

The Coming Day.

JUNE, 1893.

THE BEAUTY OF GOD IN THE DWELLING PLACE OF MAN.

SPOKEN AT CROYDON.

“Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.”—PSALM XC., 17.

THE question, “What is beauty?” is as old as human thought—as old, certainly, as the first human being whose animal eye was first inspired by the spirit behind it to drink in the mystery and glory of this dear old world. And yet mankind is as far as ever from a theory. Definition has followed definition, theory has been piled on theory, but the beauty-loving world, not waiting for a definition, goes on its delightful way: and children revel in pretty things (when they can get them!), and artists and musicians try to tell us what they see and feel, and everyone has his own idea of the beautiful.

Some, indeed, have held that a definition is impossible, that, in fact, there is no such thing as objective beauty at all—that it does not exist in objects, but in souls. And this is profoundly true in one way. You have seen two men stand before some glorious work of art, one tremulous with emotion, the other soon turning himself away to amuse himself with some poor daub—or at the refreshment bar! How is it? They both see the same picture; ay! but not with the same souls. And yet, apart from that soul-difference, there must also be a real intrinsic difference in pictures, and one must be in itself more beautiful than another. Yes, it must be that in the very nature of things beauty is as eternal as truth: that there is somewhere an ideal of the beautiful, far back, dwelling, it may be, only in the mind of the Master of all Harmony, “the altogether beautiful of the Universe.”

When, then, we see the diversities of taste, feeling, and thought respecting what is beauty, the proper conclusion to come to is, not that there is no such thing as objective and ideal beauty, but that there are also such things as psychological differences and mental conditions to which we must attribute these ideas and preferences. It is, indeed, as the glorious old heathen said, “Beauty is eternal, and only our distance from heaven is the measure of our distance from it.

Perhaps, on the whole, we have suffered the word to become too restricted in its range of application. We say that symmetry of figure and grace of outline are beautiful. We say the same of harmony and order of arrangement and colour, and here we try to stop; but the great, hearty world will not stop here, and so you find people talking of beautiful apples, not because they are lovely, but because they are sweet. And why should they not? Why exclude any sense from the conception of beauty? Why not use the word of sweet and pleasant things, as well as the symmetrical and harmonious things? Why should we not even carry the word into the ideal world (even as we do, indeed, when we talk of beautiful thoughts or beautiful ideas)? And then, trying to generalise where the range is so comprehensive, we may perhaps come to see that, after all, beauty is only truth, truth underlying all harmony, sweetness, grace, the eternally beautiful, then, being simply the eternally true.

Here at once we should be a long way on the road to this mighty prayer of the Hebrew poet, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." We should be, at all events, a long way on the road to a very noble idea of beauty. How far would it take us beyond the shams of false art, that would make beauty depend on the demands of fashion or the artifices of a craft! How would it put to shame the tawdry and showy things that are increasingly identified with Religion and the Church! Beauty! what has it to do with these things? The beautiful in life is the true in life, and not merely the æsthetic and pretty and pleasant. The beautiful in art is the inwardly melodious, and not only the externally attractive. The beautiful in the Church is not lovely robes but honest thoughts, not a finished ritual but simple truth, not charming music but an uplifting faith. Everywhere a beautiful falsehood is impossible, for the moment it is found out to be a falsehood, the seeming beauty becomes hideous.

When, then, the Hebrew poet prays that the beauty of the Lord may be upon him, he is really longing for the truth; he is longing to see through and beyond all the clouds that hide God from him or distort Him. He has an instinct which tells him that all unlovely thoughts of God are untrue thoughts, and that, if he could but once know all and see all, his soul would be content to calm itself in God.

But it is plain that he was asking for no visible presence, no visioned shape or form. The true beauty of the Lord is in the ideal world, in the realm, not of matter, but of spirit. It is even so with human beings. The very highest kind of beauty in the human face is not merely the beauty of shape or colour, but of that strange, that indescribable thing we call "expression." For all beauty of form or colour is as nothing compared with this wondrous thing the soul has never taught the tongue to describe. It is the out-glancing of the inner life, the peering out of the soul through the face, the mysterious shining out upon the countenance of the intelligence or affection

that reigns within. Some faces that to all others are unimpressive are beautiful to you. Why? When you look at them I suppose you see what everybody else sees—the same proportions, the same outline, the same colour, and yet they are not to others as they are to you. How is this? It is because your soul can see what only souls can see, the mystic thing that can never be taught in schools of art. And that, too, may lead us, by this lovely human door, to the truth about this beauty of the Lord. It is a beauty that only the soul can really read and understand, coming to one, not merely by any delighting of the eye with fair proportions or harmonies, but by those mystic inlets to the soul over which we can only bend and wonder. Hence the beauty of the Lord may be around us, and we be all unconscious of it. Just as it was with the pictures I spoke of. The reason why one man prefers a sign-board to a cartoon of Raphael is to be found, not in the sign-board, but the soul. It is so with the beauty of the Lord. There must be a prepared inner sense, or the heavenly beauty can never be seen. There may be two here now, the one of whom has come, not asking for God, wanting nothing, expecting nothing, hungry and thirsty for nothing: the other coming because, "as the hart panteth after the waterbrooks," so panteth his soul after God. The one may go away, his soul untouched, his mind uncheered by the beauty of the Lord: the other may go back to the place of his toil, maybe the home of his trouble, with a new song rising above the old sorrow, and the melody of heaven for the discord of earth. For it may be here as it is with the revealing of God in nature. The beauty of the Lord may nestle in a million things, but they are there only for him whose eyes are open to the inner life of things. This is why two men may pass by "the river's brim," one of whom may scrunch a primrose with his heel, and think of it (if he think at all) as only a "yellow" flower, while the other may bend over it, and see how its little face is brimfull of pure meaning, reflecting the beauty of the Lord.

