

FREELIGHT.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

ON BOARD THE SHIP "FREELIGHT."

BY THE EDITOR.

"Let there be light!"—THE BIBLE.

"More light!"—GOETHE'S LAST WORDS.

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

BROWNING.

ALL words of inspiration! How glorious the spiritual meaning of that passage in Genesis, "Let there be light!" But the cosmogony of old was poor and idle. Myriads of ages have elapsed since the earth began. Many thousands of years must have elapsed from the creation of man ere he became conscious of a LIFE beyond life. When he *did* feel the mystery of existence, as he must have begun to feel the same at last, the light was shining in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not. The dawn of spiritual life began in fear, but it will end in reverent love. Love of Humanity will cast out fear of Divinity. If we love Man, the Son, we cannot dread God, the Father. It is the fear of this life—the fear of hell, the "hangman's whip"—the fear of death—the fear of poverty and pain—which cast an infernal shadow over the universe. "Perfect love" will transcend these spectres.

"More light!" said the German poet—the grand old Goethe. And so saying, he died. Even he—the conservative and the man of the world—with his large, strong genius, could not really be false to humanity. There was more head than heart in him. True, he was, in the words of Carlyle applied to Mirabeau, "a great heathen—a Titan." We feel his vast

influence throughout Literature—an influence only inferior in extent to that wielded by the still greater man who “exhausted worlds, and then invented new.”

FREELIGHT opens arms of welcome to poets and thinkers. It is ready to discuss the very hardest problems of existence. The Editor, “under protest,” is willing to allow the extremest destructives of the old analytical and materialistic school to say what they think best; and vulgar theology, very probably, will not be able to answer their negation. But the great leaders of thought have long since left behind the old belief and the old unbelief. They *know* both alike are in the dark, and the “ONE FACE, far from vanish, rather grows.” Our unbelief, according to Emerson, is founded on a greater belief. That is a consolation. Christianity was unbelief to the orthodox Jew of old. Let us transcend, not deny, the past—herein is wisdom. FREELIGHT must confess the Divine spirit of *all* truth. That great and unappreciated man, J. E. Smith, in his astonishing work, “The Divine Drama of History and Civilisation,” has observed:—“We are more sure of our humanity in perceiving our faults than in not perceiving them.” If we would all confess our faults, and have charity, we should be “not far from the kingdom of heaven.” The vulgar Pantheism, like the old theology, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. An excellent friend of ours desired that we should adopt the title of “THE PANTHEIST,” instead of “FREELIGHT.” But we have many objections to that old Pantheism which regards God rather as *becoming* than *being*. We deny the verity of the idea that “if there is no God now, that is no reason why there should not be one.” Otherwise we are Pantheistical, for in God “we live, and move, and have our being.”

FREELIGHT will advocate the great doctrine of Universal Providence, thereby opposing the imperfect views of old theology, of obsolete Deism, and, most assuredly, Atheistic dogmas. God must have a purpose in every atom; there must be a purpose in every religion; and the wise man will never be so presuming as to assert there is no good in anything whatsoever.

“These are parts of His ways” will be *his* motto. The ONE FACE will meet him wherever he goes; the light will shine, and at last we shall comprehend.

“THIS OUR DAY.”

By MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE burden of Christ, as he beheld Jerusalem in the distance and wept over it, was, “Hadst thou known, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace!” He saw a majestic opportunity all unrecognised. Their day came and went, and they knew it not. Had it then been revealed to Jerusalem—to its wealthy men and learned Rabbins—that the time should come when Crusaders would struggle for their city, and pilgrims come from afar to venerate its very dust and ashes, simply because he whose truth they rejected had dwelt there, how would they have crowded round him, and laid hold upon the power so soon to be hid from their eyes! Many an old Scribe, were he to awaken now from his sleep of centuries, would have to admit that though Jesus was among his contemporaries he never saw him. This blindness of Jerusalem has been too often repeated for us to feel any surprise. Still do we find men able to see every other time better than their own. The Pharisee of Christ’s time could see the splendours around the brow of Moses, and everyone now can see the radiance that shone around Christ; but the greatness of “this our day” is veiled from many as closely as from Israel was Moses veiled, or as from the Pharisee were hid those heralds of a new age who passed him on the street only to be reviled.

We are needlessly severe, I think, on Scribe and Pharisee. Certainly it seems to us now a frightful anomaly that they should have crucified Jesus at the very moment when they were devoting their lives to the shining forerunners and elder brothers of Jesus in the far Past. It was as if the friends of Milton had imprisoned Bunyan, or Channing had helped to burn Servetus. It is plain that no venerator of Moses could have persecuted Jesus had he not been hopelessly hid from his eyes. While acknowledging this sad infirmity of the human mind, may we not at least give credit to the human heart when we remember how far and wide it has always searched to find and to worship heroes, and how its very persecutions of the great have generally been but a purblind homage to some man whose greatness a sufficient perspective of time enables it to see?

It is wonderful what craving men still have for everything heroic. They will even feed themselves with sham heroisms, and eagerly accept the grandiose under the illusion that it is the grand. The people love

to believe that William Tell shot the apple from his son's head, and told the King that his second arrow had been provided for him had his son been injured; they love to read of the greatness which Whittington gained by pluck and energy; of the saintliness and beauty of Mary Stuart; of the French officer's cry, "The Old Guard dies, but does not surrender;" of Wellington shouting out, "Up, Guards, and at them!" The Americans have long cherished the belief that Frederick the Great once sent George Washington a sword, inscribed, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest." Nay, did we not hear the other day that the brave Delescluze ascended the barricade in Paris unarmed, crying, "I have not come here to fight, but to die"? There is evidence that these things are all fictions. William Tell never shot any apple from his son's head; the romance of Whittington is mythical; Mary Queen of Scots was neither saintly nor beautiful; Wellington never cried in battle, "Up, Guards, and at them!" Washington never received any sword from Frederick, and Delescluze never went up on a barricade to be killed. But these myths—sometimes poetical, oftener pompous—have been bred out of a people yearning for grandeur, while they show just that barbaric preference for what is loud and highly coloured which diverts the eyes of each generation from the true greatness in it. I do not deny that even more than this rudeness of mind may be alleged in extenuation of the popular inability to see the grandeur that is near. Partly it lies in the silence and lowliness amid which true Power loves to work, leading on its kingdom without observation.

For one, I cannot help feeling that the homage which is finally awarded to real, and even the noisy plaudits which greet the pretended heroisms, are significant of an intrinsic capability of greatness in human nature itself. Nor do I believe in the so-called "Heroic Ages." I do not believe that there was any more self-devotion in the times of the Crusaders, nor any more chivalry in the "Age of Chivalry," nor more piety in the early Church, nor more courage in ancient Rome, than exist to-day.

We have lately been passing through one of those heavy clouds which are apt to make those who are amid their shadow suspect that the sun is not shining anywhere because it is not shining on them. Close to our doors there has been a year of wholesale slaughter raging between civilised nations, and following it a civil war ending in the most fearful massacre; and some of us have been almost ready to despair of anything like that progress of Humanity which has so long been the deepest creed and brightest dream of modern society. But

no sooner are we removed a little by time from the depth of these shadows, than we find that they also point to the light. We have now before us the actual statistics of the slaughter which desolated the fields of France, and we find that it has been far less terrible than that of previous battles. If we recur to the expressions of feeling accompanying those more destructive battles of the past—Waterloo, for instance, when in four days as many fell as during the whole of the recent struggle; or Leipzig, where as many fell in three days, on one side alone, as in this Franco-German war fell on both sides—we shall find not nearly so much outcry and horror then as now. Why is this? Why, first, this fact points to the tremendous progress which the Press has made since those earlier wars. The horrors of those wars were hardly known to the public when they occurred. Little by little they were discovered through official reports and histories. But now, our Press had its hundred eyes on each battle-field; each groan sounded through our homes; each writhing form was photographed before us; for almost the first time, the world realised what a war really was. And I cannot help feeling, too, that our greater horror at this comparatively mild war was in a large degree due to a healthier, a more civilised and humane sentiment among the people. It was, then, the greater brightness of "this our day," as contrasted with more uninformed and more callous periods, which intensified the shadow that lately passed over Europe. The very darkness attested the fuller light which increased it.

It is a notable fact that while thinking people have given up the belief in the existence of a Devil, they sometimes permit themselves to believe in diabolism on earth. We find people still ready to ascribe the seemingly mad actions of men to motives which have no place in their own breasts—to the mere impulses of evil. I do not know of any example of this more marked than the judgments which have been passed by public opinion on the action of the Communists of Paris. The common verdict on them seems to be that they were all—men and women—only a set of poor and vile people, who wished to take for their own use the property of the rich, and to this end inaugurated a system of wholesale murder; and that when they found that they could not own the property of the rich, they determined to burn it.

A friend of mine, an American, who was in Paris during the siege and during the struggle of the Commune, was in London the other day, and told me a number of facts concerning the latter. Let me relate two of his anecdotes, of whose authenticity you may be sure.

During the reign of the Commune, there was a physician in Paris

who, without directly taking the side of the Communists, devoted himself to the relief and care of every wounded man brought into the hospital. In this work he was aided by a woman, who sleeplessly gave herself to nursing the wounded. She was a Communist, but she was the most efficient person in the hospital. When the Versailles party conquered, and were leading out thousands to be shot after the mockery of a trial, this physician was arrested and taken before the drumhead court-martial. He supposed he would be shot. As he was being taken into the door of the court-martial, he met the woman who had assisted him in the hospital. She was coming out between two soldiers. He addressed her with the words, "Why, Adèle, how came you here?" The woman fixed on him a hard gaze and said, "I don't know you, sir." The physician said to himself, "My case must be hopeless if she is afraid to acknowledge my acquaintance." However, by some influence the physician was liberated. He then learned that the poor woman who had denied knowing him was at that moment going out to be shot. She had feared endangering him at his trial by acknowledging his acquaintance; for his safety she had withheld herself from appealing to him for help—she had denied herself the only word of sympathy that was offered on her way to death.

So much for one of these Parisian fiends. Here is another story my friend related—and he was no friend of the Commune:—A well-dressed woman was led out to execution. She was placed against a wall, and a crowd of curious street-people stood looking on. Just as the soldiers were making ready to fire, she raised her hand and asked them to pause one moment. She had on a good outer garment. This she took off, and going up to a wretched woman in the crowd who had only rags, she gave her the garment, saying:—"Take this; it is a pity good clothes should be spoiled." Then she walked back to the wall and was shot. Such was the last selfish thought of one of those female demons who have been pictured going about with petroleum to destroy everything and everybody!

There were more incidents of a similar kind told me by one whose word cannot be doubted. And how many such heroic ones, think you, perished in that atrocious massacre of fifteen thousand men and women which has covered the present rulers of France with an infamy equal to that of the perished Empire? I am no apologist for the Commune; but I have no doubt that the majority of them were actuated by just such motives as actuated the American revolutionists, the soldiers of Cromwell, the comrades of Mazzini and Garibaldi. Admitting their errors, the impossibility

of their aim, the desperation of their later action, it is certain that among those fallen thousands were many of the champions of justice, the haters of oppression, the dreamers of a higher and purer social state, who, though they may not have loved Humanity wisely, were willing to die for it. The Versailles Government may call itself a Republic, and may try to hide its imperial crimes under a mountain of lies; but they cannot long hoodwink the common sense and the conscience of mankind. We know what kind of men and women go to the making of Communist movements. We have seen them in England and America freely sacrificing their hard-earned little means to build the nobler temple and happier home of man. We have seen them at the side of the dreamers and hoppers—the Fouriers, Owens, and St. Simons; and we know that, however maddened, that blood shed in Paris was the blood of their brothers—blood noble enough to be heard crying from the ground for many a long year yet.

But let us turn our eyes nearer home. We also are having our social troubles. We have reached the close of one of the severest conflicts which has ever attended the perpetual war between Capital and Labour. While the soldiers of England were engaged in mimic battles, the real soldiers of the country—the soldiers of Toil—were engaged in a real struggle, whose consequences are none the less sad because not summed up in daily lists of killed and wounded. Nine thousand labourers in the North, standing idle amid their implements for five months, was about as sad a sight as our English sun has looked down upon within this century. Yet at the heart of that Engineers' strike at Newcastle, the more thoughtful mind of this country did not fail to see the promise of a brighter day. It is creditable to the civilisation of England, that no sooner did it become clear that the labouring men were really determined to gain one more hour from daily drudgery, than our Press and our best thinkers at once took their side. The capitalists declared that the workmen were simply trying to get higher wages under the disguise of demanding shorter time of toil. But when the higher wages were offered in place of the hour's release, the workmen steadily refused it. It has become abundantly clear that the English artisan is earnestly demanding that he may be henceforth something less of a machine, something more of a man. It is easy to say that if he shall have nine hours of labour instead of ten, he will use it simply for low ends. That may be the case with some; but the earnestness which has made these men willing to give up higher wages for more time indicates a more serious motive. To the majority of these men,

I doubt not, the new hour added each day to their independent lives will mean an hour given to reading or learning to read; it will mean, to many, the making acquaintance with the wife whom they hardly know, and the children now seen chiefly when asleep. "Lower our wages," say these poor men, "but give one hour more of the free day." "What!" say the masters, "and let our machines stand idle one more hour per day?" "It is a question," reply the labourers, "whether the machine shall be sacrificed to man, or man to the machine." Our labourers may not succeed in securing at once the six hours' release per week which they demand; but they have got the half of their demand now, and their willingness to get that at a cost to their pittance of wages is a sign to us that, amid all the evils of the time, the toiling masses are steadily attaining the higher characteristics of humanity.

While the masses of mankind are thus showing themselves capable of high aims and heroic deeds, it is natural to look abroad in the world to see what related forces are there at work to make the earth a fit home for the more fraternal and cultivated society which is advancing. From the political point of view there are not many encouraging signs. We have seen oppressive dynasties fall only to make way for the rule of heartless and selfish men; so that we hardly feel that a Bourbon plot against Spain, or a Bonapartist plot against France, could make matters much worse even if they succeeded. The Emperors of Germany and Austria take counsel together, and join to co-operate against what they call "the Anarchist party in Europe,"—by which they mean all who wish Europe to be the home of happy and free populations instead of the private preserve of kings. But the political world is not so important as it looks. Bismarck and Beust may be strong, but Time will beat them. Men are yet living who can remember when a vile Prince and a heartless Premier held the liberty of England underfoot; but whereas Prince Regents and Lord Liverpools have a way of dying, Liberty never dies. There are great laws which, over the heads of crowned conspirators against man, are also silently conspiring; there are forces that are the real rulers of the earth, and which ever take counsel together. The needs of commerce, the power of steam, the might of human skill and enterprise—these work on amid rising and falling empires, and build the new world. Hannibal once abolished the Alps and made a new map of Europe; he died—his map of Europe was forgotten, and the Alps rose again. Napoleon again abolished the Alps and made a new map of Europe; he also, with his arrangement of Europe, passed away, and the Alps

stood fast. But now another conqueror has abolished the Alps—a conqueror whose progress is to build, not to destroy—to bless mankind, not to curse. Steam, which in the far West we see soaring over the Rocky Mountains to carry civilisation two thousand miles further in its march round the world, we see in Europe piercing the tremendous wall which had severed nations; and Science, having tossed Mont Cenis out of its path, stands as a young giant impatient for the word that shall bid him make dry land between England and the Continent, and carry an iron road to the farthest East, on which the Old World shall string her nations together and wear them like Orient pearls. We may be sure that the new map of nations which this human Genius clears mountain and sea to make will not pass away like those devised by kings and diplomatists. Resting deep upon the common need, the substantial unity of mankind, the great combination of science and commerce means also the gradual combination of still mightier forces in the brains and hearts they bring together. They steadily prepare for the new soul that is being born to society a new body of institutions: they weave for it the shining raiment of Fraternity. “To-day is a king in disguise,” said Emerson. Happy are they who can pierce its mask and discern its grandeur, nor let its opportunities pass unserved—its splendours unrecognised!

“Shines the last age; the next with hope is seen;
To-day slinks poorly off unmarked between.
Future or Past no richer secret folds,
O friendless Present! than thy bosom holds.”

A CHAPTER ON VITAL DYNAMICS.

By JOHN A. HERAUD.

1. In the inaugural address delivered by Sir William Thompson, at the British Association, on August the 2nd, he is reported to have said that modern science requires that Life should be acknowledged as the antecedent of life, and asked, “how, then, did life originate on the earth?” Every year, he answers, thousands, probably millions, of fragments of solid matter fall upon the earth. Such fragments he supposes may be meteoric stones broken off from greater masses and launched free into space. “It is as sure,” he adds, “that collisions must occur between great masses moving through space, as it is that ships, *steered without intelligence directed to prevent collision*, would not cross or recross the Atlantic for thousands of

years with immunity from collisions. When two great masses come into collision in space, it is certain that a large part of each is melted; but it seems also quite certain that in many cases a large quantity of *débris* must be sent forth in all directions, much of which may have experienced no greater violence than individual pieces of rock experience in a landslip or in blasting by gunpowder. Should the time when the earth comes into collision with another body, comparable in dimensions to itself, be when it is still clothed as at present with vegetation, many great and small fragments, carrying seed and living plants and animals, would undoubtedly be scattered through space. Hence, and because we all confidently believe that there are at present, and have been from time immemorial, many worlds of life besides our own, we must regard it as probable in the highest degree that there are countless seed-bearing meteoric stones moving about through space. If at the present instant no life existed upon this earth, one such stone falling upon it might, by what we blindly call natural causes, lead to its becoming covered with vegetation."

2. Now, it must be evident even to a half-thinker that this explanation only removes and not solves the difficulty. Planet after planet may thus have received vegetable life from its predecessor, but whence did the first planet receive it? The difficulty is even greater with regard to animals. By what means did they reach the surface of our earth? It cannot be supposed that they were shot forth with the *débris* of a shattered planet. And what of man? Were our first parents brought in the arms of angels, and softly deposited on its virgin soil? Certainly, neither they nor the inferior animals grow up now from the earth; nor, now that the age of bibliolatry is passing or has passed away, will it be safe to adopt the statement of the Mosaic cosmogonist that they were formed of the clay, and afterwards inspired with life by the Divine Sculptor. Such statements can only be believed in the infancy of science, and must now be treated as a simple parable intended for children, or for minds yet in a childlike state. The question, too, would recur in relation to them as to vegetable life; namely, how were they originally produced on the planet from which they had been brought? Sir William Thompson wishes to eliminate intelligence from the process; but surely science will scarcely concede to him the absence of a protective law, and, in the last result, we must appeal to intelligence for the required solution. The cosmogonist supposes a creative Self-intelligence to have originated the universe, whether visible or invisible; and the image of such a being we assume to be realised in ourselves.

Finding no answer to the question in the field of sensible experience, or in the speculations of natural philosophy, we are driven back on our own minds, in order to ascertain whether, by an investigation of their structure, we can elicit any suggestion that may tend to an interpretation of the enigma. What do we find? Two forces, brought into contact by a third, generate by their communion clusters of intuitions, representing worlds in which vegetable and animal life abounds, the former growing out of the soil and the latter freely moving upon it. So soon as man becomes conscious of himself, he becomes conscious of this; and as he proceeds in self-experience, co-ordinate experiences of foreign life together with his own accumulate upon him. All these intuitions he refers to an independent force, as one of the causes of their existence; the other cause being himself, who is led by a mysterious impulse into relationship with many beings of whom he knows nothing except in the effects thus produced.

3. St. Paul and Kant agree in the same statement—that the cosmogonical process related to noumenal, not to a phenomenal universe. “Things that are seen were not made of things which appear.” (Hebrews xi., 2.) The passage from Kant is too long for quotation at present; but this is less to be regretted, as in all probability I shall have to refer to it again in the course of the inquiries to which the present essay is but, as it were, the vestibule. We should have to deal in this relation with the paralogsms and antinomies which, in the “*Kritik der reinen Vernunft*,” are the sources of so much difficulty and misapprehension. According to Oken, there is a polar duplicity involved in the question, of which motion is the result. Motion, therefore, is of spiritual or dynamical, not of mechanical origin. There is no individual thing without motion, just as there is none without time. The motion of finite things, prompted by polarity, may be comprehensively termed “life.” Without life is no existence. Life, indeed, is the cause of all existence, and nothing is dead. The world itself lives and maintains itself by its vital process, just as an organism maintains itself by constant self-regeneration. Such is the opinion of Oken. Let us return.

