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THE DEVIL.

BY COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

IV. (*concluded*).

Of this planet man is a native. This world is his mother. The maker did not descend from the heavens; the maker was and is here. Matter and force in their countless forms, affinities and repulsions, produced this living, breathing world.

How can we account for devils? Is it possible they creep into the bodies of men and women and swine? Do they stay in the stomach, brain, heart or liver? Are these devils immortal, or do they multiply and die? Were they all created at the same time? Did they come from a single pair?

If they are subject to death what becomes of them after death? Do they go to some other world, or are they annihilated, or can they get to heaven by believing in Christ? I don't know; I don't know.

But one thing I do know. In the brain of science devils have never lived. In the brain of science you will find no goblins, ghosts, wraiths or imps, no witches or spooks. In the brain of science the supernatural does not exist. No man of science or sense in the whole world believes in devils any more than he does in mermaids, vampires, gorgons, hydras, naiads, dryads, nymphs, fairies or anthropophagi—any more than he does in the fountain of youth, the philosopher's stone, perpetual motion or fiat money.

There is the same difference between religion and science that there is between a madhouse and a university, between a fortune-teller and a mathematician, between emotion and philosophy, between guess and demonstration.

I am delighted that the devils have gone, I am delighted that with them they took the miracles of Christ. The devils have carried away "Our Lord." They have taken away the inspiration of the Bible, and they have left us in the darkness of nature without the consolation of hell.

Think!

Let me ask the clergy a few questions. How did your devil, who was an angel of light, come to sin? There was no other devil to tempt him. He was in perfectly good society, in the company of God; all of his associates were perfect. How did he fall? Think about it! Nothing to mislead him then? How did he fall? He knew that God was infinite, and yet he waged war

against him. More than that; he induced one-third of the angels to enlist under his flag. He knew he could not succeed.

Why was God so unpopular? What an administration—one-third of the angels went into the rebellion, joined the Devil. How were they so wicked? According to the Christians these angels were spirits. They never had been corrupted by flesh, by the passion of love. No saloons in heaven, no gambling houses and no race track; nothing calculated to stain the heart of the angel. No living to make, no trading to do, no manufacturing, no short weight. How did they fall? I don't know; I don't know.

Why did God create these angels, knowing that they would rebel? Why did infinite wisdom sow the seeds of discord in heaven, knowing that he would cast them into the lake of fire, knowing that for them he would create an eternal prison whose dungeons would echo forever with the sobs and shrieks of endless pain? Why did he do it?

How foolish is infinite wisdom! Wonderful! How malicious is infinite mercy, and how revengeful is boundless love!

Again I say no sensible man in all the world believes in devils.

Why does God allow these devils to enjoy themselves at the expense of his ignorant children? Why does he allow them to leave their prisons? Does he give them furloughs or tickets-of-leave? Why don't he keep them away from us? Does he want his children misled and corrupted so that he can have the pleasure of damning their poor souls? I don't know.

Some of the preachers who have answered me say that I am fighting a man of straw. In this it does not seem to me they are quite candid.

But who is this man of straw? Let me tell you. A man of straw is their master. In every orthodox pulpit stands this man of straw; he stands beside the preacher, stands with a club called a creed in his upraised hand, and the shadow of his club falls athwart the open Bible, falls upon the preacher's brain, darkens the light of his reason and compels him to betray himself.

The man of straw rules every sectarian school and college, every orthodox church. The man of straw is the censor who passes on every sermon. Now and then—not often—some minister puts a little sense into his discourse, tries to take a forward step; down comes the club and the man of straw demands an explanation, a retraction. If the minister meekly takes it back, good. If he does not, he is brought to book. That is the work of the man of straw. This man of straw put the plaster of silence on the lips of Prof. Briggs, and he was forced to leave the church or remain dumb. The man of straw closed the mouth of Prof. Smith and he has not opened it since. The man of straw would not allow the Presbyterian creed to be changed, and yet there is not an intelligent man on the earth who believes the Presbyterian creed. Not one; and yet the man of straw would not allow it to be changed.

The man of straw took Father McGlynn, of New York, by the collar, forced him to his knees, made him take back his words and made him ask forgiveness for having been abused.

The man of straw in your own town pitched Prof. Swing out of the pulpit. The man of straw drove the Rev. Mr. Thomas from the Methodist church.

The man of straw is now looking around at the Rev. Mr. Haynes. In a little while he will have a few words with him. The Rev. Mr. Haynes admits that man has not fallen, that he was not made perfect, but says that for years man has been rising, has been advancing, that he has come from the depths to the heights where he now stands.

The man of straw will attend to his case. If he is right there was no fall of man, and if there was no fall of man, no atonement. No atonement, no salvation by faith. No salvation, no hell. No hell, no preach. No preach, no contribution box—and the man of straw is looking out for that box.

The man of straw should look out for the Rev. Mr. Cadman. He says that we don't know the authors of half the books in the Bible—a preacher, too, full of the holy ghost, a man that has been set apart, yes, sir, and he doesn't believe the flood; he doesn't believe that God drowned the whole world, because his mercy was over all his works. No! He has doubts about Lot's wife being changed into salt, really, and he has some doubts about Jonah taking cabin passage in that fish. Of course, he believes lots of other miracles just as idiotic, but not those. The man of straw is waiting for him, I can tell him.

So Prof. Gilbert, he has a few doubts whether the apostles understood Christ. Yes. There they were for three years wandering about the country, not attending to any particular business, but wandering around the country, sleeping beneath the stars—no bedclothes but clouds; and he thinks they didn't understand him. The man of straw will attend to him; it won't be long.

These men are giving up the geology and astronomy of the Bible; they are retreating; they are admitting the history is untrue; retreating, giving up a little of the inspiration, throwing away ghosts and wizards. Now they are throwing away some of the miracles and they have killed lots of the little devils. In a little while they will murder the Devil himself.

In only a few years the pulpit will take the Bible for what it is worth. The good and true will be treasured in the heart; the foolish, the absurd and infamous will be thrown away. When that happens the man of straw will be dead, but not until then.

Of course the real old petrified orthodox, mossback orthodox, will cling to the Devil. He expects to have all of his sins charged to the Devil, and at the same time he is going to be credited with all the virtues of Christ. Upon this showing on the books, upon this balance, he will be entitled to his harp and his halo. Yes. What a glorious, what an equitable inspiration! The sorcerer Superstition changes debt to credit. He waves his wand, and he who deserves the tortures of hell receives the eternal reward. But if a man lacks faith then the scheme is reversed. While in one case the soul is rewarded for the virtues of another, in the other case the soul is damned for the sins of another. This is justice when it blossoms into mercy. Beyond this even idiocy cannot go without crutches.

The devils are going and the man of straw is going—not dead yet, but he is going.

William Kingdon Clifford, one of the greatest men of the century, said, "If there is one lesson that history forces upon us in every page, it is this: Keep your children away from the priest or he will make them enemies of mankind."

He did not mean only the Catholic priest; he meant the Protestant gentleman that is in the same business.

No! I tell you that in every orthodox Sunday-school children are taught to believe in devils. Every little brain is a menagerie, filled with wild beasts from hell. The imagination is polluted with the deformed, the monstrous, and malicious.

To fill the minds of loving little children with leering fiends, with mocking devils, is one of the basest of crimes. In these pious prisons, these divine dungeons, these Protestant and Catholic inquisitions, children are tortured with these cruel lies. Here they are taught that to think is wicked and to express your honest thought is blasphemy, and that to live a free and joyous life, depending on fact instead of faith, is the sin against the holy ghost.

Children thus taught, thus corrupted and deformed, become the enemies of investigation. They are no longer true to themselves. They have lost the veracity of the soul; and in the language of Clifford they have become "the enemies of the human race."

Keep your children from the pollution of the orthodox Sunday-school; and I say to all fathers and mothers, keep your little innocent children away from priests, keep them from the slaves of superstition. They will teach them to believe in the Devil, in hell, in the prison of God, in the eternal dungeon where souls suffer forever. These frightful absurdities are a part of Christianity. Take these lies from the creed and the whole scheme falls into shapeless ruin. This dogma of hell is the infinite of savagery; it is the dream of insane revenge. It makes God a wild beast, an infinite hyena. It makes Christ as malicious as a fanged viper; and I tell you to-night, save the poor children from the pollution of this horror. Protect them from the stain of this infinite lie. Let us be true to ourselves.

I admit there are many good and beautiful passages in the Old and New Testaments. I admit that from the lips of Christ dropped many pearls of kindness, of love. Every verse that is true and tender I treasure in my heart. Every thought behind which is the tear of pity, I appreciate and love. But I cannot accept it all. Many utterances attributed to Christ shock my brain and heart. They are infinitely cruel; they are infinitely absurd. I cannot believe them; I cannot accept them.

Take from the New Testament the infinite savagery, the malevolence of eternal pain, the absurdity of salvation by faith, the ignorant belief in the existence of devils, the immorality and cruelty of the atonement—how horrible that doctrine! Let me tell you to-night it is better, far nobler to deserve without receiving than to receive without deserving. Think! Think! Take from the New Testament the doctrine of non-resistance that denies to virtue the right of self-defence—take these things away—the ignorant miracles—take them away and how glorious it would be that the remainder is really true! Compared with this knowledge how everything else in nature would shrink

and shrivel! What ecstasy it would be to know that God really exists, that he is our father and that he loves and cares for the children of men; to know that all the tears that grief sheds here will some otherwhere be the pearls of joy; to know that all the paths that human beings travel, turn and wind as they may, whether in the mire of crime or on the heights of honor, lead at last to the gates of stainless peace! How the heart would thrill and throb to know that Christ was in fact the conqueror of death; that at his grave the all-devouring monster was baffled and beaten forever; to know that from that moment the tomb became the door that opens on eternal life! To know this would change all sorrow into gladness. Poverty, failure, disaster, defeat, power, place and wealth would become meaningless sounds. To take your babe upon your knee and say, "Mine, and mine forever"—what joy! To clasp the woman you love in your arms, and to know that she is yours, and yours forever, yours though suns darken and constellations fade; to know that the loved and dead are not lost, that they still love and wait for you; to know that Christ has dispelled the darkness of the grave, the darkness of death, and filled the tomb with eternal light—to know this would be all that the heart could bear. Beyond this joy could not go. Beyond this there would be no place for hope.

How beautiful, how enchanting death would be, and how we would long to see his fleshless skull! What rays of glory would stream from his sightless sockets, and how the heart would long for the touch of his stilling hand! The shroud would become a robe of glory, the funeral procession a harvest home, and the grave would mark the end of sorrow, the beginning of eternal joy.

And yet, it were far better that all this should be false than that all of the New Testament should be true; far better to have no heaven than to have heaven and hell; far better to have no God than God and Devil; better to rest in eternal sleep, unconscious, pulseless, breathless, than to be the favorite angel of God and to sit at his right hand and to know that the ones you love, the ones that love you, are in the prison of eternal pain. Better to live a free and loving life, a life that ends forever at the grave, than be an immortal slave. The master cannot be great enough to make slavery sweet. I have no ambition to become a winged servant, a winged slave. Better eternal sleep.

But, they say, "If you give up these superstitions, what have you left?" Let me give you to-night the declaration of a creed.

We have no falsehoods to defend;
 We want the facts.
Our force, our thoughts, we do not spend
 In vain attacks;
And we will never meanly try
To save some fair and pleasant lie.

The simple truth is what we ask—
 Not the ideal.
We have set ourselves the noble task
 To find the real.
If all there is is naught but dross,
We wish to know and bear our loss.

We will not willingly be fooled
 And by fables nursed;
Our hearts by earnest thoughts are schooled
 To bear the worst,
And we can stand erect and dare
All things, all facts that really are.

We have no God to serve or fear,
 No hell to shun,
No devil with malicious leer.
 When life is done
An endless sleep may close our eyes,
A sleep with neither dreams nor sighs.

We have no master on the land,
No king in air ;
Without a manacle we stand,
Without a prayer ;
Without a fear of coming night,
We seek the truth, we love the right.

We do not bow before a guess
Of age unknown ;
A senseless farce we do not bless
In solemn tone.
When evil comes we do not curse,
Or thank because it is no worse.

Our life is joyous, jocund, free ;
Not one a slave
Who bends in fear the trembling knee
And seeks to save
A coward soul from evil's pain ;
Not one will cringe or crawl for gain.

The jewelled cup of love we drain,
And friendship's wine
Now softly flows in every vein
With warmth divine,
And so we love, and hope and dream
That in death's sky there is a gleam.

We walk according to our light,
Pursue the path
That leads to honor's stainless height,
Careless of wrath
Or curse of God, or priestly spite,
Knowing, and knowing do the right.

We love our fellow-men, our kind,
Wife, child and friend ;
To phantoms we are deaf and blind,
But we extend
The helping hand to the distressed
And by loving others we are blest.

Love's sacred flame within the heart,
And friendship's glow,
While all the miracles of art
From wealth bestow
Upon the thrilled and joyous brain
A present paradise and banish pain.

We love no phantoms of the skies,
But living flesh
With passions soft, and soulful eyes,
Lips warm and fresh,
And cheeks with health's red flag unfurled,
The breathing angels of this world.

The hands that help are better far
Than lips that pray ;
Love is ever the gleaming star
That leads the way,
That shines not on vague realms of bliss,
But on the paradise in this.

