

# The Coming Day.

OCTOBER, 1893.

## USE YOUR REASON.

SPOKEN AT CROYDON.

“Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?”—LUKE XII. 57.

ONE of the most prevalent delusions is that people, as a rule, use their reasons. They don't. The average human being is a curious blend of inherited tendencies and acquired habits, acting from impulse, self-interest, feeling, prejudice, tradition, partial knowledge, and the decision of one's social, political, religious, or commercial clan or “set.” As for independent reason, but few know anything about it.

And yet, one of the most vital and urgent needs of the age is this very thing. Even in the sphere of science, “orthodoxy” is known, and what is called the “impossible” is scouted. At the very last meeting of the British Association a scientific thinker had to protest against it. In the political sphere, politics ought to be nothing but the science and art of good government. What is it? What has it been but the science and art of get and grip? Only by almost violence does right get itself done. Assuredly, in the sphere of religion, there is hardly any genuine use of the reason. Traditions, forms, creeds, organisations, officials, habits, fears, rule the great majority. All this surrender or degradation of the mind must be wrong—must belong to an imperfect grade of human development. The question of Jesus, “Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?” implies that we have the inward faculty; and, remember, that faculty implies duty as well as power and right; and yet we are always being told that our main duty is to believe, not to use the verifying faculty as a test, but merely to submit to something that is called “revelation.” But how are we to tell what is revealed unless we use the reason? The only logical result of suppressing the reason is submission to the pope. It was not a teacher of religion, but a keen secular writer, who lately asked, “Why should I adjust my acts so as to add to the happiness of mankind? Why should I follow utility as my guide? Why should I obey God's commands, or discern any profit in serving Him? Why should I place faith in the benevolence of God? How do I know that the Lawgiver of the universe is not a mischievous demon? How am I able to arrive at the ultimate conviction that there is a difference between right and wrong, and how do I

know that I am not justified in saying, 'Evil, be thou my good,' and living down to the depths of that maxim?" and who gave the only reasonable answer, "These questions cannot be answered without falling back upon the theory that the mind of man contains within it a revelation of the Divine law, and that no external revelation of the law of God is binding or credible which does not agree, in so far as agreement is possible, with the law which is written in the heart."

Some people contrast using the reason with faith. And yet what is faith but insight? So, then, it is not a sin, it is a virtue to consult the voice within. It may be faint and uncertain, uninformed and too much influenced by love of pleasure and love of self, but it is your only chance. The chain is strongest at its weakest part, and that part is yourself. Therefore train the reason by use. Make it keen and alert and firm. Teach it to live and act in the light. First of all be yourself, last of all be yourself, all through be yourself, but yet ever open, ever receptive, ever expectant, ever glad to hold communion with the highest and the best, for help. Do not mind being in a minority. People talk as though to be in the majority were a kind of merit, and a sign of being in the right. I ask free-minded men to consider that, and to reflect whether the very opposite of that is not more likely to be true. When a man finds himself going with the stream, he ought to vigilantly watch himself; and it is when he is with the multitude that he should begin to suspect he may be wrong. Indolence, prejudice, self-interest, carelessness, custom, may all drift us into the great majority: but if you want to be sure of at least personal conviction, go to the minority to find it. And yet the tendency in every age, and in this age perhaps more than ever, is to put truth to the vote; to put truth, in fact, up to auction, and sell it, as a kind of property, to the highest bidder!

And here let me say a word to some who may need to be put on their guard against the desperate power of the world's opinion. There is no tyranny like it,—at once the most powerful and the most treacherous. To those who are young I specially say this. If you resolve to think for yourself, to take your own course, to resist the stream instead of giving in to it, you will surely suffer for it; and not the least among your sufferings will be the intrusion of the feeling that you somehow must be wrong, because so many are against you, and because they think so badly of you. Thousands and tens of thousands give in to that feeling, end their resistance, strike their flag, and go with the multitude. I hardly wonder at it, though I may regret it. "Why should we be singular?" they say,—“Why should we make for ourselves a lonely path, and bear not only the common ills of life, but the special ill-will of the world around us?” Why, indeed! It takes a heroic soul to answer that question, and to answer it well and nobly. But heroic souls have answered it in the past; and it is because of them that you and I are no longer imprisoned or burned. It is an ignoble thing—a thing degrading to yourself and injurious to others—that you should lose your personal identity

and deprive yourself and others of the benefits of honest thought and earnest living. Besides, it is a blessed and a glorious thing to have worthy thoughts of God, cheerful thoughts of man, and hopeful thoughts of the future. Why, surely, if we put a right value on things, if we put on things now the value we shall put on them in the eternal world, we should set these thoughts of God, and man, and the future, above social comfort, the applause of the world, and the gold that is so often shamefully earned and miserably used. For these and many other reasons, I would confirm you in your resolve to be true to yourselves,—to have faith in God for yourselves, and not faith in the faith of other people. First of all be true to your own soul; nothing else is really necessary. What comes after that accept, but this you must at all hazards secure.

But all over the Christian world, except here and there in obscure and isolated spots, this freedom of thought is anything but encouraged. As a rule it is severely condemned or quietly suppressed. At the one extreme you have the Catholic Church, with its open and uncompromising claim, and, at the other extreme, you have liberal dissent, with its nervous retention of at least the old phrases, such as "the word of God" and "the divinity of Christ," and, from one extreme to the other, you must repress or regulate reason.

