

The Coming Day.

NOVEMBER, 1891.

BEYOND THE VEIL.

It may seem rather late in the day to refer to the proceedings of the British Association, but it will be a long time before it can be too late to ponder the remarkable Address given by Professor Lodge as President of its Mathematical and Physical Section. That Address turned upon something which he called *a fact*, connected with a subject to which he referred as one "lying by the roadside," "beyond the pale of scientific orthodoxy,"—"a rather ill-favoured and disreputable looking stranger," but "not *all* scamp," he says, whose present condition, indeed, is "as much due to our long-continued neglect" as anything else.

What then is the *fact*—the strange, uncanny fact—which this scientific master in Israel thinks should be pressed upon the attention of these wonderfully clever people? We state it in his own words;—

"There is the question whether it has or has not been established by direct experiment that a method of communication exists between mind and mind irrespective of the ordinary channels of consciousness and the known organs of sense, and if so, what is the process." "Is it possible that an idea can be transferred from one person to another by a process such as we have not yet grown accustomed to, and know practically nothing about? In this case I have *evidence*. I assert that I have seen it done, and am perfectly convinced of the fact."

It ought to interest every one to note what has been happening with regard to this fact. "The orthodoxy of science" has scoffed at it. Nay, in the past, keensighted and accomplished men have been ruined and hounded into their graves because of it. And now, here stands this chosen man of Science doing vicarious penance, the just for the unjust, to bring these scientific sinners to repentance. Such a lesson! and, even now, this brave and honest man has to say that the territory occupied by this wonderful fact "seems to be inhabited mainly by savages, many of them, *so far as we can judge from a distance*, given to gross superstition." Yes; judged "from a distance." But why "at a distance"? Whose fault is it that God's pioneers look like "savages"? It is good to see this prominent man of science rebuke the stupid scientific orthodoxy of the majority who, in this matter, are so much to blame. There are the facts, he says, but "the orthodox man shuts his ears." He says;—

"I doubt if one of the recognised scientific societies would receive a paper on the subject. What I wish is to signalise a danger—which I believe to be actual and serious - that investigation in this and cognate subjects may be checked and hampered by active hostility to these researches on the part of the majority of scientific men, and a determined opposition to the reception of discussion of evidence." "For a corporate body of men of science, inheritors of the hard-won tradition of free and fearless inquiry into the facts of nature untrammelled by prejudice, for any

such body to decline to receive evidence laboriously attained and discreetly and inoffensively presented by observers of accepted competency in other branches, would be, if ever actually done and persisted in, a terrible throwing away of their prerogative, and an imitation of the errors of a school of thought against which the struggle was at one time severe."

It is immensely instructive. Even the foremost men (whose business it is to find the facts and deal with them), shirk these unfamiliar but enormously important matters—for fear of losing caste, or dreading the loss of influence or fearing persecution from the profession and from "society." O that evil spirit of persecution—that odious readiness to punish a man for being too much of a truthseeker! How hateful it is everywhere!

The man of science, says Professor Lodge, ought to be open and receptive;—the last man to use the ignorant word "impossible."

"Our ancestors fought hard and suffered much for the privilege of free and open inquiry, for the right of conducting investigation untrammelled by prejudice and foregone conclusions, and they were ready to examine into any phenomenon which presented itself. . . . It would be a great pity if a too absorbed attention to what has already been acquired, and to the fringe of territory lying immediately adjacent thereto, were to end in our losing the power of raising our eyes and receiving evidence of a totally fresh kind, of perceiving the existence of regions into which the same processes of inquiry as had proved so fruitful might be extended, with results at present incalculable and perhaps wholly unexpected. I myself think that the ordinary processes of observation and experiment are establishing the existence of such a region; that in fact they have already established the truth of some phenomena not at present contemplated by science, and to which the orthodox man shuts his ears."

"It is no use theorising; it is unwise to decline to examine phenomena because we feel too sure of their impossibility. We ought to know the universe very thoroughly and completely before we take up that attitude."

"What we know is as nothing to that which remains to be known. This is sometimes said as a truism; sometimes it is half-doubted. To me it seems the most literal truth, and that if we narrow our view to already half-conquered territory only, we shall be false to the men who won our freedom, and treasonable to the highest claims of science." "I care not what the end may be. I do care that the inquiry shall be conducted by us, and that we shall be free from the disgrace of jogging along accustomed roads, leaving to isolated labourers the work, the ridicule, and the gratification, of unfolding a new region to unwilling eyes."

It is too early yet to attempt any explanation of the marvellous fact—that mind and mind can communicate without physical contact, sight, or speech,—but our Professor goes farther in referring to one explanation, which, however, is not new. He reminds us that there is "a gap in our knowledge between the conscious idea of a motion and the liberation of muscular energy needed to accomplish it:" and then suggests that the act of will might of itself, and without contact, move an external object. How can a volition move a muscle? We are so used to it that we need to make an effort to see the gap: but the gap is broad, and it seems impossible to bridge it. If, then, the mind or an act of will can move a muscle why might it not move, say, a book five feet off? The only difference may be that we have learnt to do the one but have still to learn how to do the other. But, as to the influencing of one brain by another, our Professor, in reminding us how familiar we all are with communication between mind and mind by means of waves of motion in the air which produce sound, says that we can imagine other waves, in a more subtle atmosphere, which might produce and reproduce *thoughts*. It is, indeed, perfectly

conceivable. We have only to think of an extremely subtle telephone, acting in an atmosphere, ether, or electricity of its own. To the majority that will appear monstrous : but, as Professor Lodge says,

“At first, things always look mysterious. A comet, lightning, the aurora, the rainbow—all strange anomalous mysterious apparitions. But scrutinised in the dry light of science, their relationship with other better-known things becomes apparent. They cease to be anomalous ; and, though a certain mystery necessarily remains, it is no more a property peculiar to them.”

