

The Coming Day.

DECEMBER, 1893.

TO ALL READERS AND FRIENDS.

THE COMING DAY, unfavoured and unfettered, just holds its own;—not more. Its Editor is still solely responsible, and is still unpaid. Five hundred more purchasers would make its position sure and strong.

That is a short story, but a good deal can be read “between the lines,” though the reading would be wrong if anyone discovered a note of despondency or complaint. What has been done has been done as a sheer necessity, and it would simply be an act of indolence or cowardice even to halt because the road is a bit rough.

A few hundreds of our readers have come into close and confidential spiritual and mental relations with us, and we know that *The Coming Day* is a help and a delight to them. We are not going to desert them. But we should be glad if a few hundreds more felt as they feel and say what they say. We should be glad, too, if there were clearer indications that the Editor's steady sticking to his responsibilities excited a corresponding desire to help, on the part of those who approve and agree. All we ask is that these should bring our venture to the notice of their friends, or even subscribe for an extra copy to lend. Why not?

Death, poverty, and dissatisfaction with our stubborn plain-speaking on all kinds of subjects, have diminished the number of our old readers, and new ones have scarcely made the difference good. The enlargement or cheapening of the review might help us, and the being more amenable to people's prejudices and wishes would probably be to our advantage. But we are afraid there can be no change. We are incorrigible, and can only leave *The Coming Day* to the goodwill of those who like to see a bit of honest free-lance work done in the interests of Humanity, Freedom and Progress. To such we say;—*Come on with us for 1894;—if we get as far as the end of it.*

THE PLEASANTEST PLACE IN THE WORLD.

A CHRISTMAS FANCY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER 1.

The pleasantest place in the world is *Babylolia*. *Babylolia*, remember, not *Babylon*. People call *Babylon* "ancient," but that's all fiddlesticks. *Babylolia* is immensely more ancient. Indeed, one may safely affirm, that the wisest man in all the world could not a bit say when the *Babylolians* began to live in their lovely land:—it is such a long, long time ago.

CHAPTER 2.

Babylolia is bounded on the North and East by *Mamsia*, whose inhabitants are called *Mamsies*; on the West by the Bay of *Milkolia*, and on the South by *Halcyon*. Still further to the East and North lies the land of the *Dadsies* who are very closely related to the *Mamsies*.

The *Mamsies* are usually very beautiful and very, very kind, especially to the *Babylolians*; but they are a somewhat strange people. Their's is a charming country, but peculiar, full of dazzling lights and deep shadows, so that one hardly ever feels quite safe there,—after the first visit. Indeed, many of the *Dadsies* say that you never quite know what the *Mamsies* are up to. That is, perhaps, a curious expression, but the *Dadsies* are fond of curious expressions, and, in this case, they only mean that the lights and shadows make it difficult to see your way in the land of the *Mamsies*. But the *Mamsies* say pretty much the same thing of the *Dadsies* and their country, only they would never, never think of saying "up to." The very wisest people, however, settle the matter by saying that they are "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other," which, as we all know, settles everything, so that no more need be said. Besides, what does it matter if the *Mamsies* and the *Dadsies* love one another, as they really do?

CHAPTER 3.

The *Mamsies* and *Dadsies*, under the shelter of whose broad lands the happy people of *Babylolia* live, have, for them the greatest affection imaginable, which is very lucky for the *Babylolians*, because, as we shall see, they do very little for themselves, and get the best of it only because the *Mamsies* and the *Dadsies* are their friends.

CHAPTER 4.

Babylolia is, as I have said, the loveliest place in the world. The *Mamsies* and the *Dadsies* protect it from the cold East winds and Northern blasts, while the delicious Bay of *Milkolia*, with its sweet waters, make it a kind of perpetual Summer-land for its interesting inhabitants. But there are,

unfortunately, some of the Babyloilians who live towards the North, and are less highly favoured, and travellers say that many in the extreme North, beyond the Bay, and almost beyond the boundary of Mamsia, pine away in the dark and miserably perish, because there are no Mamsies there, or because the Mamsies themselves are pining for want, and lie awake crying in the dismal dark and cold.

CHAPTER 5.

A short distance from the mainland of Babyloilia, and stretching a good bit towards the South, there is the prettiest island you ever saw. It is called Saccharissa. It shines with the brightest colours, and always seems to live in dancing sunlight. Although but a small island, it contains a very large number of little towns, the chief of which are Acidropolis, Lollipopolis, Chocolatina, and the numerous cantons of the Bongbongs. The people of the island are the merriest people in the world, and seem to be always having a whole holiday. On certain days of the year, and especially on a day called Kissmass, the island is decorated in a most surprising manner with flags, streamers, branches, berries, pictures, candles, and every kind of coloured device to delight the Babyloilians, who are always trying to get across, chiefly on the backs of the Dadsies or in the friendly arms of the Mamsies, that they may enjoy friendly intercourse with the happy Saccharines. But, somehow, it does not always agree with them, and they are occasionally glad to get away from the flags and the berries and the Bongbong people, and go to bed.

