

The Coming Day.

MARCH, 1893.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat ; because the journey is too great for thee. And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God—I. KINGS, xix., 7-8.

It is a quaint story in which these words occur. Elijah, down-hearted and despairing, has fled for his life from the enraged Jezebel, and he is in the desert alone ; and now, lying under a tree, he prays that he may die. "O Lord, take away my life," he cries, "for I am no better than my fathers." And then, as he lay and slept there, an angel touched him, saying, "Arise and eat," and the quaint story tells us that he looked, and, behold, there was a cake baked on the coals and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again.

A quaint story I call it. But some would laugh at it, and others would read it in the solemn, dull, unquestioning way of the ordinary Bible reader ; while others, again, would see the tender grace and beauty of it, and ponder over the singular fact that men once believed in angelic appearances, and held them to be, not miraculous, but natural, proving to them the nearness of Heaven to earth, of God to man.

But, waiving that, there is a pleasant and practical use of the words which may be of service to us, even in the absence of angels. Take even the case of Elijah—lonely, hopeless, under his tree, brooding over the bitter thoughts that sprang with the feeling of his failure and utter uselessness : "I, even I only, am left ; and they seek my life, to take it away." Then imagine that, not an angel, but some kindred spirit in the flesh finds him out, making his heart glow with the feeling of comradeship, and inspiring him with the hope that the hearts of others also may be yearning with their faith, and hope, and love. What though the comforter be only a poor wayfarer like himself, "clothed in the garb of frail mortality" ? Is he not also a veritable "angel," though no light from Heaven shine from his eyes, and no miracle attest his mission ?

Or if the prophet, refreshed with sleep, in his solitude looked up to his juniper tree, and the beautiful sky above it, and perhaps the songful birds in the branches, and saw how the humble things of nature prospered, though they lay all open to the sun and sky—if, then, touched with nature's loveliness and steadfastness, he rose above his fears, his vexation, his depression, and won new resolution from the silent messengers of the Eternal, would not these be veritable angels to the prophet's soul, though only the children of the wilderness?

Or supposing he only took from his mantle some precious writing, telling the story of past deliverances, or recording the hopeful, burning thoughts of his own or another's happier hours, and, reading therein, felt the cold ashes once more glow, the lost fervours once more beat and burn, the vanished hopefulness once more beam like a splendid evening star—would not the written word be itself as an angel of the Lord? And so the kindred spirit of a comrade, the tree, the sky, the birds, the wilderness, the record, might as truly speak to him as an angel, and as effectually: "Arise and eat; let these higher impulses, these new hopes, these fresh inspirations nerve and hearten thee, for the journey is too great for thee." And in the strength of that he might go forty days and forty nights.

All this at once brings us to the practical uses of these words for us, and it can only be well for us to see what angels we have, and how our lives may be redeemed from the dreary, the commonplace, the hopeless, the forlorn. Not in the wilderness, in solitude, but amid the din and struggle of eager, pushing multitudes may these things come to us, so that the journey of life may seem too great for us. We look forward and say, "How can I get through that to the end? how shall I manage to see that through?" And at every stage we feel the stress of life, if there is any consideration in us. From the day when we first begin the serious business of learning to the day when we begin to prepare for bidding all books good-bye, we are apt to say, "The journey is too great for me."

"How can I ever learn these difficult lessons?" moans the little scholar. And then the good teacher comes with strong or consoling word, "See, this is how it is done, and so it should be worked out." "How can I get all these lines done?" cries the little lad; "the journey down to the bottom of the page is too great for me." But the comforter brings the consoling word, the clear copy, the specimen line, the firm hand, to guide the little fingers for a time.

In after life, when the copy books are done with and the ledger is opened, when a living has to be earned and children have to be brought up, the sigh of the old school days returns, "How can I manage to get this business well in hand, to make it pay, to make it possible to pull through without over-much worry?" Or the higher question comes, "How can I manage to so attend to business as to keep myself from being unduly absorbed by it to the neglect of

the inner self, and of my duty towards the good, unselfish work of the world ? ' Or the anxious mother says, " How am I to bring up these boys and girls ? What a long journey it will be to get them all educated and well started on the great voyage of life ! The journey is too great for me."

Then, as life goes on, unexpected cares come in. Things do not go as you expected. Life, you find, grows briars as well as roses, and barren trees as well as fruitful fields, and the road gets stony, marshy, lonely, dull. Or days of weakness come, and the failing body cannot keep pace with the eager spirit. Or thoughts come that alienate friends, and make you lonely, and put a mark on you, and the way of duty takes you another road than that you fain would go, and the old sigh returns, " The journey is too great for me," and you also may even wish to die, and you need the angel who can come and touch you, and speak the old word, " Arise and eat, for the journey is too great for thee."

