

The Coming Day.

MAY, 1893.

ON THE TOP OF THE TOWER.

A REVERIE.

IT will give me an excuse for staying longer in this delightful eyrie if I try to write down some of the thoughts and feelings that come to me as I sit here in the faintly gleaming sunshine, with the soft south wind blowing about me. It is a thinking-place I dearly love, especially when I can come to it alone with an easy heart, with my senses and my soul awake. Yesterday there was a fierce east wind and a blazing sun—to-day filmy white clouds bar the blue, and the sunshine comes through this veil of vapour with a tempered radiance. From this high tower I look over one of the fairest scenes in England. The ancient ruined castle is below me, with its strong towers for defence, and its banqueting hall of a later time, with delicate traceried windows, high and narrow. Wallflowers are in blossom on high inaccessible ledges, planted by the kind winds; they gleam golden and ruby against the mellow grey stone. Jackdaws and starlings are busy and important over their house building. In the garden below, where the whitened pear and plum trees shine against the young green of the currant bushes, a man is planting rows of seeds; children's voices come from the village green beyond; white clothes hang there to dry, and from the old timbered cottages rise faint columns of blue smoke, telling of housewives' care and peaceful, homely lives. A cock crows from a homestead near, and an answering crow comes from across distant fields. Rooks are cawing in the elm-tree tops; they flap past me with their heavy, slow motion, their feathers shining grey in the light. From time to time I hear a cuckoo calling, calling, from the Sunley Woods. There is the little pointed spire of Sunley Church, dark against the sky. Patches of woodland, still dark and hardly touched with the spring, stretch all along the horizon, fainter and paler in the south, where a farther distance is visible. There lie the level lines of hedgerows, dividing holding from holding and the green pastures from the rich, red, newly-ploughed fields, whose long furrows show the gracious curves on the

generous earth and speak the old promise-word, "Seedtime and harvest shall not fail"; while closer to the castle walls, and about them, is the great meadow, rich and verdant, with its winding streams fringed with hawthorns, and set about with clumps of ancient oaks. A herd of milch cows is dotted about it—eighty-eight I count, "feeding like one," and there are young horses, in blissful ignorance of burdens and laborious days, and lambs skipping about in their quaint fashion. Dear, safe, peaceful heart of old England, God be praised for thee!

Beside me here, within touch of my hand, growing in a tiny plot of soil which wind and weather have deposited, is a little dandelion plant, with two glowing sun-gazing blossoms. Its "commonness" has kept it safe from greedy fingers. A daisy even had hardly been left ungathered in a place trodden by so many pilgrims. It has been left for me. I love it, but because I love it I shall leave it here to live out its life, and, maybe, give its message to another soul. Why are people so strangely unheeding of its beauty? Its flower of countless rays, its ending in that globe of seed of delicate perfection, are all lovely, and yet even the children are taught to despise it and say, "It is only a dandelion." In spite of despite, the brave and generous thing shines out. God has taken pains for it: it is as much a thought of His as is the violet or the rose, and straight turned is its bright face to the sun, in whose image it is created. Of it, too, among His myriad works, God said that it was "good." It is an image to me of those sweet and strong spirits, who, careless of human praise or blame, live out their days, finding peace and delight in duty and in service, and in glad recognition of the presence and inspiration of the Lord.

That devious path which climbs the hill yonder across the brown seed field is a sacred way to me. Along it, many and many a time, have passed the feet of my mother, and of my mother's mother. In winter bareness, when the young corn was springing, and when the yellow, ripening ears beat in rustling waves before the breeze, season after season, year after year, their eyes have beheld it. Away there, hidden by the trees, is the old homestead, where children were born and honoured elders died, and upright, serviceable, gentle lives were given to the world—and here I sit and think of them, and here the children of a new time will come when I, too, shall have passed on.

A strange personal reflection haunts this spot. A yard from where I am sitting, where that triangular buttress projects from the parapet, is the place where Death and I came nearer together than at any other time, so far as my knowledge goes. Long ago, when I was quite a young child, I "all but" stepped over that edge into a hundred vertical feet of air. The "ifs" and "might have beens" must needs suggest themselves as I regard it. I am glad that I am still here in presence among my people, and not a memory only. I say "only," but while I am here alone I am only a memory to them, though an hour will bring me back within sight and hearing. So at this instant they

are nothing but a memory to me. These continual experiences of separation and solitude should school us in philosophy better than they do, and soften the pangs of grief when longer absence breaks into the dear familiar ways. I feel assured of the continued personality of those whom I expect to see an hour hence. It is reasonable to have the same conviction if the period of separation and of silence is prolonged through all the years. Can time—so unsubstantial a thing—make any real difference? and is

Love a plant
Of such weak fibre, that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?