CHAPTER 6.

There are not many animals in Babyloilia ; but, strange to say, every one of them is both a beast of burden and a pet. The principal ones are kitsies, doggies, moos, geegees, and bars. The inhabitants sometimes tell or are told stories of other animals, such as bers, and tiyers, and yions ; but these have never been seen so far south or west, and very few of the Babyloilians have any fear of them, and those who are afraid cling closest to Mamsia, and never think about the wild animals any more.

CHAPTER 7.

The Babyloilians are an extremely small race ; not dwarfs exactly, but small and quaint. They are, as a rule, without hair and teeth, and, as they are indolent beyond all expression, they wear no shoes to speak of. They do absolutely no work. A lucky race ! They do not even go blackberrying and fishing, but are quite content to lie or roll about, munching their fists or trying to suck their toes. If it were not for the Mamsies and the Bay of Milkolia, they would absolutely starve.

CHAPTER 8.

But, if they do no work, they make up for it by making plenty of work for other people ; and that, again, is where they get the best of it. Besides, they are perhaps the cleverest people on the earth in taking things to pieces and mixing things together. It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that next to

cuddling up its legs and snoozling by the side of the Bay of Milkolia, a real Babylolian enjoys nothing so much as sprawling on the floor, with three balls of string, six ditto of cotton, four skeins of silk, a sham bunny (the hairyer the better), two penholders with pens, a large bowl of water, three cakes of soap, a small bottle of ink, and nobody near. This, I say, may seem strange to us, but that may be only our fancy or because of our customs. If, for instance, the Babyliolians could see us sticking funnels or rolled leaves into our mouths, and sucking in or puffing out smoke, they might even think we had lost our senses. So much for habit, and being used to seeing people do things.

CHAPTER 9.

Their salutations are as peculiar as their amusements; but here, again, everything depends upon use. The Babyliolians have several modes of salutation, but the two favourite ones are either to put the thumb in the mouth and snuggle the head on one side towards the land of the Mamsies, or to half shut the eyes, wrinkle the brows, stretch out the mouth, and sing. I say "sing" because it is as well to be respectful when we can; but it must be confessed that the music is at least a matter of opinion; but then music generally is a matter of opinion, and even the splendid Wagner has not escaped derision, and the great masters, such as Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Mendelssohn, Bach, Chopin, and Schubert, had very different styles. Just so with the Babyliolians.

Amongst themselves, if we may judge from the frequency of their performances, music must hold a very high place, especially when it is observed that the moment one starts another usually begins, although the music performed may be anything but a chorus, and not even a part-song.

As for the pretty performance with the thumb, it may, again, be very reasonably said on their behalf that, when we come to think of it, it does not seem more ridiculous than the salutation, so common with us, of shaking hands. Indeed, if a thoughtful Babylolian were to see us meet, stretch out our hands, and then wag our arms about, it might laugh at the absurdity of it, and think that putting its thumb in its mouth was a far more rational, pleasant and dignified procedure.

CHAPTER 10.

The language of the Babyliolians is difficult to describe; not because there is so much of it, but because there is so little of it. A great poet, describing them, once said:

And with no language but a cry.

But he was hardly correct. They have a spoken language, though their vocabulary is somewhat limited, and it is thought by many that they know more than they choose to tell. Such words, however, as google, Ma-Ma, o-o-o-f, ge-ge, mpt, and o-o-o-o-o-u, are so common as to make it certain that they cover a great deal of ground, to use another of the Dadsies' curious expressions. Fortunate in so many things, they are fortunate in this, that they

have no grammar ; and it has often been remarked that they get on wonderfully well without it.

CHAPTER 11.

As for education, they are shrewd enough to keep clear of it, clever enough to thrive without it, and cunning enough to cuddle away from it, and, as they are spared the trouble of thinking, and saved from the need of work, by the extraordinary love of the Mamsies, they naturally incline to be indolent, and merely amusing or amused.

CHAPTER 12.

There is one most curious thing about the Babyliolians. As they grow old they get restless and ambitious, without a bit knowing what is the matter with them, and sometimes they even seem ashamed to be cuddled up so near the Mamsies. So they begin to swagger and try experiments, and go about on their own account, and slowly, slowly, slowly they go at last one way – always one way – farther and farther south, past the Bay of Milkolia and the Island of Saccharissa, to the land of Halcyon, with its beautiful Island of Dreams, and an enchanted river called Adventure.

