

The Coming Day.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

STEALING THEIR GODS.

SPOKEN AT CROYDON.

Wherefore hast thou stolen my gods?—GENESIS xxxi., 30.

THIS was Laban's reproach when he confronted Jacob, who had gone away secretly with his daughters, one of whom had stolen her father's little images. And, in truth, the poor man seems more concerned about his gods than his daughters.

Millions of times has this been repeated. It is repeated at every stage, from the idols which might be stolen from a mantel shelf, to the Deity whose operations could only be described in thirty-nine articles. And there are multitudes who would raise this pitiful cry after reading my 'Forced into Dissent.'

The distress and alarm are profoundly sincere, and, in this distress and alarm, one may discern a great deal of genuine religious zeal, as much, indeed, as one may discern in nearly all persecutions in religion's name. The crucifixion of Christ was not all wicked malignity. Jesus himself foresaw this: 'They shall put you out of the synagogues; yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will *think that he doeth God service.*' And Paul said this of himself: 'I verily thought with myself, that I *ought* to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth: which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them.'

In fact, every persecution has had, at the heart of it, strong religious sincerity, unless, indeed, it has been a mere piece of political State-craft.

But there have been many alarms and distresses which had no deeper root than a vested interest. The story of Paul and his companions at Ephesus is much to the point here:

Paul purposed in the spirit, when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia, to go to Jerusalem, saying, After I have been there, I must also see Rome.

So he sent into Macedonia two of them that ministered unto him, Timotheus and Erastus; but he himself stayed in Asia for a season.

And the same time there arose no small stir about that way. For a certain man, named Demetrius, a silversmith, who made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen; whom he called together, with the workmen of like occupation, and said, 'Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth. Moreover, ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods which are made with hands: so that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world

worshipeth.'

And, when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' And the whole city was filled with confusion: and, having caught Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions in travel, they rushed with one accord into the theatre. And when Paul would have entered in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not. And certain of the chief of Asia, who were his friends, sent unto him, desiring him that he would not adventure himself into the theatre.

Some therefore cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was confused: and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude; the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defence unto the people. But when they knew that he was a Jew, all, with one voice, about the space of two hours, cried out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!'

Since those days we have had a great many 'two hours' of 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' But the element of religious zeal has often been sadly complicated with personal interest, and, in any case, the cry was genuine enough; 'Wherefore hast thou stolen my gods?'

Some really intensely feel that all would be chaos if we gave up the creeds. It was so with the great Maurice. Others honestly think that we should be hopelessly anchorless if we surrendered the consistency and infallibility of the Bible. It is to them 'The Word of God,' and to demonstrate its human origin is equivalent to stealing their gods. Others, again, hug the entire system and apparatus of 'orthodoxy' as essential to, as, in fact, representing a great establishment, the ark of safety, to disturb which is the same as to dethrone God.

Dr. Vance Smith, who sat as one of the revisers of the Bible, nevertheless said of it; 'To each of the great sects, the Bible (as they tell us) is the "Word of God"—strangely unconscious, as they seem to be, of the profanity of attributing to the All-holy such a book, a book of which so large a portion evidently comes down to us from times of ignorance and semi-barbarism, and expresses the rude, imperfect thoughts and feelings of ignorant, passionate, evil-doing men.'

In a well-known passage, Mr. Huxley said the same thing in his own blunt, militant way; 'The myths of paganism are as dead as Osiris and Zeus, and the man who should revive them, in opposition to the knowledge of our time,

would be justly laughed to scorn : but the coeval imaginations current among the rude inhabitants of Palestine, recorded by writers whose very names and age are admitted to be unknown, have unfortunately not yet shared their fate, but, even at this day, are regarded by nine-tenths of the civilized world as the authoritative standard of fact and the criterion of the justice of scientific conclusions in all that relates to the origin of things and, among them, of species. In this nineteenth century, as at the dawn of modern physical science, the cosmogony of the semi-barbarous Hebrew is the incubus of the philosopher and the opprobrium of the orthodox. Who shall number the patient and earnest seekers after truth, from the days of Galileo until now, whose lives have been embittered and their good name blasted by the mistaken zeal of bibliolaters ? Who shall count the host of weaker men whose sense of truth has been destroyed in the effort to harmonise impossibilities — whose life has been wasted in the attempt to force the generous new wine of science into the old bottles of Judaism, compelled by the outcry of the same strong party ?

How perfectly plain this is ! And yet the attempt to bring opinion concerning the Bible into any sort of honest harmony with the facts is met by the shrillest cry of all ; ‘ Wherefore hast thou stolen my gods ? ’ What is our reply ? A very simple one. I give it in the words of the Bible itself ; ‘ Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away.’ And the identification of God with a book or a doctrine is something which is decaying and ready to vanish away. We offer something better—not a doubtful ‘ Word of God,’ but God Himself — not God in a book, but God in the heavens, God on the earth, God in the human spirit. The honest truth is that all ideals of God have been experimental, tentative, temporal. All the pictures of God that ever got impressed upon a Bible page, or projected into a graven image, have been human creations whose chief interest is that they mark the stages of human development. A Royal Academy picture by Long once well set this forth. It was entitled ‘ The gods and their makers.’ Half a dozen girls were represented as modeling and painting gods. They were in many disguises — hawks, serpents, apes, bulls, crocodiles, and some had human heads. There was a funny little blue god which seemed to greatly amuse a small girl. One of the workers was grinding in a mortar the stuff for the making of the gods ; others were dusting the old stock. There were rows of them on shelves ; some of them were on their backs on the floor, quite helpless ; and, if I remember aright, some kittens were playfully rolling them about. It is a searching satire, and all true. At first the who.e of it had meaning of a very solemn kind, and here, in the end, is a girl with her paint-pots, laughingly dabbing the colour into the face of the little blue god !