Yes, I am glad that child drew back in time! Life has gone on with ever-increasing interest and fulness, and it would have been a pity to miss it, for, whatever lies on the other side of dying, it cannot be the same experience as we have in this earth-life. But if I had died, and missed forty years on this side, I suppose I should have had forty years on the other! The mere accident of falling over a precipice and having my body broken and crushed could surely make no change in *me*. All that would have happened would have been that I should have been shaken out of my child-body by the shock, and brought into new conditions of being. By this time I might have grown into something like harmony with that other life, through the teaching and discipline of other experiences, bitter and sweet. Time must needs go to the making of souls, there or here. Eternity cannot be too long, goodness must be illimitable as God. We make a beginning on the earth, and, in the long run, it cannot matter whether we have seven years or seventy. No change that God and man together have wrought in these latter days is so far-reaching and beneficent as the banishment from human thought and imagination of the hideous skeleton figure of "the King of Terrors," with his scythe and hour-glass, and the substitution of gentle and fair emblems for the pathetic facts of silence and of loss. That grotesque and horrible phantom—a nightmare born of diseased fancy and of lies—no longer lays his icy hand on hopes and joys. Thank God for the awakening into the new, glad day! In its glory, the boundary between earth and heaven is dissolved, and angels come and minister to us. Earth is more beautiful and heaven more dear; patience more possible and fear cast out. "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's!"

E.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

THE ecclesiastical doctrine that "marriage is a divine institution" can only be true in the sense that every custom which is founded upon a natural law or a necessity of nature is "a divine institution." Eating and drinking, legislating and going to sleep, are divine institutions. The time will come when the Church itself will be recognised as a divine institution only in the sense that the House of Commons is a divine institution. The "universal Lord" is the Lord of all life and of all things in life, and, instead of seven sacraments, we might reckon seventy or seven thousand. To some this will seem a dangerous doctrine, but in reality it is an enormous advance upon mere ecclesiasticism or sacerdotalism. It is applying to the life of the whole world what hitherto has been regarded as pertaining only to a small and the least living part of it.

Following up this thought, it will be seen that marriage and marriage customs and marriage laws are entirely different things. As usual, the appeal to the Bible only lands us in a thicket. The Bible is scarcely ever consistent, and in relation to social questions it is more apt to provoke perplexities than diffuse light. The Old Testament is hopeless. One illustration will suffice. On the one hand a doubtful and isolated text is quoted in order to prevent a beneficent reform (the marriage of a deceased wife's sister), while, on the other hand, if we followed the examples of "the holy men of old," we should find ourselves in the divorce court or in jail. If that sounds impious, it only shows how utterly "use and wont" and unconscious cant have hidden from us plain facts. What respectable man would dream of following the examples of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? Or is there a court in England that would acquit David or Solomon? The appeal, then, to the Bible is rather to be avoided than invited.

The fact is, marriage laws and customs should be treated on purely social and utilitarian grounds. God commands what man really needs—that is our only safe rule. God not only made man: He *is* making man, and the nineteenth century man may be a "man after God's own heart," even though he does not tread altogether in the footsteps of David. The sanctity of marriage, then, should be not the sanctity of a precept, nor the sanctity of a text, nor the sanctity of a right, nor the sanctity of a Church, but the sanctity of *marriage*. If we think that out it may lead us to some unexpected conclusions; but the question is: Is it a sound doctrine?

Marriage only conventionally, or for certain social and legal purposes, turns upon the pronouncing of certain words, or upon the presence of a certain official. If the civilisation and the social structure of the time find the words and the official desirable, by all means let the words and the official be the sanctioned door to marriage. But they are only symbols at the best.

Let us take only one test, which, if followed out, will cover the whole ground. Marriage, truly considered in its very essence, is the voluntary union of man and woman for the companionship one of whose incidents may be

parentage. Even in civilised and religious Scotland, and in spite of English marriage laws, this is practically acknowledged. For legal and registration purposes the services of a "secular" official are necessary, but, any day, any man and woman may be married in Glasgow within an hour by the mere notification of consent. The essence of the marriage is "I will." If this is so, why should the absence of an official and of certain official words make a child illegitimate? The solemn act of parentage should carry with it the solemn fact of marriage, or, at all events, the legitimacy, for all legal purposes, of the child. Surely that is only just to the child, and it is a recognition of the fact that goes a million miles beyond words and officials. Would that view encourage immorality? On the contrary, it might be God's own barrier against it. Let fatherhood and motherhood mean marriage, as well as the repetition of words and the endorsement of an official, and multitudes would reflect and pause.

In relation to divorce, modern civilisation seems to point to a reversal of the doctrine that man is supreme. The woman should have the benefit of the doubt, both as to the legalising of marriage and its results, the possibility of emancipation, and the custody of her children. The woman needs protection more than the man: she may suffer more from an unsuitable union than the man: she has the best right to the comfort of her children, and to the tending of them. In a sense which the man can never even understand, they are her's.

