cannot see my way to the assertion of Plato, that "Truth is the body of God." I certainly think it is better *not* to be than to *be*. The probability is, that conscious life will cease at last, and why should I dread annihilation?

THE RATIONALISTS AND THEIR OPPONENTS.

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—I recently heard an Asiatic Negationist, at South Place, ridicule the idea of spiritual existence. But to be plain, Materialism is the *infancy* of thought. Superstition has not reached even *that* low stage; but divine reason teaches that "the spirit *cannot* mean the breath." Transcendentalism gave a death-blow to Sensationalism. The men of thought all *know* Materialism is untenable. For what is matter itself? Abstract qualities from matter, and it is nothing. God, the sole substance of the universe, must be the cause of all phenomena. This was proved by Spinoza. Spinoza (the father of German thought) was a true Spiritualist. As for modern "Spiritism," it is not Rationalism. The Asiatic Materialist of Mysore denied a future state; he denied a soul. He dwelt upon the fact that just in proportion to the development of physical organs is the amount of intelligence. What a foolish and shallow dogma!

The brain is the organ of thought—that is obvious; but it has no capacity of thought in itself. The eye is the organ of sight; but sight is not physical. The spiritual qualities don't exist (to the Materialist). The spiritual man, however, builds on divine philosophy. Sight is real, thought is an entity; God, *in* Nature, is the origin of being. Say, if you will, that Nature, or the First Cause, is eternal, infinite, and all-prevading. What, then, the watch makes itself, regulates itself—is a watchmaker and a watch!

Mr. Conway is a very superior man; he has thoughts, probably, beyond the capacity of this Eastern Atheist. He is a pantheistic thinker, and it is not possible for the *lowest* Pantheism to accept mere Materialism. For see, the Atheist, with astounding, most illogical paradoxes, believes in the stupendous absurdity that the everlasting laws of Nature administer themselves! Then he talks of Necessity (and God knows what he means by that) as a *primum mobile*. Necessity has no meaning *per se*, but Providence has! Necessity without Providence only means stupidity. Providence in Nature means law, not chaos. The history of the world is utterly unintelligible without a government thereof. The ridiculous Theism—as it is called—that ignores universal life, I do not defend. It may be more absurd (if that is possible) than the views of this Oriental Sophist. There is certainly a divine *universal* Power, or none.

Everything happens as it *must*. The question is, does everything happen according to the will of God, of a Devil, or Chance? God, as *the necessity of the universe*, is Providence; defeated by a Devil, God is not God (but this view is held by Theologians). The alternative is blank Atheism. Is *this* reason? No; it is mere drivel and ignorance—as a wise man should know. The Universalist is the Rationalist; but he believes far more than Religionists do.

B. T. W. R.

THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS ON RELIGION.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows:—"I knew a lady who said she would gladly compound for a thousand years of purgatory if certain, at the end of that time, of getting to heaven. I know a Protestant who thinks that she could be happy if sure of annihilation. A literary friend of mine (an unbeliever) used to tell me he would rather go to hell than be annihilated; and yet another who was certain *earth* is hell." The Universalist of the Higher Pantheism cannot for an instant entertain such views. Either there is a good God, or none. This life is discipline—*school*, but not hell. We think believers and unbelievers vilify Nature, the universal Mother. Cruel as God is in *time*, he is not more so than we can rationally perceive is requisite. The wretched, limited views of Providence so general with men are the cause of bigotry, of doubt, of negation, of actual insanity.

"A Rationalist" objects to the words "Pantheism" and "God." We care not for names. We recognise Divinity and Eternity in the universe. The Theist recognises the same *out* of the universe. "A Rationalist" does not seem to be altogether a denier of a Divine Idea, nor is he quite a Materialist. He says, "Whatever is infinite is uncreated." Granted. It is a self-evident proposition. He is only a negative Universalist.

A Correspondent at Hastings says that he heartily hates Unbelievers, Unitarians, and "Spiritists," adding, "they are a dreary people." He commends Theodore Parker, however, and used "to admire W. J. Fox." He also protests against the absurdities of female dress, of chignons, and strong-minded women. He is a good "Protestant." The conclusion of his letter is odd: "Don't 'go in' for the Devil, but leave that 'Prince of darkness, who is a gentleman,' an open question. God does so!"

