FREELIGHT.

JANUARY, 1872.

CHRISTMAS AND CHRISTIANS.

By the Editor.

"The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist."

So sings the Laureate. A very sad and a very painful book is "In Memoriam." Let us have no scepticism now. It is not for us to arraign the order of nature. The Christians who do this, conceiving the curse of God to be on the universe, are poor creatures—as poor as they are ascetic. At the festive season of Christmas it were well to seek a few cheerful utterances. The Atheists and the Sceptics can find little enjoyment perhaps in this festival. For the Editor's part, he welcomes the season—not without mournful memories and tearful recollections, but certain that a Providence which orders all things has consecrated this idea of Christendom. It is wealth to the soul to believe in the harmony of the universe. Among all the ingredients in the chalice which Heaven is ever presenting to our lips, surely the brighter side of faith presents some of the sweetest. Faith, however, without Charity, must fail. Charity is the nurse of Hope; and Hope, Faith, and Charity will conquer evil.

"One truth leads right to the world's end," according to Browning. To find out a great truth, if that be possible, is the end of our being. The Humane idea embodied in the faith of the world is beginning to be apparent; and just in proportion to the Humanity evolved will be the amount of good effected by religion. Let us proclaim this faith, at least, on the housetops. Do not let us, in a dastardly spirit, shrink from the promulgation of the "highest in man." We never can make a greater mistake than to cultivate discretion and prudence at the expense of truth. Let us say what

we can as best we can; but as for our cynical and hopeless moods, by all means hide them in the darkness—let them be buried, like the dead bodies that they are, for ever!

Come, liberal Christians, and forget all that is harsh and discordant in your creeds! Let us have a carol such as that of "Peace on earth, good will amongst men." The world still vibrates with that hymn. The notes of the anthem are sweet as the voices of the angels to whom the Christian world ascribes that celestial music. The realisation is so far off apparently. Yet now do we know anything on that point? God may have much good in store for our generation. Could we flatter ourselves that war might cease! But that can't be yet. England has been fortunate thus far in escaping from the Moloch so deeply dreaded; and Moloch may not have occasion for the services of our English arms just yet. Christians might do much, if they would, for the promotion of general amity. If they do not—if they go on hating, and struggling, and seeking Mammon, as so many do, they will pull down the Image of the Golden Calf, and it will be a Juggernaut to crush them.

We might find something better to do, all of us, than encouraging the spirit of hatred in our bosoms. Better than any object easily to be conceived were a project for the emancipation of every mind from the demon of Avarice. Clearly, Christ protested against that fiend. Until states and individuals renounce a covetous and base effort for the aggrandisement of nationalities or of sects and families, what can faith effect? Let us get, if we *can*, at the souls and hearts of our brethren in all quarters of the globe. Let us not cultivate barren reason to the exclusion of benevolence. Greeting to all who unite in the genial influences of Christmas! Greeting to the children—greeting to the old! Universalists believe we are all going to the right place at last; and surely that conviction, if any, should make us love God and man.

THE MAD SON OF A BAD KING.

By William Maccall.

It is doubtless right that the bold and searching historical criticism of the present day should endeavour to reach the exact truth. But when historians, on the strength of a few freshly-discovered facts, become the advocates, the apologists of those whom the world has previously abhorred as monsters, the outrage and the peril to the moral sense of the community are immense. A robust hatred of

monsters nourishes the moral valour, the moral life of mankind, and it is better that this hatred of monsters should be excessive, than that the tolerance for iniquity should be inordinate. There are, however, historians who strive to show that there never have been any monsters, either on lofty throne or in lowly hut; that black is not black, but only a sort of grey; and that the line severing human infirmity the most venial from human depravity the most execrable is an imaginary line. The monster thus turns out to be not a monster at all, but a saint; yes, a saint with a sinister expression of countenance, a swarthy complexion, and an unfortunate tendency of blood to the head, which he could only relieve by shedding the blood of the mortals who were not saints after the same adorable fashion as himself. The very wretches whom concordant and crowding traditions and our own noblest instincts had taught us to curse, we are now not merely to pardon, but to worship!

Philip the Second of Spain is one of those monsters whom this species of maudlin or morbid dilettanteism has taken under its tenderest care. The beatification of Philip is already complete; the canonisation of the new saint is sure to follow, amid a display of relics, the sound of bells, the voice of trumpets, the thunder of cannon, and, what the admirers of the new saint may like better, the proclamation of indulgences. As, also, every saint is supposed to have worked miracles, there is here the most amazing of miracles, namely, that common sense, common honesty, and common decency, should be defied in order that a crotchet may be deified.

Nevertheless, detest Philip the Second as we may, we must admit that there are sundry things in which the world has been unfair to him, one of these being his treatment of his unfortunate son, Don Carlos.

Born in 1527, Philip the Second died in 1598. His father, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, abdicated in his favour at the beginning of 1556, so that for more than forty years Philip ruled an enormous dominion. He was four times married—first, in 1543, to the Princess Mary of Portugal; secondly, in 1554, to Mary Queen of England, called Bloody Mary; thirdly, in 1560, to Elizabeth of Valois, daughter of Henry the Second of France and of Catherine De Medicis; and lastly, in 1570, to Anne, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian the Second. Anne was the mother of Philip the Third, who, at the age of twenty, succeeded his father, Philip the Second, and who was one of the most incompetent kings that ever reigned in Spain.

Carlos, the son of Philip the Second by his first wife, Mary of Portugal, was born at Valladolid on the 3rd of July, 1545. He came

into the world with a feeble constitution, and with a taint of insanity in his blood. The latter was perhaps hereditary, for the mother of Charles the Fifth, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, was so hopelessly and helplessly demented as to be known by the name of Joanna the Crazy; and, clearsighted though Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second in general were, yet we discover occasional traces of mental derangement in their conduct. By weariness of the world alone, we cannot explain the Emperor's abdication; and how whimsical, varied by a certain ghastliness, were his doings during his monastic retirement, which, itself a disease, has excited a diseased curiosity and sympathy! Did not, likewise, Philip the Second's habit of suspecting and distrusting everyone, his sombre self-isolation, the character of monomania which his rancours, bigotries, and hypocrisies assumed—did not these indicate that the humours were poisoned as well as the heart? But Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second had an eminently lymphatic temperament. Don Carlos, on the contrary, was from earliest childhood passionate, irritable—burst, on the slightest provocation, or without any provocation at all, into the wildest fury. Soon after his birth, his mother died; and the frail and sickly boy was allowed to indulge every caprice, however wayward and unreasonable. Philip's sister watched with tenderness over Carlos, and directed his education; but, surrounded as Carlos was by fawning and frivolous domestics, ready to please and to pamper him, she could not hinder him from being spoiled, and perhaps she herself helped to spoil him. And then, in the brain, in the restlessly tingling nerves of the child, there was the terrible legacy inherited from Joanna the Crazy. The existence of this wretched prince was a long fever, diversified by nothing but the darkest fatalities. It haunts us with a sense of overwhelming misery, without rendering the Prince loveable or estimable. A valetudinarian, a hypochondriac, whose dull anguish found relief only in explosions of frenzy—how little is here to interest, and how much to repel! Meagrely gifted, puny, ugly, with no charm of manner, no bounteousness of nature, concentrating all his energies into a ferocious and unbridled wilfulness, the heir to the grandest throne of the sixteenth century—a throne which threw its splendour across two worlds—seemed an abortion destined to be the author of anarchy as great as his self-inflicted pain. Probably Don Carlos differed from the most odious of the Roman emperors only in having no Roman robustness of muscle. As king of Spain's huge empire he might have been a compound of Nero and Heliogabalus, though perchance more harmless than either, from being more imbecile. At all events,

the Don Carlos of history and the Don Carlos of romance are two very different persons; and perhaps romance never dreamed or lied so much to make something out of a most unpromising subject.

Elizabeth of Valois was born on the 13th of April, 1545. She was thus a few months older than Don Carlos. Beautiful, graceful, affectionate, she had lived at the most voluptuous of courts without being either corrupted or contaminated. The first husband proposed for Elizabeth was Edward the Sixth of England. But Edward died when Elizabeth was not much more than eight years old. By-and-by, the disasters of France in the war with Spain led to the ignominious peace of Câteau-Cambrésis. During the lingering negotiations which heralded the peace, it was arranged that one of its conditions or results should be the marriage of Elizabeth of France to Don Carlos of Spain. Hence Elizabeth received the name of "Princess of Peace." On the 17th of November, 1558, died Mary Tudor, the unlovely and unloved wife of Philip the Second. Hereby Philip was induced to thrust his son aside, and to seek himself Elizabeth of Valois in marriage. The proposal was accepted; but its acceptance involved nothing very tragical. It is preposterous to suppose that Don Carlos and Elizabeth of Valois, neither of whom was yet fourteen, cherished any strong attachment for each other, or, indeed, any attachment whatever.

On the 1st of February, 1560, at Guadalaxara, the two spouses for the first time met, though they had been married by procuration at Paris, in the cathedral of Nôtre Dame, on the 22nd of June, 1559. According to tradition, Elizabeth gazed at her husband so long, and so fixedly, that he asked her, somewhat brutally: "Why do you look so earnestly? Do you want to see whether my hair is grey?" But this is manifestly fabulous: for it is not likely that Philip King of Spain would have been false, on such an occasion, to Castilian politeness; and what question so absurd from a young man in his thirty-third year as that about his grey hair? So far from introducing himself to Elizabeth by rude, unfeeling words, Philip seems to have been at the outset, and to have continued, courteous and kind; and it has been maintained that Elizabeth was the only human being he ever warmly or sincerely loved.

The arrival of Elizabeth of Valois in Spain brought no fresh element of chaos or commotion into the existence of Philip's unhappy son. Alas! no such element was needed; the sickly, ugly, tempestuous boy found in his own breast force and inspiration for every possible outburst of fury and vengeance. His one overpowering impulse was a hatred of control, and of all those who attempted to

counsel or restrain him; and if he dreamed of action, it was because action of any kind was a means and opportunity of escaping from bondage. To lighten this bondage somewhat, to soothe the prince's turbulent spirit, was what Elizabeth, with her gentle and sympathetic heart, aimed at. Chained as she herself was by the heavy, formal etiquette of the Spanish Court, what more could she accomplish?

Philip was not a tender father—tenderness was not his besetting sin. But he had a genuine desire that Carlos, the heir to his throne, should be educated in a manner befitting a position and a destiny so illustrious. In 1560 he presented him to the States assembled at Toledo as the future King of Spain, and in 1562 he sent him to the University of Alcala De Henares, the most famous in the country next to that of Salamanca. He hoped that study would divert the attention of his son, and soften while disciplining his character. In these expectations he was grievously deceived. Carlos only grew more lawless the more needful it was for him to practice obedience. In all excessive self-will there is a tincture of madness, and this, sober, self-balanced people—never very merciful in their judgments—are prone to forget. Unhealthy in body, still more unhealthy in mind, insane in the extravagance of his self-will, Carlos was not a responsible being. We pity—we can scarcely blame him, for blame always supposes a strictly accountable agent. The narrow-hearted, narrow-minded, self-poised, gloomy Philip dealt with the terrible problem in his own terrible way—sternly, logically, remorselessly, but without any intention to be unjust or cruel. A wiser and better man than Philip would have allowed Carlos to follow his taste for war—would have despatched him to the bloody school for which he yearned. This would have been one way of developing the prince's robuster, nobler energies, and of teaching him self-restraint. At least, he would have had the chance of being shot—a result not undesirable for the Prince's own sake, as Joanna the Crazy was always busy in his brain—a result, assuredly, which Philip would not have very deeply deplored. Or, if the stirring scenes of war were refused to the petulant, restless Prince, why should he have been debarred from the best medical treatment attainable at the period? Why should he have been excluded from certain offices and occupations on the ground of suspected lunacy, yet punished as if he had been a rational creature? Philip—pedant, tyrant, inquisitor—saw, in the fancies and furies of Carlos, chiefly an obstacle to his own schemes and resolutions, and acted accordingly.

At Alcala, Don Carlos resided in the palace of the Archbishop. Often at night he roamed through the palace and around it—tormented

by his fever of restlessness and his ferocity of insubordination. Once, when thus rambling in the darkness, he fell, and struck the back of his head heavily against a stone step. He lay in a state of unconsciousness till discovered. His head was seriously injured, and the operation of trepanning alone saved his life. It is reported that on this occasion King Philip manifested not a little anxiety and affection; that he came to Alcala, and caused the body of Saint Didacius to be carried in procession; and that, as the Prince's recovery was attributed to the Saint, Philip, in gratitude, procured at Rome the canonisation of Didacius. Though the external wound was healed, and the Prince apparently restored to health, yet the brain had received a severe shock, so that the Prince's irritability, already of the wildest kind, was immensely increased. The most trustworthy and venerable persons who approached the Prince, he scorned, and mocked, and rudely repelled. Incapable of attachment, as dead to sympathy as his father, he confided in those only who nourished his hatreds and suspicions, or who could be the instruments of his rage. In his explosions of anger, he dashed to pieces everything within his reach. His caprices were as preposterous as his obstinacy was invincible. Beyond a certain strength and sharpness of memory, his faculties had always been below mediocrity. He would now have been simply imbecile, if a lurid lunatic fire had not kept blazing on. Strange, deplorable fate, to be saved from idiocy through insanity! Alcala had taught Carlos nothing; it had merely been a fresh and fatal scene for his madness and his misery. The disgraced, unhealthy student of Alcala speedily beheld what must have profoundly embittered him. His cousins, Rodolph and Ernest, the sons of the Emperor Maximilian the Second, were brought to Spain, and were treated as Philip's heirs, to the exclusion of his own son. They were educated by the Jesuits; and in the case of Rodolph, subsequently Emperor, this education had the most disastrous effect on the affairs of Germany and of Europe. The ignominious chastisement which took the awful shape of practical disinheritance told Carlos plainly enough that he had nothing to hope—that he was an outcast whom the King despised and distrusted. Born to so much, and yet so contemptuously thrust aside, Carlos hated with the deadliest rancour the implacable father, whom, nevertheless, he felt himself wholly unable effectually to assail. To be slighted becomes the worst of wrongs when it is one of many wrongs. But to be slighted, and yet to know that all resentment is a confession of feebleness, is wretchedness so sharp and so crushing as to mock alike solace and delineation. Even they who are presumptuous enough to attempt the diagnosis of this deep wound which rankles ever from

a poison of its own, would scarcely venture, even in utmost hope and pity, to pour balm thereon. Philip watched his son as he would have watched a reptile—fierce and noxious, yet easily disarmed by being driven to expend all its venom on itself. He could have annihilated the reptile at once, but it was more in harmony with the character of him who was slow and systematic in all his doings, whose maxim was "Time and I," and who was less a great despot than an accomplished artist in despotism. To get rid of a foe, what mode of murder could Philip have invented, more ingenious, more congenial to his tastes as a refined executioner, a colossal dilettante in pain, than abandoning the foe to the anguish and the despair of a lingering suicide?

The weary days wore on. As the Chief of the Catholic Reaction, to whom a rebel was a monster, and a heretic more odious than a rebel—as the grand compressing force in the world which made the air too thick to breathe for the things that could not be strangled or mangled—Philip had, near and afar, matters much more important, demanding the intensest earnestness of his sluggish but subtle brain, than his son's hallucinations. It has been said that Philip had three primordial objects in his long reign—the extension of the Spanish Empire, the extinction of heresy, the suppression of popular franchises; and that he was successful in attaining none but the last. Though, however, to Philip may be traced the ruin of Spain, we must yet in justice regard him as the saviour of Catholicism, in the latter half of the sixteenth century, by his pertinacity and perfidy—by the sanguinary persecutions he commanded, countenanced, or caused; and, above all, by the help he gave to the fanatical Spanish party in France, of which the Guises were the bold and brilliant leaders. In this aspect of his career, and perhaps in this aspect only, Philip the Second is one of the most memorable personages in history; for it was no small achievement to turn back the tide which, rushing on unchecked, would have rendered Protestantism the predominant, perchance ultimately the exclusive, religious force in Europe. So much can be accomplished by strength, unity, and persistency of purpose, even in the absence of consummate ability; for Philip's faculties were of the most stunted, starved, and commonplace stamp. In any case, he who has been compared to Tiberius, yet who, as Voltaire shows, did not resemble the Roman Emperor in more than one or two essential points, was too absorbed by his crafty schemes and his unscrupulous butcheries to have leisure or inclination to bestow aught but a transient attention on his son's whimperings and whims. The foolish, feeble, dreary Carlos plotted, or tried to plot—conspired,

or tried to conspire—tried to weave a web of intrigues, and succeeded merely in weaving snares for himself. Every step he took was a pitfall, an entanglement, a labyrinth, a wound, a darkness, a defeat! In the immediate presence of Philip, the grand ally and instrument of the Inquisition, who had the courage to organise a formidable conspiracy? And what conspirator against Philip would not have shrunk from Carlos the Imbecile? In no small degree worthless, in a still larger degree mischievous, would Carlos have been as a conspirator. He was contemned by the plotters as he was contemned by his father.

At the beginning of the French Revolution, Jeremy Bentham published a work entitled "Panopticon," in which he proposed that a man placed in the centre should have the entire survey and control of all the inmates in a circular prison. Philip the Second invented a panopticon of a different kind. Here thousands of eyes, themselves unseen, glared and glowered at a central figure—some unsuspecting victim who would have shrieked in his great terror if he had known that he was surrounded by such a ghastly glamour of doom. Legions of headsmen, assassins, poisoners, torturers, were not enough for our pious monarch; he had also legions of spies. In a panopticon of the most approved kind Don Carlos was placed, and from every side ravenous glances were darted at his minutest movements. The sombre spirits, offspring of despair, that haunted his own soul, were in tragic consonance with the diabolical phantoms that hovered round him—the malignant slaves of a most malignant king. Their task was not a hard one. Carlos had no dissimulation, no duplicity, no reticence. As in headlong fashion he did whatever he felt inclined to do, so he recklessly uttered all thoughts, desires, and designs. He revelled in those indiscretions of action and of speech which are always more heavily punished than the gravest offences.

Eminently cruel men are seldom influenced by personal hatreds; because personal hatreds imply a depth, a fervour, a vehemence of passion which eminently cruel men never possess, never display. No opposition to his will, no insult, no injury ever ruffled the self-control, the self-complacency of Philip the Second, the most cruel of mankind. This monarch had an equanimity as the unrivalled architect of anguish that we can neither sufficiently abhor nor sufficiently admire. Slaughtered Moriscos in Andalusia, murdered Protestants in the Netherlands, and a son writhing wildly in impotent wrath and misery, he equally beheld with that sombre smile which indicated a far more concentrated relish of pain, as pain, than the most fiendish laugh or the most fiendish frown could possibly have done.

Well is it, however, for feeble and guilty mortals that wretchedness and the power of inflicting wretchedness have both an end; and the merciful grave closes alike over the tormented and the tormentor.

If evil were the days of poor Don Carlos, they were happily few; and the gloomy King, at once actor and spectator, had not long to wait for the concluding scene of the drama.

When, in the autumn of 1567, that bloodiest of butchers and most fanatical of Catholics, the Duke of Alba, was sent to the Netherlands, Don Carlos viewed the Duke's appointment as an outrage on his own claims. A great ambition to do great things Don Carlos had not. Even that exorbitant vanity which for good and evil sometimes takes the place of ambition is scarcely traceable in his actions. Carlos wished to be in the Netherlands mainly that he might be free from his father's grasp, and perhaps that he might, in his fretful and petulant way, deal a blow at his father's authority. All other feelings vanished before the ardent yearning for liberty. To what extent Carlos had plotted with the unfortunate Baron De Montigny, or had entered into relations with the malcontents of the Netherlands, can never be clearly determined.

