

# The Coming Day.

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FEBRUARY, 1894.

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## TO ALL FRIENDS.

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WE have to thank many correspondents for most interesting and deeply encouraging letters, and some for letters of renunciation that added to the amusements of Christmas. A good many of the lovers of *The Coming Day* appear to take its welfare even more to heart than its parent does. From one point of view it is really a matter of but little importance whether *The Coming Day* is continued or not, and for this reason,—that it is really a choice of goods. If it were given up, its editor would be free to undertake literary work that might do even more good, and that would certainly be greatly to his advantage. An article in a London paper, for instance, would reach as many thousands as *The Coming Day* reaches hundreds, and it would be paid for. For nearly thirty years the editor of *The Truthseeker* and of *The Coming Day* has both worked and paid, and has had the consolation of being told by people who professed admiration,—“You are so very independent!” or, “Really, threepence is too much!” It is a queer world, and the editor of a really free paper sees one of its queerest quarters.

But we only set out to thank many warm-hearted friends, and to say that *The Coming Day* is in no more peril than usually falls to the lot of ventures of the kind, and that it will continue to be published just so long as its editor feels that it does not stand too much between him and that wider field which is more and more opening to him.

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## THE UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

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(SPOKEN AT CROYDON).

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ALL that I said concerning The Universal God is true of the Universal Religion which underlies all the expressions or manifestations of it known as ‘The religions of the world.’ As to these so-called religions, it is the great

delusion of **Christendom** that any one of them is supernatural, perfect and final, to the exclusion of the rest. In any case, it is clear that Christianity is not that, for it has produced a mob of mutually condemning sects, and it is to-day manifestly drifting,—whither, no one seems to know.

All religions (to use the word in the conventional way) have been voyages of discovery, experiments, or natural developments, at various stages of human advance and education : and all religions follow the common law of birth and growth and death. In the heavens are myriads of worlds, at every stage of development and decay. Go out on a star-lit night with one who knows, and he will tell you. "There," he will say, "is a world being born ; and there is one in the full glow of its maturity ; and there is one that is dying ; and there one that is dead." So with the religions of the world. There are religions being born, religions being transformed, religions passing to decay and religions dead : and every stage could be accounted-for in harmony with the education and march on of the human race.

Religions may broadly be divided into three classes :—1. Religions of the senses, including all the old idolatries, sun and fire worship, and the religion of the Roman Catholic Church, which is slowly becoming one of the mighty dead religions of the world. 2. Religions of the intellect, including all the Creed-religions of the world, or the religions based upon belief in any metaphysical "Plan of Salvation" : and 3. Religions of the affections, now slowly being evolved from them all.

How obvious it is that not one of these can be perfect !

The senses are a poor guide everywhere, and most of all poor in relation to Religion. The intellect is manifestly imperfect, and still enormously in need of the influences of a higher civilisation. The influences of science and of the historic sense on the intellect are only beginning to be felt, and it is absurd to think of finality in connection with any religion that could be influenced by them. And, finally, the affections are in precisely the same case. "Brotherly love" in any true and wide sense, is only just beginning to be understood. How poor are our standards ! and how poorly we apply the little we understand and approve ! In the world, how little of mercy is shewn where there is anything to gain or anything to lose ! And even amongst the churches, how little is there deserving the name of charity or love ! How then can we deem any religion perfect, even when it has the affections for its inspiration and its guide ?

But all through, and in all forms of religion, two primary and persistent elements are to be discerned. These are ;—Recognition of a power above us, and recognition of our duty to, in some way, obey and serve that power.

These are like the rough blocks of stone, from which anything can be produced, from the lowest and most grovelling forms of idolatry, through all grades of insight, devotion and love, to the ideal religion as set forth by Jesus, in the Sermon on the Mount:—"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God." Is not this the very perfection of universality?

The Universal Religion, then, is loyalty to that which is above us; and love of that which is best,—the emerging from the brutal to the human, from the human to the divine. And, indeed, that is Religion, and there is no other. In many ways it may be attempted; in many ways achieved; but everywhere Religion, in its working, is the uprising of the human and its victory over the lower stages of its life. This is what Paul meant when he said, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new": or, as Mr. Gladstone said, "They who bear the blessed likeness of Christ are most truly and surely his." This conception of Religion is that which will include all good and beautiful things within its heavenly sphere. The man of science who seeks for the thing that is—the God-made fact—is a seeker after Religion. The artist who loves and creates the beautiful is a seeker after Religion. The statesman who wants to make the crooked things straight, and the rough places plain, is a seeker after Religion. John Stuart Mill, the sceptical utilitarian philosopher; Ruskin, the fervid apostle of the beautiful and the just; Dickens and Thackeray, the satirists of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and the champions of the unhappy and the poor; Carlyle, thundering against shams; Tennyson, singing of ideal things; Herbert Spencer, feeling after the abiding laws of life; Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, and Wallace, the high priests in the divine temple of nature—these, as well as the great liberal teachers and reformers—ay, and the great army of the world's toilers who are conscious of no sanctity, but only try to live simple and honest lives,—were or are comrades all in the march towards Religion, and Heaven, and God: and each one had, or has, consciously or unconsciously, for his guiding star, the same bright ray of light from the eternal—that has never yet shone in all its loveliness upon the sons of man—but that is shining, and will go on shining unto the perfect day.