In that bright land of Halcyon, all the fairy tales are written and read, and the people who have come from Babyliolia dream wonderful dreams and get messages from the Mamsies and the Dadsies, and, at last, they again move slowly on, turn round the corner towards the North and East, and become Mamsies and Dadsies themselves. Poor little Babyliolians! How eager they are to go from the land that lies along by the side of the Mamsies, and to travel by themselves! but they will never be as happy any more, – never as happy any more.

CHAPTER 13.

But, sometimes, the little people of Babyliolia never get any farther than their own sweet land. Something happens that makes them nestle closer to the havening land of the Mamsies ; and there they lie, helpless and still, till they vanish away. The wise Mamsies say that they have gone to a still lovelier land, beyond the sweet and pretty Bay, past the land of Halcyon, and the Island of Dreams, and the beautiful river, and far, far away beyond where the sun lights up the sea of gold and haze. And they say that everything is better there than here, that people are never sick nor sorry there, but that all tears are for ever wiped away. Some say that no one who has gone there has ever returned, but others say that, at times, on still nights, the loveliest beings that ever eyes beheld have been seen hovering near the land of Halcyon and the Isle of Dreams ; and the wise and good say they are angels who come from HEAVEN.

J. P. H.

THE TRIVIAL AND THE VITAL THINGS.

A WARNING TO UNITARIANS.

"These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."—LUKE xi., 42.

THE story in which these words occur presents Jesus in one of his stern moods. By no means the "gentle Jesus"! A certain Pharisee had asked him to dine with him, and Jesus accepted the invitation; but, going into the house, he sat down to meat without first attending to the ablutions which custom as well as good taste required. And the Pharisee expressed his surprise, whereupon Jesus fell upon him with the fury he seemed to keep always hot for the Pharisees;—"Now look you," he said, "you Pharisees are always for making the outside of things clean, but inwardly you are full of ravening and wickedness. You fools! He who made the outward made also the inward. Better give alms than be punctilious about ablutions, for to him who gives alms all things are clean. But woe unto you, Pharisees! for you tithe the mint and rue, and all manner of herbs, and you omit judgment and the love of God. These small outward things you might do, but the other things, the great things, you should not leave undone:" and then he proceeded to overwhelm his host and his friends with one of the very few lava-torrents which may be found in the gospels;—and the dinner seems to have been entirely lost sight of!

My friend, Charles Voysey, would say that Jesus in all this was most offensive, and deserved never to be asked to any one's house again. And, indeed, according to the gospel of Matthew, it was not a Pharisee's house, but the cross of Calvary that received him next.

But, putting aside the sternness, the roughness, and the prophet's burning denunciations, let us consider the deep and abiding truth of the saying; "These you should do, but not leave those undone." It was the great seer's testimony to the supremacy of the deep things.

It must have tried him sorely to see them worrying about ablutions, and fringes, and ceremonials, and robes, and the millinery of religion, and mint, and rue, and "all manner of herbs," while they had no eye for the poor man's burden, and the widow's mite, and the wounded traveller's helplessness; and it was no wonder he blazed up:—

Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering, to go in. Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers. Ye bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, but ye yourselves will not move them with one of your fingers.

Ye make broad your phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of your garments, and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi. Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whitened sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are, within, full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.

It was all very hard, very uncomfortable, and very disturbing; but it was probably very necessary and very true: and, if only because it came from Jesus, it is well for us that, at times, we should face his hot words, and see what they mean for us.

But the first thing we see concerning them, strange to say, is that in the deepest sense they are not really hot words at all. They are not, that is to say, words of passion; they are really words of pity: for he has in mind, not so much the Pharisees and the scribes, as the bowed burden-bearers and the devoured widows.

But, apart from all heat and denunciation, let us consider this saying in relation to life. And here, what a field opens before us! Human life is crammed full of urgent externalisms—of showy outward things corresponding to the ceremonialisms and the external things of religion; and yet all the real things lie within.

At every step, every one of us might hear the master say:—‘Yes, my child, this and this perhaps you ought to do, but not to leave the greater matter undone.’ What is the chief end of life? Ah, me! it is an oft-told tale, but it oft needs telling. Look at these contrasts; pleasure and usefulness: money and conscience: friends and self-possession: deportment and righteousness: reputation and reality: “success in life” and spiritual unfolding.

What a social reformer would Jesus make now! What a teacher of righteousness in business! What a politician! What a Puritan! What a revealer of man to himself!—revealing the truth that the human being itself is not the external self at all, but only the internal. The flesh is as nothing: speech is nothing: our very communion is as nothing;—all is but the struggle of the symbol to express itself, the reality it can never express.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought:
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen:
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known:
Mind with mind did never meet:
We are columns left alone
Of a temple incomplete.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream:
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

What then is real? Precisely that on which Jesus always laid stress,—the man himself, yet to be revealed, even to himself,—the man himself, the master of the house, the mysterious being who has never been seen, but to whom all the symbols of the flesh point: so that the highest philosophy of life is to be found in living for the unseen self;—not neglecting the mint and the anise, and the other herbs of one's external life, the pieces of money, the little bits of pleasure, the tinsel of reputation, the glitter of good company,

and the graces of good manners, but supremely concerned with the weighty matters of the soul.

