

The Coming Day.

APRIL, 1893.

A LESSON FOR THE DAY.

IN our original statement, explaining our intentions, we said that our subjects would "take a wide range, dealing not only with the Church but with the State and the Home."

As a matter of fact, we have said very little about the State, and politics have hardly entered into our pages. Indeed, for politics as politics we care nothing, but we do care for wise and righteous judgments with regard to great public questions; and we hold that the first requisite is to be able to read the signs of the time.

We believe that this is an era of nation-making or nation-unfolding. Take two cases:—the demand for Home Rule in Ireland and the demand for flexibility in India. In Ireland, the enormous majority of the people want to take up the responsibilities of self-government. In India, multitudes of educated and patriotic natives make the gravest possible demands for some relaxation of the policy of grab and grip by Great Britain.

Lord Salisbury, as the representative of grab and grip, opposes the national and patriotic instincts in both India and Ireland. Some time ago, he said; "Directly it is known that we yield to resistance, not because we believe it to be right, but because we are too feeble, too changeful, too uncertain to fight against it, from that day the knell of our empire is sounded." That seems to have a reasonable side to it, but it really only means, as he once said;—We won it by the sword, and by the sword we will keep it. Oddly enough, this yielding to resistance is precisely what Lord Salisbury's friends have always done. When not engaged in giving in, they are always saying they never will give in: and, as a rule, they give in under pressure, and because of pressure. The very Land Acts for Ireland, which they alternately quote as doing justice to tenants and as robbing the landlords, were wrung from them only by a merciless putting on of the Land League screw; and when the thunder clouds threatened to burst.

But, as regards giving in to mere resistance, it is really necessary that Lord Salisbury should clear his mind of cant, open his mental windows, and let in the fresh air. He appears to think that his opponents are a set of timid cravens. But, as a matter of fact, the policy of shiver-in-your-boots appears to be his if it is anybody's. Can anyone, without laughing, read over again his old-bogie description of what will happen if we let Irishmen mind their own business? Lord Salisbury sees nothing but horrid ghosts. Foreign enemies will take possession of the bays and harbours of Ireland, where they will comfortably lie until it suits them to make descents upon our unprotected shores! Ireland will confront us as a constant menace and source of danger! Poor Lord Salisbury! It is the old old story. Every change has been accomplished to the wailing of the same old tune. Admit a Jew into Parliament, and you will make an end to the nation's Christianity!. Repeal the Corn Laws, admit into your ports the wheat of the world, and you will ruin your country! Give working men the vote, and you will let slip the howling dogs of revolution! "We shall have to leave the country, and go and live abroad," cried some of Lord Salisbury's venerable supporters. So now. Let Irishmen attend to the wants of Ireland, and you will have France and Germany and Old Harry down upon you! It is really too silly. But the man who sees the old ghosts, and keeps up the melancholy o'd wail, is really not the man to talk of courage and strength.

It was a very wise man who said: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." We do not accuse Lord Salisbury and his followers of bad temper, but we do say they are exceedingly obstinate, and that a great deal of their ancient and modern opposition to change is simply the opposition of sheer self-will. We cannot forget, for instance, Lord Salisbury's very dangerous references to the Indian Congress and to its illustrious representative in this country, Mr. Naoroji. That Congress is one of the most notable and noteworthy signs of the times. It marks the beginning of a new order of things in India—a new order of things concerning which we should rejoice; but which, at all events, it is our duty to very seriously and very sympathetically consider. Lord Salisbury met it with a blow in the face and a splutter of contempt. Now what we very earnestly point out is that the movement in India is similar to the movement in Ireland; and that, in both cases, it is not a rebellion but a resurrection.

The people of Ireland have struggled for generations, but have always failed to get the grip of national life. Why? They were either too weak or too poor, too ignorant or too passionate, too undisciplined or too disunited. The people of India, in like manner, have had, until now, little or no political education. They are of different races and different religions. They speak different languages, and are separated by thousands of miles of difficult country. Until lately, they could not combine, even in a rudimentary way; and they

had no leaders. Now, great changes have occurred. The English language and English education have made enormous strides in India. Railways have been constructed and extended. Young India has been born; and the great Indian Congress is the result. In Ireland, many similar causes underlie the changes that have led to the present demands and possibilities indicated by the words *Home Rule*; and what Lord Salisbury needs to learn is that it is our courage, not our fear, that leads Radicals to look facts in the face. We are prepared to run risks in doing right; and, in giving in to the new order of things, we are not yielding to "resistance" but to righteousness. We decline to "fight" only because we wish to co-operate. We are not caving in; we are only declining to kick against progress, and we think that "the knell of our Empire" will be "sounded," not by cheery and generous giving in to the spirit of the age, but by stubborn resistance to it.

