

The Coming Day.

OCTOBER, 1894.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE ATONEMENT.

(SPOKEN AT CROYDON).

MR. GLADSTONE has followed up his article on heresy and schism by another on the much more vital subject of the Atonement—"much more vital" because that doctrine always has been and is the one essential doctrine of modern Christendom. To that the first place has always been given on the personal side, and rightly, for the assertion is that our personal salvation entirely turns upon it.

We need not concern ourselves with the curious peg on which Mr. Gladstone chose to hang his dissertation—a book by Mrs. Besant; but, in fairness to her, it ought to be said that Mr. Gladstone entirely slips away from her contention. Mrs. Besant had said that the doctrine of the Atonement, as she heard it explained in her early days, was unjust and immoral, and Mr. Gladstone answers her by denying that view of the doctrine of the Atonement, and then thinks he has refuted her! He has not refuted her. He has entirely declined the issue, for the Atonement which Mrs. Besant said was unjust and immoral is not the Atonement Mr. Gladstone defends, and the upshot of the matter is that Mr. Gladstone utterly surrenders what Mrs. Besant assailed. It is this that interests us, and to this I invite attention.

What was the doctrine of the Atonement which Mrs. Besant assailed? It was the doctrine which was the universal orthodoxy of twenty years ago, and which, if not the universal orthodoxy now, is vanishing only because modern civilisation is killing it, and, so far as Mr. Gladstone is concerned, it is entirely killed, for his view of the Atonement, or "at-one-ment" as he calls it, is the view which Channing taught and Martineau holds,—the view which, in effect, is preached in every Unitarian chapel in the land. The old doctrine was based upon the theory that Jesus Christ paid the sinner's debt, that the "price of our pardon" (it was the favourite phrase) was "his precious blood," and that his sufferings and his "merits" were both imputed to the saved

sinner. It was further based, on the Calvinistic side, upon the theory that only an elect number were predestined and chosen to be thus bought off from the penalties of hell.

Mr. Gladstone gives it up. At the end of his article he bluntly repudiates it. He goes up to the old Calvinistic theory of the Atonement, and simply knocks it down, as immoral and as a defamation of God. He says: "We have been told at times of the indiscriminating grace of God, which saves or consigns to damnation according to mere choice or pleasure, and irrespectively of anything in the person whose destinies are to be so controlled, so that, of two persons exactly alike in point of service or offence, one is to be rescued and the other lost. The meaning of this would be that the sovereign pleasure of God did not move upon lines parallel to those of the moral law." This he repudiates, and, choosing one of the preachers of it, does what he can to put him in the pillory. But, twenty years ago, it was the famous doctrine of Evangelicalism. And now here is Mr. Gladstone not only repudiating it, but saying: "We will welcome aid from Mrs. Besant or anyone else which recalls us from rashness to vigilance and care"—he had much better have said which recalls us from pagan error to Christian truth. I am strongly inclined to think that Mr. Gladstone is himself guilty of heresy, if not of schism.

Then, in his concluding paragraph, he says: "The great sacrifice of Calvary does not undermine or enfeeble but illuminates and sustains the moral law," and so "the third proposition of Mrs. Besant is naught." But Mrs. Besant's third proposition is not "naught." It is the old doctrine which is "naught," and if the moral law is vindicated by Mr. Gladstone, it is only because he has painted a picture of the Atonement to suit himself and the rest of English rationalists, which Mrs. Besant herself could, in the main, accept.

What, then, has Mr. Gladstone put in the place of the old accepted doctrine of the Atonement? Put briefly and in essence, it is this: that Jesus Christ came into a world of disorder and sin in order to bring it to harmony and goodness, and that he did this by positively introducing into the world a saving because purifying power, the whole process being absolutely natural and moral, or, as I would prefer to say, spiritual.

But Mr. Gladstone shall speak for himself. I will simply gather from his dissertation as much as is necessary in order to give a fair and connected setting forth of the substance of his revised version of the doctrine of the Atonement.

The "sinner," that is to say, man, taken generally, is liable to penalty for sin ingrained and sin committed.

The Son of God, liable to no penalty, submits Himself to a destiny of suffering and shame.

By His life and death of suffering and shame, men are relievable, and have, upon acceptance of the Gospel, and continuance therein, been actually relieved from the penalties to which they were liable.

As sin entails suffering, and as Another has

enabled the sinner to put all penal suffering away, and, in effecting this, and for the purpose of effecting it, has Himself suffered, this surely is, in the full sense of the term, a vicarious suffering, an atonement, at-one-

ment, vicariously brought about by the intervention of an innocent person.

This is mystery but not injustice; does not involve the idea of injustice, and is not liable to the charge.

This scheme of the Atonement Mr. Gladstone sets forth in another way, and at greater length. Again I quote his words :

We are born into the world in a condition in which our nature has been depressed or distorted or impaired by sin, and we partake by inheritance this ingrained fault of our race.

This fault of nature has not abolished freedom of the will, but it has caused a bias towards the wrong.

The laws of our nature make its excellence recoverable by Divine discipline and self-denial, if the will be duly directed to the proper use of these instruments of recovery.

A Redeemer comes into the world, and at the cost of great suffering establishes in His own person a type, a matrix so to speak, for humanity raised to its absolute perfection.

