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DANTE'S OCCULT CONCEPTION OF THE SOUL.

DANTE, to those who know him best, appears as an ocean in which very imperfect soundings have as yet been taken. I propose here to deal for a moment with a drop of that ocean drawn from its surface rather than from its depths, and to analyse that drop, in the hope of shewing that even the more superficial waters of this ocean reveal the existence of an order of life which has escaped general recognition there. In so vast a subject as that of Dante's art it is best to seize a single point of view, and to work from that. But the point I select is one, the significance of which may, I hope, suggest such a conception of Dante's whole art and philosophy as will seem novel and important to the reader of BROAD VIEWS. My point concerns Dante's conception of the human soul, its origin, growth, and destiny. And I shall found my point upon Dante's own account of the "generation of the soul" in the XXVth canto of the Purgatorio, a canto which is embedded in the centre of the Commedia, and plays the part of a pivot in the action of that spiritual drama of which he has told us himself, "*subjectum est homo*,"—the subject-matter is Man.

One word as to the nature of Dante's genius, and the character of his art, before I come to the point. In the preceding canto, Dante has uttered the motive of his song in brief but pregnant words, which I will give in prose. "I, I am one, who, when Love breathes within me, sing, and in that measure which He within me doth dictate, go uttering mysteries ("significando"). These words haunt the reader of Dante as the wind in the pine-tops of Dante's Ravenna haunted Byron. In what follows here we shall do well to remember them. In any problem of Dante's art those three factors, which Dante describes as the factors of his Art, are bound to reappear. The first of these is his conception of Love

as the mystery of Being, the second is his ideal of Art as an unveiling of that mystery, the third is his claim to sing of that mystery and its unveiling.

One word also as to the peculiar significance of the dramatic setting which Dante frames for his discourse on the "generation of the soul." We cannot afford to neglect any of those details in the setting of his conception by means of which Dante reinforces his central thought about the soul, as a goldsmith reinforces, by the "reflets" in his setting, the splendour of his central gem. Let me therefore pause to note two or three features in the occasion of this discourse. First, it is uttered at the foot of the mysterious Tree of Knowledge. Secondly, it is uttered by the poet "Statius," whom there are grounds for believing to be Dante's symbol of an occult tradition within the Christian Church. Thirdly, it is uttered among those Provençal love-singers who certainly possessed an occult tradition of Christianity. Lastly, it is uttered in that final circle of Purgatorial fire, which cleanses the impurities of Love itself.

We are now in a position to consider the bearing of the passage, which I will immediately transcribe from the XXVth canto of the Purgatorio, upon Dante's conception of the soul. Let me first explain, however, the dramatic context of the discourse. "Dante," who is of course the protagonist of his own Vision, has been puzzled by the problem of the soul's growth in its newly-disembodied existence. Dante, through the mouth of "Statius," proceeds to resolve the feigned difficulty. An "aerial" body, as Dante calls it (the modern occultist would say "astral"), is assumed, he tells us, by the human entity immediately after death, and reflects the emotions of the soul as a mirror reflects the motions of the body. It is thus that what Dante calls the "Eternal Vengeance" (the modern occultist again would prefer to say the Karmic Law) is administered beyond the grave. Dante, let me remark, is perfectly well aware that this "aerial" or astral body functions also in physical life. He sings elsewhere of a soul who is already in Hell, although his body is on Earth. But, with the purpose of clearing a problem which is so perplexing, Dante here launches, through his mouthpiece, "Statius," upon his discourse of the soul, which, though of course not to be

taken as Dante's only utterance on this subject, will convey the most distinct idea of his conception even to those who know his work in no other way. It is to two critical points in this soul-story that I want particularly to draw the reader's attention, —namely to its appearance in and its disappearance from physical life. These form the main theme in Dante's epitome; but they will lead the reader on to others of far greater importance in Dante's scheme of thought as in our own—namely, its origin, growth, and destiny. I shall not attempt textual study of the passage which I am compelled to curtail, plunging "*in medias res*," and omitting the lucid delineation of physical generation with which it opens.

"The active virtue, being made a soul
As of a plant, (in so far different,
This on the way is, that arrived already,)
Then works so much, that now it moves and feels
Like a sea-fungus, and then undertakes
To organize the powers whose seed it is.
Now, Son, dilates and now distends itself
This virtue from the generator's heart,
Where Nature is intent on all the members.
But how from animal it man becomes
Thou dost not see as yet; this is a point
Which made a wiser man than thou once err
So far, that, in his doctrine, separate
He made the soul from 'possible intellect,'
For he no organ saw by this assumed
Open thy breast unto the truth that's coming,
And know that, just as soon as in the fœtus
The articulation of the brain is perfect,
The Primal Mover turns to it well pleased
At so great art of Nature, and inspires
A spirit new with virtue all replete,
Which what it finds there active doth attract
Into its substance, and becomes one soul,
Which lives and feels and on itself revolves.
And that thou less may wonder at my word,
Behold the sun's heat, which becometh wine,
Joined to the juice that from the vine distils.
Whenever Lachesis has no more thread,
It separates from the flesh, and virtually
Bears with itself the human and divine;
The other faculties are voiceless all;
The memory, the intelligence and the will
In action far more vigorous than before.
Without a pause it falleth of itself
In marvellous way on one shore or the other;

There of its roads it first is cognizant
Soon as the place there circumscribeth it,
The virtue informative rays round about,
As, and as much as, in the living members.
And even as the air, when full of rain,
By alien rays that are therein reflected,
With divers colours shows itself adorned,
So there the neighbouring air doth shape itself
Into that form which doth impress upon it
Virtually the soul that has stood still.
And then in manner of the little flame,
Which followeth the fire where'er it shifts,
After the spirit followeth its new form.
Since afterwards it takes from this its semblance,
It is called shade; and thence it organizes
Thereafter every sense, even to the sight.
Thence it is that we speak, and thence we laugh;
Thence is it that we form the tears and sighs
That on the mountain thou mayhap hast heard.
According as impress us our desires
And other affections, so the shape is shaped,
And this is cause of what thou wonderest at."

[*Purgatorio, Canto* XXV., *Lines 34—108, Longfellow's Version.*—(*Routledge*).]

Now the first thing to arrest the reader's attention in this splendid passage both of philosophy and poetry is Dante's picture of embryonic evolution. In half a dozen lines Dante gives us what the modern scientist might fairly take for his own conception of organic evolution as it is rehearsed in the embryonic history of every human birth. Such an anticipation of our modern induction may well dispose the scientific reader to attention as regards the other parts of Dante's story. Has a philosopher, who could see so clearly and express so lucidly what we believe to be the essence of the case about the life of the body, no claim to be heard when he proceeds to put his case about the life of the soul? This single feature in the passage may I trust decide the reader who has gone so far, to go a little further. Dante's conception of the Soul will interest nobody who does not begin by believing that in some way or other Dante is, to use his own grand words, a "master among those who truly know." But, before I speak of what Dante "knows" about the Soul, I am constrained to say a word about Dante's source of knowledge—a word which is directly suggested by this physical anticipation of modern thought to which I have just drawn

attention in the passage. It is always well to ask ourselves how any thinker has arrived at his conception, before we consider the conception itself. And in the present case the desirability of doing so is greater than usual, because only the reader who has made a study of Dante can be expected to attach *prima facie* weight to his conceptions. Now I will venture to characterise Dante's chief method of knowledge by a single word and call it intuition. I think I am justified in so doing by this single anticipation of his in the realm of physical science. The word, intuition, I use to connote any method of cognition which reaches a truth with relative certainty by what seems to be an act rather of "recognition" than of inference. To many readers of BROAD VIEWS the simple fact that Dante in one convincing case displays this power of intuition will I know bring the conviction that it is worth their while to listen when he proceeds to other than physical conceptions. I regret that lack of space forbids me, in addressing myself to them, from even touching now upon the nature of those channels to which Dante owed his gift of intuition and from the symbolical representations of those channels which constitutes so large an element in his art. But I have in mind other readers of this Review who do not attach such weight to the idea of intuition, yet who will, I believe, be impressed by the mere fact that Dante should have uttered such a "guess at truth" as the one I have adduced, and who will be disposed to follow him further on that account. I venture to remind them that all physical discoveries even in our own inductive age have been in a large measure due to wise "guesses at truth," or, if they will allow the word, have been intuitive. In other words they have been reached by intellectual inspiration rather than ratiocination. Very notably has this been so in the case of that great biological generalization as to the evolution of the human embryo, and of all organic life, which Dante here so strikingly anticipates. We must not indeed forget that Dante is one of the first among modern thinkers to insist upon the value and necessity of experiment,

> "Experiment, the which, would'st thou but try it,
> Will prove a well-spring to your streams of Art."
>
> [*Paradiso* II., *95, 96.*]

Lord Bacon could not have put the point more definitively. But Dante is perfectly well aware that experiment properly supplements that higher method of intuition which he calls so happily "the living light," in the can to of the Paradiso from which I have just quoted. One word more about Dante's application of his methods. We have found him in good company as regards his breadth in their application. But Dante applies his conjunction of methods to the psychical as well as physical problem which he here endeavours to plumb. I speak of his conjunction of the intuitive with the inductive method here, because no reader of this passage from the Purgatorio can fail to feel that Dante is drawing upon all the resources of the biological science of his day, while at the same time he reaches beyond it even in his biological generalization. But still more daring is his psychical speculation. He touches hands, as regards that, with thinkers of every age. The student of ancient philosophy will recognise at once that he pursues that speculation in the manner of Plato and Aristotle. The student of Oriental philosophy will recognise in this passage the very temper of Eastern metaphysic, which draws no line between what orthodox Western science distinguishes as knowable and unknowable. The student of modern philosophy will recognise at once the method of that new psychology which, since Schopenhauer, has applied the intuitive in conjunction with the inductive methods to what Schopenhauer called the "Metaphysic of Nature" and which to-day embraces body and soul in one common system of research.

I pass now from Dante's method to his matter. And in passing, there is one contribution towards my answer about Dante's occult conception of the soul which we may, so to speak, carry forward from our consideration of his fellowship in method with the thinkers I have just cited. Common to them all, together with Dante himself, common to all these diverse schools of speculation, is the conception of an "Anima Mundi," the World-soul of occult thought. It will be well, in considering the substance of Dante's thought in this passage, to begin by calling attention to the fact that this conception clearly underlies his conception of the human soul, although for various reasons he leaves it here implicit rather than expressed. A few lines from

his philosophical work, the Convito, will suffice to show his attitude towards that conception and towards its ancient advocates.

"In the first place, we must know that man is composed of soul and body; but of the soul is that Nobility, as we have said, which is as the seed of the Divine Virtue. Nevertheless, by different philosophers the difference in our souls has been explained in various ways; for Avicenna and Algazel maintained that souls were noble or ignoble of themselves, and from their beginning. Plato and others held that they proceeded from the stars, and were more or less noble, according to the nobility of their star. Pythagoras held that all souls partook of the same nobility, not only human souls, but with them those of the lower animals, and of the plants, and of minerals; and that all the difference was in the bodies, not in the form, *i.e.*, essential life. If each one were to defend his opinion, it might be that truth would seem in all of them. But as at first sight they seem rather far from the truth, it is best not to proceed according to them, but according to the opinion of Aristotle, and therefore I say that when the human seed falls into its receptacle, that is, the matrix, it carries with it the virtue of the generating soul, and the virtue of the controlling heaven, and the virtue belonging to its elements, that is, its temperament. It prepares and matures the material for the formative virtue given by the generating soul, and the formative virtue prepares the organs for the celestial virtue which produces, from the potentiality of the seed, the soul in life. This, as soon as produced, receives from the motive power of the heaven its possible intellect, which creates potentially in itself all universal forms as they exist in its producer, but fewer in number as this producer is removed from the Primal Intelligence.

Let no one wonder if I speak in a manner difficult to be understood; for to myself it appears a marvel how such production can be reasoned out and apprehended by the intellect; nor is it a thing to be set forth by speech, I mean especially by the common speech; because I would say with the Apostle, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out."

And if it happen, that, by the purity of the receiving soul, the intellectual virtue be absolutely separate and free from any corporeal shadow, then the Divine goodness multiplies in her as in a thing worthy to receive it; and some are of such opinion that they say, that if all the aforesaid powers should co-operate in the production of a soul according to their most favourable disposition, the Deity would descend upon that soul in such fulness, that it would be almost another God incarnate. And this is almost all that can be said in the natural way."

[*Convito. Book* IV., *chapter* XXI. *Miss Hillard's version.* (*Kegan, Paul, &c.*)]

Now there could hardly be adduced more convincing proof, that Dante's conception of the soul's origin, growth, and destiny, is indeed an occult conception, than we find at once in this quotation, which readers may compare for themselves with the

passage in the Purgatorio. It reads like a page of modern occultism. The descent of the "generating soul," the description of the various principles in the constitution of the "soul in life," the play of the "heavens" or "stars" in the production of soul's temperament, the account of a three-fold operation which is capable under favourable dispositions of producing "almost another God incarnate;" these are all marks of an occult knowledge, in their author which cannot escape or fail to arrest the attention of any occult student. But to attempt any discussion of Dante's meaning in this passage, or of his possession of this knowledge would lead far beyond the limits of this paper and the very narrow field to which I have here purposely restricted it. I shall therefore leave the passage as it stands, to be compared with the other passage from the Purgatorio, that it may suggest to the reader how much more remains to be told of Dante's occult character as philosopher.

I return to the restricted and comparatively narrow question which I have raised in this brief paper as to Dante's conception of the human soul, its origin, growth, and destiny. And I take up his treatment of the common occult conception of an "Anima Mundi." That conception is obviously akin to the biological generalization which occupies the earlier division of the discourse in the Purgatorio. It emerges, as the reader will find if he looks back to that passage, at the line (67)—

"Open thy breast unto the truth that's coming." The conception of an "Anima Mundi" may be described as the conception of the essential unity of psychical as well as physical life. There can be no doubt that this idea lies at the root of Dante's language in the lines which follow. But it will be well in this paper, which is intended merely as an intimation of the occult character of Dante's conception in this, as well as in greater issues, to point out how guarded is his virtual adherence to the idea of an "Anima Mundi." The reader will find, if he glances at the parallel passage which I have quoted from the Convito, that Dante carefully professes his resolve to confine himself to the "procedure of Aristotle." I want to underline this constant habit of his, which is so apt to mislead the reader as to his real opinions. He always seeks to shelter himself, or perhaps we should say his

thought, under the shadow of some great authority. It is this habit which makes it so difficult to follow the real drift of his thought, and which has made it possible for so many irreconcilable schools of thought to claim him as their own. Once however we grasp the occult character of that thought, this difficulty in a great measure disappears, because we recognise it as a universal tendency of occultism in the Middle Ages—a condition and necessity of the times. In the case before us, Dante's motive for first hinting that there is a consensus of philosophical authority for this belief in an "Anima Mundi," and then carefully adding that he will adopt the procedure of Aristotle, was undoubtedly to approximate as nearly as he could to the common standpoint of the theologians of his day who concurred with one another in recognizing Aristotle's authority as supreme, however differently they might interpret his teaching. At the same time the reader should be reminded that Aristotle's authority and procedure were a link between Dante and occult theologians beyond the pale of Christian orthodoxy, whose influence on and kinship with his thought are apparent throughout his philosophy. Algazel, whom he mentions here, was a Sufi or adherent of that famous occult school of Arabian and Moslem thought. Averrhoes, the Arabian "pantheist," whose "heresies" had penetrated Europe long before Dante's day and been formerly denounced by the Church, (whose "doctrine" Dante too seems to reject in the very passage which I have quoted from the Purgatorio), is there described under the strange title of "a wiser man than himself." And it is this very Averrhoes whom De Witte, the most learned and indefatigable of German commentators upon Dante, believes to be in our passage from the Convito the author of Dante's affirmation about that descent of the possible "intellect" from the "celestial intelligence," which is the very error he denounces in our passage from the Purgatorio.

The reader will perceive, I think, that we have to read between the lines in Dante as in other occult authors. But we have more to do than this. If we are to understand Dante's conceptions, we have, while we try to thread the maze through which he follows other philosophers, to recognize his own originality and independence of them all. We have to distinguish

the path which he traces for himself alone. It is Dante's glory in philosophy as well as in Art and politics, "to have made," as he says in his own inimitable way, "a party by himself."

I will conclude by shewing that this is the case in the present instance of his attitude towards the idea of an "Anima Mundi." And I think the reader will find that Dante's own path in this matter is proof of an original and authentic standpoint in this conception of the soul which is consonant with the highest traditions of occultism, though it is expressed in a way peculiarly his own.

Briefly, then, the specifically human soul is a second and fuller breath of the One Immanent Life.

> . . . . . "As soon as in the fœtus
> The articulation of the brain is perfect,
> The Primal Mover turns to it well pleased," &c.

That is Dante's first assertion. And his second is still more explicit. This divine out-pouring absorbs the already existing soul ("Anima" is Dante's own word for what is there already, the animal soul), so that henceforth there is but

> "one soul
> Which lives and feels and in itself revolves."

If we turn to the VIIth Canto of Dante's yet more occult Paradiso (line 142), we shall find that human life is immediately inspired by the "Supreme Beneficence" which "so enamours it with Herself that it evermore desires Her." Dante is discoursing there through Beatrice of what he calls "the abyss of the eternal counsel." And his intention is emphasised by the fact that he has just expounded in majestic language his theology of the Incarnation, which he conceives as a further and fuller breath of the Divine, which in a wonderful way, agreeable at once with the "Eternal Vengeance and the Eternal Love," has opened the way to the return of the soul to its source.

Now I think that nobody, taking these discourses in their general drift and in the light of my quotation from the Convito, can escape the conviction that Dante adheres himself really to the occult idea of the human soul's origin as an emanation from the Divine. I want to make this point clear, because the common but shallow account of Dante's doctrine about the soul would

make him out to be a "Creationist," and thus dispose of his claims to be an occult thinker. In other words it would identify his conception with that of the "immediate creation" as it is called of the soul, separately though contemporaneously with the creation of the body into which it is "infused." But such an account utterly fails to meet Dante's description of the origin of either body or soul. And it equally fails, I may add, to link his thought to that of Aristotle about the nature of the soul. The word "creation," with its modern associations and connotation of a Creator who stands apart from his creation, is indeed fundamentally irreconcilable with Dante's whole idea of life at large, which he everywhere conceives under Aristotle's and the Neo-Platonists' image of a "Motion" originating within the Unmoved. But the real stress in Dante's language here about the soul must be laid upon the word "immediately," coupled as it is with that other word "inspired" ("breathed," the original is simply "spirare"). Together they establish the true character of Dante's conception, which it is perhaps most correct to describe as a qualified emanationism. In the Convito Dante appears as an unequivocal emanationist. This admits of no question. If in the Commedia, which is on the whole a later work and contains his more matured philosophy, Dante, as De Witte and his ablest commentations believe, intended to make some retraction of his former views, he certainly did not go back upon this principle of emanation, which is common to all his works as to those of all the mystics of his age, even in Christendom. He qualified it in a way peculiar to himself, but consonant with the thought of the Christian mystics, from Origen to Bœhme. His supreme aim in the Commedia is to endow his emanationism with a spiritual character, to harmonise it with his mystical theology, to claim for the human soul an immediate origin from that Primal Mover, who is also the Primal Love ("il Primo Amore"). Nobody can deny that this is an occult conception of the soul. Let me, however, before I quit this subject of the soul's origin, remark that there is nothing whatever in Dante's language about the soul to forbid, as the advocates of the "creationist" character of his conception imply, the fact of his belief in the pre-existence of the human soul. That he believed in the possibility of re-

incarnation is a certainty, because he deliberately describes it in the case of the soul of the Emperor Trajan, whom on the authority moreover of a Christian legend he pictures as passing from Hell to Heaven through an intermediate life on earth, thanks to the intercession of the great Pope Gregory. That he also believed in the "angelic" derivation of the human soul is equally demonstrable. Every human soul according to Dante is in closest relation to the "angels," God's "universal ideas." And all students of occultism will recognize in such points as these the occult character of his conception.

Let us return to our original quotation. I am conscious of having quite failed to do justice to the notes of occultism that are to be discovered there without going farther afield. What could be more occult than the image by which Dante represents the action of the Divine in the human being as that of the sun in the vine. The "wine" in the following lines is of course the human soul after this new ensoulment:

> "And that thou less may wonder at my word,
> Behold the sun's heat which becometh wine,
> Joined to the juice that from the vine distils."

The sun is of course always with Dante a symbol of the Divine life. The absorption of the "sun's heat" in the juice of the vine is Dante's symbol for what the Neo-Platonists called the theurgic action of the soul. Theurgy rather than theology is Dante's theme throughout the Commedia. Nothing again could be more occult than the verses which succeed this theurgic imagery. Each detail in the elaboration of his conception here reveals Dante's experience of, as well as his intuitional insight into, psychical phenomena. The "Karmic" span of the soul's incarnate life, the soul's separation from the "flesh," the discarnate activity of memory, intelligence, and will, its "first cognizance" of the "roads" in its novel sphere of existence beyond the grave, the "aerial" or astral character of its new body, the organization and aura of this attenuated body, and its subsequent disposition to a more spiritual life, —these psychical phenomena are all set forth with masterly occult science. Let me particularly draw the reader's attention to Dante's account of the word "shade," which is peculiar to his

representation of this astral life. The soul, he tells us, is called a shade in this sphere of its existence, because it is but a shadow cast by the spirit-light, which "informs" the soul as the soul "informs" the body. The reader must pass from the Purgatorio to the Paradiso if he would learn how Dante fulfils his conception, that the human soul not only emanates from the Divine but may be wholly re-ensouled by the Divine life, in that pure "intellectual" body which succeeds to the astral life not only beyond the grave but sometimes even in the flesh. The Paradiso is one great paean of the soul's growing re-ensoulment, first under what Eastern and modern occultism calls "rupic," and then under "a-rupic" conditions. But into the great issues of life which Dante unfolds there, I cannot here attempt to enter. I have only suggested some of the occult affinities of his thought, affinities to the occult traditions of every age and every mystic literature, but especially to those of the Eastern and Christian schools of occultism which come nearest to him in time of space—notably among the latter to that of the Albigensian and Provençal Neo-Gnostics.

I desire only, in closing this very imperfect analysis of a drop in Dante's ocean, that ocean of Art rather than of philosophy (an Art which, as I began by saying, sings of the Primal Love as the mystery of all Being,) to assert again that in its profounder depths may be found ample evidence that Dante's occultism was both authoritative and rational, original and authentic.

S. UDNY.

LIFE IN THE NEXT WORLD.

RESUMING a subject I began to treat in the February number of this Review, I propose to throw into a shape as connected, as the circumstances will allow, the highly variegated evidence we are enabled to obtain from those who have passed on beyond the present life, concerning the experiences they have subsequently enjoyed—or perhaps sometimes "endured," would be the better word.

It must never be forgotten, however, that experiences encountered in the immediately next world, in which the soul liberated from incarnation first awakens to consciousness, do not constitute a complete body of rewards and penalties for the life that has just been spent. Future lives on the physical plane of this earth provide the appropriate rewards and penalties for action accomplished on this plane, and a vivid appreciation of this principle led modern occult students in the beginning to assume, to a greater degree than a subsequent investigation of the facts entirely bears out, that conditions of consciousness intervening between two lives on earth had very little to do with those karmic laws which governed the ultimate administration of natural justice. Our first conception with reference to the course of events pointed to the idea that a soul heavily burdened with earthly passions and desires would go through a somewhat comfortless period on the astral plane as he gradually escaped from the entanglement of these feelings, but that the karma of evil, so to speak, would stand aside for the time, leaving the soul to enjoy on spiritual levels

whatever happiness could be distilled from its best aspirations and emotions, such as these may have been, however, imperfectly cultivated. When the whole process of human existence is regarded from a lofty standpoint, and when a sweep of time extending through long ages is taken into account, it is true, in accordance with the earlier and cruder view of the subject, that the astral experience intervening between earth life and the truly spiritual condition, seems almost a negligible quantity. But while it is in progress it seems no more negligible than the pilgrimage, so wearisome for many of us, along the path of incarnate existence. And the attempt with which I am now concerned, has to do with that astral period alone, a true comprehension of which is highly important in the interest of the world at large, even if it may be less so for those whose advanced knowledge and intensity of effort during physical life may give rise to future experiences in which the astral plane plays but a very limited part. In this way, indeed, it seems to me that many theosophic writers sin against the principle of unselfishness,—so supremely important a law in connection with all spiritual progress, — by dwelling too exclusively on the possibilities of a lofty spiritual future attainable, no doubt, by a few, but as yet beyond all reasonable expectation in regard to the great majority of our companions at this stage of evolution. The astral plane for long periods of vivid consciousness, which may be thoroughly delightful or extremely the reverse, must be the home after bodily death for 99 out of every 100 people we meet about on this earth. In their interest it is extremely desirable that the conditions prevailing in that home should be understood as widely and accurately as possible, and for the 99 it might almost be declared premature to burden their consciousness by conceptions relating to more advanced conditions of progress than it is possible for them, for some lives to come, to attain.

There are two distinctly different ways in which we may gather information concerning life in the next world,—on the "astral plane," that is to say, to use the technical expression. Some few persons whose evolution has already advanced to that degree which enables them in consciousness during life to get out of the body, as the common phrase goes, and in the appropriate vehicle of consciousness, the so-called astral body, to investigate

in advance the regions to which most people naturally float when that body is disengaged from its physical encumbrance, can in this way give us the result of their observation in a manner which, as far as it goes, is more trustworthy than the reports from people who are actually denizens of the next world. For the clairvoyant explorer is embarrassed by no personal relations with what he observes. He is up in a balloon, so to speak, surveying the country below him, realising the respective magnitudes of different regions and the different aspects their scenery presents. But when, as may also happen, we are enabled to get into communication with someone actually passing through the astral existence, we may be able to get from him a more detailed account of the region to which he individually belongs, together with his recollections of other regions which in the earlier stages of his progress he may have passed through. The world at large, as yet, is but imperfectly aware, for the most part wholly ignorant, of the extent to which communications of the kind thus referred to are actually available for our use. But the oceanic literature of Spiritualism is enriched with an enormous variety of stories told by those who have "passed on" concerning their experiences. These will sometimes be communicated through persons so qualified to be able to write, under control, the record which the friend who has gone on desires to convey. In other cases, where the subtle conditions required are favourable, the astral inhabitant can return to this plane of life, and, materialising for the purpose the organs of speech, actually convey to us his own straightforward narrative of what he wishes to tell.

The embarrassment one feels in dealing with subjects of this kind is two-fold. The actual information to be conveyed is subtle and difficult to handle, relating as it does to conditions of life very unlike those around us; and for most people at the present stage of public enlightenment, to whom the explanation may be addressed, the very methods by which the information is obtained are themselves unintelligible, the subject very likely of incredulity, and in conflict, perhaps, with crudely developed religious prejudices. But in discussing super-physical mysteries, one can only handle one branch of the subject at a time. For those who are in what is truly the absurd position of disbelieving in the fact that

communications are received on this plane of life from people who have passed on, it is enough for the moment to say that any patient examination of the evidence provided in innumerable volumes on the subject, will make that attitude of mind absolutely ridiculous, and will leave the honest students in no more doubt about the principal fact that communications do come back to us from the next world, than if the question had to do with the possibility of getting letters from other parts of this planet.

Selecting from the flood of available material two books which represent the astral researches of living people qualified to investigate the planes of nature now under consideration, let us proceed to consider the statements embodied in Mr. C. W. Leadbeter's "Astral Plane" and Mrs. Besant's "Ancient Wisdom."* Then in regard to communications received from inhabitants of the astral region, I will concern myself especially with three streams of information available in a literary form; having, that is to say, been produced by automatic writing through qualified mediums, and finally with a body of communications I have myself received from astral plane friends speaking to me with "the direct voice." We shall see in how interesting a way these varied contributions to our knowledge harmonise with each other in regard to essentials, while varying in a way which is quite adequately accounted for by the differences of opportunity which the speakers or writers have enjoyed.

From the volumes embodying theosophical research, we obtain in the first instance a clear conception of the next world as itself divided into regions differing very widely from one another in their characteristics, so that, on some, existence is in truth distressing and burdensome to a terrible degree, while, on others, it is so exhilarating that the happy denizens thereof imagine themselves already provided for in a condition of eternal bliss. The lowest regions of all embody, truth to tell, conditions of gloom and misery which can hardly be exaggerated. Their population mainly represents the scum of humanity; murderers, ruffians, violent criminals of all types, drunkards, profligates, the vilest of mankind. Terrible passions of revenge and hatred are

* Of course my own book, "The Growth of the Soul," deals also with this question, amongst others with which it is more directly concerned.

stirring the majority of these unhappy beings. Helpless longing for physical enjoyments no longer possible on that plane of existence, contribute to render the lives of all who are there, deplorable and wretched to an extent that can hardly be over-coloured. But this is no sooner said than many problems of grave importance arise in connection with such a condition of things. It would seem, then, that the penalty of earthly misdeeds is *not* reserved for the next physical life; that the next world is a veritable sphere of retribution in the case of these who deserve to suffer; and then if future lives on earth are to be painful and distressing, as a penalty for evil doing, the whole system is unjust beyond even the conceptions of ordinary human justice, where, at all events, the criminal is not punished twice for the same offence! Another embarrassing question perplexes the understanding. Where, in terms of our space, is this region situated? It has been said already (in the former article) that the sub-planes of the astral world may fairly be thought of as concentric spheres surrounding the planet only invisible to common sight by reason of the manifold limitations to which this faculty is subject, and of which for the most part it is so unconscious. But we cannot reconcile with the reason of things the idea that this region of gloom and misery is to be found anywhere above the surface of the earth bathed in the blue heavens to which we turn our upward gaze, hardly less easy of comprehension from another point of view is the conjecture that it may somehow exist within the very body of the earth itself. But at all events, the real existence of such a region is but too surely established, not merely by clairvoyant observation, but by the testimony of more than one of those to whom I referred above as giving us the story of their own experience.

It may be as well, perhaps, before passing on, to spend some further thought upon the problems of actual space in connection with this great subject. Many imaginations revolt at the attempt to assign in terms of terrestrial measurement any definite place or region to the various sub-planes of the astral world. In vague terms, none will quarrel with the conception that the astral world does envelope our own, but when that admission is dissected in detail, it seems unacceptable to many thinkers.

And for all of us it is necessary to associate with speculation along these lines a recognition of the great truth that matter of an ultra-refined order may interpenetrate matter of a grosser kind, and in so doing be as unconscious, so to speak, of the lower kind, as that is of the more refined medium. Again, on planes of nature transcending the physical, matter is endowed with mysterious characteristics that have been very erroneously, and in a misleading way, described as endowing it with a fourth dimension. That subject is one which claims independent treatment; but whatever the actual attributes of super-physical matter thus referred to may be, they no doubt give rise to a condition of things which makes it seem erroneous to assign definite measurements in terms of our space to spaces of the astral world. From different levels, or from different stages of enlightenment, some of the astral friends who have communicated with myself on this subject give apparently incompatible assurances. One of them belonging to the fourth sub-plane (counting from the bottom upwards) had never paid attention to the question until I pressed it on his notice, but, endeavouring to ascertain the actual facts, declared that the region to which he belonged, although one from which, of course, he could reach the earth plane in a flash if necessary, was situated about 500 miles above the surface of the earth. Another friend who has already ascended to a more exalted level, and speaks from the sixth sub-plane, objects to measure any of these distances in miles, conceiving that idea to be misleading. And yet, pressed with the question whether the spacial conditions to which he is now accustomed do not include—whatever other attributes they may possess—those of the three dimensional world with which we are acquainted, he is fain to confess that that certainly is so, although still maintaining that any statement bringing miles into relation with astral conditions is bound to be misleading rather than instructive.

I can readily imagine that to be the case, but, at the same time, if we banish in imagination from the astral world the conceptions relating to space that we are familiar with here, we are apt to lose sight too completely of its definitely material character. Loftier regions of consciousness should be thought of, certainly,

with as little reference as possible to ideas embodying material conceptions, but let it be always remembered that the astral plane is but an intermediate condition, partaking of attributes on the one side borrowed as it were from physical manifestation, on the other, sharing those reserved for loftier conditions. And in reference to the astral body adhering to and clinging round the physical body during life that is definitely discernible, for those who see it, as having dimensions, and as extending beyond the outlines of the physical body by feet or inches as the case may be, and analogy certainly suggests that similar characteristics belong to the astral plane itself which may not improperly be thought of as the astral body of the earth.

But returning now to the problem arising from the painful or disagreeable experiences that some people encounter on first passing over, let us consider whether these can fairly be regarded in the light of penalties for mis-doing, or accounted for on another line of thought. What, to be begin with, are the facts with which we have to deal? Of the three literary narratives referred to above, transmitted by mediumship from people who have gone through many years and stages of astral experience, one, embodied in a printed volume entitled "A Wanderer in Spirit Lands," may claim our attention first, and has claimed mine because I know enough of the circumstances under which it was produced to be absolutely sure that it is a genuine dictation from unseen regions of consciousness through the hand of a writer in reference to whom any suspicion concerning her *bona fides* would be, for those acquainted with her, grotesquely absurd. In this case, the real author frankly admits that he "passed on" rather suddenly in early middle life, having misspent his period of physical incarnation as completely as was possible for a man devoted to a career of selfish and reckless indifference to the sorrows he brought on others with whom his life was associated. He wakes to consciousness on the other side, in what seems to him a region of all but total darkness and misery. For a long while he cannot escape from the neighbourhood of his grave. He cannot in any way make his presence known to the one woman whom in life he really loved, whom he sees mourning for his loss. After a prolonged period of this wretchedness, he encounters

some who tell him that only in one way can he escape from these conditions. He must at last learn the lessons that earth life had failed to teach him, he must devote himself to the service of those whom he may find enduring sufferings even worse than his own. Only by at last engaging himself in the performance of unselfish duty can he escape from the conditions with which he himself, by his former life, has surrounded his consciousness. The story is far too elaborate in detail to be completely epitomised here, it thrills with human interest throughout, for the one genuine emotion of love that has accompanied him from his earth life becomes the redeeming influence of his later progress,—the only force powerful enough to stimulate his efforts as he advances along the painful path of self-redemption. Eventually, after terrible experiences in regions even more saturated with suffering than those in which he first awakened to consciousness, he ascends to higher levels from which at last he is enabled to communicate with the woman he loves, though still (now willingly) he continually returns to the lower levels to go on with the work by which he has accomplished his own purification.

It is highly possible that many details of his narrative represent imperfect powers of observation and mistakes, arising from the curious liability to misunderstand appearances, which certainly besets all those who enter the astral region without the advantage of much preliminary training. But still, the main outlines of his story confirm not merely the narratives of others, as I will endeavour to show, but also fit in with many of the explanations given by living clairvoyants, fortified in their explanations of the astral plane by occult knowledge. For example, we are told that the external appearance of the astral body is on each stage of its progress a reflection of the interior conditions of the soul. When our Wanderer at first realises the aspect he presents during his earlier passage through the lower sub-planes, he is eager rather to conceal himself than to manifest himself to the woman he loves on earth. When at last he is privileged to do this, he has attained a condition in which his external appearance, while still recognisable, is a glorified rather than an actual portrait of his earthly self.

But strangely enough, in reference to another narrative that

has come under my observation, though of this I can only speak in guarded terms, as the recipient for private reasons would not sanction its publication, we find that some distressing experiences on the lower planes of the astral may befall people who were in no way distinguished by leading bad lives on earth. The case in question has to do with a woman dying in early life, whose brief incarnate experience was simply that of unblemished happiness owing to the wealth and love with which she was surrounded, but whose innocence turns out to have been due rather to absolute freedom from temptation than to interior characteristics. Circumstances on the other side quickly revealed her nature as utterly selfish and undisciplined in reality, with the result that she in turn goes through experiences not wholly unlike in principle those described by the Wanderer. For the reason already suggested I must not refer to these in detail, but the lesson given appears to be that happy conditions on the astral plane can only arise from what may be called the interior suitability of the soul for happiness of those kinds which are associated, at all events in some degree, with generous and lofty impulses. On this plane of life, happiness, as we understand it, may sometimes be the privilege of those in possession of all they want. On the astral plane it is only compatible with interior conditions amongst which the selfish craving for possessions can play but a subordinate part. And the third of the literary communications with which I am dealing contributes to substantiate this view indirectly, because, in that case, the man passing over, after a life not only of refined culture but of lofty aspirations on earth, has no experience of the lower planes at all. He awakened to consciousness on those where already his own nature found an appropriate expansion, from which he gives an alluring account of the after life to his friends on earth, and is mainly concerned with conveying teaching relating to the great laws controlling human evolution, the character of which is enough to show to the occult student that for those who are ready to learn, the development of knowledge concerning those great laws has been going on amongst those who have passed over, concurrently with the conditions that have been available to the occult students here during recent years. [illegible] those spiritualists who are under the impression that their

friends on the other side never confirm teachings concerning human evolution which embody for instance the doctrine of reincarnation, it will be a surprise to learn how frequently at the present day this great principle is coming into recognition among those on the astral plane whose intellectual activity is sufficiently awakened to deal with problems of that nature. And in reference to that matter I may say at once that of the three friends in the next world who have lately been communicating with me, two of them are fully alive to the great truth that reincarnation at some period in the future will await them, while the third has not yet got sufficiently clear of the lower levels to be much interested in anything but the hopes he entertains of going higher ere long.

In one of the other two cases, we have a very direct confirmation of what for convenience sake I may call the Wanderer's view. R———, that is to say, without having led any specially bad life, found himself when first awakening beyond the grave very much in the condition described by the Wanderer, and this was due in his case, according to his own explanation arrived at later, to the fact that his consciousness was very much saturated with the sentiment of hatred, one which we can realise at once as so distinctly antagonistic to that sympathetic and helpful temperament required for existence on the higher astral levels, that it is not surprising to find it a serious drag on the progress of the soul.

Now, let us try to synthesize these various streams of information into something more like a coherent interpretation of the destinies awaiting mankind in the immediately next world than has hitherto been provided by any teaching I know of embodied in occult literature. The astral plane is undeniably a region playing a more important part in existence than some early occult writings led students to suppose. But the recognition of this truth does not destroy the force of a position that has been emphasized in occult literature to the effect that the astral plane is a region in which a struggle between the higher and lower principles of anyone passing over must take place, and from which, if that struggle ends, as it were, in the supremacy of the higher, the entity passes away to regions of unblemished spiritual happiness. The mistake lay in imagining that the

struggle was a brief tug of war leading at once to one result or the other. I do not doubt that that which may be called the early occult statement is realised in the long course of events. People, that is to say, who by virtue of their interior progress during life have really qualified themselves almost completely for a passage to the loftiest spiritual conditions, scarcely awake to the consciousness of any levels of the astral; may never have the slightest touch with its lower and more distressing conditions, and may pass through it almost, to use the old illustration, like an arrow through a cloud. But these are the exceptional cases, as compared with the bulk of humanity. The vast majority are not only unfitted for the lofty happiness of a purely spiritual condition, but equally so for the relatively lofty conditions of happiness in a quasi-material world, where the conditions of the astral plane prevail. And thus we may think of whatever purifying processes they pass through on the lower planes of suffering, as due rather to the deficiencies of their nature than to their definite liability, so to speak, to penal treatment.

Take, for example, the case referred to above, of a young woman whose life on earth had been stained by absolutely no overt misdeeds, but whose interior nature was still in great need of development. Her deficiencies precluded her from the immediate enjoyment after death of happiness of that kind which does not ensue from the possession of what you want, but from interior conditions in harmony with the loftiest purposes of nature. She suffers undeniably in the realisation of her deficiencies in the gradual acquisition of characteristics that enable her in the course of a period measurable within the lifetime of her still living correspondent, to ascend to conditions where she is at last happy and contented. But is there not in this case a double penalty? By the hypothesis, our young friend's purely earthly karma was free of all embarrassment. In her case there is nothing to preclude a return to earth eventually under conditions as enjoyable as those of her last life. The suffering she incurs is the inevitable accompaniment of moral growth, and has nothing to do with what we commonly conceive as the karma of former lives. And our friend, the Wanderer, whose record as regards his earthly karma is one which cannot but be productive of a next life under

distinctly unfavourable conditions, is not during his progress through the astral planes encountering the specific penalty of misdeeds. He is himself, as in the other case, enduring suffering incidental to moral growth which he has not previously accomplished. And that moral growth attained through suffering will necessarily mitigate the painful conditions of the next physical life, in so far as it will provide him with an attitude of mind which will make the best, instead of the worst, of them.

Undoubtedly the intimate acquaintance we are now acquiring with the next world, dissipates the fantastic conceptions thereof which have sufficed to entertain the imagination of the world's children during primitive ages of culture, nor does this more intimate acquaintance operate to extinguish altogether the conceptions which represent the after state as liable to be a state of retribution in most cases. That is the rough view of the uncultured mind in reference to suffering incurred. A subtler conception will discriminate between the suffering due to moral deficiency and the suffering due to definite acts productive of misery to others, the reaction of which must ultimately afflict the misdoer. No doubt in many cases which represent not merely injury to others, but deplorable moral deficiency as well, there must in this way be encountered consequences that seem at the first glance a double penalty for the same offence. In truth, these consequences represent a division of the penalty, one part falling on the reincarnated entity at a later period, the other on the soul in its inter-incarnate experience. But clearly from all narratives of suffering on the astral plane, there emerges the conception that these are in the nature of curative rather than penal treatment, and supplementary in their character to the suffering (as far as it may be curative) of physical existence.

As for why it appears inevitable on all planes that moral progress at its earlier stages, at all events, must be associated with suffering, that problem is one which the wisest among occult students of our own period are inclined to leave unsettled for the present. One may know a great deal more than is common knowledge as yet concerning the laws that govern human evolution, its vast scope in the future, its marvellous retrospect in the past, and at the same time we may remain even more convinced than at the

outset, of our inability to fathom the deepest mysteries which underlie the whole undertaking. No question is more familiar to the occult student as emanating from those who first glimpse the idea that he knows something, than the old and time worn query concerning the origin of evil. Answers which sound like answers can readily be framed, but those who might be best able to evade the point of the inquiry, may be the most assured of our inability as yet to account really for the phenomenon. Whether in the universe there exist schemes of evolution providing for the loftiest development of individual consciousness along paths strewn with flowers alone and quite free from their thorns, is a question that few of us are yet in a position to deal with. We know that such a design has not been contemplated in our own case, and thus all problems connected with suffering turn on its specific origin in individual cases, and on the results to which in some, at all events, it manifestly leads.

But even now I have but faintly touched on the question which for some enquirers, should perhaps evoke the most interesting answer available concerning the next world, that which relates to the manner in which lives are lived there. To explain this completely would be to grasp in advance conditions of thought and feeling almost as unlike those with which we are familiar here as the attributes of matter are unlike those of earthly physics. But a great deal can be comprehended, and the first intelligible truth to emphasise is that in the beginning life in the next world is so strangely similar in its character to life in this, that a great many people passing over are for a long time incapable of realising that they have gone through the change they have been in the habit of calling death. The truth is only forced on their understanding when they find themselves no longer able to communicate with their still living friends, and when perhaps others who have previously passed over, reach them and explain the situation. Where this happens the experienced inhabitants of the next world will be their guides to the regions where they properly belong, and here assuming that the region in question is raised above those dreary and depressing lower levels to which reference has been already made, they will find themselves in presence of conditions extraordinarily like those of the life they have left, even to the

extent of including natural scenery, and apparently houses, in which the inhabitants live. That the living in question is widely unlike the earth life, may be realised when we comprehend that people established there are freed from all the burdens incidental to wants of the flesh, troubled by no need to eat or drink, troubled by no craving for property which is not theirs, troubled by no need for incomes with which to secure whatever comforts they require.

Efforts of imagination almost beyond the possibilities of ordinary thinking are required to picture the conditions of such existence clearly in the mind, for if we say that all the things around our next world inhabitants are products of their imagination, the unreal figments of a dream, we shall quite misrepresent the true facts, although it is undeniably true that the plastic matter of the next world so readily responds to thought and desire that the objects surrounding people there are the product of their own thinking, subjective to that extent and yet objective when so brought into existence. I have questioned one friend who speaks to me from the fourth sub-plane of the astral (counting from the bottom), and he maintains that he lives there in a house with congenial friends not, as it happens in his case, those whom he knew on earth, but those whose development beyond this life has corresponded with his own. If I question him: "Does the view you command from the house in which you say you live remain always the same, or does it change?" he frankly answers that it changes. Or someone else a little better able than he, because speaking from a higher level, to explain the situation, maintains that there is an underlying objective reality in the view in question, but that this is developed, expanded, and continually modified by the thought of those who are looking at it. The prosaic thinker of this world will imagine that everything must be muddled and unreal in a world so constituted. The confusion is to be found merely in the attempt to picture in terms of physical plane consciousness the subtler conditions of consciousness on another level. For those who are there, by universal consent, all that lies around them, the scenery, the friends, the details of their domestic lives, are as real as such things possibly can be for us. Enthusiastic informants dealing with enquiries of this nature will

constantly declare, "much more real!" much more satisfying, much more permanent than the decaying phenomena of the earth world left behind. "Do you or the friends with whom you live ever wish that you were back again in the earth life?" I asked my friend R——— on the fourth sub-plane. "Never!" was the impassioned reply, given with instantaneous eagerness, and yet that fourth plane represents conditions far inferior in their resources of happiness to the regions of the next world still beyond it, and let readers of this attempt to interpret such conditions never forget that the whole series of astral plane territories is but for human souls in progress, a transitional condition inferior in every way, and especially in its power of conferring happiness to those more truly spiritual regions beyond, with which these present explanations have nothing to do.

I know how grotesquely impossible it would be for the prosaic thinker, for whom nothing is real but the matter he can feel and see, to believe in or realise the existence of all these teeming worlds of phenomena and consciousness somewhere above us in the blue empyrean, apparently such an empty void. But a thrill of intelligence is stirring the consciousness of current generations, and the coarse incapacity to transcend the limitations of the physical world which distinguished the intellectual progress of the later nineteenth century is rapidly giving way in presence of the advanced revelations for which the twentieth is being prepared. Material phenomena are everywhere relative to sense perceptions. We need not trouble ourselves with metaphysical fancies, which, on the basis of this important truth, attempt to explain matter away altogether, and the phrase quoted above in reference to matter which has an objective foundation and subjective development, may be true of all orders of matter with which sense perceptions work. For sense perceptions, quite unlike our own, the worlds for us unseen which surround the physical globe may be material, as definitely as the rocks and seas of the planet for physical observers.

"But if this ground on which you walk is solid to your footsteps, how do you get down to those lower levels where, amidst still suffering brothers of the human race, your work appears to lie?" I asked of my fourth plane friend. And endeavouring to

give a physical plane colouring or illustration to his answer, he says: "It seems like going down in a diving bell created around one by the desire to descend," and then the descent suggests the idea of passing through thick fog. But all hints of this kind must necessarily be very slight, and there would be danger in trusting too implicitly to any one such statement because of the extent to which it must necessarily be coloured by the consciousness of the narrator. But that which it is important for people willing to make, in advance, some little study of the next world to which most assuredly they are bound, to realise in advance, is that they will not be migrating to any fantastic fairy land, nor to any monotonous heaven in which they will be condemned to sing hymns for ever, but that they will find in the real next world great possibilities of happiness, if their moral nature is fit for this,—very arduous and even painful training at first, if they live this life in a moral condition out of harmony with true happiness; abundant scope for the exercise of intellectual ability if that should be super-added to the more spiritual attributes, which in the next world are a *sine qua non* for those who desire to enjoy it. Above all, let those who already in some degree can forecast the nobler emotions which the training of the next world seems specially designed to cultivate, realise that they will find ample opportunities for work there to be performed in the interests of humanity, opportunities in presence of which the relatively disheartening conditions which surround philanthropy on earth will all have disappeared, providing everyone who is willing to do good, with spheres of activity in which beyond the possibility of mistake, it is certain that his activity will have good results.

A. P. SINNETT.

UNITED.*

CHAPTER VII.

"I SUPPOSE SHE IS BEAUTIFUL."

"SHE's a perfectly charming girl!" Mrs. Lee said as they drove off, "even though she wouldn't mesmerise."

"She would mesmerise fast enough with a better man to manage her, I have no doubt," Ferrars pointed out. "I dare say Marston could put her off in five minutes."

"Why don't you send for him? Where is he?"

"In town, no doubt. He rarely goes anywhere. But I don't know that he could come. Besides——"

Ferrars looked enquiringly at his sister, without finishing the sentence.

