

The Coming Day.

AUGUST, 1893.

THE HUMAN OCTAVE.

SPOKEN AT CROYDON.

"Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest of Midian; and he led the flock to the back of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."—EXODUS III., 1, 2.

And the angel of the Lord appeared unto

UNTIL lately, there was only one alternative with regard to a story like this—to fall back on miracle, or to deny. Fortunately for us, the time has now come to explain; and the explanation comes through the valuable discovery of our ignorance. We are now sufficiently advanced to know how little we know—a great point! We are, naturally, exceedingly proud of our mighty scientific advances: but the greatest advance of all is this discovery of our ignorance and of the limitations of the senses. We are like a race of beings born in a vast cavern, who have found out how to make torches and light them. Our main business now is to explore. Perhaps we may find the entrance to the cave.

But, even as to these limited senses, we know not at all what they really are. We only know that they deceive us at every turn. What we call colour, for instance, has no corresponding reality outside of the eye and brain. There is no such thing as colour apart from sensation: only vibrations which we translate as, or into, colour: and the senses only respond to a few of these vibrations. In a sense, every bush burns with fire, just as every shell does, or every blade of grass; just as every crystal does, or the human hand; but we are limited and dull, and do not see all there is to be seen. There is never any colour until there is an eye to see it. We who sit here now can see, for instance, these blue and white flowers and these green fronds of ferns, but when we go away and shut the doors and there is no one here to see, there will be no blue and white and green; only vibrations that will appeal to space

in vain. If only one came in again to see, all the beauty would re-appear - but in the translating eyes and brain, not in the flowers. Every one of us here may know these things well, but I am convinced they are very far from having their full influence over us, so ingrained in us is the old notion as to the adequacy of the senses to reveal all that Nature is and all that Nature has to show. So let me recall to you the familiar exposition of the phenomena of colour and sound as given by Mr. Tyndall (always firmly grasping the fact that sights and sounds are, in a sense, illusions, and that "things are not what they seem.") "Colour," says Mr. Tyndall, "is determined by length of light wave, and consequent frequency of repetition on the optic nerve." That is to say, the sight of blue or yellow or red or violet is not the sight of objects that are really blue or yellow or red or violet, but the sight in a special state of agitation produced by vibrations or waves of light. If these waves are short and quick, you see one colour; if they are long and slower, you see another colour. When you see violet, for instance, there is nothing in the object at all resembling violet; but what happens is that you are receiving from the object six hundred and ninety-nine millions of millions of shocks per second; and so tiny are these waves which spell violet that about 57,500 would make a thread of waves an inch long.

Now our range is very limited. There are colours we cannot see, though they are before our eyes; or, to speak more accurately, there are waves of light so short and swift that no ordinary eye in its ordinary condition can translate them. "Beyond the violet we have rays of too high a pitch to be visible," says Mr Tyndall, "and beyond the red we have rays of too low a pitch to be visible. The phenomena of light are in this case paralleled by those of sound. If it did not involve a contradiction, we might say that there are musical sounds of too high a pitch to be heard; and also sounds of too low a pitch to be heard. Speaking strictly, there are waves transmitted through the air from vibrating bodies which, although they strike upon the ear in regular recurrence, are incompetent to excite the sensation of a musical note." The human creature carries about with him, as it were, a kind of key-board, and that is his range. Very naturally, he is apt to think that his poor little key-board embraces all the music there is; but what a delusion that is! Huxley, describing the movements of the fluid which courses through the hairs of the common stinging nettle, says, "The wonderful silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dulness of our hearing. Could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned as with the roar of a great city." That is not a venture of scientific audacity or a bit of poetic sentimentality; it is a sober fact. If the human ear were differently constructed (and adequately constructed), what we call the stillness of a wood on a summer evening would be a roar - say like the roar of the traffic before the Royal Exchange at mid-day. It is only a question of one's range. Sir

John Lubbock deliberately says, "The universe is probably full of sounds which we cannot perceive."

I am not talking medieval nonsense then, but sober modern science, when I say that this church might be full of the music of angels and we not hear it, just as it might be full of their bright presences and we not see them. You hear my poor earth-born voice because your key-board's earth-born range can respond to it. Alter that range—add to the octaves—and again and again extend the range, and you, you sitting there, might hear, not me at all, but the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." Mr. Huxley would, perhaps, be one of the last men to believe in its happening; but ask him whether it is scientifically coherent and conceivable. He could not deny it.

Go back to Mr. Tyndall. He finely says, "Were our organs sharp enough to see the motions of the air through which an agreeable voice is passing, we might see stamped upon that air the conditions of motion on which the sweetness of the voice depends." Think of it! If you could see the lovely curves and shapes of the waves of sound, when the voice is musical and sings in tune, you might see the music, and even find it more exquisite than that which the ear reports as sound. At this very instant, this church is filled with millions upon millions of tiny waves of air produced by my poor voice. You do not see the waves, but some of them impinge upon your instruments of hearing, and you translate these waves into sounds. So with sight. Two-thirds of the light-rays around us fail to rouse in the eye the sense of vision. "The rays exist," says Mr. Tyndall, "but the visual organ requisite for their translation into light does not exist." So, for us, two-thirds of the light around us is as though it were not; and yet, "from this region of darkness and mystery which surrounds us, rays may now be darting which require but the development of proper intellectual organs to translate them into knowledge, as far surpassing ours as ours surpasses that of the wallowing reptiles which once held possession of the planet." And that is from a man who hates everything that bears any resemblance to superstition, and who is supposed to be a materialist!