The Lesson for The Day is that, in politics, we need cautiousness combined with courage, strength allied with sympathy, resoluteness hand in hand with enterprise, determination to hold our own tempered with readiness to consider the claims of others. If Lord Salisbury can help us in this direction, he will *really* help us; but if he can only knit his brows, and call on us to "fight," he is the man who is really dangerous to the State.

We understand that he is going to Ireland, that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has promised to specially visit Ulster, and that several other notable preachers of "law and order" are arranging to visit the same distracted country. What are they going for? Before evidence to the contrary, we should of course conclude that their only object would be to reconcile enemies, to restrain violence, and especially to check threatened treason and rebellion. We wish we could say that we shall hope this until the contrary is proved. It is, however, only too plain that the object of this descent upon Ulster, and upon other parts of Ireland, will be, if possible, to turn "bluster" into fell purpose, and to make it difficult for incipient rebels to turn back. The responsible statesmen who enter upon that campaign should be best able to take care of themselves and their reputations; but it is for the country to closely watch what they attempt and what they do.

There has unquestionably been a deliberate and well-sustained effort to utilise the strong feeling against Home Rule that exists in a part of Ulster. Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain have notably done their level best to pepper the sore place and rub it in. We should particularly like to know what Mr. Chamberlain's personal opinions and personal sympathies are with reference to that peculiar form of Protestantism which is responsible for the threat that Ulster will not submit, but will rebel. It is not easy to believe that Mr. Chamberlain cares three farthings for the Protestantism of Ulster. But he knows a brickbat when he sees it. Everything may be fair in love and war, but there are many observant people in this

country who will speedily awake to the discovery that there are some courses that are not permissible to responsible persons who profess to stand for loyalty and law, and that, in particular, it is not permissible to encourage rebellion and utilise treason in order to stay legislation or thwart a government.

There is no man living who has any right to say that an Irish Parliament would wish to wrong any man, or would be able to do it, or that any Ulster man would be a penny the worse because of it ; but it is not difficult to understand how it comes to pass that some emotional Ulster men work themselves up to imagine or anticipate the worst. All the more reason is there for self-restraint on the part of those who look on : and all the more criminal will be any proceeding which, in order to secure a weapon, trades upon a passion or a feud. England could not, just now, be better employed than in watching this descent upon Ulster, and in steadily asking—What for ?

WHERE IS THE UNSEEN ?

By *W. A. CRAM.*

IN considering the problem of our relation to the unseen world and life, three quite common and, if we mistake not, false notions front us in the way. First, that the forms of rocks and trees, and the bodies of animals and man, in what we call our natural world, are solid bodies, and fill the space they appear to occupy to our senses, to the exclusion of all other matter and form. Second, that we live nearly, if not quite, on the outer surface of our material world. Third, that death is essentially antagonistic to life. In the present light of science these appear more and more to be false conceptions of things.

The philosophic chemist assures us that the rock, or body, or tree we see and feel so real and solid is constituted of atoms of visible matter very widely separated ; that each atom is only a kind of nucleus, around which is gathered a comparatively large sphere of invisible matter, called ether ; so the atoms of matter that constitute the bodies of things and creatures, as we see them, are widely separated by this sphere of ether that surrounds each. Yet it is just these scattered atoms that make up the form of tree or rock that we see, the greater ethereal being all invisible. This illustration, though somewhat crude, may help us to see the fact more clearly. When we take a certain measure of colourless liquid and put a drop of strong colouring matter into it, the particles of the colouring substance are diffused throughout the whole, making it strongly visible, though the colouring particles must be a hundred or a thousand times their diameters separated from each other, though they appear

to be in contact. In like manner, the form of the rock, tree or man that we see is simply the form given by just those atoms visible to us, yet are they only the widely scattered colouring atoms diffused throughout a more essential ethereal body of the rock, tree, or man, altogether invisible to us. In looking upon the world of nature as we know it, we need to keep clearly in mind that the multitude of creatures and things wear other forms and degrees of matter than those we see, these other forms being natural and visible, doubtless, to beings of other orders of organisation and life.

Again, we are prone to think of ourselves as living on the outer surface of our material world. Is not this an erroneous conception of our real position in what we call our world? It is quite true that we live on the surface of our visible globe. But let us consider that our visible earth is but the grosser nucleus of our more real world. Over and about this globe, is the vast atmospheric sea of matter, too fine to be seen, but just as much real matter and a part of our world as the granite boulders or the ocean.

Over and about this great atmospheric sea, the vast ethereal realm (of, no doubt, many degrees of higher and finer matter) is flowing about our little visible globe. This great realm of the unseen ether, centered about our small earth, reaching outward, may be, till it touches the border of like ethereal atmosphere flowing outward from neighbouring planet or sun, is also a part of our world, matter of a higher degree than we can see or feel. We live nearly at the bottom of these great atmospheric and ethereal seas that overflow us. It is quite plain that we have not risen to live on the outer surface of our material world, but we abide to-day quite near its centre, since we live on this little earth, eight thousand miles in diameter, while over and about us float the vast atmospheric and ethereal seas of matter tens of thousands of miles beyond.