We do not pray or weep or wail ;
We have no dread,
No fear to pass beyond the veil
That hides the dead ;
And yet we question, dream and guess,
But knowledge we do not possess.

We ask, yet nothing seem to know ;
We cry in vain—
There is no master of the show
Who will explain,
Or from tne future tear the mask ;
And yet we dream and yet we ask :

Is there beyond the silent night
An endless day ?
Is death a door that leads to light ?
We cannot say.
The tongueless secret locked in fate
We do not know ; we hope and wait.

WHAT DO YOU OFFER IN PLACE OF CHRISTIANITY?

A Lecture delivered before the Freethought Association of Denver, Colorado,

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD, QUINCY, ILL.

II.

IF it is insisted that I go to the New Testament and get my idea of Christianity from its pages, I must say that I find there doctrines and teachings which are not taught and which are not recognized as a part of Christianity by the great influential denominations of Christendom, and which are not acknowledged as a part of their system by those who ask us what we will give in its place. I find taught in the New Testament "a thorough cult of poverty and mendicity," as Strauss observed is the case. I find passive obedience and unresisting submission enjoined. I find poverty extolled as a virtue, and wealth denounced as a crime and a curse. I find celibacy recommended as a virtue, and marriage regarded with aversion. I find woman represented as man's subordinate and required to submit to him in all things. I find slavery indorsed, and the slaves required to "count ther masters worthy of all honor." I find submission to "the powers that be" commanded, and damnation threatened to such opposers of tyranny as Washington, Adams and Jefferson.

If, then, I should go to the New Testament and judge as to what Christianity is by its teachings, considered as a whole, every orthodox Christian who hears me would dissent from me and claim I had no right to take my individual interpretations of the New Testament as the system for which I was attempting to offer a substitute; that I should go to the leading denominations which represent the belief of the masses, the belief that has become established in the minds of the people and exerts an influence on their lives, and show what Liberalism offers in the place of *that*. And indeed that is the only thing to do.

What are the doctrines which the orthodox denominations teach in common? It may be said that they all accept the Bible, and, since Liberalism rejects that book, what can it give in its place? Certainly Liberals recognize the worth and value of the Bible, considered as a collection of books that have come to us as a legacy from antiquity. It contains words of imperishable worth and lessons of priceless value. It contains also much of error, many mistakes, numerous childish ideas which had their origin in ages of ignorance; it often conflicts with common sense.

Written when men did not, to the extent they now do, depend upon observation and reason, and when there were fewer and poorer opportunities than the nineteenth century, with all its culture and experience, affords, it is not strange that it contains many errors, and fails to stand the severe tests of modern criticism.

We read the Bible as we do other ancient works, judging it by the accepted canons of historic criticism. While we reject the miraculous and irrational, we believe whatever in the book is natural and reasonable.

Yet, while we accept the Bible as we accept the Koran, and while we would have it take its proper place in the literature of the race, the theologian wants to know what we have to offer in the place of it?

Have we ever asked to have the Bible destroyed? Have we ever suggested that the Bible ought to be expelled from the literature of mankind? Nothing of the sort. Then the Christian has no right to inquire what we have to give in the place of this book. Let it be preserved, the good, bad, and indifferent, the true and the erroneous alike, even the immoral and indelicate parts, which ought to be retained, as similar passages are, for instance, in the Odes of Anacreon, for they help to show us what were the intellectual and moral conditions of the times in which they were written.

The Christian may reply: "Liberalism does not accept the Bible as a divinely-inspired book, and cannot, therefore, appeal to it as an authoritative standard. What will it give us in the place of the Bible as a *standard* of truth and right?"

Let the question be this, and we will endeavor to meet it fairly. The only standard we know of worthy of the name is the *enlightened reason of man*. It is the standard to which all persons of intelligence ultimately turn for the settlement of questions of whatever kind. Even the best, the most enlightened human reason, is not infallible, but it is certainly the highest and the most reliable standard that we have, and to which all others, in the final appeal, must be subordinate.

The Bible is valueless to the theologian as a rule of faith and practice until he has made use of this subjective standard, that man, in all ages and climes, possesses human reason, subject to such revisions in its judgments as observation and experience in every generation enable it to make.

Taking the Bible, how can the theologian accept it, or how can he interpret its teachings, or make an application of them to daily life, until he has at least made a pretence of subjecting them to that common standard and criterion, the highest and best that man has or ever can have—human reason?

It is useless to object that reason is fallible; so are all books, including real or pretended objective revelations, which indeed have furnished sanction and authority for almost every crime and iniquity that can be mentioned.

The Christian may say that his religion teaches the existence of a God of infinite power, wisdom and love, who created the universe and governs it by his will, who made man in his own intellectual and moral image, and gave him an immortal destiny. He may say these are the leading cardinal ideas of his theology, and ask us what we have to offer in their place.

These are fundamental teachings of other religions than the Christian, and religions, too, that preceded, by many centuries, the advent of Christianity. Why did God make a revelation, and take on flesh, and dwell among men to teach what was already believed by men? Why are these doctrines appealed to as the central principles of Christianity, when the very object of this faith, its advocates say, was to supplement these truths with the great principle of Atonement through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ?

Perhaps the majority of those who reject Christianity still hold to the belief

in an intelligent Deity and the conscious existence of man after death. Such might reply to the Christian after he had presented his "central principles of Christianity," by reminding him that they are equally the central principles of their own religious system. But my reply shall be from the standpoint of one who is an agnostic, who does not profess to know anything and affirms nothing as to what is beyond the phenomenal world.

God! what does the word signify? Evidently just what the condition, the intellectual and moral culture of a person or people, determines. The savage has a God who is like himself, physically and mentally, to a considerable extent. The enlightened believer, accustomed to reflection on this subject, has a God, stripped of the grosser anthropomorphisms, who appears to the mind as possessing only the best qualities of human nature.

If I go to the savage and criticise his conception of God, and he, unable to grasp a higher and grander thought, should turn on me and charge me with trying to deprive him of his God, without being able to offer anything in its place, he would be no more unreasonable than is the Christian theologian to-day, when, because we will not, cannot accept his anthropomorphic conception of the ultimate reality, he would have it appear that we deny an absolute existence, of which we affirm that all our thoughts and ideas of it are necessarily relative, and which we decline to invest with mere human qualities.

The theologian who talks about a god, a being, a person, who thinks and reasons, who is pleased and displeased, who contrives, plans, and designs, who approves and disapproves, who existed through a beginningless past, doing nothing (since, if he is the cause of all things, there was time without beginning back of his first creative effort), and at some time aroused from this "masterly inactivity," and for the first time experienced the feelings and assumed the relations of a maker of worlds and sentient beings—I say the theologian who talks thus reasons just like the savage who is satisfied that he knows God, since he is so lacking in philosophical grasp of thought that he fails to see that his God is his own nature and thought projected ideally into the objective world. Each is unable to see that in his conception of God he only reflects his own nature, and is all the time thinking of himself; of his own subjectivity, as a German writer puts it, moved objectively.

Whether Theism or Atheism be true, there is a substantive reality that existed before us; that will exist after our bodily organization is destroyed; that of which we can have no knowledge except as it affects us. We know it only as it is related to us; as it impresses our senses; as it appears to our consciousness. Descartes' famous demonstration, "I think, therefore I am," does not add proof or certainty to our existence.

And we may affirm that there is an external world, that there is something external to ourselves; but when we come to the question what that world is, we have no means of knowing, and the wisdom of mankind has never been able to show. We see the stove, and feel the heat. But what we conceive as a state of the stove, heat, is dependent upon an organism, for it is something felt—a sensation. This is the subjective aspect of the subject. Viewed objectively, heat is a mode of motion dependent upon an externality. How can we

decide what it is, absolutely considered or in itself? Surely it belongs to the "unknowable." We smell the rose, but fragrance depends upon two factors —the emanation of particles from the object, and the sense of smell—the absence of either of which renders the fragrance of the rose impossible. What the rose is in itself, unmodified by the organism, we have no possible means of ascertaining.

Sound is commonly thought to be something outside of us—an objective reality which would exist even though the organism were absent. But what is sound? Waves of air coming in contact with the auditory nerve produce a sensation, and we call it sound. The sensation is in the organism, and can have no existence outside of it; but if you tell an unreflecting man that there is no sound where there is no ear, he will look at you in astonishment, and ask, perhaps in imagined refutation of your statement, whether there is no sound in the heavens when the lightnings flash and the thunders roar, even though no person is present to hear it!

What is true of sound is true of light. Ethereal undulations coming in contact with the sensitive retina produce the phenomenon or sensation of luminousness. The vibrations of the ether would be the same whether there were eye or not; but what we call luminousness is a sensation, and it depends upon the retina as it does upon the etheral undulations. Thus we see that all phenomena, as observed by us, depend upon two factors, two co-efficients, the organism and the externality, the subject and the object.

What things are in themselves, what they are considered out of all relation to our consciousness, we have no means of knowing, for the reason that the limits of our organism restrict us to the relations between it and the objective world. Were we differently organized, phenomena might appear to us quite differently from what they now do.

I am not an advocate of idealism or solipcism, that system which tells us that there is nothing but the ego; that everything which appears objectively is simply a representation or modification of the ego. We are in contact, through our senses, with a real outer world; but as it appears to us, it is colored or modified; in other words, its appearance is determined by our own mental constitution. What the external world is, absolutely considered, I repeat, we have no means of learning, since we cannot take cognizance of it except as it is related to and colored by our consciousness. But we must all admit an eternal reality whether we believe in an intelligent deity or not.

The theologian invests the absolute with anthropomorphic qualities which are a projection, so to speak, of his own mind, while I accept the principle of the relativity of human knowledge, and decline to give predicates to that which I see must forever remain inscrutable to the mind of man. The savage, as I have remarked, gives it color, form, hate, and fear, and all the worst qualities as well as the good ones of his own nature. As man becomes more intelligent he begins to take away or modify the grosser qualities with which his ancestors invested God. He divests him of color, afterwards of form; then begins to question whether God is really capable of anger and hate. He calls God father; but after a while he uses the term only in the

sense of a protector, a being who produces and goverus his creatures ; and at length the theologian asks only that we admit that God is intelligent, and possesses the amiable qualities of benevolence and love. But it seems to me that there is just as much logical propriety in saying that God has form and color, as in saying that God possesses the quality of intelligence ; for intelligence depends upon organism and environment, and closely analyzed is shown to be made up of faculties, every one of which is finite, and implies limitation and infirmity.

If God *reasons*, he must compare objects or ideas, and deduce conclusions; but conclusions arrived at by a process of ratiocination cannot have been known to him prior to such reasoning. If he possesses *memory*, the faculty of recalling past events, a knowledge of things present at one time is absent at another. If he has *imagination*, something must be invisible to him, for the ideal objects of this faculty exist in the realm of the unseen. If he has *hope*, his knowledge must surely be limited, and his feelings variable, for hope is made up of uncertainty and desire. If he *designs*, he must be finite both in knowledge and power, for to design is to calculate, to doubt, to cogitate, to decide, and then to use intermediate agencies to accomplish certain ends which are directly unattainable. If he is *benevolent*, he cannot be perfectly happy, for benevolence implies sympathy with the objects of its efforts, and therefore feelings in common with the party needing aid. These faculties and powers, together with others that might be named, can be conceived as existing only in a being confined to locality, limited in time, finite in knowledge, and subject to infirmities. Does God possess them? If he *does*, he is a *finite being*. If he does *not*, then he is a being without reason, without memory, without calculation or design, without hope, without benovolence ; and a being without these mental qualities or powers is a being *without intelligence*.

To say there is a great intelligence in which there are none of the characteristics of the only kind of intelligence of which we know anything, is equivalent to saying there is something of the nature and the mode of existence of which we know nothing.

God is a *creator*, and made everything from nothing, although to create is to act, to act is to apply force, to apply force requires something to apply it to, and since, therefore, there was nothing in existence but himself, he must have applied force to, and made the universe out of himself, in which case there was *formation* only, and not creation, and the question naturally arises, is he still an infinite being after having evolved from himself an illimitable universe ? He is *unchangeable*, yet remained in a state of " masterly inactivity " during a beginningless past, and only a few thousand years ago aroused from his idleness and said, "Let there be light." What occupied his mind during the countless trillions of ages that preceded the magic fiat by which the universe appeared, when there was nothing in existence to think of save himself, " the expounders of the ways of God to man " do not attempt to inform us.

If God created a universe, he must, in creating it, have assumed a new relation, a relation to the worlds he created, and he must have had a new

experience, the experience of making something out of nothing, the experience of becoming a cause and author of a universe.

But if God, at any time, assumed a new relation and acquired a new experience, he must be finite, for that to which addition can be made is necessarily finite or limited.

Can God be infinite and yet become what he previously was not? In becoming a cause and a creator, did he not become what he was not before, did he not pass beyond his former limits?

If it be said that God was *always* a cause, it must be admitted there has always been an effect; but effect that has always existed, that had no beginning, never could have been created, produced or caused; and considered as an *effect*, is an absurdity.