Take another step into this inner world. Not only are we surrounded by countless myriads of rays of light and colour whose value we never perceive, but it is a scientific fact that every object has its own aura or emanation a shell, a sea wave, a lock of hair, a blade of grass, a human hand, a magnet, a grain of sand, a drop of dew, a drop of blood. What you see is only the core, or perhaps the husk of it. The wondrous flashing aura, fire, or soul of it you see not. You see a rose two inches long, and you say, "How beautiful it is!" What if you could see the lovely lake of fragrance in which it lies, a little sea of exquisite beauty, with myriads of colour waves!

A few years ago, a laborious and patient German lover of science discovered that certain persons had the power to actually see the emanations from material objects which transcend the range of our ordinary key-board; and, strange to say, he found that these subtile auras were only visible in the dark. These visible emanations or auras proceeded from potent centres—such as magnets, crystals, minerals, and the human body; and by hundreds of persons they were seen.

It is now an axiom of science that one body cannot act upon another at a distance without affecting every atom on the way and on the same plane. It follows that the magnet with its power of attraction, or the rose with its fragrance, must act upon every particle lying between itself and the object attracted or the person regaled. Think what that would mean to one who had eyes to see. Now the curious thing is that centuries before this was science it was said to be experience. For centuries the witness has been borne that here and there one had inner or finer senses open to see the glory of the Lord beyond the ordinary ken of man,—the radiant bush, the ministering angel, the heavenly vision. The Bible is full of it, and I for one am no longer able to put it all down to delusion or romance. The bush that burned with fire, then, was not necessarily a bush under new conditions, but there may have been an observer of it whose vision was, for the moment, under new conditions, or whose normal vision had an abnormal range. What Moses saw any of us might see in a hundred Surrey lanes this heavenly June, if our eyes were tuned to the subtile splendour. If our senses were adequate to the scene, a hawthorn bush in flower would be an object of such magnificence that the little we have been used to see would seem coarse and poor. The lane would be filled with a vibrating river of flashing light and colour. The myriad waves of odour might be beheld as radiant waves of gold. Every garden would outrival Paradise, and every orchard be an Eden that never shone in even a poet's dream. There would be a new heaven and a new earth, as John said; and Surrey might be heaven.

That is not rhapsody, it is science. It is not old-world illusion, it is nineteenth-century fact; and I say it is the function—the special function—of the religious teacher, to sit at the feet of these scientific masters in Israel, and to carry away rich spoils from this region of science for his own sphere of religious faith and hope. Am I then going beyond my right and my duty when I push home these splendid suggestions, and find just what I want in the glorious new world opened to us beyond the range of these poor senses—to find there the possibility of the things to which the great Paul referred when he said, “The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal”? In other words, the dust and ashes that now are ours—defining both our possessions and our limits—will one day fail us. From us they will crumble, or we must crumble from them; but the subtile realities

which produced them, and for a time fed them, will remain—the boundless oceans of energy and vitality of which now we know nothing—being only like the children of an earlier day who gathered shells on the shore, while beyond the seas and beyond the stars new worlds waited to be won. Yes, let Huxley and Paul, Tyndall and John, sit together in these “heavenly places,” and make the glorious circle of revelation complete. I confess it, I was never so tired of the infatuation of the unbeliever’s denials, the insolence of his assertion, “It cannot be.” We know nothing as it is, not even the secret of the denier’s power to say such a thing as that “it cannot be.” We know nothing so surely as our ignorance and insignificance; and we ought to know that nothing becomes us so well as faith and hope and love. The possibilities are boundless. Why not give the glorious possibilities the benefit of the doubt? The world that is seen is greater than we know. What must the unseen be? We only know that there is room for our most lavish faith, for our most enchanting hope. No dream of spirit-life was ever half so glorious as that which our knowledge now allows us. No faith in angel-presences was ever half so vivid as that which science must now at least condone. That fine religious thinker who lately bade us believe that fathers and mothers and dear children “‘dead and gone,’ were only just beyond the line of the visible,” no longer indulged in mere rhapsody. He stood on the rock of science.

This is the gospel for our day, in the presence of which old creeds and dogmas seem but as dust and ashes. Believing this, we might make a new world of it. The common streets, the fields, the clouds, the roaring city, the burdens and those who carry them, the ceaseless, dim, inexorable struggle, the bed of sickness, the still, silent clay, might all receive a new and deep significance. The way may be rough, the stress of battle may weigh us down, the night may be dark, and mists may part us from some who made it for us a blessed thing to be. As we press on, the old force fails, the old vision grows dim; presently, we shall fall in the path unconscious, but not alone. We are waited for, they are looking for us; they will see us, will come to us, will care for us; and, when we wake, it will be only to be at home; and we shall learn that in the old life, though we did not know it and could not see it, we were in the midst of the paradise of God.