4. So far from its being the practice to regard a question of this kind without reference to intelligence, the assumption of a supreme Mind continually recurs in all controversies on such subjects. Without intelligence, the existence of matter cannot be affirmed or that of spirit be self-known. The earliest philosophies, the Greek and Hindú, start from the proposition, and the first verse of Genesis takes it for granted. Self-intelligence, or wisdom, stands at the head of mental perceptions, and all other intelligence, or knowledge,

follows at its product or development. The intelligible object answers to the intelligent subject; and that object, to the Creator, being "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person," contains all other objects in the creation, whether visible or invisible. The interaction between him and his creation is eternal, and the Creator, in becoming self-intelligent, is percipient of the universe created by the act. Man, likewise, no sooner awakens to self-consciousness, than he finds the self-intuition related to intuitions of other being. Are these created by himself, or do they arise by the concurrence of other causes awakened into action by contact with the human noumenon? This is the question that arises, but there is no question of the intelligence without which there would be no intuition whatever. The Hindús add to "sensuous knowledge" what they call "conclusive knowledge," which is gained by means of inference.* And here the inference is, that there are foreign noumena or forces entering into communion with the percipient, causing sensation and producing the visible world. Spinoza and Berkeley took no account of these foreign noumena, and were followed by Fichte in believing that the human *ego* was sufficient to account for physical phenomena, thus denying or ignoring the existence of any *alter-ego*.† Nowadays, there is no difficulty in procuring the admission of a real spiritual universe—a world of real active forces and causes—behind that of physical matter, the sphere of sensible experience and passive effects. Every sensation we generate is the effect of such an assemblage of causes—of such a communion between spirit and spirit, the human and the

* "Knowledge, as Kanada has shown, is not confined to sensuous perceptions, and therefore knowledge gained by inference is examined next. The question is, 'How is it that we know anything beyond what we perceive with our senses?' The answer is, 'By inferring.' If we place ourselves in this point of view, which Kanada has taken, it becomes clear, first, that we cannot expect from Kanada a treatise on formal logic. The formal logician takes a purely scientific interest in the machinery of the human mind. He collects, arranges, and analyses the functions of our reasoning faculties as they fall under his observation. But the question which occupies Kanada is, 'How is it that we know things which we do not see, and how can we prove that we do know them?' Now, the instrument by which we know things which we do not perceive with our senses is Inference. Hence Kanada has to explain, first, what inference is, and how we do infer; secondly, how far inference can be made to yield the same certainty as our sensuous impressions."—*Professor Max Müller on Indian Logic, contributed to "An Outline on the Necessary Laws of Thought," by the present Archbishop of York.*

† I may here profitably insert the words of Coleridge on the subject, as spoken to me by himself. "While Spinoza," said Coleridge, "supposed that phenomena were objects only, and not subjects also, not all the powers of heaven and earth could invalidate his argument. But some time before his death, Spinoza began to suspect that they were subjects as well, which half of the truth added to the other half will lead to a correct result. The things of experience and sense are subject-objects."—*See my Oration on the Death of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, published in 1834.*

cosmical. That, in the order of such communion, the visible world, with its contents, including our own bodies, should arise such as we see it—with plants and animals, surrounded with planets of similar structure, and observing certain laws—is due to the construction of our observing faculties and the unknown forces by which they are affected. To seek for any solution in the accidents of time, or in the collision of "things that are seen," is a vain pursuit, however much it may be patronised by such scientific men as Sir William Thompson. They may be very good students of science, and industrious collectors of physical facts, but they are not philosophers. They neglect to consider the interaction of living forces as the exponents of that triad of intelligence—God, Man, and the Cosmos—the recognition of which implies all the explanation that is possible regarding the phenomena of life. It is in the divorce of science from philosophy that the empiricism commences which lands the impatient inquirer in unsatisfactory conclusions. The union of the two is requisite to the completion of a perfect theory of Vital Dynamics.

VARIETIES OF PANTHEISM.

BY WILLIAM MACCALL.

It is always assumed by the advocates of Atheism that the destruction of popular idols is the dethronement of God. But the insurrection against popular idols is merely the transfiguration, or the prelude to the transfiguration, of divinest faith in divinest things. Atheism is either a ghastliness or an insanity; it is a waste of time to assail it, a still more foolish waste of time elaborately to refute it. Never, except from the fatuous outcry of its enemies, can Atheism have any real potency. Disowned by Nature, Atheism is rejected by Human Nature. Man finds God in his own heart before yearning for Him in the universe; and he will continue to yearn for Him in the universe just because he will continue to find Him in his own heart. To deny the deepest, grandest, most pregnant reality which can sway the human soul—to repudiate the supreme creative and hallowing principle of human culture and of human civilisation—is to brand all human history as a lie. Audacious it may be, or impudent, to make that denial, that repudiation; but our wrath should not be stirred thereby any more than if we heard prosaic dunces mocking and denouncing poetry as a fantastic dream. What is Atheism? The confession, the boastful confession, of a grievous incapacity; for

the Atheist vows and vaunts that he is destitute of a particular sentiment, the primordial, the sublimely distinctive sentiment of the human race. This pride in a deplorable defect is substantially the only argument in the power of which Atheism believes. Smitten with colour-blindness, and other kinds of blindness, Atheism amusingly declares that no one sees, that no one ought to see, and that there is nothing to be seen. The perfection of logic, truly! That in its revolt against creeds, and cant, and sectarianisms, and hypocrisies, against ferocious bigotries and odious superstitions, the most religious mind should pass through Atheism as a phase is not to be marvelled at. All the sincere and earnest, if they break the bondage of traditions, must rest in negations for a season. But to dwell in Atheism as in an Eden of delights shows an eccentric taste, only to be accounted for, like other eccentricities, by the absence of certain qualities that are regulative and harmonising by being noble. The Atheist differs from other men by having no ideal, for the ideal springs from the recognition of the Invisible, and the Invisible the Atheist spurns as an absurdity. Atheism, therefore, whether sceptical or dogmatic, lacks the loftiest impulse to beautiful and heroic action. Proclaiming a crass Materialism, Atheism proclaims of necessity a still crasser Utilitarianism—that is to say, the doctrine of absolute selfishness. If in these days Atheists are just as moral as their Christian neighbours, this is because Christians in the mass are practical Atheists; and practical Atheism is far more dangerous than theoretical Atheism; indeed, it is the only Atheism the prophet of Truth should attack. He who flings from him God I let alone; he is the dupe of a crotchet, the victim of a craze. But he who flings from him the Godlike I cannot let alone, if I would aid in the regeneration of the world. He who thrusts away God may nevertheless adore and manifest the Godlike. The mortal, however, that has God for ever on his lips, yet appeals to and acts from the lowest motives, tramples on the Godlike—is the most despicable of Atheists. There is incomparably more Atheism in Mr. Binney's counsels, *How to Make the Best of Both Worlds*, or in Mr. James Grant's *Pictures of the Heavenly Home*, or in one of Henry Ward Beecher's flashy and flimsy sermons to a fashionable New York audience, than in all the harangues of Secularist lecturers, all the books of Secularist writers. Those who desire manuals of Atheism can be at no loss; let them read the religious periodicals of England.

Both theoretical Atheism and practical Atheism are destined to be vanquished by an influence they as yet but dimly see or foresee—the influence of the Pantheistic spirit. The triumph of Pantheism is to

be the main, the mighty movement of these coming ages. Immense scientific, industrial, and political developments there are sure to be; but as in the past, the chief metamorphosis must be accomplished by religion. As the most fecund and energetic revolutionary agency of the future, however, religion, instead of growing more rationalistic, must grow more mystical, and just because men are rapidly losing their faith in the supernatural and the miraculous. Mystery deepens as Miracle departs, though many cling desperately to Miracle from the belief that if Miracle dies, Mystery dies too. Science and Miracle are incompatible; Geology and Astronomy by themselves suffice to demolish the old orthodox systems. But every scientific discovery is the threshold of a fresh mystery—widens and renders more awful the vast abyss of the Unknown. Even Science, falsely so-called—the science which heaps crude hypothesis on crude hypothesis, hallucination on monstrosity, and monstrosity on hallucination, till nature as a lustrous and harmonious whole is no longer recognisable—even the science of buffoons which deifies baboons—is the sanctification of the inexplicable by the presumptuous boldness of its pretended explanations. Why should certain gentlemen whose lineage is so traceable in their lineaments take so much trouble to demonstrate that they are descendants of the apes? We should at once admit it, without this excess, this earnestness of argument. But both the apes and their scientific descendants, the more with hideous din they tear the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life, the more they make the fruits of the two celestial trees to fall for the nourishment, the refreshment, the healing of the nations; and the nations learn that the roots of the trees go down and that their branches go up to Immensity. False science, with its jargon and its jangle, is intolerably offensive to the devout Idealist. But he should console himself by the persuasion that false science hastens, more powerfully than true science, profounder, more beautiful revelations of the Unseen than have ever gladdened the earth before. Moral corruption and false science are correspondences. No fact of man's existence is isolated. It is in moral corruption that false science begins; and false science spreads and intensifies moral corruption. On the other hand, it is from heroism that the clear insight into Eternal Reason arises; and this clear insight pays back the debt by enlarging the scope and exalting the aspirations of heroism. The process of moral and intellectual reciprocity is everlasting. In the moral, however, always is it that the decay or the revival commences. Hence the incomparable baseness of the present age is mirrored in its delirious and degrading philosophies, its bestial Malthusianism, its cruel political economy, its shallow and pre-

tentious Positivism, its idiotic Spiritism. Likewise the palingenesis of the individual must precede the reconstruction of Society, which reconstruction must be the herald of the Pantheistic apocalypse. Before all other things, therefore, must be sought and achieved the moral elevation of the individual. Only one man of recent times, Fichte, had the presentiment of this elevation as the indispensable forerunner of Earth's complete social and spiritual renewal. Besides being a great and singularly original thinker, Fichte was a hero. By his instincts, therefore, he was irresistibly driven to teach a heroic morality—driven to make his ethical system as lofty as his metaphysical system was deep. And next to the writings of the ancient Stoics, it is from the works of Fichte, read by the light of his resolute and courageous career, that the valiant young soul can derive the robustest, most salutary sustenance. But after becoming an athlete of the Will, an indomitable battler, the valiant young soul has to grow into the radiant beauty of holiness, so that multitudes beholding may be emboldened to be strong and impelled to be holy. We hear much of Sociology—of a Science of Society, discovered or to be discovered. And the silly creatures who like to amuse themselves and to amuse others with phrases, babble wearisomely and unceasingly about the Science of Society—about Sociology; varying their own dull speculations with ingenious nonsense borrowed from Frenchmen; for the French are always so busy building a Temple for Humanity as to be unable to make their own national abode habitable. There is no Science of Society; or if there is, it is contained in the theorem that the heroic individual creates the heroic community, and that the heroic community encounters God everywhere, as the reflection and complement of its own glory and strength. So that eternally it is the heroic individual who is the redeemer and the redemption.

Rejoicing in the faith, and to the best of my power propagating the faith, that a fresh Pantheistic development awaits mankind, and that it must spring from the heroic community, as the heroic community itself springs from the heroic individual, I am further convinced that this new Pantheism must contain an element of which all the Pantheisms of the past have been destitute.

Unity of substance is the leading principle of Pantheism—the identity of God and the universe; whereas Theism cleaves God from the universe—makes the gulf between them as wide as possible. To Theism all matter is dead till it is animated by God's Spirit. On the contrary, to Pantheism matter and spirit are one; they are both but modes of the Infinite Life. The God of the Theist is so far off,

that men at last begin to doubt whether there is any God—whether the belief in God is not a figment—an imposture. But the Pantheist feels that he is himself a portion of the Infinite Life, and, therefore, he cannot question the Infinite Life's reality. In the East, especially in India, Pantheism was religion before being philosophy, and not till it had arrayed itself in its natural garb, Symbol, did it rush as philosophy along speculative paths. There does not seem, however, to have been any grand metaphysical question which was not debated in all its breadth and depth by the ancient Indians. The religion of Egypt was Pantheism, opulently symbolic, but subtle and sombre. If the Egyptians had a philosophy, it was imprisoned within the awful, overwhelmingly significant religious symbols. Very different from the Pantheism of India and the Pantheism of Egypt was the Pantheism of Greece. Indian religion and Egyptian religion deified Nature as a whole. Grecian Polytheism deified the countless attributes of Nature. Instead of the wondrous Oriental exuberance, there was in Greece subjection to the laws of proportion and of beauty. Everything for the Greek had to be reduced to dimensions which Art could master and manage: everything needed, for him, to be as definite as for the man of the East it needed to be indefinite. Hence, the religious Pantheism of Greece, when compared with the religious Pantheism of India and of Egypt, has a diminutive, an almost puny appearance. The physical aspects of the Greek's limited territory—its sharp outlines—were not favourable to Pantheistic sympathy and Pantheistic ecstasy; and if the East had not from time to time warmed him with its breath and enriched him with its visions, his Pantheism might ultimately have dwindled into a Monotheism as naked and narrow as that of the Jews. His continual contact with the sea nourished the Pantheistic fantasies the East gave him—nourished and renewed them. It is Nature the flowing, more than Nature the glowing, from which Pantheism grows, though without the hot, fierce sun, Pantheism cannot attain its utmost expansion and gorgeousness. With admirable instinct, consequently, the Greeks represented as a sea-god, Proteus—the type of the universe, which changes ever, and yet substantially changes not. The rudest form of Pantheism is Fetichism. Higher than Fetichism, Pantheism in Africa, Egypt excepted, never ascended; because in Africa, taken as a whole, Nature the glowing so immensely predominates over Nature the flowing. Kept by their commune and conflict with the sea in a permanent state of Pantheistic susceptibility and recipiency, the Greeks, as if afraid of losing the Pantheistic treasures that came to them from the East, hid them in the Orphic

and other mysteries. For if the admission to such mysteries was a moral consecration, it was perhaps in a higher degree a Pantheistic initiation.

The evolvement among the Greeks of Pantheism as a philosophy from Pantheism as a religion is not historically traceable. A German—Buhle—has written a treatise on the rise and progress of Pantheism from Xenophanes to Spinoza. But long anterior to Xenophanes, whose reputed birth is placed at the end of the seventh century before Christ, there must have been a Pantheistic philosophy in Greece proper and in the Greek colonies. It was in these, not in Greece proper, that Greek philosophy had its birth. If everything in Greece, philosophy included, finally took an Attic stamp and shape, the grand original movements and utterances were all colonial. Recent destructive criticism would reject Homer altogether as an historical personage. What, however, cannot be denied is that the Homeric poems were the gift of Asia Minor to the Greek people. Asia Minor and the islands near its coast were the channels of communication between the Greek intellect and Oriental thought. The Greeks have often been called ingenious, just as the French have often been called ingenious; but between ingenuity and inventiveness there is not a necessary relation. Inventiveness, the originating faculty, the Greeks had not. Appropriators, interpreters, propagandists, the Greeks, as the diffusers of Oriental ideas, made Geometry the handmaid of Rhetoric. Thales, one of the earliest Greek philosophers known to history, and the founder of the Ionic school, had sojourned in Egypt, and doubtless he had been impressed when there by Geometry's mystical significance. But as a true Greek he saw something more in Geometry than its mystical import; he saw that to be beautiful and intelligible a thing must first be measurable. Thus, through the influence of Thales—or rather, perhaps, of previous Greek philosophers who had likewise been sojourners in Egypt—it came to pass that, though Geometry was magnificently cultivated on its own account among the Greeks, yet in a certain sense Music, Sculpture, Architecture, Poetry were to them merely forms or modifications of Geometry. What, therefore, but a form or modification of Geometry could Greek philosophy be? It was as incomparable geometers alone that the Greeks were original. How natural, therefore, was it for them to regard God as the Geometer by excellence, or as the complex of geometrical figures and affinities! Eastern Pantheism plunged into the universe as into a boundless ocean. To Greek Pantheism the universe was a wild monster to be chained by Mathematics.

Chained it was ; but in losing its exultant freedom it lost its abounding vitality.

The divine charm and sweetness of the Greek language, combined with its marvellous fulness and expressiveness, have led many students of Greek philosophy astray. Above all, there has been a tendency to overrate Plato as a thinker. However poetical, the Spiritualism of Plato was really a confession that Pantheism had never been thoroughly acclimatised in Greece—that it was too huge and manifold for the Greek intellect. As philosophers, the Greeks hovered perpetually between Ontology and Phenomenology ; and not being able to find the reconciling principle between being and the phenomena of being, they always fell into scepticism or into one-sided exaggeration, or got rid of difficulties by throwing a poetical veil of compromises round them. It was in weaving these poetical veils that Plato was unrivalled. For Pantheism, either as a religion or as a philosophy, there are no problems ; and it is not bound to furnish, and it cannot furnish, any solutions. Pantheism as religion is the feeling, Pantheism as philosophy is the thought, of identity with the Universal, the Infinite Life. The Greeks, even those of them who in these modern days have been called Pantheists, had neither this feeling nor this thought. With their sharpness and subtlety, how could the Greeks have either ? The Greek brain was always more prompt and potent to sever than to combine ; and the combinations it fashioned or reached were wholly arbitrary. Down to the present moment the inherited force of the Greek mind is, in every cultivated nation, a proclivity to distinguish, to differentiate, to pluck asunder. All theological disputes among Christians are fought with Greek weapons, and are a renewal of quarrels in the Greek philosophical schools. But for Rome's grand unifying will, Christianity would have perished not many centuries after its birth.

Greek culture as a whole has been an immense blessing to the world, and the world cannot be too grateful for it. That Greek philosophy, however, has been in the main pernicious, few who have not been dazzled and bewildered by the witcheries of Greece can doubt. To two great evils has Greek philosophy led—to ceaseless dissension and to insatiable Micrology ; by Micrology being meant the tendency to investigate things the more, and to discourse about them the more, the smaller, the minuter they are. Who among our leading men of science is not a Micrologist, and a Micrologist only ? The Greeks themselves carried Micrology to a point beyond which it cannot go ; for what literally is the atom but

the indivisible—that is, the indivisibly small? As Micrologists, then, the Greeks compelled philosophy to be disloyal to its divine vocation, that of intensifying the consciousness of identity with creation. And in this sense we must seek a philosophy among the sages of India alone. In truth, profound though Egypt was, India must remain the ideal type both in philosophy and religion. If philosophy is mere gymnastics, the Greeks were the most daring, the most agile, the most graceful of athletes; and those who want to excel as intellectual acrobats cannot do better than study the Hellenic philosophy. But intellectual discipline is only valuable so far as it aids or is the result of the complete growth of the individual in harmony with the complete growth of universal being. Hence the connection between Individualism and Pantheism is not an arbitrary connection; for the Pantheist is just as necessarily Individualist, as the Individualist is Pantheist; exactly as incarnation and apotheosis are the conditions of each other.

The Greeks are not to be blamed for refusing to sink into passive, into stagnant Quietism, which, though Pantheism, is Pantheism of a dangerous kind, by making incarnation all and apotheosis nothing, whereby incarnation itself becomes imperfect; for the grander apotheosis the deeper incarnation, and the deeper incarnation the grander apotheosis. There is no passive life in the universe; and it is to the universe as active life, that the individual as active life must respond. To this melodious and ecstatic blending of the greater entity and the lesser the Greek could not attain. Whatever attitude he took toward it, the universe to him was a thing apart. The nearest approach he could make to a Pantheistic contemplation of the universe was separating the universe into the various elements—air, earth, fire, and water; a separation which we may regard as the dim precursor of chemistry. And chemistry by itself is a purely Atheistic science, and agrees with the Atheistic Physiologist in believing that every cell must be engendered by a cell. Only by the idea of diversity could the Greek seize the idea of unity; and hereby he was led to the discovery and employment of Dialektik. For what is Dialektik but the science and the art of contradictories as an instrument of unification?

