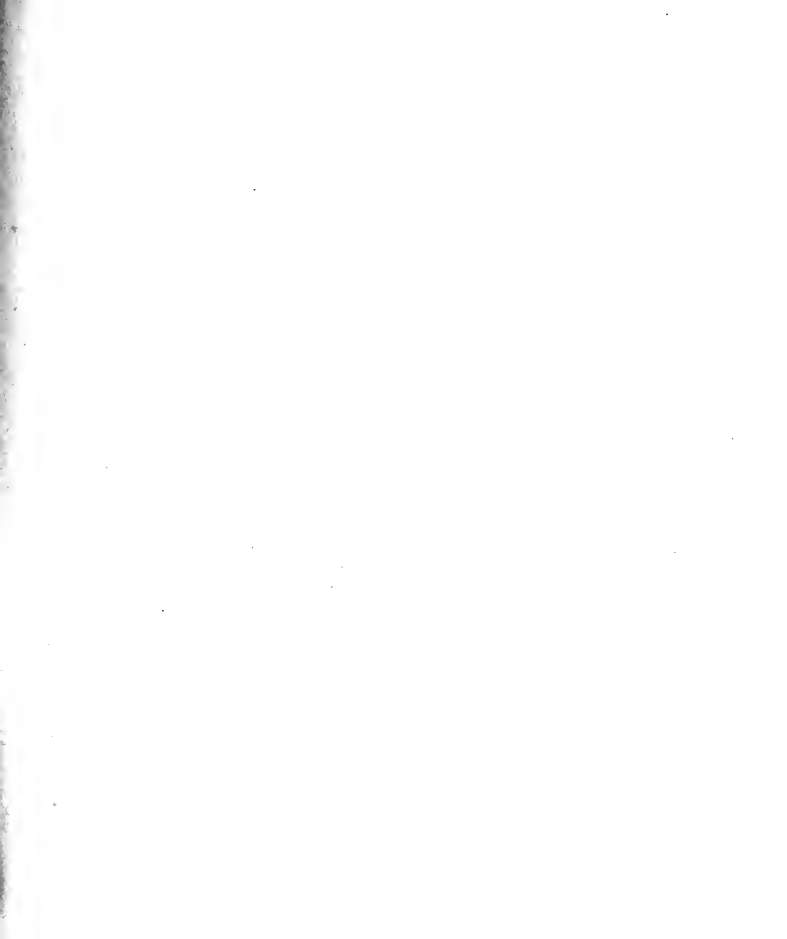


LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF ILLINOIS

✓



JOB'S COMFORTERS.



9

# JOB'S COMFORTERS;

OR,

SCIENTIFIC SYMPATHY.

BY

JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

*TWENTIETH THOUSAND.*

London :

HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW;

R. CLARKE, SEXTON OF THE CITY TEMPLE;

AND AT THE "FOUNTAIN" OFFICE, 4, LUDGATE CIRCUS.

# DR. PARKER'S SERMONS

PREACHED IN

THE CITY TEMPLE

ARE REPORTED VERBATIM IN

“THE FOUNTAIN.”

*See particulars at the end.*



## INTRODUCTION.

---

IF we were required to name the most prominent men of science in England to-day amongst the names that would first occur to us would of course be Professor Thomas Huxley, F.R.S., and Professor John Tyndall, F.R.S.

What Dr. Tyndall or Dr. Huxley is to science, John Stuart Mill may be said to have been to philosophy. All the world has read his *Logic*, tens of thousands of delighted students and statesmen have perused his "*Political Economy*," and his essays in general literature are as widely known as the language in which they are written.