It is well when that angel is within us, when we are independent of resources that come and go, and that may be farthest off when we need them most. One happy soul once told the blessed secret well :

A little church I've built afar
From all life's tumult and commotion ;
There blissful calm and comfort are,
There flow the words of my devotion
Unheard by any mortal ear,
And no disturbance do I fear.

When joy and gladness with me dwell,
When in my breast rage storms appalling,
I hear my little church's bell,
That loudly, clearly to me calling,
Doth gaily ring or sadly toll,
The faithful echo of my soul.

Deep in my heart's profoundest nook
That church I've built, where none have power,
Save God in Heaven alone, to look
Within at worship's holy hour.
When my last service there is o'er,
I pray, Thee, Lord, shut Thou the door !

But outside of and beyond ourselves there are not wanting angels of the Lord, with help for the journey that is too great for us.

In the dear old time, when as children we needed these most, how wonderfully they came to us ! There are sorrowful exceptions, but one may hope it is true, as a rule, that the child-life is fed with the angel's food of love. The child's journey is too great for it, and but for nature's wonderful contrivances, it would faint and die outright before it began to really live ; for nature, with a multitude of gracious deceptions and sweet illusions, causes us to take up these little travellers into the arms of an overflowing love, and a mother's face is all the Heaven a child knows, is all the Heaven it needs.

In after life how helpful are the homely friendships or the deeper loves of life! What incentives, what examples, what inspiration, what consecration may be gained from these! These are not things to talk much of, they are things to know and feel. As Wordsworth has it :

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

To millions, a new, pure love has made the very earth new, has given to duty a fine significance, has at once solemnised and brightened life, has turned common-place into heroic things, and commanded stones to become bread. To many a youth and maiden the blessed new affection has come as a veritable salvation, not a thing to be half ashamed of or joked about, but a thing beautiful and divine, an angel of the Lord, touching the pilgrim and saying, "Arise and eat, for the journey is too great for thee."

The same sustaining power comes from intercourse with Nature in all her wondrous moods, a veritable angel of the Lord. Blessed is the man who knows Nature, and is never lonely in her presence! It is one of the sorrows of town life that we have to live so much apart from Nature. Too many of us miss her soothing seas, her tonic hills, her gladdening flowers, her consoling trees, the motherly kisses of her sweet atmospheres, the glory of her countenance, the unsullied sky. Too many of us know her only as a mournful step-mother, clad in sables and woe-begone. Mournful is it to think of the lives of thousands in our great towns. Will the time never come when the children will live and the toilers be daily carried beyond the foul and sordid places of labour to true homes beyond, where the angel of fresh air and of the sweet clean earth may say, "Arise and eat, for the journey is too great for thee"?

Then there is a similar sustaining power in good books. A good library may be as "a company of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'" And yet in this generation, with all our School Board education and passes, and our high school pressure, multitudes are growing up who know nothing of the quiet, old-fashioned love of books. But it is as true to-day as ever that a taste for reading has in it the possibility of salvation for millions. Young men and women who have it may be saved from unutterable nonsense, frivolity, and mischief. Working men who have it might have a nightly uplifting above the drudgery of the day. Many a hard-wrought man has found it so. He comes home dingy and harassed, dull and tired, but, dismissing the soiling of body and mind, he finds his angel in Scott or Emerson, Shakspeare or Burns, Longfellow or Carlyle, or even the newspaper or fresh serial of the day. And so the orator and the bard, the seer and the prophet, the statesman and the historian, the dramatist and the preacher, charm away the toil-marks, feed the mind, refresh the spirit, and say to this jaded pilgrim, "Arise and eat, for the journey is too great for thee."

Another great sustaining power is found in a knowledge of the beautiful and steady laws of Nature or of God, and a right glorious and strong angel is this, that never leaves us. To multitudes it is a world of vexation and disappointment, of bewilderment and failure, wherein the best efforts often seem soonest worsted, and baffled righteousness is overcome by defiant wrong, and for the most hopeful worker the journey is often too great. Ah then! what comfort comes of touching what the Hebrew prophets called "the right hand of the Lord!" the abiding steadfastness of God, when the tired traveller can say:

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, truth is so;
That, howso'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Ten thousand times has the blest assurance come so, like an angel of the Lord, when the baffled soul has cried:

Come through the prate of foolish words,
The science with no God behind;
Through all the pangs of untuned chords
Speak wisdom to my shaken mind.

Through all the fears that haunt us now,
Of what hath been or may befall,
Come down and talk with me, for Thou
Canst tell me all about them all.

And the soul's confidence in God becomes itself the strengthening angel in answer to that cry. When that takes possession of a man, God takes possession of him. That is the food of martyrs and confessors, reformers and saviours, and while all the world wonders at them, expecting them to faint and fall, they push on like giants, and go in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights. In defeat they are heartened, for they know in whom they have believed; in the struggle they are strong, for they have fed on bread from Heaven; alone, they still press on, for they have had the angels with them.