In unity, as the concordance and concentration of multiplicity, there is much which is suggestive; there is, however, no affinity to the Pantheistic conception. When, therefore, we are told that Parmenides, whom Plato calls the Great, was the first to develop in its abstract purity the notion of being, imperfectly defined by Xenophanes, and that he was the real founder of Dialektik, we

need no other proofs that Parmenides was remote enough from true, from Oriental Pantheism, though he has usually been viewed as the representative Pantheist of Greece. When his predecessor Xenophanes said that all is one, and that this unity is God, or the Divine, and when he attributed to God the spherical form, he was in some degree a Pantheist assuredly, but he was in a far more notable degree a Geometer.

Along with Geometry the Greek could not help carrying into his conceptions of the universe the idea of the *politeia*. He viewed the universe as merely a *politeia* of a larger kind than one of the Greek commonwealths. But if it was a *politeia*, it was manifestly not well governed. Could this be the fault of the Supreme Ruler? No; otherwise the evil and the suffering, which were partial, would have been general. If not his fault, it must be his misfortune—that is, his inability. Whence did the inability arise? From the nature of matter. Grant, however, that the nature of matter is radically bad, you have to take refuge in Dualism, and even then you do not escape from a mighty multitude of ethical and metaphysical perplexities. Heraclitus, in his cosmogonical scheme, was perhaps led to the rejection of an indeterminate number of principles, and to the adoption of fire as an elementary unity, not simply by the consideration that fire is so powerful, and that in the war with water it must always be victorious, but also by the belief that fire, meanwhile a purifier, must finally be a destroyer, and that through devouring flame must anguish and antagonism disappear. The Hegelians in their idolatry of *Dialektik* try to get from Heraclitus much more than this, especially Ferdinand Lassalle, who has written a large work on the Ephesian philosopher. Hegel himself said that whatever Heraclitus had uttered could be easily interwoven into his own system. Heraclitus, however, was not a German professor, and he would not have been the most melancholy of men if he could, like a German professor, have been satisfied with a lazy Optimism. As the member of a Greek *politeia*, tormented like every Greek *politeia* by chronic anarchy, Heraclitus could not imagine how the chief *politeia*, the universe, could be free from chronic anarchy, and therefore he wept bitter tears, though in joyous moments he represented, by beautiful and ingenious symbols, the world as a harmony. More a harmony would it have been to him if, instead of making the Ionic school the rival of the Eleatic school in subtleties, he had surrendered his whole individuality to the gleam and the stream of Pantheistic existence.

Pythagoras, the most interesting not merely of Greek philosophers

but perhaps of all philosophers, did what every philosopher should do when philosophy has gone astray in the chase of phantoms: he strove to fashion the ideal individual for the ideal commonwealth: exactly the same work which was attempted by his half-mythical contemporaries—Zoroaster in Persia, Buddha in India, and Confucius in China. Of these three, the true brother of Pythagoras was Sakya-muni, though the Saint of India achieved a far vaster revolution than the Sage of Samos. How fortunate for Greece, however, if Pythagoras—who had been a traveller in the East, and whose ideas, aspirations, activities were intensely Oriental—had transfused and transfigured Greece, and thus saved it from those abstractions, sophistries, ghastlinesses, which not long after the time of Pythagoras enslaved it. Unconsciously, Pythagoras was a Pantheist, and the necessary result of his teaching was Pantheistic.

When abstractions, sophistries, ghastlinesses had impoverished the thought of Greece, undermined its political strength, confused its conscience, paralysed its moral faculties—Stoicism uttered its valiant, its sublime protest. The grandeur of Stoicism was a moral grandeur; but Stoicism was moreover a Pantheistic revival. It was such exaltation and exultation of Will, that each man, as a Prometheus, merged into God as the Prometheus of Immensity. If there was here no opulence, there was prodigious force. With the absence of opulence there was likewise the absence of sympathetic action. Christianity taught a debasing doctrine—the doctrine of absolute submission—but succeeded miraculously by its miraculous sympathetic effusion. By disdaining sympathy, and by thus annihilating one of the noblest paths to the heart of the Universe, Stoicism committed its one supreme Pantheistic blunder. Neoplatonism avoided a like error. But Neoplatonism, though irresistibly attractive and stimulating, was too artificial, too ingenious, and might not unfitly or unjustly be named a Pantheistic extravaganza. Even if it had possessed more of Oriental loftiness and richness, it was much vitiated and perverted by its desperate efforts to put fresh life into dying Paganism.

There was probably a crude and indistinct Pantheism in the systems of the Gnostical sects. We are, however, hindered by the malignant misrepresentations of ecclesiastical historians from knowing what Gnosticism exactly was. Christianity in the mass was too much leavened by the Greek genius to have any Pantheistic yearnings or manifestations. Indeed, Christianity was merely a modified Greek Polytheism: it was Greek Polytheism with all the sunshine left out. It must not surprise us, then, that during the

thousand years of darkness and despair known as the Middle Ages, Johannes Scotus Erigena meets us as almost the solitary Pantheistic thinker. Whether a Scotchman or an Irishman, he was at least a native of one of the British Islands. As he was acquainted with the writings of the Neoplatonists, his half mystical, half speculative doctrine of Emanation had doubtless a Neoplatonic source, though he had sufficient originality not to be the mere echo of other philosophers. Ten centuries is it since he flourished, and Britain can scarcely boast of a second notable Pantheist.

The transformation which philosophy underwent in the sixteenth century—the overthrow of the Aristotelian despotism, the revival of science and learning—rekindled, especially in Italy, the sacred Pantheistic fire. The high priest of a poetical Pantheistic Eclecticism, Giordano Bruno, had the glory to die the martyr of his faith. Cartesianism was, in many respects, ghastlier still than the Aristotelianism which it vanquished. Out of it, however, and the Kabbala emerged the hard, cold, dogmatic, almost repulsive Pantheism of Spinoza. Swedenborgianism, both the scientific and the theological, was Pantheism, but Pantheism in a mist. The Pantheism of the modern Germans, and even of Schelling, is almost too purely speculative to deserve the name. Hostile to Pantheism though Christianity is, yet, as all Mysticism is Pantheistic, every Christian Mystic is a Pantheist, and the more from not knowing it.

Not in organic philosophical systems behold we the progress of Pantheism at present; rather we behold it in some of the deeper, the diviner tendencies of science and poetry. These tendencies are beautifully Pantheistic, though not free from the dilettanteism which is one of the age's characteristics. What is sure to distinguish the Pantheism of the future from the Pantheism of the past is passion. Monotheism, especially Mahometan Monotheism, has been heroically passionate. When Pantheism, without losing its religious and poetical attributes, grows heroically passionate, it must be more majestic, and faithful, and beneficent than even it was in ancient India. Gladdened by the vision of that holy advent—inspired by the rapture of the Immeasurable—proclaim, my Pantheistic brothers, that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

SWEDENBORG.

BY GEORGE SEXTON.

"In deep trance-slumbers, when the world, asleep,
 Lay in the arms of Night, and wept or smiled,
 His liberated soul raised from its dust.
 We led him far beyond the veils, and floods,
 And labyrinths of sleep; the clouds of death
 And all the shadowed dwellers in the world
 Were far beneath him. Through his consciousness
 Streamed the celestial sunrise.
 Cities and temples of celestial space
 Were mirrored in his mind."

T. L. HARRIS.

"SWEDENBORG; or, The Mystic"—so Emerson heads his essay on this extraordinary man. But what is a mystic? It may mean a person who suffers from an aberration of intellect, and who, under the influence of a species of insanity, writes that which no rational being can understand, and which, in truth, is meaningless to him from whose brain it springs. On the other hand, the term may be used to describe one who has a deeper insight into nature than his fellows, and whose powers so far transcend those of ordinary mortals that his whole soul lives in a region only familiar to a favoured few, and whose language is not comprehended by the mass of mankind, simply because the ideas that he endeavours to express are such as they can neither comprehend nor appreciate. Swedenborg belonged essentially to this latter class. He rides down the ages like a mighty Colossus, in the presence of whom even great men look like pigmies. Seldom indeed in the history of the world has such a man appeared; and perhaps it is better for humanity that it should be so, since the light of more than one sun in the firmament at the same time, would dazzle to excess, and perhaps injure thereby. He stood alone in his generation, and no one since has in any way approached him in point of greatness. He was an isolated specimen of humanity. One foot of his he planted in this world, and the other he rested firmly in the celestial region. Half his time he was a practical student of Nature in her most material domain, though always discovering a spirituality in her laws which other men failed to see; and the remaining half he dwelt in spirit-land, holding converse with beings, real or imaginary, which it was not given to other eyes to perceive. His notion of the two worlds was that they were curiously intermingled the one with the other, and that, consequently, it was possible to live, to some extent, in both—a doctrine which modern

Spiritualism has done much to make popular since that time. He was not only a great thinker, but a most practical man and a voluminous writer. When one looks at the numerous books that sprang from his mighty brain and ever-active pen, to say that astonishment must be the result is to use too mild a term. And when it is remembered that these are upon the most varied topics, such as Decimal Coinage, Tides, the Construction of Docks, Sluices, Algebra, Physiology, Natural Philosophy, and Mineralogy, on the one hand; and "Heaven and Hell," "The Wisdom and Love of God," "Angelic Wisdom," "The New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrine," on the other; it will be seen at once that few—very few—human beings could have been competent to the task of their production. In all his books he displayed not merely the inspiration of a genius, but the insight of a seer. He looked through the external coatings of Nature, and saw the secret springs by which she was moved. "We enjoy in Nature," says Jean Paul Richter, "not barely what we see (for were it so the woodman and the poet would feel only the same pleasure), but we enjoy that which we impute to what we see, and our feeling for Nature is in reality only what we imagine with regard to it." Swedenborg brought to Nature the mighty powers of his gigantic mind, and hence the vast knowledge of her forces which he obtained. To him there was "a soul in all things," and he held it to be his especial business not only to discover this, but to learn something of its mode of action.

Within the last few years the works of Swedenborg have acquired a wider circulation than could have been expected, considering their mystic character. This is probably due largely to the spread of Spiritualism, some of the doctrines of which are nearly akin to his own. The increased and increasing study of German philosophy, and the large circulation of the works of what are called the Mystic Poets, have also doubtless tended to the same end. The religious followers of Swedenborg are insignificant when compared with many other sects, and exercise but little influence upon the age; but the name of their master becomes every day a greater power than before. The Swedenborgians are a good enough sort of people in their way, but as a rule they are as narrow-minded and dogmatic as the Methodists, and care more for respectability than truth. Indeed, in founding a sect at all, they have completely departed from the teachings of him whose name they bear. He declared that all the churches were dead, but never dreamed of forming another. All sects, he maintained, were without any living, active principle; but still he did not think to mend the matter by adding another to a number that was already too large. He laid claim to super-

natural revelations, professed intimate acquaintance with the denizens of the other world, and advocated doctrines directly opposed to those taught in the old creeds, but never hinted at becoming the founder of a church. In truth, on the whole he had a considerable contempt for forms of worship, treating chapel-going as a very good thing in its way, but very liable to be abused if carried to excess. His ideas were those of Goethe—

"Gau, theurer freund is alle theorie
Und grün des lebens goldner baum."

Virtuous deeds were with him the all-in-all, and religious ceremonies things which, though they might be useful for a certain time, were of themselves perfectly valueless. Faith, the leading principle in other creeds, in his was very largely ignored, and its place supplied by love. The doctrine of the Trinity as held by the orthodox, and the popular theory of the Atonement, he looked upon—the former as an absurdity, and the latter as mischievous in the extreme. Jesus Christ, he taught, was the only God in heaven and earth, and the terms Father, Son, and Spirit, simply used to describe Him under different manifestations—a doctrine which looks as irrational as most of the others on the same subject. He explained the Bible by a mystical rule, and those books that did not square with his theory when the test was applied, were at once discarded as uninspired. By this means he considerably reduced the number of books in the Scriptures, and he did not hesitate to declare that many Bible heroes, looked upon as saints by other denominations, were in hell. This is a summary of his religious views; but all these dogmas he considered very unimportant when compared with the practice of virtue and the manifestation of love. His was a religion more of the heart than of the intellect.

The most important element in the teaching of Swedenborg was his doctrine regarding the future life. Man is man, he argued, to all eternity—nothing more, nothing less. Death, he held, was simply a change of place, and did not and could not involve a change of character. The notion that the world of spirits is inhabited by beings of such a nature that, possessing none of the attributes of matter, it is impossible to form any conception respecting them, and that these ethereal existences occupy their time in sitting on clouds and singing the wretched doggerel called hymns, to still more wretched music, he treated as childish nonsense. In the next world man must be man or nothing: and this must appear tolerably clear to any thinking mind. If after death I find myself shorn of some of my most prominent passions, and possessed of feelings and

dispositions totally different from those that go to make up my character here, it is clear that my identity is gone, and that I have become another individual. To Swedenborg the next state was a kind of perpetuation of this. Man is the principal object of study, because the highest of Nature's works in this world or any other, and because humanity has been made sacred by its having been dwelt in by the Lord. Swedenborg recognises no devils that had been once denizens of the celestial courts, but had fallen through sin, and were cast into hell for disobedience; nor any angels created as such for the purpose of flapping their wings and shouting through eternity the monotonous cry of Holy, holy, holy. His angels and devils are all human, men and women—but with the natural body thrown off—who have once lived upon earth like ourselves, and whose humanity has not been extinguished by death. His heavens and hells are all peopled by human beings whose virtues and vices are very much the same as ours are to-day. In the future world, as in this, they eat and drink, love and hate, labour and rest, engage in courtship and marriage. In the hells there is unbridled lust—in the heavens, the purest conjugal love; both, however, are purely human. Indeed, so much does the other world resemble this, that many at death are some time before they become convinced that they really have departed from earth, and in this point in particular do Swedenborg's doctrines resemble modern Spiritualism. This is all rational enough, so far; but there is one point in connection with it of a most objectionable character. The good are eternally becoming better, and the bad worse. To say nothing of the absurdity of dividing men into good and bad—the former destined to improve and the latter to degenerate, since the worst have some virtues, and the best some vices—it is a horrible thought that evil is to be eternal. This is the one great blot in the system of Swedenborg. "Evil," says Emerson, "according to old philosophers, is good in the making. That pure malignity can exist is the extreme proposition of unbelief." To what a painful perversion had Gothic theology arrived, that Swedenborg admitted no conversion for evil spirits! But the Divine effort is never relaxed: the carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers; and man, though in brothels or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true. Burns, with the wild humour of his apostrophe to "poor old Nickie Ben"—

"Oh! wad ye tak' a thocht and mend,"—

has the advantage of the vindictive theologian. Everything is superficial and perishes, but love and truth only. How infinitely superior is the doctrine that in the end, however far distant, all shall

be good and pure, to the monstrous dogma that throughout eternity some shall revel in crime, or endure the torments of being roasted on infernal gridirons, tortured by malignant fiends, and writhing under unbroken despair!

As a philosopher, however, Swedenborg will always be held in high estimation. He is peculiarly the property of thinkers, not shallow-brained readers of sensational trash under the guise of works of fiction, or the theological rubbish yecept sermons and religious tracts. His scientific discoveries—and they were not few—may fade into insignificance beside other and greater ones that future ages may bring to light, but his philosophy must always be interesting to the student of Nature. Emerson truly says of him: “A colossal soul, he lies abroad on his times, uncomprehended by them, and requires a long focal distance to be seen; suggests as Aristotle, Bacon, Selden, Humboldt, that a certain vastness of learning, a *quasi* omnipresence of the human soul in nature is possible. His superb speculation, as from a tower over Nature and arts, without ever losing sight of the texture and sequence of things, almost realises his own picture in the ‘Principia’ of the original integrity of man. Over and above the merit of his particular discourse is the capital merit of his self-equality. A drop of water has the properties of the sea, but cannot exhibit a storm. There is beauty of a concert as well as of a flute; strength of a host as well as of a hero: and in Swedenborg those who are best acquainted with modern books will most admire the merit of mass. One of the missouriums and mastodons of literature, he is not to be measured by whole colleges of ordinary scholars. His stalwart presence would flutter the gowns of a university.” The reason for this is that he studied Nature as a whole, and not in fragmentary or disjointed portions. Every part bore a definite relation to every other part, and especially to man. Even his supernatural revelations, his communings with spirits, taught him the perfection of humanity. God is only known through His Divine humanity. His whole philosophy might be summed up in Pope’s famous line—

“The proper study of mankind is Man.”

The universe, with its ten thousand phenomena and the multiplicity of its forces, had to Swedenborg a deep, hidden meaning, resulting from the unity that pervaded it and connected all its parts with each other. It was what was said of the French Republic—“one and indivisible.” No portion could be studied separately in piecemeal; it must be looked at as a whole. But what a mighty

mind it required to accomplish this! Yet this man was equal to the occasion. All the tendency of modern science is in the direction in which Swedenborg's philosophy pointed, and every new discovery made to-day tends to show more clearly how gigantic a mind he had.

It is still the fashion amongst orthodox religionists to declare that Swedenborg was a kind of lunatic. He had some genius, they admit, but was a little crazed in his religious notions. He was a very good man in his way, but wandered in the regions of mysticism till he lost himself, and never could find his way back to common sense. Yet there never was a more practical mind than his. He devoted himself to the various branches of science with a result seldom equalled. Physiology, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Mechanics, Astronomy, and Mathematics were as familiar to him as "household words." He could speak a dozen languages, and, seemingly, no topic lay outside the domain of his knowledge. There is scarcely a trade or an art that he did not know as well as its professors, and his erudition was something almost superhuman. Simple in his habits, unostentatious in his character, he was a perfect model of a true gentleman. He would delight in playing with a child and listening to its innocent prattle, and half an hour afterwards he would be found sounding the depths of immensity. Those who call him madman know little of his works, and less of his character. Their stock of knowledge would be greatly improved had they but a hundredth part of that possessed by him on any one given subject. Whatever may have been the source of his intellectual power, it was indisputably of a most extraordinary character.

TRUE UNIVERSALISM.

"And oh, the foolishness thou countest faith!"—BROWNING.

THE true Universalist is the absolute catholic of religion and philosophy. He embraces all truth, without reservation. He believes in a Life beyond visible life, without which nothing can occur. Universalism, even in its very lowest phase, identified with a sect, is something towards a new theology; and the Universalism which, including *that*, includes Humanity and Divinity, is the greatest philosophy of being. The Universalist is optimist in the conviction of Providence everywhere; and, *because* of Providence, nothing without a divine purpose and direction. This reverential attitude could not exist without entire faith in the system of Nature. The Universalist, therefore, believes in Nature, and studies her. But the

idolatry of Nature is just as absurd as that of a Book or a Church. We are indebted to Science for important discoveries; but the science of the present day is not that of to-morrow.

"I hear the roll of the ages,"

exclaims Tennyson, half exultingly, half in profound humility. Science that is not reverential is imperfect. Religion that is not free is *false*. The Universalist accepts truth in a spirit free from sectarianism. The Religionist and the Unbeliever, with Bibliolatry and Infidelism, are continually at work for demolition. You will not convince Religionists that they are destructive; yet, if there is anything evident at all, it is the fact that the conservative element in Religion destroys itself. This is also true in politics. Without the infusion of Liberalism, the party of non-progression would inevitably become a nonentity. Does it ever strike the sceptic that without affirmation to attack he could say nothing?

Mr. Browning wisely says :

"Unless what whispers me of times to come?
 What if it be the mission of that age
 My death will usher into life, to shake
 This torpor of assurance from our creed,
 Re-introduce the doubt discarded, bring
 The formidable danger back we drove
 Long ago to the distance and the dark?
 As we broke up that old faith of the world,
 Have we, next age, to break up this, the new,
Faith in the thing grown faith in the report?"