The late Cardinal Manning, speaking for the pope, once put it in all its bareness, in facing the rationalist:—"You say I have no authority over the Christian world; that I am not the vicar of the Good Shepherd; that I am not the supreme interpreter of Christian faith. You tell me to abdicate, to renounce my supreme authority. You tell me I ought to submit to the civil power; that I am the subject of the King of Italy, and from him I am to receive instructions as to the way I shall exercise the civil power. I say I am liberated from all civil subjection; that my Lord made me the subject of no man on earth, king or otherwise; that, in his right, I am sovereign. I acknowledge no civil superior; I am the subject of no prince, and I claim more than this: I claim to be the supreme judge and director of the conscience of men—of the peasant that tills the field and the prince that sits on the throne—of the household that lives in the shade of privacy and the legislature that makes laws for kingdoms. *I am the sole last supreme judge of what is right and wrong.*" If you admit anything like that it is all over with you. Shut your eyes and go over to Rome. But how much more reasonable are they who put a book on the throne instead of a man, and tell us to prostrate the reason before that?

Of course, the path I am pointing out means, not quiet and content, but restless effort and some pain. To think is to be anxious, to reason is to court trouble. But what then? This is God's way of making man a living soul. Wise John Selden said, "'Twas a good Fancy of an old Platonick: The Gods, which are above men, had something whereof Man did partake, (an Intellect Knowledge) and the Gods kept on their course quietly. The Beasts, which are below Man, had something whereof Man did partake, (Sense and Growth) and the Beasts liv'd quietly in their way. But Man had something in him,

whereof neither Gods nor Beasts did partake, which gave him all the Trouble, and made all the Confusion in the world, and that is Opinion." Yes, the gods are at peace and the brutes (as we call them) are at peace, and poor man stands between, and wonders, and thinks, and is discontented, and inquires, and pushes on, and hopes, and fears.

Would you have it otherwise? If so, you would have either something better or something worse. Either man must go back, for the peace, to the brutes or on to the gods; and I say "On!" But not yet shall we arrive. The path must all be trodden, and the way to the gods is along this path—the path that makes us think.

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## THE COMING DAY FOR IRELAND.

### A TALK ON THE TERRACE.

(Recollections and reflections after a conversation with an Irish member.)

THE more we discuss it the plainer it becomes that the Home Rule Bill, whether for good or evil, has become a complicated mosaic, for one reason or another. No one outside of Parliament will read it through and, in two senses, the Lords have not read it at all. Friends and foes alike may agree that it is honey-combed with experiments, compromises, and accidents.

As an instance of pure chance, take the treatment of the Irish members. First they are excluded; then they are put on a pivot like the figures on a Swiss clock, warranted to come in and go out at the proper times; then they are diminished in number and retained. What will the slow-moving rustic and the cautious shopkeeper think of it? It is just possible that the bigness of the job may induce them to leave it to the people in London who have it in hand, and make them more tolerant of some things they do not like. But will they remember that, in regard to this matter, the Irish members are the only people who are not to blame? They have been quiescent. They were willing to be sent away from Parliament: they thought the in-and-out arrangement bad, but were content to try it; and now they accept the present decision.

But there is another matter that is even more practically important. The people who, to a great extent, decide elections in England, as between the officials and the rank and file of the two parties, are the solid and steady shopkeepers of the small towns and the rather superior country labourers. Vast numbers of these are, to use an old Puritan phrase, "God-fearing men," who hate disorder and love sober and steady work. They are already asking, "And who are going to work this mighty measure if we pass it?" The dissensions of the Irish Nationalists have done a great deal of harm, and

created a bad impression. There are tens of thousands, even of Liberals, who know the Irish leaders only in the ugly light of warfare. They do not know their solidity, their administrative capacity, their touching self-denial and devotion to duty. They mainly know their past compulsions and present conflicts; and, if they stumble, even to the extent of a phrase, the enemy is not slow in keeping them well-informed. All this is destined to seriously tell against Home Rule at the next election.

But a more serious election difficulty will be raised by the really good fighting-cry against allowing the Irish members to be entrusted with the sole management of Irish home affairs, while, at the same time, they are to be allowed full power to interfere in British home affairs. And yet, if Irish members' opinions are to go for anything, there is less in this than in several other difficulties. No one who will be sent from Ireland will care to interfere with our business. The stress of battle will be over, and it was the stress of battle that led the Irishmen to capture our horse and ride it. The present machine, which has been such a terror in the House, will cease to exist. There will be no subsidised Irish party at Westminster. The pledges that have, on the whole, kept the Irishmen together will not be required, and the questions that interest them will not be here. Besides, it is extremely likely that a new kind of man will come here from Ireland. Most of the men who have been brought to the front have been scientifically chosen for their special work. Very few of them would re-appear. Some would be urgently wanted at home: some would retire. It would indeed not be surprising if it were found difficult to induce men to come here at all. Of course, a seat in the British Parliament will always have its attractions for some, but it is certain that Home Rule would very greatly change the nature of the representation of Ireland here. Anyhow, there would be free play for all varieties of personal bent, and for those diversities of opinion and feeling which have been kept down as with an iron band.