PAUL'S LETTER TO THE GALATIANS.

BY J. PAGE HOPPS.

PAUL'S letter to the Galatians is a most interesting and important one. It is saturated with Paul, with his originality, his independence, his fervour, his dash and devotion. The Galatians were, of course, Gentiles, a medley of Greeks and Gauls, who had settled in Asia Minor, far away from the influence of the original Christians at Jerusalem, who, in many respects, were, ceremonially and in tone, Jews still. Paul from the first took an original course. His gospel came to him by vision, rhapsody, "revelation." His Christ was not so much the fleshly Jesus as the Christ whom Jesus had revealed; the Christ in every one of us; the Christ which bears witness that we are children of God. (ROMANS VIII., 15-17.)

To the Galatians he took this gospel, his version of the Christian faith, and he had evidently told them of its personal relation to himself apart from the official Christians at Jerusalem. He was listened-to, and some received his gospel. But judaising objectors or proselyters came in and caused trouble, and Paul's work in the assemblies he had established well-nigh fell to pieces. Hence his eager anxiety, his protestations as to his independence of the officials at Jerusalem, and yet his nervous appeals to them.

The curious lightning-flashes thrown upon the relationship between Paul and these official persons ("pillars!") at Jerusalem, and upon Paul's remarkable outburst against Peter, are in the highest degree interesting and important. They show the Christian Church in the making, and reflect light upon every early-Christian subject. Almost every word is enlightening and most precious, and, for half a dozen more glimpses such as those given by his account of his going to see "the pillars," and of his upbraiding of Peter, we could well afford to part with seven-eighths of all his theology and nine-tenths of his arguments in the whole of his letters. The same with Peter. For twenty lines from him, giving his side of the fight with Paul, who would not gladly surrender his two "Epistles"? Paul wished, as far as possible, to turn his back upon "the Law," upon circumcision and the ceremonialism of "the Jews' religion"; and he probably wished this all the more because he had been a fervid Jew, and his vivid nature made a strong reaction inevitable. With him it seemed to be all or none. His centre of gravity had changed; and Christ for him became, not a reformer of Judaism, but the revealer of the secret of the human race. He sharply contrasted *law* and *faith*. Law was external, pitiless, impossible in its demands, but a useful drill-sergeant: Faith

was internal, persuasive, ever-possible, personal. Law was dead and tended to death: Faith was life and led on to life. "The Jews' religion," with its circumcision and ceremonialism, represented the one, Jesus Christ revealed the other.

From this point of view, the letter, as a whole, though often fanciful enough, is perfectly clear, and of the highest value.

The following new translation is somewhat unconventional and modern in tone, but it is offered as being both more direct and more alive than even the revised version.

Paul, an apostle (not from men nor through any man, but through Jesus Christ and God the Father, who raised him from the dead) and all the brethren who are with me, unto the assemblies of Galatia.

Grace to you, and peace, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ who gave up himself because of our sins, that he might deliver us from this sinful time, according to the will of our God and Father, whose is the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

I marvel that ye are so soon falling away from him who called you in the grace of Christ, unto a strange gospel which is not a gospel; only there are some who make trouble and who would fain upset the gospel of Christ.

But I say this,—Though we or an angel from heaven should preach unto you a gospel different from the first, let him be as an outcast, and, as I once said to you, if there is one who is now preaching to you a gospel different from that ye received, let that one be as an outcast.

Am I now courting men or God? Am I seeking to please men? If I went on pleasing men, I could not be the slave of Christ.

I tell you, brethren, as regards the gospel which was preached by me, that it is not man's gospel. I did not receive it from man: I was not taught it by man, but by a revelation from Jesus Christ. For ye heard how I lived in past times in the Jews' religion; how eager I was in persecuting God's assembly, how I made havoc of it, and how I advanced in the Jews' religion beyond many of mine own age among my countrymen, being most zealous

for the traditions of my fathers. But, when it was the good pleasure of God (who, from before my birth, set me apart and called me through his grace) to reveal sonship and his son in me, that I might preach him among the Gentiles, I conferred with no one, neither did I go to Jerusalem to those who were apostles before me, but I at once went to Arabia, and afterwards I returned to Damascus; and then, after three years, I went up to Jerusalem that I might become acquainted with Peter, and I lived with him for fifteen days. But I saw none of the other apostles, except James, the Lord's brother. As to this, and as I stand before God, I do not lie.

Then I went into the regions of Syria and Cilicia; and I was still personally unknown unto the Christian assemblies of Judea; only they had heard of me that he who once persecuted us now preaches the faith which he once tried to destroy; and they glorified God because of me.