And now let us bring all this home, with the help of the thought that we are to be angels to one another. This may be in many ways. For instance, how dependent upon one another we are as to our thoughts! Only a few very strong souls here and there can hold their own and beat out their own thoughts, dependent only on themselves. The great majority can never be sure of a thought until they hear it confirmed. Many a poor soul has had a thought about duty, or God, or life here or hereafter, and though it seemed like a bit of gold, never felt sure about it, never dared to tell it, never felt happy in trusting it, though it seemed so heavenly bright, till some poet sang it, till some strong teacher put it into ordered words, till some friend gave calm utterance to it;

and then the angel came and the food, in the strength of which the soul could go forty days and forty nights. Therefore tell the best thing you know, utter your most hopeful thought ; perchance the very being whom you fear it will grieve or injure is waiting for it, is hungry for want of it. I believe that our reticence is often as unnecessary as it is wrong. We fear to offend, or we think nothing can come of it, and all the while the one thing needed is that they who think should speak. We make things difficult by our hesitation ; we keep the world back through our unbelief ; we are not helpful because we are not outspoken. God be praised for those who, out of the fulness of the heart, let the mouth speak. They may be the spiritual sustainers of a multitude that no man can number, for he who feeds but one hungry soul may in time be the moral and spiritual helper of millions.

But, above all things, we can be angels to one another in showing sympathy. Sympathy is, in its inmost essence, the response of feeling to feeling, the answer of thought to thought, and, thus understood, its effects are akin to those we have just considered. Weakness of belief, as we saw, is born of loneliness, but is overcome by communion, and in like manner the spirit gathers strength from sympathy. This is one great secret of the influence of revivals. Every one is noticed, every one is cared for, none too poor, none too young, none too lonely for the question, "Shall I pray for you?" and the hymns and the prayers are full of personal sympathy. Every one is taught to sing, "Jesus loves me, even me." Young men say, "I never got spoken to before." Poor girls who were never reckoned get lifted up into the light of a great hope, and it is not to be doubted that thousands have gone in the strength of that meat a long forty days and forty nights.

There is even a curative agency in sympathy, as all wise physicians know. On an old tombstone, in the church-yard of Glasgow Cathedral, I once read these words, in memory of a good doctor :

He cured many while he lived,
 So gracious, that he no man grieved ;
 Yea, when his physic's force had failed,
 His pleasant purpose then prevailed ;
 For of his God he got the grace
 To live in mirth and die in peace.

Yes, the "pleasant purpose" has balm in it. As the Book of Proverbs has it, "Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones." Sympathy cures. It can calm passion, sooth sorrow, and charm even bodily pain away. It is good for the headache and the heartache ; it comforts the child, encourages the youth, heartens the toiler, and smooths the last stages of the aged ; it is the angel who never dies, and whose word never ceases, "Arise and eat, for the journey is too great for thee."

Closely allied with this is the food given by kindly praise. There is not half enough of this in the world. Such a cheap food, and yet so miserably restrained! It is precious beyond all telling for the little people, who can be better taught by praise than by anything else. Blame and ill-tempered chiding only depress and confuse. Praise is itself an enticing object-lesson, luminously showing how the thing ought to be done. It puts the thing in the sunshine, and makes it gloriously plain. It is the best of all teachers, and, in the strength of it, many an one has gone, not forty days, but forty laborious years.

So, in later life, many a man who has been working on with only half a heart, since he knows not whether what he has done is well or ill, hardly Jaring (perhaps hardly caring) to take his own estimate of the thing, has suddenly had the glow of an almost heavenly radiance thrown over his cold grey life by a truthful, kindly bit of praise. We sometimes wonder at the tremendous capacity, the fire, the speed, the sweep of thought and action of successful men, but they may owe as much to others as to themselves, to those who look on and bless them, as to innate capacity. Other men there may be, with native power as great as theirs, who never find their congenial atmosphere, upon whom the sun shines not, nor any dew falls, who fill up the measure of their days, and, unnoticed, pass away.

Is there but one such here to-day? Let me be an angel, if a poor one, to you. I counsel you to pluck up a good heart, and to look on the bright side.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
 And to keep the eyes still lifted;
 For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
 When the ominous clouds are drifted.
 There was never a night without a day,
 Nor an evening without a morning;
 And the darkest hour (the proverb goes)
 Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
 Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
 That is richer far than the jeweled crown
 Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
 It may be the love of a little child,
 Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
 Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
 For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
 A bright and golden filling,
 And to do God's will with a ready heart,
 And hands that are swift and willing,
 Than to snap the delicate silver threads
 Of our curious lives asunder;
 And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
 And sit to grieve and wonder.