But, over all, the one vital subject of interest is—what would happen if the next General Election went against Home Rule. From the Nationalists' point of view, the possibility of that is almost too grave for consideration. Another disappointment would be too serious. No one could answer for the result. It is not possible to say what this or that man would do: it is only certain that violent forces now happily under control or undergoing conversion would be thrown back many years.

This prospect may not greatly move those who look upon Home Rule as inevitable,—as something written in the Book of Fate. Such persons may even argue that the majority in favour of Home Rule still needs the purifying fire. They may be right. In British politics, defeat has always been the road to success. It is our way. That is how we get our education and make up our minds.

### TITTLE-TATTLE AND TALE-BEARING.

One of the meanest, paltriest, and most mischievous things in this wicked world is a habit of tale-bearing; a small, insipid, shallow love of tittle-tattle. It is the wasp-nest of society, the frost-bite of friendship, the curse of the church, and the "abomination of desolations" everywhere. It is really wonderful that such huge results can follow such a trivial cause, and one can only account for it by reckoning it among those freaks of nature that allow any silly wasp to plague a lion into madness, or sting an elephant almost to death.

It takes a wise man to build up, but any shallow-brained, insipid meddler can pull down. It takes an artist to paint a true picture, but any miserable make-believe can smear and spoil it with his unsanctified thumb. Have you anything to say about any one, that you do not like or do not dare to say before his face? Be you sure that is just the thing you ought not to say at all. A candid, healthy, noble nature, that delights in realities and loves to be real, is sickened to live in an atmosphere of whisperings and inuendos—of romantic tales and foolish small-talk. And yet how we dote on a bit of real scandal—not bad enough to be positively disreputable, and yet not good enough to be likely or lovely! How we glory in a secret, when it is told us in the ear! and how we exult to cart it off to the nearest friend, all tinged with our poor little imaginings, and charged with our panting surmises, wonderments, and scarlet exaggerations. How we slide into magnification, and slip into falsehood, and glide into multiplication, long before we are conscious of it! And when it strikes us—if ever it does—how we have tinged, distorted and exaggerated the tales, how we then bolster up our little castle of evil with the charitable and consoling reflection, that after all we dare say it is true, if we only knew; or, most likely, if *that* is not true, something else is! or some other paltry huckstering with conscience, of the same kind; all along forgetting that the worst of all falsehoods are those that have only a shallow heart, a silly head, a neglected conscience, and a prating tongue to thank for their being. The worst of all falsehoods, we say, because there is no excuse for them, and because no one knows what mischief may come of them. They do damage of the worst kind. They injure the conscience, and sully the soul of the tale-bearer; they degrade the spirit of the listener; they wrong the character of the absent, just in a way they can least know of and meet. They have the essence of a libel, without its courage; the sting of slander, without its spite; and the poison of lying, without its shame.

About this matter, then, of tittle-tattle and tale-bearing, these two very plain and understandable rules will be observed by all healthy, sensible people:—1. Never to listen to it. 2. Never to practise it. Never to listen to it, because to do so is only to encourage suspicion, falsehood, envy, and strife; and never to practise it, because it is mischievous, cowardly, faithless and mean.

## SEVENTEEN ELEMENTARY FACTS CONCERNING SPIRITUALISM.

REPRINTED FROM "LIGHT."

1. Spiritualism is the science or art of communion with spirits.
2. A spirit is either an intelligent being somehow produced in the unseen, or a man, woman, or child promoted out of "this muddy vesture of decay."
3. A spiritualist is a believer in the continued existence of the spirit after what is called "death," and the possibility of communicating with it.
4. Spirit-life is intensely real. If the Holy Spirit or Holy Ghost is the highest being in the universe, it is a proper inference that a human spirit or ghost may be in a superior or more intense condition in the spirit-sphere than when a tenant of the earthly body.
5. Spirit-substances may be to spirit-beings as real as, or more real than, earth-substances are to earthly beings.
6. The earthly senses are extremely limited. So much so that, as one of our most thoughtful scientists said, "The glories of the new Jerusalem might surround us and we know it not."
7. The spirit-world is a world with a teeming population and with endless occupations. We know this because we send into it a constant stream of human beings, sensible and senseless, gracious and spiteful, sober and intemperate, young and old, the worn-out and the very babe. It must be a busy and active world.
8. It must therefore be near and all about us, and not far away.
9. Heaven and hell, as all-inclusive and guarded places, are a delusion. A spirit freed from the body is literally free, held fast only by the laws of its sphere, and by the vital realities of the spirit-self, whether fair or foul, wise or foolish, hateful or loveable.
10. The Bible is one long record of spirit-communications and experiences of every grade, from lowest and most foolish, to highest and most wise, gradually rising in moral worth and spiritual purity, and culminating in the life and experiences of Jesus.
11. All such communications and experiences were in no sense miraculous. They were merely more or less unusual, but they occurred in harmony with laws which, so far as we can see, are as fundamental and as orderly as any that regulate the affairs of our material sphere.
12. It does not follow that because a communication comes from "the unseen," it is therefore from God, as a revelation. It may be from the latest dead loungee, as an amusement.