With this conception clear in the mind, the world and life take quite different form and meaning to our consciousness.

Third, is death essentially antagonistic to life? Matter represents so much force or life. We pick up a piece of iron or stone and it appears very solid and real to our senses; the chemist takes it and dissolves it into its constituent gases. It has nearly if not quite disappeared, so far as we can see and feel. Has the chemist destroyed it? Is the force or life it represents dead? Not in the least. All the matter, all the life exists, only in different forms, under different conditions. All the chemists in the world cannot annihilate a molecule of sand—only transform it.

So death is essentially no destroyer, only a transformer. It differs not from birth and growth, only in that they are the movement of soul or the power of being *into* our seen world of forms and life, while it is a movement *out*.

To beings living in other or higher degrees of organisation and life than are visible to us, what we see "die" appears to them as born. So life and death may be counted, not as antagonistic, but rather as alternate steps of being.

Let us keep clearly in mind this scientific induction, that our organisms are constituted of many degrees of matter and force, only a small part of which we can be conscious of through our present active organs of sense,—that the atoms which render the forms of creatures and things visible to us are very widely separated, being diffused throughout the larger and more essential part. They may be represented as a kind of skeleton around which the ethereal matter of the organism flows and clings. Moreover, it appears to be a natural law that the soul, or power of being, acts primarily and more essentially in and through the unseen matter of the organism, thence outward, manifested in and through the grosser seen, as we behold and know it in the forms and lives of creatures and things about us. Now if we could withdraw the scattered atoms of visible matter that constitute the body of the rock, tree, or man that we see, we should have taken away only the hundredth or thousandth part of the matter of all degrees that makes up the full organism of crystal, tree, or man. The vastly greater invisible part that held the visible atoms in organic relations might still remain a distinct body in active life, though invisible to us, since the organism would then belong to the unseen domain.

Death appears to work some such change of form, or transformation of being. We may imagine ourselves standing on the border line between the seen and the unseen worlds, and watching nature's process of change and transformation we call death. Here is a granite boulder, apparently eternally fixed in this our world of sense, but nature works her infinite change even in the mountain rocks; slowly, through the years and ages, heat, frosts, light and electricity, through marvellous disintegrating and chemical processes, wear away and dissolve the crystals and molecules of the rocks; a part crumbles, and falls away earthward, a part passes by us over into the unseen to assume there new forms of life, to undergo other transformations, a part returning into the seen again. So the granite rock dies out of its crystalline form and life through the unseen into animal. Thus the tree or flower dies to our human eyes. We mark it wither and decay. By and by only a few handfuls of visible dust and mould remain of the giant tree; the vastly greater part has passed over into the unseen realm.

So the death-process of the soul, or power of being, appears more and more to be only transformation. It is going on all about us every hour and day through all the years,—through it we receive life and give life.

What of this vast unseen realm that permeates and overflows our visible world? Is this a dead domain of the universe, enfolding our little molehill of a world, alone alive? Such an assumption from our blindness would be much as if the worm or grub should deem his clod-home the great living world, since his senses revealed no other, while just over him the vastly higher realm of purer air and sunshine teems with far more perfect life. So far as science has interpreted nature, her law of existence appears to be—the higher the degree of matter and force, the more and better life.

This being true, then, if we mistake not, this unseen realm over and about us being the domain of more perfected matter and energy, must naturally be the home of more abundant and perfected organisation and life, to which we are related, as each lower degree of being is to each higher in our world of sense. Bringing the matter close home to our own wants and interests, we quite naturally ask; Do beings that once lived in our world, having sloughed the grosser matter that gave them visible form and consciousness here, and thus passed into the unseen, still hold any relation of interest and helpfulness with us? In nature, so far as we can discover, there are found no impassable lines of demarcation between different degrees of matter and life. Everything appears to be interchangeable and fluent. Even the higher is found ministering to the lower, the lower responding to the higher. The unseen everywhere interblends and interworks with the seen; the sun thrills the grain of sand with its life forces, and the sand grain helps balance the sun's course through the universe. The unseen realm floods the mountain range with its electric tide; the granite rocks minister life thus received to the growing trees and blossoming flowers. So man breathes the subtle invisible energies of the universe, and in turn gives back the transformed forces of life. Unless nature sets in with a reverse order of life in the next degree above us—which science and reason everywhere repudiate—then beings there are still in various ways related to us in interest, help and growth, though we of the lower degree may be little conscious of such an active relation through our common senses. We mark quite clearly the interaction of organisation and life between the vegetable and animal kingdoms in our world—how the vegetable elaborates food for the animal, the animal in turn feeding the vegetable, while human beings, served and nourished by both, constantly modify and improve the condition and growth of the kingdoms below them. All this is plain to our common senses.