Yet great and eminent as these men are, and must for ever be in the estimation of intellectual men, it is a mere matter of fact, and not of thoughtless inference or sectarian prejudice, that they are not identified with what is commonly understood by the expression, Spiritual Religion. I am not prepared to say that they would assume the hostility of positive disbelief; they would rather suggest that nothing can be known of the Invisible, or what is called the Supernatural and Divine. They would not receive any book, say the Bible, as the revelation of a Supernatural Being. Probably they would say, in substance, If there is a God we do not know Him. He has not come within the limits of our apprehension and experience; and we know nothing of the value and authority of any

revelation of Himself which He is supposed to have made. This they would not say flippantly, or with any idea of bringing the faith of other men into contempt ; they would put forth the statement as a personal decision, and not as a challenge to controversy or a reproach upon the credulity of other people. Dr. Tyndall distinctly says that there is a Secret in nature which Science has not explained, and John Stuart Mill has in his posthumous essays said some pathetic and morally beautiful things of Him who is worshipped by Christians as the Son of God and the only Saviour of mankind. Still it must be admitted that Dr. Tyndall, Dr. Huxley, and Mr. Stuart Mill, stand quite outside the Christian circle so far as it includes a supernatural Person, a supernatural revelation,

a supernatural redemption, and a supernatural regeneration of the human heart. They claim to live within the limits of objective knowledge and distinct personal experience. That I may not seem to put unworthy words into the mouths of illustrious men, let me give a quotation or two from their own writings :—

Dr. Tyndall says : “The mind of man may be compared to a musical instrument with a certain range of notes, beyond which, in both directions, we have an infinitude of silence. The phenomena of matter and force lie within our intellectual range, and as far as they reach we will at all hazards push our inquiries. But behind, and above, and around all, the real mystery of this universe lies unsolved, and as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution.”

Professor Huxley says: "Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events."

This is my text. I intend to turn those two beliefs to practical account, and to test their

consolatory value in a concrete instance. I must ask to be allowed the privilege of dramatic license, only giving you the assurance that in thus using great names nothing can be farther from my intention than the least degree of personal disrespect. Professor Huxley says that the "world is full of misery and ignorance," and that to reduce the amount of ignorance and misery effectually only two beliefs are necessary, and those two beliefs relate to the order of nature and our own volition. Nothing more is required; natural law and human volition, properly understood and exercised, are all we need. It is my business now to dispute this, and I will conduct my side of the disputation in the form of a parable.

## JOB'S COMFORTERS.

---

THERE was a man in these latter days whose name was Job; the same was a follower of Jesus Christ, and his delight was in the law of God, from whom was all his expectation. Job went amongst men as one who ceased not from prayer, nor hesitated to declare the sufficiency and joyfulness of a life of faith in the Son of God. Day by day he blessed his bread in the name of heaven, and set the Lord always before him as the source of his strength and the giver of every good gift. And unto Job were born sons and daughters, and as for his wheatfields and orchards, they were fruitful beyond measure. And it came

to pass that a sudden blight fell upon the whole fortune of Job, and that Job himself was bowed down in weakness and in great fear. His children perished out of his sight, and his ground brought forth abundantly no more; and it was as if God had forsaken him in unexplained and terrible anger, and given him over as a prey to the enemy. Yea, his wife also spake not the word of sympathy, but talked of death as the only release from grief so unendurable. Now, when the new leaders of human thought heard of all the evil that was come upon Job, they came every one from his own place: Huxley the Moleculite, John Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off and saw Job more a shadow than a man, they whispered to each other, "This comes of religious faith," and they hastened towards him with swift feet. So they sat down beside the shattered man, and in less than seven seconds



Stuart the Millite began metaphorically to throw stones at his bewildered head.

“Just what might have been expected,” said he; “this comes of your star-gazing, and of reading the patriarchs, instead of watching the markets. I always say that a man brings all this sort of thing upon himself, and that as he makes his bed, so he must lie upon it. Be your own God, and then pray as much as you like. Humanity is divine.”

But Job answered and said: “O that my grief were understood, and that ye could heal the pain that is in mine heart! for then would I bless you as those who speak wise words. Behold, this cometh not of mine own hand; for wherein have I dared the Most High to overwhelm me?”

Then answered Huxley the Moleculite and said: “Cease from thy languishing, nor let thy repining any longer be heard. Understand thou that this disturbance is entirely mole-

cular : by some means or other the molecules have got into a disordered condition, and that singular whity-brown fluid found in the heads of human animals has become a little addled, diluted, or otherwise injured, and hence these phenomena : all animal life is more or less subject to this visitation, and, viewed scientifically, yours, Job, is a singularly beautiful case."