So we everywhere see advance, from the mysterious to the commonplace—from the so-called “impossible” to the actually familiar. Once tabooed subjects are now “taken under the wing of science after long ridicule and contempt” : “facts so strange that they have often been called miraculous are now no longer regarded as entirely incredible” : “the possibilities of the universe are infinite.” So, at last, says the official mouthpiece of mathematics and physical science,—thanks to the superb pioneers to whom our professor playfully alludes as the uncanny “savages” and “scamps,”—angels and revealers in disguise.

One inference we cannot pass over ;—

“It is sometimes objected,” says Professor Lodge, “that, granting thought-transference or telepathy to be a fact, it belongs more especially to lower forms of life, and that as the cerebral hemispheres develop we become independent of it ; that what we notice is the relic of a decaying faculty, not the germ of a new and fruitful sense ; and that progress is not to be made by studying or attending to it. It may be that it is an immature mode of communication, adapted to lower stages of consciousness than ours, but how much can we not learn by studying immature stages ! As well might the objection be urged against a study of embryology. It may, on the other hand, as W. F. Barrett has suggested, be an indication of a higher mode of communication, which shall survive our temporary connection with ordinary matter.”

What more likely ? But what follows ? This follows ;—that we have here the very clue we want to the unseen man. This subtle, penetrating, forceful, independent inner self which moves the body, and orders about other bodies, and acts apart from the body—why should it not survive the always perishing and changing body ? It seems so reasonable : and it will certainly be a delightful and an almost amusing denouement if the demonstration of the immortality of the soul proceeds, not from the church, but from the laboratory, or from a section of the British Association ; if, not the priest, but the dreaded “materialist” introduces us to spirits, after all.

THE BROAD CHURCH.*

MR. HAWEIS is always vivacious and picturesque ; but in this book, he is something more—in fact, he is several things more. He knows a good deal about the real Broad Church,—not the Broad Church on parade or on field days, but behind the scenes, as it were,—and he is the *enfant terrible* who tells everything. Here, for instance, is a kind of ultimatum which almost takes away one’s breath :—“simple alternative forms for the Sacraments, an expurgated Bible, selected Psalms, one Creedal statement, simpler and briefer, additional qualifying and liberating rubrics,

* The Broad Church, or what is coming. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. London : Sampson Low & Co.

sanctioning a more elastic conduct of the services, and, lastly, a total repeal of the Act of Uniformity." No wonder that (as Mr. Haweis plaintively says) "the High Church view of the Broad Church seems to be that they are Unitarians or Infidels thinly disguised."

This suspicious estimate of the Broad Church will not be modified by Mr. Haweis' wonderful references to the Trinity and the real nature of Jesus Christ. In regard to these matters, he thinks it is "doubtful whether St. John or our Lord Himself would have been considered quite orthodox" by the Nicene Council. For "Holy Ghost" he would read "Holy Spirit, or Mind, or *Holy Influence*"—"Holy Influence" meaning "God in communion with man." Mr. Haweis' Trinity turns out to be "God the Vague, God the Definite, God the Immanent . . . that is the eternal doctrine of the Trinity in Unity." No wonder we find him saying, "To say that the Father is incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible, and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible, uncreated and eternal, to say that as we are compelled by the Christian verity to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord, so are we forbidden by the Catholic Religion to say there be three Gods or three Lords. To say that each incomprehensible and uncreated Person is by Himself—and yet somehow He does not count for One, but that only all Three together count for One—to say, concerning such a proposition, that it conveys, in our translation, any intelligible meaning whatever to the average Englishman, is simply to trifle with experience, but to say that everyone who does not keep the whole and undefiled letter of such a Faith shall be damned for ever is simply to qualify oneself for a lunatic asylum."

As to the real nature of Jesus Christ, Mr. Haweis is nearly as explicit—and nearly as good a Unitarian. He says, "'Do you believe,' it is commonly asked, 'that Jesus Christ was God?' The answer to that question is not *yes* or *no*, but *yes and no*. 'I believe that in some full and efficient sense Jesus Christ was a *bona fide* representation, and an essential Incarnation of God—*yes*.' 'Do you believe that the Great God Almighty—the Creator of the ends of the earth—the High and Holy one that inhabiteth Eternity—came down and was born of a woman 2000 years ago—that He walked about Galilee—that no one took much notice of Him for thirty years, that He then got into difficulties with the local police at Jerusalem. That the Roman soldiers—so many mere invisible specks of dust on the surface of our small globe—caught none other than the Great God Almighty Himself, beat him cruelly with rods, spat upon Him, and at last crucified Him on Calvary, do you believe this?' Instinctively at these words a murmur of 'No! No!—surely not quite that!' would run through any congregation in the 19th century. The doctrine of Christ's Divinity as expressed by himself is essentially vague and elastic; it appeals to the heart, to the spiritual sense more than to the intellect. To the spiritual man it presents no difficulty. To the carnally minded logician, every conceivable difficulty. As representing God to man, Christ was the Father in the Son. '*Thou in Me*,' as presenting the ideal Humanity before God, He was the Son in the Father; '*I in Thee*,' as the divine love and influence brought into close contact with man, He was the One who would '*not leave us comfortless*,' a Holy Influence or Spirit. All this is admirable in its appeal to the religious sense, and it is spiritually apprehended as divinely true, but it is amazingly unlike the Athanasian