13. The unpleasantness of this suggestion is no argument against its validity. No miracle, and nothing arbitrary happens at death. Death is only the out-marching of the spirit, and the unpleasantness of the suggestion that idle spirits may trifle with us is more than compensated-for by the suggestion that education and advance must, with freedom, be open to all.

14. Modern spiritualism is only a revival of phenomena and experiences that were well known in ancient times. But modern spiritualism has the opportunity of guarding itself against the ancient delusion that every spirit which calls itself "God" is God, or that everything which is said to be from "Heaven" is from Heaven, or that every message which comes from the unseen is infallible.

15. Spiritual phenomena can, of course, be simulated, just as pewter shillings can be made; or self-seekers may trade upon them, just as other self-seekers may trade upon the church. But that only suggests purity and care.

16. As an evidence of the existence of an unseen universe and of human immortality, spiritualism is of priceless value, not because the communications that come are superlatively lofty, but because they come at all.

17. Finally (as we have lately been reminded) it is of the greatest possible importance to accustom ourselves to the fact that we neither see nor know everything, and that "the universe is more than one story high."

## TO THE ANGELS.

THE following lovely verses ("To the angels who see us") are by Victor Hugo. Will some of our readers try to give their fellow-readers a translation?

Passant, qu'es-tu ? Je te connais.  
 Mais, étant spectre, ombre et nuage,  
 Tu n'as plus de sexe ni d'âge.  
 Je suis ta mère, et je venais.

Et toi dont l'aile hésite et brille,  
 Dont l'œil est noyé de douceur.  
 Qu'es-tu, passant ? Je suis ta sœur.  
 Et toi, qu'es-tu ? Je suis ta fille.

Et toi, qu'es-tu, passant ? Je suis  
 Celle à qui tu disais, Je t'aime.  
 Et toi ? Je suis ton âme même.  
 Oh ! cachez moi, profondes nuits.

We should prefer prose translations, but poetry by all means, if anyone will venture it. If we receive several, we shall print the best three.



## VICARIOUS SYMPATHY OR DEVOUT LYING?

A FEW Sunday evenings ago I attended church, and noticed there some of my nice neighbours and friends—one in particular, the daughter of Sir Rowland Dalziel. She is an angel, if ever there was one. Her whole life, from the very cradle, has been one of singular grace and goodness. She is very religious, and, as she is a fair singer, she takes an effective part in the singing of the hymns. On that particular Sunday, one hymn struck me very much, chiefly because it seemed so remarkably adapted for a service at the gaol. Here are three verses:—

“ I, the disobedient child,  
 Wayward, passionate, and wild ;  
 I, who left my father's home  
 In forbidden ways to roam  
 I, who spurned his loving hold,  
 I, who would not be controlled ;  
 I, who would not hear his call,  
 I, the wilful prodigal !  
 I, who wasted and misspent  
 Every talent He had lent ;  
 I, who sinned again, again,  
 Giving every passion rein ! ”

I looked at my angel, and, to my horror, she was singing with unusual pathos these shocking words; she, who had never been “disobedient” in her life, in the sense of being “wild,” or running away from home; she, who hardly knew the meaning of “prodigal,” whose “every talent” had been spent up to the full in loving service, and on whose lips “giving every passion rein” sounded like an insane lie.

I glanced round, and saw them all at it; I wondered whether they were thinking or only dreaming. The only conclusion I could come to was that they were all in a kind of sympathetic trance. I have often heard of the doctrine of “vicarious atonement,” and have sometimes caught a glimpse of fact beyond the doctrine, but I have never heard of vicarious singing. Here, however, it was in full swing. My angel was feeling the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin; bearing in her pure person the sins of the world, speaking for burglar, drunkard, spendthrift, prodigal, and voicing their confession and cry for help. That may be so, but I wonder whether she was conscious of it. Anyhow, I am not reconciled to such hymns in a book for use in an indiscriminate gathering of worshippers. The risk of devout lying is too great.

A POISER.

## THE ARMY OF THE NIGHT.\*

"The army of the night" is that dim procession of men, women, and children who, by plaintive moan or anxious work, cry unceasingly, "Give us this day our daily bread," and the writer of these fierce snatches of song is one who is "touched with the feeling" of their misery. He is a true poet, with a fire that is native to him, and a fire that has been lit in him, and with a concentrated force that reminds one of a rush of horsemen, or of the flashing past of the angel with the flaming sword, or of a sudden burst of blue between thunder clouds.

In this tiny volume of about a hundred pages we have as many "songs," most of them really wonderful bits of concentration, such as this:—

Who is it speaks of defeat?  
I tell you a Cause like ours  
Is greater than defeat can know  
It is the power of powers

As surely as the earth rolls round,  
As surely as the glorious sun  
Brings the great world sea-wave,  
Must our Cause be won.

What is defeat to us?  
Learn what a skirmish tells,  
While the great Army marches on  
To storm earth's hells.

Or this, full of colour, and movement, and music, and life:—

## IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The stars shone faint through the smoky blue  
The church-bells were ringing;  
Three girls, arm-laced, were passing through,  
Tramping and singing.

Their heads were bare; their short skirts swung  
As they went along;  
Their scarf-covered breasts heaved up, as they sung  
Their defiant song.