At all events, flight to the Netherlands became the Prince's final and fixed resolution. But he made his preparations so heedlessly and so openly, and spoke so recklessly to everyone about them, that the King at once knew everything the Prince did, and everything he purposed to do. Slow, however, in all his designs and movements, Philip did not act before the very last moment. Carlos had ordered post-horses for the night of the 18th of January, 1568, intending to travel to Carthagena, and there take ship. The King could delay no longer. He came to Madrid, and assembled the grandees and counsellors in whom he chiefly trusted. An order for the Prince's immediate apprehension was the result of the secret and earnest deliberation. Toward midnight, the King, accompanied by his favourites and some of the soldiers of his body guard, entered the apartment of the Prince, and forthwith declared the latter to be a prisoner. Struck alike by terror and surprise, Carlos sprang from his bed, and his first impulse was to defend himself by force; but, by the King's command, the arms in the apartment had already been removed. Promptly recognising that his position was desperate, the Prince threw himself at the King's feet, and implored his father to kill him, lest, in the gloom of captivity, he should be tempted to kill himself. Hard as iron and cold as ice, the King replied that if he laid violent hands on himself he would simply behave like a fool.

The Prince now burst into fury, uttering all his scorn and anger and shame, and flinging his most opprobrious words at the King himself. Cold and hard as before, and wholly disregarding this explosion of wrath, the King, on leaving the apartment, simply said that he would thenceforth act, not as a father, but as a king. It was not difficult for a father so exceedingly tender to keep his word.

To bend or mollify the King was an impossible task, even if the Queen had lent her sweet influence. But a discovery was soon made which apparently justified the King in proceeding to the harshest extremities. A casket was found, whose contents disclosed the degree to which the Prince could be alike foolish and guilty. There were letters addressed to the Pope, to the Emperor, to the grandees, to the high officers of State, wherein the reasons were given why the Prince wished to flee from Spain; and, in terms the most insulting, the causes were expounded of the son's profound dissatisfaction with the father—the humiliating postponement of the Prince's marriage with his cousin, the Archduchess Anne, occupying a prominent place among the grievances. Worse still, there were lists, in the Prince's hand, of his friends and his foes. The Prince expressed his determination to slay the latter, and at the head of them stood the name of the King his father. Wretched father! and oh, more wretched son! For it is clear that, circumstances favouring, Don Carlos would really have slain King Philip. So that the stern measures which the King now adopted had an ostensible justification in his own safety and the safety of the State; though it must not be forgotten that the King had done everything in his power to thwart, mutilate, and suppress his son's individuality.

Don Carlos was strictly guarded, but the respect due to his rank was scrupulously maintained. Day and night, grandees shared with him the same apartment in the place of his confinement, the doors and gates of which soldiers jealously watched. The windows were so effectually barred as to prevent the prisoner from looking through them. Five noblemen, bound by oath, performed for the Prince all needful services; but they were not allowed to exchange a single word with the prisoner. In freezing and awful silence they entered, and in silence as terrible they departed. But though tyrants may seal the lips, they cannot make the eyes dumb; and perhaps glances of commiseration from the Prince's attendants spoke that which the mouth was forbidden to speak.

Let us not, however, be too hard on our worthy friend King Philip. He was the most pious of monarchs, and he was deeply concerned for the eternal welfare of his son. The chamber next to

that occupied by the Prince was converted into a chapel, where mass was daily celebrated. Through an opening in the wall, Don Carlos was allowed or invited to join in the rite.

Repeatedly and urgently the Queen asked permission to visit the Prince; but her entreaties were disregarded: not, as might be superficially conjectured, because the King had any sentimental susceptibilities with respect to an interview between the Queen and the Prince, but merely because he was determined to have his own way in this tragical business. The good Queen wept unavailing tears, and addressed her prayers to a Ruler more merciful than earthly rulers.

Absolute monarch doubtless Philip the Second was, caring little for what in these days is called opinion; yet he was quite as much a politician as a despot, and he had no wish wantonly to provoke a hostile verdict on his conduct in every country and court of Europe.

As soon as his son had been doomed to a dark and monotonous captivity, the King ordered the gates of Madrid to be shut till he had despatched letters to all the conspicuous persons in his own dominions, or elsewhere, whom he deemed it desirable to conciliate. The pith of those letters, to whomsoever addressed, was, that in reference to his son, Don Carlos, he had acted entirely for the benefit of his people and for the glory of God. Let us not accuse him of hypocrisy. There are no sophistries so subtle or so seductive as those whereby a man—both bigot and tyrant—persuades himself that he is guided by the highest principles and inspirations. Philip was a very bad man, but he was thoroughly sincere.

In his explanatory and apologetic letters to the Emperor, to the Pope, to the grandmother of Don Carlos, and to others, the King did not descend from that haughty attitude which he never abandoned. He entered into no details, and he passed by the main points of the case. It was manifest, however, that he had resolved that the Prince should never reign, and that he was to be a prisoner for life.

By the highest tribunal of the kingdom, before which the crimes of Don Carlos against his father and against the State were brought, the Prince was solemnly condemned to death. But there appears to have been no intention on the part of the King to carry the sentence into execution. Indeed, it soon became clear that the days of Don Carlos were numbered. Worn and wasted by explosions of ferocious passion, by feverishness, by disappointment, by despair, he was hastening to the grave. As the shadows of the tomb began to fall upon him he grew calmer, yearned for reconciliation with his father,

yearned for the last consolations of the Church; though the statements are not uniform on the matter. The reconciliation he was refused; the consolations were granted, and perhaps gave the Prince the few serene and holy hours he had ever enjoyed on earth. Early on the morning of the 25th of July, 1568, he died. Without delay he was interred in the Monastery of the Dominicans, the masses and prayers for the dead not being omitted. It is as absurd to say that Don Carlos was poisoned as that he was a heretic; or that the Queen, who only survived the Prince a few months, was murdered by the King. There is no need of fable to make Philip the Second hateful. Let us detest, let us curse him, and let us likewise believe that the history of Don Carlos—even when most nakedly written—is a far sadder, a far sublimer tragedy than the drama of Schiller. In the real tragedy nothing was more strange than that two of the King's wives had been betrothed to his son.

THE AGE OF MAN.

By Miss Eyton.

(Conclusion.)

Sir John Lubbock has divided the whole period of man's known existence upon earth into three ages—the iron age, the bronze age, and the stone age; the latter being subdivided into the neolithic, or later, and the paleolithic, or earlier, age of stone. Each of these overlapped the period immediately following; bronze implements being in common use after the discovery of iron, and being also found mingled with those of the later stone age.

Much of the information which we have gained concerning the bronze age in England is derived from the interments which took place during that period. Mr. Bateman, whose works are referred to by Sir John Lubbock, has explored a great number of burial-places in Derbyshire and North Staffordshire belonging to this and the preceding epoch. He found the practice of incremation to have prevailed extensively during the age of bronze, so that we are unable to judge, from the charred remains which we meet with, of the distinguishing characteristics of the race to which they belonged. Bones of the ox, dog, sheep, and other animals now existing in a domestic state were found accompanying the human remains, together with implements and ornaments of bronze, and, occasionally, of gold.

Another fertile source of discovery is found in the Lake villages of Switzerland and Scotland. These habitations were built upon

piles driven into the beds of the lakes. Those of the bronze age in Switzerland are often built upon the ruins of still earlier settlements. Some of them have apparently been destroyed by fire, and from them have been obtained large quantities of charred wheat, apples, or probably crabs, cloth woven out of hemp fibre, coarse pottery, and the bones of domestic animals.* A very extensive collection of remains from the Scotch Lake villages is preserved in the Antiquarian Museum at Edinburgh, and the observer cannot fail to be struck with the taste and pains shown in the workmanship. Many of these dwellings are situated in the beds of former lakes, now converted into peat moors. Canoes are sometimes found imbedded in peat, and from the lowest of the raised beaches on the estuary of the Clyde (about twenty feet above sea-level) vessels of like construction have been exhumed. Remains belonging to the bronze age—bones, weapons, &c., and part of a human skull—have been dredged up from the submerged forest off the Cheshire coast, and may be seen in the Museum at Liverpool. The whole of these remains belong to the recent period in Geology, when the physical conditions did not differ very widely from those now prevailing, and the animals were all of living species. During the interval which has elapsed since that time, lakes have been drained and silted up, forests have disappeared, and the sea has in some localities encroached considerably upon the land, while in others the latter has been upheaved to the extent of some twenty feet.

The earlier lake dwellings and some of the shell-mounds or kitchen middens of Scotland and Denmark belong to the neolithic age, when the weapons and implements used were of stone, very carefully worked and polished. Sir J. Lubbock considers the megalithic monuments of Stonehenge, Avebury, &c., to belong to the bronze period.

We now arrive at a time—the post-pliocene period of geologists—when the prevailing conditions differed very considerably from those now in force. The rivers flowed in channels from thirty to one hundred feet higher than their present level. The country was certainly, in some localities, subjected to the action of land ice, and the streams were swollen by melting snows. The fauna included many animals which are now totally extinct, or do not exist in this part of the world.

The old river gravels belonging to this epoch contain, in many places, flint implements, unquestionably of human workmanship,

* Keller's "Lake Dwellings."

but of an older and ruder type than those of the neolithic age. They were first observed by M. Boucher de Perthes in the high level gravels of the Somme, one hundred feet above the level of the present river, in connection with the remains of extinct mammalia and with minute and delicate fresh-water shells, whose perfect condition shows that the gravel has been subjected to no disturbing influences since it was first deposited. The authenticity of the human jaw-bone obtained from these beds at Moulin Quignon is doubtful; but, as Mr. Prestwich observes, "Whatever diversity of opinion there may be respecting certain flint implements" (and the jaw-bone in question), "others, the genuineness of which cannot be questioned, have been found from time to time during the last fifteen years, both in the Moulin Quignon pit, and, in more considerable numbers, in the adjacent and equivalent beds of the Champs de Mars and St. Gilles, which place beyond dispute the occurrence, *in situ*, of flint implements shaped by early man in these amongst the oldest of the high-level gravels of the ancient valley of the Somme.* Flint implements have been found by Mr. John Evans, Mr. Wyatt, and others, in corresponding beds on the banks of the Ouse and Waveney, at Herne Bay, near Salisbury, and in other localities too numerous to mention.

Still more unequivocal evidence of the co-existence of man with the extinct mammalia is afforded by the cave deposits. So numerous have been the caverns explored, and so abundant is the evidence derived from them, that we cannot here do more than mention one or two of the more striking examples.

Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, was partially explored many years ago, by Mr. MacEnery, a Roman Catholic priest; but the work has been carried on during the last seven years by means of grants from the British Association, under the constant and indefatigable superintendence of Mr. Pengelly. In the reports which year after year he has presented, he has related the finding of numerous works of art, dating from the time of the Roman occupation up to the paleolithic era, together with a human jaw-bone of the last-named period. The Roman remains were coated with a very thin film of stalagmite, occasioned by droppings from the roof. The floor of the cave was formed of limestone blocks, cemented together by stalagmite, which had often to be removed by blasting. Below this was a bed of red earth, known as the upper cave earth. Then a layer of stalagmite, often more, but very seldom less, than a

* Proc. Geol. Soc., June 3rd, 1863.

foot thick; and, below this, the lower cave earth, containing bones of the Cave-Bear, Cave-Lion, Hyena, Mammoth, and Woolly-haired Rhinoceros, with other animals, some extinct and others of living species. Intercalated in the lower cave earth was a thin layer, called by Mr. Pengelly the black band, supposed by him to have been formed by the ashes of a fire, in which was found imbedded the human jaw-bone above mentioned. Paleolithic weapons and implements were found in great numbers, and in a state of exquisite preservation, throughout the lower cave earth. We may add that the method employed by Mr. Pengelly, of examining the material removed firstly on the spot and again when it has been brought outside the cavern, precludes the possibility of introducing any spurious articles, such as were suspected in the case of Moulin Quignon; added to which, the workmen are themselves thoroughly dependable, being educated to and interested in their work.*

Similar evidence, more or less complete, has been obtained by cave explorations at Kirkdale, Brixham, Wookey Hole, quite recently from caves in the Great Doward Hill, Herefordshire, by the Rev. W. Symonds, and in many other localities. Human bones have been found by Professor Malaise and Dr. Schmerling in caverns near Liège, and by M. Edouard Lartet in the caves of the Dordogne, accompanied by bones of the Reindeer, Irish Elk, and the animals mentioned above.

The evidence of Geology shows us, therefore, that in a period, the distance of which we can only vaguely conjecture, separated from the present by great physical changes which must have been brought about very gradually, and in a climate widely different from that we now enjoy, man co-existed in Europe with certain species of mammalia, then very flourishing and abundant, but many of which have since become totally extinct, while others have restricted themselves to those bounds wherein alone they can now find the conditions necessary to their existence.

Did space permit, we might carry the inquiry into Asia, and show that there, too, the Aryan and Mongolian races who for ages past have inhabited that continent were preceded by an older people using stone implements; into the Nile valley and even into America, where we find buried in the cave deposits tusks of the Mammoth rudely sculptured and engraved by the hand of man. Everywhere we trace the same succession from the lowest to comparatively higher types, showing in a manner too clear to be mistaken that man did not spring

* Brit. Ass. Rep., 1865—1871.

into existence by any sudden or special act of creation, but was gradually and slowly developed through a long lapse of ages, from the condition of a mere animal, through successive stages of intellectual and physical advancement, until he arrived at the present era of electric telegraphs and competitive examinations; all the varied external circumstances through which he passed being but agents moving in obedience to the will of that Omnipotent and Invisible Ruler whose likeness is shadowed forth, not alone in the ever-changing phenomena of Nature, and in the great eternal laws by which those phenomena are governed and produced, but, most clearly of all, in man himself, who even now to a great extent, but much more in his full and perfect development, is the highest symbol and expression the world has yet beheld of the Divine Mind.

Could that aboriginal paleolithic man stand before us with all the characteristics of his race, a strange spectacle would be presented to our eyes. His animal form of countenance and gleaming white teeth would seem to indicate a near relationship to the beasts among whom he dwelt, while the rude flint hatchet grasped in that claw-like hand, and the, to us, uncouth and unintelligible sounds proceeding from those apish lips, would mark the dawn of that intelligence, the development of which should obliterate in him the traces of his descent, and open the ever-increasing gulf by which he is separated from his former relations.

But when we seek, with prophetic eye, to penetrate into coming time, and to place the man of the future side by side with the man of the past, startling indeed is the contrast! Perfect in physical grace, endowed with an intellect to which the deepest problems of our time would be but child's play, exercising by this means an almost absolute sway over the forces of nature and the inferior creation, yet moving, like them, in perfect obedience to the laws of the universe, purified from animal passion and weakness, filled with all ennobling tastes and affections, we of the nineteenth century might regard him with almost religious reverence and awe. Yet science teaches us that, so surely as that we are ourselves evolved, by the operation of natural laws, from a class of beings of the former type: as certainly does it depend upon each of us, now living and acting—upon our strength of will, and upon the vital force and energy and power of self-restraint which we bring to bear upon the life-struggle which is a necessary and healthy condition of our being, whether we will be the progenitors, ay, and to a great extent the modellers and educators, of that higher and nobler race which is to succeed us, and which, if we will, may be evolved from the midst

of ourselves; or whether we will melt away, like the winter's snow at the approach of spring, an effete and degraded people, before the oncoming of that grand and glorious entity, the Race of the Future.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, HISTORY.

By John A. Heraud.

1. Love, in the Scripture sense, is not a mere sentiment, but a principle of productivity. As the Supreme Intelligence, it means an eternal desire, attended with an eternal gratification, for self-contemplation. This act is named Wisdom, or self-knowledge as distinguished from other knowledge. The first is called in Genesis the Tree of Life; the second, the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. So early were the two distinct philosophies established in the Church, which have since divided themselves into two schools. Their origin belongs to the pre-historical period. Both enter into the same religions as necessary factors, being but two methods of conducting philosophic inquiries. Those religions commenced at the same epoch, their earliest existing forms being the Brahminic and the Buddhist, which bear similar relation to each other as the Jewish and Christian creeds do now.

2. Self-contemplation is evidently a Triad. There is the intelligent subject, the intelligible object, and their identity in one being. The Intelligence, of which they are the product, is named God. The same name belongs to each member of the Triad, which yet remains One—one Intelligence, one God, also one Being. Abstract terms like these, however, are not favourites with pious minds; they require the more endearing titles by which the affections are prolated. Accordingly, they called the subject, Father; the object, Son; and the essential identity, Spirit. And as the Intelligence, which is the procreant prothesis, becomes Being in the synthetic identity, so "God" is declared to be "a Spirit." Here, too, we shall do well to remember Oken's definition of Spirit—"absolute, substantial, timeless motion in and through itself." This activity, which is Life, is the eternal, ever-gratified yearning for self-contemplation, that in man is called Philosophy, or Love of Wisdom. In process of time a dramatic action was attributed to the members of the Triad, and each became a theatric character or person, to whom a certain age of the world's history was assigned as the act and scene in which he

was present. Up to a certain period, the Father was the person manifested; then succeeded the Son, and, after him, the Spirit, the identity of both, remained to the end of time as a Divine influence proceeding from their united operation. The prothetic God was, as it were, an histrionic agent, representing himself in three persons, though in all these characters one and the same Intelligence. The Father being the parent of mankind and the universe, his Son was, of course, Man and the World, and the Spirit that communion which ever subsists between the two. Man, in this ideal character, represented on the stage of time, claims to be divine, and the second Adam, like the first, is styled "the Son of God." (*Vide* Luke iii., 28.) The Fatherhood of God and the Sonship of Man are the two cardinal doctrines of the Christian Faith.*

3. Modern philosophy, like the ancient Hebrew, represents God in History and in Man, though perhaps in a less formal manner than that prescribed by the elder theology. It recognises the Divine in every section and in every individual. The magnet, with Schelling, for instance, is the symbol of the Absolute; and Goethe describes it as "a primitive phenomenon whose expression is at the same time its explanation;—thereby this," says he, "for which we have to seek neither symbols nor names, becomes a symbol for everything else." The magnet illustrates for us one principle constantly manifesting itself as two poles, and still resting in the midst as their identity. Divide the magnet; every part will be a complete system in itself—two poles and a point of indifference. Just as every part of the magnet is the entire magnet in miniature, so also every individual development in nature is a miniature universe. Thus is Deity represented in his creation, in every portion of which he is all-present.

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* The following diagrams will enable the student better to trace and to understand the argument:—

	1. PROTHESIS.	
Thesis.	Synthesis.	Antithesis.
	2. INTELLIGENCE.	
The Intelligent (or Subject).	Being.	The Intelligible (or Object).
	3. GOD.	
Father.	Spirit.	Son.

Oken says: "The Deity is essentially a Trinity: 0 + —. Since every individual thing or being is but the uttered thought of that Trinity, and the Deity's thoughts are acts of self-consciousness—*since the Deity thinks only itself*—it follows that every individual thing or being must also exhibit a Trinity, and that every individual act must be a repetition of the primitive act."

Each has an independent life; but their life is derived from the same source. As a means to an end, each manifests a *craving* towards an unrealised ideality—a destiny to which they are internally urged, to which they perpetually aspire. (*Vide* Romans viii., 22.) Each organism is a particular stage in the realisation of the spiritual, the parts or organs having their unity in an idea which prescribes its aim and purpose.

4. In man, the spiritual is its own object, and the implied identity is what we call Mind. Identity in the different is the very being of the spiritual. Every action of the human organism is the mind's own action—virtually, the spiritual itself. The mind is essentially the subject which *thinks* the world in itself in reciprocating with it, and the life of the universe is identical with the mind. The mind, in a word, is the complex of all the relations in the universe.

5. I must advertise the reader that in this, as in former papers, I am still dealing with "Oken's Philosophy of Nature," and seeking to insinuate its doctrines into minds that may require aid in their endeavour at apprehending them. To this end I shall do what I can, but it is unavoidable that the reader must himself make some effort, for it is inevitable that many sentences may be technical and abstruse. He must be, like myself, earnest in the search after truth, and willing to take some trouble in order to obtain it.