He also promulgates a creed or scheme of highly influential truths, and founds therewith a system of institutions and means of grace, whereby men may be recast, as it were, in that matrix or mould which He has provided, and united one by one with His own perfect humanity.

Under the exercising forces of life, their destiny is to grow more and more into this likeness. He works in us and by us, not figuratively but literally. Christ, if we answer to His grace, is, as St. Paul said, formed in us. By a discipline of life, based on the constitutive principle of our being, He brings us nearer to Himself; that which we have first learned as lesson distils itself into habit and character; it becomes part of our composition, and gradually, through Christ, ever neutralising and reversing our evil bias, renews our nature in His own image.

We have here laid down for us, as it would seem, the essentials of a moral redemption; of relief from evil as well as pain. Man is brought back from sin to righteousness by a holy training.

This appears to be a system purely and absolutely ethical in its basis. Such vicarious suffering, thus viewed, implies no disparagement, even in the smallest particulars, to the justice and righteousness of God.

This, with the omission of a few words which, though important in other directions, do not touch the description of what happens in relation to the Atonement, is a clear and connected statement of a natural process of what we may call salvation by inspiration and improvement. Every step is natural and in conformity with the laws of human life. The wonderful influence of Jesus Christ saves by communication of spiritual life and power. He produces a mould or matrix which gives new form to this now degraded type; he promulgates precious truths, and starts in the world highly remediable "institutions and means of grace."

All this is perfectly reasonable; but all this is not the old doctrine at all, which, at the best, only contemplated the improvement of the self as a sort of secondary result, the main thing being the satisfaction of the wrath of God and the averting of a threatened doom by a scheme which did not include the sinner at all except as profiting by a transaction between the three persons of the Trinity.

But now the important thing to note is that the mode of operation of salvation by Christ is precisely the mode of operation of salvation by any one who inspires and teaches. Jesus Christ's saving influence is, of course, more wide-spread and potent, but it works in the same way as the influence of every good man or woman; and the sufferings of Christ are only sufferings met with in the fulfilling of his mission. They are not properly expiatory. His blood avails nothing as blood. No price was paid to God. Mr. Gladstone fully admits all this, and expressly says that this way of salvation by Christ was no "innovation in God's scheme of government." "What is here enacted on a gigantic scale in the kingdom of grace, only repeats a phenomenon with which we are perfectly familiar in the natural and social order of the world, where the good, at the expense of pain endured by them, procure benefits for the unworthy."

This is delightful. We are indeed "perfectly familiar" with vicarious suffering if this is what it means,—if what we daily see "in the natural and social order of the world," "where the good, at the expense of pain endured by them, procure benefits for the unworthy," is what we are to see in the case of the sufferings of Jesus Christ. Then is he, indeed, "one among many brethren," and there is no difficulty in the case. Nay, but we may even go so far as to agree that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from sin" in Mr. Gladstone's sense—that the sufferings and death of this glorious being were endured as a necessary part of his undertaking as one of the greatest leaders and uplifters of the world, whose divine heroism and self-sacrifice shame our cowardice, reprove our self-love, and break down our sin.

Again and again Mr. Gladstone presses this upon us. Pardon itself, he says, must not for a moment be "severed from a moral process of renovation"; it also has for its object "the abatement of spiritual disease." So, then, the Atonement "has its foundations deeply laid in the moral order of the world, and is an all-powerful instrument for the promotion of righteousness." That is to say, the Atonement was and is a restoring force, working naturally through the human faculties, and saving by cleansing, enlightening, remoulding. Who doubts it here? Personally, I have believed and taught it for thirty years and more, and have always been assured that it was a fearful heresy, endangering my salvation if, indeed, it did not ensure my damnation. I am glad I have lived long enough to find myself in the company of this superb believer.

Assuredly, a thing is not so because Mr. Gladstone says it; but in the realm of theological ideas, it is a sign of the times that so conservative a theologian has made such a good journey to the rationalist's Promised Land.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

LESSONS FOR THE DAY.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MORE than 2,500 years ago, before there was any England, or when what is now England was not much more than a waste-howling wilderness, there were, in Palestine, thoughtful and anxious mothers and fathers who could talk like this:—"My son, if thy heart be wise, my heart shall rejoice, even mine. Hearken unto thy father, and despise not thy mother when she is old. Hear thou, my son, and be wise, and guide thy heart in the way. Buy the truth, and sell it not; buy wisdom, and instruction, and understanding. The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice, and he that hath a wise child shall have joy of him. Thy father and thy mother will be glad. My child, give me thy heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways."

How delightful it is to think of it,—that, in all ages, the human heart is the same, that a father's carefulness, a mother's loving anxiety, 2,500 years ago, were just the same then as now. The tender sayings just quoted might have been written or spoken yesterday anywhere. What is the secret? Fashions change, politics vary, dogmas die, mighty empires rise and fall, but love and goodness abide for ever the same.

