

# The Coming Day.

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MAY, 1891.

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## THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS

Now being accomplished in the Church and in the World.

SPOKEN ON EASTER SUNDAY.

IN this subject there is—so far as I am concerned—no suggestion of antagonism to the belief in the personal resurrection of Jesus more than 1800 years ago. In that resurrection I, for one, believe with all my heart, only stipulating that I am not to be hampered with the fate of the poor body. The real man is not the body. The real Jesus was not the body they murdered on Calvary. The body interests me not. The body will never rise. The body of Jesus did not rise. Why should it? It was the spirit-man, the real man, who appeared to the disciples when the doors were shut, and suddenly vanished out of their sight. It was the spirit-man who shewed himself in mysterious ways for a little space, and then went behind the veil. And it is the spirit-man who, in your case and mine, will, on the third day, or the first, know its resurrection morn. I believe in the persistence of the spirit beyond the incident called “death.” I believe in the personal existence of Jesus to-day in the mighty spirit-world: and I believe that the way he went is the way we all shall go.

That, then, of course, is the real resurrection of Jesus—the personal resurrection of the spirit Jesus. But there is another resurrection of which I speak to-day. As the air clears, during the next 200 years, it will be seen that soon after the passing away of Jesus into the unseen, he was crucified a second time;—and by many hands. Paganism killed him. The factions of his church killed him. Statecraft and priestcraft killed him. Something they called “Christianity” killed him. They turned a simple man into a bewildering God. They silenced the preacher of the sermon on the mount, and used him as the mouthpiece of subtle philosophers and passionate priests: and, for centuries, he was dead and buried,—after that. The Reformation came, but the reformers only saw “men as trees walking”: and John Calvin was a poor substitute for Jesus Christ. And, right on to our own day, the perfect resurrection of Jesus waits. Take the Book of Common Prayer, and read it honestly: take the Westminster Confession of Faith: take John Wesley’s Sermons: take the Declaration of the Congregational Union: take the records of the Bench of Bishops in the House of Lords. Of course, they all contain much that is true and good: but they are all sullied with survivals of an ancient Paganism. They do not voice the simple teachings of the man of Nazareth. They bear witness to a Jesus who still awaits his resurrection day.

But now I advance a great claim for the true Christianity, and for the real Jesus:—it is nothing less than this,—that modern civilisation is the exponent of the one and the vindication of the other. I do not say that modern civilisation is the product of Christianity, and the effect of the teachings of Christianity; but I do say that it is the exponent of the one and the vindication of the other: and, in the great vital essentials of modern civilisation, I see the resurrection of Christ.

Consider this, then, that we call “modern civilisation.” What are its vital characteristics? Many: but chiefly three:—

1. The revolt of human nature against usurped authority.
2. The demand for evidence and realities.
3. The development of ideals in relation to justice and mercy.

The first takes us to the foundation of all that is most characteristic of modern civilisation in politics, in learning, in religion, and in the practical science of life; for the revolt of human nature against usurped authority is the active mover in all the reforms of modern times: and the resolute saying of Jesus; “It was said by the men of old—but I say unto you,” has in it the ring of Theodore Parker, of John Stuart Mill, of Spencer, Gladstone, and Carlyle. The early Nonconformity of England was only one phase of the modern revolt against usurped authority. It repudiated the sacerdotal authority of the priests just as elsewhere it repudiated the divine right of kings. It vindicated for humanity the right to think, to inquire, to believe, and to worship in its own way. It resented intrusions into the domain of conscience, and bade the soul fall back upon the abiding verities within. And it did this, not as rebelling against God, but specifically as believing in Him. And it is astonishing how much in harmony all this is with the spirit and life of Jesus. He was essentially a nonconformist and a reformer. He faced the orthodoxies and the priesthoods of his day, only to contradict and condemn them: and it was the orthodoxies and the priesthoods that killed him. He was not the gentle sentimentalist the preachers usually picture him. He was gentle and tender; but he could be militant, defiant, self-reliant as against the old authorities of his day. And now, for the first, or second, time since the middle ages, the best part of Christendom is more or less consciously in revolt against the old creeds, the old priesthoods, the old finalities. It is true that in the great State Church of England the priesthood seems to be, not declining, but making way: but that is only a reaction from dry and dreary dogmatism, and is much more æsthetic than really ritualistic: and the apparent ritualism and sacerdotalism of it are only skin deep:—love of pretty things and love of music having as much to do with it as anything else. But the real signs of the time,—the deep, vital currents of our time,—all tend towards emancipation from usurped authorities, and the uprising of the individual soul.