Yes! give over grieving, and cease to wonder; go and find someone more lonely than yourself, and find your angel where you find your work.

And now there remains for us all one other journey, for the path of life stretches into the wonderful unknown. That journey, indeed, will be too great for us, but, thank God! that also is provided for. When the poor pilgrim, tired and lonely, goes to try that great experiment, then, if never before, will the angels come. Then to the fainting soul will come the heavenly food, "Arise and eat, for the journey is too great for thee." And so, with guides so wise and tender, be you sure we shall none of us miss the way.

THE ABOLITION OF TIME AND SPACE.

IF Mr. Stead, of *The Review of Reviews*, is not the wickedest liar on this planet, he is doing the most notable thing now being done upon it. For many years, what is called "automatic writing" has been known, "automatic writing" meaning the use of "a medium's" hand for writing by an unseen being. But Mr. Stead persistently declares that his hand is used to write messages of the most precise and personal character from persons still "in the flesh," but, it may be, hundreds of miles away. A person in a railway train writes how the journey is progressing. A person wanting some photographic plates, hundreds of miles away, writes for them. Persons in great trouble and distress of mind pour the story of their griefs into his hands when quite alone. A machine breaks down at Preston, and, just before he starts to see it working, he is told, through his hand, not to go.

All this looks like the sheerest tomfoolery; but, whatever the explanation may be, Mr. Stead says it is all happening. We understand Mr. Stead to claim that he has not as yet been deceived. The communications coming through his hand have all been verified by the slower and more familiar processes of the telegraph and the post. Hence he says: "So habituated have I become to the transmission of communications in this way that it would be just as absurd for me to wait for confirmation by ordinary courses as it would be to refuse to reply to a telegram before the post brought a letter."

If there is any truth in all this, it seems to follow that the editor of a newspaper might sit in his office in Fleet Street, with a circle of "mediums," and get direct communications from every part of the world without the loss of an hour or the expenditure of a shilling. We shall see.

But we have a word of warning for Mr. Stead. The writer of these words has, for a quarter of a century, *known* that communications come from the unseen; and he knows that these communications can trick and lie as well as guide and inspire. It is just possible that Mr. Stead has been receiving

communications from exceedingly enterprising spirits, and that the beings in the flesh have nothing to do with the communications which purport to come from them. These spirit-newsagents may profess to be the hidden *ego* of the persons from whom the messages may seem to come; but that may only be bluff or symbol. To-day, these agents may be reliable and useful beyond all expression; but some day Mr. Stead will probably be let in for the biggest lie that ever sold a confidant or ruined a scheme.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.

THE past month brought us an immense increase of work, and again revealed the fact that the need and the possibilities are very great. Some hundreds of letters have had to be answered, and many hundreds of *The Ideal* have been applied for. So many ask for "something practical." Alas! what they mean is a building, or a council, or a badge, or a constitution and rules, or a yearly report and resolutions. They do not see the supreme value just now of testimony and teaching. As matters stand, Our Father's Church is like that which is "born of the spirit"—"thou canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth"; but we hear of it everywhere. Several applications have come from vicarages; some from Nonconformist ministers; one from Wesleyan theological students, asking for *The Ideal* for over thirty students; many from physicians, journalists, men of business, mechanics, ladies—all agreeing in this: "Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us." *Would it be an improvement to set up one more sect, for the sake of having something to shew?* No: it is best as it is. Some day, however, our Church will probably have its central teaching place and home in London; at present, it is the Church on the wing.

A public meeting will be held in the Methodist Chapel, Bruce Road, Bromley, on Wednesday, March 29th, for the purpose of hearing an address on "Our Father's Church." Music and singing at eight o'clock. During the evening, Mr. Page Hopps will read two poems on "The church of the divine humanity," and "The riddle of the universe."

We have good news from New Zealand, where a strong clergyman of the Established Church has taken the lead. He has issued 1,500 copies of *The Ideal*, putting into it his own local note, and has followed these up with a steady crusade. Here is his report:

CANTERBURY, N.Z.,

Nov. 2nd, 1892.

I have had 1,500 printed, and distributed far and wide throughout this colony. The result has been decidedly satisfactory. On September 2nd I began a course of Friday Evening Lectures in the city on the seven guiding principles. The attendance at the first was 250 of all sorts and conditions, mostly men. After the second lecture we had to move into a larger hall; the attendance reached 500, and 160 have enrolled themselves as members. The unfolding of

the first principle stook one right into deep waters, involving one in considerable correspondence, and rousing the wrath of some. I have gone steadily on, and have reason to be thankful. I have been asked to publish the lectures, and the expenses of so doing is guaranteed, but I have been too busy to revise them for publication yet. I am now delivering them at a town called Rangiora, twenty miles from here. The interest and attendance has steadily increased. They are given weekly. I tell you this because I am sure you will be glad to hear it. I have arranged for a monthly meeting of those interested, in the city, and we hold our first meeting on Friday next. I will send you the names of members at the end of the year, when I hope that the number will have increased.