6. The conscious mind, in reciprocating with the world, finds itself and meets with its own laws in another being. The moral laws which belong to what Kant calls the Practical Reason find themselves reflected in the ideas of the Speculative, which are nothing less than the correlatives of the laws of Nature. "What," says our own Coleridge, "is an idea in the mind is a law out of it." Stallo likewise remarks that "the old quarrel respecting the existence or non-existence of innate ideas in the mind, and which has created so much ado in English literature since Locke's denial of them, evinces the grossest and most irreflective ignorance with regard to the mutual position of mind and matter. Material nature *is* nothing if you abstract the mind: and the reality of the mind vanishes if you destroy material nature." This interdependence of the mind and the cosmos forms the basis of Oken's system. It is obvious, say his disciples, that it were impossible for the mind to be affected by the particularities of the external world, if the latter were not radically homogeneous with it. They boldly affirm that our ideas are not in any manner copies of external objects, nor images; they are the objects themselves, in their reproduced spiritual nature.

7. Mind is procreative, and to this end uses Memory and Imagina-

tion, or rather operates as such activities, since these are its states, not its instruments, as manifested in art, poetry, and other mental products. It is also, and in an eminent sense, Will—which is the "unital assertion of its freedom." Individual man is an egotist, but his egotism should be that of the reason, "founded, therefore, upon a perfect identification of the *I* with the universal spiritual. True egotism is absolute generosity, absolute love. The martyr who mounts the scaffold for the maintenance of his spiritual freedom, and the hero who sacrifices himself on the battle-field for the weal of humanity, are both perfect egotists, because they assert their true spiritual self, their infinite nature and destiny, in the act. Without this act they would renounce themselves. The everlasting cavils (of the French philosophers, *e.g.*) tending to prove that the holiest traits in man, such as love, are mere egotism, and that therefore there is no absolute virtue, are rank absurdities. Absolute egotism is absolute virtue. On the heights of absolute reason, where the true will of man—his egotism, therefore—takes its stand, there is perfect coincidence of right and duty, of wish and objective requirement, of individuality and universality, of freedom and necessity."

8. The Universal unfolds itself in the individual gradually; wherefore the entire spiritual developes itself only in humanity collectively and historically taken—*i.e.*, in mankind. Considerations on the organisation of society are therefore proper. Individual man, by integrating himself in others, becomes an active, reciprocating member of society. He is a *person*, through whom, as a medium, the Universal speaks. The acme of the individual mind is its perfect identification with universal reason. What we call his *property* bears the impress of his life. It is not only the bare condition of man's sustenance; it is also the written document of his action, his recognition and will; it is the recorded language of his organic energy. Next come considerations of family. The primary social union (not the mere outward alliance, but inward relation also) is the unity of man and woman, both as identified and differentiated; woman as the feeling soul and the sensitive heart—man as the inquiring, restless, courageous mind. Man sees all his aspirations and wishes and efforts prefigured in the silent nature of woman: woman beholds her musing dreams awakened to vigorous action and reality in the labour of man. "Man and woman are one moral person, not by act of law, but by act of nature." They are, or should be, but one will. "The love," says Stallo, "which binds man and woman is a flash of divinity, as well as the light of heaven which enounces the unity of the sun

with the planet. Marriage is not a means for any finite object; it is in its very nature infinite."

9. The reader will perceive that Oken's philosophy sublimely predicates that what *ought* to be *is*, and deals with it throughout as the only reality.* Particularly in this article of marriage does he insist upon this, and emphatically enforces it. What in the family is recognised as morality, in society is enounced as law, of which the State is the incorporated authority. Society exists as a spiritual organism; the object of Governments should be to embody the life of society, and the State is bound to provide for the *intellectual* and physical subsistence of the individuals. The punishment it inflicts should be educational, not revengeful.

10. History exemplifies the principles of true philosophy. One idea is present in a host of nations and in a countless succession of epochs. Epochs past in the life of one nation are *present* in those of another. One epoch, in fact, depends upon another, and one nation upon another. There is no isolation; liberty of material and mental commerce is the right of every age and country. The events of history are those of one connected life. All life is a progress, and the absolute life in history is absolute progress. We may try to stem the torrent of advance—it carries us onward. The last epoch was that of division, the future will be that of reunion. We see the result of the former "in the contrast between the classes doomed to toil and those devoting themselves to silent contemplation and religious thought, in perfect seclusion from the world. That in our times the reconciliation is preparing, if not effecting itself, cannot be doubted. Science and life, thought and action, are no longer distant from each other. The man of learning is not a recluse now, nor the man of labour a mere machine."

11. It is at this point that we must accept the results of which future history and future philosophy must be the outward and inward expression—in a word, man's destiny. That destiny is the completed union of truth, beauty, and good in individual being and in society. Man can have no destiny which is not purely dictated by his reason, in which all communicated truth is already ideally contained. When he recognises anything as truth, he finds that it

* "Thus," says Stallo, "the *good* is the active realisation of the spiritual in nature, or the realisation of nature's true *purposes*. *Evil* is simply disease, and, according to the definition of disease given, a stagnation of the mind on an *inferior* stage. Evil is the engagement of the individual in his *private* designs and passions, without their subordination to his general, rational nature; or is isolation in egotistical being, without fusion with humanitarian and historical *universality*."

perfectly agrees with the laws of his mind, with the mind itself. All apparent external revelation is but internal self-recognition. In this manner we may exemplify the interpenetration of theology, philosophy, and history, as the threefold expression of one life.

12. Oken's system is the result of the philosophy of Schelling, and should be studied in connection with it, and also with that of Hegel. Every true, general, and lasting aspiration of man is the dawning consciousness of a high and infinite destiny. The present times are impatient for its immediate realisation; but a process toward the end must be admitted, and that still points to the future. We must discard the notion of rest in that as in the past. "The essence of Deity is not absolute quietude, but to be conceived as an infinite *creative* energy, which constitutes at once divine being and divine bliss. Similarly, the happiness of man awaits him in his activity only, inasmuch as activity *is* his nature, his being. The prayer of our time, then, is for the sanctification of labour through the benediction of thought—for the prismatic hues of actuality under the irradiation of that sun whose dazzling light hitherto but intermitted a stupifying darkness." The doctrine cited is evidently an American aspiration, but such aspiration was originally associated with the introduction of transcendental philosophy into the New World. At the time of its introduction, that philosophy had got far beyond mere Kantism, had survived Fichte, and bloomed into the poetry of Schelling's system, to which our own Coleridge was so much indebted. We have it now in a more developed condition, as represented in the pages of Hegel and of Oken, and, it is not too much to say, as shown to us in the entire works of Goethe, both in verse and prose. All these elements, we are told, "combined to form the system of Schelling. The renewed Spinozism of Lessing was then quite fresh; Germany was alive with mystical movements; old cosmogonies were exhumed; Jakob Boehme was once more the author of the day, and influenced the first views of Schelling in no slight degree; Fichte's philosophy had been so often and so variously remodelled, that, in many instances, it gained an altogether pantheistical aspect; Novalis was pregnant with a new philosophical mysticism of which several fragmentary adumbrations have been left us. Under such auspices Schelling's philosophy came to light."

13. The Real and Ideal, eternally opposed, have in Schelling's system their identity in Deity, of whom they are corresponding though antagonistic revelations, as subject and object. The Absolute, the Deity, is neither: neither subject alone, nor object alone; it is both. The absolute is an intellectual or spiritual intuition; its

activity consists in the reproduction of its own being. The function assigned by Schelling "to philosophy is that of construing the absolute, of reiterating the process of its self-evolution." Nature with him is symbolical, which the student has to interpret—an Iliad which he has to learn to read, with which he has to become familiar, recognising there the same life which animates man. Hegel commenced a progress still more onward and upward, and aimed at a theism which might be recognised in Christian churches. Chalybaeus remarks that philosophy, indeed, as proved by history, "has incessantly co-operated in the laboratory of the Church as a most active servant in assisting to purify her dogmas." The antipathy expressed for philosophy by bigoted theological writers is unreasonable—founded, it is to be feared, on ignorance, and on an indisposition to ascertain what is truth, an indolent or perhaps interested acquiescence in what is authorised being preferred to the task of investigation and the labour of hard thinking. For such the saying of Chalybaeus may be profitable, namely, "Granted even that Christianity is the pure truth, who can answer for the orthodoxy prevalent at any one period being true Christianity?" To this we may add an aphorism of Coleridge:—"He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all." It is the purpose of these exercitations to lift such a one to a higher kind of self-love, by inducing him to throw down the barriers that impede his progress, and to rend the veil that hides, from the features of the Isis, that he may see beyond the sociable spirit whose communion is so rich in intelligence, and penetrate the secrets of worlds with which none but the truly faithful can become acquainted.

FREETHOUGHT, MYSTICISM, AND DOUBT.

A Lay Sermon.

"Building new barriers as the old decay,
Saving us from evasion of life's proof,
Putting the question ever, 'Does God love?'"

Browning.

No human being probably would contend for the validity of *enslaved* thought. The most ultra of bigots would protest against slavery of speculative opinion; while the utter Negationist, whose creed is that

we can know nothing, absolutely repudiates the bondage he enunciates; and the really liberal thinker would "prove all things," contending for what Scripture calls "THE LAW OF LIBERTY."

What *is* this "LAW OF LIBERTY?" *That* is the point. Find it out, and you have found out the method of Nature. Freethought *alone* is chaos; marry freethought, however, to faith in a Providential order of things, and there is obvious propriety in it. The Mystic remains in mysticism. He contends with the Rationalist, and the Rationalist always asserts that mysticism is in pursuit of a shadow. The question is whether rationalism (as it is generally understood) be not equally a phantasmal superstition. The Divine Reason is utterly beyond the grasp of Mystic and Sceptic. "Pure reason," says Kant, "is, in fact, occupied with itself, and not with any object. Objects are not presented to it to be embraced in the unity of an empirical conception; it is only the cognitions of the understanding that are presented to it, for the purpose of receiving the unity of a rational conception, that is, of being connected according to a principle. The unity of reason is the unity of system, and this systematic unity is not an objective principle, extending its dominion over objects, but a subjective maxim, extending its authority over the empirical cognition of objects. The systematic connection which reason gives to the empirical employment of the understanding, not only advances the extension of that employment, but ensures its correctness, and thus the principle of a systematic unity of this nature is also objective, although only in an indefinite respect (*principium vagum*). It is not, however, a constitutive principle, determining an object to which it directly relates; it is merely a regulative principle or maxim, advancing and strengthening the empirical exercise of reason," &c.*

Reason manifests itself *to* Reason. This the mere sceptical Materialist will never understand. He is but a reader of parables, without the key. "To *you* it is given to understand the mysteries of the kingdom of God," applies far more to the philosopher than to the student of divinity. Indeed, without philosophy, theology is as much in the dark as negation.

The philosophy of God, or the "LAW OF LIBERTY," transcends present experience. But so does the LAW of Gravitation. Possibly, Gravitation is but the immediate exercise of Almighty Power. Now, the *Spiritual* Gravitation, for which we contend—the same force in spiritual bodies that we can recognise in physical bodies—is the only real hope of man.

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* Bohn's translated edition of the "Critique."

The *old* "freethought" is evidently but "evasion of life's proof." Like the old, outworn theology, it is but the product of "carnal" thought; but the affirmative Pantheism of devout belief in Providence is the sheet-anchor of the soul and the reason. The mere mystical substitution of different ideas for those contained in the orthodox theology will never avail to build those "new barriers" to which the poet alludes. The new theology of the great thought at the bottom of every metaphysical system that *is* a system indeed, must sweep away the cobwebs of such idle dreams. The new barriers that we need are pillars of reason, but of reason purified from the delusions of sense—reason justifying nature. The temple of the universe must rest on the foundations of truth; and these foundations we shall never arrive at until we discover that religion means the philosophy of light. Hitherto it has been that of darkness. An old dramatist has written—

> "This ignorance even makes religion sin,
> Sets zeal upon the rack, and stretches her
> Beyond her length."

Religion has been hitherto the enemy of philosophical research. When it is the other way, clearly religion will be the dominant power of the universe. Religion and reason reconciled, devotion wedded to truth and freedom, there can be *no more* war in society; and the mission of faith is accomplished. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." We may say, with a modern preacher, "The light which is in you has become darkness, and therefore the light itself is dark." Very dark indeed! The free-thinker, the mystic, the doubter, all agree on that head. What can theology effect until the period of reformation of every theology that is in existence? Theology can create a world of contradictions and doubts, but that is all. It is manifest that it has been a complete failure. Therefore, the man of science is, after all, in a similar predicament. Ten years hence men will laugh at our present science; and a century hence, think of the vast strides it will have made! The scientific man rejoins, with some truth, "Admitted; but science is *advancing;* theology is *petrified.*" Theology is full of "dead men's bones." It gropes in a charnel of corruption. The air it breathes is thick, and heavy, and stifling. All this the liberal man will allow. The ghastliest dreams have been erected into everlasting verities, and physical blood has been adored as the "propitiation" for sin.

Still, I want to know, what object must Providence have had (granting a Providence) in the prevalence of these deadly errors?

The most enlightened nations have hitherto held notions of theology almost as revolting as Devil-worship. Let us have no evasion of the point, either from what is called Theism, which believes in abstract Divinity, or from the limited faith in Providence which only accepts the Universal God in its own base and narrow sectarian spirit. A great *fact* is apparent. I don't ask absolute negation (which is equivalent to actual atheism) to discuss the problem; yet the very Negationist sees it ever staring him in the face, and he pretends that he will always investigate *facts*. Assuming intelligence in Nature, the Universalist starts from a point that brings him inevitably to the conclusion that the evil in the moral world, like that in the physical world, is designed to evolve good. The Protestant is puzzled to account for the enormous power wielded by Popery in the past. The Roman Catholic cannot account for the power that Protestantism has acquired. But murmurings about "the Devil" escape from these perplexed lips. Protestant and Papist unite in deploring the errors of awful heretics who deny miracles and build on the great system of Nature. Friends and brothers, we are all in the same sad category of unbelief. The first poet of our day has exquisitely written—

> "All service ranks the same with God;
> If now, as formerly He trod
> Paradise, His presence fills
> Our earth, *and only as God wills*
> Can work—God's puppets best and worst
> Are we: THERE IS NO LAST NOR FIRST."

No Devil in all this, but the Hand of the Supreme. The Hand is unerring, whatever we may fancy. The evils of theology are bricks of the temple which God, and not priests and sects, is building. Very poor bricks, I own, but necessary for the work. Idle Freethought wants us to get rid of the bricks. Suppose we did so, it is evident we must begin again. Negation supplies no bricks whatever. It only points to the undeniable fact that there is plenty of rubbish and nonsense which the poor world swallows as if it were manna from heaven. God works *with* rubbish; nothing—not even dung—is useless in his economy. He works with our crimes and follies, works through war and hatred, to the "divine event" of his drama.

Putting the question, "DOES GOD EVER LOVE?" we meet the unbeliever with his painful and ironical smile, and his question, "*Love* such insects as *we* are!" and the poor religionist with his timid and anxious countenance, and his babble of the "blood of Christ." Alas! were the gloomy disciples of the hideous doctrine of annihila-

tion, and the pessimists of the other school, proclaiming the eternity of hell-fire, to fight it out, men of hope and liberal faith would look on, *not* aghast, perhaps, but with the feeling that humane Europeans would have if they saw two tribes of cannibals battling with each other. The liberal soul revolts, with loathing and abhorrence, from these foul shambles of the darkness! "God in his splendours," cries Robertson, of Brighton—"dare we feel with Him affectionate and familiar, so that trial comes softened by this feeling—it is my Father?" To regard the Supreme otherwise than as a Father who is ever present, is virtual Atheism. "If we go down into hell, He is there also." A consolation to the devils, anyhow; and orthodoxy should take that text to heart, and cease to rail at Satan, *especially as an archangel could not bring against him "a railing accusation."* The omnipresent God is the inspiration of every religious idea. Whenever Freethought attacks that divine belief, let us attack Freethought; whenever that faith is proclaimed, let us embrace it!

"Pernicious heresy!" ejaculates the theologian, denying one of the most essential principles of the Bible itself. How little he understands or believes in his own Book! "Dreams! dreams!" exclaims the negative logician. "Providence! pooh!" But, in the name of common sense, not to mention philosophy, what *have* we to believe in if we have not conviction of the universality of the Infinite? A local God and a partial God may not be omnipresent, but that would be no God at all. We might as well believe in Saturn or in Jupiter, or worship the Sun! The God of all the earth is in every portion of time and space, and the cause of *all* things. Gradually these truths are dawning on the human mind. Spinoza saw that such *must* be the economy of Nature, and he was branded with the unpleasant name of Atheist because he said so. Christ had asserted, centuries before Spinoza, that not a sparrow can fall without the Father. Every wise and believing man has been persecuted for maintaining this inevitable law of Nature. There is but one Cause for every effect in the universe. Deny that if you please, and you can dispense with God altogether. Deny that God is the Father of the Devil, and absolutely controls him, and you have *two* Gods, equally powerful—an anomaly in terms. The negative freethinkers, the mere mystics, and the doubters have had their day. Weighed in the balance, they are found wanting. The great spirit of German thought has undermined negations, whatever shape they may have assumed. This spirit of affirmation will finally lead us to a law of entire liberty. We have suffered, and we still suffer, for the errors of the past. They have been enormous errors. The negative free-

thinkers—soldiers of aggressive tendencies—have still been rending the garment of the divine Christ; the mystics and the doubters have not made it whole. Let *us* take the raiment reverently, and lay it on the universal altar!

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

A CHAPTER OF A NEW BIBLE.

1. Though we may learn much from the oldest traditions, the earliest records of the human race, yet even the most ancient legends of mankind are comparatively recent.

2. For we find in the most ancient legends, however poetical, the most daring speculations—Theogonies and Cosmogonies—vast, profound, organic, symmetrical.

3. Now, such speculations could only have arisen at a period when culture had made considerable progress, thousands of years, therefore, after the creation of Man.

4. The first condition of Man must have been purely natural; that is to say, Man, as identified with Nature, could have had no consciousness of his own individuality.

5. The second must have been purely innocent. Man was conscious of his individuality, but was joyously conscious. He was not tormented by wild and angry passions.

6. The third must have been toilsome: there was the attempt to vanquish Nature and to seize her treasures.

7. The fourth must have been warlike: there was a dispute between man and man about the possession and division of the Earth.

8. The fifth must have been religious: the worship of heroes—the heroes of the days just departed—mingled with the worship of universal Nature and the dream of a golden age, an idyllic time, the roseate infancy of the world.

9. The sixth must have been poetical; for it is only through War and Religion that Poetry can exist. In Man the natural, in Man the innocent, in Man the toiler, the imagination slumbers; but the idea of antagonism and the sympathy with the invisible are the two grand sources of poetry.

10. The seventh must have been that of civilisation and of social development.

11. The eighth must have been that of thought—of philosophy.

12. The ninth is that of science.

13. Man is destined to travel all these phases backwards, arriving finally at his original condition, that of identity with Nature.

14. Such accounts of creation and of human progress as we meet at the commencement of the Book of Genesis had their birth in the sixth, or poetical, phase of Man's growth.

15. The Book of Genesis contains two distinct pictures of the creation—the one epical, the other dramatic.

16. The first is exclusively ontological—is a cosmogony in the proper sense.

17. Man is represented as the crown and the consummation of a glorious hierarchy: no duties are imposed on him; he is simply told to enter joyously into his beautiful and boundless heritage.

18. In the second, moral elements are introduced. Man is delineated passing from the state of innocence to the state of labour.

19. He eats of the Tree of Knowledge; that is, he leaves those instincts behind which had hitherto guided him.

20. In the one case Man is made in the image of God; in the other, from the dust of the ground.

21. The serpent is the symbol of sensual inclination, which grovels on the ground, moves in a winding fashion, and attacks Man unawares, like the serpent.