Whereupon Job moaned in the bitterness of his soul, and cried, saying : " O that my children were about me as in the days that are gone, and that I could recall the light which made my home a scene of gladness ! If not, would God I might die and be at rest ! My children ! my children ! whence have ye fled from me ? "

Then answered Tyndall the Sadducee and said : " Thy children have melted into the infinite azure of the past, as all living things must melt. They have gone again to the dust ; but in their decomposition there will

be liberated gases and other elements, which, mingling with the general chemistry of nature, will contribute somewhat to the nourishment of animals and plants, and in this way the decomposed children of Job will be of great use in the chemic economy of the universe."

Then was Job full of indignation, and his soul was overwhelmed within him. "Miserable comforters are ye all," said he; "and yours is the wisdom of fools. Have ye seen sore trouble, and has your day been suddenly turned into night, or have your eyes stood out with fatness and your souls been long at ease? Know ye what it is to be carried away as with a flood, and to be thrown down by an irresistible arm? Your words are strange to me, and your speech without savour."

Then answered John Stuart the Millite, and said: "Are thy children more than the children

of other men that they should live for ever? Reform the sanitary arrangements of the country, return a thoroughly representative parliament to St. Stephen's, give women the franchise, and let all leading articles be signed by the names of the writers, and then we may look for better health, higher wages, and more general comfort. This you may call utilitarianism, but I call it common sense."

And Huxley the Moleculite said: "Why grieve for children? and why moan and groan over the inevitable? You should take a scientific view of all things. What my friend the Sadducee has said is strictly scientific. We live upon one another all through and through creation. We find the origin of protoplasm in the vegetable world; the plants drink the fluid containing carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, and thus maintain themselves in vigour, and then the animals in their turn eat the plants and perform a high feat of constructive chemistry

by converting dead protoplasm into the living matter which is appropriate to itself."

Thereupon in paternal anguish and rage Job smote Huxley the Moleculite to the ground, and Tyndall the Sadducee exclaimed: "Why this, O Job?" And Job answered in bitter sarcasm: "The molecules! And God do so to me, and more also, if I smite you not one and all for your madness and cruelty. O, my children! my children!"

But Huxley the Moleculite, and John Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee, reasoned with Job, and besought him to restrain himself, and offered to lend him their complete works to while away his childless hours and his consuming sorrows. Moreover, Tyndall the Sadducee answered and said: "We are the founders of a new school; we are the valiant leaders of the new age, and we are prepared to suffer, if need be, a good deal of advertisement, and are even willing to risk all the consequences of a

remunerative circulation of our books: let me speak to thee, I pray thee, nor let thine anger be too hot."

Then Job answered, "Say on." And when Huxley the Moleculite had retired from Job according to the square of the distance which formerly separated them, Tyndall the Sadducee opened his mouth and said: "What is thy complaint, and what is thy desire, that we may answer thee?"

And Job answered: "My complaint is that I am sore wounded, and that my life is impoverished and filled with woe. The delight of mine eyes is taken away, and no longer is mine ear filled with music: they that knew me turn away from me, and they that understood me are numbered with the dead. O that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing that I long for! Even that it

would please God to destroy me ; that He would let loose His hand and cut me off ! Is there not a God in heaven, and is not He King over all the earth ? Why is His hand heavy upon me, and for what reason hath He shut up my soul in darkness ? Answer me., if ye have understanding."

"We will answer thee," said the Sadducee, "and let thee know the measure of our wisdom. We have stretched our minds across cosmic spaces and cosmic periods, and have seen the sufficiency of matter to grow and recombine, and produce startling effects ; we have seen nothing indeed of which matter is incapable : it seems to be its own secret and its own origin. Still there is an Inscrutable Power somewhere ; we know nothing about it ; neither does any man. There is, we own, a Secret which we cannot make out ; and our resolution is never to attempt its explanation. For my own part

I have not even a theory of magnetism, much less a theory of the universe. Let us keep within our own limits, and lay down our work at the call of Nature. Be quiet. You are in trouble; you have lost your children; your high social estate is gone. Be it so; take these things philosophically, and don't let your courage fail you."