Drunkness needs to be emphasised as giving a claim to divorce. It needs, indeed, to be everywhere emphasised as a social atrocity. Here, indeed, man and woman are equal: or, if anything, the man should in this case be specially protected. A drunken wife is a ghastly monstrosity that no man should be bound to endure.

Of every form of sickness and disease but one it becomes us to speak with extreme care. There are some who would have men and women examined and passed like horses before marriage should be allowed, and who would accept physical calamity as good ground for divorce. But there is in marriage something that must always resent this. Marriage is far more than the rearing of human cattle, and, indeed, even on the score of utility, the tenderest, deepest, and most lasting work of the world is not done only by the human cattle who are sound and strong. We need to tread warily here, and, while admitting the awful responsibility of bringing into the world those who may carry in themselves, and touch in others, only the jarring strings, we must bear in mind that there are depths of devotion and heights of sympathy that no catering of cattle-dealing will ever be able to take into account. The "survival of the fittest," for us, may not only mean the survival of the surest foot, or the hardest knuckles, or the thickest skull, but the survival of the most sensitive soul, the tenderest pity, the sweetest love.

NOTES ON IRELAND.

LOYAL REBELS.—About forty years ago I wrote my first article for the newspaper press. It was on the subject of Orange rowdyism in Belfast. From that time to this, Ulster (or that part of Ulster which calls itself "Ulster") has been an object of interest to me. What is happening there now is a very old game. Forty years ago there was more swearing, now there are more heroics, of a sort; then brickbats abounded, now resolutions; but the temper and the spirit, the spiteful hatred and the feminine fear are just the same. Forty years ago I said: Ireland's need is an enforced Home Union, the breaking up of these pitiable party-camps, and the creation of a national party, with national aims, duties, and responsibilities, and to-day Belfast is demonstrating that.

What is happening in Belfast is an argument in favour of Home Rule. The sudden scream of hate, the hysterical terror, the theatrical description of what is going to happen when their "enemies" come into power, the ready rushing into treasonable practices before the shadow of a wrong is done, all show the grave need of pushing these people nearer to one another and making united national action necessary.

Of course there will be trouble; but the trouble will only prove the need of facing it. Ireland has a long-neglected lesson to learn and a long-neglected duty to discharge, and the sooner it sets about them the better. In the meantime, let us take note of the encouragement given by Conservatives to treasonable practices by Belfast "loyalists." The cant about defending their homes is as empty as it is silly. No one has threatened their homes, and no one proposes to threaten them. If Home Rule led to any danger in that direction English Home Rulers would be the first to help Ulster against the fools who made a bad use of their opportunity. My opinion is that if there is disorder, Ulster (or Belfast) will be responsible for it, and that if there is wrong-doing, the old violent Orange party will be to blame. But if English Liberals will press steadily on, there will be neither disorder nor wrong-doing. On the contrary, Home Rule will end in national union, order, and prosperity.

ULSTER'S FEELINGS AND ULSTER'S FEARS.—Mr. Gladstone went to the very heart of "the Ulster difficulty" when he told the Ulster deputation that he entirely agreed with them as to the obstacle presented by disunion in Ireland, and added: "And for that disunion you are to some extent responsible. Your opinions, I might almost say, constitute the disunion." It is singularly true. The odious threats lately heard do not so much indicate fear as temper. If purse-proud and priest-hating Belfast would curb its temper, it would have nothing to fear—absolutely nothing. All that raving about "defending our homes" is unmitigated cant, and our English disunionists ought to be ashamed

to repeat it. Many of them *must* know the real meaning of it. Are there no responsible so-called "Unionists" who will *now* (when it is wanted) say what Sir Henry James said a few months ago?—"I venture to speak very freely, whether I please men or not, and I say that we ought, every one of us, to condemn those foolish—those wicked—rumours and statements which are made about Ulster—that the minority will find resort in arms, and that they will be right in so doing. Unreservedly I declare that any man who, by word or act, encourages such an idea is half a traitor. We have seen action taken against unconstitutional monarchs, and when such action has been successful we have applauded it; but the proposition now, as I understand it, which these misguided men are using in Ulster is that if this House should agree to a legislative measure, and if the House of Lords should assent to it, and the Queen should will it, that measure should be resisted by force of arms. It is said that such physical force would be used by loyal men, and in one sense so it might be; but is it not apparent to everyone that to use arms against a Constitutional Sovereign, acting in accordance with the will of Parliament, and to whom you say you are loyal, is to make treason doubly-dyed?"

IRELAND'S NEED.—Mr. Balfour, the politician, might surely learn something from Mr. Balfour, the philosopher. At Belfast he said: "I think the experience, not only my own experience, but that of many of my predecessors in the office of Chief Secretary, has conclusively proved to every man who will open his eyes to the facts of the situation, that through the administration by the Imperial Parliament, and through that administration alone, you will secure not merely the prosperity of this country, but an impartial administration of the laws as between sections of the community deeply divided by political and religious convictions." The history of his own country might teach him better. England is what it is to-day because it had to face all the duties and shoulder all the responsibilities of self-government, in spite of all kinds of discordant elements and deep divisions of politics and religion, such as Ireland knows little about. The "sections" referred to by Mr. Balfour need the very thing he deprecates, and do not need the very thing he wants to make perpetual. The government of Ireland from Westminster has helped to keep going the wretched faction-camps that are cited as reasons against Home Rule. Away with them! and put the tenants of them in the position of having to know and understand one another, and to think of the nation's good!

