

The Coming Day.

JANUARY, 1895.

THE NEW BOOK.

WE ask serious attention to Mr. Page Hopps' new book on "Pessimism, Science and God." It is announced as probably his last book, and, as "a message for the day," it suggests what, indeed, is intended—an analysis and weighing of present-day thoughts on the greatest and most urgent of all subjects. The book contains twelve Studies on the following subjects:—

THE ETERNAL ARMS."	"THE EVERLASTING	FOLLOWING HARD AFTER GOD.
THE INFINITE, AN INTELLECTUAL NECESSITY.	SCIENCE ON THE MARCH.	"SPIRITUALLY DISCERNED."
THE HIDDEN GOD.	HEART-HUNGER FOR GOD.	THE POVERTY OF PESSIMISM.
THE REAL ATHEIST.	THE PURPOSE.	"PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING."
THE FOOL, IN HIS HEART.		

It will be sent to any address (from 216, South Norwood Hill, London) for one shilling.

LIFE CONSIDERED AS A CAMPAIGN.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(SPOKEN AT CROYDON AND PARTLY PRINTED IN "LIGHT.")

God's England is often very beautiful even to the dwellers in the crowded camps of it, where so much is done to take the beauty out of it. And life is often very delightful even in those camps which we call towns, where, again, so much is done to make life a misery. How the spirit of beauty works in Nature and in us, to counteract our ugly and soiling ways—to cover over our abominations, and to touch, as with unseen fingers of creative loveliness, the horrors of our sordid haunts and ways! What splendid skies sometimes bend over London, turning even its gloom to gold, and winning a deeper glory from its dusty haze! And what a multitude of joys, great and small, Nature extracts from even the squalid struggles of its teeming crowds!

But, with all Nature's efforts, and with all man's cleverness and suppleness in extracting pleasure from pain, nothing can shut out the fact that life for multitudes, and by no means only for the poor, is tinged with misery; and the problem of "the origin of evil" is always resolving itself into the problem of the origin of pain.

And yet we are over-apt to magnify the miseries of life. The near is the urgent. The mood of the hour decides too much. The evil bulks largely because it hurts. Two little tears will blot out the smiling sky.

If we could calmly see and comprehend the whole, perhaps all the misery would disappear. Strike off so much for education; so much for endurance; so much for sympathy; so much for that which is inevitable and, in a way, desirable in the great struggle; so much that is working out "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"; then where were the rest?

We see the dainty moon with crescent clearly cut, or the perfect orb, with its edge without a speck; or the sun, through dimmed glass, and there is nothing to mar the perfect round. And yet we know that huge mountains in the one case, and tremendous fiery outbursts in the other, do break the tender lovely curve. Why should not this be so with life?

I have sometimes thought that much of the misery of life—especially the misery of it which is not associated with poverty—comes of a curious kind of assumption that life is a pleasure party, and that everything which mars it is a failure, a misery, even the duty of taking trouble. Much morbidity is mere selfishness or the excessive expectations of a nature in pursuit of self-indulgence, as though one said, "The world is made for me." The cure for half the ills of life would be the passing them by on the simple path of service. Think only of yourself, of your vexations and comforts, your flowers or your weeds, your own cherished programme or your want of one, and you will soon be miserable enough or heartless enough, and one is as bad as the other.

Victor Hugo wrote most wisely when he recorded this experience: "It was cold: the weather was melancholy: I was melancholy myself. This was the time to go and console someone. So I went to see Villemain." What fine philosophy! what keen, clear sense! what serene religiousness! "This was the time to go and console someone." What a sane remedy!

But our arithmetic is apt to be wrong. There are good grounds for believing that the happiness of life far outvalues its misery, and that much of its seeming misery is either a curious element in the vast mixed cup of joy, or good in the course of evolution out of evil. Is it so vain a fancy that there are beings in God's universe who see this and understand it? We often think with sadness of the speculation or deep belief that our departed ones follow,

with perfect knowledge, our career : and we say, "How can that be without the marring of their joy?" But what if they see the perfect whole? What if we are to them what children are to us now? To the heart of a child the sorrows of childhood are as acute and as tragic as the griefs of later years will be,—perhaps more so. And yet we can look on almost with a smile, and kiss away the tears with as much amusement as pity; and still there is no lack of love. But we can see what the child cannot see—a little deeper, a little farther, and often know that the distress arises from an imaginary evil, or that it will lead to good. And may we not cherish the hope, or admit it as a delightful suggestion, that the mother, the father, the sister, the dear friend, in the heavenly sphere, may be able to look upon our misery and tears with even serener souls?

But, admitting the misery—real enough both to the child and the man—why should we shrink from the really heroic thought that life is anyhow a campaign? We have, perhaps, arrived too hastily at the opinion that God is all-powerful; or the opinion that He is all-powerful has been stretched too far. How do we know that God could have produced or that He could order a different world? Great generals have wept to see their soldiers lie on the battle-field—the ghastly price that had to be paid for the victory. Are we quite sure there is nothing corresponding to this in that mysterious Being we call God? Is He only a tremendous Force—a passionless Power? From Him, whatever He is, has come human pity, and from that hidden fountain have flowed our human tears. Must there not, then, be something answering to these in that "secret of the Lord" where he seems to be "hidden from the strife of tongues?" The tenderest little verse in the Gospels is the simple record that "Jesus wept:" and we can never cease to believe that he somehow revealed the Father—in this as in other ways. Is it not almost essential, then, to infer that God has to pay a price as well as man? and that we must rise up to the heroic thought that we are out on the field with God on a great campaign?

When the patient but wretched Job was challenged to "curse God and die," the heroic soul flung back the cowardly temptation, and cried, "It is a foolish and impious challenge. Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and never evil?" As the good soldier would say, "Is it to be all pay and blare of trumpets and the singing of camp songs, and never a wound or a chance to die?"

Yes, and life is a campaign. We know not what the end will be; nor do we know what price will have to be paid; and sometimes we find it hard to comprehend why the General pays the price at all. But we see we are pressing on: we perceive that every defeat leads on to victory,—that Time tries all. And shall we not accept life as it is,—and the terms? Here, a soldier may have to dig in the muddy trenches; and here, one may, be shot

on some lonely outpost duty, with nothing over him but night and the stars ; here, one may be maimed for life, and doomed to go sorrowfully, lingering, to his grave ; and here, one may be so crushed with fear or heart-hunger that he may desert. But, on the whole, the campaign goes on, the enemy is pushed back, jungles and deserts are turned into fruitful fields, and the Kingdom comes. Shall we grumble at the price ? shall we think it might all have been done at a lower cost ? shall we fret and rebel before we see the end ? Ah no ! be patient, be strong, beat down selfishness, give up that longing for a merely happy life, consent to be a soldier, enlist for the war and not for a year, be willing to pay the price, be sure you do not know all yet, but that you shall know hereafter, and then perchance the very ills of life will bring their own "exceeding great reward."

THE WORLD'S FOUR COMING KINGS.

SPOKEN AT LEICESTER, OCT. 30TH, 1894.

A DISCOURSE on "The Four Coming Kings" at once suggests the question, "What is a real king ?" I will give you the answer of a man who was poet and prophet in one—Thomas Carlyle. But, first, what is not a king. Says Carlyle:—

Much sorry stuff, written some hundred years ago or more, about the "divine right of kings," moulders unread now in the public libraries of this country. Far be it from us to disturb the calm process by which it is disappearing harmlessly from the earth in those repositories ! At the same time, not to let the immense rubbish go without leaving us, as it ought, some soul of it behind, I will say that it did mean something, something true which it is important for us and all men to keep in mind. To assert that in whatever

man you choose to lay hold of, and clapt a round piece of metal on the head of, and called a king, there came to reside a divine virtue, so that he became a kind of god. . . . this,—what can we do with this but leave it to rot silently in the public libraries ? But I will say withal, and that is what these divine-right men meant : That in kings, and in all human authorities, and relations that men god-created can form among each other, there is verily a Divine Right or a Diabolic Wrong.

But it all turns on your notion of a king. Here is Carlyle's notion of him :—

The commander over men ; he to whose will our wills are to be subordinated, and loyally surrender themselves, and find their welfare in doing so, may be reckoned the most important of great men. He is practically the summary for us of all the various figures of heroism ; priest, teacher, whatsoever of earthly or of spiritual dignity we can fancy to

reside in a man, embodies itself here, to command over us, to furnish us with constant practical teaching, to tell us for the day and hour what we are to do. He is called *Rex*, *Regulator*, *Roi* ; our own name is still better : King, *Konning*, which means *Can-ning*, Able-man.

There you have it. The true king is "the summary for us of all the various figures of heroism. . . . to furnish us with constant practical teaching, to tell us for the day and hour what to do"—the man who can.

But it is perfectly ridiculous to put the average king under that standard of measurement. The Bible much better described the average historical king. You remember it. The foolish children of Israel came to the sage old prophet Samuel, and bade him find a king for them. But Samuel was displeased; he knew what that would mean, and he warned them in this sturdy republican fashion:—

This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: He will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen; and some shall run before his chariots: and he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties; and will set them to ear his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and instruments of his chariots: and he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers. And he will take your fields, and

your vineyards, and your oliveyards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants: and he will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give to his officers, and to his servants: and he will take your menservants, and your maidservants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work. He will take the tenth of your sheep: and ye shall be his servants: and ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen, and the Lord will not hear you in that day.

But the foolish folk cried, "Nay, but we will have a king over us, that we may be like all the nations." And they got him, and a pretty mess he made of it—and of them!

And now, looking back over the world's experiences of kings, am I not right in saying that the kings of the earth, with but few exceptions, have represented, not the intellectual, the ethical, the truly creative sides of life at all, but the animal, the destructive, the purely selfish and self-assertive. There have been exceptions, but three kings out of four have been either traders upon the world's follies or domineering disturbers of the world's peace, or the stubborn maintainers of the imaginary rights of a ruling gang, or the official representatives of that portion of the world which loves the mere gilt gingerbread of Society. The odd one in four has been necessary drill sergeant or useful lawmaker, or, occasionally, supreme patriot—a true king.

One might almost say that the kings of the world have, as a rule, been not shepherds but wolves among the sheep; sometimes wolves who did not want to be wolves—who inherited the vocation—but still representatives of force, of class-rule, of proprietary rights, the curious thing being that, in innumerable cases, the kings or their abettors have been able to persuade the foolish people that their right was a "right divine," and that prostration before the monarch was a kind of religious duty—"well pleasing unto the Lord"—which really meant well pleasing unto the lords. Hence the union of Church and State, and the absurdity of the bishops in the insolent House of Lords.

Or, when it has not been as abject as this, the kings and their friends have persuaded the foolish throng to gape at and admire them, to cheer princes and gush over royal babies, until multitudes are gammoned into identifying patriotism with the maintenance of a "royal house." But, so far from patriotism and kingcraft being identical or even akin, we have only to go across the Channel to see in republican Switzerland the freest and most patriotic little country in the world,—without a king, and all the more peaceful and happy for the want of one. It is true that republican France and America do not shine at present as examples; but France has centuries of royal and imperial folly and corruption to work out, and America suffers from the reception of the sweepings of the world. It is not truly a nation yet; it is the camping ground of a mob, and a mob mostly poured out from king-sodden Europe.

But France will yet come out of it well, if it can have time enough given it for the working out of its salvation, and America is, at all events, free to try experiments, to learn lessons and to apply remedies.

But I am not here to weigh royalties against republics. My business is to shew whence, in the better days ahead, our real kings will come.

Even as to the past, after all, though the blood and iron or gingerbread kings have had such power and done so much mischief, the real kings all along have been, not the people called "kings" at all, but the people the crowned kings despised, or proscribed, or manacled, or hit in the mouth, or bundled out of the world. What is called "history" has until lately been, for the most part, a colossal folly, a laborious and elaborate account of "royal houses" and their doings; the marriages and intermarriages of said "royal houses"; the plots, lies, murders, wars, rapacities, and occasional lucid intervals of princes and their parasites. And yet, all the time, the real history, not recorded but transacted, was concerned with the guilds, the cottages, the churches (usually the little, battling, heretical churches), the workshops, the studies, the shops, the streets,—with poets, prophets, obstinate reformers, droves of artisans and labourers, fanatics who did not set out to make money for themselves, but only to make paths for the people.

These were the real kings. What the kings with the round bit of metal round their heads did, as a rule, got swept away, but what these real kings did remained and remains, and determined and will determine everything.

(To be concluded.)

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"Heaven Revised. A narrative of personal experiences after the change called death." By Mrs. E. B. Duffey. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. This is what the writer says of her book: "I did not think out my narrative; I did not plan or plot. I could not have known less of what was to be written had I been writing at the dictation of another. The ideas were not gathered from various sources, for at that time I had heard little and read less upon the subject of spiritualism. I had but a superficial acquaintance with the philosophy of spiritualism, as I was a convert of but a year, and often I was puzzled to know whether what I recorded was strictly in harmony with spiritualistic teachings. This was especially true of the chapter entitled, 'Into the Depths.' During the entire period in which I was engaged in this writing—some three or four months—I lived and moved in a sort of dream. Nothing seemed real to me. Personal troubles did not seem to pain me. I felt as though I had taken a mental anæsthetic. I finished the work one Saturday evening. On Sunday evening I spoke as usual before our spiritual society. On Monday morning I awoke for the first time my usual self. Real life had come back to me. I believe that I wrote through unseen assistance, but I hesitate to ask others to endorse this belief. I hesitate even to express it, realising as I do how often well-intentioned spiritualists mistakingly attribute to the spirit-world that which emanates only in their own too often ignorant and ill-informed minds. I know how difficult it is to draw the line between one's own thoughts and impressions, and those which result from inspiration from higher sources. The reader must decide for himself. If he be a believer in spirit inspiration, he will accept my own belief, and think that 'Heaven Revised' was written inspirationally. If he be a sceptic, and hesitates to do this, he will be only sharing the doubts and questionings which sometimes possess myself."

"The verities of Religion." Twelve sermons by Revs. J. Hamilton, Thom, R. A. Armstrong, B.A., C. J. Street, M.A., L.L.B., John Dendy, B.A., S. F. Williams, John Page Hopps, L. P. Jacks, M.A., J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., J. Edwin Odgers, M.A., W. E. Addis, M.A., William Binns, and Frank K. Freeston. London: Philip Green, 5, Essex Street, Strand, W.C. These are not "controversial or doctrinal" sermons. In a sense they may be called "unsectarian," though that is a somewhat senseless word—nearly as bad as "undenominational." A brief preface well describes the sermons in these words: "The object . . . is to minister, by hymn and prayer and sermon, to the spiritual side of human nature; to make plain those verities of religion which lie deep-rooted in the mind, heart, and soul of man."

"The Lyceum manual." Compiled by Emma Hardinge-Britten, A. Kitson, and H. A. Kersey. Newcastle-on-Tyne: H. A. Kersey. A bright and lively book of hymns and "exercises" for spiritualists' societies; mainly for the young. People who are not spiritualists might profitably copy much that is in it

"The Gospel of the better hope." London: P. Green, Essex Street, Strand. A dozen penetrating little studies on great subjects, such as *Where did the Bible come from? The person of Christ, Fallacious ideas of sin and salvation, The problem of evil, The personality of God, The Atonement, The old and new motives in Religion.* The writers are English and American. The book is presented in excellent taste.

"Songs of the army of the night." By Francis Adams. New and enlarged edition, with portrait and memoir added. London: W. Reeves. We noticed the first edition of this strong little book, and feel moved to note the enlarged re-issue. It is not everybody's book, but it is strenuous, brilliant and daring in the extreme. The writer of it was shaken

and shattered out of his body at the age of thirty, but he had already shown what he could do—and what he might have done. He deeply sympathised with "the army of the night," as might an angel who had well-nigh forgotten his home and had wholly lost his way. Even in his most repelling utterances, it is the angel and not a demon who speaks.

"Hymns for children. With opening and closing services, and songs and hymns for Bands of Mercy and of Hope." London: The Sunday School Association. A collection of hymns of unusual interest, by Mrs. Farrington. Perhaps a little too large, but that is hardly a fault. Some day the weeding process will be necessary, and some one will be sure to come along and attend to it. Of course all these changes make some people unhappy, but evolution never promises to provide for everybody's happiness—much the reverse. For to-day this is a good book, and in every way well done and well presented.

"The ascent of life; or the psychic laws and forces in Nature." By Stinson Jarvis. Boston: Arena Publishing Co. This scientific book is, oddly enough, dedicated to Ellen Terry, "who has unconsciously taught the beauty of her own nature while making a world rich with lovely ideals." What a witch that lady is! And yet, after all, there is method in this seeming oddity. The book deals largely with mesmerism, hypnotism, music, and that form of religion which presents it as "an emotion, a merging of the soul in the Great Gladness." The ascent of life is ascent to conscious joy on the upper planes of life. It is a refined, exalting, musical book—Darwinism turned into a kind of Ellen Terry rhapsody, but Mr. Stinson Jarvis adheres strictly to Darwin's method, and bases his conclusions upon patient experiments.

"Apparitions and thought-transference. An examination of the evidence for Telepathy." By Frank Podmore, M.A. London: Walter Scott. This is 26 of "The Contemporary Science Series," and it is a phenomenon which, as Hamlet said, "must give us pause." In the list of the series we find the subject stated as "Apparitions and Thought-transference: or, the communication of sensations,

ideas, and emotions otherwise than by the known senses," probably a first decision, reduced now to the one on the title page, and by no means an improvement, except for the convenience of the word "telepathy," and perhaps it is just as well to accustom the world to it, now that it has actually taken its place amongst the sciences.

It really almost takes one's breath away. A dozen years ago, the inclusion of such a book in such a series would have been impossible. How long will it take before we get one on The action of spirit-forces and spirit-persons on the physical plane? Will this be number 62 of the series? We can wait.

But we must not convey the impression that Mr. Podmore is a solemn believer. On the contrary, he is an almost irritating critic, and even now, after writing these 410 pages, he asks to be allowed to jog on as an inquirer. By all means; even so his testimony is all the more valuable. Assuredly there are very few men in England who have had such opportunities for knowing what is going on; and it is something to have from him the conclusion that "there is hardly any longer room for doubt that we have something here which no physical processes at present known can adequately account for." We may add that those who want to know what is going on cannot do better than get this book.

"Spiritual law in the natural world. A metaphysical and psychical exposition of the operations of the Holy Spirit and other agencies." By J. W. Thomas, F.I.C., F.C.S. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Certainly an original book. The author goes the whole way in standing up for the omnipresence of God. As "God, the Holy Spirit," He is the active Creator everywhere. He says: "The Holy Spirit permeates every atom of the human body—flesh, and blood, and bone, and skin, and hair, and nails." "We can only account for the healing process going on in a sore, and the curious chemical changes which occur, by saying that the Spirit of God is *in situ*, determining the changes and processes." This gives an excellent indication of the drift of the book. One has only to imagine what that involves in order to find out what the author is aiming at. He is, at all events, thorough, and occasionally carries the reader into fruitful nooks of thought, but he is as

often tiresome and provoking with his small muddles of old orthodoxy, and his smaller muddles incident upon his anxious clinging to old texts or bits of texts.

As regards the main point—the presence of God, the Holy Spirit in us, from one's finger nails to one's conscience—it all depends upon what we call God, and what we call the Holy Spirit. We really believe we agree with Mr. Thomas, but hesitate to use his vocabulary and describe the great world-drama in his way. And he would have done far better if he could have shaken himself free from the old Biblical and evangelical stage. As it is, he has fettered his science, diluted his metaphysics, and lost the benefit of his knowledge of psychical and occult phenomena. But, for all that, his book is curious and suggestive.

“Creation. Its law and religion.” By Henry

Felton. London: W. Stewart & Co. The affirmative motive of this book is hardly clear; its negative motive is plain enough. Highly antagonistic to every form of organised religion, and utterly despising modern teachers of religion, it seems to set forth an alternative, but an alternative not easy to make out. So far as we can comprehend it, the alternative is pure and beautiful in spirit, but crude and weak in working out. Here, for instance, is a specimen which appears to belong to the essence of the book: “Go and sell thy things and share thy money with the poor!” This is the doctrine of Christ, and it is the doctrine of creation.” We doubt it, as a universal and useful law. Jesus Christ did not state that as a general command. It was a test for a special case. If we made it a general law, we should speedily drift into sheer beggary and barbarism.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE NEW BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.—We invite our readers to give serious attention to this book. It is, at any rate, unlike any book of the kind: whether better or worse may be a matter of opinion. An early circular from Mr. Page Hopps concerning it contained the following sentences:—

“Over forty experienced ministers have given me painstaking and most brotherly help; and, thanks to them, I believe the book is ‘letter perfect’ as well as intellectually honest and spiritually sound.

“The idea aimed at was the production of a book which could be used with entire sincerity by those who, while anxious to retain as much as possible of the old tenderness and seriousness, yet felt that the time had fully come for frankly recognising the requirements of modern thought, feeling and expression.

“These services are, I hope, reverently and naturally linked with the past, while they are true to the present and sensitive to the future.

“The twelve services are so varied that it may be reasonably hoped they will provide for every need and mood.

“A second work contains simple and scholarly musical responses by an accomplished musician, and tunes for all special hymns and chants. The price of each is: for single copies, one shilling; for twelve copies and upwards, eightpence each, post and carriage free.”

The book is published by Williams and Norgate, London, but communications from congregations should be sent to Mr. Page Hopps.

SPIRITUALIST NEWSPAPERS.—The sensible people who are taking note of the signs of the times may like to know something of “the organs” of the spiritualists. There are three papers, each one with interesting characteristics of its own. *Light* (twopence. London: 2, Duke Street, Adelphi), is scientific, philosophical and strongly literary, with a high tone which it long ago set as an example and still retains. *The Two Worlds* (one penny. Manchester; Corporation Street) is clever, racy, newsy, and very informing. *The Medium and Daybreak* (one penny. London: Great Queen Street, W.C.) is a good deal hygienic and sociological, and is very much the organ of

its proprietor, Mr. J. Burns, a veteran in the cause. It would surprise many people if they knew how much ability and curious up-to-date knowledge are poured into these papers—especially *Light* and *The Two Worlds*.

MANY people think that a poor minister gets rich on publishing books. Here is a fair specimen.

A copy of a publisher's account rendered: and one of the most upright men in London.

540 sold (full price 1/-)	27	0	0
Thirteenth copies (13 reckoned as 12)	2	1	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	24	19	0
Trade allowances	8	6	4
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	16	12	8
Trade discounts	1	13	3
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	14	19	5
Portion of advertisements	1	16	4
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	13	3	1
Commission on ditto	0	1	10
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	13	1	3
Commission on sales	1	9	11
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	11	11	4
From this deduct	6	15	0
Binder	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	4	16	4
Advertisements ips	0	15	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	4	1	4
Carriage of parcels, &c.	0	5	6
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	3	15	10

Or, say, rather over one penny per copy for the printer. That is to say, an average shilling per copy has dwindled down to a little over one penny actually in the author's hands to pay the printer with—if he can! There will be some surprising stories to tell for the first few months after "the Judgment Day."

THE INQUIRER.—We have received during the past year the successive numbers of this interesting paper. It is singularly free from "padding," and usually contains articles of fresh thought and considerable merit. Its main want is—a little less Unitarianism and

a little more independence, in fact, a little more of the inquirer. But one cannot have everything, and certainly it is a very good pennyworth. It is published at the office, Essex Street, Strand, London.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.—Slightly late in the day, we must nevertheless take note of Mr. Riley's keen reckoning up of the "Progressive" position. In an interview with a Chronicle representative, he said: "The aim of those who call themselves 'Progressives' has been twofold. They have sought to destroy the voluntary schools, and then, bit by bit, by slow degrees, to destroy religious education altogether in Board Schools until they reached the old radical ideal of universal secular education. I fear (though I regret it) that in many cases the voluntary schools will be unable to hold their own, so I raised the note of warning against the gradual secularisation of the Board Schools. What has been the consequence of my ill-advised action? Why, the Progressives themselves have pledged themselves up to the eyes to uphold Bible teaching. They have made it their great point. There in Chelsea the Progressive candidates actually issued an electioneering placard engraved with an open Bible, and displaying a text, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.' They cannot get away from this position. They must for the next year or two support the very view I take, and they can hardly put on fresh colours in 1897. In fact, I have made my opponents a strength for some time to come to my especial cause. It is a victory that cannot be reversed for years."

This is true in every particular. We happen to know that the strongest leaders on the "Progressive" side really believed in "the radical ideal of universal secular education," and that their support of "the Compromise" was only a compulsory one. The foremost leader of the "Progressives" said to the writer of this note: "We must submit to the Compromise this time, but next election we shall probably go for secular education only in Board Schools." But the apparent necessities of the fight changed all that. By adopting "the Compromise" and raising the cry—"Stick to the Bible in Board Schools," the "Progressives" have turned a compromise into a policy, and, as Mr. Riley says, are "pledged up to the eyes to uphold Bible teaching." We have been "sold."

LOWELL LINES.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY ARTHUR HARVIE.

1.—GREATLY begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

For an Autograph.

2.—PEACE is more strong than war, and
gentleness,
Where force were vain, make conquest
o'er the wave;
And love lives on and hath a power to bless,
When they who loved are hidden in the
grave.

On the Death of Channing.

3.—BELIEVE the promise of to-morrow
And feel the wondrous meaning of to-day.

Ode.

4.—THE wisest man could ask no more of
fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
Safe from the many, honored by the few.

Jeffries Wymann.

5.—THE thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Longing.

6.—'TIS ours to save our brethren, with
peace and love to win
Their darkened, hearts from error, ere they
harden it to sin.

On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves.

7.—FROM age to age man's still aspiring
spirit,
Finds wider scope and sees with clearer
eyes,
And thou in larger measure dost inherit
What made thy great fore-runners free
and wise.

Ode.

8.—THEY enslave their children's children,
who make compromise with sin.

The Present Crisis.

9.—STRENGTH and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.

The Rose.

10.—NEW times demand new measures and
new men;
The world advances and in time outgrows
The laws that in our father's days were best;
And, doubtless, after us some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.

Glance Behind the Curtain.

11.—To put more faith in lies and hate
Than truth and love is the true atheism.

Sonnets.

12.—EVERY mortal man of us holds stock in
the only public debt that is absolutely sure
of payment, and that is the debt of the
Maker of this universe to the universe He has
made.

On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners.

13.—GOD is not dumb that he should speak
no more.
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.
There towers the Mountain of the Voice no
less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who
bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Bibliolatres.

14.—THEN to side with truth is noble when
we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and
'tis prosperous to be just.

The Present Crisis.

15.—BY soul the soul's gains must be wrought,
The actual claims our coarser thought.

Studies for two Heads.

16.—NOR is he far astray who deems,
That every hope which rises and grows
broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse
streams
From the great heart of God.

Incident in a Railroad Car.

17.—WHERE'ER a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves;
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

The Fatherland.

18.—TRUTH is forever revealing itslf to the
seeker, and is the more loved because never
wholly revealable.

Essay on Lessing.

19.—THEY who love are but one step from
heaven.

Sonnets.

20.—'TIS heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

Vision of Sir Launfal.

21.—HE doth good work whose heart can
find

The spirit 'neath the letter;
Who makes his kind of happier mind,
Leaves wiser men and better.

At the Burns Centennial.

22.—GOD'S love and man's are of the self-
same blood;
And He can see that always at the door

Of foulest hearts the angel-nature yet
Knocks to return and cancel all its debt.

Legend of Brittany.

23.—TIME hath a quiver full of purposes,
Which miss not of their aim to us unknown,
And brings about the impossible with ease.

Ode for the Fourth of July.

24.—All experience serves to show,
No mud can soil us but the mud we throw.

To G. W. Curtis.

25.—WHAT an antiseptic is a pure life!

Essay on Emerson.

26.—THE miracle fades out of history,
But faith and wonder and the primal earth
Are born into the world with every child.

The Cathedral.

27.—BE He nowhere else,
God is in all that liberates and lifts,
In all that humbles, sweetens and consoles.

The Cathedral.

28.—No very large share of truth falls to the
apprehension of any one man; let him keep
it sacred, and beware of repeating it till it
turn to falsehood on his lips by becoming
ritual.

Essay on Carlyle.

29.—LITTLE were a change of station, loss of
life or crown,
But the wreck were past retrieving if the
man fell down.

Mahmood.

30.—LET us call tyrants *tyrants* and maintain,
That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by His grace must
fall.

Glance Behind the Curtain.

31.—WHO is it will not dare himself to trust?
Who is it bath not strength to stand alone?
Who is it thwarts and bilks the inward must?
He and his works, like sand, from earth
are blown.

To Garrison.