Creed in the precise detail of that alarming formulary." But Mr. Haweis does his best to press even the Athanasian Creed into his service. The Broad Church view of Jesus Christ, he says, is that he was "God under the limitations of Humanity,"—that God's "*Human Side*" "was expressed, did struggle up into self-conscious revelation under human conditions in Jesus Christ,"—"that our human destiny is somehow inextricably bound up with God's own nature, and our struggle against evil with His struggle against evil,"—and that Jesus Christ was "eternally begotten" in the sense that "the human attributes—moral, affectional, intelligent, and self-conscious, in a word, *Humanity*,—belong to the inmost and Primal nature of the Deity":—all of which no Unitarian would care to deny, though few Unitarians, and, probably, fewer lawyers would find these innocent ideas in the document called The Athanasian Creed.

But Mr. Haweis is extremely adroit in his manipulation of documents. He says, "For instance, take the Creedal clause: '*I believe in the resurrection of the body.*' The essence or *spirit of that clause is a belief in the survival of the soul under fitting conditions of self manifestation or even incarnation.*" Is it possible to believe that the historic and well-defined phrase "resurrection of the body" only means—the personal existence of the spirit-man in another state of being, apart from what we know as the body? But Mr. Haweis' treatment of the form of "Subscription" explains everything. He says "It simply binds us to an administrative Assent, and to belief in a Fact which, as we shall see, is of no doctrinal importance whatever. Is it possible to conceive of anything more free and flimsy than this? We do not even profess a *belief in any doctrine or doctrines whatever*; we merely declare that we believe the doctrines of the Church are agreeable to the Word of God, By the Word of God most clergy and laity would, I suppose, understand the Bible. Well, it is a very light matter to believe that the doctrines of the Church can be proved by Scripture texts if that is all that is wanted, since every Christian sect in and outside the Church can do as much as that—for notoriously all claim Scripture texts in favour of their peculiar tenets, orthodox and unorthodox." Mr. Haweis will, we hope, forgive us if we frankly say that the picture this calls up to the mind is that of Mephistopheles. It is *his* clever mocking we hear in the plea,—'By pledging ourselves to the belief that the doctrines of the Church are agreeable to the Word of God, we only mean that we can make the Bible say anything, or back up anything by Scripture texts!' After that, we are not surprised at Mr. Haweis saying, "Nothing in the way of Dogma comes amiss to the Broad Church . . . Give a Broad Churchman even the Dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, and he will be delighted to handle it sympathetically and tenderly,"—meaning by that, he will make even it mean something quite sensible.

We do not want to be hard on men who are really in a very difficult position; but, when Mr. Haweis claims for the Broad Church that it comes to "supply a new intellectual basis," we are bound to watch keenly its treatment of the old creeds. We frankly admit that under the old errors there are precious germs of truth, and that it is a good thing to have these discovered and cherished, if only for the sake of finding a vital bond of union between the old and the new. We can even sympathise with Mr. Haweis when he says, "Not to throw up our 'Holy orders' in a panic, but

to justify them by patient reconstruction, prayer, and meditation—not to break up the Church of England, but to enlarge, vitalise, and reform it—not to denounce or flout its theological standards, but to understand and rehabilitate them. Such are the chief functions of the Broad Church clergy.” In the discharge of such grave functions we wish Broad Churchmen well, but they must avoid special pleading and excessive ingenuity. They had better deny and take the consequences.

We are bound to say that the book before us has many positive merits. We have dwelt largely upon what seems to us the moral weakness of the Broad Church party: but we might as easily have dwelt upon its moral, intellectual, and spiritual strength. Mr. Hawsis abundantly shows its fine teaching possibilities, and, on that side of it, the book is delightful and instructive.

A SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

VII.

A scientific basis of belief in and the explanation of spirit-existence, now and in an unseen Universe.

THE subject of this lecture appears to profess far more than I can promise to perform, and it must be read in the light of what I have all along been saying—that I cannot hope to demonstrate, but that, at the very best, I can only hope to suggest rational and scientific explanations of beliefs that have for the most part been left to the region of absolute mystery.

The subject must also be taken up as the last link in a connected chain. If all that has gone before is not granted I am powerless. It may help us here, then, if we retrace our steps, for the purpose of trying how far they may be considered safe and reliable, and to what extent we may regard them as leading to the conclusion that we really have a faith leading from the seen to the unseen.

I have said that Science is everywhere carrying us into an unseen Universe, and that this unseen Universe is everywhere felt to be the sphere of causes, and the source and centre of all the essential elements and activities of creation. I have endeavoured to prove that space and time are both infinite, and to shew the reasonableness of the hypothesis that life is infinite too; and that, therefore, the existence of an unseen Universe is, even apart from any direct evidence, extremely probable. I said that belief in an unseen Universe need not be checked because of the difficulty we experience in comprehending the nature of spirit-existence, seeing that it is just as difficult for us to comprehend the real nature of Matter. I shewed that, in point of fact, we are really more directly acquainted with Thought than with Matter, and that Consciousness is more demonstrably real to us than the material states or phenomena that excite it. With the help of John Stuart Mill, I laid down the scientific doctrine that it is open to us to conceive of states of consciousness apart from a material brain; and that, under totally different conditions, we might have the same thoughts, emotions, volitions, and sensations as we have here, and in an