If I ask, then, where is this beauty of the Lord, that I may see it and become like it? does not my own heart make answer? Do I not find within my own soul the assurance that He is never far from any one of us? Does not the heavenly spirit still brood over the chaos of the world? When the spirit sighs for emancipation, and longs for better things, is it not because the beauty of the Lord allures to lovelier ways? What are all these divine dissatisfactions, these blessed aspirations, but outreachings of the soul for the true, the beautiful, and the good?

And yet not only in the inner world of the spirit is God's beauty to be found, though its interpretation is ever there. That beauty may be found in the outward dwelling place which God makes so strangely beautiful, as a father who is anxious, not only to feed, but to delight his children. For, as I once said, God does not fling His gifts to us ungently and ungraciously, but surrounds them with everything that can add a charm or give an interest to them, with all that can tell of a father's love as well as of a provider's care, a

benediction with every gift, a message with the daily bread. He cannot even send us a few homely apples without a long procession of glorious signs of love—first the delicate buds, and then the peeping blossom and emerald leaves, and then the full bloom, delicately tinted, gracefully formed and sweetly perfumed, and then the growing fruit, with bloom and colour all its own, all just as sweet and fair and wholesome and comely as the tender love of God can make them. And He cannot make even a meadow full of grass without dappling it with silver and gold, and making it so fresh and lovely that some of us feel ashamed to trample on it. And even in controlling the forces of the atmosphere, He not only gives us air to breathe and light to work by, and rain to refresh the land by which we live, but He does all this as a great artist might, as a loving father might, and finds it in His heart to spread over us, while He does it, an everlasting canopy of beauty, a ceaseless panorama of ever-varying shapes and ever-changing colours. And the patient Artist does this, whether we take notice of it or not—does it every day, and sometimes does it so gloriously that they who happen to see it sorrow that all God's children cannot stay a moment to behold the splendid sight. And when the sun withdraws his light, and the cloud-world is no more painted with his glory, then comes another canopy of beauty over us, when God's myriad worlds seem to march forth, and make a new revelation of the infinite loveliness in the heavens.

The beauty of the Lord, then, is never absent from us. It broods over us for ever, and in it we live and move and have our being. It enfolds us when, for one quiet hour, we sit with Nature, and when, in the blissful solitude, she seems to lay her hand upon us and say, "Peace, be still." It is around us when, in the first flush of spring-tide life, we seem to feel her great heart throb with joy, after her winter's sleep. It is above us when the wondrous stars look down upon us, and we seem to hear the fabled music of the spheres; or when, all day, the pulsing sunlight tells of the glory of the Lord. It is upon us when, to the instructed soul, every blade of grass is an open book, every mountain an altar, and every breeze a psalm: when the grand old harmonies of wood and forest, and the mystic, mighty throbbing of the sea, are Time's great preachers to us, all telling of the glory of the Lord: ay! and when, amid the din and dirt of great cities, a gleam of sunshine pierces through the gloom into the desolate room of the sick, the miserable, or the poor: then they who are there may look up to the dear God and bless Him too. For all nature is but the outshining, the outspeaking, of the Lord. "He clothes Himself with light as with a garment," said the grand old prophet.

And so it is, that just as our deeds are symbolic of our nature and our thought, so with Him all His works are words. Hence, as our own proverb has it, we must "look through nature up to nature's God," just as the old seers and singers of Israel did, when they called the clouds His "chariot," and told how He "rode on the wings of the wind." For we shall get but a poor insight into even natural and outward beauty unless we can see the ideal beyond the

real. For this reason one can never be a true artist who is only a laborious copyist, and a man can never be a true poet who simply writes of what the material eye can see, for both artist and poet have to do with things unseen, and to them also "the things which are seen are temporal," while "the things that are not seen are eternal." To that spiritual beauty let us all aspire; that when the lovely things of earth are all turned to dust and ashes, the spirit, beautiful and immortal, may behold, as with open face, the glory of the Lord.

NOTES ON BIBLE CRITICISM.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

By A. D. TYSSEN.

THE present article is supplemental to an article on the pedigree of Jesus, which appeared in the *Coming Day* for May, 1892, and an article on the fate of Judas, which appeared in the issue of February, 1893. In the former articles we pointed out that the hands of two writers could be traced in the composition of the first gospel, and we called one of these the original compiler, and the other the recensor. We also pointed out that the recensor had not turned to the Old Testament to verify his quotations, but apparently trusted to his memory and made mistakes accordingly, and we also showed that his story of the fate of Judas showed an invention of facts in the New Testament to suit a quotation from the Old Testament, or rather to suit a muddled version of a quotation. We shall find a clearer instance of such an invention if we compare the accounts of the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, which occur in the first two gospels. Here they are:—

MATTHEW XXI.