See the truth of all this in relation to one's homely life. Even apart from doing the little and neglecting the great things, there is much sense and true philosophy in the saying: "Yes! these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the others undone," for, as a rule, it is the undone things that need most to be done. The things done are the things most likely to be done,—but life is full of the ghosts of the poor neglected things.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
 It's the thing you've left undone
 Which gives you a bit of heartache
 At the setting of the sun.
 The tender word forgotten,
 The letter you did not write,
 The message you might have sent, dear,
 Are your haunting ghosts to-night.
 The stone you might have lifted
 Out of a brother's way,
 The bit of heartsome counsel
 You were hurried too much to say;
 The little acts of kindness,
 So easily out of mind;

These chances to be angels
 Which every mortal finds,—
 These come in the night and silence,—
 Each chill, reproachful wraith,—
 When hope is faint and flagging,
 And a blight has dropped on faith.
 For life is all too short, dear,
 And sorrow is all too great,
 To suffer our slow compassion,
 That tarries until too late.
 And it's not the thing you do, dear,
 It's the thing you leave undone,
 Which gives you a bit of heartache
 At the setting of the sun.

But now I pass on to the relation of these words to religion and the church, and here we at once come upon the old conflict between the prophet and the priest. Christ's main conflict was that, and he only came in the long line of march of a noble band of Hebrew prophets who laid stress upon the vital things: as, for instance, Micah, with his memorable challenge:—

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give

my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

And Isaiah, with his burning testimony:—

To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs or of he goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your

new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eye; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

Jesus might have been one of the Isaiahs risen from the dead: or that atheist might have been Jesus, who said:—"I take it that religion, if it means one thing more than another, means work, higher and better work for a higher and better life on earth; work of head and hand, of heart and soul; for head and hand, for heart and soul; work to lighten the burdens of the world; work for human emancipation, for human happiness, for human elevation; high work and noble work, to do the best that our natures call for, to answer our longings, to defend our rights, and to defeat vice and wrong-doing."

Here, in like manner, is a permanent truth as to religious worship.

There is ever a tendency in worship to lapse into ceremonial, and that which is spectacular. The early Reformers felt that. The Reformation was not so much doctrinal as a longing for reality. Our English Puritans and the Scotch Covenanters felt it. The old Presbyterians felt it, and their meeting-houses were a fine protest against mere externalism: a fine testimony to the profound truth of the personal element in worship,—to the man *versus* the priest. And, indeed, any one who deeply feels the truth of Christ's saying, "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," must feel the heartlessness and uselessness of mere ritual and ceremonial. Ruskin, in his own daring way, drives his lance deep into the merely æsthetic side of worship,—ay! and into something even less admirable than the æsthetic side of it—the degradation of worship and of the church to something dangerously like the providing of a kind of Sunday opera. In another way, Ruskin is just as hot as Jesus was; but, whereas Jesus was hot against the Pharisees with their neglect of the weighty matters, and their minute attention to the mint, the anise, and the other herbs, Ruskin is hot against the people who forget all the deep and serious reasons for worshiping, and are lured to worship, as he says, "by the glitter of it, like larks into a trap by broken glass; are blown into a change of religion by the whine of an organ-pipe, or stitched into a new creed by the gold thread on priests' petticoats, or jangled into a change of conscience by the chimes of a belfry." All these may be right and useful, as Jesus said about the herbs, but far, far beyond the painted glass, and the glorious music, and the belfry and the priest, stand the great concerns which touch the soul, and which alone make religious worship real, as the old Puritans knew right well.

The same thing is true as to doctrine. Doctrine has its valid and even its valuable place in relation to religion, but it is essentially evanescent. The doctrine of one age is the relic or the fossil of another. We wonder at the doctrinal contentions that rent asunder the early churches: we should laugh, but for our pity, at the recollection of men thrusting out one another from the Church because of some difference in the verbal statement of a belief which all really held in common. But we are exposed to the same danger of magnifying little things or dwelling too long on once great things.

Even the great doctrine of the Unity of God may become a relic or a fossil. The Trinitarian controversy turned upon a conception of God we are rapidly outgrowing. The word "Person" is ceasing to be descriptive of God. The profoundest believer in God to-day is he who dissociates Him from our sense of the word "Person" altogether. God is, God rules, God conquers. Yes, but not as a man is, or rules, or conquers. His personality is not like ours, but something unspeakably different, something unspeakably higher; and all our old-world prattle about three in one or one without three is slowly becoming childish.