## JOHN TYNDALL, A GUIDE INTO THE UNSEEN.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has been somewhat misunderstood. He has been widely set down as a "Materialist," though not entirely without a shew of reason. He occasionally used the word with a kind of liking for it, and seemed to take a mischievous pleasure in posing as the champion of Matter, as the Alpha and Omega of all things. He was, moreover, a tireless worrier of everything known as "spiritual," taking special pleasure in teasing the clergy and saying the most violent things that ever were said against "Spiritualism," which he hated even to his own ultimate embarrassment and disarming.

But all this only measured his devotion to science—a devotion which not only made him look like a materialist to others, but which hid from his own eyes the spiritual value of the conclusions at which he arrived.

This being so, it will be very interesting, and perhaps important, if he turns out to be the very guide we want in our efforts to find solid grounds for believing in the unseen: and this, we think, is what can be shewn.

Let it be borne in mind that, so far as we know, Mr. Tyndall never went out of his way to suggest any evidence for faith in the unseen. If therefore we find such evidence, it will be all the more valuable, as coming by the route of pure science, free from all religious prepossessions. Let it be remembered, too, that Mr. Tyndall was a pellucidly sincere man, and that, in relation to science, at all events, he never seemed to ask himself, 'But what will follow if I say this?' If, then, his scientific statements lead to inferences which strongly suggest that an unseen universe exists, in which we may live a keener life, these inferences will be all the more precious as coming from one who seemed to be unconscious of them or unmindful of their value in relation to the profound problems of religion.

Anyhow, we claim one thing for the religious teacher,—or, rather, we would urge upon him one supreme duty just now. It is his lofty business to watch all the winnings of science, and to push beyond the place where it halts with its instruments. It is his business to take advantage of every advance made in that subtle and illimitable region, where matter exists in such a form or mode as to elude the seeing eye however armed,—a region which is the modern field of scientific investigation, and which makes enormous demands upon what Mr. Tyndall calls "the scientific imagination."

It is precisely here that he becomes our guide into the unseen. He proves to us the truth of the poet's assertion that "things are not what they seem." He smiles with pity at those who stop at the visible. He tells us that science

demands the unseen for its region of causes and effects. Let us hear him as to this. In his great Belfast address he said :—

We break a magnet and find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking ; but, however small the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we can break no longer, we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules. Are we not urged to do something similar in the case of life? . . . . .

Believing, as I do, in the continuity of nature, I cannot stop abruptly where our microscopes cease to be of use. Here the

What a world of bright suggestiveness there is in that tiny question, "Are we not urged to do something similar in the case of life?" Think what that means. We have to follow our magnet into the unseen : how much more must we follow mind into the unseen ! "The vision of the mind authoritatively supplements the vision of the eye." What we get when our imagination follows life into the unseen may be a subtle kind of matter, with its all-sufficing "promise and potency," but that itself may carry us to all we need for a new heaven and a new earth beyond the gross hiding veil. All we have to do is to get rid of the supernatural, and to enlarge the boundaries of the natural. Then, on Mr. Tyndall's shewing, we may follow life into the unseen until we enshrine it in some subtle form of matter more like itself than "this muddy vesture of decay," which it does not match at all. What more do we need to suggest all the glorious possibilities of spirit-life beyond the grave ?

In his "Apology for the Belfast Address," he said :—

I AM blamed for crossing the boundary of the experimental evidence. This, I reply, is the habitual action of the scientific mind—at least of that portion of it which applies itself to physical investigation. Our theories of light, heat, magnetism, and electricity, all imply the crossing of this boundary. My paper on "The scientific use of the imagination," and my "Lectures on light," illustrate this point in the amplest manner, and in the article entitled "Matter and force," I have sought, incidentally, to make clear that in physics the experiential incessantly leads

to the ultra experiential ; that out of experience there always grows something finer than mere experience, and that in their different powers of ideal extension consists, for the most part, the difference between the great and the mediocre investigator. The kingdom of science, then, cometh not by observation and experiment alone, but is completed by fixing the roots of observation and experiment in a region inaccessible to both, and in dealing with which we are forced to fall back upon the picturing power of the mind.

This is full of help for us. All we ask is this very thing, that we should be allowed to "cross the boundary," and draw inferences based upon what we see on this side of it. And Mr. Tyndall tells us that this is highly scientific, and that this "crossing of the boundary" applies to light and heat, magnetism and electricity, thought and life. "The kingdom of science" is at one with the kingdom of heaven, in coming "not by observation and experiment alone," but in finding the great secret "in a region inaccessible to both : " and we cannot help thinking that Mr. Tyndall, in applying to science the language of the New Testament as to the kingdom of heaven, was more than half willing

to concede us what we want: and we cannot help thinking, too, that it was the fault of the church and the clergy that Mr. Tyndall seemed to delight in worrying both.