Now let us suppose our organs of sense turned a little lower, or a little differently, so that for us the line between the seen and the unseen, instead of as now, be drawn down between the vegetable and animal kingdom; then the whole vegetable kingdom would belong to an unseen realm for us, life still going on the same as ever between the two, though we should be blind to one side. The same natural law obtains, the same life processes go on, whether we are blind or see. As we are now constituted, the border line of our senses

is higher up, but nature is not changed. The life relation between the seen and unseen continues, whether our senses mark the line here or there. The law abides; the fact stands out clear, that beings over in the unseen hold constant communication of life with us. We need not doubt that the friend and lover who has passed through death over into the unseen still lives with us in love and helpfulness, though we hear no voice or rattle of drum, though our grosser body fails to announce their presence. If the motions of the soul in matter we call electricity and light thrill up and down over the border line we mark between seen and unseen, will those higher motions of the soul in matter we name love and friendship be quenched or bound just at the threshold of the unseen, where our dull, weak ears and eyes make pause?

Looking on this line of thought, we ask; What is this so-called spiritualism of to-day? There appears to be a constantly cumulative evidence, an almost complete scientific demonstration, that many of its phenomena are manifestations of a power and intelligence belonging to beings now living in the unseen. But is this the all, or the highest manifestations of life in the unseen to us? Must I hunger with holiest love for some manifestation, some token of kindly interest from the loved "dead," and receive no response, save through some "medium"? Is heaven's life and love, of those in the higher realm we call dead, shut from my neighbour who is true and nobly loving but finds no joy or help in mediumistic revelation, while my neighbour, who may be ignorant or careless, appears to be thronged with spiritual visitants? Rather is it not nature's abiding law, that each receives in measure and kind of the life from the unseen beyond death just according to measure and kind of life lived here?

Examined scientifically, we doubt not that the phenomena of spiritualism will be discovered to be the natural outcome of our constant and active relation with the unseen—holding its office of good in the large economy of all progress.

SHORT AND SIMPLE STUDIES ON MUSICAL SUBJECTS.

By *CECILIUS*.

I.—A REMARK—BY FIELD:—"*Monsieur, je suis forte-pianiste.*"

"STUDIES" is rather too grand a word for my purpose. It is, however, nearer the mark than "sermon," especially, dear unseen reader, if you will always bear the qualificative "simple" in mind. Helpful little lessons, mighty in their potential results, may be found everywhere, in everything, and taught by everyone, and the simple may teach some matters better than the wise. An

unlettered carpenter, for instance, might better discourse on the beauties of honest joinery than an erudite University professor. The great thing is to testify that you know and clearly see, rather than fabricate imposing preachments with the aid of a reference library.

Short and simple as these "Studies" will be, they will at least be real. The reason that they are made to depend from musical subjects is that much of my life is passed there-amidst, and thus the ground seems more familiar, and I am more sure of the testimony being my own.

Let no one under-value learning. Least of any, would I lack in reverence for the priceless bounties of the patient student which I am powerless to bestow. And yet, methinks, there is a constant and an overwhelming need of the kindly care of commonplace every day-folk. To the skilled physician be ascribed the place of high honor truly, but the nurse, too, has an honorable post, and by a care in endless unconsidered trifles works many a cure.

When poor John Field, who pointed the way that Chopin was afterwards so successfully to travel, lay a-dying in Moscow in 1837, some one kindly called a priest to his bedside to offer spiritual aid. It is probable that, in his wandering artist life, Field had paid but scant attention to church distinctions and professions of creeds, and so, when the priest asked him to what faith he belonged, his reply must have fallen strangely on the cleric's ears; "Sir, I am a pianoforte player." (*Monsieur, je suis forte-pianiste*). Does any one suggest that the answer was not to the point? I would fain tell such an one that Paul on Mars Hill preached not more eloquently than the poverty-stricken music maker in this his last hour. Be there another life beyond this or be there none, his work on earth had been at his piano, his fame or influence here; his Heaven or Hell there must depend upon the degree of faithfulness with which he had tended his talents. The life he had lived, not the views he had held about the unknown, was the one solid thing by which he must be justified or fail.

From out those simple words there breathes, as it strikes me, a sweet, calm faith in the Eternal Justice, whether personal or not. They seem to say; I am not disturbed; behold my life as a tale that is told; judge me, and do with me according to my deserts, be they great or small. This is neither defiance nor supplication; it is submission, when submission alone can avail.