It was not too clean, their feminine lay,  
But it thrilled me quite  
With its challenge to task-master villainous day  
And infamous night,

With its threat to the robber rich, the proud,  
The respectable free,  
And I laughed and shouted to them aloud,  
And they shouted to me!

"Girls, that's the shout, the shout we shall utter  
When, with rifles and spades,  
We stand, with the old Red Flag aflutter,  
On the barricades!"

That last fierce verse shows where Mr. Adams is, or was, and here and there in his book the "well regulated" mind will find similar "shocking" suggestions. But these splendid singers do not mean quite half what they say when it comes to rifles and barricades. And besides, even this side of them is really, as a rule, only sympathy and pity smitten with indignation. In truth, the dainty, tender little dedication of the book to "Edith" is the key to it all:—

My sweet, my child, through all this night  
Of dark and wind and rain,  
Where thunder crashes, and the light  
Sears the bewildered brain,

It is your face, your lips, your eyes  
I see rise up; I hear  
Your voice that sobs and calls and cries  
Or shrills and mocks at fear.

O this that's mine is yours as well,  
For side by side our feet  
Trod through these bitter brakes of hell,  
Take it, my child, my sweet.

As we have said, the book is a remarkable one, the work of a natural poet, with Dickens' eye for a picture, Carlyle's passionate pathos, and Buchanan's audacious vocabulary.

[We deeply regret that the above review has been, for three months, crowded out. It is now, alas, too late to advantage Mr. Adams, whose pitiful death we keenly feel.]

\* "Songs of the army of the night." By Francis Adams. London: Wm. Reeves.

## CHOLERA AND CREMATION.

It is often said that "earth to earth burial," or the interment of the body in some light wicker case, so as to secure speedy decay, is a good substitute for cremation. Upon this, Sir Hy. Thompson says:—"It ought never to be forgotten that the perishable coffin, if safe in exceptional circumstances, becomes most dangerous in burying-grounds where any communication exists with the great network of water-courses described and always associated with populous districts. It is during the early weeks or months which follow death that the poison of the diseased body is at its maximum, both as regards force and quantity. You open wide the doors for the exit of such infection when you bury that body in a basket or in a perishable envelope. Better even, in the interest of the living, that you placed it in the much-abused lead coffin, offensive as the results of changes which take place in these sealed interiors are when opened: for we have at least the right to doubt whether specific morbid germs survive for many years the remarkable organic transformation which slowly takes place within the lead coffin. All, then, that I contend for is this: that, whatever form of dealing with the dead you adopt which demands as its primary condition the preservation of the body entire, some risk to the living is associated therewith. That risk may be minimized by certain precautions, but its amount is only a question of degree. It may be formidable and produce lamentable results when interment is intramural, as many living witnesses can testify, since it was a custom not many years ago universally followed. It is less considerable, but is often manifest, in con-

lined suburban districts, and particularly where the central concourse of inhabitants is a rapidly-increasing one. The risk and its results are obvious in many country churchyards, especially in low-lying districts, on the borders of rivers and water-ways, naturally, for manifold reasons, the favourite haunts of population. Such situations form in fact the sites occupied by the largest part of our rural inhabitants and by almost all our towns." "Now, in regard to the nearly 69,000 bodies dying of zymotic diseases, let it be observed that few of these are within reach of a choice, and almost safe locality for interment. On the contrary, they are scattered throughout the kingdom, and the majority are necessarily interred in places where the germs of disease can readily be carried into the currents of the great water systems referred to."

*The Daily Chronicle*, reporting the case of William Brewer, who died in Shoreditch of cholera, says, "The room where Brewer died has been thoroughly disinfected, and the bedding and the man's clothes will be destroyed." What about the body? Ought that not to go to Woking for cremation? Our present system of putting diseased dead bodies into holes is horrible and dangerous, especially in London. One can hardly venture to put into honest words a description of what is happening. When people dare to think about it, and are strong enough to overcome a sentiment which has nothing to justify it but habit, we shall as much shudder to think of putting a body into the ground to slowly rot as some of us now shudder to think of putting it into a heated chamber, to be dissolved by the blessed and merciful purifying fire.

## LIGHT ON THE PATH.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.—*The Ideal*, translated into German, is now ready, as a charming little booklet. Mr. Page Hopp; will gladly send copies, free, anywhere: but, as the printing, carriage, and postage will cost nearly £5, any contributions in aid will be

welcome. A goodly number of copies are already in circulation in Germany. The French translation is nearly ready for the printer; and Welsh and Hungarian translations are in an advanced state.

TEN meetings will be held in London during October, at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street (near Oxford Circus). Every Sunday during the month, at eleven and seven. The meetings on October 1st and 29th will be conducted by Mr. J. Page Hopps, and on October 8th, 15th, and 22nd by Rev. W. Birks, F.R.A.S. Will every friend to the movement do all that can be done to make these meetings useful? Any one willing to distribute circulars amongst friends or in the neighbourhood should send to Mr. Page Hopps, South Norwood Hill, S.E.

We have received the following message from our fellow-member at Milan, Professor Bracciforti:—"The Municipal Hall for my lecture on 'The Supreme Science--Man and his Maker,' was granted me, and yesterday I delivered the said lecture at 4 p.m. to an attentive audience of about sixty persons, who cheered the lecture at the end."