We need to take more serious note of the fact that the great discoveries of science are, at first, nearly always great inferences. Listen to Mr. Tyndall again. In his discourse on "Radiant Heat," he said:—

THE waves of light require a medium for their foundation and propagation, but we cannot see, or feel, or taste, or smell this medium. How, then, has its existence been established! By showing, that by the assumption of this wonderful intangible ether, all the phenomena of optics are accounted for with a fulness, and clearness, and conclusiveness, which leave no desire of the intellect unsatisfied. When the law of gravitation first suggested itself to the mind of Newton, what did he do? He set himself to examine whether it accounted for all the facts. He determined the courses of the planets; he calculated the rapidity of the moon's fall towards the earth; he considered the precession of the equinoxes, the ebb and flow of the tides, and found all explained by

the law of gravitation. He therefore regarded this law as established; the verdict of science subsequently confirmed his conclusion. On similar, and, if possible, on stronger grounds, we found our belief in the existence of the universal ether. It explains facts far more various and complicated than those on which Newton based his law. If a single phenomenon could be pointed out which the ether is proved incompetent to explain, we should have to give it up, but no such phenomenon has ever been pointed out. It is therefore at least as certain that space is filled with a medium, by means of which suns and stars diffuse their radiant power, as that it is traversed by that force which holds in its grasp, not only our planetary system, but the immeasurable heavens themselves.

An argument based on precisely the same lines leads to the conclusion that we live and move and have our being in an infinite something or some one now provisionally called God. But that is not our point. All we at present assert is that all Mr. Tyndall's deepest and finest thoughts and inferences in the sphere of science lead us to the unseen, and concede to us what we above all things need as a scientific basis of belief in a life beyond the veil.

It is true that Mr. Tyndall gave us no sort of encouragement to pursue our inquiries in that direction, but he could never escape from the intense gravity of the problem. In his lecture on "Matter and Force," there is this remarkable passage, revealing both his interest and his partial hopelessness in relation to our inquiries;

While thus making the largest demand for freedom of investigation—while I consider science to be alike powerful as an instrument of intellectual culture and as a ministrant to the material wants of men, if you ask me whether it has solved, or is likely in our day to solve, the problem of this universe; I must shake my head in doubt. You remember the first Napoleon's question, when the savants who accompanied him to Egypt discussed in his presence the origin of the universe, and solved it to their own apparent satisfaction. He looked aloft to the starry heavens and said, "It is all very well, gentlemen; but who made these?" That question still remains unanswered, and science makes no attempt to answer it. As far as I

can see, there is no quality in the human intellect which is fit to be applied to the solution of the problem. It entirely transcends us. The mind of man may be compared to a musical instrument with a certain range of notes, beyond which in both directions we have an infinitude of silence. The phenomena of matter and force lie within our intellectual range, and as far as they reach we will at all hazards push our inquiries. But behind, and above, and around, all the real mystery of this universe lies unsolved, and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution. Fashion this mystery as you will, with that I have nothing to do. But let your conception of it not be an unworthy one.

Good advice! But that does not mean agnosticism; still less does it mean denial. The sense of mystery, and the consciousness of the vastness of the problem and of the deep reality out of which it looms, only make it more necessary for us to do our best to draw the greatest and noblest possible inference, adequate, as far as may be, to the grandeur of a universe which compels us to wonder, adore, aspire, and trust.

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## PUBLIC LETTERS TO PUBLIC PERSONS.

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TO T. PASSMORE EDWARDS, ESQ., EDITOR OF *The Echo*.

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DEAR MR. EDWARDS,—A Happy New Year to you! May you climb your hill of threescore years and ten with ease, and find much happiness and hosts of friends in sauntering or racing over many more! It is pleasant, to some of us who are growing old together, to remember that you are one of a band of men who, together or apart, laid the foundations of most of our good things nearly fifty years ago,—almost a spiritual brotherhood, devoted to unselfish ideals and anything but pessimistic dreams: and it is pleasanter to see that the ideals are becoming solid realities, and that we are practically translating our dreams into deeds. We often have to box the ears of the world, to bring out the fool's cap, and to bewail the grossness of the times, but we know, all the while, that the standard is steadily rising, and that the measure of our indignation at cruelty and injustice is the measure of our appreciation of the change that has come over society.

You have "fought a good fight," and, in some respects, at life's feast, have "kept the good wine until now." You want no recital of your singular exhibitions of public spirit and kindness of late, but you will not misunderstand our congratulations,—and congratulations rather than thanks. When the hand that ages becomes, not hard and grasping, but sensitive and outspread, it is a very beautiful thing to note and to ponder. It is something that is not always seen but that is always so much needed, and we congratulate you that you have the inclination to set so admirable an example, and the means for following inclination by action. London, with its mournful and disgraceful contrasts of swollen wealth and shrivelled poverty, profoundly needs every lesson in public spirit and human kindness that it can get, and blessed are they who join the brotherhood of generous souls!

In *The Echo* you have, in some important respects, set a good example to the London press. "Comparisons are odious," but it is only the honest truth to

say that you have, anyhow, turned as little slush into the supply pipes as was compatible with what we satirically call "the public taste." Too often, the cheap evening papers remind one more of a cesspool or a knacker's yard than anything else. Not very long ago, I made a list of the headings in one half-penny sheet. It was not at all an exceptional number, but I tapped it because on that particular day a conversation on the subject occurred. I did not keep the lovely list, but, if I remember aright, there were forty-two headings something like these:—"A child half devoured by a pig," "The barmaid and the baronet," "Outrage in Kingsland Road, a revolting scene," "The Carterel divorce: sensational evidence," "Brutal murder in Bermondsey," "The explosion at Darley pit: ghastly details," "A drunken freak," "A man's nose bitten off by a burglar," and so on. *The Echo* has kept a cleaner record than most.

But, at the same time, there have been periods during which it has occurred to some of us that, in avoiding the cesspool and the knacker's yard, *The Echo* has been in danger of limping into the mutual improvement class or the tea meeting. In the mutual improvement class, the young men are very very sure, and at the tea meeting the old women are sometimes very very warm. Don't you think *The Echo* is occasionally very sure and very warm? and don't you think you might once in three months believe that Mr. Gladstone is not altogether a political card-sharper, and that his followers for the moment are not all fascinated and unreasoning sheep?

But that last word reminds me of the proverb, *revenons à nos moutons*, and I only desire now to offer cordial congratulations and good wishes, and—"Many happy returns of the day."

Heartily yours,

J. PAGE HOPPS.

S. Norwood Hill,  
January, 1894.

## THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

MR. OSCAR WILDE, some time ago, promised to attend a meeting in relation to the reform of our burial customs. He was unable to be present, but sent us a letter, from which we extract the following:—

"I find myself unable to join in your meeting to-morrow, but I sympathise most strongly with the object in question. The present style of burying, and sorrowing for, the dead, seems to me to make grief grotesque, and to turn mourning to a mockery: any reform you can bring about in these customs will be of value quite inestimable.



“The present ostentation and extravagance, of burial rites, seem to me to harmonise but ill with the real feeling of those at the doors of whose house the Angel of Death has knocked. The ceremony by which we part from those whom we have loved, should not merely be noble in its meaning, but simple in its sincerity: the funeral of Ophelia does not seem to me ‘a maimed rite,’ when one thinks of the flowers strewn in her grave.

“I regret extremely that I cannot hear the actual suggestions on the matter which will be made at your meeting. I have always been of opinion that the coffin should be privately conveyed at night time to the church yard chapel, and that there the mourners should next day meet; by these means the public procession through the streets would be avoided, and the publicity of funerals is surely the real cause of their expense.

“As regards dress I consider that white and violet should be recognised as mourning, and not black merely, particularly in the case of children.

“The habit of bringing flowers to the grave is now almost universal, and is a custom beautiful in its symbolism, but I cannot help thinking that the elaborate and expensive designs made by the florist are often far less lovely than a few flowers held loose in the hand.

“There are many other points concerning which I should have liked to listen, and one point on which I had hoped to have the privilege of speaking—I mean the expression of sorrow in art. The urns, pyramids, and sham sarcophagi—ugly legacies from the 18th century to us—are meaningless as long as we do not burn or embalm our dead. If we are to have funeral memorials at all, far better models are to be found in the beautiful Celtic crosses of Ireland, such as the cross at Monasterboice, or in the delicate bas-reliefs on Greek tombs. Above all, such art, if we are to have it, should concern itself more with the living than the dead—should be rather a noble symbol for the guiding of life than an idle panegyric on those who are gone. If a man needs an elaborate tombstone, to remain in the memory of his country, it is clear that his living at all was an act of absolute superfluity. Keats' grave is a hillock of green grass with a plain headstone, and is to me the holiest place in Rome. There is in Westminster Abbey a periwigged admiral in a night gown, hurried off to Heaven by two howling cherubs, which is one of the best examples I know of ostentatious obscurity.”

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## WHERE IS HEAVEN ; AND HELL ? \*

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THE writer of this somewhat original book offers an explanation of the Unseen, based upon what he calls “Higher Space,” or the Fourth Dimension of Space, though he prefers “Direction” to “Dimension.” This, he says, is not Space

distant but Space near. The "departed" do not go away, they go in or through. "There is an open side of which we can know nothing, save that it does exist, through which and by which the spirit passes into the Higher Space. A closed box is a prison from our point of view, but it is not so from the point of view of Higher Space." The writer is apparently a most reverent, devout, and "orthodox" man, and, oddly enough, seems to know very little or nothing of the facts of spiritualism. All the more useful are his enlightening theories, which explain so many things. His argument, or exposition, is a purely geometrical one, as scientific as anything could be that makes demands upon the scientific imagination. We are bound to say that the writer does not even try to describe the Fourth Direction of Space; he only attempts to lead us up to it with the remark:—"There is a logical ground for the acceptance of the conception of it as existing—somewhere;" but that "somewhere" is here, the all-inclusive Space, not excluding but including ours. This Space he calls "the world of the unseen . . . not empty, not peopled only by imaginations and dreams, but full of life and activity," and an infinite improvement upon Space as we know it, and its limitations as we know them. But it is equally logical to speak of Space of any number of directions, and the author's conclusions concerning the omniscience and omnipotence of God, in relation to that, are very curious and keen. But, in fact, this acting from higher hidden spaces is a kind of magic key that will unlock every door. Take, for instance, the thought hidden in the following suggestion:—"We are accustomed to think of individual intelligence being concentrated in one point, or, at all events, in one person, who occupies a very small portion of Space. This is perhaps inevitable. . . Intelligence and consciousness are set free in the higher regions; they are not confined as they are here." That may explain clairvoyance and a hundred things as well as the omniscience of God.

This writer, says "we have (now) a real spiritual body as well as a physical body, and while one of them, the physical, the lower of the two, is confined to our lower Space, the higher is not so confined. That is outside our Space. . . . Death snaps the bond which unites the two, and, setting free the higher body from the lower, enables it to depart into the region of the greater freedom which is its true inheritance, and enjoy it."

It is all very full of bright suggestions, and has its vital affinities with spiritualism, theosophy, witchcraft, miracle, prayer, psychical research, hypnotism, thought-transference, and the subtle natural forces, such as electricity,—an uncanny region enough, in which we probably live and move and have our being. "An uncomfortable theory"? Probably. But what is the use of pushing away ideas that come to us? Besides, if to-day this uncanny thing is not agreeable, who can tell what it may come to be to the men and women of five hundred years ahead? For their sakes let us bear our cross,—if cross it is.

\* The World of the Unseen. An Essay on the relation of Higher Space to things eternal. By Arthur William. London: Macmillan & Co.

## WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

BETWEEN LONDON AND LEICESTER.

"Good morning! so glad to see you. How are you? Hope you're better?"

"Yes, thank you: but not much time to think about it."

"Still hard at it then? Hope you've settled down,"

"O no; I'm a shuttlecock, at the mercy of the battledores."

"Well, then, get knocked back to us."

"Hardly likely. The shuttlecock never falls twice in the same place. (Shewing *The Standard*.) See, I've got the right thing this morning."

"I'm worse (shewing *The Daily Telegraph*)."

"Ah, yes, that is worse. *The Standard* people do mean it. But I know you love your *Telegraph*."

"What does it matter?"

"You remind me of a celebrated editor in Glasgow who, in his paper, violently attacked Mr. Voysey and me for our opinions about the Bible, but who, in his office, told me that I was a fool to bother, as nobody worth considering really disagreed much with us. 'We go to church,' said he, 'but do you imagine we believe the old nonsense about the Bible and Hell?'"

"A reasonable editor! Last Sunday I heard from my vicar a sermon which was about the

biggest nonsense I ever heard in my life. I only laughed to myself. Not half a dozen men there, who know the world, would do anything else."

"And yet you are a pillar, a sidesman, a churchwarden — Mephistopheles only knows what."

"Quite true; but (laughing) I look upon the whole thing as a useful contrivance for maintaining order and keeping people quiet."

"Your money is at the bottom of that. You don't want the democracy down upon your pile."

"Well, I got rather pushed into it. A lady handed me a lot of money for a new church, and I went in for it, and now I have to help look after it."

"Money again, and, in the meantime, you make it hard for the man with whom you really agree."

"That's you. But there's where you get wrong. You are always letting go and taking the cork out."

"Telling the truth and owning up, you mean."

"Well, here we are; train coming in."

"Good-bye; you are going first, of course I'm third."

"Good-bye, good-bye."

## EMANCIPATED.

ANYWHERE AND EVERYWHERE.

1.

I have left my earthly body;  
I will seek the silver sea;  
I can walk upon its waters,  
Like the Christ, for I am free!  
Now I'm rising from the ocean,  
Lo! I'm treading paths of air!  
Object of my spirit's worship,  
Thou wilt know my secret prayer.  
Thou wilt hear it, though unutter'd;  
It could reach Thee *anywhere*!

2.

It hath found Thee! It hath found Thee.  
Through the misty moonlit air  
I can see Thee; Thou art coming,  
Wafting spirit-fragrance rare.  
I bow low before Thy presence,  
We can wander *everywhere*.

T. B.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

**HEALTH AND HOLINESS.**—Robert Collyer has been keeping his seventieth birthday. This is what he said:—"The dream of three-score years and ten has come true. During all that time I have never been absent from my pulpit on a single Sunday from sickness, and I have never been sick in bed one day in my life. I would not exchange my lot with any human creature I know. Nor would I have chosen any other seventy years for my life. None of the great eras of the past would I have exchanged for this present one. There is none so beautiful in the way of great accomplishment. I am glad to look back on all the years, glad that I was born in the good mother land, England, and glad that I was born again in this beautiful America." To such a man, it ought to be no trouble to be good—and good tempered. Robert will need all his record to pass him through the golden gates;—but what a lovely record it is!

**CONSOLATION AND GUIDANCE.**—St. Nicholas gave us lately one of the very best sermons ever preached, almost as good as the Sermon on the Mount. Here it is:—

When Molly came home from the party to-night,—  
(The party was out at nine),—  
There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes  
That looked mournfully up to mine,

For some one had said, she whispered to me,  
With her face on my shoulder hid,  
Some one had said (there were sobs in her voice)  
That they didn't like something she did.

So I took my little girl up on my knee,  
(I am old and exceedingly wise),—  
And I said, "My dear, now listen to me;  
Just listen, and dry your eyes.

"This world is a difficult world indeed,  
And people are hard to suit,  
And the man who plays on the violin  
Is a bore to the man with a flute.

"And I myself have often thought  
How very much better 'twould be,  
If every one of the folks that I know  
Would only agree with me.

"But since they will not, the very best way  
To make this world look bright,  
Is never to mind what people say,  
But to do what you think is right."

**THE DESCENT OF THE SAINTS.**—Mr. Conway has thrown light upon some well-known London names. He says:—"St. Olaf, the patron saint of Norway, who helped England against the Danes, was commemorated in some English churches, but was rather lost under the name St. Olave. He was still more buried in the London street called after him. St. Olaf Street became St. Oly, and was now corrupted into Tooley Street. St. Ann's Well had become Hanwell. St. Osyth's Lane was now Size Lane. She was a queen, and mother of King Offa, yet her church was re-dedicated to St. Benet Sherhog—once popularly called as Benedict Skin-the-Pig. The great St. Botolph once named fifty churches, but his proudest memorials now were Boston in England and New England, which was a corruption of Botolph's town. St. Botolph's Bridge in Huntingdonshire was now Bottle Bridge. All this showed how completely the imported saint, in name and sanctity, had been pulverised on the turnpike of utilitarian progress."

THE *Echo* gives us a charming glimpse of the sensible Swiss republicans of Arbon. There are, it says, two thousand Protestants and one thousand Catholics, and they have only one church. They have elected a common church council for regulating the use of the church between them! A delightful suggestion as to what may come of leaving people to mind their own business, and to learn the fine art of living together. So much for Swiss Home Rule. Has it no lesson for us as to Ireland?

**A "SHAKER" REMEDY.**—We have received from an American well-wisher a specimen of a "Shaker" remedy for coughs. It is called "Corbett's Shakers' compound wild cherry pectoral Syrup." It is prepared at "Shaker Village," N.H., and, as we have a leaning towards the wholesome and honest Shakers and their products, we mention this contribution towards remedying the maladies of a wicked world.

## LIGHT ON THE PATH.

**CONTRACTING-OUT.**—The lords who did their best to spoil the Employers' Liability Bill, by its large contracting-out clause do not and probably cannot know what "contracting-out" would mean for working people. They imagine that "the working classes" are free, and even appear to be alarmed at their growing freedom and power. They do not seem to know that the workers have won, and, to this day, win freedom and bare justice only by paying a cruel price. Their unions, for defending the weak against the strong, are instruments created and kept up only at an enormous cost; and, everywhere, their only hope of salvation is compulsion of some kind. It is a miserable thing to have to say it, but it is true—at present.

A contracting-out clause would practically strangle the liability of the employer, even though contracting-out were made dependent upon a vote of the workpeople: for that would simply be giving the signal for every kind of pressure on the part of employers. Precisely the thing not wanted is giving an employer power to set in motion the machinery for getting his workpeople to let him contract-out of his liability. If noble lords do not see this, why not condescend to consult those who are most likely to know—the elected representatives of labour in the House of Commons, and the organised workers whose passionate counterblast to the dilettante or interested vote of their House has already swept the chaff away?

**DEATH.**—Miss Trower writes:—"If we were to be asked what trial we most dread, our answer would be, 'To lose those who are dearer than all else.' But let us but once realise that there is no such thing as 'death,' and the dread is gone. The 'last enemy' is conquered when we know that it is not a grim, ugly monster waiting to seize us, or, worse still, to carry off our dearer self, the loved companion of our soul. Instead of the dreaded parting, we may find a closer union, for one only passed to the other side, there

will be fewer obstacles to a perfect understanding. The passage will not break, but draw closer, the links of the precious chain with which loving hearts are bound. Knowing this, we can indeed say with exultation, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'"

**THE AGNOSTIC SEES.**—We note, with deep gratification, in *The Agnostic*, many indications of an opening vision, especially in the writings of "Saladin." Why not? The thoughtful agnostic has been made such, as a rule, by bankrupt but assertive theologies. He longs for realities, and prefers hesitating hunger to gluttonous credulity. All that need happen, then, is that he shall see light. He may then be more really receptive than the gorged "believer." From a very spiritual poem entitled "The Mystic's Farewell" we extract the following tender lines;—

I charge thee to speak softly,  
For my soul is full of sound,  
And the air vibrating strangely  
With angelic light around.  
I know not what this dreamland is  
In which my soul finds rest,  
But it verges on the great unseen,  
And angel minds know best.  
Every now and then I see,  
Not shrouded or in gloom,  
A dear, dead face of long ago  
That vanished in the tomb;  
And every brow is clearer,  
Each smile is free from pain,  
And I hear a gentle whisper  
That we shall meet again.  
I think I'm passing from you;  
But let me tell you this,  
Death is like a trembling gate  
That opens out to bliss.

**STILL FROM THE EAST.**—At the Chicago "Parliament of Religions" the clearest light, and the light least stained with sectarian or theological colour, came from the eastern

representatives. We observe, with deepened interest, the tendency to grasp hands across the great oceans. But some of our Indian friends are here as missionaries. One now in London has lately issued his working message, from which we extract the following statement of objects:—To recognise that there are rays of divine truth in every religion, and that there is a unity of purpose underlying the various religious institutions, and thus bring about a better feeling and attitude between the religious teachers of the eastern and the western world. To observe spiritual birth and absolute surrender of all to God, as the key to all spiritual privileges, promises and excellencies. To regard as non-essential the external ceremonies of the different forms of religion, though at a certain stage they may and do appear as means of grace: still they generally convey or reveal some spiritual meaning or idea. To avoid all theological

technicalities, and not to hold ourselves bound to use any particular set of phrases of any denomination. Divine truth could be proclaimed in several terms, according to the social or national intelligence, tradition or belief. Not to exclude any from spiritual fellowship and brotherly help merely on the ground of one's dissent from what some may consider orthodoxy. Conduct reveals the faith, and life the creed. To ignore human differences between races and nationalities, and receive each individual according to his or her present spiritual or moral worth, without any distinction of sex, caste or ancestral greatness. To advocate total abstinence from alcohol, opium, ganja, and other intoxicating drugs, and the suppression of these traffics in the east. Avoiding means which lead to international wars and fightings, abide as peacemakers, and thus sincerely advocate divine brotherhood.

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## NOTES ON BOOKS.

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"These eighty years, or the story of an unfinished life." By Henry Solly. Two volumes. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. One almost needs to know Henry Solly and his manner of life in order to properly appreciate this book. Connected with most of the reforming social efforts of the past fifty years, he has been brought into contact with many notable men as co-worker and often leader or guide, and being himself socially engaging, has had many opportunities of interesting intercourse with choice spirits, recollections of whom are beginning to be precious. Moreover, as matters of history, glimpses of some beginnings are now distinctly useful. All this gives a special interest to these volumes of nice gossip, whose only fault is that they are two. We are inclined to think that into one volume, slightly larger than one of these, the whole might have been compressed. And yet, after all, in a book of gossip, insights, and recollections, the placid and somewhat unheeding flow may be best. There are some walks that are best when taken slowly, and are only properly taken when one pauses to look at scores of apparently little things, for

then so many rare touches glide in, and are rightly seen. We can honestly say that if life were longer and if "things to do" were less urgent, we should prefer these two volumes to one, the glimpses of incident are so lively, the incidental references are sometimes so suggestive, the reality is everywhere so clear.

"A Manual of Telephony." By W. H. Preece, F.R.S., and A. J. Stubbs. London: Whittaker and Co. A veritable wonderland of beautiful revelations—as truly revelations as any that seer or prophet ever welcomed or evolved. The work is, of course, very technical and entirely practical. It is distributed over 6 parts and 31 chapters, and enriched with hundreds of enlightening diagrams, some most subtle. Covering an enormous field, and going into every nook and corner of it, it is essentially a workman's book, and yet it might be intensely interesting to anyone who takes delight in looking into the marvellous discoveries of this most fruitful age. No worker in this field can afford to be unacquainted with it, and no lover of the romance of science could fail to revel in it.

"Science and Immortality." Edited by S. J. Barrows. Boston (U.S.): G. H. Ellis. A delightful and most suggestive little book, a symposium in which twenty-eight writers of repute took part. In a concluding Note, the contributions are brought into focus, and "the converging and diverging lines" are neatly indicated. An Appendix gives an interesting account of the various writers. It is a small book, but all essence or, rather, essences—and so many of them mutually destructive!