"Beside," added John Stuart the Millite, "as our knowledge of Nature extends we shall get more command over disease, and even death itself. When public baths are more known and appreciated, and the higher education of women is advanced, I imagine we shall dry up nine-tenths of the troubles of life."

"O fools and hard of heart," said Job, "have you no more answer to my grief than this? When a man's life is desolate, will a theory of magnetism recover his comfort and peace? When he has discovered the tomb in the midst of his garden, will hydropathy make his



heart glad with unspeakable joy? You tell me there is a Secret in the universe which you cannot explain; but because *you* cannot explain it, is it therefore impossible of explanation? There is a stone which I cannot lift; does it therefore follow that no other man can lift it? Is there healing for my body, and none for my soul? Is there bread for my physical hunger, and no food for the fiercer hunger of my heart? You mock me: you wish me to give the lie to my own consciousness: you tempt me to commit spiritual suicide;—miserable comforters are ye all!”

“Still,” said Huxley the Moleculite, with chastened air, “we must be scientific. Let me lay it down that matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena.”

“And pray who told you that?” said Job. “You chatter great words with glibness, and make fine speeches, but you find for me no

fountain in the wilderness, nor can you assuage the swelling of my woe. Is there not something deeper in life than you have yet touched? A wounded spirit who can bear? Will not God hear me when I cry, or will He hide Himself from my approach? Can a man live upon the wind, or satisfy himself with hard words, or rest his head upon the sharp rocks? Have you had pain like mine, or have ye lived in gaiety, and sat at the table of plentifulness? When did the lion rend you, or the wolf lie in wait for your appearing? Ye know not whereof ye affirm, else would your speech be chastened and your words be few."

Then uprose Tyndall the Sadducee, and hastily said: "Should not the multitude of words be answered? and should a man full of talk be justified? Let me ask Job a question or two that may comfort him in a rational and not in a sentimental manner. What is the vegetable world but the result of the complex play of

molecular forces? What is it which tears the carbon and the hydrogen from the strong embrace of the oxygen? Is it possible for the undeflected human mind to return to the meridian of absolute neutrality as regards ultraphysical questions? Let Job consider these and a million similar questions, if he would be really comforted. Let him read Fichte in the morning, and commit Emerson's poems to memory on Sundays, and always keep by him a good translation of Plato; and above all things let him doubt those who pretend to see in cholera, cattle plague, and bad harvests, evidences of Divine anger. And now that I am speaking I will make a clean breast of it at all hazards. Prayer is wasted breath. The law of gravitation crushes the simple worshippers in the Methodist chapel while singing their hymns, just as surely as if they were engaged in a midnight brawl. Job must hold his feelings in control. Let the Moslem give way to them in his battle-cry,

and the Red Indian wake the echoes of his hunting-grounds with such wild howls; but when Job can attend scientific lectures at the Royal Institution, or take a course of evening lectures at the School of Mines, he ought to conduct himself in a rational way in time of misfortune, and show himself to be a philosopher.”

Then answered John Stuart the Millite, with unusual warmth: “I, too, have been in trouble, but I needed no sackcloth, nor scattered I any ashes on my head. I took a philosophic course. I mounted a philosophic steed, and sped away from my trouble. If Job will hear me, he shall know how to keep distress under his feet, and to defy the threatening storm. What time I am afraid I flee to metaphysics, and when conscience threatens to get the upper hand of me I consider the functions and the logical value of the Syllogism. When my father, who would never *allow* me to have any convictions about religion

different from his own, melted into the infinite azure of the past, I comforted myself under such melting by testing Berthollet's curious law, that two soluble salts mutually decompose one another whenever the new combinations which result produce an insoluble compound, or one less soluble than the two former; and the comforting effect of the experiments was remarkable—so much so that in an ecstasy of scientific surprise and delight I almost wished that he had melted sooner, that I might have had longer possession of this prize. O that Job would do something of the same kind! He would forget the past in a trice, and be as happy as I am. Let me put you in possession of a secret, if by doing so I can rally the dejected Job. When I die there will be found in my desk the manuscript of my Autobiography, and so sustained was I by philosophic reflection during its composition, that never once in its pages have I mentioned my mother! Nobody could know from my

Autobiography that I ever had a mother! That is what I call self-control! Other people talk of their mothers, and their mothers' influence, and their mothers' prayers, and their mothers' example, but I never own the relationship; I keep on the airy highlands of philosophy, and avoid the close and relaxing valleys of sentiment. Once, indeed, I was about to give way to the common folly, but I recovered my self-restraint by showing the fallacious reasoning which has been founded on the law of inertia and the first law of motion, and I never lost my balance again. If Job would take some such course, his grief would be for ever dissipated."