A JEWISH IDEA OF CHRISTIANITY.

A PHILOSOPHIC JEW writes thus:—"In its first utterances, Christianity betrays no opposition to the law of Moses, but insists on a spiritual acceptance. Later, it renounces allegiance to the law, and limits adherence to the belief. Finally, it avows itself opposed to the law, and combats it.

"From the point of view to which we in our age have attained, it is easy for us to perceive the necessity of this course of events. For by means only of its total severance of the Idea from Jewish life was the entrance of the Idea into the heathen world rendered possible.

"This, however, did not prevent Christianity from being compelled, in its subsequent course of development, to elaborate the Idea only, and to cast actual life wholly on one side. Christianity, in fact, denied all independent existence to our earthly phase of being, took refuge in the world to come, and considered the 'here,' in its terrestrial relations, as inherently depraved.

"Life on earth, according to the Christian system, is a condition of bondage of the immortal spirit, that waits and longs for its enlargement after death. It transmutes finite life out of itself to a sphere beyond—to a life hereafter. It places the standard of human action in the world to come, and measures it in this world after that ideal standard. . . . Christianity had thus come to present a complete contrast to Mosaism." And so on.

"The Development of the Religious Idea," by Dr. Ludwig Philippson, from which we have extracted the passages above, is an interesting work, extremely well written. The reconciliation of Christianity and Judaism must be effected by a religion that will supersede *both*—the faith in the universal God, who is as much a Father to the Pagan and Unbeliever as to the Jew or the Christian. This Universalism only can heal religious division.

"THE DEISTIC GOD."

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—Who is the Deistic God? And what is implied in the term "the Deistic God?" With some, Jesus Christ is either the God or one of three Gods, and Deus being the Latin for God, then Jesus becomes Deus, and so either the Deus or one of three called Deus; and the worshippers of such a name as Deus would as naturally be called

Deists as their religious observances would be called Deism. And from this we receive three terms:—1. Deus, the object worshipped; 2. Deism, the form or manner in which the worship is conducted; 3. Deists, the worshippers of the Deus. And then it is easy to see that these Deists would be called Deistic worshippers, and that the object of their worship would be called “the Deistic God,” or the God of the Deistic worshippers. And so long as the object worshipped was termed Deus (whatever or whoever that object might be) the form of worship would be termed Deism, and the observers thereof Deists; and these two latter terms might continue in use even after the first name or term (Deus) had been changed, provided that the object remained the same under the new term as under the old term. But if, in addition to a new name or term for the object of worship, the object to be worshipped was to be new also, then the two other terms could not be continued, *unless* the new object was to be worshipped in exactly the same form and manner; and then they could be continued, because this uniformity of worship would show that the object worshipped (by whatever new name or term described) was a duplicate or triplicate in unity with the former object that was worshipped in this manner. But if (in addition to a new name or term being substituted for the object worshipped, as, *e.g.*, Christ in the place of Deus) a new form and manner of worship was substituted also, then, even if the present object continued to be the same as the former object only under another name or term, this different form or manner of worship would make it impossible for either it, or the observers of it, to be called or known by the two former terms of Deism and Deists; and therefore, when St. Paul threw off the Judaistic form and manner of worshipping God, and accepted the gospel which Jesus had preached as the manner in which God should and would be worshipped, he and his followers at Antioch ceased to be Deists and Deistic worshippers of God like the Jews, and were called or termed Christians (Acts xi., 26; xxi., 28), and Christian worshippers of God after the manner in which the gospel of Jesus Christ urged them to worship God. But the Church of Jerusalem, through continuing the Jewish worship of God (in all respects the same as though Jesus had not effected any change whatever, Acts xxi., 20), and denouncing St. Paul’s teaching as nothing and false (Acts xxi., 24), continued to remain Deists and Deistic worshippers of God. But the Deistic’s God and the Christian’s God are one and the same, and therefore their praying to God is equally rational. But their principle and motive of worship are widely different; for whilst the one, from fear and pride, seek to separate

themselves from the world to exalt and save *self*, the other, from love, seek to enter the world to save and exalt *others*.