And that has happened all the way through, and is happening now. So true is it, that we must reverse the saying that God made man in His image, and say now that man is always making God in his. The old battle-cry of Islam was ; ‘ There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet.’ It

would now be truer to say ; ' There is no God but the Eternal and the Unseen, and, from age to age, humanity is His progressive delineator.' So, then, when they cry ; ' Wherefore hast thou stolen my gods ? ' we reply ; ' Your gods we have not stolen, but only your first crude pictures of them, only your images, only your idols—not made of clay and painted blue, but made of fear and painted with all the colours of excited imagination only the precipitations of your miserable dreams, from which it is high time you should awake. Content you ! You will find better and lovelier when you consent to let these go.'

We are only proposing to make natural advances on a tremendous road. The distance to be traveled is beyond all telling, and we cannot afford too long delays. ' They that sleep sleep in the night,' but it is not night now. See how the King invites us on ! We will say of that what we say of death :

We bow our heads
At going out ; we shrink, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's,
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.

And, so far as we can see, this is the only way to know Him,—to follow after Him—to be glad to leave our poor imaginings or fears and accept the large and bright revealings of the better day. As Coleridge said :

—So shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in Himself.
Great universal Teacher ! He shall mould
Thy spirit, and, by giving, make it ask.

It is no loss, then, to lose what we call the old ' gods.' We would take away nothing that is beautiful, nothing that is consoling, nothing that has any nutriment or hopefulness or life left in it. We only ask the child to become a man. Paul understood this. He said well ; ' When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.' So is it, and so should it be, with the manhood of the race. And yet, think of it ! we who say these things are threatened with God's anger—and God's hell ! Threatened for what ? Because we are honest !

But there are consolations : one is that if we go to hell we shall go in good company. Perhaps that witty American senator went rather too far when he said of this threat ; ' Well, Heaven might have a little advantage in climate, but hell had the best folks.' Yes ! that was a slight exaggeration, for there must be a majority of the best in Heaven : but the spirit of it is true, and it is a fair touch of satire as against the foolish people who think that the heavenly Father will be for ever angry with us—just to please them—them ! who, when we shew up their idols, and invite them to believe in the Father, cry out ; ' Why do you steal our gods ? '

THE RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF ROBERT BURNS.

(Concluded from page 98).

It is one of the popular delusions of Scotland that Robert Burns is not read—certainly not understood—by Englishmen. All we can say is, that we know one who, as a little lad in London, forty-five years ago, carried the poems of Burns in his jacket pocket—that he read him, loved him, understood him, and relished him all the more because of the pretty dialect that smelt of the heather he had then never seen, and that shone with the daisies, and the blue lift, and the sweet waters, and the bright hills so far away. We think, too, that he planted in that lad some germs of free thought which, mingling afterward with the influences of Parker and Dewey, Channing and Swedenborg, helped him over the blazing hell and past the atoning blood, and dispersed for him the angry God, the lost world, and the little sectarian heaven in which, too early, he was taught to believe. It was in the 'Address to the Deil,' that this lad found one of his first emancipations; and, though people as a rule just have a hearty laugh over it,—him it ever moves, even now, well nigh to tears. The second verse is rough, and what foolish people would call profane; but it is a rough bit of humanity, when he says that it would be small pleasure even to the devil to 'skelp and scald' poor wretches in hell, and hear them 'squeel.' But just see the difference between the profane Burns and the holy Calvin. Burns thinks that even the devil would pity his victims, while Calvin imagined that the very angels will be utterly unconcerned—nay, even consenting; God Himself being the eternal, invincible, and inexorable tormentor! We vote for Burns!

The last verse is, to our thinking, the loveliest, the sweetest, the most human, the most touching, Burns ever wrote. He even pities the poor devil himself,—lets his sweet loving kindness run over even to that sooty person, and cherishes a hope even for him.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie—ben!
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a stake.
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
 Ev'n for your sake!

We call that advanced religious thought; and, until we come to that—until we wish well even to the devil—until we cherish the hope that even he may come out of his den, and give up his enmity, and serve God,—we fall short of the standard of the religion of Christ, which is the religion, not only of faith, but of hope and charity.

