

RELIGION: ITS MODERN NEEDS
AND PROBLEMS . . . No. 20

LIBERTY, DIVERSITY,
FRATERNITY

BY
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M.A.

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RELIGION: ITS MODERN NEEDS AND PROBLEMS

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LIBERTY, DIVERSITY, FRATERNITY

LIBERTY, DIVERSITY, FRATERNITY

A PLEA FOR
A NEW SPIRITUAL COMPANIONSHIP

EDITOR'S NOTE

Each writer is responsible for the views expressed in his contribution to the series. No attempt has been made to limit freedom in the effort to impose an artificial uniformity. Yet a certain unity of outlook does make itself evident, and this is all the more valuable because unforced.

RAYMOND V. HOLT

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The weatherbeaten banner of the old revolution, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," must be reverently laid aside, and in its place a new standard must be raised, whose motto will call with more provocative challenge to the heart of a world that is renewing its youth—"Liberty, *Diversity*, Fraternity!"

CHAP.		
I.	LIBERTY	II

When we consider the various kinds of men who have helped to win freedom for humanity, we notice that whether their aim is national, economic or spiritual liberty, they all recognise the significance and value of diversity, and thus provide a field in which fraternity may be engendered and fostered. As examples, there are passed in brief review :—

The Great Law-givers and Advocates
The Half-way Liberators and the Tolerators
The Great Learners and Teachers
The Disseminators
The Democrats
The Sacrificial Liberators

The conclusion is reached that true freedom liberates specific personalities, with all their manifold, divergent characters and characteristics, and makes possible for them the unfettered intercourse and intermingling which we call fellowship.

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If, as Wildon Carr puts it, the monad is a centre from which the universe is viewed and in which the universe

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is mirrored, then diversity has an infinite significance, and we understand why variety is such a source of joy. This thread is traced in :—

The Contemplation of Nature
 The Consideration of Religion
 The Thought of God
 The Attempt to understand His Will
 The Relationship of the "Faiths" and Denominations

The ideal is neither the obliteration of some sects and the survival of others, nor the unification of all in one new, homogeneous body, but a new spirit of magnanimous fellowship in and through and amongst all the branches of the Church Universal.

III. FRATERNITY 37

Harmony demands difference as its pre-requisite. Writing of human fellowship, F. S. Marvin says that we must have "fuller individuality in the members, closer unity in society as a whole." Fraternity being a synthesis of unique personalities, we should not fear or shun views that are divergent from our own, but courteously welcome them, or bid them God-speed! We consider here the significance of diversity in :—

The Harmonious Pattern of Chemical Compounds
 The Balanced Rhythm of our Bodily Processes
 The Synthetic Quality of the Mind
 Fraternity in Human Relationships :
 Traffic and Trade
 International Harmony
 The Problem before the Churches

The conclusion is an earnest plea and prayer for spiritual comradeship between and amongst all men of religion, whatever party, or denomination, or church they call their own. It is suggested that this comradeship might be enjoyed in united efforts to follow the Master in setting free the "hidden splendour" in the hearts of men. It is held that God's Nature is realised in the intercourse of the children of His Spirit, and His Love made manifest in the harmonious relationships of the seekers after His Kingdom.

INTRODUCTION

EVERY man of ardour and aspiration has felt an answering thrill to the slogan of the French Revolution, "*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!*", which became the rallying-cry of a whole generation of reformers; but for the days that lie before us a new note must sound in *Reveille*.

Liberty and Fraternity, yes; these are still the beginning and the end, essential ground and shining goal of our travail; but that central word, Equality, shorn of its early glamour, must be removed, that another may take its place to match the colour of a new dawn. The light of "Equality" has grown dim. Not that it has been devoid of value—far from it, especially in so far as it has raised the standard of protest against unwarranted privilege; but it is not bright enough for the star-place amongst the watch-words of our generation. A century's experience since Rousseau's time has revealed *Diversity* as the central necessity in the slogan of the new Revolution.

Perhaps you protest at the outset, "Our larger liberties have brought nearer equality of opportunity, equality of justice, and surely these are still majestic necessities?" Yes, I would reply, if we understand precisely what we mean by the terms. As a fact our hope is that each man may have *fulness* of opportunity to contribute to the whole Body the gifts of his personality—the riches of his *difference*, not of his equality! The social organism has many diverse organs. "If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? . . . If

they were all one member, where were the body?" In other words, we do not want equality of opportunity, but we do want, for each man, the opportunity which matches his faculties. And as to equality of justice, it is well to remember that, as a Metropolitan magistrate puts it, "Life is not mathematical, and mathematical justice would be malignant cruelty."

No; increasing measures of opportunity and finer administration of law have not levelled us to equality of character, or function, or purpose. Our freer atmosphere has not bleached us all to a dull grey uniformity, nor would the glad light of Fraternity shine out in such a "Brave New World"—the old world with all the bravery taken out of it! Rather will it be that with the many-coloured threads of Diversity man with joy will weave at last the radiant fabric of Fellowship, in civic life, in international affairs, and in the work of religion.

The world's hunger for comradeship deepens; to many it is a gnawing pain; but birth-pangs are the pressure of a promise. How shall we make ready the way for the coming of brotherhood? Leaders in the past have pursued a policy of unity by compulsion, of equalization and uniformity by legal pressure, of similarity by persuasion and compromise. There yet remains the glorious adventure of "*Liberty, Diversity, Fraternity.*" We must ensure for every man his spiritual freedom. Then we must come together bearing our differences not fiercely as battle-axes, not apologetically as regrettable obstructions, but gladly as divers offerings of treasure at a shrine—gold, frankincense and myrrh. We must not only permit, but reverently welcome the infinite variety in the chorus of voices and hear above the new song—not merely one single note, with neither melody nor consonance, but the many-toned, unfolding, harmonious revelation of the purpose of God for man.

FOREWORD

WE desire to support the plea advanced in these pages.

We reserve the right to our own individual judgment upon the themes considered in detail, and the author himself would be the first to agree that we should do so; but we are in hearty sympathy with the thesis here put forward, and we bid the book God-speed!

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LIBERTY, DIVERSITY, FRATERNITY

CHAPTER I

LIBERTY

Who are they that have purchased it?
What in fact have they achieved?

SOME well-equipped student of history must make it his task to set out in a new format the essential qualities of spirit that have blazed the trail of human freedom, the various kinds of men who, down the ages, have played some part in the great drama.

Not merely one type of man has striven for liberty. Many are the different modes and methods that have contributed in less or greater measure to the task. Nor is freedom itself a one-thing, easily defined. It has many facets or aspects. Its range includes the striking of fetters from the limbs of the slave and escape from many kinds of imprisonment, the high gains of civic, economic and religious liberty, and that supreme, affirmative achievement—the setting free of all that is best in human personality, the glorious liberty of the sons of God within His Kingdom.