Must I seek to point the moral? It would seem to be addressed to those, and they are many, who are religious without a Religion, faithful but unconscious of a faith, who believe earnestly, ardently, devoutly, but have no creed. There are beautiful souls, believe me, "without form," but far, far from "void." Their eager aspirations meet no corresponding revelation descending from above. To such as these come, oft-times, days dull and dreary, not of despair so much as of intense weariness, like to that of one who peers into a sea-fog, seeking a shape and finding none. Might not such, at these times, gladly remember Field, and turn them heartily to their life's work, be it music, or wood hewing, or water carrying, or tending the sick, or diverting the sound? That at least s solid and real, let what may lie hid beyond the mists.

The forces above, beneath, behind and before us are stupendously greater than we. Whatever else we may find out about them, this we know, that we must submit to them. It is our own powers that we can learn largely to know and use. Truth and righteousness to the known and knowable must surely be the first step to the same in the great unknown.

'Tis an old story. Years ago it was voiced by God, some say, and some say by man, it matters not which, that he who serves not man whom he seeth is unlikely to serve God whom he seeth not.

ULSTER ASKING FOR MORE.

A WRITER in *The Daily Chronicle*, signing himself "An Ulsterman," lately contributed to the burning question of the hour a somewhat notable suggestion. With startling courage he faces the rather stale taunt about restoring the Heptarchy; and asks—Why not? He echoes Ulster by avowing that an examination of Mr. Gladstone's Bill has not assuaged his alarm, but sharply wheels round and protests that his chief complaint is that Mr. Gladstone has not gone far enough—has not been bold enough in his administration of Home Rule. He wants "Home Rule, indeed, everywhere and for everybody," and "the door opened to a British Federation" which would include a kind of restored "Heptarchy" at home, and our colonies and dependencies abroad.

We will not say that this large order from Ulster is as distinctly characteristic of Ulster as the fiery orange manifestoes now being published, but we should not be surprised to find that there are many shrewd heads in Ulster that are biding their time. Self-government is in the air, and there is enough of Scotch love of liberty in Ulster, to say nothing of Irish sentiment, to warrant the hope and expectation that Home Rule will yet find ardent friends there. And, assuredly, if Ulster will only ask for more, it will get it.

It is hardly likely that "An Ulsterman's" drastic Home Rule scheme will ever be carried out. It is certain that it could not be carried out at one big swoop. The planet could hardly stand it. We would advise him, therefore, and the like of him, to back up every instalment of Home Rule, even though each contribution had its crudenesses and anomalies. Take the case of Ireland. "An Ulsterman," even in shying at Mr. Gladstone's Bill, says: "One thing is certain, the Bill stands as the expression of the only policy before the country save pure negation—or, if I may venture so to call it, 'Stick in the mud.'" Very well. The first thing to do is to get the cart out of that mud, and Mr. Gladstone's Bill will certainly do that. Undoubtedly, it will create anomalies: all reforms do. Ireland in the possession of Home Rule, Scotland will never stand anything else: and "gallant little Wales," left without it, will want to know the reason why: and, perhaps, after awhile, it will be found that, for the prompt dispatch of English business, it may be wise to push on even to some twentieth-century version of the Heptarchy. Then perchance the House of

Lords may be transformed into a grand Imperial House of Commons or House of all the Estates, including in it representatives from every part of the Empire, to legislate for the common good, while each locality guards and sustains its own house and home.

All this is written in invisible ink on the programme of the future, but under conditions which will enable it only slowly to develop, line after line. In the meantime, let liberty-loving Ulstermen help in the work of to-day, and make the ideal easier by attending to the real.

FETTERS AND SHAMS.

IN "The Liverpool Unitarian Annual" for 1893, there is a thoughtful and temperate article in favour of reading from other books than the Bible in public services; but, in the queerest way, the enlightened writer reveals one of the weaknesses of the Unitarians and one of the troubles of Unitarian ministers. He says: "A shock would be given indeed to the devotional mind by placing an octavo volume, bound in green, red, or dark blue cloth, on the desk in place of the Bible. But this sort of thing could only be done by a clumsy minister, a man deficient on the side of good taste and best manners. The passage selected for a lesson should be copied upon sermon paper, thoroughly perused, and almost thrown on the memory beforehand, the sheet of MS. being laid quietly on the Bible or the desk, and the lesson read or recited with the same decorum and reverence which have from of old been brought to the reading of the lessons from the Bible alone."

We, of course, entirely sympathise with the desire for doing everything decorously and beautifully, but we submit that an entirely simple and honest man would do far better if he would take the book in his hand, stand upright like a man, and read lovingly his non-Biblical lesson. This furtive intrusion of the poacher, this sneaking in of the intruder, seems to us almost shocking.

The straightforward thing to do is to stand there with a clean desk, and to put upon it what is wanted, when it is wanted. The big Bible always there is a sign that is not true for rational religionists, and the proposed alternative is not wholesome.