The choice kernel of the sayings just quoted is that tender little appeal, "My child, give me thy heart." How much is in that! By "heart" the Hebrew meant affection or will, or, perhaps, thoughtfulness, and we so use the word when we say, "Do it with all your heart," or "Put your heart into it." Everywhere that makes all the difference. It is what every good teacher says: "My child, give me thy heart;" not the words of the book only, and mere parrot repetition, but heart willingness and desire. It is what all work says, A shrewd saying declares that if you would jump a ditch you must first throw your heart over. It is true. The very bit of garden ground says it:—"Turn me over, love me, break up the solid masses, take out stones and weeds, delight in the very smell of the fresh-turned earth; in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

Above all, the home says it: "My child, give me thy heart." Home is for love, not only for eating and sleeping in. Obedience is necessary, but, O! how much more precious is willingness! Even in such a simple act as shutting the door when you are told, mother and father wants your heart. Don't slam it, or do it with a grunt; put your heart into it, and do it with goodwill and love. Done roughly, you still might say: "Well, did I not do it?" "Ah, yes!" the sorrowful mother or father might say, "but not so, my child; I want not only your compliance but your heart." This is the home's great want: not fine rooms and splendid pictures, and all that money can buy, but that which can only come from the inner self,—that which can make us brothers and sisters in more than name, turn the lowliest dwelling-place into a haven of rest and consolation, and make a house a home.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN OF PRAISE.*

VERSES from Mr. Gill's hymns have been found very useful in a few churches of a certain spiritual type. There is hardly one of his hymns that could be comfortably used in its entirety. He is at once one of the strongest and one of the weakest of sacred song writers. Some of his verses are hardly to be matched for nobleness of thought and movement: others are bewilderingly thin and halting. Who does not remember the fine and forceful outflow of song in such verses as

By Thy truth, how faintly spoken!
By Thy will, how slackly done!
By each idol still unbroken,
By each spirit still unwon;
Hear us! hear us!
Our Almighty, help us on!

Make our own a nobler story
Than was ever writ before!
Stay not them! show forth Thy glory
In our aftercomers more!
Everlasting!
Further grace incessant pour!

Remembering this of old, we open the book at random, and take the very first verse that comes by chance, Here it is:—

Lord! Thou delightest most
In Thine own glory bright:
Thou may'st abide full sweetly
In thine exceeding might:

No straitness Thee compelleth
Forth from Thy joy to come;
With Thee all fulness dwelleth:
The Lord may stay at home.

What poor, very poor, jingle this is! And we are sorry to say there is much more like it. No man more needs revising than Mr. Gill, and therefore, of course, no man is more vehement in declaring, as he does in his preface, that no one must alter a word.

It is a great pity. He might contribute, or might be helped to contribute, more than any other man of this generation to the effective hymnology of the church. As it is, his preserves are of extremely little use to the churches. We have very considerable sympathy with Mr. Gill in what he says about the alteration of hymns, but his stolid attitude will not do. If his doctrine of perfection, that nothing must be altered, had prevailed, some of our best hymns would never have appeared. We will give the first instance that occurs to us. Here is a hymn by George Herbert, as it appears in the latest book of hymns:—

Sweet day! so clear, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.
Sweet rose! in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie;
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
For thou must die.
Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
It cannot die.

Here is the hymn as George Herbert wrote it:—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses, A box where sweets compacted lie, My musick shows ye have your closes, And all must die.	Only a sweet and vertuous soul, Like seasoned timber, never gives; But though the whole world turn to coal, Then chiefly lives.
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We will leave even Mr. Gill to judge whether natural selection and development between them have not done well for us as to that hymn. Mr. Gill would be the first to join with us in our very deep admiration and reverence for George Herbert as a master; but then, surely, if George Herbert could be helped, so also might he.

But all this is rather beside the mark, though we have been led on to make these remarks partly because of Mr. Gill's preface. The book is, in any case, an interesting one: all the more because it is probably the last of its kind in England.

* "The golden chain of praise." Hymns by T. H. Gill, second edition, greatly enlarged.
London: Hodder and Stoughton.

HOLIDAY GLIMPSES.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ALPS.

SEEN anyhow, the Swiss Alps are exciting, beautiful, surprising, and perhaps they are never rightly known until we feel their icy breath and crunch their mobile snows: and yet, in a peculiar sense, "Distance lends enchantment to the view." It is the panorama of the Alps, in the right light and under the right sky, that yields the æsthetic charm of pure romance. The grace, the bewitching variety with such tender unity, the subtle tender changes of light and colour, the hundred miles of fascinating sky line, the beautiful blending of chasms and peaks and crests and glaciers at such different distances, all tell a story and present a picture no nearer knowledge can give.

Near to these huge masses, one sees them only singly, and even their heights are not surprising. One is told that this mountain is eight or ten thousand feet high, but it is not realised; in fact, there is a fallacy behind the statement. We are already up two, three, or four thousand feet, and the absence of foreground prevents comparison. The idea of height is obtained only when one sees the whole chain from a distance, with their surrounding hills rising like mighty shoulders, hill beyond hill, until the silvery mass crowns all.

On a lucky day, the glimpse, and more than a glimpse, almost immediately after emerging from the Bötzenegg Tunnel (on the line between Basle and Zurich), revealing the splendid range from the Jungfrau to Titlis, should by no means be missed. It is, of course, on the right hand side of the line. But the right picture, in all its strange beauty, is seen from the Uetliberg (about 3,000 feet), easily reached in half an hour from Zurich by a cleverly and gently graded railway, at a charge of less than two shillings.

The hotel at the summit, with its charming grounds, its mighty outlooks over Zurich, the Alps and the Jura, its cunning points of view, its lavish verandahs, is a thoroughly restful home as well as a perfect tower of observation.