His plea for the devil reminds us of his plea for himself, also a most touching revelation of the heart of the man. All his hope is in the Divine

charity. He has sinned and he knows it; 'human weakness has come short,' and 'frailty' has 'stept aside;' 'with intention,' too, he has 'erred;' and what is his plea? He does not go cringing for 'imputed righteousness;' and urges no base plea of 'atoning blood.' He is a man, and he is standing before his Maker. He knows God must see him as he really is—that God can neither mock nor be mocked with substitutions either of righteousness or of blood; so he says,—

No other plea I have
But—Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

We know no truer, holier, sweeter trust than that. It is, indeed, everything to see the goodness of God, and to see that goodness delighteth to forgive. They may call it 'unsound,' 'unsafe,' 'presumptuous,' what they will. We call it the love of the Father and the trusting of the child.

Among the evidences of Burns' advanced religious views may be quoted his strong sympathy with the theological 'new lights' of his day. The 'auld light' party held by the old rigid Calvinism of the Confession. The new lights were the gracious beings whose human nature revolted against the old creed. At the time we refer to, more than 100 years ago, there was a reaction against the old severe Calvinism of the 17th century. 'In Ayrshire,' says Robert Chambers, 'where Calvinism had formerly been in the highest vogue, there was a more than usual declension from its standard of orthodoxy.' With these, Burns deeply sympathised. Chambers shows that he was even demonstrative in his sympathy, and vehement in his heresy. He says 'In the rustic groups which gather at church doors before the commencement of service, or in the interval between forenoon and afternoon services, he would argue pertinaciously and loudly on such points, sometimes to the admiration, but as often to the distress or horror of his hearers. . . . He seems to have believed,' says Chambers, 'that the religious mind of the country was undergoing a revolution which must result in the abandonment of Calvinism.' And he was right, but the process has taken and will take longer than he imagined.

His 'Epistle to John Goudie of Kilmarnock,' is full of sympathy with him as against what Burns calls 'black coats and reverend wigs,' 'sour bigotry on her last legs,' and 'glowering superstition.' To Gavin Hamilton he writes concerning a certain 'Boanerges of gospel powers,' of whom he says, 'Be earnest with him that he will wrestle in prayer for you, that you may see the vanity of vanities in trusting to, or even practising, the carnal moral works of charity, humanity, generosity and forgiveness, things which you practised so flagrantly that it was evident you delighted in them, neglecting or perhaps profanely despising the wholesome doctrine of faith without works, the only means of salvation.' Here it is evident that Burns is satirizing some

one who exalted the orthodox dogma of justification by faith above the natural religion of the practice of charity, humanity, generosity and forgiveness. The epistle suggests the poem 'The Kirk's Alarm,' a rough and rousing party song, containing, as Chambers says, 'a satire evoked by an ecclesiastical case in which Burns' heterodox tendencies and personal friendships were deeply interested.' The immediate occasion of it was the trial of Dr. M'Gill for heresy; for Dr. M'Gill, one of the parish ministers of Ayr, had found his way out of Calvinism into rational Christianity, though of rather a mild form. So they haled him before the Presbytery of Ayr and the Synod of Glasgow, and worried him for two years till they broke him down, as they had broken down many good men before and since. So poor Dr. M'Gill gave in the usual document, 'expressive of his deep regret for the disquiet he had occasioned, explaining the challenged passages of his book, and declaring his adherence to the standards of the church on the points of doctrine in question.' It was upon this heretic, before the poor fellow broke down and recanted, that Burns wrote this 'Kirk's Alarm.' He assumes the character of a zealous champion of orthodoxy, and pretends to blow this blast in defence of the Kirk. The satire, however, is obvious. He calls upon the 'orthodox' to rally together, to oppose the 'heretic damnable error' that faith and sense must be joined. He pretends to be horrified that a heretic has arisen who actually says that if a thing is not 'sense' it 'must be nonsense.'

Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;
There's a heretic blast has been blown in the wast,
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense, upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

It appears, though, that Dr. M'Gill was not the only heretic; for a certain Dr. Dalrymple, senior minister of the collegiate charge of Ayr, had actually presumed to question that curious arithmetical conundrum, the Trinity; and, being a minister of a collegiate charge, he had got 'new light' on the theological rule of three. This Dr. Dalrymple, Chambers calls 'a man of extraordinary benevolence and worth.' Him, therefore, Burns puts into the poem.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild, though your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new driven snaw;
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and twa.

These same unquestionably advanced and heretical tendencies were exhibited also in his bitter contempt for the self-righteously orthodox, and for those whom he calls 'scoundrels,' 'with holy robes but hellish spirit.' The two

poems, 'The Holy Fair,' and 'Holy Willie's Prayer' are terrible exposures of the persons and the dogmas in question. The latter, 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' is scarcely a satire upon the selfish, savage Calvinism of the Confession of faith. It puts into plain language the ferocity, the injustice, and the degrading selfishness of that wicked creed. It extols the Lord who does as He pleases, and sends one to heaven and ten to hell, all for His glory, and 'not for any good or ill they've done.' It praises God for choosing 'Holy Willie,' though He left thousands of other people in hopeless night. It calls down the curse of heaven on the heretic and the enemies of the Kirk. It is a terrible picture, but not overdrawn, as a portrait of the evil spirit to whom we are indebted for the creed and the Confession, and it shews us the root of Burns' scorn and contempt for the whole thing—and of his manly revolt against the orthodoxy of his day.

