

him, but from the Almighty Love as well, and consigned for all time to a fate of horror and gloom, merely because not of the standardized type of believer, is a conclusion which can only be stigmatized as ghastly.

It sometimes seems as though everything in the world had changed but theology: as though the dark, monkish superstitions of the middle ages had found their last refuge and support in the minds and hearts of the present day exponents of religion. And such, in fact, is the case. Instead of coming out in favour of the just and humane view I have mentioned, a perfect fusillade of antiquated ecclesiastical artillery has been directed against this fresh disturber of the orthodox peace. All the old wraiths and goblins of the medieval imagination are conjured up to accomplish their dreary work of spiritual and emotional intimidation. All the old scholastic dogmas—the so-called need of atonement on account of the lapse of the first mythical man in the dim beginnings of creation—the absolute necessity of a specific, stereotyped, standardized kind of belief in order to get right with The Creator are revamped. For what end? To what end? To increase the joy of life? To nerve the heart of the slacker and the coward? To give to us all in this hour of mingled agony and pride a firmer belief in the ultimate good of the universe and of our lives as a part of the universe? Nothing of the kind! But to maintain arrogantly, tenaciously and defiantly the unchangeable character