Arithmetical Unitarianism is as effete as arithmetical Trinitarianism, and both have no relation to the tremendous and unimaginable personality of God. To the arithmetical Trinitarian I say; Yes, three in one—ay! three millions, three millions of millions, in one. Not only "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," and all in one God, but millions of fathers, sons, and holy ghosts, all in one God, from whom no Fatherhood, no Sonship, no Holiness can be shut out. And, to the arithmetical Unitarian I say; Yes, one and only one, but one in spirit manifoldness, one as all the physical forces are one, as modes of manifestation of one unimaginable central force, one as the Eternal Life in whom we live and move and have our being, in whom all things live and move and have their being.

And now, to-day, the Unitarian is in danger with his arithmetical protest against three in one, with his pride of learning, his capacity for criticism, his metaphysical dissections and his counting of texts. What is all this but dust and ashes if he is losing his hold upon the mighty Unseen, if he is restless when you talk of spirit-life, if he hesitates when you say there is no death, if he even removes from you when you say that, after all, the Bible is right from Genesis to Revelation, when it tells us of the forthcoming of messengers from behind the veil?

The spiritual believers have a message for such of the Unitarians as are not only losing faith in the Unseen, but seem rather proud of it. We say, These things, indeed, you ought to do; marshal your texts, refute the Trinity; set up the Unity, expose the arithmetical absurdity and prove that you are rational; but you ought not to leave undone the weightier matter, pressing on to clearer insights into the vital things.

I know that faith in the Unseen cannot be willed, but restraint of faith can be; and restraint of hope and love can be: but, if we cannot will faith, we can at least encourage the spirit's hunger for persistent life, and believe that all things are possible in such a universe as this. We can wish to believe; we can give God and the angels the benefit of the doubt. It is often said that Unitarians are dying out, and the saying has in it just a touch of truth; but, in so far as it is true, they are dying of starvation. They have had an

almost heroic vocation, and have done most splendid service. But they are in danger, and if they deliberately turn from ardent faith in the Unseen, neither their learning nor their money, neither their culture nor their reasonableness will save them; for religion is not only logic but insight: not creed only but faith: not criticism only but inspiration: not only the rationality of the life that now is, but the fervent uprising of the spirit in its outreaching towards the life that is to come. Without this, your churches are only sepulchres, and your hymn and prayers are no more than the moaning of the wind.

Yes! this has always been "the life o' the building" in every Church,—the angel-message, "Come up hither, and I will shew thee the things that must be hereafter": "for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

TO THE ANGELS WHO SEE US.

By *VICTOR HUGO.*

WE have received many very interesting translations of Hugo's simple but subtile verses. We have decided to print three specimens, not, perhaps, as the best, but as the most representative.

Who art thou, passing? Dimly I know thee,
But, being spirit, shadow, haze,
Thou hast no longer sex or age.
"I am thy mother, and I came."

And thou, whose pinion halts and gleams,
Whose eye o'erflows with sweetness,
Who art thou, passing? "I am thy sister."
And thou, who art thou? "I am thy daughter."

And thou, who art thou, passing? "I am she
To whom thou saidst, 'I love thee.'
And thou? "Thy very soul."
Oh! deepest darkness, hide me!

Passing, who art thou? I perceive thee;
But, being spirit, shadow, and vapour,
Thou hast no longer either sex or age.
"I am thy mother, and I came."

And thou, whose wing wavers and shines,
Whose eye o'erflows with sweetness;
Who art thou, passing? "I am thy sister."
And thou, who art thou? "I am thy
daughter."

And thou, who art thou, passing? "I am
That one to whom thou saidst, 'I love thee.'
And thou? "I am thine own soul."
Oh! hide me deepest night!

Thy face I dimly know,
Angel that hoverest near;
But age and sex are veiled in cloud.
"I am thy mother, dear."

And thou, with gleaming wings,
And glance so soft and mild,
Who art thou, say? "Thy sister I."
And thou? "I am thy child."

And thou, sweet saint? "That one
Thou call'd'st thy heart's delight."
And thou? "Thy very self."
O hide me, darkest night!

NOTES ON BOOKS.

'Songs and Sonnets.' By Mathilde Blind. London: Chatto and Windus. We regret that we are not able to repeat our praise of Miss Blind's work. These little snatches of verse are, in our judgment, scrappy in quantity, hectic in temperature, and often lackadaisical in tone. One of the performers, in the play of "The Song of Solomon," says: "I am sick of love." We say the same, though in a different sense, as we slide through this amatory treacle, or get out of it only to plunge into scorching snapdragons. When Miss Blind manages to get away from her swooning and bleeding feelings, and becomes natural and simple, she is often delightfully fresh, but her lucid intervals are not frequent. It must, however, be admitted that many of her lacerated lays may become popular as drawing-room ditties. Finally, as the preachers say,

we very gladly except many of the sonnets at the end of the book from all that we have said. But, all along, we miss the ripe purpose, the splendid light, the high thinking, the grand grasp of "The Ascent of Man." That was the deep sea; this is the foam on the beach.