intenser form. Then, in order to bring this home to us, I insisted on the extremely limited range of our senses, and shewed, with regard to them all, that the world is to us precisely what our senses make it—that our five senses measure our poor range, not the boundless reaches of being far beyond our ken. Even in relation to many of the common things of every day life it is plain that much is hidden both from sight and touch. We then glanced at the various grades of Matter, and saw how, in an ascending scale, they ranged from the seen to the unseen, from the solid to the intangible. We thus traced Matter into the invisible, where it is to be found in its most potent and subtile forms. Conscious, then, of our limitations in the universe of substances, we passed on to consider our littleness among the worlds of space, and to ask whether it could possibly be that we were the only intelligent creatures, or the highest among the intelligent creatures, in the Universe. We saw that Life has been developed on this planet through the working out, during countless ages, of the laws of development, resulting in forms of Life adapted to their environment in such a world as this; and we drew the conclusion that it was only reasonable to infer that forms of Life quite unlike those upon this earth may, by the working out of the same laws, have been developed elsewhere; and that again led to the inference that even now the spirit part of man may be developing powers that will enable it to survive the dissolution of the merely physical structure, and to pass into the unseen Universe as the appropriate sphere of its active existence. I then ventured on the suggestion that the life-principle, which is itself, in any case, most intensely subtile, might be united to Matter in such a subtile condition that we, with our present senses, would be unable to come into contact with it; and that this exquisite living substance might be the organised body of a conscious being. We then passed on to the vital culminating thought, that the Unseen is the sphere of first causes and final effects. We saw that it is from the Unseen this earth derives all its substance and all its life, and that back into the Unseen all things ultimately pass at the period of their sublimation or decay. We therefore came to the conclusion that the unseen Universe is at once the source, the receptacle, and the laboratory of energy and vitality immeasurably surpassing anything within the present experience of man. It was here that the great laws of Evolution, Continuity, and the Conservation of force came in to our help, to suggest to us the inference that if Matter persists after its dissolution in one form, appearing in another, so too will Mind which, though ending its connection with Matter as we know it, may reappear under conditions immeasurably more favourable to its development and delight.

Here, then, we find our scientific basis of belief in spirit-existence now and in an unseen Universe. I do not at all profess that it is more than a *basis*, but I do think that it is more than a theory or a hypothesis, grounded as it is on solid, though, as yet, little comprehended facts and laws. Spirit-existence is a fact here and now. Life and Thought are orderly progressive products of natural law, and they belong to the sphere of Spirit. In considering the various grades of Matter and of Life, we come upon Thought or Consciousness in an ascending scale. Force, Matter, and Instinct, though all equally wonderful and mysterious, are all below it. It is in Thought and Consciousness that we, for the first time, come to personality, and to that marvellous unity of Life which binds into one supreme act of self introspection or reasoning the complicated faculties of the human being. Here we have something

altogether new, in the actual production of a conscious being—a unity of Life and Thought. By themselves, all the atoms that compose our physical being are dead: how, then, are Consciousness and Thought got out of them? As it has been elsewhere said:—"Your atoms are individually without sensation and intelligence. Take these, then—your dead hydrogen atoms, your dead oxygen atoms, your dead carbon atoms, your dead nitrogen atoms, your dead phosphorus atoms, and all other atoms of which the brain is composed—and, if you can, imagine how, from these, sensation, thought, and emotion, are to arise—how, from the physical tremors of uniting atoms, things so utterly incongruous can come." Consciousness and Thought, then, are not even a property of Life: they are something utterly fresh, and utterly unlike everything else known to us. How can we help regarding them, then, as a farther stage of being, or higher reach in the marvellous march of progressive Life? In conscious man we seem to see Life itself attaining a new and most important gain. In the plants and the lower animals it exists only as the unseen force that differentiates them from inert or inorganic Matter; but in man we see it under a new and most wonderful development. In his case there is not only vital energy, enabling Matter to live and grow, but vital energy, individualised and become, one might say, self-conscious. We see vital energy in a condition of self possession and practical independence—a unity in multiplicity—in fact, grown to Personality. This I call a supreme fact in the development of Life, and a fact of a very solid kind, seeing that it is no other than the growth of man, in the scale of being from Protoplasm to Personality.

Here, then, we come to what we call spirit-existence *now*. The spirit is that unity of Consciousness and Thought which vivifies and uses the various functions of the body—the unity of Consciousness and Thought which persists amid all the changes that happen to the body, and even amid its total renewals from time to time—the unity of Consciousness and Thought which, just because it has attained vital or spiritual Personality will, we are entitled to say, survive the dropping away of the physical structure, and find itself at home in the unseen Universe beyond. If this were not so, we should have to contemplate an orderly and splendid process of development broken upon its attainment, and ending nowhere: nay! we should have to contemplate the lower persisting and passing on, and the higher failing in the very hour of its consummation. We have to follow Matter into the ethereal regions of its more subtile modes of existence; and shall we not follow Mind also into those unseen regions, especially when we see that Matter everywhere seems to be manipulated and directed by Mind?

Thus we may reasonably conclude that the ultimate production of conscious spirit-personality is only the highest stage, on this plane of being, of the well-known process of evolution; and it is perfectly in accordance with that process, and with the great law underlying it, to trace that spirit-personality into a higher and more appropriate sphere of existence, and to find in the unseen Universe both its first cause and its final home. Assuredly we have here all the conditions of a state of being inconceivably superior to any known to us here. Imagine the life-principle united to a spiritual body as subtile and exquisite as itself, and having its sphere of activity in a world perfectly adapted to its own sensitive, ethereal form of

existence ; surely you would there have everything that could give the most thrilling realisation of life, with all its possibilities of progress and delight. Here, "in the body pent" we know everything only through the dusky veil of the flesh, and that hides a thousand times more than it reveals ; but what will it be to pass behind the veil with our growth of spirit-personality—to know everything immediately—to hear, to see, to touch, to know at first hand without the veil between, to have our spirit-self to ourself, without the earthly tabernacle to imprison it ?