"It is very kind of you, Mrs. Lee," Mrs. Malcolm said. "But—Mr. Marston is a friend of ours, certainly—but it would seem rather abrupt, would it not, if you do not know him?"

"I don't know. I carry my rough American ways with me all about your English society, and I find they answer just as well as at home. The man's a gentleman—isn't he?"

"Most assuredly!"

"And a friend of yours. What more is wanted? Telegraph and tell him we shall be delighted to see him, and that he is wanted at once to mesmerise a charming young lady. That ought to fetch him."

"Perhaps George might succeed on a second attempt," Mrs. Malcolm suggested, rather fencing with the proposal thus forced upon her.

* This novel was begun in the number of BROAD VIEWS for January last. The back numbers can be obtained from the Publishers.

"Oh, stuff and nonsense, my dear! You all say the other man understands the business. Why not have him down and try? Unless 'George' likes trying so much that he won't be turned off."

"George," said that gentleman himself, "is just in the hands of you ladies, to be done with as you think fit; but personally, he thinks he is no good as a mesmerist."

"Well," Mrs. Malcolm was driven to concede, "I will telegraph to Mr. Marston in the morning, if we are all of the same mind then."

The brother and sister had some talk together in private when they got back to the house, before dressing for dinner.

"If you feel so sure about her psychic powers," Ferrars argued, "they cannot have been random words she uttered. Besides, though the few words of description she gave would not have meant much to anybody else, they correspond so exactly."

"I suppose your mind was filled with Terra's image at the time," Mrs. Malcolm said a little sadly. "She may have caught a clairvoyant impression of her from your thought. As for what was said, that seems to me unintelligible."

"Unless the impression were correct. Unless there has been a quarrel!"

Mrs. Malcolm shook her head.

"That is the sad part of what has occurred. It unsettles your mind; but I should know if anything had occurred. Lady Margreave has promised to keep me informed of everything that passes. She would be sure to let me know if anything so important as a quarrel had taken place. It is no use worrying you with news from day to day. You will trust my judgment to tell you at once if anything requires to be told, will you not, George?"

"All right, dear; of course."

"There has been no quarrel—nothing in the remotest degree resembling one. It is a mere guess of mine; but the 'atmosphere of anger' she spoke of may have arisen in some way from the contact of the two auras—yours and his—as your thought brought her perceptions into relation with him. I would not dwell upon it."

"There could be no harm," began Ferrars, after a little

musing. "But no; never mind, I will leave the thing as you suggest. It is the worst of clairvoyant information, that, wonderful as it often is, one never feels that it is quite trustworthy to act upon."

"Does not that depend upon the kind of action there is to take? Has it not guided me rightly to Miss Kinseyle? Perhaps —you will not misunderstand what I say as implying want of sympathy—perhaps, it is only trustworthy when we have no selfish interests at all involved. Our own desires, however harmless in themselves, may be such a confusing medium. I am sure my Guardian is telling us what is best for Edith. I feel as if she were my sister, and love her as such. We are sisters, I am sure, by our higher natures, in some way."

"She is a very sweet and deeply interesting girl. I should be glad to look upon her as a sister, too, most assuredly."

"I am glad of that, and I should have been still more glad if your influence with her could have been more decisive. It would have been good for you to have been serviceable to her, and I have a strong impression that it is mesmerism she wants to develope her powers. I still think, if you went on trying——"

"It is just a matter, I fear, in which trying is no good if you haven't got it in you."

"It is so embarrassing bringing poor Sydney Marston on the scene, not to speak of my own wishes."

"But do you think he will come. He will get you out of the difficulty by giving some excuse you will find."

"I think that, too; but there is a want of straightforwardness about sending him an invitation, and hoping all the time he will decline it."

"If he does not mind coming, I do not know why we should, under the circumstances."

"There is a want of straightforwardness about it, and Mrs. Lee might not like to have him if she knew. Poor dear fellow!"

"Dear old Sidney! It's awfully hard upon him."

"I suppose he must be judge of the matter for himself. I will tell him all about how the difficulty has arisen; though it will seem like suggesting that he should not come, and that is cruel."

Mrs. Malcolm's brow was a little clouded during the evening by the pressure of the situation, but in the morning all anxiety seemed to have been swept away. She made an early opportunity of saying a few words to Ferrars apart.

"I have no doubt any more what to do about Sidney Marston. I asked for help last night, and got it. I am to ask him to come."

So the telegram was sent as Mrs. Lee had desired, and Mrs. Malcolm passed the invitation on with the straightforward simplicity with which it was given.

Miss Kinseyle had not unduly swaggered concerning her authority in the Compton Wood household, when she had invited her new friends to dinner.

"Papa dear," she said, going into her father's study—which was something she graciously forbore from doing during mid working hours—but when she returned from Kinseyle Court it was near their dinner time, and she knew that if Mr. Kinseyle had not left off writing, he ought to be warned to do so. "Papa dear, I simply adore Mrs. Malcolm, and she is going to bless this roof by dining with us the day after to-morrow."

"Goodness, Birdie, but when have we got to have dinner then?"

"At our usual time, Papa. Do not be afraid I would take a mean advantage of you in that way."

"And does Mrs. Malcolm simply adore you, that she does such an unneard-of thing as dine at half-past five for the sake of your company?"

"She worships me, Papa dear—but really it is not a thing to joke about. It is not a sudden fancy we have taken to one another, it is a mutual discovery we have made about one another. We are of the same kind. We are natural sisters. She can *see*, also, such things as I see sometimes."

Mr. Kinseyle was never prone to talk much with his daughter on topics of this kind. He was never quite easy about the effect that would be wrought on her mind if she were encouraged to dwell on her abnormal experiences, and he never put an entire faith in their reality, though he dealt with them politely, gently, and with a broad spirit of intelligence, treating the question as to

whether Edith might or might not be subject to some poetic kind of hallucination, as a problem that he was not so far in a position to decide either way. He was greatly struck in reality by the statement Edith now made, that she was suddenly in a position to bring up a witness to the truth of her view of the subject; but he was a quiet reflective man, who made no immediate sign of excitement when assailed by a new idea, and he merely now looked into his inkstand with interest, his head slightly on one side, and said, after a little interval, that it was curious; he would like to talk to Mrs. Malcolm about it.

"You shall have an opportunity the day after to-morrow—owing, you see, to my careful forethought."

When Mrs. Malcolm and her brother came at the appointed time, there had been an interchange of telegrams between Mr. Marston and his friends at Highton. He had declined the invitation to Mrs. Lee's hospitable roof, but had declared himself in readiness to come down, as before, to the inn at Thracebridge for one night, and meet Miss Kinseyle at the old house at any time that might be appointed, when a trial could be made to see if his magnetic powers would be of any service to her. If so, they should be at her disposition.

"But what a singular arrangement," Miss Kinseyle remarked. "Why should he prefer to stop at a horrid little inn, instead of going to comfortable quarters at Highton?"

"Don't press me, dear, for an explanation of his motives," Mrs. Malcolm urged. "I think he does wisely and rightly, but I cannot explain without breaking confidence I have no right to interfere with. Will you trust me in this matter? SHE has approved. I saw her the night after I was with you last. He is the last man to make mysteries that can be avoided, but he is resolute about not going into general society. I am only surprised that he should have consented to have come down at all."

"But how am I to get any good out of Mr. Marston's ministrations, if he can only come down for one evening? That does not seem likely to lead to very much, does it?"

"I have formed a little plan of my own about that," Mrs. Malcolm answered. "If there seems reason to expect good for you from Mr. Marston's influence, I wonder would your father

spare you to come to me for a little visit at Richmond? There Mr. Marston could come out to us as often as we wished, and it would be delightful to me to have you with me."

Edith declared it would be a heavenly arrangement. She was promised, she said, to the Miltenhams for some time in August. They were away from home just then, but were returning to Deerbury Park the following month. If a visit to Mrs. Malcolm could be arranged in the interim, that would be perfect.

"If that would suit your other engagements."

"My engagements of any other sort would be so much cobweb," Mrs. Malcolm replied, "in comparison with serving you, dear, and doing *her* behests."

"It is beautiful to hear you say that. I wish I was as far advanced as you are. For my part—I suppose I have got to live my life like other girls, and I must be more with the Miltenhams in future than I have been. I am eighteen now, you know," Edith added with a grave little sigh, as she contemplated the large responsibility this heavy weight of years brought with it.

"But what do you mean by leading your life?"

"I have thought it all over frequently," Edith answered. "I am not an heiress, you see. And Papa's means are small, but even this house and the property belonging to it go ultimately to a cousin we hardly know. The family affairs of the Kinseyles seem to have fallen out very crosswise. All the boys ought to have been girls, and all the girls boys, to have kept the property together. Sooner or later I suppose I shall have to face the common lot, and marry somebody."

"It may be a very dreary lot, if it is accepted merely as a necessity," Mrs. Malcolm returned dreamily, after a little pause.

They were sitting together in the little arbour in the garden after dinner, in the dusk of a still summer evening. During dinner there had been some conversation about Edith's peculiarities between Mr. Kinseyle and Mrs. Malcolm—his questions being of a politely circuitous and careful kind, and her replies veiled by the reserve she always felt in talking to a person without psychic intuitions to meet her own; and beyond feeling that in every way Mrs. Malcolm was evidently a very good and proper friend for his

daughter, Mr. Kinseyle had not learned much from what passed. He had joined them for a little while in the garden afterwards, and had then retired to his study, while Miss Barkley had discreetly withdrawn, feeling that her presence was not required. George had strolled off to smoke a cigar by himself, and the two ladies had thus been left together.

"That," Edith said, in answer to Mrs. Malcolm's last reflection, "is just why I have resolved not to shut myself up too much henceforward. If marriage were a thing to take or let alone as one pleased—just as it is with a man—there would be no need to think about it beforehand. But I do not mean to do anything rash. I mean to see plenty of people, and make my choice with great care."

Some listeners might have been disposed to take most notice of the comic side of the young lady's sedate philosophy, grounded as it was on the calm assumption that an infinite range of choice would necessarily await her; but Mrs. Malcolm was never especially attentive to the ludicrous side of things, and only dwelt upon the peculiar hazards that would affect the marriage question with a girl of such abnormal gifts as Edith's.

"But, *please*, dear Mrs. Malcolm," the young lady pleaded, "do not think of me as intending to hunt the covers of society for a suitable husband. I only mean that I do not think it would be right or wise for me to go on leading quite as quiet a life in future as I have in the past. Let us talk now of what is *much* more interesting. I shall never give up my spiritual life, whatever happens; you may be sure of that."

Mrs. Malcolm did not press the subject any further, and their talk reverted to the ever-interesting topic of Edith's experiences. This led to some account of her earlier enthusiasm about the white knight, and to a vivacious proposal—a sudden inspiration of hers—that they two should go and watch for him at the gate.

Mrs. Malcolm was inclined to disapprove of the commonplace ghost as an unseemly companion for a budding seeress like Edith, but gave way to the girl's impulsive entreaties.

"It would be such fun," she urged, "for me to tell B.," and she tripped lightly forward to the house calling for Miss Barkley.

That lady appeared at the so-called "school-room" window, on the ground-floor, and inquired what was wanted.

"Wouldn't you like to come with us, dear B. We are going for a little walk."

"Why, of course, if you want me," Miss Barkley began.

"We are going to sit at the gate as it gets dark and look out for the white knight. I'm *sure* you'd like to come."

"Oh, goodness, Edith! how can you? Oh, Mrs. Malcolm! pray don't take her to do anything so—so unwholesome and so unnatural."

Edith was doubly delighted at Miss Barkley's easily excited horror, and at the inappropriate charge inplied against Mrs. Malcolm, of being the promoter of the enterprise.

"Resistance is in vain, my poor B. Her will is supreme. Nothing but your presence will save me. Unless you come too, the white knight will carry me off, and you will never see me again."

"Oh, Edith! what nonsense you talk. I don't believe Mrs. Malcolm wants to go at all."

"Insist upon my going, on your peril," said Edith to Mrs. Malcolm in a stage aside, and, without waiting for a reply, slipped her arm round the lady's waist and hurried her off towards the side of the house. "Fare thee well, B.," she cried, waving her other hand to the governess; "and if for ever, still for ever fare thee well," her effervescent spirits bubbling over in joyous laughter as they went.

"I was too frivolous for my white knight," she declared, when they came back later in the evening, having indeed wandered off, after a little fruitless waiting at the gate, down the briar-scented road, talking seriously again about the subjects that interested them more deeply. They had met Ferrars coming back from his moody stroll, and all three had returned together, Miss Barkley being still possessed with the tremors Edith's unhallowed purpose had awakened in her nervous system.

"It was your fault, B., I am afraid. You made me laugh, and the knight must have been shocked at my apparent levity. We must try and do something together to propitiate him."

They had tea served in the drawing-room before the guests

departed, and Edith sang to them one or two songs, with Ferrars in attendance at the piano, while Mr. Kinseyle and Mrs. Malcolm talked about her on the sofa.

"She has a wonderful flow of spirits," Mrs. Malcolm said.

"A dear child," her father replied reflectively. "I think I appreciate her in my quiet way. The house is very dull without her, but I am ashamed almost to keep her so much with me. She ought to have pleasure at her age. But she is as good as she is light hearted, and makes herself contented here."

"She might be in greater danger in a less secluded home. With her gifts and extraordinary charm and her great beauty, the world will be a place for her where she will be too much sought after not to need the most loving watchfulness."

"Is she beautiful, do you think? How odd I never thought much about that. A child grows up, and one gets so used to her, one hardly thinks of that. Yes; I suppose she is beautiful."

"Certainly she is beautiful; and that wonderful vivacity of manner she has, and her brightness, makes her beauty ten times more effective than it would be if her character were different. Then, with the fresh gaiety of a child, she has the wise thoughtfulness of a grown woman; and yet all that I have said about her is as nothing compared with her psychic gifts—in my eyes, at least."

"I am greatly interested in what you say," Mr. Kinseyle emarked, after a thoughtful pause. "I should greatly like to talk with you more at leisure about her. Your experience and knowledge of the world might be of great service to me in her interest."

She had been singing an "Ave Maria" with the rapt look of a devotee while this conversation had been going on in a low tone; or rather, the conversation had begun while she was preluding, and had been carried on during the earlier part of the song.

"I am greatly flattered," she said at the end, with mock displeasure, "at having secured your attention *at last*; but tears and entreaties would not suffice to make me sing anything more of a serious kind. I'll give you something suited to your frivolous tastes," and with that she dashed into a nonsensical popular

ballad of the day, picked up from a comic operetta, and rattled off its absurdities with the keenest enjoyment of the task.

"Papa, dear," she said, slipping across to the sofa at its conclusion, and putting her arms round Mrs. Malcolm's neck from behind. "Do tell Mrs. Malcolm that by nature I am pensive and intense. Only Miss Barkley has brought me up to sing comic songs occasionally to avert the consequences of over study."

Mrs. Malcolm had no faculty for badinage.

"Many a true word spoken in jest," she said, as she pressed one of the small hands put round her. "I can quite understand that you are most your true self when you are most in earnest; delightful though you are at other times also."

"Fly, some one for pen and ink, to put me that in writing; But about to-morrow?" for Mrs. Malcolm rose to go.

It was arranged that Mrs. Malcolm should pick Edith up in the afternoon, on her way to Kinseyle Court, and should afterwards take her back to Highton for dinner. She could return in the evening, she said, in their own phaeton, which would come and fetch her. There was no sort of difficulty in the matter, and her father raised no objection.

"What are you doing at the Court again?" he asked, rather in politeness than from any disposition to interfere with his daughter's liberty.

Mrs. Malcolm looked disturbed. The purpose of the expedition was difficult to explain, but no one had a better right to have it explained than Mr. Kinseyle.

Edith came to the rescue, however, with an easy grace, though with a sweet little touch of solemnity in her manner.

"I'm going to see if Mrs. Malcolm can help me to see again and understand something I have seen there once before, Papa."

"What do you think it is that she has seen?" Mr. Kinseyle asked of Mrs. Malcolm, with a puzzled air.

"How can we tell? But if she sees what I see, as I believe, she will see what has at any rate been the consolation and noblest inspiration of my life in my own case. Of course, nothing of this kind must be done without your consent; but will you trust me to watch over her for this one afternoon, at any rate? It is so

difficult to explain in detail, but at all events, I look upon the trust as a most sacred one."

"I'm sure you will take care of her;" Mr. Kinseyle almost eagerly assured her, in reply to the earnest appeal, "I was not wanting to interfere. I'm sure, indeed, that Edith's own instincts are altogether to be trusted."

He spoke almost apologetically, as if to escape the responsibility which his own question had threatened to bring upon him, and pressed no further inquires. The two ladies went upstairs together in search of Mrs. Malcolm's hat and wraps.

"You are wonderfully free to do as you like, my dear; almost alarmingly so," Mrs. Malcolm said in the bedroom.

"How funny that it should strike you in that way. I could not conceive any other state of things. I have always done as I like."

"It is an immense responsibility," said Mrs. Malcolm earnestly, picking up her hat off the dressing table and looking at the reflection of Edith in the glass.

The girl, in sheer sportiveness, was balancing herself on the edge of the fender—a solid simply-made, low iron rail in front of her fireplace; and with skirts a little picked up as she lightly laughed at Mrs. Malcolm's solemn enunciation of this idea, stood on one foot and kept her equilibrium by swaying the other from side to side. She did not notice the intentness with which Mrs. Malcolm gazed into the mirror, but kept her balance for a few seconds, and was then just losing it and all but tilting over against the mantelpiece, when Mrs. Malcolm, with a sort of suppressed cry, turned round, and springing towards her, caught her round the waist.

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Edith, half laughing, half startled.

"Nothing, really, and I knew there was nothing really, but I could not help myself. I imagined you falling."

"But I've fallen off this fender a hundred times. I can't fall more than four inches."

"I know. But the picture was too overpowering. It seemed to me as I looked at you in the glass that the mantelpiece and the wall there had all melted away, and left nothing but horrible rocks

and precipices. It was an allegorical fancy merely, but as you balanced yourself, all your life seemed to hang upon the question whether you would go over to that side or this. I thought you were going over to the rocks, and I simply couldn't help springing forward to save you."

Edith's fancy was too nearly akin to Mrs. Malcolm's for her to take the explanation otherwise than quite seriously.

"Then was I really falling the wrong way? What a frightful idea. But I really don't think it was certain which way I was going. It's almost a pity you did not wait to see."

"May I be guarded from ever seeing a bad omen about you."

"At all events, dear, you saved me in time. I did not actually touch the mantelpiece, though I believe I slipped down on the wrong side of the fender!"

"Well, let us make a good omen of it anyhow, and may I be always at hand if you want help, as you go on balancing yourself through life."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RIGHT INFLUENCE.

MRS. MALCOLM and Edith found Marston waiting for them when they arrived the following afternoon at Kinseyle Court. They came alone, for George Ferrars had remained at Highton, and Mrs. Malcolm's companionship released Miss Barkley from her usual attendance on her pupil. Marston met them in the hall, and all three went at once into the library.

"It is very good of you to have come down." Edith said, "for I understand you have come altogether on my account."

Marston was very grave, and almost stiff in manner.

"Thanks," Mrs. Malcolm said to him, almost at the same time as she gave him her hand. "I know it is right for you to have come, for I know I did right to ask you. It is a comfort to be sure of that much."

"I feel as though I ought to apologise for seeming boorish in making conditions about coming," he said to Edith, merely bowing an acknowledgment of Mrs. Malcolm's few words, "but,—I never

accept invitations." He spoke in an awkward harsh tone, making no excuses for the behaviour which he said must seem boorish; but Edith was too much impressed with the vague mystery which seemed to surround him to have thought of his conditions in that light. Moreover, she was too much interested in meeting him again, having entertained a vivid recollection of their brief conversation on the former occasion, to be critical of minor circumstances. Her feeling of satisfaction at his reappearance overpowered all others, and found expression in the cordiality of her look and manner.

"Then I am all the more obliged and flattered at drawing so confirmed a recluse from his den. With you and Mrs. Malcolm, I feel lifted right out of my own humdrum life into the midst of—I hardly know what—grand and beautiful ideas that you have got to explain to me. Oh, isn't it delightful, Marian?"—Mrs. Malcolm had taught her by this time to use the more intimate name; "we've got a whole long afternoon before us, we three, with no outsiders to interfere with us. I believe this is going to be a turning-point in my life. Let us all go and sit round the window in the Countess's study and talk. Do you know," she went on a little later, when her wishes had been fulfilled, and addressing Marston, "I realize now that I have been quite anxious all day lest something should have occurred to prevent you from coming; I am so glad to find our programme is to be carried out."

Marston's rigidity thawed under the influences of her sunny good spirits, and the dawning smile with which he looked at her, in its sweetness and wistfulness, would have shown an acute observer that his stiff manner at first had sprung from discontentment with himself, and not with his companions. If they were not displeased there was nothing left in the situation for him to fret over. As small, slightly-made men often are, he was very neatly dressed, but the merit of his costume had to do with its perfect make and taste, not with any showy characteristics. His bearing was very erect, his dark eyes seemed larger and more luminous than ever, but his voice, when he spoke again, had recovered a softer and more natural tone than that in which his first greetings had been uttered.

"It shall be carried out, if that lies with me, but now let me hear what it is."

"Ah, now I recognise your voice again," Edith said; "I did not for the moment, at first. But now I remember how you promised me, when we were talking together before, that I should soon be helped to understand my visions, and so forth. Your voice brings back the prophecy, which has been most honestly fulfilled, only you have had to take some part yourself in its fulfilment, after all."

"You know nearly as much about our programme as we do," Mrs. Malcolm put in, "for you know that I want you to put Miss Kinseyle into a mesmeric sleep, in order that she may tell us, if possible, and herself afterwards through us, more about the Spirit she has seen, and what is required of her. Do you think you can mesmerise her?"

Marston turned his head, without immediately answering, to Edith, and fixed his eyes upon her with gentle but earnest interest. She looked back at him with a frank, trustful gaze, and a smile that seemed to meet his answer half way, and then Marston said, in a very low voice:

"I am quite sure of it."

"I am so glad," answered Edith. "I fancied you would be able; but Mr. Ferrars found me an unmanageable subject, and I half feared there might be something wrong."

"And now, having answered your question frankly, let me beg pardon for having spoken as if boastfully of my own powers. But, in anything so serious as real mesmerism, truth must come first, conventional self-depreciation afterwards."

"But please spare us that altogether," said Edith. "Let us have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, this afternoon."

"Happily, the truth will not require me to boast again. The reason why I am so sure of being able to magnetise you is, that I know, at all events, enough of occult laws to comprehend some, at any rate, of your own characteristics. But I will lecture afterwards, if you want me to. That will come best after the demonstration of the fact."

"But I like the lecture. Please go on."

"We have got the afternoon before us, as Edith says," Mrs. Malcolm added. "We can talk quietly for awhile. To be there people together who sympathize with one another on the psychic plane, is to hold quite an occult festival. For my part, I very rarely meet anyone I can talk to about my own inner life, but with you both I can open the sanctuary without seeming to profane it."

"In one sense," Marston answered. "all of us who have an inner sanctuary have it in common with each other. The difficulty is to get free access to it ourselves, whenever we wish. You, and I imagine Miss Kinseyle too, can both retreat into it very easily compared to most of us."

"I am not conscious," said Edith, "of being able to do anything at all; but I am all attention, and only too eager to learn."

"How shall I explain what I mean?" Marston went on. "In some Indian book, I believe, there is a saying to this effect. At the first blush of the words it sounds irreverent, but that is merely because a truly reverent idea is cast in a paradoxical form: 'Whoso worships God and does not know that he is worshipping himself, to God that man is like the cattle in the fields.' The point of the idea is that, failing to appreciate the highest element in our own natures, which is an emanation from Deity, we remain outside the possibilities of truly human development. We are external to the divine consciousness if we do not realize that there is a fibre vibrating with the divine consciousness within us. Realize that, and you know that in worshiping God, you are at the same time worshipping the highest potentiality in your own nature—preparing it for fuller consciousness—retreating, in fact, into the sanctuary we were talking of just now. That must be an intellectual process only for most of us, but for exceptional people, gifted as you are, every now and then you see as if with actual eyesight some manifestation of your own higher consciousness. I take it—though I should not venture to dogmatise about the personality, so to speak, of the visions you have both seen—that these are only possible for you because the element of divine consciousness in you is functioning more actively than with other people."

"It's very interesting," Edith said, having paid the deepest attention; "but I don't feel how it applies to me."

"It is very puzzling at first—the earliest attainments in occult knowledge are so intangible and so subtle. It is merely a recognition, in fact, in their proper bearings, of things you have known all along. When you reach after a thought in your mind, pondering how can this or that be so, and then, when an idea flashes upon you or dawns upon you, where do you suppose it comes from?"

"I don't know. But everybody has ideas come up in their minds in that way."

"They do; and all human beings have some attributes in common. But the ideas that come up in different minds are of very varying degrees of dignity, and, not to confuse the matter by dealing with the trumpery ones, let us ask whence do the very elevated ideas come from."

Edith shook her head, merely to indicate that she did not see the answer.

Marston looked at her fixedly. The nature of their conversation was such that he could do this without embarrassment; and she gazed back, absorbed in the subject they were talking of.

"Never mind me" said Marston. He had been sitting in a chair, while the two ladies were in the window-seat of the square projecting window; and now he rose, standing beside Edith, and put one hand on her forehead, visible under a wide-brimmed hat that turned back on the side next to him. "Go on thinking of what we were talking about. When you dive into the recesses of your mind in search of some idea, whence does the idea come? That was the question I was asking."

"Oh, you mean from the higher streak of consciousness you were talking about—the divine element."

"Exactly," said Marston, dropping back into his chair; "which, in your wonderful organism, is so susceptible to an external influence even, that magnetic contact with me for a moment, when I had that idea intensely imprinted on my own mind, was enough to present it to yours, and as that was the idea you were wanting, you recognised it, and instantly seized it."

"How do you mean? Then you were actually able to put that idea into my head?"

"I was able," Marston said, with a grave smile and bow, "because of the peculiarities of the head."

"Why, that's mesmerising me already, before you have begun. Oh, Marian! isn't that wonderful?"

"Yes," Marston himself answered; "it is wonderful: full of just cause for that sort of reverent wonder that is a kind of worship. But keep hold of the idea, please, in all its bearings, and it will throw light on what we were talking of before—the way in which the proper recognition of familiar things may constitute a great advance of knowledge. The ideas that rise in your mind as you think of a problem—ideas that come into your head—have a source from which they come: a great fountain-head of ideas always abundantly flowing. Along more or less choked and narrow channels all men may draw intellectual sustenance from that fountain; though in the vanity—which is a sad sort of ignorance really—which makes them repudiate their own best attribute, they will have it generally that they think out or develope such few drops as may trickle from it, for themselves. Now your peculiar gifts—attributes of your organism—enable you to realize some things that other people, at best, can only speculate about, and this among them. If you feel that thoughts may come into your mind from an external source—even though that is only so humble a one as another mind—you will no longer be in doubt as to the possibility that some of your thoughts, at any rate—or subjective impressions, we may call them, if you like—when no companion mind is in the case at all, may come from an external spiritual source, and then, in time, you will do more and be able to discriminate among your thoughts, and comprehend which are so derived and which are relatively commonplace."

"And would that be the way the Countess would talk to me? Is that the way," turning to Mrs. Malcolm, "your Guardian talks to you?"

Marston waited for Mrs Malcolm to reply, but she only said:

"Let Mr. Marston answer for me. I feel how things are with me; but he will explain it better."

"I take it that Mrs. Malcolm feels as you, no doubt, will come to feel, that the communication is much more direct. The sifting-out process, the faculty of distinguishing thoughts drawn from

the higher regions of our consciousness, from those which arise by simple association of ideas in the lower, is possible for almost any reflective and intelligent people. For you, therefore, that is possible, as I have said; but for you a great deal more is possible also, because, with your higher consciousness awake and at work, it will show you pictures at least—perhaps very great and beautiful realities belonging to that plane—and then, when the corresponding thoughts flow into your mind, it will be as though such thoughts were plainly spoken to you by the beings of your visions, as, in truth, may be really the case. As I am trying to show, the process will not be only inferred about and worked out intellectually by you, but perceived without an effort."

"It is immensely instructive already. What you have done in putting a thought into my head, by some mysterious influence of your own thought, is wonderful."

"What I have to do is to teach you to appreciate yourself. The simplest way will, perhaps, be the most striking at first. Now, for instance——"

He looked round. On the table in the middle of the room were some books—some of the old family records that Edith had been studying. He went to one of these and opened it at random —in the middle—leaving it lying on the table, and having glanced at the top of the page, he came back to Edith's side saying:

"The first word at the top of that page is in my mind. You will be able to read it, letter by letter, through me, as you did the idea we were talking of just now." He put his hand again upon her forehead. "Now, what is the first letter? Say whatever comes first into your mind to say. Don't make an effort."

He remained for a few moments standing silent and motionless, with his eyes shut.

"Good gracious!" said Edith, "it isn't L, is it? I seemed to see an L, bright on a dark background, for a moment."

"Of course, it is L," answered Marston. "That is why you saw it."

"No! How wonderful!"

"Now give us the second letter."

In the same way, after varying intervals of hesitation, but

without mentioning any wrong letter, Edith gave three letters successively, "L A U." For the fourth letter she said "K."

"Ah! pardon me. I beg your pardon," said Marston.

"Why; what do you mean?"

"Because it is not a 'K'; it is an 'R.' The two letters are something alike when you try to picture them to yourself, and the awkwardly-formed 'R' in my mind looked to you apparently like a 'K.'"

"But that was my fault, evidently. I don't suppose your 'R' was awkwardly formed at all."

"Miss Kinseyle," said Marston, sitting down again, "I have learned more this afternoon already than I have taught you; and if anything fails with you, at any time, in any such experiment as this, rest assured that you are no more in fault than a perfect instrument is in fault when a musician plays a wrong note. Let me be candid. That was an experiment we have just tried. Perhaps I was wrong to try it; because, if it had failed, it might have impaired my confidence and perhaps, therefore, my usefulness to you in anything you want to do this afternoon. But I divined the perfection of your sensitiveness and could not resist testing it. To have done what you have just done is an absolutely splendid feat. I have known it done before, but it is enormously difficult. To have said that at first would, perhaps, have thrown you off the right attitude of mind; but now the course is clear before us. I have not got to *act* confidence with you—the confidence is established, absolutely and overwhelmingly."

Edith accepted the compliments graciously and pleasantly. They were too obviously sincere to excite any distrust; but she declared herself in need of more explanation.

"And I do not see why the result is not to be accounted for by your own extraordinary power. You must have that, for I feel strange feelings in my head from your hand."

"Well; let it be for the present as you please. I *have* power for the moment, at all events; though it may be you who have given it me."

"But are we not to go on with the word?"

"It is no matter now. You have shown the delicacy of your

psychic sense in a manner which is perfectly splendid. It would be waste of effort to go on with that."

"But what was the word, then?" said Edith, going to the table and looking at the open book. "'Laura!' good gracious! there it is—the first word on the page: L, A, U. I wish I had not been so stupid with the R."

"Stupid!" said Marston; "you are like a millionaire complaining that he is poor for not having a hundred a year more than he possesses."

Perhaps Edith was playing with the idea, from her usual inclination towards making fun of things, perhaps she did not dislike the eager declaration of Marston's admiration for her powers; so she smiled demurely, and declared that Mr. Marston was trying to give her confidence in herself, no doubt.

"At all events, I am getting confidence in your powers, Mr. Marston. What is the next exercise your potent will may be pleased to guide me to?"

"It is a happy phrase," Marston replied. "My will shall be your guide; for your guide may be your servant all the time. While holding the sacred trust, believe me, it shall always be that, and exercised over your soul at the bidding only of your waking consciousness."

Edith felt the earnestness of the promise without fully understanding it.

"I am sure you will take all possible care of me, and I am not in the least afraid."

Marston bowed. Mrs. Malcolm intervened before more was said, and proposed that they should go on with their project.

"We can darken the rooms a little if there is too much light."

"Yes, that will be better; but first let me put Miss Kinseyle perfectly at ease. That chair is not comfortable enough. I will bring in the couch from the library."

But Edith declared she loved the old chair, and when this was put back against the angle of the projecting moulding that encircled the window recess, with cushions propped against the wall behind, and a lower chair in front for her feet, she was at last made comfortable enough even to suit Mr. Marston's anxiety on that head.

"I would spare you the trouble," he said to Mrs. Malcolm, as she was closing the shutters, "but I ought to remain quite quiet for the present."

"Of course. I can manage the windows, and there is no hurry. I'll close some of those in the library too."

Edith faced the open door leading into the library as she lay back in her improvised nest of cushions. Marston stood by her side, looking down on her half upturned face. The light of the room was subdued by the closed, but not barred, shutters—not entirely darkened.

"Is it well for you to tell me beforehand what is going to happen?" she asked.

"That will be for you to decide, as soon as you are free to look about you. What I shall be able to do will be to put your physical senses to sleep in such a way as to leave your psychic senses in their natural bright activity. And yet your sleeping lips will tell us what these see, and I am always at hand to draw you back at the least sign that you may make. It is exactly as if you were swimming, with a line round your waist that some one else should be holding. We can draw you to shore whenever you look tired or give the order. As for what will happen—that is, what you will see—your own higher consciousness will dictate that, not your humble, though very faithful guide."

"You are so absolutely sure of your power over me, that you do not even care to assume the masterful tone."

"Yes, in one way; I am so absolutely sure of my power to bring music out of the wonderful instrument in my hands, that there is no need to claim that the music is in my fingers. May I take your hands for a little while?" Edith resigned them to him at once. "Now, as soon as Mrs. Malcolm has settled the shutters and herself in a seat near us, you shall give me the order to put you to sleep, and you will not remember the next minute, as far as this room is concerned."

"How my arms thrill. I thought you would have to make passes with your hands for a long time before I felt anything. You seem to be able to do everything at a word only. Where did you learn it all?"

"Ask them whom you may see presently, if you like."

"I seem to know instinctively, in a vague sort of way. In the school of suffering—is that so?"

"Perhaps."

Mrs. Malcolm came back through the doorway now, and took her seat on a low ottoman a little in front of Edith on her left side, Marston standing beside her on her right.

"Are you comfortable, Marian dear?" Edith enquired.

"Quite, thank you; and you?"

"Then I'm off. Good-bye. Put me to sleep," she said to Marston, in a little tone of command, obeying his wish with a subtle sweetness in assuming this, and emphasising the order with a slight pressure of her hand in his.

He brought both of these into one of his own, and drawing the other down over her forehead and eyes, repeated the word, bending close over her as he spoke in a low earnest tone:

"Sleep—sleep—sleep."

Then he left her hands on her lap and made passes over her face for a little while, but she did not move after the words had been spoken, and only rolled her head a little from side to side two or three times on her cushion.

"Tell me what you see?" Marston said to her, "as soon as you can look about you."

Edith made one or two hardly articulate sounds. Marston moved his fingers quickly about just in front of her mouth, and then in a few moments, though speaking as in the profoundest slumber as far as her physical state was concerned, she said, a little more clearly—

"I'm only just waking up; I don't see anything, except the light. It's too bright to see anything."

"It does not dazzle you, though, does it?"

"No, it doesn't dazzle."

"What is the scene around you like?"

"I can't see anything clearly—a sort of plain. There are some rocks in the distance. No; they are close by. Oh! I am rushing along; flying somehow."

"Isn't there anyone with you?"

"I think so—" after a little pause, "but I do not see anybody. Ah——"

"What made you cry out?"

"We seemed to dash up against a cliff, but it did not do any harm. I hardly felt it. What's this?"

"Have you stopped anywhere?"

"Yes, on a kind of grassy ledge, a little valley up among mountains. It's so pleasant." She smiled, though her eyes remained closed; then, after a few moments of silence, called out sharply, "Take care of that thread."

"Trust me to take care of the thread," said Marston in a confident tone. "Does it seem very thin?"

"Yes; thin, fine, and silvery. I seemed to feel some one pulling at it. It is all right now. Oh!—" in a less contented tone, "where does it lead to?"

"Never mind that now. Look round you. Is there anyone with you in the valley?"

"No, I don't see anyone, but I feel as if some one was with me—some one who loves me. Oh!" in a low voice, "SHE's here. I see her now shining before me. She's a glorious spirit. My Queen!"

"That's right. You have seen her before, have you not?"

"Of course I have; I know her. I have always known her. Now I see the real person. What!—of course I will."

"Will you tell me what she has just said to you?"

For the first time since her trance had begun Edith did not immediately answer the question, but after a little interval began to murmer half articulate words of affectionate adoration and broken replies to some conversation, which she was carrying on in another state of consciousness. Marston took one of her hands again—he had not touched her before since she had been put to sleep—and laid his other hand on her forehead.

"You must come back to us if you will not answer me."

"Take care of the thread," she said petulantly.

"Tell me what the beautiful Spirit is saying to you."

"She tells me I may come to her altogether soon, if I like. I shall not have to stay long in that horrible body."

"Ask her if we are doing right to mesmerise you in this way, and if that is what she wanted."

"Yes, she meant that; that is why she sent Marian to me.

You are to go on every few days, and soon I shall be able to understand all she says better."

"Has she any particular orders for you?"

"What—I'm sure she may, to me, and I will obey her."

"What is that she says?" Marston said very emphatically.

"Don't pull that thread! She says——"

"What does she say?"

"I don't know exactly. She makes me feel heavenly. It does not matter."

"But I must know whether she has any orders for you. Ask her that."

Edith smiled very sweetly, ejaculating "dearest," then "Very well," and then replying at last to Marston's question.

"She has no orders for me, she says, only encouragement. But she will be able to talk more plainly to me later on. When I am more at home with her. At any rate, I'm glad I have not got to stay long down there."

Mrs. Malcolm asked in a low voice, "Has she any message for me?"

Mr. Marston repeated the question.

"Has she any message for Mrs. Malcolm?"

"Who?" said Edith, with a little frown.

"Has she any message for Marian?"

Marston glanced round as if to apologise for the use of the name, but Mrs. Malcolm, quickly comprehending the idea, nodded acquiescence, and Edith accepted the amendment.

"Oh, for Marian! Yes, she says I shall amply reward her for the trouble she has taken, and that SHE is grateful. She smiles, oh, so beautifully. How glorious she is."

"Ask her whether it is not time for you to come back."

"Oh, I couldn't *think* of going back at present."

It had an odd effect for the protest, considering its nature, to take the familiar colouring in this way of Edith's ordinary waking manner, a little emphasis being put on one word in the sentence, and the whole given with her usual assured way of announcing her will and pleasure, when her mind was made up about anything.

"I shall bring you back unless you can tell me that SHE says you may stop longer."

"Don't worry. What? yes; she says I may stay a little longer. Only a little?"—these last words in a pleading tone. "As long as she stays with me I may stop. I am bathed in her sweet influence. It is so perfect. I would never want anything more than this. To be always with her—what perpetual Heaven!" These and a few more disjointed phrases of the same kind were spoken at intervals, and Edith's face, all the while upturned as she lay back against her cushions, beamed with a rapt expression of delight. Presently, however, it clouded. "Oh, she is going away! I will go with her. But I can't; I don't know where she has gone. She has gone somehow—where?"

"Never mind," said Marston, "you will see her again another time. Now you have got to come away yourself, you know; that was what she said."

"But I *don't want* to come away," Edith answered quite crossly. "Can't you take care of the thread!"

"Remember, she told you to come back when she left you. Now she is gone, and you must obey her. So I am going to draw you back, whether you like it or not. Sorry to be rude; but you must come."

"No! no!"

Very gently Marston laid one hand on her head and one on her left side, and speaking tenderly but firmly, repeated:

"You must come. Come back—slowly, gently now," as Edith moved restlessly in her chair, and made a few sounds as of pettish protest. "That's right; you are coming back now, aren't you? Sleep quietly now for a moment." The restlessness died away, and Edith's face sank into repose again, losing the varied expressions that had been chasing one another over her features during her trance.

"That's it!" said Marston. "Beautifully brought back. Now you can wake up as soon as you like." And he waved his hands upward several times in front of her face. "Wake up! You are all here again, and we are wanting to talk to you, Ah——"

He dropped his hands as Edith suddenly opened her eyes, sat up in her chair, and exclaimed:

"Goodness! Have I been asleep? What has been happening?"

Marston drew back a little from her side and sat down on one of the formal old high-backed chairs that stood near the table. Mrs. Malcolm rose, and came to her in his place, embracing her with affectionate earnestness.

"My dear Edith, you have been in heaven, and telling us all about it. You have been having a glorious vision."

"I remember, now. Mr. Marston said I should tell him when to put me to sleep, and that I should go off at once. So I did. I don't recollect anything after that. It's perfectly wonderful how he did it in an instant like that."

"But don't you remember anything of your vision? You saw HER, you know—beautifully."

Edith put her hand to her head, and tried to recall something.

"I seem as if I should remember something directly, but I don't know what it is. All I can think of is, that I was somehow told to 'come back.'"

"Ah!" cried Marston. "How stupid of me! It is my fault that you do not remember better."

"You managed her splendidly," Mrs. Malcolm said. "I am sure you have nothing to reproach yourself with."

"But tell me all about it," said Edith. "I am all in the dark."

"But first, you feel none the worse?"

"I feel delightfully. I am much the better. I don't want to move for fear of breaking the spell."

"Don't move for the present," Marston said. "In a few minutes you must let me mesmerise you again a little, to restore your physical strength thoroughly. Meanwhile, you can lie quiet, and hear Mrs. Malcolm's report of what you have been saying."

"Do you feel weakened, Mr. Marston?" Mrs. Malcolm asked.

"Weakened? No; certainly not. Tired for the moment, but in five minutes I shall be thoroughly wound up again."

The answer, confident as it was, excited Edith's attention, and there was some little conversation on the subject. Then she wanted to know why she had been so "abnormally stupid" as to have remembered nothing of the vision he had procured for her.

"It is just as I explained before about the R and the K," Marston said. "My fault—I did not impress upon you to remember."

"I do not object to the theory in the *least*," Edith said.

"Whenever I make any mistake, that is always to be regarded in future as somebody else's fault. It is very kind of me—having been so particularly stupid this time—but I will forgive you if you will explain how you could have made even me remember, if you had managed something differently."

Marston did not rise very cheerfully to the airy gaiety of her manner. There was something more wistful than light-hearted in the smile with which he replied to it. In words he said very simply:

"I ought to have impressed upon you at the time to remember the salient features of your vision. Clairvoyants, who go right out of the body as you did, frequently remember nothing when they return, unless they are so impressed. What you said about remembering that you had been told to come back, just illustrates the thing. I appealed to you to remember that your guardian spirit had said you were to come back when she went away."

They went on talking over all that had passed, and all the characteristics of the trance, and eventually Edith was put in possession of the whole case, and of all that she had said, except as regards the few words she had spoken indicating the probability of her own early death. Both Mrs. Malcolm and Marston avoided this part of the story, and a look of intelligence passed between them as each saw that the other was avoiding the same thing. They told Edith how cross she had been about her "thread."

"All clairvoyant wanderers from the fleshly prison see this magnetic filament that connects them with the body," Marston explained. "I do not suppose it is really in any danger of breaking, in the mechanical sense of the word; but the clairvoyant associates an earthly notion with it, and if its attraction draws upon him, will generally get nervous about it."

"And was I very anxious about my thread?"

"Very snappish, my dear, I assure you, when Mr. Marston would not let you break away from us altogether, and leave us nothing but an empty body; and you showed a reluctance to come back to such low company as our own, after being with spirits in Heaven, in a way that was much more emphatic than complimentary."

"It was disgracefully rude of me, seeing that you put me in Heaven for the time; but like all other bad behaviour of mine, I suppose that is Mr. Marston's fault. Mr. Marston, I am shocked at you when I think that I have been rude."

"This time I am not responsible. That you should prefer Heaven to earth is entirely due to your own characteristics."

"So Mr. Marston managed me splendidly you say, Marian?" Edith remarked, acknowledging the compliment with a pleasant smile only. "How *can* you keep control over me when I am right away in unknown regions, and out of sight altogether? Or am I out of sight indeed? Can you see what I am about all the while, and where I am going?"

"I wish I could. We are not all endowed with the power of consciousness on that plane. The only control I can exercise is a watchfulness over your body, which is still in magnetic relations with your soul all the while. It is drawing upon you continually with its vital attraction, or whatever we like to call it, and when necessary I can somehow augment that vital attraction so that it brings you back in spite of your disinclination to come. That is all the use I am to you. I can drag you back to earth."

"But as I can't get away from earth to begin with without your help, I have not so much to complain of. And if you did not drag me back, should I never come back at all?"

"That I would not venture to say. That there would be danger, even to your life, if you were sent wandering in space under mesmeric influences and not watched over from this side, seems to me probable; but you might return, exhausted as it were, at last, of your own accord even then, and the effect of such an adventure would be very bad for your nervous system certainly. As it is, the use I am of is to enable you to visit your natural home, where your own affinities carry you, without any risk of physical bad effects afterwards. At all events, I can guarantee you from those."

"I am sure you can. I feel exhilarated, and altogether a superior person to what I was before. But now suppose—since your power over me is so complete—that you send me forth again to seek my fortune, and make me remember this time all I shall see?"

Marston demurred to this proposal, however, and Mrs.

Malcolm also had a feeling against it. There might be some risks in forcing Miss Kinseyle's capabilities too much at first. She might not be again able so soon to realize the former vision a second time. There were all sorts of psychic risks to be considered. Edith begged to be allowed one more excursion, but with affectionate and respectful resolution both her friends clung to the idea that enough had been done for a first attempt.

"Now, if you will let me mesmerise you a little," Marston said, "to restore your physical strength completely, in case that has been tried in any way, we can conclude the performances."

"Mesmerise me by all means," replied Edith. "I shall go to sleep again under it, and we will see what happens."

Marston took his place again by her side at once, but assured her she would not be able to go to sleep this time, however much she might desire it.

"It is an influence of quite a different kind that is upon you now," he said, as he touched her forehead again, and then began long passes over her, from her head to her waist. "You are not feeling sleepy this time, are you?"

Edith shut her eyes and pretended to be going to sleep, but could not keep her countenance long, and laughed with a mock protest against the tyranny she was subject to.

"Well, then, I submit," she said, as another idea crossed her fancy. "I *will not* go to sleep. This time you shall not put me to sleep. I defy you to do it. I'm sure you can't."

"That's the right attitude of mind at present," Marston returned, in a tone of perfect satisfaction. "That will prevent you going to sleep, and will keep all the mesmeric influence on the physical plane. Besides, since you *will not* go to sleep, I would not attempt to constrain you for worlds."

"Not even to be goaded or taunted into giving way Mr. Marston?" said Edith, with an affectation of stiffness. "Do you know, if it was not for one consideration, you would fall under the frightful weight of my displeasure?"

"And what protects me?"

ncing up for a moment with a gravity of expression nder the circumstances, than any smile could have been, d:

"The fact that I trust you altogether—to know best and to do best."

Marston made no immediate reply in words, but looked the thanks that could perhaps only have been weakened by expression. He went on with the mesmeric process for a little while, and then said:

"I think you will be none the worse now. Perhaps rather stronger and more vigorous than before."

During the conversation that had immediately followed the trance, Mrs. Malcolm had opened the shutters again. They now went back for a time to their former seats in the recess of the window, and fully talked over the achievement of the afternoon in all its bearings. The settlement of a plan of future operations engaged their serious attention. The proceedings of the afternoon had been clearly experimental in their nature. It was impossible on the face of things for Mr. Marston to be constantly coming down from London and meeting the ladies at Kinseyle Court, when no one would be able to understand why, if his business with them was so important, he should not go to one of their houses. Besides, Mrs. Malcolm was at Highton and Edith at Compton Wood.

"There is only one satisfactory plan, and that is for Miss Kinseyle to come and stay with me at Richmond."

"That must be done soon, if it is to be before I go to the Miltenhams," Edith suggested.

"I have nothing to say except that you can command my attendance at Richmond whenever you choose."

"And till we meet again there I fall back into my original helplessness. Can't I do anything by myself, don't you think, Mr. Marston. It is frightfully tantalising to be told one is such a wonderful creature, but to feel all the while the most ordinary sort of clay, incapable of doing anything oneself."

"I do not know enough yet," said Marston, "of the object in view to be able to give any advice. Great spiritual potencies of some sort are clearly interested in you. That you should get used, under mesmeric treatment, to freer intercourse with them, is clearly in the programme, but till they have told us, through you, something more of what is wanted,

we can only wait, it seems to me, and go on as we have begun."

"Couldn't I learn something of the knowledge you possess? Can you tell me any books to read against the time when I shall meet you next?"