"Original humorous pieces in prose and verse, and original plays and dialogues, chiefly humorous." By Francis W. Moore. London: Dean and Son. For downright fun, honest, wholesome, brilliant, these pieces, plays and dialogues easily take a front seat. A right seasonable book for people who like to laugh at Christmas. Mr. Moore is nearer to Thomas Hood than any writer since his day, and, now and then, his witty surprisals quite rival Hood at his best.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.—Smoking concerts are now added to the entertainments provided by what has been severely but deservedly called the new Theatre of Varieties, officially known as the Imperial Institute. Almost from the first the thing became ridiculous, hardly rising to the dignity or utility of a commercial traveller's show room. The Prince of Wales will be just about suited now.

A NEW SERIES OF TRANSLATIONS.—MESSRS. Williams and Norgate have issued a circular giving particulars of a new series of translations from leading continental writers, under the editorial supervision of Dr. R. K. Cheyne and Dr. A. B. Bruce. The following important works will lead the way:—Carl Weizacker on "The Apostolic Age," Adolf Harnack on "The History of Dogma," A. Hausrath's "History of the New Testament Times,"—The Time of the Apostles," Rudolf Kittel's "History of the Hebrews."

A CHRISTMAS BOOK.—During December, Mr. Page Hopps will send to any address a copy of *Pilgrim songs* for half-a-crown, post free.

QUEER ENGLISH.—A highly respectable organ of the "Friends" has this remarkable sentence in its first editorial,—"Professor Burdon-Sanderson sustained the wrapt attention of nearly two thousand listeners while he delivered himself of a masterly address on biology." "Sustained" is funny. "Delivered himself" is awful. "Wrapt" is abominable. But it is a common error. Here is the *Echo* telling us that "Gounod used to haunt the Sixtine Chapel, where, in front of 'The Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo, he would remain wrapt as he listened to the music." What was he "wrapt" in?

The *Daily News* in a first editorial, says:—"Mark Pattison described the Tractarians as wasting time which ought to have been devoted to study in discussing which was the true Church." This would make an excellent awful example for a school. The same paper, discussing the unemployed and the proposal for giving them work in making roads, &c., referred to their return to their ordinary "avocations." This is precisely the reverse of what the *Daily News* meant. A man's ordinary work is his *vocation*. It is his exceptional work that is his *avocation*.

PULL UP THE BLINDS.

Mr Darling did good service the other night, though not the service he intended, when he denounced the granting the use of Trafalgar Square to persons whose objects could not be approved by the Government; though he did not go so far as Mr. Balfour, who advanced the preposterous doctrine that Trafalgar Square meetings are understood to be "under the patronage of the Government." What he really accomplished was a further lesson to his party, and to the world, on the subject of free speech.

Take a case. Two or three weeks ago, at Leicester, in open public meeting, and with the utmost deliberation, a resolution was passed distinctly advocating something like social anarchy. The test question is; Was it a good thing to have such a resolution passed with the blinds up? Would it have been better if that meeting had been held in secret? Men who are driven to meet in secret, breathe the bad air in more senses than one. They rapidly become morbid, and soon ripen into conspirators and incendiaries. Publicity is the death of anarchy. We deliberately say that the anarchist meeting in Trafalgar Square was for the public good. Suppression would mean a hot-bed of morbid murderoussness. The moment you can report conspirators, and walk round them, you make an end of them as conspirators. So far from going with Mr. Darling in his desire to allow the hospitality of Trafalgar Square only to steady reformers or harmless rebels, we would prefer to make it illegal for dangerous persons to meet in any other place. The greater the danger, the wider should the windows and

doors be open. England's watchword should be, *Conspirators, come out!*

On the Continent, secrecy and repression have done more than anything else to create Communists and Nihilists. The tyrant is always fool as well as tyrant. The denial of a Constitution, the suppression of "dangerous" newspapers, the persecution of nonconformists, the censorship of opinion, the shutting up of restless spirits, the driving conspirators into cellars, result only in intensifying resentment, and turning a reforming mood into a rebellious temper. What does Mr. Darling think about Mr. Burns? He is just the man that the best Communists and Nihilists are made of, and there was a time when he was on the verge. What have publicity, freedom, the County Council and the House of Commons done for him? The same question might have been asked concerning the late Charles Bradlaugh.

