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WHAT IS RELIGION?

A CONTROVERSY

BETWEEN THE LATE

MARCUS CLARKE

AND

DR. MOORHOUSE

(BISHOP OF MELBOURNE, 1880).

PRICE = ONE SHILLING.

Robert Barr, Printer, 105-7 Brunswick-street, Fitzroy.

1895.

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Resides in that heavenly word:
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford."

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INTRODUCTION.

"In all enquiry there should be manifested an equal devotion to the two cardinal points of Liberty and Duty, which are the correlatives in the sphere of action to the two cardinal points of Criticism and Belief in the sphere of thought."—J. S. MILL.

CIVILIZATION WITHOUT DELUSION.

By MARCUS CLARKE.

SETTING aside those men who openly exclaim against the churches, and call aloud for the establishment of some form of philosophic teaching which may replace a formula which they hold to be outworn, we cannot open a newspaper or a review without being made painfully aware that the solemn reverence with which the sacred mysteries of religion were once treated has disappeared, that periphrases innumerable are resorted to in order that writers may avoid admitting the possibility of miraculous occurrences, or of seeming to acquiesce in a belief in the supernatural. Among the best intellects of our time, how few are there who freely accept the dogmas of the priesthood; and among the priesthood itself how many are there who sadly seek to believe at once in fact and fable, and to reconcile the revelations of religion with the revelations of science. For this class, the struggle between science and religion is fraught with terrible interest. They would fain believe, despite their reason; they are compelled to reason, despite their belief. Seeing around them the foundations upon which they had built their hopes of happiness, fading into unsubstantialities; hearing day by day that some cherished and beautiful illusion has been taken from them, never to return; placed between furious bigotry on the one hand and

sneering infidelity on the other—the earnest minded upholders of the religion of Jesus suffer a martyrdom more terrible than that which sanctified the first preachings of his disciples in the streets of imperial Rome. To die in the service of a Prince, powerful to reward, who holds out promises of a splendid future to the heroes of his army, is really a death to be desired and envied. To feel that the heralds of the great Prince's power—themselves deceived—have spoken of palaces which are but cloud-built, and fertile lands of peace which have no existence—this is to suffer indeed, to taste all the agonies of martrydom, and to die without having grasped the crown.

Much has been said concerning the "world-smart," the weariness of life, the melancholy of modern thinkers. The melancholy of the age arises from this growing conviction, that the Religion of old time is insufficient for present needs, that the tender time of trustfulness in the supernatural is well-nigh over, and that the faith of our fathers is passing away from us. The reflections which passed through the mind of Froude's muser among the ruins of the old abbey, are now too familiar to the minds of most of us. "Look at me," the old ruin seemed to say, "Centuries have rolled away, the young conqueror is decrepit now, dying as the old faith died, in the scenes where that faith first died, and lingering where it lingered. The same sad, sweet scene is acting over once again. 'Twas the college of the priests, and they are gone, and I am but a dead ruin where the dead bury their dead. The village church is out-living me for a few more generations; there still ring Sunday after Sunday its old reverend bells, and there come still the simple peasants in their simple dresses—pastor and flock—still with the old belief; there beneath its walls and ruins they gather down into the dust, fathers and children sleeping there together waiting for immortality, wives and husbands, nestling side by side, in the fond hope that they shall wake and link again the love-chain

which death has broken. So simple, so reverend, so beautiful! Yet, is that, too, all passing away beyond recall? The old monks are dead, the hermit saints and hallowed relics are dust and ashes now. The fairies dance no more round the charmed forest ring. They are gone, gone even here. The creed seems to stand, but the creed is dead in the thoughts of mankind, its roots are cut away, down where alone it can gather strength for life, and other forms are rising there; and once again, and more and more as day passes after day, the aged faith of aged centuries will be exiled, as was the old, to the simple inhabitants of these simple places. Once for all, if you would save your heart from breaking, learn this lesson; once for all you must cease in this world to believe in the eternity of any creed or form at all. Whatever grows in time is a child of time, and is born, and lives and dies at its appointed day like ourselves." The writer of these words was expelled from his college-fellowship less than thirty years ago for writing them. Alas! what college would expel him now!

The predicted change has begun, and on all sides are warning notes—"ancestral voices prophesying war"—of coming ruin. The seasons run their course; the gentle spring of Christianity, its fierce summer, its liberal autumn, are ended, and louder in the ears of the pious believer in the stability of the rock-founded creed of Christendom, sounds the prophetic dirge of doom. The struggle of the reason and the emotions will tear in pieces the "well-built nest" of Faith:

> Its passions will rock thee,
> As the storms rock the ravens on high,
> Bright reason shall mock thee
> Like the sun in a wintry sky.
> From thy nest every rafter
> Shall rot, and thine eagle home
> Leave thee naked to laughter
> When leaves fall and cold winds come.

The leaves are fast falling, and the cold winds are

blowing. Where shall the human heart next build its sanctuary?

The primary reason for the revolution which is occuring in the moral world is the abandonment of belief in the Miraculous. Science having for the first time in the world's history succeeded in getting it generally understood that all the operations of nature are conducted upon certain fixed principles which no amount of spiritual exercise can affect, the comforting but delusive theory that God interferes to aid those who venerate him, and punish those who venerate him not, disappears. With admission of the argument that miracles have been, and are, impossible, the claims of all religions founded upon miraculous performances fall to the ground. In the eyes of unbelievers, the miracles of Moses, Christ, and Mohammed are of no more value than the miracles of Ulysses or of Mr. Home, and the claims of Moses, Christ, and Mohammed to be more than human teachers fall to the ground likewise. But the infidelity of the age goes further. A man can only believe that which is possible for him to believe, and a mind once convinced that God has been made out of ideas, and that it is as foolish to worship a God made out of ideas as it is to worship a God made out of wood, is brought face to face with the conclusion that prayers and praises are valueless, that no good deeds can avert misfortune, and no sins call down the vengeance of Heaven, that threats of future punishment and hopes of future reward are both made without reasonable foundation; and that there is no absolute certainty of any life but this.

Save, therefore, that violation of the laws of society, and violation of the laws of physical and moral health, bring generally, but not necessarily, certain well-known punishments, a bad man may live as happily as a good man, and a good man die a death as wretched as any formerly imagined to be the peculiar lot of the sinner. This, stripped naked, is the creed of the nineteenth century; nor is it confined to the little world of

Christendom. The increased facilities for the spread of information which have made this century so wonderful in the annals of the world, have placed the educated of all nations upon an equality of knowledge. The missionaries of rebellion are abroad, and almost simultaneously the educated Mussulman is informed that his paradise is a dream, the Brahmin that his self-denial is a folly, and the Buddhist that his hopes in Nirvana are as unreasonable as the fears of purgatorial fires, or the expectation of the musical glories of the orthodox Christian heaven.

The condition of a world thus deprived of the restraints of supernatural terrors appears very distressful. But the destruction of a set of religious beliefs does not necessarily mean the destruction of religion, in no way means the withdrawal of moral restraint. To love virtue because the lovers of vice will be eternally tormented, is but a poor sacrifice to the welfare of mankind. A man who performs acts of benevolence only to save his own soul, is a mean, selfish being. The Christian, Buddhist, or Brahmin who leads a moral life in this world merely to go to heaven in the next, is no further to be commended than the shopkeeper who is industrious and frugal in order to purchase the ease and retirement of a private villa. But the strong-souled man, who lives uprightly because he feels that selfishness and sin injure the welfare of his fellow-man, who does that which is his duty, that which he and all other free souls know to be their duty, without hope of present fee or future reward, that man needs the ministrations of no priests, and demands not the "consolations" of religion. But while honest men admit the moral grandeur of such a nature, they—being believers in a church of one sort—regretfully assert that outside the pale of that church there is no future salvation, or—being believers in a church of another sort—that the mass of mankind will not be governed by pure morality, and that the innate viciousness of human nature can only be controlled by forcing men to believe in matters their reason rejects, and

by threatening them with unbearable torments. To the believer who roundly protests that his miracles are true and that his church will last for ever, nothing can be said. He has surrendered his judgment, and put himself outside the pale of reason. But the doubter, the earnest pietist, the clinger to old forms, the sorrowful tribe of augurs who sigh, not smile, when they meet each other, may be asked to consider if humanity will really lose or gain by the extinction of a belief in the Supernatural. Religion can never die, for religion is a political necessity. It was political necessity which created it and nourished it, and which has moulded and will ever mould its outward forms to suit the requirements of the times.

There are at present five great supernatural religions—Buddhism, Judaism, Brahminism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity. Each of these is the result of the growth of the political life of the nation in which it first appeared. The manufacture of the religious feeling by the human intellect in various parts of the world, is a curious study, but its course and result are always alike. When the developed man began to communicate subjective ideas, he constructed a theology of the elements—he worshipped the Wind and the Fire. Soon he grew more intelligent, and finding that some of his tribe could bend wind and fire to their bidding, he turned his reverence in that direction. Then began Ghost-worship—the phantoms of departed warriors were invoked, and soon it came to be understood that the sky was peopled with these vanished great ones, who were as gods. The old men—the sages of the tribe—were the natural mediators between those whom they were so soon to join and the young men but newly entered upon life. Hence the Priesthood, the holy men alone fitted to speak of the mysteries of spirit-land. There was now established a spiritual kingdom, for the god is nothing but a heavenly spiritual despot, religion a form of spiritual government, and priests but spiritual magistrates who are paid to exercise their functions.