1. And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and were come to Bethphage, unto the Mount of Olives, then sent Jesus two disciples,

2. Saying unto them, Go into the village against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her; loose them, and bring them unto me.

3. And if any man say aught unto you, ye shall say, The Lord hath need of them, and straightway he will send them.

4. And this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying,

MARK XI.

1. And when they came nigh to Jerusalem, unto Bethphage and Bethany, at the Mount of Olives, he sendeth forth two of his disciples,

2. And said unto them, Go your way into the village over against you, and as soon as ye be entered into it, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat; loose him and bring him.

3. And if any man say unto you, Why do ye this? Say that the Lord hath need of him, and straightway he will send him hither.

4. And they went their way, and found the colt tied by the door without, in a place where two ways meet, and they loose him.

5 Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy king cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass.

6. And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them,

7. And brought the ass and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they set him thereon.

5. And certain of them that stood there said unto them, What do ye, loosing the colt ?

6. And they said unto them even as Jesus had commanded, and they let them go.

7. And they brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their garments on him, and he sat upon him.

Here we observe that the second gospel gives a perfectly natural account of Jesus riding into Jerusalem upon a donkey. The first gospel gives a most ludicrous turn to this story, by representing him as riding upon two donkeys. Of the two versions we unhesitatingly choose that in the second gospel. Nor is there any doubt of the reason for introducing the second donkey into the first gospel. It is to bring the narrative into literal agreement with the text quoted from the Old Testament. The addition of the second donkey certainly says as little for the intelligence of writer as for his honesty. The words in the Old Testament, "An ass and a colt the foal of an ass," are merely two descriptions of a single thing, just as we often hear a negro described as being a man and a brother. This form of speech is indeed so common in poetical pieces that a special name has been invented for it by grammarians. The writer, however, knows nothing of poetical expressions. He finds an ass and a colt in his quotation, and as there is only one of them in the narrative he throws the other in. We have therefore, both in this case and in the story of Judas, an invention of facts in the New Testament to suit a quotation from the Old.

It is also clear that the writer made his quotation from memory, and did not turn to the Old Testament to verify it. He does not give us the name of the prophet to whom he refers, and there are some discrepancies between his quotation and the passage which must be the original of it, namely, Zechariah ix., 9. Let us compare them together.

MATTHEW XXI., 5.

Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy king cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass.

ZECHARIAH IX., 9.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion: shout O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy king cometh unto thee: he is just and having salvation: lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.

The writer has therefore omitted the words meaning, "he is just and having salvation," and has converted, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion, etc.," into "Tell ye the daughter of Zion." The last mentioned expression occurs in Isaiah lxiii., 11, where we find a similar sentiment: "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, behold, thy salvation cometh."

This amalgamation of the two texts is explicable if we suppose that the writer had heard the account of the entry into Jerusalem read in its earlier form, and a comment made upon it referring to both these texts in the Old Testament. And here we may at once remark that the conclusion to which our examination of the first gospel is drawing us is that the gospel in its earlier form was used as the lesson book of some Christian congregation, and that the minister in reading it habitually added comment, referring to passages in the Old Testament, and giving also additional accounts which had come to him orally of the sayings and doings of Jesus, and then, after the minister's death, his successor incorporated into the book from memory the comments which his predecessor was accustomed to make. We may add that Antioch in Syria appears to us to be the most likely locality for this process to have been evolved in.

It is also worth mentioning that the Greek words found in Matthew xxi., 5, are not identical with those found in the Septuagint translation of Zechariah ix., 9, but they are sufficiently alike to show that the words used in Matthew xxi., 5, are not altogether an independent translation from the Hebrew. The variation may be due to an intentional alteration of the rendering of the Hebrew into Greek, or an unintentional change made by the writer, who had heard the passage quoted from the Septuagint, and, recollecting the meaning better than the words, reproduced it in a slightly different form of expression.

Turning again to our text, are we to conclude that the statement made in Matthew xxi., 4, is correct, namely, that Jesus purposely rode into Jerusalem on a donkey with a little ovation on the part of his followers, because he knew of the text, Zechariah ix., 9, and knew that some people regarded it as a prediction of the expected Messiah, and wished to display himself in that character before the people of Jerusalem? We may further compare the expression here used with that found in the birth story in Matthew i., 22.

MATTHEW XXI., 4.

And this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying—

MATTHEW I., 22.

Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying—

This remark will lead us to an examination of the birth stories, and we may say at once that we shall find in them other characteristics of the writer whom we have called the recensor of the gospel, but we must defer our consideration of them for a future number.

THE ULSTER ARGUMENT FOR HOME RULE.

WE have received from a good friend in Ireland a letter which very well reveals the state of mind of many people in Ulster. It tells of Ulster's "profound alarm and dismay" at the prospect of Home Rule: "Men's hearts are literally failing them for fear": if the Bill passes there will be "civil war," and "final ruin of all and everything": after the Bill "the Deluge," and a Deluge that will be "red": Ulstermen will not give in, "they will die first": Gladstone "recklessly plunges a sharp sword into a fast-healing wound," and "on his soul will rest the burden of all the desolated homes, the broken hearts, the ruined lives which will certainly and inevitably follow the passing of the Home Rule Bill": "is the great Empire of England stiffening in death already?": will Englishmen "stand tamely by and see us cast without mercy to the wolves?": "some of the lower classes are casting lots for the houses and properties, and one or two have used ominous threats of wading in Protestant blood."