MR. BALFOUR ANSWERS HIMSELF.—Mr. Balfour, without intending it, gives us the needed consolation, and virtually answers himself, so far as he cites the antagonism in Ireland as making Home Rule impossible. He said: "For my part I am not one of those, and never have been one of those, who think that in a year, or in a parliamentary year, or in a generation, I had almost said in a century, all the evils and all the ancient wounds of Ireland can be healed. Those wounds are so deep, her illness is in

some respects so chronic, that a great length of time is absolutely necessary for their complete removal; but, because the process is long, is it, gentlemen, therefore hopeless?" And some one shouted "No": and so say I. We have never said that this campaign for Home Rule would end, like most novels, with a marriage and "the parties" happy ever after. In some senses, Home Rule will be the beginning of the trouble, but, as Mr. Balfour says, because the process may be long it is not therefore hopeless—but the reverse.

THE POLITICAL COMEDY.—To the men of Ulster who, even before the passing of a law, are threatening to violate it, and who, it is said, are arming to fight against a constitutionally appointed executive, Mr. Balfour says: "The majority of the English people will not see you trampled under the disloyal majority in the south and west of Ire.and." "Disloyal!" Mr. Balfour is not much of a humourist, but he might at least see the absurdity of this. Besides, how plainly nonsensical it is to call this cat and dog business "statesmanship." Poor Mr. Chamberlain, hopelessly committed to a policy of aggravation, has to work at the same ridiculous pump. In his *Nineteenth Century* article he gasses about "the fixed determination of the men of Ulster that they will save themselves and the country to which they belong from the shame which would follow upon this great betrayal," of which the *Chronicle* well says: "The 'men of Ulster' may possibly smell powder in these heroics, but other people will see only harmless squibs." We have called it a comedy, but it is all very pitiful, showing human nature almost at its worst.

A NAIVE CONFESSION.—The opposition to the Home Rule Bill is getting amusing. We see clear signs of the wild hitting which comes just before collapse. Mr. Chamberlain's scream that Home Rule means the termination of our national existence, and that, in the whole history of the world, there was never anything more disastrously conceived, is really too funny—especially from him. But all the Opposition organs are more or less on the scream and out of tune. The *Daily Telegraph* is worth quoting: "If the Gladstonian army is to be thoroughly beaten, and driven from every point and coign of vantage, we must recognise that man does not live by logic alone, but by watchwords, by party cries, by elaborate appeals to feeling and prejudice. Minute criticism of the Bill is not nearly so effective as a clear and definite statement of the main issues that are involved—the ruin, for instance, which it brings on national unity, the irretrievable injury which it will do to the supremacy of Parliament, the wanton neglect of the rights and demands of Protestant Ulster which it professes. We must not be afraid to go over the ground again and again; we must set in fresh frames our old copy-book texts of national duty, resolute patriotism, and England's unity." The appeal to "feeling and prejudice" and to "our old copy-book texts" is excellent.

THE FOXY SIDE OF HIM.—For once the *Times* was somewhat reasonable in its reference to Mr. Gladstone when it took him to task for his treatment of that deputation from Belfast. The deputation came to give Mr. Gladstone a bit of its mind, and, somehow or another, Mr. Gladstone made it stand up and quietly take a bit of his. The adroitness of it, the beautiful masterfulness of it, the genial audacity of it, the complete success of it, were wonderful. The fiery deputation got its cold bath, its rubbing down, its lesson, and its benediction, and found itself in the street before it realised that the tables had been turned. I have always said that Mr. Gladstone is an unique blend of the angel with the flaming sword and the old fox. That deputation found it true.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S CASE AND THE REPLY TO IT IN A NUTSHELL.—From Mr. Gladstone's speech, on moving the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, we extract the following (leaving out parentheses) as putting the whole contention in the proverbial nutshell: "There is one form of argument on this question that is perfectly consistent, and perfectly sufficient, if only the facts on which it purports to be founded can be substantiated. It is to this effect: 'The Irish, except in Ulster, have nothing human about them. All principle they trample under foot. All power that they get into their hands they will abuse; they have no sympathy with us, and they have not in themselves any operative or commanding sense of justice. The Irish are people in whom no political trust can safely be reposed; you cannot reckon on their sympathising with your institutions; if they obtain from you power they will only use it to extort more power; and, in point of fact, an enlightened sense of justice and interest does not govern them.' We have a different view of this matter. It is the interest of the Irish people above all things to stand well with England. Is that to be denied? What is the condition of the case? Ireland is a small country by the side of a large one. It is a weak country by the side of a strong one. It is a poor country by the side of a rich one. Is it not the most astounding of all propositions to imagine that the three or four million people who constitute the large majority of that country in demanding Home Rule will be indifferent to the favourable judgment and sympathy of Great Britain? Nothing can be plainer than their duty to cherish it. Nothing can be plainer than that it is their interest. It is their duty and their interest, and that duty and that interest are plain as if written in a sunbeam. Unless the Irish are a people hopelessly misconstrued, and having, as I said before, little humanity but the form, they must recognise that interest and that duty."