But, of course, whenever great wealth is accumulated by either, hosts will follow the eagles to obtain a share of it, and thus eagles and doves, wolves and lambs, become so intermixed as to be at times indiscernible, so long as the eagles either sleep or remain quiet, through being left in undisturbed possession of the carcase; and meanwhile—*i.e.*, during this intermixture—even the names or terms themselves become intermixed and interchanged, so as to make it very difficult to discern truly which is which and who is who; and this is “the present state;” but I hope this letter will help to unravel it.—I remain, yours truly,

T. G. HEADLEY.

Manor House, Petersham, S. W.

IS THERE A GOD?

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—I believe there is hardly any thinker who is an Antitheist. That were presumption. The negative Atheism is also untenable. Scepticism is nearly abandoned. I am a Theist, for these reasons, *viz.*, the fact that Nature itself is inconceivable as a first cause, unless that cause is intelligent. Suppose the first cause unintelligent, we arrive at the conclusion that the inferior entity can produce the superior existence. But, then, is there a first cause? It may be cogently argued that we have no conception of first principles. Well; and then? The universe having been from eternity, what need have we of a creator? I venture to maintain that the eternity of Nature has nothing to do with the question. What we Theists—and even Pantheists—contend for is, that the antagonism which we find throughout the world drives us to the conclusion that beyond the antagonism there must be hand and head to control. Besides, granting as I do an eternal universe, the poise of the worlds, so exquisitely accurate, would imply intelligence in Nature. The laws of thought compel me to assert an adequate cause for every effect. I think the Socratic argument is legitimate, applied to immortality. “Every contrary implies a contrary.” Matter implies spirit—Nature, God. The popular idea of Deity, however, is very low. I, a Theist of the type of Theodore Parker, recognise Deity in all that happens in the world. A Devil denied—let it be so. If you please, I am also a firm Universalist, and a believer in immortality. B. C. D.

THE SCEPTICAL POSITION.

BY "SCEPTIC THE FIRST."

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—I confess I see nothing to shake my opinions, either in the arguments of the more rational, though optimist, of my antagonists, or of a "Believer." I feel that I would much rather *not* have come into life. God or no God, that is a feeling very common to men. When we are wretched, we desire an end of misery; when we are wretched only *in prospectu*, still the coming shadow darkens life. I have no love to God—supposing a God exists. Why *should* I have such? I think a God exists, who is quite indifferent whether we suffer or not—*perfectly indifferent to evil*. I have often envied the Atheist. He looks forward to annihilation, no doubt, with complacency. I repeat once more, "There is no such luck for us." God—as you call the Author of all things—is an economist, no doubt. I see no reason to believe that anything is destroyed. Hell, then, may be true—nay, it is true. *This is hell*. The Author of Nature may not be exactly a malignant being; but to imagine for an instant that he cares about the amount of evil endured is silly. Christ found he had made a mistake, and at last asked, in bitterness, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The Theists are very angry with bigots, because of the cruelty ascribed to God. I ask if there is not more cruelty in Nature than in Revelation? The only difference is, that the cruelty of God, as taught in theology, is for ever. Well, *God is unchangeable*. I declare, once for all, I am not an Atheist—not an Antitheist. There is intelligence in Nature. I don't believe God, or Nature—which you like—can be defeated. Everything happens as it *must*. But then there is limitation of power? I don't know. There is no absolute power, of course. God could not annihilate himself. I wish he could, and would. I have not the slightest hope of man. We are radically bad—meant to be so. We are devils. We live in hell, and fancy we are sometimes happy! Never. Stretched on the rack of this "tough world," we ask the heavens to be "more just." Every man's faith is sure to fail, sooner or later. I have heard clergymen complain bitterly of God. The sheer Negationist sneers at everything. There is, however, a good deal of unbelief as to the truth of such unbelief amongst "Infidels." One of your correspondents allows that God made alligators, tigers, &c. Well, then,

those monstrous jaws were not formed for nothing. You would never persuade the victim of such horrible creatures that he ought to be glad to be sacrificed! Don't tell me of the benevolence of Nature! The system of things is atrocious. Ask any humane man if he could have found it in his heart to create a world so hideous. And I don't believe, for an instant, that it will ever be otherwise. I don't believe in Darwin's theory; I think the apes are less inclined to torture one another than we are. I don't see that with civilisation we become humane. I firmly believe we shall exist for ever, no better off than we are at present.—Yours, &c.,

A SCEPTIC.