Then, in fourteen years, I went again to Jerusalem with Barnabas and Titus; and I went by revelation. And there I laid before the apostles the gospel which I preach among the Gentiles, but privately before the leaders, lest by any means my striving should all be in vain, though not even Titus, who was a Greek, was compelled to be circumcised, because of the false brethren who had come in secretly to spy out our liberty which we had in Christ Jesus, that they might bring us into bondage; to whom we did not subject ourselves, no, not for an hour, that the truth of the gospel might continue with you.*

* This distress of anxiety and striving and spying and attempted restraint all turned upon the old Jewish rite of circumcision, from which many Christians, even at head-quarters, were not free! Paul was the reforming emancipator.

And, as for those who are thought to be so important (and what they are makes no difference to me—God makes no distinctions), I can only say that I owe them nothing; on the contrary, when they saw that I had been entrusted with the gospel of the uncircumcision, as Peter had been with that of the circumcision (for he who wrought in me for the one, wrought in him for the other), and when they perceived the grace that had been given to me, then James and Peter and John (regarded as pillars,) gave to me and Barnabas the right hands of fellowship, that we should go to the Gentiles, and they to the circumcision; only stipulating that we should remember the poor—which, indeed, I was always zealous to do.

And yet, after all, when Peter came to Antioch, I had to resist him to his face, as he stood condemned. For before the time when certain persons came from James, he was in the habit of eating with the Gentiles, but, when they came, he drew back and isolated himself, fearing those who were of the circumcision. And the rest of the Jews who were with him played the hypocrite also, so much so that even Barnabas was carried away with their hypocrisy. But when I saw that they were not upright according to gospel truth, I said to Peter before them all, If you, being a Jew, are accustomed to live as do the Gentiles and not as a Jew, how can you bring pressure to bear upon the Gentiles to live as do the Jews? We who are naturally Jews, and not "Gentile sinners," know that a man is not justified by ceremonial works of law, but by Jesus Christ's faith. Even we believed on Christ Jesus that we might be justified by his faith and not by ceremonial works of law (for by these no one can be justified). But if, while we maintain that we are justified in Christ, we ourselves were also found to be sinners,* is Christ a promoter of sin? God forbid! for, if one builds up again the things he has pulled down,† he himself makes himself a transgressor. Through law I died to law, that I might live to God.

I have been crucified with Christ; and it is not I that now live, but Christ who lives in

me; and the life that I live in the flesh I live in the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me. I do not make void the grace of God: but, if righteousness comes through law, then Christ died for nought.

O foolish Gauls! who bewitched you,—you, before whose eyes the crucified Jesus Christ had been displayed? This only would I ask you,—Did ye receive spiritual gifts through ceremonial works of law or through faith's message? Are ye indeed so foolish as to begin in spirit and end in flesh? Did ye suffer so much in vain?—if, indeed, it be in vain.

He who gave the spirit to you, and works wonders in you, does he this by ceremonial works of law or by faith's message? Even as in the case of Abraham who believed God and it was counted as righteousness;‡ Know then that they who live from faith, the same are Abraham's sons. And the scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the Gentiles from faith, preached the gospel beforehand unto Abraham, saying, "In thee shall all the Gentiles be blessed." So then, they who live from faith are blessed with faithful Abraham; for they who live from the ceremonial works of law are under a curse, as it is written, "Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."

Now it is evident that no one is justified, in the sight of God, from law; for "the just shall live from faith," and law is not from faith, but "he that doeth them shall live in them." Christ redeemed us from the law's curse, and became a curse for our help, as it is written, "Cursed is every one who hangs upon a tree;" so that upon the Gentiles might come the blessing of Abraham in Christ Jesus, that we might receive the fulfilment of the spirit's promise from faith.

Brethren, I put it on human grounds. If it were only a man's covenant, yet, when it has been confirmed, no one makes it void or adds to it. Now to Abraham and to his seed were the promises spoken. He saith not, And to seeds, as of many, but as of one, "And to thy seed," which is Christ. §

* By joining the "Gentile sinners" in their neglect of the ceremonial works of law.

† In first living as a Gentile and then harking back to Jewish ceremonial isolation.

‡ Because faith in God is the true living root of all righteousness.

§ An altogether fanciful argument to us, but very real to Paul and Old Testament Christians.

Clearly then, a covenant confirmed beforehand by God, the law, which came four hundred and thirty years after, doth not disannul, so as to make the promise of none effect: for if the inheritance is from law, it is not from promise, but God freely gave it to Abraham by promise.

What then is the law? It was interposed because of transgressions, till the children should come for whom the promise had been made (and it was set forth through angels by the hand of a mediator, and a mediator is not from one, but God is one).* Is the law, then, against the promises of God? God forbid! for if there had been a law set forth which could have given vitality, righteousness would have been from law, but the Scripture hath imprisoned everything under sin, that the promise from Jesus Christ's faith might be given to them that have faith.

Before faith came, we were in custody under law, imprisoned until the time of the faith afterward to be revealed: so that the law was our caretaker for Christ, that we might be justified from faith. But now that faith is come, we are no longer under a caretaker: for, in Christ Jesus, ye are all sons of God through faith, and as many of you as were baptised into Christ put on Christ. There can be neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free

no male and female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus. If ye are Christ's, ye are Abraham's seed, heirs according to promise.