If God became a cause, was not the state of causal activity higher than the state of inactivity that preceded the first creative experience? If there were a change in his condition, must there not have been an improvement, since he is a being who makes no mistake and does nothing in vain? If the change were no improvement, nor the contrary, must not the act of creation have been one of entire indifference? If the change were for the *better*, if the condition of causal activity were *higher* than the state of quiescence, must there not have been improvement, progress in God? Could he have been previously infinite or perfect? If the state of activity is *inferior* to his previous quiescent state, does it not follow that in becoming a cause he must have lost his original perfection?

As well speak of a square circle or round triangle as of an infinite creator.

This God is not a being subject to wants or infirmities, yet to our human reason it is evident that when he created the world he must have felt a want, or been conscious of a desire; the creation must have afforded gratification of this want or desire; and since the gratification of a desire in a being is an addition to the happiness of that being, and since that which admits of addition is finite and incomplete, God's happiness must surely have been imperfect before the creation, and he is not, therefore, a being free from infirmities. If the desire for a universe was *not* first experienced at a certain time, if it always existed, then there was, during a time without commencement, an unsatisfied want, and consequently discontent, in the mind of the deity up to the time of the creation.

This being, we are told, *desires* the happiness of all men, and has the *power* to make all men happy; thousands and hundreds of thousands of the human family are miserable, and *none* are entirely happy. His watchful eye observes everything, even the falling of a sparrow, and "his tender mercies are over all his works;" yet war, famine, and "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," slay every year immense multitudes, including the gentle, the noble and the good. Patriots and philanthropists languish and die in loathsome dungeons, martyrs expire amid the flames, the poor are robbed, vice glitters in the palace, slaves writhe under the cruel lash of their masters, and whole nations are impoverished by tyrants and priests, yet this God, whose pretended oracles pledge his aid and assistance whenever needed and asked in faith,

never interposes to help poor suffering humanity. While we are told that if we have faith like a grain of mustard seed we can move mountains, all experience teaches that mere faith to the amount of a mountain will not avail to move a grain of mustard seed.

Instead, then, of a personal, manlike God, we recognize ultimate reality, of which we can have no knowledge except as related to our consciousness, and the nature of which is inscrutable to us.

But what theology presents in God we offer in humanity. We have seen that every conceptional God is simply a man. God is man, projected ideally into the outer world. Man becomes God long before God becomes man. As Fuerbach observes very finely, "God is the mirror in which man sees himself as he is." Theology is a dream in which man contemplates his own nature.

Subject to analysis the God of any system of worship, and you will discover nothing in it that is not in man. God has intelligence, and love, and hate, because man has; he reasons, plans, and designs because man does; he approves and disapproves because man does; indeed, all the predicates of his being are the predicates of human nature. The mysteries of the Christian theology, as Fuerbach has shown, are simply mysteries of the subjective nature of man, and the relations of God are simply human relations.

(*To be concluded.*)

TRIBUTE TO INGERSOLL.

REMARKS MADE BY B. F. UNDERWOOD AT CHESTERFIELD CAMP, IND.

I OPENED a daily paper this morning and read that Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll died suddenly yesterday afternoon.

Though not surprised, I was a little shocked. I had known him personally nearly thirty years, and valued him highly as a brilliant fellow-worker in the cause of mental emancipation.

He was the most widely-known popular advocate of freethought in this country or in the world.

You Spiritualists were interested in his work, however much you wish he had gone further and become satisfied of the reality of that unseen order which seems necessary to explain this world of sense. Ingersoll's eloquent voice was heard many times at Spiritualist camp-meetings, and it seems fitting that some word should be uttered here to-day in regard to the great orator of freethought. Hence these words by way of a prelude to my address to-day.

Colonel Ingersoll was a strong, independent character, a unique and picturesque personality, who by his presence and speech made a marked and widespread impression upon the popular mind. His influence was direct and immediate. His thought did not have to percolate down through several intellectual strata before it reached the masses; for it was plain simple thought, easily grasped and presented in the most attractive manner. Ingersoll was a master of simple, forceful, impressive oratory. In thought he dealt with the concrete, not with the abstract, and his talk was full of imagery as well as of emotion. He never tired an audience with abstruse arguments, with labored processes of reaching a conclusion. Indeed, he stated what he believed and then often brought an illustration or told a story to make the opposite appear false and absurd.

Ingersoll was a wonderful word-painter. He was, too, bubbling over with humor and saw the ludicrous side of every subject first. His wit was as keen as a razor's edge, and he could make his satire stingingly severe.

He was full of emotion and sentiment, of poetry and pathos, and he could arouse sympathy and melt his hearers to tears as well as excite them to uncontrollable laughter by amusing anecdotes and funny illustrations.

Ingersoll's strength as an orator was in his wit, his simple, epigrammatic language, his pathos and power of sarcasm and in keeping easily within the comprehension and on the average intellectual level of his audience. Ingersoll did not have originality of thought, which estranges a teacher from the multitude at first; but originality of expression, which attracts, gains an immediate hearing, and commands attention.

Ingersoll took commonplace thought and put it in a dress of his own which made it appear new. The creation of his mind was always the phraseology.

For centuries men had repeated the expression, "From nothing, nothing comes." It was reserved for Ingersoll to say: "Nothing considered in the light of a raw material is a decided failure."

Ingersoll's effectiveness as a popular orator was helped by what for the philosophic thinker is a defect—lack of consecutiveness, of continuity, of completeness in the treatment of his subject. Moving rapidly from one subject or from one part of a subject to another, he left no chance for monotony or decline of interest.

Although son of a Congregational clergyman, Ingersoll was a skeptic and a freethinker from boyhood. When he was a small lad he shocked his playmates by expressions of disbelief in regard to orthodox dogmas.

Ingersoll came before the general public as an eloquent and powerful opponent of Christianity as a divine system and of the Bible as a superhuman production more than twenty-five years ago. He was familiar with the anti-Christian writers like Voltaire and Paine, and he presented their arguments and objections to the divinity of the Bible with an eloquence which in its way perhaps had never been equalled.

The writings of Darwin were revolutionizing and destroying the confidence of thinkers everywhere in the fixity of species and in the original perfection and the subsequent fall of man as related in Genesis, this revolution carrying with it by implication the rejection of the scheme of redemption rendered necessary, it was supposed, because of man's fall. The writings of Wallace, of Buckle, of Lecky; the later works of Sir Charles Lyell, who accepted the idea of transmutation; the brilliant and popular scientific expositions of Huxley, Tyndall and others in England; the great and still earlier work of Herbert Spencer; of Haeckel, Vogt and Buchner, in Germany; of Youmans, Fiske and others in this country, were helping to lessen confidence in the old faith and to create interest in the new science.

In theological circles men like Bishop Colenso, the authors of "Essays and Reviews," and many dignitaries of the Anglican church had criticized the Bible, going farther in many respects than any of the 18th century freethinkers had gone in discrediting Old Testament narratives.

Strauss in Germany, Renan in France, Theodore Parker in this country had sowed broadcast the seeds of Freethought; German rationalism, which prevailed in German universities and was prominent in the best German circles, was diffused by those who returned after a few years of student life at Leipsic or some other university city.

Writers like Emerson who advocated evolution more than half a century ago, Higginson and a large array of brilliant literary men, Unitarians, Free Religionists, etc., had made their influence widely felt in intellectual circles. Earlier still Abner Kneeland, founder of the Boston *Investigator*, and his successors; Robert Owen and his brilliant son, Robert Dale Owen, who with Francis Wright conducted the *Free Inquirer* in New York City, with many co-workers whose names are now unknown to the public, had done splendid work in preparing the way for further work. Robert Dale Owen and Francis

Wright, a very brilliant orator, had given addresses in many cities and towns in the United States.

The Spiritualist writers and speakers appeared some fifty years ago in this country, adopting evolution from the beginning, and discredited the claim made for the Bible that it is a supernatural revelation from God.

Books like "Nature's Divine Revelations," dictated by Andrew Jackson Davis; "The Arcana of Nature," produced by Hudson Tuttle, when he was but a youth, and a multitude of similar works, and hundreds of speakers from the platform combined with the scientific trend of thought and with the liberal tendencies which were everywhere observable, to prepare the receptive mental condition which Ingersoll found when he gave his eloquence to the cause of Freethought a quarter of a century ago.

There is no doubt that he helped greatly by his popular style to diffuse disbelief in Christianity and in all forms of supernaturalism.

It is often said in criticism of Ingersoll that he tore down, but did not build up. For this he was not to blame. He was a natural iconoclast. He would criticize, but he lacked the constructive power to lay the foundation of a new system of thought or to add any stones to the existing structures. Indeed he did not feel the need of any such system. Fragmentary statements were more to his taste than a synthetic formulation of thought.

Ingersoll will be remembered as the unique and picturesque personality who appeared when freethought was in the minds of many, was in the air, so to speak, and who served as a conductor to convey it to large numbers who were attracted and fascinated by his wit and eloquence.

Of Col. Ingersoll personally, whom I knew before he was known to fame, I will say nothing now except that he was, as you all know, a man of good and generous impulses, true to his friends, fond of music and art, and with strong attachment to family and home.

The "eloquent Pagan" affirmed nothing as to life beyond "this bank and shoal of time," but he had some hope, faint though it may have been, of the survival of all the sons of men. "In the night of death," he said in a funeral address, "love sees a star and listening hope hears the rustle of a wing." Very indefinite, of course. He was fond of repeating the old motto: "One world at a time."

When darkness settles over the earth there is revealed to us the glory of the heavens not seen during the day.

It may be that in the "night of death" Ingersoll had a vision of the realities of a larger life than this, and of conditions, hidden from mortal eyes, which help to explain the riddle of existence here and now. In Ingersoll's own words, at least, we may say after considering all doubts:

"And yet because we live, we hope."

ERAS OF FAITHS AND SCRIPTURES;

TO WHAT EXTENT HISTORICAL.

BY MAJOR-GEN. J. G. R. FORLONG, F.R.S.E., F.R.A.S., ETC.

Author of "Short Studies in the Science of Comparative Religions," "Rivers of Life," etc.

MANY good and pious inquirers on the lines of an unbiassed comparison of all religions—Theists, Secularists, and Agnostics—are often poorly equipped to combat the orthodox specialists of any one religion, though feeling fully convinced of the truth of their own honest doubts and difficulties.

It was with the wish to here help and guide them, that we lately published ten "Short Studies" on the sources of the principal faiths of the world, giving them with chronological tables and the true *history* of each ; for what is unhistorical is unreliable, false or speculative, and, in this case, the mere lucubrations of ancient more or less interested and illiterate persons, good or bad, or good and bad. *History*, in its scientific methods, must establish all statements in the life, acts and words of every *quasi* prophet, else the faith and even ethical teaching are not necessarily his.

Still we are often called upon by orthodox and heterodox inquirers, to answer such questions as "When, why, and where did this Bible and its prophet or founder and various doctrines arise, and when was it held to be inspired?" etc. ; and no doubt the answers must go towards the heart of the subject, and in as much as they do so, the inquirer must not be content with a too brief answer, but consent to *study* the subject seriously and impartially.

This, unfortunately, busy professional persons have not time for, and therefore we too often see much crudity amongst much good, sound and unanswerable Agnostic literature,—voluminous and universal as this has become.

In regard to that most stupendous of all miracles, "Inspiration," the ancients naturally thought that the pious and learned, and even the half-witted, were inspired by gods or divine agencies, else why should they be so clever and so different to ordinary mortals? Therefore their teachings and writings were accepted as the behests of heaven.

Now, the only way to unravel the tangled schemes of faiths is by the method of the historian, and if the Bible or sacred writings are affirmed to be infallible,—i.e., "inspired,"—it is all the easier, for one weak link determines the total strength and value of the whole chain, and we know not how many other links will yield, even if we repair the faulty ones

The study of Eras and great Epochs is a necessary method of showing the perplexi-

ties ancient men have created by their attempts to get at the genesis of their races and faiths ; so we will here select a few of these, and may take, as most pertinent thereto, the Christian Era ;—this in answer to questions lately received from the far West : "What do we really know as to the Chrislian Era—Christ's birth ? When was it fixed and accepted, where and why ? "

Now, it is necessary first to establish a "Beginning," but this is as impossible as an "Ending !" Yet the Hebro-Christian Bible attempts this, and in face of some hundred "Creation Eras," from which we select a few between 7000 and 3000 B.C.—that is, prior to the birth of Christ, the unknown quantity X.

The Biblical legends require that it occurred about the time of the death of Herod, a strictly historical character ; and Old Testament narratives enable us to thus work backwards from Herod to Adam, and therefore to say that, according to the "Inspired Word," Adam was created 4000 to 4004/6 before Christ's birth. This was very fairly computed for us by an Irish Archbishop of Armagh, who lived 1580-1656, and his dates for all Old Test. matters appear on the margins of our Bibles, calculated by the ages of fathers and sons, and cannot therefore be upset by any one who upholds the inspiration doctrine. They fail to see the difficulty, nay, impossibility, of proving a supernatural inspiration, for this would have to run through thousands of copyists, and before them orally through many languages, nations, and ages, extending from Adam to Christ, and down to the days of printing,—say 55 centuries !

But a greater difficulty still exists ; *for the original oral and written "inspirations" are lost for ever !* as we show in detail in Chapter IX. of "Short Studies." Ezra says that all Scriptures which preceded him were burnt ; others say thrown into deep wells ; and that he and forty scribes wrote out or compiled other Scriptures about 390-370 B.C. (see "Short Studies," p. 416)—"inspired," said too sanguine Jews, "just as Moses was in regard to the Pentateuch,"—*the only five books which the ten northern tribes acknowledged as inspired.* To Ezra's bible was added later, most of the Psalms, Daniel, etc., and this formed "The Temple Standard" bible of Christ's time ; and *it too has been lost !* Josephus received it from Titus when he seized and destroyed the temple in 71 A.C., and it was then despatched to Rome, never to be again heard of. (See details of its fate in "Short Studies," 423 et seq.)

The Greek bible known as the somewhat legendary "SEPTUAGINT," similarly disappeared, burnt no doubt like the Mosaic Pentateuch, as Ezra relates. It was a Greek translation, made by order of King Ptolemy for his Royal library of Bruchium, in Alexandria, about 250-270 B.C.; and by a sad accident this storehouse of invaluable learning, in 440,000 volumes, was burnt down in 47 B.C. Thus there only remained to us private and unverified collections,—Hebrew and Greek fragments,—gathered together from families, private scribes, synagogues, and sectaries, and collected, alas ! after a delay of 100 years. Naturally, all versions were found and declared by pious and learned Fathers to have been "tampered with alike by Jews and Christians ;' yet these went on collecting and "harmonizing" as they best could for three centuries !

Tatian in 170-80, Origen about 235, and Jerome in 400, failing to get a single correct copy of "The Word of God," produced "Diatessarons,"—four and more versions each,—so that the public might select what they severally preferred! But even churchmen proved heedless and illiterate, so scribes wrote and amended as they thought best. Nay, worse, they mixed all the versions inextricably together, and incorporated the marginal notes with the texts, thus for ever effacing any chance of obtaining even a fairly correct "Word of God." Copyists and revisers have continued this process, down to our last Eevised Version, which only takes into consideration "seventeenth century versions," and yet makes 100,000 corrections on the canonical bible.

Origen, commenting in 235 on all Gospels and Epistles, wrote: "There is a vast difference betwixt the several editions of the Scriptures;" and in spite of all Jerome's zeal and learning, his Diatessaron, or the most approved version thereof, was "declared a forgery in his own lifetime"—400 A.C. He wrote to Pope Damasus that he did not at all wonder at the charge, saying "*there needs be some falsity where there is so much variety*.......If they say the Latin copies are to be credited, let them tell me which; *for there are almost as many copies as there are manuscripts*." (Enc. Brit. iii. 647.) And so had thought the bishops of the Council of Nicea, who fixed the present canon in 325, for they long wrangled over this impossible task; and we actually now find, over the signatures of 25 of the bishops, no less than five forms of the *quasi* "Texts of the Apostles," arranged in five parallel columns, which they thought good, though all different.

Where, then, amidst all this confusion and confessed loss of all originals, can the so-called Inspiration theory come in? The earliest, most able and pious Fathers have sorrowfully and continually complained that they could find no trustworthy records. "Originals" were out of the question; so they had but to do the best they could with their varied and faulty collections, and their difficulties were very great, as we see in "Short Studies," ix.

Here, then, we have to face facts which affect every book, chapter and verse of the *quasi* "Word of God," and which makes Adamic as well as Christian epochs and eras *mere matters of faith, not history*. Yet, like the old Fathers, we must try and evolve some truths and fix some dates to biblical narratives. Of course, the ancients, like moderns and all illiterate persons, avoided figures, and, as a rule, none more so than ecclesiastics—almost the only ancient writers. Even now, authors apologize when they insert a chronological table, yet without this there can be no correct and correctable history. All is mere guesswork, as the following figures clearly prove. No honest Hebrew or Christian can say when, where, or by whom the biblical books were written; their statements, therefore, lie beyond the range of the true historian. E.g., he can no more accept ten Hebrew tribes than ten Sibylline oracles, nor any definite statements regarding these.

No wonder that ecclesiastics were unable to correctly establish the date of the birth of Christ; none even thought of doing so till the 5th and 6th centuries. Origen, the

diligent scripture collector, agreed with Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons of 180 A.C., that Christ lived at least to 50, as Jews guessed in Josephus viii. 57. He said it was necessary that Christ should experience all the sorrows of man from birth to old age, and if so, he should have lived to at least three score; yet anything over 30 to 35 would utterly upset all ecclesiastical history. It is now tacitly allowed that Christ must have been born before 4 B.C., as Herod died that spring, and Matt. 2 : 1 is here explicit. But still the historical critic is not satisfied, for Luke shows (2 : 2) that he was born *not before* 6 A.C., when Cyrenius, Legate of Syria, taxed Jerusalem; and this date the Antioch churches adopted, while Judeans preferred Matthew; and various learned "Fathers" have accepted every year from 7 B.C. to 6 A.C.=13 years (Blair). Nay, the error even extends to 21 years, for many hold that Luke's "taxing" took place at a Roman Census, which was in 14 B.C., on the accession of the Emperor Tiberius.

Similar darkness prevails as to the place of Christ's birth, the month, and genealogy from David; for Matthew here gives him 27 fathers, ending in an unknown "Jacob, father of Joseph," while Luke names 42 fathers ending in "Heli, the father of Joseph;" and the churches ignore Joseph, but accept his legendary *dream* that his wife had "conceived by the Holy Ghost" before their marriage (Matt. 1 : 20).

Not until about 520 A.C. was any real attempt made to fix the chronology of the faith, and it proved a thankless task, and one frowned upon by all ranks of ecclesiastics who still preferred faith to facts. A diligent Asiatic monk, John of Scythopolis, called, perhaps abusively, "the unlearned Scythian, Dionysius Exiguus," or "dwarf," determined to try and fix the exact year of Christ's birth; and, accepting some researches of Victorius Acquitane of about 450 A.C., he arrived at the present Era 0; but cf. "Short Studies," 131, 235, 241, and the following chronology.

Vainly did the monk and his friends urge the illiterate Emperor Justin I. (518-527) to adopt his Era, but his successor, Justinian I., notified it officially in 528-9, though none then used it; and in 590 Pope Gregory the Great forbad its use. The first Archbishop of England, of 597-604, never noticed it, nor the historian Bede, of 672-735. It only gained a footing in Gaul and Britain during the 8th and 9th centuries, urged forward probably by Christians when they saw Mohammedans so commemorating their Lord's Hajira, or "Flight" to Madina. It came into use in Spain about 1340, and in Portugal in 1410, and in other northern states as they accepted Christianity, which they had by no means done at the dates usually alleged by ecclesiastics.

The Eras previously adopted were the 1st of January in the 4th of the 194th Olympiad: by Romans, the legendary foundation of Rome—their A.U.C., which was 753 according to Varro, 776 in the Greek Olympiad, and 4714 of the Julian period. The monk Dionysius began his year on the 25th March, called the "Annunciation of the Virgin," and nine months thereafter, the 25th December, was taken as the babe's nativity. The 21st was called "the Doubter's Day," after which men rushed from house to house crying, like the solarists of old, that their Lord (the Sun) had risen.

The Septuagint and other writings give widely-differing CREATION ERAS,—among

Hebrews from about 7000 to 3300 B.C.,—merely guesses going back as far as their legends required, but mostly converging between the 50th and the 40th centuries B.C., at which time Egyptian history was pretty well fixed. We here give the most important and best recognized Eras.

The Buddhists of Barma, before the era of their "great Shin," or divine Buddha, used the *Kawza Era* ("Short Studies," 95), which lasted for 8,650 years—from 9341 to 961 B.C.—the era of Buddha's grandfather. It ended in the usually recognized era of Gotama's death, 543 B.C., but he really died 477, having been born 557 B.C. ("Sh. St., p. 277). The 543 era was upheld in Barma for 625 years, or till 82 A.C., which the King of Prome called the "Religious Era." It, too, lasted for about 600 years, marking that strange cyclic period shown by purple bands as running through all the ages in our "Chart of the Rivers of Life."

India has had many Eras, as is shown by a study of its Yugas. The Uj-jaina, or Jaina Kingdom of the West, adopted the *Saka Era* of 676 A.C., after the death of their legendary founder, Vikrâm : thus taking about as long to honor their Savior as did Christians. The *Gupta Era* was widely current, and corresponds to Saka 242 or A.C. 319 (see Ind. Anty., July, 1886).

Mahamad adopted 622 A.C., the date of his *Hajira*, or "Flight" from Maka to Madina, where he established his faith and monarchy over Arabia and its borders. It reckons by lunar years, with adjustments which have sadly complicated many matters social and political.

The KALENDAR has also varied in very many nations and even cities, and in the same nation at different times. Thus, the first month of the year was—

August, in Egypt, Persia, and Armenia.
August and September=*Elul*, with Greeks and Syrians.
September and October=*Tisri*, with Syrians.
September, with Mahamadans.
June, with Athenians, etc.

As regards CYCLES, astronomy compelled the learned to accept certain conjunctions and phases of sun, moon and constellations. "Thus, according to the Assyrian inscriptions of Sargon," says M. Oppert, "the great Lunar Cycle of 1805 years ended in 712 B.C., having begun in 11542 B.C., which was also the starting-point of the Egyptian Sothic Cycle of 1460 years, which these great astronomers carried down to 139 A.C.. . . . . .These cycles occupied a prominent place in the East for the computation of chronology. . . . Both are found in the ancient kingdoms of Asia as starting from 11542 B.C. The 1805 years represent 22,325 lunar changes, after which the series of eclipses of the moon recommence their former order . . . . . . so that the Chaldean astronomical observations continued over a long number of centuries."

We here necessarily start with *quasi* CREATION ERAS, though, as Sir R. Phillips says in his elaborate work, "there are some 300 such" ("Million of Facts")—always the mere fancies of tribes and nations as to the genesis of their Adams.

B.C.	
6984	CREATION according to many writers.
6150	" " Aristotle and many Jews.
5872	" " Pezon, Septuagint, and others.
5800	Egypt arose, says Manetho.
5688	CREATION according to Josephus and many Rabbim.
5660	Jewish Era of Adam's birth at Autumnal Equinox.
5590	CREATION according to many Christian Fathers.
5509	" " Greek Church and an Œcumenical Council.
5493	" " Alexandrians. The Abysinian Era.
5390	" " some renderings of Septuagint.
5344	" " Hales, Poole, and Talmud.
5150	The Babylonian historical Era of Berosos.
5004	Era of Menes (Lenormant).
4714	JULIAN ERA, of which 46th on Kalendar was our first.
4700	CREATION according to Samaritans. Some say 4658.
4682	Sun entered Taurus at Spring Equinox.
4620	CREATION, said some Greek Pathers, calculating from Menes.
4004	" according to Archbishop Usher and English Canonical Bible.
3762	" " many Jewish Rabbim.
3268	" " various writers.
3000	Bronze Era in Egypt, say most Geologists.
2348	NOAHIC FLOOD (Methuselah having still 600 years to live).
2500	Bronze Era of Kaldia and Assyria, say some Geologists.
2322	Chinese Era of First Cycle.
2000	Abrahamic Epoch (1996-1821 Usher).
1700	Epoch of Kadmus, the Phenician.
800	An Egyptian monument of 800 declares God to be "a Trinity in Unity" (see Sharp's "Egyp. Myth," 13-14).
776	GREEK OLYMPIAD.
753-4	ROMAN ERA, the A.U.C., or founding of Rome (Varro).
746	An Egyptian Era.
691	End of Barmese KAWZA ERA, which began 9341.
623	Gotama Buddha's birth, according to Indians and Ceylonese.
557	" " " as now accepted by European scholars.
543	" " death ERA, according to Indians and Ceylonese.
526	Death of the last Jaina Prophet Mahavira.
515	" Chinese Prophet Laotsze and Greek Pythagoras.(?)
478	" " " Confucius
477	" Buddha: the true BUDDHIST ERA of European scholars
398	Ezra, Hebrew High Priest, comes from Babylon to Judea.
380-70	Ezra and Scribes compile Old Testament books (see "Short Studies," 447).
311	Era of Seleukidæ, 26 Sept.
250-30	GREEK SEPTUAGINT translated. Asoka Epoch, India.
169	Jerusalem temple plundered by Antiochus Epiphanius.
160-50	Hebrew Makabean war.
47	Burning of Bruchium Library, Alexandria, in which perished 440,000 volumes and the ORIGINAL SEPTUAGINT, or Greek Bible.
10	Herod plunders Jerusalem temple. Scriptures? Emperor orders preservation of Sibylline books. Hilel, High Priest, dies.

8 Emperor Augustus takes census of Roman citizens=4,100,223.
7-6 CHRIST BORN, according to Benedictines, Kepler, Pagi, Dodwell, etc. (Blair).
5 " " " Chrysostom, Hales, Blair, Clinton, etc.
4 Christ taken to Egypt, according to Matt. 2 : 15, for Herod dies in the spring of 4 B.C., and is succeeded by Archelaus, entitled "the Ethnark." Varus is Legate of Syria 3 B.C. to 5 A.C.
3 CHRIST BORN, according to Usher, Clement Alex.
2-1 " " " Eusebius, Jerome, Chron. Alex., Terul., etc.(Blair).
1-0 Rome A.U.C. Philo-Judeus, 20 B.C.-50 A.C.

A.C.
1 CHRIST BORN, according to Norisius, Harwart, etc. (Blair).
2 " " " Paul of Middleburg, "
3 " " " Lydiat "
5 P. S. Quirinus is Legate of Syria, in whose time Judea is taxed, perhaps in 6
6 A.C., according to Luke 2 : 1 ; Acts 5 : 37 ; Josephus, Ant. viii. 1, 1. Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus,—legendary Star of Bethlehem? Archelaus deposed. Procurator Coponius. Census of Roman citizens.
14 Emperor Tiberius succeeds. Roman census, 4,190,117.
18-20 Herod Antipas rules Galilee, builds Tiberias. Jews banished 19.
25 Pontius Pilate Procurator Judea 25-36. Removes Government from Cæsarea
26 to Jerusalem. Christ thought to be crucified, aged 30.
29 This 15th year of Tiberius, Christ baptized (Luke 3 : 1, 23).
33 Christ crucified according to popular opinion. Jews thought him 50 years old, and Irenæus of 180 and Origen of 185-254 said he "lived till aged." Cf. Josephus viii. 37.
37 Tiberius and P. Pilate die.
39 Herod Antipator, who judged Christ (Luke 23), dies in exile.
44-54 Herod Agrippa I. dies. Nero succeeds Claudius 54.
64-66 Conflagration Rome, 64. Josephus in Rome, 65. Jewish rebellion, 66.
68-69 Vespasian conquers Syria ; seizes Josephus. Nero dies, 69.
70-71 Titus takes Jerusalem, Sept., 70. SENDS TEMPLE STANDARD SCRIPTURES to Emperor Vespasian in Rome. Dispersion of the Jews.
78 SAKA ERA of Uj-jain (India), or Sali-vahana.
81-82 Titus dies, 81. Religious Era of Barma.
126-8 Aquila, or Onkelos, translates Old Testament into Greek.
130-2 Hadrian rebuilds Jerusalem with Temple to Jove. Jews rebel ; are banished. Marcion probably writing Gospels or Epistles.
137 Jewish Sanhedrim remove from Jamnia to Ousha.
138-40 Papias? Justin Martyr 132-150. Gnostics led by Basilides.
150 TATIAN collecting a DIATESSARON, published 180-190.
152-60 Serapis worship in Rome. Marcion teaching. Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Christians secretly wearing crosses.
170-75 Some Christian Gospels begin to be quoted. Holy Ghost's teaching behind.
200-5 Clement Alex. ; Tertullian. MISHNA finished at Tiberias.
210 Symachus, Scripture translator, dies. Origen, 186-254.
210 Septuagint said to be found in a cask ; but see 47 B.C.
235 Doctrine of TRINITY. God declared 3 in 1. ORIGEN writing DIATESSARON.
245 Translations and copies of Scriptures now numerous.
264 Mani tries to amalgamate Christians and Mazdeans.

274-5 Manikian temple to Sun in Rome. Mani murdered in Persia.
284-300 Era Diocletian, 20 Aug., 284. Apostles' and Nicene Creeds forming.
312-19 Selukidian Era, 319. Gupta Indian Era. Donatism flourishing.
313-15 Active Mazdean propaganda in China (Dr. Edkin).
321-3 Constantine decrees Sun's day as sacred.
325 Nicene Council sanctious some Scriptures and Nicene Creed.
327 Eucharist divorced from Agapes. Eusebius completes his History.
335-7 Constantine supposed to profess Christianity. Dies 337. Christians begin to say Christ was born on December 25.
341 Church Council at Antioch frames a Creed ; deposes Athanasias. All books
350 of *Esdras* declared canonical by Ch. Council at Carthage. Christians now use + sign.
360 Ch. Council at Constantinople adopts Arianism, or "Similar Essence."
363 Julian permits rebuilding of temple at Jerusalem.
365 Eastern and Western Churches separate.
380-1 Ch. Council partly cancels Nicene Creed. Holy Ghost said to proceed from Father.
385-410 Jerome writing his Diatessaron, dissatisfied with all the others.
431 Virgin now worshipped and Mary now called "Mother of God." Jerome opposes Inspiration theory (see "Short Studies," 431).
451 Council Chalcedon accepts Nicene Creed.
455-70 A creed like the "Apostles'" current in Gaul as a baptismal confession, but without the descent into hell. Christ declared to have two wills. Nestorians driven east.
529 CHRISTIAN ERA authorized by Emperor Justinian I.
585-9 Nicene Creed rejected by Western churches, but in 589 adopted at Council of Toledo, which added the Filoque.
590 Pope Gregory Great forbids use of Christian Era and epithet of Pontifex Max.
597-604 Augustine, first English Bishop, converts King of Kent.
622 The HAJIRA ERA of Islam, Friday, 16 July. Buddhism fl. in Baktria.
631 Parsee and Siamese Era.
639 New Barmese Era. Mazdeanism flourishing in Central Asia.
650-76 Christian Era begins to be used in Italy 630. Mazdean temple discovered in China. Indian UJ-JAIN SAKA ERA, 676.
680 Christ now said to have two natures and two wills. Is now depicted as a man instead of the Vernal lamb, and as nailed to a cross, before which Christians now very commonly worship.
740-50 "THE APOSTLES' CREED" used as now. Christian Era used in Gaul.
860-70 The ATHANASIAN CREED appears at Rheims, and spreads north and south, as that of St. Athanasius, who called all creeds "superfluous and dangerous."
880 A Buddhist Era among the Napalese.
950 The "Real Presence" in the Eucharist begins to be doubted.
1000 ATHANASIAN CREED now classed with the "False Decretals."

LOVE AND LABOR.

BY M. C. O'BYRNE, OF THE BAR OF ILLINOIS,

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CHAPTER XXVI.

DIOGENES the Dog refuted the disciple of Zeno, who maintained the impossibility of motion, by the simple act of rising up and walking. It is fortunate that, as Hume,—who expounded absolute scepticism in philosophy from the excellent motive of preparing men to avoid it,—expresses himself, "Nature is always too strong for principle," for were it otherwise man and society would perish through the absence of a practical standard of right. Happily, however, the few modern pseudo-idealists whose principles, if used as a theory of life, would reduce society to chaos, are poorly qualified to render acceptable the consequences of their teachings. Just as children look with amazement at the droll tricks of the monkeys in a menagerie, so men contemplate the metaphysical gymnastics of those partial philosophers who reduce the universe to a mere reflection of nothing by the simple process of making the reflecting medium itself only a thought. Unable to wield the arms of Pyrrho, Bayle, Berkeley, and Hume, these few swimmers in a vast flood of inconsistencies are compelled to appeal to the senses in order to substantiate their denial of the reality of sense evidence. None the less is idealism true.

It is not probable that Abel Pilgrim had ever read or indeed heard of the teachings of the chief modern apostle of a system whose purport to the half-thinker is the negation of Right and Wrong. Their walks in life were different, for the apostle,—who seems to have imbibed while sitting at the feet of the Moravians of Herrnhut the unphilosophical notion that every man may make his own moral code and ethical horn lantern,—would have considered Pilgrim too humble a being for his notice. Moreover, the self-sufficient and cynical revamper of half-way idealism was not one idly to incur the desert pronounced by the sophist in Plato's "Gorgias" as due to the man who should philosophize in his old age. Like some other pseudo-philosophers, he distrusted and disliked the people, especially the very poor. His great object was to sanction the doctrine of Might, to teach politicians and statesmen that, with respect to classes, whatever is is right; and in a world of his shaping a house-steward would have remained a servant until science was invoked to provide a euthanasia for one who had outlived his usefulness. In the course he was pursuing Abel required no prompting. All the sophists that ever lived could not have added to his selfish intention to render his position at the Priory secure, and he had promised Randall that Harriet Bates should leave Withington before the return from the honeymoon. Provided with money to facilitate his purpose, he took an early opportunity of visiting the cottage, leaving it to circumstances to determine whether or not he should resume his proposal of marriage.

Never before since she first came to the village had the steward seen Harriet so tranquil. So unlike her former self was she that he almost dreaded to recur to a subject so certain to agitate her and to produce what he called tantrums. He had taken a seat near the door, his left elbow resting on the plain deal table upon which the woman was ironing her aprons. Everything in the room was spotlessly clean, and as he noted this,—for indeed nothing escaped his observation,—he discerned a means of introducing the business which

he had resolved, if possible, to settle before taking his leave.

"Harriet lass," he said, "your cottage is in apple-pie order, there's no denyin' that, but after all 'tis but a cottage. You must be mad to live here when a house, a fine, furnished house, complete from door knocker to chimney cowl, can be yours for th' asking. If ye would let bygones be bygones and do as I ask you 'twould be just as I say."

"Do as you ask me?" she inquired; "do you mean if I would agree to become your wife?"

"To be sure, lass," answered Abel, "and why not? Unless maybe you'd rather have it the other way. As for me, I've found out long since that sarvice is no inheritance, and I'm willing to give it up tomorrow, if you say the word."

She did not look at him while he was speaking, but went on placidly folding and smoothening the apron on the table.

"Well, Abel Pilgrim," she said, "I have thought about this, and I may as well tell you now that I should be afraid to marry you. Seems to me that I shouldn't live long as your wife. But I have heard from a sure hand that Mary is doing well in America, and rather than stay here to meet your rascally master and worry myself to death in helping to ruin him and you,—mind, and you, Abel,—I am willing to go to my daughter. But not empty-handed; no. If I forget my wrongs, if I sell my hope of revenge, it shall be for money and enough of it to make it worth while."

"I told you you should have a hundred pound, Harriet, and you shall."

"Twice that," she said with decision, "two hundred pound or nothing. Do you think I have changed my mind about John Randall, or that I am learning to love my enemies and to pray for them who despitefully use me? No; and you had best take me while I am in the mind o't, for the sight of that man and of his gipsy wife will 'maze me, I think."

The steward, afraid that his satisfaction might be visible even in his immobile features, averted his head.

"Two hundred's a heap, a mortal heap o' money, lass," he said. "And you have heard from Mary, have you? How did she come to know you were not living at Yarmouth?"

"She does not know that, how should she?" was the reply. "Look at this invelope; it was sent here from Yarmouth, my neighbors there,—leastways one or two of 'em,—know where I am."

"Ah! that's it," ejaculated Pilgrim, looking keenly at the envelope, "but surely that's a man's writing, lass?"

"'Tis so," she said, "some man called Devilbite, or some such for'un name. Mary's been ill, but is recovering."

"Ill, and among strangers," said the steward; "well, lass, I don't wonder that you would like to see her. If I make it two hundred, Harriet, maybe you'll sign a paper if I ask you."

"I'll sign nothing, not even a receipt. Above all, nothing about that man. But I'll promise never to molest him or you, and you may trust me never to do more than I have done, and to say nothing if I leave England. Do you suppose that I shall be in a hurry to tell the 'Mericans what I was here?"

"And when would you like to go? Take your time, lass, take your time; but if Mary is ill I suppose you will be anxious to catch the next steamer from Liverpool. Anyhow, I'll see you off, for old acquaintance like, and you shall have the money to-morrow. You see I trust you."

"Let me go this week," she said, "tomorrow or next day, if you like. All's one to me. This cottage and all in it is yours; I've only my clothes to gather together, and they're not likely to burden me."

"The better for travelling, and you'll find clothes enough in the new country, Harriet. I'll see to everything to-morrow, and the next day we'll leave for Liverpool by th' express. You shall have every comfort you can look for, trust me, my lass."

With these words the steward took his leave, and it may be doubted whether any man in England that day carried a lighter, more careless heart in his bosom than did Pilgrim as he made his way down the lane. He had been spared the necessity of marrying his old flame just at the very moment when no other alternative seemed open to him, and at the comparatively low price of a couple of hundred pounds he was about to purchase her silence and exile from the kingdom. The old man fairly chuckled as he thought of this, for Randall on the eve of his marriage had given him three hundred pounds in gold, the rent of two large farms, to secure this desirable end, and Abel was not the sort of man to return the surplus.

As he approached the Crooked Billet the major domo saw the landlord seated on a bench near the door and smoking a long clay pipe. In his present humor Abel thought a pint of ale just the thing to celebrate his luck, so taking a seat at Andrew's side he expressed a wish to be served with a pint of Burton.

"Well, Andrew," he said, raising the pot to his lips, "here's to ourselves, old boy! Seems to me that's a toast that'll suit all kinds o' company, from the Prince o' Wales down to old Giles the sexton. What do you think? Here, drink hearty."

"I drinks to your good health, Muster Pilgrim, and to the long life and happiness of the squire and his lovely missus. Lord bless us!" said Mossingill, as he wiped the froth from his lips, "it seems to me that 'twas but yesterday that she was a gal in short frocks."

"Women and thistles run to seed long before men and barley get their beards on," returned the other; "I heard a crookbacked chap say something o' the same sort fifteen year ago in the theatre at Cambridge, something about weeds and their way o' growing."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the landlord, "you was al'ays one to run down the sect, Muster Pilgrim; but, bless my 'eart, sir, what should we do without them? That's what I al'ays says when th' old woman turns the Billet inside out wi' her redding up,—what should we do without them? Well, Muster Pilgrim, and where do they spend the honey-moon? in furrin parts I reckon?"

"Yes—no; that's to say, not altogether in furrin parts, Andrew; they've gone to the Highlands, up there where the men wear petticoats that don't come down to their knees."

Mossingill nodded his head and was silent, and Abel, who knew that mine host of the Billet was equally slow in thought and speech, concluded that he would leave him to ruminate at his leisure. He took another drink of the ale, and was about to rise when the phlegmatic Boniface once more opened his mouth.

"Muster Pilgrim," he said, "that cousin of yourn, Mrs. Bates, is a queer piece, an't she? Yistiddy she come down here for her barm,—she bakes her own bread, like the old folks used to do everywhere,—and she fol'lyed me to the brewhouse. What d'ye think she ast me, eh?"

Was it a presentiment of coming trouble that caused Abel Pilgrim to shiver as if with cold as he stood there looking at the landlord of the inn?

"Ask!" he said, shifting uneasily as though about to resume his seat on the bench, "how should I know? She is a little strange at times, Andrew,—has been so for years."

"Strange!" echoed Mossingill, "in my 'pinion she's clean daft, Muster Pilgrim, that's what she is. Why, she wanted to know who was the squire's lawyers 'way up there in London; said she'd business with 'em, and did I know their names."

"Aye, aye! and what did you tell her?" asked the major-domo.

"Why, she spoke so natural-like that I clean forgot she was a button short, and I ups and tells her that th' old lawyers was Wright and Sele, of London, and that they maybe lived at a public, for they used to have Lincoln's Inn on their letters, which I've seed many of 'em in my time when Master Gilbert fust comed here.

Hows'ever, says I, I've heered the new squire's changed 'em for others, who they be I couldn't say. Well, she says, that's all right, the party as I'd named 'ud do her business; and then she went off. She's a strange 'un, that's sartin sure."

"She's harmless and quiet," was Abel's answer, "but there's no accounting for her whimsies. Been like it for years. Well, good day, Andrew. I must be off."

Andrew Mossingill, being a stolid, ox-like creature who took the world leisurely and detested all hurry and excitement as things detrimental to digestion, saw with amazement that the major-domo went up the hill towards the Priory like a man walking for a wager.

"Whimsies, eh," muttered the landlord, "I'll be danged if it an't a family complaint. Jane," he said, as his wife appeared at the door of the inn, "just you look at Pilgrim swinging his long arms out on the road and striding like the doctor's black hunter. Blowed if he won't break a bloodvessel if he keeps that gait up long."

His mind a prey to contending passions, selfish fear being in the ascendant, the steward strode fiercely up the road until he reached the Kissing Gate. Here he turned aside and followed the footpath until he came to the Copse, where he seated himself on the gnarled roots of an old oak tree, and began to collect his thoughts. He saw, or thought he saw it all now,—the reason why Harriet Bates had changed her mind so suddenly. He did not doubt that she had resolved to write to the lawyers whose name and address she had learned from the innkeeper, and then, having laid the train for her revenge, she would accept the money offered her and leave the country, knowing well that the work she longed for would be conducted to the end with or without her further interposition. The old man ground his teeth with fury as he thought of her cunning and felt how much a determination like hers was to be dreaded. He remained in the Copse an hour or more, sometimes changing his position, but all the time laboring to devise some method of checkmating the woman's design. When finally he turned his steps in the direction of the Priory he seemed to have made up his mind what course to follow, for as he crossed the park no symptom of disquiet was manifested saving that the fingers of the hands clasped behind him now and then convulsively writhed and distorted themselves.

Some time before sunset Hobbs, the groom, came to the house for permission to go over to Hilton to see his mother.

"If Mr. Pilgrim had no objection," he said, "he would like to stay wi' the old lady till the next evening, seeing as nought was out of gear in the stables and the yoongsters were stiddy lads as any in Norfolk."

"Certainly, Hobbs, certainly," returned the steward, who could on occasion assume a dignity and propriety of speech derived from many years of contact with his superiors, "go and see the old lady and give her my regards. Tell her I've not forgot the old days when she was first housemaid here and I tried to cut out John, your father, lad. And wait a minute, lad; I think I'll run down to the doctor's to ask if he's heard from the north to-day. 'Twill look respectful to the new mistress: wait a bit, and we'll go to the village together."

At the door of the inn Abel gave the groom sixpence to "wet his whistle," but he himself continued on his way. Dr. Teulon's house was at the other end of the village, but by following the churchyard lane the distance was considerably shortened. At first Abel made as though he intended to pass Harriet's cottage, but a swift glance around in the gloaming showed no one in sight, and the steward ascended the steps and opened the door. The room was empty. A small fire was in the grate and on the hob an earthenware teapot had evidently been placed in a situation to keep its contents warm. There were some sheets of note paper and

an old inkstand on the table, and Pilgrim at once concluded that Harriet was on the point of writing the dreaded letter. He hastily looked about for the pen, and finding none he was quick to surmise that she had gone to purchase that article. Time just now was of great value ; and the steward's resolution was at once made to make the most of it. Going to the back kitchen he threw the window-catch open, and then, after returning to the main room, he raised the lid of the teapot and shook a little paper package over the tea. Having replaced the lid, his next move was to call the woman's name at the foot of the bedroom staircase, and receiving no reply he at once left the cottage. Altogether he had not been five minutes in the house, and so rapid were his after movements that he was, after calling at the doctor's and hearing Eliza read a portion of her sister's letter from Inverness, in time to meet the groom on his return through the village.

Stopping a moment to bid Hobbs not to forget the message to his mother, the steward was addressed by young Joe Verrill, the apothecary, and after a little hesitation he consented to Joe's proposal that they should take a glass of something hot at the Crooked Billet. For a considerable portion of the evening Abel Pilgrim was the oracle of the assembled company in the parlor of the inn, and it was after ten o'clock when Joe and one of his cronies, smoking threepenny cigars, accompanied the major-domo nearly the whole way back to the Priory.

The old man was particularly careful in superintending the locking of doors and windows that night, enlisting the aid of a footman, who yawned prodigiously while Pilgrim was making everything secure with bolt and bar.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE sleepy footman's bedroom was at the extremity of the top floor of the west wing, a little beyond the door of the long lumber room. That would have been a very wakeful and alert servant, however, who could have suspected the strange transformation effected within the security of that same lumber room at midnight by no less a person than him to whom, in the absence of the master, the watch and ward of the Priory belonged. In chest, cabinet and closet, there were materials enough for a masked ball, but the major-domo was not at all embarassed or perplexed by their multifariousness. Knowing well where to lay his hand on everything, he soon procured an old, much-worn velveteen coat with high collar and large bone buttons, and a sort of jockey cap with a cloth visor capable of being drawn down over the forehead and ears so as almost to render the wearer's face invisible. A brown woollen neckerchief was wound two or three times about his neck, the folds being drawn up so as to conceal the chin, and thus attired the steward might well have encountered his closest intimate, and that too in open day, without detection.

Satisfied that his disguise was effectual, Abel extinguished his night-light, and unlocking the door very cautiously left the room. His shoeless feet made no sound along the carpeted gallery, and the old staircase,—having been built when artizans were less scientific and more conscientious than they now are,—gave forth no creak or vibration. This staircase followed the line of the wall to within a short distance of the floor of the refectory, where it turned towards the middle of the apartment, the abruptness of the angle being modified by a broad landing step. This stair-foot was not far from the partition and Randall's cabin, but the steward had resolved to leave the house through the great west window which he had opened for that purpose. Outside on the terrace he found his boots,—a pair of light bluchers well-worn and noiseless, but he

did not stop to put them on until he reached the sheltering hedge near the Copse. His only ground of apprehension lay in the possible encounter of poachers, although these gentry generally amused themselves in quite another direction near the preserve. Still it was by no means unlikely that some adventurous Hiltonian might take it into his head, after examining his snares, to cut through the Copse and return by skirting the village, and it behoved the steward to be on his guard. The sky was overcast with clouds, promising rain, so that Abel trusted rather to his hearing than to his eyes to indicate that anyone was abroad. Convinced at last that the coast was clear, he moved rapidly in the direction of the Kissing Gate, and descending the hill he stealthily crossed the road and hurried by the outbuildings in the rear of the village inn. In order to reach the cottage he must either approach by way of the lane or, crossing the churchyard, go through the little garden at the back. It was no part of his plan to enter the lane, knowing as he did that in all probability the catch of the back kitchen window was precisely as he had left it some hours before. He was about halfway through the churchyard and just opposite the east window, when he saw something that brought him to a full stop and made him cower behind a headstone of one of the graves. Right in front of him a light shone steadily in the little rear window of Harriet's bedroom. His heart began to leap like a trip-hammer in his bosom as he cowered there looking steadily along the line of light that issued from that window. What did it mean? he would give anything to know that. Could it be that she was awake? or, worse even than that, was it possible that she lay there watched over by some one from the village whose friendly offices she had solicited in her time of extremity? In the latter event there was but one course open to him,—an immediate return to the Priory and a hasty flight. So panic-stricken was he that he had half-turned to go back when it occurred to him that, if the last possibility suggested to him by his craven conscience had been correct he would surely by watching see the shadow of the person sitting by the bed. Creeping nearer and nearer towards the garden, he kept his eye fixed on the window, until at last he stood on the rough stone wall of the churchyard. From this point the little garden sloped down to the cottage, so that but for the muslin curtain Pilgrim might have easily seen into the room. As it was, he soon became convinced that a part of his fear was groundless, and when fully assured of this he dropped down and stole noiselessly to the back kitchen.

It was the most critical moment of his adventure, and he knew it. Big beads of perspiration rolled from the tip of his cap and trickled into his eyes and mouth as he dug his nails into the window frame and pulled gently but forcibly. It was an old, poorly-fitting window, and opened so suddenly that the steward fell to the ground, and before he could relax his grasp the topmost hinge broke with a rough rasping noise. For a minute or so he lay where he had fallen in mortal terror, but no sign appeared that the sound had fallen upon other ears than his own. Summoning up resolution, with a muttered execration, he made his way through the window, opened the door and stood within the main room of the cottage. Now it was that the silence terrified him, so that he felt his knees knock together. His breath came thick and fast, and he experienced a mad impulse to burst open the front door and rush down the lane. But the die was cast; come what might, either in the way of revelation or of further iniquity, he would, he must, go through with it to the end! Moreover, time was flying, and there was the risk of his return to the Priory yet to be encountered. Fool that he was! he had forgotten to provide himself with matches, and he stumbled once or twice as he crossed the room to the stairs. How the wretched

boards creaked as he went up! and why did he pause at the half-opened door on the landing? Miserable craven! to be afraid to look upon the work of thine own hands, to sicken with horror at the idea of seeing that which thou hopest to behold!

It was as he had anticipated, was as he had foreseen it would be what time he had sat and told old-world stories to Joe Verrill and his cronies in the bar parlor. Harriet Bates had left the cottage, but the poor body in which she had sinned and suffered lay there distorted with the death agony on the bed. Abel Pilgrim saw at a glance how she had died. At the first symptom of illness she had betaken herself to her bedroom, had partially undressed, and later on had made an effort to rise and perhaps call for assistance. She had probably dragged herself in the direction of the door when the crisis came, for she had fallen face downward at the foot of the bed and died convulsively grasping the counterpane. All this Pilgrim saw at a glance, and even the minutest detail was burnt into his brain, but strangely enough he felt no compunction whatever. On the contrary, he hated her dead even more than when living, and he could have even reviled the senseless clay for having led him step by step on the course he had been compelled to follow.

A small toilet table stood by the wall, and on this an oil lamp,—a cheap affair with a glass reservoir,—was burning. He saw with satisfaction that this had been recently trimmed and that the reservoir was more than half full. Gathering up every article of clothing within reach, he threw them in a heap on the bed, made a wisp of paper by tearing a leaf out of a large book which lay near the lamp, and igniting this by thrusting it into the flame applied the torch to the clothes. As the fire spread he moved the lighter fabrics closer to the flame, and then extinguished the light of the lamp and removed the chimney. This done he threw the lamp itself on the burning pile and fled from the chamber.

Before leaving the cottage Abel Pilgrim groped his way to the fireplace in quest of the teapot. It was not on the hob, but his left hand, as he rested it on the mantelpiece, touched a matchbox. Having struck a match, he was enabled to perceive the teapot on the table and he took both this and the cup and saucer which stood beside it with him as he climbed through the window. The noise of the exploding lamp fell on his ear just as he reached the wall of the churchyard. Dashing the things to fragments against the rough stones, he hastily climbed the low wall and sped quickly but cautiously across the graveyard.

He had come to the stables of the Crooked Billet when, looking hurriedly behind him he saw a thin red glare above the roof of the church. That was well, the fire had taken hold, he had completed his purpose. A smothered curse, however, fell from his lips as he emerged from the shadow of the outhouse and saw a burly figure, clad only in trousers and shirt, and holding a lantern, coming down the yard. It was Andrew Mossingill, whom anxiety regarding a foundered horse had driven from his bed at that early hour, and as the light fell full on the figure of the retreating steward the landlord saw him.

"Halloa there!" shouted Mossingill, "come back! Who the devil are you, my fine fellow, to be out so soon in the morning? After oats, eh? 'gad, I almost nabbed him!"

It was a narrow escape, and Pilgrim gnashed his teeth with fury at the thought that he might, had he been five minutes later, have almost run straight into the landlord's arms. As he crossed the park, —taking now the most direct route,—he heard shouts and cries in the village, and he knew that Andrew had discovered the fire and given the alarm. The Priory, however, was just as he had left it. Never before throughout the long years of Abel's service had the old mansion been left open

to night prowlers, but it had suffered no loss from this unusual pretermission. Having carefully fastened the window in the old dining hall, Abel betook himself to his own apartment. Hurriedly divesting himself of the disguise he had worn, he made the annoying discovery that his watch,—a silver hunting-cased gift from the old squire inscribed with the steward's name and date of presentation,—was missing. He remembered that, when changing his clothes before leaving the Priory, he had taken the watch from his waistcoat and thrust it into the old-fashioned fob of his trousers, and he thought it probable that it had fallen on the terrace, or perhaps in the dining-hall, as he made his way through the window. It was a small matter, perhaps, but he cursed his negligence respecting it.

The popular theory that criminals are the reverse of ready or sound sleepers would scarcely have been strengthened by Pilgrim's experience after he had drawn the bedclothes around his chin. Within five minutes he was fast asleep, but his slumber, though sound, was brief, being rudely interrupted by a loud and continuous knocking at the door. It was then that Abel first experienced that dread of being run to earth which is, we are told, the invariable concomitant of a guilty conscience. For a moment he felt unable to utter a word, but when the person outside essayed to open the door the old man jumped to his feet and demanded who was there.

"Me, sir, me, Billings," was the reply, given in the well-known voice of the footman; "there's a fire down at the village, and here's a lad from the doctor's with bad news for you, Mr. Pilgrim. The old lady as lived in the cottage by the church has been and gone and set herself afire, and is burnt to ashes."

Pilgrim had opened the door and stood holding the knob in his hand while this message was delivered. His faculties were restored to him, and he was outwardly quite calm and collected.

"Dear me, dear me!" he said, "bad news surely. Burnt to ashes you say? Poor thing, she ought not to have lived alone and she so queer-like at times. Well, Billings, tell Hobbs,—no, he's gone to Hilton,—tell Maddox to get the taxed cart ready for me: I suppose I must go down. The doctor's lad can come with us."

Maddox, instructed by Abel, drove right through the village and down the lane to the scene of the fire. It was now raining steadily and the fire was extinguished, but the upper portion and much of the front of the little cottage had been destroyed. The old time-worn thatch had rendered it impossible even to arrest the flames, but the hand engine from Hilton had played freely on the back kitchen, which being roofed with tiles had been left standing. The story as told to Pilgrim was a very short one. The first alarm had been given by Andrew Mossingill, who discovered the fire while returning from his stable and who had aroused the village. There could be no doubt that the unfortunate tenant had perished in the flames, for what remained of the body,—a sickening heap of charred bone and tissue,—lay under a tarpaulin in the church The brass ring of a small household lamp had also been recovered, and it was Dr. Teulon's opinion either that the woman had had a fit or that she had accidentally upset the light. Nothing more could be done except to notify the coroner and hold the inquest. It was a sad case, and one which, as the doctor said, showed the folly of using oil lamps in bedrooms instead of keeping to the good old round-bottomed tin candlestick.

Two days went by before the inquest was held, and the coroner, when he came was evidently in a hurry to get the thing over. The evidence, such as it was, was clear enough,—the only witness who had known Harriet Bates prior to her coming to Withington being Abel Pilgrim. She was, he testified, a distant relative of his own, a sort of forty-second cousin, and

she had been in receipt of a small annuity, he thought from somewhere abroad. The verdict was "Accidental death," and the jury had scarcely retired when the remains were consigned to the churchyard within stone's throw of the blackened ruins of what had been Harriet Bates' last home on earth. Abel Pilgrim was the only mourner at the funeral, and he played his part very well.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE swallow is come! This was of old, as it is to-day, the joyous cry with which the children of the Cyclades welcomed springtime. Far be it from me to disparage the "isles of Greece," sacred alike in their memories to poet, patriot, and warrior, the beauteous diamonds set in the translucent bosom of the sky-reflecting Ægean! Lovely though they doubtless are with a beauty all their own and matchless in its way, nevertheless, dear reader, it seems to my simple judgment that spring is nowhere else so bewitchingly delightful as where the homing exile,—the waters of the Channel laving the prow of his wave-worn barque,

> "Draws in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
> Of England, blown across her ghostly wall."

This was precisely the sentiment of Captain Cross, of the stout ship Nizam, one April morning when, after a quick passage from Bombay, they made the land with the Lizard head bearing west-nor'-west abaft the quarter. The weather for the past three days had been very clear, allowing observations to be taken, so that the landfall, despite the somewhat variable currents, was a remarkably true one, and the captain was well pleased. The breeze was off the land and a little ahead, and the aroma of boiling coffee, borne aft from the galley, was a grateful intimation that breakfast was nearly ready. Perhaps the honest skipper in some measure confounded this matutinal incense with the perfume of Cornish hedgerows, for, turning to the second mate,—our old friend Tom Scantlebury, who had won his certificate and promotion immediately after his last voyage,—he said:

"Seems to me I could find old England by my nose, just as Columbus and his Spaniards discovered the West Indies. Talk of your Spice Islands and Araby the Blest,—bah!"

The intensity of his emotion having found a safety-valve in this most expressive interjection, the skipper felt much relieved.

"Keep her off a point or so, Mr. Scantlebury, so as to get all we can out of the wind. 'Twill be as much as we can do to keep you out of the jolly-boat between this and the Bolt, I expect. What would she say this fine morning if she knew the Nizam was a dozen miles or so off St Meva!"

This was a chance shot of the skipper's, but like the arrow discharged at Ramoth-gilead it found a mark. The warm blood rushed to the mate's sun-dyed cheek, and the dauntless eye grew softer in its glance over the blue water at the thought of home. Towards noon the breeze died away, and Tom caught a distant glimpse of the brown sails of the mackerel drivers as one by one they put forth in quest of the deep-water schools of fish. When, later on, the wind drew abaft the beam and rose to a steady blow, it seemed to him that the old hooker, as he contemptuously termed the gallant vessel, was as stiff and sluggish as Noah's ark. Tom was impatient to reach London, to have the voyage over, and to find himself once more in St. Meva invested with the glories which, as he well knew, in that community invariably encompassed the ocean sailor. Above and beyond that, however, there was a yet more powerful motive. Among his letters from home while in India there was one from Frank Trevena in which was included a kind remembrance

from Amy Varcoe, and Tom, knowing nothing of the events which had occurred during his absence, had long buoyed himself up with the hope that, now that he was in a fair way to attain the topmost rung in his profession, his devotion and constancy would be rewarded.

In affairs of the heart your sailor is always as shy and reticent as he is tender and true. Thus it was that Tom, when at last he reached St. Meva, forebore, while inquiring after friends and acquaintances, from mentioning her who was the first and last in his thoughts. Whether or not they suspected the state of his heart, it is certain that his parents did not once allude to Amy, and Tom, retentive of his secret, refrained from questioning them.

It was late in the forenoon of the following day before he finished unpacking his chests and submitting his Indian treasures to examination. Early in the morning Frank Trevena ran in to greet him and to put in a claim for his company in the evening, for the School Board met that day and Frank was now a busy man. After dinner Tom went out, to be welcomed on all sides by those who had known him from his cradle, for in the coast towns of England the man who has recently returned from a long voyage is always a hero. At the door of the Ship Inn he saw Job Maxom, who was discussing the points of a horse which had just been harnessed to a travelling chaise. The hostler no sooner caught sight of Tom than, abandoning his dispute with the driver of the aforesaid horse, he trotted across the street.

"Halloa, Cap'n Scantlebury !" he cried, "hawm again at last, well an' 'earty. I'm proud to zee you, an' zo'll Mrs. Rosevear be, too. Come in, come in."

"Not now, Job," returned Tom, "I am in a hurry. Here's something to drink my health with. What carriage is that at the door, Job?"

"Come from the Royal, St. Austell, ha'f-an-hour ago," said Job. "That boy who drived down tried to make out that his hoss 'll cover more ground than our bay, the one we use in the four-wheeler, the shay. But he's a fool, wi' the chiny clay from the diggins not out of his eyes, —he knaw a hoss! Pshaw! Who d'ye s'pose he drived down though, Cap'n?"

"That's too hard a riddle for me, Job," said Tom; "some commercial traveller perhaps, or maybe a new Wesleyan preacher,—the Bryanites mostly walk, I think."

"He drived down two 'Mericans," declared Job impressively; "waun on 'em, called Divilbiss, was here three year ago, —many's the shilling I had from him, I tell 'ee; 'tother's a black-eyed chap who doan't look so givish, I'm afeared."

"Well, Job, my boy," said the young sailor, "I must be going: tell me, is all well up at the Varcoes'?"

"All well, Cap'n, right as a trivet, 'iss, 'iss, all well. Lord, there she is! I hear the missus," and Maxom ran off, leaving Scantlebury to make his way up the street.

Amy Varcoe and her mother received the young sailor with every mark of regard. He had always been a prime favorite with the latter, and before he went to sea Tom and Amy were known as the little sweethearts. Poor fellow! It was the happiest time he was fated ever to know, the few golden hours that he passed in the society of Amy that afternoon.

They asked him to stay to tea and he consented. It would have been amusing to observe his bashfulness, had not Amy known its cause and sympathized with him. She was willing that her mother should be the first to convey to him the news of her betrothal, for she had seen by intuition that Tom knew nothing whatever of the presence of Gilbert in St. Meva; and when tea was over she, with a gently worded excuse, began her preparations for the weekly music practice at the church, Frank Trevena having yielded up the post of organist shortly after Amy's return from Norfolk. She half expected that Tom would volunteer to escort her as far as the

church, and was considerably relieved to find that he did not seize this opportunity to press his suit. It was something gained to have the pain of a refusal adjourned, if only for a day; and she thought it impossible for Tom to remain in St. Meva very long without learning enough to convince him that his love was misplaced.

That she had somewhat prematurely felicitated herself was made evident enough when, after a tedious practice, prolonged by Mr. Lear's anxiety on the subject of Easter anthems, she found Tom awaiting her just outside the style. There was, she saw at once, no escape; the ordeal had to be faced, and there was every reason for wishing that it might not be a distressing process.

"Amy," he began, "you are perhaps surprised to find me waiting for you. Will you not walk a little way back on the Chesewarne road? it is a beautiful evening, and I would like to tell you something."

"I am later than I expected to be, Tom," she said, "and mother will be looking for me. No; you can tell me just as well between here and the town. What is it you have to say? no foolish lovemaking, I hope."

"And why not, Amy? We have known each other ever since we were children and—"

"Tom," said Amy firmly, "three years ago and not far from where we now are, I told you that we could never be more than friends. You have not forgotten?"

"Forgotten? no," he replied, "but I thought then, Amy, that perhaps you were a little excited; and then you had just had a romantic adventure, and your mind was full of the gentleman who had come to the rescue. I made allowances for that, Amy. But now you are more of a woman, and better able to judge. You know I have always loved you dearly, and now that my prospects in life are good and my way clear, you will agree to become my wife?—say Yes, Amy."

"I cannot, Tom, for I am the promised wife of another," she answered. "Listen, Tom; as we go home you shall hear all about it; my little romance I call it."

"Wait a bit, Amy: the promised wife of another, you said? Let me pull myself together a bit, for I'm taken all aback by this. Your little romance, Amy? Well, it seems that my little romance is ended, so I may as well shut up the book."

Poor fellow! he tried to carry it off bravely, but the tremor in his voice plainly indicated the depth and intensity of his emotion. For a brief interval they walked on without speaking, and then Tom said, almost in a whisper:

"Now, Amy, I can bear to ask his name. Who is he? what is he? some shipwright, perhaps, just out of his time, and looking forward to being put on the establishment at Devonport Dockyard, or it may be he's a driver owning a boat and nets. Who is he, Amy?"

As he proceeded Tom's tone became bitter and sarcastic, but Amy, full of compassion for the sorrow that she knew he felt, appeared not to notice it.

"Yes, Tom," she said, "he is a fisherman, and, as you say, he has a lugger and is doing well."

The young sailor stopped suddenly, for the thought that Amy had preferred some ignorant, untravelled, inexperienced pilchard catcher almost threw him off his mental balance, and he began to fear some outburst of violent passion on his own part.

"A fisherman!" he said contemptuously, "and he has a lugger, eh? Perhaps you do not care to tell me who he is, for, after all, you might have looked higher than that, Amy. Never mind, I'd rather not hear it, I think."

"His name is Gilbert Arderne, Tom; you know him well, but he is only a fisherman now. I am to be his wife; we shall be married soon, perhaps."

"Arderne! Mr. Arderne of the Gitana?" exclaimed the young sailor; "it isn't possible. You are joking, Amy; fooling me, I think."

"No, Tom, no. You knew long before

you left England that he had lost his estate, didn't you?"

"Yes, yes," said Tom; "but what brought him down here? Ah! I see it all: he loved you from the first. Good night, Amy. I shall take a turn or two along the lane and smoke my pipe while I wear off the chafing."

"Good night, Tom; such a little disappointment will only make us better friends in the long run," returned Amy; but the young man had started off so rapidly that it was doubtful if this assurance reached his ears.

Later on that evening Scantlebury learned all that Frank Trevena had to impart in the way of news. He kept his own secret bravely, but not so closely that his friend was blinded to the state of Tom's feelings. However, Frank suffered no sign of this to escape him, and he wisely attempted to divert Tom's attention by telling him of the unexpected return to St. Meva of Mr. Divilbiss, the generous American to whom he, Frank, was so much indebted, and who was even now a guest at Mrs. Rosevear's with another gentleman, also an American. Tom endured all this with exemplary resignation, but when, having temporarily exhausted the topic, Frank stopped talking, he soon discovered that in all probability the young sailor had heard without comprehending him.

"Tell me, Frank," he said, "how does this Arderne carry himself now that he has had such a downfall in the world? He was a great swell when you and I first met him,—proud as Lucifer, you remember. What do they think of him up at Bodrugan? Are they friends?"

"Scarcely friends, I think, Tom; but Mr. Lear respects him more than ever. It may seem strange to you, but I honestly believe he does. That old superciliousness, or pride as you call it, has vanished, and Gilbert Arderne is a steady, dignified man. He is not above his profession either; but I tell you, Tom, that if you were to see him, as I have, up to his knees in pilchards, you would know him for a gentleman."

"Aye, curse it!" cried Tom. "I don't doubt that, and I wish it was otherwise. I wish I could stand up with him on the grass and have it out Cornish fashion. I'd like to have him meet Sir Guy and be told a bit of his mind on the subject of disgracing his proper station in life."

"Nonsense, Tom," returned Trevena, "there's no disgrace in honest labor when a man has to do it. But you are a bit jealous, I think. Pshaw, man! there's as good fish in the sea as was ever drawn out of it, or there would be if those infernal trawlers could be made to throw the young fry overboard."

Strangely enough, Tom Scantlebury was a few days later in a position to have one wish gratified. He had seen Gilbert often from a distance, but had made no attempt to renew his acquaintance. On this particular afternoon, while the fishermen were leisurely preparing to "go out," Tom had run across Joe Elvins. Improving the opportunity, the old fisherman was making free with some of the younger man's plug tobacco, when Sir Guy Bodrugan, accompanied by Mr. Restormel, came down the quay.

"The very man I want," exclaimed the baronet when he saw the veteran; "Elvins, this is Mr. Restormel, who has heard so much of the ground bass of the Gwineas that he has been bothering me for weeks to have a try at them. I told him you were the only man in St. Meva who knew the ground well, and here we are. Will you take us out this afternoon?"

"Well, Sir Guy," replied Joe,—Scantlebury having fallen back a few yards out of respect,—"'tis like this with me to-day. Waun o' the boys is laid up with a felon,—he's been nearly 'mazed the whole week wi' the pain,—and I've got to run the lugger out to-day for the men's sake. But I'll tell you what, I can show you and your friend a man who knows the ground as well as I do. His nets are drying, and he has an empty boat and a good waun. Be-

sides, he's an ould friend o' yours, too, and here he comes, right in the nick o' time for 'ee."

The party stood partly behind some nets which had been spread to dry on oars resting like tent-poles against the inner wall of the quay at the corner of the Cliff slip. From his position facing the gentlemen, Elvins was the first to discern the approach of Gilbert from the Cliff, and in a moment the old fellow hailed him.

"Here," he cried, "is the very man. Mr. Arderne, here's an old friend who wants to try his luck out at the Gwineas. I'm tellin' un that you'll take un out. Is that right?"

As he turned towards the new-comer and recognized his old friend, the hot blood surged up through Sir Guy's veins and crimsoned his face and neck. It was their first encounter for three years, and they were both keenly aware of the awkwardness of the situation. Of the two it was evident that our hero was the more collected, for he had bowed to the baronet and his friend although he did not immediately answer old Joe's question.

"I want a fisherman, not an amateur," said the baronet coldly. "Restormel, if Elvins can't take us out we must find some one who can."

"You are mistaken, Sir Guy," observed our hero calmly, "if you call me an amateur. I am a fisherman, earning my living that way; somewhat of a tyro perhaps, but still a fisherman."

Perhaps it vexed the baronet to see his old friend standing there looking so self-contained and at ease in his blue serge shirt and open jacket of dark cloth, while he himself was so ill at ease. At any rate he so far forgot himself as to say:

"A gentleman fisherman, one of the craft and yet conscious that he is above it! For shame, Gilbert Arderne! the position you have chosen is unworthy one of your birth and breeding."

"I do not think so, Sir Guy Bodrugan," replied Gilbert, "and excuse me if I say that in this matter I hold myself the better judge. But there is a way out of the difficulty: Elvins shall take my boat and I will fill his place in his own lugger. Let it be this way, old friend," he said to Joe; "I hope you will enjoy yourselves, gentlemen."

As our hero turned away in the direction of old Joe's lugger, Tom Scantlebury stepped forward.

"If you please, Sir Guy, I will borrow this *gentleman's* boat,"—Tom never before laid so great stress on a word,—"I can pilot you to the Gwineas with my eyes shut."

"Aye, aye, my lad, but I'm 'feared they'll get poor fishing with you for cap'n," cried Elvins. "This is young Scantlebury, Sir Guy, just home from Indy; he's a second mate now. Well, 'tis good in Mr. Arderne to take my place to-night, and Sir Guy, if you've no objection, we'll take his boat."

"On condition that Mr. Scantlebury will make one with us, yes, Joe. I should have preferred some other boat, though. However, if you are ready, let us be off."

As they crossed the bar Sir Guy and his company had an excellent opportunity of learning that at any rate Gilbert Arderne was a good judge of a boat, for the St. Meva's Pride, with her large lug drawn taut aft, easily led the van of the outgoing fleet. Mr. Restormel especially was eloquent in voicing her praise, but Scantlebury almost cursed the trim lugger when old Joe said:

"Yes, she's a fine boat, a fine boat as there is 'twixt the Rame and the Land's End, and she's named after a fine woman too."

"A woman?" cried Restormel, "why what woman is St. Meva's pride, I should like to ask?"

"What woman?" cried Elvins, "why Amy Varcoe, the little girl who is to marry the owner of this lugger. The boat's named after her. Ha! ha! ha!"

(To be continued.)

A MIDSUMMER SERMON.

BY EDITOR OF "PUCK."

By its own tale the Church is in bad days. Not only are we poor sinners running after strange gods, but the very priests in the temple are turning against their idols, seeking to cast them down and to set up new ones of a strange and fearful fashion. And the keepers of the temple are loath to put them to the door, fearing a revolution that would shatter the temple walls.

The situation is not novel. Periodically, through all its days, the Church has had to face it. First it produces heretics; then it expels them. And after a time of protest it moves forward to where the offenders stood. There follows a time of rest, until other heretics push on and blaze another section of the endless path. All thinking has had to be done outside the Church, and despite its best efforts to prevent it. Only in strenuous and generally bloody opposition to it have we been able to emerge our little way from barbarism. It has never led, but always followed. It was as eager to uphold human slavery in this country as it was two centuries and a half before to punish the heretic who announced the earth's motions. But for the heretics it has hatched we would have no science, no art, no literature, no justice, no humanity. The Christian religion itself rests upon the teachings of one of the rankest heretics of all time—a rough, untaught carpenter, a radical socialist who insulted the prosperous, attacked the most sacred institutions of his day, assaulted brokers in the stock exchange and behaved generally in a manner that, were he to try it in New York to-day, would secure him six months on the island as an "anarchist."

It should be seen, therefore, that there is nothing in the situation to alarm us work-a-day people who have to get along the best we can. Watching the ever-widening circle that rejects its husks of dogma, the Church declares that we are grown indifferent to religion. But this is because it cannot see through the wall it always builds around itself at every resting place. To those outside, it is apparent that we are nearing one of those spiritual awakenings that mark history at regular intervals. Even while the self-immured Church puzzles as to why its congregations fall off, the people that once composed them are finding elsewhere a rational, working religion that their growing minds demand.

The world seems to be demanding a religion that will help it right here and now. Too long has the Church taught man how to die. He now insists that he is worthy enough in himself to be taught how to live. He emphatically rejects all creeds that describe him as a worm of the dust with ninety-eight chances out of a hundred of roasting in perpetuity because he wouldn't let some one else do his thinking for him. He has come to know that there never was such a thing as the "fall of man";—that man has never done anything but rise. He finds a revelation in his own consciousness to which all written revelation must conform or be thrown aside. He has quit singing

that earth is a desert drear and heaven is his home; he no longer sings that he wants to be an angel, "a crown upon his forehead, a harp within his hand." His developing sense of humor has shown him the mythical character of that ridiculous, impotent, revengeful, pomp-loving old barbarian—the creation of a cruel, bloody-minded tribe of barbarians—that the Church has so long scared him into worshiping as God. He ignores alike its threat of an absurd hell and its promise of an equally absurd paradise. He scorns the revolting imagery of blood that runs red through all its fetichism; and scorns, too, its childish clinging to the grotesque Pagan myths of his creation.

And all this reform has come chiefly from the curious physiological fact that as men grow more highly individualized they grow also more keenly conscious of each other's sensations. To a thinking man it is no longer of any importance whether a whale swallowed Jonah and subsequently regretted the act; whether the sun, "stood still" at Joshua's command or whether God inspired a she-bear to eat some children who were unable to control their mirth at sight of a bald-headed prophet. But it is a matter of daily increasing importance that famine stalks beside repletion in a world of golden plenty for all; that he should have a full stomach and a warm back while his neighbor perishes of hunger and cold. What he must have is a religion to remedy this and not one to tell him about a good time in a far-off, colorless heaven of crowns and harps. And he is finding it, out in the world, in social and industrial reform; slowly, clumsily, often stupidly, but surely. He already feels the oneness of the race enough to know with perfect certainty, though we were all "saved" but one poor, sinful heathen, and knew that he must suffer eternal torment, that there would never be a moment's peace for a single one of us. Truly we have grown better since Jonrthan Edwards discovered "Why the Saints in Glory Should Rejoice at the Sufferings of the Damned," or since the pious Michael Wigglesworth assigned children to the "easiest room in hell" because they would have been bad anyway had they lived. The Church may be afraid for our future; but that is the Church's fault and misfortune and not ours. And its anxiety will grow beautifully less when it has caught up with us.—*Puck.*

LIBERALISM IN SCOTLAND.

BY EDITOR N. Y. "TRIBUNE."

IF, as some say, the American Presbyterian Church is drifting away from its moorings, it is only following the example of its venerable mother, the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. American Presbyterian liberals have yet to fight for recognition and toleration; but in the Scottish Church that stage was passed some years ago. Professor Briggs would not have been molested in the church founded by John Knox. On the contrary, he would have found in it scholars and thinkers like-minded with himself. It is true the Biblical scholars and theologians of Scotland are more conservative than those of Germany. But for all that, some of them would have as hard a time in the American Pres-

byterian Church as Professor Briggs had. Nor is that all. A ritualistic tendency has grown up in the Scottish Church that has for its object the restoration of some liturgical and ceremonial features that were discarded at the Reformation. This movement meets with a sympathetic response from the people in the larger towns, and bids fair to revolutionize the church. Only in the remote country districts will one find the typical Presbyterians of the old days, and as they die there are none to take their places. Thus, in spite of its strong government and its uncompromising creed, Scottish Presbyterianism finds itself moving along in the stream of tendency.

But most remarkable of all is the drift away from the severe conception of life and religion that characterized the Scottish reformers. During the last few years there has been a noteworthy change of sentiment in regard to the observance of the Sabbath. Not long ago Principal Story, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, preached a sermon on Sabbath observance in Edinburgh. In this sermon he made a strong plea for a less rigid observance of the day, and especially for the opening of clubs, public gardens, museums, art galleries and libraries. And he referred in scornful terms to the "prosperous Pharisees" who opposed the opening of such places, and had no thought for the overworked men and women in their mills and factories whose lives were being shortened by unrelieved toil. He told how he had visited Continental cities, and had seen working men spending pleasant and profitable hours on Sunday, with their families and friends, in galleries full of beautiful works of art, or listening to music fitted to elevate and refine their thoughts. That so prominent and representative a man should thus hold up the Continental Sunday in a church in Scotland's capital city is a striking illustration of the change of sentiment that has come over the Scottish Church of to-day. It shows how difficult, if not impossible, it is for a Church to resist the tendencies of the time. It may refuse to change one iota of its creed; yet both ministers and people will modify that creed so as to square it with their environments. And against such a modification of creeds there is no protection, and can be no appeal.

The movement for the revision of the Westminster Creed in the American Presbyterian Church came to an untimely end some years ago, and there was great rejoicing on the part of the Conservatives. But the more or less unconscious modification of that creed in the thought of Presbyterians has been going on ever since. Against that tendency the General Assembly is helpless. It may suspend a Briggs or advise a McGiffert to withdraw for the sake of peace. But the sympathizers of these and other teachers of the new theology remain in both the pulpit and the pew, and any serious attempt to drive them out would split the church in two. In the old days, the people shaped their theology in accordance with the preaching of the pulpit; to-day, they read Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer, and are more or less familiar with the results of modern Biblical criticism. Their religious thinking is profoundly affected by these and other similar influences, and the only way in which the church can counteract such influences is to forbid the reading of all such books. But, of course, that would be ineffective, as it has no power to enforce such a prohibition.