"I might send you some books, if you wish it, but you are exempt really from all need of taking the trouble which we humbler mortals have to take."

"I forbid you to make fun of me, Mr. Marston."

"I'll remember the order if I am ever tempted," said Marston, "but it is not relevant to what I was saying. It is not worth while for me, is it, to prescribe rules for you to follow in order to get blue eyes or golden hair—or to acquire the faculty of clairvoyance?"

"But above all," put in Mrs. Malcolm, "it is not necessary for us to be making any programme for the time between this and our establishment at Richmond. That might be a few days hence, if Miss Kinseyle can arrange to come."

And with the resolution that the plan should be carried out without loss of time they ultimately parted. Marston would not be driven back to Tharcebridge. He would not consent to so long a détour for the ladies. They all walked down the avenue together, and the ladies got into their carriage at the gate, Marston setting off on his walk in the opposite direction. He turned to look after them as long as they were in sight. Edith looked back and waved her hand, her face bright with one of her sunniest smiles; and again just before a bend in the road carried them off finally, he saw that she turned and repeated the sign, though the distance was too great to see more.

(To be Continued.)

THE STRUCTURE OF THE ATOM.

On the 10th of last month, Professor J. J. Thomson lectured at the Royal Institution on a subject which is gradually creeping from the domain of occult science into the brighter light of physical research. Professor Thomson describes his subject as the "Structure of the Atom,"—taking away the breath of occult students, to some extent, by suggesting the idea that he was really engaged on a problem they have long had to do with, concerning the actual structure of the ultimate atom of physical matter, known to occult science as the "etheric atom," and now making its way into orthodox laboratories as the "electron." But, in truth, it was not of the atom in this sense that Professor Thomson spoke, but of that which the occult student would call the molecule of any matter, belonging to the category of substances known as the chemical elements. Some confusion is inevitable as regards the terminology of this subject, because conventional science has assigned an arbitrary significance to the term "molecule," quite out of harmony with the real facts, while, on the other hand, the occultly illuminated chemist is reluctant to describe as an "atom" that smallest portion of any given chemical element which can be considered as such, which he knows to be built up of a large number of the minor bodies, which may truly, in discussions on the physical plane, be described as atoms. All this will be made clearer as the present explanations proceed, but first it is important to describe the results reached without the aid of any occult information, by the brilliant mathematician and boldly imaginative man of science who lectured last month on the subject we have in hand.

Professor Thomson has already arrived, by the sheer force of intellectual reasoning, at certain conclusions fully in harmony with the results of occult investigation, some of which had, indeed, been already the subject of scientific speculation, while others represent entirely original thinking of his own. Of course, ever since the phenomena connected with radium emanations have given a new impulse to scientific theorising concerning the constitution of matter, everyone is falling into line in recognition of the principle that the diverse substances known as the chemical elements are built up of atoms almost inconceivably more minute than the atoms, or smallest divisible portions, of the substances themselves. The different attributes of the elements represent different aggregations of the minute atoms,—structures varying both as regards the numbers of the particles entering into their composition, and also as regards the grouping and arrangement of these. But Professor Thomson, going beyond this conjecture, and assuming, quite justifiably as the occult student well knows, that the particles commonly called electrous, which he, indeed, was the first to comprehend, and, in a certain sense, to measure, are the atoms of which the chemical element atoms are built up, has now endeavoured to conceive the nature of the sphere or body within which each given aggregation of such particles must constitute the atom of each chemical substance.

His particles are negatively electrified. Being in that condition they would mutually repel one another. To provide for their continued association in a definite system, we must imagine another force operative to control their repulsive energy. The situation is precisely analogous to that in which the planets of the Solar system find themselves. In their case, the attraction of gravitation towards the central body is balanced by the centrifugal force engendered by their motion around it, and the radius of their orbit becomes in this way determined by the play of these two forces, so that a condition of stability is obtained. What kind of force can be thought of as providing the analogue of gravitation in the case of the physical molecule? Professor Thomson, while declaring that much less is known concerning positive electricity than is known concerning negative, a declaration inviting comment which we must not stop here to make, assumes that the sphere of

influence within which the ultimate atoms exist or revolve must be a sphere of positive electricity. So that all particles within it bearing an opposite charge, that is to say, being negatively electrified, would have a tendency to congregate towards the centre. Their mutual repulsions would resist this tendency, and a condition of stable equilibrium would thus be reached.

The conception is exceedingly beautiful, and without being either directly confirmed or refuted by any information available as yet as the fruit of occult research, the occultist will be quite ready to accept it as a professional hypothesis very probably in harmony with the truth. It was partially illustrated at the Royal Institution lecture by some ingeniously devised experiments, in which small magnetised needles floating on the surface of water and supported by fragments of cork, were found, under the influence of a magnetic field partially realising the conditions imagined in the case of the molecule, to group themselves in positions corresponding with those which mathematical calculations concerning the conditions of stability for any such a system required. The demonstration was a beautiful vindication of the mathematical work concerned, but in so far as it related merely to the motion of bodies in one plane, it was an imperfect illustration of the conditions which must necessarily arise when three dimensions have to be taken into account.

Following up thoughts concerned with the investigation of atomic aggregations, Professor Thomson threw out the brilliant conception that the actual number of ultimate atoms in the molecule of each chemical element, stood in a direct ratio with the atomic weights. Writing before any report of the lecture is in print, I will not attempt to reproduce the exact reasoning by which Professor Thomson arrives at this result. Some of us, perhaps, will be inclined to imagine that intuition has had more to do with the evolution of his thought than he, perhaps, would be disposed to allow, but that detail is of no importance for the moment. The point important to emphasize has to do with the fact, of which I feel sure that the great bulk of the orthodox scientific world is placidly unaware, that the most important conclusions Professor Thomson has reached as yet in connection with this investigation, and a good many more stretching beyond

the stage of the enquiry he has as yet attained to, were set forth in November, 1895, as the result of a clairvoyant study of the subject, in the pages of the *Theosophical Review*, then bearing its earlier name of "*Lucifer*." In view of the interesting advance which has now been made by recognised scientific research in the field which our clairvoyant students were then concerned in exploring, it will be worth while to remind the reader of the results then obtained, many of which in due course will no doubt come within the range of ordinary scientific discovery, although one of the most significant can hardly be reached until ordinary science avails itself of more delicate instruments of research than any as yet at its disposal.

The investigation was prompted by the discovery that clairvoyant faculties of a certain high order were, so to speak, microscopic as well as telescopic in their character. Just as distance seemed no impediment to their exercise, so no progress in the direction leading to the infinitely little, seemed to offer any serious embarrassment to their exercise. It was thus suggested that perhaps the ultimate molecules of physical matter, although so immeasurably beyond the range of ordinary microscopic investigation, could come within the purview of the higher clairvoyance. This was found to be the case, but the first molecule investigated—by chance a molecule of gold was the object selected—proved so enormously complicated in its structure that it practically defied description, or even comprehension, as regards its interior relations. This discovery suggested the idea of attempting the investigation of bodies having a very much lighter atomic weight, and hydrogen, as the lightest, was selected. Now, it appeared, we were in touch with an organism which, though complicated in a certain sense, was still simple enough to be intelligible. The hydrogen molecule was found to consist of eighteen ultimate atoms, arranged in a grouping that could not be described without the aid of diagrams, and which diagrams even would but imperfectly suggest, because, of course, the atoms in question are moving within a region of space approximately spherical. Enough for the moment to say that the eighteen were divided up first of all into groups of three. Three such groups had definite relations with each other, and the three remaining groups with themselves.

But this was by no means the whole discovery concerning the character of the hydrogen molecule. It was found that the molecule in question was susceptible of being broken up first of all into two triad groups already referred to. But when so broken up each group constituted a body which had, so to speak, retreated behind the threshold of physical plane consciousness These bodies were imperceptible to common physical sense. Not merely because of their minuteness, but because of their character. And no matter how numerous we might imagine them to be, they would remain as little perceptible to ordinary sense as the ether itself. And then again these were susceptible of further division and could maintain an independent existence in the region of the unseen, and yet they were not identical with that universally pervading ether of space ascertained by clairvoyant observation to consist of the minute atoms of which we are speaking, in a condition of uniform dispersion instead of irregular aggregation. The final result of the investigation carried on along these lines showed that, in truth, there are many more kinds of ether than that atomic ether pervading all space, the vibrations of which, as modern science has quite correctly ascertained, give rise to the phenomena of light, and are, at all events, associated with those of electricity. Putting the conclusions of the occult research as regards the ether into a condensed expression, we have to recognise four kinds of ether before we reach the simplest aggregation of ultimate etheric atoms which constitute any substance recognisable by chemistry. And the enormously important part which the molecular varieties of ether will ultimately be found to play in all the phenomena of light and colour, indicates the possibility of future researches of dazzling interest.

But turning back again to the chemical research that was carried on in 1895, the atom or molecule of oxygen was found to represent an enormously larger aggregation of ultimate atoms than a molecule of hydrogen. It is an egg-shaped body, the main characteristic of which is a complicated spiral, revolving around the central axis. This spiral, on close examination, turns out to be a combination of two spirals locked together in a curious manner. When these are separated, each becomes a body belonging to the most complex variety of molecular ether.

But in turn, each can be broken up into smaller portions, and the atoms in these can thus be ultimately counted, so that we arrive at the conclusion that the whole molecule of oxygen in its undivided form consists of 290 ultimate atoms. And it was at once observed that 290 divided by 18 gives almost exactly the value assigned by ordinary chemistry to the atomic weight of oxygen, namely, 16. The next substance investigated was nitrogen. In this body the atoms are found to be grouped in five very irregularly constituted sub-groups, although, of course, the whole system has definite and regular though complicated motion within itself, and when these bodies were successively investigated it was found that the sum-total of the atoms contained amounted to 261. This number, divided by 18, gives us a close approximation to the recognised atomic weight of nitrogen.

These observations alone would have been a small foundation on which to build so extensive a theory as that which brings the numerical value of each molecule into line with its atomic weight, but at the same time the observations were recognised as extremely suggestive. They were partially fortified by one or two attempts to estimate the numerical values of some ponderous molecules, and the conclusion has already been regarded by occult thinkers as extremely important. Now that it has been fortified by the orthodox approval already described, it will be all the more acceptable to students in a position to appreciate the importance of the additions that clairvoyance of the higher order is able to make from time to time to our scientific knowledge. Until ordinary science can avail itself of these as yet unusual faculties, we cannot frame any guess as to the likelihood that it will be enabled to get hold of that root number 18, the number of the hydrogen molecule, which is the clue to an accurate comprehension of those chemical phenomena vaguely classified at present under the tentative phrases, "valency" and "atomicity." But, at all events, one can hardly suppose that even the scientific world, reluctant as it is to accept any help which does not reach it along its own familiar channels, can remain quite indifferent to the fact that the latest conclusions of one who is universally recognised as amongst its most brilliant exponents, were

anticipated and surrounded by other conclusions of an equally important character, by students of science in that department commonly called "occult" nine years ago. Already, at all events, one representative of the scientific world, standing on an eminence corresponding in altitude with that of Professor Thomson,—Sir Oliver Lodge,—in lecturing to an audience at Toynbee Hall on the "Realities of the Unseen," endeavoured by an appeal to astronomical facts to ridicule the idea that man was the highest and most intelligent being in the universe, whose knowledge was to be thought of as approximately commensurate with the resources of nature. And from time to time he has been emphatic in recognising the reality of clairvoyance as a faculty, and the great potentialities of its range. Hitherto, indeed, it has only been in a comparatively small circle of occult students that the applicability of clairvoyance to what may be called strictly physical research has been appreciated. The faculty has more generally been supposed chiefly applicable to research connected with future states of existence, with other realms of consciousness to which the human soul may ultimately ascend; and, perhaps for most of us who once realise that information along those lines is procurable, that direction of its energy is the most important But, nevertheless, those whose minds are tuned to interest themselves in the science of this world, are alive to the fact that its achievements so far, brilliant as they may be, will ultimately be regarded in the retrospect as merely the introduction to the science of the future, which in dealing with the complexities of natural force must correlate the observations of one plane with those of another, and illuminate the physics of the earth with the light of loftier regions.

AN OCCULT STUDENT.

THE RELIGION OF THE MAN IN THE STREET.

THE religion of various classes of people has at different times been dissected and discussed. Old Sir Thomas Brown descanted elaborately and eloquently on "Religio Medici," Dryden indited a poem "Religio Laici," a title which has done duty for a series of essays by a modern author. Quite recently several articles have appeared in a monthly review on "The religion of the schoolboy." That anonymous entity, so often appealed to in support of heresies ancient and modern, "The Man in the Street," has, so far as I know, never had his religious opinions diagnosed. I propose to supply the omission. Some one may ask who is "the man in the street?" He is perenially being written about and referred to, but he is never button-holed, so to speak. He is, as I have said, an anonymous entity, but his opinions are those entertained by the great masses of mankind who wend their way daily either through the streets of our towns or beside the hedgerows of the country. He is the concrete embodiment of the inhabitants of these islands in the abstract. What, then, are his opinions on religious matters? His real opinions, I mean, divested of the heavy covering of respectable conventionality. We should not reach them by means of a Sunday morning Church and Chapel census, which so many worthy people consider conclusive. That would not enable us to appreciate the motives which lead congregations to their particular places of worship. But why should there be any uncertainty with regard to "the man in the street's"

religion? We meet him every day in private life. He confesses himself frequently to friends belonging, like himself, to "the religion of sensible men."

In one sense there never was such a religious age as this. Talk about religion is incessant: writing about it abundant. Even frivolous newspapers have a religious column; periodically a religious article. Church architecture, ecclesiastical millinery, the ritual of religious services, are seriously discussed. New places of worship are continually springing up; funds for their erection are readily forthcoming. New bishopric bills are now hardy parliamentary annuals. And all the while opinions on matters religious are purely speculative. The holder is sure of nothing except that he may be wrong. He lives in a changing world, he has probably, unless he is a callow youth, changed or "developed" his religious opinions many times, and he is certainly not prepared to carry them to any conclusion. He frequently finds it necessary to explain them away. Casuistry in relation to religious dogma has now become a fine art, and the Jesuit Fathers may have something to learn from, but assuredly nothing to teach, to those who are entrenched in "the Citadel of Protestantism." The religious preacher was never more rampant than to-day, but the religious teacher is extinct. Indifference has developed tolerance and produced the ethical policeman who assumes the garb of the modern cleric. He propounds pious platitudes from the pulpit, revels in mysticism which for the most conveys no meaning to the minds of his hearers, and possibly conveys no meaning to himself, enjoys the good things of this world while being discreetly vague and not too dogmatic in regard to the next. Such men, I admit, often do a great deal of good in this world, but I fear it must be confessed that the more a cleric is concerned about doing good in this world the vaguer is his belief in the next.

The key note of religion to-day is respectability. It is still considered respectable to profess a religion and attend its services, even if one does not believe it. The avowed sceptic is regarded with aversion, the rampant disbeliever with disgust. His plea that he is merely voicing what everybody really thinks, avails him nothing. Nothing can palliate his conduct save a large and independent income. If in trade or a profession he must make broad

his phylacteries and place himself in evidence on Sundays. In that direction alone lies worldly prosperity and a quiet life. The advanced thinker may term such conduct hypocrisy, but his abuse is merely put down to jealousy. Religion is still a sound business asset. The man in the street is at least quite certain on that point. It is almost the last remaining plank of his forefathers' faith.

As to his past and his future, the man in the street is hazy. For the most part he is not an atheist, but an agnostic. He is good enough to admit the possibility of a Creator or First Cause. His mental attitude in this matter is very much like that of a suburban tradesman with whom I recently had a conversation on the subject. "I believe," he remarked, "there is someone 'igher than me." But the man in the street has no use for any revealed religion. His attitude to Christianity and its founder is that of the eloquent Renan. He has a vague idea that even if religion be false it is useful in the interests of morality. He entertains a cheerful contempt for the paraphernalia and the officials of Christianity, but the terrible inconsistency of human nature can alone account for the fact that he nevertheless helps frequently to build churches and endow parishes.

The contempt which the man in the street feels for the cleric is largely accentuated by the fact that he finds the cleric as inconsistent as himself. He examines the cleric's life and practice by the cleric's handbook, and he can find no harmony between the two. On the contrary, he sees the cleric spending a large part of his time in explaining away or whittling down the commands and precepts of the book if they fetter his enjoyment of the good things of this world. The man in the street thus regards the cleric not as a steward of the mysteries of Heaven, but as a man engaged in the business of religion, and like himself making a religion of business. The only people in earnest about religion appear to him to be neurotic women and weak-minded men. He feels sure that the healthy, virile and sternly logical of both sexes reject revealed religion mentally, whatever attitude worldly motives may induce them to take up ostensibly. He regards the activity of Church building, and the foundation of new bishoprics as a sham, even if he supposes the fact to be his own particular

secret. The recent law suit between two religious denominations in Scotland is proof, were any indeed, that the children of light are now, whatever it may have been in bygone ages, as wise in their generation as the children of this world; proof that the precept to take neither purse nor scrip nor thought for the morrow, however it may have worked out in Judæa, is an unsound business principle in this country in the 20th century.

Religion is played out, so "the man in the street" has rightly or wrongly determined. Around him and about him he sees misery, vice, crime, the direst and most dreadful poverty. On every side he views likewise innumerable costly buildings erected to the unknown God, the ministers of the same being well fed, well clothed, well housed, and engaged in keen competition with one another. But is religion played out? that is the question. Is mankind to be left without hope, a mere animal without anything to look forward to save annihilation at the end of his sojourn here? If this be so what is there to induce many millions of men and women to bear their burdens instead of seeking their quietus? If annihilation be the end of everything why endure in so many cases the awful misery of existence while awaiting the inevitable end? "The man in the street" can only reply "I don't know." Life is a mystery, however regarded, an incomprehensible mystery, the key to which appears as far off as ever. Of one thing, however, "the man in the street" is certain. Churchianity, if not Christianity, is an expiring creed, which has outlived its usefulness, and is only preserved in a state of sickly vitality by the monetary interests that lie behind it. But "the man in the street" is not irreligious. His condition of mind may, I think, be described as a reverent agnosticism, which has a wish to believe if it could find a firm rock on which to build its faith. He has not lost faith or belief in God because he declines to worship in the temple of a dead religion. His faith is in the eternal not in the mutable and mortal. The time for a new religion has surely arrived, not for the "freak religions" of inventive America, the happy hunting-ground of imposture, but for a living moving intellectual creed, which will do for the men and women of to-day what Buddhism did for the men and women of the past. The need for such a religion is great, and the votaries of it are

waiting. Surely there never has been a period in the history of the world when a great religious teacher was so sorely needed as the present, and yet there are no indications whatever of his advent. Mankind having lost what faith it had is now groping blindly in the dark. The wish to believe is still potent in each human heart, but there is neither a credible creed nor a great religious teacher. Meanwhile "the man in the street" is content to possess his soul in patience, and to worship God in the temple of Nature. He can, at any rate, be his own minister there and pursue his devotions undisturbed by the wrangles of theologians or the chink of the coin in the collection box.

A MAN IN THE STREET.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

A word or two may perhaps usefully be added to this bright and pungent little essay, with reference especially to the idea embodied in the last few sentences. Every student of occultism will maintain that the teaching of which the writer declares the world to be in need, is already available for all who are willing to learn. In an age like ours, the progress of spiritual knowledge may not be associated necessarily with the foundation by any one great spiritual leader of a new religion. No new religion could be more than a new presentation of fundamental ideas—a new disguise for truth. The gradual discernment of the actual truth of things under any or all of the old disguises is the process that corresponds, for a period of such advanced intellectual enlightenment as our own, with the foundation of new and improved religions in former times.

What the world needs is not a new name for Divinity, a new ritual of worship, a new code of ethics, and so on, but a clear scientific comprehension of the scheme of Nature to which human evolution belongs. We want to know—not in the vague figurative fashion of ancient scriptures,—but in the same way that we understand the construction of a machine, the way in which this earth came into existence, and the processes by which it was peopled. We want to know how the forms we inhabit were grown or

evolved; we want to know what was the origin and past progress, and what will be the future of the centre of consciousness that each of us represents. We want to know what manner of life goes on in the invisible worlds, which on any assumption concerning human survival after death must exist around us; we want to know all about the state of consciousness into which we shall pass when the first great change takes place, and what will be the ultimate possibilities of later spiritual progress.

It will be seen that we might acquire definite answers to all those aspirations towards knowledge, without troubling ourselves to invent a new religion; and it will perhaps be seen equally that if we possessed information on all those points, and, furthermore, knew quite definitely what was the final design as regards humanity of the great Author of the system to which we belong, that we should have got beyond the need for new religions, and beyond the possibility of taking much interest in the mere ecclesiastical aspect of any religion, except in so far as it might be still a useful influence with the masses of mankind as yet insufficiently developed intellectually to deal with the innermost truth of things.

Finally the fact simply is that for the student of that great body of experience which, while it is still unfamiliar to even cultivated mankind at large, we must call "occult,"—all the kinds of knowledge above enumerated, and many more, are actually within his grasp,—and available for all adequately intelligent people who are willing to make a study of modern occult literature. From the point of view of such knowledge one hardly knows whether to laugh or lament at the way otherwise cultivated people still talk of the future life as an insoluble mystery. For all students of spiritual truth, knowledge is bounded by mystery it is true, but the boundary is shifted so far back for the occultist that many regions which are utterly mysterious for the multitude are familiar territory for him. He is fully acquainted with the varied possibilities lying for each of us beyond the grave, and within a reasonable margin of error what will be the destiny of the very varied types of humanity by which those possibilities will be approached. The occultist comprehends the function in Nature of the other spheres,—invisible to common eyesight, by which this earth is surrounded. He knows from what early races

of mankind he sprang, and a great deal concerning the history of the earth and of mankind during the millions of years that have elapsed since then. He knows broadly under what conditions his life and the lives of others will be carried on in millions of years to come, and the way in which all this knowledge has been checked and verified, and developed by properly qualified experts in spiritual science during the last twenty or five and twenty years.

And yet though he makes no secret of his knowledge (as the occultists of former ages were obliged to do),—nor even of the means by which it has been acquired—the "Man in the Street," and unhappily people of much more expanded culture as well, are content to remain in total ignorance concerning all that it is so supremely important for them to know, and to go on talking as though every one else was as ignorant as they choose to remain themselves. The whole situation is curiously absurd.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

THE fundamental principle of Spiritualism,—the recognition of the possibility of communication between human beings who have passed away and those who are still in the flesh,—has ceased to excite the derision poured upon it when first enunciated. During the early Victorian era a wave of materialism was passing over Europe and America, and in England especially, doubts had been cast on the authenticity of Bible narratives previously supposed to be inspired. Darwin's Origin of Species was yet to come, but his ideas had already been given to the world in fugitive papers and addresses, and the history of the appearance of the human form upon the earth was seen to be far more mysterious than the devout Christian had hitherto believed.

The world was thus divided into two camps: one, deeply impressed with the discoveries of Science, proclaimed that nothing had or could come to pass, that conflicted with the laws of nature, which laws they declared to be immutable, and believed to be thoroughly known and understood. A miracle, said they, is an impossibility—because it is contrary to natural law, and against natural law there can be no appeal. The other school, convinced that to doubt one word of the Bible was to shake the whole fabric of the Christian faith, held firmly to the strict interpretation of the Bible narrative, and maintained that the story of the Creation was literally true, and that the miracles of Jesus and his disciples were facts beyond dispute. But impressed, in spite of themselves, by the assertions of the scientists, they consoled themselves with the reflection that these events took place in the distant past,

when, perhaps, as they thought, natural law was in a state of flux, and declared confidently that "the age of miracles was past."

A rude awakening was in store for both these groups. In 1848, the occurrences in the Fox household in New York State, U.S.A., attracted universal attention in the United States, and led to the formation of numerous Spirit circles, and to the discovery of countless mediums, capable of conveying to the living the messages of those who had passed into the Spirit world. So rapidly did the movement spread, so many persons proclaimed themselves and proved themselves "mediums," that it is difficult to believe the growth purely fortuitous. It seems probable that it was a deliberate and reasoned effort, on the part of some higher power, to break down the barrier of materialism and unbelief which was obstructing the progress of humanity along the spiritual path. And this may, perhaps, serve to explain the simplicity of the earlier manifestations, of a nature to appeal at once to the most casual observer, as something abnormal and startling. They were, in fact, deliberate violations of what were known as the laws of nature, in other words, miracles, and answered finally the plea that the age of miracles was past. The movement did not at first attract much attention on this side of the Atlantic, but the arrival in 1848 of Mrs. Hayden, and a little later of Daniel Home, set society at once "table-turning," and registering the messages of the Spirits as conveyed by raps. Then came the inevitable reaction. Medium after medium was detected in fraudulent practices, and soon to acknowledge oneself a Spiritualist was to court contempt or abuse.

But the seed had been sown, and a handful of careful investigators, conducting their researches on strictly scientific principles, gradually convinced themselves that however untrustworthy the individual medium might often be, the genuineness of the phenomena as a whole was unquestionable.

From some points of view the opponents of Spiritualism were fully justified. Few of the public mediums of the day were exempt from the suspicion of sometimes producing their phenomena by mechanical devices. The medium must live, and by the very circumstances of his profession—the most exhausting probably in the world—was precluded from earning his livelihood

by the means open to less favoured mortals. Yet he could not always secure the results at which he aimed. Circumstances connected with his own physical health, his surroundings, the atmospheric conditions, even the presence of discordant elements in the "circle" might suffice to render his séance barren of results, and he could not expect that the public would continue to pay for admission, and then see and hear nothing abnormal. Hence the most genuine medium was often obliged to prepare for such failures, and replace or supplement the genuine manifestations by clever conjuring tricks, when the "Spirits" were deaf to his call. This is put forward not as an excuse, but as an explanation of the undoubted trickery which went on. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that ignorance on the part of the investigators of the very elements of occult science, often led them to mistake for trickery the very facts which indicated the genuineness of the phenomena they were decrying.

Two questions at once offer themselves for solution. (1) What kind of entities frequent the séance room of the ordinary professional medium? (2) What are the causes which bring them into renewed contact with the earth-life they have quitted?

In rare cases only does the manifesting entity exhibit any remarkable degree of intelligence. No being of a high order would take pleasure in the production of such senseless phenomena as those exhibited in presence of the earlier mediums. The tambourines and banjoes, the dark cabinet, and the stout cord of the Davenport brothers have, it is true, given place to levitation, materialisation, and slate-writing, and the dark séance has been largely superseded by the séance in full light of day, gas, or electricity. But even now it is unusual to find the records of any regular séance illuminated by profound spiritual teaching or by views of the after life which differ widely from the established beliefs of the sitters. Certainly this rule is not invariable. The books of M.A. (Oxon.) and some other cultivated exponents of a peculiar kind of mediumship that might perhaps be better described as psychic sensibility, afford sufficient evidence to the contrary; but on the whole the volume of trustworthy knowledge concerning the conditions of future life derived from the experience of Spiritualists is much less than might have been expected.

Death, after all, is but the passage from one life to another. The trammels of the earthly body are laid aside, and the enfranchised soul enters a region where the limitations of space no longer exist; but what other change takes place? The intelligence which survives death is the same intelligence which animated and controlled the body during life. Whence is to come the additional knowledge, the fresh insight which shall entitle the "Spirit" to pose as an infallible teacher of mankind? In the "astral light" it is alleged the truth of spiritual growth may be discerned, the ardent soul striving after illumination may gradually awaken to a true perception of his spiritual destiny, but how many of those who leave this world are inspired by such an ardent desire? Nor are these likely to haunt the séance rooms, for their aspirations draw them ever further away from the earthly life. Sometimes a returning soul has declared that for a considerable period he did not know that he was dead. What change, what spiritual growth can have taken place in such cases to invest the entity passing on with knowledge qualifying him to teach the survivors?

Death, it has been suggested, may be likened to the passage from one room to another. The dying man leaves his workshop the room in which he has laboured during earth-life, and enters a library, where the numerous volumes contain, if he could read them, the secrets of the life to come. But they are in cypher and without the key of the cypher he will understand nothing of their contents. That key is in his own intelligence and if he cannot lay his hand upon it the volumes are to him sealed books. When, in progress of time, the lessons they might contain become a part of his own experience,—in other words, when he has passed on to higher spiritual regions than those he came into touch with first,—he has escaped, so to speak, from the sphere of attraction of the séance room. Or let us now look at another aspect of the question. If death is but the passage from life to life, what is the relation of the new life to the old? May it not be as sleep to waking? When the man, worn out with the day's toil, leaves his workshop and seeks his bedchamber, both body and soul need repose. The body finds it in the grave, the soul in a condition of suspended anima-

tion which is akin to sleep. Every return to the workshop, every visit to the earth-life must postpone the moment of profound slumber, and the soul that is truly wearied with the anxieties and struggles of the past day, sinks by degrees into oblivion, to awake in due time refreshed and ready to wage anew the battle of the earth life. Thus neither among those whose spiritual intelligence is sufficiently developed to enable them to enter with delight into these new conditions, nor among those who, after a long life, lived out to the full, are seeking above all for rest, shall we find the entities whom spiritualists generally converse with. Doubtless, there are instances where souls of lofty spiritual development will of their own accord sacrifice their rest, and delay their own spiritual progress for the sake of mankind. But these are few in number, and are not those from whom the average spiritualist derives his impressions concerning the future life.

We are thus forced to the conclusion that the manifesting entities are more often than not either of comparatively low intellectual and spiritual development, or are such as have passed over before the completion of a normal earth-life has rendered rest a necessity; and this brings us to the second question. What are the causes which bring these entities into renewed contact with earth-life? We have already referred to the deliberate self-sacrifice of those who are sufficiently advanced to be able to confer a direct benefit upon humanity by their continued intercourse with men, and of this small class nothing further need be said.

In every other case it will be found that some purely natural passion is at the root of the matter. Vanity, a love of notoriety, a mere desire for conditioned existence, are perhaps the meanest and basest of these. Of a higher order are the desires to confirm some doubter in belief regarding the future life, or a keen interest in the well-being of those that are left behind. On a somewhat different plane are those emotions which in the main lead to the haunting of houses—a desire for revenge, remorse for a crime, the possession of a guilty secret, or still more distinctly the craving for the due performance of some religious rite, such as a particular form of burial, a craving which is in itself a sufficient proof of the little additional knowledge that is gained by the passage from this

world to the world of shadows. Of this last motive, an excellent example is found in the well-known ghost story related by the elder Pliny in his Letters, a story to be matched by many modern instances, notably in a very recent case where a ghost was laid by the simple process of unearthing the body, and laying it in consecrated ground.

In the first class of cases—those more immediately concerned with the séance room—the desire for manifestation is more or less evanescent, but at the same time there can be no doubt that encouragement is given to the entity to continue its appearances, and where the motive is vanity, or the desire of continued communication with the loved ones on earth, an ethical question is raised to which we propose to return presently.

In the case of those self-tortured entities who deliberately postpone their repose to the accomplishment of some imagined duty, we are doubtless justified, and more than justified, bound to aid them in every way in our power to sever the chains which bind them to the earth. Therefore, the holding of séances to enable them more clearly to make known their wants needs no apology.

In the other case, the position is different. Have we the right, for the mere gratification of idle curiosity, to encourage these souls, that should be developing their spiritual faculties or taking their needed rest, before entering upon another period of toil and stress, to delay their advancement by ministering to our innate love of the abnormal and mysterious? Doubtless, at the outset of the movement it was more than justifiable, it was expedient and conducive to the progress of humanity, but to-day the position is different. The main theses of Spiritualism are in an unassailable position, and the mass of evidence which has so far been collected receives but unimportant accretions from the séance room of to-day. As we have said, the entities who come have little to teach us, and small though the injury to their own progress may be, still it is appreciable, and it is difficult to maintain that under these circumstances they should be encouraged to hold on to the earth-life.

With those few that have really something to tell, some spiritual guidance to give, the case is different, and here doubtless the balance of advantage lies in the continuance of their

communications. Moreover, the period from life to life is a long one, and the actual time during which they are likely to manifest bears but a very small ratio to the whole of that period, while the benefits derived from communion with them are undoubted. We are thus driven to the conclusion that while the usual Spiritual phenomena of the professional medium are idle and worthless, and should be discouraged as such, there remains a residuum of communications which are of the utmost value, and to be encouraged in every way in our power.

We arrive at an answer to the general question, has Modern Spiritualism, on the whole, been a movement for the benefit of humanity? and the answer must surely be in the affirmative.

Contrast for one moment the state of public opinion on these subjects to-day, with that of thirty or even twenty years ago. Then, to relate the mildest ghost story was to court contempt or insult. The convinced materialist was almost always present, with his five unfailing explanations—coincidence, imagination, madness, drunkenness, or deliberate falsehood. No one who published a book which even hinted at the possibility of abnormal occurrences, could hope to escape rough treatment at the hands of the critics. Even in a novel, a supernatural incident which was not promptly followed by a physical explanation, was considered a blot upon the page.

To-day, how different it is. Anyone may boldly relate the most astounding tale of the unseen world, and, at the worst, will meet with no more than mild criticism, and, perhaps, a doubt as to some of the more startling details. The hardened sceptic, if he still exists, thinks it wise to hold his tongue, or at least to express his disbelief in moderate terms.

It is difficult to take up a review in which these subjects are not handled, at the very worst, from the agnostic standpoint; and the old blatant materialism, so far at least as the general public is concerned, is a thing of the past, and the desire for enquiry, and the interest in things Spiritual is well-nigh universal.

To what can we attribute this change, save to the Spiritualistic movement, which, with all its faults, its errors, and its limitations, has awakened humanity to a belief in its higher destiny, and set

it striving, as, perhaps, it never strove before in the history of the world, after spiritual growth.

All honour then to that small and devoted band of investigators in the early days of the movement, who, unmoved by the ridicule which was poured upon them, continued their investigations until the nucleus was firmly established, and thus stemmed the tide of unbelief which threatened to engulf the whole of the western world.

T. B. HARBOTTLE.

[NOTE.—Since this article was written the writer has himself "passed on" to the next phase of human existence.—ED. B.V.]

PASSING EVENTS.

An article contributed to the *Times* in the middle of last month, by Count Tolstoy, with the crisis in Russia as its text and the general prospects of humanity as its principal theme, illustrates in a very amusing way the impossibility of dealing effectively with the great problems of politics and social life without the help of that illumination cast upon all thinking of the kind by a wider knowledge of the laws governing this world's evolution than is generally possessed by thinkers of the modern type. The good Count, whose personal virtues have endeared him to the public opinion of the West in a far greater degree than his writings would have justified on any critical estimate of their value, has let himself go in general denunciation of all governments of any kind whatever, and has, in this way, no doubt disappointed those who hoped for a peculiarly pungent review, at his hands, of recent events at St. Petersburg. He does not mince matters, it is true, in speaking of his own national authorities. Russian government in his estimate is "dreadful, inhuman, senseless, cruel and deceitful, pernicious, coarse," and distinguished by other attributes which draw largely on our stock of adjectives resembling those already quoted. But the value for Western readers of this delightfully free and outspoken language is impaired by the qualifications with which it is surrounded. The Count regards not only the Russian Government but all governments as "intricate institutions sanctioned by tradition and custom for the purpose of committing by violence and with impunity the most dreadful crimes of murder, robbery, intoxica-

tion, stultification, deprivation, exploitation of the people by the wealthy and powerful," and frankly he goes on to explain that there is little to choose between one government and another, that perhaps the people of England, the United States, France, and Germany are really worse off than those of Russia, because they are in the most hopeless state of slavery—the slavery of slaves who do not understand that they are slaves, and pride themselves on their position as slaves." The only social purpose to which people should devote themselves, in the Count's opinion, is the liberation of themselves from all governments, whose futility is becoming more and more obvious. The only end worth aiming at is the " inner, religious, moral perfectioning of separate individuals."

The comicality of the position assumed by our venerable philanthropist is only due in part to the obvious absurdity of these declarations. In a greater degree it is to be discerned in the curious entanglement of a profound truth, with an equally profound misapprehension of the principles governing human progress. From the loftiest standpoint we can take in imagination, it is perfectly true that none of the conditions having to do with the organisation of men on this plane of existence, are comparable in importance with those which relate to the moral growth of each individual; and, indeed, regarding the course of history in its broadest outlines, and assuming that human affairs are not altogether left without guidance from a higher wisdom than that incarnated amongst us, we may recognise that many of the apparently deplorable features of the great political struggles in which men are concerned, may find their justification in the bearing they have on individual growth. Far back in the history of mankind, before literary records arose to preserve it, the race passed through periods during which sublimely wise and beneficent despotisms provided for the general happiness in a manner which later devices of government have entirely failed to reproduce. But these periods belonged to the childhood of the race. Lapped in the gentle comfort which a perfectly wise administration would provide for all, none would feel the stimulus of individual necessity. Confusion, strife and effort, and inevitable suffering entangled therewith, were essential to the growth

of that self-reliant vigour and strength which is, above all, necessary to the spiritual progress of the individual. And thus, as the world advanced, the sublime rulers of the past, referred to in the traditions of so many ancient civilisations as "divine kings," gradually disappeared from the scene, and by slow degrees the modern conceptions of self-government and democracy were born amidst terrible throes of suffering in the great communities of the modern world.

Philosophical observers, however little disposed to recognise democracy as itself a final theory of perfection in government, will none the less recognise it as a necessary evil, providing for the individual advancement of multitudes who would never have acquired the attributes of strength and self-reliance if governed by wisdom from above, instead of being left to suffer the consequences of their own blundering mismanagement. Perhaps some day or other,—when a certain amount of individual perfectioning has been accomplished,—in the midst of this, there will arise more or less divinely inspired rulers for the communities of that remote future, under whose beneficent regime mankind will be enabled to look back with a sigh of relief on the intermediate period during which government represented nothing better than a compromise between conflicting schemes of selfishness.

The Man in the Street would of course laugh at Count Tolstoy's protestations under the influence of those short views of the future which show him the policeman and the soldier as essential to the preservation of order at home, and security from foreign aggression. The misconception of the Man in the Street springs from a most unjustifiable belief in his own merits and sagacity, but the Count's confusion of mind is traceable to the manner in which he fixes his gaze on a glorious future that can only be attained across vast stretches of intervening travel, the arduous character of which he has entirely overlooked. His conceptions have just missed that perfectioning he so justly aspires to on behalf of his fellow men, by reason of having failed to include the enlightenment it could only have acquired under the illumination of that which for the world at large as yet is still "occult" knowledge concerning the mighty plans underlying human evolution.

AND now, descending from the lofty plane of thought towards which one is tempted by Count Tolstoy's beautiful rhodomontade, let us consider a highly practical detail of democratic progress still awaiting realisation in this country, although indications incline one to believe that if it could be the subject of a genuine *referendum* it would meet with its realisation without further delay. Woman Suffrage was the idea inspiring a fairly creditable demonstration at the Queen's Hall in the middle of last month. The speakers appear to have been concerned less with the familiar arguments in favour of Woman Suffrage than with the discussion of Parliamentary conditions having to do with the difficulties in the way of carrying out the desired reform. And, indeed, all the arguments on the subject are worn threadbare with constant repetition, and supporters of the movement hardly derive any stimulus as disputants from utterances put forward in opposition to their views. Probably, indeed, it would be a bold estimate if we suggested that 5 per cent. of the women who might be qualified to vote under the new regime would be really intellectually qualified to form trustworthy opinions concerning public affairs, but unhappily the same extravagance would attend any suggestion that 5 per cent. of the existing male voters are sufficiently intelligent to be of any value as contributing to the course and policy of government. And independently of the feeling which must render fair-minded people impatient with the coarse injustice and stupidity of the present system, the course of our experience as regards the activity of the House of Commons during the last few years has certainly been such as to encourage the belief that any change in the system under which Houses of Commons are brought into existence at present would necessarily be for the better.

EFFORTS that have been made during the last month, by the Opposition in Parliament, to fight the battle of faction by means of what are called "snap-shot" divisions, have helped to exhibit in a very striking manner the most contemptible attribute of modern Parliamentary life. The ignoble trick in question aims at getting a vote taken at a moment when meal times have thinned

the House which shall tell a lie, so to speak,—which shall make it seem that the House has decided some question against the Government view, when everybody knows all the while that if notice had been given, the majority would have been the other way. Against the annoyance of being outvoted even on some meaningless question of an adjournment, the Government feels bound to defend itself by all devices in its power, and thus the whole game played in the House becomes a mere match of cunning among the rival "whips."

How is it possible that men who associate their own ambitions with parliamentary life can be content to degrade the system to which they belong by clownish tricks of this kind?

CERTAIN enthusiasts, animated by very creditable feelings, endeavour from time to time to excite public indignation concerning an existing practice which they describe, in somewhat exaggerated terms, as "flogging" in the Navy. And when the Navy estimates were under consideration in the House of Commons last month, Mr. Swift MacNeill, who makes this subject a speciality, denounced the present system in a way which seems to have excited more amusement than indignation in the House generally. The truth, of course, is that nothing which resembles what used to be called "flogging" goes on in the Navy in the present day at all. The horrors prevalent in the earlier part of the last century, when sailors at the mere order of a superior officer were liable to have their backs lacerated with the "cat" in a manner one would hardly think compatible with survival in the present day is altogether out of date. But young lads are still liable in the Navy to be caned under conditions ensuring strict moderation, or to be birched in the orthodox fashion even as though they were sons of aristocrats at Eton.

The agitation against the naval cane and birch which most of us perhaps find it difficult to treat seriously, is also carried on in a generally admirable publication called the *Humanitarian*, devoted to protests against most kinds of cruelty. And the cruelties raging around us at this period, when hospitals, supposed to be homes of compassion, are reeking with the horrors of vivi-

section,—when the cattle trade, not to speak of the slaughter house, is associated with cruelties to infamous to dwell upon,—one almost shrinks from the maintenance of any position which seems to impede the progress of those who are struggling to promote a gentler civilisation. But profound confusion lies at the bottom to most efforts to put down all forms of corporal punishment. If the world were so far developed that no punishment of any kind were required, that would be a very delightful state of things, but the condition has not yet been reached in European countries, and thus we are forced to compare all available methods of punishment one with another.

On the other hand, the objection to many of the bodily punishments in use at an earlier period of the world's progress, when, for that matter, the idea of disgrace was rather less associated with them than now, has to do with the permanent injuries of one kind or another which they inflicted on the sufferers. But if we could imagine a system by means of which bodily pain leaving no permanently injurious effects, however intense at the time, could be inflicted on offenders without involving any more sentiment of disgrace than must necessarily be associated with any kind of penalty inflicted on an offender by a higher authority, then the truth is that such bodily pain would be an absolutely ideal mode of punishment available in all cases where the idea of educational reform for the offender should be left out of account.

The intense foolishness involved in the outcry against methods of discipline in the navy which could not possibly be replaced by systems of confinement which would take offenders away from their duty, is exhibited by the way in which the alleged disgrace associated with corporal punishment is being emphasized and exaggerated to the utmost possible degree. That which ought to be done on the contrary would be represented by efforts in the contrary direction. If we could once for all get rid of the notion that any peculiar disgrace other than that attached inevitably to the recognition of wrong doing in any form, is attachable to the punishment of whipping, in any of its varieties, more would be done to simplify the whole penal system of the world than any other single change could effect.

THE cheapness in the present day of newspapers and books is bewildering to those who endeavour to comprehend how their sale can be profitable to their producers. How well we of mature age can remember the mixture of wonder and disgust with which the first penny newspapers were received by the public, till then used to think of threepence as, at least, the natural price of any newspaper claiming respectability. And now the half-penny papers have secured recognition in journalism as completely as any others, they fear no comparison with any dearer papers as regards enterprise and intelligent management. No one of any rank objects to be identified as amongst their readers. In the book world, again, new novels and old classics are purchaseable for pence when they used at one time almost to cost pounds, and, finally, the last miracle of cheapness has been accomplished by the appearance of a new publication that has prompted these reflections—" Harmsworth's Encyclopædia." This work is to be issued in fortnightly parts, price 7d. each. Forty such parts will complete it. Each contains 160 pages, and each page three columns of closely but clearly printed matter. A rough estimate shows that each column contains about 450 words, and a simple calculation shows that the whole publication would thus contain something like 2,840,000 words if it were not that abundant illustrations cover a great deal of the space. Maps, moreover, are plentiful and scientific articles are rendered intelligible by the help of diagrams.

Only by long familiarity is it possible to test the real merit of an encyclopædia, and while only two or three parts are yet available for examination one cannot acquire more than superficial impressions, but certainly in the present case these are very favourable. The articles compare well with those of the established encyclopædias.

GARDENING AS A GIRL'S PROFESSION.

To the EDITOR *of* BROAD VIEWS.

DEAR SIR,—As Gardening has now become a recognised profession for women, I think it may interest your readers to hear of my small School at Glynde, Sussex. Miss Verrall (R.H.S. Gold Medalist, 1st place R.B.S. Practical Exam., &c., &c.) is our teacher, and she not only teaches well, but takes the greatest interest in each student, and endeavours to advise them as to what line of study or what gardening profession they are best fitted to take up.

Our object is to enable young women who do not wish to go to the Horticultural Colleges to learn gardening. There are small but important points in the routine work of a gentleman's private garden which are not included in the College course of instruction, and as we have only a few students, they obtain much individual attention. For those who are interested in growing flowers and vegetables for sale, we have a small market garden, and when there is not a great rush of work —or on their weekly half-holiday—students are taken to see private gardens and market gardens in the neighbourhood.

We are able to offer the course of instruction at the purely nominal entrance fee of £10 for one year, or £15 for two years' tuition. The pupil defrays her board and lodging expenses, and those who wish to work daily in the gardens will find a comfortable cottage on moderate terms close at hand. Pupils can also live at Eastbourne or Brighton and come daily by train for a course of instruction in any special branch about which they may wish to learn. The fees for such a course are, however, higher than the usual one year's tuition. On paying a small extra fee pupils who stay over one year are prepared by the head-gardener for the R.H.S. Exam.

The practical instruction consists of a systematic and scientific ourse of flower, fruit and vegetable growing. A week's trial is allowed to all students before paying the fee, and we are glad if they themselves or their relations or friends will come and inspect the garden before they decide on a trial.

I shall be very grateful if you can kindly publish this letter and make our little School known amongst your readers.

I may add that amongst our patrons are W. Robinson, Esq., Miss Willmott, Mrs. Charles Earle, &c. Further information will be sent when stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to the Hon. Frances Wolseley, Farm House, Glynde, near Lewes, Sussex.

Yours faithfully,

F. G. WOLSELEY.

Farm House, Glynde, Sussex.

BROAD VIEWS.

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WHAT IS THE GOOD OF GOLD DISCOVERIES?

THOUGHTFUL economists, from time to time, have boldly asked the question set forth above, and the Right Honourable Leonard Courtney (supported in his opinion by the late Lord Bramwell) has answered that the cost of searching for and mining gold outweighs its real value. The gold we have, it is argued, may have been worth its cost, but we have no use for more. Of course, the gold held for currency is so enormously greater than the quantity absorbed by the arts, that this latter quantity is negligible as regards the economical argument.

To illustrate his position, Mr. Courtney imagines* a community where industry and exchange are in a condition of "dynamic equilibrium," and where there is a supply of gold sufficient, if not ample, for currency purposes. He then proceeds to picture the results which would ensue, should a further supply of gold be "dumped" upon such a community. Having formulated from these hypothetical conditions certain truths, he maintains that they hold good for existing society and the world at large.

The answer to this part of Mr. Courtney's argument is, that nowhere in the world does there exist a community conditioned like his imaginary Treasure Island, and, therefore, deductions which hold good for his community do not necessarily hold good for existing communities. There is no country in the world employing the so-called "gold-standard" monetary system, that would not—at the present time—be immensely benefited by a

* See August number of *19th Century Magazine.*

large addition to its stock of the yellow metal, for the simple reason that in no country is the supply at all equal to the demand. One has only to consider the enormous disproportion between the monetary demands of commerce and the supply available—as evidenced by the creation of those vast quantities of paper substitutes for gold and temporary contrivances, known as credit—to say nothing of the colossal and practically inextinguishable debts which national wars and municipal extravagancies have piled up, the principal and interest of which are specifically payable in gold —to realize the fallacy of Mr. Courtney's conclusions. The apt and well known illustration, which represents the industrial and financial systems of the world as an inverted pyramid, supported upon its golden apex, is a fair commentary upon the instability of the entire structure, due to the inadequacy of supply of the metal which nations have adopted as a basis for commerce.