This task of the historian will be onerous, its analysis full of instruction. Here I must be content with a humbler endeavour, to sketch in mere outline some of the figures in the picture, to lay accent on one or two of the salient characters revealed by an amateur investigation.

The Law-makers and Advocates.

When Wordsworth sings to Duty,

Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads,*

he is reminding us that within the divine order there is to be found the gladness of perfect freedom, and, conversely, that there is no liberty without law. And men, with partial comprehension of these truths, have striven through the ages to establish a social discipline within which freedom may be found. The record does not show a continuous, unbroken advance, but a ragged, zig-zag line, telling of failures and partial successes, with here and there a brighter gleam.

Some laws have prohibited diversity and thus prevented fellowship, while others have allowed for differences and thus have made fellowship possible. The imperial decree of 313 that Christians and others were to have ample religious liberty clearly permitted many diverse faiths and removed barriers to social intercourse; but the later law of Theodosius ordering all nations to adopt the religion of the apostle Peter neither permitted differences nor fostered fellowship.

Consider the oldest Code of Law in the world, the Stele of Hammurabi (over 2000 B.C.). At first it may seem too archaic for our modern minds. The man who weaves a spell upon another is to be put to death! If a man has made the tooth of another to fall out, one shall make his tooth fall out! But as we read we hear the wise words of the true law-giver. "These folk of Summer-Akkad are not all the same, not equal, and that is the reason for these laws. This man is a trader, that man is a farmer; this woman a votary, this one a wine-seller; this depositor can produce

* *Ode to Duty.*

bonds, this other has had his house burgled, bonds and all, and his case is different. If every case were the same there would be no need for a code of law. "Our task is so to adjust the relationships of all these diverse personalities that, being different, they yet may live in fellowship." Diversity does not appal the law-giver, it appeals to him; it is the very stuff with which he deals; it provides the varied notes with which he weaves his harmonies, the colours which he must blend in the beauty of a social order.

The recognition of this principle underlies Lord Acton's remark that "the most certain test by which we judge whether a country is really free is the amount of security enjoyed by minorities." He shows just how far the Athenian constitution embodied this same principle, and he exalts it when he says that from the time of Grotius it became possible that "men and nations, differing in all other things, could live in peace together, under the sanctions of a common law."

Or we may take more modern instances to demonstrate how the law-makers and law-administrators recognise the significance of diversity.

The author of the *Loom of the Law* tells us that "the standardization of sentences is impossible. . . . Justice is not done by imposing the same sentence for the same offence." A writer in the *Morning Post* says, "It might be possible to believe that all men are equal, but for the plain fact that all men are different"; and the great advocates—Erskine, for example, defending Tom Paine the heretic, or Seward in the trial of Freeman the negro—have reiterated the claim that justice must ever allow for and respect these differences, if freedom and fellowship are to be maintained.

I ask myself if it is not the essential principle of demo-

cratic law that difference shall be not only permitted, but welcomed and valued; that each child shall be considered as a unique human soul, and that law must provide such liberty that each may be free to contribute his difference as his best gift to the community. I ask if this is not the teaching of the Master concerning the citizens of the Kingdom, living under the sanctions of the Law of Love? One man may have ten talents and another five; one may come at two o'clock and another four; and given such circumstances, allowing for such diversity, we must do justly and love mercy.

The Half-way Liberators.

These suggestions become more insistent when we ask what has been lacking in the Terahs of Liberation who have set out boldly from Ur, but have settled down at some Haran and have left the further adventure to the Abrahams of freedom.

We cannot deny to Calvin, for example, a place on the Roll of Honour. He laboured to liberate the Church from civil interference and control, and achieved a great victory; but by his suppression of heresy he denied to others that freedom of the spirit which he had won for himself. He requires sameness of outlook and condemns diversity of faith and belief, and the death of Servetus at the stake cancels out the possibility of a harmonious fraternity of those who seek to learn, leaving for Calvin the dream of a unity of all who believe according to a prescribed plan.

The Protestant reformers had been deeply sensible of their own bondage; they were willing to suffer in delivering their protest, and they made great demonstration of the rights of conscience. But having made effectual assertion of human liberty they prevented the full development of their own

principles, and new heresies were dealt with by drownings and burnings which prohibited any divergence from the path which they themselves had chosen, and in doing so denied the possibility of any widespread fellowship.

From such horrors I turn with relief to the pages of the Racovian plea for toleration: "Whilst we compose a catechism, we prescribe nothing to any man. Let everyone enjoy the freedom of his own judgement in religion." Ships that have sailed into such waters, let them fly what doctrinal flag they will, are able to signal to one another the messages of brotherhood. But I confess even to an intolerance for that phrase "plea for toleration," for it presents a picture of some superior force allowing, permitting some thought or action for a season or under some special terms. If I am to be tolerated by some other man, I am merely suffered, not free. My divergence from his orthodoxy is still suspect, not welcomed. And as to fraternity, if a man tolerates the flying of a skylark only so long as it confines its flight within a cage, then the spirit of that man has no fellowship with the blithe spirit of a lark!

Systems of toleration are apt to be very restricted. The Edict of Nantes secured for the Huguenots only a truncated liberty; Voltaire would admit to state-office only men of state-religion; Rousseau would impose certain essential dogmas on pain of banishment; even John Locke, while he would tolerate idolaters, would exclude atheists and Roman Catholics. As Mirabeau and Tom Paine both held, toleration is itself a sort of despotism or tyranny, since the authority which tolerates may also withhold its gracious permit. I agree that the tolerators do play a part in the story of liberation, and I admit that in many cases they were prevented from still greater deeds by reason of their central conviction;

they were guardians, they said, of a sacred trust, and must risk none of its venerable value merely to satisfy a personal and pedantic freedom-whim of their own. But I see them as among the half-way liberators, having no full-blooded warmth of affection for either diversity or fraternity.

The Great Learners and Teachers.

“The advance of Liberty,” says Lord Acton, “is recorded in the increase of knowledge as much as in the improvement of laws.” The evidence for this assertion is one of the most illuminating passages in the story of man’s liberation. Whether in the realm of history, philosophy, or science, the Great Learners are seekers after the truth, and the truth sets men free.

It would be superfluous here to analyse the emancipative influence of historians such as Grotius and Gibbon, philosophers like Augustine and Erasmus, scientists such as Copernicus and Faraday; no support is needed for the plea that the cause of human freedom “owes more to Cicero and Seneca than to the laws of Lycurgus and the Five Codes of France.” All this we take as proven; but notice the characteristic outlook of these and other Great Learners. They are not finalists, sticklers for orthodoxies, dogmatic denouncers of diversity. They welcome new truth from whatever quarter it may come. Seneca says that knowledge may be indefinitely extended. He has not reached the conclusion that in him the Truth, with a capital T, has been finally achieved and statically determined. Like Sir Isaac Newton, he sees the ocean of truth stretching out before him into the illimitable distance, and his own very limited discoveries give him humility of mind, and a readiness for friendly intercourse with other seekers such as himself.