WHAT IS A NATION?—Mr. Balfour had a difficult part to play at Belfast, but he need not have so completely given himself away. For instance, having professed so much as the apostle of "law and order," he need not have so crudely announced that his mission to Belfast was not to preach peace; and being the man who put people into prison for selling obnoxious newspapers, for laughing at policemen and for whistling, he need not have gone such

childlike lengths in clapping his hands at the sight of men who had sworn to fight if the Home Rule Bill becomes law. But perhaps his queerest performance was his definition of a nation. In trying to prove to Irishmen that Ireland was not a nation, and could not be one, he said: "Nationality means a community of political ideas. It means a community of religious views. It means an identity of ideal aspirations." Nothing could be worse. In that sense England has very seldom been a nation—perhaps never. To go no further back than the times of "Bloody Mary," or the time of the civil war in Cromwell's days, where was the "community of political ideas," or of "religious views," or of "ideal aspirations"? England has known deeper chasms and wider gulfs and acuter dissensions than Ireland has ever known, or, at all events, tested, and yet has been a somewhat notable nation. Mr. Balfour said many astonishing and nonsensical things at Belfast, but his definition of a nation is monumental.

THE WICKEDNESS OF IT.—One does not like to talk about "wickedness" in connection with a matter that may be called political. But we get into very deep waters when we go where Lord Randolph Churchill and others are taking us. There is something wicked in adding to the animosities of Ireland, and then citing animosity as a reason for separation in Ireland. The real separatists are the men who say: "Yes, you are hopelessly divided; don't join hands with your 'hereditary foe'; don't help one another to forget old spites and feuds and uplift your country into national life; don't try to work together; don't make the attempt, but say at once: 'We always have been enemies and we always will be, and if you pass a Bill to make us meet and work together, we will fight.'" Of these men none have surpassed Lord Randolph Churchill in sheer atrocity, when he said: "If the Home Rule Bill is, by some malice of infernal powers, passed into law, as sure as we are gathered together here tonight, Ulster, leading all the loyalists of Ireland, will fight against the damnation of the Irish Parliament." We are almost driven to ask: Is this man sane? But when we remember that other heated partisans talk like it, all we can say is: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

J. P. H.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

"CHRIST STILL BEFORE US," by J. Page Hopps, may now be had. Price twopence. Applications may be sent to South Norwood Hill, London, S.E.

THE HEAD GEAR NUISANCE.—A very sensible woman, writing in *Shaffs*, has a shot at the selfish, thoughtless, or vulgar women who wear head structures in places of public entertainment. She says: "I trust that among your many correspondents there may be a sufficient number interested in the matter to thoroughly thresh out the very vexed question of 'hats off' in places of public entertainment. I grant the time is not ripe for women to appear with heads uncovered in our churches, for the *dictum theologicum* which has condemned us for centuries to wear a head-dress intended, in the first instance, as a badge of inferiority, still exists in the form of a custom too strong to be yet overthrown. Apart from this, women's headgear (except in occasional cases) is not the unmitigated nuisance in church or chapel that it is in theatres, concert and lecture halls.

The pulpit in most of our places of worship is so elevated that the preacher is generally (not always) above the level of the nodding plumes in the pew in front, and those who care to watch the facial expression of the preacher may do so with no more inconvenience than an occasional crick of the neck. Moreover, our churches are not often so crowded that it is impossible to shift one's position when a bonnet of undue proportions obstructs the view. But it is in places of public entertainment that the thoughtless selfishness of middle-class women comes out in full force. (Women of position in society do appear with their heads uncovered.) It can surely never occur to them that the elaborate millinery concoctions which tower above their piled-up hair and spread out in fashionable halos of brim over their shoulders, effectually screen singers, speakers, and actors from those who sit behind them.

The *crux* of the whole matter is this: hats and bonnets worn for show, suitable for the park, for calls, for at homes, are completely out of place, and therefore vulgar, if worn where they are a nuisance to anyone else. They are in direct contravention of the one great rule which should guide us all—'Do unto others as you would others should do to you.' There is no need for a woman to 'nurse her bonnet' during meeting. Many years ago I adopted the plan of providing myself with light felt or silk hats for concerts and theatres. They are warm and comfortable for out-of-door wear, are sufficiently *comme il faut* to excite no comment, and are so uncrushable that they can be stowed away in the pocket or laid in one's lap without damage."