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—Mr. Wallace, in his "Malay Archipelago," informs us that nearly all the mammalia in New Guinea are marsupials, and that the kangaroos are of a degenerate species, being but imperfectly adapted either for climbing trees or walking on *terra firma*, in consequence of the fact that there are no carnivora in the island, and no enemies of any kind from which the kangaroos have to escape or defend themselves by rapid motion or by extra exertion of tail, claws, or legs. Happening to read this about the same time that I read the letter of "Sceptic," in the first number of FREELIGHT, it occurred to me that in this fact of natural history, as one in a million, we may discern a glimpse of a possible answer to that weary questioning as to the "wherefore" of the misery of life, which troubles in secret many souls that have not the boldness to give it utterance; and a reply, too, that does not militate against our highest conceptions of the Source of Life. Substitute for kangaroos, Mankind; for New Guinea, the World; for beasts of prey, hunger, pain, death, and sorrow, and do not we see that it is alone by conflict with these enemies that man could have attained to his higher man-nature? Could courage exist without danger—patience, and fortitude, and sympathy, without suffering—energy and intelligence, without difficulties to be overcome—mercy, without error—justice, without wrong—or even love itself, without the possibility of separation and sorrow? Our sense of the sublime is partly composed from the sentiment of fear; our enjoyment of the beautiful partly depends on the existence of its opposite. And yet, deduct all these qualities from man, and you leave him certainly far behind the kangaroo in moral and spiritual status, and, perhaps, not very far from the original mass of jelly from which we are told he sprang.

Mr. Wallace again supplies us with a text by informing us that in the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, where sago grows in abundance and without any need of cultivation, there man is in his lowest and most hopelessly savage condition. Let sago stand for all the good things of life, ever waiting to be gathered up within easy reach, and what would be the value of the man-animal that stretched his lazy length upon the fair earth, and what would be the value of the life that the sago supported? "Sceptic" may, perhaps, admit the need of some suffering and difficulty, but may object to so much of it. But if a Providence were to step in and stop evil when it had reached a certain limit, farewell to the intelligence of man and all his work in the world, which can only proceed on the assumption that the laws of Nature are inviolable, and may be implicitly trusted. That man does still exist on the earth, that he continues to go forth to his labour, that he desires to bring children into the world, that we salute one another with a "good morning" as a rule, and only exceptionally pronounce the world a failure when we have no useful work to do in it, are evidence that life on the whole is sweet, and "a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Can "Sceptic" devise for us a world pleasant to live in where the light has no shadow?

With full sympathy for the mood that sees the universe in gloom, yet let me subscribe myself as one who is thankful to have lived, even long beyond the average term, and who believes that it is worth while for man to exist as a creature of high and noble nature, even at the cost of much suffering.

CAROLINE BRAY.

A REPLY TO "C. B."

"C. B.'s" reply to "A Sceptic" seems to me a complete contradiction. He begins by inferring intelligence in Nature "because we see her working towards some particular object, and the amount of intelligence will be in proportion to the degree in which this object is effected;" and ends by affirming that "a mental anthropomorphism is likely to be quite as wrong as a physical one;" but the supposed intelligence in Nature is "a mental anthropomorphism," as must also be the supposed purpose in Nature to produce the greatest possible happiness of the greatest number, by means of pain, as "C. B." asserts. But as to the purpose, aim, or end in Nature being the production of pleasure, it has not yet been proved that any other being but man really possesses anything like what we consider the faculty of enjoyment. Except in the case of man, I suspect from end to end it is

mere instinctive impulse, the animal world being very little different in that respect from the vegetable world, the purposes of which certainly cannot be pleasure to the objects themselves. And how is it with man? Is he not confessedly a miserable being—with the Christians a miserable sinner, and looking consequently upon life as an evil but for the hope of a future? And in the East, what is meant by "nervana but repose from the evils of life? But, surely, had the purpose in Nature been happiness, the Almighty would have made pleasure an all-sufficient inducement, and life would have been very different, and man would have regarded life very differently. Pleasure seems to be, equally with pain, merely instrumental, and Nature to be perfectly indifferent to anything but the development of its forms to the end; to destroy, to reproduce them again in an eternal sequence, which, humanly speaking, is without other reason or purpose, except in the belief of a happy future. Nor can we imagine an intelligence or purpose at all without being anthropomorphic, which "C. B." tells us we ought not to be. But a God not anthropomorphic would be no God at all; as a consequence, a rough passage to a happy haven.