Pope Sylvester II in his scientific research (tenth century) draws freely upon Moslem and Jewish sources. Soon after him we see the Christian monk Constantine drinking his inspiration from Jewish translations of Arabic versions of the Greek medical writers. In our own day “foreign” scientists such as Pavlov, Glinka, Prisolov, Mendelejev, receive high recognition from the British Royal Society. There is here a fellowship in diversity among lovers of freedom in the search for truth, which lights a flame of challenge for politicians and men of all the churches!

And these same thoughts are confirmed from another angle by the character and aims of the Great Teachers. Yes, I know the story of education is a chequered and in many ways a sombre story. Leaving on one side altogether Mr. Squeers and Dotheboys Hall, even in the normal schools of modern times we meet with profuse illustrations of what Mr. Edmond Holmes calls the Tragedy of Education, the deadening pressure of despotic dogmatism. But in this gloom, by very contrast, the central principles of the Great Teachers only stand out with clearer definition. I grant that the rule of many a so-called educational system has been the rule of sameness and equality, the suppression of uniqueness and originality. The public of our day has been reminded of this by the story, *Gestern und Heute*, given to us in the form of the film, *Mädchen in Uniform*, which shows us the tragedy of the large girls’ school, where each scholar must wear clothes of the same fashion, and every mind must be moulded by a mechanical discipline and policed to the same pattern and purpose.

A little friend of mine showed his home-work to his teacher in a preparatory school the other day. Correctly done. And over the page some more figures. “What’s

this?" asked the teacher. "Oh"—bashfully—"I thought of that as a new way of doing that sum!" "Do it the way you're told," said the teacher, "and don't be a fool!" And this so-called *educator* stamped down (did not lead out) this new creative thought. Philistine! How different my memories of a much-loved science-master. "Would this be a good way to wind a galvanometer, sir?" I showed him some drawings. "Oh, but John, this is *new*! Make one to-day and let's test it!"

The Great Teachers have never envisaged a heaven where all the rough places would be made plain and the crooked straight. The expression reminds me of a twisted little man, in a small Highland village, who made a living by finding young saplings with twisted roots and making them into unusual walking-sticks. Within each gnarled and knotted root he saw a shape of value for his purpose. "Let's see now," he seemed to say, "What's *in* this shape? A weasel? No. An eagle's claw? No. A sheep dog's head? Yes! That's it! Get the knife now, and work at it! There now: only one man can have a walking-stick like that; it's unique." And thus the little man got character into his sticks. (Character was the Greek word for the carved out thing.) So Michael Angelo saw his *David* within the wasted and misshapen block of marble, and from the rugged mass he carved a masterpiece. The crooked part was crucial.

The Great Teacher sees in each person a God-given difference and makes it his sacred task to liberate that personality; he calls it even a hidden splendour, and strives to open up a way through which it may be set free. He is the true liberator who sets high value upon that *divine diversity*. Perhaps the Great Teacher, standing in the synagogue at

Nazareth, had this in mind when he said he was anointed to preach good tidings, to open the door of the prison-house and liberate those that were bound? Sanderson of Oundle, Montessori and the rest are preaching this gospel to-day. Raimboldini, strenuous student and laughing philosopher, the Rousseau of the Renaissance, admits to his school dukes, plebeians, princes; he encourages each, as Holmes would say, to "grow along the lines of his own being," and he turns out men of science, art, letters, state-craft, each made ready for his place in a community which is made richer by the diversity of all.

The Disseminators.

The part played in the liberation of man by those who have provided the means and instruments for the dissemination of knowledge and provocative thought is incalculable. Spend an inquiring hour in a public library, or even with the pages of its catalogue, and you will not fail to hear some echo of the great chorus of voices calling, "We have been set free to utter our message to the world by the possibility of the printed page."

Gutenberg, Caxton, and the other originators of movable type were not conscious of the full significance of their own devices; and who can estimate, even to-day, the power of the printing-press in liberating the minds of men—both of those who write and those who read? "Into the great stream of thought and inquiry," say the authors, "we pour the waters of a thousand hills; we are free to bring all our tributaries of research, meditation, experience, imagination, criticism, construction; and those who drink of the waters are in turn set free in the inner places of the

mind, where reception and assimilation lead to self-discovery and the emancipation of personality."

We who are readers are a multitude, dissimilar in birth, in upbringing and in calibre, but as we read, each of us looks up again and again with gratitude to say, "How good that is! This man understands. By him the thoughts of my own heart are revealed. He expresses what I have felt, but could not find words to say." Each author worthy of his calling must wish that he might unlock the treasures of all the differing minds that read, and must often pray with Aprile,

The lowest hind should not possess a hope,
A fear, but I'd be by him, saying better
Than he his own heart's language.*

And some would offer not their own words, but the thoughts of the majestic men and the stories of great deeds. Let these come before the reader and he must be stirred to the quick. The thoughts of William Tindale run in that mould. So he goes to the disseminators. He finds at last at Worms a printer in sympathy with his purpose; and for the first time the New Testament printed in English finds its way into our land. If only the text might be freely circulated, he was ready to suffer death. As a reward for his consecrated effort in the dissemination of the gospel, he was strangled and burnt at the stake. But how many thousands since have had cause to thank God that his passion and his achievement have set free their tongues to sing? He and men of his stamp have not desired by their printed documents to bring freedom to one kind of man alone—the student, the scholar; they have had in mind all sorts and conditions of men. Thus Tindale to the ignorant clergy of

* Browning, *Paracelsus*, Part 2.

his day, "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou dost!"

But our visit to the public library turned our thoughts to the writers of all these many and so varied books. The disseminators have brought to the writers, as well as the readers, release and enlargement; apart from printer and publisher they would have been bound by all the limitations and restrictions of the hand-written leaves, but now they may bring their manifold gifts to men. Their diversity is not inhibited, it is encouraged. And if by some authority their freedom is curtailed, then some Milton comes forward with his *Areopagitica* to challenge the opposing power. Surely, in the days before us, in this country at least, authority will wisely use our vast modern increase in methods of dissemination not to bind, enslave and oppress, but to provide means for all the myriad voices to speak their diverse thought in freedom and fellowship?

The Democrats.