The second great characteristic of modern civilisation follows from the first;—the demand for evidence and realities. It is this that is really the cause of the present unrest in relation to religious belief, just as it was the cause of the revolt of Jesus against Judaism. He was the sturdy Puritan and rationalist of his day. He challenged the Sanhedrim, attacked the scribes and pharisees, and radically reformed the very Temple, even with twisted cords! He asked credentials from hundreds of

people no one had ever dreamed of questioning. That is what is happening now : and the spirit of Jesus rules the spirit of the hour. There was once a time when it was enough that a pope declared, that a council decreed, that a court decided, that a text proved : but that time is fast going by ; and even they who abide in the old ways and cling to the old creeds feel the deep unrest of our day, and are often miserable enough in trying to make the assertion square with the evidence, and to make tradition agree with reality. Thank God for their misery. Let us do what we can to increase it ! But demand for evidence and realities is deepening on every hand. If we only peep beneath the surface in the State Church of England, in the Wesleyan Conference, in the Baptist Union, aye ! even in the Church of Rome, we see the restless eyes. It is here that our own church is receiving its most precious and significant vindication : for, all along, we have asked only for the thing that is. We have never been bound by foregone conclusions though we may have been retarded by inherited habits. We question every pope : we scrutinise every tradition : we ask for credentials from every conclave : we ask the dead hand what business it has on our throats, brains, and lips : we say to John Calvin ; "Where is your evidence that God will damn some of us, just as He will save some of us, simply as an act of His sovereign will ?" and if we are referred to "proof texts," we judge those texts by our highest thoughts of God ; and feel no hesitation, but a great thankfulness, in putting the old texts with the old Calvin on the shelf, as curiosities, and not on the throne, as masters : for, surely, it is a pernicious thing to allow one man's glimpse of God to blind another man's eyes, or to make one man's guess the grave of another man's faith. This is not to believe in God : it is really the sorrowfullest of all infidelity : and we have Jesus with us here : and the uprising of this new spirit is the resurrection of Jesus in the church and the world.

The third fact of modern civilisation is one upon which I would lay considerable stress ; I call it the development of ideals in relation to justice and mercy. And it is here that we find Jesus most signally rising from the dead. Indeed, he was murdered because, in one sense, he lived 1800 years too soon. In his name, his church has done deeds which were absolutely the reverse of anything he could have inspired or approved. He said ; "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" : but, for centuries, his church took far more pains to cast out than to welcome in. He blessed the peacemakers, the gentle, the merciful, the pure in heart ; but these the church has smitten on the mouth, cast out, or burnt—if they dared to be as free as Jesus came to make them. In this, most of all, Jesus was before his day ; for ideals of justice and mercy are one of the latest products of human development. It is in the order of the evolution of man ; first the animal, then the spiritual. Read ancient history, read the history of the middle ages ; nay, read the history of England up to the time of the Georges, and even beyond. What a horrible record of bloodshed, conspiracy, plot and counterplot, massacre and murder ! Think of the rulers and their victims—ay ! of the priests and their victims. How little value was set upon human life !—how unconscious men seemed to be of even the rudiments of justice in dealing with the weak, the conquered, and the poor ! Yes ! in the dark days of the past it was natural enough for men to believe that the King of heaven would do what the kings of earth were always doing. They were days when men fought to the death over a dogma, cursed over a creed, massacred

and murdered over a church. What wonder that they believed in a hell hereafter when earth was so much like hell here! What wonder that they believed in the possibility of satisfying the King of heaven with blood when they saw the kings of earth demanding it!

But the modern spirit is leading us away from all these things. We try to reform our criminals; we do not torture them. We exchange our prisoners of war; we do not murder them. We try to calmly measure out punishments adequate to offences, and likely to promote improvement; we do not crush in a spirit of revenge: or, if we ever do, we feel that the spirit of modern civilisation is violated. And here, above all, Jesus is coming to his own,—and to a glorious resurrection in the church and the world.

Turning from all these considerations, growing out of our brief survey of modern civilisation, I advance another claim for Jesus;—that he is, in spirit, the very life and soul of the dominant and vital religious belief of our time. And what is that?—what but the central thought of all his teaching,—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man? And here, at last, he is again coming to his own: and now, after centuries of forgetting it, and acting clean contrary to it, this is becoming the keynote of the mighty psalm of our day—in which all the churches join, though many with startling inconsistency; for the old theologies of Christendom are all vitiated by the assumption that God revealed Himself only to His “chosen people” the Jews, and sent the only Saviour to rescue only Christians from perdition. This, Jesus would have condemned. This, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man condemn. This, our church has always condemned.

It is true that some of the earlier Unitarians did not go consciously as far as that, for they also stopped short at the Bible, and limited inspiration and revelation to that. They were not as advanced and as heretical as Jesus. But they bore a testimony greater than they knew. In claiming to stand free from the old creeds, the old priesthoods, the old churches, they virtually announced the emancipation of man: and it was this implied supremacy of man above the creed, which was the best part of their testimony—greater far than their more rational “views.”

The supreme testimony of the Unitarian is not a criticism nor a doctrine, but a claim. It comes to this, then,—and this I claim for the Unitarian Church—that with us it is not a question of sect against sect, and dogma against dogma: but we bear witness to something beyond all sects and dogmas—beyond all rituals and Bibles—beyond all altars and mediators—even to the Living God in whom we all “live and move and have our being,” whose inspiring presence is never absent from the world—waiting ever to reveal itself to receptive souls. This is the true Unitarianism—which, I repeat, is not a criticism nor a doctrine, but a witness-bearer to the fact of perpetual communion between God and man. And this it is which is implied in the vital and abiding truths of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