Is it, then, to be absolutely free speech? Why not? If there are a hundred men, or any number of men, who want to see England a Republic, are we to let them have Trafalgar Square to preach their gospel in? Again, why not? Would any thoughtful man, apart from the traditions of his "order," or apart from customary notions, prefer that Republicanism should be discussed in a tunnel rather than in Trafalgar Square? Surely the sensible thing to say is—*The more danger, the more publicity.* No, Mr. Darling, just because the anarchist is dangerous, and ignorant, and a fool, we want to get his blinds up, or tempt him into the fresh air. That is our English way, and herein lies a lesson which England might teach the world.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

THE COAL WAR.—Everyone will rejoice at the end of the great coal war. Will everybody understand it? The shocking price that has been paid for this mighty object-lesson has not been waste. The human race, even in the heart of England, is only learning the elementary truths of our Human Brotherhood; and dockers and colliers are God's John the Baptists in the wilderness; and the Christ to whom they bear witness is greater than they know.

SLEEPING IN THE GRAVE.—Dr. Harwood, of Trinity Church, New Haven, U.S., repeats the conventional nonsense concerning sleeping in the grave. Speaking of Philip Brookes, he said,—"The great bishop of Massachusetts sleeps these bleak, murky, wintry days in his new-made grave at Mount Auburn." We very much doubt whether Dr. Harwood believes in that "sleep"; but why did he say it? What victims we are of phrases!

EMERSON DAY BY DAY.

*The fiend that man harries,
Is love of the Best.
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of nature,
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.
To insight profounder,
Man's spirit must dive :
His aye-rolling orbit,
At no goal will arrive :*

*The heavens that now draw him,
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth the old.*

*Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores :
And the joy that is sweetest,
Lurks in stings of remorse.
Have I a lover,
Who is noble and free ?—
I would he were nobler,
Than to love me.*

THE SPHINX.

1.—HE who loves goodness harbors angels, reveres reverence, and lives with God. The less, however, we have to do with our sins, the better. No man can afford to waste his moments in compunctions.—*Representative Men*

2.—VIRTUE is the adherence in action to the nature of things, and the nature of things makes it prevalent. It consists in a perpetual substitution of being for seeming.—*Essay*.

3.—WHY cannot some little community of men leave others to seem and content themselves to be ?—*Plymouth Lecture*.

4.—THE being that can share a thought and feeling so sublime as confidence in truth, is no mushroom ; our dissatisfaction with any other solution is the blazing evidence of immortality.—*Lecture to Parker Fraternity*.

5.—ANYTHING but unbelief, anything but losing hold of the moral intuitions, as betrayed in clinging to a form of devotion, or a theological dogma, as if it was the liturgy or the chapel that was sacred, and not justice, and humility, and the loving heart, and serving hand.—*The Preacher*.

6.—IF I violate myself, if I commit a crime, the lightning loiters by the speed of retribution, and every act is not hereafter but instantaneously rewarded, according to its quality.—*Sovereignty of Ethics*.

7.—THE great men of the past did not slide by any fortune into their high places. They have been selected by the severest of all judges, Time. As the snow melts in April, so has this mountain lost in every generation a new fragment. Every year new particles have dropped into the flood, as the mind found them wanting in permanent interest, until only the Titans remain.—*Preface " Hundred Greatest Men."*

8.—IN so far as the truth enters us, we are immortal with its immortality.—*Miscellaneous*.

9.—WE are in transition, from the worship of the fathers which enshrined the law in a private and personal history to a worship which recognises the true eternity of the law, its presence to you and me, its equal energy in what is called brute nature as in what is called sacred history. The next age will behold God in the ethical laws, as mankind begins to see them in this age, self-equal, self-executing instantaneous and self-affirmed, needing no voucher, no prophet, and no miracle, besides their own irresistibility,—and will regard natural history, private fortunes, and politics, not for themselves, as we have done, but as illustrations of those laws, of that beatitude, and love.—*The Preacher*.

10.—A MAN who has read the works of Plato, and Plutarch, and Seneca, and Kant, and

Shakspeare, and Wordsworth, would scorn to ask such *school-dame* questions, as whether we shall know each other in the world beyond the grave.—*The Relation of Intellect to Morals.*

11.—MEN of genius do not fear to die; they are sure that in the other life they will be permitted to finish the work begun in this; it is only mere men of affairs who tremble at the approach of death.—*The Relation of Intellect to Morals.*

12.—THE excellence of Jesus, and of every true teacher, is, that he affirms the Divinity in him and in us,—not thrusts himself between it and us.—*Character.*

13.—PEOPLE imagine that the place in which the Bible holds in the world, it owes to miracles. It owes it simply to the fact that it came out of a profounder depth of thought than any other book, and the effect must be precisely proportionate.—*Thoughts on Modern Literature.*

14.—WE want some intercalated days, to bethink us, and to derive order to our life from the heart. That should be the use of the Sabbath, to check this headlong racing, and put us in possession of ourselves once more, for love or for shame.—*The Preacher.*

15.—ZEALOTS eagerly fasten their eyes on the differences between their creed and yours; but the charm of the study is, in finding the agreements, the identities in all the religions of men.—*Address to Boston Free Religious Association.*

16.—IN all noble actions we say it is only the first step that costs.—*Address at Concord.*