It had been long wet and dirty, but, for two days, the blue sky, sun, and wholesome air had been making ready for us, and here now is this heaven of beauty, all clear and crisp and clean. Not too bright; with a delicious suggestion of haze, but not a peak absent; and shining silver, with a film of gold, to the topmost inch of these six, ten, twelve, fourteen thousand feet. The handsome Jungfrau and the Silberhorn as clear as glass in the orange silvery light. Far away, the eccentric Diablalets, the Schreckhorn, Wetterhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Eiger with its bold crest, Titlis and its monstrous chasm, revealing the depths of its huge snow-cap, the exquisite Breithorn, the nearer hills of the Rigi and Pilatus—every one in due array, and shining, glowing, and blushing by turns in the slowly setting sun. Never five minutes the same. Now the Jungfrau and her Silberhorn smiled and shone, and suddenly the light caught Titlis, or the distant Blümlisalp, or the whole mass of Eiger and its neighbours. Thanks to the slightly clouded and hazy sky, we got this enchanting interchange of tender splendour and variety until, bit by bit, the hazy sun slowly left the mountains in dusk, tip by tip parting with the subdued splendour, kissed one by one with that gracious glow, the Jungfrau last, and then all white; and, for another hour, beautiful and soft and pure, gradually fading away into the night.

But the great revelation came with the morning, between four and five. Sunrise? No, something better than what is usually called sunrise—a day-dawn with rich streams and bands of haze and colour and cloud, and the blue and lilac sky manifestly behind. On the horizon, deep orange, saffron and brown, here and there a peak tinged with rose or amber fire: another and another, gently, softly falling in, then presently the whole of the giant mass beyond Pilatus - all rosy as with a far-off fire. Everything is reversed. The illuminated parts of last night are now either not seen or are in shadow. It is the other side of peak or crag or crest or chasm that is now reflecting the colour and light. Every moment, fresh colours,—bright rose, tender saffron, silver grey, gold, and everywhere the exquisite purple haze. The last thing you can think of is rock or ice or snow. There is no substance in it; it is but light and haze and colour and dream. The illumined parts are in the heavens; one does not see the links that bind them down to earth.

Then the foreground. On this height where we stand, a fringe of bright green trees, suddenly dipping to a deep valley more than a thousand feet below, with rising woods on either side crowned with a wooded ridge. Then a long reach of valleys and low hills, for miles and miles, most tender in the fine haze; then the lower mountains, soft purple and grey and green and brown, again for miles, a great sight in itself; but then, beyond all, the gold and rose and silver hovering in the air—the mighty romance in its delicious consummation.

Within an hour it was all over. The multitude of "heaven-kissing" peaks and crags betrayed their earthly origin again. The sun revealed too much. The amazing illusion was over, and, though beautiful beyond all telling, we see once more the Alps. But still, nothing like rock or ice or snow—but soft, delicate, subtile, exquisite—not of earth at all, but the bright spirits of the mighty hills that bear them up, and lift them from earth to heaven.

JUSTICE FOR IRISHMEN.

It is almost too late in the day to refer to another painful instance of the bad animus and unreliability of the London press, but as the subject in general has grave bearings upon future events, we will reluctantly go back to it.

Mr. Gladstone sent a cheque to a certain Irish political fund, and some of the Irish Members did not like it and said so. Instantly the central streets of London were alive with flaming newspaper placards, "Another Irish row," "Irish squabbles," and the like. It is pitiable and a little sickening.

Of course most of the Irish Members must be supported in Parliament. Why not? Some of them have surrendered many times the value of anything they have got. There are, indeed, men among them who have given up lucrative professions or thrown up fine chances for their cause, and their only reward has been worry and killing work. Let us be fair even if we cannot be kind; let us be generous even if we cannot be sympathetic.

What does it matter to us who sent the circular to Mr. Gladstone? If Mr. McCarthy did it, it was certainly an error of judgment, but it would require a good deal of evidence to convince us that he did. In fact, we entirely disbelieve it. If some Irish Members are indignant that any one should do it, why not respect their sensitive spirit and sound judgment? Why call it "an Irish squabble"? It is not fair; it is only irritating; and, in any case, it is no business of ours, except in so far

as we may admire men who want to be independent.

Why blame these men for resenting and opposing this or that supposed wrong-doing of a comrade? Why shouldn't they have their manly stand-up battles? Have we not had ours? Did not our forerunners have theirs in the making of England? With what reason can we expect Irishmen to go on to the making of Ireland with only compliments and the sprinkling of one another with rosewater?

Besides, this push and pull, this resenting of supposed wrong, this stress of battle with one another, dispose of the old taunt that these men are only a gang of adventurers. A gang of adventurers would play a much better game. These men exhibit all the indications of possessing the passion of opinion, the zeal for ideals, the longing for the victory of a cause. It would be nearer the truth to call them a herd of fanatics. They may have a bad cause, and they may have been drifted alongside bad men; they may be dangerous, and they may deserve to fail; but they are, at all events, in deadly earnest, and it will do England no good to pretend that they are not. But if they are in such earnest, and if Ireland is backing them up, there is danger as well as want of generosity in our habit of treating them as actors or pirates, and especially in our vicious trick of forever trying to make them appear contemptible.

Englishmen are strong enough to be at least just; they ought to be wise enough to err on the side of sympathy—if they err at all.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE ROMAN GOVERNMENT.*

WITH a clean, truth-loving spirit, Mr. Hardy acknowledges, with respect to a former work, that it was insufficient and hasty, and that he had "followed quite erroneous views." That is the best of all pledges that we are dealing with a man who only wants the truth—and there seem to be so few who want only that!

