

## ONE FAITH IN MANY FORMS.

BY M. A. JEVONS.

WHAT is His Name? What name will all express Him,—  
 The mighty Whole, of whom we are but part—  
 So that all differing tongues may join a worship  
 Echoing in every heart?

Then answers one—‘God is an endless sequence,  
 Incapable of either break or flaw,  
 Which we discern but dimly and in fragments!  
 God is unchanging Law.’

‘Nay,’ said another, ‘Law is but His method;  
 Look back, behind the sequence to its source!  
 Behind all phases and all changes seek Him!  
 God is the primal Force.’

‘Yea, these are great, but God himself is greater;  
 A living harmony, no dead-cold rule,’  
 Saith one who in sweet sounds and forms of beauty  
 Hath found his soul’s best school.

‘Law, force and beauty are but vague abstractions,  
 Too unconnected with the life of Man,’  
 One answers: ‘Man hath neither time nor power,  
 Such mighty thoughts to scan.’

‘But here upon the earth we find him living,  
 And though in little time he fail and pass,  
 And all his faiths, and hopes, and thoughts die with him,  
 Surely, as ripened grass;

‘Yet Man the race—man as he may be—will be,  
 Once he has reached unto his full-grown height,  
 Calm, wise, large-hearted and large-soul’d, will triumph,  
 In self-renouncing might.

‘Who will not own, even now, with sight prophetic,  
 Life is divinest in its human dress,  
 And bend before it with a yearning reverence,  
 And strong desire to bless?’

Yea! Worship chiefly Love, but also beauty,  
 Wisdom and force; for they are all divine!  
 But God includes them, as some great cathedral  
 Includes each separate shrine.

So, Brothers, howsoever we apprehend Him,  
 Surely ’tis God himself we all adore—  
 Life of all life, Soul of all souls, the Highest,  
 Heart of all hearts, and more.

(From the *London Spectator*.)