In saying this; and in claiming for Jesus, in one sense, the immense advance made in the recognition of these truths, I would freely admit the action of that law

of growth or evolution which is as active in the sphere of religion as elsewhere ; and I would grant that to this we owe the resurrection of Jesus now being accomplished in the church and the world : but, all the same, this is the great teacher's Easter day. And, in a sense, it is ours ; for, everywhere, the men and women who have kept these little outposts for God are being justified. In England, in Scotland, in America ; on the continent, the old things are passing away : and all things are becoming new. It is not arrogance, it is honest joy that constrains us to urge our claim ;—pioneers still, but with a multitude of followers close behind ; for we take note of the joyful fact that vast numbers of those who abide in the old churches do not abide by the old creeds. The difference between a Unitarian and many a churchman is not doctrinal, but merely ceremonial or social. On that point I entirely agree with the late Dr. Bellows who once said ; “ We have fought our faith with orthodoxy, and I think I may say, that so far as the argument is concerned, we have won it. The best has been said that can be said on the subject. The argument is closed, and we are waiting for the verdict of the human race.” That is the precise truth. Calvinism, once dominant, is not really alive. It is not a faith : it is only a survival. It is not an argument : it hardly retains the strength of a prejudice. It is a ghost which haunts the library and the vestry, not the world.

Why, if a modern poet is to be believed, even Calvin himself has changed his mind. Listen !

An Unelected Infant sighed out its mortal breath,  
 And wandered through the darkness along the shores of death  
 Until the gates of heaven, agleam with pearl, it spied,  
 And ran to them and clung there, and would not be denied.  
 (Though still from earth rose mutterings : “ You cannot enter in ;  
 Depart into Gehenna, you child of wrath and sin.”)  
 At last the gates were opened ; a man with features mild  
 Stooped down and raised the weeping and Unelected Child.  
 Immortal light thrilled softly down the avenues of bliss,  
 As on the infant's forehead the spirit placed a kiss.  
 “ Who are you, thus to hallow my unbaptised brow ? ”  
 “ Dear child, my name was Calvin—but I see things better now.”

I can readily believe it. But, anyhow, his followers “ see things better now.” It is sometimes said that we have no great constraining motive : and it is true that we have nothing to say about the wrath of God and the immanent danger of man. In our hands there is not what Robert Burns called “ the hangman's whip,” “ the fear o' hell ”—nor bribe of the pleasure-seeker's heaven. But, surely, surely, it ought to be a nobler if not a mightier motive that there are base fears to overcome, and superstitions to destroy, and the bright light of emancipated reason to attain, and a God of love to know, and a brother Jesus to follow, and a glorious destiny—of advance for all—to win.

But why should we talk of “ motive ” ? We are God's wayfarers, and it is not for us to make terms with Him. The almighty hand will carry us all beyond our dreams, our guesses, our sorrows and our fears ; and God, and the love of God, will be all in all.

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

III.

THE lecture on Traffic was spoken at Bradford, to manufacturers and others who were interested in the project for erecting an Exchange in that town. Mr. Ruskin, with the perverseness which so well becomes him, told his hearers bluntly that he did not care for their Exchange,—and that he did not think they did. He roundly charged them with merely desiring to get value for their money. He said; "You are going to spend £30,000, which to you, collectively, is nothing; the buying of a new coat is, as to the cost of it, a much more important matter of consideration to me, than building a new Exchange is to you. But you think you may as well have the right thing for your money. You know there are a great many odd styles of architecture about; you don't want to do anything ridiculous; you hear of me, among others, as a respectable architectural man-milliner; and you send for me, that I may tell you the leading fashion; and what is, in our shops, for the moment, the newest and sweetest thing in pinnacles." He does not credit them with any deep desire for anything in particular—except to do something "respectable"—and profitable. He thinks they have no ideas of their own, and no architectural taste, because they are defective in commercial morality. Why do you go about asking what is the proper thing to do? he seems to say. Only because you do not do the proper thing. "Taste," he says, "is not only a part and an index of morality;—it is the only morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, 'What do you like?' Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their 'taste' is; and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul." 'You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do *you* like?' 'A pipe, and a quartern of gin.' I know you. 'You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?' 'A swept hearth, and a clean tea-table; and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast.' Good, I know you also. 'You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?' 'My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths.' 'You, little boy with the dirty hands, and the low forehead, what do you like?' 'A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch-farthing.' Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask?" And then he suggests that he knows these Bradford manufacturers—and most manufacturers. "Look at your ideal," he says. "Your ideal of human life then is, I think, that it should be passed in a pleasant undulating world, with iron and coal everywhere underneath it. On each pleasant bank of this world is to be a beautiful mansion, with two wings; and stables, and coach-houses; a moderately-sized park; a large garden and hot-houses; and pleasant carriage drives through the shrubberies. In this mansion are to live the favoured votaries of the Goddess; the English gentleman, with his gracious wife, and his beautiful family; he always able to have the boudoir and the jewels for the wife, and the beautiful ball dresses for the daughters, and hunters for the sons, and a

shooting in the Highlands for himself. At the bottom of the bank, is to be a mill ; not less than a quarter of a mile long, with one steam engine at each end, and two in the middle, and a chimney three hundred feet high. In this mill are to be in constant employment from eight hundred to a thousand workers, who never drink, never strike, always go to church on Sunday, and always express themselves in respectful language." And then look abroad. All the world knows the superb iron-work of Englishmen,—iron-work, according to Ruskin, being here the "only one art of any consequence." On our iron plates, our courage and endurance are written ; but all the world knows something else beside our skill and courage and endurance. What, for instance, of your jealousy, he asks,—“that vice of jealousy which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonour into your wars—that vice which has rendered for you, and for your next neighbouring nation, the daily occupations of existence no longer possible, but with the mail upon your breasts and the sword loose in its sheath ; so that at last, you have realized for all the multitudes of the two great peoples who lead the so-called civilization of the earth,—you have realized for them all, I say, in person and in policy, what was once true only of the rough Border riders of your Cheviot hills—