22. The temptation of Woman is the degradation of love, of the noblest affections.

23. The temptation of Man is the darkening of the understanding, the bewildering of the judgment.

24. The eternal conflict between the Woman and the Serpent, and between the seed of the one and the seed of the other, is that between our loftiest visions and aspirings and our lowest propensities.

25. It is also that between the sweetest, most instinctive emotions, and the pride and disenchantment of the intellect.

26. Innocence and Idealism tell Man, as God told Adam, that the moment he tastes of forbidden fruit he dies to his diviner self.

27. But Inclination seduces him, and Pride tells him that he is to be equal to the Gods.

28. Adam giving names to everything is Man developing language from its simple to its more complicated forms.

29. After this there is an exhaustion along with a loneliness of the intellect.

30. Adam falls into a deep sleep; that is, after the first tentatives of intellect he returns to the holiness and happiness of Nature.

31. And anon, through this consecration, the Divine is revealed to him from his own heart, symbolised by the Woman formed from the rib.

32. Unto the Woman it is prophesied that her sorrow and her conception are to be greatly multiplied—symbol of the everlasting martyrdoms from the endeavour to realise godlike purposes.

33. The desire of the Woman is to be toward her husband, but he is to rule over her—symbol of the quenchless yearning of generous souls to serve mankind, and of mankind's eternal ingratitude.

34. What is prophesied to Adam symbolises the ordinary vicissitudes of the human lot.

35. Cherubim and a flaming sword symbolise the mysteries and the perils which environ man when he strives to pass from the visible to the invisible—from the finite to the infinite.

36. The contest between Cain and Abel indicates the transition from the pastoral to the agricultural life.

37. But Man's path is again retrograde; that is, Man is driven by violence to resume his pastoral life, symbolised by Cain becoming a murderer.

38. Man, however, bears with him the means and the signs of progress, symbolised by the mark stamped on Cain.

39. Ere long those means and signs increase. Jabal is the father of such as dwell in tents and have cattle; Jubal, of such as handle the harp and the organ; Tubal-cain, the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.

40. But again there is violence. Lamech slays a man to his wounding, and a young man to his hurt.

41. In the fourth chapter of Genesis, Cain, the bloody and the miserable; in the fifth, Seth, the peaceful and insignificant, is the father of mankind: as if to symbolise the turbulent and the peaceful currents which run side by side in human destiny.

42. A river is planted eastward in Eden; that is, near the fountain of eternal Light, for which Man ever thirsts.

43. The river is divided into four heads. Of only one of them is it said that the land which it compasseth yields gold, and bdellium, and onyx stone; of the other three no notable characteristics are given: the Godlike path is here distinguished from the vulgar paths.

44. The sons of God take as wives the daughters of men; the giants who were on the earth are their offspring—symbol of the heroic age.

45. Then through war in its madness comes a terrible eclipse, symbolised by the flood.

46. But Noah builds and enters the ark; that is, the wise and the good preserve for better days whatsoever can be snatched from the general ruin and depravity.

47. The raven is sent forth; it flies till the waters dry up from off the earth; that is, the strong will begins the regeneration of the world.

48. The dove is sent forth; it returns with the olive leaf; it flies away again, but returns no more—symbol of love defeated, then at last triumphant.

49. The rainbow beaming in the sky is the peace, the bright unbroken peace, which never fails to come after deplorable degeneracy and sacrificial pain.

50. In these introductory chapters of the Bible there is nothing whatever historical. The whole is an ingenious and suggestive fable, and paints better than the profoundest, most elaborate philosophy could paint, the struggles, the sorrows, the victories of mankind.

LOTOS.

A PHYSICAL NATURE.

"All theories are gloomy."—GOETHE.

I AM of the earth, earthly. I am a most heathen fellow, and endorse much of Swinburne's Pagan sentiment. I hate Asceticism in every form, and protest against ethics whenever they deaden sensuousness. Shakespeare and Goethe are the poets for me. Fielding, Thackeray, Burns, Carlyle, Maccall—in fact, all the men who have a strong nature, enthral me. Being in the prime of life, a man about town, a diner-out, a jolly bachelor, I protest against the views of fellows who want us to follow the hearses and mourning coaches of the mind. Why the deuce should I make myself miserable about anything in the universe? I am a freethinker of the extreme type—*id est*, a Materialist. Not that I am an Atheist, and I don't know that I am a Deist. What I am certain of is, that I heartily despise nominal freethinkers, who have no sense of the jollity of existence. My impression is, that I ought to enjoy myself, if I *can*. "To enjoy is to obey"—very good theology that, though I don't think much of the author, Pope. I, a man of the world, live *for* the world, like my club, my dinner, and my boon companions. When I die, I shall leave some of my property (which is considerable) to found an institution for the promotion of universal felicity. I don't believe in hell—don't believe in the Devil—of course not. I don't go to church, neither do I go

to rubbishing lectures of a scientific and atheistic description. Neither do I patronise what is called "Spiritualism," for it never amuses me. I own my physical weakness, or strength. I am not a very humane man, neither am I the reverse. I would be a soldier if I thought our country in danger; and if I *didn't*, I would rather take my ease like a gentleman. My father was a soldier, and in action lost a limb, for which I don't think his pension made amends. He died, however, at a good old age, leaving me a tolerable fortune, ten years ago. I am now thirty-two, and never suffer from low spirits. I am not particularly immoral, but am far from being a saint. Perhaps I am just such a fellow as you read of in the works of the author of "Guy Livingstone." I am six feet high, a heavy weight, with plenty of muscle, and have fought a pugilist of my own inches, and *licked* him. That was when I was at Oxford. I am fond of cricket, and am only greatly inferior to that Colossus of cricketers, Mr. Grace. I have my yacht, my horse, my dogs, and my gun. I spend a thousand a year or so on sports, and live just up to my income. Why not? If you blame me for giving myself up to pleasure as I do, Providence should not have bestowed on me the keen zest for it. Yes; I think there's a Providence. That's a very good doctrine, even if we can't be *certain* about it. But I confess I prefer Mahomet to Christ. I should not mind having a seraglio.* Why do the Americans quarrel with Mormonism? Solomon set the example to the Latter-Day Saints. You talk to me about "the hardness of his heart," and yet he was inspired by God. Truly,

> "The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
> He dearly loved the lasses O!"

I am *not* a Christian. Oh no! I don't care much for the poor, and I am a sound old Tory of the old school, by Jove! You see I am honest, sincere, frank. I tell you what I mean, and am not guilty of humbug. I despise Idealism. The English never *really* like it; as Thackeray observed, "we eat roast beef." I like plain good common sense. No fine-spun hypotheses for me! I like pluck, I like humour, and I don't object to wit. I frequent many a mess-room, but can't say I care myself for a military life. I tried it for a short time some years ago, and found it didn't "pay." I was in a cavalry regiment and was in action. I don't think I'm a coward—in fact, I *know* I'm not, but don't want to die. A scratch or two gave me an unpleasant

* Is our contributor addicted to irony? We suspect him.—Ed.

sensation; and I understood the feelings of Mercutio (just the man for me) when he exclaimed, "A plague on both your houses!" I wish I could find a Falstaff and a Mercutio. Some of my chums are dull-brained fellows. That's the worst of voluptuaries. Then your clever dogs are so conceited; and as for women with talent, I *hate* them. Your strong-minded women—ah! Good Lord, deliver us from them! I like Thackeray's sort of women: I like Thackeray altogether. I think he was the realist of Realists—a *man's* man. Effeminate fellows are infinitely disgusting. Give me a comrade who shrinks from nothing. Give me the mortal with an appetite and a digestion. Perhaps eating is the greatest pleasure of existence—drinking the next; but I'm not *sure*. And the hypocrites who are of "a sad countenance" would send me to the deuce for enjoying myself. Pooh! I know some capital fellows among the parsons. They are obliged to keep within bounds—but hear them at a mess-table! My old friend B—— once told me that when he was at the University there was a fellow studying for "holy orders," who said that while at college he must bear the yoke; but, he added, "Please God, when I get into the church I'll give myself up to all kinds of licentiousness!" Shocking, eh? Well, it's a good story.

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

[Somewhat *too* outspoken.—ED.]

PHYSIOLOGY OF MIND.

BY WILLIAM HITCHMAN, M.D., LL.D.

"Here, then, is that *solution* you require, and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon Nature. Nor is there aught in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis GOOD which is predominant; and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its very mortality and corruption, yields only to some *better*—and all in common to that *best* and highest Nature, which is alike incorruptible and immortal."

"*Moralists*" *in* 1709, *by the* EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

MENTAL Physiology has been recently investigated in the light of a Voltaic battery, or materialistic hypothesis of soul. Phenomena of Mind are said to be known to man as dependent "only" upon the physics of Brain. Protoplasm, for each fact in the domain of thought, sense, or emotion, has its certain correlative, or definite molecular condition, invariably set up in the cerebral organisation in the relation of cause and effect. To regard every kind of psychical action as thus an exclusively atomic function of protagon appears

to me an error of scientific judgment, and that, too, for many reasons. *Inter alia*—it is simply impossible, in a logical and truly philosophical sense, for nervous organisation to be at once a substantial material thing, and a real indivisible unity. Even were we to contrive some kind of scientific apparatus, however elaborate or uncomplicated, capable of developing all possible modes of natural power or physical force—motion, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical action—nay, any number of others—such a Voltaic instrument, or Pandora box, would still present no approximation whatever to any bony cranium or mental organisation known to the cultivator of physical science. Brain consists—in the sense of decay and renovation of organic material as source of new matter, or attraction of vital force—of millions of separate anatomical units, and long fibres may produce activity, or short fibres intensity of function. Nevertheless, molecules themselves are not proved to "secrete" thought, sense, or emotion; neither is mind, whether animal or human, the oxidation pure of chemico-physical compounds of nerve-matter, or vesicular neurine. Truths in mental science are, I think, abundant the world over, and in each variety, form, kind, and complexion of humanity proper—red, white, black, or yellow, Australoid, Negroid, Mongoloid, Xanthocroid, or Blond, nay, those having any other characteristics of skin, hair, and eyes, which clearly and incontestably demonstrate that the thinking priniciple in man operates by and through every portion of the material structure, and dominates the whole being, having beyond doubt some temporary or molecular association with flesh and blood, but, above all, no property in common with them essentially. Surely the science of organisation has its limits;—the human brain, for example, is not a mere molecular fusion, as it were, of cephalic ganglions, or brain tissue, situated before the æsophagus of a sphinx-butterfly. Laws of mind are not alone to be adequately explained in the physical section of mathematical philosophy. The mental principle in animated nature is not to be cavalierly disposed of by infinity of numbers, however multiplied, nor by a geometry intensely refined. Fluxions, *per se*, avail not in the anatomy of intellect, nor does the integral calculus; and, what is of yet incomparably greater importance to the truth-seeker, the exclusive observation of an isolated scientific fact is of no real value at all, unless that self-same fact be duly placed in its proper sphere of relationship and harmonic conformity to others. Molecularists, in the frequent exercise of their "scientific imagination," may regard cephalic ganglions as the special analogues of human brain, or the knotted cord of insects, and the spinal marrow

of vertebrata, but, for myself, I humbly think such *ex parte* views are altogether questionable; for instance, they hardly elucidate the wonderful *mental* phenomena of those singular gelatinous zoophytes whose organic life does not seem, at present, to require even the agency of a rudimentary nervous system. Again, does a minute chain of ganglions belonging to the invertebrate kingdom of animals truly represent the central organs of the nervous system in the genus Homo, whether cerebro-spinal or voluntary—the sympathetic or involuntary—and is it, indeed, an all-sufficient provision for rational and intelligential acts, without extending from the head to the pelvis, as does the trisplanchnic in front of each vertebral column, with several regions of ganglia and different orders of filaments for the same purpose? At all events, the phenomena of the human mind, whatever be the precise nature of its immaterial or spiritual essence, are, according to world-wide scientific testimony, not of necessity connected with molecular constitution of brain. Although the fibrous structure of nervous tissue may not remain in an unimpaired state, mind has been vigorously manifested throughout the body generally, and, what is more, organic science assures us that the psychical may *abide* in the physical—in a latent condition, as we see daily in the various generative fluids, from which new living creatures endowed with astounding mental phenomena are continually developed. But is this same latent condition of mind only the state of physiological rest of a power inherent in nervous combinations of matter? Or can the mental principle, independent of all substance, be at one time superadded to bodies for temporary purposes—at another, separated from them? Do the special molecules of protagon return when the matter, animated with the latent force of life and mind, is decomposed into its ultimate elements—thus to become the vital source of new protoplasm when again "spontaneously" brought together in the requisite combination of vegetable infusions? Or, are the principles of life and mind, in their latent state, wholly independent of the decomposition of molecules? Is their essence of a purely immaterial nature, and not the property of atomic particles at all, or of a nervous combination of elementary monads? Of course, the elementary parts of brain, like all other elementary particles of each organic animal body, are developed from cells, and all these cells are themselves produced from the primary germ, which is just as certainly endowed with the physiological properties of the formative whole. And what is the issue of this mental philosophy? Why, according to this view, mental phenomena are the result of the action and reaction of physiological and metaphysical monads, one

simple immaterial substance co-operating harmoniously with other immaterial substances equally simple in their nature, as may be thus explained:—Mind exists without atomic parts, and therefore without extension, or complexity in itself. Matter consists of atoms in a state of equilibrium from reciprocal attraction and repulsion, determined by Providence, and possessed of no extension that *is* impenetrable to Divine power, the invariable and supreme cause of the particular form of each organism—spiritually, mentally, physically. What, then, is the precise value of scientific actuality—ever remembering that body possessed of extension is such in appearance "only," not eternal reality, in a brief passing review of our recent physical results, and their psychical relations as regards physiology of mind? In other words, how is mental science affected by the revival of an ancient hypothesis, and its present application to molecular generation, or spontaneous development of germinal living matter? Have microzymes, or lowest forms of organic existence, no *à priori* ordination in the scale or plan of creation, by special order, number, weight, and measure, in common with all the different beings of each spiritual and material realm? Or, on the other hand, must we affirm the inexorable identity of molecular motions of brain-tissue and thought, sense, feeling, together with every fact of human consciousness? Is mind *only* to be regarded in the light of a Voltaic battery for ever? Two different races of men approach in anatomical structure two different continental Apes. Like the Malay, the Orang of Asia is brown, with brachycephalic cranium; like the African Negro, the Gorilla is dolichocephalic and black, and they have organic functions, so to speak, in common with the *same* physiology of man—the same number of teeth, with many other precise characters of human conformation—habits, intelligence, impressions on the senses—mental perceptions, or subsequent concepts—closer and closer approximation in mere external organisation—cerebral development, instinctive acts, passions, digestion, assimilation, locomotion, and the like, possessing neither cheek-pouches nor tails. Withal, scientific differences yet persist, molecular growth, from monad to monkey, excludes from both psychical and physical involution the spirituality of man's genius; and a particle of "jelly," therefore, with all its similarity of beautiful transparency and general material conditions, has no *kind* of absolute identity in progressive eventuality. In the very midst of minute intricate processes of phenomenal evolution, however rapid and complicated, individual particles enter and depart from the vortex of life, whilst determinate spiritual form remains, and thus does the pure reason quickly learn

that each special faculty in the physiology of mind is alone due to the potential factor of Supreme Will, in which, and of which, chemico-physical forces are but appointed means to consummate the aggregate final issue. Bioplasma, and something more, are indispensably requisite to the production of intelligential phenomenal differentiation from the same protoplasmic cell, even as in the natural sciences "one star differeth from another star in glory." Yes; by the powerful aid of colossal telescopes, the true philosopher may now resolve opakest, least penetrable nebulæ, into beautiful clusters of brilliant constellations, and then with microscope—3,000 linear, *e.g.*—magnify vegetable molecules into animal gemmules. Meanwhile, atomic elements *disappear*, as though abashed to disclose their true ultimatum to the unholy gaze of human faculties, in order to become the infinitesimal puppets, it may be, of Atheistic scoffers, vain, remorseless Scepticism, or an age of never-ending Scholium.

Λαμπάδια ἔχοντες διαδώσουσιν ἀλλήλοις.

Diversity of intellectual operations is not unfrequently performed by elementary anatomical parts having *no* structural difference throughout the seven sub-kingdoms of animal nature; and as living beings run, fly, eat, drink, and sleep for many months after the complete removal of both cerebral hemispheres, it is surely evident that we cannot scientifically regard brain-protoplasm as the *only* centre of mental force, or as always molecularly essential for the origin and maintenance of life or mind—Professor Tyndall, and his physiology of intellect, notwithstanding; and I know that nearly forty years since, Humboldt and Schultze confirmed the observations of Spallanzani, that dust may float in our atmosphere as dried monads, and when moistened, these germs become the source of infusoria—nay, more, they admitted the *conversion* of organic lifeless substances into unequivocal protozoa, and thus anticipated the recent cycle of British "scientific imagination." In short, though mortal vision is effected, from our present standpoint, by means of inverted images on the organic retina, in relation to the things of sense, the lover of universal truth and "the things of the spirit" is coming, at last, to perceive in the roll of ages, psychologically, that our plastic world of material nature is but a transient mirror of everlasting spiritual creative development, which, in God's own appointed time, shall reflect the brightness of divine exaltation in a more virtuous and blessed humanity. In the language of Virgil, "Felix qui potuit RERUM cognoscere causas."

THE ETHICS OF TRUTH.

"The philosophy of Nature relates to that *which is*; that of Ethics, to that which *ought to be*."—KANT'S "*Critique of Pure Reason*."

RELIGION has never rested on ethics. The religionist conceives that dogma must precede life, truth, eternity. Now, the ethics of man may be very defective; the ethics which in reality will always constitute religion must be divine. The philosophy of Nature, in the sense of science, can never reform men. Were you acquainted with every law of the external universe, you would still know nothing of God. "God is a spirit," says the wise Book. Kant maintains—and the thesis is now very generally received—that "although metaphysics cannot form the foundation of religion, it must be always one of its most important bulwarks." But the metaphysics of theology — heaven save the mark! — has been so contorted by scholastic dogma, so deformed by the logic of hopelessly-bewildered brains in the Dark or the Middle Ages, that, to tell the truth (using Carlyle's phraseology for the nonce) "it might make the angels, and almost the very jackasses, weep," when we analyse the same.

Bemuddled, bemired as theology has been, it has still remained a remarkable authority over us. The "strong delusion" has been more potent than philosophy and ethical wisdom, for the simple reason that ignorant men have not been able to grapple with the lofty verities of metaphysics. Delirious fanaticisms, incomprehensible jargon, nonsensical formulas, and, finally, insane or idiotic negations, have brought down the reason of humanity to an infinitesimal point. So homœopathic is the rationality in the creeds of Christendom that they tremble before the frown of a mere nonentity in the shape of the icy logic that denies God on earth. But the philosopher, seated on the Olympus of his serene convictions, has hardly room even for contempt of the theologian or his antagonist. The Neology, the Comteism, the Secularism, and the Science-worship of to-day, with the small Sectarianism of the sour theologians, may well be relegated to the realms of Lethe. "What, then, will you give us, instead of negation and bigotry?" will be the demand of the sects. *They are all negation*, and the leaders *all* "blind leaders of the blind." The liberal man points to the moral forces of the universe. The wise man points to conscience. The devotional man points to God.