Of course, so long as the heir is a child, he differs nothing from a bondservant, though he is lord of all, but he is under guardians and stewards until the term appointed by the father. So with us. When we were children, we were held in bondage under the world's elementary things, but when the fulness of the time came, God sent forth his son, born of a woman, born under law that he might redeem them who were under law, so that we might receive the privileges of sons. And because ye are sons, God sent forth the spirit of his son into our hearts, crying, "Father, father!" So that you are no longer a bondservant, but a son, and, if a son, then an heir through God.

But at that time, not having found God, ye were in bondage to those which are not really gods, but now that ye have found God—or rather, have been found by God,—how come ye to be turning back to the weak and poverty-stricken elementary things; to which ye seem to want to be once more in bondage? Ye keep as sacred, days and months, and seasons and years. I fear for you, lest by any means I have bestowed labour upon you in vain.

(To be concluded next month).

THOMAS PAINE.

HAVING been told that all my ideas about Thomas Paine were erroneous, and that there was in his writings more of which I should approve than disapprove, I promised to procure and read his works, and then give my opinion of him.

I have just read the life of Paine by Moncure Conway, with a sketch of Paine by William Cobbett; also I have read Paine's work, "The Age of Reason." I am astonished to find how very wrong all my ideas were. All the stories told to me in my young days of his being a bad, immoral man, ignorant and a disbeliever in God, were falsehoods set about by those whose interest was to keep the truth from the people, and repeated by others who were too idle or too indifferent to think or to investigate for themselves.

* Whatever may be the full meaning of this puzzling fragment, the general drift is clear,—the Jewish law, interposed for a time and for a purpose, does not set aside the larger promise. God is one; and in His passing interpositions, He still abides by His far-reaching promises.

Paine having been educated as a Quaker, disapproved of priests or clergy of any kind, believing in "the inner light." He was a most devout believer in God, seeing manifestations of His love, power, and goodness in the works and forces of Nature. His creed was, "I believe in God, and love and serve mankind as the only way in which I can serve my God." He admired the character and the teaching of Christ, but did not believe him to be God. Whatever cause he took up he entered into with enthusiasm, and often, in his writings, expresses himself more strongly than is quite agreeable to nineteenth century ears, but we ought not to judge men and women of the past by the standard of our time. I think Paine makes this mistake in judging the writers and editors of the books forming our Bible, which makes him not quite just when speaking of their morality and motives of action.

Paine was a century in advance of his contemporaries, being in thought and knowledge nearer to the ablest men of the present time, and held views not unlike "The Higher Criticism" we hear so much about just now regarding the Bible, especially the Old Testament, but persecution followed the publication of the first part of "The Age of Reason," and when he wrote the second part in a French prison, expecting death hourly, seeing all his friends led, one after another, to the guillotine, his spirit had become embittered, and personal feeling warped his judgment. Who can be surprised that it should be so? America, for whose liberty he had toiled and written, deserted him in a most shameful manner. France imprisoned him for trying to save the life of her king, and the English persecuted him in the name of Christianity, spreading falsehood to blacken his character, and hinder him in every good work. To gain political and religious freedom for all mankind was the aim of all his writings, and to this end he devoted his life.

It was the theological dogmas of the Church which he denounced, and which it is strange he did not see were not Christianity at all, nor formed any part of Christ's teaching. He forgets, too, that the men who wrote or edited the books of the Bible were men of Eastern race, whose habit of thought and expression was poetical or symbolical, therefore their words must not be taken too literally. The forgetting this has led to much error in all ages among western nations. Also, in reading the Scriptures, it should be remembered that most Eastern races are spiritualists, consequently the Bible is full of spiritualism, from the first book to the last; angels or spirits come in the form of men; hands are seen writing on walls; spirit-voices call a child from his sleep and give him a message to deliver; a medium calls up the spirit of a dead prophet to converse with a king. The New Testament begins with an address given by an angel to a woman, and ends with one from an angel to a man, and all through it men dream, hear voices, and see visions.

Paine knew nothing of evolution. If that later revelation had come to him, many things would have been explained to him, and his feelings would

have been softened towards men and things of the past. It would have taught him that all past history is but a picture of the development of the mind of man socially, politically, and religiously—that man is still in the process of being made, trained, and educated to become something far higher and more noble than anything he has as yet attained to.

What he will be ultimately his Creator alone knows, but we are sure that the men and women of 2,000 years hence will be as different from the men of this nineteenth century as we are from the earliest inhabitants of the British Isles. Man has not fallen from a state of purity and goodness, but is slowly and surely climbing up towards it. Most of the reforms we have made during the last fifty years—social, political, and religious—have been more or less on the lines advocated by Paine. Had he been listened to, the first act of the United States would have been the liberation of the slaves. If Paine, in the spirit-world, has seen what has taken place amongst us, he must have said, like Akbar, in Tennyson's beautiful poem, "All praise to Alla, by whatever hands my mission be accomplished!"