HOME RULE A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

THE cry, "We cannot allow Irishmen to govern Ireland, and then come here to govern us," has a reasonable ring about it, but where it is not raised for party purposes, it proceeds from sheer misapprehension. When we talk about government we do not talk about sharing plunder or power; we talk only about the transaction of business, and the sole question involved in the government of the British Empire is how best to transact its business. We have found it necessary to give self-government to our great towns, and have found that this is quite compatible with sending up representatives from those towns to legislate for the common good.

Take a case. Manchester (we would cite London, but London has not got the Home Rule enjoyed by Manchester) enjoys a large measure of Home Rule, but it also sends up representatives to Parliament to transact business about Scotch crofters and Welsh tithes, and yet we do not hear much about the injustice of Manchester governing itself and yet going to London to govern Scotland and Wales as well.

If it be said that the Home Rule asked for Ireland is more than the Home Rule enjoyed by Manchester, the reply is obvious. It is a question of more or less, not of something entirely different. The Home Rule asked for Ireland is larger and more complicated because it is wanted for the transaction of a larger and more complicated business. That is all, and the only question we ought to ask is: Is this the best way to get the business done?

It is simply trifling to talk about self-government as children talk about confectionery:—"If you have your acid drops you must not come near mine." A few years ago Mr. Chamberlain would at once have seen the absurdity or the cant of that. May we venture to wonder how, beneath his waistcoat, he really feels about it now?

THE NEW BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

FROM many letters received from well-known Ministers, we select the following paragraphs, as indicating the average opinion concerning a book which is certainly urgently needed by rational Christians who need such help.

"Accept my sincere thanks for your kindness in sending me a copy of your 'Common Prayer.' I like it very much indeed, and wish it a large circulation in our Churches. In looking through it this afternoon, it struck me that, with Mr. Eastlake's music, 'it is the very thing wanted in our body.' The cold, didactic prayers, and the miserable thing called music, so often heard in our Churches in too many instances, frighten the people away. Your bright little book, if adopted, might bring them back."

"Allow me to thank you for sending me the copy of your 'New Book of Common Prayer.' I find myself in close sympathy with the services contained in it, and I think the extensive use of it in the Free Christian Churches would do much to bring the modes of devotion into healthy accord with present ideas and sentiments."

"Thank you for a copy of 'A New Book of Common Prayer.' A new book is much wanted—as I feel every Sunday in using . . . here—and I shall examine your production with good hope that it will meet and satisfy the want."

"I beg to thank you very much for your delightful little 'Book of Common Prayer.' I feel sure that it will be welcomed by many a pious heart as a *vade metum*, for it is a comfort to feel one's sorrow and weariness set to sweet music; further, to see one's loftiest and best thoughts, aspirations, and joys take some adequate expression. As a book that the thoughtful may honestly use, I shall lose no opportunity of recommending it."

"Accept my hearty thanks for the 'Common Prayer Book' to hand this morning. I am well pleased with its earnest spiritual tone, and its freedom from all objectionable phrases, and sincerely wish for it the success to which the laborious and painstaking efforts of its compiler entitle it. I am anxious to introduce the book to our congregation. When I had the pleasure of reading over the advance copy some months ago, I suggested to our Committee the advisability of its adoption, so as to give an individual interest and part in the service. And though my people are opposed to any mimicing of the Church, as they call it, in the adoption of any liturgy, I am hopeful the Committee and congregation may adopt your book when they have had time seriously to peruse its words of inspiration and hope."

"At present we have a free service at ———, and do not contemplate an alteration, though it is possible that before long, circumstances may lead us to re-consider our mode of conducting worship. In such a case I should certainly submit your book to our people. It has the recommendation of variety, and some of the prayers I feel are as nearly perfect as it is possible for them to be."

"I have urged my people to adopt your excellently arranged services as soon as possible, and they are now considering the matter. Personally, I am delighted with the liturgy, and thank you for the pleasure and profit received from your little book, which in every way seems to meet the needs of this hour."

"I am extremely grateful to you for copy of third and final form of your new book of 'Common Prayer.' I consider it a great advance on anything else of the kind I have seen. We do not use any liturgy at present, but I shall certainly look forward to your book being considered by my Committee some time next year."

"Please accept my thanks for the copy of 'A New Book of Common Prayer,' which you have kindly sent me. I have read it through again, and noted various alterations, and, I think, improvements, and though, in two of the services, I find expressions such as I should not have preferred, and, generally, an insufficient acknowledgement of our indebtedness to the work and spirit of Jesus, it is nevertheless a book of beautiful, helpful, and very convenient services, and deserves very wide adoption."