(To be concluded next month.)

THEATRICAL GRIEF.

It is becoming the fashion to extol the theatre as an elevator and instructor of the people. There may be some truth in it, but, after all, there is as much truth in the old puritan notion that play-acting is of the devil. To prove that, we have only to look on at the London shows, and to read what goes on in the law courts. It stands to reason that the mental and emotional atmospheres of the theatre should tend to artificiality, hysteria, sensationalism, frivolity, self-indulgence. They tend to something else if we are to judge Mr. Buchanan by his *Echo* poem on the burial of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Buchanan, unhappily, left poetry, which did not pay, for sensational play-writing which did, and it has manifestly altered his tone, his judgment, and his style. In this very stagey poem of sixteen verses, he paints with a big brush, and piles up the agony and the rouge. He glorifies Parnell as "noble Leader," "dead Monarch," "Martyr," the "Lord." "Our eyes," he says, "grow dim above the holy spot" where he lies, and Dillon's and Sexton's and McCarthy's breath "pollutes the holy air around a Martyr's bed." Gladstone is an assassin with "bloodstains upon the wrinkled hands he calmly folds in prayer" : and Parnell was "offered up to the false gods of moral and religious Superstition."

When one reflects upon the simple truth, and contrasts it with this raving romance, it is difficult to set forth one's deliberate judgment. We never heard of Mr. Buchanan as a helper of Mr. Parnell, and it is simply impossible to understand his senseless screaming now. But ceaseless work for and on the stage may account for it.

Mr. Buchanan has not done Mr. Parnell's memory any good by his poem, and, assuredly, he has done no service to the living. If he had been an Irishman and a Parnellite, temporarily overcome with anguish because of the sudden and tragic ending of an old leader's career and life, his strange perversion of facts might win our sympathy as measuring the upsetting intensity of his misery ; but Mr. Buchanan is not an Irishman, and was never a working follower of Mr. Parnell. Besides, his sixteen verses are redolent of literary effort and midnight oil ; and even people who are not critical will plainly see that, in this poem, he is a dashing penman on the war-path, not a crushed disciple crying at a dead master's feet.

WANTED—THACKERAY.

THE little world which arrogates to itself the word "Society" is a curious object of study. Its laborious indolence, its little conspiracies, its anxious pleasures, its solemn foolings about dress, its funny cant, are all well known: but its innate vulgarity is not so clearly recognised: and yet indications of that abound, even in the very preserves which it maintains for the cultivation of what it calls its "dignity." Here is an instance. A refined lady proposes to the head of a school in London to send a young lady on the usual terms. The arrangements are about to be made, when the following communication arrives; "I am extremely sorry to say that I fear I cannot receive the proposed pupil in my school. I have been obliged to make a rule not to receive the daughters of those who have been in trade." The writer, however, proposes to consult a friend of hers who may not be so particular: but the next post brings the statement that Miss . . . "has the same objection."

Perhaps we ought not to blame the ladies who conduct their schools on such lines. They know their clients, whose proud vulgarity and dignified snobbery they may despise while they give in to it: but if we could reach the parents who object to their daughters associating with any girl whose father has "been in trade" we would like to put it to them whether they really consider that this is the way to make their daughters good and clever women. We should think it would only tend to foster silly pride and everything that is undesirable in an English girl. Have these people also considered that possibly God's world needs, above all things, traders? Do they know that there *must* be such people to help God feed and clothe and shelter His children?—and that a trader is therefore one of God's honourable servants? What a really degraded and vulgar view of life it is that a soldier or a lawyer belongs to a higher grade than a merchant or a manufacturer, and that the children of the one should be excluded from the children of the other! Besides, as a matter of fact, the nicest, wholesomest, cleverest, and most charming girls in England are to be found in "the manufacturing districts":—and "Society" very badly needs their company.

The school keeper who declined the young lady vouchsafed the remark, in her first letter, that "the religious teaching in my school is that of the Church of England." We are sorry for it. If it is true, we shall want to send a new order of missionaries to the heathen,—for the propagation of the Gospel in spiritually Foreign parts.

OUR HEATHENISH ORATORIOS.

A CORRESPONDENT thinks we might add Beethoven's delightful *Mount of Olives* to the list of works containing undesirable words. Alas! it is true. In it, the Seraph is made to say, "Thus saith Jehovah: Until is quite fulfilled the mystery of death to make atonement, so long the race of man is cast away, deprived of any part

in life eternal." Surely that is only heathenish ;—no, we beg the heathens' pardon ;—we mean, surely that is what heathenism might have sunk to if it had ever prided itself upon having found a universal Religion.

After the Seraph's statement, Jesus is made to say ;—

“ On me, then, fall Thy heavy judgment ;
Its weight, my Father, let me bear :
On me be poured the stream of anguish,
If Thou but Adam's children spare.”

That may have a semi-pious sound, but it will not bear deliberate reflection. This, however, is the prevailing note of the Oratorio. To make the matter worse, we who object are threatened with the utmost rigours of the law. In a wretched verse, which has neither rhyme nor reason, the fate of the despisers is thus set forth ;—

“ But woe to those despising
The blood for them poured out ;
A curse from God awaits them,
And judgment is their lot.”