And to the same effect, Huxley the Moleculite, who had insensibly increased his distance from Job: "I have often steadied myself under a stunning blow by remembering that protoplasm, simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life. This has been a great comfort to me in many distresses. When death has invaded the house-

hold of any of my friends, I have always proved to them that all living powers are cognate, and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character, and they have invariably thanked me for my sympathetic and consolatory expressions. One dear old friend of mine, who suddenly lost all his income in a railway crash, would, I believe, have died of a broken heart, had I not asked him to compare in his imagination the microscopic fungus—a mere infinitesimal ovoid particle—with the gigantic pine of California, towering to the dimensions of a cathedral spire; and my friend no sooner complied with my request than in a wave of victory, as Tyndall the Sadducee would call it, he was lifted far beyond rolling stocks and permanent ways with their fickle dividends and their treacherous attractions. It is very pleasing to me to find that there is in science that which will heal 'a mind diseased.' Job, be encouraged by our words; rest upon them as upon a sure founda-

tion, and in passing through the various experiences of life always remember that a nucleated mass of protoplasm is the structural unit of the human body. This you will find a catholicon for human ills."

Then Job arose from the ground and turned his face towards the heavens, nor spake one word to those who offered him stones for bread. In his eyes were standing great tears, and on his countenance was the stamp of unutterable grief. Then the Lord took up his cause, and answered his comforters out of the whirlwind:—

"How old are ye, and what is the measure of your days? Ye mighty men and mocking comforters, answer me, that I may know the strength of your understanding and the dignity of your judgment. What will happen on the morrow? And can you, who are unable to turn over a single page of passing time, read all the volume of eternity gone, and comprehend the measure and the reason of all things? Is the



universe without a Maker, a Guardian, a Friend? Are there no boundaries set to power, and is there no watch appointed over ambition? Can the eagle soar quite into the sun, or build his nest amidst the forests of the stars? Can any man deliver his friend in the day of death, or travel with him into the great waters and return from the gulf? Is there no angel of mercy spreading mighty but gentle wings over all the world, sending the seasons in their course, the rains in rich showers, and the fire to warm the earth all summer long? Are there no mysteries in life which make you pause and for a moment turn your flippancy into, at least, an appearance of sobriety? Know ye the invisible bonds which keep you within an appointed sphere? Can you shut your door upon those powers which wither your pride and take away all the sap of your strength? You call me a Secret and an Inscrutable Force, and ye deny my power to reveal Myself to the children of men. Who *are* you

that you should set yourselves against Moses and David, Ezekiel and Daniel, John and Paul? You have told my servant Job what you can do in the hour of human darkness, and sore distress, and behold your helplessness and the vanity of your strength!"

Then Job cried aloud, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him! He hath been with me in six troubles, and in seven he will not cast me off. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Miserable comforters are ye all, though ye are the men, and wisdom will die with you! When you have exhausted your petty science, what have you told me that can touch the agony of my heart or bring back the light of my house? If *your* theory be right, why should I suffer all this misery when in a moment I can end all my distress? If this chastening be for no higher good, why should I not interrupt it by the instant destruction of my consciousness? You mock me, but you have

no satisfaction for my heart. You throw hard words at me, but you have no balm for my healing. Ye are as a bowing wall and a tottering fence: I will not lean upon you. The Lord is my light and my salvation. I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. O Lord, Thou hast brought up my soul from the grave; Thou hast kept me alive that I should not go down to the pit. Thine anger endureth but a moment: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning! I said in my haste, I am cut off from before Thine eyes; nevertheless Thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto Thee. Lord, open the eyes of these men that they may see my defence as Thou seest it!"