FREE TRADE IN LITERATURE.—We copy the enclosed from a most respectable and very interesting paper called *The Two Worlds*, and we do so all the more willingly because we have been personally assured that it has been found impossible to get *Light* from Mr. Smith's stalls. But *Light* is a high-class spiritualist paper; and we are driven to draw a disagreeable inference. Mr. Smith, by excluding B, practically says 'I approve of A. I don't mind batting news, prize fights and gambling tips, but I draw the line at the angels of God having anything to do with man.' "A London correspondent writes: 'Having occasion to change my newsagent, I gave an order to Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's railway bookstall. Among other papers ordered by me was *The Two Worlds*. I duly received all other papers, but a message was sent me that they could not supply the *Two Worlds*. I naturally wished to know the reason, and gathered from the assistant that at head quarters they did not believe in Spiritualism, and refused to supply such papers.'"

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

WOMANHOOD AND THE VOTE.—From a comparatively unknown provincial paper, *The Congleton and Biddulph Free Press*, we take the following keen article on the suffrage question, with a slight alteration:—"Startled by Mr. Gladstone's proposal to extend the Franchise to an immense number of ignorant working men (ignorant through no fault of their own, but still ignorant), the Tories began to reflect that an educated Englishwoman was likely to take as intelligent an interest in the welfare of her country as a wretched Connemara peasant who has never travelled ten miles from his own (or, rather, his landlord's) cabin. Having once arrived at this astounding recognition of woman's capacity, it further occurred to them that such a woman had as great a right to a voice in her own government as the peasant aforesaid had to govern her; and little by little came round a qualified acceptance of the whole of that once dreaded and despised measure of woman suffrage. Not all the Tories have yet accepted it, but they are a party capable of education, and unless haste is made to forestall them they will undoubtedly once more, and deservedly, "dish the Whigs." For they must of necessity be joined on this point by many Liberals. So that, between those members of the Tory party who are forced to a just conclusion by logic, and those of the Liberals who are forced to a logical conclusion by justice, the just and logical conclusion of woman suffrage will be attained. The strange part of the matter is that of these men a considerable number at present stop half way, and deny the right of *married* women to possess the franchise. This has always seemed to us fully as illogical a position as the denial of the franchise to *any* woman. If intelligence is in any way connected with the sweet and the bitter experiences of life, with its trials, its troubles, its duties, its rarer pleasures and happinesses, surely a married woman is a hundred times a better judge of events, and proportionately better fitted to cast an intelligent vote than is a single woman. Men will do better to put a premium on mar-

riage in days that are rapidly drawing nigh, rather than a disqualification. The usual masculine objection to the suffrage of married women is that it would not do to have family quarrels about nothing. This always seems to us an essentially mean objection. If a man and wife have the same views, they will vote together and double their power; if they disagree, surely both have a right to get their special grievances removed to the best of their ability."

THE EXQUISITE SPRING.—From a correspondent:—"Nothing can exceed the beauty of this season here. Everything is singing; not only the birds, but the trees, the grass, the flowers. Really, when you come to think of it, the whole year is a glorious symphony, and the various seasons are the different movements. Last month the key was not the same as now, but it was very beautiful, and I cannot forget the strain. But now the music is swelling with a greater richness, and one feels that one ought not to lose a single bar of it. However, we *have* to lose many a bar, and take up the music again when and where we can."

THE UNSEEN.—Mr. Haweis well says: "All great discoveries have at first been derided as ridiculous and then denounced as impious, and lastly adopted as a matter of course. Let us, then, as we have to learn to labour and to wait, stand firm for the expansion of human faculty, increase of human growth, accession to human knowledge, and welcome, as all in the day's work, even the silent apparition or the gibbering ghost."

THE GREAT REVERSAL.—What we call "life" is only the forest road. "Death" is reaching the sunny open land and home. A "Century" poet is right:—

I dreamed two spirits came—one dusk as night,
"Mortals miscall me Life," he sadly saith.

The other, with a smile like morning light,
Flashed his strong wings, and spake, "Men name me Death."

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"New forms of Christian education." An address to the University Guild. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. London: Smith, Elder & Co. An essentially thoughtful study of some of the signs of the times, as determined by the changes of the past few years, chiefly in relation to this generation's outlook upon the Bible. In this address we seem to be taken to an eminence where the light is clear, the view defined, and the air free from clamours, while, in perfect quiet, the guide points out the paths and places. The address is published at the nominal price of twopence. If people only knew what it contained, and what was good for them, they would ask for at least half a million.

"Studies of some of Robert Browning's Poems. (2s. 6d.) By Frank Walters. London: Sunday School Association, Essex Hall. This little book contains the story of Browning's literary life, and studies of his poems on religion, ethics, love, art, and his dramatic poems. It is a most useful introduction to writings which are not always comprehensible, and to a style up to which—or down to which—one needs to be educated. Mr. Walters likes the guide's work, and he does it well. He is keen and, to use an almost bankrupt word, eloquent: but, above all, he loves his master. But his love should have led him to keep out of his nice book that fearsome portrait of the poet.