H. G. Atkinson.

IS OPTIMISM OR PESSIMISM TRUE?

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—The poet who assures us that we "have too much knowledge" to be merely sceptical assumes a good deal. My postulate is more modest. I think we can neither prove nor disprove many things. Optimism means, all for the best; Pessimism, the converse. Old Montaigne fancied he *liked* pain, for "it made him feel the reality of existence." I don't. I think it is intolerable. Were I a sheep, writhing under the knife of the butcher, I should think he must be a devil; yet we know such is *not* the case. Probably there have been benevolent, humane, kind men among sportsmen—yes, and among warriors, executioners, butchers, prizefighters, &c., &c.; therefore, our sensations prove nothing. Among other wise aphorisms, Christ said, "The flesh profiteth nothing." Douglas Jerrold once asked if anyone would stay here if quite certain of going to heaven. No. But I've a great horror of pain, and faint at the sight of blood. I'm not quite sure anything would induce me to commit painful suicide. Were it a pleasant thing to do, it would be of hourly occurrence. Permit me to say that I think Providence often wants to get rid of a "superfluous" of life. Why, if there were not sportsmen, and

were we not fond of eating flesh, the earth would be incapable of sustaining the immensity of life. Had every man since the creation lived to old age and propagated, we should be cannibals perforce. I must say that I can't shut my eyes to the fact of eternal Providence in Evil. There is neither Devil nor Chance throughout the realms of Nature. Optimism, therefore, is not absolutely irrational to me.

G. Z. I.

A STAB AT ALL THEOLOGY.

[We "dare" insert anything that is not immoral and pestilent in FREELIGHT; but the correspondent who sends the following questions is more bold than wise.—ED.]

Being a Pessimist, I ask whether it is true that there is more good than evil in the world? I think not. I should like to know how many men in a hundred you will find who can honestly say they are glad that they exist? *Perhaps* three; but I should be inclined to say, hardly two. I ask whether, granting the existence of a God, he is able to put an end to evil? If he is not, where is his omnipotence? If he is able, and *will* not, where his benevolence? But if there be a Devil who can thwart his Maker, and if God had foreknowledge, as theology asserts, why was he made? If it be true that hundreds of millions of years have elapsed since the earth began, how was it that it took such an enormous period to produce an insignificant result? Everything, to *me*, is a farce.

After all, as we cannot prove either wisdom or benevolence in Nature, as there is no proof of a future life, what alternative is there but to make the best of the present? If we are sick of life, for my part, it seems to me there is no immorality in suicide. We never asked to come into being, and therefore it is obvious we have a right to cease to be. I perfectly agree with those who think there is no moral basis in Atheism. What then? *I* didn't form the world. The responsibility for whatever happens may be left to whatever Power or Cause created so wretched a failure. It is better to believe in no God than in a cruel, vindictive, and heartless Being who allows the evil to be so mighty and the good so powerless.

TAU.

[Atheism that lands us in negation of all good will never succeed. "A doctrine of chaos," as a wise man observes, "will have a corresponding result." The turpitude of human nature may be extreme, our laws barbarous, our theology savage, but we grow wiser and more humane.—ED.]

To Correspondents.

"A Man who has Suffered much, but who can Forgive Nature," informs us that he has passed through most painful and harrowing states of mind, but now feels—

"I trust I have not wasted breath ;
 I think we are not wholly brain—
 Magnetic mockeries ;—not in vain,
 Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death ;—
 Not only cunning casts in clay :
 Let Science prove we are, and then
 What matters Science unto men,
 At least to me ? I would not stay.
 Let him, the wiser man who springs
 Hereafter, up from childhood shape
 His action like the greater ape,
 But I was born to other things."

