

The Coming Day.

APRIL, 1895.

NEITHER POVERTY NOR RICHES.

—
SPOKEN AT CROYDON.
—

THIS is the first Sunday in Lent—when “Society,” rather jaded with its gaiety, plays at self-denial, and enjoys the delicate odour of sanctity and the somewhat lighter fare that go with the chastened season and the tempered hours. But the time has its uses, and it may be well for us to fall in with the associations of the day, and to see what message the season has for us.

And I find a good offer of guidance in the wise words of the old proverbial philosopher of Palestine (Proverbs xxx., 8): “Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with my necessary food.” This surely is one of the wisest prayers that mortal ever offered. It is one of the most religious too:—wise, because it goes to the root of so much unrest and misery, for which it finds a cure; and religious, because it looks to a higher end of life than that which is contemplated in the mere effort to become rich. It is wise also, because it calmly and discreetly distinguishes. It does not go into any rhapsody of exaggeration. It recognises the undesirability of poverty. It pleads for the safe and middle way. It is religious also, because it is plain that he who offers it is keeping his eyes upon, and giving his heart to, that enduring kingdom of which one of the founders of Christianity said, “It is not meat and drink, but peace and joy in the Holy Spirit;” and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit are the very things that are most compatible with the being neither rich nor poor.

We shall perhaps best get ourselves into this wise and good man’s state of mind if we see first the full drift of the fact that he does pray against poverty as well as against riches. He is no unnatural ascetic, no excited fanatic, no morbid hater of the world. But he is calmly looking out; and he sees danger in both directions, and he deprecates both. He sees that poverty is miserable in itself. The poor man is in danger of being cold and hungry, and unattended in his need. He lives from hand to mouth. He knows not what a day may bring forth. The faults of others—nay, the very over-confidence of others—may stop his work and break up his home. It is often a miserable thing to be

poor. Then, too, poverty tends to prevent progress. It takes the heart out of a man; it acts, in a hundred ways, to hinder him from getting on; it says, at a critical point, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." He has tastes, perhaps, or even ingenuity and genius; he could be advantaged by great books; or it is plain that if he could once get out with the tide he might soon sail the open seas, or get away to a more genial clime. But his poverty holds him back. It perhaps prevents his giving his children a high-class education, and compels him to send them early on the hard and barren path he himself has gone. In a thousand ways it makes him a creature of circumstances, and may bind him as truly as though you could see the fetters on his hands, or hear the chains jangle at his heels. He has enthusiasms and sympathies. His heart is in this or that good cause. He sees the need of improvement and reform, and his heart goes out in unselfish longing to help on the cause of peace, or education, or temperance, or the emancipation of the mind from superstition, but his heart is all he can give, for he is poor. Truly it is a wise prayer, "Give me not poverty." But the evils of poverty are obvious enough, and I only refer to them to shew that we are dealing with one who knows the world, and who, in praying against riches, was no morbid fanatic, no canting hypocrite, no excited unpractical despiser of the world.

The way is thus opened for a calm and rational outlook upon that half of the prayer which requires consideration; for it does need thought before we can so far depart from the ways of the world as to pray an honest prayer against riches. But that prayer can be honestly prayed, and wisely prayed, and religiously; and it is good to see that it is one man who prays both prayers, "Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with my necessary food."

And yet, even in earnestly offering this prayer against riches, it is well for us to see what the love of money and the anxiety to be rich really mean, and what it is we are to guard against; for the truth is that the love of money seems to be a kind of instinct or appetite, apart from any enjoyment it can procure, and the curious thing to observe here is that every appetite has, underlying it, some great necessity, and the pleasure connected with the appetite appears to be curiously proportioned to the urgency of what is aimed at by it. It is just as though Nature cleverly and deliberately sought to get her ends answered by making a delight of her great necessities. The desire for food is a palpable case in point. Now what is food? It is simply the fuel for the body's fire. Without it the fire would speedily go out, and the man would die. Food, therefore, is the one great necessity; so Nature, in order to get the work duly done, entices us to attend to it by making eating a pleasure, a luxury, a fine art. That is Nature's clever way of beguiling us to remember the body's needs, and keep it going.

But this desire for food may be exaggerated and misused; and the body that should be built up may be dragged down by it. Eating may become

gluttony, and drinking drunkenness; and, in that way, Nature's gracious incentives may become a passion and a snare, and that is the common-sense reason why what we call Nature needs watching, lest her clever incentives become dangerous stimulants, and wreck where they were only intended to urge on. In that we may find much of the true philosophy of life; for it is true of all the masterful appetites—that they have their roots in Nature's great necessities, and that Nature, as if on purpose to get her work done, has attached sensations of pleasure to every necessary process, and, in a most mysterious manner, sensations of pleasure proportioned to the urgency of the result to be achieved.

Now the love of money seems to be one of these singular appetites, and we shall never understand it, detect it, and rationally regulate it until we see this, and so stand on our guard with reference to it. From first to last, there seems to be in the love of money more than desire for what money will procure. There seems to be an infatuation about the thing itself, as we may see at every stage of life, from the boy who hugs his penny to the miser who hoards his gold. Now what does Nature mean by giving us this curious appetite, which so palpably and so frequently becomes a passion, an infatuation, an insanity—as mournful as it is grotesque? It seems to me that it occupies very much the same place in the great economy of Nature as the love of fame, which also seems to be a kind of appetite, having uses and results and a value altogether apart from the actual advantages fame can bring to any one. Nature seems to be scheming and pushing for her own ends; and we, the poor players of our little day, appear to be but tools in her hands. She pulls the strings, and we all dance—or die! She wants men and women to do her work. She wants us to push out here and there—to go in and possess the earth, to develop its resources, to find out her shining lands, to know the uses of her minerals and metals. She wants us to weld the hemispheres, and link the zones, and mix the peoples of the world; and again, she cunningly contrives to achieve her ends by planting in the breast a hunger for fame, or a thirst for gold. But for the love of fame or money, men would sit tamely at home. Why should they risk their lives and fortunes on the seas? Why should they make desperate ventures in adding to the possible markets of the world? Why should they take trouble, court anxiety, encounter risks, and even venture their all, on some great enterprise? Nature sees to all that. She wants it all done. She will have it done, and the love of wealth is one of her urgent instruments. If her ends cannot be answered in any other way, she pushes things to extremes, and makes the love of money so intense, and mixes and complicates it so cunningly with love of power, that it becomes easily a fury or a crime.

One of the richest men I ever knew was a man who cared literally for none of the uses of wealth. He set absolutely no value on dress and habitation and luxury in any form, and almost hated the inevitable holiday, because it

took him away from his engines, his boilers, his furnaces, and his smells. His tastes (apart from business) could all have been amply gratified with the wages of one of his clerks; but he toiled early and late, he did work from which some of his labourers shrank; but he gloried in a profit, and could be made really miserable over a loss, and yet he cared nothing for money as a purchasing power. He was a wonderful practical chemist, a genuine discoverer and creator, and nature pushed him on with this strange passion for profit, and succeeded, and will succeed, to his dying day. But he himself one day let out Nature's secret by saying to me that he cared for nothing which did not pay, not because it did not pay, not because he wanted the money, but because its paying proved that he was master of his work, and had distanced his competitors.

The love of money, too, is Nature's way of defending her children from future want. It is Nature's gracious incentive to providence—a part of that wonderful gift, the instinct of self-preservation. Well for the world if it were more frequently obeyed—if working men, with even their scanty means, would take Nature's hints and forecast, remembering the evil days that must come—the days of sickness, the days of enforced idleness, the time of old age; and well for those who are better able to provide for the evil day, if they would curb their desires, and limit their luxuries, and win security for the future by the prudent self-restraints of the present.

But admitting all this, and recognising that the instinct to accumulate is a merciful incentive to many good things, it remains to be perceived and remembered that, like all other instincts or appetites, it needs to be watched, as a genuine peril to the ideal life. Hence this wise man's prayer against riches.

In the very next verse he gives one of his reasons for this prayer, "Lest I be full, and deny Thee," he says: a very real danger, curiously illustrated by the fact that, as a rule, God's great confessors have all been poor—that the world's reformers, prophets, martyrs, and truth-tellers have not been rich, or that they ceased to be resolute and thorough and brave when they became rich; so that this "Lest I be full, and deny Thee" does point to one of the possible effects of being rich. For a man who has everything at his command is apt to become self-assertive, and to fancy that money can do everything. He is apt also to become content with what money can buy, and with what he can do, and this may soon amount to a denial of God. In multitudes of cases, this result does not follow the possession of riches, but it does follow often enough to lead a very wise and a very good man to pray against rather than for riches. That was an awful message to the church of the Laodiceans: "Thou art lukewarm; thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor,

and blind, and naked. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest indeed be rich, and white raiment, that thou mayest indeed be clothed." "Gold tried in the fire,"—what was that? The precious wealth of a noble nature won amid the sharp fires of self-denial, self-sacrifice, and loss. And "white raiment,"—what was that? What but the purity of a life bravely rescued from the temptations and pollutions of the world? And that must often mean the giving up of the enterprise to be rich, and not the absorbed prosecution of it.

So again, the price frequently to be paid for riches is the sacrifice of the best part of one's mind and life to it, and, when that is so, the attempt defeats itself so far as any practical good to come of it is concerned, for where this is the case—where the best parts of the mind and life are given up to the effort to be rich—the human being is gradually unfitting himself for any real enjoyment—ay! even for the enjoyment of what money could offer him, and, worst of all, is putting himself into prison, is contracting a habit and giving himself up to a pursuit from which he will never be able to escape. Of course this need not be, any more than a man need be a glutton because he eats. But the danger is there, and more, I think, are hurt by it than we imagine.

But this instinct or appetite sometimes develops itself mainly in the apparently laudable desire to make provision for one's family: again a good thing, but again apt to be exaggerated, and needing to be watched. Why should a man desire to leave behind him great wealth? Why should a man care to put his children beyond the need to work? A man who does not provide for his own, is, indeed, as Paul says, worse than an infidel; but there is a difference between providing for one's own and providing what may be not a blessing but a curse, in making them useless, unenterprising, and idle. Some of the most useless and unsatisfactory men in England are the sons of rich cotton lords and the like, who heaped up riches, and heaped them up to their dying day—and for what? Let the Book of Ecclesiastes answer:

Then said I in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me: and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity.

For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever: seeing that which now is, in the days to come shall all be forgotten. And how dieth the wise man? As the fool.

Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous

unto me: for all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun: because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me.

And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? yet shall he have rule over all my labour wherein I have laboured, and wherein I have shewed myself wise under the sun. This is also vanity.

"Give me," then, says the wise man, "neither poverty nor riches." And then he adds, with such beautiful simplicity, "Feed me with my

necessary food," : just what Jesus meant when he taught us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." It is as though a man should say to God: Let me not have that which would drag me down, or deprive me of my better self, or lead me to forget Thee. Let me have only what I need ; let not gold baffle my brain or blind my eyes ; let me have only what I can sweetly use—sweetly because generously, and for all noble ends ; let me neither eat nor drink nor make money but for heavenly uses ; let nothing hide me from Thee or Thee from me ; let me see all things as they really are ; and let me chiefly live for the eternal, and not for the transitory treasure.

Surely it is a wise prayer, and a religious prayer. God help us all to offer it, and to make it true!

EMBERS AND ASHES.

I.

56, CANONBURY PARK NORTH,
LONDON, N.

DEAR SIR,

In answer to your pamphlet which was recently left here, may I most earnestly ask your perusal of the following in reference to the points at issue.

First, the Bible. Therein it is said that (1) "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, 2 Tim., iii., 16 ; that (2) "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," 2 Peter, i., 21 ; Paul spoke in (3) "words which the Holy Ghost teacheth," 1 Co., ii., 13. He (4) "had received of the Lord," 1 Co., xi., 23, also by "revelation of Jesus Christ," Gal. i., 12. It is also (5) "living," Heb. iii., 12, and (6) "eternal," Isai., xl., 8. We must surely therefore accept this book entirely as being what it professes to be, the revealed mind of God, inspired even to the words, or refuse it absolutely as being, on account of its unwarrantable pretensions, unworthy of our regard (7). May the former be our happy choice!

Second, God is One. Most surely, but One in three. As early in the inspired volume as Gen. i., 26, this is intimated. God said, (8) "Let us make man in our image after our likeness." According to Matt., xxviii., 19, (9) there are three divine Persons, "the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." In Acts v., 4, (10) the lie unto the Holy Ghost of the previous verse is called a lie unto God, thus showing that the Holy Ghost is God. We read also that the Spirit "teaches," John xiv., 26 ; "directs," Acts xiii., 2 ; "witnesses," Acts xx., 23, actions which must be attributed to a Person (11).

Third, Christ. In Zech., xiii., 7, (12) Jehovah speaks of Him as "My Fellow." In Matt. i., 23, (13) His name is given, "Emmanuel, God with us."

John i., 1, (14) "The Word was God; John viii., 24, (15) He claims to be the "I am"; John x., 30, (16) "I and my Father are one"; Phil. ii., 7, (17) "He thought it not robbery to be equal with God"; and in Col. ii., 9, (18) "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." (19) The Lord Jesus Christ must either be what He claims to be or nothing; it is inconceivable that "the best and holiest of men" should mislead His followers as to His Person and position. We also read, in Rom., v., 8, (20) "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us"; in 1 Co., xii., 3, "Christ died for our sins"; Gal. ii., 20, "He loved me and gave Himself for me"; Heb. ii., 9, "That He by the grace of God should taste death for every man." Here surely is substitution.

Fourth, Man. The Bible teaches (21) that man is "fallen," Gen. iii., 6; "driven out," Gen. iii., 24; "lost," Matt. xviii., 11, Luke xv.; "condemned already," John iii., 18; "guilty," Rom. iii., 19; "without strength," Rom. v., 6; "sinner," Rom. v., 8; "dead," Eph. ii., 1; "without God," "without hope," Eph. ii., 12.

Fifth, Heaven. In Mark xvi., 19, we read, (22) "He was received up into heaven"; Luke xxiii., 43, "With me in Paradise"; John xiv., 2, "I go to prepare a place"; Acts i., 11, "This same Jesus who was taken up from you into heaven"; Rev. xxi., "A new heaven."

Sixth, Hell. Mark ix., 43, tells us, (23) "Into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched"; Luke xvi., 22-23, "The rich man also died and was buried. And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." Do not these scriptures sufficiently prove two distinct places? as well as the emphatic words of Luke xvi., 26, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us that would come from thence." See also Rev. xx., 15, xxi., 8.

And now, as I lay down the pen, let me appeal to you, "What saith the scripture?" If you accept this test all is simple, you will bow to that Word, and its blessing shall be yours by living faith. He, too, Whom you (I trust unwittingly) so dishonour shall be your Saviour, Substitute, and Friend, the Resource and Stay of every weary heart, my precious, peerless Lord, "the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely." (24) "For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city and from the things which are written in this book," Rev. xxii., 18-19. May God grant this may never be fulfilled of you!

Yours for His service,

S. ROBERTSON.

II.

OAK TREE HOUSE,
SOUTH NORWOOD HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
February 27th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,

Thank you for your well-meaning letter, in several ways different from the majority of those of a similar character which never fail to flow my way, but with much lessened activity as time goes on. Yours is, at least, respectful and coherent; and, if I may venture to say so, it packs the old exploded matches in a neat and convenient box.

You cover such a deal of ground, and with such economy of words, that it is not easy to follow you step by step, and all I can hope to do is to *indicate* replies to your references and hints. But brevity, to a patient and honest man, is no serious drawback, and I cherish the expectation that you will follow up my indications of explanation and reply.

(1) This passage is a disputed one. The Revised Version renders it, "Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable, &c." What scripture is referred to is not at all certain, but the statement as above given is an undoubted truth. Whatever God inspires is and must be profitable. But there are degrees of inspiration and profitableness.

(2) Here, too, the inspired men are not clearly indicated. But if we admit that in these and similar passages we are to understand anything so unlikely as that everything in the Old Testament is referred to, we are bound to recognise facts, and one fact is that very many statements in the Bible are inaccurate and immoral, an assertion which our very reverence for God requires. This must be somehow dealt with by those who assert that God is the supernatural author of these statements.

(3) Do *we* not also ask for the teaching of God's Holy Spirit? It is one of our most ordinary petitions.

(4) What do *we* mean when we say of men now living that they are "taught of Christ"? But Paul had visions or trances, and this must be taken into account.

(5) The word "living" here is applied to God, not to the Bible, and, really, those who set aside God's teachings now, in favour of an ancient book, most need to take this verse to heart.

(6) The same remark applies here. Besides, it is very arbitrary and loose to take the phrase, "the word of our God," as meaning the Bible. This is an excellent specimen of the forcing process in the treatment of texts.

(7) This is surely a too sweeping conclusion, and grossly inconsequential. Certainly, it does more to push into unbelief than persuade to reasonable faith.

(8) But see the next verse, "in *His* own image." The plural pronoun in verse 26 is a very slender basis for anything beyond that which is indicated by the well-known formula, "We, Victoria, &c.":—a plural of dignity.

(9) If this is pushed too far, the result is three Gods, not three persons in one. We must remember that Jesus (the "Son") called the Father his God, and it is enough to say that the "Holy Spirit" is God in a special aspect or relation. It is very dangerous to press too hard on the word "person" in relation to God. Dean Stanley, in my hearing, once gave the very best account of the Trinity I ever met with. He said that "the Father" is God in Himself, infinite and unimaginable; that "the Son" is His manifestation in humanity, and notably in Jesus; and that "the Holy Spirit" is God in His moral, spiritual and uplifting relations with man.

(10) One would think that this showed that God and the Holy Spirit are identical. Assuredly "the Holy Spirit *is* God,"—not another person.

(11) Assuredly, again; but the Holy Spirit is God's own Spirit, what we often call the Spirit of God. In 1 Cor., ii., 11, it is said that what "the spirit of man" is to the man, that "the Spirit of God" is to God,—a very enlightening analogy.

(12) This is surely a huge assumption. If any one will take the trouble to read what goes before and what follows after, it will be evident that, whatever the passage refers to, it cannot refer to Christ. The reference of the whole chapter is to national affairs. The word translated "fellow" is frequently used in the Old Testament, and means neighbour or co-worker, and as the writer believed that Jehovah had the Hebrews in His special protection, and used their leaders and kings for His purposes, it was not so very remarkable that this word should be applied to the king who, though he was about to be conquered and punished, was still God's representative as ruler. This king was probably Jehoiachin, Jehovah's shepherd and co-worker, but now to be smitten, together with his people, as the context (and especially the next chapter) shews.

(13) It was an extremely common thing to give names of this kind to Hebrew children. Our early Puritans had the very same habit. But, oddly enough, this name was not given to Christ, or he was never called by it. The

verse is a quotation from Isaiah vii., 14, and they who will again read what goes before and what follows after will see that the reference is to some young wife's child (the word does not necessarily mean a virgin's child) who is about to be born—the prophet's or probably the king's, or any one's child, as though he said: Within a few months this shall happen. The birth of that child is to be a sign to people then living of events then about to happen, even the ridding of the land of two invading kings (verse 16), which the Revised Version renders, "For, before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good (that is to say, while the child is an undiscerning infant), the land whose two kings thou abhorrest shall be forsaken, or, even better,—the land whose two kings thou abhorrest shall be desolate). So that it was a child hundreds of years before Christ who was cited as a "sign" for a king whose name is given, and it was that child who was called "Immanuel." Nay, the land itself is called Immanuel (Isaiah, viii., 8), shewing the purely political and national character of the whole matter.

(14) "The word was God," is really "The logos was God." What was "the logos"? That was, originally, not a Christian word or name at all. It was an importation from Philo of Alexandria, and was an extension of the Jewish personification of wisdom.

(15) The Revised Version reads "I am he." But the old version does not at all imply what is attempted to be forced from it.

(16) Certainly; just as he says that we are to be one in him and in God (John xvii., 21), and that we are to be one *even as* he and the Father are one (John xvii., 22), and—"perfected into one." Here again it is necessary to read what goes before and what follows after. What Jesus is saying is that he and his Father are one in the keeping in safety the sheep.

(17) The Revised Version renders this "Counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God," the very reverse of the suggestion. He did *not* grasp at it, but was loyal and true to his humble calling as God's son and servant. Canon Wilberforce, in a late discourse, thus paraphrases this passage:—He, being in God as the Eternal Reason, thought it not a thing to be grasped at, to abide inert and unmanifested in the mystery of the Godhead, but voluntarily uttered Himself into human conditions: and this Eternal Reason (or Logos), he had just said, is "immanent in the race."

(18) But we are told that *we* are to be filled with all the fulness of God (Ephesians, iii., 19). But, if we force this, it refutes the Trinitarian, the essence of whose contention is that the fulness of the Godhead was *not* "all" in Jesus!

(19) This is quite true, and it is plain that what he "claims to be," from first to last, is—a very trustful, gentle, obedient son of God, who

attributed all he had to God, who prayed to God, who, in death, committed his spirit to God, and who would have shrunk with horror from the confounding of him with God: for did he not say (John xvii., 3), "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, *the only true God*, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent"?

(20) No one wishes to deny that Jesus suffered on our behalf, but that is different from legally suffering "in our stead." Phrases on this subject can easily go astray and mislead; and exaggerations may easily be forgiven to intense personal feeling and gratitude, especially in days of militant "confessing of Christ." But if it is deliberately meant now that God exacted penalty as the price of pardon, we can only decline to believe the enormous immorality and injustice.

(21) All these phrases again are passionately intense, though some are literally true, and not one of them need be denied; but such phrases on such a subject lose all their true significance when they are hardened into forensic phrases good for the extraction of fixed doctrines and "plans of salvation."

(22) All these delightful sayings are gratefully welcomed. It is difficult to understand why they are quoted as in opposition.

(23) Here is the very case in point we want. If these phrases are to be hardened into literal facts, then we must say there is real fire, a real lake of fire, and real brimstone. If not, why not? The answer to that might throw light on many matters.

(24) Surely this only referred to the Book of the Revelation! How could it refer to the whole Bible, which, at that time, did not exist as a book?

I thank you for your good wishes, which would be even more acceptable if less pervaded by the assumption that you must be right, and by the unlovely threat that I shall be delivered over to the executioner if I persist in being honest to my reason and conscience, and to my reading of what you would call "the word of God." Because it is called "the word of God," we ought all the more to scrutinise it. Such a claim calls for the greatest care, and not for mental prostration, and I think that God must specially love that man or woman who is specially determined to accept only what is manifestly true.

Faithfully yours,

J. PAGE HOPPS.

HOLIDAY GLIMPSSES.

JUST OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK.

THERE is a four days' journey, just out of the beaten track, which is well worth considering. Young fellows who can walk, and who want a good specimen of Swiss scenery generally, without high and rough Alpine climbing, could not do better than undertake it. They will encounter some stiff walking, but the road, from end to end, is beautifully made and kept. They will meet with wholesome pine forests, exciting mountain passes, magnificent ravines, quaint old churches and towers, charming specimens of medieval towns, delightful old bridges, lovely villages, huge mountains, beautiful with farms or forests and countless chalets, with here and there a splendid snowy Alpine peak; millions of many-coloured flowers, and always the glorious Rhine, with its fresh snow water from the hills: every mile enchantingly grand or beautiful: a hostelry wherever one is wanted, for a glass of German beer or a flask of the wine of the country, or a good bed and nice homely fare, from a breakfast of perfect coffee and such bread, butter, eggs and honey as London never knows, to a dinner fit for a king—unless he is a fool. For those who do not care to walk, there is the post, or the jolly carriages for four or two, at a reasonable rate.

Here is a rough sketch of the journey, which begins at Chur and ends at Andermatt; or, of course, the other way, if preferred—each has advantages. Chur is reached from Zurich. The steam boat will take one from Zurich to Rapperswyl, almost the entire length of the lake. There one takes the railway to Chur, past the not much known but really marvellous Wallensee, a lake of immense force and beauty. At Chur, take to the road, either walking (always, of course, the best where it can be done) or driving. The whole distance is about fifty-six miles, and, taking the whole journey to the top of the pass above Andermatt, the ascent is about 4,800 feet. At the top of the pass, the height above the sea is about 6,730 feet.

The journey is easily divisible into three stages—from Chur to Ilanz, from Ilanz to Disentis, and from Disentis to Andermatt. The toughest part of the journey is the last stage, between Disentis and Andermatt: that is a steady but stiff bit of mountaineering, though on a perfectly kept road. For weaklings, or if wet, the journey can easily be broken into four or more stages: the little hotels on the way are all held by civilised and sensible people. It is just as well to steer clear of the grand hotels (there are two or three such even on this journey); such houses as the Hotel Rother Löwe at Chur, the homely Krone at Ilanz, and the very nice Krone at Disentis, are good enough. Indeed, if time admits, a week or more should be spent at the Krone at Disentis; but one should secure a bedroom overlooking the Rhine and the mountains.

It is as impossible as it is unnecessary to point out all the specially interesting glimpses or full unfoldings *en route*; for, indeed, every bend of the road—and their name is legion—reveals nothing but what is beautiful; but the following suggestions may be useful. At Bonaduz, the road should be left for a few hundred yards in order to get a view of the Suretta, from the side of the church on a little knoll. Seen through a most picturesque opening between two mighty sloping hills, the splendid snowy mountain is singularly beautiful. The church is on the left hand side. On the road from Ilanz to Disentis there is a very notable bridge over the Russeintobel. The view of the river and its ravine here is very charming. It should be seen from the sides and through large openings in the wood-work of the bridge. At Disentis, a easy stroll of two or three miles up the Lukmanier pass should, if possible, be taken. Just before descending to Andermatt, the supreme view of the little town (about 2,000 feet below), the plain and its surrounding mountains, should be watched for. It is suddenly seen upon making a certain bend of the road, and is one of the noblest sights in Switzerland.

From Andermatt, of course, the famous walk and railway ride to Flüelen should be taken—one of the world's wonders, increasingly interesting now as the scene of the mighty engineering feats of the St. Gothard railway. The great tunnel is simply a huge boring; but here, between Göschenen and Amsteg, the interest of the work centres. But, beyond the exploits of the engineer, the strange journey through this part of the pass is full of profound interest. On the left hand side of the railway, going down, near to Amsteg, there is a glorious view of the pass and the distant hills.

By all means, that loveliest of all lakes, Lucerne (especially the head of it, called Uri), should be seen from above, say from Seelisberg, or much more conveniently and perhaps better, from Tellsplatte, with its very beautifully situated hotel and the really enchanting walk on the Axenstrasse towards Flüelen or Brunnen.

The cost? After one has reached Zurich, ten francs, or say eight shillings, a day would carry the walker through well. The post and boats are all very moderate.

Language? There is some one in most hotels who speaks English well enough for all purposes, unless the wayfarer wants to discuss philosophy or dispute about religion. But two or three dozen words and childish sentences will pull any one through—and all these people are so good-natured and quick.

Luggage? The less the better anywhere and at any time, but, for this three days' march, a tiny parcel, wrapped in a light mackintosh, and a walking stick umbrella will suffice. At Zurich, the sensible Government, through the Post Office, will take charge of the luggage, and, for a few pence, will send it on to Andermatt, Lucerne, or anywhere else in Switzerland, while the way-

farer goes forth, gaily free. The burden of civilisation will, without fail, be found on arriving at the appointed place, by which time the enlightened sojourner will probably want to send two-thirds of his impedimenta back to England, perhaps even hoping that he may never see it again.

Time? By all means at the end of May, before the heat, the dust, the rush of people, the bustle, and the high tariffs. In May and early June the flowers are ready, the trains are anything but full, the waiters are glad to see you, you have the choice of rooms, the foliage is fresh, the colours are varied, the skies seem clearest, a touch of snow is still possible, and the very rain seems welcome—making all things new.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

How it can be done; or constructive Socialism." By John Richardson. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co. A very serious, sane, and well-written book. Perhaps the only answer to it is: "The world is neither wise nor good enough for your scheme." But the old duty remains: "He that hath a dream, let him tell a dream." The presentation of the socialism of this book is a consoling contrast to much of the wild and foolish talk indulged in on the subject. As here set forth, a scheme which might easily be made fraudulent is made fascinating. Whether the scheme is possible or not, we freely confess that we should like to live in a world where it was happily at work.

"The word of the Spirit. To the nation, church, city, home, and individual." By J. L. Jones. Chicago: Unity Publishing Co. Full of vivid thinking, wholesome counsel, rousing inspiration, and presented in a modest but very pretty form. We have now this kind of prophesying in London, Heaven be praised! but there is room for this little book here.

"A confession of Faith." By an unorthodox believer. London: Macmillan and Co. A truly sweet and gracious little book. Would that all religious persons were as this "unorthodox" one! This writer has found the blessed emancipation which comes, not of desertion, but of entrance. No one could more spiritually, and therefore more truly, believe in God and the way of salvation he

has found, the which he sums up in his closing words, "Love alone can comprehend the all-pervading mystery of God. To the question, How shall I know what is true? as to the kindred question, What shall I do to be saved? there is but one answer, namely, 'Love.'" There is much strength, too, within the sweetness and grace of this book.

"The Gospel of the Kingdom." London: Elliot Stock. This is a strong book, and a veritable sign of the times. It contains five Advent sermons preached at Holy Trinity, Sloane Square, London, by five of the new men—Rev. Canon Wilberforce, Rev. Canon Scott Holland, Rev. T. C. Fry, D.D., The Very Rev. The Dean of Ely, and Rev. Prebendary Eyton. We say "the new men" in the spiritual sense—men of the new age—the prophets of to-day and to-morrow. Four of the preachers shared between them the text, "Every mountain and hill shall be made low; the crooked shall be made straight, &c." The text of the other preacher was, "I will make all my mountains a way." In a sense, and not a far-away sense either, the sermons are socialistic. They blaze and burn and throb with pure practical humanitarianism, and are just as real as—well, as the old sermons used to be unreal. We rejoice to see that the modern preacher is becoming a pure humanitarian, and that he is obliged to rejoice at every sign of enthusiasm for humanity. He may not approve of certain tactics and proposals, but he must believe in the up-lifting and emancipation of man.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

PILGRIM SONGS.—I rather set my heart upon "Pilgrim Songs." These "Songs," fifty-seven in number, were written by me during forty years (from 1851 to 1891), and, in a way, tell a story of natural growth and natural selection. The book, a perfect specimen of modern printing, very prettily bound, and with gold edges, contains two portraits (1851 and 1890). It is sold for three shillings.

I have often been asked for a cheaper edition, and have only hesitated because we had a fairly good stock of the sheets of the original edition. It has been decided to do a better thing than print a cheap edition. A proportion of the original sheets have been put into a tasteful cover, and may now be had for One Shilling and Threepence, post free. This issue is therefore in every respect the same as the more costly one, except in the matter of binding and portraits.

Copies can be had by post only, from 216, South Norwood Hill, London. J. P. H.

A SPIRITUALISTIC CONFERENCE will be held in London in May. The subjects are very interesting:—An ideal religious service for spiritualists and inquirers.

A popular misconception of the relation between science and spiritualism.

The duty of spiritualists to young people.

Are spirit photographs necessarily the photographs of spirits?

Our duty with regard to acting upon information given, advice offered, or requests made in spirit messages.

Public exhibitions of spiritual phenomena.

Organisation for combined action and work.

Answers to questions put by the audience.

The thing is to be done well. The opening religious service will be held in St. Andrew's Hall, Newman Street, Oxford Street, and all the meetings will be held in the Portman Rooms, Baker Street. All particulars may be had from the Spiritual Alliance Office, 2, Duke Street, Adelphi, London.

LOWELL LINES.

1.—THERE is more than one kind of benevolence. There are some men who never put their hands in their pockets, who yet give away a great deal in their faces and manners.

Letters.

2.—NO MAN is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him.

Glance Behind the Curtain.

3.—ERROR is not for ever; hope for right.
Darkness is not the opposite of light,
But only absence—day will follow night.

Letters.

4.—ORIGINALITY consists in power of digesting and assimilating thought, so that they become part of our life and substance.

Essay on Thoreau.

5.—THE furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the Everlasting.

Biglow Papers.

6.—HE is a fool who would thy faith deride
If youth's opinions change before life's close.

Doth not the shade fall on a different side
When the sun sets than when his light first
rose?

Consistence.

7.—ALL paths to the Father lead
Where self the feet have spurned.

Godminster Chimes.

8.—WHOEVER can express himself with the full force of unconscious sincerity will be found to have uttered something ideal and universal.

Essay on Dante.

9.—GOD and Heaven's great deeps are nearer
Him to whose heart his fellow-man is nigh

Ode.

10.—GREAT souls are portions of Eternity.

Sonnets.

11.—THE Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need.
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.

Vision of Sir Launfal.

12.— To meet
Wrong with endurance, and to overcome
The present with a heart that looks beyond,
Are triumph.

Prometheus.

13.—Yet more than half
The victory is attained, when one or two,
Through the fool's laughter and the traitor's
scorn,
Beside thy sepulchre can bide the morn,
Crucified Truth, when thou shalt rise anew.

To Palfrey.

14.—LIFE is the jailer, Death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.

On the death of a friend's child.

15.—IF men have not enough spirituality to
find an inward beauty in religion, they will
begin to bedizen her exterior.

Letters.

16.—EACH day the world is born anew
For him who takes it rightly.

Gold Egg.

17.—LOVE is thine, O heart! and surely
Peace shall also be thine own,
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone.

The Rose.

18.—SURELY Abana and Pharpar are better
than Jordan, if a living faith be mixed with
those waters and none with these.

Essay on Thoreau.

19.—ALL history shows the poverty and
weakness of force, the wealth and power of
gentleness and love.

Letters.

20.—THE enlightening and strengthening of
that native instinct of the soul which leads it
to strive backward towards its divine source,
may sublimate the senses till each becomes a
window for the light of truth and the splen-
dour of God to shine through.

Essay on Dante.

21.—HE unmakes who doth not all put forth
The power given freely by our loving Father
To show the body's dross, the spirit's worth.

Ode.

22.—MAN'S devices can't unmake a man.

Biglow Papers.

23.—The poets; it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity.

Columbus

24.—Woe to that man, or that nation, to
whom mediocrity has become an ideal!

Biglow Papers.

25.—IN the parliament of the present every
man represents a constituency of the past.

Essay on Keats.

26.—THIS life were brutish did we not some-
times

Have intimation clear of wider scope,
Hints of occasion infinite, to keep
The soul alert with noble discontent
And onward yearnings of unstilled desire.

The Cathedral.

27.—OUR true country is that ideal realm
which we represent to ourselves under the
names of religion, duty, and the like.

Biglow Papers.

28.—BEHIND the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping
watch above His own.

The Present Crisis.

29.—AH, men do not know how much strength
there is in poise,

That he goes the farthest who goes far
enough,
And that all beyond that is just bother and
stuff.

Fable for Critics.

30.—THO' present loss may be the hero's part,
Yet none can rob him of the victor heart
Whereby the broad-realmed future is subdued,
And wrong, which now insults from triumph's
car,
Sending her vulture hope to raven far,
Is made unwilling tributary of good.

To Palfrey.