The writer of this letter will probably not comprehend us when we say that it deepens our desire for Home Rule. It reveals the partly frightful and partly comical hatreds and hysterics of a portion of the Irish people, the pitiable survivals of old bigotries and furious feuds, and it makes clear to us the remedy. These people want dragging out of their wicked old tents, where for generations they have shaken their fists and screamed. They want forcing together and hammering into one people, with the beneficent aid of common duties and responsibilities. The more Ulster screams, the more anxious we are to make it rub noses with Old Bogie, until it finds that Old Bogie is its brother. The more the minority threaten, the more obvious it is that they need the lessons and the discipline of Home Rule. The more they declare they will never meet the majority for consultation concerning the common good, the more clear it is that they must be made to do so. The more they talk of the vast majority of their fellow countrymen as robbers and oppressors, only waiting their chance to perpetrate every infamy, the more certain is it that they need to be put together into a national council chamber, charged with the sacred unifying duty of caring for their common home. The more they protest against coming Catholic tyranny, and then proceed, like cowardly brutes, to kick and beat Catholic fellow workmen, or chase poor Catholic girls from their work, the more are we driven to believe that vulgar hate lies behind their threats, not righteous fear.

In saying this, we should like to be understood. When we say "Ulster" we mean that minority in Ulster which has for at least fifty years been a disturbing element in it. Home Rule once established, there will be surprises, not the least of which will be the emergence of Ulster nationalists who are quietly coming round or biding their time. We venture the prediction that in a few years from the passing of the Home Rule Bill, Belfast will start a movement for transferring to that town the Parliament of which all Ireland will be proud.

SCIENCE AND THE UNSEEN.

The second number of the *Psychical Review*, a very noticeable quarterly, is to hand. It is an American publication, devoted to the study of *Psychical research* subjects. The American *Psychical Society* is very strong, and in a direction where the London *Psychical Research Society* is just a little weak. It is doing courageous work of an experimental kind, and seems to be remarkably successful. An article by Rabbi Schindler, giving an account of some experiments in slate-writing, is most interesting; and the extracts from Professor Wm. James' article in *The Forum*, make us wish to see the whole of it. Professor James is a professor of philosophy at Harvard University; and having made a study of the subject, and specially referring to certain trance experiments, he says:— "Orthodoxy is almost as much a matter of authority in science as in the church. We believe in all sorts of laws of nature which we cannot ourselves understand, merely because men whom we admire and trust vouch for them. If Messrs Helmholtz, Huxley, Pasteur, and Edison were simultaneously to announce themselves as converts to clairvoyance, thought transference, and ghosts, who can doubt that there would be a prompt popular stampede in that direction? . . . Now, it is certain that if the cat ever does jump this way, the cautious methods of the 'S. P. R.' (the London Society for *Psychical Research*) will give it a position of extraordinary influence. The present writer (not wholly insensible to the ill consequences of putting himself on record as a false prophet) must candidly

express his own suspicion that sooner or later the cat *must* jump this way. The special means of his conversion have been the trances of the medium whose case in the '*Proceedings*' was alluded to above. Knowing these trances at first hand, he cannot escape the conclusion that in them the medium's knowledge of facts increases enormously, and in a manner impossible of explanation by any principles of which our existing science takes account. Facts are facts, and the larger includes the less; so these trances doubtless make me the more lenient to the other facts recorded in the '*Proceedings*.' I find myself also suspecting, that the thought-transference experiments, the veridical hallucinations, the crystal-vision yea, even the ghosts, are sorts of thing which with the years will tend to establish themselves. All of us live more or less on some inclined plane of credulity. The plane tips one way in one man, another way in another; and may he whose plane tips in *no* way be the first to cast a stone! But whether the other things establish themselves more and more, or grow less and less probable, the trances I speak of have broken down for my own mind the limits of the admitted order of nature. Science, so far as science denies such exceptional facts, lies prostrate in the dust for me; and the most urgent intellectual need which I feel at present is that science be built up again in a form in which such facts shall have a positive place. Science, like life, feeds on its own decay. New facts burst old rules; then newly divined conceptions bind old and new together into a reconciling law."

A GLIMPSE.

EVERY day something like the following has to be read and written:—

LETTER.