THE *Libera Parola* (Free Speech) is an Italian journal, edited by Pietro Sbarbaro, ex-deputy for the first polling district of Pavia. In a leading article on "The Church of the Future," we find a very interesting reference to *Our Father's Church*.

Referring to the Italian translation of *The Ideal*, the editor says:—"The pamphlet that we now present to the country of Socinus and of Giuseppe Mazzini, as a tribute from England, is written by the well-known John Page Hopps, and translated [into Italian] by our most Christian brother, Count Ferdinando Bracciforti, professor in the Technical Institute of Santa Marta at Milan. In that very Milan, where the new uprising of the most ignoble superstition has at length aroused the learned anger of the ignorant *Tribuna*, this pamphlet admonishes them that only by the faith of Mazzini, of Newton, of Channing, of Socinus, and of Aurelio Saffi can superstition be overthrown. It comes at a solemn and an opportune moment, when the times are ripe for a new birth of conscience in Italy."

A FAITHFUL friend writes:—"Belonging as I do to a Congregational church (moreover as deacon), I have had uphill work in propagating the principles laid down in *The Ideal*, and thought at one time I should be obliged to go away from them, and sever myself from the Congregationalists, but I am still allowed to go on teaching the principles you and I hold

most dear. Some of our young men and women have read *The Ideal*, and I am hoping very soon to be able to send in several names to join *Our Father's Church*. Our people, at the mission service on a Sunday evening, have an opportunity also of listening to this real Gospel, and, I am happy to say, give us every encouragement to go forward.

CONCERNING GOING TO CHURCH.—A correspondent writes:—"In a late number of the *Coming Day* there is a piece of advice relating to going to church *versus* not going, *i.e.*, in country places where there is little choice. Suppose I put the case from a rather different point of view. I hardly think your correspondent is right in assuming that attendance at church implies acceptance of the creeds, because the fact of its being a national church must make good the right of every one to attend its services, if not to minister, irrespective of creed. But very often, just as here at —, it is simply a question of so much waste of time. A routine service is, of course, gone through that no one ever seems to be thinking about, but the people appear to pass the time in a sort of dazed, semi-conscious condition of mind. In pulpit utterances we are in a state of utter drought. I never hear from the pulpit a word that can give a particle of help to mind or body; in fact, that which seems to be a pillar adds nothing to us. Instead of this, impotent attacks are being constantly made on all that is most certain and fundamental in questions of progress, and a false, fictitious, and impossible system of sanctions constantly foisted on us in their place. In fact, our chief hope, here and hereafter, is made to depend on a sort of weekly spiritual drug; this is the light in which the Eucharist is presented. You will therefore be with me in concluding that time spent in listening to all this is entirely thrown away. On the other hand, there is no alternative but that of staying at home, for I fancy the Wesleyans, Baptists, &c., are no more enlightened in doctrine, and certainly far less æsthetic in practice. And then, if one stays at home it leads to the general inference that one is indifferent to 'religion' (save the mark!) and, of course, to all that is good along with it. so what is the practically right thing to do?"

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

**SPIRITUALISM MADE FOOLISH.**—No wonder the enemy laugh. Here is a revised Shakspeare, put forth as Shakspeare's own work — through some "medium." One specimen will suffice. The old Shakspeare wrote:—

"To die; to sleep  
To sleep! perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause."

The new Shakspeare (Heaven help him!) says:—

We die to live  
'Tis not a dream: ay, there's the rub  
For in that light of another life what changes  
Come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil  
Must give us pause.

Gerald Massey once keenly said that it sometimes looks as though we had broken into spirit-land on the side upon which they keep their lunatic asylum.

**FOREIGN LABOUR.**—It is stated that great numbers of the Russian and Polish Jews who are streaming into England are shewing a really wonderful ability to adapt themselves to any kind of work. They come here as glaziers, jewellers, cigar makers, &c., but at once take up any trade or employment that offers. Those who employ them say that, as a rule, their adroitness and sharpness are phenomenal. They are all eyes and fingers, and in a few weeks are as quick as experienced hands. There are people who would keep these bright eyes and nimble fingers out. It is a difficult problem, but we must remember that England is, to a very large extent, a nation of immigrants. Tens of thousands of the "patriotic Englishmen" of to-day had ancestors who certainly did not "come over with William the Conqueror." Their fathers or grandfathers came over with a bare change of linen or a note of introduction, and now their children or grandchildren are English mayors, aldermen, barristers, editors, bankers, railway directors, manufacturers, physicians, members of Parliament. They have all been hammered or woven into the nation, mainly because England is all for self-help and self-government. The information concerning the handiness of these foreign workmen we commend to our English "hands," and the

suggestion as to the welding together of such discordant elements into one nation we commend to our Ulster fists.

**CREMATION.**—Old Hornsey Churchyard is closed. Poor Hornsey! In that churchyard one hundred thousand bodies are rotting;—over 500 interred last year. The thought is horrible. Well may one recorder add, "In the face of such figures as these, it seems incredible that a single opponent of cremation should exist in London."