The truth is that *supposing our monetary and banking laws to have remained the same*, the world's commerce could not have made anything like the progress it has, except for the gold discoveries of the past thirty years, and if those laws are to be maintained, if gold is to remain the sole basis of the world's currency, if it is to hold exclusively the function of settling debts, further discoveries, and very much larger quantities will have to be produced to maintain the world's expanding commerce. Whether the supply will ever be greater than the demand under these conditions, is a question for the future. So far it need give us little alarm. The real danger under present conditions, is an insufficiency.

Whether gold is indispensable, really depends upon whether our currency laws are sound or not, and no inquiry which ignores this question, can possibly be complete or satisfactory.

Is not the world paying far too dearly for its medium of Exchange? If gold *is* indispensable, then further discoveries are as essential as those of any necessary commodity, and if it is not, then the enormous annual expenditure of wealth and energy engaged in gold mining, is sheer waste—if not worse.

What are the qualities possessed by gold that have led to its adoption as a medium of exchange? Certainly not its physical properties, in spite of the assertion of Professor Jevons and other

writers! We have only to suppose some new and extraordinarily rich discoveries—making gold as abundant as iron—to see that its physical properties, which remain constant under all ordinary conditions, would not save it from being discarded for monetary purposes.

If the natural properties of gold alone are responsible for the universal esteem in which it is held, how is it that silver, which possesses similar properties to an almost equal degree, does not share in its importance in the monetary world to anything like the same extent as its former rival?

The fallacy hitherto taught by certain economists that the precious metals "seem to be marked out by nature as most fit of all substances for employment as money" (as Professor Jevons says) is exposed by the fact that gold is never employed in its pure state for currency, that it must be alloyed with a base metal, that even then, the alloyed coins gradually wear away and lose their normal weight, so that they cease to be legal tender, and consequently "ignorant and unlucky persons"* are taken in and compelled to bear the loss caused by abrasion.

Considering that long before Jevons wrote his treatise on money, another substance had been used, where abrasion from use entailed absolutely no loss whatever, even upon "ignorant and unlucky persons," which combined all the qualities requisite for currency purposes, and where even the destruction or loss of an amount of currency entailed little or no loss upon the community, one can hardly help thinking that economists have been more anxious to find plausible reasons for the maintenance of a system artificially foisted upon society, than to arrive at a scientific basis for a sound monetary system.

But if the natural properties of gold do not account for the eagerness with which men seek it, what does explain this? Simply the fact that Governments have, by special laws, made its possession obligatory by conferring upon it the supreme function of settling debts. It is this that is responsible for the mad rush and scramble for further discoveries recently witnessed.

This function—which is purely artificial—has no more to do

* Jevons, *Mechanism of Exchange.*

with the physical properties of gold, than the habits of the silk worm have to do with those of the gentlemen who "take silk."

The selection of gold is mainly due to its relative scarcity. It is because its supply has been hitherto strictly limited, and far below the demand which its employment as money naturally creates, that it has had conferred upon it the function of a debt-paying-instrument.

We labour to produce wheat, cotton, coal, iron, and other commodities, because of their natural qualities, and the more abundant their production the happier we are. We regard a dearth of supply as a calamity. But here is one product—gold—placed by mankind above all others, for the possession of which no sacrifice appears to be too great, and yet should its supply become so plentiful as to bring it abundantly within the reach of all, it would be thrown out of the employment where it now exercises its principal function, and the financial world would regard such a supply as the greatest calamity that could possibly happen. The day that science shews a simple and inexpensive method of transmuting the base metals into gold, will witness the termination of its reign in the monetary world.

Here then is an extraordinary paradox. It is only the commodity functioning as money, that loses its utility with an over-supply. In every other case, abundance of supply usually enlarges the field of employment, and this would be the case even with gold so far as its use in the arts is concerned. But here is a field where the utility of the product—within certain limits—varies *inversely* with the supply. Increase the supply of gold indefinitely, and it ceases to be of use in the monetary world.

The truth is that the money question is not a qualitative one at all; it is purely quantitative. It is not what money is made of that determines its value, but the ratio of the supply to the demand, regardless of the material of which it is composed.

The mere fact that money has been made out of so great a variety of substances, such as gold, copper, nickel, iron, leather, paper, tobacco, shells, furs, &c., is sufficient proof of the last assertions.

The only physical properties required by the material employed for currency, are divisibility, portability, solidity and

durability, under all ordinary conditions. There is surely little in common between the physical qualities of gold and those of paper, and yet paper fulfils all the functions of money over a far wider field than gold. And even in countries where the gold standard prevails, paper is used largely as a substitute for gold.

Nobody will deny that a Bank of England Note issued against £5 worth of gold, is just as good for currency purposes as five sovereigns. And there is no valid reason why every golden coin of the realm should not be retired in favour of Bank of England notes equivalent in value. The gain to the nation—which would be considerable—would be the difference between the cost of preparing and printing so many pieces of bank note paper, and the cost of coinage together with the losses from abrasion and disappearance of coins.

During the period that the Sherman Silver Purchasing Bill was in force, comparatively little of the silver so purchased found its way into circulation. It was stored as bullion at the Treasury departments, and notes were issued against it at a certain fixed ratio, and these notes circulated as readily as gold notes. By far the larger bulk of the U. S. currency in use to-day is paper.

Supposing then, the Governments of the world adopted the sensible plan of retiring all the gold coins and issuing paper. Under these conditions the gold of the world would be kept stored in vaults, except the very limited quantity needed for the Arts. Its only use then would be to afford employment for safe deposit Companies, as well as express agencies, Railway, Steamship and Trust Companies, in transporting it from one country to another, for the settlement of trade balances, &c. But even this use would appear unnecessary. Suppose that a world storehouse and clearing house were created in which all the gold produced for monetary purposes, was stored, under the protection and control of all the Governments using it. By a simple system of book-keeping, and by the aid of clearing house notes, the transportation of gold might be avoided.

National trade balances would then be settled by the simple process of transferring certain amounts of gold from the credit of one country to that of another. Now, will any one inform us what earthly use such a storehouse filled with gold would be to

he world? As the metal would never have to be withdrawn, might it not—for all practical purposes—remain in the mines from which it was originally taken? What possible gain can there be in digging gold from one part of the earth and burying it in another?

Fantastic as this picture may seem, it is practically true of conditions as they exist to-day. The bulk of the gold produced never gets further than the bullion stage. It is moulded into bars, and kept stored first in one country and then in another. It is never consumed, nor does it satisfy any natural want, appetite or necessity of man.

To the miser there may be some strange fascination in handling, weighing and counting his pieces of gold, and the mere thought of possessing it is apparently a source of comfort to many. But at bottom, this comfortable feeling arises, not from the bare idea of possession, but from the knowledge that it is readily exchangeable for the good things of life,—a feeling which would be just as pleasant if instead of possessing gold we possessed bank notes, or cheques, or money of any description, so long as it was similarly exchangeable.

But beyond these instances—if the metal is always to be stored and never used—I see no difference between possessing a ton of gold and a ton of lead!

Now the believers in the utility of gold, would doubtless admit that so far as a circulating medium is concerned, paper money is as good as gold, provided that the paper is backed by gold. Gold then would still be required for security, or, as it is sometimes said, for the purpose of "redemption," in quantities as great as now. Is not this its principle function—according to Economists—to furnish to the medium of exchange a "store of value?"

Since the present value of gold is due to legislation, it is difficult to understand why—having instituted a circulating medium of paper—governments could not confer upon it the privilege hitherto bestowed upon gold. If by some mysterious process all the gold now held as bullion were suddenly transformed into pig-iron or lead—so long as the public remained ignorant of the fact and still believed it to be gold—commerce

and finance would be unaffected, and the world would be none the worse off.

Needless to say that no amount of faith will enable a substance to perform functions which are wholly dependent upon certain properties, unless it possesses them.

After all, how much better off is the man who, having a five pound note in his possession, gets it "redeemed" and secures the gold? What more will he do with the gold than he could have done with the note? Where is the advantage of the "redemption?" What appetite or want can he supply with the one that he could not have supplied equally well with the other? Those who doubt the power of legislation to affect the values of gold and paper, have only to remember what has happened to silver since the mints of the civilized world have become practically closed to it.*

The reason that legislation can so affect otherwise worthless pieces of paper as to create in them a certain value, is not because there is any particular virtue in legislation, but because the stamp of the Government usually gives a feeling of security, and wealth producers are then willing to accept them in exchange for their products. Money is a social instrument, and it is society that really gives to money its circulating and purchasing power; and since society accepts the laws passed by its own Government, it is quite reasonable to say that legislation confers value upon money. And as money is created merely to facilitate the exchange of commodities, and to function as a token or evidence of a debt due to the holder which may be (and generally is) transferred from one person to another indefinitely, it seems the height of extravagance to employ for so simple a purpose one of the most expensive metals. Was it not to the Carthaginians, that a captive barbarian gave a lesson in monetary science when he expressed surprise that so intelligent a nation could find no better employment for leather than to use it for currency purposes?

Consider the illogical financial systems prevailing at the present time. Take the United States as an example. When

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* The Constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall have power to coin money and *regulate the value thereof.*"

Grover Cleveland—a great upholder of what is termed "honest" money—was President, he was instrumental in creating an issue of bonds to the extent of several million dollars, for the purchase of gold. The bonds—representing the credit of the nation—were eagerly applied for, and gold was offered in abundance.

Now the only excuse Mr. Cleveland could give for buying gold, and saddling the country with heavy interest charges, was to enable the Treasury department to exchange it for Government notes. In other words, he first sold the national credit for gold—in order to be able to buy it back again!

Mr. Cleveland was once asked why, if the national credit was good enough for bankers and gold producers, it was not good enough for the national currency? He has never given a satisfactory answer. His method of reasoning appeared to be something like the following:—

The National credit will readily buy gold.
Gold will readily buy other commodities.
But the national credit will not buy other commodities.

To the layman, who has but common sense to guide him, this conclusion is difficult to understand. In fact, no one but an "honest money" advocate, seems able to understand why, if things are equal to the same thing, they are *not* equal to each other!*

Apart from the universal superstition prevailing,—which regards gold essentially as money,—and the delusion that money must necessarily be made of some expensive substance, there is no valid reason why gold should not be entirely supplanted by paper for all currency purposes.

ARTHUR KITSON.

* Since credit commands gold, and gold commands all other commodities which —according to "Honest Money" advocates—credit is incapable of doing, it seems that stream can run much higher than its source?

EARTHQUAKES AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

THE earthquake itself is not altogether a mystery for science. It is generally recognised as a consequence of some slip or rupture in the rock strata constituting the earth's crust, due to the contraction of the whole mass as it gradually cools. The evidence of geology is too abundant in reference to such interior changes to be misunderstood. We find the actual strata crumpled up in all directions like the skin of a shrivelled apple, to use a favorite illustration, and the character of such crumpling generally suggests a sudden rupture at some time in the past,—and no gradual process like those for which geologists as a rule have a marked preference.

And while the old conception of the earth's constitution,—as a huge mass of molten matter at an enormously high temperature surrounded by a relatively thin crust,—held its own, the conception that the crust in question would crinkle up as the heat of the interior mass gradually diffused away was very readily acceptable. To some extent, indeed, since then, the problem presented to the mind has assumed unforeseen complexity because the notion that the earth is a molten mass surrounded by a relatively thin crust, has long since been abandoned, owing to the impossibility of reconciling with that idea the continued maintenance by the earth of its definite shape. The matter of which it consists could not retain that shape under the varying attractions to which its movements within the solar system subject it, unless, so mathematicians have long since affirmed, it were throughout at least as rigid as though it were composed of

cold steel. So for most thinkers the old molten interior theory has been abandoned, without being definitely replaced by any other providing an interpretation for well known facts, and geology has to remain content with many apparent contradictions in the phenomena it is able to observe.

Some superficial facts seem to support the old idea, for in almost all investigations having to do with deep borings, the temperature of the earth rises about one degree of Fahrenheit for every 50ft that we descend. If that progress is maintained, we need not go down in imagination more than 20 or 30 miles at the most to reach a condition of things in which all the known metals would be in a fluid state and the heat in excess of anything that our resources on the surface enable us to command. How, then, are we to imagine that the main body of the earth is cold and rigid if somewhere not far beneath the surface its heat is enough to melt rock itself? Attempts to meet the embarrassment have been made by suggesting that even liquids under the enormous pressures to which the interior of the earth is subject would possess many of the qualities we associate with the idea of solids, and would be no longer in the mobile state generally thought of as an attribute of liquids. But the suggestion is unsatisfactory, and at all events conceptions of a very much more plausible kind are available for our use, if we take advantage not merely of the speculations so far available in geological text books, but also of those arising from observations of a kind with which the science of the 12th century at all events was not generally concerned.

So far, of course, the theory of the earth's constitution which I am about to set forth need only be considered by the reader as a theory to be judged in accordance with its merits, and with the manner in which it may or may not be found to harmonise with observed phenomena it may be employed to explain. By a few it may be recognised as belonging to a certain great body of teaching concerning the life history of this planet which depends on methods of observation wholly unlike those employed in ordinary physical research. But in view of the practical impossibility, in an essay of this kind, of setting forth the reasons which may induce some students of occult science to treat the problems connected with the earth's interior as susceptible of definite

investigation, it will be enough to offer the present account of the earth's constitution to the reader as a theory, relating to the manner in which the earth *may* have come into existence, and may thus have acquired attributes which explain the apparent anomalies referred to above.

Primitive conjectures concerning creation turn generally on the idea that huge results are accomplished, so to speak, instantaneously, when the Divine fiat goes forth. Experience of the manner in which creation proceeds all around us at the present day, leads one to recognise the gradual character of most natural performances as one of their most striking features. The biggest tree begins with a very small seed; the largest animals are evolved from germs that are microscopically minute. The latest teachings of science point to the conclusion that all the matter with which we are familiar is built up by the aggregation of atoms the magnitude of which is almost beyond the reach of imagination in the direction of the infinitely little, and thus it is not unreasonable to imagine that the earth itself is a growth from beginnings, small in comparison with its present girth. That all planets are brought into being in the first instance by the condensation of nebulæ is a view which is equally acceptable by astronomers and occult students. But it does not follow that each planet of our system has been formed by virtue, so to speak, of one great aggregation of nebulous matter. Nebulæ in the heavens engaged in the process of engendering solar systems, show us sometimes nuclei already evolved within the swirling spirals of chaotic material, and if these have ensued from the condensation of that material in such regions, there is still obviously a vast supply of it awaiting further use.

Suppose our earth at one time was such a nucleus, it may be that then its magnitude was insignificant compared to that which it has since attained. It is not unreasonable to imagine that subtler forces than these of mere gravitation and momentum are concerned with the process of planetary formation, and it is not extravagant to imagine that such forces may be intermittent in their operation. Let us assume, therefore, that nebular condensation gave rise, in the first instance, to a small planetary body and that the forces that provoked this result were then in suspen-

sion for a time. That small planetary body would continue to revolve in its orbit, and may be thought of as gradually cooling down at the surface sufficiently to become solidified. Time may be assigned to all operations of this kind with unlimited generosity. But eventually the planet-making forces come once more into activity. Again a great volume of nebulous matter is gathered around the original nucleus and condensed in the shape of a new shell surrounding the original body. We can imagine this enlarged globe careering through space in its orbit until, in turn, the outer shell, as regards its outer surface, cools down to a solid condition. Thus we are provided with a world in which the outer crust is hard, in which a layer of intensely heated matter lies within this, but within which again a solid nucleus is to be found if we go deep enough.

Again allow the vast patience of Nature to operate through protracted ages. The shell is now itself prepared to play the part of the original nucleus in a new condensation of nebulous matter. The old programme is repeated. A second shell thus grows over the first, and the stratification of the growing globe as representing alternately solid and molten matter, is becoming more complex. So the work may go on until a series of concentric spheres shall have been built one over another—until at last, the planet having attained maturity, is allowed to engender on its latest surface the kingdoms of nature providing for the higher evolutions to which we ourselves belong. These concentric spheres need not be thought of as thin relatively to the diameter of the whole planet. Clairvoyant observation tells us—or rather, let me say, adhering to the presentation of this story as a theory,—the outer crust of the earth may have a thickness of about 800 miles. Below this, by the whole hypothesis, there must still exist a layer probably of some considerable thickness still glowing with the heat of the latest nebular condensation.

But how about observed phenomena which lead us to imagine that the glowing temperature would be encountered at 20—30 miles rather than at 800? Fertile imagination, or detailed information whichever way we like to look at it, accounts for the embarrassing detail. The latest external shell which completes the body of the earth must, for obvious mathematical reasons, be

thicker than those within, and beyond this may have some peculiar features appropropriate to its condition as a permanent external envelope. These conditions might, perhaps, be supplied by a final top-dressing, so to speak, of nebular condensation on the outside of the thick external shell, when this should finally have been provided for. It is not unreasonable to imagine that for the peculiar purposes of evolutions to be carried out on the surface, greater variety of matter might be required than for the actual structure of the planet's interior body, although it will not be necessary to discredit the versatility of nature by supposing for a moment that the exterior evolutions are alone those with which the earth is concerned. One of the most attractive features of the theory here set forth is, indeed, to be discerned in the way it provides for a great variety of life conditions within, wholly different from those belonging to the surface of the sphere. Ordinary crude and foolish speculation as to where life may exist and where natural conditions forbid the thought of it, are based of course on a narrow conception of *life*, as only compatible with bodies resembling those in current use amongst mankind. A broader conception of natural possibilities will point to the idea that no conditions of physical temperature need be thought of as incompatible with appropriate vehicles of consciousness. But into that branch of our comprehensive theory it is hardly necessary to go much further. The scientific value of the whole conception has to do with the manner in which it helps us to account for some of the natural mysteries in the category of those to which earthquakes belong, which no reasoning based on other conceptions concerning the earth's interior constitution, will provide for in any satisfactory manner.

The earthquake itself has become a fairly intelligible phenomenon because the slippings and crumblings of the rock strata within a few miles of the surface are enough to account for it. The earthquake, in short, belongs to the order of natural occurrences happening within that mere skin of the earth, the result of the very latest nebular top-dressing, and the thickness of which is not incorrectly indicated by the increase of temperature as we go down the deeper mines. But after all earthquakes are only one among several natural phenomena of the kind associated

with interior convulsive forces. We must acknowledge that we understand earthquakes but imperfectly so long as we fail to realise the connection which experience as well as instinct vaguely induces us to recognise, between the earthquake and the volcanic eruption. Certainly records have constantly shown that great volcanic eruptions have been preceded by earthquakes in or near the neighbourhood of their occurrence. And the latest great earthquake in India which has been turning public attention to the subject so earnestly of late, is obviously connected in some way with the volcanic outburst reported from the mountain ranges a little further to the north.

We shall be the better able to harness the earthquake and the volcano together as two effects from one cause if, in the first instance, we realise the intensely unsatisfactory and insufficient character of most conventional theories made use of to support the varied guesses that, from time to time have been set forth to account for volcanic eruptions. Sometimes an effort has been made to attribute the forces of the volcano to chemical action beneath the surface of the earth, between such metals as sodium or potassium, and water, which may reach them by filtration from the ocean beds. This theory utterly insufficient to account for the facts, was tempting to some imaginations when the peculiar behaviour of the alkali metals with water was first discovered, just as, at the present day, discoveries connected with radio-activity and the new element which exhibits this power in the greatest degree, have provoked various extravagant conjectures concerning the constitution of the sun. But when the chemical theory of earthquakes was practically abandoned, the percolation theory still held its own. This idea was to the effect that somehow volumes of sea-water found their way through crevices in the rock strata to regions of very high temperature. Thus a volcanic eruption became a steam-boiler explosion on a large scale, and the fact that steam is emitted by volcanoes in enormous volume seemed to fortify the guess. But, in truth, volcanoes emit molten rock as well as gaseous water and the steam-boiler theory will wholly fail to account for lava, dust, or ashes. Nor if we begin to speculate, on the basis of such a theory, concerning the earth's constitution as set

forth above, shall we help ourselves to any satisfactory conjecture even by assuming that sea-water actually finds its way down 20 or 30 miles to that heated region in which no doubt molten rock exists and from which it might be vaguely possible to surmise that some of it would be hurled to the surface in connection with the steam of a vast explosion. Allowing in imagination that sea-water could percolate to such a depth, the forces of a steam explosion engendered in that way would be inadequate to account for the result, and in many ways that it is hardly worth while to examine the idea in detail; the theory would not fit the facts.

The theory that *will* fit the facts requires us to descend in search of the forces which actually engender a volcanic eruption to the nearest great region of enormous heat and pressure lying beneath the outer shell—between that and the next of the concentric shells which constitute the earth. Here we have matter in a condition of heat and pressure that will account for all the phenomena with which we have to deal. The explanation required is one which will provide for the partial escape of these stupendous forces lying at a depth some 800 miles beneath our feet. The earthquake in reality provides us with this explanation. As geologists quite correctly conjecture, the whole external shell of the earth is still slightly contracting. As time goes on and a deeper and deeper mass is cooled, the diffusion of interior heat is lessened almost to the vanishing point, but it still does continue, and, therefore, it still happens from time to time that some slipping amongst themselves of the rock strata, some crumpling of their folds, although insignificant in magnitude compared with those of the past, are possible. And when such a slipping, rift or rupture occurs, a leakage is established through which the stupendous forces of the hot zone can escape. Now these forces do,—as a matter of fact, or may be assumed, if the reader prefers that expression,—to consist very largely of steam, but of steam at a temperature and pressure that no experiments on the surface of the earth will enable us to realise. It would of course, be at a temperature enormously in excess, for example, of the melting point of platinum, and its energies would be enhanced in a corresponding degree. Rushing upward through

the crevices created by the earthquake disturbance, its heat is great enough to melt the rocky walls between which it passes, and its pressure great enough to carry some of the molten mass upwards. And the result is finally manifest at the surface in the shape of a volcanic eruption, including not merely steam itself,—which at last in the cool regions of the atmosphere liquifies in the condition of torrential rain,—and not merely molten rock brought up from great depths but also great varieties of debris accumulated by the passage of the volcanic current through the varied strata lying near the surface.

Of course, the whole of this elaborate conjecture is so unfamiliar to ordinary thinking that only those who are deeply impressed with the limitations of ordinary thinking will open their minds readily to its reception. But in truth, the facts of volcanic history correspond with this theory in a curiously exact fashion, and the records of geology confirm it. Glance for a moment at observations that have been made concerning the volumes of steam emitted by volcanoes. During the eruption of Etna, in 1865, careful observation showed that during the 100 days of its activity the volume of steam emitted was equivalent to about $2\frac{3}{4}$ million cubic yards of water.* Figures in such groups as these mean little to ordinary imagination. The quantity would fill a reservoir 700 yards wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and 30 feet deep. But why, it may be asked, does the eruption come out through a cylindrical crater when the theory would rather suggest an elongated rift along the surface? Geological history provides the answer. At earlier periods of the earth's growth, when the contraction of the outer shell was proceeding more rapidly, and the chasms created by this crumpling were much greater than of recent years, volcanic eruptions did take the shape of vast over-flows emerging from elongated rifts in the surface. The geology of North America is specially endowed with evidence to this effect. And as these vast fissures closed, in time they established, throughout the world lines of relative weakness, still traceable on the map, as the well-known areas of volcanic activity. And along these lines of weakness there will be neces-

* See "Volcanoes, Their Structure and Significance," by T. G. Bonny, F.R.S.

sarily spots, as it were, of greatest weakness, the craters in fact of modern volcanoes.

Another little bit of testimony harmonising with our general theory is provided by the experience of modern seismology. At an earthquake station like that of Professor Milne in the Isle of Wight the tremors that announce a distant earthquake arrive in three instalments. The recording instrument first gives a peculiar wriggle. A little later this wriggle is repeated, but very much more violently. Then after a considerable interval, perhaps amounting to three-quarters of an hour, if the earthquake under record is far away, the self-same wriggle is repeated with diminished amplitude with a violence intermediate between that of the first and the second. It is obvious that these three signals must be due to the same earthquake. Why do they occur in this manner? Because the first, it is assumed, comes by the shortest cut through the body of the earth. The second travels through the rocky strata of the surface going the shortest way round. The third is again a superficial tremor which goes the long way round whichever direction that may be. But why is the first direct signal feeble in its character comparatively? Conventional explanations are content with suggesting that the greater density of the deeper strata through which it passes must explain its enfeebled character. A much more satisfactory explanation, one, that is to say, better in harmony with the usual manners and customs of vibrations, is derived from the concentric sphere system set forth in this paper. The direct message passes successively through strata of very varying density, and acoustic science is familiar with the fact that the passage of sound, for instance, through strata of varying density greatly diminishes its energy. Certainly, it would be going too far to say that the character of seismological indications is a proof of the general theory here suggested, but, at all events, it seems to harmonise with that theory in rather a pretty way.

For most of us, of course, all speculation concerning the interior of the world *on* which but by no means *in* which we live, must remain destitute of any firm scientific guarantee. Nor can it be hinted that the explanations here put forward are proved, however well they may be in harmony with various

circumstances connected with volcanic eruptions. But only those who remain quite resolutely outside the idea of the newer science which avails itself of abnormal human faculties as instruments of research, will be scornfully indifferent to the statement I am in a position to make, that the general view of the whole subject here defined is the product of superphysical investigation and in no way available for being credited to the brilliant resources of my own imagination.

A. P. SINNETT.

UNITED.*

CHAPTER IX.

SOCIAL DUTIES IN THE WAY.

THE Richmond plan did not prove quite such plain sailing as in the first instance both Mrs. Malcolm and Edith had supposed it. Mrs. Malcolm came over to Compton Wood the following day to lay her proposals formally before Mr. Kinseyle, but found the usually quiet household already invaded by visitors. Mrs. Miltenham, accompanied by one of her daughters, had driven over from Deerbury Park, on the other side of the county, a two hours' drive, having announced her coming by a letter, which reached Compton Wood by the early post in the morning. An old friend, Lady Margreave, she explained to Mr. Kinseyle and Edith, who lived in Westmoreland, had been asking her to go and stay there. She had arranged to go for a week or ten days, at a date that had now all but arrived; and Lady Margreave had just written to ask her to bring any of her girls if she was inclined. There was a wedding in prospect, and this might give rise to interesting questions about bridesmaids. It had suddenly occurred to Mrs. Miltenham that she might take Edith as one of her girls. Florence, the daughter then with her, and Edith's principal friend in the Miltenham household, could go, and would be delighted to have Edith go with her. It was a charming house, sure to be full of people, and the visit would be

* This novel was begun in the number of BROAD VIEWS for January last. The back numbers can be obtained from the Publishers.

a very pleasant thing for Edith, and an introduction to very desirable friends. Then there would be the wedding afterwards, when she would assuredly be welcome as a bridesmaid, and in any case she had been coming to Deerbury Park in about a fortnight, so it was merely advancing matters a little for her to come at once.

Mrs. Miltenham had taken the trouble to come over about this matter in sheer affection for Edith, and desire to do her a good turn, and the offer was one that could not be treated with any hesitation even. The situation was explained to Mr. Kinseyle and his daughter together, and it never crossed the father's mind that there could be any feeling on Edith's part concerning the proposal beyond gratification and eagerness to go.

"It is hard upon you," Mrs. Miltenham had wound up by saying, "to lose her for a fortnight more than you expected, and a fortnight sooner; but it is such a pleasant opening for her, that I felt sure you would submit to the sacrifice."

"Indeed, I should have been shocked if you could have imagined my selfish desires could stand in Edith's way. I will not pay her so bad a compliment as to say I shall not miss her; but I would not consent to have her stop here on my account. I am ashamed, as it is, to have her with me as much as I do, with your pleasant house always open to her."

"You know you don't keep me with you at all, Papa dear; but I insist on spending some of my time in the paternal halls. I declare, Aunt Emma, Papa, in his boundless affection for me, is always struggling to turn me out of the house. Extremes meet, and if I were perfectly intolerable, he could not be more pressing to have me leave him alone."

"And you do exactly as you choose, my dear, as usual, in all cases, of course," Mrs. Miltenham returned. "But that being the case, perhaps the shortest way will be to ask if you mean to honour Florence and me with your company to Oatfield, as I propose."

Edith was not by any means indifferent to the perversity of fate shown in the overthrow of the Richmond programme, but she was too keen-sighted and self-reliant a person to hesitate under the circumstances. Mrs. Miltenham's offer was one that could

not be declined without a much more intelligible reason than any she had to give. If the pressure of her own inclination in the matter could have been quite unfettered by complicated motives, she would probably have obeyed the attraction of her psychic sympathies; but she was unwilling—and vaguely associating the idea of duty with her social engagements, would even have thought it wrong—to rebuff Mrs. Miltenham's desire to bring her forward in the world. She confronted, in imagination, the unfortunate necessity of disappointing Mrs. Malcolm, but saw that what had to be done, had better be done with a good grace. She reviewed the situation in this spirit in the time it took her to cross the room and give Mrs. Miltenham a kiss, and simply said:

"I will forgive you, dear Aunt Emma, for making me out so headstrong, in consideration of your having been so sweet as to come over and arrange this yourself. I will very kindly honour you with my company, and am very grateful to you for wanting it. But it is agonising to think that I have got three new dresses getting ready with Mme. Clarice, that cannot *possibly* be sent home by telegraph. They were designed for Deerbury Park, and now—but the dilemma is too frightful to be thought of."

"That's one reason why I came over myself, dear. I must understand exactly how you are situated."

Having thus taken a serious and practical turn at once, the conversation was soon afterwards adjourned to Edith's bedroom—where a select committee reviewed the resources of the young lady's wardrobe. Mrs. Miltenham stayed for lunch, the conversation at this meal being occasionally tinged by the preoccupation of the morning.

"You had better telegraph, my dear. I will send on the message for you as we go back through Wexley. It will save a day."

"Ought Edith to telegraph herself?" said Mr. Kinseyle puzzled. "I did not know Lady Margreave had mentioned her personally."

"My *dear* Papa, I am not going to telegraph to Lady Margreave, but to Mme. Clarice! How could we be talking of anyone else at such a moment as this?"

"We have decided that Edith's things must be sent on

straight to Westmoreland, and as soon as possible," Mrs. Miltenham explained. "She is very fairly presentable as she is, but she had better order up her reserves."

Mr. Kinseyle apologised for his mistake, and declared that it was a great comfort Edith had Mrs. Miltenham's judgment to go by in such matters.

Mrs. Miltenham's carriage had been ordered after lunch, and they were all out on the lawn waiting for it, the visitors ready dressed for their departure, when Mrs. Malcolm drove up.

Edith would have preferred to have received her alone, but there was no help for it; and Mr. Kinseyle, having gone up to meet her, brought her round the house to the group in the garden.

Edith received her with warmth, presented her to Mrs. Miltenham, and introduced her cousin Florence; but Mrs. Malcolm's quick perceptions divined something wrong. She asked no questions, and made no reference immediately to the previous evening, but began on commonplace topics with Mr. Kinseyle. The newly-made arrangements were none the less disclosed prematurely.

"Well then, my dear," said Mrs. Miltenham, as her carriage was seen emerging from the stable-yard, "this is Wednesday. We shall see you at Deerbury Park on Friday by the 3.15 train. Come with your maid to the Milten Wick Station, and I'll have a carriage to meet you. Somebody's sure to be with it, to take care of you, and you'll be quite safe. There, good-bye," kissing her; "Mr. Kinseyle will see us to the carriage. Don't both of you come. You'll be prepared for a long campaign, and I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

"I'm sure I shall, aunt," going with them to the edge of the lawn.

She sent lively messages to the other members of the Miltenham family—especially recommended that her uncle should be encouraged to bear up cheerfully in the hope of seeing her on Friday, and waved airy adieus with both hands as the carriage drove away.

"And now, dear Marian," coming back to the lawn, and linking her arm in Mrs. Malcolm's, "come with me to the arbour, and I'll tell you all about it."

"It tells itself, dear, unfortunately," said Mrs. Malcolm. "You are going away."

"I am going away, and our lovely project is not to be—for the present, at any rate. I wish things had fallen out differently, but I have been obliged to consent to accompany Mrs. Miltenham immediately on a visit. I would much rather have come to you, but if you will have me later on—after my Deerbury Park visit, instead of before—that can still be arranged."

"Certainly, I will make you welcome then, if you cannot come sooner. It seems a pity, as things began so well; but we must trust to the future. It is only your own welfare I am concerned about, and doing HER will."

"Shall I ever climb to your heights, I wonder? But you are independent—you have no other wishes but your own to consult. I *must* defer to my seniors, and live the life marked out for me. But I have not yet told you exactly how it has happened." And then she went on to give Mrs. Malcolm all details, and mentioned the name of the people to whom she was going.

"The Margreaves! You are going to Lady Margreave's!" cried Mrs. Malcolm, with more excited surprise in her tone than she often showed.

"Yes; do you know them?"

"Certainly I know them. I was staying there quite recently. It was almost from there that I came here."

"What a funny coincidence."

"More so than you can realise as yet. It must mean something. But I see—that must be left for your intuitions to discover, my dear."

"What do you mean, Marian? Don't tantalise me in this frightful way. What extraordinary complications are implied in the fact that I should be invited to Lady Margreave's?"

Mrs. Malcolm pondered awhile as she sat by Edith's side in the little arbour, but remained perfectly grave, and would not be beguiled into treating the coincidence as a mere subject of curiosity.

"My dear Edith," she urged earnestly, "I do not love mysteries for their own sake, but one must respect other people's

confidences. I can't speak quite frankly as to why I was startled when I heard of your going to Oatfield without betraying other people's secrets. Besides, you will be much more likely to be impressed correctly, if there is anything for you to do in the matter, if you are not embarrassed beforehand by knowing too much in the ordinary way. I was put out and disappointed, I confess, when I first understood that you were not coming immediately to Richmond; but now I see it may be ordered for the best as it is. Will not that satisfy you?"

"It has evidently got to satisfy me, or I must go unsatisfied. But I shall be on thorns the whole time to know what it is that is expected of me. And what a nest of secrets you are, Marian. There is all Mr. Marston's stock for you to take care of, to begin with."

"Poor Sidney Marston! I have known him a long while, and that is how I come to know his affairs. He has had great trials to go through—or rather, he has been mixed up in great trouble for which he has been in no way responsible, but it has mostly fallen on him. There is no reason whatever why this should impair your confidence in him."

"There; I will not plague you about it any more. Indeed, I have no petty curiosity about what does not concern me, and I was only playing at teasing you to tell your secrets. You great, calm, strong Marian, I know you would be invulnerable to my teasing, any way. However, I do not believe I shall have any impressions of any sort at Oatfield, with no Mr. Marston at hand to wind up my psychic faculties. You'll see you will be disappointed in me. Do you know on what exalted occupation—worthy of the wonderful creature Mr. Marston made me out—I have been spending the whole morning? I have been going over my dresses with Mrs. Miltenham, and devising orders for Mme. Clarice—thinking of nothing in heaven or earth but the composition of my costumes."

"It had to be done, I suppose, though I don't mean to deny that I think you were better employed yesterday."

"I am quite sure of it. And, do believe me, Marian, whatever distractions may be forced upon me by circumstances, I shall always look upon my inner life, that can only be shared with you,

and any others like you, if there are any, as far the highest and best."

Mrs. Malcolm made no comment beyond gently pressing Edith's hand, which she was holding on her lap. She was too wise and sympathetic to argue that the highest and best might still be apt to come off second-best, treated on those terms, and merely said:

"I shall always feel that way, too, about you, dear, however brilliant the worldly side of your life may be."

They had a long afternoon together, talking over various interests of every day life, and a good deal of Mrs. Malcolm's own married life, which had been mostly spent in India, amidst a round of social amusements that had deeply wearied her, with a husband who had been kind without being sympathetic—a colourless life, with no specific griefs, but leaving a sense of disappointment behind. The moral of it all, she thought, was that the routine of worldly existence could not but be a disappointment for any person with lofty aspirations. The lesson was of no good at second-hand; but as she read it for herself, it meant that the true purpose of life lay in a future beyond the conditions of earthly hopes and disappointments, though there was too much to be done for others in this world for any clear-sighted person to sink into a mere forlorn apathy. Towards the latter part of the time their conversation got thus on to a higher level than it traversed at first. Edith's readily kindled enthusiasm for spiritual ideas drew her fully into sympathy with this view, and they talked together for a long while of the beautiful presence they were both familiar with; of the purposes in regard to them that SHE might have in view, and of the mysterious link that must unite them—Edith and Mrs. Malcolm—by reason of their similar relationship to the Spirit of their visions. That the Spirit in both cases was identical, Mrs. Malcolm no longer doubted.

When at last they separated, and Mrs. Malcolm bade Edith good-bye for an indefinite period—for the next day she would have to spend in preparations, and on the Friday she would be going—Edith was more acutely sensible of distress than she had felt at first.

"It is a real misery for me to part with you, Marian, and I

am quite out of conceit with my new programme, now that talking with you has made me feel all it costs me. Good-bye. I shall not really be living till I meet you again—only playing a part. May it be sooner than seems possible. I shall do everything I can to bring that about, and I shall write to you *constantly*, and look forward to your letters as my best events."

"I shall be a faithful correspondent, dear, as long as ever you are, you may depend upon it." And then the carriage was suffered to drive away.

CHAPTER X.

IMPRESSIONS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Miss Kinseyle was a good correspondent while at Oatlands, as she had promised to be. She sent Mrs. Malcolm a bright and lively account of her journey and arrival at the Margreave mansion, and one incident of the otherwise uneventful trip had an especial interest for her friend as bearing on her own peculiar gifts.

"I have had a new sort of experience, too, I must tell you," she wrote; "one that seems very stupid and meaningless, but in your superior wisdom you may be able to explain it, and if not you must draw upon the boundless stores of Mr. Marston's occult knowledge. We had to stop at Halford on our way here to get our proper train, and waited in the refreshment-room imbibing tea. As we went up to a table in one corner I saw an old woman sitting there, and was just wondering why Aunt Emma was making for that table, when there were others vacant, when, having looked round the room for a moment, I turned round again to follow Aunt Emma, when, lo and behold!—or rather lo without beholding—my old woman was there no longer. I could not make out in the least how she had got away so suddenly, and asked Aunt Emma what had become of the old woman. She asked what old woman; and appeared to think I was crazy when I would have it that an old woman had been sitting at the table a moment before. Neither she nor Florence had seen any old

woman at all. Then suddenly, a few minutes afterwards, there was my old woman again standing a little behind Aunt Emma's chair, and I somehow felt, though she looked quite life-like, that it was not a flesh and blood old woman at all. I asked Florence, who was sitting beside me, if she saw anybody, and she looked at me as if she was wanting the address of the nearest lunatic asylum. So then I asked Aunt Emma if she knew anybody like so and so—minutely describing the old woman that I was looking at all the while—a dear old soul with a kind, sweet expression, a bit of black velvet across her forehead under white hair, and so on. Aunt Emma fairly started, and said I was exactly describing her old nurse, who only died a year ago. The dear old thing seemed to smile upon her, and then melted away—disappeared somehow, I don't know how. I told them I had just seen her, and, as they know I am not quite canny, they were rather alarmed and uncomfortable about it, and wished I would not go on in that strange way. But I could not feel that the apparition boded any harm, though they were both horrified at me when I said I should like to see her again."

Edith's next letter came a day or two afterwards, when Mrs. Malcolm had already returned to her own house at Richmond, whither she had requested Miss Kinseyle to address her correspondence. She was thoroughly enjoying the pleasant life at Oatfield, where a house-full of people were engaged from morning to night in helping one another to chase the glowing hours, not only with flying feet in the evenings, but by every device known to civilized ingenuity in connection with that kind of hunt.

"It seems ridiculous to say I have not had time to write," she said, "when I have nothing whatever to do but amuse myself; but in truth there are so many people helping me to do that, that I am borne along in a roaring current of gaiety, and have had to display the firmness of a heroine in order to secure a couple of hours to myself to-day before it is time to dress for dinner. And to get this leisure I have had to make Florence read my part for me in the 'Happy Pair,' on pretence that I will not rehearse again with Colonel Danby till he knows his words. For I have to break the news to you that your frivolous friend, whom you destined for training, during this period, of so much more exalted

a character, has been found out by her present admirers as possessing genius of a surpassing order in a new and hitherto unsuspected line. I am to eclipse Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal, and all the rest of them, as an actress, if I fling myself with sufficient enthusiasm into my new vocation. And I am to dazzle creation to begin with by appearing in the 'Happy Pair' at some theatricals in preparation here, acting with a certain Colonel Danby now staying here, who has been the discoverer of my undeveloped capacities. Now, I have no intention of going stage-mad, and *know* that all this is nonsense, and that I am merely having some fun for the moment; but to hear Colonel Danby and the rest of them, Count Garciola included, you would think I was the eighth wonder of the world. It makes me wonder whether I am really a delusion and a snare in all my aspects, and I look back upon what Mr. Marston said to me in the Countess's Study, thinking was he too, perhaps, mistaken in me and caught by some shallow characteristics which make me reflect the ideas of the people about me like a looking-glass. Write and tell me, dear Marian, that I am wrong in that supposition, at least; for though you will be sighing over me, I *know*, I *feel*—lost as I am in this ocean of frivolity—I do not want to turn out a delusion and a snare for you. Really—though it seems absurd for me to have the vanity to say it, when I snatch an hour's leisure to do so in the midst of days spent altogether in the most useless and unimproving amusement—however I spend my outer life, I must always be leading an inner life too, that such people as are around me now cannot sympathise with, so I say nothing about it to any of them. It is my inner life which unites me with you, and I would not have that tie broken for all the world.

"However, I must tell you about outer things here, and that is why I mentioned the theatricals. No more of them, except for one thing that I must faithfully report. You know, of course, having been here yourself so lately, that there is a veritable 'Happy Pair' at Oatfield, besides the make-believe pair of which I am part. They are to act in another piece on the eventful evening, in the course of which they have not got to make love to each other by any means, but to fight like cat and dog. They were rehearsing yesterday afternoon before dinner, and some of us

were looking on, and I was sitting near them to prompt Terra Fildare if she wanted it. There was somebody else as prompter in general but she had insisted on having me as a prompter all to herself, and I was holding her book and attentively following her great speech, wherein she reviles the wicked gipsy in the most slashing manner, when all of a sudden I got a feeling I have never had before. It seems perfectly ridiculous to say so, but I can only describe it as a feeling of *horror!* There was nothing whatever to cause it. The room was half full of people; it was daylight still; we were all in the midst of laughing and talking, and above all I saw nothing—nothing, I mean, of *our sort* that other people do not see—to explain the feeling. Then again, you know, it does not horrify or frighten me in the least when I really do see apparitions. Well, I felt my flesh creep all over, and a trembling set in just as I can imagine I might feel if I were suddenly to see a murder committed; and *then*, for the first time, it flashed upon me what I had not understood before, about Terra Fildare and Count Garciola.

"Do you remember when Mr. Ferrars tried to mesmerise me at Kinseyle Court, and I told you something about a man and a woman and an atmosphere of anger or quarrelling around them? I had been vaguely puzzled about them from the first time we met, with a sort of sense of having seen them before; and though I could not identify it, I came to the conclusion that I might have seen them, without being introduced, somewhere in London last year, when I was with the Miltenhams. But all at once it came over me like a flash yesterday that where I saw them before was in that queer sort of half-and-half vision at Kinseyle Court. I tell you, dear Marian, I *recognised* them. Don't tell me I am dreaming—but I know you will not do that. You will understand me, and be able to give some wise explanation of my strange feeling. It did not altogether pass off for a long time. What does it mean? If I foresaw, in some clairvoyant way I do not understand, their theatrical quarrel, it makes out my impression to have been very ridiculous, because there is no real quarrel in that at all. They are devoted to one another really, and though Terra Fildare is reserved and haughty about it before people, I know she unbends tremendously at other times to make up.

And why should I get so absurdly frightened and overcome about a ridiculous make believe emotion in a drawing-room play? Explain, explain, my sorceress and oracle! Rede me the riddle."

Mrs. Malcolm was deeply perplexed by this slight and shadowy incident. Starting with the assumption that there was some especial significance in the circumstances that had taken Edith into the presence of Terra and her new lover just at this juncture, she had carefully refrained from saying a word to Edith which might have set her imagination to work in regard to those two persons. But she (Mrs. Malcolm) had been on the look-out for some sign of an occult character through the clairvoyante which might give the clue to the mystery. Here, quite spontaneously, *a* sign, such as it was, seemed to have come; but what was to be made of it?

"I am utterly helpless," she wrote, "in regard to your strange experience about Miss Fildare and Count Garciola, but I am very far from treating it as unimportant or meaningless. It is bitterly tantalising to be so built round by circumstances of the world and society that our best nature is only to be developed at stray moments that can be caught at in passing, when the serious business of worldliness, which is of such little moment in the long run, may happen to allow. If you could only be put into a proper trance, and *asked* what is the meaning of the impression you had, we should know all about it, and if there is any important warning lurking in the sign sent to you, we might all be guided by it. I would do anything to have you with me for half an hour only, with Mr. Marston to put you off—since he has the right influence which suits you—but I can only fret against the fate that does not permit this. Are you surprised that I take the thing so seriously? If people of the world would only realise sometimes how frivolous are the things they treat so serious, and how serious some of the trifles they put aside with contempt! Perhaps Terra Fildare is in face of some danger, of which the theatrical quarrel is a mere symbol, and we are half warned of it, without, unless we can learn more, being able to give her any warning of the smallest value. Dear Edith, don't think of me as sighing over your worldliness in a gloomy and Puritanical way, because you are enjoying your life and your youth, and the very

natural admiration of the people round you; but all I entreat is do not forget that you have faculties and senses that may render important the least of your fancies and impressions as they cross the current of your amusements, which may obscure but cannot quench your higher intuitions. If you notice any other strange and apparently causeless feelings about Miss Fildare or her betrothed, do not treat the least of them as insignificant. Tell me about them, I implore you. More may hang on this than you imagine, for I may tell you now that, owing to my own feelings, I had been *expecting* you to have some abnormal impressions of that kind, though I could not in the least foresee what they would be."

Edith was set on the *qui vive* for impressions concerning the betrothed couple by the receipt of this letter; but the days went on without bringing her fresh warning. She tried to make friends with Terra Fildare; but the two girls, though unconscious of any reasons why they should not coalesce, did not, as a matter of fact, grow closely sympathetic. And they were kept apart, to some extent, by circumstances, as Terra was pre-occupied by her love affairs, while Edith, being game on the wing, so to speak—not yet brought down by any man's gun—was more pursued by general admiration. Two young men staying in the house—a captain of Hussars and a political private secretary—both engaged with fishing as the serious occupation of life, made fierce love to her in their leisure hours, and the Colonel Danby to whom reference had been made in her letter coached her in the histrionic art. The Colonel was a handsome widower, between forty and fifty, rich and well connected, tall, slightly built, a mirror of fashion as regards his dress, with bright grey eyes, a moustache dappled with grey, dark brown hair that only showed the effects of time by a gradual disappearance from the crown of the head, while above his temples it still waved with moderate luxuriance. With a faintly lackadaisical manner, he was, nevertheless, a man of taste and intelligence and always expressed himself with an easy finish of language that corresponded to his somewhat dandified toilet.

Coaching a young lady, recommended by good looks and a bright gaiety of disposition, in a sentimental comedietta, is a seductive occupation.

Colonel Danby declared that the natural gifts Miss Kinseyle possessed were so undeniable, that it really was worth while to take trouble—and he was acknowledged professor on the amateur stage.

"You only want drilling in details," he explained, after they had gone through the most critical scene towards the end of the piece twice one afternoon, and he was suggesting a third repetition of certain "business." "No two young actresses can be trained alike. Some, if they are badly off for brains or hearts, must be taught to simulate the emotions they ought to feel as they act. They are the pupils who always tell you they will do what you want all right on the night—and they never do!"

"But they get off so much drilling in that way—clever girls! From this moment I resolve to trust to the inspirations of the night."

"Do, by all means. That is a safe course for you, because the brains and the heart will give you the right inspiration. But you have fallen headlong into my snare. I am never attempting to teach you how to display emotion. I leave that to your own imagination. I am teaching you the mechanical business, the drudgery of your art. That's a matter of knowledge, and not of inspiration, and so I can help you. Feeling may give you the right expression when you say your best bits; but for want of knowledge you may turn your back to the audience when the features pass through their most delicate crises."

"And for the penalty of having fallen into your snare am I to lacerate my heart over your cruelty a third time this afternoon?"

"Never mind giving rein to the imagination now. I do not *ask* you to wear out your feeling for the part, but to get into the habit of standing in the right places at the right time, making the right gestures, and so on. Then on the night your performance is ready to be illuminated by the poetry of feeling turned fully on. In the dramatic art as in all others there is a *technique* which has nothing to do with its poetry, but without which the poetry will never be transmitted to the spectator."

