

The Coming Day.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

SPOKEN AT CROYDON.

' Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas, greet you.'—COLOSSIANS iv., 14.

THIS is one of the pleasant little windows which, in Paul's letters, give us such precious glimpses of the true inner life of the early Christians. What a charming book might be written concerning the salutations of the Apostle Paul! His theology is somewhat confusing; his philosophy is not very informing; and neither tells us much about that which we should like to know most about—the early Christians and their ways. But these salutations are very enlightening. That, however, is not our subject for to-day.

'The beloved physician!' There are some vocations which we do not associate with affection. The manufacturer, the builder, the mason, do not come into such intimate relations with the inner selves of people as to touch the heart, to call forth love. And yet everything which a human being does will be better done if the element of love is somewhere in it. Even the laying of courses of bricks in building the homeliest wall will be helped and improved by goodwill and love. But there are some vocations which we specially and rightly associate with close personal relations and affections—the school teacher, the nurse, the minister, the physician (I should like to add, the lawyer). All these come into close personal contact with us, and in a way which makes it natural to say, 'my dear teacher,' 'my dear nurse,' 'my dear minister,' 'my beloved physician.' There are many reasons for this last.

The ideal doctor is a confidant. If there is anything in his manner or tone which prevents that, he is by so much unfit for his vocation. His spirit, his kindness, his wisdom, should whisper 'Tell me all,' and for that he is loved.

He is a comforter too. And what opportunities he has! Surely no man, in such critical hours, comes so near to those who suffer and grieve! I often envy the doctor his openings and opportunities, which make it possible for him—and ought to make it natural to him—to be a pitiful friend, ay! and serving

priest of God, in the agonies of deepest distress. The doctor who is worthy of his great calling best knows this, and becomes 'the beloved physician.'

He is also a strength when strength is most needed. His calm voice, his firm and friendly hand, his truthful measured assurances, his gently resolute will, hold up and support the sufferer, give confidence and teach the shrinking spirit to be brave. If this is not so—if haste, or gloom, or untimely lightness only agitate—the high calling is missed, the great opportunity is gone. But where all this is true, where calm strength makes strong, the physician is indeed a 'beloved' friend.

He is also a blessed helper. There is much that a good doctor can do which he alone can do. His are not only helpful thoughts but helpful deeds. He takes the failing body and leads it along the rough road—back to soundness, health and usefulness, and for that he is 'beloved.'

Again, he is a lover of mankind. Nature's true physicians are born philanthropists. The doctor who is not a lover of mankind has missed his calling, for much that he has to do will only be possible to love. The good physician loves his work. He is like a good soldier. He has set his heart upon driving the invader, disease, from the field. He delights in soundness, purity, sanity, health. Like the good minister, he would rather do his work for nothing than not do it at all, for he loves mankind, and is therefore 'beloved.'

We do well to talk of 'the divine art of healing,' for upon the condition of the body the will of God concerning us depends. Paul calls the body 'the temple of the Holy Spirit,' and how can that Holy Spirit work in a temple defiled and dark? But the connection between the two is closer than that of tenant and temple, for this temple is alive, and it seems to dominate that which abides within, the less controlling the greater, the perishing mastering the enduring, the human stifling the divine. Here is the deepest and the most sacred function of the doctor who, as his very name indicates, is teacher, informer, guide; and we already see indications of the practical application of the profound truth that the doctor's deepest and highest function may actually be mental and spiritual. Poor Macbeth's question, 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?' may yet be answered in the affirmative. But consider what this means on the doctor's side. How refined, how wise, how pure he must be!

The element of 'beloved' appears again in the relationship of the physician to the poor. The ideal doctor is very mindful of the poor; and, as a matter of fact, many of our ablest men, for pure love's sake, do not a little work for love. But the community ought to make it possible for our best men to come into contact with the poor, and be beloved by them. There is, indeed, something shocking in the appropriation of special knowledge and skill by those

who can afford to pay for it. We talk of the coming down of God to earth in the person of Jesus Christ; but He is always here; and it is He who gives the world its skill, its wisdom, and its power; and we are all His instruments and servants just as Jesus was, and the good doctor is as truly inspired as psalmist or prophet or Christ; and the infirmary is as truly 'the house of God' as any cathedral or minster in the land.

Here we come to delicate ground, but we must be uncompromising concerning it. It is usual to make charity rough and somewhat penal. We cannot have 'charity schools' without some brand or badge. We maintain that we must even go out of our way to make the workhouse a bit uncomfortable and prison-like. At the infirmaries and hospitals of England, in the old days at all events, the out-patients, quite regardless of their condition, had to wait sometimes for hours, and not much attention was paid to the waiting-room to free it from draughts and make it comfortable. Everything was rough and ready. 'There are the bandages; you can go.' This was all wrong. Charity means love. I maintain that even the workhouse doctor should be 'the beloved physician,' and not only the fashionable 'lady's doctor,' who measures out his supple softnesses with an eye to his annuity of fees. But when we talk of charity we may easily get wrong. Nine out of ten persons who come into the hands of the workhouse doctor, or who find shelter in the infirmary, are vicarious sufferers. The life of a great town is the life of an army engaged in a campaign. Here is an accident. What does that mean? A shot has fallen, and a comrade or comrades are wounded. Take them up as a sacred duty, and carry them to 'the beloved physician.' They have been wounded for our sakes, and we must give them no cheap attention, but special thought and love. These poor women and girls have come from the battle-field, and they have been hit the hardest. That is the simple truth of it and the pathos of it. Let society learn how to deal with them.

All this is distinctly Christian. The essence of Christianity is not theology, but humanity; and you may find in the New Testament more to justify and enforce humanity than to justify and enforce belief in God, for the constant demand of gospel and epistle is that we should love one another, and drop our selfishness and our masterfulness and do things, not because we are paid, but because we are brethren; and, so far as I can see, this is the only permanent motive for that kind of well-doing which is heedless of gratitude, and counts not the cost, and forgets the trouble, but does all for pure love's sake.

But this ideal is more far-reaching than Christianity. It is human; it belongs to the deepest things in the very make of man. Do you know that a thousand years before Christ, in Egypt, the State, the nation, provided physicians whose duty it was to attend in certain public places to advise with and to prescribe for the sick? Do you all know that the State then (nearly

3,000 years ago) regulated the education and authorisation of the faculty, and did its best to raise up for suffering humanity the 'beloved physician'? Five hundred years before Christ the Greeks had their hospitals, in which State officials treated the sufferers from disease, and the Romans had them not as early because they were more ready to turn private houses into havens of refuge for the sick, or for those who suffered from accidents. In India, centuries before Christ, the hospital proper had its home. Indeed, Buddhism has for its very heart and life the supreme duty of relieving misery of every kind. One historian has the following record:—'About 325 B.C. King Asoka commanded his people to build hospitals for the poor, the sick and distressed, at each of the four gates of Patua and throughout his dominions.' Of these, Fa Hian, a Chinese pilgrim, writing about 400 A.D., speaks as follows:—'The nobles and landowners of this country have founded hospitals in the city to which the poor of all countries, the destitute, the cripples, the diseased, may repair for shelter. They receive every kind of help gratuitously. Physicians inspect their diseases, and according to their cases order them food and drink, decoctions and medicines, everything in fact which may contribute to their ease. When cured they depart at their own convenience.' Another Chinese pilgrim, writing in 648 A.D., mentions a multitude of these establishments. The first Christian hospital was built by a Roman lady named Fabiola, in the fourth century A.D., so that it took some time for Christianity to begin to develop this good fruit, though Egyptians, Greeks, and Hindus had long before shown the value of it.

But, beyond Christ, and beyond even humanity, we find the brightest and loveliest, the deepest and highest, thoughts of God Himself in this very sphere. Several of the writers of the Bible grasped the great thought that God is the heavenly healer. 'He forgiveth all thy iniquities,' said one; 'He healeth all thy diseases.' And that is increasingly becoming the dominant thought of God in our day (identifying the ideal God with that vital, restoring, cleansing and healing power in nature which is always working to overcome the evil with good, the polluted with the clean, the diseased with the wholesome). God is 'healing all our diseases':—the love force, the sanity, the wisdom, the sweetness, the angel-principle in human nature, are all conspiring to 'ring out old shapes of foul disease.'

The mystery of evil, the mystery of deformity, the mystery of impurity, lust, disease, it is hard to fathom; but the bright God is behind all that. He is the Evolver, the Uplifter, the Healer, and He will prevail. He is prevailing. His kingdom is coming. His gracious will must be done. And we are all His instruments, from the obscurest mother who delights to keep her child sweet and clean to the greatest genius amongst those who wear the heavenly title of 'the beloved physician,' and who, in so far as they deserve it, are among the divinest benefactors of man, and the nearest to our very highest ideal of the perfect God.

WHAT IS THE CHURCH FOR ?

SPOKEN TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

THERE was once a boy who never went to church willingly. Why? Because he felt it was dull. His standard, naturally enough, was the being pleased. Everything was acceptable to him in proportion as it amused. Everything that did not amuse was something to be avoided. There are plenty of boys and girls—and plenty of men and women—who are like that boy, and, in a way, they are not to be greatly blamed, for, really, we ought to make everything interesting, and everything will be made interesting some day, even work; for tools and machinery, workplaces and materials, hours and all the arrangements of places of work, will be made wholesome and happy, and work will be a delight.

But we shall go wrong, and we shall always go wrong, and break down and miss much good if we put enjoyment or even being interested in the first place. Take arithmetic and grammar. Arithmetic and grammar can be made very interesting, especially if we dispense with books on these subjects, as we ought to do; but it would be a great mistake if we avoided arithmetic and grammar in cases where they did not interest. Even though they were painful and tried us very much, yet they ought to be worked at for their own sakes. Even with regard to music, the most delightful of all amusements, it is notorious that the first stages of learning it are nearly always irksome, and the man or woman who now plays the violin superbly had to go through much drudgery, even for years. So it is plain that amusement or pleasure should not be the test and standard.

Now comes the question about going to church. Of course the one thing to consider is: What is the church for? What should come first? If the church is for amusement of any grade, you will of course go where there is the best music or the nicest responses, or the finest choir, or the best dressed priests, or the prettiest decorations, or the greatest number of charming people. But what if the church is for something quite different? And I think it is for something quite different—so different indeed, that if you make being entertained the standard, you will go entirely wrong.

What, then, is the church for? For many things, but chiefly for three.

It is for *the uplifting of the spirit to God*, and that is something so serious that one almost shrinks from connecting anything like entertainment with it. The old Puritans—and you ought all to read about the old Puritans—had a right thought about this, and so deeply serious were they as to the true use of worship as the uplifting of the spirit to God, that they discarded all beauty and comfort even, so that they might be alone with the mighty thought and purpose of their meeting together: and, though they were perhaps excessive in their stern simplicity, I think they ran less risk of losing the reality than the

people who now, with music, and pictures, and fine dresses, and pretty lights, run the risk of turning the worship of the church into a mere performance.

The second object of the church is *the improving of the life*. And this again is an immensely serious thing. There is much in life to drag us down, and all of us need, more or less, some special effort to uplift and improve us. Now it is clear that if we put being entertained first we shall go quite wrong. That would only be one more yielding to the love of pleasure, and it is this very love of pleasure which is always hurting and lowering us. The Friends or Quakers are so watchful against this that they discard music altogether and all the helps to anything like entertainment, and they sit and think, or are spoken to only in the simplest possible way; and, in truth, in so doing, they are far more likely to be on the right road for securing the improvement of the life than those who select their church for its grandeur, its beauty, or its music.

Of course, what we call a 'service' ought to be made decorous and beautiful; but we must be very careful about putting the right use first, and there is a middle path which I venture to say I think we have nearly found.

Then, to go no further, one other object of the church is *study and instruction*. This will at once show that we shall go quite wrong if we object to church because it is 'dull,' or if we go elsewhere because it is pretty, musical and entertaining. The church is a kind of school, and the subject of instruction is a tremendously serious one. Here we try to understand life, to find out what a human being really is, to clearly see what is a human being's duty, to consider what we can do best to help the world while we are in it, and whether there is anything better awaiting us beyond. What great themes! In the world we have to live very much for the things of the world, for business or lessons, or for earthly cares in many forms, and every day's demands are hard upon us; but here we try to ascend above all these—to take large views of life, to look deeply into the secret springs of thought and action and hope, to see our way, to understand. How plain it is, then, that we should lose the meaning of the church and look in the wrong direction, and miss our way, if we made the music and other delights the standard, and allowed consideration of such things to determine our conduct in relation to the church!

I say again that everything in the church ought to be made as comely and winsome as possible; but we must not put that consideration first. It is with almost a shudder I hear people say, 'O, the children go to church because there is such lovely music there.' By all means let them go anywhere where they can best find the uplifting of the spirit to God, where they can best secure the improving of the life, where they can gain the best instruction concerning the greatest of all great subjects; but, for pity's sake, don't prolong the pleasure-seeking of the week into the blessed Sunday; don't stab the church with the reproof that it is 'dull.'

ANOTHER SIGN OF THE TIMES.

GOOD NEWS ACROSS THE SEAS.

WE copy the following from the *Harbinger of Light* :—

““ Shall these dry bones live ? ” An affirmative answer to the question occasionally reaches us from quite unexpected quarters. In Tasmania, for example, there are signs of vitality in that fossilized institution, the Anglican Church ; for the Rev. A. Turnbull, of Hobart, has discovered in its dogmas, doctrines and discipline much that is at variance with the life and teachings of the Man of Sorrows; and, with a courage and an honesty worthy of all admiration, he has voluntarily relinquished an influential position and the emoluments attaching to it, and is forming a Society upon a broad and comprehensive basis, and formulating principles to which every advanced Spiritualist could subscribe. Writing to his friends, Mr. Turnbull observes :—“ I know nothing of my future excepting as *I am led by an unseen guidance*. I will go on working as in the past and leave the rest to develop. I know man’s destiny is not entirely in his own hands, although I am prepared to admit his intelligence must be used to discover if the steps he takes are according to common sense and reason. Holding, as I do, that there is evolution in ideas of faith, as well as in the sciences and man’s elevation, I am ready to accept whatever revelation of Truth comes to me. In that belief I have *received* the principles of truth embodied in the following “ Ideal,” which I place before you for your serious thought, as they have been placed before myself :

THE IDEAL.

The Fatherhood of God, who is the inmost uplifting Life of all things.

The Brotherhood of Man for sympathy and service.

The ceaseless development and advance of the human race, by struggle and possession, sorrow and joy, death and life.

The establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven everywhere upon earth.

The unreserved recognition of the *secular* world, as containing all sacred things.

The unceasing inspiration of man by God.

The constant communion of kindred spirits in and between the unseen and the seen.

‘ A church bearing witness to these truths does not suggest a new sect, but the reverse. It suggest a society of kindred spirits who, in testifying to universal facts and truths, calls the attention of all the churches to that which is at the very heart of them all, and who may perchance encourage or incite them to press, beyond hindering survivals, to living and essential things.

‘ Jesus did not found a new sect when he and his few disciples went outside the established church of his day to put on record his great beatitudes, and to teach the world that not at Jerusalem only should the Father be worshiped, but everywhere “ in spirit and in truth.” And this—which is the negation of all sectarianism—is the testimony of Our Father’s Church.

‘With such “guidance,” Mr. Turnbull may go upon his way with perfect confidence that He who is significantly called “The Father of Spirits” will direct and sustain him in his efforts to realise the beautiful and ennobling “ideal” he has set before him.’

‘The Ideal’ and the paragraphs that follow are, of course, our own. We heartily welcome the new-comer.

A REMARKABLE TESTIMONY.

WE are never long without some fresh expression of wonder or pity on account of our tendency to back up the spiritualists. Will it be believed that it is these very expressions of wonder and pity that keep us on the move? And not out of a spirit of opposition either. The truth is that those who have really looked into the subject are only hammered into more serious belief by the assaults of unbelievers, and that simply because these assaults betray such spiritual poverty, such ignorance, such shallow levity, or such want of appreciation of the meaning of the whole thing.

The people who pity spiritualists seem to have no idea of how spiritualists pity them,—and not without reason. But we need not go so far as the spiritualists. It is to be regretted that the proceedings of the Psychical Research Society and its *Journal* are not better known. They abound with evidence of the gravest kind that we are all living very near the Borderland which just divides (if it does divide) the unseen from the seen. For instance, a late number of the *Journal* gave a full report of a series of experiments conducted by Professor Oliver Lodge, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Professor Richet, Dr. J. Ochorowicz, Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, M. Berretta, Dr. Charles Ségard, and others. This report, presented by Dr. Oliver Lodge, was of enormous interest. It was followed by discussion, in which the well-known scientist, William Crookes, took part. His speech was in every way a remarkable one. Many years ago, in his own house and laboratory, he carried through a long series of experiments which fully convinced him of the reality of what are called the phenomena of spiritualism; and he has seen no reason to change his mind. At the meeting to which we are referring, he vindicated, with superb courage, the character of the much defamed D. D. Home. We only wish this speech could be so floated as to ‘go the round of the press.’ We venture to reprint the greater part of it,—a splendid rebuke, by one who knows, to the scoffers who, knowing nothing, have hardly any right to an opinion, much less to denial.

We venture to predict that the names of such men as William Crookes, Alfred Russel Wallace, Oliver Lodge, F. W. H. Myers, Stainton Moses, and E. D. Rogers, will be treasured in the centuries to come.

It has occurred to me that a few observations on certain differences which I have noted between the phenomena occurring in Eusapia Paladino's presence and those which I used to see with D. D. Home, might interest the meeting.

In the first place, most if not all the occurrences with Eusapia seem to have taken place when she was in a trance, and the more complete the trance the more striking the phenomena. This was not always so with Home. Certainly the two most striking things I ever saw with him, the fire test and visible forms, were to be observed while he was entranced, but it was not always easy to tell when he was in that state, for he spoke and moved about almost as if he were in his normal condition; the chief differences being that his actions were more deliberate, and his manner and expressions more solemn, and he always spoke of himself in the third person, as 'Dan.'

I several times saw the fire test, both at my own and at other houses. On one occasion he called me to him when he went to the fire and told me to watch carefully. He certainly put his hand in the grate and handled the red-hot coals in a manner which would have been impossible for me to have imitated without being severely burnt. I once saw him go to a bright wood fire, and taking a large piece of red-hot charcoal, put it in the hollow of one hand, and covering it with the other hand, blow into the extempore furnace till the coal was white hot and the flames licked round his fingers. No sign of burning could be seen then or afterwards on his hands.

When he was not in a trance we frequently had movements of objects in different parts of the room, with visible hands carrying flowers and playing the accordion. On one occasion I was asked by Home to look at the accordion as it was playing in the semi-darkness beneath the table. I saw a delicate-looking female hand holding it by the handle, and the keys at the lower end rising and falling as if fingers were playing on them, although I could not see them. So life-like was the hand that at first I said it was my sister-in-law's, but was assured by all present that both her hands were on the table, a fact which I then verified for myself.

The best cases of Home's levitation I witnessed were in my own house. On one occasion he went to a clear part of the room,

and after standing quietly for a minute, told us he was rising. I saw him slowly rise up with a continuous gliding movement and remain about six inches off the ground for several seconds, when he slowly descended. On this occasion no one moved from their places. On another occasion I was invited to come to him, when he rose 18 inches off the ground, and I passed my hands under his feet, round him, and over his head when he was in the air.

On several occasions Home and the chair on which he was sitting at the table rose off the ground. This was generally done very deliberately, and Home sometimes then tucked up his feet on the seat of the chair and held up his hands in view of all of us. On such an occasion I have got down and seen and felt that all four legs were off the ground at the same time, Home's feet being on the chair. Less frequently the levitating power extended to those sitting next to him. Once my wife was thus raised off the ground in her chair.

Home always had a great objection to darkness, and we generally had plenty of light. I tried several experiments on lighting the room. Once I illuminated it with Geissler vacuum tubes electrically excited, but the result was not satisfactory; the flickering of the light distracted one's attention. Another time I lighted the room with an alcohol flame coloured yellow with soda. This gave everyone a ghastly look, but the phenomena that took place were very strong, and I was told it was a good light for the purpose. One of the best séances I ever had was when the full moon was shining into the room. The blinds and curtains were drawn back and there was light enough to enable one to read small print.

One of the most common occurrences at the séances consisted in movements of flowers and light objects. Sometimes those present could see fingers or a complete hand carrying things about, but frequently no visible support was to be detected. The hands felt warm and life-like, and if retained would appear to melt away in one's grasp. They were never dragged away.

One of the most striking things I ever saw in the way of movements of light objects was when a glass water-bottle and tumbler rose from the table. There was plenty of light in the room from two large salted alcohol flames

and Home's hands were not near. The bottle and glass floated about over the middle of the table. I asked if they would answer questions by knocking one against the other. Immediately three taps together signified 'Yes.' They then kept floating about six or eight inches up, going from the front of one sitter to another round the table, tapping together and answering questions in this manner. Quite five minutes were occupied by this phenomenon, during which time we had ample opportunity of seeing that Home was a passive agent, and that no wires or strings, &c., were in use. But the idea of any such tricks was absurd, as the occurrence was in my own house, and no one could have tampered with anything in the room, Home not having been in the room till we all came in together for the séance. On another occasion I asked for a word to be written by a pencil in my presence without anyone's hand being near. A piece of paper, a pencil, and a small wooden lath were on the table. The pencil rose up over the table and seemed as if it were trying to write, and the lath went as if to steady it, but we were told the power was too weak to enable the writing to be done.

I quite agree with what Professor Lodge says as to strangers. They are, I suppose, necessary evils, but some of my best séances have been spoiled by transparent and futile attempts at trickery on the part of strangers who had begged for an invitation. On one occasion everything seemed to promise a good sitting, and a very great man was present at his earnest request. We sat for an hour with nothing happening except sundry movements and noises, kicks and pushes, evidently made by my visitor. At length he left, and a message was received that 'they had been waiting till Mr. ——— ceased to play the fool.' We then had an excellent séance. I subsequently heard that our visitor went about saying we were a credulous lot. He had successfully taken us in with raps and movements, but Home was too clever to attempt to play any tricks in his presence.

Home was very anxious to let everyone present be satisfied that he was not doing any of the things himself—too anxious, I sometimes thought, for frequently he would interfere with the progress and development of what was going on by insisting that some sceptic or other should come round and take

hold of his hands and feet to be sure he was not doing anything himself. At times he would push his chair back and move right away from the table when things were moving on it, and ask those furthest from him to come round and satisfy themselves that he had nothing to do with the movements. I used frequently to beg him to be quiet, knowing that if he would not move about in his eagerness to convince us of his genuineness, the strength of the phenomena would probably increase to such a degree that no further evidence would be needed that their production was beyond the powers of the medium.

During the whole of my knowledge of D. D. Home, extending over several years, I never once saw the slightest occurrence that would make me suspicious that he was attempting to play tricks. He was scrupulously sensitive on this point, and never felt hurt at anyone taking precautions against deception. He sometimes, in the early days of our acquaintance, used to say to me before a séance, 'Now, William, I want you to act as if I was a recognised conjurer, and was going to cheat you and play all the tricks I could. Take every precaution you can devise against me, and move about and look under the table or where else you like. Don't consider my feelings. I shall not be offended. I know that the more carefully I am tested the more convinced will everyone be that these abnormal occurrences are not of my own doings.' Latterly I used jokingly to say to him, 'Let us sit round the fire and have a quiet chat, and see if our friends are here and will do anything for us. We won't have any tests or precautions.' On these occasions, when only my own family were present with him, some of the most convincing phenomena took place.

I think it is a cruel thing that a man like D. D. Home, gifted with such extraordinary powers, and always willing, nay, anxious, to place himself at the disposal of men of science for investigation, should have lived so many years in London, and with one or two exceptions, no one of weight in the scientific world should have thought it worth while to look into the truth or falsity of things which were being talked about in society on all sides. To those who knew him Home was one of the most lovable of men, and his perfect genuineness and uprightness were beyond suspicion, but by those who did not know him he was called a charlatan, and those who believed in

him were considered little better than lunatics.

Mr. Crookes concluded by expressing his satisfaction that so eminent a man of science as Professor Lodge should endorse the con-

clusions he himself had arrived at so many years ago, and called the attention of the meeting to the great courage exhibited by Mr. Lodge in coming forward as he was doing.

THE SPARROW THAT FALLETH TO THE GROUND.

ON the stone pathway in front of our door lay a little heap of feathers. Was it a dead or a living sparrow? I took it up out of the wind and rain—a stiff little motionless bundle—its wings helpless, its tiny feet crooked and cold; but the bright black eyes were open and shining. Was it kinder or crueler to try and nurse it back to life? In vain to ask the question! Between us a great gulf is fixed; nor womanhood nor sparrowhood can bridge it. As I held it in my warm hand and dried the poor disordered feathers, and smoothed the ragged head, and held it to my lips, a strange passion of yearning filled me. I longed to succour and comfort it; I longed that it might know it was in the care of a friend. It lay for hours by a fire without stirring. Then, hoping to coax it to eat, I took it carefully out of its nest, but—O! foolish little bird!—as if I had been an enemy, it sprang out of my hand, flapping and fluttering, and escaped through the open garden door.

It is by recognising the difference of natures we approach nearest to comprehension of the ineffable mystery of God. I am real; the sparrow is real. I can understand and feel for the tiny creature's need, but it has no faculty for knowing more of me than that I am force, danger, a something from which to flee.

There are innumerable steps in the ladder of life, and the creatures that inhabit one plane have but the most imperfect—when they have any—intercourse with the creatures on another plane. The fishes and the birds, though connected by a remote cousinship, have nothing to say to each other; rooks consult with rooks whether this or that fork in the elm-tree's top will furnish the better foundation for a new dwelling, but the lark, soaring above in the blue, knows nothing of such debates, and thinks all nesting is after her pattern; the ant running across the hand

of a man goes its busy way undisturbed by knowledge or by fear. The wondrous human hand might be a dead leaf for anything the small traveller knows. The white butterflies that gleam in the sunshine have no vision of the children at play; the tiger that seizes the little Indian child descries food merely, and the mother's shrieks of agony arouse in him no compunction.

But at a certain point in the marvellous story appears a new kind of being with "larger, other eyes," behind which live observation, discrimination and sympathy. The world is his province; all things are his for the very reason that there is betwixt him and other creatures this vast, inexpressible difference: he has comprehension—limited indeed, but real—of the dumb lives of instinct, and a capacity for outgoing thought and feeling. So, though the butterflies see not the merry, dancing children, the children are the happier for the butterflies; the vast bulk over which the ants make excursions is animated by a mind which can investigate and record their ways, and the lark at heaven's gate, over the Stratford meadows, is the unconscious inspirer of a human song which shall be a joy for ever, though it is a song that in Larkdom would not be known for music.

The tiny green beetle on the leaf of a crane's bill has no faculties for perceiving the body or being cognisant of the mind of the naturalist who has found it there, but the naturalist knows a good deal about it. Both have their special powers and conditions of existence; both are here, alive, active, at work; both are fenced about with limitations. It is certain that neither beetle nor man sees, hears, apprehends all that is; both live in worlds not realised. This unconsciousness on the part of so many of our co-tenants of even the existence of gifted and proud humanity might teach our seeking, hungry souls precious lessons of hope and of faith.

For the very reason that, in the inevitable yet for ever baffled quest of God, the powers of the best and wisest are insufficient, may we not with utmost sanity and certainty conclude, not that the quest is a vain imagination—a search for One who is not there—but rather that the faculties of His human children are inadequate to "find out the Almighty to perfection"? Blessed be His name that we are impelled to these obstinate questionings, and that we are able to draw the great inference!

Is there not a greater gulf between the insect and its observer than there is between that observer and the great God? In the one case there is total ignorance and incapacity, in the other there are gleams of consciousness, intuitions, longings, exercise of powers that belong to human nature at its best, assuredly not less wonderful or reliable than the powers of sight and touch by means of which we apprehend the world about us.

The ecstasy that fills us on a day in spring, when through budding boughs we see the shining clouds and the brilliant rain-washed blue; the eclipse of happiness in the heart of the child who feels 'cross'; the willingness of love to one another, and a worthier preferred—these are inexplicable without God. And my experience yesterday—the flood of unbidden, self-surprising tenderness that welled up at the sight of the poor bird—can only be accounted for by the presence of a power not myself that makes for love and

pity. To the sparrow, the storm and my sheltering care were alike terrible. It knew nothing, it could know nothing, of the beneficence that held it. 'Are ye not much better than they?' said the Teacher. When in our human affairs all seems loss, catastrophe, and disaster, it may be that God is nearest, tenderest, caring for us most. Let us not shrink, as altogether ignorant and unknowing, from the comfort of His presence and the healing of His touch!

The song of the saints has been, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear.' In direst straits of pain, of persecution, and of grief, they have borne themselves as more than conquerors. May we also, in our measure, know what it is to rest in the Lord, and so know God as the height of human good! The child best learns the fulness of parental love when pain or sorrow makes it turn to the tender, outstretched arms. The knowledge of that love and the trust in it are of such great worth that the harmfulness of the pain is nothing in comparison with them. Is not that the best meaning of the words, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted'? The comfort can be so sweet, so dear, so satisfying, that it is worth infinitely more than the price of suffering we pay to win it. 'Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.'

E.G.

NOTES BY THE WAY

IMPORTANT.—We remind all our friends that the first of the three Queen's Hall meetings will be held on Sunday evening, November 3rd, at seven. The hall is near Oxford Circus. Entrance No. 2. We anticipate and have reasons for expecting delightful meetings. The expenses will be about £25. Sympathisers who cannot attend are invited to send contributions to Mr. J. Page Hopps, Oak tree House, South Norwood Hill, London.

LOWELL LINES.—We offer our special thanks to Mr. Harvie for his fine selections this month. Almost every one is a perfect intellectual or spiritual gem.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.—The article in last month's *Coming Day* is now ready as a separate pamphlet. Price two-pence, post free. But it will be sent to our readers for half price for any number over two.

DEATH A DELUSION.—Mr. J. Page Hopps' book, giving an account of 'some personal experiences on the Borderland between Sense and Soul,' is now published by Williams and Norgate (not Mr. Sonnenschein). Price one shilling net. Or post free from South Norwood Hill, London, S.E.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.—Of our friend, the Rev. A. Turnbull, of Hobart, Tasmania (who has lately left the Established Church and formed a free congregation on the basis of the Ideal), the *Harbinger of Light* says:—"The Rev. Archibald Turnbull, of Hobart, whom we referred to last month, under the heading of "A Sign of the Times," has been in Melbourne during the past month; he occupied the pulpit at the Australian Church on the morning of the 18th, and of the Unitarian Church on the evening of the 25th, his subject on the latter occasion being "The Earth not God-Forsaken." The tendency of his address was to show the erroneousness of the idea based upon the allegory of the Garden of Eden and the fall of man, that man had no merit in himself, but was dependent upon his acceptance of the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ for his salvation. The Church, he said, had to change its position before better conditions could be inaugurated. The Church was narrower than humanity, which had grown beyond it. The earth was as good as ever it was, and progressing. Jesus was a great social and religious reformer; he did not preach doctrine, but peace and good-will; these were dependent upon right-doing. There was a force within man which instigated him to advance; it was not in *believing* but in *doing* that mankind were advanced. There was, he affirmed, apparent in the present a general desire among men to make the world a better place to live in; man was working for the reconstruction of Society. The laws of mercy, education, love and health were all factors to a better condition; and the law of love, as taught by Jesus was the religion of humanity. Mr. Turnbull is a clear and impressive speaker, and was listened to with marked attention by his audience."

'THE APOSTLES' CREED.'—We always had an idea that the so-called 'Apostles' Creed' was rather a doubtful document, but we never dared to say of it what the *Christian World* lately said of it, that it was a late ecclesiastical production which carries falsehood in its very title, whose claim to apostolic authority is based upon a silly legend, which contains statements that no apostle ever put his name to, and whose pretensions to rank as the authorised expression of primitive Christianity has been, within the last twelve months,

solemnly repudiated by the highest scholarship of Germany.'

JEHOVAH WORSHIP.—In Mr. Lowell's recently published work on 'Occult Japan,' there is a passage which is a curious echo of the burden of the Old Testament. It is a quotation from the 'Nihonshoki,' part of the ancient Bible of Japan, compiled in A.D. 720. The book contains records of 'divine possession' very similar to those which abound in the Old Testament. This particular case is recorded in the reign of the Emperor Sujin, a most unlucky monarch, with whom everything went wrong. He naturally attributed this to the gods, and determined finally to question them on the subject. So, going out into a certain plain, he collected the 800 myriad deities, immaterially speaking, doubtless, and asked to have his fortune told. Upon which: 'At this time a god descended upon the Princess Yamato-totohi-momoso-hime-nomikoto, and said (*kami-gakari'e-iwaku*): "Why is the Emperor troubled in spirit because the country is vexed, and there is no law in the land? If he diligently worship me and follow my commandments, the land shall rest in peace." Then the Emperor inquired and said, "What god is it that thus instructs me?" and the god answered, "I am the god that dwelleth within the boundaries of this land, the land of Yamato, and my name is Omono-nushi-no-kami." Then, receiving reverently the instructions of the god, the Emperor worshipped diligently according to his commandments.'

Readers of the Old Testament have virtually heard all this before. Does it matter whether we say 'Jehovah' or 'Omono-nushi-no-kami'?—Palestine or Japan?

THE GOOD MINISTER.—The New York *Christian Advocate* says shrewdly: "Sometimes the pastor whom the people do not want is the one whom they should keep. He has been administering to them the active medicines which they need, and feeding them, not with the condiments which conceal from them the unhealthfulness of a diseased appetite, but with the sincere milk of the word, with the view to preparing them to digest the strong meat instead of the tainted fruits and painted confectionery that their morbid palates desire."

NOTES ON BOOKS.

'The Stark Munro letters.' By A. Conan Doyle. London: Longmans, Green & Co. A very interesting, if not a very strong book. It has the 'one thing needful'—he who begins it *must* finish it. Stark Munro's own adventures are the weakest part of the book, whenever they are dissociated from the real hero—the grand crank, Cullingworth—a clever creation, but a somewhat impossible creature. *The Coming Day*, however, is chiefly interested in the very striking religious speculations and criticisms that abound in these letters. Seasoned old heretics will find these speculations and criticisms somewhat elementary in substance; but, in manner and spirit, they are particularly rousing. The following is a fair sample of this side of the book:—'When first I came out of the faith in which I had been reared, I certainly did feel for a time as if my life belt had burst. I won't exaggerate and say that I was miserable and plunged in utter spiritual darkness. Youth is too full of action for that. But I was conscious of a vague unrest, of a constant want of repose, of an emptiness and hardness which I had not noticed in life before. I had so identified religion with the Bible that I could not conceive them apart. When the foundation proved false, the whole structure came rattling about my ears. And then good old Carlyle came to the rescue; and partly from him, and partly from my own broodings, I made a little hut of my own, which has kept me snug ever since, and has even served to shelter a friend or two besides.'

The first and main thing was to get it thoroughly soaked into one that the existence of a Creator and an indication of His attributes does in no way depend upon Jewish poets, nor upon human paper or printing ink. On the contrary, all such efforts to realise Him must only belittle Him, bringing the Infinite down to the narrow terms of human thought at a time when that thought was in the main less spiritual than it is at present. Even the most material of modern minds would flinch at depicting the Deity as ordering wholesale executions, and hacking kings to pieces upon the horns of alt.:rs.

Then, having prepared your mind for a higher (if perhaps a vaguer) idea of the Deity, proceed to study Him in His works, which cannot be counterfeited or manipulated. Nature is the true revelation of the Deity to

man. The nearest green field is the inspired page from which you may read all that it is needful for you to know.'

We may take it for granted that the book will, as it deserves, have many readers,—and we hope that many who go to it to be amused will remain to think.

'THE NEW IRISH LIBRARY.' *The story of early Gaelic Literature.* By Douglas Hyde, L.L.D. *The Irish Song Book.* With original Irish airs. Edited by Alfred Perceval Graves. Second Edition. *The New Spirit of the Nation; or, Ballads and Songs by the writers of the 'Nation.'* Edited by Martin McDermott. *The Patriot Parliament of 1689, with its Statutes, Votes, and Proceedings.* By Thomas Davis. Edited by the Hon. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. Third edition. *The Bog of Stars, and other Stories and Sketches of Elizabethan Ireland.* By Standish O'Grady. Second edition. *A Parish Providence.* A Country Tale. By E. M. Lynch. With introduction by Sir C. G. Duffy, K.C.M.G. London: T. Fisher Unwin. We heartily congratulate the Irish Literary Society on the production of these books, and we as heartily desire to help make them known. How fresh, how earnest, how simple, every one of them! No attempt at fine writing here; no unwholesome dissection of diseased passions, no feminine fooling with blasphemy and cigarettes. These six little books are, in our opinion, worth a barrowful of popular present-day novels. The majority of them came from the loves and longings of deeply stirred human hearts, inspired with patriotism, aflame with Nature's own romance, naive with a delicious simplicity both of feeling and of style. Slowly going through them, we feel the mountain air and the sea breezes, and hear the strong tones of men who mean something, and the music of women's voices, and the touching simplicities of speech rich with human feeling. The titles of the books sufficiently indicate the contents of them, and, as will be seen, they are remarkably varied. It may be thought somewhat beside the mark to say so, but we cannot but think that these six books are, by themselves, an excellent argument in favour of giving Ireland to the Irish, as far and as fast as we can.

The books are only One Shilling each.

LOWELL LINES.

1.—FINE privilege of Freedom's host,
Of humblest soldiers for the Right!
Age after age ye hold your post,

Your graves send courage forth, and might.
Lines on graves of two soldiers.

2.—HEAVEN is not mounted to on wings of
dreams,
Nor does the unthankful happiness of youth
Aim thitherward, but floats from bloom to
bloom,
With earth's warm patch of sunshine well
content.

On the death of a friend's child.

3.—OBEDIENCE,—'tis the great tap-root that
still,
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,
Tho' heaven-loosed tempests spend their
utmost skill.

The Washers of the Shroud.

4.—LENGTH of days is knowing when to die.
Concord Ode.

5.—LET us sow the best seed we have, and
convert other men by our crops, not by
drubbing them with our hoes or putting them
under our harrows.

Letters.

6.—SLOW are the steps of Freedom, but her
feet
Turn never backward.

Ode to France.

7.—It is always wisest to accept in advance
all the logical consequences that can be drawn
from the principles we profess, and to make a
stand on the extremest limits of our position.

The Seward-Johnson Reaction.

8.—DUST the prophets shake from off their
feet
Grows heavy to drag down both tower and
wall.

The Cathedral.

9.—It is well that we can be happy sometimes
without peeping and botanising in the
materials that make us so.

Leaves from my Journal.

10.—WRONG ever builds on quicksands, but
the Right

To the firm centre lays its moveless base.
Prometheus.

11.—CHANGE is the mask that all continuance
wears

To keep us youngsters harmlessly amused.
The Cathedral.

12.—PEACE is the greatest of blessings when
it is won and kept by manhood and wisdom;
but it is a blessing that will not long be the
housemate of cowardice.

E Pluribus Unum.

13.— GOD made
The earth for man, not trade.

Ode to France.

14.—THE leaves, wherein true wisdom lies,
On living trees, the sun are drinking;
Those white clouds, drowsing through the
skies,

Grew not so beautiful by thinking.

The Nightingale in the Study.

15.—CIVILISATION itself mainly consists in
the habit of obedience to something more
refined than force.

The President on the Stump.

16.—WHILE the world is left, while nature
lasts,

And man the best of nature, there shall be
Somewhere contentment for these human
hearts,

Some freshness, some unused material
For wonder and for song.

Under the Willows.

17.—OUR good goes not without repair,

But only flies to soar and sing
Far off in some diviner air,

Where we shall find it in the calms
Of that fair garden 'neath the palms.

The Nest.

18.—THERE is one institution to which we
owe our first allegiance, one that is more
sacred and venerable than any other,—the
soul and conscience of man.

The American Tract Society.

19.—WE call our sorrows destiny, but ought
Rather to name our high successes so.

Glance Behind the Curtain.

20.—THERE is only one thing better than
tradition, and that is the original and eternal
life out of which all tradition takes its rise.

Essay on Thoreau.

21.—OLD events have modern meanings; only
that survives

Of past history which finds kindred in all
hearts and lives.

Mahmood.

22.—WHEN we learn to respect each other for
the good qualities in each, we are helping to
produce and foster them.

Garfield.

23.—IT is of less consequence where a man
buys his tools than what use he makes of
them.

Cambridge Thirty Years Ago.

24.—ONE beauty, at its highest, prophesies
That by whose side it shall seem mean and
poor;

No God-like thing knows aught of less and
less,

But widens to the boundless Perfectness.

Sonnets.

25.—MERE accuracy is to truth as a plaster-
cast to the marble statue; it gives the facts
but not their meaning.

Harvard Anniversary.

26.—IT is the imperative duty of a wise man
to find out what that secret is which makes a
thing pleasing to another.

Leaves from my Journal.

27.—[JUSTICE . . . is always the highest
expediency.

Reconstruction.

28.—WHAT men call luck is the prerogative
of valiant souls,

The fealty life pays its rightful kings.

Glance Behind the Curtain.

29.—IT is only a great mind or a strong
character that knows how to respect its own
provincialism, and can dare to be in fashion
with itself.

Essay on Pöpe.

30.—'TIS not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way.

Harvard Commemoration Ode.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL.

(Dedicated to the men and women who talk of the 'impossible').

He bears within his massive girth
The meat and essence of all worth.
The stars round him revolve; the sky
Rests on his mighty shoulders high,
And so he walks, erect and grand,
The solar system in his hand,
And, matched with him, the sun looks small;
The mighty man who knows it all!
Then let the sun go out at noon,
And throw a towel o'er the moon;

And let the stars, remote and high,
Drop, like loose buttons, from the sky,
And send to Night's Plutonian shores
Your selectmen and sophomores,
But spare him for the good of all,
The mighty man who knows it all!
Ah! when he dies will wisdom die;
The sun of knowledge leave our sky;
And we'll be left in dark and doubt,
Like Moses, when the light went out!