In that last line, what suggestion! The fact is, faith is dead. We are all included in unbelief. We adore a book, a record, or a church, or a science, or logic, or some vain shadow of sense. There is no central life in our thought. God, the Inspirer, is not an essential verity to our souls. A few men of genius there may be, as there always are, who have prophetic gleams of inspiration. Yet they veil their faces from the multitude. They allude to the "Higher Pantheism" in a way that makes us suspect their moral heroism. Why, surely the "Higher Pantheism" is contained in all grand religions, and in none more grandly than the religion which predicates that in God "we live, and move, and have our being!" Universalism has no hesitation in accepting God as ALL IN ALL. Vainly will nominal believers argue with Negationists (for they will reason in a circle) while they accept only a partial Providence—Providence *not* omnipresent, and a dead God still in the tomb. The universal Church to come will embrace the life and soul indeed whereof the creeds contain but the worthless husks.

These husks of religion are for the externalists of faith. The Bible is a treasury of faith, and invaluable to the thinker who at the same time repudiates all its erroneous statements. Nothing is more certain than that God deceives us in nature and science, in order to elicit all the powers of the intellect. Why not, then, in revelation? Religionists conceive such an idea to be nothing less than blasphemy. Yet the Lord sent "strong delusions of old," and theologians of the vulgar stamp regard passages of that import with despair. They, in fact, have nothing to answer to the sneers of the sceptic; for they have not the courage to believe their own Book (a grandly liberal book); they only believe in tradition, and in the ignorant utterances of priests and slaves. The consequence is, as Emerson has pointed out, that "life is ahead of theology." Life is ahead of the superstition, the terror, and the darkness of barbarous periods, wherein the Church dictated its dogmas to an abject world. There must be a new Church; Humanity, the beloved Son, representing the Divine Father, who judgeth no man. Mercy will at last dawn on the human mind as the strongest power of the universe. Until theology can represent God as absolute goodness, theology will fail, and unbelief, with a false humanity, will triumph. Universalism is the next stage of religious progress.

B. T. W. R.

LOSING ONE'S LIFE AND FINDING IT.

AN ADDRESS LATELY DELIVERED IN INTRODUCING THE REV. C. VOYSEY
TO AN ASSEMBLY OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANS.

By JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."—JESUS.

TAKE Jesus as the representative of fidelity to duty and of loyalty to conscience, and it seems literally true that he who goes bravely and cheerfully on, losing his life rather than flinch and play the traitor's or coward's part, shall find that life again in a far higher sense.

But the saying is true of many things besides the loss of the body's life. That, in many cases, would be a poor thing to the loss of life that is really endured. Do you think that it is nothing to leave friends, and kindred, and Church, and an old faith that a good mother loved or a dear father was satisfied with? Did it not sound to some of us like the death-summons when the voice came: "Get you out of your father's house, and go to a land that I will show

you"? For a moment it seemed as though all was lost. The old foundations were shaken; the old landmarks were removed; the old lights were put out; the old voices were hushed. It was impossible that we could continue to believe in the old, but we, as yet, could not see our way to the new; and it may be that we cried in the bitterness of our souls to God, while we half doubted whether there were so much as a God at all to hear us. That is the crisis in a man's life which I am thinking of now. That is the loss of life I speak of—when God and the soul, and the beautiful dream of heaven, and the grand confidence in the mighty Lord and Leader that inspired the soul, all disappear, and fade away the more for every step we move on at duty's call. What is a man to do at such a time? Is he to take his misery as a token that he is wrong? Is he to fancy his doubts are sinful because his heart is sad? Is he to shrink back into the old haven because he finds the sea is stormy and the winds are high? Is he to consider what is safe rather than what is right, and to secure his happiness even before he does his duty? In such an hour, happy is he who listens to the voice of the eternal Right. "He that is willing to lose his life for my sake shall find it." Happy is he who faces all the path that has opened before him; who goes forth, staff in hand, even though it be alone, asking only for the dear hand of Truth to be his guide and comforter.

Do you know what will happen to such a one? This will happen to him. Willing to lose his life for God's sake, for Duty's sake, for Truth's sake, and for Conscience's sake, he shall find that life; he shall find it just when he thought to lose it; nay, in the very experience in which he thought to lose it.

Let me, for a few moments, point out how that will be. He will find his life in a larger, happier, brighter faith. We who are denounced as "heretics" only long to make this plain to men. We show men that the Bible is not a perfect and infallible guide—that it cannot be such a guide—that it ought not to be. We show them that it contradicts itself—that many of its descriptions of God are descriptions which, thank God! we have got beyond. We show them that God is our God as well as the God of our fathers, and that we have no final and infallible guide outside of ourselves, and apart from Him. Then men are terrified and pained. They tell us we are destroying the foundations—that we are robbing them of their hope, cheating them of immortality, and blotting out God. We only ask them to be patient and to be brave. We say, Wait and see; be willing to face the truth, whatever it may be. Truth can never be your enemy, it can never hurt you, it must be your friend; face it

all; go with it all the way. It may seem to lead you into the desert and into the darkness; it may seem to take all life out of your soul and all light out of your path; but be of good courage. For a Book that belongs to the past, you will find a God who is the Lord of the present; for confusion and contradiction, you will find the abiding light and love of your Father.

Some of us have trusted the promise, and we have found it true. We have found that when we lost our feverish anxiety to be happy and only cared to be true, we found both truth and happiness too; that when we gave up reliance upon an infallible Book and came for ourselves to a living and loving God, our faith broadened and brightened; that when we looked into our gracious Father's face for ourselves, hopes dawned, and confidence grew, of which we knew next to nothing before. And now we can bear to acknowledge all the truth. Does the Bible contradict itself? It does not distress us. We are prepared to find that records written by different hands in different ages do not agree. Do men prove the existence, here of a scientific error, and there of a moral blemish—here that an explanation of a fact is incorrect, and there that a picture of God is degraded? It does not shake our faith. We are leaning not on the letters of a Book, but on the loving hand of our God; we are not counting passages, we are looking up into our Father's face.

Then, as it is with our faith, so is it with the Church. He that is prepared to lose his life shall find it. The faith that we thought we should lose, we shall find, I have said, with brighter radiance, and deeper foundations, and broader views; and in like manner, the Church we thought we should lose, we shall find with more comprehensive fellowships and deeper sympathies. "How can I give up my faith?" men say—"how can I leave the Church of my fathers? It is like tearing myself away from the living fibres of my soul, and trailing on the ground, a wretched castaway." Frightened at the prospect, go back if you will; but you do it at your peril. You will think to save your life, but you will really lose it. Your faith, which you dare not question, will kill itself; and your Church, which you selfishly dare not leave, will become your prison; for he that findeth or seeketh to preserve his life shall, in that very act of cowardly selfishness, lose it. But if you go forth when Truth leads the way—if you are willing to stand alone, and to lose your life of fellowship and sympathy, you shall find it; for you shall find your charity expand, your heart warm, and your sympathies run out where they never went before. Heaven itself will seem to grow larger to your thankful eyes, and you will delight to find friends and fellow-pilgrims in all who seek to know and

do the great Father's will. For the Church of an ecclesiasticism you will have the Church of humanity; and for the sect which gave you a selfish shelter and the happiness of the elect, you will have a brotherhood that will unite you to true sons of God wherever they are found. This is the Church we need now. I will not say, May God give it to you! I say, Make it, build it, beautify it, broaden it, tenant it for yourselves. Go forth when the truth leads you out. Ask not for happiness, but for faithfulness, and you who would lose your life shall find it.

So, finally, with the soul itself, of which it is profoundly true that selfish concern to save it may really lose it. For there is a loss of the soul that comes with miserable anxiety to save it, and there is a salvation of the soul which comes with the sublime daring that is content if need be to lose it. O my brothers! there is something shocking and depressing in this eager solicitude to save the soul. What is really at the bottom of it? Alas! often nothing but fear of pain and love of pleasure. A man had better almost forget his soul altogether and simply go straight on, doing his duty and following the truth, trusting to God and the future for the salvation of his soul. Men say, "You must believe this, or you will be lost:" or, "If you believe that, you will not be saved." What is our first business, then; to find the truth or to be safe? Again the answer comes: He that is willing to lose his life for my sake and for the truth's sake, shall find it. He shall find it in that heart-culture, in that development of all the noblest faculties of the soul which are the soul's genuine salvation—a salvation from degradation, and darkness, and cowardice, and selfishness, which is a far grander salvation and a far truer finding of life than escape from the mere pain of the coward's Hell.

Come, then, friend and brother, and tell us *all* you see. We can bear to listen and to look. Our faith rests not on Church, or Priest, or Book: our faith is hid for ever in the inexhaustible mercy of our Father—God. When creeds depart and confessions fade, *His* gracious hand will lead us, *His* living voice will instruct us, and *His* undying love will be our "exceeding great reward."

THE TWO VISIONS.

AN ALLEGORY.—BY EDITH HERAUD.

It came to me in the still twilight—the knowledge of a great truth. I lay upon a green bank, surrounded by the luxuries of vegetation. The prospect varied on all sides, presenting as many separate pictures as there were directions in which the eye might roam. The breezes came softly tempered through the neighbouring valleys, laden with delicious Arabic perfumes. The leaves kept up a perpetual ripple in the stillness, beating time to their own melody. The birds warbled forth their symphonies in a sort of ecstatic chorus; and afar off, borne along on the breath of the soul-soothing atmosphere, came the sound of many rills and gushing waters. But these things awakened no echo in my bosom—I acknowledged not their influence; for sorrow was in my heart, and bitterness was at my spirit. I had inherited the many ills that flesh is heir to without the genialities by which such ills are compensated. My life had been a series of disastrous complications, combining to make me the wretchedest of men. My glass had run along the sands of time, leaving me a crushed, disappointed, solitary man. I had aimed at the world's laurels, and had failed to grasp them; my ambition had been thwarted; and as I lay on the green sward, surrounded by the glories of a deepening twilight, my soul responded not to the wooing concord by which all nature was pervaded. The darkness within obscured the light that radiated without, and that which was ugly in my own soul cast the reflex of its image on the external things around me.

And as I lay on a verdant bank, venting my soul's bitterness in futile lamentations, I became conscious of a subtle influence that manifested itself within and without me—a mystic something, vague and incomprehensible, but, strange anomaly! positive and actual. And films gathered about my eyelids that I could not see, and my tongue clove to my mouth that I could not speak. And when, at last, my tongue was released, and the films fell from my lids, I looked up, and lo! there stood one beside me in the likeness of something human, yet not human, with a shining countenance that had an earthly aspect, but was not of earth, saying, "Thou art dissatisfied with thy lot—thou murmurest at the decrees of Providence. I will open on thine ignorance the floodgates of knowledge—thy darkness shall be enlightened. Behold, and grow wiser!"

Scarcely were these words uttered when a dense cloud appeared along the horizon, and the whole face of nature was miraculously changed, so that I could not recognise the objects which erewhile had been familiar to my sight; and a mist arose from the earth, and fell on the surrounding valleys, obscuring the hill-tops, and enveloping all things in impenetrable gloom. And as I strained my eyes to pierce the darkness, behold! the mist dispersed, and a strange and novel prospect lay before me. And lo! it was a garden thickly studded with worldly honours, riches, and achievements: everything that wealth could purchase, the heart covet, or ambition grasp at, was garnered there; and these things danced and glittered in the sunlight, assuming different aspects, appearing in each succeeding phase more attractive than the former, inviting men and women to come and have them for the winning. And outside the entrance to the garden was a man stricken with palsy, who lay at the gate, soliciting all who entered there to have compassion on his infirmity. And proceeding from the spot where the man lay was a sound as of the rippling of water, small and unobtrusive, but persistent and invariable, that had neither beginning nor ending, but was perpetual through all time.

And I looked, and perceived there was one entered into the garden, whose face was turned aside, so that I could not scan his features; and he heeded not the cry of the palsied man or the sound as of rippling water, but passed quickly in at the gate, in earnest pursuit of the treasures the place contained. And the man was successful in his efforts, earning all for which he toiled, achieving riches, honours, human flatteries, till he danced and laughed aloud in the intoxication of his exceeding happiness. And when he was in the full enjoyment of these golden toys, and thought he had them firmly in his grasp, they slipped from his hold and vanished from his sight, and in their stead the ghosts of these departed glories came to him, which, upon a closer inspection, proved to be demons, vicious and preposterous, who caracolled and sported, applying all sorts of tortures, mental and physical, to their victim (the man of worldly honours), till he writhed, and groaned, and shrieked for mercy, piteously imploring a few hours' respite from the torment that knew no end. But the ghosts were envious and implacable, and they ceased not one second of time to ply the world-man with their horrors. And there was no prospect of a period of final release from these agonies, as the power possessed by the demons was imperishable and perpetual. And as I gazed and speculated on the strange scene enacting in my presence, the man turned his face towards me, and lo! it was myself.

Then for the second time arose the mists from the earth, and wrapped the face of nature in impenetrable gloom. And beside me still stood the shape with the shining countenance, which was beamingly turned towards me. And the same voice that had before addressed me pronounced these words:—"And this lot which thou covetedst thou hast escaped. See, and behold again!"

And I looked, and the mist dispersed, and before me was a huge wilderness, thickly studded with cities, towns, and the various abodes of frail, erring humanity. And there were highways and byeways, and tortuous windings, and men and women chafed, and fretted, and toiled to no purpose, inheriting heartaches and bodily infirmities, till they sank beneath the weight of their unyielding burdens. And there were crimes and disasters, sickness and death, war and famine, and horrors too numerous to be reckoned to a total. And afar off, at the further end of the wilderness, was a tree of balsamic virtue, whose touch was a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. And it stood proudly erect in its isolation, approachable only by paths strewn with difficulties, whose name was legion. And distinctly audible above the din of the cities and the groans of toiling humanity was the sound as of rippling water, that fluttered softly through the wilderness, and reached its point of culmination near the vicinity of the balsamic tree. And I saw one walking in the wilderness, whose body was bent double with the burdens, and disappointments, and vexations of the flesh. He had known toil and suffering, mortification, and unsatisfied yearnings; and in his heart the harvest-seed of hope had gangrened to despair. He had been the sport of fortune and the prey of adverse fate, till, crushed in spirit and weary of disaster, he had turned aside from the busy throng, and was now toiling in the direction of the balsamic tree. And as he fared onward his foot struck against something that lay before him in the pathway. And he stooped down, and lo! it was a man, maimed and crippled with service, who, in a grovelling attitude, was vainly endeavouring to drag himself into proximity with the precious balsam. And the wayfarer's soul was filled with compassion; his heart had been chastened by its ordeal of suffering, and received into it a huge influx of sympathy with the ills of his brethren, so he hesitated not, but knelt down, and received the man, a strange, unwieldy burden, on his shoulders, and with this superadded encumbrance proceeded on his way. And the man was overweighted with his burden, and, as he proceeded, seemed ready to sink beneath its pressure, but he would not relinquish his charge or be chary of his service in the cause of his fellow; so he retained his load, thereby imperilling the

successful attainment of his own object in his journey. And when, after a sore travail, he came in sight of the balsam, his strength failed him, and he was about to succumb and sink by the way. But lo! as the man's limbs refused to carry him further, the tree spread forth its branches, which expanded themselves till they rested on him, and his burden fell off and expired beside him, and all his other burdens and ailments with it, so that he became a free man, unshackled with evil. And the ghosts of all his past travails and heartaches came to him, and they were angels; and they gathered around him, and placed on his head a crown of glory, and bore him on their wings towards the sound as of rippling water, that grew louder and louder as he approached nearer and nearer, until it assumed a visible semblance, and appeared a huge cataract of living water that filled the whole of space, leaving no vacuum. And there was on the man's face an expression of beatitude that told of bliss perfect and unutterable; for he had arrived at his soul's sabbatism, and his rest and felicity knew no end. And there was a sound of harps and of timbrels, and of voices singing in chorus, and a vibration of the spheres, as though the joy of the angels had set them in motion. And a chill seized me, and I started up and gazed around me. But the crowned man, and the wilderness, and the angels had departed, and in their stead were the mountains, and valleys, and well-known prospect. And the truth flashed upon me; I wiped the films from my eyelids, and became conscious that I had fallen asleep on the green sward, and dreamed the dream. But the knowledge had come to me, and I returned home wiser for the lesson inculcated by the vision.

IN PRISON.

A DRAMATIC POEM.—BY VICTOR DOUGLAS.

Scene—A Prison in France. JULIAN ST. AUBYN discovered.

JUL. Here must I wait the end. So innocent
 Of the foul crime! Eternity is near!
 The world is very full of evil. Life,
 Surrounded by the noxious things of Death,
 Must ever be a doubtful gift to man.
 It may be all a dream: I hope to wake
 To infinite realities. God knows.—
 My father was a gallant cavalier,
 And died in battle, fighting for a king
 Scarce worth his loyalty; and I, a babe,

Was saved to perish, after sixty years,
 By hangman's hands! The executioner
 Is almost ready for the horrid act.
 Now, I believe 'tis Atheism cuts
 The thread of life; for if Divinity
 Creates existence, life is aye divine.
 But then God kills us!—Immortality
 Is the sole answer to the problem. Oh
 That we could pierce the veil!

(Enter a GAOLER.)

GAOLER. Your food and drink.

JUL. I thank you, gaoler.

GAOLER. But you do not eat.

JUL. *Must* I? 'Tis well.

GAOLER. I hope you'll sleep. Good night.

JUL. Good night. You think of God?

GAOLER. A Catholic

Should have assurance. (Exit GAOLER.)

JUL. Has he? Or have I?
 Has *any* man assurance? And if God
 Is merciful—as most religions say—
 And if Christ died for us on Calvary,
 How can *one* soul be lost? I pity all
 Who do not love and worship purity
 As a religion: but I doubt, alas!
 The universe is full of awful sights,
 Great monsters of the deep—*s* horrible—
 And cruel devils, in the human form,
 Prey on the helpless victims! Infinite
 The glory of the stars, and by the light
 Of our new science, revelations vast
 O'erwhelm and stun the intellect. To feel
 We are but atoms, and the earth itself
 A grain of sand! Why, insects as we are,
 How can we think an everlasting arm
 Sustains us, and will take us unto rest?
 I like to study, and to dream again!
 I would not have created life at all
 Unless by cycles, held within my hand,
 It could become eternally divine!
 There is the great reply! Ideal faith,
 Resting in the Perfection visible
 To faith alone, is tranquil. Agony
 May wring the exclamation from our lip,
 "My God! my God!" but indestructible
 Is the conviction—He is wise and kind,

Ever to unthankfulness! Is misery
 In rags, and crawling ignorance, and crime,
 Shut out from hope eternal? I believe
 This mortal too is creeping up to life
 Beyond attainment save by bitter woe.
 Dying, the man is man! Alack, alack!
 Why do I stand as in a film, amazed
 That I am smitten thus? I do not see
 The loving help I want to feel.

(*Re-enter GAOLER.*)

GAOLER. My friend,
 A priest is here to see you.

JUL. Nay, no priests!
 I was brought up a Protestant. I know
 The priests's—good men and true—oh, very true!
 Most priests are ignorant and puerile!
 I would not pain them, gaoler, so depart.
 I am alone with God, and unto Him
 Address myself. Adieu, and many thanks!

(*Exit GAOLER.*)

God, hear me, then! The universal Life
 Pervades my being; I in Thee exist.
 Thou art, O God, within my consciousness.
 No proof but that! A priestly verity
 Is false without the inner law beyond
 The vision of the Churches. Verity
 Is in itself a Church and priest, enrobed
 With anthems of the heart and spirit—yea,
 Music that *must* be of celestial *choirs*;
 It bears me up again. I will be true
 To the great instincts of my being now.
 To leave my wife and children, and to die
 In ignominy, unto *me*, is hard.
 Well, so it *seems*. But I am purified
 By this same trial of the flesh, and see
 More clearly *why* we suffer. It is good
 To taste the bitterness, and, standing up,
 To drink with manly courage to the last
 Whatever is appointed—that is faith;
 That is conviction. So I only smile.
 And *they* will suffer—and, it may be, starve.
 Hard to sustain the thought! A murderer
 In the world's eyes—and innocent! I want
 A little help, ye angels! Atheists now
 Would simply, with a curse, exclaim, "Go to;

There is no God!"* I soar above
 That phantom of a lifeless universe,
 And say the dark injustice and the pain
 Prove a great sun; as every star above,
 Sailing through solemn and majestic space,
 Demonstrates the eternity of light.
 Without the darkness could we see a star?
 Enough of light to see—enough whereon
 To poise our souls a little while, and then
 No more the night; and so I die content.