But it is in his letters that we get the clearest, simplest, and gravest expositions, not only of his denials, but of his faith. The letters that contain the fullest and most direct allusions to religion are those to Clarinda (Mrs. M'Lehose) and Mrs. Dunlop. Clarinda, says Chambers, was painfully affected by one thing, 'his hostility to Calvinism,' while Mrs. Dunlop appears to have had her little doubts and fears. To this lady he sent a most beautiful summary of his religious opinions, which we commend to all lovers of Burns. He says 'Religion, my honoured friend, is surely a simple business, as it equally concerns the ignorant and the learned, the poor and the rich. That there is an incomprehensible Great Being, to whom I owe my existence, and that he must be intimately acquainted with the operations and progress of the internal machinery, and consequent outward deportment of this creature which he has made—these are, I think, self-evident propositions. That there is a real and eternal distinction between virtue and vice, and consequently that I am an accountable creature; that, from the seeming nature of the human mind, as well as from the evident imperfection, nay, positive injustice, in the administration of affairs, both in the natural and moral worlds, there must be a retributive scene of existence beyond the grave,—must, I think, be allowed by every one who will give himself a moment's reflection. I will go farther, and affirm that from the sublimity, excellence, and purity of his doctrine and precepts, unparalleled by all the aggregated wisdom and learning of many preceding ages, though, to appearance, he himself was the obscurest and most illiterate of our species—therefore, Jesus Christ was from God.' That is simple rationalism. Then he concludes;—'Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of goodness, and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, this is my measure of iniquity. What think you, madam, of my creed?' We hope Mrs. Dunlop was sensible enough to say; 'I think it a very admirable creed, Robert Burns, and I would to God we could all come with you to the simplicity, the beauty, and the humanity of it!'

This creed illustrates what Burns said in another letter; 'Almost all my religious tenets come from the heart:' or again, speaking of Cowper's poem 'The Task;' 'Bating a few scraps of Calvinistic divinity, it is the religion of God and Nature—the religion that exalts that ennobles man.' From this it is evident that Burns had consciously and earnestly revolted against Calvinism with its deification of a man and its doctrines of original sin, eternal hell, atoning blood, election and reprobation, and that, in its place, he put the religion of humanity, the religion of nature and human nature, the religion of light and love and progress and hope. To one friend he wrote; 'If there be any truth in the orthodox faith of these churches, I am lost past redemption, and, what is worse, lost to all eternity. I am deeply read in Boston's Fourfold State, Marshall on Sanctification, Guthrie's Trial of a saving interest, &c., but 'there is no balm in Gilead, there is no physician there for me'—a truly pathetic passage. He knew all about the musty, ugly, inhuman theology of the divines, but they were like dust and ashes to his thirsty soul. How would Burns have reveled in Theodore Parker, Emerson, Channing and Martineau! and from how much would he have been saved if he had known them well!

His views of what is called 'salvation' naturally grew out of his general views of religion, which he based, as we have shown, on nature and human nature and the perfections of God. God, he says, is almighty and all-bounteous; we are weak and dependent. . . 'He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life,' consequently it must be in every one's power to embrace His offer of 'everlasting life,' otherwise He could not, in justice, condemn those who did not. And then he says that 'a mind pervaded, actuated, and governed by purity, truth, and charity' 'shall never fail of attaining "everlasting life."' In another letter he as plainly says; 'I firmly believe that every honest, upright man of whatever sect, will be accepted of the Deity.' Here, Burns, in the clearest possible manner, puts the great matter of salvation on a purely rational ground.

His views of Jesus Christ, again, are strictly rationalistic. To Clarinda he writes, that 'the supreme being has put the immediate administration' of the plan of salvation 'into the hands of Jesus Christ,' and then he calls Jesus 'a great personage whose relation to the supreme being we cannot comprehend, but whose relation to us is that of a guide and saviour'—an explicit exclusion of his Deity. Of this letter, Chambers truly says; 'We have, in this letter, an explicit view of the poet's religious convictions in addressing an orthodox lady, whose good opinion he was anxious to gain and keep. He would not understate his faith; yet we see that it is far from the orthodox standard. It does not admit the Deity of Christ, though regarding him as a divinely commissioned being. It makes good works nearly all-sufficient. . . and does not appear to have afterwards greatly changed his views.' And then he adds these very suggestive words; 'What might have been the difference had Burns been reared under a system more captivating to the imaginative part of

our nature, and more easily to be reconciled to philanthropical feelings, it would be vain to conjecture. As it is, the orthodox Presbyterian Calvinist has the regret of viewing the vigorous intellect of Burns as one which wholly repudiated, and lived in direct antagonism with, that code of doctrine which has been so long and with so little variation maintained in Scotland.' Ay, and who can tell how far the natural scorn of this man for the preachers of this code of doctrine led to his departures from another code?

And now, what is the maintenance of that 'code of doctrine' doing to-day? Here and there alienating vigorous intellects and humane hearts, here and there causing quiet thoughtful men to drop faiths and churches altogether; but the effect that is widest spread and most serious in this—that it is rapidly producing a race of nominal believers, who shrug their shoulders or laugh in their sleeves when they profess a creed they have utterly outgrown. God send to Scotland's brain and heart, and to England's brain and heart, the brain and heart of Burns—that the humanity which was in him may fill the land, and leave its intellect and its conscience free!

SWITZERLAND: PICTORIAL AND POETICAL.*

This is another of the excellent books on Switzerland issued by the enterprising firm of Orell Fussli in Zurich. We have already noticed the every way admirable series of handy volumes entitled, 'Illustrated Europe': but the book before us belongs to a different category. Those are, as we say, handy volumes for the pocket, done up in paper covers with specially beautiful illustrations, but with no ambitions in relation to the drawing-room. This, on the contrary, is a charming drawing-room book, beautifully printed and bound, handsome enough for an empress. It contains 87 pretty engravings (not all as good as the more modest volumes), and more poems than we care to count—probably about 200; and very dainty poems too, by such writers as Thomson, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Swinburne, Rogers, Montgomerie, Sheridan Knowles, Hemans,

Bryant, Byron, J. A. Symonds, Moore, Sigourney, Dora Greenwell, Jean Ingelow, O. W. Holmes, Ruskin, Shelley, Coleridge, Arnold, Tennyson, S. A. Brooke, and Aubrey de Vere.

The poems and pictures are distributed over 12 chapters:—Political and Historical, Poems on the Alps, Mont Blanc, The Lake of Geneva, The Valais, The Italian Lakes, The Grisons and the Rhine, Berne, St. Gothard, Lakes of Lucerne and Zurich, Guides, Herdsmen, Hunters, &c., Flora, Sunrise, Sunset, Winter, Ranz des Vaches, Alpine Horn, &c. There are over 550 pages, including some pages of useful Notes and a perfect Index. It is a handsome presentation book with a charm of its own, a good deal removed from the usual run of such productions.

*Switzerland: Pictorial and Poetical. A collection of poems by English and American poets. Compiled by Henry Ebesli, Zurich: Art. Institut. Orell Fussli. London: Hachette & Co., King William Street, W.C.

DR. TANNER—AND AN ALTERNATIVE.

Now that Dr. Tanner has returned to 'The House' we should like to have his deliberate judgment upon his behaviour, and his opinion of 'The House,' which he says he more despises than desires. For our own part, we confess we regret that there are times when we cannot get fresh air without breaking the windows, and without disagreeable and dangerous draughts, and we specially regret that, in some decorous assemblies, we cannot get fresh air without the help of a vigorous man with no respect for pulleys and ropes and nerves.

At the same time, we are getting so smothered with conventionalities and pretences that we shall have to risk something in the desire for fresh air. When Mr. Harrington made the too familiar statement that the late government never did anything for Home Rule, or that the Liberal party had abandoned it (both statements are given by the papers), Dr. Tanner shouted out, 'That's a lie!' That was flinging up the window with a bang, which, in that 'House' was, of course, highly indecorous, and far more than the hundreds of gentlemen reeking with the pellucid purities of the late elections could stand. In fact, the draught was dreadful, the danger of catching cold was serious, and the man who banged up the window had to be turned out.

But Dr. Tanner told the plain truth. The only question to be settled is whether Society and 'The House' can bear the plain truth or whether you can keep order if you keep to the truth. It is a queer dilemma! For our own part, we are not at all ashamed to say that the sudden gust of fresh air was eminently refreshing. We do not say that it ought to be allowed, or that 'The House' could get on if it were allowed, or that Dr. Tanner was improperly turned out. We only say that the fresh air was delicious. The only difficulty in the case is the personality of the critic. What 'The House' wants, and what a good many places want, is a kind of Lieometer which shall act automatically

and therefore impartially and impersonally. It would be an invaluable invention. Will no one try for it? There ought to be a State Commission on the subject or perhaps a Church and State Commission, for the invention might have its uses even in the Church. For Churches, the Lieometer might be so modified as to gently play the first bars of 'Onward, Christian soldiers,' or even to simply change colour—say, from white to pink. There are millions of money in it. Only consider the variety of its uses! It would be invaluable in Courts of law and innumerable offices. No barrister's chambers or accountant's office could afford to do without it. It is almost certain that Parliament would order it to be used at every political meeting—put on the table with the water bottle to legalise the assembly. If it could be produced cheaply, it might even be used to check other meters such as those used for gas and water. It is true that it might get out of order like most other meters, but the strong probability is that its very presence in 'The House,' in Church, in courts of law, &c., might shut off at least a large proportion of the myriad lies by which the machinery of the world is run. In short, a Lieometer is the greatest want of the age.

While we are about it, we may as well say that Dr. Tanner's offensive description of 'The House' he was leaving was equally unbearable and equally true. When we think of the motives which lead people to pour out money to get into it, when we think of the means used to that end, when we think what men bring themselves to do and say in the 'fight' to squeeze in and keep in, when we think of the finesse, the remorseless unfairness, the personal self-assertions, the vulgar rush for place and power on the part of certain leaders and partisans, we cannot say that it is exactly clean. But this sort of undressing in public will never do; so it was, of course, quite right to turn out this terrible child.

NOTES BY THE WAY

CORRECTION.—Page 116, line 2 of 'Holiday Glimpses.' 'Vierwald-stätter' should of course be Vierwald-stättersee.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.—The following statement has gone the round of the press:—'A West End bootmaker has been making some startling statements as to the huge sums which some of the aristocracy spend on shoes, and especially on slippers. Only the other day a countess, whose name is familiar to everyone, had a pair of slippers made which were decorated in a picture pattern, like a pair of worked slippers, with precious stones, these being largely rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The result was exceedingly beautiful, but the cost was over £4,500! The present Dowager Countess of ——— some years ago had a pair of slippers made in which she was to appear as Cinderella at a fancy dress ball given by the Duke of Manchester. The slippers were one mass of diamonds, the value of the stones being considerably over £12,000, whilst the cost of mounting them was upwards of £150.' It is when we read such statements as these that we feel almost compelled to believe in Jesus Christ's 'Hell.'

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.—We were glad to see the following in the London *Daily Chronicle*:—'A correspondent draws our attention to a nuisance that most people suffer from, at some time or another, who travel on the tops of omnibusses or tramcars. In these fine days, it is true, it is not often that the mere man is able to ride outside, the hot and stuffy interior being unusually left to him, while the lady passengers breathe the moderately fresh air of our streets from the garden seats on the roof. But it frequently happens that the seats nearest the driver are occupied by a few pipe or cigarette smokers, who not only do not consume their own smoke, but who lavishly scatter burning ash and incinerated paper into the eyes and faces of the occupants of the back seats. This, we agree with our correspondent, is hardly to be borne with patience. An easy remedy would be to insist on smokers occupying none but the back seats.'

RUSSIA AND THE CZAR.—At a late meeting of the friends of Russia, in London, one of the speakers said:—'Autocracy in Russia is really tyranny because it suppresses all freedom, and because it requires wanton cruelty to keep in power the man who has the impudence to believe himself capable of ruling the destinies of a whole country, and who has only lately expressed in such contemptuous terms, his feelings as to the possibility of a people having the slightest share in the ruling of their own affairs. It was a monstrous manifestation of man's vanity, and the whole civilized world felt the absurdity of such a manifestation at the end of our century. We must do what we can to bring the public opinion of the civilized world to support the Russians in their efforts to win freedom for themselves. The keener the fear of public opinion, the greater the movement in the civilized world, the smaller will be the amount of violence and destruction required in Russia.'

'THE NEW WOMAN.' A good woman very justly writes to us concerning a note on page 119: 'There are as many sorts of "new" women as there have been of old ones—more.' Absolutely true, and if our use of the current phrase seemed to include others than the rowdy sisters we are sorry. But we expressly said, 'there is another side to it, and a side to be admired,' and we also expressly said that we referred only to 'the side not to be admired,' and that side we quite definitely indicated. But we think we shall drop the never wise phrase, 'The new woman.'

CONCERTS AND STINKS.—We are getting on. The beautiful new Hall in London, the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, is now open for promenade concerts. The concluding words of a report of the opening concert are, —'It must be added that smoking is not prohibited.' At any time, the air of these London halls is soon fouled; and, towards the end of any concert, it is usually verging on the unbearable. We are grateful to this report for its warning to keep away. Our regret is that when we go to that hall for a respectable concert, we shall have to inherit the dead stinks.

LIGHT ON THE PATH

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.—We rejoice to hear of yet another Church openly based upon 'The Ideal' and the principles of Our Father's Church. The Rev. A. Turnbull (Anglican), of Hobart, Tasmania, has notified to his bishop and his friends that he is leaving the Church in order to found in Tasmania a free spiritual Church. In his manifesto he quotes in full the Seven Principles and part of 'The Testimony.' We are glad to welcome him.

'A CALVINIST IN STREAKS.'—At a celebrated discussion, in the New York Presbytery, on the revision of the Confession of Faith, the Rev. C. H. Parkhurst thus expressed his discomfort and his desire;—'Dr. Shedd finds in the Confession the love of God. Others of us find it by implication. We want a love of God that stands on the face of it. I don't want a love of God that I am to derive inferentially. It should be clear to the open eye and the open heart. I am a Congregationalist by nature, a Presbyterian by grace, a Calvinist in streaks; but don't believe some of the doctrines of our Confession. It must be revised.'

CO-OPERATION AND CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The Labour Association has sent out an admirable four-page pamphlet, entitled 'What is co-partnership? What can it do for the workers?' In a few brief, clear, keen statements, it sets forth what has been done and can be done, and what it will help people to do. Any master who is touched with the new spirit of the time, or any group of workmen wishing to find their way out of old Egypt, would do well to apply to the Secretary of the Association, 9, John Street, Adelphi, London.