‘They carved at the meal  
With gloves of steel,  
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr’d ;’

do you think that this national shame and dastardliness of heart are not written as legibly on every rivet of your iron armour as the strength of the right hands that forged it ?”

The Bradford men had sent for him to speak about their Exchange, which would not have needed any speaking about, he thinks, if the root of the matter had been in them. “But suppose,” he said, “instead of being sent for by you, I had been sent for by some private gentleman, living in a suburban house, with his garden separated only by a fruit wall from his next door neighbour’s ; and he had called me to consult with him on the furnishing of his drawing-room. I begin looking about me, and find the walls rather bare ; I think such and such a paper might be desirable—perhaps a little fresco here and there on the ceiling—a damask curtain or so at the windows. ‘Ah,’ says my employer, ‘damask curtains, indeed ! That’s all very fine, but you know I can’t afford that kind of thing just now !’ ‘Yet the world credits you with a splendid income ?’ ‘Ah, yes,’ says my friend, ‘but do you know, at present I am obliged to spend it nearly all in steel-traps ?’ ‘Steel-traps ! for whom ?’ ‘Why, for that fellow on the other side the wall, you know : we’re very good friends, capital friends ; but we are obliged to keep our traps set on both sides of the wall ; we could not possibly keep on friendly terms without them, and our spring guns. The worst of it is, we are both clever fellows enough : and there’s never a day passes that we don’t find out a new trap, or a new gun-barrel, or something ; we spend about fifteen millions a year each in our traps, take it altogether ; and I don’t see how we’re to do it for less.’ A highly comic state of life for two private gentlemen ! but for two nations, it seems to me, not wholly comic. Bedlam would be comic, perhaps, if there were only one madman in it ; and your Christmas pantomime is comic, when there is only one clown in it ; but when the whole world turns clown, and paints itself red

with its own heart's blood instead of vermilion, it is something else than comic, I think."

Plenty to think about in that, I should say! Ruskin appears to hold that England has lost—if it ever had—the real sense of the divine presence. "You live under one school of architecture," he says, "and worship under another." We build Gothic churches as the conventional thing;—why, we know not: only we reserve Gothic for "a sacred building" which we call "the House of God." But where do we get that phrase? Not in connection with a building at all. We get it from a man who found God and God's house (Bethel) in a lonely desert, and who there found the angels, and said; "Surely this is none other than the house of God; and this is the gate of heaven." Is that not as true of a Yorkshire moor as of a desert place in Palestine? "But what has all this to do with the Bradford Exchange?" he imagines some one asking. "Everything," he replies. "Do you mean to build as honest Christians or as honest infidels?—as thoroughly and confessedly either one or the other?" "Good architecture," he says, "is the work of good and believing men"—of men, that is to say, who had a devout and merciful meaning in all they resolved upon and did. Then, discussing with scholarly knowledge and insight the several schools of European architecture, every one of which has been, he says, "the result and exponent of a great national religion," he suddenly comes to the point with a vengeance, by asking what particular God it is we, in England, worship just now; and what style of architecture would suit that. "We have, indeed," he says, "a nominal religion, to which we pay tithes of property and sevenths of time; but we have also a practical and earnest religion, to which we devote nine-tenths of our property, and six-sevenths of our time. And we dispute a great deal about the nominal religion; but we are all unanimous about this practical one; of which I think you will admit that the ruling goddess may be best generally described as the 'Goddess of Getting-on,' or 'Britannia of the Market.'"

And that worship of "the Goddess of getting on" has created its own style of architecture. He says; "Your railway mounds, vaster than the walls of Babylon; your railroad stations, vaster than the temple of Ephesus, and innumerable; your chimneys, how much more mighty and costly than cathedral spires! your harbour-piers; your warehouses; your exchanges!—all these are built to your great Goddess of 'Getting-on'; and she has formed, and will continue to form, your architecture, as long as you worship her; and it is quite vain to ask me to tell you how to build to *her*; you know far better than I."