**THE HOUSE OF LORDS.**—The out-of-date trade union known as the House of Lords was never more truly on its trial. Its record for a hundred years is a record of blind opposition to every forward movement, and of insolent knocking back of every resolute reformer. Everything it has kicked has come to be something of the highest importance, and everything it has damned the people have blest. It is now doing its best to fill up the cup of its folly. And yet, after all, who is to blame? The House of Lords has always acted within its rights and done, in a way, its duty. The nation is to blame. It is responsible for that House. Lords or no lords, that grossly absurd survival will come to an end when the nation wills it. But we do not believe it is anywhere near its doom. The poor foolish working bees who go into fits of delirious delight over a "royal marriage" are not the people to comprehend the ideal of national life. But that is no reason why we should not show fight, and do our best to stop the tomfoolery of allowing certain irresponsible sons of their fathers to thwart the House of Commons.

**TWO IN TEN.**—An exceedingly interesting report of a postal mission gives this extract from a letter:—"I will try to lend your literature; I am particularly anxious to influence a friend who recently told her daughter that ten out of twelve persons would be lost eternally! Said poor — to me, 'I wonder which two out of our family will be saved; there are ten brothers and sisters.'" Comment would almost spoil; but it will bear a good deal of thinking about.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

"Leaves from the tree of life. Shorter essays on this life and the next, from the uncollected writings of the author of 'From over the tomb' &c." London: James Burns. Sixteen brief meditations on vital subjects, such as spiritual light, the divine and human in man, the lesser virtues, religion of words and works, the value of life, ceremonial religion. The little "essays" are simple and serious, and belong to the fine region of pure spiritual thought. The writer is more inclined than we are to abide by the peculiar inspiration of the Bible as somehow God's message.

"Scenes from every land. Over five hundred photographic views, embracing the most beautiful and famous Palaces, Cathedrals, Churches, Monuments, and Statues of the Old World; Feudal Castles, Heathen Temples, and the Classic Ruins of Italy, Egypt, Sinai and the Holy Land, together with the Masterpieces of Sculpture and Painting in the Art Galleries of Europe. A photographic Panorama of the world, giving exquisite views of Mountain, River, Forest, and Ocean Scenery in every country, Instantaneous Photographs of Street Scenery in the Great Cities, and Objects of Natural Curiosity, Artistic Beauty and Sublimity everywhere." Edited by Thomas Lovell Knox, Springfield, Ohio (U.S.) Mass. Crowell and Co. We have transcribed nearly the whole of the mighty title page, and though we admit it is a very "large order" or rather a very large promise, we think it is almost justified. The book is an oblong about fourteen inches by twelve, and the pictures (from original photographs, and here produced by some kind of "process" work) are about ten inches by eight. Each picture has its brief bit of well-written description. At the end of the book there are over eighty portraits of persons, from Lady Jane Grey to Jay Gould, or, say, from Queen Elizabeth to Ralph Waldo Emerson. The pictures vary in interest and execution; some are faint or smudgy or a trifle spotty, but the very large majority are singularly effective, some really brilliant. On the whole, a surprising work, for originality, variety, interest, and lasting value. It can be ordered through any of the usual London houses.

"The new Bible and its new uses." By J. H. Crooker. Boston (U.S.): G. H. Ellis. An eminently sensible book—strong, thorough, scholarly, dispassionate, devout. "The new Bible" is the old Bible seen in a new light, and therefore comprehended as never before; the "new uses" of which are manifest. It is, as Mr. Crooker says, "the old Bible allowed to tell its own story, to shine in its own light, to occupy its real place in the religious history of humanity. The new Bible is the old Bible viewed in the light of all recent discoveries, taken as a religious classic rather than as a supernatural revelation, to be used, not as a rigid rule, but as a book of human experience, to impart to us hope and holiness." This is revolutionary, but it is also inevitable, as Mr. Crooker shews. In his book he puts, in a concise form, the leading results of modern knowledge, and is happily able to do this without the tumult of battle. Indeed, so far as he and the like of him are concerned, the battle is over. What remains is to survey the field and see what is now to be done with our recovered freedom. These keen and capable American books ought to find their way here.

"The Gospel according to Mark. A study in the earliest records of the life of Jesus." By H. H. Solly, M.A. London: Sunday School Association. Another contribution to the excellent series of biblical manuals edited by Professor Estlin Carpenter. The writer is a free student, who is not bound by any sectarian interests, or biassed by any professional prepossessions, and he has done his work in a temperate and painstaking way. Special interest attaches to the book at this time when the opinion that the Gospel according to Mark was the first of the four Gospels is gaining ground. The book is a brief commentary, with notes of elucidation;—a capital teachers' book.

"Pensions and poor rates. How to get one and save the other." By R. Woosnam. London: Alexander and Shepherd. A smart little booklet on tithes and other church revenues, containing a mass of information on their history and uses. Thirteen radical suggestions bring to a close a capital fighting argument.

"The story of Religion in England." By Brooke Herford, D.D. Fifth edition. London: Sunday School Association. Dr. Brooke Herford is an excellent teller of a story, and, in this well-known work, he utilises his faculty with signal success. The index, by Mr. Appleton, is a most useful one. The book is one that any bright young girl or boy of fourteen might enjoy, but it is by no means a children's book. Indeed, a good many teachers of Religion, even "with

handles to their names," might greatly profit by it.

"Home devotions or Praise and Prayer. For use in families." Compiled by Richard Bartram. London: The Sunday School Association. A choice book of 31 services, each containing a poem or hymn, a short reading from some good author, brief Bible readings, and a prayer. The book is very clearly printed and well bound.