And the Lord opened the eyes of the leaders of science, and they saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Job; and the Lord opened their

ears so that they heard voices other than of men, saying : "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them : He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. The Lord of hosts is with thee, the God of Jacob is thy refuge."

And the heart of Job was lifted up in praise, and through the sob of his woe there came forth Alleluias unto the Lord. Yea, he magnified his God, and praised Him with many psalms : "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds ; He is the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that my loved ones are standing before Him, glad in His light and beautiful in His holiness. Praise the Lord !"

And it came to pass that Job's three comforters—Huxley the Moleculite, Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee—gathered together their inaugural addresses at the British Association, their lectures at the School of Mines and the Royal Institution, their dissertations upon the ballot and the higher education of women, and returned with them to their several places. And it came to pass as they journeyed that they came near to a beautiful stream, spanned by a suspension bridge, nigh unto which there nestled the thatched cottage of a ranger in the woods.

“That,” said Stuart the Millite, “seems to be an ideal house, though so simple and unpretending. How clean the place is and sweet-looking, and how these tangled flowers on the front brighten it and give it quite a jewelled appearance ; and a beautiful peep of the river must be caught from that western window.”

And it came to pass as they drew near to

the house that the ranger in the woods leaned himself against an aged tree, and seemed as if he did so in heaviness of heart. And it was even so, for lifting up his eyes and seeing three men bearing many books, he said unto them:

“Be ye learned men who can tell us what to do when we are dizzy and senseless?”

“Perhaps indeed we can help you a little,” said Huxley the Moleculite; “at any rate we are quite willing to try.”

“Come with me then, and see what is in the house. I lost her mother but a twelvemonth since, and now she’s slipping away.”

But Huxley the Moleculite and Stuart the Millite and Tyndall the Sadducee shrank from the man, and in remembrance of the sufferer they had left they dared not to speak of the sympathy of Science.

“But mayhap you will pray with the child, and not pass by her on the other side. In such books as yours there must be something for

broken hearts like mine. It is but a step or two to the girl's bedside. Come!"

"It would be but wasted time, my friend," said Stuart the Millite, "for we have no power over the laws of nature."

"But cannot you speak comfortably to the child? for she says the river is very cold, and, bless her, her feet are very young."

"You are not so very near the river, my friend," said Stuart the Millite. Whereupon the man turned away, and answered with a great sob.

And it came to pass as the leaders of Science had gotten away to the height of a distant hill that they laid down their books and rested awhile. And presently Tyndall the Sadducee opened his mouth and said: "We have been out of our depth to-day, and perhaps we had no business along this road at all. These books of ours are invaluable in their places, and very likely they are indispensable to the higher

education of the world, but there are two men along this road who somehow need something that we have not got to give them. It is no use concealing the fact, or making it look less important than it is. I wish a great poet would arise who could sing these woes to sleep and charm us out of our ill-fortunes."

And it came to pass that the Lord turned the captivity of Job and made him glad with new joy; yea, He crushed for him the finest of the grapes and gave him wine with His own hand; and upon his wheatfields and orchards He sent the benediction of sun and shower until their abundance returned and was multiplied. And Job rebuilt his altar and bowed down before God with all reverence and love, and sang the praise of the Most High with a loud voice, and made a joyful noise unto the Rock of his Salvation. And in the day of his prosperity, Job sent for the books of Huxley the Moleculite,



John Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee, and read them all with an attentive eye. Then he rose up and said : " O wise yet foolish men ! your books are full of knowledge and instruction, and mighty men are ye in the fields of learning. But have ye forgotten that there is a spirit in man, and that the inspiration of the Almighty gives him understanding ? Know ye the way into the heart when it is in ruins ? or can ye lift up those who are pressed down by the hand of God ? Keep your learning in its proper place and it will help the progress of the world ; but attempt not with it to heal the wounds of the heart. Not to your wisdom but to your simplicity will God reveal Himself : He hath hidden Himself from the wise and prudent, and shown forth His beauty unto babes : even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

And the woodman's little girl ? Was the river so very cold when her young feet touched

it? We cannot follow far along that drear road, nor see far into that great darkness. But there was no splash in the water; there was a quivering in the arch which spanned it, from which the ranger knew that his child had been taken, not through the river, but over the bridge, to the mountains of myrrh and the hills of frankincense.

Long years after, the woodman would tell how in the black night his sweet child closed her thin hands, and looking up to heaven, said, "Not my will, but Thine be done," and how she turned to him and said, "Father, give me one long kiss, I am dying:" on the wall were three strange shadows, cold when touched, dumb when spoken to; and then the woodman knew what it was to be ALONE.

My soul, when that night darkens around thee, and the last star of human comfort fades out of sight, may there bend over thee

"ONE LIKE UNTO THE SON OF MAN."

## NOTES.

---

An American edition of "Job's Comforters" was published under the supervision of a New Jersey Rector. The following notes are from his pen :—

P. 13. "This disturbance is entirely molecular." Hardly a burlesque. Huxley says, in an address (*Lay Sermon*, p. 138), "The thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression of molecular changes, etc."

P. 24. "Would never *allow* me."—True. This is expressly stated by Mill, as his father's idea of duty.

P. 26. "That I ever had a mother."—A fact. Mill in his Autobiography never refers to his mother ; not even in the eighty-six pages devoted to his youth and training.

P. 36. "I wish a great poet would arise who could sing these woes to sleep," etc. A reference to the following passage from Tyndall : "I think the poet will have a great work to play in the future of the world. To him . . . [now that religion and theology have been exploded] . . . we have a right to look for that heightening and brightening of life, which so many of us need. He [*not the revelations made in the Bible through prophets and others sent from God*] ought to be the interpreter of that power, which, as 'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord' has hitherto filled and strengthened the human heart." The bracketed words are the editor's.

The editor says :—

"The form of satire employed in these pages is that most cogent of all—the *reductio ad absurdum*. Rarely has this been more skilfully handled than by the author. Rarely has any system been so thoroughly tried by submitting it to application to legitimate cases, wherein it was found to fail, than has materialism, in the tests to which it is here subjected. The idea is not new, but the method and the shape given it are among the originalities of the time."

“Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;  
Strong without rage ; and, though o'erflowing, full.”

# THE FOUNTAIN.

Literary: Religious: Social:

Conducted by DR. PARKER.

The *Bolton Weekly Journal* says :—“ It is altogether a wonderfully got up work, and the very model of what a serial of the kind should be.”

The *Banbury Guardian* says :—“ The FOUNTAIN has a solid look about it, and in its pages will be found much interesting reading for old and young.”

The *Ashton Reporter* says :—“ The FOUNTAIN is a wonderful pennyworth, and as might be expected, its pages reflect the manly Christian spirit of its well-known head. There is nothing of that sickly sentimentalism common in so-called religious publications. Its voluminous contents show a vigour and spirit which should make the FOUNTAIN welcomed into every household.”

The *Derby and Chesterfield Reporter* says :—“ Altogether it is a capital domestic pennyworth, decidedly readable in the first place, and really worth reading in the second.”

The FOUNTAIN publishes Sermons by the Revs. Henry Ward Beecher, W. H. Murray, Phillip Brooks, Joseph Cook, and Joseph Parker. Many Outlines of Sermons are also published.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS carefully prepared by many English ministers have appeared from time to time in the FOUNTAIN.

LITERARY, RELIGIOUS, AND SCIENTIFIC ARTICLES, selected from “The Atlantic Monthly;” “Scribner’s Magazine;” “Harper’s Weekly;” “Lippincott;” the “New York Ledger;” the “Chicago Advance;” and other American journals of the highest class.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES commenting upon the questions of the day appear in every number. These articles are written by experienced journalists, lay and clerical, and are often quoted by the contemporary press.

The FOUNTAIN, every Thursday, One Penny. All Newsagents. Sold at Railway Bookstalls. Post free for 4s. 4d. a year. This should be carefully noted. Nothing is charged for postage. The FOUNTAIN is delivered at the subscriber’s door for the price that is paid for it at the counter. The yearly subscription must be paid in advance.

PUBLISHING OFFICES, 4, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.