Then he chaffs them with a suggestion. "A style of architecture for your Exchange might possibly be devised," he says, "if there were any heroism in the fact or deed of exchange, which might be typically carved on the outside of your building. For, you know, all beautiful architecture must be adorned with sculpture or painting; and, for sculpture or painting, you must have a subject. And hitherto it has been a received opinion among the nations of the world that the only right subjects for either, were *heroisms* of some sort." But what heroism is there in what commerce here knows as exchange?—seeing that our one object appears to be to make money—and to do nothing, as business, without it. The "exchange" of commerce, Ruskin regards as a mere organised selfishness: and the man on 'change is to him



simply a big pedlar:—at the best, an extravagant view, and, in any case, one-sided, and therefore unfair. But, still, the extravagant and one-sided glorification and adoration of money can bear, and may be advantaged by, an exaggeration the other way. Mr. Ruskin says (and draws special attention to the paragraph) "I never can make out how it is that a *knight-errant* does not expect to be paid for his trouble, but a *pedlar-errant* always does;—that people are willing to take hard knocks for nothing, but never to sell ribands cheap; that they are ready to go on fervent crusades, to recover the tomb of a buried God, but never on any travels to fulfil the orders of a living one: that they will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practise it, and are perfectly ready to give the Gospel gratis, but never the loaves and fishes." He therefore protests that he could not carve anything on their exchange worth looking at, but only "a frieze with pendant purses; and making its pillars broad at the base, for the sticking of bills." Rude enough, and exaggerated, one may say, but not entirely undeserved.

"What is it you want?" he asks. Suppose you get millions of gold pieces, what would you do with them, and what do you want them for? That is really a vital question, and much wanted in England. If you do not want money as a mere instrument to noble ends: if you only want to hoard it, to pile it up, and to die worth (what a ghastly phrase!—"to die worth"), say, half a million, why not save all your pains and "practise writing ciphers; and write as many as you want"? "Write ciphers for an hour every morning, in a big book, and say every evening, I am worth all those noughts more than I was yesterday. Won't that do?"

But the Bradford men will have got restless by this time, and will have wished they had sent for Beelzebub rather than for Ruskin to talk about their new Exchange. And Ruskin knows this, though he only proceeds with his unveiling. "Some one must be at the top," he imagines them saying, with an eye upon the old disreputable proverb; "they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can;"—a right devil's doctrine! True it is, that some one must be at the top, and therefore (not some one, but) many must be at the bottom, but it does not follow that the one man at the top should take from the many men at the bottom all that is produced beyond bare sustenance:—and, to a very great extent, that is so. But Ruskin regards that as totally wrong. "It does not follow," he says, "because you are the general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure, or land, it wins; (if it fight for treasure or land); neither, because you are king of a nation, that you are to consume all the profits of the nation's work. Real kings, on the contrary, are known invariably by their doing quite the reverse of this,—by their taking the least possible quantity of the nation's work for themselves. There is no test of real kingship so infallible as that": "neither because you are king of a small part of the nation, and lord over the means of its maintenance—over field, or mill, or mine,—are you to take all the produce of that piece of the foundation of national existence for yourself."

That is a hard doctrine for Bradford or any other manufacturers, but I hold it to be absolutely true. The ideal condition of society would be realised if the strong, the capable, the courageous, planned and led for the sake of the weak, the clumsy,

and the timid—instead of profiting by the weak, the clumsy, and the timid. That this seems absurd may only shew that Society is more animal than human.

But apart from those who may be called the weak, the clumsy, and the timid, it can hardly be doubted that a grave wrong is being done to producers generally by so entirely severing them from the thing produced. As it is, the producers are really exploited by the men with money, and the natural, healthy and profitable relationship between the producer and the thing produced is broken up. It is a great pity; and it may easily become a great wrong. "I know," says Ruskin, "that none of this wrong is done with deliberate purpose. I know, on the contrary, that you wish your workmen well; that you do much for them, and that you desire to do more for them, if you saw your way to such benevolence safely. I know that even all this wrong and misery are brought about by a warped sense of duty, each of you striving to do his best; but, unhappily, not knowing for whom this best should be done." And then he tells us the dream of at least one man, and he a Pagan too, who lived more than 2200 ago—the great thinker Plato, who described the fabled condition of Athens in the golden days, while as yet "the God's nature" in the Athenians "was full." Then, "they were submissive to the sacred laws, and carried themselves lovingly to all that had kindred with them in divineness; for their uttermost spirit was faithful and true, and in every wise great; so that, in *all meekness of wisdom, they dealt with each other*, and took all the chances of life; and despising all things except virtue, they cared little what happened day by day, and *bore lightly the burden of gold and of possessions*; for they saw that, if *only their common love and virtue increased, all these things would be increased together with them*; but to set their esteem and ardent pursuit upon material possession would be to lose that first, and their virtue and affection together with it. And by such reasoning, and what of the divine nature remained in them, they gained all this greatness of which we have already told."

Something like that, Ruskin believes might come as a real Holy Spirit into our trade and manufacture:—if, indeed, we could only cease to worship this idol-God of Money. "Continue," says this bright seer. "Continue to make that forbidden deity your principal one, and soon no more art, no more science, no more pleasure will be possible. Catastrophe will come; or, worse than catastrophe, slow mouldering and withering into Hades. But if you can fix some conception of a true human state of life to be striven for—life, good for all men, as for yourselves: if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence; following those trodden ways of wisdom which are pleasantness, and seeking her quiet and withdrawn paths, which are peace; then, and so sanctifying wealth into 'commonwealth,' all your art, your literature, your daily labours, your domestic affection, and citizen's duty, will join and increase into one magnificent harmony."