"Once more into the breach, then; once more let us toil at our pleasure."

"And if one young lady, through this little experience, should realise that to get pleasure worth having one must toil, the afternoon will not certainly be thrown away."

"Are we all so frivolous as that would imply?"

"Not taught in the same school that men go through, the school of life, that shows exertion and enjoyment everywhere hand-in-hand. The boy learns the lesson at football and cricket, the man in the hunting-field and in his profession, or in political life, perhaps; and every man worth having acts on the principle by instinct. A girl floats into the world without always realising the secret that unlocks its best treasure."

"But if they are lazy, and other people are good-natured, it may be so nice for them to be saved all trouble."

"Saved all trouble, all hard exertion, all rough contests beyond their strength—yes, by all means. That is according to the fitness of things. But though the men who shield them and take trouble for them may enjoy their task most keenly, the women themselves, who take no trouble, will enjoy life least. The rough and violent trouble of this life is for men to take; but, believe me, women in their way may be the counterparts of those keen sportsmen of the sterner sex, who get the best out of life in all directions."

"I never supposed you were so desperately energetic a person."

"Because I am cool in my movements, and behave quietly and dress like a gentleman. One may be a keen sportsman in costume even; and if a man wants to make himself as presentable as he can he must take pains, though the pains taken may not be paraded. Let us come back to our play. The enjoyment other people will take in seeing you act will be somewhat greater if you act well than if you act badly. But the difference in the enjoyment *you* will derive from it, according to whether you take trouble beforehand and act well, or let everything slide and act as badly as your natural gifts will allow you, will be immense."

"Your wisdom is overwhelming, but I am sure to enjoy myself *when the play is over*, that I can't feel terrified by your warning. Nevertheless, you have vanquished me in argument, and I am your prisoner. Command me, and I recommence my

sobs; standing with the right foot foremost and the handkerchief in both hands, is it not——"

"What?" cried Terra Fildare, coming into the drawing-room where the rehearsals were going on, "you poor, dear, over-driven slave, are you still in the hands of the overseer? I thought you were liberated an hour ago."

"To quote my maid, I am 'that stupid' that I have got to go over the last scene again. I forgot to tell you that, Colonel Danby. It was such lovely criticism—it was so straightforward. 'Is it much trouble learning to act, miss?' my maid asked me last night. 'Frightful trouble for me, Simcox,' I told her. 'That's the worst of learning anything, miss,' she answered; 'and if one is that stupid about it, I don't think it's worth while.'"

"For a mimic with your talents, Miss Kinseyle, I should say Simcox must be a perfect treasure."

"But I want you to try that duet with me," said Terra. "Is there any distant future when you will get out of Colonel Danby's clutches?"

"Certainly not," said the gentleman named, "if Colonel Danby is permitted to decide. The 'Happy Pair' is merely a maiden sweepstakes, and I hope I shall see Miss Kinseyle win a Derby yet in some London theatricals worthy of her powers."

"But, limiting eternity by the dressing-bell, Terra, even then I will not go on for ever. I'll join you in the gallery in three half seconds, if you'll get the piano open."

"But please observe," said Colonel Danby, "that if you go round that side of the table you will have to bury your sobs in the wrong sofa cushion, and then the whole effect will be spoiled. That's right; if you'll solemnly promise to keep the table on your right hand always, I will not torment you any more to-day."

"Don't mind my nonsense," said Edith, "I'm not a bit tired, really; and I am cultivating quite a taste for taking pains. But I must go now to Miss Fildare, for Sir James is sure to insist on that duet this evening, and she wants to get it up, I know."

The "Happy Pair" came first on the night of the performance, and Edith achieved a most triumphant *début*. The arrangements of the night were complete enough to give an air of reality even to the shower of bouquets with which the *débutante*

was greeted, as she passed before the curtain in response to an enthusiastic call; and Colonel Danby gathered them up with graceful promptitude, placing the finest—which had been thrown by Sir James Margreave—in Edith's hands, while he bore the rest on her behalf.

"I am sure the flowers ought to be half yours," she said, when they got behind again. "I am entirely the product of your careful coaching."

"Not half mine," said the gallant Colonel. "This much of the bouquet"—drawing his finger round almost the whole of it, as he transferred the flowers he held himself to his left arm—"is due to your natural talents, and so much"—picking out a single rosebud from the edge—"is due to my teaching. May I keep my share?"

Edith smiled pleasantly at the compliment and the courteous grace of its delivery.

"With my grateful thanks—most certainly?"

"I dare say it will last longer than your share," he added, as he put it in his button-hole.

Some of the anxious performers who were to appear in the next piece were standing near them at the time, but, absorbed in their own affairs, paid no attention, and the two sat down on a sofa in the roomy wings, created for the occasion by a skilful adaptation of a conservatory to this purpose.

"But now," said the Colonel, getting up almost immediately, "I must prescribe for you. You will admit that I have not pressed you to take champagne till now. I do not approve of it to act upon, but after the nervous excitement of your triumph, it will be a sedative and not a stimulant."

He left her to go in search of the wine; and while she remained lying back in the corner of the sofa, a little tired, but thoroughly enjoying the pleasant flavour of the applause still ringing in her ears, one of the actors, ready dressed for the next piece, passed close in front of her. He was dressed as a gipsy, and so completely disguised that she did not immediately recognise beneath the black and red velvet and leather trimmings the true wearer—Count Garciola. Writing the following day to Mrs. Malcolm, and describing her impression, she said,

after quickly and slightly sketching the events of the evening so far:

"And now I come to the important part of my story, because it has to do with something different from frivolous nonsense and passing amusements. I was resting on a sofa behind the scenes after the play was over—left to myself for a few moments as it happened—when one of the actors came by ready dressed for his part, quite a disguise, a gipsy's dress, and I did not recognise him at once. But as I looked up, with my thoughts a hundred miles at the time from anything psychic, I saw him with some other sense besides eyesight, and it is most difficult to describe the thing to you just as it occurred. For an instant I thought his dress was smoking as if it was half on fire. He seemed to move along in the middle of a kind of pillar of cloud—nothing of a regular shape, but lumpy and massive round the upper part of him. But this moved with him, you understand, and was not left behind like smoke. It was dark in colour, with a lurid reddish glow, but irregular and patchy—more dark in some places, and more red in others. I gazed in wonder, but he was not thinking of me, and took no notice. He passed in front of my sofa, and round by the end I was leaning on, and for a few moments he stood quite near me—within reach if I had put out my hand—for some one else came by behind me, and spoke to him in passing. As he stood in this way, the cloud round him wafted up against me, and then it gave me the strangest impressions. First of all a horrid thrill of feeling, something like what I wrote to you before, that made me suddenly turn almost faint, and *then*—it was just as though, when the cloud touched me, I suddenly saw *in it*, as in a kind of infinity that stretched all round me, an endless quivering mass of *tableaux vivants*, all mixed up together in the wildest confusion, but all of the same kind; all some sort of scene of violence in which the man in the middle of the cloud was engaged. For the moment I seemed to have his whole life whirling before me, and things it would take hours to tell seemed flashed upon me with such violence that my brain was all thrilling in a way I can't describe. It gave me the feeling, as it were, inside my head, that you have, don't you know, in a fast train when it suddenly dashes over an iron bridge, and

the whirring uproar is distracting while it lasts. But I do not mean that I could now set to work and write down his biography. I could not do anything of the kind. But I have got the impression that I *have known*, though I have forgotten, everything, even down to details. All I can say, now, is that it is a horrible story. There are many women mixed up in it, one in particular, whose image flashed as it were out of a dozen corners at once, and, since you commanded me, dear Marian, so earnestly to tell you all my impressions, I will say that this woman seems to be his wife. I don't mean to say that I recognise Terra's features in the image —one hasn't time to question an impression of that sort before it is gone—but the idea that this woman was, or was to be, his wife —for I suppose I must look on all these dreadful pictures as prophetic—was borne in on me as if by a series of violent sledge-hammer blows, if you understand what I mean, on the rafters of the bridge, heard through the deafening din as I dashed through. Of course you will understand there was no noise really; it was the racking thrill in my head that I am wanting to indicate to you. For one instant I can remember I seemed to see the woman I am speaking of with a dagger in her hand, and he grasping her wrist and throwing her back on the ground. And then I can remember instantaneous flashes of her seen in tears and despair, or in fury, and half the pictures I saw all the while seemed swimming in blood. A few moments longer, I must have screamed or fainted; but suddenly all the sights around me seemed to shrink together again, and then I saw that the Count had passed on and was walking away—for the man in the gipsy dress, you will understand, was Count Garciola. It has given me such a feeling of horror for him that I can't bear the sight of him, and found myself manœuvring this morning to avoid the risk of possibly having to shake hands when I first met him at breakfast.

"I am fairly longing for a talk over the whole thing with you, and for a healthy refreshing bath of your good influence, dear Marian, after all this. I wonder if I could manage a day or two with you before Deerbury Park, after this visit is over. I should so much like it.

"And Colonel Danby, when he came back with some champagne he had been to fetch for me, thought my prostrate

nervousness was all due to the excitement of the play. It was so ridiculous. I couldn't explain to him exactly what had happened, but I told him after a while that, though I had nearly fainted, it was not the play at all, but merely something in the nature of a ghost that I had seen—that I often saw such things, and that sometimes they made me uncomfortable. It made me laugh, the way he summed up my case, and put everything down to hallucinations conjured up by my highly-strung artistic temperament, and recommended riding, and lawn-tennis played earnestly, as the best preservatives from those sort of attacks in future."

Mrs. Malcolm telegraphed to Sidney Marston within ten minutes of reading this letter, and begged him to come over and consult with her that day if possible. The afternoon found him at her service in the drawing-room of her little Richmond villa, overlooking a sloping garden running down to the river. Mrs. Malcolm had no children, and lived by herself—when not visiting friends—in this quiet and graceful retreat, with a middle-aged man and his wife to look after her house, garden, and pony-carriage, and a couple of maids. She would sometimes have her brother to stay with her for a time—sometimes one of many feminine cousins—but just now she was by herself. Marston was soon put in possession of all the facts of the case. As to the relations between Terra Fildare and Ferrars, he was acquainted with these already; and now he was given Edith's letter to read, and asked for advice in the emergency.

"Is there any way of combating the frightful menace that seems hanging over this misguided girl, or do you take an impression like that to be fatally prophetic?"

"I should be inclined," he said, "always to take a prophetic vision as a menace rather than as a fatality, constantly as we find such things verified by events. It is one of the greatest mysteries how the future can be foreseen, when any future event is the product of a multiplicity of circumstances and independent acts by an indefinite number of people. But, of course, future events are constantly being foreseen by clairvoyants, down to their smallest details, though the world at large, in its ignorance, prefers a lazy disbelief in the facts to the effort of attempting to account for

them. On the other hand, the prophetic vision may never do more than reveal the tendency of events as they stand at any given moment, and by the exercise of energy sufficient to control them they may be guided into a new channel."

After a little more vague metaphysical speculations on the subject, Marston threw out a new idea.

"But is it just possible that the vision or impression caught by Miss Kinseyle from this man's aura may not be prophetic at all, but strictly retrospective?"

"How do you mean?"

"Suppose the wife is not Miss Fildare in the future, but some other wife in the past?"

"Ah, that is an idea; but I never heard he had been married before. If he had been a widower he surely must have told Terra, and Lady Margreave would know, and I think she would have mentioned it to me."

"But suppose there might be no widowerhood in the matter? It is merely a guess; but suppose Count Garciola, who is clearly a reprobate, and is a wanderer about the world, has left a deserted wife somewhere in Spain or elsewhere?"

Mrs. Malcolm gave vent to a low cry of apprehension and wonder.

"One has heard," Marston went on, "of such eccentricities as bigamy. The Count is likely to be a man of strong passions, and Miss Fildare, by all accounts, is a splendid prize."

"Poor infatuated girl!"

"It may be wrong to dwell on such a possibility without more evidence, but one could only get that—or stand a chance of getting it—through Miss Kinseyle's higher faculties properly awakened. If she comes to you, as she seems to think just possible, while the vision she has just had is still recent, it might be partially recovered in trance, and then examined more fully."

"I do wish she would come. If I can induce her; of course, I shall try."

"Do you want," Marston asked after a pause, "to recover Miss Fildare for George?"

"Why, the thought has never crossed my mind, because I have never supposed it possible. And there would be a long

interval between even the realization of your terrible suspicion and the restoration of Terra to George, which, indeed, is not the brightest dream I could have imagined, though I suppose it is useless to wish for anything better for him. His feelings are quite fixed—more's the pity."

She evidently spoke with more in her mind than she uttered, and Marston, without directly asking any question, waited silently as though expecting further explanation.

"I had dreamed my dream on that subject," Mrs. Malcolm went on. "I hoped that George would have been drawn into the current of a new sympathy, and might have come to see how infinitely sweeter and nobler a companion for him Edith Kinseyle would have been. But I saw almost at once after they met that it was not to be—that he was too steadfast."

Marston still remained silent, and his features were set very rigidly as he gazed out across the garden, and between the trees which shaded it, to the gleam of the silver water beyond. A steam-launch puffed past the little opening of the river visible as Mrs. Malcolm spoke, and emitted a discordant cry from its whistle.

"Do the boats annoy you much?" Marston said after a little while.

"The boats?" answered Mrs. Malcolm vaguely; "I hardly notice them. Yes," she went on after a little while, "that would have been a beautiful plan. It would have given George every prospect of happiness, and it would have linked Edith with myself, and perhaps with higher influences through me; but it is evidently not to be. To recover Terra might not render George really happy in the long run, but it is the only arrangement that will not involve him in certain unhappiness. How hard it is for the bits of colour in life's kaleidoscope to be rightly grouped! And if they are only a little wrong, how the picture is spoiled!"

"Indeed, that is so."

In the earnest depth of his utterance, the flavour of personal experience was but too perceptible.

"Who should know it better than yourself, Sidney?"

Mrs. Malcolm and her brother had known Marston from

childhood, and the use of the Christian name was natural to her when they were alone.

"Of course, my kaleidoscope has been fatally broken; but that need not be talked of."

"Well, I need hardly say I grieve with you; but, in one way, I look on you as like myself in reference to life. We neither of us live for it, but for something beyond. Of course, life is no good to you; but then, for whom that truly realizes the future can it be of any good? It can only be a matter of more or less patient waiting and performance of duty."

"We won't insult you by pushing the comparison too far. But the spirit in which you and I wait is very different, I fancy. It is one thing to wait, and merely feel dull; and another thing to wait, enduring torture all the while."

"You are morbid. No blameless man like yourself should feel the shadow of another's sin like that."

"Another's sin! I fear I am too cynical to feel that much; but another's shame may dye one's own existence in every fibre."

Mrs. Malcolm only sighed, as over a problem for which she knew there was no solution.

(To be Continued.)

THE HUMOUR OF "CRAMMING."

ACCORDING to the popular notion, a "crammer" is a person whose business it is to force into the heads of young men, generally between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four, certain facts which will enable them to "dodge the examiner." This idea, to a crammer, is probably as humorous as it is to the examiners, who, when all is said and written, are not such invertebrate fools as they are supposed to be.

Parents who have become disgusted with the ineptitude of their sons—or schoolmasters—and have put themselves in the hands of a "crammer," do so, as a rule, with certain misgivings. They regard him with feelings of respect and aversion, much as a colony of sparrows does an albino variety, when it appears among them. To such persons, a "crammer" is a man possessed of a mascot or talisman—a sort of mental pepsin—with which he renders difficultly digestible subjects easily assimilable. They do not consider his business an educational process, for education is a monopoly which, tradition has convinced them, is held only by the recognised Public Schools. But their sons must satisfy the examiners at any cost; and if education cannot accomplish this result, they must accept the help of crammers who surely are in league with the Powers of Darkness, since (to quote a parent's words) "their methods are invariably attended with the D——l's own luck."

There is yet another idea, an idea held by many unfortunate fathers of acephalic sons, who have expended their birthrights on

"soccer," or have frittered away their careers as "flannelled fools;" and this is that crammers "get at" the papers of the examiners and "go over" the questions with their pupils. This idea is a source of warrantable merriment to the examiners; and, in the quiet of their anonymity, they enjoy the humour of the idea to their hearts' content. A large number of the examiners of the Civil Service Commission have been recruited from the staffs of the Public Schools. These men, who as schoolmasters, were the objects of invidious comparisons with the successful crammers, have an intimate knowledge of the educational processes in the Public Schools and, perhaps, of the sinister methods of the crammers. As examiners they could set papers which should militate against the crammers and emphasize the value of their own methods; they could, in short, set papers such as would convince the world that cramming, from an educational point of view is an impossibility.

There is no doubt whatever, that Civil Service examination papers are set with a view to stultify the efforts of the so-called crammer, and to encourage the liberal educational methods of the Public Schools. And it is precisely because it is impossible to cram a pupil in such subjects as Volumetric Analysis, Electrical and other Physical Measurements, the higher branches of Mathematics, Latin and Greek composition, that, as I shall show, presently, a crammer succeeds.

The crammer is written of in almost every "educational" paper as the enemy of education; his methods are sneered at; examination papers are set by his opponents, the conservators of education, and yet he beats, or at worst is seldom beaten by the Pharisees of Education. This is distinctly amusing to a crammer, but Public School Speech Days afford him still better entertainment. Solemnly and triumphantly, the list of successes is read out by the Headmaster, who is universally regarded as Truth Incarnate; and yet this worthy man, who will not hear a good word said for a crammer, appropriates to himself the successes of the crammer, merely because the successful candidates happened, formerly, to have been pupils in the school—and have failed to pass from it.

Not content with attacks on the professional morality of

the crammer, his opponents, in their endeavours to annihilate him, have resorted to discreditable and dishonourable tactics. They hit him below the belt—always in the name of Education—and describe his establishment as "immoral."

Mr. Muirhead in his excellent "Elements of Ethics," mentions as illustrations of institutions that obstruct the moral life "gambling dens, cribs, cramming establishments," and other bad places; and Mr. John S. Mackenzie, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Examiner in Mental Philosophy in the University of Aberdeen, in his "Manual of Ethics"—a text book published by W. B. Clive, University Correspondence College Press—says, "Thus a student who crams for an examination may be said to be dishonest because his knowledge is not genuine." This statement is exceedingly amusing to a crammer, appearing as it does in the official text book of a College that crams by correspondence.

It is, also, surpassingly humorous to the crammer to find his establishment included in Mr. Muirhead's odorous list; and however well acquainted that gentleman may have been with gambling dens, cribs, and worse places, when he wrote his "Elements of Ethics," he certainly knew nothing about cramming establishments.

With very few exceptions the programme at a London cramming establishment is something like this:—Lectures, 9.30 a.m.—1.30 p.m.; lunch 1.30 p.m.; lectures, 3 p.m.—7 p.m.; after which written permission of both parent and principal must be obtained for a pupil to leave the establishment. In a country cramming establishment the programme is generally:—Preparation, 7.30 a.m.—8.30 a.m.; breakfast, 8.30 a.m.; lectures, 9.15 a.m.—1.15 p.m.; lunch, 1.30 p.m.; tea, 4.30 p.m.; lectures, 5—7 p.m.; dinner, 7.30 p.m.; lectures, 8.45—10 p.m. or 10.30 p.m.

Any unbiassed person who studies these hours of work must be convinced that the possibilities of immorality in a cramming establishment are far less than they are in a University or Medical School. The possibilities of immorality are purposely reduced to a minimum, but if a young person is inherently vicious he will become actively immoral whether he is in a cramming establishment, a theological college or a public school.

Assuming, however, that cramming establishments do make for immorality; assuming, also, that their methods are opposed to Education, why is it that the Public Schools are so insistent on emphasizing the possession of an Army Side, in which work is carried on differently from work in the Classical or Modern Sides? Why do some schools openly proclaim that they have removed the Army Side from the School Premises, and whisper, loudly, that this Side is a cramming establishment in all but name? Is it that they are anxious to conjure with the crammer's wand, even at the cost of immorality?

Again, why, if the educational methods that obtain in the ordinary classes of a Public School are perfect—and they are sufficiently perfect, at any rate, to prepare a boy for the 'Varsities—why should there be any necessity for an Army Side at all? Why should it be considered advisable to advertise that the number of pupils in these Army Classes is strictly limited? Why, if the ordinary methods of class teaching are faultless, should the fact that "individual attention" is a feature of the Army Side be proclaimed from the housetops?

The truth is that the desultory endeavours of pedagogues are exerted to make all boys in a class as alike as possible, in proficiency of translation and in methods of ratiocination, according to their interpretation of their mystical possession—Education. Any deviation from academic methods is promptly checked and the boys eventually fall, some struggling, some complacently, into the scholastic machine, which turns them out as nearly alike as are sausages from a sausage machine. It is a matter for congratulation that this scholastic sausage machine is not perfect, and that some of the boys, who enter the deadly instrument, emerge from it possessed of a certain amount of unmutilated *ego*. According to this system "Boys are boys,' and the system that turns out Peter a fairly reasonable fellow must, *ipso facto*, turn out Paul a fairly reasonable fellow. If not, Paul is at fault, not the system. Of course under such a system success with boys of mediocre ability is well-nigh impossible at Civil Service Examinations. It is the failure—consistent failure—of pedagogues to pass their dull pupils into the Services that is forcing them to abandon their ancient and corroded grooves and

to experiment with the methods of the crammer. Indeed, the much maligned crammer owes a deal of his success to the fact that he realized, many years ago, that there must be just as many systems of education as there are pupils. He utilizes the idiosyncrasies of his pupils, instead of cauterizing them, and the results obtained invariably justify his methods. In short the word "crammer" is a misnomer. The first business of a crammer is to understand his pupil and discover his limitations. This being accomplished the pupil is forced, sometimes by the *suaviter in modo*, sometimes by the *fortiter in re* method, to appreciate the importance of concentration. Concentrate, concentrate, always concentrate the mind; whether the subject demands observation or ratiocination or both. He is taught to see the whole subject he is studying in perspective; and he is then shown that the isolated facts he has picked up have a definite relation to the subject; that the facts do not constitute the subject, but that each fact is a link in the chain that forms the subject. The methods of the comparative anatomist are used whenever possible; the imagination is stimulated to synthesise processes in a rational manner, so that, eventually, the pupil becomes more than perfunctorily interested in his work. But this rational treatment of subjects is precisely what the crammer is accused of neglecting, although his successes are obtained at Examinations in which knowledge of facts, without a more or less accurate appreciation of the whole subject, counts for little. And the paradox, that a crammer educates, whilst the Schools "cram" is as obvious as it is amusing to the crammer.

It is not, however, an easy task to induce a boy who, for something like seven years, has been compelled, unconsciously, perhaps, to exercise his memory only, to study a subject in the rational manner to which I have referred. To break the iron plates of academic conservatism which have been rivetted to a boy's brain and have retarded his mental development, is a business that requires patience and skill. The crammer must be a versatile and tactful teacher, or he must pack his carpet bag; whilst the schoolmaster is forced to make his lectures interesting to his masters, the boys, during school hours, when they are fretting to be at their games. Tradition, the inclination of

masters and boys alike, the atmosphere of the school itself, all make for the idolatry of games. The hours spent in the class-room are too often regarded as wasted hours. The game calls, and the call must be obeyed. It is small wonder, then, that only interesting facts are, as a rule, presented to the boys during the hours they are forced to abstain from their games. And when a man is compelled to make his lectures merely interesting, he is not teaching. The crammer knows this and smiles; the schoolmasters know it and talk glibly about "character and grit that can only be obtained from education at a Public School."

They would be equally accurate if they substituted Abracadabra for Education.

CHARLES J. NORRIS.

AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM.

By Rear Admiral W. Usborne Moore.

[The author of the following article which will be concluded in the next number of "Broad Views," went recently to America expressly for the purpose of investigating spiritualism as carried on in that country. The present paper takes the shape of an address, now published for the first time, delivered to a meeting of the Psychological Society of London, held on the 10th of March, Mr. Gambier Bolton, the President of that Society, in the chair.]

Before I begin to relate my experiences in America, a few words of personal explanation are necessary to show you the origin of my researches into the science which is of so much interest to all in this room.

In 1903, I published a small book called "The Cosmos and the Creeds," which contained attacks on the dogmas of the Churches, and the presumptuous and hurtful attitude of the priests, who, in my opinion, held then, and held now, are unfortunately misleading the children of this country. Among the concluding statements in the book was the following paragraph:—

"There is some evidence for an unseen universe around us; none that mortals have been able to communicate with its inhabitants if such there be. Though there is abundant evidence that man's psychic individuality has been able to project itself to great distances just before death, there is scarcely any for the ego

revealing its existence after death. The evidence for the continuance of life beyond the grave is feeble and unconvincing. If such a life is before us it will probably not be such as the ministers of religion lead us to expect."

Now, after the publication of this book, this pronouncement caused me some inward misgiving. True, the evidence of a future life, as found in the teachings of the parsons, was feeble; but had I exhausted all the sources of evidence outside the narrow confines of the Churches. Was I right in ignoring the evidence put forward by those who called themselves Spiritualists? I determined to go into the matter. Through the kind agency of a lady, whom I am glad to say is with us to-night, I was invited by our President to a séance at his residence. The medium was Mr. Cecil Husk, the conditions that evening were good, and what I saw and heard was so remarkable that I was obliged to admit to myself, however mortifying it might be, that what I had written on the subject of a future existence required reconsideration; and I there and then made the resolve to follow the subject up, to collect careful notes, such as I should do if investigating any subject in the way of my profession or otherwise, and come to a decision one way or the other as to the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

These phenomena may be broadly divided into four classes:—

(1) Materialisations, when the spirit of a deceased person assumes a form, or part of a form more or less resembling the bodily face or form of the personality it purports to be.

(2) Clairvoyance, when a medium not entranced describes the spirits of deceased personalities present in a room, and gives details and messages which afford means of identification.

(3) Trance mediumship, when the medium goes into trance and is taken possession of by another spirit who has been some time on the other side, and who gives details of spirits who were in life known to the sitter, and enables the latter to identify them.

(4) Movements of inanimate objects without mortal intervention; the most remarkable phase is the conveyance of articles from a distance usually known as "Apports."

I may say at once that I have nothing to relate to-night on this last, the fourth class of phenomena. I have evidence satis-

factory to myself that, when a powerful medium is present, articles can be brought, say, from China or America to England by invisible agency, but I have not yet witnessed the phenomena of "Apports," though I hope to do so before long.

I must say a few words about fraud. In what I had read of the phenomena of Spiritualism, I had been much impressed with the prevalence of imposture in the manifestations, imposture which had been detected without the slightest doubt in a host of instances.

The darkness in which it is necessary to develop the materialisations renders these impostures comparatively easy, especially where the séances are held in the house of the medium. There is no doubt that the number of detected frauds here and in America have deterred hundreds of thousands of people from investigating the matter at all. Personally, I am not sorry this should be so. When an unprejudiced investigation of psychic phenomena becomes necessary to the world at large, privacy will not be possible. · At the present time privacy is respected. The investigators are few ; those that exist have a code of honour which prohibits them from enquiring into or talking about their neighbour's affairs. It must be borne in mind that nine-tenths of the evidence in support of psychic phenomena is of so private a nature that it is never published ; it is of too sacred a character. I am a life member of the Psychical Research Society, but I should shrink from making known to any member of that body the inner reasons of my belief in the reality of the phenomena that I have witnessed in London, New York, and Boston. We have lately had an instance of the spirit in which a report of private seances has been handled by a member of the Society ; the personal character of the medium who passed over some years ago has recently been attacked, and aspersions have been made which have deeply offended his many intimate friends still living. It is but too easy to lie about the dead.

Whilst on this subject I wish to give my opinion on the detection of so-called frauds. That frauds exist there can be no doubt. But ought we not to enquire, when a supposed phenomenon is denounced as false, who, and what manner of man it is, who asserts that it is so ? Should the medium be declared

guilty before it is ascertained if the detective is truthful, free from bias of any sort, and honourable in his methods? Is not the public too credulous as to the detective? I think, at present, that this is the case; and so convinced am I that the medium and those who report their manifestations have not been treated with fairness, that I have determined not to permit any cross-examination into whatever I may say on the matter. My position is this: I have observed, and I have heard, certain objective manifestations. I have, throughout a long and not unsuccessful career in the public service, been obliged to weigh evidence and test the truth of a variety of reports and narratives, written and oral; I have exercised for many years the duties of a magistrate; without presumption I think I may say that I am as capable of sifting out falsehood as well as any man who should take up the position of my critic. I do not wish to proselytise; I state the facts as I have observed them, for the information of those who wish to hear them. Whether they believe them or not is, to me, a matter of no concern; but I am not prepared to undergo any cross-questioning as to the truth of the facts which I narrate by any man who cannot adduce reasons why he considers his discernment better than mine. He must show, by his career in life, or his great ability, or by his position as a leader of thought, or by his special acquaintance with the subject, that he is better qualified than I am to assert that certain subtle phenomena did or did not take place. It is certain that a particular attitude of hostile criticism will impede these delicate manifestations from taking place at all. I know a certain gentleman in America who keenly desires nothing but the truth, but who cannot obtain a sitting with the best mediums because they have satisfied themselves that he will upset the necessary harmonious conditions to such an extent as to render it impossible for them to bring him into touch with the denizens of the next State of existence. Honest scepticism is no barrier. All that a true medium asks is passivity, and an open, unbiassed attitude of mind free from prejudice of any sort.

Having ventured these preliminary remarks, I wish to define the word Materialisation. It is a matter of opinion as to what is the exact scope of this word. In my judgment it covers :—

(*a*) The objective appearances of busts or full forms, in partial light.

(*b*) Singing and the "Direct Voice," where the chest and larynx must be temporarily constructed.

(*c*) The appearances of shadowy figures in white robes in pitch darkness, usually termed "Etherealisations."

(*d*) Photographs of Spirits, who are able to make themselves known through the actinic rays by assuming a temporary form from the substance of the medium and the sitter.

As regards (*c*) I have never seen Etherialisations; but that they do glide about the room during that quarter of an hour which preceeds the appearance of forms in half light I have no doubt. I have sat beside hard-headed business men in New York who can see them, and who have described them to me from time to time, now as stationary, and now as moving about the room. Ladies in England between whom I have been placed have also seen them. It is a question of considerable doubt with me whether clairvoyant sight is necessary to enable a sitter to distinguish these forms. We know that the vision of people in the dark is most varied; and I think that those who have the good fortune to possess, in the highest degree, the faculty of seeing in the dark are able to discern them without clairvoyance, which gift, as we all know, dispenses with the use of the eyes altogether. The existence of these Spirit forms, which assume the most attenuated kind of matter it is possible to conceive, is the most conclusive proof that can be adduced of the genuineness of the medium. Where they never appear, there is some reason to suspect trickery.

I will now proceed with my narrative. Before leaving for America I attended some séances in London and saw two or three figures which I was able to identify, and one that presented himself to me three times, which I was unable to recognise. On my return, however, I was accompanied one evening by a brother officer, and this face appeared again to him as well as to me. My friend at once identified him as an old messmate who had died in China, and called him by name, to which he vigorously responded by tapping his illuminated slate three times and patting his old friend on the head. He has since appeared to me and spoken his

name and other particulars, giving his reason for coming to me first; in short, his identity is completely established. The face of a lady also appeared to me before I left, which I was able to identify telepathically as that of a relative who passed away thirty years ago. When I was a small boy she had shown me much kindness. After I joined the Navy, at the age of thirteen, I had, of course, seen little of her, but there was always the tie of sympathy between us as long as she lived. She passed over while I was abroad, before she had come to middle life. If she had lived till now, she would not have reached the age of seventy.

I landed in New York on Sunday (Christmas Day), and attended a séance the same evening, when this Spirit walked out of the cabinet straight towards me, much to my astonishment. She appeared afterwards to clairvoyants in America, giving different tests to prove her identity. The final and most convincing test was through Mrs. May Pepper, of Brooklyn, the afternoon before I left for England. "Ask her," I said to the medium, "if she ever materialised in New York?" The answer came at once, "She says 'Yes, when you first arrived;' she is smiling, and saying something about a cane (listens), she says she went with you to the séance room and that you took your cane up into the room to prevent anyone knowing who you were. Is this so?"

Answer. "No; what I did was to walk two or three blocks, in the snow, from the hotel, when I remembered that my stick had my name and address engraved upon it; so I returned and put the stick in my room."

M.P. "Yes, that was it. She gives you this as a test that she was with you on that evening."

My visit to America was made at the instance of the lady I alluded to before, who is with us to-night, and who is the authoress of that interesting book, "A Year in the Great Republic," where may be found many entertaining details of psychical experiences. It was she who informed me of the medium De Witt Hough, whose séance I attended directly I arrived and some half-dozen occasions after. Before describing the séances of this medium I ought to say that I was a perfect stranger in New York. It was one of my principal reasons for going that I knew that I was entirely unknown in that city, and

what I saw or heard could in no way be attributed to information given from one medium to another. If I were desirous of bringing conviction to the mind of the man who slanders Mr. Stainton Moses, I might add other details, such as that I did not make any appointments from England with mediums in New York or Boston, that I did not send up my card when visiting a medium, that I did not give a list of my relatives, alive and in Spirit land, to each medium the day before a sitting; or that I did not gossip of one medium to another. You, ladies and gentlemen, will believe that I committed none of these absurdities, but that I acted as any one of you would have acted, with that sympathy for their occupation which is indispensable for good sittings with any sort of medium, but without giving away my name, occupation or nationality. In this I must have been somewhat successful, for all were kind enough to declare that I had good magnetism, and they paid me what they considered a high compliment, saying, "We did not know your nationality; you really have not a bad English accent."

Lord Lytton, in his letter to the Dialectical Society's Committee, 28th Feb., 1869, says, in speaking of psychical phenomena, "The most notable exhibitions appear to have been obtained in the dry winter nights of New York." I believe that this powerful writer is entirely correct in this statement. In the séance room of Mr. Hough we sat in a circle on chairs and sofas without joining hands, comfortably at our ease. One figure after another glided out of the cabinet. The clairvoyant, Mrs. Conklin, asked the name and then repeated it to the circle. Surnames were not given. If a Christian name were given—say some common name such as Mary—and a person advanced who was not related to the Spirit, the Spirit form would immediately draw back and disappear. They would never take the hand of a stranger. Each form was as solid as life, the women veiled and clothed in drapery, the men dressed as they were in Earth life, with faces clear, but usually shading their eyes from the light. The temperature of arms and hands was normal. The lamp was lit at a signal from the Spirits in the cabinets, and it was regulated by them. It was covered with blue paper, and its brilliance was just sufficient to enable a person who had good sight to read a watch with a white face.

The controls of the cabinet were a Colonel Baker, who was killed in the War of Secession, a Dr. Baker, and a little cripple called Stareyes. Colonel Baker did not often materialise, but when he did he generally pointed to a portrait of himself on the wall of the room, which had once been in the White House. Dim as the light was, it was sufficient to see the resemblance. Dr. Baker came out nearly every séance, and usually disappeared through the floor, sometimes within two feet of one of the circle.

Stareyes kept up a conversation throughout the evening, and often materialised twice. If I went up to her she would touch my hand softly, and she had all the appearance of a little cripple child.

When the power was strong, the figures would succeed one another with inconceivable rapidity. A gigantic figure, at least 6 ft. 6 in. high, would be succeeded by a slim girl not 5 ft. 2 in. The most remarkable exhibitions were dematerialisations and materialisations through the floor, sometimes twelve or fourteen feet away from the cabinet. It was not unusual, for instance, to see Dr. Baker sink through the floor. When he got down to, say, 1½ ft. a shawl would be thrown over him. Within forty seconds, a figure purporting to be General Alexander Hamilton would slowly arise in his place, in a different dress, and throw away the shawl (that he had used as a cabinet), which was at once given to a member of the circle. Hamilton would retire to the cabinet for power, return, and dematerialise through the floor, saying "Good-night," "Good-night," far below, apparently in the Chinese restaurant underneath, his place being taken by a woman in shining drapery.

One of the prettiest sights in this room was the materialisation of a female figure from the bare carpet five or six feet outside the cabinet. A "something," quivering with life, would appear, rise and fall, gathering strength slowly, and at last develop into a tall woman who would take a French flag and walk round the room waving it, visibly to every member of the circle. This figure has been known for twenty-five years as "Joan of Arc."

Perhaps the chief feature of the séance was the Roman lace worker. She might come from the cabinet, or from the floor, or in the place of Dr. Baker or Hamilton. She would borrow a

handkerchief from the sitter and shaking it out evolve yards of drapery which she would throw over each individual member of the circle. I often held it in my hands: it was of firm texture, and apparently as mundane as anything bought out of a shop. She would then retire, laying it along the floor where it would dematerialise from the cabinet. Then she would return and perhaps pull a handkerchief out of my shirt front between the studs. I can now feel a substantial piece of cambric issuing from the shirt. This she would throw to the person from whom she had borrowed it. Another time she would turn me round and take it from my back, or perhaps out of the top of my head. I have seen this Spirit materialise a handkerchief from the carpet. She would bend down and scratch away until a small white substance appeared: this would get larger and larger until it assumed the dimensions of the handkerchief.

I am not prepared to assert that all the figures which appeared at Mr. Hough's séances were animated by the Spirits which they purported to be. I cannot imagine the spirit of the great Hamilton condescending to appear to a mixed circle and going through the floor, or appearing from the floor, to gratify our curiosity. Still less can I credit Joan of Arc with such frivolity. Probably they were "personations." I believe Spirit personation to be a very common phenomenon. There are actors and actresses in the next State as in this, and it seems probable that they materialise and often adopt the parts of historical men and women. With reference to these habitués of cabinets all I care to know at my present stage of investigation is that they are materialised Spirits of some sort, and not frauds.

Once, when Hamilton was rising from the floor, I said, "There has been a good book written of your life, General, by Miss Atherton." "More than one" was the reply, as he retired to the cabinet for power. When he came back, I asked, "Which book contains the best account of your life?" "The life of Aaron Burr," answered the Spirit as he sank through the floor and disappeared. This little conversation occurred one evening when I had a private séance. Nobody was present but the medium Mr. Hough and the clairvoyante, Mrs. Conklin, who, when she was not asking the names of the Spirits that arrived, sat near

me some fourteen or fifteen feet from the cabinet. It is evident that the phenomena are just as prolific when one person is present as when there is a mixed circle of twelve. In a mixed circle some are generally not of the right sort and their presence only nullifies the magnetism of those who are really sympathetic.

I may be wrong, but it seemed to me that the séances in New York would have been more successful if an organ had been in the room. Vibrations were maintained by singing and a small musical box. Both were rather ineffective. There was a good deal of playing on harmonicas by the Spirits in the cabinet, assisted by a triangle and bells. It was very good of a sort, but there was no singing such as we have at certain séances in London. The most beautiful developments of modern Spiritualism, the singing of solos by departed artists, and the Angel Choir joining in the hymns, are only to be found in London, and, I believe, only through one medium (Mr. Husk). I heard of nothing of the kind in New York or Boston, nor have I heard of it on the Continent. To an enquirer into Spiritualistic phenomena, nothing can be more satisfactory than a solo, for the confusing errors caused by "personation" cannot exist. One Spirit may assume the appearance of another Spirit, and the few words he utters may pass muster as those of the real individual; but it is quite another matter to construct a chest and larynx for a particular kind of voice, and then sing a song right through precisely as it was sung in the Albert Hall. No one who had ever heard Signor Foli before he passed over, and who had joined in the applause which always greeted the first two preliminary bars of his favourite encore, could ever agree that "Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep," as we have heard it, proceeded from any other Spirit than that of the great artist who has given his name and who claims to be present.

The disregard of privacy in American séances is rather repellent to English ideas. Privacy is quite easily obtained, but the sitters do not appear to think it desirable. I remember one old gentleman who came to see his wife. When she appeared at the curtain he went up, took her by the arm, and led her round the room, introducing her to each member of the circle, "This is my dear wife, who passed over twenty-four years ago." Each

sitter, in turn, rose and bowed, saying, "Madam, I am glad to meet you. Thank you for coming."

I do not wish to convey the impression from what I have said that Mr. Hough was considered a genuine medium by everybody who attended his séances. The members of the Psychical Research Society in that city, at least those whom I had the pleasure of knowing, did not think so. I made it my business to institute very particular enquiries into opinions on this subject, and did not form my own until I had listened to what objectors had to say. I sometimes think that when a man or woman joins the P.R.S., it there and then becomes a point of honour with them to avow entire disbelief in any materialistic phenomena. My enquiries from one gentleman elicited the objection that he saw General Hamilton adjusting his waistcoat. I cannot for the life of me, see why a self-respecting Spirit should not adjust his waistcoat. Developing through a carpet is a tiresome process, and the wonder is that the Spirit not only requires to pull down his waistcoat, but to tie his cravat and generally pull himself together. Another friend said there were confederates in the circle. "Who?" I asked. "Why, there was one sitting next to you." The man sitting next to me was a medical man of reputation, whose history I am well acquainted with; the idea was ridiculous. Another said confederates came into the room during the dark seance. I had the key of the door in my pocket, and there was a gas jet on the landing outside. Another said he saw the Roman lace worker pass something from one hand to the other; she was exercising "sleight of hand." Well! Suppose she was? (though I do not think this was the case). A Spirit has the right to do a conjuring trick if she likes. The point was not "Is this conjuring?" but "Is this a Spirit?" In this connection we ought to remember Dr. Johnson's remark to the lady who complained that a dog was not dancing well. "Madam," he said, "it is not a question whether the dog dances well; the marvel is that he should dance at all." It is as well to state that anybody could come an hour before the séance began and examine the room and cabinet throughout. Mr. Hough has been used as a medium in New York for twenty-five years. The police have never been able to touch him. He has been tested over

and over again. Once, when bound hand and foot, his coat sewn on to him, and a piece of paper sewn across his chest, he was out of his coat in less than five minutes after entering the cabinet. A similar time elapsed when he was found dressed again, with stitches and paper intact. Mr. Hough is a stoutly built man, about 5 ft. 7 in. in height. It is difficult to understand how he could personate a slight woman of 5 ft., or how he could move about without some sort of a step being heard on the carpet. The sound of a step was never heard from the figures at any time. Mr. Hough in woman's dress would appear fat. He has often been seen in his chair at the same time as a figure.

The objectors I mention had attended Mr. Hough's séances once; but those who believed had attended for years. Of these last there were many, but I collected evidence from only two. One was Dr. *Z.* who had witnessed the phenomena for five years, on the average of about once a week. He had watched the medium professionally many years before, and knew all about him. His scientific training caused his mind to revolt against a phenomena involving the sudden and temporary creation of the human form which had taken millions of years to evolve to its present condition. This gentleman has the faculty of seeing particularly well in the dark, and can distinguish the etherial forms. He is a thoroughly shrewd American of very honourable English descent, with a strong inventive and business capacity. His opinion was that the manifestations were genuine.

One night Dr. *Z.* held a séance in his house, engaging Mr. Hough as the medium, and he kindly invited me to the circle. The room put aside for a cabinet was, unfortunately, not wholly screened from the electric light in the street; and the gas light in the sitting-room, though screened round at the side, reflected on the ceiling. Three of the party were strongly hostile; the conditions, in short, were about as bad as they could be. But, though not numerous, the figures appeared. The remarkable circumstance was, that under such disadvantageous conditions we had any result at all. To give an idea of how little the objectors understood the problem—one man said "The medium stayed in the cabinet after it was all over." He actually could not understand that time was necessary to allow a medium to

recover from trance! On this occasion Mr. Hough brought a hand bag, the contents of which I examined; nothing was there but dark curtains, hammer, tacks, and other necessary paraphernalia for excluding light.

The other gentleman whom I closely questioned was a Mr. B, a Presbyterian minister, who had known Mr. Hough for a long time. Both he and his wife were themselves psychic, and had attended the séances at intervals for two or three years. He gave me the most conclusive proofs of the reality of what he had witnessed. One incident out of many I will mention. In the early days of his ministry he had devoted himself to soothe the dying hours of a young girl in Brooklyn who wasted away from consumption. The bones of her nose became diseased through tuberculosis affection, and her face was a very painful sight. Twenty-four years after, she appeared in the séance room and identified herself to him by lifting her veil and showing her face. She appeared one night when I was present. Both Mr. B. and his wife are Germans: they talked to the Spirits which came to them in that language. Several Germans who attended these séances conversed in their own tongue with the figures who came out of the cabinet; and one Spirit who came to every séance spoke nothing but French. The medium is ignorant of both languages.

One of the members of the circle of the last séance I went to at Mr. Hough's was a stalwart young German over six feet in height, apparently in sound health. He was a perfect stranger to the medium, and had never attended before. When the materialised Spirit, known as Dr. Baker, came out into the circle, he beckoned this gentleman to him, turned him round with his hands and made several passes across his back at the waist. I happened to leave the house with this young man and asked him if Baker's action had any significance. "Much," he replied, "I have been suffering with acute kidney trouble for three months."

We must now leave the consideration of this branch of Spiritualism. I have endeavoured to give you what is but a brief sketch of the phenomena which I saw through one materialising medium. You, ladies and gentlemen, are all acquainted with the phenomenon called "Transfiguration." In common with all

other mediums, I expect Mr. Hough has been, at times, the subject of this form of manifestation; but I am of opinion that he is a genuine and honest medium, and that the figures which I saw during the séances I attended, numerous as they were, and substantial and mortal as they appeared to be, were actually materialisations of discarnate Spirits.

As far as I am concerned, the existence of Spirit photographs is not yet satisfactorily proved. With the assistance of friends, I am now making investigations. It is well known how extremely easy it is to make a double exposure. Though I lean strongly to the belief that some figures which appear on the plates can be produced by no other means than by the presence of the Spirit itself, I should like to see a great deal more of this branch of materialisation before expressing conviction of its reality.

. . . . . .

I proceed now to describe a few of my experiences with clairvoyants and trance mediums. I had brought with me across the Atlantic a packet of fifteen Cartes des Visites, all taken over thirty years ago. Some were portraits of living persons, some of those who had passed over. Four were of special interest; two of these were photographs of my wife, who, I am happy to say, is still on this side, and two were of the lady I mentioned before, who showed me so much kindness in my childhood. My idea in taking this packet was, that if the mediums were able to do what they profess to do, that is, to describe discarnate Spirits and announce their presence, they would assuredly be able to recognise their portraits, or obtain recognition from the Spirits. I was not disappointed. Not only were photographs picked out, but in the cases of three mediums, two in New York and one in Boston, they were taken from the pack placed face downwards, when no mental suggestion from me could have assisted the selection.

I landed, as I told you, on Christmas Day. The following Thursday I paid a visit to Dr. S., a famous Unitarian minister and ardent enquirer into psychical phenomena. He is the author of two or three books on the subject, and the conversation naturally turned on his latest work. One of the best of the instances of trance-mediumship which he had adduced in that book was

connected with a message which he had received from his son, who had passed over some three or four years. He took me up to one end of his room and showed me a portrait, saying, "That is my son of whom we were talking just now." He then went to the other side of the room and described to me the portraits on the mantelshelf, describing one as "That is another picture of my son." We discussed Mrs. Piper, and he authorised me to use his name if it would be any use to obtain a sitting. I, in my turn, showed him a certain photograph test which had been given to me by a medium on the previous day. On leaving Dr. S. I went back to my hotel and wrote a letter to Dr. H. at Boston, asking for an interview with Mrs. Piper. In the evening I started out to the house of a certain materialising medium, but finding her out of town, proceeded on to the house of Mrs. Margaret Gaule Reidinger, usually known as "Maggie Gaule," to make an appointment. To my surprise, when I entered the house I found the rooms full of people. I was met by Mr. and Mrs. Reidinger, and explained to Mrs. Reidinger that I had been recommended to visit her by Dr. H., of Boston, and Dr. S. "How is Dr. S.?" she enquired, "he has been unwell." I replied that I had seen him that morning and he appeared very well. "Did you know I had a special gathering this evening?" "No, madam, I came to make an appointment for a private sitting." Mr. Reidinger then showed me to a seat in the drawing-room, where some forty or fifty well-dressed people were assembled. It was a double room; and in the place where folding doors would naturally be there was a small table, covered with closed letters and various articles, some packed in paper, some exposed to view. In a quarter of an hour Maggie Gaule came in, and, standing by this table, gave an address on the objects of Spiritualism and the various faculties of mediums. She denied that the power which she exercised was that of telepathy. Her friends in that room brought their Spirits with them, and it was from these Spirits that she obtained the information which she imparted; and more to the same effect. All she asked of her audience was that if she gave a correct reading it would be admitted as correct by the person concerned.

