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THE PRACTICAL IDEALIST.

The Idealist's Code of Faith.

I.—WORSHIP—(CONVERSE WITH THE SUPREME.)

1. The Idealist gives his worship and contemplation to the Eternal-Essence, —to the beautiful Power and Law that underlies all phenomena, of which these are but the sensuous appearances, or garment.

2. On strictly scientific grounds he has the full assurance that neither Evil nor Chance, but Good is the mainspring of Nature. He is intensely conscious of the omnipotent omnipresence of the Universal Spirit, and of his own participation in the vast Unity of Spiritual Life, but he does not dogmatise concerning the personality of the Deity.—“We distinguish the announcements of the soul, its manifestations of its own nature by the term Revelation. These are always attended by the emotion of the sublime. For this communication is an influx of the Divine Mind into our mind. It is an ebb of the individual rivulet before the flowing surges of the sea of life. Every distinct apprehension of this central commandment agitates men with awe and delight. A thrill passes through all men at the reception of new truth, or at the performance of a great action which comes out of the heart of nature.—*The Over Soul.*

Trust your emotion. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity; yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and colour.—SELF-RELIANCE.

3. For the Idealist there can be nothing Supernatural in Creed and History. He is as a mountain climber who has the clouds beneath him, and is face to face with God's Blue of Heaven. Nature and the natural to him are more miraculous than the most monstrous prodigy, and infinitely more beautiful.

4. The Idealist worships in the Divine Being the Ideal of Truth, Beauty, and Good, and the recognition of His attributes is the central force, and fount of power in moral dynamics. Prayer for worldly and material good or success, appears to him an arrogant assumption that God will not order things for the best, and a selfish intrusion of our own interests that must most frequently be at the expense of those of our fellow creatures. But Spiritual prayer, comprehended in contemplation, and passionate aspiration yearning for communion with the Highest, is the natural function of the soul.

II.—DUTIES.—(INTERCOURSE WITH OUR NEIGHBOUR.)

The idea of Justice proclaiming that every individual in his pursuit of enjoyments, and in the development of his life, shall not interfere with the free exercise of all their faculties by his fellows, inculcates as the duties of all men,—

1. That they regard all forms of religious and other opinions, that do not themselves violate the law, in the purest spirit of toleration, and strenuously resist the monopoly of state protection and other privileges by any one body of sectarians.

2. That the fullest liberty be acceded to women to exercise their faculties in any occupation to which those faculties may impel them.

3. That they ever recognise the indefeasible right of all men to the use of the earth's surface, and to the opportunity of labouring, and earnestly promote the achieving of such social organization as shall secure to all men the opportunity of attaining to the most perfect development possible to them. That they pilot their charitable enterprises with discriminating wisdom, and realise the fact that unthinking well-mindedness is immoral.

4. That they promote the spread of knowledge, and the establishment of a new system of education that shall render it possible to form the characters of children, to more radically influence their lives, and give effect to the special aptitudes with which nature may have endowed them.

The Law of Charity, or Universal Love commands:—

1. That every man have a lively anxiety for the happiness and well-being of his fellow men, and abstain from any self-gratification that is injurious to the general community, or that inflicts pain on another normally constituted mind.

2. That he vehemently persuade them of the folly of appealing to the arbitration of the sword; and advocate the establishment of a wise international organisation and code for the settlement of differences.

3. To advocate the principle of friendly association as opposed to self-interested, and dis-united isolation, for purposes of social economy, social refinement, and social happiness.

ERNINA LANDON.

A PATCHED SOCIETY. (*Digest :—Continued.*)

10.—*Competition.*—It would be erroneous to infer that it is proposed to dispense with the wholesome stimulus of normal and legitimate competition as an element of Society. In all that concerns the commerce, or wholesale dealing of the country, in contra-distinction to retail distribution, the laws of supply and demand would continue their unimpeded action. If any are disposed to attribute inconsistency to such a distinction, they are reminded that whilst commerce is directly creative of wealth, the unproductive competings of the retailers are little better than a lawless wrangling for wealth already created, attended with the consequent waste and destruction to be anticipated from such chaotic and non-industrial busyness.

The system of allied industries, then, is not Socialism, that would eliminate competition from human affairs,—that contemplating an ideal conception of man overlooks his proneness to sloth and to physical and mental inaction; it would, on the contrary, attempt, for the first time, to free competitive human works and endeavours, from the clogs and drawbacks that choke its action. It is precisely because competition is so useful an agency for production that we would not waste its energies on barren objects.

11.—*Associated Industry.*—To facilitate the guarantee of employment which Society is morally bound to provide for all its members, by means of the wisest regulations tending to this end, the Committees of Public Welfare in order, afford further security from the variations of the demand in the labour market, will encourage the establishment of firms of co-operative industry. There should be at least one estate divided into allotments, and farmed on the best principles by small tenants, the necessary machinery being supplied by a union of their capitals; and the cultivation of a second by labourers who will share

in the produce in proportion to their contributions of labour and capital, will be superintended by the Committee. A manufactory, also, of the description best calculated to succeed under the economical conditions of the locality, will be established on the same principles.

12.—*Administration of Justice, and Arbitration of differences.*—The community will obtain, when possible, the nomination of the members of the Committee as Justices of the Peace, and they, from their knowledge of the antecedents and character of all the members, be enabled to treat some of the criminals that may be brought before them in a way that will be calculated to remove the defects in character, instead of hardening them in offences by degrading punishments.

Every member of the community will agree to refer any disputes in which he may become involved, and that at present, are the subjects of actions-at-law, to the friendly arbitration of one of the members of the Committee; and failing a settlement by this means, to submit them to the decision of the Committee as a final court of arbitration.

13.—*Education.*—How futile are the existing educational systems in influencing and forming the characters of the young, the results best show, and it seems incredibly ludicrous that the mere imparting of the rudiments of knowledge should be denominated education. In the new organisation, all the children of the district will pass the whole of their time in the school-house and its adjacent gardens and grounds; which it will be the first effort of the reformed community to provide on as magnificent a scale as possible. The masters will be in the proportion of one, to from ten to fifteen children, and will be fitted by special training on a new system, as well as by natural superiority, carefully tested, for the important work of training the young in all senses. They will, each one attach to himself a manageable number of the children of poorer parents, to whom they will act stand as parents and educational guardians, making their characters their constant study and care. The children instead of wandering wildly in a semi-savage state, as at present, when school hours are over, will be pleasantly employed in alternately studying and working in the gardens, or in other light labours with occasional organised recreation, so that each one, according to the future before him, be instructed to play his part in life with intelligence. The industrial-school principle will also be combined with the instruction of the girls, who will be similarly provided with teachers, and the market-garden, laundry, &c., properly superintended, will render the school partially self-supporting.

14.—*The Social Mansion.*—The leisure hours of the inhabitants will be spent in this, the central building, and heart of the town. It will contain besides reading, conversation, and lecture-rooms—club-rooms, provided with the different means of amusement, and a concert-room furnished with musical instruments, and will be situated in an ornamental garden, with pleasure-grounds as extensive as possible. Attached to the Mansion and resident in it, will be the Lecturer and Public Teacher; the duty of whose important office will be to provide for the delight and instruction of the community, by lectures,

but more especially by directing the tastes and talents of the different members, and turning them to the advantage and profit of all, and by promoting spontaneous social assemblies, in which refinement may spread its garlands over all classes.

We have seen that the town of three thousand inhabitants will effect an economy of many thousand pounds by adopting the associative principle; this sum representing the profit obtained by the joint-stock transactions of the community will be thus acquired, and school-masters and gardeners will be a profitable exchange for superfluous and useless shopkeepers.

15.—*The Selection of Capacities.*—The learned professions still be paid by fixed stipends in the new communities, instead of by a system of fees that tend to encourage deception, and that make the interest of lawyers and medical men to consist in the increase of dishonesty and bad faith, and diseases in the community. It will be at once objected by some, as it has been, that such a plan would but universalise the notorious inefficiency of parish doctors. But it surely must be apparent enough that the young surgeon who accepts the meagre official pay of the parish doctor, does so only whilst striving to gain practice of a more remunerative kind, and sharing in the universal game of money-making, and following the laws of its code, metes out attention to the paupers proportionate to the pay, eager to throw up the ungrateful office as soon as he can afford to. It may be presumed, also, that professional zeal of this mercenary sort is scarcely of the kind likeliest to advance the interests of science. On the other hand, when the election of medical men is guided by the best judgment of the Members of the Committee of Public Welfare,—subject to the rate of the majority of the community,—who will have also the power of dismissing those guilty of neglect, a more wholesome stimulus to conscientious diligence and zeal is provided. It will follow, as a consequence of this arrangement, that of all social abuses the most prolific in chaotic and deathful consequences will be extinguished—the placing brainless incapacity in a profession which is chosen because of a patron's living, or a father's practice. In the community no mere dictum of parental partiality shall suffice to afflict society with a misplaced incapable, but the verdict of greatest aptitude from Teachers and from the Committee of Public Welfare, shall decide on the proper sphere for a young man.

16.—*The New Order of Nobility.*—In the commencement of a new society which involves a higher moral condition of mankind, and turns man's aspirations to the higher still, the noblest will set the example of preferring the public good and the happiness of all, to selfish considerations, and of substituting for private splendour public magnificence that will help to lead mankind along the road of progress. These noblest, therefore, will take upon them a vow of renunciation, binding themselves to satisfy their private wants with a limited and fixed income, and to devote the surplus of their incomes and earnings to the promotion of public welfare,—this with the object of assuaging the insane rage for wealth and appearances that is driving society into a whirlwind of well merited disaster; a volcanic upheaval of the down-crushed, under misery that will no longer be borne.

This new and noble Aristocracy will be of three ranks, according to the surplus of wealth devoted to the service of the community. They will receive all the honours that are at present undeservedly paid to rank, and in order that they may not suffer the loss of the greatest boon that wealth confers, the community will defray the cost of educating their children in the best universities. Were this purchasing of honour to become a fashion even, it would not impair the wholesome desire for wealth that has so strong an influence in creating it; for the riches that were renounced as far as private employment of them goes, would be at their disposal for public purposes, and so be still desirable as conferring power. If it is pretended that in this nineteenth century the honours and rank of this new nobility would be had in derision and contempt by an irreverent age, it is replied that if this is so,—to be contemptible to a people that reverence lying shams, and the ignoble only is the only true honour, and there is tenfold more need for a fresh fashion of nobility.

17.—*Lastly*—because it appears a ludicrous, but melancholy and altogether intolerable violation of the divine law, that men who chance to be possessed of wealth should be freed from all compulsory social duties and responsibilities, producing as we see, a state of things in which such wealth becomes unwholesome heaps of decomposition, prolific turf parasites, black-legs, Anonymas, men in women's clothes, and similar maggot-births, the Committee of Public Welfare will assign duties to all such unemployed persons suitable to their respective capacities.

General Objections Answered.—The sceptic will pertinently enough observe of this Scheme of a New Society,—‘it is all very admirable, and would doubtless work charmingly, IF in our community the rather large proportion of Socrates and infallible wise men were forthcoming for our Committee of Public Welfare, not to say our regiment of school-masters. As it is the world is suffering precisely from the want of more of these wise men.’ We reply, that the world can well furnish the brain-power that is requisite for a few experimental communities, and when the fundamental principles have been once laid down and tested, it will require no supreme amount of initiatory and creative wisdom. The growth in morality and unselfishness is the grand desideratum, and chief of all the difference between the two Societies, is the difference between one in which starving labourers and competing speculators and tradesmen are compelled into crime, knavery, and bestial low-mindedness by the resistless influence of circumstances, and one which sets man free for the first time to assert himself human and heaven's noblest work.

The first objection that is offered by practical persons, is of this sort,—‘But you who pretend to be effecting so much good for all men are proposing to wantonly deprive of their means of livelihood the immense body of tradesmen who form the great majority of the middle classes,—whilst you yourself admitted but now, that in wealthy countries the essential point of economical policy is to distribute the wealth so as to produce comfortable and well-to-do classes, and it seems that retail trading, if it does nothing more, provides a large body of persons with the comforts of life, and moreover fills up, as with social

buffers, the gap between the otherwise too distinct classes of brain-workers and gentry, and the manual labourers.

It is an unfortunate fact, that arguments as exasperatingly irrational as this, —the desirability of providing for tradesmen even employment that is utterly useless to the community—are only too abundantly employed by persons who pride themselves on their common sense. Although it may be that the supply of mere material wealth that has been accumulated in some old countries, is almost adequate for the wants of all, can it be necessary to remind anyone that the *essential* wealth of all countries is the capacity for work and the labour of all their inhabitants,—that the gross sum of this cannot by any ever so multiplied powers of production be too great,—that this wealth expends itself in compassing comfortable, happy, intellectual and noble lives for all human beings, and that to squander any of this work-power is to wantonly cast into the mire God's purest gold, to mar His design, and to thwart His purposes. As for the services of the tradesman class by way of padding to fill out the gaunt form of society into a false show of comeliness, and to cover up the hollows of degradation and ignorance—the sooner we can tear away this stuffing and reveal the naked truth, we quicker may hope that the condition of the labouring classes will have serious consideration. To return to the practical point of the question, however, it is true that were the new system adopted suddenly in all parts of the country simultaneously, some confusion and distress would result. But it is only too certain that the process of transition will be a long and gradual one, and in the first of the new communities the displaced tradesmen will be provided with such other employment as they will willingly accept, or be compensated for any loss sustained. It is equally apparent that in the course of a gradual transition the condemned class would spontaneously disappear, and who will question the fact that a community organised on the proposed system could provide useful and productive employment for as many persons in the same rank of life as it had discarded, if not the same individuals.

Our opponent would probably continue;—‘supposing your plan of appointing medical men by the Committee already adopted in such a town as you have been speaking of, do you pretend to hope that we should not see the sons and relatives of the members of the said Committee filling the posts you are so anxious to see wisely filled, just as the patronage system in the church gives us younger sons for our divinely anointed rectors. In any imperfect condition of mankind let not a few fallible persons be so heavily laden with responsibilities, and depend on it, it is best for every man to choose his surgeon, and his schoolmaster, &c., and be taught wisdom by the consequences, if his choice happens to be an unwise one.’ It must be replied that this last seems at first sight very wholesome in theory, but experience shows that a number of persons are not capable of judging of the merits of a professional adviser, as is abundantly proved by the number of successful charlatans; yet, on the other hand, their faculty of judging will be fostered by their power of expressing discontent with any such public person, and by nominating the person who shall make the selection for them. Respecting what might have been the result had the system been already adopted, we reply that the novel plan is only proposed as a portion of

an integral system, which by its provisions, requires the improved moral condition of the whole community, or itself effects it.

Ever foremost in the remembrance of all earnest reformers, should be the consideration that no perfectest machinery for the distributing and feeding of men can be of permanent value, if it permit them to remain for the most part what we see them, a race of ignoble beings. It has been no part of the present endeavour to create a complicated pattern of theoretical modes of life by which all the details of human existence and effort are to be regulated. The genius of any community and of every race will shape their surroundings according to the degree of nobleness that animates their collective aspirations. The fundamental principles of Association, therefore, upon which the new institutions are to be based have been alone indicated. But on the other hand, if the individualities of the members of the community are all in all, how imperative is it for this very reason to modify the force of circumstances that irresistably re-act upon human nature, and give the ineffaceable impress of their good or evil influence. The characters and lives of men are the product of the two factors, natural constitution and circumstance, of which the latter is the greater and more important. Nine out of ten men if influenced by the best circumstances—education, and opportunities for the exercise of their faculties, will become more or less noble members of society, and the bad propensities of the other small portion can be pretty well neutralised by such influences, but it should be needless to repeat that the education alluded to here is no confection or compound of the three R's by a National or any other existing school-master.

O many and earnest-hearted brothers, see ye not that these some thousand years past the wonderful magic of the eternal mind that flows through a hundred ages, has woven mysterious harmonies into thoughts and sounds of surpassing delight,—Shakespeares, Angelos, and Mozarts,—helping to make man well nigh divine; and now, too, that our eyes are opening to the mysteries of the spheres, and we are glad in the strength of growing science, shall we continue beasts in feeling only, and watch complacently how the sorely afflicted labourers who are bound for us, go vilely still on their bellies by reason^t of their burdens? Surely we may open their ears with some scanty visitations of sweet sounds, and unfold their brains in some sort of life not wholly brutish. Certainly we may fling off the hot blush that proclaims us conscious oppressors and monopolisers of the sunshine. Truly *WE can* live honest, and *THEY shall* live men.

Such meaning as this Ernina hastily, greedily tore from the closely printed volume, and when the early morning light peered into the room, it found its white robed tenant still pacing up and down with happy unquenchable resolve in deep, eloquent eyes. "Thank heaven, I am rich, thank heaven for that;" were the words with which she turned at length to rest.

To be continued.

Large Love, or Cros *VERSUS* Aphrodite.

Cease we then, Loved Ones ;
Cease this hard strainful stress,—
Seeking that mirage—Truth,
Yearning for good unknown,
Seeking to ripen
With our hot painful sighs
Fruitage of world-schemes,
Ere the time destined,—
Seeking to force men's souls—
Still all beneath the clod—
Swift into golden bloom,
Into large-mindedness,
Open-eyed lovingness,
Into the better life,—
Quenching the acridness
Of their green juices,
Quenching their hatreds,
Their selfish injustice
In love universal

From the unequal war
Cease we and rest we ;
And of a larger love
Largier quaff we.
Then lap me, ye Loved Ones
Enwrapped by your beauties,
Drunk with your beaming eyes,
Awed by your loveliness,
Soothed by your tenderness
My Ideal Maidens.

The Practical Idealist

'Tis not one soul alone
 Pouring responses
 Back to my thirsting heart,
 Drinks from mine perfect love
 Knows all love's fulness.
 Maude, my grave Empress love,
 Great browed and large eyed,
 Thou giv'st me thought for thought
 From thy imperial soul
 Seeking all knowledge.
 Swells thy round swelling breast
 Echoing lovely
 Impulses noble.
 Perfect thy perfect form
 As large Minerva's.

Clara, small shrinking fawn
 Tenderly clinging
 With thy deep hazel eyes
 To my down bending face
 Feeding upon thee,
 Knowledge thou car'st not for,
 Nor Science lov'st greatly
 Save for the beautiful
 Chance twineth around them.
 Thy purest, flawless soul,
 Delicate poisèd
 Taste's pure embodiment
 Serves me for magnet,
 Testing all things by thee
 Testing all thought by thee
 For fleck in their beauties.

Helen, sweet Crown of Love
 Thou are just beautiful,
 Womanly wholly :—
 'Tis the soft perfectness
 Of thy pure womanhood
 Bows my heart down to thee
 In willingness unwilling
 With the light melody
 Of thy bright girliness
 Each resting pause of thought
 Fillest thou gracefully
 Piecing our four lives
 Into a vision bright
 Into bright oneness.

So of full largest love
Largliest quaff we,
Four souls inpouring
Brightness convergent
All their quadruple love
All their quadruple life
All their quadruple thought
Into one Eden.

Turn me mayhap then
Back to the fight again
Teaching with open eyes
Preaching such largest love
Unto all mortals ;—
Quelling the beast in man,
Quelling base self in man
Teaching to quail before
Love's fearful glances
Unto the higher life
Leading man onwards.

ON PRAYER.

Men take their texts from Bibles, but wheresoever truth is spoken we have a Bible to hand. Inspiration is in Truth. God himself cannot speak more than that. To think otherwise is not religion but superstition ; to think that inspiration is locked up within the covers of one book, and is not the eternal characteristic of veracity ; that it was exhausted some eighteen hundred odd years ago, and not reserved in an inexhaustible fund to be spent upon the world, carrying its own sanctity, and founting always

Within the arteries of a man,

that truth can be anything else but inspired, or inspiration anything but truth is a fetishism only different in quality, not in substance, to that of the idolator and the savage.

Let us take a text from Emerson ; if he does not speak the truth, he speaks honesty, which is the next thing to it, but that he does speak the truth (and consequently is equally inspired for us with any Scriptures whatsoever,) I need not say is the writer's religion.

The preamble to the passage runs thus :—

“It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance,—a new respect for the divinity in man,—must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men ; in their religion ; in their education ; in their pursuits ; their modes of living ; their associations ; in their property ; in their speculative views.

In what prayers do men allow themselves? That which they call a holy office is not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad, and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous. Prayer that craves a particular commodity—anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the Spirit of God pronouncing His works good. But prayer as a means to effect a private end, is theft and meanness. It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not be. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout all nature, though for cheap ends.”

This extract is from the noble essay on “Self-Reliance,” against passages of which I was impelled to write,—Read me these pages on my death bed.

By a melancholy mistake, truly, is common prayer called holy. Instead of cultivating manliness, self-help, and fortitude, it feebly whines for subsidy and indulgence. It forgets the proverb, men in their wiser (if secular) moments have invented,—“God helps those who help themselves.” It is lazy and luxurious, and essentially immoral. I have for years shrunk from praying for temporal blessings ; I have instinctively and intimately felt that it is so selfish, or as Emerson says, “mean ;” and further that it is, in truth, a piece of profanity, for it indirectly imputes to God that He will not order things for the best ; it impugns His dispensation. I have felt that I hardly dared to petition in this selfish way ; that it was a piece of presumption and temerity ; that I was not justified ; that I had no standing-point. I, a microscopic creature on a speck of the Rolling Universe, to lift up my voice to the King without a Name to ask him to interfere in my puny affairs for my personal,—nay, my pecuniary benefit ! Not that anything is too small to be out of God’s Providence ; the atom is the focus of stupendous laws ; the object of the solar system ; abstractly, great and little are alike with God ; but relatively,—that God should arrest or modify the progress of the whole to gratify the ephemeral appetite of an atom is a melancholy superstition, as illogical as it is selfish. The welfare of the atom, we must learn, is bound up with that of the whole ; we must abandon ourselves to the laws, not pitifully beg that the laws may be altered.

The theory of materialistic prayer must be either that God will interfere specially to accommodate our lilliputian petitions,—the selfish fancies of a shallow moment,—morally certain to clash with the true demands of things,—or that he is pleased with a little lip-service.

The latter need only be mentioned not to be noticed; the former is almost as unworthy.

Is it not seen that prayer is a superfluity as well as an impertinence; that God will order all things for the best. It is our duty to accept, and not to ask; our attitude should be receptivity; it pleases God best that we help ourselves,—and not ask Him to help us; He leaves us to answer our own prayers; fortitude and work are what He admires—not petitions; to do and bear, that is our duty; not to presume to ask, which is, indirectly to dictate. God Almighty, indeed, must look upon such unmanly practices as utterly contemptible, and one would have thought men would have learnt their futility, if not their ignobleness, from the systematic way in which they have been disregarded.

The world goes singing the same tune,
And whirls her living and her dead.

God does not put us here to ask Him to help us, but to learn His laws; to be healthy and clever; and the veteran Premier's remark to the scandalized Scotch corporation,—that sanitary measures, and not prayers, were the remedy, exhausted the truth.

To help ourselves appears to be our *raison d'être*,—what have we to do with prayer?

In the expression—"Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view"—I imagine Emerson meant praise rather than prayer,—laudatory prayer, not solicitous. Prayer, he says, (in his splendid eloquence) "is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul; the spirit of God pronouncing his works good."

Silent Praise is this; and it is the spirit of God because in its living apprehension it becomes one in identity; as Emerson elsewhere asks—"Jesus' virtue, is not that mine? If it cannot be made mine it is not virtue."

In the same way as this spirit pronouncing God's works to be good is a tacit *Te Deum*; so *laborare est orare*,—as Carlyle translates it,—work is worship. The way to praise God is to work; every furrow turned over is an ode; it is testimony to His genius and obedience to His laws.

Appreciation, too, is the deepest form of praise. When I walk into the fields and feel helpless with delight, that is the sincerest psalm, and more intense than the most throbbing hymn. My son, says the Lord, ever,—give me thine Heart; not thy Voice, but thy tumultuous, unfathomable Feeling; the glowing spirit within you.

To conclude; the beauty, the ineffableness, even, of spiritual prayer is not to be concealed, though it is singular how the idea of even spiritual prayer seems to shrink before that of work. After all, it seems somewhat of an indulgence, or a superfluity. The man who rises at six o'clock with a hard day's work before him, seems to have little to do with prayer; he seems to be independent of it, and even of that exquisite relation of docility before God, which the spiritual pray-er knows in all its sweetness.

The beauty of spiritual prayer consists in the attitude of humility and conversation it establishes before God ; and if we will only observe the rule—

Pray,—pouring thanks and asking *grace*.

I own I can conceive little more lovely. Surely it is a sweet preparation for the day ; from such prayer we seem to come out as from a sanctuary ; invested as with a radiant atmosphere ; explaining the parable of Moses of old.

The depth and sweetness of true prayer I have not failed to experience ; and yet, alas, such is the meanness of human nature, I must confess their greatest intensity was in a moment of disappointment and trouble. And yet it is an intense delight, and an inexpressible balm to find after the chills and vanities of the world that we have in our heart-of-hearts the invisible Almighty God to fall back upon, ever at the bottom and the centre, the Illimitable Father, the incorporation of all that is Ideal, the Ideal of all that is loving and kind, majestic and pure.

A prayer of the spiritual sort, might not, perhaps, improperly, run as follows :—

O Lord Father, who hast poured upon me so many blessings, and granted me so many privileges, I thank Thee with inexpressible thanks for Thy mercies, impossible to enumerate. My words can make Thee no return, let my feelings praise Thee. Make me great, which is making me good ; fortify me against my last day, and reconcile me beyond,—for Thy Fatherhood's sake, Amen !

ALEX. TEETGEN.

“Despised and Rejected.”

By H. L. M.

I must again trespass on the Editor's courtesy,—already conspicuously displayed, by disputing the interpretation put upon the argument of my former article, as follows:—

“When the writer speaks of what Christ might have done had He not been despised and rejected, it is equivalent to saying that He was mistaken and disappointed in calculations which it seems the insight of modern thinkers would have been equal to; and in this case, where the omniscience of God-head?”—*Idealist*, p. 66, 67.

I reply, that this omniscience of God-head was “equal to” foresee the result of Israel's probation, is shown—1st, by the prophecies which speak of Messiah's rejection, and 2ndly, by many words of Christ on Earth, proving that he was by no means “dissatisfied,” however grieved thereat.

I. I alluded in the previous paper to the pathetic 53rd of Isaiah, as supplying a strong additional support to the claims of Jesus to the Messiahship. For this is a wondrously *fulfilled* inspired prophecy; and one of such a nature as neither a vain glorious deluding pretender, nor a fondly dreaming, self-deluded enthusiast, would have been particularly desirous to attempt to get fulfilled in his own person. Let all readers, however well they know the passage, read it once more, from the 13th verse of the 52nd chapter, to the end of the 53rd, and note its remarkable correspondence with the facts and doctrine of Christ's Passion. Then observe how, after the closing notes of this mournful strain, in which the prophet seems to lament his people's rejection and ill-treatment of their Messiah—he changes his key, and in the opening of the 54th chapter salutes with a joyful welcome the new Gentile Church, called in to supply the place of the unfaithful nation, and promised more numerous children, and a wider habitation. Similar in spirit are prophecies in chaps, xlvi and xlix.

Here the Messiah, the "Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel," v. 17, seems himself to speak, and thus break forth, (though the passage had a more immediate application,) into a lament over his rejection, not for his own sake, but the nation's;—"O that thou had'st hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea: thy seed also had been as the sand," &c.—surely the very voice which long afterwards exclaimed in the same accents, "If thou had'st known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes!" &c.—Luke xix, 42. In the 49th chapter, as if turning away in sorrow from Israel, he thus addresses the Gentiles:—"Listen O isles, unto me, and hearken ye people, from far;" then after announcing his birth and mission, he seems to relate a colloquy between himself and his father. "he said I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain; yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God:" and the reply is, "Though Israel be not gathered," &c. "It is a light thing that thou shouldst be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob;—I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth."—Lev. i. 12. Daniel announces that "Messiah should be cut off, but not for himself;" ix. 25; and Zechariah has some remarkable prophecies;—of the thirty pieces of silver, assigned to the potter in the house of the Lord; "a goodly price that I was priced at of them." He said—xi, 12-13, "Awake O sword, against my shepherd and against the *man* that is *my fellow* saith the Lord of hosts."—xiii, 7; and "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced."—xii, 10.

These predictions were for several centuries "unfulfilled inspired prophecies;" but now for above 18 have stood forth as fulfilled ones; (the last indeed, as far as regards the *piercing*, if not yet the *looking*,) the more remarkably because they predict the nation's own shame and blindness, and the preference of others in its place; a situation which no nation would be likely to "aspire" or "sigh after," or seek to fulfill for itself. It is remarkable that that part of Handel's Messiah which depicts the rejection and sufferings of Christ, is taken exclusively from the Old Testament: indeed the whole work affords a curious illustration, (by no means an exhaustive one,) of the fulness with which his story can be related out of that Testament, and those who recognise the fulfilment of some of its testimonies concerning him, find no difficulty in believing that all will be fulfilled in the end. In the Messianic prophecies, the predictions relating to the first and to the second advents, appear contiguously mingled together, as different chains of mountains sometimes do in a distant view; but as in journeying nearer and through them, these open and separate, showing how far they lie one beyond another, and what long stretches of plain land intervene,—so from our present position between the two advents, we now behold the long centuries which divide them. That this interval was not clearly visible in prospect is not surprising when we reflect that before Christ's coming it was open to Israel to accept him at his first advent, and then all might have been fulfilled without a break. Doubtless, he could have found means to accom-

plish his great sacrifice for the redemption of the world without their wicked hands; and then having thrown off the guise of humiliation which befitted it, might for anything we know, have stepped on at once to David's throne. In like manner, when the Israelites were in Egypt, God's promise to bring them out thence, and to bring them into Canaan was given all in one, and but for their own fault might have been fulfilled all in one; but through their unbelief when on the border of the promised land, a long interval was interposed of 40 years.

It may be asked why, if the conduct of the Jews in refusing Christ was so plainly foreseen by God, as to find place in the prophecies, did He nevertheless put them to the test? But the same question might be asked concerning every probation to which God has ever subjected man with a like result; for when was there any of which He did not see the result? But it is nevertheless, morally necessary that such probations should take place. And though those who fail rightly to endure them suffer loss themselves, they will not in the end defeat the purposes of God.

II. Nor was Christ's treatment by the Jews any matter of surprise or disappointment to Himself? No, surely no. Not only were the circumstances of His death and resurrection before Him at the beginning of His public career, the pulling down and raising up again of the temple of His body, and His lifting up on the cross, like the serpent in the wilderness, John ii, 19-22, iii, 14, but His rejection by the leaders of the people with its issue, and many attendant circumstances, were the subject of frequent prophecy during the last year of His life on earth, (Mark, viii, 31-33, ix, 33-34), with reference to the prophets and the scriptures (Luke, xviii, 31, Matt. xxvi, 54). While confidently prophesying His second coming into glory, He interposed the preliminary, that "first must He suffer many things, and be rejected of this generation," Luke, xvii, 25. When the whole company of the disciples greeted Him with acclamations on His entry into Jerusalem, thinking that now the Son of David was surely about to take possession of his kingdom, his own thoughts rested rather on the more proximate events which would postpone that day, Jerusalem's crime and punishment; over which he wept, not for his own sake, but for the city's; seeing in anticipation the Roman armies compassing it around, and laying it even with the ground, because it knew not the time of its visitation. When James and John asked to be foremost in sharing the honours of the kingdom, he told them of a bitter cup to be drunk first, a cold baptism to be undergone. And it was not without a Divine eagerness that he looked forward to this, for the sake of the great issues beyond it. "I have a baptism to be baptised with,"—a cold plunge into, and rising again from death,—*"and how am I straitened till it be accomplished?"* As the time drew near the simple request of certain Greeks to see Him, seems to have brought before His mind the thought of all nations presently drawing near to worship and a fresh stimulated Him to the endurance of the approaching sacrifice which was to redeem them. "Except a corn of wheat" He said "fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Should He then

pray to be saved from this coming hour of pain and death? No; it was for this cause He had come to this hour; "to give His life," as He said at another time, "a ransom for many." John xii, 20-33, Matt. xxi, 28. Jesus stood alone at this time in these thoughts; without any sympathy or comprehension from His disciples. Peter rebuked Him when first He began to speak to them of His future sufferings and death, and afterwards we are told "they understood none of these things."—Matt. xvi, 22, Luke xviii, 34), having so fixed their eyes on the more numerous prophecies of the Messiah's kingdom and glory as to overlook the occasional ones which spoke of his sufferings and humiliation. Not till after His resurrection did they learn to connect them, when to the disappointed sigh of Cleopas. "We trusted that it had been He who should have redeemed Israel," Jesus himself replied "O fools, and slow of heart to believe *all* that the prophets have spoken! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things," (according to these prophets) "and to enter into His glory?" Then first to these two pedestrians, and afterwards to the assembled apostles, He expounded in all the scriptures, the law of Moses, and the Psalms, as well as the Prophets, the things concerning Himself—Luke, xxiv, 25-27, 44-47. A wondrous exposition that must have been! would that it had been preserved for us! But the Christian student is at no great loss, in the face of the great facts and doctrines of the Gospel, to trace the many anticipations in earlier scripture which foreshadowed and led up to them—far more numerous, taking the whole body of it into account, than could be touched on here. All the scriptures looking forward to Christ, catch on their faces the coming dawn, as those written after His appearance throw back the full light.

As to the effects of the invention of printing, the greatest work which that did was to liberate the Bible, which had been hidden in convents, shut up in dead languages and costly illuminated manuscripts, and send it abroad to produce by its influence the reformation of religion, and the regeneration of society. During the dark centuries of its seclusion, the *name* of Christ may have been indeed over rated, but his spirit and doctrine were behind a cloud, overlaid and encrusted with mediæval superstition. But how pregnant is true Christianity with right law-making principles, if not definite laws, for social government, is manifest in the improvement of legislation, as well as spiritual life, wherever it has free scope to operate. And how living are those waters which, the seal being removed from the fountain, could gush forth again so fresh, revivifying the face of all lands through which they flow!

H. L. M.

Any mind not irrevocably given up to foregone conclusions in studying the Book of Isaiah must surely perceive that only a vague and brief passage here and there, in the midst of ten chapters of wholly inapplicable matter, can be strained into any sort of reference to Jesus. Compared with the general vagueness of the Hebrew prophecies, the Delphian, oracles might rationally be styled miraculous, and given such a mass of poetic utterance, or so-called prophecies, it may be assumed that the circumstances of the life of any illustrious Jew, in the course of the latter half of the nation's history, would have tallied more closely with them. Taking the much vaunted 53rd chap. Isaiah, whilst the whole

that is so rashly deemed conclusive, is only the natural portrait of a future ideal personage that would naturally occur to the prophetic Poet of a country that was wont to place its faith in its prophets, and yet amongst a people who usually rejected and ill-used, like the Athenians, their great men, it contains no single direct and unmistakable allusion, and the passages in the 10th and 12th verses are distinctly contradictory of such allusion to Jesus, unless contorted in a manner by which anything might be made to mean anything.

It would be idle to answer arguments founded upon the prophecies recorded along with miracles in the very narrative whose authenticity is the question at issue. But any dispassionate mind should have its doubts at once set at rest by the consideration that it is altogether incredible that the Deity in making a revelation that should save man the trouble of solving "the painful riddle of the earth," would involve it in such mysteries as to render it the only incredible and inscrutable thing in His Universe to the greater part of those acknowledged to be the most earnest, reverent and enlightened minds on the earth.

The following words of Emerson irradiate the subject.—

"Jesus saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of his world: He said, in this jubilee of sublime emotion, 'I am divine. Through me, God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God, see me; or, see thee, when thou also thinkest as I now think.' The understanding caught this high chant from the poet's lips, and said, in the next age, 'This was Jehovah come down out of heaven. I will kill you if you say he was a man.' The idioms of his language, and the figures of his rhetoric, have usurped the place of his truth; and churches are *not* built on his *principles*, but on his *tropes*. Christianity became a mythus, as the poetic teaching of Greece and of Egypt, before."—

The Author of "THE CHRISTIAN HYPOTHESIS."

ONE YEAR IN HIS LIFE (CONCLUDED.)

Had she forgotten how I prayed her love?
 I could not tell; she was so frank and sweet,
 Had no embarrassment in talking just
 In the old strain. I watched her every hour,
 As doth a prisoner watch his jailer's face
 To catch the faintest forecast of his doom;
 But I could learn nought from her bonnie eyes,
 Save kindness, and a somewhat frightened glance,
 Were we by chance left separate from the rest,
 A pretty plaintive look, that seemed to ask
 For yet a little longer, e'er I spoke.
 Oh that I could have taken from my life
 Some of these weary hours, and added them
 To that short week; it was so short, oh God!
 And life now is so long! so long, so void.
 But now I must not rave! my deepest grief
 Forbids a questioning, I can only wait
 For an hereafter that may teach them all,
 Or leave me quiet in a silent grave
 Beside my darling; let it come, oh Lord!
 We talked one night, the night before the end,

Just as we used at Holme; the August eve
Lay purple round us, and the great white moon
Shone glorious o'er the hills that slept in shade
All flecked by silver arrows from her bow,
The silence kept us silent, neither spake
Till Mary sang most quietly and sweet
Half to herself, the following little song:—

“The birds have done their pairing and are wed,
The lovers whisper where the blooms are shed,
Upon their clasped hands, his love-bowed head.

The birds have done their pairing; yet I stay
And weary of the loneliness each day,
That I go quite alone upon my way.

The birds have done their pairing; say oh heart,
Is lonely grief for aye thy bitter part?’
Death is a friend! Oh may he heal the smart!

“How sad your song is,” said I, “but 'tis fit
For August surely, when the hopes of spring
Find their fulfilment or their emptiness.

The autumn's turning, and the winter wind
Will try us all, unless we're safely housed,
Most blessed in the warmth and love of home.”

“Which of us three,” said Lady Mildred then,
Will have the warmest winter? Mary, you,
And you, Sir Wilfrid will have empty nests,
And I my husband, and a home, yet void
As yours are; could three lonelier souls have met
Than we are? Oh for comfort, oh for love!

“Oh Lady Mildred,” said I, “you have love,
All love, love of your husband, of your friends,
And sure Miss Stanton could have love enough
If she had but needed it; I am all alone.”

“Shall we dispute,” said Mary—“half in sport.”

Which of us has the largest share of woe?—
Ah no! life is too short, I'll change my note
And sing instead of light and love and flowers,
And quite forget the echo of the song

That caused your talk to take that bitter tone,
To-morrow we go home, to-morrow morn;

I have a fancy to explore your coast
With you, Sir Wilfred, you can teach me much,
And we'll go early e'er the morn is high,
Aye, even watch the sun rise o'er the sea.”

“Agreed,” I answered, “only just that word,

My heart leaped high and beat against my breast,
And questions crowded quickly thro' my brain,
Can she have learned at last to love my soul,
Or will she in her mercy gently crush
The hopes and longings that the summer nursed ?
Or has she quite forgotten how I loved ?

Here do I pause, here shrink in actual pain,
At putting the last touches to the tale
Of this my living, yet oh, heart, be strong,
Tell all thy story and then close the book,
And let the past lay it within its breast,
And glide away into its shadowy home,—
The morning came, not clear and calmly bright,
But wild and glowering : still she kept the tryst,
And we walked towards the coast. I did not speak
Until we reached the shore ; th' uneasy waves
Moaned greily 'mid the shadows, and the rocks
Loomed blackly o'er our heads, straight, sharp, and steep :
We wandered on, until a tiny cove,
Lit with the coming day, enticed our steps
To stay themselves, and so we rested there,
And watched the fitful wavelets come and go,—
“Gloriously wild,” I said, half to myself,
“Yet miserable, for it tells of winter's hand,
That summer's passing, all the sweets will go,
And I shall weary of the winter time,
And wonder in the gloom why things are so,
And cavil at the God who made them thus.
Miss Stanton ; all this week I've watched your face,
Yearning for sign or word to shew to me
That you are still remembering what I said
Before I left the river in the spring.—

Mary, I pause again ; my very soul
Sickens with apprehension ; nay, my dear,
Do not be crying ; I should hold my peace,
But hope is hard in dying—will not die
Till hell's own touch makes us abandon it.
Child, I am happy but to see you, feel
Your presence round me, if I try once more
To keep you here regardless of the pain,—
You have in hearing me, forgive me then ?”

She answered not, but gazed away, and I
Cared not to break the silence, so we sat,
An hour or more, until the gathering light
Showed us the day—was here, and showed us more,—

Here is the climax ; but I cannot paint
 E'en for your eyes our agony, my pain :
 A natural pain at losing sight of life
 And facing fully all the facts of death,
 For as we sat there, round had crept the waves
 And hemmed us in, and we had scarce an hour
 That we could call our own ; God only knows
 Why this was done ; we climbed the steep black rocks
 Until we could not climb another step,
 And then she spoke quiet quietly and slow,
 " Sir Wilfred, we are dead ! so I may speak
 May tell you now, what never in this life
 I fear me I'd have told you, face to face,
 I love you !—do not start and press me close,
 Remember death knows neither bliss nor pain,
 Nought but oblivion or a higher sphere
 Where kisses do not come, or clasping arms,
 But, chance, a fuller knowledge ; now they creep
 About us here, those cruel curling waves,
 So soon to crush us in their deadly grasp."—
 " I can't believe we're dead ! is there no hope ?
 " Oh God," I cried, " is their no hope indeed,
 Can we not live now I have won her soul
 To love mine own, despite the cursed form
 That hangs a burden on my feeble life ?
 Oh God be merciful, nor dash the cup
 I yearned so long for, from my thirsting lip,
 Oh ! Mary, if we die, and die we must—
 Watch how those cruel waves grow at our feet,—
 Meet death within mine arms ; perchance, perchance
 You'll feel them round you ; I may feel your form
 Within them in the silence of the grave.—
 These arms ! oh God, misshapen as they are
 It is impossible to know that swift
 They'll be all nerveless, that our tongues that speak
 And call each other by our names to-day
 Will never whisper more ;—oh Mary, love,
 Tell me you love me, once before we die."
 " I love you," said she, and she took my hands
 And placed them round her, leaning down her head,
 And blushing tenderly ; ay, even then ;
 God has His purpose, " let us hope, in this,"
 She added slowly, " better thus to die
 Than to live on a useless, loveless life,
 I would have been loveless, for my soul I fear
 Has not the nobleness to love yours quite
 As 'twill when unencumbered by the mark

You bear about you, of mishapeness,
Dear Wilfred, I shall love you when we're dead,
It will be nought, if death is only sleep,
To sleep within your arms, but death is more,
'Tis painful, oh! I shudder, see the waves
Curl now about our feet, oh hold me fast!
'Tis the unraveller sure of all our doubts,
The soother of our puzzled weary brain,"
She murmured, as she watched the rising tide,
"How near death is, yet seems it wondrous far,
Wondrous unreal, that we are standing here,
Quivering with life, yet trembling into death,
And Mildred waits and wonders why we stay."

I held her to my breast, and clasped her close
And murmured little sentences of love
And death crept nearer, o'er our trembling feet,
Up to our knees it came, I had small strength,
—Due to my cursed shape,—to hold her there,
Yet we clung on, and hoped until the last,
A boat might come and take us from death's jaws:
"I'm trying hard," said Mary, "to be good,
To say the prayers our lips have ever prayed
But they are not for dying, parting souls,
Our Father hangs in utterance, and my soul
Can but resign itself because it must,
With just a hope that God is over us,
To take us gently now our work is done,
To somewhere, where our living is not just
A groping after shadows, but a guest
For answers to the questions that have pressed
Since childhood wearily upon our hearts."

"Let it come quickly," groaned I. "Oh, my love,
My little love, kiss me upon the lips
And let your kiss baptise my soul anew;
In mercy kiss me."—"Oh good bye my dear,
Good bye but for a moment, whispered she,
Thank God we go together, here is death."

E'en as she spoke, our lips met in one kiss,
And I remember nothing, save a shock,
A parting of my hold upon the cliff,
Until I came to life here,—save the mark!
To life, nay unto death—the bitterness
Had passed, the wrenching of the mental part
From the more sense of life that is such pain;
The real Death,—felt when I saw Mildred's face
Looking upon me, turning into pain,

When with a gasp, I asked for Mary's hands
 To smoothe my pillow, cool my throbbing brow.
 "Dead! dead!" I whispered as my mem'ry came
 Back from that dim mysterious shore, where none
 Can trace the footsteps that oblivion made,
 Or follow where sleep led at evening's tide
 When one returns one does return for aye
 Without one fact traced on the dreaming brain,
 Will it be thus I wonder when we're dead?
 Shall we awake as from a troubled dream,
 With no remembrance, nothing save a thought,
 That somewhere in the darkness we have met
 With such a one, or somewhere else, one knew
 What 'twas to love?—God keep my memory clear,
 And save me here from madness in the pause
 That lies before me till I meet my love.
 I saw her dead, laid in her confined peace
 Smiling with upturned face; I realized
 That she was gone, and yet I lived, and live.
 (Some boat had come into the little cove
 And rescued me, the first wave killed my love;
 She had no pain,—that all is left for me,
 I had forgot to tell you how I lived.)
 Here is my story, Arthur! read it o'er
 Then mark it with a query, nought is solved,
 Not one thing answered; here is this and that,
 Facts upon facts, each laid in due array,
 Such suffering, so much death, so little cause,
 Yet people who are pious, simply sigh,
 When they are asked the reason of this thing,
 And think I take the comfort when they say,
 With untried faith, "Sure, God is very good."

S. PANTON.

Correction. In our May No.—Muriel's Story, line 11, page 62, the Author's copy runs—Up steep Parnassus, &c.

NOTICE!

COMPETITION FOR THE LAUREATESHIP OF THE ASSOCIATION, 1870-1871.—The Author of the best poem on the subject—Social Progress, shall be the Laureate for the ensuing year. The Judges will be the Members of the Council, who will not be debarred from competing, (present Laureates excepted). No limits are imposed as regards the length of the Poems. They should be sent before the 1st of September, to the Hon. Assist. Secretary, Augustus Villa, 90, Richmond Road, Hackney, N.

Erratum. Page 92. line 9. For—Turn me—read—turn we.