The moral forces of the universe, based on conscience and God, must constitute the religion of the future. Liberality, wisdom, devotion, unite in this Universal Church. There can be no peace for the world until it is established. Science must, no doubt, contribute its streams to this ocean of the future, which even now "rolls round all the world." This "dark and unknown sea" is dark only to the sceptical and timid. It is the ocean of Providence. The streams of Time are all of necessary tendencies that are tributary to the Atlantic of the Universal Church. The tendency of Time must be on the side of Universal Humanity. To suppose otherwise would be to contradict history and assert a degrading pessimism. The State will become a Church; but the Church must become a State before this blessed epoch. Thus only can the miserable divisions of the world be healed. The mystical body of Christ is, in plain language, a CHURCH AND A STATE, comprising every interest, and enfolding every capacity of man. A Church—a sacred idea incarnate—would embody the real Christ, which the Millenarians conceive to be the coming of the Messiah. The Jews have always imagined this avatar must mean a deliverer for the restoration of their own despicable nationality. The ordinary Christian conceives that Jesus of Nazareth is the sole Saviour. But neither the blood of bulls and of goats, nor even the physical blood of a God, have availed to save the world. The Jew and the nominal Christian, therefore, will be confounded in the Universal Era. The Christian of the future alone builds upon a rock, viz., Unity, including *all* truth. The great thinker, Kant, seems to have foreseen this in predicating that ethics must always be, in essence, prophetic or anticipative. The universal morals of the world will always be ahead of theology and science. "The philosophy of Nature relates to that which *is*." Humboldt is a philosopher of Nature. Hegel and Kant are philosophers of that, as the latter declares, "*which ought to be*." But this "ought to be" is theology, as well as ontology. I defy you, without a firm belief in Providence, to erect an edifice in which generations to come may dwell. The Atheism that has a faith in futurity is no longer Atheism, and is on the threshold of Universalism.

Physical science is becoming every day *less* physical. Some of our eminent Physicists are very nearly pure Idealists—like Oken. Theology, being the anti-polarity of science, vibrates as with the concussion of new forces. Hence the singular phenomena of our day. But all must be baptised in ethical waters—in the *true* Jordan of Universal Humanity, before we can emerge from the baptism of tears and blood prefigured by the martyrdom of the individual Christ.

Mysticism prepares the way for a theology transcending all the ideas of ancient and modern times. Mysticism, however, dies in the arms of a NEW Church. This "New Jerusalem"—to use a scriptural phrase—is miserably understood by Christendom. To imagine the restoration of the Jews to be of any consequence is absurdly inconsistent. The Jews, it *may* be, will get their own again; and what of that? Suppose Jews were allowed to possess the "Holy" Land. "After that, the Judgment." Indeed! That idea of theology proves its inherent baseness and odious vulgarity. The Jew will always be a Jew, and nothing more. How can this fact promote the peace of the world? To reduce the chaos of Society into divine order is the purpose of God. Jerusalem, therefore, cannot be a *material* thing. Jerusalem and Rome have usurped the Divine prerogative. Jerusalem is in ruins; Rome has failed to conquer the evils that afflict us, with its GOD-MAN the Pope. As a city, Jerusalem has been a wretched failure, and Rome, with its hierarchy, is utterly humiliated, in order to show that these physical ideas are utterly untenable—that God has something better in store for us than a "Holy" Land with its dismal traditions, and a Roman Pontiff who inherits those traditions. The patched coat of Christ has been worn long enough by Jews, priests, and statesmen.

We now come to the final triumph of Humanity, developed in the Fifth Act of the great Drama. Clearly and demonstrably, the end of the Fourth Act takes place as soon as the priestly power is over. Do we not already perceive the indications of the coming fall of all the powers that have oppressed us? As soon as the Pope dared to proclaim the dogma of Infallibility, the doom of the Popedom was sealed. But the hand of Protestantism is not the hand to grasp the vacant sceptre. Protestantism, like Atheism, is negation. It denies the Universal Church, as the Atheist denies God. The Universalist believes in that final Church, with its ethics of peace, good will, and charity. The Church of Universalism, in which every sane man can be a priest, is the institution to which we may look with entire confidence. It is a STATE with a truly Divine authority, despising sacerdotalism, transcending doubt and negation —a great Church of universal power to consolidate the interests of the Race. To believe in this Church is salvation. To believe in any other is perdition to the true interests of all!

A PANTHEISTIC UNIVERSALIST.

CORRELATION OF FORCES.

By George Sexton.

"The power with which all objects teem
Invests each atom with a force supreme;
Directs the caverned crystal in its birth,
And frames the mightiest mountains of the earth;
Each leaf and flower by its strong law restrains,
And binds the monarch Man within its mystic chains."

"The government of the world," says a celebrated German author, "must not be considered as determined by an extramundane Intelligence, but by one immanent in the cosmical forces and their relations." The old notion that the source of all things must be looked for outside the universe is fast disappearing from philosophy. Men of thought are beginning to content themselves with an inquiry as to the facts and relations of phenomena, leaving the question of the final cause of all power as a problem impossible to solve. Matter is not pushed into motion by some great force exterior to the universe, but by powers inherent in itself, eternal and indestructible. That substratum which is said to underlie all phenomena, though it may have an existence, can clearly never be cognised by human faculties. All that we can perceive, and therefore all that we can know, is of what are called modes of action, or motion. The Materialist talks loudly of matter and its properties, and ridicules the idea that there can be any existence that does not belong to the category of material things, when, in truth, what he calls matter is just the one thing of which he knows nothing—can know nothing. All our experience is of phenomena; and the thing called by philosophers *noumenon*, which underlies and supports the attributes or properties of matter, must be relegated to the domain of the unknowable. It cannot be cognised by any one of the senses, nor conceived of by the mind, and he who professes a knowledge of it places himself in the position of the man in the play who

"Professed
He had First Matter seen undressed,
Who took her naked all alone,
Before one rag of form was on."

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 know-

ledge extends to modes of action; no farther.* It is only by motion that things can be cognised at all. We see in consequence of the motion of light in falling on the eye; hear through a movement of the atmosphere; taste only when a sapid body becomes dissolved—that is, undergoes molecular change; smell when odoriferous particles are escaping into the atmosphere, and thus brought into contact with the Schneiderian membrane of the nose; and touch when resistance is offered—that is, motion interrupted.

Force and Substance—Kraft and Stoff—comprise, according to Dr. Louis Büchner, everything of which we have any knowledge. But, in truth, substance—*i.e.*, underneath thing—does not fall within the range of human cognition at all, and therefore all knowledge is limited to motion, which may be regarded as a particular manifestation of force. That motion is not an entity, and that therefore it implies the existence of whatever is moved, will not be disputed; but then, of that existence *per se* we can know nothing. Some call it matter, others spirit, and another class think the term "force" all-sufficient of itself to account for phenomena. Pantheism resolves it all into God. As Cowper has it—

> "There lives and works
> A soul in all things, and that soul is God."

One of the most important facts which modern science has demonstrated is that force can never be destroyed. It runs on in an eternal cycle, passing through various changes, but never for a moment ceasing to exist. The most insignificant motion taking place to-day upon the earth may produce effects throughout eternity in far distant worlds. Nature knows no rest: with her there is perpetual action. Creation and Destruction run on hand in hand, both being in fact the same phenomena viewed from different standpoints. Motion cannot pass into nothingness: it changes its form often, but runs on for ever. It frequently becomes what is called latent—*i.e.*, lost to human observation; but destroyed it never is, having merely passed into other states from which it will in the end again emerge. It changes its modes, but in doing this it sustains no diminution of its power. To use an illustration of Mr. Grove, if a weight be raised from the earth, and suspended at the point to which it has been elevated, the centre of the earth's gravity, and consequently the relationship that the earth sustains to the sun, planets, and, in point of fact, to the entire universe, has been changed.

* This is the question of all questions. Surely Mr. Mill has *not* proved it?—Ed.

Now let the weight fall down again; will this place matters in the same position that they were before? By no means, since in the interval that transpired between the raising and falling of the weight, the earth has been moved, and changes of a hundred different kinds have taken place, rendering it perfectly impossible for things to return to their original status. Nay, even if two weights exactly equal had been raised at the same time on opposite sides of the earth, so as to avoid changing the centre of gravity, still they would have increased the earth's diameter, and thereby have caused perturbations whose effects may have gone on for ever. Every word spoken puts into motion the atmosphere and other surroundings of the person who speaks, and these motions in some form or other must be perpetuated through eternity. Respiration, circulation, nutrition, secretion, excretion, and the other functions which go to make up organic life, are but so many modifications of the force that pervades all nature—a force which is ever changing, yet always the same. Heat is produced in the human body in precisely the same way that it is originated in the furnace of the steam-engine —that is, by combustion. A union of oxygen with a hydrocarbon takes place, and the result is the evolution of caloric, in the one case as in the other. The heat thus evolved moves the machinery of the steam-engine, and gives rise to results no less important in the life of the organism. In both cases the amount of force to be obtained will depend on the quantity of fuel employed, and can therefore be measured with tolerable accuracy before it is expended. Experiment has demonstrated that the amount of heat given out from the body of an animal will be the same as that which would arise from its food were it submitted to combustion in oxygen. The heat obtained from combustion becomes changed into other forms of force under various circumstances, and in all probability ere long comes back to heat again, thus running on in an everlasting cycle, but never ceasing to operate in some state or other. "The existing quantity of force," says an anonymous German author, "is invariably the same. We may at pleasure change its effects, but only as regards quality: the quantity can neither be diminished nor increased." At present we are probably in ignorance of very many of the forms of force operating in nature, but the number of these modes will not alter in the slightest degree the totality of the whole.

Dr. Büchner says there are "eight different forces—gravitation, mechanical force, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, affinity, cohesion, which, inseparably united to substance, form and give shape to the world." There are probably fifty others with which, at the present

time, we are perfectly unacquainted, and certainly some that are known that are not included in this catalogue of eight. These forces are mutually convertible, and therefore simply different names for one and the same thing. The heat evolved during combustion is converted into mechanical power in the steam-engine, and this force again into heat, as is seen in the friction of the wheels, the heat in the latter case not being in the slightest degree utilised at the present time. Some day it will probably be employed, in the case of railways, for warming the carriages in winter-time, or used for some other practical purpose. A good illustration of the conversion of mechanical force into heat may be observed in bringing two leaden balls into violent collision—a fact noticed by Büchner. When this happens, the balls are suddenly stopped, and the result is, they have become heated by the concussion; the mechanical force, being abruptly arrested, is instantly converted into heat. Had two elastic balls—billiard balls, for example—been used, the same result would not have occurred, since, on striking each other, they would have rebounded, and consequently the mechanical force would not have been suddenly arrested, and little or no heat would have been produced. Heat may be converted into light, and also into electricity, and chemical forces may be made to result in all three with the greatest ease.

Many years ago, Oërsted, of Copenhagen, demonstrated that magnetism could be produced by electricity—two forces which up to that time had been believed to be perfectly distinct; indeed, they had always been looked upon, not as separate forces merely, but as two fluids having each an independent existence. It was now, however, discovered that electricity would produce a magnetic current, running at right angles to the electric current, and not in straight lines, as do almost all other forces. The magnetism in this case was shown clearly to depend for its manifestation upon the electricity excited, since the interruption of the latter invariably produced a cessation of the former. An intimate relationship between the two was consequently established. This was called electro-magnetism. Oërsted's discovery led a number of scientific men to the conclusion that as magnetism could be produced from electricity, the converse should also be true, and electricity ought to be obtainable from a magnet. Various experiments were made for this purpose—always, however, with a stationary magnet. Now, it will be at once seen that if an electric current could be obtained from a permanent magnet, the dream of perpetual motion would be realised, dynamics would spring spontaneously from statics, and a force be obtained without expenditure. This was, of course, impossible, and the experiments consequently

resulted in failure. At last Professor Faraday detected the fallacy of this method of procedure, and repeated the experiment, with the difference that he superadded motion to the magnetism, and the result was success. A revolving magnet was found to be capable of producing a continuous current of electricity—a circumstance which is now probably known to every person, since small magneto-electric machines are exceedingly common. Here was the discovery of electro-magnetism, the only fact necessary to complete the demonstration that electricity and magnetism are one and the same—modifications of one force.

The motion of the human arm turns the handle of a revolving magnet; that motion is the result of forces generated in the human body by a process very nearly analogous to that by which the same or similar forces are produced in the external world—heat, for example. The revolution of the magnet evolves electricity from magnetism; this electricity can be used for the decomposition of various substances, in which case it is converted into chemical forces, for the production of heat, of light, or of locomotive power. All the forces in nature are convertible—either directly or indirectly—one into the other, and there is therefore, in truth, but one great force manifesting itself in various ways throughout the wide field of the universe.

Neither are these forces material entities, as has been generally supposed. There is no such thing as light, or heat, or electricity. These names are but the terms used to describe phenomena, and do not refer to substance in the sense in which that word is generally employed. On every hand we feel these tremendous forces operating upon us, producing all the sensations that we experience, and constituting, in point of fact, all that we know of the external world. When, therefore, a man talks of how much he knows of matter, he only displays his ignorance and want of thought, since all that can possibly have fallen within the range of his experience are the manifestations of FORCE.

MATERIALISM.*

A MATERIALIST is one who believes in matter, and the external world and material universe. The Idealist is one who does not believe in matter or anything external to his ideas, which he believes to be

* The Editor *entirely* disagrees with this article, but inserts it in justice to the Materialists.

derived in a direct way as an inspiration from God. The Materialist does not pretend to define the nature of matter in its ultimate or fundamental principles of action and being, but holds, with Bacon, that all effects whatsoever, and all phenomena, must be attributed to a physical source just as we observe, and that all our perceptions and ideas relate to objective existences or their properties; and he considers the question as to why things are as they are, and do and produce what they do, to be impertinent and foolish; for he considers nature, as a primary fact, must be positive, just as it is found, and that there can be no reason or cause for elementary truth and first principles, which are not reasonable but the elements of reason; that all in nature must be as fixed in rule and certain in action as in regard to mathematical truth; and that, in fact, truth fundamentally means certainty. Now, when a man talks of gross matter, all the grossness is in the mind of the thinker; for the subtlety of matter fundamentally must be far beyond that of the sense or of the understanding. So that we find Professor Tyndall now reproving the dull and stupid and superficial notions about matter, by terming it transcendental, and Huxley proclaiming a profound mystery in the universal physical basis of life and mind, and all else whatsoever, but which is really only going back to Bacon, who pointed to the Materialists among the ancients, such as Democritus, as being the profounder thinkers, as basing their thoughts on actual observation. A mind in Nature—that is to say, a directing, conscious will—would not account for Nature, since mind, not being a first principle, must itself be accounted for; but it is only now becoming acknowledged, as Hamilton says, that all of which we are conscious is produced automatically in the unconscious element; so that what we suppose to be design in the form of a flower must be supposed to be produced automatically, just as our ideas, or the flowers of the mind, are produced; and of course this alters the whole bearings of the case, and puts the design argument on its true and natural basis, and we bring the science of mind and matter under one focus, and the old and eternal dispute is brought to an end. But people are so possessed with their old illusions and errors that they will find it hard at once to shake themselves free. It is hard to be born again, or to return to school.

Now, the Materialism here described we do not call Atheism. Mr. Atkinson says, in his letters to Miss Martineau, in opposition to Comte (p. 240): "To believe in a cause of the phenomena which we call Nature, and which constitute the thinking man, seems essential to all reasoning beings. I am far from being an Atheist, as resting

on second causes. As well might we, resting on the earth, deny that there is any depth beneath; or, living in time, deny eternity. I do not say, therefore, that there is no God; but that it is extravagant and irreverent to imagine that cause a person. Of the motive power or principles of things we know absolutely nothing, and can know nothing." If there be anything beyond the action, form, sequence, and observed law to know, or what it would be possible for us to comprehend, Mr. Atkinson again says (p. 343): "Nor will men easily loosen from their error, and enter the temple of Nature and of the God of Nature, which is that infinite cause in Nature, eternal, omnipresent, and without change—the principle of matter, motion, and the mind of matter, but neither matter (in the gross sense), nor property, nor mind (as consciousness). What it is, is beyond our comprehension, and folly to suppose. The finite cannot grasp the infinite, nor phenomena a cause." Bacon emphatically asserts that unless you accept matter as the basis and source of all phenomena, philosophy must be abandoned, since there is nothing in Nature but individual bodies, exhibiting clear individual effect according to particular laws, and that the fundamental law must be positive, and in fact not causable. As man is a thinking body, a hidden and final cause is putting the cart before the horse.

Humboldt, the broadest and deepest thinker of his age, and a Materialist, says:—"It seems to me that a like degree of empiricism attaches to descriptions of the universe and to civil history; but in reflecting upon physical phenomena and events, and tracing their courses by the processes of reason, we become more and more convinced of the ancient doctrine that the forces inherent in matter and those which govern the moral world exercise their action under the control of primordial necessity, and in accordance with movements occurring periodically, after longer or shorter intervals." But one thing is most certain, that until recently Materialists, however numerous they may be or may have been, have for the most part disguised their opinions, in fear of the violence and insult with which they have been treated by Spiritualists of every phase. But time rolls on; opinions change, and truth prevails. F. G. S.

A TRANSCENDENTAL IDEALIST.

THE arguments that are usually adduced for the vulgar creeds, positive and negative, are very idle. Nothing can be more absurd than to suppose that God would bring himself down to the level of ordi-

nary comprehension. Were we to grant the truth of the ordinary meaning attached to Revelation, there would be an end of thought. From the beginning of the Bible to the end, there is a manifest occult meaning. Whether we consider Revelation to be true or false, Nature herself deals with us in a manner that manifests her intention is, for a season, to delude us. Not that we are commanded to refrain from the attempt to discover truth. Such a Popish and futile attempt to stifle rational instincts must fail. But there is a spirit-life in the universe. In that rather remarkable book "The Alpha" we are told "POSITIVE BEING IS CONSCIOUS BEING." The writer adds, very sagaciously, "I know of no credulity more irrational among civilised men than Atheistic Materialism.

The ideal life is the want of our age. We are pressing on to the conquest of Materialism—the Materialism evident in faith and in negation. The Materialism of faith leads to belief in hell and the Devil. Materialism in philosophy logically ends in Atheism. Against the atrocious doctrines of hell and annihilation let wisdom ever protest; for in proportion to the development of our humanity do we discern the actual divinity of nature and of man. Emerson has declared "there is no great and no small" to the Spirit reigning over the universe. "The canon of pure reason"—to use a Kantism—necessitates our arguing from a spiritual universe as an entity. In that universe there can be no shadows of sense. It is the realm of divine forces. They are unceasingly at work for the glorification of being.

Sir J. Herschel has finely said: "The Great First Agent may lay down a rule of action for himself, and that rule may become known to man by observation of its uniformity; but, constituted as our minds are, and having that conscious knowledge of causation which is forced upon us by the reality of the distinction between intending a thing and doing it, we can never substitute the Rule for the Act. Either directly or through delegated agency, whatever takes place is not merely *willed*, but *done*. The transition from an *inanimate* crystal to a globule capable of such endless organic and intellectual development is *as* great a step—as unexplained a one—as unintelligible to us, and, in any human sense of the word, as *miraculous* as the immediate creation and introduction upon earth of every species of every individual would be."

It is evident to *my* mind that no event ever occurs without God. When I write a book, every word is the production of my thought, or will, acting on the pen. God is the thought and will of the *universe:* we are his pens, used as He thinks fit—and some are very

vile pens, I own. God will mend every pen in due season;—a patient God, who is never weary, in spite of our restiveness and our incapacity.

Such is my religion and philosophy. Through all the husks, through all the disguises and masquerades of the external world, the ideal thought penetrates to the central life of the universe. My meaning is expressed in admirable verse in "The Ring and the Book":—

> "Give country clowns *the dirt they comprehend*—
> The piece of gold! Our reasons, which suffice
> Ourselves, be ours alone; our piece of gold
> Be, to the rustic, reason and to spare!
> We must translate our motives, like our speech,
> Into the lower phrase that suits the sense
> Of the limitedly apprehensive. Let
> Each level have its language. Heaven speaks first
> To the angel, then the angel tames the word
> Down to the ear of Tobit; he, in turn,
> Diminishes the message to his dog."

And so on, *usque ad infinitum*. This is the method of Nature.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY POETS.

[Being introductory to a series of articles to be published monthly.]

Dr. Hutchison Stirling, one of our most brilliant critics, says: "The path of literature after forty, is it only from gloom to gloom?" The same writer conceives that the Laureate, in his poem of "In Memoriam" (and Tennyson's genius he seems to worship), "attains finally the grand hope, with which his dead friend is mingled, to—

> "Arrive at last the blessed goal,
> When He that died in Holy Land
> Will reach us out the Shining Hand,
> And take us as a single soul."