It may be said that the threat is not levelled at honest dissenters from the “ plan of salvation ” here set forth ; but that is not so. The word “ despising ” has its conventional meaning here, and it includes the bare rejection of salvation from wrath by blood. But we confess that we go beyond bare rejection. In a sense, we do despise the “ plan of salvation ” from wrath by blood. It is atrocious, and is foreign to our ideal of a just and righteous God. But the measure of our “ despising ” of the “ plan ” is the measure of our reverence for the true God. These Oratorios may be “ immortal ” works, as musical compositions ; but we expect and hope that honest and reasonable people will increasingly feel the need of a revision of the words.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

SPECIAL SERVICES IN LONDON.—Will our readers in London do what they can to make our two meetings in Cavendish rooms, on Sunday, Nov. 8th, pleasant and successful? and will our country readers inform friends who live in London? The meetings will be held at eleven o'clock and three. The Cavendish rooms are in Mortimer Street, near to Oxford Circus. Mr. Page Hopps' two subjects will be :—“ **WHERE IS THY GOD, MY SOUL?** A study of man's limitation of God ; ” and “ **THE JESUS-SIDE OF EVERYTHING.** A nineteenth-century study of human life.” For those who wish to be present at both services, lunch will be provided near to the Hall.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.—In *The Christian World Pulpit* the Rev. L. A. Muirhead, of East Wemyss Free Church, defends the literal physical resurrection of Jesus, and, in doing so, urges the plea that it is wanted, as an assurance that there is a future life. He says, “ It may be reasonable to think that there is a life beyond the grave, with which this life is intimately connected ; but thinking is not certainty. One single instance of a risen personal life is worth more than a thousand reasonable theories as to its possibility.” But the “ one single instance ” adduced tells all the other way, for that instance is the instance of what Mr. Muirhead

calls a miraculous being—God, in fact; and of a resurrection almost immediately following death. By connecting resurrection with the undestroyed physical body, all value is taken out of it for ordinary persons, whose bodies are practically destroyed. The strange thing is that Mr. Muirhead, in citing the resurrection of Jesus as a help to belief in a future life, attacks the very explanation of the resurrection which *would* make it such a help. He has himself stated that explanation, putting it into the mouth of an opponent;—"Death ought to be conceived of rather as an emancipation from the limitations of a bodily organism. . . . Death is neither the preparation for a new body nor for the recovery of the old body. It is most reasonably thought of as a deliverance from all body." So understood, the resurrection of the spirit-Jesus is a delightful help to belief in a future life, since, in that case, he only illustrated what may be true of all. The resurrection of the physical body of Jesus is really a perplexing hindrance: the appearance of his spirit apart from his body would be an enormous help. In other words, the only resurrection that can be of any use to us is a resurrection which would demonstrate that to be "absent from the body" is to be "present with the Lord."

SPIRITUALISM AND DEATH.—From *Light* we take the following, omitting a slightly jarring line;—"Obituary. At 7.30 a.m., on the 14th inst., Chas. J. Atkinson passed away, to join the more numerous company on the other side of the thin veil. He was a most enthusiastic Spiritualist, and under favourable conditions would have been widely useful. He came to Plymouth some years ago, to find and help a then flourishing Society. Always full of interest in its develop-

ment, and of activity in its promotion here, he has crossed the valley of the shadow of death to unite with those who, relieved of the body, are more actively and effectively engaged in ministerial work. To him it was not a valley of darkness, but of light from the Sun of Righteousness. Death came to him as an angel of mercy, with relief from much pain and sorrow in the body, and a glad introduction to the great spirit-world and condition of those out of the body, who live in the light." A delightful indication of what this scorned "Spiritualism" can do.

AGAIN "THE HOLY LAND."—Is it possible that Palestine may once more become the home of the "children of Israel," in their flight from "The house of bondage"? The horrible persecution and thrusting out of the Jews now proceeding in Russia and elsewhere have forced upon their brethren in safer places the tremendous question, "Where can these cast-out millions go?" The result is a movement for re-peopling Palestine with the descendants of those who once made it a "garden of the Lord." *The Jewish World* says;—"The time is not far distant when the world will be treated to the stupendous spectacle of a second Exodus." It is either a romantic dream or an enterprise that may give a bias to the future history of the world. If Turkey can be induced to see the ultimate commercial and financial advantages of the proposal, all may go well, and the Jewish nation at home again may be the crowning marvel of this marvellous century.

RUSSIA IN EXILE.—There are two Russias—one at home, disturbed, excited, stunned; the other exiled, in Siberia, stubborn, sorrow-stricken, miserable. It is not possible that the English thinking

peoples of the world should stand by, apathetic and inactive. The paper entitled *Free Russia*, published in London, is partly the organ of English sympathisers, and partly the mouthpiece of Russian exiles: and we are glad to say that certain Societies of Friends of Russian Freedom are in existence to encourage and sustain those who are endeavouring to drag to light the brutal policy of the Russian government and its administrators. One of these Societies has been formed in London; another in Boston (U.S.). All communications in England should be sent to Dr. R. S. Watson, Bensham Grove, Gateshead.

UNITARIAN PUBLICATIONS.—What is the matter with Unitarians? During the past few years, their best men in England have tried monthly and quarterly Reviews—and have failed: and now, from America, comes the news that the *Unitarian Review* has to be given up. Why? It is the old story,—a “limited circulation.” How is that to be accounted for? The Unitarians are a reading people, and fairly well off: and yet even America cannot, or does not, support its one solid and scholarly “Review.”