I have read also the Bishop of Landaff's answers to Paine's "Age or Reason," and am amazed at the ignorance and narrow-mindedness of good men of those days, and often felt inclined to exclaim, "What! art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" He gives no answer to the main point, nor does he attempt to prove the truth of Christianity; never points out the result of its introduction to the world, nor the power of the life of Christ to win men's hearts to long for the beauty of holiness.

Paine, through all his trials and troubles, never lost his faith and trust in God, and said, in his last illness, that he believed in the immortality of the soul, though he knew nothing of the life after death; still, he could without fear trust his Creator, and this not because of the God-like conduct of men calling themselves "sons of God," but in spite of their ungodlikeness, which drove him to think Christianity a superstitious sham, and even to doubt whether Christ had ever lived. Sad it is to think that those who profess to be, and ought to be, the light of the world, are, by their intolerance and attempts to crush and enslave God's gift of Reason, the prolific source of infidelity and atheism!

To pray, to do according to the prayer,
 Are both to worship Alla, but the prayers
 That have no successors in deed, are faint
 And pale in Alla's eyes, fair mothers they,
 Dying in child-birth of dead sons.

M.

NOTES ON IRELAND.

It is matter for congratulation that the queer provision relating to the voting of the Irish members at Westminster, under the Home Rule Bill, will be dropped. There is something to say in favour of an Irish Republic, and a great deal to say in favour of keeping Irish members in Ireland, but there seems nothing to be said in favour of keeping the Irish at Westminster to vote on Imperial matters only. In facing the only alternative, politicians on both sides need to take to heart an elementary fact concerning government as now understood, and no one needs so much to do that as the separatist who calls himself a "Unionist," and who says, "If we give you power to attend to Irish business, you must not come here to interfere with ours." The healthy Unionist view is that government is the transaction of national business for the nation's good, not merely the exercise of power. If this were understood and acted upon, Home Rule would present few difficulties, for it is the regarding government as the exercise of authority and the domineering of dominant classes that makes trouble.

Government to-day is purely a matter of business, and the successful method of doing business everywhere is division of labour. If, then, we set up a Legislature in Ireland for

Irish business, we do so as a thriving bank might set up a branch there, with its own customers, its own methods, and its own staff, "all racy of the soil." The parallel is not exact, but it is sufficiently near to show the childishness of the separatism which says, "If we put upon you the duty of looking after our and your affairs in Ireland, you shall not be permitted to take counsel with us concerning your and our affairs at home." The Empire is one; the business is the same; the only question is—How best to get the business done?

PRICES IN IRELAND.—On and shortly after the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, a great deal was made of the fall in the prices of Irish stocks and shares, as showing that the Ireland which had anything to lose was genuinely alarmed at the outlook. There never was anything in it; but already the hollowiness of the sham panic is revealed. It is now the fact that Bank of Ireland stock lately touched the highest point since Christmas. In other words, as the Home Rule Bill made progress the value of Bank stock went up!

NOTES BY THE WAY.

PORTRAIT.—A large (permanent) portrait of Mr. J. Page Hopps (12 by 10 inches) can now be had. Mr. Cornille, The Pavement, South Norwood, London, will send it, well packed, to any address in any part of the world, for three shillings (*post free*).

HYMN BOOKS.—During the past ten years enormous progress has been made in hymn book making for Nonconformists. We say "for Nonconformists" because the Established Church clings strongly to that dreadful book called "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and the last thing that the average churchman or

churchwoman does is to really think about what is "said or sung." But, for all that, sad survivals exist. Even a Presbyterian journal lately groaned out its discontent:—"We do not think," it said, "that God cares much what those ferocious psalm-singers do, except that He views them with a kind of paternal amusement. They really think they are glorifying God; and we have no doubt He takes the will for the deed, and that they will have their reward the same as if they were not so zealously absurd." The honest truth is that we need an altogether new kind of hymn book.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"The imitation of Buddha: quotations from Buddhist literature for each day in the year." Compiled by Ernest M. Bowden. With preface by Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. London: Methuen and Co. Of this pleasant and somewhat dainty little book, Sir Edwin Arnold says that the extracts here given, from very various Buddhistic sources, chiefly set forth the ever-pervading tenderness of the great Asiatic teacher. The design of the book is palpably ethical. It is a book to live by. Much of it is so simple that one is inclined to ask: "Need this be really said?" but all of it is limpidly pure, humanly tender, and morally good. One of the specialities of the book is its bias of sympathy with what we call "the lower animals."

"I awoke." Conditions of life on the other side." London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Another of the books that serve as a sign of the times. Here is what the editor says of it:—"It will hardly be necessary to explain to any reader what is meant by 'automatic writing,' but, as the *modus operandi* differs slightly with different people, it may be well to state precisely how this book was written. Three friends, who had been receiving messages by this means on various subjects for some time, were told that they could have a connected account of the life on the other side—as far as such could be put into words—if they sat together occasionally for that purpose. They accordingly met at various times and places—indoors or in the open air—always in broad daylight. One of them, taking paper and pencil, would write rapidly for about twenty minutes without looking at the paper, and with no knowledge at the time of what was written. At the next sitting the thread would be taken up exactly where it had been dropped, no matter how long a time had elapsed between the sittings. The book is presented exactly as it was received. It has needed no correction, and, with the exception of the title page, no word has been added, the

headings, quotations, &c., all being given in the same way. There have been various methods of explaining this automatic or unconscious writing; but those to whom these messages have come believe that the simplest and most reasonable explanation is, that these communications come, as they profess to do, from those who once dwelt here, but have now passed over into the Unseen." It would be quite absurd for anyone to accept as accurate all that comes in this way, and perhaps one of the best uses of books like this is to make an end of the old notion that everything which comes from the unseen must be true. But we can truly say that there is here much that is beautiful, wholesome, and well deserving attention.

"McQuaker trust lectures." Second series. By Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A., J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., and John Page Hopps. London: British and Foreign Unitarian Association. The three subjects are "Old and new conceptions of the structure and chronology of the Old Testament"; "The Jesus of the gospels and the Jesus of History," and "Incarnations of God." These lectures were given in the university cities of Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. The lectures are well printed on solid paper and nicely bound, but the rugged edges, however fashionable in some quarters, are disagreeable.

"Five prophets of to-day." By E. E. Hale, W. H. Lyon, and C. G. Ames. Boston (U.S.). J. S. Smith & Co. The five prophets are George William Curtis, John Greenleaf Whittier, Samuel Longfellow, Joseph Ernest Renan, and Alfred Tennyson, a somewhat odd conjunction to English readers, many of whom would say, "And who were George William Curtis and Samuel Longfellow?" They were two of America's finest minds, the one in literature and practical affairs and the other as teacher and poet. These slight sketches are pleasant as stray wafts of the new-mown hay—brief, subtle, sweet.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

A SENSIBLE SPIRIT.—A certain medium says:—"I have had an important communication from Prince Albert and Princess Alice. They are anxious that Her Majesty should place a sum of not less than £2,000,000 in a great diffusive 'Homes Scheme,' for decayed, helpless, poor old men and women, and an extra million for endowment. Could I obtain an interview with the Queen or the Prince of Wales, I could detail the items of this great scheme." We do not know about Prince Albert and Princess Alice, but somebody is about with conscience and commonsense. We are afraid, however, that the suggested interview with the Queen or the Prince of Wales is about as unlikely as the uncovering of the millions.

RATIONAL EDUCATION.—At Miss Clark's Cromer School a new department has been arranged. Miss Harthorpe will conduct classes for physical training on Ling's Swedish system, including gymnastics, dancing, fencing, swimming, and wood carving. There is no better air in England than at Cromer, and we question whether there is anywhere a more rational school.

THE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION has passed and is endeavouring to press home the following resolution:—"That the teaching of the theological doctrines commonly known as orthodox—such as those of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Fall of Man, and the Atonement—in public elementary schools managed by Boards representing all sections of the community, supported by public rates and exercising compulsory powers, is a violation of the principles of religious equality, whether it is done by direct resolution, or under the assumption that such doctrines are 'Christian' or 'Unsectarian'; or under the instruction that such explanations of the principles of morality and religion should be given 'as are suited to the capacities of children.'" This resolution explicitly suggests that theological doctrines not orthodox might properly be taught in Board schools, and we are afraid

that some Unitarians deliberately mean that. The truth is that Nonconformists, orthodox or otherwise, are responsible for the present trouble. The attempt to take into the Board schools "religious instruction" as a distinct subject logically leads to all the evils against which they now protest. The only solution is the one we advocated thirty years ago. Confine the work of public schools to "secular" subjects.

A LETTER TO A CHILD—A letter to a child, by Mr. J. Page Hopps, on "What do I believe?" is now ready, as a companion to the letters on "What is religion?" and "What is it to be a Christian?" The letters are in pretty coloured covers: one penny each. The three letters will be sent post free for three penny stamps from Oak Tree House, South Norwood Hill, London.

DEATH A DELUSION.—The new work by Mr. Page Hopps, "Death a delusion," is now ready. It tells the story of his "personal experiences on the borderland between sense and soul" during 25 years, and deals with the reasons for and against belief in what is known as "Spiritualism." The book can be had from any bookseller, on giving the name of the London publishers, Messrs. Sonnenschein and Co., or it will be sent direct from Oak Tree House, South Norwood Hill, London, on receipt of one shilling.

"PROVIDENCE" AGAIN.—A writer in *The Echo* has been cured of stuttering, "under Providence." Up to the age of 20 he "stuttered terribly," then he took to reading aloud every night to his aged grandmother; and that is how he was cured. We can understand that steady, persistent reading aloud (especially if with goodwill and in kindness to an old woman) would cure stuttering, but we cannot understand the statement, "it was, I believe (under Providence), the means of overcoming this painful habit." We know the phrase is common, but what does it mean?

"SHALL I GO TO CHURCH?"—We are often asked this question by rational Christians, who live in small country places, and who, while shrinking from separation from their fellow creatures, shrink also from seeming to believe in the creeds. A short time ago our advice took the form of an alternative:—If you go you may help the liberal side; if you refrain you may lose influence, and yet you may do good by your protest. The presentation of the alternative, led the

inquirer to decide to go. Here is a glimpse of the result. "Our curate told the young people who were just confirmed that if anyone laughed at them for going to church they were to answer: 'Yes, we are going to church and you are going to Hell.' I tell you this as a specimen of the kind of teaching we get." We are almost of opinion that our friend ought to risk it, and go, if necessary, to hell.

EMERSON DAY BY DAY.

*Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And, through the priest, the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,*

*In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost,—*

THE PROBLEM.

1.—The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation.—*Power.*

2.—A just thinker will allow full swing to his scepticism. I dip my pen into the blackest ink because I am not afraid of falling into my inkpot.—*Worship.*

3.—Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.—*Considerations by the Way.*

4.—A symbol always stimulates the intellect, therefore is poetry ever the best reading.—*Poetry and Imagination.*

5.—A man's action is only a picture-book of his creed. He does after what he believes.—*Poetry and Imagination.*

6.—A man who has that presence of mind which can bring to him on the instant all he knows is worth for action a dozen men, who know as much, but can only bring it to light slowly.—*Power.*

7.—The cure for false theology is mother-wit. Forget your books and traditions, and

obey your moral perceptions at this hour.—*Worship.*

8.—Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—*Social Aims.*

9.—It is very certain that sincere and happy conversation doubles our powers, that, in the effort to unfold our thought to a friend, we make it clearer to ourselves.—*Social Aims.*

10.—There is no such critic and beggar as this terrible soul. No historical person begins to content us.—*Success.*

11.—Men talk of "mere morality," which is much as if one should say, "Poor God, with nobody to help Him."—*Worship.*

12.—To make our word or act sublime we must make it real.—*Worship.*

13.—As cloud on cloud, as snow on snow, as the bird on the air and the planet rests on space in its flight, so do nations of men and their institutions rest on thoughts.—*Perpetual Forces.*

- 14.—The man must be capitalist. Will he spend his income or will he invest? His body and every organ is under the same law. His body is a jar, in which the liquor of life is stored. Will he spend for pleasure? The way to ruin is short and facile. Will he not spend but hoard for power? It passes through the sacred fermentations, by that law of nature whereby everything climbs to higher platforms, and bodily vigour becomes mental and moral vigour. The bread he eats is first strength and animal spirits; it becomes, in higher laboratories, imagery and thought; and, in still higher results, courage and endurance. This is the right compound interest; this is capital doubled, quadrupled, and centripled, man raised to his highest power. The true thrift is always to spend on the higher plane; to invest, and invest with keener avarice, that he may spend in spiritual creation, and not in augmenting animal existence.—*Wealth.*
- 15.—We cannot overstate our debt to the past, but the moment has the supreme claim. The Past is for us; but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the Present.—*Quotation and Originality.*
- 16.—To all that can be said of the preponderance of the past, the simple word Genius is a sufficient reply. The divine resides in the new. The divine never quotes but is and creates.—*Quotation and Originality.*
- 17.—'Tis always hard to go beyond your public. If they are satisfied with cheap performance you will not easily arrive at better. If they know what is good and require it, you will aspire and burn until you achieve it.—*Progress of Culture.*
- 18.—Use what language you will, you can never say anything but what you are.—*Worship.*
- 19.—The foundation of culture, as of character, is at last the moral sentiment.—*Quotation and Originality.*
- 20.—I don't know but we take as much delight in finding the right place for an old observation as in a new thought.—*Inspiration.*
- 21.—Only that is poetry which cleanses and mans me.—*Inspiration.*
- 22.—Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world.—*Quotation and Originality.*
- 23.—Every book is good to read which sets the reader in a working mood. The deep book, no matter how remote the subject, helps us best.—*Inspiration.*
- 24.—A man of thought is willing to die, willing to live, I suppose because he has seen the thread on which the beads are strung, and perceived that it reaches up and down, existing quite independently of the present illusions.—*Immortality.*
- 25.—Ignorant people confound reverence for the intuitions with egotism.—*Immortality.*
- 26.—Bad kings and governors help us, if only they are bad enough.—*Quotation and Originality.*
- 27.—There are thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls; we are not the less drawn to them. The moth flies into the flame of the lamp, and Swedenborg must solve the problem; that hunt him, though he be crazed or killed.—*Inspiration.*
- 28.—A great integrity makes us immortal; an admiration, a deep love, a strong will arms us above fear. It makes a day memorable. We say we lived years in that hour.—*Immortality.*
- 29.—Culture is all that which gives the mind possession of its own powers.—*Aspects of Culture.*
- 30.—How ill agrees this majestic immortality of our religion with the frivolous population! Will you build magnificently for mice? Will you offer empires to such as cannot set a house or private affairs in order? Here are people who cannot dispose of day; an hour hangs heavy on their hands, and will you offer them rolling ages without end?—*Immortality.*
- 31.—PARTS of speech are metaphors, because the whole of nature is a metaphor of the human mind. The laws of moral nature answer to those of matter as face to face in a glass.—*Nature*