What a subject it is—the treatment of the Christians by the Roman Government during the first two centuries! There has always been a mystery about the "persecutions" of the Christians by men who represented no sort of religious bigotry, but only an intense regard for law and order in the State; and we have only slowly been steering to a solution of the problem. Now we are within sight of it and, as it were, through the back door, which ought to have been the front. We have all along been thinking of the poor Christians and their awful sufferings at the hands of the wicked, but are now invited to think of Rome and her rulers in relation to their supreme concern as the watch-dogs of the State.

What was the policy of Rome which found expression in the persecution of the new Kingdom of God? The question supplies the answer. It was just because the Christians had a citizenship of their own (see *Philippians* iii, 20, *R. V.*), and severed themselves, or seemed to sever themselves, from the common

citizenship, and refused to do things which were a recognised part of that citizenship, that they were assailed, and not as heretics, but as bad citizens, and, in point of fact, incipient rebels. Beside which, the Christians were a Church militant, and not seldom faced the State and "the world" with assailings of their own.

The practical working out of the religion of the Christians made them look exclusive, intolerant, and subversive; hence they became marked as objects of suspicion, and then were denounced as persons to be hunted down. In fact, as Mr. Hardy shews, Christianity represented a chronic state of disobedience, and therefore became amenable to the police. It was a social revolution and a challenge to the world, and the world had to take note of it—as it did.

Of course, especially in the provinces, religious considerations entered into the case, and devout Paganism added its fuel to the flame, but it did not by any means light the fire.

With patient carefulness, Mr. Hardy goes over the ground in a way that makes it perfectly easy to follow him. At every step, he suggests an unprejudiced guide, who only wants to be sure of his road, and goes steadily on.

* "Christianity and the Roman Government: a study in Imperial Administration." (5s.)
By E. G. Hardy. M.A. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.*

A BOOK of very high merit for simplicity, beauty and thoroughness. Volume I. (5s.) is on the management of Accumulators; volume II. (7s. 6d.) on Apparatus. The text is absolutely practical; the illustrations (296 in volume II.) are beautifully clear; the index is precise; and the style is the perfection of lucid talking, made clear and strong and terse with knowledge. The work is not crowded with abstract dissertations. All the way through, the writer seems to be explaining objects and processes to a thoughtful and

instructed youth, though the oldest hand might envy him his chance, if only for the sake of the "wrinkles" which seem to spring up like magic at every turn. In fact, for these "wrinkles" alone the work is valuable; but the talk is easy and yet so pregnant that one needs to watch every sentence.

We do not believe overmuch in learning science, and especially electrical science, from books; but where a man has worked and worried his way through, or is working and worrying his way through in a laboratory

or workshop, and is just seeing his way, these volumes will be a kind of intellectual electricity—wonderfully illuminating—and as full of joy as of guidance.

We rather intended to give a much more extended notice of this work, but find ourselves somewhat beaten over it. It is entirely

uncondensable and above criticism; and, beyond what we have said, nothing really remains but to advise everyone who is working at this fascinating subject to accept at once this enlightening demonstrator and guide.

* "Electric Light Installations." Two Volumes. Seventh Edition, revised and enlarged. By Sir David Salomons, Bart., M.A. London: Whitaker & Co.

MESSAGES FROM OUR FORERUNNERS.

THE BIGOT.—Men that are angry for God, passionate for Christ, that can call names for Religion, and fling stones for Faith, may tell us they are Christians if they will, but nobody would know them to be such by their fruits. To be sure, they are no Christians of Christ's making.—*Penn.*

To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,
E'en the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life, I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling: the great mass
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward meaning.
—*Wordsworth.*

TEMPERANCE IN PLEASURE.—Let me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleasure. Let me admonish them to beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonition, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young. And yet, my friends, to what do the constraints of religion and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount?

They may all be comprised in few words—not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others by your pursuit of pleasure. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan. We propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration.—*Claw.*

THE OPEN MIND.—The day is yet young, and in the early dawn many things look weird and fantastic which in fuller light prove to be familiar and useful. The outcomings of science, which at one time have been deemed to be but stumbling blocks scattered in the way, may ultimately prove stepping stones which have been carefully laid to form a pathway over difficult places for the children of "sweetness and of light"—*Wm. Spottiswoode.*

The harvest of grains and fruits is not more regular or abundant than the yield of human affections, sympathies, fellowships; but here also there are differences of seasons and of soils. We must improve our spiritual husbandry; we must enrich the ground from which good qualities spring; we must expose our inmost life to the quickening Sun.—*C. G. Amss.*

NOTES BY THE WAY.

MR. PAGE HOPPS IN LEICESTER.—Mr. Page Hopps will lecture in the Temperance Hall, Leicester, on Tuesday evening, October 30th, on—*The World's Four Coming Kings*. At eight. The arrangements are in the hands of Messrs. J. and T. Spencer, Market Place, Leicester.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—On Sunday evening, October 28th, there will be a meeting of members and inquirers in the Free Christian Church, Clarence Road, Kentish Town. To commence at a quarter to seven o'clock.