"Uplifts of heart and will." By James H. West. Boston (U.S.): G. H. Ellis. A second edition of a significant book, indicating the new attitude and drift of prayer. The titles, given in the table of contents, to the different sections of the book, are usually the opening words of the meditations themselves. Here are some of them:—Through love, to the source of love; In brotherly and sisterly confession; The secret chamber of our being; We look ever toward the Ideal; In the presence of the eternal truth; The sunlight calls us to gladness; From the actual to the Ideal; Before the mystery of living; Sur-

rounded by the infinite helpfulness; The deep things of life call to us; Overbrooded by what is more than love; The bounty of the unseen power; From all evil things of care; As the rain cometh down from the skies. In the present edition, several pleasant attempts in verse have been added. But we prefer the choice and helpful prose.

"The spiritual life. Studies of devotion and worship." Boston (U.S.): G. H. Ellis. A somewhat original book, containing six studies on the following subjects: *The Spiritual Life of the Early Church*; *The Spirit of German Mysticism*; *Spanish Mysticism and St. Theresa of Avila*; *The Spiritual Life of the Modern Church*; *The Devotional Literature of England*; *The Spiritual Life in some of its American Phases*. The six writers are well-known men in America, scholarly, refined, artistic, and therefore simple and interesting. They touch many chords, and give many refreshing glimpses of writers and thinkers of other days. It is a practical as well as a pleasant book, and he would be dull indeed who did not here find the way to the Blessed Life.

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## HAWTHORNE BUDS.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY JOHN TINKLER.

*There are moods in which one wishes that the modern storyteller would more frequently lead us away from the commonplace region of newspapers and railways to regions where the imagination can have fair play. Hawthorne is one of the few eminent writers to whose guidance we may in such moods most safely entrust ourselves. . . . No modern writer has the same skill in so using the marvellous as to interest without unduly exciting our incredulity.*

LESLIE STEPHEN.

1.—As busts in the block of marble, so does our individual fate exist in the limestone of time. We fancy that we carve it out; but its ultimate shape is prior to all our action.—*Transformation*.

2.—SOME illusions are the shadows of great truths.—*Sunday at Home*.

3.—ARE there any two living creatures who have so few sympathies that they cannot possibly be friends?—*Little Annie's Ramble*.

4.—No founta'n so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom.—*Notebook*.

5.—THE young have less charity for aged follies than the old for those of youth.—*The Wedding Knell*.

6.—WE taste one intellectual pleasure twice, and with double the result when we taste it with a friend.—*Transformation*.

7.—THE best of us being unfit to die, what an inexpressible absurdity to put the worst to death!—*Notebook*.

8.—WOULD that I had a folio to write instead of an article of a dozen pages! Then might I exemplify how an influence beyond control lays its strong hand on every deed which we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity.—*Wakefield*.

9.—WE all of us, as we grow older, lose somewhat of our proximity to nature. It is the price we pay for experience.—*Transformation*.

10.—PERHAPS if we could penetrate nature's secrets we should find that what we call weeds are more essential to the wellbeing of the world than the most precious fruit or grain.—*Notebook*.

11.—IF we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind we shall find this same entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow. Life is made up of marble and mud.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

12.—IT is not good for man to cherish a solitary ambition.—*The Prophetic Pictures*.

13.—COULD we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment to afford us a single hour of true serenity.—*David Swan*.

14.—CREATION was not finished till the poet came to interpret and so complete it.—*The Great Stone Face*.

15.—WHAT other dungeon is so dark as one's own heart!—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

16.—WHERE all things fade, how miserable to be the one that could not fade!—*The Prophetic Pictures*.

17.—A FORCED smile is uglier than a frown.—*Transformation*.

18.—WE worship the living Deity according to dead men's forms and creeds.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

19.—THERE is something more awful in happiness than in sorrow—the latter being earthly and finite, the former composed of the substance and texture of eternity, so that spirits still embodied may well tremble at it.—*Notebook*.

20.—WHAT would a man do if he were compelled to live always in the sultry heat of society, and could never bathe himself in cool solitude?—*Notebook*.

21.—A MOTHER listens with her heart much more than with her ears, and thus she is often delighted with the thrills of celestial music when other people can hear nothing of the kind.—*The Snow Image*.

22.—WHEN men once turn to brutes, the trifle of man's wit that remains in them adds tenfold to their brutality.—*Circus's Palace*.

23.—DO you imagine that earthly children are to become immortal without being tempered to it in the fiercest heat of the fire?—*The Pomegranate Seeds*.

24.—HAPPINESS in this world when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained.—*Notebook*.

25.—PERHAPS this is to be the punishment of sin, not that it shall be made evident to the universe, which can profit nothing by such knowledge, but that it shall insulate the sinner from all sweet society by rendering him impermeable to light, and, therefore, unrecognisable in the abode of heavenly simplicity and truth.—*Transformation*.

26.—ALL philosophy that would abstract mankind from the present is no more than words.—*Old News*.

27.—WITHOUT all the deeper trust in a comprehensive sympathy above us we might be led to suspect the insult of a sneer as well as an unmitigable frown on the iron countenance of fate.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

28.—IS not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of birth?—*The Ambitious Guest*.