There is something in the fact that interest in theological subjects has declined, and that, outside of the Unitarian circle, Unitarian work is being done: but that does not quite account for the unconcern of these heretics. There we have it, in the very word. When men find their emancipation from the old theological sand heaps, they enjoy their freedom and are apt to become unconcerned about theological and ecclesiastical affairs generally, unless they are persecuted or are made to feel the glow of battle. Now, however, they are let alone, and their testimony is being borne in all the Churches:—why should they

worry? So the old fighting Unitarian disappears, reads his newspaper, clings to his club, sees good in all forms of faith, subscribes to other people's belfries and bazaars, founds public libraries, helps to work School Boards, pays his pew rent, and occupies his pew—when it suits him—and forgets to order the “denominational organ.” There are exceptions, but the modern heretic is not to be relied upon to back up the men in the front. He ought to ponder that—and repent.

SICK CHILDREN.—We have been interested in the Annual Report of the “Invalid Children's Aid Association.” It is working on entirely right lines, and any one saying a kind word for it, or giving money aid, may be sure of one thing—that among many doubtful things in this world, this can be only good. Any one who may feel moved to help should communicate with Mr. A. D. Graham, (6, North Common Road, Ealing, or 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, London) who, for love only, does the greater part of the Association's work.

THEOSOPHY. We have been asked for a statement, or at least an opinion, respecting Theosophy. We have been silent, partly because we have but little to say, and partly because we do not believe in the current incontinence on the subject. Theosophy may be considered either in relation to its philosophy or to its alleged facts. Its philosophy seems to us to be a little crude and a good deal arbitrary; and its alleged facts appear to belong to the fairly well-known phenomena of Spiritualism. The chief interest of Theosophy to us just now is that it is one more disintegrating force, very useful for breaking up the stupid orthodoxy and conceit of the people who think that everything is “revealed” and that we know all about “the laws of Nature.”

MUSIC versus TRACTS. What a delightful suggestion concerning the coming day shines in with the intelligence that a *St. Cecilia Guild* is trying the effect of gentle music in Hospitals and Infirmaries! Thousands of men and women are languishing or deteriorating for want of occupation. Here is a field for all of them;—some for the quiet display of pictures in children's wards, some for genial talks with old people in work-houses, some for kindly calls on bedridden and lonely people, some, as now, for music in hospitals. This is the meaning of the coming of the Kingdom of God.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN THEOLOGY. Signs

multiply and abound that the "heretics" of the past fifty years will soon be abundantly justified. Here is the new Principal of Rawdon Collere (Baptist) bidding farewell to his congregation with these amazing words;—

"From the first day I stood in this pulpit until now, I have desired to tear away from every heart that obscuring veil of pagan thought which first divides a wrathful justice to the Father and a tender mercy to CHRIST, and then represents the Son as dying to soothe the anger and satisfy the relentless demands of the Father. Such unholy and revolting ideas are the leaven of heathenism, not the unleavened bread of Christian truth."

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"The life of Christopher Columbus." By Francesco Tarlucci, after the latest documents. Translated from the Italian by H. F. Brownson. 2 Vols. Detroit (U.S.) H. F. Brownson. This important work has been appropriately translated, printed and published in America. The story will always be one of profound interest, and any fresh light that can be thrown upon it can only be welcome. The "latest documents" referred to in the title have been brought to light within the passing half-century, and Signor Tarlucci seems to have made a very good use of them, in the production of this solid but discriminating and very enlightening book. The work contains a good portrait of Columbus, and a considerable number of excellent illustrations of an original kind.

"After thoughts." By Joseph Truman. London: Macmillan & Co. A pleasant,

thoughtful, cultured little book,—quiet, meditative, pure, but just a little sad, and nowhere pretending or striving to be great. The four pieces, "Two years after," "Elleray," "The village sermon," and "Many ways home" have specially interested us. The last was suggested by the following delicious little bit of conversation; "Are we going home, mamma?" "Yes, darling." "I didn't know this was the way home; there are so many ways home, mamma, aren't there?" In the first half of the tiny poem, this is daintily handled: in the second, the lovely lesson is very tenderly extracted from it. The lines are charming for their own sake, and will give a fair idea of the quality of the book.

"Ah! dear to hope, to feel, where'er we went,
Many our mortal ways, but one the end;
That those who blundering grope, or vaguely
fear,
Or meekly trust, or clasp with vision clear,
Or prayerful doubt, or passionately yearn,
Shall still one day the same great secret learn;

That for base wills, 'hurt minds,' tired hearts,
 blind eyes,
 Redemption, healing, rest, and light may rise ;
 That unto all, the same sufficing boon
 Be brought of Life Eternal, late or soon :
 Yes ! fair to fancy, good and glad to know,
 The Sundered streams to the same ocean flow,
 The widely-strayed but all-returning feet
 In the vast House of Christ at last may meet."