This optimism or universalism has become a spirit in literature. Dr. Stirling assigns to Tennyson "the nearest place to Milton"—a judgment from which we dissent. Probably it would be nearer the truth to say he is about as far, as a poet, from Coleridge as Coleridge is from Milton, and Pope is quite as far from Tennyson as he is above the somewhat overrated Swinburne.

"*De gustibus nihil disputandum est.*" Tennyson is short of gigantic stature. The *magna ossa* of the Titan are not his. Sometimes grand, often extremely beautiful, he is not so much a victor (as Browning is) as a wrestler in the arena. We see effort and strain in Tennyson. So, indeed, we do in some greater poets than he—notably in Shelley. Shelley was not a philosopher; but, after some consideration, we are very much disposed to place him, as a poet of imagination, next to Milton. Indeed, in the quality of imagination he is only inferior to earth's greatest. The question is, whether the power of imagination is the divinest faculty of the poet. Goethe is hardly as great as Shelley, perhaps, in imagination; but his was a genius perfectly unique. Byron had some imagination, far more eloquence than imagination, a splendid rhetorical power, and he had wit, fancy, and a faculty of irony truly astonishing. It will never do to say that Byron was merely "an extraordinarily clever man." Thackeray said such was the case, but Goethe appreciated him. A little below Byron again, let us consider the claims of some of those who are usually called secondary or *minor* poets. Thomas Moore wrote some very exquisite lyrics, hardly inferior, save in passion and fervour, to those of Burns. It is ridiculous to ignore the claims of some of these "*minor*" poets, who wrote very charmingly at least.

There is no gloom, but there is some melancholy, in Moore. He has all the Irish vivacity, tenderness, pathos, fun. If not a man of genius in the highest sense, one might compare him, as a poet, to Auber, as a composer. We all know Auber was not a Beethoven; he had no characteristics of the giant; but he sometimes reached perfection in art. As a lyrist, Moore will be recollected. Perhaps, in days to come, men will talk of him as they do of Anacreon and Ovid now. Glancing at the poetry of women (for we have no space now to mention Keats, Leigh Hunt, Southey, Milman, Croly, &c.), there is no comparison whatever between the genius of Mrs. Browning and the smaller effusions of the female muse of our century. Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon had no genius, but they were graceful, elegant, and pleasing. The third-rate poets, or poetasters, of a few years ago needlessly appealed to the vulgar appetite from which food should be withheld. They were imitators of Byron in his worst mood. They were but posture-makers in verse. They stood in an attitude for admiration. Mr. Disraeli, as a poet and as a novel-writer in his youth, is but little or at all above the level of these imitative writers. In fact, he is *no* poet. He will be forgotten as a writer. In the arena which he ultimately chose he proved himself a skilful master of fence. Here he stands as much

superior to his friend Lord Lytton as Lord Lytton is to him as an author. Lord Lytton has written poetry that *is* more than verse; and a few of his novels reach an almost epic dignity and power. After Scott's comparative failure as a poet (for he knew, as he said, "Byron beat him"), the author of "Waverley" did not attempt to follow his early instincts on the poetic road. Second-rate, at best, he must have remained, if he had kept to poetry. There is little in the poetical productions of Scott that we care for as soon as we have ceased to be boys. It looks now as if poetry must strive to express the psychology of being. Coleridge initiated the new school. Many things must be ascribed to the author of "Christabel." The "Broad Church" is his legitimate child, and the sermons of Robertson, of Brighton, are largely due to his influence. Wordsworth, however, is a finer poet than Coleridge, and to the Bard of middle age.

The revolt of the new school of poetry is not altogether hopeful. Swinburne utters this recent voice. We shall leave a contributor (himself no mean poet) to deal as he pleases with this dissatisfied soul. The genius of Dr. Westland Marston has been exercised chiefly in a dramatic direction. A poet he is; but his poetry we shall not deal with, save as it is manifested in his plays. There is an earnest protest *versus* the worldly and conventional in Marston. There is a feminine delicacy of feeling in his style. This is rather fastidious than morbid. Swinburne is just his antithesis in this respect, for he is one of the most morbid, and he is decidedly one of the least delicate, of living writers. Delicacy is certainly a virtue in poetry and life. The plays of Dr. Marston evince study and thought. Those of Knowles clearly were written from impulse. Talfourd, a classical author, was always polishing and refining; while Knowles trusted to his earnest feeling. Lord Lytton's dramatic works (very inferior to his novels) display great stage-tact and worldly knowledge. He has no insight into the depths of the human heart, but his head-work is excellent; and he is various and lively. Not one of these writers has excelled the late Mr. Robertson (the author of "Caste") in the more prosaic qualities of the dramatist. That very clever author is almost the Thackeray of the stage; though we must not assert that he was a consummate writer or a poet.

Sometimes there is actual poetry in the works of fiction that have been written in this generation. Nathaniel Hawthorne perhaps had as much of "the vision and the faculty divine" that manifests itself in imaginative thought as Victor Hugo. There are passages of inimitable psychological beauty in the exquisite and original writing of the American. Emerson has written poetry, but has not attained

any elevation in the sphere of verse. Longfellow, it has been said in a curious but rather suggestive line, is "Tennyson's song-fellow." The music of Longfellow is not quite as deep as Tennyson's. Still, it is a true music, with a silvery ring. Perhaps, in the course of the essays to which the present remarks may be called preliminary, the claims of Walter Savage Landor, Beddoes, Philip Bailey, Heraud, Dobell, Poe, Ebenezer Elliott, Home, and others, may be discussed. We have no space left at present to do so. One fact let us insist upon, and that is, that hardly a poet of any pretensions now ever for an instant halts in expressing his conviction of the truth of Universalism. The gloomy Calvinism of the bygone school has no dominion over the fresh convictions that are alive "and vascular." This, at least, is something.

In illustration of the fact, let us quote from "Pippa Passes" (a poem that is a "joy for ever"):—

"Nay, if you come to that, best love of *all*
Is God's, then why not have God's love befall
Myself as in the Palace, by the Dome,
Monsignor? Who to-night will bless the home
Of his dead brother?"

"Say not a small event. Why small?
Costs it more pain than this ye call
A 'great event' should come to pass
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed."

"And more of it, and more of it! Oh, yes,
I will pass by, and see their happiness,
And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
Useful to men and dear to God, as they."

All dear to God, according to poetry. How ugly is the selfish doctrine of Election in comparison with this faith! It is the poet who now interprets the benevolence that pervades the souls of those who best utter our aspirations. Take up the works of Cowper, of Young, or any of the so-called religious poets who were admired by our fathers, and see the difference between them and the living exponents of thought.

There is evidently a great gulf yawning between them. Thank the heavens it is so! Even Milton (who was a freethinker to *his* generation) is transcended by the very Trinitarians of our day—if Kingsley, for instance, be in that category. We believe that not an atom is wasted, morally or physically. This faith is at the bottom of Inspiration; and it will conquer old belief and old unbelief.

THE CRIMINAL'S SPEECH.

By Victor Douglas.

I stand convicted! Be it so! I live
Already, as it were, in hell. The earth
Is a foul prison unto me. For years
I have not heard a friendly voice. I hate
The very human tones! You say
That like a beast—a tiger or a wolf—
I have existed as a bandit wretch.
That's true! A bandit stand I, so accursed,
With the Cain-mark upon me! Very true,
I've been the enemy of what you call
Society! A robber!—Honest men,
I ask if you have ever stood alone,
Without a friend in all the universe,
In a great city, wanting food? I ask,
If so—I think a few of you, perchance,
Have felt the pangs of hunger, agony
Unspeakable and awful in your souls—
Have you believed in God or man?
Enough!
I lost my faith and hope in *both*—forgot
The tender accents of a mother's lip,
Teaching me how to pray; and I exclaimed,
In the great bitterness of fell despair,
"I curse the hour that I was born!" Alas!
I had a mother—a religious soul.
She loved me, and I loved her tenderly;
But in my youth I lost her. Holiness
Followed her footsteps—oh, a very saint!
So beautiful she was! And when I die,
I do beseech you, though you ruthlessly
Consign me to the Devil and the axe—
I do beseech you, let the lock of hair
Next to my heart—it is my mother's—see!—
Let it lie——God! I half believe again
Thou art a Spirit of eternal light,
Thinking of *her!* No Devil rules, I say,
O'er *every* nature. *She* was pure and kind.
I've been an Atheist, gentlemen. I was
In childhood a true Catholic, and kept
My fasts; and I have gazed religiously
Upon his Holiness the Pope. I saw
In him the representative of God.

'Twas so my mother taught, and reverence
Was in my deepest being. I believe
A little more than infidels at last.
But tell me how it is—I wish indeed
To know the truth—how, after centuries,
The world remains so horrible as 'tis
If there exists a Providence? I *doubt*.
A God there *may* be—that we cannot say.
A God I think it *possible* there *is*;
But where's the heart? A very cruel God,
At least to me and many millions more!
So I shall die an unbeliever, sirs.
No priest for me—it were a mockery
For me to say I die in penitence.
And do you think I shall respire for aye
The infernal air—a devil? It were best
To be annihilated, and I shrink
No longer from cessation of all thought.
I *used* to shrink from it. Eternity
Was a possession to my earnest soul.
Look you! the only thing—it is so weak
To own the truth, but I must babble on—
The only thing that makes me, foolishly,
Desire to live for ever, is to see
My mother. It is twenty years at least
Since I beheld her. I'm no infidel
Regarding *her*. She is an angel now,
Which *I* shall never be. A Catholic
I cannot die—no absolution, sirs,
For such as I am; but I do desire
I *could* be buried near her. Gentlemen,
I loved my mother e'en as *you* love God!

THE THOUGHTS THAT WERE AND THAT ARE.

"For thou, too, hast thy problem hard to solve."
"THE RING AND THE BOOK."

"IF the conception of the Highest Good were an analytical one," says a metaphysician, "then the dialectic in that conception could be solved by showing it to be a mere word-dispute, and the famous opposition of the Epicureans and the Stoics—whereof the former said, 'To be conscious that our principles lead to happiness is virtue;' whereas the latter replied, 'To be conscious of our virtue is happiness' —would have been nothing more than such a word-dispute. . . But the

conception of the Highest Good is a synthetical conception—that is, a conception wherein *two* lower conceptions are *really* (and not merely logically) united; and hence stand not in the relation of identity, but in that of causality to each other.... For neither Virtue alone nor Happiness alone constitutes the Highest Good, but both in their real union constitute it." Such are the speculations of that great and noble man, Fichte, once deemed an Atheist. The eternal logomachies of a great many of the scholastic minds are very sickening. They are as wearisome as theological trash. The German thinkers have at any rate attempted to penetrate beneath the surface. They have patiently investigated the origin of our ideas, and proved by a rigid demonstration of the laws of thought that the central "Atheistic position is unverified and unverifiable." "Kant," proceeds the same subtle ontologist, "connects the dialectic conception of the unconditioned with the two determinations of the Highest Good—virtue or morality, and happiness. It will appear that unconditioned morality presupposes immortality, and unconditioned happiness as its necessary associate, God. For if the unconditioned Highest Good is to be attained by a will determinable by the moral law, that will must also be *unconditionally* conformable to the moral law." *

It is obvious that all this is in harmony with, and almost implies, the divine ethics contained in the injunction, "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven." To accuse Fichte, therefore, of irreligion, evinces the narrowness and bigotry of the theological mind that execrated him. The theological mind is invariably opposed to everything new on the face of the earth. That same spirit animated the adversaries of Christ. It was that identical spirit ("carnal" and "devilish") which caused the death of Socrates; it was that spirit which caused the persecution of Servetus—of Bruno—of the sublime and profound thinker, Spinoza (one of the greatest of Pantheists); it was the same spirit which caused Galileo to be tortured; and it will remain the enemy of truth and progress

"To the last syllable of recorded time."

The Highest Good is indisputably that which most exalts and dignifies our race. The exaltation of humanity, morally and spiritually, as well as intellectually, should be the object of religion. Has any religion been true to this lofty mission? No priest, from the commencement of time, has cared to enlighten the soul. The priest has always sought to fetter the aspirations and to enslave the minds of the masses. But the prophet, who was a poet, seems to have been raised up by God

* See that admirable Essay on Kant's System, page 170.

to utter indignant and burning protests against this desecration of faith. The prophet, therefore, was always (like the philosopher) exposed to the hatred and persecution of benighted creatures who imagined they served God by stoning these generous and philanthropic men. The prophet and the priest are at variance. If we think, it *could* not be otherwise. The prophet sees into the future. The priest only recurs to the past for inspiration. The future is divine, but the priestly intellect (being so narrow) cannot see this. Christ pities these unhappy bigots; and he says they and their accomplices, who caused his death, "know not what they do." It is in the present that what is called "the practical mind" recognises God. Accordingly the scientific God is a very rational Being indeed. He is so remote from our contemplation that for any good he does he might be out of the universe altogether. The gipsy said that before he was converted to Christianity he conceived of God as a sort of "infinite gentleman living at a distance." And this is in truth the Deistic God, who has nothing to do with us and our petty concerns. The thoughts that *were* have receded in the light of the higher philosophy. We know now that our ancestors were most miserably in the dark. The metaphysics of the past were arid and absurd. The theology of the Churches was ludicrous and horrible. Protestantism, nevertheless, has little to boast of because it has dispensed with an army of saints and a legion of martyrs. Being a negative thing in its essence, it has dealt, in a word-torturing spirit, with the idlest problems of ignorance and credulity. It has dogmatised, analysed, abused, and cursed, till it has left nothing for theology to do except to starve on the desert sands whereon it has elected to pitch its tent. Protestantism is nearly defunct. Roman Catholicism conceives that it will triumph again. As well might we believe in the triumph of heathen mythology. Shall we assert, then, that religion is dead? Is there no vitality left in the spiritual force once so dominant and august? Impossible! There *is* a religion that can never die. It sanctifies duty; it erects conscience into a church; it is the stimulus to all hope and all action. You may call it pantheistic, or any name you please, but it pervades the universe of thought and spirit. The poet, who is really the representative of the "Higher Pantheism," has exclaimed, how earnestly!—

> "Gently, O mother! judge men whose mistake
> Is in the poor misapprehensiveness."

Yes, that is what we have to do. We, who believe "all men become good creatures, but so slow," have to learn our lesson of

forbearance, hoping, striving, and aspiring to the end. "To suffer woes that hope thinks infinite" is the doom of the true martyr and hero.

"It is because the will must become holy," says the philosopher already quoted, "that *the same individual* must continue to live. Those persons who attempt to prove immortality from an infinite progress in general culture, or in higher knowledge of God, &c., invariably open themselves to the following refutation:—That culture and that higher knowledge can also be attained if there is no immortality, for succeeding generations will take up our culture and knowledge, and develope them higher. But no future person can take up my will and unfold and develope it. If my will is to become holier, it is I myself, the individual; for I, as individual, am precisely my will who must continue to live. "Happiness," says Kant, "is the condition of a rational being in the world, to whom everything happens according to his wish and will." So be it. B. T. W. R.

THE FREETHOUGHT OF THE UNIVERSE.

By Richard Bedingfield.

"Nor is the world, perhaps, a mirror, expression, revelation, symbol, or whatever name has been given from time to time to this half-thought of the Eternal; for the Eternal cannot mirror itself in broken rays, but this world is picture and expression of the Formal—I say Formal—Freedom; and is this for and in itself, is the described conflict of Being and not-Being, the absolute inner contradiction. Formal Freedom is altogether separated in the very first synthesis from Being; is for itself, and goes its own way in the production of this synthesis."

"*New Exposition of the Science of Knowledge.*"—Fichte.

The right of freedom probably rests on a deeper basis than is contained in Mill's conception. The divine freethought transcends logic. It is the most religious of beliefs. To the Son—that is, to Humanity—is committed judgment. When shall humanity have its church of the Son, and, finally, of the Spirit? For we are still in the bonds of Judaism. Throughout Christendom the terrors of religion receive sanction and claim submission; Providence thus working by fear, in the same way that discipline is enforced on soldiers. Were the world prepared for liberty, there is no doubt it would be enjoyed. France has recently been the witness of an awful struggle, and the excesses perpetrated in the name of Freedom demonstrate how utterly unfit the French mind is for that possession. Retaliation comes. The cruelty of the representatives of Law in

France cannot be said to be less repulsive than the diabolical spirit of the Commune. They neither understand Law nor Liberty in France; and if any nation *does*, surely it is England? Political and religious liberty can only be enjoyed by a moral, intelligent, and *wisely* religious people. In proportion to the development of religious thought (that is, conviction of a Providence) will always be the amount of durable liberty conceded to the population.

The Church and the State mirror the mind of the people—the Church always reflecting the average of moral and theological capacity in those who maintain the State and the Church; the State following the consciousness awakened in the hearts of men. If an atheistical spirit were dominant throughout society, there would be demolition with a vengeance. Atheism corresponds to chaotic elements; and God never allows its triumph but for a brief season.

"Infidelity is God's battle-axe and weapon of war," says J. E. Smith. This is not freethought at all. It is only bondage to the spirit of destruction. The unbelief of the world cannot work out its salvation. The unbeliever cuts the throat of Life. The vulgar believer, on the contrary, goes down on his knees to Satan. He will not utter the Divine words, "Get thee *behind* me," and add, in the true spirit of devotion, "It is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!" No; this orthodox belief (heaven save the mark!) is always in a pitying attitude towards the Almighty, patronises the God it fears, and, denouncing devils, is actually doing homage to perdition. Clearly, then, we have no hope that Redemption will come to the world either from the Church as it *is* or from sheer negation and icy logic. "The conflict of Being and non-Being" must continue for a few generations. Perfect Being, or God, is absolute Freedom. So says the thinker.

> "We say abolishment is nothingness"—

thus runs the verse of the poet—

> "And nothingness has neither head nor tail,
> End nor beginning."

A frigid Dialectic will do nothing for us, but weary us with quibbles. Mere logic is like a court of law. It analyses—leaves us a corpse—and we discover, after expending all our wealth, that we are paupers.

The Church as it *is* merely inculcates fear or submission. The freethought of the universe (or providential Pantheism) is the only power capable of delivering us from these nightmares. "God sends the

famine into the soul" (says Robertson, of Brighton)—"the hunger, and the thirst, and disappointment—to bring back his erring child again." This is even more true of society than of the individual. Society has always been "erring and straying like lost sheep." It will not own, however, that it can be wrong. It is a Pope that arrogates Infallibility. God therefore chooses to afflict this Hypocrite of the Universe, and will continue to afflict it for its own good until it learns, by its trials and sufferings, Humility.

Then it will be Church and State. Regenerated society will be God. Safely, *then*, will "all judgment be committed to the Son." At this period the crucifixion of society is necessary. Its life-blood must flow on. The death of "the old man"—the death of superstition, cruelty, rapacity, and priestcraft—we must hail with joy. But, unless we can substitute a divine Church of Unity, what is the result? A mere reign of vulgar iconoclasm, and of base, degrading, and Godless negation. Providence surely does not intend this as a climax? No; the freethought of the universe means "a gathering" of all truths. The collective truths of being are needed for the reformation of life; and the great Voice says, "GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS" for ever. Nothing *can* be lost. Nothing is wasted in the economy of Nature. Nothing is too insignificant for use in the laboratory of the Infinite Chemist. The crumbs of God are sufficient to make loaves for all nations. The magnificent dreams of faith will become virtues of posterity. "Formal Freedom is altogether separated in the very first synthesis from Being," in order that we may cause the greater development of religious life in the conscience. When universal humanity can adopt the synthesis we desiderate, there will be a Church of Liberty. Until freedom is a divine faith, it will fail. It were an irony in nature to substitute the mere shadow for the substance. Aghast at the mighty freedom evolved by Providence, the Churches begin to see their inevitable fall. False liberty, or unbelief, were it now to achieve absolute victory, would be in the predicament of the unhappy Phaeton. The horses of the sun cannot be guided by disloyal hands, that seek only for the dethronement of the Godlike and Eternal.

