

The Coming Day.

MARCH, 1891.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH JOHN RUSKIN'S "CROWN OF WILD OLIVE."

It has been said that Ruskin believes his book "The crown of wild olive" will last the longest. It may be so, for it goes down very deep into the vital things, and deals, not with stones and coloured glass and pictures and precious stones, but with the very life of humanity, and with its fate for good or evil, joy or woe, upon this earth. It is intensely practical: and, if at times it seems not so, it might be well for the reader to pause and ask himself whether that is really Ruskin's fault;—whether, indeed, it is not the fault of a "naughty" world which brands "Utopia" on angels' dreams.

The deep secret of Ruskin is his love of the beautiful, his sympathy, his almost painful longing for a sweet and happy world. He might be a reincarnation of the writer of the Book of the Revelation, in which I find the same intensity of pity, the same fierce invective against evil, the same tenderness, the same vision of the crowning of the suffering and the striving: and all coming from the same deep love of the beautiful. Listen to this;—"And I saw a new heaven, and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying; Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away: and He that sat upon the throne said; Behold, I make all things new. And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal: and the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the walls of the city were adorned with all manner of precious stones. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved, shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all

by day : for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. And there shall be no more curse : but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it ; and His servants shall serve Him : and they shall see His face ; and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light : and they shall reign for ever and ever."

That is pure Ruskinism ; and in that we may find the longing of his heart and the very music of his style.

The crown of wild olive is the symbol of honour, quiet joy, and happy rest : and it is this, and not the insolent crown of mere brute force, or vulgar display of "jewelled circlet", that Ruskin offers to England. But we are defiling England, vulgarising England, and turning England into a desert of sewers and cemeteries, where it is not a dust heap of factories and railways : and, instead of bewailing it, we quote the crowding of our population, the multiplication of our means of destroying natural beauty, and the height of our dust heaps, as indications of our progress.

The opening of this book is Ruskin's trumpet blast of warning or rebuke ;— "Twenty years ago, there was no lovelier piece of lowland scenery in South England, nor any more pathetic in the world, by its expression of sweet human character and life, than that immediately bordering on the sources of the Wandel, and including the low moors of Addington, and the villages of Beddington and Carshalton, with all their pools and streams. No clearer or diviner waters ever sang with constant lips of the hand which 'giveth rain from heaven ;' no pasture ever lightened in spring-time with more passionate blossoming ; no sweeter homes ever hallowed the heart of the passer-by with their pride of peaceful gladness,—fain-hidden—yet full-confessed. The place remains (1870) nearly unchanged in its larger features ; but, with deliberate mind I say, that I have never seen anything so ghastly in its inner tragic meaning . . . as the slow stealing of aspects of reckless, indolent, animal neglect, over the delicate sweetness of that English scene : nor is any blasphemy or impiety, any frantic saying, or godless thought, more appalling to me, using the best power of judgment I have to discern its sense and scope, than the insolent defiling of those springs by the human herds that drink of them. Just where the welling of stainless water, trembling and pure, like a body of light, enters the pool of Carshalton, cutting itself a radiant channel down to the gravel, through warp of feathery weeds, all waving, which it traverses with its deep threads of clearness, like the chalcedony in moss-agate, starred here and there with the white grenouillette ; just in the very rush and murmur of the first spreading currents, the human wretches of the place cast their street and house foulness ; heaps of dust and slime, and broken shreds of old metal, and rags of putrid clothes ; which, having neither energy to cart away, nor decency enough to dig into the ground, they thus shed into the stream, to diffuse what venom of it will float and melt, far away, in all places where God meant those waters to bring joy and health. And, in a little pool behind some houses farther in the village, where another spring rises, the shattered stones of the well, and of the little fretted channel which was long ago built and traced for it by gentler hands, lie scattered, each from each, under a ragged bank of mortar, and scoria, and bricklayer's refuse, on one side, which the clean water nevertheless chastises to purity ; but it cannot conquer the dead earth beyond : and there, circled and coiled under festering scum,

the stagnant edge of the pool effaces itself into a slope of black slime, the accumulation of indolent years. Half-a-dozen men, with one day's work, would cleanse those pools, and trim the flowers about their banks, and make every breath of summer air above them rich with cool balm; and every glittering wave medicinal, as if it ran, troubled only of angels, from the porch of Bethesda. But that day's work is never given, nor, I suppose, will be; nor will any joy be possible to heart of man, for evermore, about those wells of English waters."

From this, the step is an easy one to the insolent, vulgar, and stupid work done that is not wanted,—the iron bars about one public-house alone representing, says Ruskin, three times the amount of work necessary for the cleansing of those Carshalton pools: these vulgar iron bars being not only useless but providing a receptacle for those signs of modern civilisation—cigar ends, oyster shells, and empty sardine tins,—a hideous symbol, in Ruskin's eyes, of the activity of the ogre, Capital, with its hunger for commissions, interest, profit, and display.