(Enter GAOLER.)

Friend, brother, is it time?

GAOLER. I've news—prepare.
 Be quiet! No—it is not death!

JUL. Good man,
 You tremble. What! the torture?

GAOLER. Nay!
 Be quiet, sir, I tell you!

JUL. Do I shake?

What means this tremor?

GAOLER. Sir, your life is saved.
 JUL. Imprisonment till death?

GAOLER. No, no! Good sir,
 I must congratulate! A wretched rogue
 On his deathbed confesses to a priest
 He was the guilty creature.

JUL. Lord of Life!

Your hand, my gaoler!

GAOLER. You are free again—

JUL. Without a spot!

GAOLER. So take your liberty.

JUL. Without a spot! Unutterable joy!

Why, I am young again! I live above
 Those miserable mists and clouds! To feel
 That I can walk among my fellow-men,
 Not proudly, nor elate, but honestly,
 And with a joyful faith!

GAOLER. I always thought
 You *must* be innocent.

JUL. God bless you, man!

You thought it—you had faith!

GAOLER. I had, for once!

JUL. Why, there, there, there—

* George Sand mentions the fact of an innocent man, on his way to execution, exclaiming, "Alas! then, there is no God." The *natural* man is weak.

God gave you faith in me, and I had some
 In God, or I had died of utter shame:
 Have charity, and faith is sure to grow.
 Thou, Providence—beyond our feeble ken—
 I bless Thee even for the evil hour!
 The strength was Thine. Infirmity denies
 The coming daybreak: but it ever comes—
 'Tis always coming—even to the worst.

(Scene closes.)

THE BROAD CHURCH.

IN Religion—so far as it is an outward visible sign, or act of believers, constituting a Church—there are two distinct principles: submission to authority; and individual liberty, or right of private judgment. The Catholic is the consistent representative of the former; the Protestant ought to be the exponent of the latter. The Protestant is a Freethinker to the extent of denying the infallibility of the Catholic Church and the supremacy of the Pope; claiming the right of private judgment to dissent from Rome and set up a religion for himself. But unhappily all Protestant sects are amenable to the irrefutable charge, that, while spurning the Catholic rule of faith, they are continually arrogating *infallibility and authority* to themselves. Guizot (*Hist. of Civilisation*) thus sums up the reproaches of Catholics to the Reformers: “1. The multiplicity of sects, the boundless licence of the understanding, the destruction of all spiritual authority, and the dissolution of the religious society as a whole. 2. Tyranny and persecution. ‘You provoke licence,’ said they to the Reformers; ‘you produce it; and when it appears, you wish to restrain and repress it. And how do you repress it? By the harshest and most violent measures. You also persecute heresy, and by virtue of an illegitimate authority.’” The statement that “the reformed party were greatly embarrassed at these accusations” is quite as true now as three hundred years ago.

Experience shows there must be some limit to individual liberty and right of private judgment in Religion and Politics. Dissent carried to the utmost verge of each human will, necessarily leads to anarchy and atheism; to a dissolution of all government, spiritual and temporal; to a bear-garden, in which there could be neither Church nor State. If no man would agree to surrender a portion of his personal liberty, Society could not exist. If every man—to say nothing of every *woman and child*—carried into practice his abstract

right to dissent in spiritual matters, *in toto*, from his fellow countrymen, the Altar would be overthrown as well as the Throne. King James I. was quite right when he said, "I see what you would have—no bishop, no king." Destroy all spiritual authority, and civil authority will soon follow. No two persons would worship together. There would be a political and religious Babel. If the principle of legitimate authority in spiritual matters be not admitted to reside *somewhere*, Society and religious communion could not cohere for a single day. Every human being loves liberty of thought and action. The problem to be solved in practice is: How far can this individual liberty be gratified, without degenerating into licence and oppression? If each person is to do what seems right in his own eyes, individual liberty is at an end. As for the *theory* that every man can and ought to think for himself in religion, it completely breaks down in *practice*. The vast majority of mankind, being ignorant, and not having capacity or time to discover truth for themselves, must and do actually depend on the labours of the more intelligent and learned.

It is, then, difficult to see what advantages Protestants have gained over Catholics which are not overbalanced by disadvantages; since in withdrawing from communion with their fellow Christians, and repudiating the authority of the Roman Pontiff, they certainly have not abandoned the Catholic rule enjoining submission of judgment to infallible authority. Protestants say: "We scout the idea that any erring mortal can be infallible. We go direct to the Bible for our religion." But without the Catholic Church, Protestants never would have had a Bible. To that Church they must have recourse, to know whether the Bible is genuine and what books are Canonical; for Hooker proves; and Chillingworth, and all intelligent Protestants allow, that the Bible cannot bear testimony to itself. The vaunted assertion, "The Bible alone the Religion of Protestants," is utterly, transparently, foolishly false in fact. That principle could not be acted on, without immediately doing away with all clergymen, religious teachers, lay and clerical, Scripture readers, literates and illiterates, Sunday schools, training colleges, and all Protestant machinery for explaining the Scriptures by means of tongue, pen, and type. If the precept were carried into practice, the Bible must be delivered into every man's hands without note or comment, and read without explanation of any kind—oral, written, or printed. Not only must preaching cease, but no father could impress his own views of Scripture upon his children. The Bible would become a dead letter, where it was not (as it now often is) actively mischievous—a stumbling-block and rock of offence.

Each Protestant sect has its appointed teachers. Each thinks itself infallible, and all the rest utterly wrong. Each, by the very fact of its refusing to join in communion with the rest, virtually claims the doctrine of *exclusive salvation*, which they all join in vituperating, when put forth by the unanimous Catholic Church, as Popish intolerance! Each sect claims to be the only true exponent of the Bible; but all agree that, under all circumstances, the Bible must be explained to the people. Priests, preachers, spiritual teachers of some kind, there must be, and *are*. In all sects, these teachers speak with a certain degree of authority, and exact deference, respect, and acquiescence with their expositions of Scripture. In all sects there is some kind of excommunication for those stubborn people who are so wicked as to be consistent, and adhere to the Protestant principle of individual liberty of private judgment, and set their own opinions against those of the *Reverend Mr. So-and-So*. By-the-way, how do the preachers of the various Protestant sects get the title of *Reverend*? They can show no legal claim to it. Yet they one and all imitate the style and title of clergy of the Established Church, who on their part copy from the priests of that religion whose doctrines they declare are "damnable and heretical." Thus all Protestant sects cast to the winds their own professions of individual liberty, right of private judgment, "The Bible alone the Religion of Protestants," and virtually adopt, in dealing with their own disciples, the Catholic rule of infallibility and authority; and this, observe, while dissenting from that Church, without its experience, its time-honoured *prestige*, its claims to be the only true holy Catholic Apostolic Church! If it be wrong in this venerable Church (with its visible head, the Pope, acknowledged by one hundred and twenty millions of the faithful scattered throughout the world) to arrogate infallibility and authority, what are we to think of such claims virtually exercised by every petty Protestant sect of yesterday, bound by its dissent from Rome to reject them?

Greater toleration of opinions, and individual liberty exist in the Church of England, than in any other Church. Still, prosecution for heresy proves that we believe the infallibility which we deny to Rome, resides *somewhere* in England—practically in the Crown lawyers who interpret the meaning of the Thirty-nine Articles, which may be called the written constitution of the Church. That constitution is severely strained at present, through the clerical struggles for freedom by the three great parties into which the Establishment is divided. High Church and Broad Church respectively fret under the restrictions placed on them by State connection. The Broad Church

wants greater liberty of thought and utterance in the pulpit. The High Church demands the right to develop the Catholic ritual and worship. The clergy of the Low Church think they have a right to fraternise with Dissenters and to preach in their chapels, which is, according to the Ritualists, aiding and abetting schism! Will these internal divisions break up the State Church? or can the Establishment be made sufficiently broad to accommodate the extreme representatives of High, Low, and Broad Church?

Ritualists repudiate the title of *Protestants*, and assume that of Anglican Catholics. But though very near Catholics, both in theology and worship, there is still a wide gulf between the Anglican and Roman Catholic. The one is *real*, the other *mock* turtle! The name of Catholic cannot be granted, in the sense understood by the great Church of Christendom, to anyone not in communion with the Roman Church, and who does not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. The English Church Union forms a large and influential body of clergy and laity, who are desirous to see the Anglican Church resume her pristine splendour and power, as in the old Catholic times of our forefathers. Their views of ritual, doctrine, and Church government appear exactly similar to those of the Catholic Church. They complain that the Church is not free to govern herself; that Parliament has *usurped* the privileges of Convocation; that the spiritual is inferior to the temporal power. All most true, and the natural result of State connection. When the Church of the Reformation condescended to become the Church by law established; when she gave up the Papal supremacy, and accepted instead, the temporal headship of the Sovereign—she surrendered her liberty, and became, to a very great extent, the servant of the State. The “muzzled slaves of the Establishment” may have made a bad bargain; but clearly there are two parties to every compact, and one cannot release himself at his own will and pleasure. If the State fulfils her engagement of protection and support, the clergy of the State Church are bound, in law and equity, to fulfil their obligations.

The State gives her clergy comfortable rectories and vicarages to live in, and churches to preach in. It takes about eleven millions per annum from English taxpayers to pay 20,000 clergymen. It stimulates their worldly ambition by archbishoprics, bishoprics, deanships, and other ecclesiastical prizes. It gives her bishops the title of Lord, palaces, salaries, and seats in Parliament, with the privilege of voting on *secular*, and even on *military* affairs. The State gives every clergyman a local status, and makes him a legal official. In return for all these provisions, the State expects to find loyal servants in her clergy.

They ought to be obedient to the State. If the clergy think obedience to the State incompatible with their duty to the Church, they can make their choice, either to serve God or Mammon. But they cannot consistently continue to eat the bread of the State, to avail themselves of all the secular privileges which they now enjoy, and either openly disobey, or disingenuously evade, the law. Ritualists think it quite right that Mr. Voysey should be expelled from the Church, but quite wrong that the Privy Council should have given adverse decisions in *Martin v. Mackonochie*, and *Hebbert v. Purchas*. If those decisions had been agreeable to their views, they would have submitted; but as they are not, they will not obey the law, or their bishop. They tell the Bishop of London that they must obey Christ before they obey Cæsar. But the soldier who takes Cæsar's pay must obey Cæsar. They disobey the Civil Court because the bishop himself disobeyed it, in condemning "Essays and Reviews," contrary to the decision of the Privy Council. Without doubt, the bishops did set the example of disobedience to the Civil power, which they were sworn to obey, here, and in the case of Dr. Coleenso. This is the mistake which Church dignitaries always make, that they are to be above the law; that they are to use the law as an engine to crush or silence their theological opponents; that State connection is to give them endowment, secular protection, and impunity, but not in the least to curtail their Protestant Papal self-asserted and self-derived right to be infallible and despotic in their authority over their fellow clergymen!

The High Church copies the Episcopal example, and virtually says it will obey the Law just so long as it protects them, and as they can wield it to oppress their theological opponents, but no longer. It is not the least advantage of State connection that the three great parties in the Church are forced to tolerate one another, and present some faint appearance of Christian charity. In this respect, the State does for High, Low, and Broad Church what it does for the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland. If Ireland were free to govern herself to-morrow, Orangemen and Ribbonmen would fly at each other's throats like Kilkenny cats. And if all connection with the State were dissolved, the immediate result would be the splitting up of the Church of England into three divisions—High, Low, and Broad. Afterwards, still more subdivisions would take place; and disintegration would go on at such a rapid rate, that in all probability there would be a very general movement towards Rome, in order to check the progress of Dissent, and to obtain some strong spiritual authority under which to rally and reunite. It would be more consistent in the Ritualists

(who are Romanists at heart) to go over at once in a body to Rome; or to give up their livings, and free their section of the Anglican Church from all dependence on, and obligation to the State. The English Church Union thinks "it is not the duty nor interest of the Church to hasten the time of disestablishment." It would be illiberal and ungenerous to say that the clergy will cling to their livings and other State privileges, just as long as they can. Still, married men and fathers of families are naturally influenced by personal and interested motives. Mr. Voysey has observed: "If the Thirty-nine Articles are not soon decently buried, the Church must be disestablished. It must be reformed, or die. It will be astonishing how much dogma the clergy will give up when they see there is no alternative but disestablishment—*i.e.*, their social transfer from a higher to a lower level. Officially, they will then be on a level with every other sect in the kingdom. To preserve their social priority, vast sacrifices of what they drolly call the 'Truth,' and 'Essentials of Christianity,' will be inevitably, though reluctantly, made."

The cause of rational religious liberty is greatly served by legislative restrictions which prevent a powerful lay and clerical faction from summarily expelling any member of their body. Otherwise, the Church of England would resemble every other sect in this respect, that there would be no efficient check on the intolerant, domineering, bigoted, despotic spirit of the majority. Every member publishing views considered heterodox by the majority would be liable to summary expulsion. Under this system, the right of private judgment, freedom of opinion or action, can have no real existence. The Church would possess all the privileges of endowment guaranteed by State connection, without being bound by any of the salutary obligations for the protection of the individual against the abuse of authority, which now exist. If the constitution of the Church be taken away, religious liberty is destroyed. The clergy, if permitted to exercise unchecked the privilege of infallibility, would soon silence or expel all original, independent thinkers. But how long would Englishmen permit a sect, without the genius, learning, practical wisdom, Catholic and Apostolic claims of Rome, to deal damnation round the land, create an "*imperium in imperio*," and to put the ecclesiastical above the civil law, *at the expense of the State*? It is, then, clearly to the interest of the Church that no member, lay or clerical, can be expelled, or excommunicated, or suffer any judicial pains or penalties, without a legal process involving delay and expense, and the matured and weighty decision of the Crown lawyers—learned laymen who have every inducement to be impartial.

We are not, then, in favour of disestablishment, in view of the significant fact that Dissenters are far more bitter enemies to freedom of opinion and right of private judgment, than members of the Establishment. The Church clergy are better educated, generally, than those of any Dissenting body; and a man's fanaticism and intolerance diminish in exact ratio to his cultivation of mind and heart. Moreover, it is more compatible with manly independence of character to be dependent on the State for a fixed income, than on the voluntary system, which induces the Dissenting clergy to court favour with the rich members of their congregations. As regards mental and social freedom of the individual, Dissenters are far worse off than Churchmen. We ought, however, while preserving and developing all that is good in, and eliminating what is bad from, our Church system, to be quite willing to borrow any useful practice from Dissenters—that, for example, which allows the congregation a voice in the selection of their pastor. If we would avoid revolution, let us advocate a judicious reform which might make the Establishment worthy of being called the Church of the Nation.

We conclude with the following suggestions for the formation of a Broad Church, by Samuel Hinds, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Norwich:—

“There is but one course which will meet the requirements of the age on which we are entering. The rule of ecclesiastical conformity must be limited to conformity, by clergymen as well as laymen, to the worship and rites of the Church, leaving to both, unrestricted freedom in discussing its doctrines. The suggestion may find favour with few at present—by many it may be scouted as a notion which no one can seriously entertain; but to this we must come: if not, the causes which have been long operating to the disparagement of the National Church as the Nation's Church will acquire more and more strength, until its overthrow as a national institution is accomplished. So long as the existing rule of conformity is enforced, there is, virtually, an interdict on a clergyman's seeking truth for truth's sake—on that investigation of religious doctrines to which the Church owes its present condition, and which is the inheritance of all its members through all its generations.”

PARIS IKONOKLASTES.

By JOHN A. HERAUD.

1.

Be hushed and silent, souls of men,
 And let His terrors pass ;
 Wait till he sheathe his sword again,
 And Earth be what she was.
 I know the dreadful Angel well,
 His brow divinely stern,
 And, hovering on his lips, the spell,
 The mandament eterne,
 Whose glamour blends so heaven and hell,
 The difference few discern.
 The wisest and the mightiest stand
 In wonder, while he waves his hand,
 And from the tomb evokes, to blast,
 The shadows of the guilty Past.

2.

Give ear, ye cities of the earth,
 Each founded by its Cain,
 Each flourishing in seeming worth,
 And built on crime and pain.
 Corruption in the heart of all
 Corrodes, still causing each
 To crumble to its destined fall,
 Unfelt ; no sight, no speech,
 To caution, menace, or appal,
 Or mercy to beseech.
 All fair to view, but every one
 In its degree a Babylon ;
 A harlot graced with civic wreath,
 Hiding a frenzied brain beneath.

3.

And now what madness is revealed,
 What maniacs throng the streets !
 All custom, law, and right repealed,
 Each fratricide competes

E

With his great ancestor of yore ;
 Nay, thirsts to slay with speed—
 Boasts on his brow the brother-gore,
 The symbol of his creed ;
 (A human sacrifice once more
 The human sinner's need) ;
 That mark of shame for triumph shows,
 And dances in the midst of woes ;
 Idly heroic, vainly brave,
 To perish by the death he gave.

4.

Away, then, with the memories
 That lured to loss and shame,
 However smiled on by the skies,
 Or bearing sacred name !
 Though crowned with all of earth's applause
 That honours valour's deed,
 When witnessed in a nation's cause,
 And worth the victor's meed—
 Oh ! what be they, though ancient saws,
 Or modern, intercede ?
 Say, shall we spare what only now
 Insults the fate to which we bow ?
 Away with all that breeds regret,
 For aught that we would fain forget !

5.

Down with the Column that records
 The acts of long ago,
 When France was one of those great words
 Fame from her trump would blow.
 That trump is voiceless. Earth, be dumb,
 Disburthened of a weight
 That mocks, since she is overcome,
 Her who is desolate.
 Down with the idol-shrines of Rome,
 The saints, and all their state ;
 Not now so much that they anew
 With symbols false the faith construe,
 But trespass 'gainst the liberty
 Of conscience, and offend the free.

6.

Fierce Amazons ! with streaming hair
 And screaming lip, who pour
 The liquid fire into the air ;
 Shall Paris be no more ?

Palace, and tower, and temple blaze,
 And growing clouds arise,
 Veiling the sun, that, with amaze,
 Looks darkly from the skies :
 And, 'mid the hurtle and the haze
 Of conflict, Justice dies.
 While Lust and Murder, Crime and Rage,
 Hell and its fiends, in strife engage ;
 And Freedom, 'mid the thickening flames,
 The steel at her own bosom aims.

7.

Oh ! happy ye who dwell in vales,
 Beside the water-runs,
 And listen to the nightingales,
 And watch the setting suns.
 Ye own the fields your sires enjoyed,
 The pastures they possessed,
 And, in their faith not yet destroyed,
 Adore whom they confessed ;
 With "saucy doubts" not yet annoyed,
 With frugal habits blessed.
 While in the city Horror reigns,
 Peace takes her joyance in the plains ;
 And, though the tempest vex the deep,
 Ye share in the Belovèd's sleep.

8.

Avenging Angel ! not in wrath
 Smite those who may have erred,
 But stay them on their fatal path,
 To heed thy warning word.
 Wound but to heal ! O Paris ! cease
 To slay like her of old,
 The wronged Medea, to appease
 The yearnings manifold
 Of one betrayed, and ill at ease,
 But resolute and bold.
 The Future woos thee to a task,
 The noblest any time can ask.
 With faith renewed and purified,
 Work on—redeemed from lust and pride.

May 15th, 1871.

A PAST PASSAGE IN THE EARTH'S HISTORY.

THE study of natural science may be compared to an elaborate piece of Mosaic, composed of numerous minute fragments of various shapes and colours. If but one is missing, the representation is imperfect; but united, and occupying each its own proper position, they form a beautiful and harmonious whole.

The subject of this paper resembles one of these minute parts; for, though the period treated of comprehends many thousands of years, and seems vast in comparison with the brevity of human life, it is but a fragment when considered in relation to the countless ages that have passed since the earliest forms of organic being which we can at present trace inhabited this planet.

