

January 1903), from which I now make the following appropriate extract :—

Looking at the loom of nature, the feeling not of despair, but of what has been called atheism, one ingredient of atheism, has arisen : atheism never fully realised, and wrongly so called—recently it has been called severe Theism, indeed ; for it is joyful sometimes, interested and placid always, exultant at the strange splendour of the spectacle which its intellect has laid bare to contemplation, satisfied with the perfection of the mechanism, content to be a part of the self-generated organism, and endeavouring to think that the feelings of duty, of earnest effort, and of faithful service, which conspicuously persist in spite of all discouragement, are on this view intelligible as well as instinctive, and sure that nothing less than unrepining unflinching unswerving acquiescence is worthy of our dignity as man.

The above ‘ Confession of Faith,’ then, is very well ; for the man himself very well