The writer suggests that the non-Biblical "lesson" should be "read or recited with the same decorum and reverence which have from of old been brought to the reading of the lessons from the Bible alone." "Decorum and reverence" by all means; but if the style of Bible reading "from of old" is brought to bear upon Emerson, or Tennyson, or Marcus Aurelius, we had better let it all alone. The worst reading in the world, by adults, is the reading of the Bible in the conventional manner. We sorely need to get rid of our solemn fetters and decorous shams, and to make what we lamely call a "service" far more direct, simple and real. But, of course, this will not need less care and thought, and taste, and grace; it will need more.

THEOLOGY IN BOARD SCHOOLS.

London, which in so many ways lags behind, has been muddling and maundering over what is called "religious instruction" in Board Schools. ("Religious instruction" usually meaning lessons in amateur theology or perfunctory readings of the Bible and crude explanations of it by persons who would prefer to be left to their proper work). One indefatigable gentleman wanted to introduce into all the Board Schools the doctrine of the Trinity, and the blunt statement that Jesus was born of the virgin Mary and was God, and he managed to waste about half a dozen meetings of the Board over it. The queer thing is that his proposal would probably have been carried but for a sharp agitation against it in the public press. Even many Nonconformists, urged on by their desire to get their dogmas taught, do not see the rank injustice of doing this work of proselytism in the public schools, and using public money and public officials to do it. As to these last, it must be insisted upon that teachers shall suffer no disqualifications because of theological opinions, and that no one shall be tempted to pretend to be orthodox for the sake of work. The whole system is bad. The public schools of the country ought to be freed once for all from these injurious survivals of encroaching sectarians and priests. There is a place for everything, and the place for the theological manipulator is not the public school.

A MEMORIAL, prepared by Dr. Martineau and influentially signed, gives in, we regret to say, to the accepted fetish of Bible teaching in public schools, and agrees that the teachers should be allowed to give their personal explanations of Bible stories. It is difficult to understand how the persons who signed it came to do so. Did they carefully read it?

The following letter will explain itself:—

SOUTH NORWOOD HILL, S.E.

March 9th, 1893.

To the Clerk of the London School Board.

SIR,—A paper has been sent to me contain-

ing six propositions of mine, and replies by Rev. J. J. Coxhead. This paper, as I understand it, is an official one, for presentation at a meeting of the Board. I was in no way consulted with regard to it, but, as the matter has been introduced, and as Mr. Coxhead has drawn or suggested some unfair inferences, I should like to submit the following remarks.

1. I entirely agree with Mr. Coxhead that "no system of instruction can in any sense be considered education which ignores the consideration of the relation in which a man stands to his Creator and to his fellow-creatures." It is not fair to suggest that this is a reply to me, as though I denied it. I only say that the Board School is not the place for giving a complete education. Such religious instruction as parents want for their children should be given elsewhere, by suitable persons and under suitable conditions.

2. I again entirely agree with Mr. Coxhead that if religious instruction is given by the Board it should clearly define that instruction, and select teachers who are able to give it, and who can honestly give it. But, as that would land us in endless theological dissensions, and, ultimately, in the ascendancy of the proclaimers of one particular creed, to be followed probably by their defeat, and the temporary ascendancy of some other creed; and as it, moreover, would lead to the narrowing of the choice of teachers to believers in the victorious creed, or else tempt disbelievers to lie, I take it for granted that the Board will find itself unable to undertake such a piece of business; and that, as it could not do it thoroughly, it must be given up altogether.

3. I do not know what Mr. Coxhead means by saying that "modern civilisation has been built up" on the doctrine of the Trinity, and I am inclined to think that this is an instance of the clerical tendency to see everything through church windows. The doctrine of the Trinity may be true. I do not know, and I do not even know what Mr. Coxhead means by the word "Trinity"; I only know that instead of it being "the bond of union," as he says, it has been a divider and a root of bitterness in the world, even to murder and

war, and I am convinced that it can only be waste of time to teach children that modern civilisation is built upon it. I am assured that Mr. Coxhead, in his capacity as a priest, wrote publicly (in *The Guardian*) that his object was to "capture the School Boards." I hope

the London School Board will take note of this discussion, as illustrating what he wishes to capture the School Board for.

Yours respectfully,
J. PAGE HOPPS.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.

WE are glad to be able to say that *The Ideal* has been translated into Italian by our valued friend, Professor Bracciforti, and that it is now being circulated in Italy. It has been reproduced in our own familiar form, and with the same pleasant colours. Our Father's Church appears as "Chiesa del Padre Nostro." In place of Mr. Page Hopps' name and address at the end, we rejoice to see the following:—Prof. Ferdinando Bracciforti (Via Borgo Spesso, 23, Milano). We shortly hope to see our beloved *Ideal* in French and in German. We congratulate Italy on being first.