It may be that all this is only a pleasant dream,—too beautiful, too spiritual, for such a world as this;—what then? better to gaze on the evening star with glorious dreams of dawn, than to say that, for us, in this night of the rule of self, there is no hope of day.

## A SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

## IV.

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

(CONTINUED.)

WE are, then, at all events, *as* sure of the inner world of Mind as we are of the outer world of Matter; and both are inexplicable. We do not, however, in ordinary life, doubt the reality of Matter because we have not the slightest idea of what the central, essential basis of an atom really is; neither should we doubt the reality of Mind or Spirit because we cannot conceive of a substance unlike that which we are familiar with as Matter. Thought may be, and probably is, accompanied by some corresponding change or movement in the substance of the brain, but it does not follow that Thought is produced or secreted by that change or movement, any more than that musical *ideas* are produced by the fingering of the keys of an organ, though musical *sounds* may be. Changes and movements in the substance of the brain may be necessary for the manifestation of thought in a certain way, but it by no means follows that the thinker is necessarily dependent on such material conditions. Glance for a moment at the mysterious region occupied by reveries and dreams, to say nothing of the more mysterious and debateable region occupied by vision and apparition. Here you have sensations of the most vivid kind, intensely painful or blissful, awe-inspiring or beautiful, and as real as any sensations of the market-place or the house;—and yet, so far as we know, there is no objective cause to account for them, except indeed it be accounting for them to say that in reverie or dream the mind is imaginatively remembering what the external world had impressed upon it. But the fact remains that the mind sees, hears, feels; and sees, hears, and feels intensely, and in wonderfully varied ways, when left to itself. The fields through which you wander, the money you handle, the fruit you eat, the trees you see swayed by the wind, the people you meet, the ocean whose bright waves break on the shore, are all perfectly real to you in dreams; and you think they are real for the time: so true is it that Consciousness, Thought, and Sensation, are more immediately real to us than Matter. So obvious is this that even so cool a thinker and so poor a "believer" as John Stuart Mill, saw and fully admitted it, and even went beyond it, in his *Essays*, in which he very forcibly said that "the relation of Thought to a material brain is no metaphysical necessity; but simply a constant co-existence within the limits of observation:" and he added, "the uniform co-existence of one fact with another does not make the one fact a part of the other, or the same with it." "Experience," he says, "furnishes us with no example of any series of states of consciousness" without "a material brain," "but it is as easy to imagine such a series of states without, as with, this accompaniment, and we know of no reason in the nature of things against the possibility of it being thus disjointed." He even says, "We may suppose that the same thoughts, emotions, volitions, and even sensations which we have here, may persist or recommence somewhere else under other conditions." This is all we ask, and this is perfectly scientific. Sensation

Thought, and Consciousness, are all in ourselves, and are absolutely unlike Matter in all their peculiarities. In our present physical condition, Sensation, Thought and Consciousness, are excited by certain conditions or states of Matter; but it is perfectly intelligible that we might exist under totally different conditions, and, by having a body adapted to altogether different surroundings, have sensations and thoughts answering to those we have now,—only in an intenser form.

It thus appears that in relation to a world of Thought and Consciousness we have got hold of three solid facts;—that this world of Thought and Consciousness is at least as real to us as the world of Matter; that it is in every way, in all its phenomena and results, utterly unlike the world of Matter; and that its existence amid other conditions of personal being is perfectly reasonable and scientific. This is something gained;—almost enough to bring us within reach of that unseen Universe which is the world of Thought and Consciousness: for nothing external now becomes thought, or knowledge, or understanding, till the mind or spirit takes the vibrations and translates them; and finds their meaning and their message. Of that, Ruskin says, with as much truth as poetry:—“It is quite true that the tympanum of the ear vibrates under sound, and that the surface of the water in a ditch vibrates too: but the ditch hears nothing for all that; and my hearing is still to me as blessed a mystery as ever, and the interval between the ditch and me quite as great. If the trembling sound in my ears was once of the marriage-bell, which began my happiness, and is now of the passing-bell, which ends it, the difference between these two sounds to me cannot be counted by the number of concussions. There have been some curious speculations lately as to the conveyance of mental consciousness by ‘brain-waves.’ What does it matter how it is conveyed? The consciousness itself is not a wave. It may be accompanied here and there by any quantity of quivers and shakes, up and down, of anything you can find in the universe that is shakable—what is that to me? My friend is dead, and my—according to modern views—vibratory sorrow is not one whit less, or less mysterious to me, than my old quiet one.”

I do not profess to have demonstrated anything thus far: I do not expect to demonstrate anything in the end: but I think it has been shewn that the world of Mind is the world of realities and explanations, and that all conditions and movements of Matter are to that world what the tool is to the craftsman or the instrument to the musician. Matter affects us; waves impinge upon the senses; thought under physical limitations is accompanied by physical phenomena: that is all we can say. For the rest, it looks as though the great realities, and the master of the fleshy house, were behind the veil: It looks as though an emancipation and not a destruction might come with the separation of our mental powers from fleshy control. “Under the present constitution of human nature,” says Isaac Taylor, “the mind might be compared to an Arabian escort attending a caravan, which, with its cumbrous bales, and its sick and infirm, drags its weary length a stage or so daily: but only release this escort from its charge, and it starts off, nor can hardly the winds overtake it.” We may never be able to demonstrate that, till we make for ourselves the great experiment; but every step we take onward in the knowledge even of the wonderful world of Matter only makes it more likely to be true.