She then took up a small closed parcel, and said, "This

parcel brings to me conditions of a little child who is reaching out to its mother. It contains a tiny shoe, and inside that shoe is some other article which belonged to the child. Who does this belong to? To you, Madam? I now see beside you a small girl form. Her name is so and so, and she says she would be very happy if she could only feel that you had ceased to grieve for her. She says, "Tell Momma that I saw her when she was doing this or that yesterday morning. I wish her to know that I was with her." More particulars are given. The lady addressed bows her head in assent, unable to speak. Turning to another article. "May I ask who brought this here? You, sir? Thank you. Am I right in supposing it contains so and so? It does. I thank you."—(approaching the owner) "I see behind you the Spirit of a man. He gives the name of Albert, and he says he is your father. He wishes me to tell you to have patience for one month longer and you will find that railway scheme will work out all right." Then turning round unexpectedly in another direction, without taking up either parcel or letter, she addresses an old lady opposite to me. "Ah! Madam, I see near you a little girl who is saying "Momma, Carrie wishes me to tell you so and so." Have you a daughter in Spirit life called Carrie, and another so and so? You have?—thank you. Am I right in saying that you came this evening hoping to hear of them, and that you had a séance at your house on Tuesday last when you were advised to visit me?" Further minute particulars are given. The old lady addressed bursts into tears, exclaiming, "it is all quite true."

Maggie Gaule then returns to the table, takes up a sealed letter, fingers it for a few minutes, and says "Here is something which shows a most complicated situation. Who brought it?" The man sitting next to me holds up his hand. She walks towards him, but suddenly stops and faces another man, "You have something to do with this. I see a connection between you and this letter" (muses for a few seconds). "Are you a judge?" "No." "But you are connected with the law; I know it. Was your father a judge?" "Yes." "Well, your father was not a believer in Spiritualism in his earth life, but he had a fair and open mind, and if he knew you were here to-night he would say so and so" (the man assents). "And now, sir (turning to the man

originally addressed) about this letter of yours. You are in very considerable difficulties. It has seemed to you that your troubles never come to an end. No sooner does one cease than another begins. But a brighter time is coming. I must tell you what the Spirits tell me, not what it is most agreeable to you to hear. The words are sounding in my ear "Better not have started litigation with those two sons." Further particulars are given. After Maggie Gaule had turned away my neighbour whispered to me, "Do you know why she mixed up that man with me? He is my attorney. His father was a judge." Quite twenty minutes after Maggie Gaule turned round to him and said, "You think I mixed you up with somebody else, you are quite mistaken."

To a young lady who owned to one of the sealed letters she said, walking towards her, "I can tell you that little love affair will come all right (confusion of the girl and laughter in the room), "but you had better go on with your music." "Why," exclaimed the girl, "that was the very question I asked." "Well, your mother is standing here and says you should continue your music. May I open this letter?" (tears open the closed note and reads aloud): "My dearest mother, is it worth while for me to continue my practice?" (Great delight on the part of the girl, and much applause from the audience.)

During the evening Maggie Gaule sauntered up to me and said, "I see you are wearing a chain, and something hanging to it which belonged to someone very dear to you (takes watch and chain, and fingers watch). This was not given to you by one now in Spirit life, but it was the property at one time of a person who has passed over (all correct). You have come a long distance and have travelled a great deal. You have brought across the ocean some photographs" (here followed some private details which I recognised as correct, but which were unintelligible to those around). "You are making investigations into the problems of Spiritualism and the immortality of the soul. You are going to Boston presently. Do you know, it is a very curious thing: I have tried to bring Dr. S. into communication with his son, and have never succeeded in doing so. He is beside me now, and he wishes me to tell his father that he was with him in his study this morning when you called upon him. He says, 'My

father pointed to a picture and said "That is my son."' He afterwards showed you another portrait of him. He gave you a letter, or authorised you to use his name, to assist you to obtain an interview with Mrs. Piper. Let me tell you, you will not get that appointment yet, next week, nor the week after; but you will achieve your object before re-crossing the ocean. Will you convey the message to Dr. S. from his son. You have written to Dr. H. to-day."

This was correct in all essentials. Beyond the few words I have already mentioned which passed between Mr. and Mrs. Reidinger and myself in the hall, on my arrival, the Seer knew nothing of me, nor of my relations with Dr. S. or Dr. H. She did not know I had come across the sea (even if my lamentable "English accent" had betrayed me, I might be from Canada or the South). The photographs had only been mentioned to Dr. S. I had never set foot in that part of New York in my life, and was an absolute stranger to every person in the room. My thoughts were not concentrated on the events of the morning, and I, subsequently, ascertained from Dr. S. that he had never mentioned my visit to a single soul.

(To be continued).

A PAGE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

MEN of science may often have been attracted by the programme suggested in Tennyson's poem for people who might—"Pass with all their social ties"—

> To silence from the paths of men,
> And every hundred years arise
> And learn the world and sleep again.

And if any of their number had been able to enter on the course prescribed at about the date when "The Day-Dream" was written, he need not have waited for a hundred years before revisiting the glimpses of the Moon. Science has "grown to more" in the interval that has already passed, to an extent that would have satisfied all his reasonable requirements.

A page of advertisements in the scientific journal, *Nature*, has an amusing aspect from the point of view of this thought. If our returning wanderer should have taken it up at the first moment of his revival, to see what new resources lay at his disposal for the service of fresh investigation, he would have been in no little bewilderment as to what could possibly be the meaning of the offers pressed upon his attention. To begin with he would find himself recommended to purchase a "diamond screen" for use with a "scintillascope," and he would not have been much the wiser for being told that it would be mounted with radium and would show the Alpha rays. During his last visit to the earth nothing then known would have prepared him to put the first

glimmer of a meaning on these peculiar qualifications of the "diamond screen"—whatever that might be. Going on a little farther in search of apparatus that could be understood, he would find himself confronted with "Aluminium Rectifiers," guaranteed to charge any class of accumulators direct from alternating mains. However thoroughly informed concerning the latest thoughts and speculations of science when he last went to sleep, he would be utterly at a loss to comprehend any part of this announcement. He would just catch at the notion that aluminium had actually come into commercial use, and would be impressed by that fact; but what on earth was a "rectifier"? What did it rectify? And as for "alternating mains," the phrase would fail to suggest any conception for him whatever. Evidently science had been coining some entirely new vocabulary during his peaceful slumbers. And what else had it been about? The next advertisement would certainly be intelligible but hardly less astonishing than if it announced excursion trips to the moon. "Liquid air and liquid hydrogen," to be produced at the rate of a litre of liquid per hour by means of the advertiser's apparatus! What kind of practical joking could such an appliance be concerned with?—our early Victorian scientist would want to know. Air and hydrogen are permanent gases, he would point out. They could not be thought of, much less produced, in the liquid state. But worse would be to come. Going on with his page of advertisements our friend would encounter an offer to provide him with a complete outfit of apparatus for taking photographs "with all the beauty of natural colours and but little more trouble than for ordinary black and white prints." Now certainly he would think,—some new form of humour must have caught on in scientific circles, the competition turning on satires directed at popular credulity by means of absurdly impossible offers. The joke would depend upon finding out how many people would be gullible enough to take them seriously! An allusion he would presently encounter to a "Wireless Telegraph" company would confirm him in this conviction.

The last quarter of a century has been an epoch-making period in reference to many human interests, but especially with reference to the new regions of Nature that have been invaded by

scientific research. The progress accomplished has not been a mere development of previous achievements; it has opened up vistas of thought and inquiry in directions which the scientist of the last century would have regarded as blocked by obstacles that would necessarily be impassable. To take the simplest of the illustrations afforded by our page of advertisements, colour photography was not merely looked upon fifty, or even fifteen years ago, as a process that had not been invented; to talk of such a process as though it could actually be carried out, was to insult scientific common sense. The whole theory of photography, depending on partial changes in the opacity of the films influenced by light, forbade the idea that they could do more than exhibit different degrees of black and white in the ultimate pictures. People who aimed at getting the colours of Nature as *seen* in the camera, fixed on sensitive plates, were talking in ignorance of the laws that gave rise to colour in Nature, and especially in ignorance of the attribute in a plate described as "sensitiveness," and yet, though so far the problem has been circumvented rather than solved, we can reproduce the colours of Nature by means of photography, to all reasonable intents and purposes.

Perhaps with reference to liquid air and hydrogen our returning friend would have recognised—as soon as he found that the offer of these extraordinary products was not a mere hoax—that here indeed science had been accomplishing results not entirely out of gear with previous achievement. He would have known before he went to sleep that *some* gases were susceptible of liquefaction. He might well have suspected that permanence as regarded the gaseous state was but an extreme reluctance to undergo the change that had already been imposed upon carbonic acid—but as for alpha rays and the "scintillascope" he would have to open a new account with scientific knowledge before even guessing at the meaning of such phrases.

But now supposing our friend to have remained awake long enough to master the significance of all the resources modern instrument makers would put at his disposal—supposing him to have fully realised the conception of invisible electric waves flowing about the earth with the speed of light and available for the transmission of messages, and also to have realised the modern

conception of the chemical elements as representing no separate schemes of creation, but rather varieties of structure, what would he expect to find available for his further enlightenment after he should have enjoyed another century or half century of unconscious rest? What advertisements will adorn the pages of *Nature* when the twentieth century shall be nearly worn away?

Our friend will, of course, wake up again eager to know how we have been getting on with the management of electrons, and will, perhaps, be expecting to find the liquid air makers engaged with apparatus for solidifying the ether. He would not be in the least degree surprised to see announcements of cheap day excursion to Japan or Australia by the General Airship Company, nor disconcerted by finding telephone charges between London and New York reduced to a shilling for the first ten minutes and sixpence for every subsequent five. Indeed, he would probably be looking out for announcements of sympathetic, cableless conversation-cabinets that would enable the possessors to discuss the news of the day with friends in either Pekin or Peru, and for advertisements of diving-boats that any child can manage in explorations of the ocean bed. And no doubt just as the early Victorian visitor would have been hopelessly bewildered by the actual page of advertisements referred to above, so at his next return he would again find all anticipations set at naught by the further progress of discovery, and the advertisements of the future breaking ground in altogether new directions.

Only those of us who, in advance of the world at large, are realising the future promise involved in the dawn of super-physical discovery will be able to foresee with any approximation to success the course that scientific developments will be likely to take before the world is many decades older. So far the finest intellectual forces of the last few generations have been bent exclusively on the visible and tangible forms of matter, and on natural forces that can be gauged by their effect on instruments built up of such matter. We are only now beginning to realise that Nature is rich with forces and potentialities that no inanimate matter can detect. Except for a very few advanced students of occultism this state of things is but just perceived, but with such elementary conceptions, only, as those referred to by the feeble phrases

"telepathy" and "hypnotism," the whole intellectual world,—except a few remnants of an earlier dispensation fossilised in their ignorance—is alive to the principle that the living organism can sometimes reveal the operation of forces far too subtle to affect inanimate instruments. As certainly as future almanack makers will call the later years of the century by numbers of increasing magnitude, so certainly will the science of the future be concerned with investigations that will depend on the trained and guaranteed psychic faculties of properly qualified assistants. And the properties of physical matter will no longer be the exclusive object of scientific inquiry. With living instruments of research available for explorations hitherto undreamed of by the scientists of the past, we shall find other conditions of existence, and the forces associated with the planes of Nature as yet invisible and intangible for the majority coming within the range of familiar observation. And as living recipients of influence will be employed by the Kelvins and Lodges of the future, so also will living forces, the very nature of which is so far only comprehended by the Occultist, and but dimly by him, as a rule, become available for employment with specific and definite ends in view. Of course, it would be impossible to predict with confidence the exact lines of super-physical research that will yield important results in the first instance. We can only be sure that future results of importance will be super-physical; but none the less may we speculate along lines of possible progress and endeavour to forecast some of the announcements that will bewilder our future visitor.

Keen upon the structure of the atom and the condition of electric waves, how will he be prepared for such an announcement as this:—

"Guaranteed by the Astral Committee of the Royal Society. A. B—— undertakes the investigation of historical problems of the early Atlantean races. The ten centuries immediately preceding the cataclysm of the year 815,075 B.C. are especially under A. B——'s observation."

What sort of records can have come to light dealing with such a period as that described? And then further on our bewildered friend will read:

"X. Y—— will lecture on Friday evening at the Royal

Institution on the art of controlling Fire Elementals. Members or their friends in any part of the Kingdom desiring to hear the lecture at home, can obtain suitable reporting trumpets from the secretary."

While wondering not so much at the idea of the reporting trumpet—evidently some cross-breed apparatus in the nature of a wireless telephone—or at the meaning of the phrase "Fire Elemental," our friend's eye would be caught by another impudent attempt to impose on his youth and innocence.

"Transmutation Office and General Elemental Agency, Smith & Sons undertake the conversion of scrap-iron into gold, at the rate one pound per hour. Elemental agency alone employed. No heat required.

"All kinds of property removed in town, country or abroad, by disintegration."

That last hint would vaguely remind our friend of stories he had laughed at during earlier periods of wakefulness concerning alleged "occult phenomena"—the mysterious transmission of material objects from one place to another by the actual dispersion of the molecules of which they were composed under the influence of some extraordinary force associated with abnormal human will. He had always supposed this talk mere nonsense. Was the science of the new period he had now dropped upon concerned with magic and mystery? Had it stooped from the dignified attitude maintained by earlier science when no one worthy of its traditions would condescend to have dealings with any but the known forces of Nature?

His misgivings would deepen as he went on with his reading. He would come upon allusions to "the previous incarnations of our leading scientific thinkers," and would be confronted with direct offers of appliances for diminishing the effect of gravitation on materials used in building. Surely, he would say, I have not gone forward in time while last asleep; I must have slept backwards and have awakened in the age of sorcery!

And then he would gradually realise that the age of sorcery clumsily and dimly foreshadowed the achievements of science in the ages then to come, and that when at last the intelligence of

scientific men collectively had been directed to exploring the regions of Nature lying beyond the horizon of the mere nineteenth century physicist, new realms had opened out before their research, and that the dazzling charms of inquiry in connection with super-physical Nature had inaugurated a new era in human knowledge—had carried the scientific world in a body across the barriers that had previously been supposed to define the limits of possible human acquirement.

A THEORY OF HALLUCINATIONS.

By Dr. Helen Bourchier.

Most people, at one time or another, have gone through experiences which, as they are not those of ordinary waking consciousness, have been generally regarded as sharing the nature of dreams. These abnormal states of consciousness have been variously described as hallucinations, illusions, delirium, or dreams, and are the effect of poisoning by certain drugs, or by the toxic products of fever and illness. They include the dreams of the opium eater and the morphia maniac; the delusions of the drunkard in delirium tremens; the visions and fancies of the patient under anæsthetics, chloroform, ether, or laughing gas; the delirious imaginings of fever-stricken men.

They all have one feature in common; the dreamer, under their influence, passes into a state of consciousness in which he visits places and scenes, and acts a part in dramas which have no connection with his waking life. And when the effect of their influence has worn off, the dreamer returns to his waking consciousness, bringing with him more or less remembrance of the scenes he has visited. But—if the conditions are prolonged, if the amount of the drug taken, or of the anæsthetic inhaled, be increased beyond a certain quantity, up to what is called a "fatal dose," the sleeper does not return to his waking consciousness. He passes from the state of sleep or delirium into the state of death. All observations of their action go to prove the fact that those drugs and poisons which produce hallucinations and dreams,

cause death when they are pushed beyond a certain dose. This fact has surely a very great significance for all those who seek to penetrate and understand the mysteries of sleep and death, which may well be not two mysteries, but one.

These hallucinations are commonly considered to be phenomena entirely independent and irrespective of the patient's own life or individuality, just in the same way, to use a common metaphor, as a picture cast upon a sheet by a magic-lantern has no connection whatever with the individual life of the audience before whom it is displayed, and disappears as soon as the slide in the lantern is removed, so the hallucinations produced by drugs are generally looked upon as isolated pictures, having no reference to the life of the observer, which are merely presented before his mental vision by the action of the drug upon his brain, and which disappear with the action of that drug as the magic-lantern pictures disappear when the lamp is turned out and the slides packed away into their box.

I remember one instance which is a case in point. A patient was dying of a very painful disease which necessitated the frequent use of injections of morphia. She was kept almost constantly under the influence of this drug, and in one of the intervals when she returned to normal, waking consciousness, she made the remark, "I am doing something so interesting, *so* interesting; I suppose it is what you call dying." Some time after, in the course of a discussion with a doctor on the subject of deathbeds in general, I repeated this incident. "But you cannot take into consideration anything that was said at that time," the doctor objected, "because the patient was under the influence of morphia. What interested her was not the actual dying, but the hallucinations caused by the morphia."

This I have found to be the commonly accepted view of all dreams and states of consciousness produced by drugs, such as chloroform, morphia, &c., and the same view is held of the phenomena induced by fever and delirium of all kinds. In the case to which I have just referred, the patient, passing out of the state of unconsciousness on another occasion, said to her doctor: "I have seen God, and I know that God is love."

"Ah, yes, she is delirious," the doctor observed, dismissing

the subject, and, in his own mind, accounting for it by the stock phrase: "She is delirious."

This view of the nature and significance of hallucinations appears to me absolutely illogical and unsupported by any foundation of fact.

From all the facts that have been observed and recorded concerning the effects of sleep-procuring drugs, the logical conclusion to be drawn is *not* that the hallucinations are merely isolated phantasmagoria having no connection with any sort of reality; as meaningless as cloud-pictures in the sky, or fantastic shadows in the firelight of a darkened room. It is rather the logical conclusion that where a small dose produces a certain effect for a short time, and a larger dose produces the same effect for a longer time, the largest or "fatal dose" will produce still the same effect permanently. If the drug takes the dreamer into a new country among strange surroundings and keeps him there as long as he remains under its influence, one has the right to conclude that when the influence is prolonged the dreamer is still detained in the same strange country, and, in fact, does not return from it at all. In other words, he "dies under chloroform," or from an overdose of morphia, or whatever the drug may be.

But whether the dream ends in death or not, I maintain that the hallucinations, delusions, and dreams are in reality revelations; that the plane on to which the spirit goes when the body is under the influence of drugs, of alcohol, or anæsthetics, is the plane to which that spirit will go when the body dies.

It would appear, then, that these drugs, by their action on the brain, release the spirit from the body, they open a door on to a different plane, upon which the freed spirit is able to enter, and upon which it wanders as in an unknown and new region. When the amount of the drug taken is what we call a "fatal dose," when the sleep goes on until it ends in death, one of two things happens, either the spirit does not return, or, returning, finds the door by which it left its "earthly tabernacle" closed, so that it is unable to re-enter. But in either case the action of the drug has been to open the door into another world from which the spirit may return and awake the body, or from which it may not return, and in the latter case the body dies.

If the spirit does not return, it may be that it has wandered into regions so delightful and enchanting that it elects to remain there, and refuses to be again imprisoned within the body. There is abundant evidence to be gathered from the recorded experiences of opium eaters, and opium smokers in particular, which shows that in their dreamland there are visions of delightful beauty, there are moments of exquisite happiness which can be enjoyed with a vividness and completeness that far surpass anything the dreamer has ever experienced in his waking consciousness. But there are also visions of horror to be met there, from which the spirit flies in an agony of terror keener than any it has ever known on the material plane, and since the dreams of the opium eater are not always dreams of delight, and the delusions of *delirium tremens* we know are terrible, it may be that the spirit finds itself among beings, strong and malignant, who refuse to let it go, and amongst whom it struggles vainly to escape and shelter itself again within the body it has deserted.

On the other hand, when the spirit has returned to the body it may find, from some reason or another, that the door of entrance is closed, and it is unable to re-enter the brain in which it dwells. Many people who have been under an anæsthetic will tell you that when they are recovering consciousness, they are sensible of returning from long distances; some will describe how they come back in a railway carriage, travelling at great speed over enormous distances; others will tell you of riding on swift horses, or the wings of great birds, or of flying through the air; but there is almost always the same impression of having been away to some very great distance. In one instance the patient, a young lady who was put under ether for the purpose of extracting a tooth, gave a graphic description of coming back from a great distance and finding herself unable to enter her body; she was distinctly conscious of herself standing outside, and her body lying before her, and of feeling that she could not get into it; she fell into a panic, and struggled and "grappled" to get in, and when she finally succeeded and "came round" again, the dentist told her that he had had the greatest difficulty in bringing her back to consciousness, and that, in fact, she had very nearly died. He warned her never again to take an anæsthetic as she

would very probably die under it. I remember the effect laughing gas produced on me on one occasion when it was given to me for the same purpose. I found myself in a delightful garden, walking with a nephew of mine to whom I was greatly attached, who had been dead many years, I seemed to walk with him for some time, in an atmosphere of indescribable pleasantness and peace, and then suddenly I felt myself flying very rapidly through the air, and opened my eyes to see the dentist standing beside me. I was so surprised for the moment that I asked him who he was and what he was doing there.

As I have already pointed out, the dreams and hallucinations produced by drugs would seem to be of two distinct varieties. In the one, the dreamer sees everything that is most delightful and beautiful, and experiences the most exquisite enjoyment; in the other, his visions are horrible or terrifying, he is pursued, or tortured with indescribable agonies. Of the causes which tend to produce one or the other of these two conditions little is actually known, but I have met with at least one case in which the drug was not opium but laughing gas, which may give some clue to the reasons for the spirit finding itself in these surroundings. The case was that of a young man who was anæsthetised with laughing gas for some small operation; he had been warned by a friend that the kind of dreams induced by this drug would depend largely on the subject of his thoughts at the moment of passing under its influence. For some unexplained reason, just as he was going off, he thought of the devil and hell. Directly he was under the gas he became extremely violent, and struggled and fought so that it took four men to hold him. When he recovered consciousness he explained that he had suddenly found himself in hell, that he had been surrounded and attacked by demons who tried to seize him, and that he had had to fight and struggle to escape from them.

The plane upon which the spirit may enter when it is released from the body must depend upon the condition of the spirit itself. The debased and brutalised spirit of the habitual drunkard enters, in delirium tremens, upon the plane where dwell other degraded beings, hideous and terrifying; the spirit of the confirmed opium eater, who, against his own conscience, neglects the duties of his

life in the waking consciousness, and sacrifices everything and everybody for the sake of entering into the delights of his dream-land, debases his spirit till it becomes no longer capable of rising to the plane of spiritual ecstacy, and finds its place only in those lower spheres where horrors and evil elementals torment and pursue it.

The over-powering terror that seizes upon the spirit in this land of dreams when it finds itself pursued, or caught or held in any sort of imprisonment, arises from the fact that the spirit realises that it may be unable to return to the body, and that in that case all hope of escape is cut off. When the body is threatened or tormented on the physical plane, the spirit can never be utterly overcome in the same way by either fear or torture, because, in the most supreme moment of peril or anguish, the spirit is still aware that, in the last resort, it is always possible for it to escape, by leaving the body and passing off the physical plane altogether.

It lends an extraordinary interest and reality to our conceptions of the life after death, if we can accept the theory that hallucinations are veritably revelations, in which glimpses may be obtained of the country beyond the great barrier towards which we are all travelling, and which we must all pass through singly and alone.

EXPERIENCES OF A CLAIRVOYANTE.

By Nadir Maldora.

[The title given to this paper is not that which the authoress had modestly assigned to it, but explains its appearance in these pages. Individual records of experience gathered from those who are abnormally gifted ought to have the utmost interest for all who are intelligent enough to realise that common knowledge concerning Nature, deals with one only of her many aspects. The physical senses bring us information that is interesting as far as it goes, but stops short at the threshold of regions that would be infinitely more interesting if we could freely explore them. The few who can do this are well advised in telling their friends what they see, feel, and perceive. Where the perceptions are untrained they may often represent natural realities incorrectly, but may none the less be valuable and suggestive,—and this is certainly the character of the record which follows Ed. B. V.]

My own life has ever been a mystery to me, and a painful one at times. It has been made up of phases, each one foreshadowed by some curious premonition. As a child I loved to leave my surroundings to return to "my own world," a dreamland of the East, flooded with a splendour of sunshine, and skies most cruelly blue. To me, colours sprang into vivid life, and were no longer the pale hues seen every day. I could hear and taste colour. Blood reds rang out with a clarion call. There were

blues like the peal of an organ, and purple sang hymns. Green left a bitterness on the lips like the taste of forbidden fruit!

My dreams grew apace as the years went on, and yet I did not understand until one night I went to see "Ben Hur." As the curtain rose there came the foreshadowing that a page was going to be turned over in the book of fate. The world's greyness, my savage and pagan instincts, my love for all things barbaric, and my hatred of Romans so strangely at variance with my admiration for all things Italian, revealed its origin.

The play began, but I was no longer in the stalls. I was living my own life in the history of my own time. I went back, back into the past when my people were Moorish Jews in Spain; and the cross of Arabic blood in a Christian woman had done it all!

Some time after this I was sitting reading, and the walls of my room receded. A great sandy plain of desert stretched out from a white mist which gradually cleared away, and I beheld an Arab Sheik mounted on a magnificently caparisoned camel profiled against the blue of the sky. I could see every fold in his white burnous turned to yellow ochre in the wondrous golden light; the fine-grained brown skin, the aquiline profile, the small white teeth, when a smile dawned in the sombre darkness of his eyes. I see him often when the silent house is asleep, this kinsman of my own, and we hold converse together. But if I told such things to the average mortal I would be looked upon as mad! For the world unseen but not unfelt, which is part of the world we live in, is tangible but to a few—for sooth to say we live in many mansions—some of us have reached the higher plain, whilst others are still prisoned in walls of clay. In the light of a clearer vision, we can almost reach across the narrow channel which separates the tangible from the intangible. We can hear voices and see visions that others deny for the absurd reason that they have never experienced this themselves. The phenomena of clairaudience, for instance, is much more common than one might suppose. Clairaudience, as distinguished from thought, comes to us formulated in words, everyone of which are distinct and audible to the ear. Those amongst us who are thinkers know that there is voiceless thought and articulate thought. I have a friend who,

when she is writing late at night, declares that she feels her two brains working simultaneously, and while she is writing a journalistic article with one, the other is unfolding the plot of a novel. She is also persuaded that she writes under inspiration, for as fast as her pen can travel, her thoughts, vivid and voiceful, dictate her work.

A girl of fourteen is lying asleep on a sofa after illness, in her mother's house, at three o'clock in the afternoon. At exactly the same hour in another part of the city a strange and dramatic adventure befalls a friend of the family, the girl sees it all portrayed in a dream. She simply mentioned the fact to her people that she had a curious dream about Alice. Later, when her mother relates the whole story, giving time and place, she tells her of the vision she has had while sleeping. This child was subject to visions from her early childhood, but living in a strictly Roman Catholic household she was forbidden to relate her prophetic dreams. She would give oracular announcements concerning the people who would visit the house in the course of the afternoon, and so curiously correct were her prophecies that her own mother grew afraid of her, thinking she must be possessed of some Evil Spirit. Knowledge came to her in waves as if borne through space, and she has since predicted many events, such as the wounding of Labori during the Dreyfus trial. This vision caused her to alarm the household in the early morning by declaring that Dreyfus, or someone of his surroundings would be injured that day. The assassination of the President of the United States she also predicted, saying that waves were passing over her bringing tidings of a calamity that would stagger the world. This woman has never cultivated Spiritualism, never assisted but at one séance all her life, and yet her whole existence is regulated on lines which are in direct opposition to all recognised laws and rules. She enjoys the privilege of seeing her own double, and often walks beside herself in the street. She would often during her trances, leave her body and travel to India,—she described the Himalaya mountains accurately without ever having seen them—and she laughingly declared that on one occasion when she was going about in what she termed one of her "funny states," it was all she could do to get soul and body together

again, as the soul so reluctantly re-entered its tenement of clay.

I know a simple little orthodox Christian who declares she was a sailor in days gone by before she lived her present life. It would be curious to know how she evolved this idea, for she never heard of Buddhism or Theosophy, yet she gives a vivid description of her life before the mast. If we can see beyond the ken of ordinary mortals it behoves us to impart our knowledge, and the study thereof, to those who are seeking for the light that "never shone on sea or shore." Is it not indeed a joy to know that our dead never die, that they live in our atmosphere to shield us from evil, and that love, divine, pure, and true, is immortal? Such convictions would heal wounds in many sorrowful hearts, and come as a consolation to the children of men. We may all possess psychic gifts which lie fallow through lack of cultivation, for how few of us know the A B C of things spiritualistic. The Orientals, perhaps, best of all understand the forces of nature, and that wonderful power which is within ourselves, and which we unwisely seek without. As yet we can neither solve, contemplate, nor ascertain enough to evolve the truth from our inner consciousness. Our minds have been trained too long in the same groove, and our spiritual needs have been starved or fed on the fuel of corruption, our lives are "Of the Earth Earthy." And how difficult it is for us thus to take a step in the right direction. For my own part I am only groping like others for the light. Others may seek it without: I think it is within.

I have the gift of divination. For instance, we had a servant in the house where I was staying, and although I missed nothing I felt the servant was stealing because I saw the things, or some of them, in his trunk. When I say that, I mean that I saw them in my imagination. I knew the trunk was open for, still in my imagination, I had lifted the lid, and the tray under which lay the stolen goods, and there, just as I had seen them, we found them when my friend went to the room.

I could give many more examples of this. All my senses are hypersensitively acute. The most trivial events come to me re they happen. I am like an overstrung keyboard, sensitive vibration of what is passing in the minds of others. If

they think of me, I think of them; if they are hostile or friendly I know it. I suffer from the misery, the poverty of the multitude, and the poor, so quick to feel, read the pity I feel in my face. I dream vivid dreams, and in my dreamland I have a house I go back to again and again. I know every room in it—it is a corner house, and in the room are warehoused a lot of grand pianos. When I go there in dreams, I know it is my house, and remember having gone there again and again. It is said we never hear noises in dreams. I have heard shoutings and cries that have awakened me. With some people, I am in such strange physical harmony that I can read their thoughts, feel their pains, and experience a sort of reflex action of all their sensations. Sometimes I am moved to speak by an inner spirit which is not my ordinary self. I hear myself speak with astonishment, and at such times I always impress my hearers. I have a curious power of finding and unravelling things, and at times—or to speak more correctly, at intervals, I have the power of healing. I seem to have it for awhile, and then it dies out to be born anew some time after. As if this force of my will could compel events; things have come to me that I have wanted. I have trained my body to obey the mind and be its slave. I have no imperious appetites, and am independent of food and sleep. I can diagnose disease and nationality with strange acumen, and understand others far better than I will ever know myself.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE papers have been laden for the past month with stories concerning the manner in which Russian Grand Dukes sacrifice national interests for their own advantage (to put the matter gently). Some people would say, "concerning their robberies and frauds," and the present war is probably traceable to unholy speculations in which very lofty representatives of Russian aristocracy were concerned. But we need not make the mistake of supposing that corruption of this kind is the outcome of despotism. Republican America might be able, on the whole, to go one or two better than the Grand Dukes. New York, of course, has long been a hot-bed of disgraceful mal-administration; towards the close of the South African War a considerable sum of money, collected at Chicago for the benefit of the Boers, is described as never having left the city; the municipality of St. Louis is represented as captured now by municipal authorities of the Tammany type, and so on, with a multitude of other examples frankly referred to in the American papers. All this sort of thing is set down in America to the fact that people of respectability shrink from having anything to do with politics, and would rather be robbed than soil their dignity by contact with the kind of people who come to the front in public affairs under the democratic system of the United States.

In our own country, most people will say, nothing corresponds either with the doings of the Grand Dukes or the Town Councils of America. Certainly corruption in its grossest forms is not a British vice, and none of those among us who handle public money, from the Chancellor of the Exchequer down to the modern substitute for the vestry man, ever come under suspicion

of personal dishonesty. But as regards the practical result, the tax and ratepayers of Great Britain are not much better off than if the spenders of their money were subject to the morals of St. Petersburg or New York.

Two great financial events of the month just past are striking illustrations of this idea. The maintenance of the shilling income tax is little less than an outrage as regards the whole middle class, and the proposal of the London County Council, at a time when the inflation of rates is an evil of unprecedented magnitude, to spend £1,700,000, or probably much more, on a new palace for their own occupation, is one which brings that body into close association with the principle if not the methods of Tammany Hall. In what direction are we to look in search of a system of government which shall protect national finance from the curse to which at present it is subjected in despotic Russia, democratic America, and constitutional Great Britain alike? In the via media of our own constitutional system we ought to be exempt from the dangers which lie on each side. How is it that we are no better off in effect than if we were plundered by Grand dukes or looted by the low-class bandits of the American municipalities? Because in truth we are not carrying out the principles of our constitutional middle course. The parliamentary struggle continually going on has brought us, by another road, to a quagmire of the same kind as that in which American democracy is floundering. No conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer has the pluck to design a Budget on the fundamental principle that the income tax in time of peace *must not* exceed 6d., and ought not to be so high, because the inevitable arrangements he would then have to adopt in connection with indirect taxation, would lay him open to Opposition cries which would damage his interests at the next general election. His Budget must be unjust and immoral because it must be designed not to raise the necessary revenue in the way that would be easiest and fairest to the taxpayer,—but to suit the dishonest manoeuvring incidental to the Two-Party system. The wanton extravagance of the London County Council may not be directly traceable to the same root of evil, but is the ultimate fruit thereof. Directly, of course, it is the consequence of giving a body evolved by a highly democratic method, and

thus coloured itself by the democratic element, unbridled control of vast funds derived from the taxation of the upper and middle classes. The monstrous extravagance of the London County Council is becoming a scandal of the first magnitude, but how can it be checked? Parliament is the only power that could intervene with effect. But for Parliament to do this, it would have to be itself recast on principles very unlike those that at present regulate its proceedings.

MERIONETHSHIRE is not to be allowed a monopoly of mysterious lights. Around Cherbourg some have lately been observed, the character of which is even more surprising than that of the lights which attend the ministrations of Mrs. Jones. The French papers have been much more concerned with these mysterious manifestations than our own so far. During the earlier part of the month just past, night after night a luminous body, described as of lenticular shape, with a surface apparently about twice that of the full moon, has been appearing every evening about nine o'clock in the north. It has made a tour of the town by the west, and has finally disappeared each time in the south-east. This behaviour does not bear the smallest resemblance to that of any meteors with which we are familiar. The hypotheses of reporters meekly describing the suggestions they have heard, are each more ludicrous than the other. Some sailors have been of opinion that inasmuch as the light appeared about the time that Venus set, a mysterious connection between those two events was to be looked for. In one idiotic little telegram we are informed that an officer entrusted by the maritime prefect to observe the mysterious appearance, was of opinion that the luminous body was the planet Jupiter. The fact that the planet in question happens at this time by reason of being on the other side of the sun, to be some 180,000,000 miles further away from us than usual, does not seem to have disturbed the officer, any more than the mystery of why it should specially have attached itself to the service of Cherbourg. A correspondent of the *Matin*, who gravely reviews, and, on the whole, discountenances the Jupiter theory, attaches himself vaguely to the belief that the Cherbourg light must have had something to do with a Comet. Undoubtedly the

behaviour of comets is apt to be eccentric, but one which would periodically revolve around a single spot on the earth's surface would be, indeed, a novelty in the physics of the solar system.

The phenomenon might, one would have thought, have been sufficiently curious and interesting to have drawn over to Cherbourg someone qualified by scientific training to give a rational opinion concerning its origin. It may be doubted, however, whether in the present state of scientific knowledge even such a qualified correspondent would be likely to solve the mystery. But those who are most familiar with the fact that conventional science is far as yet from solving all the mysteries in the world, would hesitate to jump to conclusions concerning the Cherbourg light until all conceivable hypotheses of the ordinary type have been exhausted.

Of the days when we, looking back at the proceedings of criminal judges, cannot but feel as much wonder as disgust at their brutality, a story is told to the following effect:—The judge in question had sentenced a prisoner to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. The man gave vent in reply to some abusive protest embodying the idea, "So you have done your worst." And the judge thereupon added to his previous utterance the words, "and back again"; thus doubling of the sentence for the sake of the joke. The modern lawyer would probably agree with any humane critic of our time in, at all events, disapproving of the judge of whom this story is told. But the spirit which animated him does not seem to be extinct. At the Leeds Quarter Sessions one day last month, a young man was convicted,—for the third time, it appears,—of burglary at a tobacconist's shop. The Recorder presiding sentenced him to 18 months' imprisonment. The prisoner thereupon pulled a bottle out of his pocket and hurled it in revenge at the judge, who dodged it successfully, and nobody was hurt. The Recorder then announced,—"I withdraw the sentence of 18 months, and pass one of five years' penal servitude." Now one need not feel that the young ruffian, thrice a burglar already, is on the whole the victim of much injustice, as these things are measured by the scale of modern custom, in getting five years' penal servitude; but one of two things!

Either the original sentence of 18 months was absurdly insufficient as a punishment for the burglaries, or the three years and six months awarded to him as a penalty for attempting to commit an assault, was monstrous and outrageous. If he had flung his bottle at anybody else and had been before the Recorder for the offence, it is probable, considering how leniently assaults of mere sudden passion are regarded, especially when they produce no serious consequences, that a fine or its equivalent in brief imprisonment would have been awarded. The man gets three and a half years penal servitude simply because of the egregious vanity of the judge, who regards the offence against himself as so infinitely worse than if it had been at the expense of any other human being. The incident is only one of many that are constantly cropping up pointing to the folly of the superstitious "judgeolatry" that prevails amongst us, and the need that exists for some competent method of reviewing the proceedings of criminal courts, and of somehow bringing home to the judges themselves that sense of responsibility which only ensues from the feeling that disagreeable consequences may follow from distinctly unworthy behaviour.

SOMEONE called upon to propose the health of the ladies at a dinner party abroad, mainly consisting of naval and military officers and civil representatives of the British Government, pointed out that he really had to deal with the most comprehensive toast on the list, because, certainly, without the co-operation of the ladies in the first instance, there would not have been any naval officers or military officers at all, or civilians of any kind to talk about. And thus he contrived to contribute a spice of originality to a subject generally dissolved in an ocean of platitude.

The familiar platitudes have been paraded on two occasions during the past month in the House of Commons, on the second reading of a Bill sanctioning the election of women as members of County and Borough Councils, and again at a gathering of a certain legal debating society, when the question to be discussed was whether women ought to sit on juries. The jury problem gave rise to the most amusing remarks, because Mrs. Craigie,

better known to literature as John Oliver Hobbes, protested against the idea of having women on juries on the ground that the feminine nature, though charming, did not contain the first element of justice. Her unfairness was the main source of woman's charm, and what would men in search of sympathy do if the women were really impartial? As mere badinage Mrs. Craigie's point is effective. As a serious argument it is, of course, worthless, for the simple reason that whatever intellectual failings may be assigned to women on the average, it is hardly conceivable that the average woman could be so stupid as the average juryman. Mr. Justice Darling is reported to have concurred with Mrs. Craigie, conceiving that if the proposed system were adopted, there would be an end of juries altogether. Some observer of legal proceedings might be inclined to think that this consummation might not be deplorable, but, after all, Mr. Justice Darling may be right in thinking that until we can somehow cultivate an entirely new breed of judges the abolition of the jury might be premature. In the House of Commons, to do the majority of speakers justice, their platitudes were of the relatively sensible variety. Very few had a word to say against the principle of the Bill, the second reading of which was carried by 171 to 21. Mr. Slack, answering Mrs. Craigie, who declared amongst other things that women were not fit to govern, made a fairly obvious point by referring to Queen Victoria. But on the whole the speakers who opposed the measure suggested unconsciously the most powerful arguments on its behalf. Sir W. Tomlinson, for instance, protested against the idea of women being "forced into activities" which properly belong to men, thus emphasising the idea that none of the women alleged to dislike the idea of public work need ever, however liberal the *permission* of the law, emerge by a single step from that home represented as their natural sphere. And Sir F. Banbury was indiscreet enough to suggest as a reason for keeping women off the Councils that they would encourage these bodies in their already extravagant habits. In a certain rank of life it is possible that the Bond Street modiste is a temptress of even more terrible ingenuity than the serpent, who beguiled feminine imagination from the paths of prudence in the days before he was superseded by the dressmaker.

But the kind of women who are likely to seek election on County and Borough Councils will hardly be found amongst those subject to the intoxicating influences of laces and silk. The joke of the matter is, of course, that to conceive any change as likely to aggravate the extravagant habits of modern democratic municipalities, is to ignore the disgraceful lengths to which, under the influence of their present constitution, their vices in this respect have been carried.

BROAD VIEWS.

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CAN THE MIND BE CONTAMINATED?

THAT a question regarding anything so obvious and accepted as the possibility of contaminating the mind should even be brought forward for discussion, may be surprising to the majority of people. Why, they will say, the whole modern science of bringing up the youth of to-day founds itself on shielding the mind, during the entire period of control, from undesirable knowledge and undesirable influences of every recognised kind. And therewith the argument will generally be considered as clinched. But the dawning of the Twentieth Century has happily inaugurated a moment in the history of the progress of our civilisation when a decided tendency is being manifested, on the part of many thinkers who have been able to detach themselves from the traditions and intellectual conventions by which the majority are fast bound, to discard the attitude of unreflective acceptance for that of unprejudiced inquiry. In other words, a new generation is springing up which refuses to take everything it is taught for granted, and which insists upon thinking for itself without respect to authority or prejudice. Everything, from the merits and disadvantages of our system of Party Government down to the pros and cons of our time-honoured institution of marriage, which has always been regarded as the rock of ages in the mind of the British citizen, is being exposed ruthlessly to the searchlight of criticism. As the clock struck twelve at the close of the year 1900, nobody in his senses would have supposed that the Fiscal Policy, upon which Great Britain was thought to have established a measure of commercial and industrial progress unexampled amongst the other nations of the world, would within a

short space of time be made the subject, throughout the length and breadth of the land, of a hotly-contested controversy. Yet who can assert that the mental life of the country is not vastly the better—whether Free Trade or Protection prevail in the end—for all the stimulating argument and intellectual food which have wakened up dormant powers of reflection from Sussex to Sunderland?

This is a time, then, of all others, when questions of even deeper moment to posterity should not be shirked through cowardice of that British bogey, public opinion. If the people of this country have been duped in a political sense for generations past by sham—though possibly well-intentioned—concessions of popular control in public affairs; if they have been bamboozled by statesmen who have cleverly maintained the most complete and autocratic oligarchy, under cover of establishing government on a basis of democracy which keeps the man in the street in a position of ideal impotence; then it may readily be surmised with what normality the average mind yields its painful and unthinking adherence to more firmly established fallacies. And first and foremost amongst these deep-rooted illusions is the notion which prevails, and appears always to have prevailed, that such a process can exist as the contamination of the individual mind.

In the first place, what is the mind? Avoiding scientific technicalities, and speaking in a broadly human sense, the mind is the directing power of the individual character. It is, in accordance with the unalterable laws of nature, that mixture of good and evil intention which controls—or was designed by these laws to control—the actions of the human being.

From the educational standpoint it will probably be agreed that the process of developing the mind is open to two alternatives. By the one operation the mind will attain to its full growth; that is to say, all its inherent propensities will be developed and matured to their utmost capacity. It is against this natural evolution that the whole machinery of education, both at home and in the schools and universities, is brought most inflexibly to bear. The entire science of bringing up and training the individual is a compromise in this direction, because it is held —as it is hoped to show, erroneously—that the proper function

of the teacher or guardian is to encourage, not the full growth of the mind, but its restricted development along those lines where the virtues — according to accepted popular conception — are supposed to reside.

This latter objective points, of course, to the second alternative, in which the mind of the individual, instead of being allowed to attain its full growth, is left partially undeveloped by the employment of such educational restraints as the perverse ingenuity of the teacher and the parent has succeeded in devising. A moment's reflection will convince anybody of the truth of this assertion. It is considered the first duty of those to whose charge the bringing up or the education of the young is committed, to withhold carefully from the youthful mind all knowledge calculated to feed any but the most exemplary instincts. Books that contain any allusions calculated to dispel the idiotic fictions, respecting perfectly natural physiological facts, with which the inquiring mind is kept in a fog of perpetuated ignorance, are locked away out of reach. There is a conspiracy on the part of all who are set in authority to exclude as far as possible from the observation of young people everything which is really human, and that consequently most closely concerns the nature which is, or should be, developing within them.

In theory, perhaps, nothing could be more excellent than this effort to bring up pure and noble-minded men and women. But how does it work in practice?

Proofs surround us on all sides. Everywhere we see promising children growing up into characterless individuals; and whilst we shake our heads over the disappointment, most of us are busily engaged in crabbing the mental development of some dear child whom we wish to see grow up as unlike ourselves as possible, and out of whom we are endeavouring to construct some utterly impossible—and atrocious—compound of all the virtues. Yet the solution of the mystery is simple enough. It is nothing more than the fact that we are striving against nature; that we are leaving the individual character, which is inherent in the mind, undeveloped, whilst we pursue ideals that are as grotesque, when humanly considered, as they are wholly impracticable in the present stage of mankind's evolution.

The truth is that this theory of developing the mind along lines selected, not by the individual himself, but by his pastors and masters, is founded upon error. It has been wrongly assumed that the mind or character of the individual is a plastic object which can be moulded or standardised in any given direction. Yet science has surely brought plainly enough into view the fact that the predisposition of every child born into the world is unalterably fixed by the laws of evolution. The true function of the parent and the schoolmaster is to facilitate the full development of these mental characteristics, whatever they may prove to be. This process cannot go on unless the mind is fed—irrespective of what may be considered desirable or undesirable influences—to the complete measure of its receptivity. The individual is, and was intended by the wisdom of Providence to be, a mixture of good and evil. The evil will always be there, lying dormant at the back of the mind, unless the two rival forces are brought into the open as nature intended them to be, in order that good may prevail through the supremacy of the high order of intelligence which is, by the same process, automatically called into being. May it not be truthfully asserted, that, had the mental growth of men of the greatest distinction been stunted by the unnatural eradication of all human failings, their intellectual powers would have suffered proportionately through the consequent under-development of the mind and artificial narrowing of the mental outlook? It cannot be doubted that unnatural restraint, whether mental or physical, reacts in a deleterious and narrowing fashion upon the growth of the mind.

Too little trust is, in fact, placed in the power of the intelligence; and, as a consequence of this educational timidity, the welfare of the race at large is sacrificed to the supposed interests of the individual. Many people are to be found who hold perfectly sensible views in regard to the bringing up of the children of others; but when it comes to their own offspring parents are almost invariably afflicted by an ambition—natural enough in its way—to create an impossible moral prodigy, the even tenour of whose life is never to be disturbed by the slightest hint of evil, or, in extreme cases of parental perversity, by the slightest call of human nature.

Cannot they be led to understand that even for the

individual this doctrine of non-contamination is pernicious in the extreme? The most inherently beautiful character has nothing to fear from gaining access to all knowledge. The pure mind may be nauseated by learning facts that appear indelicate to its excessive sensibility, but it cannot be contaminated or degraded by them. Nor can it be said that a mind which is thus unduly sensitive has reached a very high plane of intelligence. What is the perfect intellectual outlook? It is surely a breadth of mind which is enabled to survey all things—whatever their nature or circumstances may be—with philosophic calm and in a spirit purely of sympathy and inquiry. Some years ago the writer went on circuit as marshal to a distinguished Judge. Those few weeks of intimate companionship made the deepest impression upon his mind. For the first time he came in contact with a scholarly mind whose breadth seemed almost illimitable; and one day the Judge confessed to him that, with a single exception, he had never felt the least moral indignation against any criminal in the dock. The exception related to that class of crimes in which wives are brutally assaulted by their husbands. Yet even here the ideally broad mental vision would penetrate beneath the surface, would grasp the brutalised conditions under which the most degraded part of the population habitually lives, and would have some understanding—possibly even sympathy—for the revolting circumstances, the outcome of poverty, ignorance and vice, in which such atrocious acts of violence are not only possible, but in all likelihood are even quite natural.

There is nothing impure or otherwise reprehensible in true breadth of mind. It signifies, on the contrary, the wholesome metaphysical outlook of the scientifically trained intellect. It is not a cover nor an excuse for vicious propensities, but represents, purely and simply, the sum of wisdom attainable by the human intellect. The mercy of God is attributed to His omnipotent understanding of cause and effect; why, then, should the parent hinder a process of mental development in his children that tends towards—although it may never reach—the highest intellectual and moral perfection? Of course it is not suggested that children of tender age should be crammed, pell-mell, with all knowledge. But information respecting the facts of human life and human

nature should never be withheld from them; and, above all things, the young mind that seeks for knowledge should never be misled, through false ideas concerning what is called modesty or innocence, by fictions and subterfuges.