OUR friend in New Zealand, who has formed a branch of Our Father's Church, has sent us a copy of his seven lectures on the Seven Guiding Principles. They are alive and beautiful with bright and robust thinking, and cannot fail to do good. We should like to order a supply of copies for our friends. Price 1s. 9d., post free. The publishers are Russell and Willis, Cathedral Square, Christchurch, New Zealand, but orders may be sent to Mr. J. Page Hopps.

WE should like to print many letters lately received; all pleasant and grateful, and some very interesting. Here is an extract from one of the simplest, concerning *The Ideal*; but, like most simple things, full of meaning. "Many of us, brought up to love and respect religion and religious teaching, having lost our faith

in the orthodox doctrines, have felt the need of some such clear statement to help us in our faith in God and goodness. Yet we want freedom to think. I should like to have any further particulars as to the membership of Our Father's Church. If it only means giving one's name as a supporter of the principles of *The Ideal*, may I ask you to include me as one with you?" Our friend has exactly indicated what is meant, and we will gladly welcome all who are supporters of the principles of *The Ideal*.

ANOTHER new member writes:—"I am isolated in this place, and, as far as I know, am alone in my opinions, and so deprived of the advantages of social religion, most of my friends being opposed to what I regard as truth. My religious atmosphere, hitherto, has been thickened by the dust of controversy to an unnatural and unhealthy extent, so that I long exceedingly for the serenity and joy of an intercourse which is not combative. Are there any members of Our Father's Church in this neighbourhood with whom I might meet occasionally?"

"A POOR old docker" sends a delightful letter, amusing, keen, and pathetic. "I am not much use as a member of anything," he says, "and I have often wondered what I really was. So far as I made out, it is a Deist that I have become." But he too says, "Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"The recrudescence of leprosy and its causation. A popular treatise. With an appendix." By Wm. Tebb. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co. Mr. Tebb, with infinite patience, continues his most useful work in a not very inviting but a most important field. The advocates as well as the opponents of vaccination should feel indebted to him, inasmuch as he seems to put no limit to his industry and self-denial in prosecuting his inquiries. The present volume, although on the subject of leprosy, has vital bearings upon his main topic, and the appendix of about fifty pages is full of militant and informing facts. The upshot of it all seems to be the undeniable fact that vaccination is a very doubtful preventative of small-pox, and that it may be a very deadly propagator of disease.

"The distinctive messages of the old religions." By the Rev. G. Matheson, M.A., D.D., &c., Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons. Dr. Matheson does not propose, in this work, to describe the ancient religions he discusses, but to get at (he oddly says "photograph") their spirit, and to show wherein each differs from the other. In the end, he attempts to find "a place for each in some part of the Christian message." He deals with the messages of China, India, Persia, Greece, Rome, the Teuton, Egypt, and Judea, and in the order given. The book is ingenious but a bit too picturesque and rhetorical. Dr. Matheson seems to see everything by way of illustrations or comparisons, and this tends to give an air of fancifulness to many of his decisions: but his book is an interesting contribution to one of the most vital subjects of the day—comparative religion.

"The pastor in prayer; being a choice selection of C. H. Spurgeon's Sunday morning prayers." London: Elliot Stock. We very much agree with a remark of Mr. Moody's, quoted in an Editor's note to this volume, that Mr. Spurgeon was greatest in prayer. To a really

sympathetic nature, it was an experience for a life-time to hear Mr. Spurgeon offer one of his great Tabernacle prayers:—such simplicity, confidence, pathos, and winning and winsome energy! But somehow we shrink from them in the book. They want the audience, the motive, the voice, the man. They will not bear analysis, and we have not the heart to criticise. We can only say that the book will surely be to multitudes a sacred memorial of a very remarkable man.

"The early narratives of Genesis." By H. E. Ryle, B.D., Hulsean professor of divinity, professorial fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and examining chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Ripon. London: Macmillan and Co. This interesting little work may be briefly styled a book of devout surrenders. The learned author knows that the science of Genesis is wrong, and he frankly says so, but he tries to save inspiration, and to keep hold of "the Israelite writer, gifted by the Holy Spirit" for the purpose of "divine instruction." We do not feel very anxious to deny him this small consolation. It means so little, and it is so exceedingly easy to find the Holy Spirit in England as truly as in Israel. The book is a notable landmark, shewing exactly how far moderate, learned and trusted men have had to go in the direction of Bishop Colenso.

"Leaflets for Lent. Selected and arranged from the Bible and from the manuscripts of W. P. Tilden; also selections from his favourite hymns." London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. "For Lent," and for any time when mind and heart are ready for sober but inspiring and hopeful thoughts. The book has not a touch of contention in it. It is devotional, practical, poetic, uplifting; and, being printed very tastefully in large type and on generous pages, it would make a pleasant gift-book for any devout person who has to live a little out of the glare—or too much in it.