"A garland from Hesperides, woven in prose and verse." By P. T. Ingram and others. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. A pleasant and wholesome book,—simple and unambitious, but softly shining with such quiet thoughts as come in a gentle garden walk. The essays on Intuition and Immortality, and Evolution and Immortality, are thoughtful meditations on lines much needed now.

"The Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians explained and illustrated." (1s. 6d.) By

James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., &c. London: Sunday School Association, Essex Hall. A beautiful little study, full of "sweet reasonableness." The careful reader of it would get an insight into many things beyond the limits of the Epistle to the Galatians: and, slowly steered through this work, small as it is, a serious-minded senior or adult class would get a fine bit of discipline in lucid and temperate discrimination. This Sunday School Association is gradually getting together a really notable series of Bible handbooks.

"The last Tenet imposed upon the Khan of Tomathoz." By Hudor Genone. Chicago: C. H. Kerr. An immensely whimsical story of a converted Khan (living somewhere between Eden and New York!), who is converted to Christianity, and whose only stumbling-block is the duty of forgiveness. That duty kills all joy, until he finds out that it has limits; so he opens an account with his vizier and his "wife in ordinary," until they run up the scriptural seventy times seven forgiven offences. Then he roars out, "Gibbets for two!" The ending suddenly plunges us into the funniest discussion of the doctrine of election, all over twins, with only a blue and a pink ribbon between them, one of whom is adopted by an orthodox reverend gentleman, while the other is adopted by a pagan Khan. The author might very well be Oliver Wendell Holmes in a John Gilpin mood.

"The Dream of an Englishman." By Arthur Bennett. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Surely a somewhat foolish book—hysterical, spiteful, impudent—the flavour, a mixture of the Ulster Orange and the Carlton Crab. And yet, in the latter part of the book, there are several signs of grace in relation to federation and religion; but a man who wants amity and union should not write such false and foolish things of people as are to be found in the earlier part of his book.

EMERSON DAY BY DAY.

*Life is too short to waste,
In critic peep, or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand:*

*'Twill soon be dark.
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!*

To J.W.

- 1.—LET me admonish you, first of all, to go alone; to refuse the good models, even those which are sacred in the imagination of men, and dare to love God without mediator or veil. Friends enough you shall find who will hold up to your emulation Wesleys and Oberlins, Saints and Prophets, Thank God for these good men, but say, I also am a man.—*Cambridge Address.*
- 2.—WHY all this deference to Alfred and Scanderbeg and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue?—*Self-Reliance.*
- 3.—IN the uttermost meaning of the words, thought is devout, and devotion is thought. Deep calls unto deep. But in actual life the marriage is not celebrated. There are innocent men who worship God after the tradition of their fathers, but their sense of Deity has not yet extended to the use of all their faculties. And there are patient naturalists, but they freeze their subject under the wintry light of the understanding.—*Nature.*
- 4.—IS not prayer also a study of truth—a sally of the soul into the unbound infinite? No man ever prayed heartily without learning something.—*Nature.*
- 5.—WHEN a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every object from personal relations, and see it in the light of thought, shall at the same time kindle science with the fire of the holiest affection, then will God go forth anew into the creation.—*Nature.*
- 6.—EVERY spirit builds itself a house, and beyond its house a world, and beyond its world a heaven.—*Nature.*
- 7.—YOUR goodness must have some edge to it—else it is none.—*Self-Reliance.*
- 8.—GREATNESS always appeals to the future.—*Self-Reliance.*
- 9.—GOD never jests with us, and will not compromise the end of nature by permitting any inconsequence in its procession. Any distrust of the permanence of laws would paralyse the faculties of man. Their permanence is sacredly respected, and his faith therein is perfect. The wheels and springs of man are all set to the hypothesis of the permanence of nature.—*Nature.*
- 10.—WELCOME evermore to God and men is the self-helping man.—*Self-Reliance.*
- 11.—NO law can be sacred to me but that of my nature; the only wrong, what is against it.—*Self-Reliance.*
- 12.—THE highest compliment man ever receives from heaven is the sending to him its disguised and discredited angels.—*Lecture on the Times.*
- 13.—OF that ineffable essence which we call spirit, he that thinks most will say least. We can foresee God in the coarse, and, as it were, distant phenomena of matter; but when we try to define and describe Himself, both language and thought desert us, and we are as helpless as fools and savages. That essence refuses to be recorded in propositions, but when man has worshiped Him intellectually, the noblest ministry of nature is to stand as the apparition of God.—*Nature.*
- 14.—THE conservative assumes sickness as a necessary fact, and his social frame is a hospital, his total legislation is for the present distress, a universe in slippers and flannels, with bib and pap-spoon, swallowing pills and herb-tea. Its religion is just as bad; a lozenge for the sick; a dolorous tune to beguile the distemper, mitigations of pain by

pillows, and anodynes; always mitigations never remedies; pardons for sin, funeral honors, —never self-help, renovation, and virtue.—*The Conservative*.