"I beg to thank you for the copy of the 'New Book of Common Prayer' which you have kindly sent me. I have looked over it, and like it very much. The matter is good, the spirit devout; it is well got up, and deserves to be widely used."

[Specimen Copies of THE NEW BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER or of the MUSICAL RESPONSES will be sent by Mr. J. Page Hopps, for One Shilling each, POST FREE. Special terms for congregations.]

THE TOBACCO CRAZE.

BY DR. L. BREMNER.

THERE is an alarming increase of juvenile smokers, and I will broadly state that the boy who smokes at seven will drink whisky at fourteen, take morphine at twenty, and wind up with cocaine and the rest of the narcotics at thirty and later on. It may look like over-stating and exaggerating things when I say that tobacco, when habitually used by the young, leads to a species of imbecility; that the juvenile smoker will lie, cheat, and steal. This kind of insanity I have observed in quite a number of patients who presented all the characteristics of young incorrigibles. There was not one among them who was able to comprehend that tobacco was injuring him. The sense of propriety, the faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, was lost.* Not only in the young is the use of tobacco followed by such disastrous effects. Is it to be wondered at that a drug which, until tolerance is established, has such potent and palpable effect as to produce loss of co-ordination and unspeakable *malaise*, and, after the organisation has become used to it, is capable of setting up the well-known heart disturbances, should finally produce some form of insanity?

I have seen melancholia, more often mania, and very frequently general paresis, hastened and precipitated by excessive use of tobacco. That tobacco really does cause insanity is evidenced by the magic effect seen in some cases after the discontinuance of the drug. Thus I have seen that melancholia with suicidal impulses, hallucinations, besides the precursory symptoms of insanity, such as insomnia, præcordial anxiety, fears of impending evil, impotency, vertigo, impairment of memory and judging power, and even the lowering of the moral tone, all of which were attributable to chronic tobacco intoxication, disappeared after freedom from the habit was established.

Some persons labour under the delusion that tobacco increases their working-power, that the flow of thought becomes easier, and that without tobacco they are unable to do any mental work. Instances are cited by them of great men, inveterate and excessive tobacco consumers. They do not consider the possibility that these men accomplished what they did in spite but not in consequence

* This is perhaps an extreme statement, but it is a very noticeable fact that, as a rule, the habit of smoking does blunt or obfuscate the moral sense to the extent of inducing in the smoker disregard of the feelings, tastes, and rights of others, and even of fine decency. Some very curious cases in point could be cited. Here is the latest. *Scene:* A long-distance express train at St. Pancras:—In a smoking compartment, a delicate-looking woman and three young children, aged about five, seven and nine. "Are you *all* going to smoke?" gaily asked a bystander. "O, no," replied the woman; "only my husband." That important person soon after went in, and, for his own bit of self-gratification, subjected the woman and his young children to the foul chances of a smoking compartment, perhaps for half a day. That is precisely the cloudy and quite unconscious callousness which the steady habit of smoking does undoubtedly produce.—(*Editor.*)

of, or aided by, their habit. Students of chronic nicotine intoxication are convinced that the great men among the tobacco slaves would have been still greater had they never used the drug. Thus, Kant, the most eminent of German philosophers, is said to have written such an obscure and unintelligible style because he smoked and snuffed to excess.

But these things are trifles when compared with the destructive and degenerative influences the drug exerts on the broad masses. There is only one way to lessen the evil—it is the dissemination of knowledge of the baleful effects of tobacco among the rising generation, initiated and sustained by teachers, clergymen and physicians. Of course, they ought to practice first what they are going to

preach. I know of physicians who not only smoke to excess themselves, or, still worse, indulge to a morbid extent in the unmannerly habit of chewing, but permit, and even encourage their own children to smoke. In view of such discouraging facts I hardly expect much good from this contribution and testimonial to the pernicious effects of tobacco, because the truth has not dawned upon the multitude yet. As in the body-politic evils will run their course until there is a general uprising of common sense which disposes of them, so with the irrational and excessive use of tobacco, which will probably go on increasingly, until a limit of endurance is reached, and the disastrous results of the abuse become patent enough to impress even the dullest mind.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

WILL the readers of *The Coming Day* turn their attention to Mr. Page Hopps's book on "Who was Jehovah?" This little book has naturally made some devout persons unhappy, and has even made some Unitarian critics uneasy, but it is a book which tells the honest truth. It is published at one shilling. In order to put it easily within everybody's reach, Mr. Page Hopps will send a copy to any address for seven penny stamps.

