

man having the potency of a reactive force, the possibility of a new life which may enroach on the domain of evil and establish its own supremacy." Such a conception does not require or admit any objective atonement or vicarious sacrifice. The writer maintains there is nothing arbitrary in Christianity. It is only the discovery of a method of salvation from the power of evil, which, though hid, had always been possible in the nature of things. The problem of human life he defines as deliverance from the power of the lower and perfect surrender to the higher nature. And the "renovating power of Christianity" is manifested as a stimulus applied to man's higher nature, by which its reactive power is stimulated into energetic action by belief in the Divine sympathy which it reveals, by its presentation of a new hope in the latent possibilities of human nature, and by its revelation of the love and goodness and "benignantly transforming operation of that Eternal Order which is but another name for God."

From this standpoint the author admits the possibility of the final extinction of evil. He sees in the nature of what is good "a substantive character which is wanting in what is evil;" and that in the gracious constitution of things "there is a curative and reparative power by which evil is transmuted, and new openings made to good." Admitting the mystery that enwraps the whole subject, he believes that evil as such will gradually be eliminated from the universe. For, he adds, "if for long ages the Order may seem to operate indifferently for evil or for good, yet its prepondering tendency in favour of what is good will finally issue in the transformation of what is evil."

Regarding the person of Jesus Christ, his divine nature is admitted; but in a sense entirely different from that held by the church since the Council of Nicea. Divinity in him is regarded as the flowering and perfection of humanity; he was divine because he was so perfectly human. But what in him was actually realised, exists as a latent possibility in every man. Becoming one with God, men do not transcend, they only realise their true life; for human nature is possessed of divine elements. Jesus Christ is not separated by an impassable gulf from humanity; humanity is deified as he was. He makes it possible for all men to sympathise with him, "not by levelling down his own nature, but by raising theirs; not by disclaiming his own Divinity, but by declaring that there are Divine elements, Divine possibilities in the common nature of man." Men only attain to the perfection of their life when they have reached a spiritual state "in which the very mind and will of God is no longer distinguishable from their own—in which to think God's thoughts shall be to think their own thoughts, and to do God's will shall be only another name for doing their own. Then only has man attained to the true knowledge of Divine things when the voice that speaks to him is at the same time that which speaks in him; and it is not two concurrent voices, that of a finite and an infinite mind, that speak, but the one indivisible voice of eternal reason sounding through the spirit of man."

The finishing touch is given when the great Protestant doctrine of Justification is boldly assailed. "The righteousness of Christ, it is asserted, is not a great fund, so to speak, out of which sums may ever and anon be taken and 'imputed' to his people. It is the pure and perfect character and life which we by knowledge of him see, which we by faith in him set before us as our only aim, as our only example, as our only stimulus and help to overcome self and the devil and the world." The doctrine of *imputation* is scouted as dishonest. "If I am honest in my desire to live the life of Christ, it is nothing to me to be told his righteousness shall be imputed to me. Nay, were it so imputed, it would be a hindrance in my way. The boast of leaving everything to Christ, of rejoicing to know that you can do nothing, and need do nothing, for your own salvation; that all your own righteousness is as 'filthy rags,' and that you are yourself a worm, and vile and incapable of good; which you often hear (and often hear from persons who are yet in spirit very self-righteous, and the reverse of humble and meek), is a boast, which from any lips is foolish, which from some lips is a mere falsehood—to be avoided by all who would truly follow Christ and be saved by him." Righteousness, according to the writer, as he holds it was to St. Paul himself, is a return to God and to the pure nature God has given, and expresses in the earthly the principles and spirit of the heavenly or Divine life. "The deeper righteousness then, as it appears to St. Paul, we may say, comprehensively, is the *Christian Life*. The root of it is Christ, and it is called the 'righteousness of faith' because by faith we lay hold of him."

## BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

(By the Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc.)

### CHAPTER VI.

So it arranges itself; and though during all the intervening days it pours, and thunders, and generally misconducts itself, until one wonders dismally whether such an awful rent in the clouds can ever be stitched up again, still on the morning of the eventful Thursday the weather, as though ashamed of its churlishness, clears up suddenly, and sends a brilliant sun to dry up all its tears. The day breaks upon the world bright and glorious, full of warmth and freshness and promises of good things to come.

Somewhat early in the afternoon Captain Scarlett, having deserted his mother's party, drives up to the Towers behind his irreproachable bays, and

induces Gretchen in a weak moment to trust herself to his keeping and theirs. And presently all are gone, and a certain stillness covers the house; and Dugdale with a heavy heart lies motionless upon his couch, to count the hours till they return, and brood over his unhappy fate, and let a fruitless longing for what "might have been" make havoc of his peace.

Meantime the others are driving merrily on their road to Coolmore, and, passing through the entrance-gates, are glad to escape the hot pursuit of the sun and gain shelter beneath the branching trees.

Far away in the vast heavens pale clouds are sailing,—sailing into worlds unknown. Below, the scene is almost as fair: on each side stretch sloping lawns, green as emeralds, far as the eye can see. To the right a broad river like a white ribbon runs restlessly between its sandy banks; upon its edge, stooping to drink, half a score of deer add life and beauty to the already perfect picture; whilst a little higher up the drooping flowers, faint with heat, lean over it, as though to catch a glance of "their own dear loveliness."

Coming quickly round a rocky corner studded with ferns, the Tremaines find themselves at the entrance to a piece of soft lawn, made circular by a band of giant oaks, that have grown there of their own accord for generations. It is a favorite wood at Coolmore, a pretty freak of fanciful Nature, what the children would call a "veritable fairy's ball-room."

Everybody has arrived before them, and every one is very hungry. The history of one picnic is so exactly the history of every other picnic that one need hardly enlarge on this particular one. They all sit about in impossible attitudes and try to think they are graceful. All the men get as close to the women they most affect, as circumstances will permit; there is a blessed lack of formality; and there are unlimited flies in all the glasses. "On this occasion only" the salt is not forgotten, and no sugar falls into the lobster salad.

There are the usual number of heartaches; and Jealousy, in its green and ugly rags, stalks about rampant. Give me a picnic as the most promising thing on earth for the creation and promotion of quarrels of all sorts! Scarlett who has got himself up in the very lightest of all possible tweed suits, with a view of furthering his cause and making himself irresistible in the eyes of his beloved, is utterly and openly wretched, because Gretchen in the goodness of her heart is listening with apparent interest to the animated conversation of a tall and lanky young man with a bright dark ugly face and one expressive eye; the other has withdrawn itself behind a green shade,—at least one charitably hopes so, though really whether it is there or elsewhere is a matter for speculation. To Scarlett, who persists in calling him "the man with the eye," in spite of the fact that he may be the man without it, he seems a very poor creature indeed. "Not a thing to recommend him, don't you know, and about the shabbiest old travelling-suit on him you ever saw in your life. I really think girls like fellows without legs and arms or any feature to speak of. I'm positive she is pitying him now with all her might; and, if she only knew it, I dare say he had that eye gouged out in some disgraceful rowdy fight." So muses Tom Scarlett, wrathfully, whilst devouring his unoffending moustache.

Brandy is dividing his graceful attentions between a chicken pie and a Miss Lena Deverill, and just now is entreating her, in a tone almost pathetic in its sincerity, to try some of it, as it is "about the best thing going." Which speech hardly pleases Miss Deverill, who is a severely lovely young lady with a short nose and æsthetic tastes, who goes about with a little bit of mawkish yellow leaf between her fingers asking every one to see the beauty in it, and who evidently thinks *herself* the "best thing going," and takes it badly being ousted by a chicken pie!

Sir John Blunden has secured himself a place near Kitty; but Miss Tremaine has also secured herself a companion for her other side, to whom she is making herself intensely agreeable. Her smiles are no longer wholly for Sir John; her looks wander from him. Once or twice, so interested is she in her new friend, who is of the scientific order, that she has even failed to hear Sir John's voice when he has addressed her.

This sort of treatment is new to Blunden, who has been accustomed to think of Kitty as his own special property and to believe firmly in her affection for him. It is quite three weeks since he told Arthur Blunden (who has gone away for an indefinite period to some uninhabitable part of the globe, no one knows where) of his fixed determination to settle down and marry handsome Kitty Tremaine. But as yet he has not proposed; perhaps because he feels so sure of her, and of his own love for her; perhaps because things are so pleasant now, and if a change be made who shall say if things will ever be as pleasant again? perhaps because it is such a bore nowadays to take any decisive step or to be much in earnest about anything.

To-day Sir John feels more in earnest than he has felt for years. Can he have mistaken her? Has he made too sure? At this moment it occurs to him with startling force that life without Kitty Tremaine will be a very poor thing indeed. When, therefore, Kitty has actually proved herself so engrossed by her new companion as to turn a deaf ear to his third remark, Sir John loses patience, and, putting his glass in his eye, turns an indignant glance upon the man on the other side, and tells himself with some gusto that he is an "ill-looking brute," and wonders angrily "what Kitty can see in him."

He makes one more feeble effort at reassertion by asking her in a rather stern tone "if he can do anything for her;" and when she says "No, thanks, very much," sweetly but absently, and with evident haste, he rises, and, crossing to where Tom Scarlett is glowering upon space flings himself down beside him and say something about champagne.

"I can't say I see the fun that other people seem to see in picnics," says Scarlett, gloomily.

"They're a beastly nuisance; and one never knows whom one may meet," returns Blunden, with heartfelt meaning; whereupon they feel even more friendly towards each other than before, and grow sympathetic on the spot.

Dinner is at an end, and all have risen to their feet. Kitty, having tired of science, gives just one small glance in Sir John's direction, which in spite of pride and wounded affection brings him to her side at once. He comes,—slowly, it is true, but still he comes,—and Miss Tremaine acknowledges his approach with her brightest smile, which, however, is not reciprocated.

"You won't care to come for a walk with me, I suppose?" he says coldly. "All the week I kept thinking that perhaps you might like to see the old ruin