In Britain, whether our party is Labour, Conservative or Liberal, we are all democrats now-a-days. The native genius of our people is towards democracy. Both fascism on the one hand and communism on the other are denounced daily in our Press, and in each case the gravamen of the charge appears to be that it would destroy personality, individual character, and treat us all like herds of "dumb, driven cattle." I do not argue the case; what I note is that we instinctively dread a condition in which all would be treated alike. Even the equalitarians really mean that the one thing they would abhor would be equality. On the morning on which I write, a "daily" in its leading article espouses equality, yet in the same article it denounces a

government which seeks to "unify" its subjects, declaiming against the very suggestion that everyone must think alike and that men should be compelled into uniformity! The position is even more striking; for one of the main contentions of those who support Russian communism is that it allows for and welcomes variety of faculty and flair. Discussing the Five-Year Plan and Liberty, one writer tells us that "the active worker with any initiative and intelligence has a very much greater chance of rising to positions of responsibility than anywhere else in the world." I neither deny such statements, nor do I hold a brief for them. What I stress is that this provision for distinction and singularity is claimed with something of joyful pride. And the same note was struck in a speech by Mussolini, "Fascism affirms the irremediable, fruitful and beneficent inequality of man."

It is in this direction that the Great Democrats have foreseen the essential governmental and social elements that must co-exist in any society that is to be truly free. They have wrought for a form of government which would be in some sense the rule of the people by the people, believing that in some sense "vox populi" is indeed "vox dei." "The whole nation," says Thomas Aquinas, "ought to have a share in governing itself." Not, of course, government by the people *en masse*, but by the selected representatives of their varied interests, by men of wisdom and ability, "an aristocracy of merit," says St. Thomas, "and such an abundance of democracy as shall admit all classes to office." And while the "angelic doctor" was voicing these prophetic views at Rome, Simon de Montfort was establishing at Lewes that council of barons, bishops, abbots, knights and townsmen which, after civil wars, declarations of rights and reform bills, was to develop at length into our Parliament.

The rise of the Greek democrats in the fifth century B.C. is one of the most significant and glowing chapters in the story of man's liberation. When Solon widens the franchise to include the poorer Athenian citizens, a new light has begun to dawn; and when Pericles declares that no single interest should yield authority, but that in legislation every different interest should be represented in open deliberation, the light seems to shine more brightly. Great schemes! But all men know that the interest which actually did become predominant in Greece and Rome was that of the State, before which the individual as such had little value. "What the slave was in the hands of his master, the citizen was in the hands of the community." In other words, the regrettable tendency was towards equality. But the instinct of the visionaries was sound. The experience of the centuries goes to prove that if through government we are to win large measures of liberty, there must be not only room for diversity in the personnel of the governing body, so that the many facets of the social life may be represented, but also a welcome to all the many elements amongst the governed, so that "each man, as a free human soul, may live of his own free will in the service of the whole people," for this, as Gilbert Murray puts it, is the "essential doctrine of democracy."

If any man, in the name of democracy, sets out with the assumption that all men are equal, it is only that he may disclose and assess their inequalities! In the language of the author of *The New State*, the democracy must be so organized that each citizen may freely "contribute his difference," in harmony with others, towards the discovery and fulfilment of the Common Will.

The Sacrificial Liberators.

This limited inquiry, then, reveals that the men who have won for us our liberties of thought and expression have been hall-marked by certain unmistakable signs. To go further afield and consider the great Utopians, the Adventurers and others who have helped to set free the spirit of man, is only to meet again and again their characteristic *welcome to diversity* and their power *thus to make fellowship possible*.

It will be sufficient if, in leaving them, we make a salute to the greatest of them all, the men of sacrificial zeal for justice and freedom, and listen to their call from the mountain side; a Maccabeus in travail for his people, a Wallace bleeding for the liberty of his countrymen, "which no true man will give up but with his life"; a Garibaldi accepting "hunger, wounds, defeat" for Italia Una; a Milton wielding the pen that was mightier than a sword. At the heart of each man, for them, is a reality of incalculable value, a unique soul to be set free, in the strife of which redemption they would count it honour to live, and if need be to die. In each and every human heart, for them, is a pearl of great price, a sacred and immortal personality, and they would labour for its emancipation. Lovers of justice, the freedom they seek is not for one at the expense of another, not for the few, but for all—the boy, the youth; the rich, the poor, the "untouchable"; the man, the woman; the slave in Africa, the slave in England; the coloured and the white; a justice which obviously does not spell the same life for all, but liberty for each to live his own unique life in its fullness. Booker Washington, himself a negro, demanding justice for the negroes, pleads on their behalf, not for equality, but for that right of each to have his

own peculiar and distinctive strand woven into the many-coloured fabric of the social life; "interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil and religious life with yours . . . separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand." (A phrase upon which I ask the reader to ponder for a moment or two.) Shaftesbury is a man and an aristocrat, but he demands economic freedom for this poor boy in a mine, and that hungry girl in a factory. Lloyd Garrison, a free man, labours and suffers for the slave. Mary Carpenter's heart, loving English life and ways, is with the women and girls of India; Dorothea Lynde Dix, herself a woman of exceptional intelligence, gives all her strength for the redemption of the deficient and the diseased in mind. . . . But why? What is "the moving why they do it?" There is only one answer from the sacrificial Liberators. They saw, *sub specie aeternitatis*, the distinct and unique value of each human soul. They saw it as one of the precious silver pieces in the necklace; if it were mislaid, they must search until it was found and replaced in its own setting which no other coin could fill. They saw it as the shepherd sees each one of his sheep; and if it had wandered on the mountain-side, they must seek after it and bring it back to the fold. Livingstone in the heart of Africa saw his coloured friends not as so many pieces of black ivory, but as children of God with untellable diversity of character; to any one of them he might say in Whitman's words,

It is not to diffuse you that you were born of your mother and father, it is to identify you;
Something long-preparing and formless is arrived and formed in you.*

In other words, these Liberators saw human lives, in the Christ-light, not as indistinguishable parts of one and the

* Walt Whitman, *To Think of Time*.

same formless, homogeneous stuff, any piece of which might be dropped out without harm to the whole, but as monadic realities, each with his own singular and specific gift to be sublimated and set in its true place in the society of God.

CHAPTER II

DIVERSITY

The Pre-requisite of Concord.

IN the study of heredity you may find it difficult to make your way amongst the theories concerning discontinuous variations, acquired characters, mutations and the rest, but this you do clearly discern, that every new creature has in some way an individuality of its own. "No two things," begins the story, "are ever brought into being exactly alike." It is at the point of this emergence of the something new and different that growth, development is made possible. Without the incoming of the new there could be no sunward hope, no possibility of ascent. (Yet men, secretly loving the spring, the dawn, the bud, the child, are so inhibited by the harness and halters of custom and fear, that the thoughts of youth and the call of the pioneer are suspect!) At the very basis of the structure, right at the outset of the story, we see the fundamental significance of diversity. Of Mother Nature we can truly say,

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.*

The difference between this and that is the very salt of life. If all the trees were plane trees, if all flowers had but one form and colour and perfume, if all houses were built to one plan, even to one admirable pattern, if all human faces bore the same expression, even a fixed and standard smile, if all

* Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 2, Sc. ii.

the politicians and theologians were agreed, if husband and wife were always of the same opinion about everything—what a life to live! If every valley were to be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, O Isaiah, to be quite honest about it, what a flat, stale, and unprofitable world it would be! We feel more at home with Cowper when he sings

Variety's the very spice of life
That gives it all its flavour! *

Walking with John Stuart Blackie we can admire the woods and the islands, and then the “peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,” and find light and shade and living interest in the world about us; or listening with St. Paul we agree, “even things without life, giving a voice, whether pipe or harp, if they give not a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped? There are so many kinds of voices in the world, and no kind is without signification.”

Meadows dappled with flowers of varied hue, striking chords of colour-music; the antithesis of foaming torrent and placid mountain tarn; hill above and valley below; land and sea, light and darkness, male and female, father and son, home and away again; all the varying moods of mind, all that quickens the sympathetic response of the poet in his daily pilgrimage—the ferry, the side-walk, the flowing tide, the lover of home, the pioneer on the prairies—does it surprise us that our thoughts rise to higher levels with the changing lights and shapes and shades in the mosaic of experience? Is it any wonder that the Church enshrines at the heart of its worship the reverberations of the Psalmist's praise?—“sun and moon . . . fire and hail . . . mountains . . . fruitful trees . . . cattle . . . men and women. . . . O, all ye works of the Lord, praise ye the Lord!”

* *The Time Piece.*

Not only the poet, but every little child can say, “My heart leaps up when I behold a *rainbow* in the sky”—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, each necessary, each one lovely in itself, and all blending in this covenant of grace—thank God! It is not true to say that “Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass, *stains* the white radiance of eternity,” unless it means that life, like a dome of many-coloured glass, reveals the myriad-hued, resplendent radiance of God.

Religion itself were poor and cold did it not come to us robed in such garments of praise. Religion is no one isolated, clear-cut thing, to be contemplated in “simple location,” waiting for your precise definition or mine, circumscribed by the bounds that one man here or there may set.

We may remember religion nascent, in the moment of birth, perhaps welling up in the awakening mind of the adolescent; new bright coin from a hitherto unknown mint; scent from a new-born rosebud; light new-kindled on the altar of dawn; sense of an Indwelling Presence—even in its newness emerging in a hundred different ways.

Or again, religion re-nascent. The grown man thought its power had faded with his youth. But now, in some strife, or solitude, or lassitude, some gladness, or some gratitude, it comes again; he finds it match the challenge of his crisis; it lifts again his heart; it buoys him up, and brings him to the haven where he would be.

Or religion prophetic, apocalyptic, seeing in vision the Best that is to come, singing, “These things shall be . . .”

Or religion reforming, wielding the sword of the Spirit in some crusade of chivalry, ethical, denunciatory; for these errors of the here and now cannot stand the light of the great Presence, and in His Name, for the sake of His Kingdom, must be swept away.

Religion introspective, meditative, out of the storm, quietly rejoicing, "My heart is resting, O my God, I will give thanks and sing; my heart is at the secret Source of every precious thing."

Religion protestant, nailing up its thesis on the door of the church, singing in catacombs under the city, chanting its psalms in moorland conventicles, up in the hills.

Religion throbbing with wave upon wave of thanksgiving—"When morning gilds the skies, my heart awaking cries, Thy Name, O God, be praised!"

Religion liberative, setting free the innermost hidden best of men, "with all their treasures first unlocked by Thee!"

And all these many diverse lights and gleams and new revealings glow at the heart of this one, many-splendoured thing.

May it not be that our knowledge of God is to be humbly, gladly conceived in like manner? It is not that we "create God in our own image"—an absurd phrase—but that our vision of God is necessarily coloured and modified by our own personal, inborn modes of seeing, hearing and feeling. Why, then, so facile in our belief that our individual knowledge of God is so complete and inclusive that we can criticize and condemn the other man's conception with such infallibility? If in other matters it is obvious, surely it is in this matter more patent still, that I cannot abstract myself as subject from the subject-plus-object relationship and say, "I know God in His immensity, apart altogether from my littleness; I can lay aside for a moment my ignorance, blindness, nothingness—of all men's clotted clay the dingiest clot"—and inform you with assured finality about Him as He veritably is, in His infinite Power and Love? Only a very unworthy lover would dare to state the nature of his beloved

in a formula; but far too readily we believe we have achieved a compact knowledge of the Tremendous Lover, and can express it in a concise statement with dogmatic precision!

Two artists set out for Switzerland, and they settled in two villages on opposite sides of the Jungfrau. Each painted his picture of the mountain. They were different. They were both true.

Your view of God and mine may be different, and yet each may have an element of truth in it. I hope your view and mine to-day are not quite what they will be by and by; with experience and better understanding, with a humbler and more magnanimous mind, and a closer walk with God, I hope we shall both have a clearer conception of His nature than we have to-day.

Do these differences leave us with a sense of imperfection and poverty? Not at all. They help us to understand the majesty and height and depth of the Divine Being, the wonder of His all-sustaining Love. I am glad that you know something of its quality which I have never experienced, for that reassures me that it is all greater—ininitely greater—than anything I have ever imagined, and that it embraces both you and me and all men everywhere.

Now let us consider the world-situation we have to face to-day. Simplification is not the solution. "G. C. M." holds out no hope. It is not that one of the many views is right and that all the rest must retire in its favour. You may silence conflict by cancellation of all but one of the contestants, but only for a time. Somehow a synthesis of the disparate minds must be achieved. Politicians and dictators may throw to the multitude, "We now despair of conference as a method of progress." But this means that they despair of

democracy. Then what shall determine the terms of their own autocracy? Submission? Revolution? And another autocracy?

Problems rise like shouts from a battlefield, piercing cries of bewilderment. A world distraught longs for a peace and equipoise which it is powerless to fashion for itself. The spirit of man, prevented from its finest adventures, is baffled and perplexed; in the limiting darkness it is guidance for which it yearns. Who shall direct our steps?

The general answer of religion is, "God has a plan for mankind, and our task is to learn the content of that purpose." But how? Is each man able to find, in his own domain and for himself, the clear enunciation of the Will of God?

Paracelsus says:—

Now 'tis this I most admire,
The constant talk men of your stamp keep up
Of God's Will, as they style it; one would swear
Man had but merely to uplift his eye
And see the Will in question characterized
On the heaven's vault. . . .*

In every high debate we find men of differing view; men of equal earnestness, equal zeal for God and man, arriving at opposed conclusions as to that high Will.

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me; we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that; whom shall my soul believe? †

All this, too, may be said about the differing orthodoxies, the many denominations. And what are we to do about it? Retreat in despair and live in opposing camps? But

* R. Browning, *Paracelsus*.

† R. Browning, *Rabbi ben Ezra*.

to leave it like this, and to deny the possibility of nearer approach, is to shut out that larger revelation of God's Will for which men are waiting, and all this in face of vast movements of the human mind to-day which deny the value and the directive power of religion.

Now here is the striking fact. Humanity, even in the conduct of its secular affairs, has made continuous affirmation of its conviction that from inter-communication it is possible to secure guidance, not otherwise obtainable. The members of a Whitley Council do not say, "We hold differing views; let us add them all up, strike an average, and act accordingly"; neither do they say, "We are right and you are wrong," nor do they say, "You are right and we are wrong." They say, "We hold differing views, and as things are our industry in this matter is at a standstill; we hear no authoritative voice. Let us go to the conference room, and *make our hitherto irreconcilable views tributary to a common river of thought*; let us see our diverse and apparently incongruous opinions, not as hindrances but as helpful and indispensable in the effort to reach the new way; let us speak, and listen to one another, and to something higher than all of us, and through this intercourse of differents we shall find guidance for right action." And many are the decisions which have been reached in this way by ordinary men, and successfully accepted as laws for the industry concerned. Here, in business life, is a practical expression of the Socratic view that *in and through the interplay of diverse minds*, looking upwards, authoritative counsel is received. Similarly Emerson teaches that where discussion is earnest among men of high desire, but of dissimilar outlook, there is with them an over-arching Presence, raising the thought to higher levels in all bosoms—"It is God."

Was it not one of the greatest moments in the history of

the Christian Church when the Parthians and Medes and Elamites, men from Mesopotamia, Rome, Egypt, Judæa, Arabia, came together and there, in an inter-communion immeasurably enriched by its diverse elements, the Spirit descended as tongues of flame and taught them a common language of understanding, and claimed them as ambassadors of a "Risen Christ"?

And the men of the world to-day would listen with surprised and gladly-awakened ears if they were to find, in their very midst a new communion, the *Fellowship of those who Differ but have found a Common Task*. Thank God that even now this Fellowship is in part already known, nourishing and inspiring those who enjoy the Sacrament of Divine Diversity. It is steadily moving towards articulation, proving it possible for all the branches of the Church Universal to bring together their varying gifts of wisdom and knowledge, of healing and prophecy, of sound and silence, of ceremonial and simplicity, each reflecting into the life of the world some gleam of the true light, so that together they may cause the great colour-gesture of the rainbow-arch to glow, signalling to the hearts of men the light of a Love that is "broader than the measure of man's mind."

The Archbishop of Canterbury has lately spoken of peace and unity within the Anglican Communion. "But a peace due to indifference," he said, "or a unity due to superficial compromise, is not worth having. What we want is not compromise for the sake of peace, but comprehension for the sake of truth. Our ideal must be unity fulfilled in and through diversity—a unity achieved by each part of the one body—shall we say each party—maintaining its own function, yet respecting, learning from, working with the functions of other parts, all loyal to the life of the one fellowship."

Because we have divergence and distinction, it does not follow that we must have dissension and discord. The times in which we live demand not a cosmopolitan unity, but a new and brotherly inter-denominational life, shot through and through with mutual esteem, each branch of the Church free, and faithful to its own central convictions, yet all confessing loyalty to the banner of the Universal Church of God.

What should hold us back from this recognition that in and through our "diversities of workings" there moves the energy of "one and the same Spirit"? What but pride? Mental and spiritual arrogance?

For every splintered fraction of a sect
Will clamour, "I am on the perfect way,
All else to perdition."

Shall the rose
Cry to the lotus, "No flower thou!" the palm
Call to the cypress, "I alone am fair"?
The mango spurn the melon from its foot,
"Mine is the one fruit Allah made for man?
Look how the living pulse of Allah beats
Through all His world. If every single star
Should shriek its claim "I only am in heaven,"
Why there were such sphere-music as the Greek
Had hardly dreamed of . . ."

To believe that some other school of thinkers has caught some inner truth of God which we have not yet seen—why do we feel this to be a kind of treachery and disloyalty to our own flag? Of course we run the risk of having to change our opinions, of learning from one another, of believing that "God hath yet more light and truth to break forth from His Word"; but surely the seekers of the light will say, "Thank God for that!" In the midst of ardent disputes and mutual

* Tennyson's, *Akbar's Dream*.

denunciations, if the embodied Truth were to enter, the first question he would hear from some "splintered fraction of a sect" would be, "Are you for us or against us?" And he would humble and silence all the contestants with his reply, "Nay, I am neither for *you* nor against *you*, but as Captain of the Lord's host am I come!"

I see the armies of the Churches, in the days that are to be, not as confused, disordered and anarchic; I see their banners still waving, but not as defining forces in opposition; spelling out, rather, with their radiant and harmonious colours a coherence, an integration which will make their triumph inevitable as they move together, and in company with all other redemptive forces, towards the liberation of the divine energy in the innermost mind of man.

CHAPTER III

FRATERNITY

Many Members, but One Body.

WE have gleaned from a frank study of the work of the great Liberators that true freedom—industrial, national, ecclesiastical, or any other—permits and invites diversity and provides a field for fraternity. Secondly, a consideration of diversity itself has shown that it is not an intrusion to be feared, but an essential to be welcomed in the free life.

It would be superfluous here to stress the significance of fellowship itself, but it is necessary to claim and claim again, as this thesis sets out to do, that fraternity at its highest and richest is to be achieved when we forswear the ambition of unification and rejoice in diversity. Especially is this the case with all the branches of the Church Universal.

St. Paul found a parable to his mind in the pipe and the harp of his own day. I shall choose one suited to ours in the pianoforte. Suppose I send an urgent message to the tuner to come and attend to my piano; and suppose I tell him, "These notes are all different; please tune the instrument properly so that all the keys sound the same note, for I want harmony." What would he say then? "My dear sir, I'm afraid you don't understand the very first thing about music. It is essential that these notes should all be different. No contrast, no chords. Cancel these differences, and neither harmony nor melody would be possible. Haven't you even heard what Paul Robeson said about the *black*

notes?" If he were poetically inclined, he might go on, "Call this high note Theocrite, and this deep one here the Pope at Rome. Theocrite, you remember, was a working lad, praising God at his bench, but yearning to be able to praise Him in the great way at St. Peter's. Browning tells the story of how the lad was indeed translated, and stood there at last, the new Pope, Theocrite. But meanwhile Creation's chorus had stopped. You see? For the song of the universe, all the distinct notes, in music and in life, are necessary, each in its own place."

And if this same entertaining piano-tuner were of a rather philosophical turn of mind he might "slide down by semitones," find another key and proceed, "And, sir, you may, as a disciple of Parmenides or Spinoza, believe that some kind of monism is necessary to explain and interpret society, fellowship, love, human and divine, but until you find a place in your heart for Leibniz, and a place in your thought for some kind of *monadism*, some essential and eternal diversity in the real personalities whom you love, you have not yet reached the beginning of a social and religious philosophy which will stand the test of experience. Before I go on to my next piano, let me leave with you the lilt of those lines from Rabbie Burns,

The mould that made my love is lost
And never shall be found."

Love is indeed one of the supreme expressions of the unending synthesis of differentials in the great dialectic of life and mind. Men are not drawn together by a mere gregarious impulse, longing to "bathe in the comfort of bodily proximity." As society rises in articulation, it does not approach the likeness of a homogeneous mass, all originality and idiosyncrasy suppressed or obliterated. The distin-

guishing feature of a high civilization is not an uninterrupted sameness, but a juxtaposition of opposites, the interaction and intermingling of dissimilars in infinite variety. As a fact, it is through the rising consciousness of our dissimilarity that we reach full recognition of our own selves as persons, as many a philosopher has said and Tennyson sings,—

The baby, new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that "This is I."

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of "I" and "me"
And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As thro' the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.*

And only as this differentiation matures does each self learn the full quality of his personality, which is his gift, to be given to society; only thus for him is Fraternity possible in any true sense.

On the material plain the significance of this specificity is obvious. The many different elements in all their innumerable combinations provide us with the compounds that make up the stuff of the world. To take a simple example, a brown metal, copper—malleable, ductile—combines with sulphur—a yellow, crystalline solid—and oxygen—an invisible gas—and we have the compound copper sulphate, with its blue colour and all its other distinct qualities. This new harmony would be impossible without the variety among those three so disparate elements.

* Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, XLIV.

In our own bodies we should have a series of static systems were it not that within the living cell a multitude of interactions are continuously and harmoniously taking place through and amongst many delicately-constituted catalytic substances, each one of which is highly specific in its nature. The President of the British Association has lately stressed the supreme importance of the diversity among these catalytics in relation to the bodily integrity.

Thus we are led naturally to recall the synthetic quality of the mind, observable in all the various avenues of its activity. The mind too is ceaselessly drawing together "differents" and blending them into those wholes which are to us our daily and hourly experiences. A sensation may be spoken of as if it were a simple mental event; it is, however, not only complex in itself, but it draws-in some other sensation on its own fringe, and is linked with the record of some former experience, making association and memory possible, and the whole series of different impressions is blended into one continuous whole, with its peculiar colour and pattern.

Or examine any of the sense-organs. Single stereoscopic vision with two eyes, for example, illustrates this synthetic function of the mind; the diverse impulses from the multitude of "rods and cones" in the retina pass along the optic nerve, and are blended into one by the magic of the mind. Or examine the inner ear. The sound-sensations are received through a mechanism which is clearly the instrument of a synthesizing energy. There is no such thing as a single and simple note; for no sooner are the vibrations of—say—middle C set in motion, than along with them come the inevitable vibrations of the associated overtones. It is all these differents, blended into one by the mind, that give us

the sensation of a one-note which we call C. We do not understand fully the exact function of each of the twenty thousand "organs of Corti" within the inner ear, but there can be no question that the sound sensation is in some way a synthesis of their many different messages. Then when the orchestra sounds these notes in new groups and masses and sequences, with varied pitch and colour, we "consider and bow the head."

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.*

Is it possible that the supreme harmony of human minds which we call Fraternity is to be achieved in any way more tame, less clothed in wonder and beauty? These others are but opaque symbols of the strong and lovely fabric which fellowship can weave with the threads of worth and influence from dissimilar minds. Jonathan holds to David closer than a brother, and strengthens his hand in God; Darby and Joan, in youth the rugged man and the tender girl, cannot now live on, the one without the other; in the home, the most radiant family love is found, not where all are cut to one pattern, but where interdependence is nicely balanced by independence.

In a treatise on fraternity it would seem to some absurd to point with pride to the fields of commerce as fertile soil for its cultivation. But even a moment's glance at the ordinary transactions of traffic and trade reveals something of their colour and poetry.

Students of the Old Testament are well-acquainted with the hymn to commerce in that great twenty-seventh chapter of *Ezekiel*—the lamentation for Tyre, the merchant of the peoples unto many isles, which had been so perfect in beauty. What delicate inner spring was it that snapped and caused

* R. Browning, *Abt Vogler*.

the whole mechanism to jam with that grinding snarl? What unsuspected poison emerged in the blood-stream and caused the whole body to sicken and die? Was it self-interest? Was it that economic private-mindedness which kills all true commerce? I daresay. But look at the picture of promise and possibility, a majestic demonstration of the fraternity that is to be found only through diversity. Planks of fir from Senir, masts of cedar from Lebanon, oars of oak from Bashan, sails of fine linen from Egypt, silver, iron, tin and lead from Tarshish, horses from Togarmah, merchandise of all kinds from Judah, Damascus, Arabia. Many isles were the mart of Tyre, and they brought to her great riches in exchange. Amongst those far-flung lands, as we know, were our own isles, trading skins and tin with the Phœnician folk in exchange for their purple cloths, their dyes, perfumes and jewels. The visitors from the East would coast along with their wares, deposit them on the shore where they saw life abroad, light a fire and draw away for a spell. The natives would approach warily, consider this offer of something which they themselves could never make or mine or weave, and beside it lay their suggestion for an exchange . . . and so the process of barter would proceed round that fire, whose flame is, for us, a symbol of the enrichment that comes from the recognition of inter-necessity.

Perhaps we handle a knife from some Bronze Age deposit, and it speaks of the same double-edged profit. For the point about a bronze dagger of four thousand years ago is not that it drove men asunder, but that in being fashioned it had brought men together; not the crude first thought that it had introduced strife, but the striking, integrating fact of its very chemical composition. Copper from Hungarian or Spanish mines must be alloyed with tin from Cornwall in the West

or from Bohemia or still further East, and finally the smelting would be carried out in the furnaces of experts say in Central Lombardy. In spite of difficulty and danger, trade-routes were opened up, roads were made, and men adventured the long sea-voyage, for the merchant's profession and impelling passion is interchange; each race or tribe could offer its own distinctive goods towards the increase of the common Good. To the archæologist the Bronze Age means just this bringing together of disparate elements, and their blending in the alloy of a new value for man—not merely bronze, but brotherhood.

The merchants of our own day must establish a new sense of the sacredness of their high calling. Their exchange of differents must be consecrated on the altar of Fraternity, whose high-priests they can be if they will. Let them dream again the Hansa dream of a world-league of free merchants, knit together by a common law; a confederation of commercial travellers, if you like, but salesmen bound by a religious bond. In the League there were men from many lands who could meet and mingle freely in any one of those lands, even in those stormy days of banditry and war. With a multitude of wares out of all the seas they could use one common warehouse—in London, Novgorod, Bergen; the same living quarters in each Hansa town, clustering round their Hansa church; recognized by governments and granted protection from St. Peter's at Rome; minting their currency, owning their common bank. The great crane at the Steelyard by Thames-side lifted ashore many a priceless cargo, and each in some way illustrated the articulation and rhythm of a federal system based upon the contribution of difference. Much of our talk of "traditional English insularity" seems ridiculous when we learn, for example, that most of the yew-

tree wood for the English cross-bowmen came from Austria by way of Danzig, and that the Cornish tin mines were for long worked by a German firm!

O, ancient cargoes seem to us glamorous indeed.—

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory
And apes and peacocks,
Sandal-wood, cedar-wood and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, cinnamon and gold moidores.*

But let the Hansa spirit at its best capture the merchants of the world to-day, and those ancient galleons and quinquiremes are but coracles with a few odds and ends stowed under the seat. We shall yet have our steelyards in all parts of the world. The great scales of fraternal equity will stand by our busy riversides, and each land will balance its own independence against the interdependence of all in harmony.

God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and on the basis of our common humanity international brotherhood will be built, but not by some process of compulsory unification. Rome tried the experiment, but the tributary people were never truly absorbed; rather did they harbour new longings for independence. The Constantinian empire, too, crumbled away. Charlemagne, head of the Holy Roman Empire which was neither holy nor Roman, reached no world-supremacy, but hammered into the citizens of Spain, Italy and the rest a deeper sense of nationality. *Reductio ad absurdum* had never more ghastly humour than

* John Masefield, *Cargoes*.

when Spain's unifying effort, under Charles and Philip, culminated in the infamous sentence of 1568 *condemning all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death*—"the most concise death-warrant," says Motley, "that was ever framed." But the Netherlands lost thereby neither national consciousness nor independence of soul! And all men know that when at last world-fraternity arrives, cosmopolitanism will not have triumphed, the nations will not be reduced to one dead level of uniform impersonality, but each will be strengthened in its own character, and all will be raised to a new recognition of their inter-necessity, "their share of worth in the association," as Mazzini lived and travailed to foretell, "their office in humanity."

So far our political theory runs, and our international ideals shine above us, though "here below" as Mazzini would say, we drag weary feet and stumble in the fog. But what of the Churches? In loyalty to the Master they should be the harmonizing centres of the world. Are they, by their zeal and power, leading men and nations to assess their differences at their true value and delight in them? Too searching! Let us ask another question: Are the Churches themselves learning the lesson that comes to us from "all the works of the Lord"? *Are they rejoicing in their own diversity and finding in it a source of mutual enrichment and strength?* Would God it were so!

I know that some still believe in a policy of world-religious-union in which all the diversities will be swept away as hindrances. But I plead that this is a false aim, leading men to a *cul de sac*. Before you tear down all the garden walls, remember that some of the best fruit and the most beautiful roses are grown on those walls! And what of Pyramus and Thisbe? "O wall! Thou lovely wall!" Was it not the

centre and focus of their romance? We may live in different houses, and keep our garden walls, and yet have true fraternity. "I belong to the Universal Church," says Channing, "nothing will separate me from it. In saying this, however, I am no enemy to particular churches. In the present age of the world it is perhaps best that those who agree in theological opinions should worship together; and I do not object to the union of several churches in one denomination, provided that all sectarian and narrow feeling is scrupulously resisted. On this point we cannot be too earnest. We must shudder at the thought of shutting-up God in any denomination. To confine God's love or His good spirit to any one party, or sect, is to sin against the fundamental law of the Kingdom of God."

We can "be ourselves" at our best, and yet not "keep ourselves to ourselves" in selfishness. What a barren thing is a self-centred religious sect! It is the open and patent denial of its own cause; it is a public insult to the Master. Intent on saving its own soul, and that alone, it is bound to wither till it has no soul to save.

What then? Shall the various forces of the Church meet together, cancel out all those beliefs on which they differ, until at last they come to one point on which they agree, and find their fraternity there? A needle-point is a most inconvenient, painful and impossible meeting-place!

Perhaps the scientists show us the way? Once a year they come together from all the points of the compass, bring their diverse theories and experiences to the common pool, and the British Association is in being. Shall we inaugurate a new British Association of Religion? It has its attractions; but I would rather work by the side of dear old Walt, and try to "establish the institution of the dear love of comrades." I am not concerned with organization, but I am

very deeply concerned that each religious body should cultivate the conviction that it is an "organ within the organism" of the Church Universal.

"May we not be of one heart, though we are not of one opinion?" asks John Wesley. "Without doubt we may. I dare not presume to impose my mode of worship on any other. I ask not, 'Do you join in the same form of prayer wherein I worship God?' My only question at present is this, 'Is thy heart right as my heart is with thy heart?' If it be, give me thy hand."

I am not pleading for a new cultus. "First soul, second soul, and evermore soul." I am pleading and praying for a *new spiritual comradeship*; a new outlook of religious men towards one-another; a fraternity with a new joy and resilience in it, no fears, no mutual suspicions and jealousies, but *mutual magnanimity*. If we cultivate that spirit, in God's good time it will produce its own means and instruments, as creative life is doing all around us every day. The world's need for that spirit is terribly real. If men and women of faith in God and man will pray for it with sincerity, then to them, without any faintest shadow of doubt, will come the answer, and through them the world's deep need will be supplied.

Already in everyday life we have learned how to mingle our varied gifts in commercial and industrial enterprise, in education, in civic affairs, local, national and international. There remains the enterprise of *Liberty, Diversity and Fraternity in the work of religion itself*.

Even now, men of different denominational loyalties can find opportunity to work and even to worship together. At the outset of his ministry, as we have recalled, Christ entered the synagogue at Nazareth and proclaimed that Isaiah's prophecy was fulfilled in his own Mission; and the words

linger in our minds—release, recovery of sight, liberation. Here, surely, is guidance as to a task of supreme import for all who would follow the Master, the emancipation of the innermost soul of man. The comradeship of those who differ in theological outlook but unite in their reconciling work of redemption is already, here and there, not a mere dream, but a *dromenon*, a thing being acted out; and the thought of all concerned is so heightened that enlightenment of a striking kind breaks in.

When cell meets cell in the process of life-reproduction, it is as though extremes had met; characters and characteristics unlike in a thousand ways meet and mingle, and by a process which beggars all description a new cell is formed, as all men know, which is a new centre of up-building energy. Yet it is as nothing to the creative force which shall be generated in social reconstruction, when men of religion learn at last to blend their many different interpretations, thoughts, feelings, ideals, and enterprises, seeking first the Kingdom of God. Mystical, more than magical, says Carlyle, is that communion of soul with soul, when all together look upward.

The final accent must be upon the need for the spirit of reconciliation in our thought towards one another. Rooted and grounded in the nature, and within the Being of the Universal Spirit is the commerce of our free and diverse minds. In our Fraternity His Life is realized; for Love is God, and God is Love.

Together we must seek and together we shall find a larger thought of His Kingdom, and a closer walk with Him.

Some seek a Father in the heavens above;
Some ask a human image to adore;
Some crave a Spirit vast as life and love;
Within Thy mansions we have all and more;
Gather us in!

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