Can you help me? Can you tell me what to read? My head throbs and pains with thinking. I have been to a Primitive Methodist Church, and listened to a sermon on Damnation. How those men preach! Culture none; earnestness awful. You cannot doubt their belief in their religion. But it never

does me any good. It makes me almost blaspheme. Oh! I know not what to write. My belief in a God almost seems to be fleeing away. Christ almost seems a myth, and Hell. My brothers and myself have been brought up in a Christian home, and the very familiarity with religious observances has made us callous. I cannot feel religion. Sir, I have

walked through the streets of London till I have been dazed. I have watched those poor girls in Piccadilly, the Strand and Hyde Park. They tell me Hell is their portion. They live a short life of feverish and hysterical pleasure (?) They die a miserable and terrible death, and then Hell for ever and ever. And the men who first started them on the streets, may, if they believe in Christ, go to Heaven. And for Charles Bradlaugh and John Morley--atheists, both men I almost worship--Hell also. Sir, I would rather go to Hell. Men like that would make Hell worth living in. A kind smile here, or a cheering word there, might make some poor devil's eternity brighter. I wrote to my father some time ago. He answered me kindly, but not to the point, and finished by saying that it was not for a poor finite mind to sit in judgment on an infinite God. But I am not satisfied. My reason for writing to you is that I heard you preach once or twice at Croydon, and you . . . It was almost as if you had divined my thoughts. Will you help me?

REPLY.

It is so long since I have allowed myself to be worried with these theological vampires that I find it a little difficult to understand

how anyone can allow himself to be made unhappy by them. No wonder they make you almost blaspheme. Let them alone: go by, pity, smile, and be thankful that you have done with them. You say you are "callous" and "cannot feel religion." That is a mistake. You do not understand yourself. You have "broken the gates of brass and cut the bars of iron in sunder." You are not "callous," you are indignant, and what you "cannot feel" is not religion, but the old gospel of degrading intimidation. I congratulate you. It is quite evident that you are feeling something, and that very acutely too. In my judgment it is real religion that stirs you, and makes you a rebel against thoughts that dishonour God and degrade man. The statement that such poor creatures as we are have no right to judge what God does or will do, cannot stand. We must judge. How can we believe in God or trust Him if we have no solid ground for doing so? We could not believe and trust a devil, and how are we to distinguish between a devil and our Father if we do not judge; and carefully and closely judge too? Let the howlings of the preachers go by like the howling of the wind in the night. There will be a sweet blue morning.

THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.*

WE wish every teacher of religion could have this remarkable work brought home to him. No more interesting and notable sign of the times has appeared since Bishop Colenso's book: and this, on entirely different lines and on a far greater subject, is really of deeper significance. For a quarter of a century Dr. Caird has had a marked reputation as a calm and cautious but resolute thinker, with enough self-restraint to give all necessary resistance to any rush of radical notions, and yet with sufficient independence to enable him to fully avail himself of every pulse of real light, and every wave of fresh thought. During that time a revolution has occurred in Christendom which has influenced us all, but which has only been marked and estimated by a few. Huge heresies have become mighty truths: and some mighty truths have been absolutely transformed. It is just here that Dr. Caird shews his insight and puts forth his strength, and he will perhaps forgive us if we bluntly say that in his

Gifford lectures he has mightily helped on the rationalisation of "orthodox" Christianity.

Will it be regarded as frivolous or unkind if we say that there is really something amusing as well as interesting in the crumbling down of the old "vital truths," such as the infallibility of the Bible and the Deity of Christ? These "vital truths" are still devoutly insisted upon, and yet there is not a single really modern man who stands by them just as they were. The old phrases are preserved, or rather, manipulated; but the doctrines are rationalised beyond all recognition, and we must say that it is delightful to see the admission and the proof of this coming from a Scotch University. But Dr. Caird is only one among many brethren in this attempt to free religion from superstition, to set forth what eighteen hundred years have done for Christianity, and to show how all our creeds and trusts must be brought within the sphere, and be subject to the influences, of that which in science we know as Evolution.

* The evolution of religion. The Gifford Lectures, 1890-1 and 1892-3. By Edward Caird, L.L.D., D.C.L. 2 vols. Glasgow: J. Maclehose and Sons.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH—We see with pleasure that the *Evangelischer Gemeindebote* has a thoughtful notice of *Our Father's Church*, in which it very concisely sums up *The Ideal* as comprising "the recognition of God as our Father whom we must serve, and all men as our brothers whom we must love; and that the human family is in a condition of progressive evolution, whose end is the establishing of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, with the prospect of a blessed hereafter." It says that "this Church will especially benefit those who now abstain from entering any of the ordinary sects, and that it might bring together the disunited and scattered religious bodies." It is indeed a great Ideal, and, even though its outright adherents may not be numerous, the very uplifting of the testimony is a divine object-lesson to the world.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS.—One of the delightful things at Chicago will be a series of Congresses, attended by representatives from all nations. Two of these, on *Psychical Science* and the *Science of Religion*, will be intensely interesting. Of this last, a Chicago paper says:—"Next September will be held in this city the 'parliament of religion,' a great international religious council, the object of which will be to compare and discuss the differing views of distinguished representatives of all the great religious faiths of the world. The sole pre-requisite is a belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, whether his especial apostle be called Gautama, Mohammed, Moses, or Christ. Favourable replies to the invitations sent out have been received from all quarters of the globe, and eminent teachers of Moslemism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism and Buddhism, as well as celebrated Catholic prelates and Protestant and Jewish divines will take part in the proceedings. The coming parliament should tend to break down the barriers that have hitherto separated the great divisions of the human family which hold in common the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Whatever else may be the result of the projected gathering, it is likely to quicken the spirit of toleration and remove mutual prejudices."