EMERSON DAY BY DAY.

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more ;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,

Where tyrants great and small
Might harry the weak and poor.

My angel—his name is Freedom,
Choose him to be your king ;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.—

BOSTON HYMN.

1.—THE secret of culture is to learn that a few great points steadily reappear, alike in the poverty of the obscurest farm, and in the miscellany of metropolitan life, and that these few are alone to be regarded. The escape from all false ties ; courage to be what we are ; and love of what is simple and beautiful ; independence and cheerful relation, these are the essentials—these, and the wish to serve ; to add somewhat to the well-being of men.—*Considerations by the Way.*

2.—NATURE never became a toy to a wise spirit.—*Nature.*

3.—LITERARY history and all history is a record of the power of minorities, and of minorities of one.—*Quotation and Originality.*

4.—LIFE is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle.—*Illusions.*

5.—THE laws above are sisters of the laws below.—*Quotation and Originality.*

6.—THE miracles of genius always rest on profound convictions which refuse to be analysed.—*Quotation and Originality.*

7.—A RUSH of thoughts is the only conceivable prosperity that can come to us.—*Inspiration.*

8.—If we should ask ourselves what is this self-respect, it would carry us to the highest problems. It is our practical perception of the Deity in man.—*Greatness.*

9.—SHALL I tell you the secret of the true scholar ? It is this : Every man I meet is my master in some point, and in that I learn of him.—*Greatness.*

10.—The reason why the world lacks unity, and lies broken and in heaps, is because man is disunited with himself.—*Nature.*

11.—WILL you, with vast cost and pains, educate your children to be adepts in their several arts, and, as soon as they are ready to produce a masterpiece, call out a file of soldiers to shoot them down ? We must infer our destiny from the preparation.—*Immortality.*

12.—NATURE does not, like the Empress Anne of Russia, call together all the architectural genius of the Empire to build and finish, and furnish a palace of snow to melt again to water in the first thaw.—*Immortality.*

13.—'Tis inevitable to name particulars of virtue and of condition, and to exaggerate them. But all rests at last on that integrity which dwarfs talent and can spare it. Sanity consists in not being subdued by your means.—*Considerations by the Way.*

14.—If I could put my hand on the north star would it be as beautiful ? The sea is lovely, but when we bathe in it, the beauty forsakes all the near water. For the imagination and senses cannot be gratified at the same time.—*Beauty.*

15.—I LOOK upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of

all that is sublime in character.—*Illusions.*

16.—Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and mortifies us, we must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices. Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—*Social Aims.*

17.—A rogue alive to the ludicrous is still convertible. If that sense is lost, his fellow men can do little for him.—*The Comic.*

18.—We aim above the mark to hit the mark.—*Tantalus.*

19.—NOTHING divine dies. All good is eternally reproductive. The beauty of nature reforms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation.—*Nature.*

20.—EVERY natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact.—*Nature.*

21.—NOTHING in nature is exhausted in its first use. When a thing has served an end to the uttermost, it is wholly new for an ulterior service.—*Nature.*

22.—THE sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.—*Nature.*

23.—AN action is the perfection and publication of thought.—*Nature.*

24.—"EVERY scripture is to be interpreted by the same spirit which gave it forth," is the fundamental law of criticism. A life in harmony with nature, the love of truth and of virtue, will purge the eyes to understand her text.—*Nature.*

25.—IN inquiries respecting the laws of the world and the frame of things the highest reason is always the truest.—*Nature.*

26.—IT is the office of a true teacher to show us that God is, not was; that He speaketh, not spake.—*Cambridge Address.*

27.—INFANCY is the perpetual Messiah which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to Paradise.—*Nature.*

28.—THE problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul.—*Nature.*

29.—MAN is the dwarf of himself.—*Nature.*

30.—As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions.—*Nature.*

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

Doubting Thomas and loving John,
With the others walking on.

"Tell me now, John, dare you be
Of the small minority;
To be lonely in your thought,
Never to be sought or bought;
To be dropped and shunned, and go
Through the world esteemed its foe;
To bear off your titles well—
Heretic and infidel;
To be singled out, and hissed,
Pointed at as one unblest;
Warred against in whispers faint,
Lest the children catch a taint?
If you dare, come now with me,
Fearless, confident, and free."

"Thomas, do you dare to be
of the great majority;
To be only, as the rest,
With God's common blessings blest;
To accept in humble part
Truth that shines on every heart;
To be never set on high,
Where the envious curses fly;
Never name or fame to find,
Far outstripped in soul and mind;
To be hid, except to God,
As one grass-blade in the sod
Underfoot with millions trod?
If you dare, come with us, be
Lost in love's great unity."

E. R. Sill.