15.—CANNOT I too descend, a Redeemer, into nature? Whoever hereafter shall name my name, shall not record a malefactor, but a benefactor in the earth.—*The Conservative*.

16.—I AM primarily engaged to myself to be a public servant of all the gods, to demonstrate to all men that there is intelligence and goodwill at the heart of things, and ever higher, and yet higher leadings.—*The Conservative*.

17.—IT is the quality of the moment not the number of days, of events, or of actors, that imports.—*The Transcendentalist*.

18.—ALL the uses of nature admit of being summed in one, which yields the activity of man an infinite scope. Through all its kingdoms, to the suburbs and outskirts of things, it is faithful to the cause whence it had its origin. It always speaks of spirit. It suggests the absolute. It is a perpetual effect. It is a great shadow pointing always to the sun behind us.—*Nature*.

19.—THE foundations of man are not in matter but in spirit. But the element of spirit is eternity.—*Nature*.

20.—A MAN is a God in ruins.—*Nature*.

21.—MEEK young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke and Bacon, were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books. Hence, instead of man thinking we have the bookworm.—*The American Scholar*.

22.—THERE is throughout nature something working, something that leads us on and on, but arrives nowhere, keeps no faith with us;

all promise outruns the performance. We live in a system of approximations, not of fulfilment.—*Tantalus*.

23.—HE has seen but half the universe who never has been shown the house of pain.—*The Tragic*.

24.—NO man can write anything who does not think that what he writes is for the time the history of the world, or do anything well who does not esteem his work to be of greatest importance. My work may be of none, but I must not think it of none, or I shall not do it with impunity.—*Tantalus*.

25.—WE do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.—*Old Age*.

26.—THE word "miracle" as pronounced by Christian Churches, gives a false impression; it is monster. It is not one with the blowing clover and the falling rain.—*Cambridge Address*.

27.—NATURE is too thin a screen. The glory of the one breaks in everywhere.—*The Preacher*.

28.—WHAT a discovery I made one day, that the more I spent the more I grew; that it was as easy to occupy a large place, and do much work, as a small place and do little, and that in the winter in which I communicated all my results to classes, I was full of new thoughts.—*Journal*.

29.—A MIND might ponder its thought for ages, and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day.—*History*.

30.—THE progress of the intellect is to the clearer vision of causes, which neglects surface differences.—*History*.

31.—I HAVE no expectation that any man will read history aright who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day.—*History*.

**"THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALLETH
FOR THEE."** (John xi., 28.)

Oh, blessed tidings! Long in doleful plight
 I sought my own in many a wayward way;
 I sought the best, the truest, and the right;
 Yet in this seeking often went astray.
 Puffed up with visions of attainment high,
 And "mighty works" for others' downcast state,
 Performance failed me, howsomuch I'd try,
 And all my efforts left me desolate:
 Till, with a thrill that made my sorrows dumb,
 I heard the message: "LO! THE MASTER'S COME!"
 I am not lord of all I am or do
 (Though self-reliance sets the spirit free);
 To lord it o'er myself is not the clue
 To steady progress or unbounded glee;
 'Tis *service* calls forth all the powers—can give
 The passions play as full as they desire;
 But what, of all the creeds or men that live,
 Could I submit to serve with heartfelt fire?
 I'd freely help the humblest—humbling some;
 But cannot gladly serve until the Master come.
 Who is my Master? He whose beauty charms
 And satisfies transcendently my soul;
 Whose love my chilliest experience warms,
 And bends my will to seek his sole control—
 Who consecrates my very inmost thought,
 And every word and action to his cause;
 Leaving no wish for what is less than nought
 If not compliant with his easy laws—
 Beneath whose touch all vanity succumbs.
 Oh! I am nothing when the Master comes!
 And when he comes he straightway calls for me—
 Me, the least useful of his wayward sons.
 Despair departs my spirit when I see
 How to his meanest child his kindness runs.
 Yes, me he calls for, as if I alone
 Of all his many children he desired.
 No truer sympathy I e'er have known,
 No higher honour hath my soul inspired.
 Now all I ought to be I must become
 In my vocation, for the Master's come.
 He comes! And how? Not in the scorching flame
 Of vengeance for neglecting him so long—
 Not with stern aspect, to denounce and blame,
 But like the music of a heartfelt song—
 Like zephyrs breathing round reviving flowers,
 Or like the smiling waves of summer sea,
 Awaking into joyous action all my powers,
 And bidding me be ever gay and free.
 All earthly oracles are stricken dumb,
 For heaven is in me when THE MASTER'S COME!