"The Mission of Christianity: or, what are the Churches for?" By Frank Ballard. London: Elliot Stock. Mr. Ballard is a restless Wesleyan minister, militant, fresh-minded, and anxious to mean all he says. All that was sure to get him into trouble: and into trouble he has effectually got. The drones, the bees, the wasps, and the gnats seem to be having a lively time of it: and Mr. Ballard is busy. He is the representative of God's latest comers—the social reformers and the religious purifiers: and he has written a book. It is a book about many things,—Salvation and sacerdotal magic, amusements and the army, pauperism and tobacco-smoking, sleepy orthodoxy and football, the Wesleyan Conference and the wrongs of tramway men: but it is always breezy, wholesome, and inspiring. We hope Mr. Ballard does not want to be happy. He has no end of rubbish to clear out of the road; and he will be dusty, deserted and tired if he sticks to his job—as we hope and believe he will. "Deserted" ? perhaps not. Multitudes, even of Wesleyans, looking on and listening quietly behind the screen, know that he is in the right, and that the old gospel of brimstone and blood has had its day. May we, however, venture one word of caution? Mr. Ballard sometimes loves strong language "not wisely but too well." For example, he says that "if the Christ of the Gospels was brought into being according to the usual course of human nature, not only was his mother an adulteress, but the whole

Gospel narrative rests upon a lie." We firmly believe that "the Christ of the Gospels" *was* "brought into being according to the usual course of human nature," and yet our interest in the Gospels increases with our conviction that he was in very deed, and without equivocation, a man.

"The Essex Hall Hymnal." London: Essex Hall. This noteworthy book has been prepared by or for the Executive of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. It is a little difficult to understand why it came into existence: but the book is its own justification. It is unconventional and fresh, to a considerable extent, and has the merit of being handy and cheap. It contains most of the best of the old favourites, and has some good specimens of really modern hymns.

The necessary alterations are, with few exceptions, excellent bridges or even genuine gains. The version of "Christians, awake," here given is a notable instance. A few hymns might have been passed over. Reluctantly, but firmly, we would have dropped such hymns as 28 and 88. Is it not time to drop 84, "The heavens declare His glory"? We are heartily tired of that old "bright pavilion," and the "eastern bridegroom clad." Farewell, old friend! Is 129 rightly included in a hymn book? It seems rather too bad to ask a congregation to sing, four times in one hymn, this jingle,—

"The tide of time flows sparkling,
 The tide of time flows darkling."

Hymn 470 is pretty, but is it really worth while to ask a congregation to sing this;—

"The insect scarce an instant rests,
 Light dancing in the beam"!

or this;—

"And bubbles on the quiet lake."

Happily, there is not much of this; but

where space was so precious, and good things so abundant, there ought to have been nothing of it.

Every live leader of the people in worship has his own ideas and needs in relation to hymns; but the most original or exacting will be hard to please if this book, eked out by a local supplement of, say, 50 hymns, does not suffice. As the book is sold in sheets, it would be very easy to bind the little supplement with the book, and to make the numbers run on.

“Songs of the governing classes and other lyrics, written in a seasonable spirit of ‘vulgar declamation.’” By Robert B. Brough. London: Vizetelley & Co. (1s.) Second edition. The reference to “Vulgar declamation” is the poet’s retort, flung at Lord Palmerston who defended his order by rebuking a radical for his “vulgar declamation against the aristocracy of this country.” Robert Brough was a tremendous radical 35 years ago, and this little book is his declaration of war. It is splendid, in its way;—racy, audacious, trenchant, and terribly in earnest. We have no wish to commend the almost savage bitterness of some things found here, but—there was a cause. Here are some snatches of song, picked up here and there, almost at hazard;—

“My Lord Tomnoddy’s the son of an Earl,
His hair is straight, but his whiskers curl;
His Lordship’s forehead is far from wide,
But there’s plenty of room for the brains inside.

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
The Earl can last but a few years more.
My Lord in the Peers will take his place:
His Majesty’s councils his words will grace.
His Majesty’s councils his words will grace.
Office he’ll hold, and patronage sway;
Fortunes and lives he will vote away—
And what are his qualifications?—ONE!
He’s the Earl of Fitzdotterel’s eldest son.”

“Godiva! not for countless tomes
Of war’s and kingcraft’s loaden hist’ry,

Would I thy charming legend lose
Or view it in the bloodless hues
Of fabled myth or myst’ry.

Thou tiny pearl of Demagogues!
Thou blue-eyed rebel—blushing traitor!
Thou *Sans-culotte*, with dimpled toes,
Whose Red cap is an op’ning rose—
Thou trembling agitator!

’Tis said, a rascal, from behind
A shutter peep’d, and God struck blind
The soulless, prying sneaker.

I would not have a miracle
Bring doubt upon my darling’s story;
God does not thus avenge the true,
But leaves their wrongs to me and you,
To right them in their glory.

Punished the miscreant was, no doubt,
Indignantly with pump and gutter;
But he who, of enslav’d mankind,
The martyr pure, could mock—was blind
Ere he undid the shutter!”

“There is a word in the English tongue
Where I’d rather it were not,
For shams and lies from it have sprung,
And heartburns fierce and hot.
’Tis a tawdry cloak for a dirty soul—
’Tis a sanctuary base,
Where the fool and the knave themselves may
save
From justice and disgrace.
’Tis a curse to the land—deny it who can!
That self-same boast, ‘I’m a gentleman!’

It means (if a meaning definite
Can be fix’d to the thing at all)
A well-cut coat, a faultless boot,
A hand that’s white and small;
A head well-brush’d, and a shirt well-wash’d,
A lazy heartless stare;
Some sterling pounds, or a name that sounds
With the true patrician air.
These are all you want—deny it who can?
To attain the rank of a gentleman!

But with those claims you may take your ease,
And lounge your long life through,
Without straining a muscle, a nerve, or a
thought,

For the world will work for you.
You may be a dolt, or a brute, or a rogue
(In a gentlemanly way),
You may drink, you may bet, you may run in
debt,

And never need wish to pay.
There’s an amnesty given—deny it who
can!
For all the sins of ‘a gentleman!’”