

(To be continued.)

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There seems to me to run through Mr. Harrison's utterances on these great subjects—I say it with honest diffidence of one whose large range of power I so fully recognise, but one must speak frankly if this Symposium is to be worth anything—an instinctive yearning towards Christian ideas, while that faith is denied which alone can vivify them and make them a living power in our world. There is everywhere a shadowy image of a Christian substance; but it reminds one of that formless form, wherein 'what seemed a head, the likeness of a kingly crown had on.' And it is characteristic of much of the finest thinking and writing of our times. The saviour Deronda, the prophet Mordecai, lack just that living heart of faith which would put blood into their pallid lineaments, and make them breathe and move among men. Again I say that we have largely ourselves to thank for this saddening feature of the higher life of our times—we who have narrowed God's great kingdom to the dimensions of our little theological sphere. I am no theologian, though intensely interested in the themes with which the theologians occupy themselves. Urania, with darkened brow, may perhaps rebuke my prating. But I seem to see quite clearly that the sad strain and anguish of our life, social, intellectual, and spiritual, is but the pain by which great stages of growth accomplish themselves. We have quite out-grown our venerable, and in its time large and noble, theological shell. We must wait, not fearful, far less hopeless, while by the help of