Mr. J. Page Hopps will conduct the meeting, and speak on "God's Church beyond Man's Churches." The Free Christian Church is close to Kentish Town Road, and to Camden Town and Kentish Town Stations. Trams and omnibusses from many parts of London pass quite near. All seats free. Make this known.

CREMATION.—We rejoice to hear that Liverpool is about to follow Manchester in providing a crematory as an alternative to burial; but many will regret to find that "a well-lighted crypt" is to be provided, "capable of containing nearly 2,000 urns." It may be necessary to give in to a rather morbid desire to retain a handful of dust, and the subject is hardly one for discussion; but it surely is a pity to encourage this dusty survival of a grave. The burnt ashes are the very least desirable objects to preserve, as they contain nothing characteristic of the deceased. If one could catch some of the subtle essences that the blessed purifying heat beats out and sends away, one might be glad to do it—but *dust!* The ideal course to take is to order that the dust shall be quietly placed near the roots of some neighbouring tree, or shrub, or flowering plant. And no crematory should be established without its few acres of shrubs and trees and garden-ground for the purpose.

TRESPASSERS WILL NOT BE PROSECUTED.—Mr. F. J. Shaw, of the Land Nationalisation Society, of Gateshead, has made a good suggestion. He thinks that the society should issue small gummed handbills, which might be employed to counteract and contradict the notice boards which are so common in the

country, and which frighten so many people from enjoying the beauties of nature by that well-known legend, "Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." The Executive thoroughly approve of the suggestion, and Mr. Hood Barrs, L.C.C., the honorary consulting solicitor of the society, writes: "The proposal is excellent. Trespass without wilful and substantial damage cannot be prosecuted, *e.g.*, walking over a grass field or through a cornfield doing no damage." The wording of the notice will be carefully considered by the Executive before the issue of the handbills.

ECONOMY OF TRUTH IN POLITICS.—We often hear of "the morality of the turf," but the morality of the political arena is as bad. It seems to be accepted that anything—we had almost written *any lie*—is fair in a political war. Here is a late instance. At the election in Leicester, the defeated candidate said: "I come here flushed with victory. When we consider that the last time the sense of the electors was taken in this town there was a majority of 4,200 odd against us, and that to-night it has been reduced to a very little over 200, I think this is a matter on which we may heartily congratulate ourselves. It will have a very important bearing upon the future politics of this borough, and on the way in which this borough is regarded in the country."

What is the fact? His vote shewed that his party had really made no progress to speak of, and the difference of only 217 between him and the lowest Liberal was entirely caused by the formidable advent of a Labour candidate, who carried away about 4,000 Liberal votes, and this, Mr. Rolleston said, was the progress of the Tory party! The oddest thing about it is that he must have known nobody would believe it, and that he did not believe it himself. The honest truth is that the defection of those 4,000 Liberal votes to Socialism showed that Conservatism had by so much lost ground.

WAS IT QUITE AN ACCIDENT?—(Heard at a railway station). First passenger, "Boy! *Standard!*" second passenger, "Paper! *Daily News!*" "Thank you."

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

A PEOPLE'S CHURCH.—A circular has reached us concerning "The People's Church," in Glasgow. In its constitution we note the following points:—That this religious movement shall be called "The People's Church." That it shall seek the welfare of the laity. That it shall not spend money on sacerdotal matters. That its chief objects shall be: 1. To glorify God by raising the people out of poverty and ignorance. 2. To study the laws of God. 3. To quicken reason, heart, and conscience. 4. To promote personal holiness. 5. To advance national righteousness. 6. To emancipate the industries from slavery. 7. To emancipate religion from clericalism. That it shall recognise the brotherhood of man, and seek equal rights and privileges for all sane and law-abiding adult members of the human family. That it shall have no fixed dogmas. That as God speaks to man through the Bible; through the material universe; through reason, heart, and conscience, its governing rules shall be founded on these authorities. That it shall provide a platform for exchange of thought on questions raised at its services. That any person approving its objects shall be eligible for membership. That all religious opinions shall be permitted. In its appeal it says, "The People's Church seeks the quickening of the faculties by which God's laws become understood, and by which emancipation from industrial slavery, and from clericalism, shall be effected. To increase the number of noble souls is the work contemplated by The People's Church. Nobility of soul is advanced by the establishment of correct relationships between man and man, and between God and man. This world being rooted in another world, man cannot be properly developed unless his relationship to both worlds is correctly balanced." The circular announces that Miss Mary Watson will conduct the services.

THE SCHOOL BOARD RELIGIOUS COMPROMISE. A "Rationalist Press Committee," in a circular lately published, goes to the heart of this business thus:—"Has the working of the Compromise been satisfactory? For four reasons, No. (1) It has created bad blood and discontent among Christians. Witness