The earliest of these spiritual kingdoms was that of

Brahma. Its religion was originally but a worship of the elements. The invention of "caste" and a complicated ceremonial, established and enriched a powerful priesthood who taught the doctrine of metempsychosis, and recognized a future state of rewards and punishments. Buddhism was a revolt against the galling yoke of the Brahminical church. Its founder was the son of a king. He gave up worldly honours, and devoted himself to the cause of humanity. There is not a reference to God in the teachings of Buddhism. To live without pride, envy, or fear—to practice benevolence and patience—is the duty of man. According to man's life in this world will be his life in the next. Perfect happiness is Nothingness. The struggle between Brahminism and Buddhism was long, but the priests were finally compelled to modify their pretensions; and, as contact with surrounding nations increase, the attribution of a sacred character to "caste" is being gradually withdrawn. The customary fictions were told concerning Buddha. The memory of the young prince is now venerated by five hundred millions of people, who keep establishments of monks and nuns, and, having invented a theory of incarnation, worship the reformer as a god.

A somewhat similar form of worship to that of the early Brahmins existed in Egypt, but a more material civilization consolidated a more splendid form of religion. The priesthood held in its hand the whole of the intellectual life of the nation. Priests were physicians, lawyers, manufacturers, artists, musicians, and astronomers. They received into their hands the new-born babe, they travelled with him step by step through life, they nourished his manhood, they cheered his old age, and at his deathbed gave him a passport to paradise. A Bedouin sheik, named Abraham, had a great grandson who was sold by his brothers as a slave to the Egyptians. The boy rose, married the daughter of a priest, became the favourite of Pharaoh. The family of his father still survived, and, forgiving the injury which proved his

salvation, Joseph sent for the Arab clan and established them in the land which had fed him so bountifully. We are familiar with the misfortunes of the tribe. We know how Moses—again the fortunate favourite of another king—led the nation out of the country which had grown hostile to them, and precipitated them upon the fertile land of Canaan. But the slavery of Egypt had unmanned them. They were driven back, and wandered in the wilderness until a new generation had arisen among them, sons of the desert, bold and fierce, who made short work with the peaceful Canaanites. But Moses, not daring to make himself king of this people, saw the political necessity of establishing a religion. Drawing inspiration from his Egyptian lessons, he issued a series of laws and commands. Avowing himself to be in personal communication with God, he declared that God would bargain with the Arab tribe, that, in return for certain ceremonies and payments, success in war and plenteous harvests should be theirs. A priestly order—called Levites—was established, and the religion known as Judaism began its wondrous progress. It boots not to track the history of the descendants of Abrahams There came a time when they in their turn were driven out of their country, when, later still, another religion was brought into contact with theirs. In the lovely land of Greece, and by the shores of Roman Tiber, the same religious history had repeated itself. The rude savage, worshipping the sea, the stars, the air, had learnt to worship abstract forms of beauty. The elders had established a priesthood, and censers swung and psalms resounded in praise of fair Venus, or of Mars the war-god. The philosophic few smiled, as they always smile, at the vagaries of the vulgar, but the priesthood was powerful, and the people raved, as they ever rave, around their images and temples. The Jews refused to worship at the Roman shrines, and for some years a series of religious conflicts secured them a brief period of independence, terminated by another bondage. But

the Jews themselves were on the eve of a religious revolution.

The nation had already been dispersed. Judaism had never recovered the first captivity. The Jews of Judæa were still "Hebrews of the Hebrew"; they believed that the world was made for them, and that on their account alone did God create empires and destroy them. The Jews of exile were found in the most enlightened cities of the civilized world. Their business was commerce, and they sat in the porches of philosophers and the palaces of kings. The savage shackles of the Mosaic law were slipping from these travellers. Preserving the doctrine of the Unity of God, they mingled the philosophy of Plato with the theology of their fathers. An age of science had begun, and belief in the Miraculous was beginning to lose ground. In Jerusalem itself there were two parties: the Sadducees and the Pharisees. The Sadducees clung to the Law, and refused to believe in hell because there was nothing about such a place in the writings of Moses. The Pharisees were the zealots of the Jewish church. Minute in forms and ceremonies, they had adopted the Persian theory of the resurrection of the body and of the rivalry of an evil God. The Persians believed also that the evil God would one day be vanquished, and that a general deliverance from suffering and sorrow would take place. It had long been a prediction of Jewish prophets that some one of the descendants of King David would arise and re-establish the kingdom; in fact, numerous persons headed rebellions with this cry. Ultimately such a "Messiah" rose in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, who claimed to be the son of the "Most High," "spake as never man spake," and declared that hereafter his disciples should see him coming in the clouds of heaven to judge the earth. Jesus of Nazareth had long been obnoxious to the zealots of Jerusalem; He had called them opprobrious names, scoffed at their ceremonies, and reviled their customs. They did not miss the opportunity now afforded them. Jesus of

Nazareth was accused of treason, and executed by the civil power, while his disciples separated in trembling, to wait for his second advent. But among the doctrines which the enthusiast preached was one which was politically necessary at that period—the doctrine of the equality of all men in the eyes of God.

The civilized world, at the time of the death of Jesus, groaned under the intolerable despotism of the law of Might. There was no liberty. Tyrants tortured and killed the loveliest and the wisest, for caprice or greed. Philosophy was powerless to save, for philosophy cannot inspirit a nation of slaves by its cold and lofty teachings. But the Jews of Alexandria, of Antioch, and of Rome, found in the utterances of the Seer of Nazareth the wherewithal to comfort themselves. Another enthusiast, Saul of Tarsus, took up the story, and claimed that the whole Gentile world should hear the tidings of democratic freedom. The costly ceremonies of the law were dispensed with, the humble virtues of benevolence and patience preached by Sakya Muni were preached once again, to a world that laughed with Lucian at its own theology. Christianity, to use the majestic words of Gibbon, "offered itself, armed with the strength of the Mosaic law and delivered from the weight of its fetters."

But human nature had not altered since the days of Egypt. Established as a State religion, Christianity soon had its priests, its praying temples, and its holy shrines. Far inferior in intelligence to the priests of On, the bishops and monks of the Christian churches devoted themselves to inventing monstrous fables concerning themselves and their brethren, and murdering each other for believing in them. They quarrelled about the most wonderful matters—about the possibility of three being one and one three, of the indivisible being divided and not divided, of bread being flesh and wine being blood. The theological wars of Arius and Nestor laid waste the world, and the religion for which, in its simplicity, so

many martyrs had died, abandoned the East to its fate and fled to Egypt.

But the East was to have yet another reformer. The Bedouins yet preserved the simple faith of Abraham. They worshipped the One God, the Unknown; but the idolators who usurped the religion of Jesus had intruded even to Mecca their superstitious emblems. Six hundred years after the death of Jesus, the Caaba saw upon its walls a picture of him as a child-God, seated in the arms of his virgin-mother Mary. One Mohammed, a commercial traveller, who had married a rich widow, denounced this departure from the simple faith. The man was subject to epileptic fits, and imagined that he was possessed with a spirit, his disease culminating in his declaring himself the special messenger of God sent to restore the original faith of Abraham. By slow degress he won the faith of his people. He conquered the surrounding tribes. He gave laws like Buddha, and composed a sacred book like Moses. His religion overspread the birthplace of the Christian faith. A new religious war began, and for years the furious bigotry of dervishes and priests retarded the march of civilization.

The establishment of the teachings of the humble carpenter's son resulted in fact in the establishment of that extraordinary period of luxury, misery, heroism, and bloodshed, which we call the Middle Ages. The sublime teachings of the philosophers were forgotten. Ignorance was formally declared to be the mother of devotion, and amid plagues, war, and famine, Christianity focussed into the all-powerful, priest-elected bishop, who sat enthroned at Rome, on the site of the old pagan capital, and ruled supreme. Kings and emperors bowed before the successor to the fisherman of Gennesaret. At his nod a nation could be disenfranchised of its right to participate in the joys of heaven, at his command a murderer could be plucked from the torments of hell. It is true that he had hurled mankind into a deeper slavery than the world had yet known, but it is true that his servants ministered

to the wounded and the poor, as no men had ever ministered before. A frightful desire to bring the whole universe under the heel of priestly authority drove missionaries over land and sea. New countries—a New World—was opened to the wondering gaze of nations. Merchants and travellers voyaged hither and thither, and the luxuries, the literature, and the arts of the world flowed into Europe.

Political necessity now shaped anew the ancient faith. Luther and his schoolmen attacked the supreme authority of the pontiff. It was asserted that every man had a right to interpret the sacred writings for himself, that no divinity streamed from the finger-ends, that it was possible that Arius, who said that a father must exist before his son, was right, and that Nestor could find among the physicians some authority for his obstetrical assertions. At last the head of the priesthood was openly defied, and told that he was not, and should no more be, superior to kings. Political necessity demanded a Reformed Church, and triumphed as a matter of course. But soon kings themselves heard rough speech. In America, and in France, the people thought that monarchy had existed too long. A republic is the natural home of men of science; and the new school of philosophy, which teaches that what is contrary to reason is not to be believed, sprang into being on both sides of the Atlantic. From the teachings of that school come the heretical books which so alarm the worshipper at the old fane.