## OLIVE SCHREINER'S "DREAMS."\*

Not "dreams," but parables, prophecies, symbols, subtile prose poems, with immense spiritual suggestions. It is useless to attempt to describe either the motive or the style of these intense soul pictures: we can only say that, whether for occult insight or rich, vivid and concentrated dramatic expression, they are wonderful. The two opening pieces are comparatively prosy and forced: the rest increase in keenness, subtility and power. Apart from their marvellous literary setting, these "dreams" are on fire with profound meanings—awful or beautiful. The picture of Hell, where the fortunate ones drink wine made of crushed men, women, and children, and thank God, is awful enough, but that Hell is in London and elsewhere: and the lovely Heavens here described are also possible upon the earth: and the "dream" has that intended meaning. The parable of the bound and prostrate woman arising, severed from the bonds that held her down and hurt man as well as herself, and moving on to the Land of Freedom, is a noble prophecy. But we hesitate to draw distinctions where nearly all is so original and full of meaning.

\* *Dreams.* By Olive Schreiner. Second Edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

## A NEW BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

## V.

I NEED Thee every hour, most gracious Lord;  
Not tender voice like Thine can peace afford.  
I need Thee, O, I need Thee; every hour  
I need Thee;

Obless me now, my Father; I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour, stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power when Thou  
art nigh.

I need Thee, O, I need Thee; every hour  
I need Thee;

Obless me now, my Father; I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour in joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.  
I need Thee, O, I need Thee; every hour  
I need Thee;

Obless me now, my Father; I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour: teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises in me fulfil.

I need Thee, O, I need Thee; every hour  
I need Thee;

Obless me now, my Father; I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour, most holy One:  
O, make me Thine indeed, Thine, Thine  
alone.

I need Thee, O, I need Thee; every hour  
I need Thee;

O bless me now, my Father; I come to Thee.

(*All standing.*)

*Minister*—The eternal God, the Creator of heaven and earth, is not confined to temples made with hands, nor does He need our worship, seeing that all things are His, and that all we have is given by Him, in whom we live and move, and have our being. But He has put into our hearts the longing to hold communion with Him: and, to us now as of old, the word is sent: "Seek ye my face."

*People*—Thy face, Lord, will we seek.

(*All kneeling or seated.*)

*Minister*—Lord of our fleeting life and

of eternity, we would remember Thee in waking; for Thine is our breath:—and counsel to desire and hand to fashion come from Thee. Thou settest man as Thy steward over Thy works, and givest the unseen powers charge to guide him. Thou openest his eyes to the light, and hast moulded all his limbs in harmony. Thou settest the mind wonderfully within the body, unlockest the treasures of harmony, and makest fine the springs of conscience. From Thee came ancient revelation and writing;—deep sayings of prophets and songs of praise. From Thee are all the wise sayings of old time, the experience of man's history, and worship of offering and prayer.

In the blind struggle of men is the promise of Thy truth; and, in fulness of time, fulfilment, when out of evil comes good, and patience ends in victory. And now, by the agony of mankind striving; by men's heads bowed in shame, and eyes filled with tears; by their necks weighed down with burdens, their feet and hands perplexed and bound; by their strong crying out of their misery to their God, arise, O Lord, and amend the earth.

*People*—Lord, let Thy kingdom come! and lead forth the nations out of darkness into Thy marvellous light.

*Minister*—If legends of old time fade, let Thy kindness be ever new, and heavenly truths become perfect in us: so shall ancient faiths grow young, and the God of the ancient time be our living Friend.

Lighten with freedom the dark places of the earth, and give peace and gladness to mankind: for Thine are the revivers of godliness in the world, and the sowers of the winged seeds of truth. Thine, O Lord, is the great company of our ancestors, the sacred truth-tellers and

glorious patriots. All makers of song and story, and the masters of harmony are of Thee, and the pure sufferers for godliness—whoever have vanquished evil, and, in faith and hope, gone through labours for the right. Glory to Thee, O Lord, for Thy spirit was in them. Thou Lover of the upright in the east and in the west, may we all love Thee in unity of mind. Shall not all nations, each in its own tongue and home, praise the living God?

*People*—Let the people praise Thee, O Lord, let all the people praise Thee.

(*By Minister and People.*)

OUR Father who art in heaven; hallowed be 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 forgive 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.*)

THE love of God and of His children, and the communion of His holy spirit, be with us all. *Amen.*

CHANT.

I WAS GLAD when they | said · unto |  
me; || let us go in-TO the | house · — |  
of · the | Lord.

Our feet shall STAND with- | ·in · thy |  
gates, || AND | heart · and | voice · shall |  
praise Him.

PRAY for the | peace of · His | people,||  
PEACE | be · with- | ·in · thy | walls.

For my brethren and MY com- |  
pan- · ions' | sake || I will now SAY; |  
peace · be with- | ·in · — | thee.

MySOUL | longeth·for | thee, || asina |  
dry · and | thirs· - · ty | land.

It is a good thing to give THANKS unto |  
Thee · O | Lord, || and to sing PRAISES  
to Thy | name · O | Thou · most | High.