"SCHOOL SERMONS."—It will save time and trouble if managers of Sunday Schools will bear in mind again this year that Mr. Page Hopps does not now preach "Sunday School Sermons," and, indeed, has no Sunday to spare from home and from *Our Father's Church*.

A SENSIBLE SCHOOL.—People living on the north side of London, and having boys to educate would do well to ask Mr. W. Stoddart, B.A., (Camb) for his prospectus. He is a man in earnest, and a man of very considerable experience as a teacher, with no clerical connections and no sectarian bias. His pupils have passed examinations at London University, Edinburgh University, Cambridge University, City and Guilds of London Institute, &c. Address: 30, West Bank, Amhurst Park, Stamford Hill.

WHILE referring to this subject, we feel strongly moved to again commend the Cromer School for Girls. Address: Miss Clark, Suffield Park, Cromer.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

ALL communications for Mr. Page Hopps should be addressed: South Norwood Hill, London, S.E. ("Croydon" is wrong.) Postal orders should be made payable at South Norwood or left blank.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.—The following is from one of our earliest members. We shall be exceedingly glad to hear from other members, or from friends and inquirers. At present, all that seems possible is bearing the

testimony and teaching, and these never cease. Something, however, has been done in the direction indicated, and with good results. We do not, however, find that people have time for communion: or is it zeal and love they lack? "I have often wished that this Church might develop into a more practical and tangible bond of union between its isolated members. I know of several, shut away from all congenial society in country villages, or amid unsympathetic surroundings.

Can anything be done for them? Would it not be well to invite members to send suggestions and ideas to *The Coming Day*? Would it be possible to put members of the Church living in the same neighbourhood into communication with each other, since it often happens that one lives for many years near to, yet unknown by a 'congenial spirit'? By this means I sometimes fancy that the Church may become a real "Society of Friends."

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.—The advertisements in *The Daily Chronicle* and *The Christian World*, costing £32 15s. 6d., have exhausted the funds, and there is much that must be done, funds or no funds. This fact is commended to members and friends who have not yet contributed for 1893.

THE meeting at the Cavendish rooms, on February 12th, was, in every way, the best yet held. The place was crowded, and the interest manifested was not only encouraging but really touching.

CREEDS.—A creed is only the representation or expression of an idea or feeling. Or it may

be regarded as a kind of personal style, as of writing or painting or the rendering of music. A creed may be called the style of an idea, and it seems to follow that it is more damnable to have a peculiar creed than a peculiar style.

SAFETY LAMPS.—Two really remarkable lamps have lately been brought out by Messrs. Kirkaldy and Son and Mr. E. Braithwaite. Both profess to be specially "safety" lamps; and they are. We put them through strong tests, knocking them over when alight, and deliberately turning them upside down. They simply went out. We could not induce them to explode. Kirkaldy's lamp is called "Allison's patent safety"; and Braithwaite's, "The improved Chandor petroleum gas candle or safety hand lamp." Both are really candle lamps. The "Allison" gives the large light. The "Chandor" gives a true candle flame, about a two candle power, at a cost, it is said, of one farthing for ten hours. The lamps are shapely, very simple, and well made, and cost about half a crown.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"The Rivulet birthday book," compiled from the writings of T. T. Lynch, by Morell Theobald, F.C.A. London: J. Clarke & Co. (3s.) An exceedingly pretty book, and as wise as it is pretty. Mr. Lynch sung his quaint songs and fought his good fight some thirty years ago; and the good wine of his teaching has improved by keeping. The compiler knows his master well, and has lovingly brought out from the treasury things new and old. A pretty present.

"Sunshine." By Amy Johnson, LL.A. &c. London: Macmillan and Co. A veritable paradise of a book for wise children—and for many fathers and mothers, who would know an immense deal more than most "educated" people know if they knew all that is here set forth. The book contains 40 chapters and 168

illustrations, and the chief subject is Sunshine and related phenomena, including moonlight, plant growth, the rainbow, the spectrum, the magnifying glass, coal, the magic lantern, soap bubbles, photography, cameras, &c. The chapters are really talk-lectures; the experiments suggested are the perfection of simplicity.

"Incarnations of God." By John Page Hopps. London: The British and Foreign Unitarian Association. (Twopence.) This is one of "the McQuaker lectures" delivered lately in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen. The subject was chosen because the lecturer believed that it covered "the vital religious problem of our day." It is very seriously commended to all who think about religion.

"From Private to Colonel; or, the wonderful Adventures of Frank Hurst." By William Mitchell. London: Hutchinson. This is a book with a motive, and its title is rather unfortunate. It is full, indeed, of "wonderful adventures," but it is by no means merely a sensational story book. It is a book of character studies, neither deeply philosophical nor vividly artistic, but entirely wholesome and often ingenious; one might call it a happy medium between the goodly book with a moral and the good-for-nothing book with a murder. Any rightly constructed boy would revel in it, and he could not fail to be unconsciously biased for good.