Yes, Scepticism is finely delineated in Tennyson's poem of "In Memoriam." But no poet rests long in mere doubt. We suffer woes "which Hope thinks infinite," that we may be humane, patient, charitable, willing to bear our cross while the thorns are keenest—to be *anything* that God pleases, to benefit the world.

"A Lover of Poetry" asks the meaning of the following lines in "The Worst of It:"—

"We take our own method, the Devil and I,
 With pleasant and fair, and wise and rare ;
 And the best we wish to what lives is death,
 Which even in wishing perhaps we lie."

There is, to us, no obscurity in the idea. The poet intimates that our spirits can recognise the immortality of the soul, but we are dragged down by the senses. "Doubts are the clouds of our spiritual weather." Doubt is a "perfect hell," but very necessary for the progress of the world. Nature is a devil.

"A Doubter" contends that the lowest and the most animal natures are the happiest. No: they are not *happy*. Brutes are not at all happy, but have pleasurable physical sensations. Happiness is a state of mind. We have in our present artificial state of society shocking anxieties—and we ought to have them. "Take physic, Pomp!" While we cling to this life, we are sure to be wretched. Were we free from care and anxiety, Death would seem very awful.

"H. G. A." writes: "There are two words of which I am heartily sick—Atheist and God. Drop both now and for ever." H. G. A. believes in matter and the universe. He is one who has faith in the senses; but the senses are deceptive, and they must be rectified by the reason, as the slightest knowledge of optics is sufficient to prove. The Editor of *FREELIGHT* is unable to discover how we can dispense with two words which convey an idea of infinite Intelligence and the negation of it. If there

be no infinite Intelligence—if we are to accept the reality only of infinite Matter—philosophy is at an end. But the curious fact is, that a Materialist *must* recognise metaphysic, just as a man who denies modern astronomy as a science must argue astronomically if he would confute Newton and Kepler.

An esteemed correspondent writes:—"How few, alas, has the hand of Time touched so lovingly or gently benign, 'not smiting it,' as Longfellow has it in his 'Golden Legend,' but as a harper lays his open hand upon his harp to deaden its vibrations," &c. There is yet a banner in the clouds of heaven, which no ensign of Infidelity or Atheism is adequate to tear down, on which is inscribed, as on a deathless scroll, to be seen and read by all men: "Sorrow is transitional—love everlasting." Let us cry, "Amen."

The success of FREELIGHT has, on the whole, been greater than could reasonably have been anticipated, for we absolutely attack the popular free-thought as well as the old belief. Liberal friends are earnestly requested to assist us, for the battle taxes our resources to the uttermost; though we seek to trust in Providence, the only faith that is, necessarily, perfect.

A correspondent, in a friendly but "indignant mood," refers to the "cowardly reticence of the Press"—even the rationalistic portion of it—in regard to FREELIGHT. We were aware that we should excite hostility. Perhaps, however, we are not understood. Some of our contributors are hard thinkers, devoted to the most abstract German thought, and common newspaper critics are unable to deal with their abstruse and lofty speculations. We do not confine ourselves, however, to metaphysics, to theology, or any other subject. We leave ourselves open to embrace, as legitimate topics, any form of thought, including vagaries—such as "Spiritism," with which we have no earthly sympathy. "Spiritism," even if *true* in its present stage, could have little interest for the loftiest order of intelligence. As for the vulgar negation to which our correspondent refers, it is brutal, callous, and heartless—*odious* to noble souls!

"That is, the Devil."—The text to which a correspondent points says that "through death"—the death of Christ—the Devil, who has "the power of death," is subdued. Who is the Devil? The death of one stage of humanity is the birth of another. For want of this perception religionists and sceptics contend about logomachies. Christ, as Divinity, could not die. No theologian pretends that the Almighty died on the cross. A human being was crucified. And the death of that man *has effected a revolution in society*. The death of our present Sectarian churches would cause the development of a Church Universal, with a divine message of "great joy." The Churches will perish. The "natural" or visible body of religion is corruptible; the spiritual body is incorruptible. There is no *mysticism* in this.

ERRATA.—In No. 3 of FREELIGHT, p. 212, line 15, for "and to the Bard," read "and is the Bard," &c.; p. 213, line 7, for "Home," read "Horne."

No articles that are unsolicited returned.