To show forth Thy loving-KIND-ness |  
in · the | morning, || AND Thy | faithful-  
-ness | ev· - · ery | night.

For Thou LORD hast | made · me |  
glad, || and I TRI-umph | in · the |  
works of · Thy | hands.

O LORD, how | great · are Thy |  
works ! || AND Thy | thoughts · are |  
ve· - · ry | deep.

O come let us wor-ship | and · bow |  
down ; || let us KNEEL be- | -fore · the |  
Lord · our | Maker.

For HE is | our · — | God, || and we  
are the people of His PAS-ture | and ·  
the | sheep of · His | hand.

When Thou SAIDST, seek | ye · my |  
face, || my heart said unto THEE, Thy |  
face · Lord | will · I | seek.

THOU hast | been · my | help, || leave  
me NOT, O | God · of | my · sal- | -vation.

I had fainted un-LESS I | had · be- |  
-lieved || to see the goodness of the LORD  
in the | land · — | of · the | living.

Now unto Him that is able to help  
us, above ALL that we | ask · or | think, ||  
according to the | power · that | work·  
-eth | in us.

Unto Him be GLORY | throughout ·  
all | ages, || WORLD | with- · -out | end.  
A- | men.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

“NON-SUBSCRIBERS.”—The strong Uni-  
tarian Association for the Manchester  
District has committed “the happy dis-  
patch,” and, in its stead, there is  
an Association of “non-subscribing  
churches”;—the most clumsy and the  
most unmeaning name in Christendom.  
The man who said, “What I give is  
nothing to nobody,” and who gave about  
that, may be attracted by it: but, to  
everybody else, it will be as dry as chaff.  
Subscription to creeds has gone out, or  
has nearly gone out; and it is a kind of  
somniaambulism to make non-subscription  
the watchword or *raison d'être* of the  
latest-born church. “Unitarian” is not  
the ideal, but it *does* mean something;  
and to-day, in the light of the Uni-  
tarianism of Science and History, it  
means more than ever it did;—but

“non-subscribing”! fancy founding a  
nineteenth century church on that! There  
is nothing in life more incomprehensible  
than the movements of “advanced” men  
when they try to act together. In at-  
tempting to secure unity they often get  
vacuity: and this was never more clearly  
illustrated than in the present case, when  
the good old Unitarian port was bartered  
away for this very new small-beer.

LUNACY AND LAW.—It is seriously stated  
that four Scotch judges have laid it down,  
as a doctrine to be acted upon, that a belief  
in Spiritualism is conclusive evidence of a  
man's incapacity to manage his “worldly”  
affairs. We should like to refer these  
four legal owls to the daylight supplied  
by three of the most enlightened men of  
this century,—William Howitt, Alfred

Russel Wallace, and William Crookes, all ardent Spiritualists: the first, the writer of "Cassell's History of England" and a "History of the supernatural;" the second, the author of "The theory of Natural Selection," and "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism;" and the third the discoverer of the metal thallium, the creator of the radiometer, and the writer

of "Researches in the phenomena of Spiritualism." From these books, any one might learn three truths;—1st. That the Bible is full of Spiritualism; 2nd. That there never was a Religion which was not vitally related to it; and 3rd. That it has been accepted as a verity by some of the keenest thinkers and most patient investigators in this and every age.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

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**THE CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR.**—A month or two ago, the devoted disciples of George Dawson kept, at the church, the fourteenth anniversary of the "death" of their minister. After the service, the "Dead March" was played. It is very touching, but is it quite wise? Is it, indeed, in harmony with his spirit and teachings? Of all men, he would have been the first to say; "Let the dead past bury its dead." We are glad to hear that another minister has been appointed. If he can forget the huge white bust of George Dawson, hovering over his head, and be himself, he may save it from being an *In Memoriam* Church, and do a useful living work.

**A HERETIC CONDEMNED.**—In America, a church trial of considerable importance has just been concluded. The Rev. H. MacQueary, a minister of the Episcopal Church, avowed disbelief in the virgin birth of Jesus and the resurrection of his physical body. After a very prolonged trial, he has been condemned. The sentence is suspension for six months, to give the heretic time to retract: but this was at once met by a request for immediate dismissal. The sentencing court, however, was divided, and Mr. MacQueary's sensible heresies will compel many people to think.

**PILGRIM SONGS.**—A volume of poems, by the editor of *The Coming Day*, will be shortly published. It will contain the "pilgrim songs" of forty years. Two portraits will appear in the book; one the author in 1851, the other in 1891.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, has just published a very readable account of the editor of *The Coming Day*, accompanied by a rather clever portrait. The story goes a good deal into the matter of Spiritualism, and, altogether, seems unusually interesting. We understand that Mr. Burns will forward a copy of the Paper, by post, on receipt of three halfpence.

**AN ERROR.**—We believe *The Coming Day* has a perfect character for freedom from printer's errors, but we were caught last month. See page 60, line 9: "heaven-laden" should, of course, be *heavy-laden*. The sensible people who are preserving *The Coming Day* for binding should make the correction. The same error occurred in the first issue of the "Letter" in its separate form, but it has been remedied in the new edition which is now being sent out.