"The City without a Church." London: Hodder and Stoughton. Professor Drummond's latest message concerning practical religion is a most ingenious dissertation on the saying in the book of the Revelation, "I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem,

coming down from God, out of heaven, and I saw no temple therein, &c." In a brilliantly interesting way, Mr Drummond depicts the ideal city and the ideal life of a Christian in it. The subject and the treatment of it are a striking sign of the times. The theological dry bones are ready for the burial, and the glorious substitute—a religion of simple human serviceableness—is only waiting for recognition, and actual application to life.

"The Essex Hall year book, and Unitarian almanac, 1893." London: The British and Foreign Unitarian Association. A very cheap but very clever publication, well planned, and well packed, a model of its kind and without padding. The bit of a creed on pages 4 and 5 is rather risky, one would think. Is the Bible "the history of man's search to find out God"?

EMERSON DAY BY DAY.

*Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,*

*Prayers of saints that inly burned;
Saying, What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.—*

THRENODY.

1.—WHAT have I gained that I no longer immolate a bull to Jove or to Neptune, or a mouse to Hecate, that I do not tremble before the Eumenides or the Catholic Purgatory, or the Calvinistic Judgment-day? If I quake at opinion, the public opinion, as we call it, or at the threat of assault or mutilation, or at the rumour of revolution, or of murder? If I quake what matters it what I quake at?—*Character.*

2.—WE consecrate a great deal of nonsense, because it was allowed by great men.—*Nominalist and Realist.*

3.—THE sanity of society is a balance of a thousand insanities.—*Nominalist and Realist.*

4.—THE thief steals from himself, the swindler

swindles himself. You must pay at last your own debt.—*Compensation.*

5.—EVERY man is wanted, and no man is wanted much.—*Nominalist and Realist.*

6.—THE soul lets no man go without some visitations and holy-days of a diviner presence.—*New England Reformers.*

7.—WHAT is it men love in Genius but its infinite hope, which degrades all it has done?—*New England Reformers.*

8.—EVERY spirit makes its house, but afterwards the house confines the spirit.—*Fate.*

9.—THE day of days, the great day of the feast of life, is that in which the inward eye

opens to the unity in things, to the omnipresence of law.—*Fate*.

10.—THE soul contains the event that shall befall it, for the event is only the actualisation of its thoughts, and what we pray to ourselves for is always granted.—*Fate*.

11.—Nature for ever puts a premium on reality.—*Behaviour*.

12.—IT is not what talents or genius man has, but how he is to his talents, that constitutes friendship and character.—*Behaviour*.

13.—A day is a more magnificent cloth than any muslin, the mechanism that makes it is infinitely cunninger, and you shall not conceal the sleazy, fraudulent, rotten hours you have slipped into the piece, nor fear that any honest thread or straighter steel, or more inflexible shaft, will not testify in the web.—*Power*.

14.—EVERY man is a consumer and ought to be a producer.—*Wealth*.

15.—WE might reflect that though many creatures eat from one dish, each, according to its constitution, assimilates from the elements what belongs to it, whether time or space, or light, or water, or food. A snake converts whatever prey the meadow yields him into snake; a fox into fox, and Peter and John are working up all existence into Peter and John.—*Works and Days*.

16.—HE has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.—*Courage*.

17.—IT is a long way from granite to the oyster, farther yet to Plato, and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides.—*Nature*.

18.—THE law is only a memorandum. We are superstitious and esteem the statute somewhat; so much life as it has in the character of living men is its force. The statute stands there to say, yesterday we agreed so and so, but how feel ye this article to-day?—*Politics*.

19.—EVERY thought which genius and piety throw into the world alters the world.—*Politics*.

20.—OF all debts, men are least willing to pay the taxes. What a satire is this on government!—*Politics*.

21.—THE solar system has no anxiety about its reputation, and the credit of truth and honesty is as safe.—*Worship*.

22.—SHALLOW men believe in luck, believe in circumstances. Strong men believe in cause and effect.—*Worship*.

23.—SOCIETY is a masked ball, where everyone hides his real character, and reveals it by hiding.—*Worship*.

24.—ALL I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—*Immortality*.

25.—THAT only which we have within can we see without. If we meet no gods it is because we harbour none.—*Worship*.

26.—THE foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe?—*Nature*.

27.—IF the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown.—*Nature*.

28.—A MAN is fed, not that he may be fed, but that he may work.—*Nature*.

29.—HIGHER than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now.—*Worship*.

30.—OUR chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can.—*Considerations by the Way*

31.—THE ideal is truer than the actual. That is ephemeral but this changes not.—*Thoughts on Modern Literature*.