The object of all training and education should be to inculcate the truth, and it should become an accepted principle that its concealment can never be productive of anything but ultimate evil. There is nothing in nature that need be concealed from the knowledge of the young, provided the individual mind be capable of digesting the material. The teacher or parent should have two main objects in view: Firstly, to inculcate the broadest range of knowledge compatible with the individual bent of mind; and secondly, to insure that the process of mental development involves no undue strain upon the youthful brain. The thirst for acquiring knowledge is inplanted in every human being, provided that the organs of the body are healthy; it is only the arbitrary interference of the teacher with the natural evolution of the mind which creates the dullard and the dunce. Children know best what interests them, and what they are capable of taking in. They generally begin, after a period of fantastic imagination that should neither be discouraged nor curtailed, to take an absorbing interest in animal life. Here is a splendid starting point for the educator. From birds and beasts to humanity is but a step, and the child's thinking faculties are easily stimulated by the infusion of such simple physiological facts as may be within his mental grasp. In this way an intellectual start is made on ground that provides concrete food for the dawning powers of reflection by happily combining theoretical knowledge with a practical demonstration that forms the actual environment of the juvenile learner. It is surely of paramount importance to permit the eager mind to grasp truths upon which the moral and physical evolution of mankind has been founded by the wisdom of Providence, and not to dam all curiosity on this subject—because it is inconvenient and disturbing to adult notions of propriety—by means of the A B C, copybook drudgery, the multiplication table, and other abominations calculated—when offered as the sole provender with which to feed the inquiring mind—to check all individual effort at mental development.

When the child has grown into the young man or young woman, and the powers of intellectual receptivity have been normally developed, there is no logical reason why he or she should not be permitted access to any literature under the sun. Reading must enlarge the mental horizon in proportion to the lack of restriction in its range. What is good for one person to know is good for all to know. Nobody can learn too much of the truth; and the truth is not revealed—but concealed—by the timid imposition of checks on the individual's intellectual scope. Humanity can make no general progress in the direction of mental culture so long as it is only possible for exceptional men and women to emancipate themselves, by active intellectual revolt, from the moral serfdom which modern principles of education impose. The pharisaical principle that lying conventions are the best preservative of innocence and purity of mind should be openly discarded by those numerous persons of intelligence who, for the most part, content themselves with thinking in secret what they have not the pluck to proclaim—as it should be proclaimed—upon the housetops. It is not only the right but it is the duty of every individual to acquire knowledge, and to exercise freedom in developing the mental faculties to their broadest extent.

When the mind has been so far matured that there is no longer fear of overtaxing its powers, no one has a moral right to step in arbitrarily and insist upon directing—or rather opposing—the course of reading or study that should be prompted by individual taste. In the case of girls this interference on the part of parents or guardians is almost universally regarded as an obligation prescribed by the ethical code of civilised society. Young men, on the other hand, are generally left alone to follow their own inclination in this respect. But is it not grossly unfair to give license to the one to broaden the intellectual outlook and enlarge the mental horizon, and to deny it to the other? If knowledge of the truth coarsens and degrades the character, it is reprehensible in the extreme to hand over the one sex to such baneful influences. But if it be true that the mind is broadened and brought to its maturity through free access to knowledge, then it is no less shameful that impediments should be deliberately placed

in the way of the other sex in its striving towards mental evolution of the highest kind.

And here is a vital point that should be weighed in this connection. It is not the intelligence which prompts the individual to give way to vicious or unworthy propensities. The intelligence must always act—if it be brought into play—as a deterrent and a corrective to the animal senses. Its attributes are not physical but spiritual, and where the mind, or the intelligence fails to control the evil impulses of the body, it is because the latter have proved momentarily too strong to be subdued by it The more, therefore, that the intelligence is developed and strengthened, the greater is the power of resistance to material instincts which is conferred upon the individual.

It would be useless to continue the discussion beyond this point. The whole crux of the argument lies in this simple question: Is it to the advantage or to the disadvantage of the human race that the individual intelligence should be accorded its full measure of development? There is no escaping from the issue. Opinion will always differ as to the educational methods by which this maturity of the mind may be reached; but when once the principle is admitted that perfect liberty must be granted to the individual mind to expand its horizon to the extent of the imitation imposed by inherent characteristics, an end will surely be made of the fallacy, which has conduced so largely to stunt mental growth, that an unrestricted knowledge of—or inquiry into—the truth can possibly lead to contamination of the mind.

HAROLD E. GORST.

HOW GOES THE TIME?

WHEN this question is put in a spirit of simple sincerity to a person of ordinary common-sense in possession of a good watch, which has been recently compared with some authoritative clock in electrical connection with Greenwich Observatory, the answer is given with perfect confidence in its accuracy. But assuming the enquirer to be laying a metaphysical trap for his friend, he will not have much difficulty in showing cause for distrust concerning the reply. Perhaps of all the ideas we are constantly handling in daily speech, those which have reference to what is commonly called "time" are least susceptible of accurate definition.

Of course, the metaphysical enquiry into the true nature of time, leads us into realms of very elevated thought, and is by far the most interesting aspect of the problem with which we have to deal. But in truth, those subtler problems provoked by any attempt to realise the true nature of time, may be approached gradually by the contemplation of the singular confusion of thought which really surrounds the whole subject, even before we touch the confines of anything like metaphysical speculation. In its common-place aspect time is thought of with reference to seconds and minutes—if we are dealing with small quantities—with months and years as we attempt to handle larger magnitudes of duration, and with days and hours in the intervening region. But few of us pause to consider how destitute we are really of a permanent, unchangeable standard by means of which we can measure any of these periods. Standards of length and weight

are conceivable, although even they are not so simple as the first glance may suggest. Variations of temperature interfere with the length of the most delicately constructed bars of metal, and the weight itself of any given body varies with the varying gravitation of the earth in different latitudes. But as regards time the embarrassment is enormously greater. Astronomical events of course, afford the apparent standards. One revolution of the earth around its axis constitutes a day; one journey in its orbit round the sun, a year. But if a day means the period which elapses between the moment when the sun, for any given place on the earth's surface, is exactly on the meridian, to the corresponding period at the end of the diurnal rotation, that period is continually varying as the seasons change. During the day, the earth has advanced a little along its orbit, and therefore has to make a little more than one complete rotation in order that the place shall again be brought into its former relation with the central body. And unhappily for time-keepers, this little extra bit is itself continually subject to variation, inasmuch as the speed of the earth in its annual revolution around the sun is subject to periodic change,—its movement being relatively rapid during its passage through that part of its elliptical orbit when it is in perihelion, or nearest the sun,—while in going round the other part of the ellipse it moves rather more slowly. So time-keepers strike an average with reference to all these variations, and provide us with clocks which keep "mean time,"—which go a little faster than the sun whose apparent course through the heavens they profess to measure, during one part of the year, and lag back to a corresponding extent during the other.

All our familiar measurements of time are thus out of tune with the real astronomical events they profess to measure, while a new source of confusion is introduced into the whole calculation by the fact that there is no exact ratio to be recognised between even the average day and the average year. Before astronomy succeeded in inventing a series of arbitrary compensations for all these difficulties, the measurement of the seasons in the ancient world fell into disastrous confusion. The Romans had a habit of putting in an extra month into the calendar every other year, in order to keep pace with the seasons, but this rough and slovenly

expedient failed so far that in Julius Cæsar's time the almanack was about three months out of tune with winter and summer, and thus it was found necessary to take a fresh departure, assigning to the year in which the change was made something like 445 days, during which many of the legal obligations involved in the lapse of time must have been muddled in a very bewildering fashion. The Julian reform first introduced the extra day in February which we are now so familiar with, although in the process of centuries this adjustment turned out to be insufficient for its purpose, and we need not here repeat the elaborate provisions of the Gregorian reform.

The interest of these changes in the retrospect has to do with the manner in which they emphasize the first thought, that all our measurements of time are arbitrary and inexact by reason of the manner in which nature has denied us any really trustworthy standard of duration to which arbitrary measurements can be made to conform. There is one, indeed, which is a close approximation to exactitude. Although a solar day is a very fluctuating quantity, a siderial day is very nearly invariable. Assuming the rate of the earth's rotation to be unchanging, the interval of time at which any given fixed star crosses the meridian must be invariable also. But a considerable volume of astronomical theory turns on the belief that tidal friction is exercising a retarding influence upon the earth's diurnal rotation, and although millenniums or perhaps millions of years must elapse before this retardation becomes very important, it is held to be going on and from the mathematical point of view, a change however gradual impairs absolute uniformity.

Suppose, however, the change to be much more rapid than it really is, how should we measure it by our individual perceptions? Astronomers would find it out by reason of the fact that clocks can now be made to go with such regularity that any change in the length of a sidereal day would be quickly detected, and the natural forces of gravitation determining the rate at which a clock's pendulum swings, would not be altered by a change in the rate of rotation due to tidal friction. So we may feel sure that the earth cannot slow down its diurnal movement without the change being detected. But suppose the astronomers adjusted their clocks to

the change without taking the world at large into their confidence, how should we any of us individually know that a change had taken place, even supposing the actual duration of such a period as we are in the habit of calling an hour, had been quite considerably shortened. By the hypothesis we should all regulate our watches to keep time with the telegrams from Greenwich, but an hour marked as such on the watch would be accepted as such by the owner of the watch, even though he was vaguely under the impression that the time had passed quickly. In truth, it might have been reduced by a considerable fraction, and yet if he had been bored he would still have found it passing slowly. No one can trust his feeling as a measure of time, and if he compares his impressions as to the meaning of seconds while undergoing some painful surgical process without anæsthetics, and their meaning, while enjoying himself in pleasant company, he will realise how very imperfect as a chronometer the interior state of consciousness must be. And thus we approach the thought that the really interesting question involved in the inquiry, "How goes the time?" must be brought to the test of interior consciousness, if we want to realise something more in connection with the mysteries of the subject, than the mere ingenuity of astronomical devices for keeping up, on the physical plane of life, something like a continuous trustworthy method of measurement.

A favourite phrase with sensational reporters of old in describing the tragedies of the scaffold used to refer to the victims as "launched into eternity." And eternity is a term which has always served the purpose of cheap rhetorical devices. The Chelsea philosopher, so much admired in his time, though now perhaps his philosophy is rather thread-bare, used to be especially fond of emphasizing the importance of any given moment by describing it as the "conflux of two eternities,"—the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. The fact that in neither case could his eternities have been what he described them, in so far as one had an end and the other a beginning, seems never to have disturbed the contentment of his 19th century admirers. In the hands of the theologian, again, the eternity of punishment hereafter, has doubtless surrounded the phrase with a humorous atmosphere, while the value of mere

appeals to wonder in connection with the subject is brought to a focus when we are invited by the poet to search for "the beginning of eternity, The end of time and space, The beginning of every end, And the end of every place." When we are told to find it in the alphabet, as we arrive at the letter "E," we may feel that after all, this way of contemplating insoluble metaphysical problems is worthy of quite as much respect as those adopted by many profounder thinkers.

That eternity is no more conceivable by the human mind than infinity, although the negation of either is more inconceivable still, is a platitude on the threshold of all speculation of this nature. But the thought has not been effective in preventing some enthusiasts from attempting to define the indefinable from making the definite declaration that in eternity there is no past, present or future, merely the eternal "now," and a perception of the great truth that time is an illusion. Now the one thing that becomes vividly determined by such enquiry—as in the progress of psychic and occult development the advanced guard of superphysical scientists are gradually enabled to make in reference to some of the mysteries appertaining to the higher realms of nature—the one thing connected with time which they are all agreed in affirming, may be summed up to this effect:—Time on the higher levels of nature is in some relation with consciousness that differs very widely from corresponding relations established on this plane. The principle is recognised by a very early writer who has declared that a thousand years may pass as a "watch in the night." The occultist is ready even to invert the saying and to affirm that a watch in the night may be expanded to the duration of a thousand years. We may all recall many eastern stories that prettily illustrate the idea. The Rajah who disputes it with the magician, is induced as an experiment to plunge his head in a pail of water. Thereupon he imagines himself passing into the power of the magician; being carried to a distant country, enslaved and put through long years of rigorous treatment until, to abbreviate the narrative, he is one day enabled to plunge his head into a pail of water. As he lifts it he finds himself once more the original Rajah whose imaginary experiences had really been compressed within one second of our normal time. And

perhaps more prettily, the same idea is developed in the tale of the lover who, for the sake of his beloved, accepts the prospect of a thousand years of loneliness, and as soon as a sacrificial bargain is completed, falls asleep—and wakes to find himself in her arms, the thousand years having sped by while he was unconscious.

In a more scientific spirit we may question those who are enabled—however little the stupid majority realise the fact—to communicate with us "from the next world" in which they are now established, as to the manner in which time has already assumed a new meaning for their consciousness. It is no longer measured by days and nights, it is no longer punctuated by fatigue or periods of rest; it flows in a continuous stream unregarded as such, although the states of consciousness as experienced from a higher point of view might be identified with the mystery of duration, and recognised as following in due order. In higher spiritual regions than those distinctly describable as "the next world" duration is even more disguised from the consciousness of beings at our own level of spiritual evolution, than in that astral region just referred to, where indeed, as a matter of fact, on its lower levels, time may hang heavily on the hands of those who are wearily learning lessons they have neglected during their early incarnation.

But when we attempt in imagination to touch realms that are again all but immeasurably higher than those which have to do with the spiritual consciousness of beings at the human stage, we do undoubtedly come into presence, as far as imagination can conduct us there, of conditions in which we are led to believe that the past and the present and the future, in some at all events of their aspects, seem inextricably blended in the current state of consciousness. But time and much else would indeed be delusive if this were so in the sense conveyed to those who read or utter the words on this plane of life. And worse than that, if the idea could be accurately expressed by the too familiar phrase, much more would be shattered than our conception of time; our conceptions of right and wrong, of morality, justice, and evolution would lie in ruins around that appalling thought.

For we must never forget in thinking of all the processes which have to do with the gradual advance of human egos

towards perfection, that time, or, at all events, time in the abstract, duration, is an essential factor in all calculations of that nature. We do know enough now of the principles governing human evolution to realise that, in each individual case, the result is left to the individual evolution of that divinely inspired atom of consciousness we call the human being. And however inevitable may seem the march of events on the physical plane of life during any one brief period, it is certain, unless our whole volume of conceptions relating to this subject is one disastrous delusion, that the final spiritual result of its march through the millenniums for any given ego is shrouded in uncertainty, even from the point of view of the most exalted spiritual insight. There is no meaning in free will, no meaning in right and wrong, no meaning in any of the grandest elements of spiritual teaching unless this sublime element of uncertainty is involved in the whole process of evolution. And that uncertainty is absolutely incompatible with a rigorous acceptance of the paradoxical expression that on the realms of the loftiest spiritual consciousness past, present and future are blended in the eternal "now."

Again, from another point of view, the loftiest spiritual consciousness must embrace lower orders of consciousness, must comprehend them and realise their reality for the orders of consciousness to which they belong. Thus by another road we arrive at the same conclusion, that time, even as we estimate it here on the physical plane of life, is no less a reality for the most divine consciousness we can think of, than the other and more permanent realities of the loftier planes of nature, to which that divine consciousness more specifically belongs. No blunder of early theological teaching is more clumsy than that according to which the conditions of physical plane life were supposed to be regarded with contempt and repulsion by beings on a loftier plane of consciousness. Though expressing itself in different terms, a similar misrepresentation of the idea is embodied in the conception of "Maya," as set forth in popular oriental writings. All the phenomena of the physical earth life are described as "Maya," or illusions, and with that love of paradox which has always distinguished Eastern writers, everything that seems to the ordinary senses real, is denounced as unreal, and only those conceptions which are too

intangible almost for the mind to grasp, are granted the attribute of reality. That physical plane forms of whatever kingdom, which become for a time the vehicles of spiritual energy and in varying degress of spiritual consciousness, are themselves endowed with but a transitory existence, is profoundly true. But however transient a phenomenon may be, however, in the strictest sense of the term "ephemeral" a life may prove, the transitory phenomenon while it lasts is as real a fact within the variegated domain of the infinite cosmos, as the vast realms of Nirvanic consciousness themselves.

Nor would it even be true if we come back to the problems of time, to assume that their aspect as associated with the sequence of events, is itself one of the transient phenomena of the earthly life. The essence of all genuine spiritual teaching is embodied in the idea that progress of one kind or another may be as infinite as the duration that affords it scope. The sequence of events to which we attach importance during the earthly life stands in such a relationship to duration that our measurements of time are in the same order of magnitude. Our measurements of time, our days or even our years are scarcely within the same order of magnitude as those sequences which may have to do with the loftier developments of spiritual growth on levels where the consciousness of beings belonging to them includes the capacity to create new solar systems. But, nevertheless, just as new solar systems have their ultimate purpose in view, although that may be distant from the beginning by periods which no measurements in our terms of measurement can grapple with, there also we have to recognise a sequence of events provided for, and, consequently have to include within the conception, the passage of that which we habitually think of as time. And while the keenest intelligence that can function in a human brain will be most ready to recognise that all its conceptions from a loftier plane of thought may be subject to revision, it is possible even to push the humility of this thought too far, and thus to err on the other side of that boundary on the hither side of which the mere ignorant materialist imagines himself the final arbiter of thought. Those of our conceptions which endeavour to embrace loftier schemes of existence than that with which for the moment we may be concerned,

are no doubt liable to error and destined to a certain revision hereafter. But within the narrow limits of that region of nature to which for the moment we belong we may form some convictions in reference to which we may be honestly convinced that no future wisdom will disturb them. When we say that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles we make a statement which may leave out of account the mathematics of some higher plane, but that which we mean by the statement is something which we may feel sure divine consciousness itself will never be disposed to contravene. And so with all these deeply important problems connected with duration, the sequence of events on this plane is undeniably a fact that must from all planes of nature be recognised as a fact, just as the manifestations of creative power around us are equally facts, although to a limited armoury of senses, they may often be facts that are but ill understood.

And all phrases which seem to cast discredit upon that conviction and on the corresponding convictions connected with time naturally arising from it, are but poetical paradoxes at the best, designed to hint at conceptions varying from those which the literal language employed would appear to convey. If we think of the past as something which is necessarily fading from the memory, of the present as the only vivid actuality, of the future as but a vague dream of possibilities, we are dealing with these three aspects of time from the point of view of ordinary incarnate existence, and we can easily understand that on a loftier plane where memory is incapable of fading, where foresight concerning the consequences of definite acts if done, is infinitely clear, that the past, present and future present themselves in very different guises from those we are in the habit of associating with the words. The events that lie in the past, by our calculations, to an extent even that millions of years will imperfectly suggest, may be as vividly present to the consciousness of beings on spiritual planes less exalted even than those of which we know something, as if they had transpired but yesterday. And *possibilities* latent in the future may be foreseen with equal precision, but both the past and the future are floating in the vast ocean of duration, and although the means of measuring dura-

tion must vary within all but infinite limits, it may not be extravagant to suppose that even on planes of consciousness beyond any of those which humanity in its highest spiritual developments can touch, there may still be methods of measurement recognisable, which might even bring nirvanic time, if such a paradoxical expression may be permitted, into analogical relationship with the time on this planet which is measured by its revolutions round the sun. Duration itself must be infinite, but solar systems have their beginnings, and will certainly come to an end some time or other, though such ending need only be thought of as a "death," in the sense that even death for us is sometimes a glorious consummation. We can thus imagine measurements, within duration, derived from the life periods of solar systems, and though such measurements would belong to an order of magnitude compared to which our own are infinitesimal, they would no more discredit the actuality of time than the fact that nature can even divide what we call a second—when dealing with etheric vibrations —into fractions representing millionths of a millionth part.

A. P. SINNETT.

UNITED.*

CHAPTER XI.

AN INSTRUCTIVE TRANCE.

MRS. MALCOLM had fretted with so keen a sense of her own helplessness in the matter against the circumstances which had threatened to keep Miss Kinseyle away from her at this juncture, that she had trusted but little to the hope Edith had expressed of visiting her for a few days before she should go to Deerbury Park. It was with as much surprise as pleasure, therefore, that she found this proposal suddenly take a definite shape. Edith had not recurred to it again in her letters, and only at the last moment, about a week after the night of the theatricals, wrote to say that she would come to Richmond for a few days if Mrs. Malcolm would telegraph that she could receive her, and would meet her, or have her met, by such and such a train in London. The answer had flashed back without a moment's loss of time, and George Ferrars—then in London wearing out a period of leave he had taken from his appointment at the Hague—was commissioned to meet the young lady at Euston Square and bring her on to Richmond. They arrived in comfortable time for dinner, to which feast Marston had also been summoned. Mrs. Malcolm and Edith had a little time to themselves in Edith's room beforehand.

"It is quite enchanting to be with you again, Marian," the

* This novel was begun in the number of BROAD VIEWS for January last. The back numbers can be obtained from the Publishers.

girl declared. "And what a cosy nest you have here, with an exquisite view and sheltered privacy. What a pleasant room!"

"It is very good of you to have come, dear. Your feelers will have told you how much I wished it."

"It is very sweet of you to have wanted me; but for my part, I have had an undercurrent of longing to be here all the while I have been at Oatfield—charming as the visit has been. And that grew stronger, instead of waning with time. Only I was afraid Aunt Emma might raise insuperable objections. I diplomatised at last with exquisite skill—infected with Sir James's genius—and carried my point by surprise at a happy moment."

"In the great world, but not yet hopelessly and exclusively of it," Mrs. Malcolm said, with an affectionate caress.

"Not yet!—as if you had *almost* given me up for lost."

"You can't but be fought for by contending forces, my dear, and one or the other will conquer in the long run. Do you remember the vision I had of you at Compton Wood, as you balanced yourself on the fender?"

"My own private tight-rope! I had quite forgotten."

"However, I don't see the least change in you. You are as—as natural and—well, I won't pay you compliments, I dare say you have had a surfeit of them—as much yourself as ever—your best self."

"And nowhere so much as with you—my real self—with nothing reserved and locked up in my inner nature, as has, of course, been always the case up there. And now I find you looking so well I have nothing more to ask after, for your brother has told me already that Mr. Marston is just as usual."

"He is coming here this evening."

"Capital! Then are you going to set to work upon me at once?"

"Are not the moment's precious?"

"Ah! if life had fewer complications!" Edith sighed, acknowledging all that the question implied. "But tell me, now, have you been desperately disappointed in me! Because you expected some psychic justification for my visit to Oatfield, and I do not see that I have done more than form an extreme dislike for Count Garciola, and acquaint you with that mighty fact."

"My dear, I do not see how you could have done more, all by yourself. You have given us a clue. But now I must tell you some things to guard you against otherwise accidentally giving needless pain by talking of people at Oatfield. My poor brother George was in love with Terra Fildare, and she made the election you know of."

"Goodness! Did she know?"

"Certainly; and for a long while. That is all I need say. You will know now where the ice is thin."

They had a long gossip, and the little dinner party was so intimate as to put hardly any restraint on its continuance when they went downstairs. Edith met Mr. Marston with the frankest cordiality, and his manner was always so subdued and self-effacing, that his own gravity, and his silent observation of her as she talked, were in no way remarkable, nor suggestive of any abnormal emotions claiming especial restraint.

Mrs. Malcolm had given much thought to the problem how far to tell her brother what Edith had told her about her impressions of Count Garciola; but, unwilling on all grounds to shut George out from any mesmeric evenings they might have while Edith should be with her, she had decided finally that it was best to tell him all she had said, only suppressing the conjectures that had been built on the narrative by Mr. Marston. But their talk during dinner avoided the critical topic, and only touching lightly while the servants were with them, on the incidents of their last meeting at Kinseyle Court, went off into the depths of mystic science generally, in connection with which Marston was drawn to talk, getting on to the vexed question of prophetic foresight in its various aspects, and the metaphysical theories which might be taken to reconcile the possibility of this with the sense each human being possessed, of power over his own acts. And then, after a while, he wound up hastily some remarks he was making, and apologised for talking up in the clouds about such comfortless abstractions.

"It seemed to *me*," said Edith, "that the conversation was just beginning to be really interesting. Please don't talk down to my level, Mr. Marston; I would much rather try and listen up to yours."

"Sidney is troubled from time to time, you know, Miss Kinseyle," said Ferrars, "with spasms of a modesty that is most exasperating. In another man it would merely be bidding for applause, but in him it is a mental affliction to be sympathized with. We are sorry for you old man; but now you can go ahead again."

"It isn't a question of levels, in that sense," Marston said, with knitted brows and face a little bent down over his plate. "I think Miss Kinseyle knows pretty well where I think her natural level to be."

"But by that theory I have fallen sadly away from my proper place in the world. Would that be for my sins in some former condition of existence?"

"I don't see the signs of the falling away."

"But look here Mr. Marston, I am going to have this out with you once for all. I like to be thought well of, you know. I do not object to that at all; but I should almost better still like to be able to think well of myself. You may mean something that is very nice and pleasant for me, only I don't understand it in the least."

"What I mean is a conjecture—in some respects at all events—as to the form in which I put it; but I think it involves a great truth. Of course, in the case of each of us, this organism that we are working with, the body with all its thinking machinery, and so forth, is something different from *ourselves*. That, we are all agreed about, here, of course? No one would deny that, but the rankest materialist. But it is such a long idea to work out in conversation; it seems hardly——"

"He's having a relapse. Can't you administer something, Miss Kinseyle?"

"Go on, Mr. Marston, please. When I'm tired, I'll tell you to stop; and till I tell you you'll go on. Is that agreed?"

Veiled by the mock stateliness of her words and manner, a subtle compliment to his power of interesting her was embodied in this injunction, and made him look up with a pleasant smile. He went on addressing himself specially to her, and yielding more fully than before to the stimulating influence—the bright fascination—of her peculiar beauty.

"Well; what I come to next, working on from the plain fact that the body is an organism animated by the soul, is this: the body may be looked upon as a sort of instrument played upon by the soul—of course I use the word 'soul' in its poetical and not its technical occult sense."

"What is the technical occult sense?" said Edith.

"An intermediate something between the body and the true spirit; but if you will let me put that aside for the moment, it will be better."

Edith nodded, and he went on:

"Well, if we grant that as a hypothesis, we come to what is clearly then a possibility—that, no matter how great a musician, so to speak, the soul may be, it cannot get more music out of the body than the quality of the instrument enables it to yield."

"I see. You mean, that we all feel possessed of grander ideas than we can express, of a higher nature than we can live up to?"

"Not exactly that; because anything we feel or think as definitely as that, is a tune played upon the instrument and within its capacity. The soul's thoughts on a higher level than the best capacities of the bodily brain, will not be susceptible of manifestation through that brain; in other words, WE, in our ordinary waking state, can never be conscious of our own soul's highest thoughts—though, certainly, impulses of feeling may reach the incarnate consciousness which are in a manner reflections of the higher state of consciousness; but that is a later complication of the idea."

"But if we are cut off from the best part of ourselves in that way, and from its thoughts, how are we to know anything about them, or know that we ever have such thoughts?"

"I think we may know, in the sense of being able to feel, by indirect methods quite sure, about the real state of the case. Firstly, we have the great method of mesmeric trance. It is constantly observed that clairvoyants of humble education and no great intelligence will talk, in the mesmeric state, up to a far higher level than they apparently belong to; and, in the same way I think, every clairvoyant will, in the mesmeric state, in some way transcend his or her natural or ordinary states."

"Even me," said Edith lightly, with the intonation that implied she was ranking herself low down on the scale.

"Even you," replied Marston, with a very different intonation that gave the phrase the opposite meaning. "However fine the natural brain may be, as an instrument, the soul can think and perceive on a higher level, and, under the peculiar conditions of the mesmeric trance, reveal or record its perceptions by the lips of the sensitive. But there is another way of getting at the idea that the complete soul is a greater being than the soul as it speaks through the body in ordinary waking life; and that is the general review of what may be called the spiritual and psychological necessities of the case, if you think of the way in which the soul *must* really grow or evolve as time goes on."

Marston paused every now aud then as he spoke; but no one interrupted, and he could not misunderstand the general desire that he should develope his theory more fully.

"You see, it is nonsense, really," he said, "to think of the soul, incarnate in the body, as having taken its rise there. It is far too great a manifestation of the exalted potencies in Nature to be grown in that casual fashion. If it lives after the body, as we all feel quite sure it does, it certainly lived before also. In other words, its real habitat or home is on the spiritual plane or planes of nature. Its manifestation in the body is, so to speak, a descent into that state of existence. Not necessarily an unimportant process, or an accidental collapse in its higher attributes; not a fall, but a descent with a purpose: a descent in search of fresh experience, of fresh energy—as typified by the classical fable. Now, I should be disposed to regard that descent as the growth by the soul through its contact with matter—of the body, it developes in each case—which we are often too much in the habit of regarding as *the person*, complete as we see it. But it does not in the least degree follow that we should necessarily suppose that the whole soul—if I may use that expression—subsides into the body each time it attaches itself to a body, and partially transfers its consciousness to that body. It is a difficult idea to realize, because each person feels to be a complete entity in himself. But still it is very comprehensible that the centre of consciousness, which is impressed with that feeling, might, when transferred to

another plane of nature, wake up to the use of a host of new faculties, and thus find its consciousness immensely expanded, without being any the less conscious of identity with itself as formerly functioning in the body."

"It's *perfectly* intelligible," Edith declared. "Don't you think so, Marian?"

Mrs. Malcolm indicated assent.

"But now tell me," Edith asked, "how this bears on what we began by talking about—when we were speaking of our various levels?"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Malcolm, as Marston hesitated a little before framing his answer, "that he means your spiritual portion —your Higher Self, may be on a very high level."

"The 'Higher Self' is a very good expression," said Marston; "as bringing what I mean to a focus. I think, after the little observation we have had of you, even in the mesmeric state, that we may recognise your Higher Self as being undeniably on a very exalted level."

"Then why should it have such an inferior body?"

She put the question with perfect simplicity, following out the train of thought Marston had suggested, but the turn of the phrase naturally raised a laugh, and Ferrars protested:

"Miss Kinseyle, I protest, as an admiring friend of your lower self, which is quite good enough 'for the likes of me,' against the rudeness with which you speak of it from the heights of your Higher Self. I wonder what sort of a body *would* content you?"

Marston did not venture on turning the opening afforded to the service of a compliment, and merely said, still keeping to the serious and philosophical vein:

"Relatively to the Higher Self, of course, any physical organism must necessarily be imperfect. There are questions that may be more easily asked than answered about these mysteries; but I can imagine that a very highly developed entity or soul may sometimes descend into incarnation—or grow a body—whichever way we like to put it, under the dictate of some specific and limited necessity. You may, for instance, have already gained, and have passed into the permanent essence of your being, much that I am now only labouring to acquire. The organism you have now

developed may not have been required to seek experience in that direction. But remember this is little more than guesswork."

"At any rate, Mr. Marston," said Edith, "it is a beautiful, beautiful theory, even if the least satisfactory part of it is the last part—required to make me out a more wonderful person than I seem. Oh, goodness! what a contrast it is to be talking about such things after our frivolities at Oatfield?"

This led to some questions about the theatricals; but Edith fenced these, and declared that after talking about her highest, she could not drop suddenly down to her lowest self.

"Let me keep, at any rate, on the intermediate level in which I can listen to Mr. Marston. And I do not remember, Mr. Marston," she added, with the resumption of her mock queenliness, "that I ever gave you leave to stop; so you will please continue."

"I had finished; and I think it was time after such a lecture. With your permission, my next performance will be to get you to talk—in the way you talked at Kinseyle Court."

"I'm quite ready—whenever you choose," said Edith.

They had all dined lightly, but still it was decided they should wait a little while before attemping any mesmerism, so the ladies went first into the drawing room, while Ferrars and his friend had a cigar. They were well aware that it would be no compliment to Mrs. Malcom to refrain, as she was known by both to look with a calm but emphatic scornfulness upon the affectations which in some ladies' houses condemned gentlemen guests to privations in this respect. A few words on this subject led Ferrars to add:

"Yes; Marian has no littlenesses. There are very few women like her."

"She is strong and grand: such a splendid friend for Miss Kinseyle to lean upon."

"You trust Miss Kinseyle's psychic faculties, don't you?" Ferrars asked, after a little pause.

"I'm sure they are of a very fine order. But we have got to be sure we read their observations aright."

"Marian has told me of some impressions she has had while while staying with the Margreaves. What do you make of all that?"

"I don't think we have ground to feel sure yet that we can

read those suspicions aright. They seem to foreshadow trouble. Whether we can enable Miss Kinseyle to present them to us in a more defined way, so that they may possibly serve as warnings for the person chiefly concerned, remains to be seen."

"The worst of all this is that such warnings can hardly ever reach the person chiefly concerned, and would not be likely to secure much attention if they did; especially if they seemed to come in any way through myself, they could only be misinterpreted."

Marston did not press any contrary view on the matter on his friend. They talked on, round about the subject for awhile.

Ferrars was not, so far, inclined to regard the statements Miss Kinseyle had made as having any practical bearing on his own great disappointment; and his interest in the proceedings was not really very keen when they eventually settled down, in the drawing-room, to the undertaking Mrs. Malcolm and Marston had in view.

Miss Kinseyle lay back in comfort in the corner of a sofa Marston sat beside her, and the lights were a little subdued and so arranged that none should shine directly on her face.

"It gives me such a pleasant, comfortable feeling—drowsy, but not in the least faint," Edith said, as he took her hands to hold for a little while before attempting to bring on the trance. "Don't hurry me off too soon!"

"We will be as deliberate as you please. Only let us make a bargain that you will not be too obstinate in refusing to come back to us after you have been long enough away."

"Whatever does my poor little obstinacy in the matter signify, when you can pull me back, *nolens volens*, whenever you choose—just as if I was a butterfly at the end of a string."

"I certainly would not be instrumental in sending you off for a flight unless I felt sure that I could bring you back."

"When I am further advanced, perhaps, I shall develope a will of my own, and come and go as I choose. Just fancy, you all waiting patient and helpless till to-morrow morning while I should be amusing myself in another world, and forgetting all about you. Oh, by-the-bye, you will not forget to make me remember this time, will you?"

"Everything of importance. I do not suppose you will be able yet to remember everything, but I will try to impress you to remember the best things. I am not in a hurry," he added, as he began gently stroking her forehead. "You shall only go off gradually."

"It is such a strong influence. Good-bye, Marian. I'll remember to give her your love. Will you remind me if I should forget," she said with a smile, looking up at Marston.

He nodded without speaking, and then, as he drew down both hands slowly close to her face, her eyes closed, and she remained quite still, giving a gentle little sigh of contentment. Marston went on silently, making passes over her face and head, and presently she laughed, and her face broke into a smile, though with the eyes still shut.

"Tell me what amuses you," Marston said.

"Is she gone off, then?" said Ferrars *sotto voce* to his sister.

The laugh had not suggested the idea, but her answer to Marston confirmed it.

"The little man in green made me laugh; he looks so funny, all changing colours as he bows to me. Now he's blue."

"Ask him if he can give you any information about your recent visions."

"He says he can try to find out anything I want to know. But—what?——" Then she laughed again. "I can't."

"Can't do what?" asked Marston.

"Slip about in the way he does. He's here, there, and everywhere at once."

"Ask him if he knows your Spirit Queen."

"He says he will find out anybody I want him to find out."

"Well, say you will give him a trial. Ask him to find out Count Garciola."

Edith gave a little shudder, and her expression darkened. Then in a few moments it changed again, and she moved her head slightly on her pillow and murmured:

"Yes; that will be better."

"What will be better?"

"He will show me the way to where the Spirit Queen is—— Oh, it was you."

"What was it he did?"

"It was he took me there before, he says, though I did not see him then. I remember there was some one with me as I went."

"That will be very nice presently, tell him; but you must insist on getting him first to tell you what you want to know about Count Garciola."

"He says I know all about it if I will only remember. Yes; so I do; that's true, but what a disagreeable subject. What—were you with me then too? Why, you go about everywhere." Again she smiled. "He says, Why not. It's easy to go about. The hard thing is to keep still."

Marston patiently resumed his efforts to keep her attention fixed upon the questions he wished answered.

"But ask your new friend to remind you what it was you saw about that woman Count Garciola was treating badly."

"What woman?—oh, I remember, his wife. She tried to kill him. Horrible people, all of them. It was on account of the other woman, but he drove her away, and she is in great distress now."

"Now!" said Ferrars, in a whisper to his sister, looking at her in bewilderment; "what does it mean?"

"Hush!" Mrs. Malcolm whispered back. "Don't speak; listen, but control your *feelings* even, for the present, or you may disturb her."

"Are you talking," asked Marston, "of something that is going to happen in the future, or of something that has happened already?"

Edith looked restless and perplexed.

"I see it all before me as if it were happening now," she said.

"Where is it happening?"

"Where—I don't know. What—where's he gone?'

"Has your new friend gone away?"

"Yes."

"Wish him to come back."

"Oh, he'll be back directly, I am sure. He's gone to find out something. There! there he is like a flash again. How funny!"

"What is funny?"

"I don't know. He seemed to be so full of the idea, he splashed it over me."

"What idea?"

"Seville—the woman he deserted is in Seville."

"You mean his wife by the woman he deserted."

"His wife that wanted to kill him. Yes. But it makes me feel *so* uncomfortable. Let me go away."

Marston looked round at his companions. Both looked pale and excited.

"We mustn't force her," Marston said, holding her hand, and resting his other hand on her forehead. "Have you had enough?"

"Some further detail, for Heaven's sake," said Ferrars.

"Directly," Marston said to the clairvoyante in an earnest soothing voice. "Only one more question, and then we will be off elsewhere. Ask your friend to tell you some name by means of which we can find the woman in Seville."

"I don't think he wants to go again."

"Remember it is to do good that we want to know this. Try and bear the discomfort a little longer for Marian's sake. She wants to know so badly. And tell your friend you wish him to find out the name the woman bears. Is she known as Countess Garciola?"

"No," Edith said presently in a laboured voice. "He's gone; he'll be back soon. I'm bearing it for Marian's sake; but it makes me feel giddy and afraid to stand still and alone like this. What *nasty* things!"

"Don't look at them; order them to be gone. You are mfstress, remember, and they must remember it too. The country is pretty where you are, isn't it?"

"Ah! there he is again, Bernaldez! That's the name of the woman, though it's false. It's over the shop quite plain. I see it in a square, with a fountain near. *Don't* hold me any longer."

"There, now you can go on, and your friend will show you the way. Off you go!"

"Phew—what a relief! That's delightful."

"Tell me something of what you see as you go along. You must not forget us at this end of the line altogether, you know."

"I can see the line all right; and bright mountains all about, cheerful and pleasant. He draws me along like a feather."

"Hasn't he got a name, your new friend?"

"A name? what is his name? Any name will do for him, he says; I can call him Zepher if I like."

"Very well. Now you will remember Zepher when you come back, won't you, and what he looks like."

"There he is changing colours and shapes again for fun; but I'll remember. But where are we? this is not the same place as before. But oh—h!there SHE is again; and what does anything matter!"

"Now look at her earnestly, and remember her appearance above all things, and anything she says to you. Think as she speaks to you that you will treasure up her words."

"Yes, yes—I shall never forget her. My Queen, it is heaven to be with you. I'll never be faithless to her. No, never, never! how could I be?"

These disjointed exclamations were murmured slowly, with little intervals between each, in a tone of rapt adoration.

Her words gradually subsided into an only half-articulate utterance, though she spoke with no apparent sense of effort, and the confusion of what she said seemed merely to reflect the vagueness of the blissful emotion she experienced. For a time Marston remained silent.

"She cannot come to harm," he said to Mrs. Malcolm in a low aside, "in such care as that. Such a bath of spiritual glory must be a blessing to her. Do you see or feel anything?"

"I feel *her* influence strongly; but I see nothing. I suppose I am too much excited about the other matter."

"Don't think of that just yet, or it may disturb her."

Edith remained silent now and very still, her face, as it were glowing with the emotion working through her innermost nature. At last Marston said, speaking gently, as he bent down by her side, but distinctly:

"Is she the same as the Countess?"

"Yes," whispered Edith softly after a short pause. "She is the same as the Countess; but I belong to her too. You know how it is," she says. "I am to trust to your intuition to explain it; and I may trust you entirely to lead me right."

She moved her hand, as it lay on her lap, towards Marston as she spoke. He made no reply, though he took her hand; but bent down his head, turning a little away from her, as though struggling with an emotion that he could hardly master.

"Tell her to remember that," whispered Mrs. Malcolm behind him, but he shook his head.

"No, no; I must use no psychic influence in that way; it must be as she chooses. She will always command my whole soul's loyalty and devotion to be spent to its last throb in her service."

The last words were in too low a whisper to be heard distinctly by the others, and were breathed rather to Edith herself than uttered aloud.

"How you are dragging at the thread," said Edith restlessly.

Marston sat up erect in his chair, and passed his hand once or twice over her head and face.

"Rest quietly with your Higher Self, till she in her wisdom sends you back. Give me a sign when it is time for you to return, and trust me to take care of the thread."

CHAPTER XII.

FACTS RECOGNISED.

EDITH lay quite quietly for some five or ten minutes longer; and occasionally Marston spoke to her, asking some insignificant question, whether she was comfortable, contented, or happy, to keep touch with her entranced faculties. Then at last she murmured sadly, "Oh, I don't want to! No, not yet," and so on, which Marston took to be the sign he awaited, though the form of the language had the opposite meaning.

"But you must come back, you know, all the same. You won't be cross with me if I pull gently at the thread now, will you?"

"Yes I shall be," she replied emphatically; but, as before, with protests and petulant reproaches, she nevertheless came to herself in a minute or two—sinking for a few moments into total

unconsciousness, and suddenly waking out of this—broad-awake, without a trace of drowsiness—sitting up, her bright eyes sparkling, and her senses alive this time to the situation before she asked any questions.

"I remember her this time," she said. "Stop, don't say a word any of you. I've seen my Queen," she said earnestly to Marston, "and I can describe her to you; at least I remember her vividly. What a wonderful face it is—so beautiful, so sweet, and yet so exalted in expression."

Edith's own look, as she spoke in her eagerness and enthusiasm, seemed so closely to correspond to her own words, that Marston answered, "I can well believe it," though she herself was far too excited to think of any double significance in what he said.

"Did you see her distinctly?" Mrs. Malcolm asked. "There was no veil or anything to hide her from you?"

Edith declared at first—no; that there had been nothing of the kind in the way; but, coming down to details, found herself less able than she had expected to give an exact description. She could not identify her own attitude while with the Spirit. Had she embraced her; had she knelt in adoration; had she been touched or embraced by the Spirit?—she could hardly say. She had the sense of having nestled up against her, certainly; but she could not say whether she had been standing up or sitting down! Above all, she was quite unable to say how she herself had looked when on the spiritual plane. Had she been dressed as she then was, or in vague white drapery, like that she associated with her mental picture of her Spirit Queen? She could not say. She did not remember to have seen herself once during her flight.

"But I remember my guide and companion, Zephyr," she said, even his name, which she remembered to have asked him. Had she asked him for that of her own motion, or had she done so at Mr. Marston's instigation? She thought she had done it at her own impulse. She did not remember being guided to do anything by Mr. Marston.

"And yet I know something was said about you," she said, turning to him with a look of inquiry. "What was it now?" she pondered and tried to recall the lost idea. "I believe something nice was said about you; but I cannot recollect exactly."

Then after they had been talking in this way for some time, she noticed that Mrs. Malcolm and Mr. Ferrars both looked agitated.

"What is the matter? Have I said anything—I don't remember—that affects you?"

Both persons addressed felt that Edith was, in a measure, in Mr. Marston's hands, and did not like to refer to the earlier part of her trance without his permission. Both looked at him, and neither replied.

"I see no reason for reserve as regards Miss Kinseyle," he said.

Ferrars was too eager to discuss the matter to be kept back any longer.

"Then, for heaven's sake!" he answered impetuously, "let us talk freely. What does it mean? Is it conceivable that this astounding story is really true."

"My dear George," said Mrs. Malcolm, "it would be madness to disregard it! We must sound it to the bottom."

"But what on earth is the matter?" asked Edith.

Marston gave her an account of what she had said.

"Your wonderful gifts," he explained, "were employed on another matter before you saw the Spirit Queen. We asked you to elucidate what you had seen at Oatfield, about Count Garciola, and you did so with the most splendid perfection. You have told us——" then he went on to sum up the story.

"And I told you all that, with her name and everything. How extraordinary!"

"The precision of the details was extraordinary. You hardly realize as yet the exquisite quality of your own higher senses."

"But what is to be done?" interrupted Ferrars. "It is quite frightful to think of the precipice that—that Terra is approaching, if this be really so. How much time is there to make use of? Do you know when they are to be married?" he asked of Edith.

"Not till her father comes from India. At first it had been arranged for earlier than that; but quite lately there came a telegram from him saying he would come home at once for the wedding, and declaring that it must not take place till he got back."

That is a respite for her, at any rate. It must be postponed for another three weeks or more. Marian," he said, after moving up and down the room for a while, and crushing the others into silence by the vehemence of his agitation, "there is no middle course to take, between two, that I can see. One is to suppose that all we have heard is mere hallucination, that we must all forget and never think of again; and the other is—for me to go to Seville."

"I never supposed for a moment, George," said Mrs. Malcolm calmly, "that you would do anything else.

"Enough; I will go to-morrow. I was longing to ask further questions, but——"

"Why didn't you?" said Edith. "Could I have told more if I had been asked?" she inquired, turning to Marston.

"My dear George," said Mrs. Malcolm, "Sidney did as much as was possible, I am sure. I admired the firmness with which he held Edith to the point till the essential information was obtained though it was torture for him to resist her entreaties, I am sure."

Edith looked from Mrs. Malcolm to Marston with a grateful but still inquiring smile.

"Was I so very rebellious? Why did you not make me remember that part, as a warning to behave better another time?"

"Perhaps your memory would not have carried too much, and it was better for you to remember the pleasantest of your visions, was it not? It was so important to get a clue to the whereabouts of the woman, that I ventured to be obstinate in insisting on that, even though it seemed distressing to you for the time. But I should not like to have put more than a little strain upon your inclinations. The soul of a sensitive is too marvellously delicate an instrument to be handled except with the most tender respect."

"Of course—of course," said Ferrars. "Pray don't think I am complaining. With what has been said I ought to be able to find the woman, if such a woman really exists."

He went on to discuss with Mrs. Malcolm the various circumstances under which it might be supposed that Count Garciola could have originally married a woman now living in a shop under another name.

Meanwhile Edith lay back in her corner, and Marston still sat in the chair near, neither speaking, but still under the influence of the peculiar relationship that had subsisted between them during the trance. Eventually, when there was a pause in the conversation of the other two, Edith said:

"Now mesmerize me again, as you did before, to make me feel strong."

The demand for a further service at his hand was the sweetest form in which she could have clothed her thanks for the delicate care he had taken of her during the trance. The grave earnestness of his manner, however, was mixed with no elation. He merely said:

"Very gladly; though I trust you don't feel weak."

"I dare say you know I don't; but the influence is pleasant."

He resumed the long sweeping passes, standing over her, that had been employed satisfactorily on the former occasion; and she lay with half-closed eyes, enjoying the effect on her delicate nervous system.

"It's like drinking champagne, Marian, without any sense of doing wrong, and without any fear of getting tipsy; only a hundred times better than that coarse sort of stimulant."

Marston went on and on.

"Aren't you getting tired?" she said at last.

"Physically, no; not in the least. But I don't suppose I can do you any more real good for the moment. What you feel is a transfer of vital energy; and you have probably had has much as I can throw off for the moment."

She did not quite understand what he meant at the time; but presently, after he had been sitting down again for awhile, Mrs. Malcolm noticed that he looked tired.

"Why Sydney," she said, "you have worn yourself out. You look quite faint. Let me get you some wine."

"No, thanks; that will right itself very soon. I would not take wine now on any account."

"But, goodness!" said Edith, springing up; "you *are* looking quite faint. Why did you let me keep you going on? How stupid of me! I forgot."

Marston was faint, and almost giddy; but it was a luxurious weakness under the circumstances.

"If you will be so very kind as to accept my stock of energy without regretting that you have done so, that will give me great pleasure," he said; "and for myself, I shall come perfectly right with a little rest. There is nothing whatever the matter with me. If you will not mind, I will go and lie down for half an hour on the sofa in the dining-room. I would much rather get strength back that way than by drinking wine, thanks."

Edith was beginning, "I am so sorry——" but she saw the finer courtesy of taking the opposite view of the matter, almost before the words had crossed her lips. "No; I will not be sorry —only much obliged; and I feel as strong as a horse."

Marston looked his appreciation of the impulse that made her say this, and went out of the room across the hall to the dining-room. Mrs. Malcolm went with him, left him comfortably established on the sofa, and returned to the others.

"It must have been the last part of the mesmerism that exhausted him so, I suppose?" Edith asked.

"No doubt. I know that when a sensitive takes up mesmeric influence, the mesmerist feels the strain. No doubt Mr. Marston might make passes for an hour before some people, and merely feel the muscles of his arm tired; but you are such a psychic that I suppose you draw off your mesmerist's vital energy in streams, so to speak—sop it like a sponge."

"I see now that is why I enjoyed it so much. But it was too bad of me. I ought to have guessed——"

"There's no harm done, dear, I'm sure. Sidney Marston would cut himself in pieces for—for such a sensitive as you are;" she watched Edith closely though unobtrusively as she spoke; "he is such a true-hearted enthusiast."

Edith said nothing in reply that afforded Mrs. Malcolm any information.

Ferrars' disturbance of mind oppressed them for the rest of the evening, and Edith eventually went out for a walk in the garden. Mrs. Malcolm brought her a cloak; but the night was not cold, and in the fresh air she could work off some of her superfluous activity. "I am so absurdly buoyant," she said, "I

should like to play and sing; but it would jar too much on Mr. Ferrars just now. I shall calm down presently."

Then eventually the time came for the gentlemen to go back to town. When Mrs. Malcolm went to call Marston she found him asleep. She went back and debated with her brother whether he should be waked or left to sleep on, and ultimately sent to the nearest hotel if he overstayed the last train. Ferrars determined to wait himself for the last train, and stir up Marston in time for that. Then for awhile Mrs. Malcolm joined Edith in the garden, and then saw her off to bed. When she came down she looked into the dining-room and saw Marston awake. She went in and shut the door.

"Sidney, I am glad to have a few words with you before you go. Are you feeling better now?"

"Yes; of course there is nothing the matter with me. I was exhausted for the moment, but this little sleep has refreshed me."

"Good! Then you have all your wits about you to face a serious problem."

"Go on."

"You love her, it appears."

"She has not seen that?"

"Not that I know of; but of course I did, during the trance. It is so, is it not?"

"I love her to that extent that, knowing the situation perfectly hopeless, I ache with a desire to lie down at her feet and die. I love her as a man loves who has held out against everything of that sort till the tension of his nature becomes something more than he dreams of, and then it gives way after all. Oh, Marian! what have you spoken of it for? It was better resolutely ignored."

"What nonsense! How can you go on like that? She is not an ordinary being. She is half a spirit divine. It is frightful to think of her being engulfed in mere worldly life, and such a marriage as she may be guided to by her relations. I do not say the course before you is easy, but I say you must face the problem and not merely drift. Why did you not let her remember what the Spirit told her, it might have saved her?"

"I should have felt it like debasing psychic power to the

service of my selfish love. To drag her by a mesmeric influence to take a step in ordinary life she would shrink from with horror if she were left to ordinary reflection, would be shameful criminality for me—as shameful in another way as the criminality for which I innocently suffer."

"It is noble of you to feel that way. I understood and approved all the while that I felt impatient. But it seems to me that for her sake it is right to wish that your influence over her should be maintained and developed as far as possible. I had plotted something different from that in my own mind, as you know. By-the-bye, now I remember, I spoke to you of that the other day. I did not know how you were feeling."

"Of course not, and the fact that you never conjectured it ensued most naturally from the other facts of the case, and would have been instructive to me, if I had needed such instruction."

Mrs. Malcolm was silent for a while, deeply thinking. At last she said—

"I don't think I would keep up any mystery about yourself, Sidney. Tell her all the facts at once. It is better she should know them now, than come to know about them later; perhaps it would be a greater shock then."

"Is that said from reasoning or from intuition?"

"From reasoning, I suppose. I am too much agitated to have any intuitions just now."

"So I should have supposed, and reasoning with you is on a lower plane. If my only purpose were to play my hand so as to make the most of the infinitely remote chance of inducing Miss Kinseyle to sacrifice herself to me, then the course you suggest might be the wisest. But I am clear of one thing at any rate—that I will do nothing to try to provoke such a sacrifice. . . . Do I love her? Well, I am *not* sorry you spoke of this. Even to say how I love her, to you only, is some relief. The feeling has taken possession of me in a way which makes existence a kind of frenzy. I think of nothing else. But with it all I can be cool and collected with her, just because there is no issue for the emotion on this plane of existence at all. It is all in the realm of imagination. It is so out of the

question that I can ever *tell* her I love her, that I am not perplexed or confused when I am with her."

"But why not tell her all about yourself, and then let things take their course? If she comes to love you in return, truly she will not let anything stand in her way."

Marston reflected in his turn.

"I don't know—honestly I don't know whether I fear to put an end to our present relations on my own account most, or on hers. But at any rate there would be risk of destroying my usefulness to her. It might somehow jar her feeling about me it would perturb my confidence in dealing with her, and that might upset my psychic control over her, which is so wonderfully perfect for the moment. That, as it stands, must be for her good, for it enables her to strengthen her spiritual affinities; it has been vouched for to-night by the wisdom that speaks through her lips in trance. We must guard it as long as possible, for her sake."

"My plan might best perpetuate it. I should like the honesty and boldness of that."

"Seek for an intuition on the subject, and tell me that. It would weigh more with me than the argument; and you will not tell it me unless it is a real one—nor mistake anything else for one. But my own instinct warns me not to tell her yet, at any rate."

"You would not wish me to tell her?"

"No, certainly not. I couldn't bear it."

"You must be guided by some future impulse then. You will come each day, I suppose, while she is here?"

"If you will let me."

"Then come to-morrow to lunch; and now you had better be going, if you want to get back to town."

"Is it so late?"

Then they went into the drawing-room and rejoined Ferrars, who was glad to be moving in any way. He and Marston set off for the station.

When Mrs. Malcolm at length went upstairs, she found Edith in a dressing-gown leaning on the banisters at the top.

"My dear child, why haven't you gone to bed?"

"Because I am not sleepy—no more than I am at eleven o'clock in the morning. I am in the middle of writing letters, but I heard the gentlemen go, so I came out to waylay you for a little chat. I can go on with my letters later."

"It's getting on for twelve," said Mrs. Malcolm, as in a gentle protest, but coming into her room none the less. "The magnetism has gone to your head."

"Yes; but I'm not nervously sleepless—only not tired. And I'm curious about something, though I think I once told you I would not be curious. I am curious to know more about Mr. Marston."

"But, my dearest girl——"

"I know you mustn't say all you know, and I do not want you to; but if there is anything you can say, I should like you to tell me."

Mrs. Malcolm pondered.

"What I can tell is hardly worth telling—what is worth telling I can't tell."

"You see—I suppose it's because he has been mesmerising me—I've got all sorts of queer fancies about him dancing through my head. I could drive them away, I dare say, if I *obstinately* refused to pay attention to them, but——"

"I never thought of that," said Mrs. Malcolm. "Nor did he, I daresay. It would hardly be like telling you, perhaps, if you can see for yourself. But—oh, Edith? you will put me in a great embarrassment perhaps if you say anything. Suppose you wait till to-morrow, and tell Mr. Marston himself what you read about him clairvoyantly, and let him confirm or explain."

"Very well. If he is coming to-morrow I can do that, if you like. At the same time, I do not want to seem inquisitive. I don't see anything clearly enough to matter. I am only impressed with the idea that he is mixed up with some horrid tragedies—or rather surrounded—walled in, if you understand, by such things, without being properly mixed up in them himself."

"My dear Edith, your vaguest fancies go so dangerously near the mark that I must not talk of them."

"All right; I am sure that I might trust him to play the finest noblest part, as far as I am concerned, and I am not a bit

alarmed about his tragedies, you understand. It won't make me timid about him when I am mesmerised. You need not be afraid of that."

"I am not, dear, because I know the truth is so. Sidney Marston is a trustworthy guide for your wandering spirit. But, by-the-bye, there is something I can tell you, though he did not——" She reflected for a few moments. "Yes, I can't see why not. It was something your guardian spirit, *our* guardian, said to you while you were in trance. I wanted Mr. Marston to impress you to remember it, but he would not."

"Why, what was it?"

"That you could trust him entirely to lead you right. You repeated that with your own lips as something *she* had just said to you."

"And why wouldn't he let me remember. Ah, but I can see —at least I can feel. It was very nice of him not to use his will to make me remember that. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, but it is just as well you should know it was said."

"I don't think after all I will worry him to tell me anything about his private affairs that it may be disagreeable for him to talk about. He can tell me or let it alone, as he likes, and meanwhile, I can think of him not as a personality, but as my guide to the spirit-world. It's a comfort to be able to put one man, at any rate, on so lofty a pedestal."

"You talk as if you were forty, and had sounded the wickedness of the world."

"There are people who have been forty, and you can learn a good deal from them," said Edith gravely, and without giving the phrase any intentionally comic flavour.

But somehow it emphasised her own youth in Mrs. Malcolm's eyes, and made her to that extent seem—as one so freshly emerging from childhood—out of harmony with the tremendous passion of feeling on her account which had been manifested so shortly before by the mature man she respected in the room below. Women may often *sympathise* truly enough with men in their love-troubles, but these can hardly fail to seem in their eyes a kind of craze or ignoble infatuation when looked back upon, so to speak, from the altogether female point of view.

Mrs. Malcolm was truly attached to Edith; but coolly observing her, and amused for a moment by the sedate and at the same time childish sagacity of her last remark, she thought of the declaration Marston had made about longing to die at her feet in view of the hopelessness of his love, and she shook her head sadly at the complications of the whole position, wondering at the nature of the magic spell itself, even more than at the thoughtless insouciance with which in this instance it was wielded.

(To be continued).

AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM.

By Rear Admiral W. Usborne Moore.

(*Continued from* "Broad Views" *for May.*)

We have not the faintest evidence that the sub-conscious Self can be tapped by a stranger on first meeting. To believe that it can, is to believe that a medium can read the motives, character, and innermost thoughts of every person he or she passes in the street. Is it not less difficult to accept the fact at once, that Maggie Gaule received her information from Spirits present, in this case from Dr. S.'s son who had accompanied me to her house. He, and I, alone, knew what had taken place. Dr. S., himself, was not aware that I had written to Dr. H. on that evening.

One rather curious premonition was given to a business man by Maggie Gaule. "You are in difficulties about a factory for tiles or bricks. More than once you have had to remove because the neighbours take exception to what they consider the danger of your method of manufacture."

"Well, yes. We have been fired out of our location some."

M. G. "I know. There is no real danger; but people around think there is. Let me tell you, to use your own expression, you are going to be fired out again. Then you have had important dealings with a man who you have reason to think is not as temperate as he ought to be. Excuse me mentioning these unpleasant details, but I am here to say what I see and what I am told to say."

"Well, I guess he drinks," was the reply.

I have only given the briefest sketch of what took place in Maggie Gaule's drawing-room on this particular evening. Some fifteen or twenty closed letters and articles were "read." All the readings were admitted to be correct. I am not here to hold a brief for American methods. English enquirers prefer to keep their sorrows private, and shrink from parading them before a room full of people, however sympathetic they may be. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that at least a dozen men and women left the house that night happier than they entered it, firmly convinced that they had been brought into close touch with their loved ones who had gone before.

I may have to return to Maggie Gaule presently. In the meantime, I will attempt to describe to you a visit which I paid the following day to Miss Dora Hahn, a trance medium in New York. I was, of course, absolutely unknown to her. We sat in the dark, and about four feet apart. She gave me a precise description of my state of health, and the precautions necessary, which I believe were correct, but which would not interest you. She then accurately described certain Spirits around, some of whom I had not given a thought to for years, and she gave their names. She then went into trance, and was taken possession of by an Indian Spirit called "Lark," who, in a voice quite different to that of the medium, said, "Where do you wish me to go to?"

"Is the spirit of X present?"

Lark. "Yes, she is here with me."

"Well, go to the house of my mother."

Lark. "I will go to the house of your mother. It is a long way, ever so far off, across the ocean; it is not in London, but near it, (then followed a description of the house and the members of the family attending upon my mother, which were correct).

Lark. "Where shall I go now?"

"Go to my house at Southsea."

Lark. "Where is Southsea? B—Square, R—Square?"

"Why do you say R—Square?"

Lark. "Well, X says she lived there at one time, but the big hotel on one side was not there then. Some buildings have been pulled down and the hotel has been built in their place. (correct).

"Now, Lark, what is the Square like? You have Squares here—Madison Square, and so on. Describe R—Square."

Lark. "It is a sort of Park."

"Any trees?"

Lark. "Oh yes! plenty; and you have to open the gate with a key." There were further details, all of which were correct.

"Now, Lark, go to Southsea, near Portsmouth, you know, the naval town."

Lark. "All right, I see plenty of ships and soldiers about. You have something to do with them. Golly! what a lot of cars. You are getting on in the old country!" A good description of my house followed; also a good account of my son-in-law, my daughter and their children, who live in a neighbouring street.

All the information given in this interview the sceptic might say "was obtained from yourself. Dora Hahn told you nothing you did not know before you entered her room." This is true, but, remember, we were in the dark. But now to close the séance.

The light was lit. I laid a packet of fifteen photos on the table, and, taking care to get out of view of them, asked the medium to pick out the portraits of any Spirits she had seen on this evening. Whilst she was considering, she handed me a photograph of my wife, saying, "X has just told me that this is your wife, and she says there is another one of her here." She then gave me a second picture of Mrs. Moore. I should like to know how any theory of telepathy can explain this away. Could the medium have obtained this information except from the source she claimed, that is to say, the Spirit of X?

The next day I visited Mr. and Mrs. Hermann, two psychics in a remote part of New York They discovered my name pretty quickly. I tried the photograph test. Mrs. Hermann gave a convulsive movement, and shouted, "Who is the little girl? A Spirit is saying in my ear, 'Give him the little girl.'" There was only one little girl in the collection of photographs. It was a carte de visite of my wife at the age of sixteen, in short dress.

Good tests were given at this séance, but that just mentioned was one of the best. Knocks were going on all round the room; and vigorous taps on the table testified to any true piece of

information. No person who had been present could have failed to recognise the activity of intelligences which do not belong to this state of existence.

On Monday, 2nd January, I lunched with a Judge in Brooklyn. The hostess is clairvoyant; and the well-known Rev. May Pepper, of the First Spiritualistic Church of Brooklyn, was one of the guests. It was one of those charming family gatherings for the celebration of the New Year which those only can appreciate who have experienced true American hospitality. After lunch the hostess called me on one side, and said, "Your father stood behind you at lunch, and a man who I am sure was your brother; his name commenced with the letter A; Albert or Alfred, or something of that sort, there was also a sister of yours, whose name is so and so," (the information as to the names was correct). When the party went into the drawing room after lunch, Mrs. Pepper, who before lunch had refused to give me a sitting that day because she was tired after Sunday evening services, was suddenly controlled by an Indian Spirit called "Bright Eyes," who seized my hands, and in a voice totally different to that of Mrs. Pepper, said, "You have brought a parcel with you, will you let me look at it?"

In my breast pocket was the packet of photographs (entirely out of sight), and two or three closed letters to Spirits. One of these was worded thus, "Please impress the medium to pick out such and such portraits," mentioning four of the collection. Not a soul in the house, nor in New York or Brooklyn for that matter, knew that these photos were on my person, nor could any mortal have been aware of the contents of the closed letter.

I handed the packet to Mrs. Pepper (or perhaps I ought to say, "Bright Eyes"), who laid them face downward on her lap. In this position I was entirely unable to distinguish one from the other; so telepathy (the bogey of spiritualism) had not a chance to spoil sport. Within five minutes, three out of the four portraits were handed to me.

At lunch I sat next to Mrs. Pepper, and it is possible that with her marvellous intuition, she had read my mind correctly as to the nature of the test I was most desirous to obtain; but I would like to know by what possible means she was able to select

the portraits unless it was through the agency of the supra mundane intelligence I had requested to intervene, and who was familiar with the photographs I required. On coming out of trance, Mrs. Pepper was much vexed to have failed in discovering the fourth portrait.

I am here to-night, ladies and gentleman, to give my own experiences of psychic phenomena, and not to relate the experiences of others; but I cannot properly bring before you in a sufficiently distinct light, the powers of the Rev. May Pepper, without giving at least one instance of the exercise of her gift that proved to be of great practical value, and which was told me that morning by the gentleman who had invoked her assistance.

Mr. R. is the son of a couple who had been separated not many years after their marriage. He was brought up by his mother, who had never concealed the fact of his father being alive, but always evaded the question of where he was living. Mr. R. was nearly of age when his mother died; and he became more than ever desirous of finding his father. He was in the habit of attending Mrs. Pepper's Spiritualistic Church, and it occurred to him one Sunday evening to put a closed letter on the rostrum, asking his mother to give him the address of his father. Mrs. Pepper, through the Spirit's guidance, gave the address of a firm in Liverpool, under which his father was employed. He wrote to him at this address, and soon received a manly and affectionate reply. (Mr. R. read me the letter). The writer made no attempt to defend his share of the unhappy differences which had estranged him from his wife and son, said he could not visit America just then, but he hoped to do so in a year or two, and expressed earnest good wishes for his son's prosperity in life. It was fated however, that they should not meet, for a few months after this letter was written the writer was killed in a street accident.

On the morning following the lunch at Brooklyn, I went, by appointment, to "Maggie Gaule" for a private reading. She said "Your father is here. He says he was with you yesterday at lunch in a house at Brooklyn (then followed some details which satisfied me that this was not guess work). I hear the words or Admiral. Are you Admiral?" Then a message from r was given, which was characteristic, and certain

details about my immediate family which were correct. The medium then said, "I should like to see that packet in your pocket." (Takes from me the packet of photos). As she held them I could not tell one from the other. She handed out one, "This one has an association" (correct). "I know there is some very strong interest in your life connected with this" (hands one of my wife) "I am strongly impressed by this" (hands one of the four photos which I have stated had a special interest for me). "Here is another lady who is intimately connected with you (hands the second photo of my wife).

It is remarkable (1) that this lady should have known that I had any photos in my pocket; (2) that she should select three out of the four in which I was specially interested, and (3) that she should corroborate the presence of my father at Brooklyn the previous day.

After various interviews with other New York mediums, who gave more or less correct information, I went to Boston on 10th January. On the 11th I visited three mediums who could not have known anything whatever about me, neither my name, profession, present occupation, nationality or train of thought. Their names were Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Henderson, and Mr. Porter.

Mrs. Morgan, sitting in full light, commenced by announcing the presence of my father, and of her medical guide. She described my physical condition correctly, and said "I sense—'following the sea.' You or someone closely connected with you is following the sea as a profession. Have you anything to do with wireless telegraphy?" (my son was about to be appointed to the wireless telegraphy section of the Torpedo School at Portsmouth). Various other details followed, which were correct. This medium refused to undertake the photograph test, but gave me some interesting private details.

Mrs. Henderson, after a few minutes conversation, went into trance and was taken possession of by one of her guides, "Sunflower," an Indian girl, who announced a certain spirit as present, and said "You have something of hers with you."

"Yes, I have a photograph."

Sunflower. "Yes, there is one taken some time before she passed over, and one taken at a later stage." I then gave the

packet to Sunflower, which she laid on her lap faces downwards, and proceeded to describe them.

Sunflower. "This one makes me feel dreadful" (hands me the photo of a lady whose sister was murdered under horrible circumstances in New Zealand).

"There is some interest connected with this" (hands a photo, to which the description would apply). "This seems to be a sister" (quite correct). "With this comes to me a laugh, a happy time" (hands a youthful portrait of the spirit said to be present).

"The spirit condition predominated when this was taken," (hands an older portrait of above).

And so she went on, giving correct accounts of at least nine of the photographs. As I was completely ignorant which picture was which, I can account for Sunflower's prescience only in one way, viz., that the Spirit said to be present, who knew all the faces except one when she was in Earth life, was directing the choice.

Other particulars were given concerning my family, which cannot be repeated. They were correct, and my own Christian name was told me.

Mr. Porter blindfolds his eyes. He gave me some good tests: but some of the people whom he described were uppermost in my mind that morning, and, though blindfolded, I fancy he was able in some way to draw liberally on my own upper consciousness. There was, however, one very curious announcement towards the end of the interview:—This Spirit says he was with you in St. Louis. Have you been in St. Louis?" I replied, "No, but that was the name of the ship I had come over in." The Spirit promised to make his identity known later. Mr. Porter had no knowledge of my name or nationality, but described minutely my present occupation.

I enjoyed the good fortune, while at Boston, of making the acquaintance (I think I may presume to call it friendship) of Professor William James, of Harvard University, the author of "The Varieties of Religious Experience." I cannot resist giving it as my opinion that no student of psychic science, or of its phenomena, can understand the significance of what he sees or hears until he has read this standard work. As you who have read it,

know, Professor James has been studying this phase of human nature for over a quarter of a century. He has explored the ramifications of the human personality and refuses to admit the agency of discarnate spirits until satisfied that no other solution of the riddles we are trying to solve can be found in the sub-conscious or sub-liminal self; for he believes that only a small portion of our personality is normally apparent, or even, if I understand him aright, normally incarnate.

I also had the pleasure of making the friendship of Dr. Richard Hodgson, the head of the S.P.R. in America, who has been for many years well-known as the "psychic detective." What he does not know of frauds is not worth knowing. There is no probability of any enquirer who has conversed with these two gentlemen falling into errors of over-enthusiasm; but we may rest assured of this, that when the time comes for William James, or Richard Hodgson to move their pegs, and admit to themselves the possibility of a larger scope, and more direct activity in the action of discarnate Spirits, it will be made known to us without delay. There is no littleness on either bank of the Charles. People do not spend their time over there in villifying Spiritualists who have passed away leaving unmistakable proofs of their genuineness and of their good works. It was from Cambridge Massachusetts, that we received the beautiful message:—

"There is no Death! What means so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death."

And it may be that from Cambridge we shall learn the interpretation of those mystical visits which it is our privilege to receive here in London from our friends in the Spirit land.

I dwell upon this problem of materialisation because I feel that Spirit return cannot be satisfactorily proved without this form of manifestation. To the recipient of messages through the Trance Medium, the cautious philosopher urges "May there not be such a thing as a universal memory which can be tapped by people of a peculiarly receptive nature when they are in trance?" But if one man who has passed over, say five years ago, appears before an old friend as in life, is fully recognised by him, gives his surname, and is manifestly delighted at the meeting, is it not a

conclusive test that human personality does exist after what we call death? A universal memory or a subliminal consciousness cannot account for this phenomenon: it is an objective fact. Such a case I have seen, and I can no more doubt the evidence of my senses than I can doubt the fact that I exist myself. Trance mediumship and clairvoyance are very useful and satisfactory methods of communication, but not till they are corroborated by materialisation do they afford the means of absolute conviction that we are actually in touch with our friends on the other side.

After receiving much kindness and information from Professor James, Dr. Hodgson, and Dr. Morton Prince I returned to New York on 14th January. On 17th I attended a public reading of sealed letters in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Pepper. This time I laid some closed letters of my own on the table addressed to different relatives. For instance, one was to my father asking him how many children he had in the Spirit world; another was to an aunt, who died fifty years ago, asking what was the cause of her death. The prescience shown by Mrs. Pepper on this occasion was the most remarkable of my experiences. About 40 people were present. I should think the number of sealed letters read that afternoon amounted to twenty or twenty-five. Not a single mistake was made. Every person who had their letter read, or Spirits round them described, admitted the clairvoyant interpretation to be correct. The Seer glided about the room with absolute confidence describing the appearances, names, and relationships to the audience, of the entities present, not unfrequently giving an account of a Spirit standing by some sitter who had not laid any letter on the table.

Once I thought Mrs. Pepper had made a mistake. She spoke to a fashionably dressed woman in the middle of the group, "Lady, I see near you a Spirit whose name is R." "I know no one of that name" was the frigid response. "Ah! I see it belongs to this gentleman in front of you. It is a little boy who has not long passed over. He was his father's darling. May I ask, Sir, have you lately lost a child called R." (the man assents, wife sitting stiff beside him with compressed lips looking ght in front of her). "You have? Let me tell you there is rrier; your little son cannot show himself to his parents while

there is this wall of gloom and despondency in your house. It shuts him out. The father and mother feel no hope; they look around and find nothing to soften their despair. This should not be so. You, Sir, shall see your son. He will make you conscious of his presence within two months as sure as I'm alive. Have you lately changed the position of a picture?"

"No, we have not moved his picture."

Mrs. P. "But (listens) he tells me that he was with you when you altered the position of a picture. I did not say it was his picture."

The man, who is now weeping quietly with his face eagerly scanning that of the Seer, says "We did make a change in the position of a picture the other day."

Mrs. P. "Yes you did. I know it. Your little R. asks me to give you this as a proof that he has been with you in your home."

Mrs. Pepper then turns to another sealed letter and says, "This envelope contains a letter which was not written by anyone in this room. Ah! I see. Who claims this envelope? You lady? Thank you. Will you tell me if I am correct in supposing that in this envelope is a letter from an anonymous person trying to damage your husband in your estimation (lady assents). Well, take my advice and think nothing more about it. It is a slander, designed to break up the peace of a home, and written from evil motives. That is my answer to what you wish to know. If you care to wait behind this afternoon, I will tell you more about this matter."

After she had dealt with seven or eight letters, she swung round to me and said, "A man, the Spirit of your father, walked across to you when I took up this envelope. Is it yours?" I answered in the affirmative. "Well, I will come back to you presently." Then, turning in the opposite direction, she took up a closed envelope, bit a piece out of it, and mused for a time, then said, "This is a question from somebody present who wishes to know if it would be well for her sister to return to her husband. Who put it here? You lady? Well, I am told that she had better stop as she is: the separation was not made without good reason, and they had better remain apart. He is a miserly

creature. He would skin a flint this husband of hers, and when they lived together he grudged her the food she was obliged to eat to keep body and soul together (the writer assents to this cheerful delineation of character). Tell your sister it is better for her to remain independent, even if she has to work for her living. Perhaps I can tell you more if you remain behind this afternoon."

Then to me, "Your father is laughing and saying, 'They are wondering at home why you are going back a week earlier than you intended' (correct); he also says 'Does my son think I do not know how many children I have got?' (Then followed a correct answer to my question). Who is E? Your Aunt? But I don't understand. The E who is here speaking to me (listens) says that you married into her family (correct). (Eighteen years after my Aunt's death I married her daughter, my cousin). She was ill for a long time before she passed over; her family did not know how bad she really was, and when the end came it was a great shock" (this was correct).

I have quoted here a few of the utterances of Mrs. Pepper. All of them were equally interesting and truthful, and there was no doubt in my mind at the time that this remarkable woman did clairvoyantly see spiritual entities who had accompanied their friends into the house, and that through their agency she was able to read the contents of these sealed letters almost as well as if she had opened them and read them with her eyes.

Once again, the evening before I sailed for England, I had an interview with her, this time alone. She had a few minutes before she returned from Philadelphia, where she had addressed 1,300 people, and given readings of 75 letters (I understand that 1,000 people were turned away from the door), and at that time she was much troubled by some domestic difficulties, so I hardly expected to benefit much by her clairvoyantly faculty. In this I was quite mistaken. She gave me all sorts of information of a private and complicated nature, described the character and the manner of death of a distinguished officer (which I believe was perfectly correct), and appeared generally as bright and prescient as if she had had no fatigue and no worries. I can only tell you of one portion of our conversation. One letter I had written, closed and addressed outside, was to the Spirit of a very amiable

man who died in the year 1868, and who we will call here Major Jones. I knew him well when I was a boy, and had reasons for supposing that he would be present, and he was. His only Christian name was Major; he was not a military man, and had never seen anything more formidable than a squib fired off during his life. He had passed over at the age of 58. Like many other people in the last century, before Statistics had been collected on the subject, he entertained a rooted objection to consanguineous marriages, and believed that they were the work of the devil. Nine years after his death, his youngest daughter married a cousin. Three other children had also married. His grandchildren totalled up to the number of eighteen, and the most successful of his children's marriages from the physical and mental standpoint, was that of his youngest daughter. The Seer was instructed to ask him, "How many children have you in Spirit life; and how many in Earth life?" The answer was quite correct, "Two daughters in Earth life, two in Spirit life; two sons in Spirit life; and there was a little boy who died shortly after he was born" (this latter detail was not in my consciousness, but I dare say I had heard of it some time or the other). He further went on to specify which of his daughters, both of whom he named, died first. Both of his wives were mentioned by name. He said, "I have a grandson in Earth life who is ill. He will have to be taken great care of."

Question. "Do you approve of the marriage of your youngest daughter?"

Answer. "No. That grandson I spoke to you about is her son." (This is correct; the man in question having been attacked by enteric fever in the previous August; at this time he was nearly well.)

Now, observe this reply. The illness of the grandson had nothing to do with the popular notion of the effect of consanguineous marriages; but Mr. Jones who had ample opportunity, we must suppose, of knowing this fact, still adhered to his original fixed idea. This view I hinted to the Clairvoyant, who was instructed to ask again, but she said, "I can't help it, Sir, he shakes his head."

Other details were given which proved the identity of the

Spirit communicating, and that of four or five other Spirits who were present.

I said to Mrs. Pepper, "I certainly thought you would be confused by supposing Major Jones to be a military man." The reply was, "No, he didn't look like one."

It is impossible that this wonderful medium could, by any possibility have known beforehand of the existence of Major Jones, nor any particulars of his family. Nor do I see how mind reading could assist her, as my attention was not concentrated on he replies and they were indeed somewhat unexpected.

This was my final psychic experience in America. I left the country feeling that I had been amply repaid for the trouble of crossing the ocean. As regards Clairvoyance and Trance mediumship, the phenomena is of far better quality than anything that can be obtained in this country, probably on account of the purity of the atmosphere and superior electrical conditions. The materialistic phenomena are perhaps as rich in New York as they are here, but so far as my experience goes, they do not exhibit that delicacy which is to be found in London. I did not hear of any singing, as we have when Mr. Husk is medium; and I do not think that any control in America has the refinement of voice, the sweetness of manner, or the influence of the Spirit lady who is one of the principal controls of Mr. Craddock. In America, the Clairvoyant has her value. She gives comfort and consolation to thousands who would otherwise despair. People who enter the Seer's Church or rooms with downcast faces and mournful gait, depart with hope and cheerful mien. Emotions in that country are unrestrained; here they are regulated by custom and long standing control. I do not presume to judge the Spiritism of either country. My business is only to record the effects, or what I think to be the effects of the different methods. I am, at present, of opinion that the consolations of spiritualism are distributed more lavishly on the other side of the water.

We should do well, in both countries, to pay more attention to the phenomenon known as the "Direct Voice." It is not known what valuable information we might not obtain if we encouraged conversations with those on the other side who can, at least, give an account of their experiences since they passed over.

My convictions of the possibility of Spirit return are based not on one incident, nor two, but on an accumulation of links more or less tenacious, which make up a chain of—what is to me—irresistible evidence. The greater number of these links I am unable to put before you, as such a course would offend the susceptibilities of living people. It must always be so in a subject like Spiritualism. The evidence which convinces is not the evidence which can be laid bare to the public. Nothing yet of any importance in the world has been achieved without effort; and in no study are there so many baffling incidents as in this: not the least being the difficulty of conveying to another mind those evidential circumstances which have been most potent in bringing home truth to one's own. Each individual must of necessity discover the reality of the next State of existence for himself. There are a few rare Spirits on earth who are able to do this without any such manifestations as I have attempted to describe to-night. I have known one or two. I have known a great many more who mistake the predilections of heredity for an inner certainty of the reality of life beyond the grave. The large majority of human beings, to whatever plane of earthly life they may belong, can never possess the real sense of a future life without some such revelations as are presented through mediums attached to societies like this one to which we belong, and I think that those beings who *do* manifest to us may well be called "angels" or "messengers" as long as we understand by that term, not—as we were taught in our childhood—shining seraphs standing in the immediate presence of God, but visitants from the next State of Existence, whose duty and pleasure it is to bring to us the conviction of the life to come, and who by these presentations are able to bring themselves more closely into touch with us on this lower plane, and impress us more emphatically than they would be able to do if they confined themselves exclusively to the higher spheres to which most of them certainly have risen since they passed over. None but earth-bound Spirits, or those lately passed over, usually materialise in such a form as to be instantly recognised by those who only knew them in active health; but when we consider the striking differences between the faces of people in full vigour and the same people in mortal sickness, and

the enormous difficulty that our friends must have in remembering, after a lapse of possibly twenty or thirty years, how they ought to represent themselves to us as we should know them, surely this is not to be wondered at. The recognition is most common, I believe, by strong impression at the moment given telepathically by the Spirit.

Interpreted in the light of Spiritism, that wonderful collection of fragmentary history, poetry, and romance, which we call the Bible, assumes to us a new significance. From beginning to end it is full of occultism. The record of the utterances of the medium of Endor, the appearance of Christ to the two men walking to Emmaus, and his visit to the Eleven in a closed room—to mention three out of hundreds of instances—no longer present those difficulties which they had before, while even the Ascension itself, treated as a story with an Oriental gloss, becomes intelligible. The life to come will, indeed, be different from what the priests lead us to suppose by their dogmatic theology. It will be to us a far more rational evolution.

As I have to retract a statement in my small book respecting our evidence of communication with the next State, I am glad to do it in this room where we have so often witnessed the phenomena which has led me to change my view. It is certain that many of the clergy are changing their anticipations of the nature of the future in store for us. Theologians even in the historic Abbey of Westminster are expressing their doubt of "an empty tomb," and some ministers are openly avowing their leaning towards Spiritism. I doubt if there can be any real alliance between the dogmatic teaching of any church and Spiritism. The only religious bodies which could possibly fall into line with our ideas of the next State are the advanced Unitarians (which are strong in America) and the Theistic Church of Mr. Voysey in London. But in the long years to come while we are patiently waiting for puerile creeds and dogmas to wear themselves out, we can have one hope in common, that:

"With the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

WEEK-END CONVERSATIONS.

CONCERNING THE INTRICACIES OF THE LAW.

SCENE :—*A Country House near London.*
TIME :—*Saturday Evening after Dinner.*

The party assembled on a recent occasion was nearly the same as before (see the November issue of this Review), but the Vicar was absent, and a successful Barrister, brother to our Hostess, who was not of the previous party, filled the vacant place. His presence led to a remark from our Host, as all gathered round the fire in the Hall on Saturday evening, to the effect that he would have contributed usefully to our former discussion on the law of marriage, if he had been amongst us when that took place.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER :

I am afraid I should not have been of much use to you Law is a science that in its progress has shared the fate of other sciences, and has been departmentalised. The biologist would not claim to be an authority on geology, nor the chemist on electricity and magnetism. So with law. I have never practised myself in the Divorce Court.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN :

This appears, in fact, to be above all things the age of the specialist. The throat doctor will not prescribe for your nerves, and a third man has to deal with your digestion. The system earns the profession as a whole thrice as many fees as it would acquire otherwise.

THE JOURNALIST:

Trades Unions have learned the same trick. The bricklayer, the plasterer, the carpenter, and so on have all departmentalised their science, and the builder has to employ so many more of them.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN:

Great ideas often dawn simultaneously on more minds than one. Doctors, lawyers, and bricklayers may all have been fed from the same source of inspiration,—the desire we all feel for other people's money.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

That desire, it is true, may influence the Bar to some extent, but it is more often the inspiration of—the Dock.

THE DISTINGUISHED LADY DOCTOR:

Perhaps our cynic overlooks the fact that under the present arrangement the patient gets thrice as much experience to bear upon his case. But it is probable that each patient employs but one specialist, so each gets thrice the value of the one fee he pays.

THE JOURNALIST:

I would not take him too seriously, dear lady, if I were you. A Man-about-Town must be endured. He can't be cured.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN:

But believe me you appreciate me unconsciously, I soften the earnestness of our journalistic friend,—as soda-water softens the whiskey. To listen to him "neat" would be like drinking raw spirits.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

But is not the mixture you are giving us to-night a little weak? Could not our earnest friend improve it by denouncing something in the delightful way he denounced the marriage laws when we were all here last?

THE JOURNALIST:

The marriage laws only! I never meant to be so narrow. The muddle the law has made of matrimony is the outcome of that general stupidity on the part of society at large which it crystalises.

OUR HOST:

This promises well. Let us have some definite examples to worry this evening.

THE JOURNALIST:

If our legal friend,—our learned friend, if he clings to that satirical expression,—would mention some of the features of his system which he admires, he is sure to furnish us with the examples you require.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

The law, as perfected and developed by a long series of judical decisions, is well-known to be the perfection of human reason. To quote cases would be to review the whole course of litigation. The system in its entirety is the phenomenon to be admired. Trained intelligence at the Bar illuminates each situation that arises from both sides. Mature and incorruptible sagacity on the Bench balances the weight of rival arguments. The result may offend individual selfishness, but almost invariably contributes to the magnificent array of precedent which guides the course of justice afterwards.

THE JOURNALIST:

Let us consider first the trained intelligence. The price of it varies, does it not?

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

As the price of intelligence varies in every profession. There are leading engineers and surgeons,—even leading journalists, who get paid more than their juniors.

THE JOURNALIST:

The admission is all that is needed to ruin your contention. The leading engineer or surgeon is paid highly for the useful results of his greater skill. The leading barrister may be good value for his money, but his greater skill simply gives rise to the perpetration of injustice in the interest of his client.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

My friend, you forget the judge. Even I have been defeated in my attempt to secure for a client a verdict that might not, perhaps, have been absolutely just.

THE JOURNALIST

Was the other man's brief marked with a higher figure than yours ?

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER :

These are questions for solicitors to determine.

THE JOURNALIST :

According to the length of their clients' purses. One of two things ; either the successful barrister is a delusion and a snare, or his expensiveness proves that the decisions of the law courts are to be bought by the richest litigant, even though the money does not go into the judge's pocket.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST :

Happy thought ! Why not do without barristers altogether, and let us have the pure, unbiassed justice of the Bench ?

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN :

For once I must support the established order. If you, for instance, pleaded your own case, your bright wit and personal magnetism would prevail against any mere man you might be endeavouring to defraud, and the last state of that law court would be worse than the first.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER :

You sum up the case most admirably. We may be evils, but we are necessary evils.

OUR HOST :

The case is hardly ripe for summing up. We have not heard a word from our tame occultist.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER :

The conversation so far gives me the impression of one blind man disputing with another as to whether the sign post that neither of them can see, points east or west. A time will come when persons set in authority to determine disputes will never need to hear arguments, and would smile at the notion of being affected by the eloquence of an advocate. When certain faculties of perception that are barely dawning as yet among the most advanced of mankind, come into full activity, it would only be necessary to *look* at two men to know which had right on his side

and which was trying to over-reach the other. The aura would reveal the innermost truth of the matter infallibly.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

Perhaps in that melancholy future the barristers occupation will be gone, but I understand that you do not regard the present race of judges as gifted with the peculiar sight described.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

No more than a caterpillar is endowed with wings. But some caterpillars may ultimately be transformed into winged creatures.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

And when will Mr. Justice Blank for instance get his wings?

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

In two thousand years or so, perhaps, if he tries, however vainly, to grow them now. Do I surprise you? It is possible, in the infinite patience of nature, that even Mr. Justice Blank may improve in another life. But that remote chance is irrelevant to the moment's discussion I grant. The only point I wished to make is that compared to an ideal system under which real justice would be administered, the makeshifts we are working with at present are necessarily deplorable. Whether as a measure of intermediate progress the makeshifts could be improved is a question I am no better qualified to deal with than anybody else.

THE JOURNALIST:

Anybody not blinded by professional *esprit de corps* could suggest improvements in the present makeshifts. Look first at your solicitor, with the absurd verbiage he employs in drawing up documents to enhance his bills of costs. Look at your successful barrister, who accepts more briefs than he can deal with, and when he does not appear in court to do the work he has been paid in advance to do, is never prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences. Look at your judge, who refuses to admit evidence that would save an innocent man, sends him to prison though guiltless, and—is allowed to retain his office.

OUR HOST:

He had you there, George. What do you say about the criminal law?

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

As soon as experience detects a flaw in the existing system, legal sagacity provides the remedy. The new power to be given to the Court for Crown Cases Reserved will guard against future accidents of the Beck variety.

THE JOURNALIST:

If one thing is more deplorable about the legal mind than another, it is the invariable habit of assuming that the last morsel of sticking plaster it proposes to apply to its patient will cure him of cancer, consumption, and appendicitis, once for all. I have said nothing so far about the criminal law, because it is such a hideous mass of stupidity that that criticism is paralysed. What is your new device designed to remedy? The probable blundering of judges and juries. Take the judges first. What influence is brought to bear upon them to make them careful not to blunder? None whatever. By an absurd tradition they are supposed to be infallible, so they are irresponsible—suffer no evil consequences, however badly they do their work or neglect their duty. They may not be very teachable, but if the experiment of punishing them when they do wrong—as every other sort of human being is punished—the results might be instructive. Then your juries! —taken at random from the Post Office Directory or some other list of householders, who may be as stupid as so many ploughmen. In their presence your variously priced barristers struggle with each other to make the worse appear the better reason, and when they get the prisoner off plume themselves on their cleverness,—all the more if they know him guilty. If they are against him, it is their cleverness that gets a conviction, in spite of his innocence. And then his fate is dependent on the idiosyncracies of the judge who happens to preside, and no later tribunal can determine whether punishment is appropriate or excessive.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

I like that notion about hanging a judge now and then to encourage the others. It would lend itself to artistic effect. The

hero might have convicted a prisoner, though innocent of the offence charged against him, knowing him to be a villain who had betrayed the heroine. Then he would go to the gallows gladly knowing the villain had preceeded him. Of course there could be a reprieve at the last moment.

THE DISTINGUISHED LADY DOCTOR:

The cruelty of our criminal law is the most shocking feature of the whole system. Torture is bad enough in any form, but slow torture, protracted through long years of suffering, is too horrible to think about.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN:

Your remark touches the spot, dear lady. You should not imprison your criminal, you should flog him well and let him go.

THE JOURNALIST:

Not merely babes and sucklings, but sometimes worldly cynics utter words of truth. Good mother nature designed human beings for many purposes, among others for the purpose of being whipped. Stupidity has mismanaged this matter. To begin with it overdid the thing so frightfully that the whole system became discredited. Then the silly idea arose that it was more disgraceful to be whipped than to be punished in other ways, and so society has denied itself the use of the one sort of punishment suitable to all ages and sexes, and to all sorts and conditions of men—the one kind that is cheap in administration, equal in its incidence, distinctly deterrative both for rich and poor, and obviously provided for by nature. The hideousness of long imprisonment has to do with many of its consequences, but is especially glaring by reason of rendering punishments nominally the same, grossly unequal in their torturing effect.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

The man of education and station who offends against the law,—

THE JOURNALIST:

Oh, spare us that dreary old dogma. His temptation is probably greater, but by any theory his suffering in penal servitude is greater a hundredfold than than that of the habitual criminal.

OUR HOST:

But what is it you are chiefly finding fault with—the system of barristers, juries, and judges—or the law itself.

THE JOURNALIST:

I am not sure that I am chiefly finding fault with either. A world which tolerates our learned friend deserves—to provide him with clients. And the law itself is a nonentity. The stupidity of society keeps it operative—a wellspring of unnecessary suffering.

OUR HOST:

But if your simpler methods were employed, and you flogged all offenders, you would not solve all problems; you could not flog people who owe you money and won't pay.

THE JOURNALIST:

In many cases they need not be made to pay. Tradesmen would be more careful about giving credit if they were denied the use of the County Court thumbscrew. At present we are still guilty, by an indirect method, of the senseless cruelty of imprisoning people for debt. That particular folly of the law, by the by, if we traced it to its source, would probably be found rooted in ecclesiastical superstition, like most of the scandals included in the laws of marriage.

THE DISTINGUISHED LADY DOCTOR:

The scandals connected with the absence of marriage might first claim your attention. Why are the innocent consequences made to suffer as they do?

THE JOURNALIST:

It is infamous, of course, that there should be any disabilities imposed on a human being because of petty legal informalities preceding his or her birth. But that will bring us back into the whole entanglement of the marriage-law night-mare.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

There is one convenience arising from the marriage of ones parents. It guarantees you your turn with the family property. An obnoxious governor cannot cut you off with a shilling.

THE JOURNALIST:

As he ought to be able to if you do not deserve more. Every-

one with property or titles should be able to bequeath them as he thought fit. The conventional heir is often unfit.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

Frequently it would be better to select an heiress.

THE JOURNALIST:

Almost invariably. Let the men work.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

So then, now let us get to business, and design a perfect system of law and a trustworthy race of lawyers to carry it out. It is no good to be critical if one is not also creative.

OUR HOSTESS:

"Too late, too late, you cannot enter now"—on that part of the subject. It is time to go to bed; besides, the criticism has been amusing, but the Utopian programme would most likely be dull.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

Just so, let us retire with the conviction that we are immeasurably wiser than our fellows. If we began to create we might engender the suspicion that we were even more incompetent

A general movement begins.

OUR HOST:

Well, if you are all tired,—

THE JOURNALIST:

Certainly, talking of judges, barristers, and the law makes one "tired,"—in the American sense.

OUR HOST:

But George—before you go upstairs I'd like to have a few words with you about those papers relating to my claim against the Sirius Insurance Office. It seems to me a monstrous shame that I should be done in the way they want to do me, but your opinion would be a great help.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

Well, I'll come to your study and talk it over, but as a friend you know I should recommend you to let the whole thing slide In the long run, going to law about anything of that sort really costs more than the claim is worth.

OUR HOST:

But one does not like to be sat upon. The point in dispute seems to me,——

[*Exeunt our Host and the successful Barrister in close conversation.*]

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

(*Lighting her bed candle at a side table and addressing the Journalist*): By the bye, you have so much experience in this sort of thing. I told you about that row I have got into with my publisher. Do you think I can make him pay up?

THE JOURNALIST:

I am pretty sure you can, but I would not do anything in the matter if I were you before getting a really sound legal opinion It always pays in the long run, to go to the first-class man.

AN EAVESDROPPER.

These excellent people in their admirable cynicism forget the great object of all human institutions. Perfect codes for legal wrongs, perfect panaceas for physical failings are in the abstract desirable, but what poor human nature really craves is to be imposed upon. *Populus vult decipi et decipiatur*, and where can you find any institutions more imposing than the Bench or the Faculty. Millions, who never go to law, sleep soundly under the impression that the Law Courts dispense justice. Why disturb their slumber? Are not dreams happiness?

SHOULD RELIGIOUS TEACHING FOR CHILDREN BE HONEST?

In these days, which mark the opening of a new century, it is hardly possible for any honest thinker to dogmatise, like his forefathers, on the superiority of his own particular religious or non-religious creed. For, at all events, one thing has certainly come to those who have waited. Free-thought as to religion is an accomplished fact. Not, however, free-thought in the old vulgar acceptation of the word, which meant the rudeness of the scoffer, boisterously jesting at everything which did not fall into line with his own particular fancy, but the free-thought, born of the ever widening views of the age, having for its central point more courtesy towards those who differ from us, in a school where complete knowledge is unattainable, even for the wisest scholar.

Formerly, to question religious dogma was a heinous offence. The only conflict in our land was the old one between the Roman and Anglican parties, but each lived in haughty indifference to one another, and both looked on the Dissenter as an "unclean beast." There was no hope of a future for the Jew or non-Trinitarian. The Almighty had revealed Himself as unbending, and without the quality of mercy. It was a pleasant regime for the elect, and, in its beliefs our fathers, *understanding no better*, taught their children.

But now all this is changed. Does the modern father teach his

child any faith, because it is *his* creed? Conventionality and honesty do not go hand in hand, and conventionality at present stops the way. "Is it worth while," it is argued, "to tell my child all my thoughts on these subjects? He will find them out soon enough for himself. I will simply do as others do."

So the modern child grows up in a false atmosphere, like a plant deliberately placed by the gardener in a temperature which the experienced man well knows, must inevitably be exchanged for a colder one, but for which he takes no care to harden it. Perhaps the Agnostic parent inculcates contempt for religion amongst his children. They grow up to find much that is beautiful in it. The religious man tells them that by his particular creed, and by that alone, can they find peace at last. They grow up to discover that the world does not hold this view any longer? What is then their opinion of their instructors? Do not let parents fall into the common error of believing that childhood does not *think*. It does think, and it puzzles its poor little brain in its own way over these matters, to a much greater extent than we imagine.

The modern child is instructed in an "up-to-date" fashion as regards all secular subjects, but not with reference to religion. Is this because he is not deemed competent to understand? The English Church pretends to think children of fifteen old enough to be "confirmed," qualified to think out, and assent to, matters gravely affecting their future happiness in this world and the next. Though they would not be old enough to incur a legal debt till they were twenty-one.

Of what moral value is their so-called assent? Are they honestly told of the strides which human thought has made? