

But if he was angry it did not appear to be with Oliver.

'Why does the weasel go after the rabbit? Can you tell me that?' he said at last. 'Never mind him—I'll maybe get shut of him one of these days. Tell me some more about that old spot that I'll never see again.'

'Very well! but there's one thing more I want to ask,' said Oliver desperately. 'If you've no fancy for that fellow's company, it isn't much to think that perhaps you'd rather have mine. Won't you leave him this room to himself and come across the way and take a share of the one I've got?'

Oliver spoke eagerly enough. His father's evident discontent with his present surroundings had given him his opportunity even before he looked for it. If only he could get him away from this place and these companions!—somewhere where he

could hope to do a son's duty by him, and lead him back to a different life!

Martin Haythorn was in no hurry to answer. He looked at his son with an odd, somewhat disconcerting smile.

'I know what you want,' he said, 'and a while ago I shouldn't have been altogether unwilling, myself: though it might have turned out a tougher job than you think for. But now—I don't know—there's things to be thought about that you don't know of. And I warn you, once again, you'd better let me alone. I'm not good to have to do with.'

'You're my father,' said Oliver quietly. 'I didn't choose you, nor you me; but it seems as though we *ought* to have something to do with each other.'

'Maybe!' answered the other slowly. 'Well, wait a bit. Wait a week, anyway—and we'll see what you say to it then.'

(To be continued.)

The Unitarians.

DURING the last century, as most people know, the Christian religion in England was at a very low ebb. The truths—the life-giving truths—of Christianity had dropped out of sight, at least among educated people. And in the place of them there was a cold, barren Deism. Deism means a belief in a God who is far removed from the Universe He has created. So far removed that He cannot exercise a control over it—cannot guide the worlds as they speed on their course through space. The religion of the Deist, you see, is a very sad one; for, though he believes that God did create everything in the first instance, he thinks that all now has escaped from His control. So that the suffering and the sorrow and the sin must just go on and take its course, for all that God can do.

Sometimes, too, he thinks that God does not care either—that it is a matter of in-

difference to Him whether we are happy or unhappy, whether we are good or bad. And then the Deist could not attach much importance to prayer; for if God was far away and beyond earshot what was the use of trying to speak to Him?

Under the influence of such ideas England grew cold and careless, and vital religion seemed in danger of being extinguished. Then Bishop Butler wrote his famous 'Analogy,' in which he showed people that, if they believed in a God at all, they must go on to accept the God of Christianity.

It was owing to the religious slumber of the eighteenth century that two fresh sects came into being. Unitarianism on the one side, Wesleyanism on the other. They were both attempts to establish a more satisfactory state of things.

It is difficult to describe Unitarian beliefs clearly and simply. The modern Unitarians have never been a large body