From this again the step is easy to a consideration of that vital point for the British workman—what he makes, as well as what he gets for making it. It is a pitiable delusion that anything which stirs money is "good for trade"—whether you make fireworks or roads, pure watercourses or public-house decorations, bread or coachmen's wigs. What the British workman needs is the well-ordered making of useful things—and of things that will remain to bless the world when the work is done and the price of it is spent. Surely Ruskin is right; "if his labour is so ordered as to produce food, and fresh air, and fresh water, no matter that his wages are low;—the food and fresh air and water will be at last there; and he will at last get them: but if he is paid to *destroy* food and fresh air, or to produce iron bars instead of them,—the food and air will finally *not* be there, and he will *not* get them, to his great and final inconvenience." Of course there is an answer. It would be a wonder if there were not; for Ruskin's statements are usually too sweeping to be invulnerable. It may be said that "iron bars" are produced out of matter that is almost useless unless it is converted into bars or other articles of use—or misuse, and that by the making of them the workers do win food, at all events, if not air. That is true: but Ruskin's reference to "iron bars" is to the myriad useless ones that do more harm than good; and he is right in saying that it would be infinitely better if the same amount of labour and time were devoted to the cleansing of streams or the raising of fruits and corn.

What people need most, after all, is not so much means of living as the means of living sweetly and happily. We make a bad bargain if, in order to get money to live on, we kill the conditions of pure living. If, in the making of money, we create such hells upon earth as may be found in some parts of London, nothing can compensate the sufferers.

Undeniably right, too, is he in saying that the wealth of nations, as of men, consists not in ciphers, and that the real good of all work and commerce depends on the final intrinsic worth of the thing you make, or get by it. But the defilement of rivers, the fouling of towns, and the waste and degradation of bad and useless work, do not end there; but lead on to what is worse than all—the defilement and the

degradation of multitudes of human beings. It is useless to cry out against the inevitable; but much of the crushing of flesh and blood—to say nothing of the crushing of soul—that goes on in great towns cannot be inevitable—cannot, at all events, be all along endurable: and no one with any real insight will say that the relations between money and work, or, as we say, between Capital and Labour, are justified either by reason or by events. The resultant misery has, indeed, become unbearable; as Chartism once and Socialism now are testifying, and as Revolution—the revolution of the miserable—may one day testify. The growth of great towns, which seems to be England's sorrowful and crazy anxiety, means a decrease of England's miles of sweetness and an increase of her miles of misery: but let sober-minded and far-seeing Englishmen go and look at the slums of Liverpool, Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds, and London, and ask himself whether *that* is the kind of thing God's earth should be turned into; and whether, in exchange for Trade, *that* is an honest and prudent price to pay.

Unfortunately, for anyone who undertakes to deal with these critical matters, one never knows how far the average Englishman may be taken seriously in professing to be a Christian. That is the trouble. If he were a simple, genuine, practical Christian, many things would be plainer and easier. It makes all the difference, as Ruskin would say.

For instance (and it is a critical question); do the majority of Englishmen believe in a future life?—in a revealed will of God,—revealed in book or conscience?—in the supremacy and infinite value of the Kingdom of God and His righteousness?—in the adjustments and retributions of the Unseen? If they do, how can they refrain from bringing these great realities into the reckoning? and how can it be all the same to them whether they do justice or injustice, love mercy or practise cruelty, and walk humbly or defiantly with their God? But if they do not believe in these, then surely, by so much, they are the more called to be up and doing—to protect and not crush the wretched, and to avoid the inflicting of the sorrow for which there is no remedy, and the perpetuation of the injustice which can never be redressed: and to them must come the penetrating appeal of this veritable Seer. If life here is the one great reality,—“if all the peace and power and joy you can ever win must be won now, and all fruits of victory gathered here, or never; will you still, throughout the puny totality of your life, weary yourselves in the fire for vanity? If there is no rest which remaineth for you, is there none you might presently take? was this grass of the earth made green for your shroud only, not for your bed? and can you never lie down *upon* it, but only *under* it?”

But, to Englishmen who are believers in God and a Future Life, in their very hearts and minds, what remains but the solemn call to act up to their profession—to be mindful of their brother, to put perishable riches in their proper place—to bring eternity into their calculations—to live by the command of God, and to look for the crowning that will come from Him, only when the burden has been bravely borne, and when the night has closed upon the finished task?

But, meanwhile, here and now, there is a crowning that is possible—the crowning that “the heathen” looked for as all-sufficing;—“no jewelled circlet flaming through

Heaven above the height of the unmerited throne ; only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. The wreath was to be of *wild* olive, mark you :—the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, no verdure of branch ; only with soft snow of blossom, and scarcely fulfilled fruit, mixed with grey leaf and thorn-set stem ; no fastening of diadem for you but with such sharp embroidery ! But this, such as it is, you may win, while yet you live ; type of grey honour, and sweet rest. Free-heartedness and graciousness, and undisturbed trust, and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry to their pain ; these,—and the blue sky above you, and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath ; and mysteries and presences, innumerable, of living things,—may yet be here your riches ; untormenting and divine : serviceable for the life that now is ; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come.”

A SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

III.

Consciousness, Thought, and Sensation, more demonstrably real than Matter.

IN our study of the unseen Universe from the standpoint of Science, and in appealing to Science for evidence, it must ever be borne in mind that the difference between Matter and Spirit, whatever that difference may be, is not the difference between the known and the unknown, the conceivable and the inconceivable. To the unscientific mind, indeed, the difference between Matter and Spirit *is* that, but the really scientific mind knows perfectly well that it is absolutely ignorant as to the real nature and basis of Matter. The Science of the present day has abundantly demonstrated its own ignorance, and confessed it, as to what even an atom really is. Besides, even in relation to the world of *sense*, it is confessedly true that the ideal world, or world of Consciousness, is immeasurably more vital than what is usually called the world of Matter.

At this very moment, it is the mind that controls the body : the gross is even now moved by the ethereal. Apart from the mysterious unit of vital power and volition, the whole body is a mere mass of inert matter. Spirit, or whatever we call that “unit of vital power and volition,” vivifies and employs it. And, even when certain schools of Science refuse to include Spirit among admissible realities, they have to admit that they confront absolutely insoluble problems in the phenomena of Life, Consciousness, and Thought : they also admit that Life, and Consciousness, and Thought, are more demonstrable than the existence of Matter itself. That may seem strange to the unscientific mind, but the interesting thing is that even the scientific materialist has to admit it. Mr. Huxley is not a materialist, but he is widely known as the very opposite of a spiritualist, and he only says what everybody must say when he tells us, in his *Lay Sermons*, that “we know nothing about the composition of any body whatever, as it is.” He says, “Many of the best minds of these days watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism, in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels, when,

during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. The advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls; the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom; they are alarmed lest man's moral nature be debased by the increase of his wisdom. . . . After all, what do we know of this terrible 'matter,' except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our consciousness." I invite careful attention to those last words,—that what we call Matter is only a name for an unknown "cause of states of our own consciousness." That is revolutionary in relation to the old materialistic assertion that the difference between Matter and Spirit is the difference between the known and the unknown, the conceivable and the inconceivable. It now turns out that states of Mind are more real to us than states of Matter, and that *what we really know is, not the actual condition of what affects us, but only how we are affected.*

Huxley, in another passage, puts this very forcibly;—"When the materialists stray beyond the borders of their path, and begin to talk about there being nothing else in the universe but matter and force and necessary laws. . . I decline to follow them. . . . 'Matter' and 'Force' are, so far as we know, mere names for certain forms of consciousness. . . . Thus it is an indisputable truth, that what we call the material world is only known to us under the forms of the ideal world; and, as Descartes tells us, our knowledge of the soul is more intimate and certain than our knowledge of the body." And that is the deliverance of Mr. Huxley, the terror of divines who do not comprehend him! But let me tell them that in this passage we have a gleam of the unseen Universe a thousand times more definite and hopeful than could be extracted from an avalanche of ordinary dogmatic or textual discourses on Heaven and Hell. It affirms that the inner world of Consciousness is the only one we know at first hand,—that the external world is only an inference from our sensations. But our sensations are purely *mental*: they are, in fact, states of Consciousness; and not one of them in any way resembles the object that excited it. This requires a little thought to perceive, but when perceived it is the plainest of all truths.

Mr. Lewes, in his *History of Philosophy*, says, quite accurately;—"Light, colour, sound, taste, smell, all are states of consciousness: what they are beyond consciousness, as existences *per se*, we cannot know, we cannot imagine, because we can only conceive them as we know them. Light, with its myriad forms and colours; sound, with its thousand-fold life, are the investitures with which we clothe the world. Nature, in her insentient solitude, is an eternal darkness, an eternal silence." We hear the sound of a bell, for instance, but there is, in the exciting cause, nothing like the sound of a bell. What produces the sensation is a certain number and kind of waves in the air, but these in themselves are only forms of motion; and what they produce or awaken in us as sound is something altogether and in every way different from what they themselves are. The one has no resemblance to the other. And the point is that we are not conscious of the actual cause, the waves of air, but only of the effect produced in us; this and this alone we know.

On this subject Mr. Tyndall, in a British Association Address, in 1868, said:—"The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of conscious-

ness, is unthinkable. Granted, that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one phenomenon to the other. They appear together, but we know not why." To the same effect, he wrote in his work on *Heat, a mode of motion* :—"Though the progress and development of science may seem to be unlimited, there is a region beyond her reach." . . . "The mind runs freely along the line which connects the phenomena from beginning to end. But when we endeavour to pass, by a similar process, from the region of physics to that of thought, we meet a problem not only beyond our present powers, but transcending any conceivable expansion of the powers we now possess." "Thus, having exhausted science, and reached its very rim, the real mystery of existence still looms around us." Mr. Tyndall is very fond of peering into that realm which lies beyond the rim of our present scientific knowledge, and I for one only rejoice that he will believe nothing concerning it that may not be called scientific. In due season that dim region will be traversed, and the great facts of Consciousness and Thought, beyond and above the phenomena of Matter, will open up ever new realms of "real mystery" beyond the dust and ashes of the attained.

Mr. John Stuart Mill, in his *Essays*, affirmed the same truth as to the unlikeness between Thought and the material exciting causes of Thought. He says ;—"Feeling and thought are not merely different from what we call inanimate matter, but are at the opposite pole of existence." He adds that "Feeling and thought are much more real than anything else : they are the only things which we directly know to be real." Of Matter itself, he says, we are not conscious, "but only of the sensations which we are said to receive from it." Professor Allman, in his address as President of the British Association, once said the same thing. "Between thought and the physical phenomena of matter there is not only no analogy, but there is no conceivable analogy. The chasm between unconscious life and thought is deep and impassable."

At this stage, I pursue this thought no farther : my sole object just now being to set forth the fact that the difference between Matter and Spirit, or Matter and Consciousness and Thought, is not the difference between the known and the unknown, the conceivable and the inconceivable, seeing that, in reality, we are more directly certain of states of Consciousness than of states of Matter, and more sure of Thought than of what starts or affects it.

HYPNOTISING FROM THE UNSEEN.

IF THE COMING DAY were for invalids or children it would avoid this subject : but it appeals to those who have trained eyes to see, or steady nerves to confront and weigh : and, for such, there is nothing for it but to look the subject in the face.

What is proved respecting hypnotism ? This :—that one person can so influence another, by mere suggestion, that thoughts shall be transferred, plans suggested,

desires excited, and actions done at the operator's will; and this sometimes so easily that the operating cause shall only be a moment's willing. Not priests, not divines, not mystics, not spiritualists, have proved this, but case-hardened hospital doctors and the like.

What follows? This:—that materialism is absolutely played out—that behind the world of matter, with its strings and pulleys and muddy vestures of decay, there is a subtle world of something we may as well call *spirit* as anything else,—a world suggesting boundless possibilities altogether apart from the dust and ashes that make up the body and the dusty world with which it is *en rapport*. If spiritualists were as knowing as they are patient and resolute they would see that this discovery, made, luckily, in the opposite camp, has supplied them with precisely the suggestion they required, inasmuch as it practically proves the existence of an occult world or sphere, and strongly suggests the possibility of human life, individuality and thought apart from the dusty senses. They have long had to bear the sneers of the unbelieving in relation, for instance, to trance-speaking and involuntary writing: but hypnotism vividly suggests the possibility of suggestion on the part of spirits who have “shuffled off this mortal coil.” Why not? If a mind or spirit, still associated with a fleshy body, can will that another mind or spirit shall think and plan and act, why may not a mind or spirit out of the body will that another mind or spirit shall think and plan and act? Nay: but one might reasonably say that it would be more easily done by one who is only spirit, and is not hampered by the “muddy vesture of decay.”

Another strange avenue opens as we gaze. Much of the crime of the world is as much a mystery as a misery. How often has some such saying as this been wrung from the thoughtful observer; “How *can* that be accounted for? It looks almost like possession by an evil spirit.” And who can deny the possibility of that? It is a very old belief, and seems very tenacious of life. Those who believe in a heaven with walls and gates round it, and in a hell like a cauldron with a mighty lid on, will find it difficult to believe in hypnotising from the unseen: they will ask; “How can spirits come back to suggest thoughts to us?” But we might say, with William Howitt, “‘Come back’! But how do you know they go away?”

Is it uncanny and unpleasant? Possibly: but we are not looking for the common-place and the pleasant: we are looking for the truth: and the truth about the future life seems to be this; that what we call *death* is only separation from the flesh and the fleshy plane; that it introduces the so-called *dead* into the superior and more subtle world of mind or spirit; and that the point of ending here is the point of departure there. Do we wonder, then, at the suggestion that emancipated spirits may play the fool with us, or play the tyrant over us? First consider how many fools and criminals and tyrants we contribute to the unseen. It may be a gruesome outlook: but, when we have to take a journey, we want an honest map, not a fancy sketch.

THE RATIONAL RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

At the end of April, in St. James' Hall, London, will be held a great Conference of "Unitarian, Liberal Christian, Free Christian, Presbyterian, and other Non-subscribing or kindred Congregations." In this formidable array of names, every word after "Unitarian" is really superfluous. We hear that the "function" is being arranged for on a very generous and spirited scale; but the subjects, it is rumoured, have given some trouble; and nothing very startling or original need be expected. A good Unitarian, with an unusual touch of grim humour in him, is responsible for the following lively topics. We do not hear that these subjects have been accepted:—

Why is it more true of us than of others, that "I have married a wife and cannot come"—or even that "I have married a husband and cannot come"?

Why is it always a longer distance from chapel than from the office, wherever we live?

How is it that a free Christian is always more tired on Sunday morning than on any other day in the week?

How is it that an hour and a half is too long for a service, while two hours and three quarters is not too long for a play?

What is the reason that so many of our young ladies and gentlemen "go off to Church"?

How far is it possible for rational religionists to give in to the present lusting for musical and spectacular religion and worship?

What is it in heresy that tends to convert sermons into essays and reviews?

What is it in heresy that tends to make a man like the corner seat in an empty and paid for pew?

What connection is there between the decay of interest in public worship and the decay of belief in Hell?

Other subjects are offered: but we think these will be enough for the present.

ENGLISH OPERA.

THE production of the new opera, *Ivanhoe*, is more than the sensation of a season: it is a minor event in the nation's history. Music is a profound necessity, and opera presents it in the most popular and enjoyable form: but, hitherto, we have had, as a rule, petty stories and wretched librettos; and the wonder has been that our own national history has never been properly drawn upon for illustration by native music and native singers. At a bound, we have reached almost the ideal. *Ivanhoe* is, at all events, a noble beginning in a rich field. The story, told in winsome verse by Mr. Julian Sturgis, is thoroughly interesting, and Sir A. S. Sullivan's music is a happy blending of beauty and strength. If any one wishes to see what can be done to beat the old nonsense out of the field, let him turn to the fine opening scene, full of

vigorous life and rich in sturdy sense; to the king's song, "I ask nor wealth," as bright, breezy, and as English as anything could be; to Ulrica's wierd lines, "Whet the keen axes"; to the noble prayer of Rebecca, "Lord of our chosen race"; to the delicious song of Ivanhoe, "Happy with winged feet," or even to the few exquisite lines spoken by De Bracy, "My liege, I have no word to say." We can only hope that *Ivanhoe*, good for its own sake, will be better as the creator of a vigorous English school in a field where there is so much room.

IN COMPANY WITH EMERSON.

THE SUPFRAGE FOR WOMEN.

THE objection to their voting is the same as is urged, in the lobbies of legislatures, against clergymen who take an active part in politics;—that if they are good clergymen they are unacquainted with the expedience of politics, and if they become good politicians they are worse clergymen. So of women, that they cannot enter this arena without being contaminated and unsexed.

Here are two or three objections; first, a want of practical wisdom; second, a too purely ideal view; and, third, danger of contamination. For their want of intimate knowledge of affairs, I do not think this ought to disqualify them from voting at any town-meeting which I ever attended. I could heartily wish the objection were sound. But if any man will take the trouble to see how our people vote,—how many gentlemen are willing to take on themselves the trouble of thinking and determining for you, and, standing at the door of the polls, give every innocent citizen his ticket as he comes in, informing him this is the vote of his party; and how the innocent citizen, without further demur, goes and drops it in the ballot box,—I cannot but think he will agree that most women might vote as wisely.

For the other point, of their not knowing the world, and aiming at abstract right without allowance for circumstances,—that is not a disqualification, but a qualification. Human society is made up of partialities. Each citizen has an interest and a view of his own, which, if followed out to the extreme, would leave no room for any other citizen. One man is timid and another rash; one would change nothing, and the other is pleased with nothing; one wishes schools, another armies, one gunboats, another public gardens. Bring all these biases together and something is done in favor of them all.

Every one is a half vote, but the next elector behind him brings the other or corresponding half in his hand: a reasonable result is had. Now there is no lack, I am sure, of the expediency, or of the interests of trade or of imperative class-interests being neglected. There is no lack of votes representing the physical wants; and if in your city the uneducated emigrant vote numbers thousands, representing a brutal ignorance and mere animal wants, it is to be corrected by an educated and religious vote, representing the wants and desires of honest and refined persons. If the wants, the passions, the vices, are allowed a full vote through the hands of a half-brutal

intemperate population, I think it but fair that the virtues, the aspirations should be allowed a full vote, as an offset, through the purest part of the people.

As for the unsexing and contamination,—that only accuses our existing politics, shows how barbarous we are,—that our policies are so crooked, made up of things not to be spoken, to be understood only by wink and nudge; this man to be coaxed, that man to be bought, and that other to be duped. It is easy to see that there is contamination enough, but it rots the men now, and fills the air with stench. Come out of that: it is like a dance-cellar. The fairest names in this country in literature, in law, have gone into Congress and come out dishonoured. And when I read the list of men of intellect, of refined pursuits, giants in law, or eminent scholars, or of social distinction, leading men of wealth and enterprise in the commercial community, and see what they have voted for and suffered to be voted for, I think no community was ever so politely and elegantly betrayed.

I do not think it yet appears that women wish this equal share in public affairs. But it is they and not we that are to determine it. Let the laws be purged of every barbarous remainder, every barbarous impediment to women. Let the public donations for education be equally shared by them, let them enter a school as freely as a church, let them have and hold and give their property as men do theirs;—and in a few years it will easily appear whether they wish a voice in making the laws that are to govern them. If you do refuse them a vote, you will also refuse to tax them,—according to our Teutonic principle, No representation, no tax.

A NEW BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

III.

DEAR, hallowed, peaceful day!
 With thee comes purest bliss.
 What treasure on life's rugged way
 Find we so fair as this?

Like little isles of heaven,
 Scattered through life's rough seas:
 All round them beat the waves, storm-driven;
 All calm and still on these.

Sweet day of rest and calm,
 With heavenly sunshine bright;
 Whose very air is healing balm
 To those who use thee right!

The world is hushed; the din
 Of work-day life is o'er:
 The weary sights and sounds of sin
 Distract the sense no more.

We hear the blessed word,
 We bend the knees and pray:
 Oh, may our very souls be stirred
 To listen and obey!

Blest days that help us on
 Along the heavenly road;—
 Steps ever upward,—one by one,—
 Into the rest of God!—*Amen.*

By the Minister (all standing.)

HE that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven.

(*All kneeling or seated.*)

Minister—O God, the Father Almighty, Maker and Lord of heaven and earth, who lovest righteousness, who hatest iniquity, but art long-suffering and of great goodness; who, by Thy beloved son, hast founded a church and people, and called them with a holy calling; and who, by Thy holy Spirit, dost govern, direct, and sanctify the hearts of Thy faithful servants;—have mercy upon us.

People—Father in heaven, we come to Thee. Have compassion on the work of Thy hands.

Minister—From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness; from fleshly lusts that war against the soul; and from the deceitful allurements of this transitory world;

People—Good Lord, deliver us.

Minister—In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our prosperity; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment;

People—Be Thou our help and our stay.

Minister—We sinners do beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord God; that we may be ruled and governed as Thy sincere worshippers, in the right way.

People—Sanctify us through Thy truth; Thy word is truth.

Minister—May it please Thee to bless and keep all Thy people.

People—Make Thy face to shine upon them, and be gracious unto them.

Minister—May the dark places of the earth be gladdened with the day-spring from on high; delivering the captives of idolatry and superstition; quickening the dead in trespasses and sins; and guiding their feet into the way of peace.

People—May they know Thee, the only

true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.

Minister—May Thy kingdom come; and the nations of the earth live in unity, peace, and concord.

People—May the earth be filled with the knowledge of the Lord; and nothing hurt or destroy in all Thy holy mountain.

Minister—May Thy people increase in grace, hear meekly Thy word, receive it with pure affection, and bring forth the fruits of the spirit.

People—Being doers of the word, and not hearers only, may we present ourselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable in Thy sight.

Minister—Into the way of truth, O Lord, bring all who have erred and are deceived.

People—May they walk in the light of the Lord; and be filled with peace and joy in believing.

Minister—Strengthen such as do stand, comfort and help the weak-hearted, raise up them that fall, and, finally, give them the victory over all temptations.

People—May they obtain mercy, and find grace to help, in every time of need.

Minister—Mercifully lead us to true repentance; forgive our sins, negligences, and ignorances; and endue us with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, to amend our lives according to Thy holy word.

People—Let Thy mercy reclaim us from every evil way.

(*By Minister and People*)

OUR Father, who art in heaven; hallowed by Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses; as we for-

give them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom; the power and the glory; for ever and ever. *Amen.*

—
By the Minister.

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee: fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

—
Now unto Him who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the one only God be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and for ever. *Amen.*

—
CHANT.

I WILL extol THEE, my | God, · O | King; || and I will BLESS Thy | name · for | ever · and | ever.

Every DAY will | I · bless | Thee; || and I will PRAISE Thy | name · for | ever · and | ever.

Great is the LORD, and GREAT-ly | to · be | praised; || AND His | great · -ness | is · un- | -searchable.

One generation shall praise Thy WORKS | to · a- | -nother, || and SHALL de- | -clare · Thy | migh- · -ty | acts.

I will speak of the glorious HON-our |

of · Thy | Majesty, || AND | of · Thy | wond- · -rous | works.

And men shall speak of the might of THY | glori · -ous | acts, || and I | will · de- | -clare · Thy | greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memo-ry of | Thy · great | goodness, || AND shall | sing of · Thy | right · -eous- | -ness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion, AND of | great · — | mercy; || The Lord is good to all, and His tender mer-CIES are | o · -ver | all · His | works.

All Thy works shall PRAISE | Thee · O | Lord; || AND Thy | saints · shall | bless · — | Thee.

They shall speak of the GLO-ry | of · Thy | kingdom, || AND | talk · — | of · Thy | power.

To make known to the sons of MEN His | migh- · -ty | acts, || and the GLO-rious | Majes- · -ty | of · His | kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an EVER- | -last · -ing | kingdom, || and Thy dominion endur-ETH through- | -out · all | ge · -ne- | -rations.

The Lord is right-EOUS in | all · His | ways, || AND | holy · in | all · His | works.

The Lord is nigh unto all THEM that | call · up- | -on Him, || to ALL that | call · up- | -on Him · in | truth.

He will fulfil the de-SIRE of | them · that | revere Him: || He will also HEAR their | cry · — | and · will | save them.

My mouth shall SPEAK the | praise · of | the Lord: || and let all flesh bless His holy NAME, for | ever · and | ever · A- | -men.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

OUR OUTLOOK.—Interesting communications concerning our venture still come daily to hand. It is hardly possible to reply to all. It may gratify many of our helpers to be told that in nineteen cases out of twenty these communications are warmly appreciative: but some shake their heads.

A few think we ought not to touch politics: but how can we avoid it, and yet say; "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven"? We have not the slightest intention of touching "party politics": but the politics of the heavenly kingdom of good-will and righteousness will and must be considered.

Others say that *The Coming Day* is too small: and we partly admit it. Compared with the popular papers and magazines, it looks "dear." But many things have to be considered. In the first place, heresy such as ours cannot, at present, appeal to the multitude. But, beyond that, we think there is too much hankering for mere bulk. We prefer to aim at condensation and originality; and we can at least claim that we send forth our little teacher in a pleasant and reputable dress. Surely any Number of *The Coming Day* is worth the price of a questionable cigar or a doubtful glass of wine!

PRAYER TO THE ALL-MERCIFUL.—A correspondent says:—"Amongst many beauties in *The Coming Day*, may I be allowed to notice what is to me a blemish? In a 'New Book of Common Prayer' there is retained what has always appeared to me to be one of the most jarring notes in the usual Church service. Instead of beseeching the Father to keep *us* in mind of our duties, this so-called

prayer reverses the order, and 'commends' to *Him* 'all who are in trouble,' &c. This, in the new service, is not put in the offensive way in which it appears in the old—where it has often shocked me inexpressibly—by calling upon Him to have mercy,—Him! whose 'mercy,' we are told, 'is carried infinite degrees beyond the tenderness of human hearts.'" —There is some truth in this. When the services are collected into a book, this thoughtful suggestion will be remembered.

THE CHURCH OF ROME IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—It is simply a fact that, to all intents and purposes, Rome has got both her feet into our Established Church. The proofs abound: and that fact is one of the signs of the times. It is reported that, in the recent suit of Foot v. Elton, the Rev. Samuel Church, a clergyman of the Church of England, one of the plaintiff's witnesses, in reply to Mr. Justice Hawkins' remark or question, "You profess to be a member of the Protestant Church?" exclaimed, evidently with emphasis, "Thank God, no!" Hundreds of our State Church clergymen would back him up in that. It is getting time to ask: *Is this national Church for the priests or for the people?*

WHAT IS IT TO BE "ORTHODOX?"—Arch-deacon Wilson (late of Clifton, and long known as a very rational divine), has been very busy at Rochdale, rationalising Church of England doctrines and building bridges between common-sense and the creeds. It is an interesting operation, which has its amusing side: but what *can* a reasonable being do with the 39 Articles and all the rest of it? The

Christian World says: "A writer in one of the local newspapers charged him with having violated some of Sir William Hamilton's logical rules in the 'attempt to square heterodoxy with orthodoxy.' Another correspondent has affirmed that 'Archdeacon Wilson deliberately surrenders and condemns what thousands of Christians in this district believe to be essential to the faith, and that he is, in fact, one of the most heterodox ministers outside a Unitarian pulpit.' . . . If we may judge from the explanations he gave on Sunday afternoon last, and on previous occasions, the critics and heresy-hunters will not have much chance of frightening the Archdeacon. His position is that he is 'entirely orthodox in the ordinary sense of the term—that is, he has with him, so far as he knows, every theologian of eminence in England at the present time.'" That is delicious. Most of us knew that theologians of eminence are coming over to rational opinions, but few of us knew that to be orthodox was simply to be on the side of the majority. If that is so, it will presently be orthodox to believe in the rise and not the fall of man, even as it must now be orthodox to believe in "the larger hope" for all, and not in the eternal punishment of any. It is all getting very interesting.

SPANKING AND PLUMS.—Mr. Balfour's well-intentioned Fund for feeding the poor in Ireland, following Colonel Caddell's plans for breaking their heads, exactly indicates the British stepmother's system of governing that unhappy country. Colonel Caddell, when reproached for his violence, said it was all for the people's good. It is not often that a riotous policeman packs in a phrase the political policy of a century. It is all as old as a mouldy biscuit—and quite as disagreeable. We have been pottering at Ire-

land for generations, with a comical combination of lash and licence, coercion and feeding, spanking and plums; but always professing to do for it what it could not do for itself. We have ruined its trades, strangled its industries, throttled its Parliament, and denied authority to the citizens of its towns. We have given State aid to merciless landlords in the shape of hard laws and sharp bayonets, and food to starving tenants when laws and bayonets had worked their will: and all the time we were governing Ireland for its good! In our opinion, it has always been either too poor or too inexperienced, too discontented or too stupid, to help itself; and so, either as gaoler or as grandmother, with a trough to eat out of, or a prison to lie down in, we governed Ireland: and now we wonder that Ireland is unhappy and in revolt!

We must give up this grandmotherly or stepmotherly theory of government; and the people of Ireland must not too literally take our advice to bear patiently with it. If they are quite patient, they will justify the theory: and, if they are to stand one day with palms in their hands, they must pass through great tribulations. Let them bid high. The court-houses are *their* court-houses. Dublin Castle is *their* castle. The magistrates and police ought to be *their* magistrates and police. The land is *their* land. They must tell England that the question is *not* what is good for them but what they desire. The money is owing: pay up, John; and let the receiver do what he likes with his own!

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE.—The London dockers have done a very wise thing in sending a mission to country labourers for the purpose of warning them against pressing on to the big city; and pointing out to them their true promised land. The deserting of the country for the towns,

and the fall in value of agricultural land, are among the most painful signs of the times:—and the remedy is so plain! The people must be got on to the land, by a revolutionary alteration of the land laws. Lavish powers must be given

to County Councils and even to smaller bodies, making the sale and surrender of land compulsory wherever the public good calls for it. The aristocratic clinging to the land must be cured.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

“THE impregnable rock of Holy Scripture.” By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Revised and enlarged from “Good Words.” London: Wm. Isbister, Limited. Mr. Gladstone is perhaps the last eminent politician and man of affairs who will be able to produce such a book as this. In politics, Mr. Gladstone found his emancipation from the traditions of the Universities when a University rejected him and a manufacturing town welcomed him, and heard his famous cry of “liberty”: but, in theology, he has lingered behind; no merciful adverse vote having driven him to his feet. In one sense, it is very beautiful to watch the reverent lingering, the rapt devotion, the anxious gaze of this fine spirit. Soon enough will the disillusioning come to the world if not now to him. For, the Bible is not an “Impregnable rock.” It is as composite a mass as anything could possibly be; not lacking even the wood, hay, stubble “which is being revealed by fire,” as Paul said. Mr. Gladstone a little admits this, but in a hazy way: and only gets at his “impregnable rock” by assiduous packing away of wreckage and judicious hiding of chasms. We shall test him shortly, in regard to the Psalms, (and, probably, on the Creation story) and expect to demonstrate that he has not brought to bear upon the subject his secular simplicity, resolution and industry. In the meantime, we can very truthfully say that his book is, of course, exceedingly

interesting, that it is full of subtile side-lights, and that no student ought to afford to pass it by.

“Cattle ships: being the fifth chapter of Mr. Plimsoll’s second appeal for our seamen.” London: Kegan Paul & Co. (1s.) A startling and painful book: one might almost call it a glimpse of a kind of earthly hell. On the unconventional title page, we find this note; “Published separately and out of its turn on account of its pressing urgency.” The reader is greatly helped by illustrations, several of which are reproductions from photographs, from which any one may judge what a horror a cattle ship may be made. It is not pleasant reading,—very much the reverse—but it is necessary that it should be read: and being read, it is necessary that action should be taken upon it. The combination of cruelty to the cattle and peril to the seamen here unveiled ought to make Englishmen ashamed, and resolved to find a remedy. Incidentally, Mr. Plimsoll has many sensible things to say about the meat trade, as interesting to the consumer as to the trader.

“Minot J. Savage Calendar, 1891.” Compiled by D. B. Smith. Boston (U.S.): G. H. Ellis. A neat date diary for the wall; each day’s slip containing a thoughtful sentence or two from Mr. Savage’s sermons.