17.—THE revelation of reason is this of the unchangeableness of the fact of humanity under all its subjective aspects, that to the cowering it always cowers, to the daring it opens great avenues.—*Criticism on Past and Present.*

18.—THERE is a statement of religion possible which makes all scepticism absurd.—*The Preacher.*

19.—THAT the administration of eternity is fickle, that the God of revelation hath seen cause to repent and botch up the ordinances of the God of Nature, I hold it not irreverent, but impious in us to assume.—*Letter to Mary Emerson.*

20.—FORMS are as essential as bodies; but to exalt particular forms, to adhere to one form a moment after it is outgrown, is un-

reasonable, and it is alien to the spirit of Christ.—*Sermon on Lord's Supper.*

21.—WE should astonish every day by a beam out of eternity; retire a moment to the grand secret we carry in our bosom of inspiration from heaven.—*The Preacher.*

22.—OTHER world! there is no other world. God is one and omnipresent; here or nowhere is the whole fact.—*Sovereignty of Ethics.*

23.—IF the law of love and justice have once entered our hearts, why need we seek any other?—*Conversation with Mrs. Bray.*

24.—ETERNITY is very long. Opportunity is a very little portion of it, but worth the whole of it. If God gave me the choice of the whole planet or my little farm, I should certainly take my farm.—*Journal.*

25.—IT is of no use to preach to me from without. I can do that too easily myself. Jesus speaks always from within, and in a degree that transcends all others. In that is the miracle.—*The Oversoul.*

26.—GOD is, and all things are but shadows of him.—*Essay.*

27.—IF the reason be stimulated to more earnest vision, outlines and surfaces become transparent, and are no longer seen; causes and spirits are seen through them.—*Nature.*

28.—THE kingdom of man over Nature which cometh not with observation, a dominion such as now is beyond his dream of God—he shall enter, without more wonder than the blind man feels who is gradually restored to perfect sight.—*Nature.*

29.—GIVE me insight into to-day and you may have the antique and future worlds.—*American Scholar.*

30.—WHY should one ask me an opinion about miracles? I am familiar with similar narratives in other books than the Bible, and have no difficulty in dealing with them there. Look into the diamond eyes of that child, and see her hair of sunshine. What is a Jewish or Christian miracle beside it.—*Conversation with Mr. Conway.*

31.—WHAT a day dawns, when we have taken to heart the doctrine of faith! to prefer, as a better investment, being to doing; being to seeming; logic to rhythm and to display; the year to the day; the life to the year; character to performance; and have come to know that justice will be done us; and if our genius is slow, the term will be long.—*Worship.*

THREE NEW PILGRIM SONGS.

COMRADES.

Comrades for a little space,
Where the opening life-paths be,
Here, before the Father's face,
Make us one, dear Lord, in Thee.

From the Holy Land unseen,
Now the heavenly voices call;
Speaking, where no sound hath been,
Sweetest promise-word to all.

In the silence of the soul,
Where can come no outward word,
Where good thoughts can make us whole,
There the wondrous voice is heard.

If we long for light of day,
God will make the midnight bright;
In the dreariest, darkest way,
Love can guide the soul aright.

In the dark, dear Lord, are we;
Be our Guide, our Friend, our Stay;
Hold us with the thought of Thee,
Keep us to the perfect day.

Comrades for a little space,
Parting days are coming fast;
But once more, from every place,
God will call us home at last.

A SONG OF PRAISE FOR MODERN MAN.

Praise Him and bless Him,
God the Creator,—
Sender of sunshine,
Shadow and storm!
Summer and winter,
God's will perform.

Darkness and day-dawn
Tell of His goodness;
Garden and glacier
Sing of His praise.
Praise Him and bless Him,
God of our days!

God of the nations,
Leader of peoples!
Homage and service
Cheerfully bring;
Praise Him and bless Him,
Leader and King!

Songs of the poets,
Visions of seers,
Wisdom and folly,
Working his will,
Ever the nations
Follow Him still.

Forth marched the peoples,
Slowly emerging
Out of the darkness
Into the day,
God-led and guided,
All the rough way.

Praise Him and bless Him,
God of the ages!
His the Becoming,
Whate'er befall.
Praise Him and bless Him
Giver of all!

THE WORLD-SAVIOURS.

Now thanks to God for those who came
In every age, to every clime,
The prophets, poets, saints and seers,
The sent of God throughout all time.

From darkest night the nations toiled,
With songs of longing for the day,
Charmed by the music of the voice
That ever taught the better way

Thanks for the many-voicèd throng
Of saviours, gentle, wise or brave,
Living or dying for the world
They loved; and, loving, sought to save.

All, all from Thee, the Father, came,
The Christs of every age and clime,
The prophets, poets, saints and seers,
The sent of God throughout all time.

J. P. H