## EMERSON DAY BY DAY.

*Nature ever faithful is,  
To such as trust her faithfulness,  
When the forest shall mislead me,  
When the night and morning lie,  
When sea and land refuse to feed me,*

*'Twill be time enough to die;  
Then will yet my mother yield,  
A pillow in her greenest field,  
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover,  
The clay of their departed lover.—*

WOODNOTES.

1.—WHAT greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship? Then all things go to decay. Genius leaves the temple to haunt the senate or the market. Literature becomes frivolous. Science is cold. The eye of youth is not lighted by the hope of other worlds, and age is without honour. Society lives to trifles, and when men die we do not mention them.—*Cambridge Address.*

2.—NOTHING great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. The way of life is wonderful; it is by abandonment.—*Circles.*

3.—A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form.—*Manners.*

4.—THE reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—*New England Reformers.*

5.—THE world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome.—*Uses of Great Men.*

6.—NATURE never spares the opium or nepenthe; but, wherever she mars her creature with some deformity or defect, lays her poppies plentifully on the bruise, and the sufferer goes joyfully through life, ignorant of the ruin and incapable of seeing it, though all

the world point their finger at it every day.—*Uses of Great Men.*

7.—AL! my good is magnetic, and I educate, not by lessons, but by going about my business.—*Plato.*

8.—Is it not the chief disgrace in the world not to be an unit—not to be reckoned one character—not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, in the thousand of the party, the section to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north or the south?—*The American Scholar.*

9.—THE world has a sure chemistry, by which it extracts what is excellent in its children, and lets fall the infirmities and limitations of the grandest mind.—*Swedenborg.*

10.—EVERY man's task is his life-preserver. The conviction that his work is dear to God and cannot be spared, defends him.—*Worship*

11.—THE secret of genius is to suffer no fiction to exist for us, to realize all that we know, in the high refinement of modern life, in arts, in sciences, in books, in men, to exact good faith, reality, and a purpose; and first,

last, midst, and without end, to honour, every truth by use.—*Goethe*.

12.—WE pray to be conventional. But the wary Heaven takes care you shall not be, if there is anything good in you.—*Society and Solitude*.

13.—THE true Christianity—a faith like Christ's in the infinitude of man—is lost. None believeth in the soul of man, but only in some man or person old and departed.—*Cambridge Address*.

14.—'TIS not new facts that avail, but the heat to dissolve everybody's facts.—*Society and Solitude*.

15.—THOUGHT is the native air of the mind, yet, pure, it is a poison to our mixed constitution, and soon burns up the bone-house of man, unless tempered with affection . . . and coarse practice in the material world -- *Clubs*.

16.—COURAGE consists in equality to the problem before us.—*Courage*.

17.—YOURSELF a new-born bard of the Holy Ghost,—cast behind you all conformity, and acquaint men at first-hand with Deity.—*Cambridge Address*.

18.—THE education of the will is the object of our existence.—*Courage*.

19.—IT is plain that there is no separate essence called courage, no cup or cell in the brain, no vessel in the heart containing drops or atoms that make or give this virtue, but it is the right or healthy state of every man when he is free to do that which it is constitutional to him to do. It is directness, the instant performing of that which he ought.—*Courage*.

20.—IT is sanity to know that, over my talent or knack, and a million times better than any talent, is the central intelligence which subordinates and uses all talents; and it is only as a door into this that any talent or the knowledge it gives is of value.—*Success*.

21.—THE mind that is parallel with the laws of nature will be in the current of events, and strong with their strength.—*Power*.

22.—HE who puts off impurity thereby puts on purity.—*Cambridge Address*.

23.—A MAN is a man only as he makes life and nature happier to us.—*Success*.

24.—THERE are three wants which never can be satisfied:—that of the rich, who wants something more; that of the sick, who wants something different; and that of the traveller who says, "Anywhere but here."—*Considerations by the Way*.

25.—THE history of man is a series of conspiracies to win from nature some advantage without paying for it.—*Demonology*.

26.—How it comes to us in silent hours, that truth is our only armour in all passages of life and death! *Worship*.

27.—THE race of mankind have always offered at least this implied thanks for the gift of existence,—namely, the terror of its being taken away, the insatiable curiosity and appetite for its continuation.—*Worship*.

28.—A MAN'S wisdom is to know that all ends are momentary, that the best end must be superseded by a better.—*The Method of Nature*.

29.—HISTORICAL Christianity has fallen into the error that corrupts all attempts to communicate religion. As it appeared to us, and as it has appeared for ages, it is not the doctrine of the soul, but an exaggeration of the personal, the positive, the ritual. It has dwelt, it dwells, with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus. The soul knows no persons. It invites every man to expand to the full circle of the universe, and will have no preferences but those of spontaneous love.—*Cambridge Address*.

30.—TRULY speaking it is not instruction but provocation that I can receive from another soul.—*Cambridge Address*.

31.—THE health and welfare of man consists in ascent from surfaces to solids, from occupation with details to knowledge of the design, from self-activity of talents, which lose their way by the lust of display, to the controlling and reinforcing of talents by the emanation of character.—*The Preacher*.