The higher philosophy knows that the triumph of mere unbelief is impossible. "Transcendental theology," says Kant, "takes the ideal of the highest ontological perfection as a principle of systematic unity; and this principle connects all things according to universal and necessary natural laws, because all things have their origin in the absolute necessity of the one only Primal Being." Popular theologians are incapable of understanding this sublime truth.

Theological weapons, formed in that Vulcan's armoury which seems very near to the darkest regions of Pluto, are forged by a Polyphemus whose semi-blind vision is prophetic of the destruction to come. "*Ingens, cui lumen ademptum*" is a description of the theology under which we groan. A huge mass of incongruities, how can it remain dominant? No; the old theology is doomed. There is no life in it, but on the ruins of this terrific Nonentity the true Phœnix of Law and Liberty will arise. The State and the Church will cease from an unavailing conflict. Ever remember, "WE KNOW OF A GOD AND IMMORTALITY BECAUSE OF FREEDOM," and it is "THE TRUTH THAT MAKES US FREE."

"THE EVERLASTING YEA."

"Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law—
Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed."

TENNYSON.

THERE is no possibility of seeing through all the darkness of Nature. But that the darkness is as magnificent as the light *and the means of discovering light*, the firmament, when full of stars (suns of dazzling effulgence), should testify. Nature, in one sense, is the robe of God. Take the external universe away, or abstract the idea of matter, and there is nothing *but* God. The Materialist may reply, "We can know of nothing but matter." Yet the Spiritualist or the Idealist might just as reasonably answer, "We know only the reality of spirit." Concluding that there is a substantial Universe, building on the eternal truths of that Universe, we can despise the flimsy sophistries that appeal to sense only; and we are driven to take refuge in Idealism. The grand thought of the poet occurs to the mind as we thus meditate:—

"Gone now! All gone across the dark so far,
Sharpening fast, shuddering ever, shutting still,
Dwindling into the distance, dies that star
Which came, stood, opened once! We gazed our fill,
With upturned faces, *on as real a Face*,
That, stooping from grave music and mild fire,
Took in our homage, made a visible place
Through many a depth of glory, gyre on gyre,
For the dim human tribute."

The "*real* face" of the Divinity is seen in ideal Humanity. When we have attained to the stature whereunto our Race is destined, doubt

must end. "Nature, red in tooth and claw," as it ever *must* be to the Negationist, can hardly be beautiful and holy to the soul. Religionists, therefore, and even Theists opposed to Revelation, separate God and Nature. Atheists insanely conceive that Nature has all the power that exists, preserves the poise of worlds by eternal and unerring laws, but is unconscious—in order to account for the evil that we see. That evil, according to Atheism, is the result of the stupidity of Nature, and hence the almost inarticulate voice of "the everlasting NAY." Pantheism will not hear the negation of such minds without an earnest protest. Pantheism despises the imputation of a certain shrewd but shallow politician, that it is "Atheism in masquerade." It proclaims God *in* Nature. The mere Theist and the believer in a Devil will always misrepresent us. They have eyes, and see not; ears, and they cannot hear. "I, you, and God can comprehend each other." I was glad recently to hear Mr. Moncure Conway, a very acute thinker, proclaim his entire faith in "the Higher Pantheism." Tennyson has also expressed our creed in some of his finest verses, though he has not declared his faith—

> "That which we dare invoke to bless;
> Our dearest faith, our ghastliest doubt;
> HE, THEY, ONE, ALL, within, without;
> The Power in darkness whom we guess;
>
> I found Him not in world, or sun,
> Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
> Nor through the questions men may try,
> The petty cobwebs we have spun."

And the singer concludes that

> "All, as in some piece of art,
> Is toil co-operant to an end."

The shrieks of a morbid scepticism will not rend this hope of the ages. The world is becoming a new world. "Behold, I make all things *new*," cries the Spirit. Here is the everlasting Yea. The higher Pantheism is not "Yea and Nay;" now ascribing this thing to God, and that to the Devil—this thing to Chance, and that to Providence. It asserts the everlasting HAND and HEAD—yea, and the HEART with them also—throughout the universe of mind and matter. I am surprised that Theodore Parker, that devout Theist, did not see the glory and the wisdom of this view of God. Emerson, Fichte, and Browning, at all events, indicate that philosophy which is identical with religion. The foolish Religionist is but the slave of

priestly theology. He has not the courage to question that which is received amongst men. But we may say—

> "Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and Godlike reason
> To rust in us unused."

The devout heart must reject the pseudo-philosophy of the mere outside of things. He who has known the SPIRIT cannot be enslaved by the LETTER. "The flesh profiteth nothing." Even the Mystic sees *that*. The Mystic prepares the way for the Pantheistic Universalist. In the "Alpha" we read, "No rational man can be a sceptic;" and Pope, a Pantheist, asserts we have "too much knowledge for the sceptic side." Pope saw that very clearly; and we Affirmationists, who accept all religions as divinely-appointed "stepping-stones" for the nations, cannot conceive that man will ever be otherwise than a religious being. When religion is dead, humanity will cease to exist as humanity. Without belief in a SOUL that sustains us all, we inevitably strand. Therefore we affirm that in whatever sense we accept Revelation, we have no business whatever to impugn its Providential origin. There it *is*, a FACT of FACTS. Science will never supersede it, for science deals with the dry bones of Nature. Fortunately, metaphysics and poetry are identified with faith in Providence. The metaphysician or the poet who ignores God in Nature will never reach true inspiration. "Genius dies when it doubts." "Watchers of twilight," cries the singer, "is the worst averred?" Can we, who have evidence in our own souls for the reality of spiritual hope, be debarred by scepticism from the fruition of a religious life? The higher Pantheism lives beyond the earthly shadows. It ventures to rest on God, with a perpetual anthem. It has all the devotion of the mystic, but it has all the philosophy of the sage. It is not afraid of reason—*loves* reason, and enfolds it. Feeding on universal pasture, it recognises the SHEPHERD. The Higher Pantheism, with its "everlasting Yea"—the Pantheism "of passion" and enthusiasm—will be the next development of Faith.

J. K. I.

"Carlyle is like pickles; only a little of him can be tasted with any relish at a time."—So says *Dr. Mackay*, a shrewd critic.

"Tennyson is a great artist, nor would it have been possible, without much study, as well as a singular plastic power, to have given his poems that perfection of shape which enables a slender mould to sustain a various interest."—*Edinburgh Review*, 1849.

THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL.*

THIS pamphlet, which is tersely written, contains in a short compass almost all that can be said in favour of the fourth gospel having been written by John. That the arguments employed are conclusive, we are by no means disposed to admit; still the author deserves credit for the pains he has taken to put them clearly before the English reader. The question is by no means an easy one to decide, as must be obvious from the fact that such conflicting views are entertained regarding it by the very best scholars of the day. Dr. Davidson is a man of great ability and erudition, and the conclusions at which he has arrived upon a question of this nature should not be treated lightly, especially as all his early predilections must lie on the side of what is called orthodoxy. One great fault in the writer of the pamphlet under consideration is that he appears to underrate the ability of Dr. Davidson, and of those who, like him, do not see sufficient evidence to accept the fourth gospel as the work of him whose name it bears; and this fault leads him into others, such as over-estimating the value of the arguments brought forward on the other side, and discovering evidence where none exists. The fact that this gospel is not named by Papias and others of the ancient authors in whose writings we should fully expect to find it referred to were it genuine, is met by the reply that a great part of what they wrote is lost—a most inconclusive argument surely, since, being lost, it cannot certainly be put in as evidence. We can only judge from what is preserved of that which is gone. The objection—assuredly a most powerful one—that the same person who wrote the gospel could hardly have written the apocalypse—two books so marvellously unlike each other, and both in the space of three or four years—is answered by a reference to William Penn, who wrote the "Sandy Foundation Shaken," in which he denies the doctrine of the Trinity, and "Innocency with Her Open Face," in which he defends it, within the same year. It is surely a poor defence of an Apostle to compare him to somebody else whose inconsistency is proverbial. That the fourth gospel is so unlike the other three that it is difficult to conceive that the Jesus to whom the writers refer is the same person, few will

* A letter to the Rev. Samuel Davidson, D.D., LL.D., in answer to his essay against the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel, by Kentish Bache. London: E. Bowyer Kitto.

dispute who have paid any attention to the subject. The very opening of that ascribed to John betrays its origin. The *Logos* is a term that occurs for the first time in the New Testament, and is clearly borrowed from Philo, and originally from Plato. The synoptic gospels know of no *Logos* existing with God from the beginning, but simply speak of the human birth of Jesus. Nor is it any answer to this, as Mr. Bache seems to think, to say that such expressions as "the only-begotten of the Father," "His only-begotten Son," &c., occur in John, since all these evidently refer to some mysterious spiritual sonship in heaven, and not to that Divine incarnation which the others describe as taking place on earth.

G. S.

CHRISTIAN HUMANITY.

A WRETCHED being (evidently a fanatic) was recently executed in India for the murder of a judge. We extract from a newspaper the following, viz:—"The assassin was informed that his body was to be burnt after death—punishment dreadful to the followers of the Prophet, as involving loss of Paradise." This was done. Comment seems almost superfluous. The *Christians* would send a man to Hell if they could!! Such must be the conclusion of the natives of India. Of course, freethinkers and universalists despise the Hell idea. There is nothing more puerile and absurd than this atrocious dogma; but as it is a fact that many human beings *believe* in it—as it is a fact that true Christianity commands the disciples of Christ to be merciful to all, and cries "Judge not,"—every enlightened person should protest against the iniquity of the sentence.

"Thackeray is a Titan of the mind. His presence and powers impress one deeply in an intellectual sense."—*Charlotte Brontë.*

"He kept his show-box with no mirrors where
You saw Eternity, whose worlds we pass
Darkly by daylight, but with many a glass
Reflecting all the humours of the Fair.
The thousand shapes of Vanity and Sin,
Toy-stall of Satan; the mad masquerade,
The floating pleasures that before them played;
The foolish faces following, all a-grin.
We slily pricked the bubbles that we blew."

Anon. in "Good Words."

Q

Poetry.

CHARITY.

By Victor Douglas.

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!"
Hood.

Great Charity, "believing all things," thou
Art the sole image of Eternal Love!
Take love away from Nature, and I bow
To nothing earthly—see no light above.
But Charity is more than angel-fair.
When cruel Faith, perverted oft as 'tis,
Destroys its enemies, and will not dare
To talk of Heaven, though every soul is His
Who made us mortal—Charity adores
The tender Mother of the world, and soars
Beyond the shadows. God is *Mother* still
To each sad spirit—not a Father stern.
Be this our faith, and let religion fill
Our being with true mercy—love and learn!

A LETTER.

And thou didst write to me! A very kind
But piercing message, e'en as from a tomb.
God bless thee, my belovèd! I am blind
With tears; and now, is't joy, or only gloom?
I hardly know—I love thee evermore!
I see thee in the shadows of the night
Standing before me, and I half adore.
Prostrate I see thee—love is infinite!
Forgive me if a wild appeal I send
Unto thy heart, forgetful all is o'er!
Forgive me for the passion and the tears!
Be unto me an angel and a friend!
Thou standest smiling on a spirit-shore,
And bid'st me see the glory of the spheres.

D. S.

HIGHGATE CEMETERY.

So many dear to many hearts lie there!
The dust is lying quietly, like stone,
That was so precious; and do we despair?
O spirit, rise! We are not all alone.
We too shall rest at last, and that is well.
We too, outsoaring clay, as I believe,
Shall join the blessed company and dwell
Beyond the clouds; for this our souls receive.
Sad cemetery! I have shed, alas!
Most bitter tears for those so placid now
Who never weep again, and 'neath the grass
Still utter—"Patience! unto Wisdom bow!"
Be patient, stricken ones, and only kneel
To Love beyond the love that mortals feel!

P. D.

THE STARS.

The stars are pearls upon the robe divine
That God wears ever in imperial state.
The stars console us ever, as they shine,
Teaching a way to the eternal gate.
Oh, preach, immortal ones! I sadly gaze
Sometimes in doubt, and, in my sore distress,
Forget the Wisdom which can ever raise
Our mortal spirits in their loneliness.
Come, O ye stars of beauty, to my soul!
Here watch I, weary, in this little isle
That we call Earth, and ask for great control
Over the billows—but ye only smile!
Billows to *us*, but puny wavelets still,
That with the sense of a Celestial thrill.

R. B.

Review.

1. THE LIFE OF JESUS. 2. SERMONS FOR THE TIMES. 3. DISCOURSES OF DAILY DUTY AND DAILY LIFE. 4. MY CONFESSION OF FAITH. 5. THE FOUR GUIDING VOICES. By the Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS, of Glasgow.*

The writings of Mr. Page Hopps must always benefit the world. There is evidence of much kindness of heart as well as great liberality

* Trübner and Co.

in our Unitarian friend. Sometimes he is really eloquent; but we think less of his eloquence than of his evident earnestness and sincerity. Here is a passage in the "True Functions of the Religious Teacher," admirably written:—"Yes, it is Nature's method everywhere to work from within, and to build up the outward from a central inner life. All that should be of bloom, and fragrance, and life is contained in the life of the little SEED, and the outward only displays the inward. So with conduct—so with what we call morality. The wise Emerson complained of some who talked of '*mere morality*;' but the phrase is, nevertheless, a good one. There *is* 'mere morality,' just as there is mere colour. All real beauty grows out from within. The religious teacher, then, will be a teacher of morality, but not otherwise than as a comely and natural outgrowth of piety." Again, here is an ideal of "a Church that shall rejoice in the fruits of righteousness and the flowers of peace, wherein wisdom shall dwell with devotion, and science shall consort with piety; and music, and knowledge, and reverence, and love shall make the home complete and beautiful for all—a Church of quietness, and rest, and beauty, and ripe wisdom, wherein shall come no more the maxims and the passions of the world, delivered for ever from the strife of tongues." We cordially recommend these works, and highly and heartily admire their poetical and devotional tone.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—"Sceptic" can hardly be serious in the awful blasphemy he writes. That he *can* live and proclaim such words proves the nature of God to be utterly at variance with his ideas. Were it otherwise, the power of the Self-existent necessarily being infinite, His wrath and want of mercy must equally of necessity be infinite. Therefore He would by His very nature revenge the hard thoughts uttered of Him, without any forbearance or consideration of the circumstances which could have seemed to lead to such a conclusion. But, thanks be to that glorious God, He is a God of love, not hate! If "Sceptic" would exercise a little of that "charity which suffereth long and is kind," he would know something of the love of Him who sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust, and who bids us strive after the image in which we are made, to be perfect even as He is perfect. Is there no good, no self-sacrifice on the whole face of the earth? If there be, this must refute the notion of a God of evil, who could not and who would not have made good. Moreover, could the creature be more perfect than the Creator? "Sceptic" will ask, But does not evil exist, and yet you contend for a God all good? Yes, it does exist; but only in that proportion in which we turn from, not to, the All-loving One. How the first heart came to turn from Him and to lead the rest away it were waste of time to inquire. As well try to think out a past

eternity before believing in it; but if we know anything of our own hearts, we know that side by side lie good and evil; and just because we live in and for, and in proportion as we live in and for, this present world which we see, so does the evil gain the upper hand.

The world around us is mysterious in its operations. Why evil, death, destruction, sin, sorrow, suffering are permitted, man will never know in this world. He must wait for the revelation hereafter, when the ways of the Almighty shall stand justified to man. "Here we know in part, but there face to face." We must be content to feel that an Infinite Being must work in ways we cannot understand. Do we know how the mind directs the body—how the will moves the hand? And if these things, which so closely concern our own personal nature even in the material world in which we have to act, are hidden from us, how much less can we know how our Creator acts, and what his purposes are! Sufficient for us to know that all things shall "work together for good to them that love God." Has "Sceptic" never noticed the beautiful adaptation of means to the end throughout all creation? Terrible as are the catastrophes that from time to time occur in the world, good is ever finally evolved from them. We have but to look to very practical matters at home to see how this law almost invariably works. When machinery was first made use of in manufactories, what was its immediate effect? Riot and destruction, because the workers feared destruction. But has that destruction come consequent upon that change? Has it not ultimately been productive of good? Even although temporarily it have some evil in its train, *could* the good without temporary loss have been effected? All great changes must leave others behind, and so throw them out of place; but advance would not be produced by other means. And if this be so with man, whose interest it is to progress, how shall we be surprised to see this same law in operation throughout creation, which is, as it were, made perfect through suffering? "Sceptic" forgets that God, and He alone, sees the end from the beginning. It is the old, old question of the origin of evil. We may be forgiven if we doubt that "Sceptic's" childhood was passed where the preaching was of the love of God, and not rather where he heard taught as the word of God—that word which should be the Gospel of Love—that all (saving of course the number!) are accursed of God—all on the broad road to destruction, in lieu of those words of such infinite tenderness, spoken to all mankind—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and whosoever cometh shall in nowise be cast out." God willeth not the death of a sinner, but would rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live. The distinctive mark of Christianity is Love. It was the mark set upon it by its Founder: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another;" and it is the testimony of history concerning the early ages of Christianity, before the faith became corrupted and venal, that it was remarked by their enemies, as something extraordinary: "See how these Christians love one another." "Love is the fulfilling of the law." How, then, can its Author be other than good? And be it remembered—and we cannot too strongly enforce the doctrine—that God sends no one to hell. Whosoever shall ever go there sends himself. His nature being evil, it would be no heaven to live in the presence of the good, and he must of necessity associate with those to whom he has rendered himself akin. But we shall be asked, Did not the Almighty make the man, and how then could he do aught but fulfil the nature given him? To this we answer, emphatically, that God has *not* made it *impossible* to anyone to do right. Were it so, the preaching of the Gospel, the command to teach all men and bid them come

to Him, would be a mockery. The very doubts of "Sceptic" but accomplish the prophecy that "in the latter days some shall depart from the faith, and because iniquity shall abound, the *love of many shall wax cold*." That there is a frightful amount of evil in the world no one will deny; but is it not precisely in the inverse ratio to the belief in the mercy and the love of God? "But why, why this evil?" the heart cries out. *Why* in all painting is there light and shade—in all music, loud and soft, harmony and discord—on the earth, mountain and plain, water and land, sunshine and cloud, night and day—in the heart, strong and tender, firm and gentle? Is it not to enhance one another by the very contrast? And may not even the existence of evil, seen in the light of eternity, be for this very end, to show forth the love and mercy of God? "Sceptic" says he denies the Fatherhood of God; can he, then, say whence such an idea sprang? He says, "A God who would *Himself* suffer for us in His Son is surely a loving God." It is just *this*, that it *is* God *Himself*, and not another—not even in the sense in which a human father might send a human son to suffer for rebels against his power, which, though love to the sinner, would be cruelty to the son;—just this, that God Himself suffered for us, which is the keystone to Christianity, the foundation of all love, and which so immeasurably transcends all that man could have dreamed had it not been declared by the sufferer; that is our greatest comfort in this life, our only hope for the next. To *what* thought, to what idea have all the sacrifices from the earliest ages pointed, but to that One Sacrifice to come? for we are told that it was not possible for "the blood of bulls and of goats to take away sin." The very feeling of its inconceivable love would, one would imagine, instantaneously commend itself to every heart, and send it, tossed about on the wild and stormy ocean of Unbelief, to the haven of rest on the shores of Faith. Desolate indeed must be the life of him who disbelieves—to whom, amidst all the troubles of the world, its conflicts and struggles, there seems no hand stretched out in love to say, "Fear not, for I am with thee"—who, after the sorrows and darkness of this world have passed, has no hope of entering into the light of endless day.

A BELIEVER.

[The Editor of FREELIGHT, in justice to orthodoxy, inserts this letter from one whose life, he is aware, would always be in harmony with the noblest principles. He regrets that he cannot agree with the sentiments of the writer, and can only say, "*Friend*, come up higher!"]