But the mere admission that the teachings of the priesthood are fallible has sealed its doom. The old Church still loudly asserts that she holds the keys of heaven and hell, that she is eternal, and will never die. Brave old Church! gallant defenders! faithful servants! But it is useless; the political necessity which created and sustained you has passed. March with marching civilization and you will live. Oppose it, and your shrines will be with those of Osiris, and your temples

with those of Egypt. The age of the Miraculous is over. The belief in sacred incarnations, in heavenly interpositions, in personal relations with the awful Spirit of the Universe, is dead. The temples are still full of worshippers, the offerings still tinkle in the plates, the confessionals are still thronged with breast-beating penitents, and the bed-sides of the dying still cheered by the sweet delusions poured into too willing ears. But go out into the world. Where is your religion then? Does it inspire the politician, assist the man of science, or aid the physician? No, it embarrasses them all. Do its teachings lighten the heart of the philosopher, or assist the efforts of the philanthropist? Read the literature of the day—sip the life-blood of the running age—and answer.

The position claimed by the new teachers—the teachers who tell us how to use the telegraph, the photograph, the graphotype, and the telephone—has been explained by the writer, whose words have already been planted deep in the mind-soul of English-speaking men, I refer to the great Tyndall. "All religious theories, schemes, and systems which embrace notions of cosmogony, or which otherwise reach into its domain, must, in so far as they do this, submit to the control of science, and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and is simply fatuous to-day. Every system which would escape the fate of an organism too rigid to adjust itself to its environment, must be plastic to the extent that the growth of knowledge demands." The measure of the people's knowledge is the measure of the people's religion. Educate your children to understand the discoveries of Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin, and you will find them pleasantly laughing at the old fables of Jonah, Balaam, and Lazarus. Mankind, freed from the terrors of future torments, and comprehending that by no amount of prayers can they secure eternal happiness for their souls, will bestow upon humanity the fervour which they have

hitherto wasted in sighs and hymns. The creed which teaches that the intellect should be distrusted will fade away. The interests now felt in churchmen's disputations will be transferred to discoveries of science. The progress of the world will be the sole care of its inhabitants; and the elevation of the race, the only religion of mankind. And this consummation of civilization is nearer at hand than many think. "The demonstrably false," says a writer in the *North Ameriean Review*, "now exists in occasional and limited survivals," and if the process of popular enlightenment continues in the future as in the present, "a twentieth century will see for the first time in the history of mankind a civilization without an active and general delusion."

DR. MOORHOUSE'S REPLY.

IN attempting an answer to the paper of Mr. Marcus Clarke, entitled "Civilization without Delusion," I am met by several inconvenient peculiarities of treatment. First, the author has not stated his positions in any logical order. Secondly, he has scarcely thought it worth his while to support them by argument. And thirdly, the positions he takes are so extreme that, except by a very small school of atheistic materialists, they are not likely to be defended.

It is not easy, therefore, to throw my answer into a logical form; nor, even were this possible, would any reply to Mr. Clarke be accepted as a sufficient reply to the latest form of sceptical objection. In order to diminish these inconveniences as far as possible, I shall, first, endeavour to state Mr. Clarke's principal positions; and secondly, instead of confining myself to answering his objections, I shall endeavour to reply to those existing phases of unbelief from which they have been hastily, and I fear I must say, carelessly, derived. Mr. Clarke's principal contentions are these:—

(1) Supernatural religion is moribund; and the battle against it as good as over.

(2) This is so, because, "with the admission of the argument that miracles have been and are impossible, the claims of all religions founded upon miraculous performances fall to the ground."

(3) All supernatural religions have had a natural origin. Each of them "is the result of the growth of the political life of the nation in which it first appeared."

It may be observed with respect to (1), that ever since the critical attack of the author of "Supernatural Religion" was hurled back so rudely by the present Bishop of Durham, sceptics have been beating about for a safer mode of approach. The historical method is too tedious. Since the acceptance by sceptical critics of the greater part of St. Paul's Epistles, it gives too great an advantage to the defenders of the faith. It is necessary to find "a short and ready method" with the supernatural.

And what so easy, in these circumstances, as to make believe that the discussion is over; that Christianity is an exploded superstition; that the Church is an interesting, but melancholy survival; and that what remains is to put it out of its pain with as little violence as possible, to give it decent burial, and to pronounce over its grave an *éloge* so tenderly poetical that it shall soothe the feelings of any possible mourners. This of course can easily be done on the supposition that the Church is dead. For "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

But what if the Church refuses to be buried? What if by a thousand streams of influence, and ten thousand works of beneficence, she proves that she is alive—and the most potent living thing, moreover in this world and century? She may resist interment—and what is to be done with her then? Clearly in that case, seeing that the age is past in which the burial of the living was tolerated—you must at least kill her, before you put her in the tomb. But how then?—with what weapon? What is the short and easy method of despatch?

Oh! since she is built upon miracles, deny that a miracle is possible, and so at a single stroke you get rid of her and her story. This is accordingly what Mr. Clarke has done. But then, unfortunately for him, this has become by this time a somewhat stale device, and one, moreover, which has been already abandoned by the craftiest combatants on our author's own side; because they have clearly perceived that no man can prove a

miracle to be impossible. For, what do we mean by a miracle? We mean simply an occurrence within the realm of nature, which transcends the power of man, and cannot be accounted for by any of the laws of nature with which we are acquainted. To say, as Hume does, that such an occurrence is "a violation of the laws of nature," is to assume that we are acquainted with all the rules of natural action, and can pronounce magisterially that the fact in question can be ranged under none of them—an assumption which is clearly fallacious. The utmost that can be said is, that when a given occurrence is the product of mechanical forces, we are led by the analogy of nature to suppose that those forces operated according to *some* law. Introduce, however, the action of human volition, and even this modest statement must consent to submit to further limitation. As J. S. Mill puts it, "human volition is constantly modifying natural phenomena, not by violating their laws, but by using their laws."

It is related, for instance, by Mr. Whymper, that when he reached the summit of the Matterhorn, on the occasion of its first ascent, he saw a party, led by Professor Tyndall, returning from an unsuccessful attempt to scale the same summit. Being determined that they should be aware of his good fortune, he took up large fragments of rock, and sent them thundering down the mountain, among the snows of which they gathered small avalanches, finally coming to rest, with their snowy burden, in places which they never could have reached but for the interference of human volition. Here is an illustration of the *use* of natural laws. It was muscular contraction which gave the stones their direction and initial velocity; it was the force of gravity which sped them on their way; and it was the resistance of impact and friction which brought them to rest. But what was the force which called all these natural energies into play, employing them to produce a result different from

that which would have been produced in the ordinary course of nature? It was the volition of Mr. Whymper. As Professor Noah Porter has shown, the effort of Professor Tyndall to reduce volition to a mere step in a chain of physical sequences has been an entire failure. Professor Tyndall imagines a merchant thrown into a state of intense alarm and activity by a disquieting telegram. He then asks, "What caused the merchant to spring out of his chair? The contraction of his muscles. What made his muscles contract? An impulse of nerves, which lifted the proper latch and liberated the muscular power. Whence this impulse? From the centre of the nervous system. But how did it originate there? This is the critical question."

It is indeed; and how does Professor Tyndall answer it? By assuming that the action was caused by the impact of the undulating light upon the retina, "which in its turn imparts another impact to *something* causing terror, which in its turn, by another stroke, is transformed into hope, till at last the latch is lifted and the muscular power is set free." Who can see anything approaching to an explanation in a set of gratuitous assumptions like these? What is there in the blow of a wave upon a material substance to create a state of consciousness. The two things have no common term or state to connect them.

All that Professor Tyndall can suggest is, that the effect of the wave-stroke on the retina operates on something which transmutes it into the state of consciousness we call fear. But of what nature is that something? and how is the effect of a blow transformed into a state of consciousness? The explanation explains nothing, except the hopelessness of reducing mental phenomena to the links in a chain of mere physical sequences. Such attempts will always be wrecked against the common experience of mankind. Our consciousness affirms with a confidence which nothing can shake, that the "Ego"

which remembers, thinks, feels, and determines, is something more than the nervous battery which it uses. With the admirable candour which distinguishes him, Professor Tyndall, no longer ago than last autumn, recognized in the *Nineteenth Century* the grave difficulty which beset his theory. "When we endeavour to pass," says he, "from the phenomena of physics to those of thought, we meet a problem which transcends any conceivable expansion of the powers which we now possess."

But this being so—human volition being something more than a form of physical force, and having the power to produce effects outside the series of mere physical sequences—why are we forbidden to suppose that, when fitting occasion arises, the Divine will may intervene, to produce, in accordance with natural laws, effects which transcend the power of man, and could not be evolved in the ordinary course of nature? It does not help the sceptic to urge that will is always determined by motive, for the origin of motive is at least as obscure as that of will. Besides, as that pre-eminently calm and fair reasoner, J. S. Mill, has admitted, if you think by the union of will and motive to bring human volition under the dominion of law, you must admit that the exertion of the Divine volition is consistent with the existence of law, "since we cannot but suppose the Deity in every one of His acts to be determined by motives."

If, then, there be a God, his extraordinary interference at critical periods of human history cannot be said to be impossible. Mr. Mill concedes this, almost in so many words, "Once admit a God," says he, "and the production by his direct volition of an effect which in any case owed its origin to his creative will . . . must be reckoned with as a serious possibility." As Mr. Clarke, however, thinks that there is no God but one "made out of ideas," whom it is "foolish to worship," in our further examination of his principal position that

"miracles are impossible," we must inquire whether (1) in Nature and (2) in man we find unequivocal intimations of the existence of a God.

In considering the first division of this question, we must be careful neither to fall into the ambiguity of Paley, nor into the fallacy of Hume. Paley, at great length, and with admirable lucidity of statement and illustration, proves that there are marks of what he calls design in nature, arguing then that since design implies a designer, there must have been a Designer of Nature. It has been fairly objected to this argument that, in using the word "design," he begs the whole question, for the very word *design* implies already some conceiving mind. Let us then state the argument in a form which shall be unexceptionable.

Whenever the human mind discovers a combination or collocation of phenomena, which by their united action tend towards a definite result, it intuitively pronounces that such a combination is the work of intelligence. Seeing, then, that in nature we find innumerable instances of such combinations, we conclude instinctively and inevitably that natural phenomena are the work of intelligence. In this argument Hume would have objected to the use of the word "intuitively." He urged that while we rightly inferred purpose from marks of adaptation in objects which we knew from experience to be the works of man, we had no warrant for drawing the same inference in respect to objects of the origin of which we had no experience. The fallacy of this objection consists in the assumption that our inference of purpose from marks of adaptation is only justified by experience. As a matter of fact, it does not arise from experience at all, but is an intuitive conclusion of the mind. As Dr. Thompson has well put it—"In the gravel beds of the Somme were picked up at first a few flint stones bearing rude marks of having been shaped for use. No human remains were associated with them. The beds in which they lay were

hitherto supposed to antedate the appearance of man. Yet those shapen flints produced in every observer the instantaneous conviction that man was there at the period of this formation." There was no need of such experience as Hume requires; no need of any knowledge that human beings had ever formed such implements. There were marks upon the flints of adaptation to some use; therefore they had been shaped by intelligent purpose. The marks were not such as could be accounted for by any natural process, or by the action of any inferior animal; therefore the intelligence which had shaped them was human.

Take, again, the marks of adaptation to be found in the works of the ant or the bee. We have no experience in this case of the nature of what used to be roughly called the instinct from which such works proceeded. But we must all remember how in earlier days our intuitive inference of intelligence from adaptation struggled against an arbitrary theory of the nature of animals; while now we see that the struggle has been successful, and that by most instructed persons intelligence is conceded to creatures which are capable of such works. No doubt the uniformity of the design in such work, and the absence in it of any sign of improvement in successive generations, betoken a low order of intelligence; but intelligence it still certainly is.

If, therefore, the conclusion that adaptation means intelligent purpose be as clearly intuitive as that other conclusion "every change implies a cause," then it is not less applicable to the works of nature than to the works of man. Who, indeed, can examine such combinations of means as those employed to secure the circulation of the blood, or to produce the vision of external objects, without perceiving at once the marks of adaptation to a definite end? Were one of those means absent, or combined with the others in the way of a less delicate and perfect co-operation, the end would not be reached. It is impos-

sible for a healthy mind to contemplate such adaptations without instinctively assuming that they are the product of an intelligent purpose.

How is Professor Tyndall himself obliged to speak of that triple complexity, by which, through the constitution of light, the molecular structure of bodies, and the peculiar structure of the human eye and brain, we get our sensation of light and colour? "Whence," he asks, "this triple complexity? If what are called material purposes were the only end to be served, a much simpler mechanism would be sufficient. But, instead of simplicity, we have prodigality of relation and *adaptation*, and this apparently for the sole purpose of enabling us to see things robed in the splendour of colour. Would it not seem that nature *harboured the intention* of educating us for other enjoyments than those derivable from meat and drink?"

Now, what is it here which "adapts," which cherishes a "purpose," which "harbours an intention?" That Professor Tyndall conceives of an intelligent *something* behind these phenomena is plain. He calls the something, nature. But this is clearly a mere verbal symbol, a kind of algebraical x, standing for the unknown. Does he mean, by nature, the whole mass of matter and force which constitutes the universe? If so, what ground have we, even of analogy, for attributing purpose or design to an aggregation of force and material which is in itself the subject of the adaptations which we observe? Purpose, so far as we know it, can only be conceived by an intelligent individual, animal or human; and we measure the power of the individual intelligence which conceived such purpose by the variety and progression of adaptation exhibited in its products.

Following, then, the inevitable suggestions of our own thought, we are impelled to the conclusion that the marks of purpose exhibited in nature denote the action of an individual intelligence, indefinitely wiser and more powerful than man.

It is at this point that science helps us so greatly to clear and enlarge our perceptions of the Great Author of Nature. Think first of the increasing richness of variety in natural adaptation, which is being disclosed by the researches of physiologists; think next of the vastly enlarging chain of progression and improvement in natural type, revealed by the long geological succession of vital forms, from the lowest zoophyte up to man.

If we measure the degree of an animal's intelligence by the variety of its products and its capacity for improvement, what shall we say of the intelligence which linked sun to planet, which sped the light-waves on their way, which bathed the earth with creative warmth and radiance, and which led forth in long succession, and endless exuberance of variety, the vast procession of terrestrial life? That it is one and indivisible, is already suggested by the unity of purpose which runs through all the ages; and still more strikingly by that grandest generalization of science, the correlation of forces. Once men thought that in heat they beheld one force, in light another, in electricity another, and others still in chemical and cosmical attractions. But now, as Wallace has strikingly put it: "Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and probably vitality and gravitation, are believed to be but 'modes of motion' of a space-filling ether; and there is not a single manifestation of force, or development of beauty, but is derived from one or other of these." It is one force which is thrilling into form throughout all the natural diversities of natural beauty, one force which complicates itself into the most delicate contrivance of organic structure, and which breaks in glory unspeakable across the splendours of the sunset or the flushing snows of the Alps. One force!—Let it throb, and the heaven is filled with worlds and the earth with life. Let it cease, and all space is a desert; worlds are not, life is not, phenomenal existence is at an end. What is this force? We stand here on the outermost edge of the phenomenal; we can almost see through the attenuated veil of sense, we

can almost discern the Almighty Hand of that Great Intelligence, which we have already recognised in the million-fold adaptations of the world.

The theory of evolution appears to be about to undergo important modifications! but the case, it may be observed, is in no wise altered, if we assume that many of these natural adaptations are brought about by the commonly interpreted method of evolution. For, then, instead of supposing a special exertion of intelligent power at the creation of each species, we have to entertain the majestic conception of the one force of the cosmos operating continuously, by a rule of adaptations, from the beginning of the creation. And this is, if possible, a more wonderful illustration of intelligent purpose than any we have yet reviewed. We observe, for instance, in the history of terrestrial life, a tendency of advance in the direction of higher intelligence. Had the advance been in the direction of bodily strength, we might have looked for the permanence of the huge forms of the extinct Saurians, Mastodons, and Mammoths. Had it been in that of bodily beauty, again, we should hardly have expected the survival of many existing organisms. The purpose of nature is obviously an advance in intelligence. Think, then, what, on the hypothesis of evolution, was necessary to the attainment of that purpose.

The vital force in distinct species must be so constituted that it tended to produce its like. Again, definite types having been developed, those types must be preserved in their purity in spite of the aberrations of instinct. Nature must forbid the perpetuation of hybrids. Once more, this law of conservation having been established, vital forms must be endowed with a power of minute variation, which while not interfering with the integrity of type, might, in the course of long ages, produce important deviations of being. And, lastly, the environments of life must be in such sort adapted to its changes, that, among all the varieties which might arise, they would favour and preserve those especially which tended to an advance of intelligence.

To the attainment of this obvious purpose of nature, every one of these conditions is necessary. Omit one of them, and the purpose had failed. But if this be so, we have here again, on the hypothesis of evolution, precisely that adaptation of various conditions to the attainment of a definite result, in which we have recognised the marks of intelligent purpose.

We come now to the consideration of another important question—What is the moral character of that All-wise and Almighty Intelligence which reveals itself to us in the adaptations of nature? Since man is the only moral being with whom we are acquainted, we must seek the answer to this question in the further enquiry—What is the moral character, and what are the moral environments, of man?

In the first place, then, we are disposed to conclude, I think, that the Intelligent purpose behind phenomena is good, by an examination of our own nature. We find enthroned, at the centre of our being, a magisterial, even royal, authority, which we call conscience. No matter how the faculty came into existence, it demonstrably exists. That again, moral judgments have differed in different ages, and among various races, is no reason for calling in question the existence of a moral sense. When the question before our mind is whether a particular act be just or pure, education and public opinion may greatly help to determine the answer. But when once that answer has been given: when once it is agreed that a particular act is pure or just—then we are conscious of a peremptory voice within, affirming that it *ought* to be done; that such a line of action is not merely expedient, but obligatory; and that to follow any other course is not merely foolish, but wrong. Whence do we get this power of perceiving a moral *quality* in actions? Whence do we derive the power to say, you "ought," if you do not you will be "guilty"? To endeavour to resolve this moral imperative into a mere opinion of expediency, is to contradict the universal consciousness of man.

Utilitarian morality, whether in the earlier and baser

forms of Benthamism, or in the later and more refined modification of Hartley and Mill, reposes on the fundamental doctrine that the only effective motive of action is a man's regard to his own pleasure. If he consents so far to limit his desires as to seek the greatest happiness of the greatest number, this is only because such a course will, on the whole, bring him more pleasure than if he set himself in opposition to mankind. If, again, through the habit of following certain courses of action, such as benevolence or purity, he comes to feel pleasure in those actions themselves, still the formation of the habit was justifiable (on utilitarian principles), because, on the whole, it would bring him more pleasure than the opposite habit.

Such is utilitarian morality; and it is manifestly opposed to the universal consciousness of mankind. Tell a man that you have pursued a certain course of conduct only because you thought that, on the whole, it would yield most pleasure to yourself, and he will determine at once, without a shadow of doubt, that your action was without merit. The more of selfishness there is in it, the less of merit. To say, then, that duty is based on what excludes it, that merit is identical with what contradicts it, is nothing better than a foolish paradox. So it seemed even to Hume. "The final sentence," he says, "which pronounces characters and actions amiable or odious, praiseworthy or blameworthy . . . depends, it is probable, on some internal sense or feeling which nature has made universal in the whole species." And no better proof could be afforded of the unselfishness of this instinct, than the fact, testified by Cicero, "that no Epicuræan could avow before a popular audience that the one end of his life was the pursuit of his own happiness, without provoking an outburst of indignation and contempt."

But if there be a faculty in man which affirms that goodness is a duty, and that we are guilty and contemptible in proportion as we refuse to recognize this obligation,

then, assuredly, we must conclude that the intelligent purpose which lies behind the phenomenon man, impressed that law on his being; or, in other words, that the Divine Will which constituted the only moral being whom we know, revealed its own nature by compelling conscience to affirm that moral beings are bound to be righteous. As Lecky has said, "Our knowledge of the Supreme Excellence, our best evidence even of the existence of the Creator, is derived, not from the material universe, but from our own moral nature. It is not of reason, but of faith. In other words, it springs from that instinctive or moral nature which is as truly a part of our being as is our reason, which teaches us what reason never could teach, the supreme and transcendent excellence of moral good; which, rising dissatisfied above this world of sense, proves itself by the very intensity of its aspiration to be adapted for another sphere, and which constitutes at once the evidence of a divine element within us, and the augury of the future that is before us." Nothing can be more weighty than these words; and yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting the following from Dr. Carpenter, the veteran physiologist: "The perception of right," he says, "leads us to the Absolute Lawgiver who implanted it in our constitution, and, as has been well remarked, 'all the appeals of innocence against unrighteous force are appeals to the Eternal Justice, and all the visions of moral purity are glimpses of the Infinite Excellence.'" "To Frederick," says Carlyle, "as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into him by an entity that had none of its own." Such is the evidence upon the character of God afforded by our moral nature.

Nor is that a whit less convincing which is derived from our moral environment. Mr. Clarke informs us that it is one of the articles in "the creed of the nineteenth century stripped naked," that "no good deeds can avert

misfortune, and no sins call down the vengeance of Heaven"; and that, save in certain cases, when "generally, though not necessarily," unpleasant results may occur, "a bad man may live as happily as a good man." Alas, poor century! If it have no clearer lights than these, wherein is it better than the France before the revolution, or to what better end can it be expected to come? Let its prophets study now and then Carlyle's "French Revolution," and specially let them ponder that prime article of the Chelsea prophet's creed—"The first of all gospels is this, that a lie cannot endure for ever."

And if further it be asked, wherefore? let inquiry be made of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, taking the lesson from an ancient book, held in sovereign contempt by the prophets of the nineteenth century, will explain that "there is visible in history, and in human life, a power, not ourselves, incessantly making for righteousness. What is this force? It is not human, for no human power can overrule or escape it. It is not physical, for it has regard to moral ends, of which in the physical there is no sign. If then it be not human, be not physical, what shall we call it?" "Ha!" exclaims Carlyle, "why do I not name thee God?" "Oh, heavens! is it in very deed *He* then that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee; that lives and loves in me?" What else can it be, when we find that God's voice within us, bidding us do the right, is echoed by God's voice without us, proclaiming penalty to the wicked and prosperity to the just? This correspondence between the instinctive decisions of the human conscience, and those cosmical relations which, by their general tendency, ratify them, is as strong a proof as can be afforded that the Author of Nature made man what he is, and made him after His own image, to approve that which is righteous.

No doubt it is precisely in this sphere of moral action that human life presents its most formidable difficulties. For while we see in nature a paramount tendency to

favour that righteousness which the human conscience demands, it seems to us, at times, that the ascendancy of righteousness ought to be more quickly and decisively established. We are impatient with the liberty allowed to evils wills, with the ignorance that is permitted to helpless generations. How, we are tempted to ask, can these difficulties be overcome? It must be obvious at a glance that we are contemplating an order of things which is incomplete and unfinished; an order, therefore, which it is peculiarly difficult to understand. It is here, if anywhere, that Divine help and light are needed; help for man's weak will, and light for man's puzzled understanding. How welcome were such help and light, if only they might be had. Is it inconceivable that they should be given?

We have now reached the point at which this question can be put with understanding. You will remember Mr. Mil 's concession, "once admit a God," and the allegation of miracle "must be reckoned with as a serious possibility." I submit that good reason has been shown, not only for the existence of a God, but of a God of infinite power, wisdom, and righteousness; of a God who, having ordered all things to favour righteousness, may be expected to come in aid of man's weakness and ignorance, when the interests of righteousness require it. Instead, therefore, of concluding with Mr. Clarke that miracles are impossible, we are compelled to infer not only with Mr Mill that they are possible, but more, that they are probable; and that thus, whatever historical evidence we have for our Lord's Resurrection, must be regarded as evidence for a fact already probable.

Here my answer to Mr. Clarke's essay might suitably come to an end; for, indeed, the only allegation of that essay which needs serious consideration, is that which has been already submitted to examination. It is true that he proceeds further to maintain that each of the supernatural religions resulted "from the growth of the political life of

the nation in which it first appeared," but the only argument which he advances in support of this extraordinary affirmation must be sought in the kind of historical sketch with which his essay concludes. It would be to flatter that sketch to call it inaccurate. So, far, indeed, as it deals with the faiths which are of Semitic origin, it would be truer to say that it rarely coincides with fact.

Mohammedanism is declared to have been a reform, occasioned by Christian idolatry; and nearly every statement made in support of this position is imaginary. "The Bedouins," it is said, "yet preserved the simple faith of Abraham." The fact is, they had fallen into a degrading idolatry, which, although, as Muir says, "it had been gently rippled by the feeble efforts of Christianity," and more profoundly moved by the "deeper and more troubled current of Judaism," still remained in substance what it was before those faiths came into contact with it; a Sabæanism which had filled its temples with idolatrous representations of the heavenly bodies, and Fetishism—the worship of actual stocks and stones—which bowed down before the grim array of 360 idols in the Kaaba." It was no idolatrous Christianity, but the indigenous idolatry of Arabia, which Mohammed opposed, calling in first the Jews, and then the Christians to his help, at critical moments of the struggle. So far, again, was Mohammedanism from being an outgrowth of the political life of Arabia, that it came into violent collision with all the habits, opinions, and beliefs of the Arabian people, and was only established at length by the marvellous personal ascendancy of Mohammed. This is the conclusion, equally of Carlyle, who holds Mohammed to have been a true prophet, and Muir, who deems him nothing better than a strong-spirited schemer. "The fabric of Islam," says Muir, "no more grew out of the state of Arabia, than a gorgeous texture from the slender meshes of silken filament. . . . It was Mahomet that formed Islam: it was not Islam, or any pre-existing Moslem spirit, that moulded Mahomet."

No doubt, in this case, as in all others (though less perhaps in this case than almost any other), there was silent preparation, of a sporadic kind, for Reform, before the Reformer came. But so far was political necessity from constituting a factor of that preparation, that it is as clear as historical testimony can make it, that the religious reform begat the "political necessity."

Again, Mr. Clarke is not a whit more accurate in his sketch of the rise of Mosaism. "Moses," he says, "not daring to make himself a king, . . . saw the political necessity of establishing a religion." Where, we are disposed to ask, did Mr. Clarke get his information? Only one account of these transactions is extant, and that account shows us that, whatever ambitious dreams Moses might have cherished in his youth, when the decisive moment came, so far from desiring to make himself a king, he shrank with a reluctance almost amounting to cowardice from the call to undertake his people's deliverance. Again, Mr. Clarke imagines that Moses "drew his inspiration from his Egyptian lessons." Undoubtedly, in the smaller matters of custom and ritual, certain superficial resemblances may be discovered between the religion of Egypt and that of Israel. But in the things of prime importance, what strikes us most is not the resemblance, but the opposition between the two systems. In the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," for instance—a writing "supposed to be the oldest in the world," and long anterior to the time of Moses—we find the development of an elaborate doctrine of immortality and future judgment. Moses, who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," must certainly have been acquainted with these doctrines. How comes it, then, if he "drew his inspiration from Egypt," that he never once in the Pentateuch makes reference to either? If he drew his inspiration from the God of Israel, we can understand it; for a doctrine of immortality, unless it be sustained and interpreted by purely spiritual conceptions of God and of man's duty, is likely to do more moral harm

than good. How injurious, for instance, must it be to the Mohammedan, to be perpetually dwelling, in thought, on the bliss of his sensual paradise.

Mr. Clarke should have been ashamed to write the following sentence:—"He declared that God would bargain with the Arab tribe, that, in return for certain ceremonies and payments, success in war and plenteous harvest should be theirs." It is not denied that much is made in the Pentateuch of the temporal rewards of righteousness. And Moses was justified in making much of them. First, because, speaking broadly, temporal prosperity is the ordinary reward of righteousness. If there exist in a people the spiritual qualities of patient perseverance, hopeful enterprise, and respect for the rights of others, it will follow (in spite of irregularities due to famines and the like) that on the whole their land will be fruitful, and they will be prosperous, as happens now among the nations of Europe. On the other hand, if they be without these qualities, it will happen to them, as it has befallen the Mussulman Turks, that their land, though the fairest and richest on earth, will be turned into a barren wilderness. This is the fact, and the Biblical writers, instead of stating it in the dry abstract manner of Western moralists, expand it, according to the genius of their Eastern thought and tongue, into the richest concrete descriptions.

Again, this is not only a fact, but it was a fact which, in the immaturity of Israel's moral development, it was necessary to put forward with unmistakable prominence. It would be the better for us if more were made of it in Victoria. Intoxicated with the thought that the people can do as they like, we are too prone to forget that, having done so, we cannot choose the consequences. We can alarm capital, but if we do so we cannot keep it. We can discourage religious training, but then we cannot secure godly citizens. This is the kind of teaching of which

the Jews stood greatly in need, and which, therefore, appears unmistakably in every part of their sacred scriptures.

But to forget that the heart of their inspired teaching was moral, that, in short, their law may be fairly described as consisting of the ten great precepts of Sinai, applied to their special social and moral needs by the Levitical laws and ceremonies, is to forget what distinguished them from all other peoples. To describe their religion as consisting essentially of the coarse bargain suggested by Mr. Clarke, is to make their history and moral influence incomprehensible. Grant that there was much which appears to us peurile in the Levitical adaptations, what then? Are the playthings of childhood contemptible when applied to their proper use? The prophets affirmed boldly that God gave to their fathers laws which were "not good"—that is, not good for all times; and our Saviour said of certain of the Levitical precepts, that they were given for the hardness of the people's hearts. Still, such a state of heart being supposed, the very imperfection of such precepts constituted their fitness to translate the ideal into the practicable, and to prepare the way for a larger truth and a higher life.

How, again, does Mr. Clarke endeavour to establish his allegation that Christianity was a political outgrowth of the Judaism of the first century? It is notorious that, at the beginning of the Christian era, the Jewish nation consisted in its higher classes of the rationalistic Sadducees, who believed in neither spirit nor resurrection. Certainly Christianity did not proceed from them. Again, the faith of the masses was moulded by the fanatical Pharisees, who taught them to expect a warlike Messiah: an anointed of God, who should drive the Romans across the Northern mountains. And in the Pharisees the new faith had to encounter its bitterest enemies. "Jesus," Mr. Clarke says, "was executed by the civil power," but he forgets to add

against its will, to content the murderous bigotry of an infuriated people. Neither before nor after the death of Jesus did the Jewish nation, as a whole, accept the doctrines of the new faith, and how, then, can those doctrines be said to have been a product of its political necessities? Plainly, the position is a desperate one; and there is little wonder that Mr. Clarke tacitly abandons, while professing to illustrate it; contenting himself with the irrelevant remark that, "among the doctrines which the enthusiast preached was one which was politically necessary at that period," not which grew out of the political necessities of that nation, but which was politically necessary to that age—"The doctrine of the equality of all men in the eyes of God."

The "enthusiast," it would seem, then, invented the doctrine contrary to Mr. Clarke's theory. But even if we were to allow this inconsequence to pass, how can anyone see, in the doctrine mentioned by the essayist, an adequate account of the success of Christianity? What is there in the mere sense of equality to regenerate a vicious people? The individuals of the most squalid tribe upon earth may feel themselves to be equal before God, just as the vilest scum of Paris did in the rebellion of the Commune; but what is there in such a feeling as that, taken alone, to make any man better? The truth is, that the sense of equality is never a cause, but always a consequence. It may be produced either by the common possession of some glorious prerogative, or by the common loss of everything worth having; by a common poverty, and a common brutality. The critical question is, how was the sense of equality attained? In the case of Christianity, it was by the inheritance, in Jesus Christ, of a faith, an example, a life, so spiritual, lofty, and precious, that beside this—the common possession of every slave and every barbarian who believed in Christ—all the treasures of time seemed dim and worthless.

Not, then, by the mere fact of telling men that they were equal (stoicism did that and did it fruitlessly), but by bestowing upon them a life so rich in moral power and beauty that it made the meanest who had it greater than the greatest who was without it, did the gospel of Jesus Christ change the heart and fortunes of the world.

Of Mr. Clarke's account of the secret of St. Paul's influence, it is difficult to speak so gravely. "Another enthusiast, Saul of Tarsus . . claimed that the whole world should hear the tidings of *democratic* freedom." I have given a good deal of attention lately to the writings of St. Paul, and although I have read much of shaking off the slavery of sin, and of the mere precepts of a law, in order to break forth into the freedom of a loving service to God; and though I have read something of obedience to the powers that be, even when these were represented by a Nero; of *democratic* freedom, I have read never a word. What can Mr. Clarke possibly mean by the word "democratic" in this connection? Can he mean no more than is commonly claimed by popular leaders in our modern democracies? Can he mean that the secret of St. Paul's success was a kind of American spread-eag'eism, the affirmation by each man that he was as good as his neighbour and a great deal better? Whatever he may mean, it is quite clear that in talking about democratic freedom in connection with St. Paul, he has perpetrated a monstrous anachronism and is as far from having discovered the secret of the great Apostle's influence as if he had never read a word of his writings, or studied an act of his life.

It appears to me that Mr. Clarke's attempt to account historically for the origin of the supernatural religions is even a greater failure than his effort to discredit them by affirming that a miracle was impossible.

When, again, he drops the critical, and takes to the

constructive *rôle*, he gives us nothing that I can see but vague and vacant generalities. "Religion," he says, "can never die, because it is a political necessity." But when we ask him what he means by religion, he tells us that "the elevation of the race will be the sole religion of mankind." What is this but merely to trifle with the meaning of words? How can there be a religion when there is no God, and no worship, and no hope of a future? A man, we are told, is to do his "duty"—whatever that may be—and he is to labour for "the elevation of mankind;" or, in other words, to try to dispose other people to do their duty. And this we are to call religion. But why, I would ask? This has hitherto been called "morality." Why, without rhyme or reason, are we to christen it "religion?" Is it because Professor Tyndall has said that you must in some way content the religious instinct? Is it the philosophical way of satisfying our puerile religiosity? Are we to conceive of our philosophical superiors as patting us on the back and bidding us dismiss our alarms, because, in order to please us, they are going to give morality a new name—to call it religion, and even to make-believe that it is religion, till we have learnt to be satisfied without so childish a plaything? Such a proceeding, however philosophical, can hardly be called "civilization without delusion."

Mr. Clarke professes to think that religion, as we understand it, has lost its utility, asking us—"Does it inspire the politician, assist the man of science, or aid the physician?"

Unhesitatingly, I answer it does. It is the life and inspiration of every one of the greatest statesmen of England; of Gladstone, and Bright, and Forster, of Beaconsfield, and Salisbury, and Cross. It sits upon the woolsack in the persons of some of our greatest chancellors, Lords Cairns, Selborne, and Hatherley. It labours in the forefront of scientic discovery in the efforts of

Stokes, and Thompson, and Beale, of Tait and Stewart, of Carpenter and Mivart, of Max Müller and Monier Williams. It wrought the only fiction of our time that will live, in the pens of Dickens and Thackeray. It sings the grandest songs of the age, in the poetry of Tennyson and Browning, having no ostensible opponent in this sphere save in the lays of one, whose language is so coarsely filthy that it is unfit to be glanced at by a child or a woman. Finally, it watches over the bed of the sick and dying in Paget and Acland, in Humphrey and Burrows, and a whole host of godly and believing physicians. Such a question as this could only be asked by one either totally ignorant of the existing life of England, or so engrossed with the writings of one small unbelieving school of able men, that he has no eyes for anything else.

In bringing these observations to a close, I must be permitted to remark, that such serious questions as those stirred in Mr. Clarke's essay are not to be disposed of by confident statement and arrogant assumption. You cannot kill a living thing by saying it is dead. You cannot answer sound arguments by assuming that they do not exist. Least of all can you loosen the hold of deep spiritual principles by pretending that there are no such principles, and that they have no such hold. Further, it should be remembered that such statements as these in respect of the most precious possessions of mankind cannot be made without grave responsibility. They do nothing but harm. While deceiving none but the ignorant, they exasperate bigotry, and create violent prejudices against that science, in the name, but without the authority of which they are written. Serious subjects should be approached in a serious manner, not as affording a mere playground for wanton criticism, a mere clothes block for literary tailoring. If not only the Church of Christ, but also the fundamental social institutions of property and

marriage are openly attacked, if the fear be not altogether imaginary that "as the Græco-Roman civilization was ruined through the invasion of barbarians from without, so existing civilization may be destroyed by an eruption of barbarians from below;" then, assuredly, this is not the time when the professed friends of an enlightened civilization should attack without necessity the fundamental beliefs on which it rests.

MARCUS CLARKE'S RETORT.

My Lord,

I had hoped to have had the pleasure of acknowledging your lordship's unexpected comment upon my article Civilization without Delusion, in the journal which contained that article and your reply. The conductor of the *Victorian Review*, however, did not desire that the subject should be again dealt with in his paper, and I am indebted to the kindness of the editor of this journal *(Melbourne Review)* for the opportunity of at once thanking your lordship for the courtesy—quite unchristian in the temperance of its expression—with which you have treated my remarks upon popular theology, and of setting myself right with your lordship upon one or two points where you seem to misunderstand me.

It may be well to briefly recapitulate the tenor of the dispute I asserted that belief in the miraculous was practically dead, that belief in all religions founded on the miraculous was therefore dying, and that faith in the Christian religion as taught in the churches is growing weaker. Your lordship seemed to think my statements of sufficient importance to be denied. You set yourself to attack my article. You denied the truth of my historical references. You proclaimed that miracles were not merely possible, but probable. You asseverated that the argument of such men as Tyndall was an "entire failure," that the church was the "most potent thing in the world and

century;" but that, notwithstanding this, it was also in such danger that this was "not the time when the professed friends of an enlightened civilization should attack without necessity the fundamental beliefs on which it rests."

In this somewhat contradictory mood of mingled defiance and remonstrance, you proceed, my lord, to vindicate the truth; and you begin by an assumption which has no foundation in fact. You assert that I am an Atheist; that I deny the existence of God. I am willing to believe that this assumption arose merely from the fact that you neglected to carefully read the article which you honored me by criticising.

I said:—"The belief in sacred incarnations, in heavenly interpositions, in personal relations with the awful Spirit of the Universe, is dead."

This statement is no profession of Atheism, but a direct assertion of belief in God. I believe in God; but if you ask me "What is God?" I reply that I do not know. God is unknown and unknowable. As Herbert Spencer says—"The Power which the universe manifests to us is absolutely inscrutable." All attempts to define the Creator seem to me to bring us only to ridiculous conclusions. God is not a Mind, but something higher than a mind; not a Force, but something higher than a force; not a Being, but something greater than a being. Our conception of God is according to the measure of our intelligence. Every man makes his God out of his own ideas, and according to the quality of his ideas so is the quality of his God. But to pray to or to praise this creature of our own mind is useless. To say that God is All-wise, and to then implore him with tears and cries to change the condition of human affairs, is foolish. To pay priests to praise him is clear waste of money; and to tell women and children that they will be burned for ever and ever if they do not so pray, praise and pay, is to display both ignorance and cruelty.

Your lordship, however, having assumed that I deny

God, is good enough to attempt to logically prove his existence. I fear, my lord, that your argument lands you in a conclusion which, to any of your lordship's congregation who have subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles of your Religion, will be rather startling. After citing Mr. Whymper, who was good enough to illustrate the use of natural laws by throwing stones down a mountain, Professor Noah Porter, who "has shown that the effort of Tyndall to reduce volition to a mere step in a chain of physical consequences has been an entire failure," and good Dr. Paley, who compared the Creator to a watchmaker, you sum up as follows:—"But now, as Wallace strikingly puts it, 'Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and probably vitality and gravitation, are believed to be but "modes of motion" of a space-filling ether; and there is not a single manifestation of force or development of beauty, but is derived from one or other of these. It is one force which is thrilling into form throughout all the diversities of natural beauty—one force which complicates itself into the most delicate contrivance of organic structure, and which breaks in glory unspeakable across the splendours of the sunset, or the flushing snows of the Alps. One force—let it throb, and the heaven is filled with worlds and the earth with life. Let it cease, and all space is a desert. Worlds are not—life is not—phenomenal existence is at an end. What is this force? We stand here on the outermost edge of the phenomenal—we can almost see through the attenuated veil of sense—we can almost discern the Almighty hand of that Great Intelligence which we have already recognized in the million-fold adaptations of the world."

Now, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol—who, so far from agreeing with your lordship that the Church is the most potent thing in the world and century, established a a society for the purpose of "meeting in fair argument the scepticism and unbelief which have for the last few years

been distinctly traceable in *all* classes of society"—has published a lecture by the Rev. Dr. Rigg, Principal of Westminster Training College, in which I find the following:—

"Various as are the appearances of Nature and the modes in which the laws of Nature operate, it may yet be set forth by the *pantheist* as his belief—a belief, he will say, which the modern advance of science tends continually to establish as the true theory of the Universe—that all force is ultimately one; that the different forces of Nature are mutually convertible and equivalent; that one energy of nature Protean, universal, of infinite plasticity and power of variation and adaptation pervades and actuates all things. It may be called gravitation or electricity or light or heat or vital force, but ultimately and eventually it is one and the same."

Why, these are almost your lordship's own words. Are you then a Pantheist? Dr. Rigg says—"Pantheism is but veiled Atheism. Strip Pantheism of all involutions of thought, and all investitures of language, and in its naked truth it stands forth as mere Atheism." I see that I must forgive you for calling *me* an Atheist, for the word as used by clergymen seems capable of many applications.

Your lordship accepts my statement that if a religion is founded on a belief in miracles, the refusal to believe in the miraculous allows that particular religion to fall to the ground; and you proceed to argue that miracles are possible and probable. Your argument is that inasmuch as we do not know all natural laws, we cannot say that a miracle is not in accordance with some law with which we are not yet acquainted. But this is clearly fallacious. Our only knowledge of a natural law is gained by human experience: and when an event occurs which is in direct opposition to those previous experiences, which have given us our knowledge, we are

shown that our knowledge is imperfect, and that our statement regarding the natural law must be corrected. If the law of gravitation be true, the swimming of iron, the flight of Elijah, and the ascension of Jesus, are untrue. If these events be true, then human experience is at fault concerning the law of gravitation, and the statement regarding it must be amended.

But your lordship's assertion that the miraculous is not only possible but probable, places you in a position of strange inconsistency. If miracles are possible and probable, and their existence is simply a matter of the credibility of witnesses, why does your lordship refuse to believe miracles which we are told are daily occurring? Only the other day the Virgin Mary appeared to a crowd of men and women in the South of France; and there are hundreds of people who declare that they saw Mr. Home, the "medium," floating about the room. The witnesses to the truth of the apparition of Jesus after his burial, and his levitation from earth to heaven, are all dead, and we have only the record (a disputed record, remember), of their presence at the scene. But this story of the Lady of Lourdes is attested by numerous living Christian clergymen; and there are five hundred persons of rank and repute in England who will come forward to-morrow and depose on oath that they saw Mr. Home ascend in defiance of the known laws of gravity. If you admit the miracle in the one case, you are logically bound to admit it in the other. But the fact is that logic is eliminated from the arguments of theologians. These gentlemen refuse to believe that Mr. Home can work miracles because they say that he is not God. But they believe that Jesus worked miracles because he was God. And they believe that Jesus was God because he worked miracles! Argument on such premises is surely futile.

Finally, my lord, you use the honoured name of John

Stuart Mill to support your position that miracles are evidences of Christianity. You, however, have only quoted those portions of Mr. Mill's argument which suit the requirements of your own. Why did you not give his *conclusion?* It is very clear and simple :—"The conclusion I draw is, that miracles have no claim whatever to the character of historical facts, and are wholly invalid as evidences of any revelation."

Your lordship says that my account of the growth of supernatural religions is inaccurate. My account is at best but a mere sketch, and would doubtless bear revision and amplification. But if it was inaccurate in every particular, the inaccuracy would not affect the argument concerning the infidelity of the present hour. A false estimate of the character of Mahomet does not make invalid a statement concerning Huxley, Herbert Spencer, or the late Professor Clifford. From the moment of its inception to the present hour, Christianity has been regarded with indifference by the clearest thinkers. In its earliest dawn, when, if ever, its doctrines flowed pure from the lips of its teachers, it was received coldly by those best fitted to judge of its qualities. Gibbon writes :—"The names of Seneca, of the elder and younger Pliny, of Tacitus, of Plutarch, of Galen, of the slave Epictetus, and of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, adorn the age in which they flourished, and exalt the dignity of human nature. They filled with glory their respective stations either in active or contemplative life ; their excellent understandings were improved by study ; philosophy had purified their minds from the prejudices of the popular superstition ; and their days were spent in the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue. Yet all these sages (it is no less an object of surprise than concern) overlooked or rejected the perfection of the Christian system. Their language or their silence equally discover their contempt for the growing sect which, in

their time, had diffused itself over the Roman empire. Those among them who condescend to mention the Christians, consider them only as obstinate and perverse enthusiasts, who exacted an implicit submission to their mysterious doctrines, without being able to produce a single argument that could engage the attention of men of sense and learning."

It is true that, so soon as it became the religion of the State, Christianity was outwardly prosperous. From the time of Constantine to that of Calvin, people found it inconvenient not to "believe," for the guardians of the faith got rid of unbelievers by the simple process of putting them to death. But even in those unhappy days humnan reason was perpetually breaking bonds. Despite flame and faggot, new points of departure were reached; and now the time has arrived when men say openly that they will no longer accept the gospel of the miraculous, for, as your lordship advises them, they have indeed "pondered deeply" that prime article of the Chelsea prophet's creed—"The first of all gospels is this, that a lie cannot endure for ever."

I said, in reference to the condition of affairs in the modern world—"The temples are still full of worshippers, the offerings still tinkle in the plates, the confessionals are still thronged with breast beating penitents, and the bed-sides of the dying still cheered by the sweet delusions poured into too willing ears. But go out into the world: where is your religion then? Does it inspire the politician, assist the man of science, or aid the physician? No; it embarrasses them all. Do its teachings lighten the heart of the philosopher, or assist the efforts of the philanthropist? Read the literature of the day—sip the life-blood of the running age, and answer."

Your lordship answers by saying that any man who could make such an assertion concerning modern society must be very little acquainted with England, or blinded

by too strict attention to the teachings of a small school of sceptics. I admit that I have been for fifteen years absent from England; but I venture to think that a person living in Melbourne, who makes himself acquainted with the news of the world by means of newspapers, and who takes every opportunity to diligently read all notable books upon the current questions of the day, may not be less familiar with the state of modern thought than a country clergyman or the hardworking minister of a provincial town. But my opinions upon the infidelity of the age are repeated, even in stronger terms than I cared to use, by one who has passed his whole life in the observance of the changes of religious thought in England, who is himself a vigorous fighter in the arena of religious discussion, and whose faith in spiritual supremacy is so absolute that it constrained him to quit your church, as being insufficient for his needs, and placed him an earnest penitent at the feet of the Holy Father. John Henry Newman, in his address delivered at Rome on the occasion of his elevation to the Cardinalate, thus speaks of the present condition of religion in England:—"Hitherto the Civil power has been Christian. Even in countries separated from the Church, as in my own, the *dictum* was in force, when I was young, that Christianity was the law of the land. Now, everywhere that goodly framework of society, which is the creation of Christianity, is throwing off Christianity. The *dictum* to which I have referred, with a hundred others which followed upon it, is gone, or is going, everywhere; *and by the end of the century, unless the Almighty interferes, it will be forgotten.*"

Your lordship attempts to support your argument by giving a list of physicians, poets, and others, who profess Christianity. It would be easy to reply by a list of men who profess infidelity. If you may point to Beale, Dickens, Tennyson and Paget, I may point to Tyndall, George Eliot,

Shelley, and Maudsley. Names go for nothing. But are you sure that these men are Christians! Do you think that Tennyson, Beaconsfield, and Carpenter believe in a Christian Hell? Nay, is the description which your lordship has given of God the description of the God of the Christians?

In your description there is—let your reverend brother deem it pantheistic or atheistic if he will—nothing which can offend justice or shock imagination. But the Christian God, the God of your Church, is no Force, no Almighty Hand, no Great Intelligence. He is nothing so vague as any of these, but very personal and material, defined very clearly by the Christian Scriptures and the Articles of Christian Faith. He made the world in five days. And on the sixth he made a sinless man whom he allowed to be tempted to disobedience, to the curse of him and his posterity. During four thousand years God watched the progress of the race he had doomed to suffering. He once sent a flood, which destroyed all save one family, who, with two of every created creature, went into an ark, and floated on the water. He frequently interfered personally in human affairs, to assist his clients, or to injure their enemies. He stopped the movement of the planets, in order that a tribe of Bedouins might be more effectually slaughtered. He caused a whale to swallow a "prophet," and, after a hundred and forty-four hours, to vomit him forth again alive. At last he put in practice a scheme for benefiting the unhappy race he had tormented so long. He caused, by means of a Spirit, which was himself, the maiden wife of a Jewish carpenter to have a son, who was himself also. Under the name of Jesus Christ, God lived thirty years on earth, turning water into wine, healing the sick, and raising the dead. At last he was killed in a civic tumult, was buried, went down into hell, rose again, and "took his body, with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature," wherewith he ascended into

the skies, and sits there to judge all men at the last day; and if men believe this they will be saved, and if they believe it not they will be damned. There is no escape, no place of repentance, no hope of mercy. Neither good deeds, nor charity, nor love can save us. Your "Christianity" is absolute on this point. The 18th article of your faith says:—"They also are to be had accursed that presume to say that every man shall be saved by the Law or Sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame his life according to that Law and the light of Nature. For holy Scripture doth set out unto us only the name of Jesus Christ whereby men must be saved." And what is this damnation with which our God threatens us? It is confinement in a bottomless pit of fire and brimstone, a place of outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; and this confinement lasts for ever—through all eternity—in the sight of God, who will not suffer so much as a drop of water to cool the burning tongues of the tormented! This a God!—in verity, if there be a Devil, I think this is he.

But do men believe this? I do not think so. Even in your own eloquent specification of the deity, you say nothing about this revived corpse sitting in heaven, with "flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature." And when a Christian Bishop, in explaining his religion, forgets to mention Christ, it is not unreasonable to suppose that laymen do not always remember him.

But, admitting all you say; granting you that Christ is God, and that unless we obey his commands we shall go to a place of everlasting torment, I say, fearlessly, that if it be so, there are few people who think it. Belief is an attitude of mind, and displays itself in actions, not professions. If a man believed that the roof of a house was about to fall on him and crush him, he would escape from it. If men believed that they would be burned in hell unless they

obeyed Christ's orders, they would rush from the world and its enjoyments to practise those methods of salvation which he taught. But they do not. When the young man came to Christ and said, "What shall I do to be saved?" Christ replied, "Sell all thou hast and follow me." This advice is seldom taken, even by the sincerest "believers."

But your lordship will reply that many of the sayings of Jesus were "allegorical," that it is impossible in these days to give our clothes to robbers, and to turn our cheeks to the smiter. Very good—then Christianity, as Christ taught it, is, as I say, dead. The religion that you are sworn to preach and practise may be that approved by the Anglican Church at the Convocation held in London in the year 1562; but it is not Christianity.

Then what is Christianity? you may not improperly ask. I find it difficult to decide.

The Rev. Henry Blunt, in his Dictionary of Sects, gives the following list of existing varieties of Christians:—"Christians, Free Gospel Christians, Free-thinking Christians, New Christians, Original Christians, Primitive Christians, Protestant Christians, United Christians, Christian Association, Christian Brethren, Christian Disciples, Christian Israelites, Christadelphians, Roman Catholics, Independents, Baptists, Quakers, Presbyterians, Unitarian Baptists, Unitarians, Huntingdon Connection Moravians, New Connection General Baptists, Swedenborgians, Wesleyan Methodists, New Connection Methodists, Primitive Methodists, Bryanites, Plymouth Brethren, Irvingites, United Methodist Free Church, Seventh Day Baptists, Muggletonians, Southcottians, Calvanistic Methodists, Jumpers, Shakers, Socinians, Universalists, Bourneans, Coglers, Peculiar People, Scottish Kirk, Cameronians, Secession Kirk, Burghers, Anti-Burghers, Old Light Burghers, New Light Burghers, New Light Anti-Burghers, Relief Synod, Protesters, Free Kirk, United Presbyterians, Sweet Singers, Non-Jurors, Moderates,

Buchanites, Scottish Baptists, Marrow Men, Campbellites, Sandemanians." And some fifty more, such as the Hard Shell Baptists, the Jerkers, the Barkers, the Tumblers, and the Free Lovers, whom I have not patience to enumerate.

Here we have the edifying spectacle of more than one hundred classes of persons each strongly asserting that every other but itself will be damned. In your lordship's eyes, I am a spiritually lost man. You deem me an infidel and a heretic, and are bound by your articles of belief to think that infidels and heretics will be damned to all eternity. Alas, Dr. Goold, an Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church, who claims to be ordained by one of the immediate successors of the apostles, thinks just the same of your lordship.

Your lordship concludes by saying that my speculation concerning the condition of the world without an "active and general delusion"—in other words, without supernatural religion—is a "vague and vacant generality." I wrote:—"Mankind, freed from the terrors of future torments, and comprehending that by no amount of prayers can they secure eternal happiness for their souls, will bestow upon humanity the fervour they have hitherto wasted in sighs and hymns. The creed which teaches that the intellect should be distrusted will fade away. The interest now felt in churchmen's disputations will be transferred to discoveries of science. The progress of the world will be the sole care of its inhabitants, and the elevation of the race the only religion of mankind."

This is not a "vague generality," but a series of particular definitions; and is admirably expanded by Cardinal Newman, who believes that the Almighty will shortly especially interfere to prevent the spread of purely secular education. He says:—"Hitherto, it has been considered that religion alone, with its supernatural sanctions, was strong enough to secure the submission of the mass of the population to law and order. Now, philosophers

and politicians are bent on satisfying this problem without the aid of Christianity. Instead of the churches' authority and teaching, they would substitute, first of all, a universal and a thoroughly secular education, calculated to bring home to every individual that to be orderly, industrious, and sober is his personal interest. Then, for the great working principles to take the place of religion for the use of the masses thus carefully educated, they provide the broad fundamental ethical truths of justice, benevolence, veracity, and the like, proved experience, and those natural laws which exist and act spontaneously in society and social matters, whether physical or psychological—for instance, in government, trade, finance, sanitary experiments, the intercourse of nations."

In this condition of affairs, it is true that there would be no more church-going, but it does not follow that men would throw off all moral restraint because they had found their "religion" insufficient for them. As I said—"A strong-souled man, who lives uprightly because he feels that selfishness and sin injure the welfare of his fellow-man, who does that which is his duty, that which he and all other free souls know to be their duty, without hope of present fee or reward—that man needs the ministrations of no priests, and demands not the 'consolations' of religion."

Your lordship thinks that there can be no knowledge of duty without priestly instruction. You ask, What is the meaning of duty? "A man, we are told, is to do his 'duty,' *whatever that may be.*" Ah, has a life's practice of Christianity not yet taught you that? Yes, your lordship defines it. You say: "We find enthroned at the centre of our being a magisterial, even royal, authority, which we call Conscience. No matter how that faculty came into existence—it demonstrably exists. That, again, moral judgments have differed in different ages, and among various races, is no reason for calling in question the

existence of a moral sense. When the question before our minds is whether a particular act be just or pure, education and public opinion may greatly help to determine the answer. But when once that answer has been given, when once it is agreed that a particular action is pure or just, then we are conscious of a peremptory voice within affirming that it *ought* to be done, that such a line of action is not merely expedient, but obligatory, and that to follow any other course is not merely foolish, but wrong."

But your lordship says that the man who lives by this rule of conduct follows not the rules of religion, but the rules of morality. I accept the conclusion. We have long had Religion without Morality; let us try, then, Morality without Religion.

I am, my lord,

Your obedient servant,

MARCUS CLARKE.

"MARK TWAIN" ON MARCUS CLARKE.

LECTURE, MELBOURNE, OCT., 1895.

"I not only regret, but feel surprised that the 'Selected Works' of Australia's only literary genius—a genius such as you will not see again for many a long year—should be out of print. Through the courtesy of his widow I obtained a copy of the work after failing to buy one anywhere. And such a work, such reading, such power. It was just the sort of reading to banish from one's thoughts pain such as I have been suffering. The subjects so interesting, and their treatment so brilliant and so fascinating. No works of such a man should be left unpublished. It is the *duty* of Australians to assist the widow of so great a writer in publishing his works. I may tell you that we think a deal more of Marcus Clarke in our country—America—than I am sorry to think you do here." (Applause.)

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