A SURVIVAL.—The use of the word "providential" is a very good instance of a survival. In days gone by, nearly everybody believed in the interferences of the Almighty, who, in fact, like some huge arbitrator, umpire, or Bow Street magistrate, sat and decreed every event. Then the word "providential" had full force and meaning. Now, however, the word is, for the most part, used by the newspaper reporters as a kind of expletive or big adjective, in paragraphs concerning a child just saved from being run over, or a fire getting put in the nick of time, or a doctor being in the omnibus when a man fell off the top, or rain coming just when the peas were at the last gasp. The word has taken another turn to the left, and a rather funny one. Lohmann, unfortunately, is unable to play for Surrey this season, but Lockwood has turned out well as his successor, and this is how a certain sporting-column writer puts it:—"He will be a tower of strength to Surrey, and under present circumstances it is provident that a man who can bowl has been discovered by last year's champions." "Provident" is lovely. This is at once sweating a word and peeling a meaning.

KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS.—Whatever opinions may be entertained as to the circumstances in which we find these words recorded, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks," they are sufficiently significant to touch life closely for all time, and the truth of them is proved every day. The circumstances which snatch from our grasp the thing we most prize, or hinder our attainment of that for which we have strained every nerve, are some of the pricks against which many feet are constantly being lacerated, and our all-loving, all-wise Father, as He regards these martyrs to the anxiety of hope, or the stress of disappointment, says, as would an earthly parent to the child which bruised itself against the locked door, behind which was a coveted but forbidden toy, "It is hard for thee." We often forget or try to ignore the fact, that though our ambitions may be laudable in themselves, all things may not be equal to their realisation by us, at least, not now. It may be that we only have to wait,

or it may be that we are struggling after the impossible. In either case submission is the lesson we must learn, and then will follow the wisdom which only comes of such experience.

E. A. H.

WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?—The London School Board is doing a vast amount of harm, and some good, by its fooling concerning the question of teaching what it calls "Religion." Liberal Nonconformists, like Dr. Clifford, who are protesting against the teaching of a full-blown and very defined theology, are being beautifully caught. They have advocated something they called "unsectarian," and so gave themselves away, and have no logical reply to those who say that "unsectarian" means anything or nothing, and that the Board ought to know what is being taught, and to do the thing thoroughly. Both sides are demonstrating

that the only way out is excluding a subject which ought never to have been included. Some of the questionings at the Board meetings have been delightful. Lord Halifax and others went to the Board to petition for a full-blooded "Christian" theology in the schools. "What is a Christian child?" asked Mr. Bowie. "A Christian child is the child of Christian parents," was the astonishingly queer reply. But Mr. Hill, a supporter of Lord Halifax, did even better. Said Mr. Bowie, "How do you know that a Unitarian is not a Christian?" "I do not say that," said Mr. Hill. "What I say is that if he is baptised he is a Christian, and he cannot help himself." Between them, the people who sit in the seat of the scoffers will have the best of it—more's the pity—and yet good will come out of this shaking of the old bags of chaff.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"Spirit guided or reunited by the dead." By E. W. Wallis. Manchester: E. W. Wallis. (1s.) A pleasant and altogether wholesome story, of which the author says, "It has this merit, that the spiritual experiences here recorded are facts which have occurred in my own life, or those of persons with whom I have been acquainted."

"Christianity and the Roman Empire." By W. E. Addis, M.A. London: Sunday School Association, Essex Hall. (3s. 6d.) A most tempting subject. He who could tell the story of the partnership indicated by the title of this book could go far towards giving a full explanation of the difference between the Sermon on the Mount and the Athanasian Creed. The table of contents is itself a monument of industry and a work of art. Its eight chapters, forty-five sections, and some hundred and fifty sub-sections and appendices look formidable, but they supply a very useful ground-plan of the work. The fact that this very interesting narrative is published by a Sunday School Association should not be taken as an indication that it is but a young people's book. It may be made that by a wise teacher, but it is a book which multitudes of

persons who are thought to be "educated" might read with very considerable profit; and there are even bishops and canons and deans whose eyes it might open.

"As it is to be." By Cora Linn Daniels. Franklin, Mass., U.S.: C. L. Daniels. The writer of this book tells a story as to its production which almost goes beyond the wonder-world of Mr. Stead. She calmly says that it was spoken to her. She was only questioner, the rest came from "the Voice." As may be imagined, the subject is life in the Unseen; and, whether truth or fiction, the hints and descriptions are always in fine taste, and often singularly thoughtful and beautiful. We do not by any means give in to the claim—if such be made—that this book is, just as it stands, a revelation from the spirit-world; neither will we breathe or pen a syllable of denial. Sufficient unto the day is the wonder thereof. But we do say that in this book there are heights and depths of thought and feeling which the greatest conventional preachers fall short of. The book is daintily produced, and contains several noticeable illustrations.

"The Rise of Christendom." By Edwin Johnson, M.A. London: Kegan, Paul, &c. (14s.) A sharp, strong, nineteenth century book, some of whose conclusions may suggest suspense of judgment rather than quick approval; but never dull and never anything but vivid, with keen criticism and bold thinking. The author has a trick of being almost scornfully positive, as when he says, "Christianism is the system of a corporation; it is the theory of the primitive monks. No other primitive Christians are to be ascertained." But, as he gives what he would

call his proofs, everyone can judge for himself. If only for the output of the author's industrious rummaging in out-of-the-way corners, his book is both interesting and valuable. If he does not prove his proposition that the Christian Church was founded by men whose "misdeeds" can only be excused because their's was a time "when violence alone prevailed on the earth," he has, at all events, laid down before us a basket of good things well worth turning over; and that is about as much as anyone can hope to do in these upsetting days.