At the close of the third great geological period, known as the Tertiary epoch, a great change took place in the physical conditions of the northern part of Europe. The mild climate of later Tertiary times passed into one of Arctic severity. The summits and sides of lofty mountains were scored and ground down by glacial action: fragments of rock were transported hundreds of miles from their original beds, and deposited, in the shape of huge boulders, upon elevated ridges, or, as heaps of moraine matter, filled the valleys and marked the tracks of the mighty rivers of ice which had borne them to their present position. The fauna was also changed. The woolly-haired Rhinoceros, the Reindeer, and other animals suited to bear the severity of the climate roamed over Britain; and shells of an Arctic type mingled with and to some extent replaced those of warmer seas.

The astronomical conditions which must have concurred to bring about this state of things are calculated to have prevailed, for the last time, some 100,000 years ago; while if we go back to periods of 200,000 years, of 750,000 years, and of 950,000 years, we find similar conditions prevalent at each of these.* The result was also due, however, in a great degree to geographical causes, and among these, to oscillations in the relative level of sea and land.† These, by changing the courses of warm and cold oceanic currents,‡ and in other ways, must have had great influence on the climate of those portions of the globe in which they took place.

* "Principles of Geology," ed. 1867, ch. xiii., p. 293.

† *Ibid.*, ch. xii.

‡ "Physical Geography of the Sea" (Maury)," ch. ii., viii.

Having concluded these preliminary observations, we will now proceed to the immediate subject of this paper.

Throughout the western counties of Great Britain there are found, at heights varying from nearly 1,400 to within 200 feet of the present sea-level, beds of sand and rounded shingle containing marine shells.* Although distributed over so wide an area and occurring at such different heights, these beds present certain very marked characteristics which are common to all of them, as well as some which are peculiar to certain localities, so that, after years of persevering research, geologists are now enabled to assign them to their true position.

One of these beds, which occurs at Vale Royal, near Macclesfield, was visited by the writer in 1870, under the able direction of Dr. Sauter. It is situated amid scenery of exquisite beauty, occupying a position upon the side of one of the rounded hills of millstone grit which characterise this part of the Pennine chain. A small stream cuts into the bed, exposing a good section. The marine drift consists of sea-sand, with small rounded pebbles of pink and grey granite, chalk flints, and other foreign material. The shells collected were all of species now common on these coasts, viz., *Tellina solidula*, *Maetra solida*, *Turritella communis*, two species of cockle (*Cardium edule* and *Cardium rusticum*) and *Cytherea chione*. The bed is stated to be 1,200 feet above the sea.

In North Shropshire these shell-bearing sands and gravels are very extensively developed at heights varying from about 200 to 500 feet above present sea-level. But by far the richest deposit in organic remains is to be found in a bed of Severn Valley drift, near the Quarry Walk, in Shrewsbury. The sand and gravel, which attain a considerable thickness, are regularly bedded by tidal action, just as they may be observed to be on a recent sea-shore where they have been excavated for any purpose. The sand is composed in a great measure of comminuted shells, and the specimens are more abundant and more perfect than have been obtained by the writer in any other locality. Many a pleasant afternoon has been spent in this spot, disinterring minute but exquisitely perfect specimens of *Trophon*, *Defrancia*, *Mangelia*, and others, from the tomb wherein they had so long lain concealed. Another interesting characteristic attaches to the Severn Valley drifts. In these beds the remains of animals, some of which are now extinct, are occasionally found in conjunction

* The highest known of these beds occurs on Moel Tryfaen, 1,340 feet above the sea.—See "Elements of Geology," ed. 1865, ch. xii., p. 158.

with marine shells of the type above described. From the locality in question the writer has obtained teeth of the horse and boar: and when a corresponding bed was exposed at the base of the Malvern Hills, bones of the Mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*) and the woolly-haired Rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros tichorhinus*) were found, as though stranded upon the shingle. They are preserved in the Museum at Malvern College.

Another district which presents some peculiar and instructive features is the coast between the Great Orme's Head mountain and Abergele. Recent tidal action has laid bare several very interesting sections in the cliffs rising from the shore, so that we are enabled to distinguish the threefold division of the drift, which in this neighbourhood is very apparent. We find at the base of some of the cliffs a lower boulder clay of a blue or grey colour: above this lie the shelly sands and gravels, and these are themselves overlaid by a very considerable thickness of boulder clay of a red colour, containing numerous large blocks of different rocks, principally from the Snowdon district, striated and scratched in an unmistakable manner by glacial action.

The common characteristics of these beds are—1st, The presence of transported material from the North, principally granite from Cumberland, and of flints from a chalk district. 2nd, The wholly recent character of the shells found in them. As a group, these coincide almost exactly with the species now found on our coasts: a few Arctic shells only seem to indicate a somewhat colder climate. 3rd, The fact that the specimens are nearly all more or less fragmentary. This shows that they did not live in the positions in which we find them, but were washed up by the violence of storms, just as in the present day we frequently see the beach strewn with lifeless remains after a heavy gale. The minute univalves above-mentioned were preserved by their diminutive size. Numerous beds possessing the same characteristics are spread over the western counties, from Gloucestershire to North Lancashire, but want of space forbids any further details.

What, then, is the history revealed to us by the facts we have been considering? Dumb to those who will not hear, hidden from those who will not see, they are yet full of deep and eloquent meaning to all who care to hear and see aright. They speak to us of a time—separated from the present by many thousands of years, yet of late occurrence in the geologic annals—when the land on which we now tread was submerged beneath the sea; when the higher mountain summits, such as Snowdon and Cader Idris, appeared

but as rocky islands studding the waste of waters. Then came the period of emergence, when the land rose above the retreating waves, which imprinted their traces at every step. During this time there had been a relaxation in the rigour of the glacial epoch, and the climate was but little colder than at present. But no sooner was the ocean confined within its wonted bounds than the long and dreary Arctic winter again set in with all its former severity, crushing and grinding down mountains beneath the resistless action of land-ice, damming up rivers and valleys and converting them into frozen lakes, and ploughing up and often removing portions of the newly-deposited beds.

Such were the events that immediately preceded (if indeed they did precede) the advent of man upon these islands. Not cradled amid blooming flowers, not hushed to sleep by balmy breezes, the first efforts of the infant race were directed to a stern and unceasing warfare with the forces of Nature. Under what conditions this warfare was in its commencement carried on, and what effects were produced by the gradual development of a new force—the force of intellect—it does not fall within the province of the present paper to inquire.

E. CHARLOTTE EYTON.

AMUSEMENTS, BOOKS, AND CRIME.

“ Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute—gain most as we did best!”

BROWNING.

AMUSEMENTS will never be merely moral or merely æsthetic: they will never be *only* a source of thoughtful, quiet enjoyment. In the boisterous season of youth they will assume the character of juvenility. In our age, amusement must always harmonise with the *capacities* of age. Genius, however, demands that when we are amused by its wonderful powers, the result should be something permanent.

The grand design of “Lear” and “Hamlet” can never be identified with the wish simply to minister to enjoyment. We find pleasure, strange as it seems, in the most harrowing passions and in the most tremendous revelations of being.

The Drama stands on an elevation inconceivable to the man of pleasure. When we read a great play and ponder on the mysteries of our complex existence, we do something for our spiritual nature. When we go to a performance where there is a degrading exhibition

of vulgar nudity—where insipid trash, evidently relished by dissipated ignoramuses, and mere spectacle, enlivened by legs and bosoms, contribute to the stigma that bigotry delights in affixing to a noble art—we retrograde from manhood and rationality.

The posture-makers, the buffoons, the immoral public, and the panders whose profligacy can hardly be too strongly condemned, must pass away, and eventually make room for poets, real actors, and men and women who have thought and felt. Then there will be a revival of the Drama, its poetry and grandeur.

But books, especially works of fiction, are often as demoralising as the dramatic abortions referred to.

The French, the most lascivious of civilised nations, have taxed all their inventive faculties to excite gross and morbid passions. They have revelled in an atheism of immorality. They have continually sought, like some of the dramatists of Charles the Second's age, to present vice in an attractive form, and sneered at virtue as an idol. The atmosphere of French fictitious literature is really atrocious. There is hardly any oxygen in it. Now and then a man of genius, indeed, may use his scalpel—painfully use it—for the dissection of passion; but that is all. Goethe said that some of Balzac's novels "seemed dug out of a suffering woman's heart." Goethe himself was now and then as profligate as Fielding. A far greater man even than our most celebrated novelist—greater than Scott, greater than Byron—I still hold he was immeasurably inferior to Shakespeare, chiefly from his want of moral perception. For Shakespeare was true to the ideal of his soul. You may tell me he was sometimes indecent. He was. But no poet in any time had the same depth of delicate perception of that which is vital and enduring in the idiosyncrasy.

The king of dramatists may not have reached the purest heights of spiritual insight; but, short of *that*, he still stands alone. We might say with Wordsworth:—

" Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate."

Thomas Carlyle in general appears to have little faith in the power of poetry to regenerate our moral nature. The Bible is full of poetry; but perhaps Carlyle would not attribute much capacity to *that* influence. Mr. Morell says of the author of "Sartor Resartus," "A man who, though no systematic philosopher, has probably done more to spiritualise philosophy in England than any other modern writer." Is this so? I should be inclined to say as much of Browning.

It is the merit of our great modern poet that he can grapple with

the most recondite problems, and turn philosophy into noble poetry. On a less lofty pinnacle, but still high above the crowd, stands Mrs. Browning. Robert Browning reaches sometimes the uttermost of human inspiration. Mrs. Browning gropes among the shadows and idolatries, the affections and the aspirations of men. A spiritual, tender, impassioned poetess. An idolatrous, but a religious soul. The Human with her is the Divine. On the whole, perhaps, she is the greatest of literary women, except the authoress of "Spiridion." George Sand is almost the Shelley of France. Pantheistic, Socialistic, opposed to all the conventionalities of life, the French lady, with her masculine and massive brain, makes one marvel how she *ever* could be a woman, for she is at once male and female.

Descending from these heights of literature, it is unpleasant to allude to the mere cesspools, into the filth of which it were unwise to enter. The morbid anatomy of the most animal portion of our being can never be the study of wisdom. There were foul, bestial men of old, who sought to turn everything sacred into ridicule—to sneer at all honesty, patriotism, purity, and love. There are men and women now in the ranks of literature who can but defile the paper on which they write. They promote crime by their reticence, perhaps, rather than by their eloquence on the side of evil. To them, in comparison, Byron is a gentleman, even in "Don Juan." Crime is *not* the result of reading any species of literature. No matter how depraved a book, it cannot spread among the illiterate. In the lowest strata of society there is *no* influence from literature. A little higher, where all can read and write, the pernicious power of literature may be felt; but it is not felt very powerfully, because our dressmakers, and those who support them, and often lead them astray, are not given to much reading. Crime is generally the issue of utter neglect of *all* literature, of all thought, of a persistent habit of debauchery; and yet it is by literature society is reformed.

The reconstruction of society can only be effected by the promotion of intelligence. Intelligence, again, can only be produced by something higher than itself. You may, if you please, term this potential agency religious or not. Certainly, no man, until he is convinced he *has* a soul (let Atheists say what they will), can care for the moral regeneration of all.

It is the perfect conviction of our spiritual existence that is at the bottom of every ennobling movement. Cast that and faith in Providence aside, and we strand.

Science without ethics must ever be a mockery and a snare. The genius of the good man will always be greater than that of the bad

man. To deny genius, however, where there is no moral force, is idle. The moral force is a lever that we cannot too highly estimate. Still, it is not the sole origin of inspiration. Browning seems to have revolved this question, or a similar one, in these lines, viz. :—

“That’s a new question, still replies the fact,
Nothing endures, the wind moans saying so ;
We moan in acquiescence ; there’s life’s pact,
Perhaps probation—do I know ?
God does—endure his act.”

Tennyson, the poet of Christian doubt, has not attempted a solution of some of the most perplexing of our life’s experiences ; but he is eminently a poet of suggestion. Sometimes his verse greatness into majesty. I think the close of “In Memoriam” is worthy of almost any poet :—

“No longer half akin to brute,
For all he thought, and loved, and did,
And hoped, and suffered, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit ;
Whereof the man that with me trod
This planet was a noble type,
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,*
That God which ever lives and loves ;
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off, divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.”

Happy should be the age that can recognise such truths.

But, however beautiful the poetry of Tennyson, it fails to find an echo in the universal heart. I question whether Burns does not exercise greater influence over many minds than the Laureate. We must not look to him, whatever his gifts, to realise that lofty aspiration of “The Ring and the Book :”

“But Art, wherein man nowise speaks to men,
Only to mankind,—Art may tell a truth
Obliquely—do the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth
Beyond mere imagery on the wall ;
So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
Deeper than ever the Andante dived ;
So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye, and save the soul beside.”

This were a revelation.

G. V. W.

* “In Him we live, and move, and have our being.” Can anyone define spiritual Pantheism ?

THE UNIVERSE OF OPINION.

"The education of the conscience is the proper end of religious teaching."

FOXTON.

NOTHING is so potent as opinion: nothing is so ephemeral. It is the Almighty God of the Church. There is no appeal from the opinion of ecclesiastical authority. Hence its terrible tyranny. It is but an opinion that you can get to heaven by swallowing a certain number of formulas; it is but an opinion that the world is governed by chance. The probabilities are infinitely great against the truth of either view. The Religionist and the Atheist hate each other because they disagree. This is very foolish. There is no possibility of exercising any control over the convictions of the understanding: the shallowest acquaintance with the laws of thought demonstrates that. The bigot, however, will not allow that the unbeliever is sincere. The political zealot, Democrat or not, cannot believe in the sincerity of his opponent. He hates him, and therefore he thinks he is dishonest. We can never believe in the absolute sincerity of an antagonist at the time when passion is strong. The soldier fighting for life regards his enemy as a devil or a murderer, and he is commended when he wounds or kills him. But the wise and charitable man (if such there be) regards all these animosities with horror and disdain. There *are* honest Tories, despite the invective of the Democrat; and there are noble-minded and most self-sacrificing Radicals, whatever the obstructive party may assert. There *are* devoted missionaries; there *are* pious Catholics, and likewise true Evangelical men and women, ready to die for the sake of opinion; and there *are* unflinching Infidels, who, strange as it may seem, would perish in the fire rather than confess a God. "Charity believeth *all* things." Charity will conquer hatred. The man of perfect charity would be next to divine. The man utterly without charity is a fiend. Opinion is, in nine cases out of ten, very imperfect. Opinion was honest enough when it consigned Socrates to death and sent Christ to the cross. Those illustrious reformers were, to the orthodox mind of their day, blasphemers. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," is charity. A popular writer asks, rather sceptically, but very shrewdly, "What would have become of the world, according to orthodoxy, if Christ had not died on the cross? and why do we blame Judas Iscariot?" Alas for the fatuity of religion! Can we

not, to paraphrase the words of the Founder of the creed of Christendom, assert that "religion was made for man, and not man for religion"? Opinion at present is all the other way. Universal man is nothing (though Humanity is God's beloved Son) in the opinion of priests and bigots. No wonder that the unbeliever contends that faith is a mere incubus; that man is trampled on by degrading superstition; that to flatter, and fawn, and cringe to God, and to seek to propitiate the Church by offerings of money, must always deaden the aspirations of the mind, and crush reason and progress. Yet the opinion of the sceptic and the negationist cannot exercise much influence over the world. It is not to be desired that it should. Humanity will ever seek Divinity, and to "the last syllable of recorded time" foster hope in the Infinite which we see not. "Secularism," as it is called, will fail, as Religionism has failed. The believer in universal life and Providence, who rises above dogma, and is superior to negation, considers that the religious instinct is divine, even in its lowest manifestation. The soul that worships fire is still a soul, and is alive. It will have a *conscience*, be sure. If the materialistic Atheist worships anything, it is *death*. "The infinite and eternal stupidity of the universe" is ever before him. The idea of a God and a soul that is immortal is the sorriest farce to his frozen faculties. Such an opinion as this, it is evident, would convert the earth into a charnel-house. True, it is less repulsive than the belief that myriads will burn for ever in penal fires; but it is repulsive. The Atheist and the bigot play into the hands of each other. Well and wisely has J. E. Smith predicated that "If Fanaticism has made a tragedy of religion, Materialism has made a farce of philosophy." The moral sense, as it is developed, the intuition of humanity revolt against these awful and ghastly views of our destiny. If there be a God, he must be good; if there be none, "Chaos will come again." Opinion must always become more and more humane in proportion as we believe in the doctrine of Universalism, that God will at last take us "as a single soul." To quote the inspired words of a great poet—

"My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;"

for he can never believe—no charitable man can believe—that "what God made can prove accursed."

R. B.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MEN AND WOMEN.

W. M. THACKERAY—J. E. SMITH—W. J. FOX—JOHN WATKINS—
THACKERAY'S MOTHER.

ALL dead! One can hardly believe in death as a verity. Westland Marston says:—

“Our death is but the shadow of our life—
The image and the echo of our souls.”

Death is a shadow. There is nothing but life throughout the universe. As my friend J. E. Smith pithily observed, contrasting two phases of thought, “Atheism is universal death; Pantheism is universal life;” but such is the state of society that truth is regarded with terror by the timid: so we leave the Future to bury the Present.

William Makepeace Thackeray was fond, in the early portion of his literary career, of writing very boldly. In his admirable verse he cries:—

“Forgive me if, in all Thy works,
I see no hint of damning,
And think there's faith among the Turks,
And hope for e'en the Brahmin.
Cheerful my mind is, and my mirth,
And kindly is my laughter;
I cannot see this smiling earth,
And think there's hell hereafter.”

Thackeray, however, did not like the scepticism which assails received opinion with scorn. His was a devout, reverential scepticism; and he told me he thought it “a very humble state of mind.” I suppose he agreed with Tennyson:—

“There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.”

I don't believe he was a profound thinker. He was a great observer—a *great* observer of life—a great, incisive, moral surgeon. On one occasion, two of the most remarkable, and probably the most opposite, men I ever knew were at the house where I dwelt—viz., W. M. Thackeray and J. E. Smith. “Shepherd” Smith was eminently a theologian. His creed, however, was so universal that it extended to all things under the sun. Thackeray obtained all the recognition that he deserved. He ranks already among the foremost of satirists. I am not sure that Swift, Jerrold, Fielding, Dickens, &c., can be said to

be so sure of permanent, established reputation as my cousin Thackeray. But it is otherwise with Smith. Who knows anything about him? A few thinkers of peculiar opinions may study him, as they would any other "psychological curiosity."

James Elishama Smith was born in Scotland early in the present century, and was a minister of the Scottish Church when Irving was in the zenith of his fame. He told me that for a considerable time after he had adopted the enlarged views which he held to the end of his existence, he preached the universal doctrine of Providence in good and evil in the church to which he belonged. Then it was discovered that he believed too much; for Pantheism, in the highest sense, is universal faith, accepting the poet's thesis:—

"Unfaith and faith can ne'er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught is unbelief in all."

The "Higher Pantheism" only in reality means that God is "above all, and *in* all, and *through* all." What a grand book is that in which the gifted thinker now alluded to concentrated his powers—"The Divine Drama of History and Civilisation"! The views of the German metaphysicians are, in this universal work, stated with great simplicity. Not that Smith was German in his idiosyncrasy. There is no difficulty in understanding his argument—that God is in all religions, history, science, &c., "reconciling the world to himself." There is no mysticism really in the genius of this remarkable man. He died soon after the completion of his chief literary effort. Whether he was disappointed or not, whether he was overworked, I cannot say; but he found a grave in Scotland, and there he lies—a giant—still obscure.

Some years ago the opinions of W. J. Fox were held to be extreme; and he and Theodore Parker were considered by "orthodox" Unitarians in the light of dangerous innovators. The writings of Emerson, Browning, and the great German thinkers have, however, rendered even the advanced ideas of such heretics as these far from being the finality of thought. Fichte wisely says: "All that happens belongs to the everlasting plan of Providence, and is good in its place." Fox hardly said as much as Voysey says now; at all events, he said it with more caution than the living heretic. I don't think he meant to be irreverent, but Thackeray said to me: "I don't like him, because he patronises God Almighty."