FORCED INTO DISSENT.—The Rev. W. Routh writes:—'Again it is necessary to crave your pardon for writing to explain the mental attitude of such honest men I know of as do not feel that they are 'Forced into Dissent'. Let me at once fully admit the endless

survivals to be found in our formularies, picturesque, but quite obsolete. But tell me, would you pull down the walls of an old castle because it no longer fits human needs, and replace it with a row of smug £50 villas? This is not argument perhaps, but sentiment. Well, but again. I contend that all English institutions are on about the same level, *i.e.*, almost equally full of these anomalies and survivals, and that it is the bent of our Anglo-Saxon genius, not to make a logically clean sweep of them with sudden violence as the Frenchman does, but to quietly permit them to go on until they become dead letters, drop out of use, and are forgotten. Look for instance at the laws which still persist in our statute-book, which no one dreams of even trying to enforce. I might adduce instances without end, but that were tedious. Now all this may be illogical, but it works well in practice, and no one considers us less honest than our neighbours. My point is that in the prayer book nothing less should be expected than what we find, and most of us in this as in parallel cases are agreed to regard all this, in a purely historical point of view. Of course the defect in the analogy mentioned above, of the castle, is just this, that we have got still to live in this old theological structure; but, this being so, we try to bring it more or less into harmony with actual needs from time to time; but we don't mind a good many excrescences that are no longer of any use, and sometimes rather in the way, but remind us of times long since gone by. All the while we may be perfectly honest, and explain to our people how men once used these old loop holes, dungeons, &c., and that it would of course be folly to think of using them now. The prayer book has its 'dungeons' certainly. But they encourage us by reminding us of all that we have outgrown, and they warn us of what we must not be allowed to fall back to.' [This would be all very well if clergymen were not pledged to teach that the dungeons are God-given dwelling-houses, and if we were discussing a museum and not a Church—sight-seers and not worshippers—the Parish Council and not God.]

NOTES ON BOOKS.

'Wagner's Parsifal and the Bayreuth Fest-Spielhaus' and 'Wagner: a sketch of his life and works.' By N. Kilburn, Mus. Bac. Cantab. London: W. Reeves. Two highly sympathetic Wagner tributes: the first a useful introduction to the Bayreuth performance of the sacred Opera—(may we call it?)—the second, a chatty account of the great master's life and doings.

'The Metaphysical Magazine, devoted to occult, philosophic, and scientific research.' Conducted by L. E. Whipple. New York: The Metaphysical Publishing Co. We have received several numbers of this new monthly—a thoughtful addition to the slowly increasing number of publications of the kind. We find it temperate and discriminating, with a strong hold upon practical life. Its price is 25 cents.

'The Expositor's Bible' Edited by the Rev. W. R. Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. 'The Song of Solomon' and 'The Lamentations of Jeremiah.' By W. F. Adeney, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton. A notable addition to an interesting and in some respects important series. The two books dealt with in this volume are now specially attractive for different reasons. 'The Song' is beginning to be frankly dealt with by even 'orthodox' expositors, and 'The Book of the Lamentations' is attracting a too-long delayed attention. As to the first, Mr. Adeney (though Professor of New Testament Exegesis and Church history in New College, London), bluntly surrenders the absurd chapter headings and, with them, the whole theory of mystical meanings out of which they grew. As to the second, we rejoice to see a sympathetic and scholarly attempt to present in true relief a noble and engaging work. Our strong impression is that just in proportion as we give up the ridiculous old notion of the supernatural origin of the Bible, as a consistent and infallible book, and treat it as a collection of precious fragments, which have their roots in mother earth and the human soul, we shall really find, possess and rightly

use a much misused book. Mr. Adeney might not agree with this remark, but we congratulate him upon the production of a work written in the spirit of it.

'The Eternal News concerning time and space, substance, motion and shapes.' By J. J. Brown. Glasgow: 300, Cathcart Road. A somewhat remarkable specimen of keen Scotch thinking, steeped in Scotch philosophy, but far away from Scotch divinity. Mr. Brown, if he had a gown and a chair, might make a stir in the world. As it is, he is 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What he says is strange enough, in all conscience; but even the men with gowns and chairs in Edinburgh and Glasgow might find the little work curious and suggestive.

'The Ancient Egyptian Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul.' By Alfred Wiedemann, D. Ph. With twenty-one illustrations. London: H. Grevel & Co. A small book on a great subject, containing a summary of the thoughts and expectations of an intensely interesting people in relation to a future life. Dr. Wiedemann very properly draws attention to the fact that the rather puzzling and very complex beliefs of the Egyptians, as we know them, were developed from incongruous elements which were carried along with the stream rather than got rid of us by substitution. There was evidently much that was arbitrary and fanciful in their thoughts and expectations, but their fresh and keen assurance is even now delightful. How simple their pictures! how literal their descriptions! how naive their conclusions! how resolute their preparations and remembrances! Never did the belief in the life beyond more strongly entrench itself in human thought and imagination; never did it so completely enter into and fill every crevice of a great people's every-day life. For a wonder, the book is too brief. As we have said; it is but a summary, and brief even at that; but it is by an authority. The illustrations are fairly good, but not particularly new.

'The Four Gospels. Illustrated from original sketches made in The Holy Land.' By H. A. Harper (Member of the Palestine Exploration Fund), and J. Clarke. London: W. Walters, St. Paul's Church Yard. The most attractive little Testament we have ever seen. The text is printed in short persuasive paragraphs, the lines going right across the page, and the full page pictures are both clever and to the point. The copy before us contains 236 pages with 45 pictures. The whole, bound in a stiff pretty cover; price 6d. Each gospel can be had separately for one penny. We have also received specimens of the gospels in French and Spanish, also one penny each.

'Light from plant life. Truths derived from and illustrated by the life history of plants.' By H. Girling. London: T. Fisher Unwin. A somewhat quaint book—meditative, ingenious, a curious mixture of horticulture and religion, and suggesting a quiet and thoughtful life in Somerset or Devon, though the author dates his Preface from Corbyn Street, London, N. The book is a shimmering mass of pretty analogies, but with a certain orderliness that conducts to a fairly logical conclusion—a conclusion which deepens faith in a living God who works in all things, as life, and beauty, and unfolding love.

 LOWELL LINES.

1.—Mine be the love that in itself can find
Seed of white thoughts, the lilies of the mind,
Seed of that glad surrender of the will
That finds in service self's true purpose still.
Endymion.

2.—We are of far too infinite an essence
To rest content with the lies of time.

Ode.

3.—The truth is, we think lightly of Nature's
penny shows, and estimate what we see by
the cost of the ticket.

A Moosehead Journal.

4.—The dreams which nations dream come
true,
And shape the world anew,

Ode to France.

5.—Simple devastation
Is the worm's task, and, what he has destroyed,
His monument; creating man's work,
And that, too, something more than mist and
murk.

An Oriental Apologue.

6.—Experience is a dumb dead thing;
The victory's in believing.

To ———

7.—If there is one truth truer than another,
it is that no man or nation ever neglected a
duty that was not sooner or later laid upon
them in a heavier form, to be done at a
dearer rate.

The Seward-Johnson Reaction.

8.—God is always 'I am' never 'I was.'

Letters.

9.—Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and
peace.

On the Death of a Friend's Child.

10.—There is more conviction in what is
beautiful in itself than in any amount of
explanation why, or exposition of how, it is
beautiful. A rose has a very succinct way of
explaining itself.

The Old English Dramatists.

11.—Nothing is more natural for people
whose education has been neglected than to
spell evolution with an initial 'r'.

Democracy,

12.—Those love truth best who to themselves
are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

Harvard Commemoration Ode.

13.—Truth needs no champions; in the in-
finite deep
Of everlasting soul her strength abides,
From Nature's heart her mighty pulses leap,
Through Nature's veins her strength, un-
dying, tides.

On the Death of Channing.

14.—There is always a time for doing what
is fit to be done.

Scotch the Snake, or kill it?

15.— Through the clouded glass
Of our own bitter tears, we learn to look
Undazzled on the kindness of God's face.

On the Death of a Friend's Child.

16.—The memory of noble deeds
Cries shame upon the idle and the vile,
And keeps the heart of man for ever up
To the heroic level of old time.

Prometheus.

17.—Calm is the most convincing evidence
of great power that has no misgivings of
itself.

Chapman.

18.—Dead glory and greatness leave ghosts
behind them, and departed empire has a
metempsychosis, if nothing else has.

Leaves from my Journal.

19.—Two north lights are there in the soul
that beam,
Truth's steady ray and fancy's warning
gleam.
One shines by day, the other blesseth night.
Scorn neither; tho' diverse, yet both are
light.

Letters.

20.—Peace is an excellent thing, but principle
and pluck are better.

The American Tract Society.

21.— To be forgot at first is little pain
To a heart conscious of such high intent
As must be deathless on the lips of men.

Prometheus.

22.—There is no such re-inforcement as faith
in God, and that faith is impossible till we
have squared our policy and conduct with
our highest instincts.

The Rebellion.

23.— They are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and
not for all their race.

On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves.

24.—Thank God, there are better things than
being happy.

Letters.

25.—Lips must fade and roses wither,
All sweet times be o'er;
They only smile, and, murmuring 'thither'!
Stay with us no more.

The Token.

26.—Truth only needs to be for once spoke
out,
And there's such music in her, such strange
rhythm,
As makes men's memories her joyous slaves,
And clings around the soul, as the sky clings
Round the mute earth, forever beautiful.
And, if o'erclouded, only to burst forth
More all-embracingly divine and clear.

Glance behind the Curtain.

27.—An entire ship's company of Columbuses
is what the world never saw.

New England Two Centuries Ago.

28.— From lower to the higher next,
Not to the top, is Nature's text;
And embryo good, to reach full stature,
Absorbs the evil in its nature.

Biglow Papers.

29.—Nothing pays but God,
Served whether on the smoke-shut battle-
field,
In work obscure done honestly, or vote
For truth unpopular, or faith maintained
To ruinous convictions, or good deeds
Wrought for good's sake, mindless of heaven
or hell.

The Cathedral.

30.—It is only by being loyal and helpful to
truth that men learn at last how loyal and
helpful she can be to them.

The Seward-Johnson Reaction.