NOTES ON IRELAND.

POOR IRELAND!—Some of our readers send expostulations respecting our Irish notes.—though others have blest and praised us. An extract from one reply may suffice: "Life is too short for explanations. Home Rule is for me a department of religion. The late glimpse of Belfast devilry is only a glimpse. The foolish and wicked spirit of it all I have long watched, and I am convinced that the cure is to make these wretched factions sit together to legislate for the common good. *The Coming Day* has never advocated a better bit of practical religion. Home Rule, truly understood, means unity and peace, and, when the lesson has been learnt, unity and peace will come."

BELFAST'S TERROR—It is not only the "loyal" rebels who seem to be alarmed. Here are Belfast Unitarians who fear to be known as Home-rulers. A number of them, including ten ministers, sent a memorial to Mr. Gladstone, in favour of his policy, but begged that their names should be kept secret! Another indication of Belfast's beautiful love of liberty! In his reply, Mr. Gladstone says, "There is much comfort in observing such a manifestation of enlightened opinion amidst the sea of violence and intolerance which seems to rage in Belfast. I shall be careful to give no indication, if I should refer to this gratifying document, which can associate it with particular persons." We may as well tell Mr. Gladstone that not only in Belfast are ministers who are Home-rulers exposed

to terrorism and loss. The penalty has not only been feared but paid in England; and in ways that would astonish some people if they were made known.

MR. GLADSTONE AS OLD BOGEY.—We have lately received from Mr. Voysey a circular headed "A Warning!" Mr. Voysey's name is printed as the writer of it, and we believe it is not a cruel joke. We need do no more than quote one paragraph and portions of two others.

"Mr. Gladstone is endeavouring to restore and make paramount the authority of the Roman Catholic Church all over these realms."

"Mr. Gladstone and all his allies hate Protestantism and freedom of thought with a perfect hatred; and this is the reason and the motive of all his public action."

"Our very liberties are at stake."

Comment is unnecessary beyond the remark that the enemies of Home Rule seem to have entirely escaped from the sobering touch of humour. There is a form of hysterics which only makes one smile.

THE USES OF THE HORSE-FLY.—The *Westminster Gazette*, in describing Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's style of debate, says: "Mr. Chamberlain's policy all through was that of the horse-fly on a jaded horse. Watch him: how skilfully he flies from sore to sore, how he avoids all the sound places, and carefully settles wherever his pausing may irritate and

annoy! So Mr. Chamberlain." This may be true, and we are afraid it is, but all things have their uses, even political horse-flies. Home Rule is a serious experiment, and a Home Rule bill must needs be drawn a good deal in the dark. It is eminently necessary to know all the sore places. Hence the uses of the horse-fly. But don't let us call its operations statesmanship.

CLERICAL FIREBRANDS.—Forty years ago, certain excited preachers in Belfast were at the bottom of all the trouble between the Orange gang and the Catholics. They banged the "Protestant" drum, slanged the Pope, excited the militant streak that lies ready in every Irishman, for good or evil,

and organised rowdyism into a religion. It is the same to-day. Immediately after the late disgraceful assaults upon Catholic work-people, Dr. Kane issued a manifesto to the cowardly rioters, the upshot of which was "not yet." When "the hoary British Philistine" (Mr. Gladstone) gets his Bill passed, he said, then look out for the signal, and let "every man over sixteen prepare himself to battle for faith and freedom." "Faith and freedom" is Orange cant for *bigotry and rebellion*. Dr. Kane must mind what he is about. The like of him have had a long innings in Ireland. Such firebrands are dangerous, and, under a Home Rule Government, he may find that if he is a Kane somebody else holds the stick.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

LOYAL GUSH.—We shall have to bear up as well as we can, but this extract from Mr. Alfred Austin's poem in *The Standard* is nearly too much;—

English Bridegroom, English Bride,
Prolongers of the regal line
That welds in one that Empire wide,
Whose bulwark is the bristling brine,
Happy be your fruitful years
In what gladdens and endears,
Happy, but majestic too:
For, though Love betrothes you, must
Sovereign duty nuptial you.
Yours will be a sacred trust;
Not with pleasure, pomp, nor pride,
Must you parley, but abide
In austerity, august,
Ingloriously wise, impersonally just!"

And this man is a candidate for the laureate-ship.

ECONOMY AND COMPULSION.—A thoughtful friend writes:—"On page 58, *re* 'Early Narration of Genesis,' by H. E. Ryle, one reads the reflection: 'It is a notable landmark, shewing how far trusted men have had to go in the direction of Colenso.' 'Had to go,' my dear sir? You misconceive the position. Hosts

of us have been wishing to go so far and further for the last twenty years. The question has all along been how far it is wise to go, out of consideration for others. I don't mean merely the feelings of others, but their actual well-being. Suppose, for instance, that I were to get up and deny bluntly the entire system of blood-theology which is at the root of three-fourths of our English religion; I should be doing a vast deal of damage, because people are not ripe for it. These matters require great thought. You are hardly aware, I fancy, of the state of opinion among the more advanced section of the Church, nor how long we have been waiting for the season to arrive for spreading such light as we have. But the hour is at hand." This remonstrance establishes the soundness of our reflection. Our sensitive and economical Broad Church friends, for one reason and another, have been considering "how far it is wise to go" and have been "long waiting." Precisely, but there comes a time when they say "necessity is laid upon" us, or when longer hesitation is impossible, and they "have to go" with the stream. That is exactly what we said. They have not hesitated because they did not know and were not convinced, but they hesitated, and at last they were compelled;—by others or by the stream.

EMERSON DAY BY DAY.

*Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply—*

*'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.—*

SACRIFICE.

1.—**SOCIETY** everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs. Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist.—*Self-Reliance*

2.—**A MAN** should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages.—*Self-Reliance*

3.—**THE** relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps.—*Self-Reliance.*

4.—**SEE** what strong intellects dare not yet hear God Himself, unless He speak the phraseology of I know not what, David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives.—*Self-Reliance.*

5.—**WE** form no guess, at the time of receiving a thought, of its comparative value.—*Spiritual Laws.*

6.—**GOD** screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream.—*Spiritual Laws.*

7.—**AS** men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect. They say with those foolish Israelites, "Let not God speak to us lest we die." "Speak thou, speak any man with us, and we will obey." Everywhere I am hindered of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple-doors, and recites fables merely of his brother's or his brother's brother's God.—*Compensation.*

8.—**PRAYER** as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft.—*Compensation.*

9.—**CAUSE** and effect, the chancellors of God—*Compensation.*

10.—**OUR** young people are diseased with the theological problems of original sin, origin of evil predestination, and the like. These

never presented a practical difficulty to any man, never darkened across any man's road who did not go out of his way to seek them. They are the soul's mumps and measles and whooping coughs, and those who have not caught them cannot describe their health, or prescribe a cure. A simple mind will not know these enemies.—*Spiritual Laws.*

11.—**EVERY** violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but is a stab at the health of human society.—*Prudence.*

12.—**ALL** goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function like the power of memory of calculation of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will; is the background of our being in which they lie, an immensity not possessed, and that cannot be possessed. From within, or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all. When it breathes through his intellect it is genius; when it breathes through his will it is virtue; when it flows through his affection it is love.—*The Oversoul.*

13.—**IT** is not an arbitrary "decree of God," but in the nature of man, that a veil shuts down on the facts of to-morrow; for the soul will not have us read any other cipher than that of cause and effect.—*The Oversoul.*

14.—**PEOPLE** wish to be settled; only as far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them.—*Circles.*

15.—**EVERY** ship is a romantic object, except that we sail in. Embark, and the romance quits our vessel, and hangs on every other sail in the horizon—*Experience.*

- 16.—THE years teach much which the days never know.—*Experience*.
- 17.—WE think our civilisation near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star.—*Politics*.
- 18.—NOTHING shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth. There is no pure lie, no pure malignity in nature. The entertainment of the proposition of depravity is the last profligacy and profanation. There is no scepticism, no atheism but that.—*New England Reformers*.
- 19.—OF what use is genius if the organ is too convex or too concave, and cannot find a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life?—*Experience*.
- 20.—IT is so wonderful to our neurologists that a man can see without his eyes that it does not occur to them that it is just as wonderful that he should see with them, and that is ever the difference between the wise and the unwise—the latter wonders at what is unusual, the wise man wonders at the usual.—*New England Reformers*.
- 21.—O MY brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the centre of nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe.—*Spiritual Laws*.
- 22.—No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eye is the object.—*Spiritual Laws*.
- 23.—IT is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Self-Reliance*.
- 24.—NATURE and books belong to the eyes that see them. It depends on the mood of the man whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem.—*Experience*.
- 25.—WE are as much gainers by finding a new property in the old earth as by acquiring a new planet.—*Uses of Great Men*.
- 26.—EVERYTHING must be taken genially, and we must be at the top of our condition to understand anything rightly.—*Swedenborg*.
- 27.—WE may climb into the thin and cold realm of pure geometry and lifeless science, or sink into that of sensation. Between these extremes is the equator of life, of thought, of spirit, of poetry,—a narrow belt.—*Experience*.
- 28.—WITH each new mind a new secret of nature transpires, nor can the Bible be closed until the last great man is born.—*Uses of Great Men*.
- 29.—THE secrets of life are not shewn except to sympathy and likeness.—*Montaigne*.
- 30.—THE secret of heaven is kept from age to age. No imprudent, no sociable angel ever dropped an early syllable to answer the longings of saints, the fears of mortals.—*Swedenborg*.

GIVE ALL TO LOVE.

Give all to love :
Obey thy heart ;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good fame,
Plans, credit, and the muse :
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master ;
Let it have scope :
Follow it utterly ;
Hope beyond hope.
High and more high,
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,

Untold intent :
But 'tis a god,
Knows its own path,
And the outlets of the sky

'Tis not for the mean,
It requirith courage stout,
Souls above doubt,
Valour unbending :
Such 'twill reward.
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

EMERSON.