I heard Fox lecture very often. He was certainly a polished orator. He was a brilliant man, with very poetic ideas. His command of language was surprising; but there was something artificial

in his eloquence. You could see that he spoke with the skill that cannot hide itself. His critical consciousness was never dormant. He could not carry away an audience like Daniel O'Connell, who, though undoubtedly a humbug, was a tremendous fellow in the use of fiery, bitter, overwhelming invective. Not a man I can recollect approached the Irish Agitator in this respect; but Fox had more thought than the "Big Beggarman," and appealed more to reason than to passion.

My friend John Watkins, author of "Griselda," married the daughter of Ebenezer Elliott, and died soon afterwards in the prime of life. I don't say he was a great poet; but a poet he *was*. A quiet, gentle, exquisite beauty pervades some of his poems. There are lines in "Griselda" and in "Isolda" that have been rarely excelled. I knew him intimately; and he often talked to me of Elliott, before he became his son-in-law. He was once a Chartist, and got into trouble during the riots which took place so many years ago, his release from prison being obtained with some difficulty. Poor Watkins! His friendship was one of my valued possessions; and he is remembered with more affection, perhaps, than any of those, not related to me, who are gone before me to the spirit-world.

I have recently written so much about Thackeray in *Cassell's Magazine*, that I have little to add in this place about the man himself. I had a sincere admiration for him; but he was a Realist, and for the most part "of the earth earthly;" a kind and a generous man of the world, whose cynicism was skin-deep. He excelled in irony; but I think he was often sorry after the exercise of his talent. This vein of satire he derived from his mother—my grandmother, Mrs. Turner's niece. Mrs. Carmichael Smyth first married Mr. Thackeray, the novelist's father; and after his decease, the Major referred to, a gentleman of very good family. I think Thackeray had him in his mind when he drew the character of "Esmond." Mrs. Smyth was a Radical. She was a very tall woman, and had been a celebrated beauty in India. She was proud of herself, and she was still prouder of her son. A mutual relative of ours said to me on one occasion: "She thinks him God Almighty." I remember my grandmother saying to her niece: "Thackeray has great satirical talent, has he not?" "Oh, wonderful!" was the reply; "no one equals him." Thackeray was proud of his maternal parent, but disagreed with her on many points of opinion. I suspect that great success in life modifies Democratic theories. We have all heard the story of the Scotchman who abandoned Republicanism, and when asked to explain the reason, superciliously rejoined: "I've a coo noo."

Mrs. Smyth survived her son, and, like him, died suddenly. There was a good deal, I doubt not, to admire in her character; but some of her friends considered her imperious and exacting. Her political opinions were at variance with her practical conduct. There was no love of actual equality in the relations of life with this superb lady. I suspect she did not like her own relatives to advance beyond her in social distinction; and when she heard that the husband of a cousin of ours was made Bishop of Gloucester, she expressed a hope that he would not prove "a proud prelate." She was what is called "Low Church," and opposed to bishoprics.

From his mother Thackeray no doubt inherited some qualities that aided him in his struggle for eminence. He did not rate her literary powers very high; for when I asked him if she had not written a novel, he replied: "Yes; but I can't advise her to publish it." When his stepfather, Major Smyth, died, he remarked to some one, after going to his funeral: "Yes, he went to heaven the other day in a coach-and-four." He did not, of course, think it probable that he would be removed from earth before the mother of whom he was so constant an idol.

Poetry.



FREELIGHT.

"Yes, *have* Freelight," I say; "accept
That which is noblest, whatsoe'er
The heart and mind that bid despair
Stand back—for we too long have slept."

"Now has Christ risen from the dead"—
Words of majestic truth to me!
For Christ is MAN redeemed and free.
This Christ is God—our heart and head.

We are "a single soul"* indeed!
A *blessed* soul at last believe.
The Christ to be I do receive
Devoutly, spurning priest and creed.

The Scripture words are prophecy.
That is the key to secrets deep.
All prophecy! And men asleep
Mutter strange words, too oft a lie.

A NEW CHRISTIAN.

* "And take us as a single soul."—TENNYSON.

LOVE TURNED TO HORROR.

Good God ! Why have I lived so long ?
 I met the woman whom I loved,
 Last night, mad drunk ; and, as she moved
 'Mid jeers, she sang a ribald song !
 My Marian come to this ! No tears !
 The horror is too great for that !
 A strumpet !—after twenty years
 To see her—throwing up her hat !
 This woman twenty years ago—
 But sixteen Springs, a lovely child—
 Refused me ; 'twas an awful blow.
 But this is hell !—Oh, *most* defiled !
 My Marian but a drunken wretch !
 My Marian, with her angel-face !
 My Marian ! Go, ye angels ! fetch
 Some Lethe draught, for love of grace !
 I cannot think—I cannot feel !
 It cannot be I saw aright !
 I shall not dare to moan or kneel,
 For thinking of the hideous sight.
 I loved her ; and I loathe her now !
 Good spirits ! blot the demon out !
 A thing of hell !—No seraph-brow
 Can shine away my cursed doubt.

B. T. W. R.

"AS DEAD TO ME."

Still mine, though lost !—the names of all who die
 Grasping great human love, the living speak
 With tear-check'd accents or with voices weak,
 And the familiar word becomes a sigh :
 And so thy name for weary years shall I
 With stanchless weeping breathe, the while I seek
 The comfort that shall make my sorrow meek
 In the dim shadow-land called Memory ;
 There shall I lift the cover from thy face
 (Thy dead face, darling) with love's reverence,
 And as the sun's fair light doth interlace
 Dark leaves, thy smile, methinks, I may bear hence,
 And on each day bereft of hope's sweet grace
 Lay it, till God shall end my long suspense.

F

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Men love in men's strange way—deny

That which is best and noblest oft ;

Their eyes behold the light aloft,

But scarcely see the light on high.

The love of women, tender, kind,

Is gentle, with an angel-hand ;

For women scarce can understand

The ways of God—*where heart is mind.*

They love so blindly to the last ;

They pity so divinely still.

Their friendship, seated on a hill,

Cries, " Love is living, and is vast."

Women may miss the awful might

Of passion and of reason stern ;

Their love we only can discern,

Making the finite infinite.

So I regard the past with tears

Because of woman with her face

Of sympathy, and feel the grace

Of God beyond the buried years.

L. M. E.

A PRAYER.

We *shall* have light, ethereal light !

Dear God, we ask for this !

We ask to seek and do the right,

And find therein our bliss !

Enough of evil has been done

By men without a creed ;

Give us *belief*, and in thy sun

Forget no human need !

Give us pure light without a flaw ;

Give us the strength to act—

To rise above all servile awe,

And keep the soul intact !

Strength to believe in a Divine,

Whatever evil borne ;

Strength to endure, O God, be mine,

Since night precedes the morn !

There is a cross for every crown ; .

For every crown, be sure,

O noble souls ! God gives His *own*

When victory makes us pure.

P. D.

FORGOTTEN.

(From an old Poem.)

Forgotten? No! I ne'er forget
 Thy young, sweet face of yore.
 I love thee still, and vain regret
 Is in my heart's deep core.

I loved thee for thy noble soul,
 Thy spirit clear and bright;
 Thy womanhood was true; control
 My dreams, celestial Light!

I love thee as an angel one
 Whose influence still is deep,
 My sister! Whatsoe'er is done,
 I would not dream or weep.

Be with me as a spirit fair,
 Beyond the earthly mist:
 Smile on me, dear, and I will wear
 The thorns which thou hast kissed.

I have forgotten passion now,
 For I am *almost* old;
 And I would fain to Wisdom bow;
 But, patience! Faith is cold.

MRS. BROWNING.

To read the music of her soul I think
 Is like a revelation. Noble one!
 How infinite her pity, at the Throne
 Pleading for all! Her spirit, if it sink
 In mere despondency and pain, outsoars
 The shadows of mortality—it sings
 Of the young angels and the seraphim!
 Uprising with her, Poesy adores
 The starry Infinite, and, on the wings
 Of a great passion seeking aye for HIM
 Who made the universe, utters a DIVINE.
 O angel in eternity! still shine
 Upon our darkness! It is *very* dark!
 But a great Spirit is the spirit's ark.

PHILIPPA B.

Review.

MR. T. S. BARRETT ON CAUSATION.*

The question of Causation has from time immemorial presented to thinkers an enigma which it required a veritable Œdipus to solve. Theory after theory has been propounded to explain the relation between cause and effect as cognised by the human mind; but the problem still remains unsolved. The hypothesis of Hume, that the whole thing resolves itself into antecedence and sequence, appears logically irrefutable; and yet that it is not true is obvious to every person who takes the trouble to analyse his own mental phenomena. All feel that there is something more than this in the relationship of a cause to its effect, even more than in Mill's addition to Hume that the sequence is "unconditional." The question is discussed most ably in this small volume, and a new theory hazarded, which renders the work exceedingly interesting to all who pay any attention to this *questio vexata* of philosophy. We can hardly say that Mr. Barrett has solved the problem, but his work is a valuable addition to the literature of philosophy notwithstanding. In a small compass he brings before the reader the opinions of the most eminent modern thinkers on this subject, and points out where he considers them to be in error, and where correct. As a compendium, therefore, of the views of other men, the volume would prove valuable even were nothing more aimed at. Our readers will do well to peruse Mr. Barrett's work, and judge for themselves how far he has been successful in solving this difficult problem, or whether indeed it can ever be solved at all, and does not lie—as many master minds are disposed to think—altogether without the domain of human knowledge and human thought.

G. S.

Correspondence.

EXTRACT FROM A FREE INQUIRER'S LETTER.

"I am opposed to prayer; therefore I don't go to hear Mr. Voysey, and no disrespect either to that honest heretic. He is a

* "A New View of Causation." By Thomas Squire Barrett. London: Provost and Co., 1871.

manly fellow. But I am persuaded the Theist and the Pantheist, whether of the type of Fichte, Hegel, Emerson, or Theodore Parker, may often do well when they practically illustrate Carlyle's theory of 'the infinite value of silence.' It seems to me hypocrisy in many cases to go to church; and I avoid even the semblance of compromise. The 'higher Pantheism' finds many advocates among poets and thinkers; the pure Theism is also maintained by wise and good men. Nor do I deny the sincerity of many of the orthodox. I agree with you that Charity is the great desideratum. Faith alone cannot regenerate man. *

"Derby, October 11."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"I confess it seems to me that the thing called 'unbelief' is no more to be accepted than that which is called 'belief.' As the late J. E. Smith once observed, when asked which were the infidels—'They are *both* infidels.' The old theologian no more accepts the Oriental views of religion than the mere Negationist. They perfectly agree that religions of enormous influence over half the world had no Providential origin. The thinker who accepts universal Providence feels that 'the history of the world is unintelligible without a government of the world.' Supposing the *letter* of the religions false, the *spirit* is true. To me, therefore, nothing is more idle and puerile than to contend about the truth or falsity of religion. There is the *fact*. You cannot get rid of it. To imagine that God sent all these things into the world to no end is monstrous; for nothing is more certain than that every event in the universe is preordained. Everything *must* happen as it does. There is as much necessity for all that occurs in the spiritual as in the material sphere. For want of this perception mankind will ever be perplexed and bewildered. No wonder there are Atheists, when such utterly preposterous anomalies are preached as we hear from the pulpits. The Supreme Being sends these foolish contradictions as a curse to the superstitious and the timorous. The unbeliever laughs at them, but I can only smile at unbelief. Nothing ever *could* happen without God; for He is omnipresent, infinite, and omnipotent, and therefore the author of good and evil.

"W. N."

* "Faith only is not faith."

GOD AND IMMORTALITY.

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—I confess my utter inability to make up my mind on these momentous subjects.

Does Infinity imply Being? There must be Infinity, there is no doubt; but have we any idea of it? I am not a mere Negationist, hardly a Materialist, and wish to believe in a future state. I don't see we have any answer in Revelation (so called) as to immortality; and the Jews of old most certainly had no notion of a life beyond the present.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

P. D. E.

HIGH, BROAD, AND DEEP CHURCH.

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—Mr. Maccall (a very eloquent and brilliant writer) writes of the "Deep" Church. I, being a Mystic, like the term. Broad Church means a compromise, and High and Low Church are ugly to my soul. High Church is but a thing of mummeries and millinery; but the Deep Church (being a final, Divine institution) would include politics, science, and philosophy; it, indeed, would embrace all knowledge, art, and poetry—"a consummation devoutly to be wished."—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

A MYSTIC.

LETTER FROM AN OLD LIBERAL.

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—I find I am no longer a Liberal. I meet clergymen of the Established Church who are ahead of me—repudiating nearly every "sacred" idea as obsolete, and talking of the "bloody doctrine of the Atonement." A fact! I was at dinner the other day with an ultra-Broad Churchman. He said, "Christ is reported to have said many silly things." Unitarians of old, I am sure, would not have so spoken. Coleridge, I know, talked of "the raw head and bloody bones" of popular theology. I knew that celebrated man when I was a youth, when I often went to hear Edward Irving—a great orator. *He*, too, said that "Christ's human nature was 'bristling' with sins." Well; God Almighty, according to Dr. Haslam, being the only sane Being; God alone, in his Divinity, being absolutely perfect; and Jesus of Nazareth never pretending he was the Deity of Nature; I nearly concur with these views. Still, I submit that a Christ *will* come—whether as Man or Church I know not—without a blemish.

This is the "Divine event" without which creation were but vain. A Christ of the universe were God "manifest in the flesh." This is the mystical body, I believe, usually confused with the individual Man of Nazareth. About this Trinitarians will ultimately agree. I send you an extract from the *Echo* about "damns." T. L. N.

"A Committee of fifty-two of the ablest of Irish Churchmen have been engaged for the past ten days upon the consideration of Prayer Book revision; and, in spite of the terrors with which the idea of approaching so complicated a subject has been regarded in many quarters, there is good reason to believe that the work will be carried out judiciously, and more with a view to correct acknowledged faults, and adapt the service of the Church to the altered requirements of the times, than to comply with the demands of those who have narrow sectarian animosities to gratify. The proceedings are for the present kept secret, but an illustration of the amount of secrecy likely to be preserved upon important points may be found in the announcement of the *Dublin Mail* that the Committee have resolved to recommend the excision of the damnatory words from the Athanasian Creed. It is further announced that the determination to draw the teeth of that obnoxious Creed was arrived at without a division—a fact which is significant, when we remember that all the Bishops and Archbishops of the Free Episcopal Church of Ireland are on the Committee, and that there have been but three absentees from the meeting. Once more, then, we may observe that the Free Episcopal Church of Ireland is 'showing the way' to her sister in England. Let a few of the extreme High Church party rave about the matter as they will, we may say with Bob Acres—in religious as well as social matters—that '*Damns* have had their day.'"

THE SCEPTICAL POSITION.*

[INSERTED UNDER PROTEST.]

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—I am a sceptic. For many years doubt has been my constant companion. I was struck some time ago by an atheistical assertion that *if there were a God*, he must be precisely such a fiend as Orthodoxy supposes him to be. Yet, as I heard an admirable reasoner once say, the orthodox faith of Christendom contains the greatest depth of horror and the profoundest love of *all* the religions. A God who would *himself* suffer for us in his Son is surely a loving God.

I don't deny a God. I am not an Atheist. I only say that I see no benevolence in nature. As some of the Pantheists observe, God *may* be a devil; but the question is, *does he exist?* I think there is intelligence throughout

* The Editor desires to express his dissent from the views of his very intelligent but pessimist correspondent. Perhaps in the second number of FREELIGHT an affirmative logician will reply.

nature. But intelligence is *not* goodness. What possible reason have we to conclude (in the teeth of Revelation) that the ways of God are the same as ours? Why should we not take our stand on the verities of the universe? Lightning and thunder, disease, famine, tempests, and earthquakes are of God. It was a deity who made the tiger and the crocodile. Every moment there is awful agony throughout animated existence. Atheists point to that fact and shake their heads. I confess I see a devilish desire in nature to torture and to destroy.

Mr. Voysey and other Theists seem very indignant about the cruel doctrines of orthodox theology. But nature is far more cruel than the God of the Bible. Millions are starved to death. What is a Flood to the aggregate of misery in the world in the course of a decade? Think of the frightful sufferings caused by the late war in France. God is represented as a deity of battles. So he is. That is precisely the truth.* He *must* be the author of evil.

Tell me that the bad passions of men create war! What a foolish and shallow dogma! Who made the passions? The Devil! So says Theology. But who made the Devil? If Satan be not a God, what can he do against the Supreme Will? I am inclined to think a very large portion of Scripture is true. The fatherhood of God, however, I deny. Very possibly hell-fire is true, and very probably heaven is false. The earth is a hell, where cycles of evil sicken the feeble and the shuddering soul. I should quite endorse the Calvinistic theology if I were a believer. It is the only rational theology. Why don't Calvinists own that God *is* a devil? Atheists ought to be very happy if they have a firm conviction of annihilation. There is no such luck for us. We shall all suffer, more or less, for ever. I *want* annihilation. The idea of eternal existence is most painful to

A SCEPTIC.

A MIND'S PROGRESS.

The hideous cruelties exercised by the human race, the revolting horrors of popular theology, the agonies endured by the brute creation, often make us pause when we assert the truth of the Optimist theory. Lightning and tempest, plague, pestilence, and famine *are* realities. The theologian points to these things and says, "Lo, the harmony of the two Books!"

Nature and Revelation *are* the Books in which we must find a God; but then, Nature to the spiritual mind is not the gross, stupid thing that it is to the ignorant. The mind that has seen God, or the Infinite, can only marvel at the darkness of the externalists of faith. They are materialists, with a physical God.

But we are really coming to an entirely new perception of life. The superstitious people of old always attributed evil to devils. How little they understood some of the texts which I subjoin, viz.: "All things are created *double*, one against the other." "It is the glory of God to *conceal* a thing."

* Granted, but our correspondent will allow he is the author of good. Evil and good are man and wife.

"Mercy is his darling attribute, and judgment his strange work." "The secrets of wisdom are *double* to that which is." Swedenborgians, and those who believe in the *interior* sense of Scripture, might go a little further than they do. I have often thought that if we could fuse the great religions "in the alembic of charity" we should have truth. We *must* have doubts, those clouds of "our spiritual weather." God can no more dispense with doubt than he can with caloric. Doubt discharges rain on the soil of the soul. Probably passions have a similar mission. The Universalist accepts with readiness every phase of the mind. How finely Tennyson has illustrated the philosophy of doubt in his "In Memoriam!" But the greater poet, Browning, seems to have left mere doubt far behind. The genius of Browning is organic; Tennyson's is not. Goethe, probably the greatest of all Germans, and only inferior in universality to Shakspeare, must have had a wonderful experience of every possible phase of thought. He, too, once said, like a preceding thinker, "If there is no God now, why should there not *be* one?" With all reverence for that great intelligence, I must say there is no rationality in such an idea. For INFINITY can never grow. That were in its essence utterly inconceivable. But Humanity *must* grow. It is the Christ on the cross, always suffering for the future. My conviction is, therefore, that God *owes* much to Humanity, which reverses the old theology.

THE SHADE OF J. E. S.

WHAT IS LIFE?

[INSERTED UNDER PROTEST.]

To the Dramatist all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players, who have their exits and their entrances, and one man in his time plays many parts. To the Poet, life is of the stuff that dreams are made of, as when imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, and gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name, and from a sleep to sleep returning; whilst the Theologian looks upon life in this world as but a way to heaven, and a life spiritual and eternal in the presence of his God. But to the Philosopher, existence is an intellectual problem, which we try to solve in devious ways, but only to find it a problem that never can be solved. Yet to the Pantheist all nature is God's nature and the nature of God, in whom we live and have our life and being; and he reads God's will in the grandeur of the ocean, in the infinite stars of heaven, and the beauty of the flower, seeing all nature and the nature of the universe to be instinct with reason and purpose; whilst the Man of Science interprets nature to be a system of ever-acting forces, bound in a uniform and distinct law, and in which nothing is left to chance, but all determined by the law which is innate and essential to the very nature of things. But to the Idealist all is a vision and visionary, and in a dream he dreams himself to be a philosopher. Then we have the Merchant, who sees all the world to be a vast mart, in which every man seeks to profit; whilst the Labourer looks upon life as what he finds it to be—a life of toil and a mere struggle for a bare existence. He

labours that he may live, and lives only to labour, envying ever the cunning few—the epicurean who stands aloof from the toiling poor to cull the sweets from every flower, and enjoy those tastes and refinements which only wealth and leisure can give; and with all throughout, to get what you can and keep what you can seems to be the golden rule; and thus the world goes round, and probably all the other worlds in space in a universal sameness and monotony, and from age to age; and as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Constitution, position, circumstances ruling all and the opinions by which they rule. But there is a grand concert and general harmony in the whole, wherein the differences act in unison, and which makes up life and nature, in which one sees intelligence and divine purpose, another love and beneficence, and the sterner sort read justice and retribution, whilst the more simple and childlike look up to our Father in heaven. Yet with one and all evil cannot be overlooked, and the logical Moralist finds himself, whilst preaching God's mercy and beneficence, stranded in a dilemma, and must confess a mystery, and so leave it.

Then practical common sense and science again step in, and assert a universal uniform law, not blind necessity or chance, but eternal principles essential to the very nature of nature and the knowledge of nature, that law of laws, that cause of causes itself without a cause, the first law and element in which the ability must primarily and in germ reside of all that in combination and development issues from the womb of time. Design, purpose, benevolence, justice, mercy are but terms for human faculties and sentiments, and are not to be ascribed to the system of the universe in general, or in our conceit we override nature with our human nature, and there is no health in us, nor right reason in the observed sequence nor in the conduct of the understanding.

But of all the views of nature, we must not omit that of the Politician, to whom the world is a politic world, and nature a system of compromises; that we are not to regard the nature of man or the nature of nature as all goodness, but the best that is possible; and that if there be a God he must be a statesman, doing what is most politic under the circumstances within which he himself must be involved, every man judging according to his constitution and position. To the Soldier it is a fighting world, and the powers ever in conflict; to the Innkeeper it assumes the look of a travelling world, moving to and fro. Even the Omnibus Driver has his special view, in likening the world to one vast omnibus, and no one can question the justice and truth of the simile. And as I go scribbling on, I fancy the world to be more especially a bookmaking world, and that all that is evil amongst us is to be attributed to the printer's devil; and hence the exclamation in the Scriptures of "Oh that mine enemy had written a book!" and "of writing books there is no end," and with which I will end, signing myself one of the great variety of the good-for-nothings, and in the midst of the general confusion a know-nothing beyond the sense of the confusion.

SOCRATES.

SPIRITUALISM.

THE article by Mr. Burns is deferred to the second number. The Editor wishes to express *all* liberal and even illiberal views. He has not refused to insert articles by absolute Negationists of spirit, and he would consider it absurd to utterly ignore the fact that many thinking minds recognise Spiritualism; which view of the real spiritual world, however, he does not endorse.—[ED.]

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

UTTER misconceptions apparently being prevalent as to the object of FREELIGHT, we beg to state that we desire again most emphatically to repudiate purely negative views. We desire to rise from the negation of spirit, which is the old and foolish "freethought," to a divine affirmation of God in all things. We deny *partial* Providence, for we assert Divinity in Nature. Mr. Maccall's article, "Varieties of Pantheism," it would not become us to panegyrisse. Our own definition of Pantheism would probably not be identical with his. Other contributors may move in an erratic orbit (may even, for instance, identify themselves with Spiritualism). *Vulgar* Pantheism we disclaim, and Spiritualism has no dominion over our convictions.

To Correspondents.

THE Editor of FREELIGHT will insert contributions that are entirely opposed to his opinions, if they are well and temperately expressed. He begs to intimate *ab initio* that "Spiritualism" and obsolete Materialism are not in harmony with the Editorial sympathies.

"An Antitheist" says, "there is no progress in nature. There is an eternal cycle of good and evil. As for our vaunted reason, it is entirely dependent on physical condition. I cannot, therefore, believe in the Pantheistic, any more than in the Theistic philosophy." But we might ask Antitheists, how is it they are content to live?—"A Believer in Hell and the Devil" honestly says, "I tell you frankly the doctrine of Universalism is very absurd. God has a *right* to damn as many as he pleases. No doubt perdition is *necessary*. Calvin was the most rational theologian." But, then, Calvin's God is a devil, and the best thing that could happen, were Calvinism true, would be the destruction of the universe and its Maker.—"A Pantheistic Believer" remarks, "*Freelight* is what we want. I knew the late J. E. Smith, and I am sure you will carry out his universal doctrines. There is a Divine Humanity, and in this Humanity we see God." Amen to that!—[ED.]

One correspondent, "A Man of the World," says: "FREELIGHT may succeed, but I shall oppose your views, not because I am a believer in anything, for I am a Pyrrhonist, but because the world must be humbugged and its eyes hoodwinked. The people like to be deceived. It is certainly absurd to preach the doctrines that are current everywhere; and I suppose, one day, there will be no religion: but I look upon every Church as an army,

quite necessary to defend society. I am not, philosophically, a Tory; but I am a practical Tory, because Reform is dangerous. The earth is a volcano, nature is a devil; and caution is adverse to freelight." O man of the world! What voice was it that cried, "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" Can hypocrisy be a real power in the universe? Not if a God can be proved to exist. But our correspondent is practically Atheistic.

Another correspondent moodily declares that "unless we can check population soon by restrictive measures, we shall be ruined; that population is in excess of the means of support already." He has no faith in Providence.

"What Does it All Come To?"—This correspondent holds with Macbeth, "It is a tale told by an idiot," and that Creation signifies nothing. But the wisest are beginning to see that there is a Divine upward tendency in life. Even the followers of Darwin are agreed on that point. Be this our hope.

"An Advocate for the General Abolition of Clothes" must be insane.

"A Lady" condemns the present style of dress, especially the head-dress. To speak the truth, anything more abominable and absurd cannot be conceived. All the artists are agreed on that subject. How posterity will roar with laughter over the chignons of their mothers!

"A Political Correspondent" is informed that we consider Philosophical Radicalism true; but we are with the Ministry.

Legible handwriting requested.

Articles, if ineligible, returned to those who send stamps and directed envelopes. The Editor is compelled reluctantly to decline many articles not suitable to FREELIGHT. At the same time, he will attend to letters expressing the most opposite views, orthodox and negative.

MR. VOYSEY'S INAUGURAL SERMON AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL:

SPIRITUALISM AND MATERIALISM.

THE Editor of FREELIGHT is desirous of stating that he has much sympathy with Mr. Voysey, though on some points he may differ from that earnest man. Indeed, there is hardly one of his contributors with whom the Editor entirely agrees. So best. In many opinions there is wisdom. For this reason the Editor will admit articles on "Spiritualism" (as the word is now used), but is as far from the "Spiritualist" as he is from the Materialist. In the kingdom of Reason there are many mysteries. The ordinary Rationalist, just like the ordinary bigot, would shut up "the kingdom of heaven against men." That supreme Reason and Love which enlightens poet and philosopher should be the object of our devout contemplation. "The bipolarity of the original Word of Christianity," to use the phrase of a thinker, must never be lost sight of by those who would reconcile reason and faith.

"Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—
Galatians vi., 9.

I have chosen this text as a motto on this very interesting occasion of our assembling here to-day rather than as a special subject of our meditation.

It would be unnecessary and even unprofitable to occupy our thoughts with an

essay on the duty of perseverance, or with a string of commonplaces about success being the reward of patient and well-sustained exertion. We are too much men of the world not to know by experience that if we wish to succeed in our present undertaking we must bring to bear upon it our best and wisest thought, our undaunted courage under apparent failure, and our most patient and self-denying exertions.

It seems more fitting to the circumstances of the hour that we should begin our work with a brief and comprehensive review of what we have undertaken to do, so as to get, if possible, in plain words a definite statement of the objects which have drawn, and are still drawing, together from all parts of the world so important an organisation as that which we profess to represent.

Our first work—that, indeed, which has been the keynote of this organisation—is to undermine, and assail, and, if possible, to destroy that part of the prevailing religious belief which we deem to be false.

We make no secret of our antagonism. We frankly state our denials, and are ready to give our reasons for the denial of any doctrine which we denounce. We are in open warfare against much of what goes by the name of Christianity. We repudiate at the outset the tacit or avowed assumptions which are almost universally accepted as the basis of religious belief.

To be more explicit, we deny the doctrines of the fall of man from original righteousness, of the curse of God against our race, and of His supposed sentence of any of His creatures to everlasting woe; therefore we deny not merely the doctrine of the Atonement, but the necessity for any method whatever of appeasing the imaginary wrath of God. For every one of these doctrines involves a flaw in the moral perfection of God, and violates our instinctive perception of His goodness.

The fall of man, *e.g.*, involves an admission that God was either unable or unwilling to keep his creature as good as He had at first made him, and that, contrary to the conclusions of science, God's work is not progressive; that the first man was a paragon of perfection instead of being in the lowest rank of savages. The doctrine of God's curse against our race in consequence of the first man's sin involves a still greater blemish on the moral perfection of God. It is contrary to all sense of justice that one man should be an object of wrath in consequence of another man's sin, much more that a whole world of countless millions should be deemed accursed, and sent to everlasting perdition, through the sole fault of their first parents. This doctrine we discard because it is morally degrading to God. For the same reason, only with immeasurably greater indignation, we reject the doctrine that God withdrew the curse and sentence from the heads of a few of our race in consequence of the death of Jesus, by which, Orthodoxy tells us, the Father was reconciled to men. The remedy was worse than the disease—the compromise more dishonourable than the injustice which it was intended to amend. These are only a few, but they are the most prominent, of the doctrines which so-called Christians deem to be essential, and our first work, I say, is to hasten their coming downfall—to rid the world of ideas which, though once good and useful in comparison with the ideas which they supplanted, have now become both poisonous and loathsome, full of injury to the human heart and mind, and blasphemous in the ears of the Most High.

Gathering round these abjured doctrines are others of only less noxious character, such as the belief in a Devil, the doctrine of the Trinity, the Godhead and even the superhuman Divinity of Jesus Christ, the expectation of his return to earth as the Judge and King of men, the doctrine of the Church as a spiritual and authoritative power, the doctrines of Sacraments, of Holy Orders, of priestly interference and control in every shape, and of the necessity for priestly intervention at the burial of the dead.

All these topics are suggestive of many protests which it will be our duty to make. There is one, however, which I have not yet mentioned, reserving it for a paragraph by itself. We shall be met at the onset of our attack by the warning that we have no right to form an opinion about any of God's dealings which may be contrary to the revealed religion contained in the Bible, or in the Church, or

in both. This is where the conflict will be hottest. We must bring all our forces to bear against this insidious and plausible plea. We shall have not merely to defend our own right to use the light of Nature within us, but to show up the weak points in our enemies' armour, to challenge them to a defence of those glaring immoralities and absurdities in the Bible or in their revealed religion which none of them as yet have had the courage to defend; to exhibit also unsparringly the numberless fallacies which abound in their theories of a Church, and to make them show cause why any claimant for our obedience should be accepted more than his rivals. We must repeat and repeat the fact that so-called revelations abound in all the earth, each one being believed by its adherents to be the only true one, and that Christendom itself is divided piecemeal into separate and antagonistic Churches, each of which in turn is, of course, the only true Church. To the world outside who may watch the struggle we may appeal with confidence, knowing that all the Churches, all the priests, all the Bibles, all the Catechisms have never yet been able to quench the spark of Divine justice and love of truth which the Almighty God has kindled in the human breast. The time will come when, if our orthodox opponents shall have succeeded in proving that the Bible or the Church teaches authoritatively doctrines against which the mind, and heart, and conscience of men rebel, men will make answer, "So much the worse for the Church, so much the worse for the Bible," and what is bad in both will be cast away to the moles and to the bats, to the dust and darkness appointed for all falsehood.

To pave the way for even this preliminary work of necessary destruction, we must first of all persuade the timorous to enter upon the work of religious inquiry without any dread of being punished for honest conviction. The Churches hold all their power at this moment through the superstitious fears of men and women. From first to last the cry is, "Flee from the wrath to come;" "Believe this, and thou shalt be saved;" and as nothing is so catching as fear, the multitude run hither and thither to seek shelter from impending doom.

A great deal of our work, then, must be to proclaim the perfect safety of the path of inquiry—to tell men and women that, even if they go wrong in opinion, even if they miss much precious truth and embrace much mischievous error, the Lord of all will not damn them for it for ever. The Father's love will not shrivel up and grow cold because in our blindness or twilight we have missed the path of truth, or made but slow progress therein. We must teach them that, wrong or right, they are equally safe from the absurd horrors which have hitherto scared them, and that all the ill consequences of error which Divine goodness has ordained are only ordained to teach us to correct our mistakes and to improve our method of search after His truth. I sometimes fear that, as regards this country at all events, most of us will not live to see the false doctrines of Christianity utterly rooted out; but we may well hope to have set free our countrymen in a few short years from this insane and ridiculous fear of damnation as the penalty for error in opinion. We can do nothing with the religious masses till we have set them free to think without trembling at every step. Let us do this with all our might, and "let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

But our work does not rest here. I believe I am only echoing the thoughts of every heart which has sympathized with us when I say we should be both distressed and ashamed if all our work were only destructive—if all our energies were to be exhausted in pulling down even false beliefs, and only in undermining erroneous doctrine. So far from that, we should pull down that we may build up; we only desire to eradicate false beliefs that we may be able to plant true beliefs in their place. Though I am only an insignificant unit in the great brotherhood of Freethinkers and enemies of orthodoxy, I may point with an honest pride to those published works for which I have been expelled from my benefice, and ask, Are not those writings full of positive beliefs? Can you find a sermon amongst them all which does not proclaim as much my anxiety that we should believe and teach what is true as that we should give up and denounce what is false? Had this not been so I should certainly not deserve to stand here to-day as the mouthpiece of so many earnest and devout men. But we must be prepared for every form of reproach and every degree of misrepresentation.

When people can deliberately say of a man, "He is only a Theist," assuming that, in their own minds and in that of their hearers, contempt need go no further, it proves that they know nothing whatever of Theism, and that they have never taken the pains even to ascertain what we really believe, or why we believe it; still less why we should have willingly suffered for it. It will be our chief duty and our highest delight to proclaim our real convictions, to contrast our own faith with the faith we have so gladly abandoned, and to try to lead those who may be halting between two opinions, and others who may have no faith at all, to embrace the views which our own hearts, as God made them, have taught us to approve.

It will delight us to tell how we have learnt to call God our Father, to trust Him unseen, to look to Him for guidance in difficulty and for strength in duty, to feel that He is about our path and about our bed, near to us at every moment of our lives, ready to give all the light and knowledge which our narrow souls can receive, to console us under every disappointment and sorrow, and to give us hope when everything else is gone. It will be our joy to show that this faith in our Father is the natural outcome of the possession and exercise of loving virtues; that if there be a God at all He must for ever be above and never below the moral beauty of the best of His creatures; that as we grow in friendliness, and brotherliness, and fatherliness to our fellow-men, we learn more and more of the exceeding and unspeakable love of God; that we give to Him the best name we know to-day, ready to exchange it for a better and truer one on the morrow, if human life and its relations rise still higher.

Contrasting this with the miserable, narrow estimate of God's love as given us in Christianity, we gladly proclaim that all that God is to ourselves He is also to every one of our fellow-men. He has no favourites, and the best and happiest one amongst us all in this world and in the world to come is only the type of what every other soul shall be when his turn comes. Meeting with the objection against His love drawn from the sufferings and moral degradation of many of our race, we can either explain it by thoughtful reference to pains and sins we have ourselves once experienced, and found them to be pregnant with eternal blessing, or we take refuge in the thought that our goodness, small as it is, would not allow us to inflict one grain of pain or shame without a purpose of lasting good, nor to withhold any amount of painful discipline that was necessary to secure the ultimate happiness and virtue of the individual exposed to it; and then we ask ourselves, "Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall the creature be more loving than the Creator?"

We shall have to confront those who believe too little as well as those who believe too much. We know that if an unspoken Atheism be rife in this land it must be laid at the door of those who painted man worse than a worm, and God blacker than a fiend. The creed of Christendom is the cradle—nay, the mother—of Atheism, and the Churches may thank themselves for degrading not only the name of Jesus, one of the world's best men, but also the principles of mankind and the honour of God. If we would do any successful work amongst those who are exiles from the region of faith we must come to them to learn, not to teach—to learn every bit of truth and duty which they have valued, while, perhaps, we have undervalued it. We must come to them honouring them for their protest against a foul caricature of the Most High and His dealings, and only desiring to impart to them what is so precious to ourselves by the legitimate process of argument and the still more efficient agency of a well-ordered example.

If they make their just boast that they are all for mankind, to raise their kindred and their race, to unloose the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke, let us meet them, at all events, on their own ground, as brothers of humanity, and as setting the highest possible value on services rendered to man as the only true service acceptable to God.

Among the beliefs which it will be our duty to proclaim stands next in order our hope for the life to come. We do not dogmatise on this or on any other point, but it will devolve upon us to multiply and strengthen all the evidences on which our hopes are based. We all feel that our future life is bound up in the very existence of God; the two must stand or fall together; and while we are careful never

to allow our hopes and longings for immortal bliss to clog our footsteps in the path of duty upon earth—while we are most scrupulous to avoid turning it into a bribe for the performance of duties which are their own reward, we should do all in our power to deepen the roots of our belief in the world to come as the only solace under the bitter pangs of bereavement, and as a wholesome stimulus to our efforts after holiness, which can never be adequately satisfied in the world below.

To all this, which we may call our public work, we must add the far more important business of cultivating in our lives the spirit of truth, integrity, purity, and brotherly love. In our own homes and in the pursuit of our daily toil we must find the great field of self-culture and discipline, without which all our public exertions in the service of truth and liberty will be thrown away. If we find our honour growing more sensitive, our thoughts more elevated, our speech more refined and exact, our tempers more placid and enduring, our consciences more tender, and our affections more wide and deep, we shall find also that our public and social influence for good will grow at the same time, and men will learn to love us in spite of our creed, and will pardon us for spurning their own. And above all, if, in our desire to know more of God and to be convinced of His goodness where we only doubted before, we seem only to become more confused, more bewildered by the strife of tongues, our only chance of rest and peace and joy in believing will be found in our own efforts to be good and to do good. There is no other avenue to the throne of God's majesty on high, no other means of rending the veil which hides the glory of His love, but what is to be found in the goodness of each man's own heart. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they only shall see God."

Time would fail me were I to attempt to enumerate the many collateral duties which will belong to us as an association. We must only resolve to meet them as they arise in the same sincerity and with the same activity as that in which we desire to regulate our lives.

Of the service in which we have all united to-day it becomes me not to speak but in terms of humility and hope. It has been prepared in distressing haste. At best it is only an experiment, and time alone will enable us to test its value and to correct its faults. I only ask you—and that with perfect confidence—for your patient trial of it.

One word more upon my text and I have done. "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

For my own part, I have taken up my share in this great work without any sanguine expectation of my own success. But I mean to work at it body and soul, night and day if need be, in spite of any amount of opposition and discouragement. I do not mean to let it go till I am beaten off it, as it were, lifeless. As long as I have a voice left me, it shall be raised to magnify the lovingkindness of the Lord, and to speak good of His name. No terror shall shut my lips, no bribes shall tamper with the utterance of my heart's thoughts: So help me God! But in saying this for myself, I know I am speaking for the thousands who have hitherto supported me, and for those who are gathered here to-day. If we fight shoulder to shoulder, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, we shall in time disarm all opposition, win over to our ranks the wavering and fashion-fearing multitudes, and plant our banner of truth and liberty and love where no foe can reach it. Thank God, the cause to which we have pledged ourselves is not our cause only, but His—does not depend on my life, or fidelity, or feeble powers, no, not on all of us put together; it must prevail in the end, conquering every obstacle, and rising over every wave of seeming failure, because it is devoted first to God's truth, then to God's honour, and last, but not least, to the true welfare of man.

"Our help standeth in the name of the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth."