

lessly ask questions about even the most sacred things. He may have unexpected lessons to learn. He may have to learn that not all of that which was for centuries received as truth will pass the test ; but he will not learn in vain if, amid all, he preserves unshaken the heart of the little child. That was the spirit which animated Fox and Penn, Barclay and Woolman—men denounced in their lives as heretics and subverters of the truth—men who, filled with the spirit of Christ, followed out their convictions and took their part in the movements of their age, fighting against ecclesiastical domination and idle forms of ritual, against dogmatic orthodoxy, against worldliness and time-honored social wrongs ; and were, by the grace of God, what they were—lights lighting the world. To their own Master they stood or fell ; before no lesser tribunal would they hold themselves bound to give account.

Here, then, in the stress of modern problems, the true Friend may go forward, finding scope for his faculties ; not fearing, amid evil report and good report, to use them. Man of science he may be, if such be his bent of mind and his training ; and man of science none the less sincerely because he is a true Friend. For what is a Friend but one who, illuminated by the quickening spirit, has learned to cast off the incrustations which ignorance and intellectual pride or intellectual folly have during the centuries built up around the simple core of Christ's teaching ? Back to Christ's teaching—was the essence of the Quaker reformation of the seventeenth century. Back to Christ's teaching, and away with the traditions of men—is still the call to us to-day. When mediæval Christianity perverted the doctrine of the immortality of the soul into the grotesque notion of a physical resurrection of the body, materializing and degrading sublime truth, it needed the sharp acid of scientific fact to dissolve the caricature. Friends have happily never made that

caricature an article of creed. Think, once for all, how much a Friend rejects of that which the vast majority of Christians consider essential to orthodoxy. "This is the catholic faith," says the creed, which is recited every Christmas Day, and on certain feast days, in every parish church in England ; "which faith, except every one do keep whole and undenied, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." And what a creed ! An incomprehensible, self-contradictory, metaphysical muddle, wherein words are used in unnatural senses, a creed which even few honest churchmen now pretend to understand, much less to believe. Read the baptismal service for infants, and note the hideous inuendo by which it is set forth that every child dying unbaptised is certainly damned. From the amazing assumption underlying it all, that every child is born a little imp of darkness needing to be exorcised by the sprinkling of water by a priest, we Friends have no need to clear ourselves. We *have* cleared ourselves once and for all by rejecting the ordinance of water baptism. Other ordinances, other items of dogmatic creed which modern thought has shown to be untenable, we as Friends have either rejected from the first, or have never held to be essentials, foremost, the entire rejection as unscriptural of the idea of a priestly caste, with its figment of a physically communicated apostolical succession. True priesthood of all believers, the true succession to apostolic gifts, we acknowledge, but how differently. One is our Master—even Christ—and all we are brethren. To our own Master we stand or fall. No man shall step in between our souls and our God.

Note again the wisdom of our forefathers in declining to use terms not warranted in Scripture. The Eucharist is unknown to us ; the empty disputes between consubstantialists and transubstantialists, touch us not. The unscriptural term Trinity we have never used, and have been thereby saved