THE TENDENCIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

BY RICHARD BEDINGFIELD.

"Is there no Power which rules over us, and converts everything to our good?"
WILHELM MEISTER.

THE nineteenth century is a labyrinth. We wander through the intricate and perplexing mazes of literature almost afraid to believe in a clue. Godless Idealists contend with materialistic and rationalistic men of science—the very theology of our period almost reversing

its poles. God-*fearing* men begin to find their practical infidelity is but too apparent. The most astounding revelations are in preparation for us; but, for ever, the Spirit of Love and Wisdom is alive. Genius has discovered that there was no SOUL in the centuries that are buried. "Let there be light," said the great Voice of Inspiration. "and there *was* light;" but it was lurid and unnatural. The true Christ was silent; the very ghost of religion and of faith stalked gloomily before the eyes of terror-stricken men. There was no humility in the Church, no depth in the philosophy of the dull and pedantic men who studied in an impossible school of thought. There was an echo from a former period, but the world had no music of its own. Then came a reaction. At last there was a fiery protest from the great heart of Humanity, and our modern literature was initiated. The spirit of Humanity is strong. It has suffered much, crucified as it has been by the Materialists of pseudo-belief and of false reason. The infidels of a base faith and the unbelievers of a gross and sophistical philosophy are odious to spiritual men, who have transcended dogma. And yet, perhaps, these gloomy men are very sincere. Were we entirely universal, we should *not* regard them with dislike. Charity has *no* aversions, for it is the image of God, and is universal Love. Literature corresponded with life—as indeed it always *must*—when the materialism of the world was rampant. The great Revolution in France inaugurated a new era; and Germany then became potent. Germany became potent by its thought. Voltaire could do nothing with his mere Deistic negations; and the idealistic thinkers of Germany, far transcending French intellect, seemed, in the power of their works, to predict the event which has come to pass—the triumph of Germanic arms over the eagles of Gaul. Napoleon dreaded German idealism. It is clear he so felt with reason. The mind of Germany is regnant. Even its criticism is ahead of all criticism. But for the commercial superiority of England, and also, let us hope, for a moral elevation that belongs to Britain, we should be a secondary nation, and Germany now would be dictating to us all. The robust English thought and the true Saxon intellect will inevitably command respect for our literature, and we can boast a few names perhaps, since the era of Elizabeth, at least, as great as the names of Goethe, Kant, Hegel, Schiller, Fichte, and Humboldt. Still, it is Germany, and not England, that is now dominant in the higher realms of speculation. Lord Lytton says that Germany is a nation of thinkers. England is rather a nation of workers. Germany is the brain of Europe; England may be called the hands; and France, possibly, the legs of civilisation, for France

is what the Americans term "go-ahead." America belongs to another mission, which will ultimately, perhaps, supersede all other missions. Germany has a great brain. Her heart also, we will hope, is sound. There are many noble minds and souls in that great military nation. Germany is almost as averse to war in an *aggressive* spirit as England. She is eminently conservative in politics, but her literature is daringly unfettered. Goethe is still her representative man—possibly he is what may be called the "cosmical" man of Europe in this century. He stands like an Atlas with a world upon his broad back. But there is much in Goethe which we English, at all events, cannot endure. We are half inclined to call him cynical and infidel. The reason of this is, that the English have progressive instincts. The political superiority of England, with her free press, to that of Germany, cannot be contradicted. We can say what we like about our political institutions. Very soon we shall freely express our opinions on theology, as Germany does. Politically, we are far ahead of the German nation. France, at present, is unfit for liberty. America somewhat abuses her freedom. England can be trusted with an amount of freedom that is almost astounding. To be sure, we sometimes get alarmed when there is a riot in Hyde Park, but it turns out to be "much ado about nothing." The liberal feeling and the conservative passion constitute for us an admirable equipoise. There is great ability in most of the ephemeral articles that we read every day in the newspapers. There is *some* ability in our works of fiction. There is genius in two or three poets of our day. But in philosophy England is deficient. Some there are who point to Coleridge as our *one* metaphysician. Well; Coleridge said many fine and true things; but if any man maintains that he is one of the great organic thinkers, philosophy shakes its head. Neither should we hold up Thomas Carlyle as a great original thinker. There are a dozen ontologists to whom the Germans can refer far superior to Coleridge or Carlyle.

There is one point on which we must ever insist—the superiority of our present literature, in its catholicity and humanity, to the literature of old. The freethinking believers are freethinkers in virtue of their conviction that Humanity is Divine—an immense and a blessed step in the right direction. But there is much inconsistency in popular freethought. The logic of some of our Theists is most lamentably deficient. In the pulpit we hear them say things that are manifestly incompatible with the eternal verities of the universe. The Atheists sneer at them for these utterances, and the bigots of the creeds denounce the doctrines that they preach with horror.

Let us not expend our righteous indignation on anything less than obvious fallacy and fraud. Fichte has written, "If persons speak about the best world, and the traces of the kindness of God in this world, the reply is: The world is the very *worst* which can be, so far as it is, in itself, perfectly nothing. But on that very account the whole and only possible goodness of God is distributed over it, since from it and all its conditions the intelligence can elevate itself to the resolve to make it better. Anything further even God cannot grant us; for, even if He would, He cannot make us understand it, unless we draw it from ourselves. But that we can do infinitely. Glorification of pure truth within us; and whoever wants anything else and better knows not the good, and will be filled with badness in all his desires." Thus German literature, even in philosophy, treads down conventional faith.

There is a base and a most unworthy feeling prevalent in society—and it also extends to literature—that we ought to blink the truth, especially as regards the theological aspect of our epoch. Then how can we believe in the essentially eternal verity of divine thought and aspiration? Surely it is heroism, and it evinces faith in the Author of our being, to boldly declare the belief which is as our life's life! *If we have no belief*, that is, it must be confessed, another point. The Atheist may be inconsistent in contending for the principles that he enunciates. An Atheist believes nothing. He says he is but "a know-nothing." The know-nothing men may as well hold their peace, and superciliously cry, "POOR GOD!"

The DIVINE FREETHOUGHT which is coming will be a power in modern literature which neither infidels nor bigots could conceive. "Behold! I make all things *new!*" predicts the voice of the prophet. The new spirit in society and literature must be affirmative. The sanctions of divine authority in a church of sacred literature and universal politics cannot fail in giving an impulse to grand thought transcending all the experience of the past. Every sect will unite in bonds of charity when the world is ripe for its ultimate development. "We know of a God and of immortality," observes the noble and deep thinker recently referred to, "because we know of FREEDOM, and we know of FREEDOM because if we did not know of FREEDOM we should not be able to know at all." Each step is bringing us nearer to a "LAW of liberty." This LAW is the truth that will "make us free." Individually and collectively, it is the hope and sustentation of Humanity. Vague it may be to the mere freethinker, but it is the solid ground on which the feet of faith can walk. Thus it will be seen that the present writer is conscientiously an advocate of faith,

but of a faith immeasurably superior to the creeds of Christendom, and leaving Mysticism and Materialism in the rear. "The sincerity that prevails among the Sectarians in general," says the author of the "Divine Drama of History and Civilisation," "we believe to be very great; but it is not always very amiable. There is a marvellous deficiency of charity in their faith." The rancour of theology is its weakness. The hate and acrimony, the insult and abuse, so often found in theological writings, infidelity returns with interest. It is very curious how the Materialists of theology and the Materialists of negation lavish epithets of vituperation upon each other. The literature of the churches is simply beneath contempt. Beyond a little pedantic display of classical attainments, theology has nothing to say. Therefore, philosophy ignores it. In this philosophy is surely wrong. The Universalist should regard nothing without interest. He should be interested even in Mormonism and similar monstrosities. For we know that God must ordain everything, great and small. We know by reason and revelation that *nothing* can happen without Providence. When literature is imbued—as it soon *must* be—with universality, the era of Sectarianism evidently drawing to a close, what vistas of glory open to the enraptured eyes! Charity then must be enthroned, and the dethronement of sophistical or pseudo-faith will be the signal for august developments. The idols will be shattered. Our idolatry of things of clay can only be cured by a spirit that will remould the universe of thought. That spirit is now most discernible in poetry. The Laureate sings, and exquisitely:—

"O living Will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock; *
Flow through our deeds, and make them pure,
That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust
With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved
AND ALL WE FLOW FROM SOUL IN SOUL."

R. B.

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* The rock of Unity.

Correspondence.

A LETTER FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

Age begins to do its work. The world contains hardly a joy for me. Were I an Atheist, I should soon terminate my life. At threescore years and ten it is time to depart; yet, on the whole, I do not regret that I have been called into being. I have known a few noble men and women; I have thought—I have felt. Why should we not thank God we have suffered, and can suffer? Bold heretic as I am, I think I have a little faith in Providence. That is the only belief which can sustain us when the shadows deepen, when the passions subside, and we profoundly realise the conviction of the wise man, "All is vanity!"

It is not pleasant to be feeble, to have aches and pains, little rest at night, no appetite, the sense of hearing defective, the eyesight weak, to be unable to walk a mile, to be short of breath, and so on. This is the common lot. I cannot for the life of me perceive why the man who has no hope of a future life should stay in this. I was a soldier, as you know, in youth, and have been in action more than once, when I was writhing under the great grief of my life—the loss of love. Yes, I remember, I courted "a friendly bullet" then; but I escaped unhurt. I was a sceptic in those days, and was rather inclined to think that when the brains are out there is an end. But now I believe in immortality.

Somehow, I began to see with clearer eyes after I sold my commission. That is forty years ago. Now perhaps I agree with our old friend R., viz., that "the soldier is a hireling assassin." There is sanctity in human life *because* we are immortal—*because* of God.

I respect Freethinkers, in many cases, who disagree with me; and I think the path of the Atheist, like that of the transgressor, is "hard." To have no hope of reunion in the realms of bliss, when we lose our dearest, is dismal in the extreme. Yet, as you say, even *that* Godless creed is less horrible than the idea of eternal hell, for that belief converts God himself into a devil.

With regard to the Unitarians, I have never joined that worthy body, though I differ but little from them. There is a Trinity in Nature, I conceive; but the theological Trinity is a metaphysical

blunder, utterly untenable in logic. The idea, however, pervades many religions; and clearly, supposing Revelation, as it is accepted in Europe, be true, God is first conceived of as a deity of the Jews—partial and cruel, save to his "chosen" people; then he is conceived of by Christ as a Father of *all*; finally, he will be comprehended as a Spirit of *all* truth; and thus I can perceive the utility of the gradual development of the Divine Idea by the Bible.

But as for any book, I can't worship it as God's own oracle. Every book, to the end of time, will be imperfect. God can't make a perfect book any more than a perfect man. There is no absolute perfection, save in Himself. Out of God all is imperfection, or, in other words, *not* God. Yet, conceding this to the unbeliever in revealed things, I put it to you whether it is conceivable, on the theory of Providence, that the religions of the world are sent to men for no purpose. As well might you say there is no purpose in medical science and jurisprudence.

The Bible is the king of books. It is exactly adapted to the end that Providence has in view—viz., the education of souls.

The purpose of Revelation is to produce division. It comes with a sword, as Christ says. Not that God intends eternal division, for in the prayer so often uttered occur the words, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The sceptic, referring to such a passage, immediately asks whether God's will is done *now* or not. Certainly it *is*. The Religionist says it is not, for God does not intend that crime should exist. This foolish and imbecile notion is the cause of the weakness of all theology. God is never defeated by man or devil. He *does* intend that everything should happen—war and famine, &c.—precisely as it does. But "blessed are the dead."

The mission of the Bible will soon be accomplished. That is evident to me. In the next century it will no longer be of Divine authority. But will negation triumph? Never! Revelation is a flower that apparently contains the elements of its own destruction. It is sweet, in the infancy of society, to ignorant senses; it becomes offensive to the finer sense developed in mature existence. But it drops its seeds—the new flower will come out of the old.

"Behold, I make all things *new*," says the Spirit. There is really a spirit in the religions of earth. The corruptible body passes away, for there is in religion also a natural body and a spiritual body. The Swedenborgians see this. Yet I do not for an instant imagine that the Swedenborgian will be the true ultimate Church. I have a high opinion of Swedenborg, but I have a higher opinion of the great.

German thinkers. I will conclude with an extract from Fichte—a pregnant passage, that comprises the essence of all my theology.

"All death in Nature," he says, "is birth. There is no killing principle in Nature, for Nature throughout is life; it is not death which kills, but the *higher life*, which, concealed behind the other, begins to develope itself. Death and birth are but the struggle of life with itself to attain a higher form; and how could my death be other —mine—when I bear in myself not merely the form and semblance of life, BUT THE ONLY TRUE, ORIGINAL, AND ESSENTIAL LIFE?"

THE SCEPTICAL POSITION.

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—You express a hope that some one will reply to "Sceptic" in your next number; perhaps you will allow me. "Sceptic" appears to me to have muddled his brain in the orthodox or Calvinistic theology, instead of going to the facts of Nature. He says, "I think there is intelligence throughout Nature. But intelligence is not goodness." True, if we see intelligence in Nature, it must be 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. "Sceptic" says, "I confess I see a devilish desire in Nature to torture and to destroy." I confess I can see nothing of the sort: now let us, therefore, refer to facts. What does the Naturalist find? Why, every inch of space, in earth, air, and water, filled with living intelligences, all actively carrying out the objects of their being, and gratifying their numerous wants. The gratification of every want is attended with pleasurable sensibility, and happiness is but the aggregate of our pleasurable sensations. Here, then, is an enormous amount of pleasure, so greatly exceeding the pain that the pain is really, in comparison, of no account. If "Sceptic" has any doubt of this, let him count the number of pleasurable sensations and painful ones in any creature, or in any given space. It is a question of the first rule in arithmetic—of simple addition—and therefore within the capacity of all. Here is a network of pleasurable sensibility spread over the whole surface of the world, always young, strong, fresh, and vigorous. Now, how has this been brought about, and how is it maintained? Countless ages have been required for the purpose, and, in my opinion, the result is quite worth any amount of time it may have taken. I agree with Huxley that it is most

probable that all—man and all, for he is but a small and insignificant part of the great whole—came originally from the primæval slime (protoplasm) that covers the bottom of the sea. Here, then, is a most wonderful result, if we consider the myriads of complicated structures now in being; and how has it all been obtained? By the simple instrumentality of pleasure and pain—pleasure the rule, pain the exception. Nature tries pleasure first, which generally succeeds; but if that does not do, as she must have obedience, as Being must move on to its full development, she tries pain, even the "awful agony" of which "Sceptic" complains. But the question is, Is there any more pain than is necessary to the good of the whole? I think not. Pain is the *necessary* guardian of the pleasure. Look at the wonderfully complicated structures upon which the highest enjoyment is dependent, taking millions of years to create, and say if any other means for protecting it could be found but pain. Pain is the great schoolmaster, teaching, in a language that all understand, the difference between good and evil. And, lastly, it supplies the strongest motive to that action upon which our development and well-being depend. If a creature won't fall into Nature's ranks, she pinches him in his stomach, and he soon then gives in, and this is the foundation of all order.

The "plan" or purpose of creation is to produce the largest amount of enjoyment; I think this is evident from the result, but everyone thinks he could have done better if it had been left to him! We have to make a universal animal soul out of protoplasm, and I think the best has been done that could be done, although God's ways are not man's ways. His care is for Humanity, not Men; for the whole sensitive creation, not for individuals. Life is kept at high pressure, hundreds are born, but the strongest and those most fitted for enjoyment only are allowed to live. The weak go to the wall and are pressed out of existence. There is only room for those who have most capacity for enjoyment. And here it is that "Sceptic" steps in with his loud complaint, but I do not see that there is anything to complain of. If fifty die that one may live, there is infinitely more pleasure in one strong and healthy life than pain in the fifty deaths. The fifty go back to where they came from, and have no more right to complain than fifty others who *might* have lived but didn't. All creatures live upon each other—what then? The world is ever *young*, and we are saved "the long and snake-like life of dull decay." This much-dreaded death, about which some sceptics cry out so loud, what is it? Increased life to some other creature. It is from looking at individuals, and not at the whole, that your short-sighted sceptics

err. The object of Nature is to *prepare* the world, and to keep it as full of enjoyment as possible, and whatever is in the way of this purpose is remorselessly swept away. She cares nothing for individuals except as part of the great whole. Yes, "lightning and thunder, disease, famine, tempests, and earthquakes, *are* of God," and are necessary to fit the world for the *highest* enjoyment of the creatures in it. Nature will not allow of anything short of this; if men or nations do not come up to it, the remedy is often sharp, and plague, pestilence, and famine are sent to clear the way. Yes, "it was the Deity who made the tiger and the crocodile," and the tiger and the crocodile have as much right to live and enjoy themselves *in their place* as "Sceptic" has, and they are probably as useful in their way.

But my letter, you will say, is getting too long; well, then, one more remark. It has been "the pressure of population on the means of subsistence" that has raised such an outcry among all sceptics, but unfortunately sceptics do not see that "from the beginning, pressure of population has been the proximate cause of progress."

"Sceptic" says he sees no benevolence in Nature, or goodness, but to create the largest amount possible of enjoyment must be both good and benevolent. I fully admit, however, that the moral distinctions we create, and which are necessary in our intercourse with each other, may not, indeed *do* not, apply to God. We have no more reason for endowing God with our mental and moral attributes than with our physical, and we have no more right to apply to Him the terms benevolence, goodness, righteousness, purity, justice, &c., than we have to endow Him with our arms and legs, or head and body. A mental anthropomorphism is likely to be quite as wrong as a physical one.

C. B.

To Correspondents.

"A Lady and a Christian."—Send us the poem, if it be not sectarian. There is much even in popular theology that is useful in preparing the world for the reception of diviner truths than the imperfect views of orthodoxy. Shelley, too, thought "most vain all hope but *love*."

"Mr. Harvey" must write more courteously. We cannot now reply to him.

It is our intention to enlarge the magazine in the event of continued success. Our contributors must wait.

Amongst those from whom we have articles on hand are several ladies, who perhaps may expect precedence. But no editor has *any* gallantry. He is constrained to regard every article according to merit or the requirements of the public. We are grieved that it is so. In No. 5, at all events, we shall have space for some poems. But even in the realms of poetry we prefer *man*.

In No. 4 we beg to announce articles by John A. Heraud, William Maccall, B. T. W. R., Miss E. Heraud, &c. A Dramatic Poem also will probably appear in the next number.

"An Utter Negationist."—This correspondent cannot expect that we should entertain his proposal. We are not at all unfriendly to Atheists, but oppose Atheism. Materialism is obsolete.

B. V. W.—Yes, Thackeray was what is called "a reverential sceptic." His perceptive were greater than his reflective faculties; but his genius was unique.

J. E. Smith was a Scotchman, but too universal to belong to any nation. In answer to "A Former Disciple," we beg to state that we are of the same school as he.

"A French Pantheistic Believer."—We do not greatly admire Comte; but he was a man of ability.

To "A Lady who Believes in Heaven."—We have never denied the reality of hope. Hope, faith, and charity, in their *highest* sense, will cure both doubt and bigotry. The "Lady who Believes" must excuse us if we say that we consider that it is vulgar theology which is now the cause of the great amount of doubt.

"An Old Friend" sends us a scrap of poetry that we wrote more than thirty years ago, and which was published in a cheap periodical:—"To the Tomb." "Thou art the resting-place," &c. Yes; it is *best* to die. Who would live for ever upon earth?

We must protest against the useless animadversions of those who conceive that FREELIGHT encourages a merely destructive mission. Quite the contrary. Our mission is to rebuild.

Mr. Maccall is virulently attacked by men of Science, by Negationists, by the Orthodox, even by Unitarians, for his article in FREELIGHT, namely, "Varieties of Pantheism." Let Truth stand on her own feet. It is against our rule to defend anything that is said in these pages, either by our esteemed contributors or editorially.

ERRATA.—In No. 2, page 149, for "Yerrold," read "Jerrold;" for "Wiegman," read "Wirgman."