the acrimony of the School Board debates on Bible teaching. (2) It has had to be patched. It used to read: 'The Bible shall be read, and there shall be given such explanations and such instruction therefrom in the principles of morality and religion as are suited to the capacities of the children.' Now it has been amended: 'The Bible shall be read, and there shall be given such explanations and such instruction therefrom in the principles of the *Christian* religion and of morality as are suited to the capacities of the children.' Why this change? Because it was suspected that un-Christian doctrine had been taught, and Christian articles of faith neglected. (3) A proportion of the teachers under the London School Board are heretics—*i.e.*, do not believe in the truth of the Apostles' Creed. Some are Freethinkers, though, for obvious reasons, it is impossible to state the number; some are Unitarians. Up to the period of the debates of 1894 only two, it is believed, were officially recognised as non-Christians, and excused from the task of Bible teaching. What did the others do? They taught what they could not believe. Perhaps some one will say: 'That is their own private concern. After all, the welfare of the children must first be considered. The compromise was not made for the teachers.' But is it well for the children that they should be taught by men and women who have to hide their convictions up their sleeves? Can we gather grapes of thorns? Can we expect sincerity to flourish among the children when a vicious system represses it in the teachers? (4) Freethinking parents have allowed their children to receive Christian instruction. Such parents give the lie to their own opinions. Their children are made to feel there is a falsehood somewhere, since the teaching they listen to at school is opposed to what the parents say at home. But there is a Conscience Clause? Yes, a Conscience Clause which marks a child as the mediæval Jew was marked with a yellow cap. The little heretic must sit apart. While his class mates gather in their proper places he has to be stowed away for separate instruction. Is it likely a Freethinking parent will advertise his beliefs by thrusting his child into a corner for outcasts?"

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"A Baireuth pilgrimage." By Edith E. Cuthell. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Really a very smart story, with enough of the old, old theme in it to float it, and to please the butterflies that like "the libraries." The book, however, finds its strength in transferring the scene from Cowes to Baireuth, and making Wagner and his music the picture, to which the pretty but rather chippy love story is a sort of frame. Luckily, the real theme begins at page 85 of Vol. I. and goes right away to the end of Vol. II. The writer has, in a very remarkable manner, felt and grasped what most of the pilgrims to Baireuth only feel. The scene in the grounds, the theatre, the unexplainable solemnity and intensity of everything, the unusual music, the grave, stately, and utterly unconventional stories, the profound impression made upon responsive spirits, are all here, and are set forth by a keen observer. The analyses of Parsifal, Tannhäuser, and Tristan and Isolde, and the distilling of the precious intentions of them, are, in a way, permanently valuable. We doubt, however, whether it would be wise to read it all before going. It might rob one of the romance of surprise, and prevent or lessen the glamour of a first contact with the fascinating experience. But as reminiscence—or if one is not likely to go—it is charming.

"The Monist," referred to in *The Coming Day* for July, continues its career as perhaps the most subtle philosophic magazine of the day. We are bound to confess that it rather puzzles us, and very much falls short of feeding us "with food convenient for us." It often seems very anxious to cut to pieces our faith in persistent life beyond the veil, and in other ways to stuff our mouth with bran. But for all that we admit its great cleverness, especially when its interesting editor, Dr. Carus, is to the front.

"Homeward songs by the way." By A. E. Dublin: Whaley, Dawson Chambers. (1s 6d.) The writer of these subtle snatches of spiritual verse suggests the presence of a very sensitive thinker, with the least possible affinity with the roaring world. He is a

mystic, a sentimentalist, a spiritualist, dimly comradng with Rossetti, Keats, Blake, and the children of shadow and mist, stars and tears. He is on the hills when the town is quiet and even the sheep are asleep.

"Their day is dream to me,
And in their darkness I awake to see
A Thought that moves like light within the
deep."

He is not always easy to understand; but the poet should always be just a little beyond the veil, and certainly the little booklet is notable for its rich colouring and delicate feeling, however subtle may be the thought.

"The diagrammatic, or doctrine of 'man' as 'living-soul' developed and systematised." By Arthur Young. London: Houlston and Sons. We are always rather suspicious of books which set forth the mysteries of mind and soul in diagrams, and if Mr. Young overcomes that suspicion in any measure, it is only because he does not end in hard words, fanciful curves, curious crosses and odd geometrical arbitrariness, in order to express mental and spiritual ideas. In the first place, he is evidently very deeply in earnest, and has taken great pains to state his case fully, if not luminously, and, though his diagrams are "fearfully and wonderfully made," they are certainly the outcome of much painstaking work. In the next place, when we get past the diagrams, we come to a veritable Canaan, flowing with milk and honey; very oddly distributed, but still there. But, still, we cannot say that the book is anything but a queer medley of subtle, learned, and painstaking disorder.

"The humanising of the Poor Law." By J. F. Oakeshott. London: W. Reeves. One of the very instructive series of twopenny brown-paper-covered pamphlets issued by the Humanitarian League. Mr. Oakeshott writes about what he evidently understands, and, without being merely sentimental, he advances a strong plea for more flexibility in our Poor Law administration, especially as regards old people and children.

HAWTHORNE BUDS.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY JOHN TINKLER.

- 1.—IT is because the spirit is inestimable that the lifeless body is so little valued.—*Blithedale Romance*.
- 2.—NEXT to the lightest heart, the heaviest is apt to be most playful.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.
- 3.—THERE is a kind of playfulness that comes in moments of despair, when the reality of misfortune, if entirely felt, would crush the soul at once.—*The Antique Ring*.
- 4.—ALL true and noble thoughts and elevated imaginations are but partly the offspring of the intellect which seems to produce them.—*Graves and Goblins*.
- 5.—CHILDREN possess an unestimated sensibility to whatever is deep or high in imagination or feeling so long as it is simple likewise. It is only the artificial and the complex that bewilder them.—*The Wonder Book*.
- 6.—HOW singular that a character imperfect, ruined, blasted, excites a stronger interest than if it had reached the highest earthly perfection of which its original elements would admit.—*A Book of Autographs*.
- 7.—THE standard which no genius ever reached is his own severe conception.—*The Prophetic Pictures*.
- 8.—SHALL it be that, since fancy can create so bright a dream of happiness, it were better to dream on from youth to age than to awake and strive doubtfully for something real? Oh! the slight tissue of a dream can no more preserve us from the stern reality of misfortune than a robe of cobweb could repel the wintry blast.—*The Village Uncle*.
- 9.—HE who has climbed, or suffered himself to be lifted, to a station for which he is unfit, does but stand upon a pedestal to show the world an April fool.—*April Fools*.
- 10.—TROUBLE is the next best thing to enjoyment, and there is no fate in this world so horrible as to have no share in its joys or sorrows.—*Letter to Longfellow*.
- 11.—IT is nonsense, and a miserable wrong—the result, like so many others, of masculine egotism—that the success or failure of woman's existence should be made to depend wholly on the affections, and on one species of affection, while man has such a multitude of other chances that this seems but an incident.—*Blithedale Romance*.
- 12.—A SECLUDED man often grasps at any opportunity of communicating with his kind when it is casually offered to him, and for the nonce is surprisingly familiar, running out towards his chance companion with the gush of a dammed-up torrent suddenly unlocked.—*The Ancestral Footstep*.
- 13.—GOD Himself cannot compensate us for being born for any period short of eternity.—*Septimius*.
- 14.—IN the solitude of a midnight chamber, or in a desert, afar from men, or in a church, while the body is kneeling, the soul may pollute itself even with those crimes which we are accustomed to deem altogether carnal.—*Fancy's Show Box*.
- 15.—VENGEANCE and beneficence are things that God claims for Himself. His instruments have no consciousness of His purpose; if they imagine they have, it is a pretty sure token that they are not His instruments.—*Letter to Elizabeth Peabody*.
- 16.—IF a man were sure of living for ever, he would not care about his offspring.—*Septimius*.
- 17.—WHEN we quit a house, we are expected to make it clean for the next occupant; why ought we not to leave a clean world for the next generation?—*English Notebook*.
- 18.—WOMEN cannot so readily as men bestow upon the offspring of others those affections that nature intended for their own.—*Fanshawe*.
- 19.—FOR its own sake, if it will do no more, the world should throw open all its avenues

to the passport of a woman's bleeding heart.
—*Blithedale Romance*.

20.—OUR first youth is of no value, for we are never conscious of it until after it is gone. But sometimes—always, I suspect, unless one is exceedingly unfortunate—there comes a sense of second youth.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

21.—MAN's accidents are God's purposes.—*Paper on War Matters*.

22.—IT is perilous to make a chasm in human affections; not that they gape so long and wide, but so quickly close again!—*Wakefield*.

23.—THAT man has little right to complain who possesses so much as one corner in the world where he may be happy or miserable as best suits him.—*Fanshawe*.

24.—ALL the misery endured here constitutes a claim for another life, and, still more, all the happiness involves something more than the earth owns, and needs something more than a mortal capacity for the enjoyment of it.—*Septimius*.

25.—MEN of uncommon intellect, who have grown morbid, possess the occasional power of mighty effort, into which they throw the life of many days, and then are lifeless for as many more.—*The Scarlet Letter*.

26.—NO HUMAN effort on a grand scale has ever yet resulted according to the purpose of its projectors. The advantages are always incidental.—*Paper on War Matters*.

27.—A DEVOUT heart may consecrate a den of thieves, as an evil one may convert a temple to the same.—*Sunday at Home*.

28.—LET the past alone; do not seek to renew it; press on to higher and better things—at all events, to other things, and be assured that the right way can never be that which leads you back to the identical shapes that you long ago left behind.—*The Ancestral Footstep*.

29.—BLESSED be woman for her faculty of admiration, and especially for her tendency to admire with her heart, when man, at most, grants merely a cold approval with his mind.—*The Antique Ring*.

30.—THE whole universe, her own sex and yours, and Providence, or Destiny, to boot, make common cause against the woman who swerves one hair's breadth out of the beaten track.—*Blithedale Romance*.

31.—IF I pride myself on anything it is because I have a smile that children love. . . I delight to let my mind go hand in hand with the mind of a sinless child.—*Little Annie's Ramble*.

A SUMMER TRAGEDY.

Alone by the sounding sea they sat,

He in his flannels white;

She in her gown and her jaunty hat,

Fleecy and fluffy and white.

"I've promised to marry you soon," she said,

"And I mean it, so never fear;

But I wanted to ask if you knew," she said,

"That gowns like this are dear."

"I mention this gown, because, you see,

It fits me and feels so nice;

If you're a good guesser, my dear, maybe,

You'll hit right away on the price."

"Why, certainly, dearest," he laughingly spoke

"I'm aware that your gowns are not low,

And of course getting married is never a joke;

Let us say twenty dollars or so."

She smiled. 'Twas a pitying smile she gave.

"It was ninety-five dollars," quoth she;

And her lover rose as a great green wave

Came in from the sobbing sea.

"Ninety-five dollars?" he echoed. "Well, well!

Excuse me a moment, my own;

Some one is calling me in the hotel,

But an instant I'll leave you alone."

And he sped him away, and his bill he paid,

And homeward his footsteps set;

And, as for the ninety-five dollar maid,

Maybe she's sitting there yet.

N. Y. Sun.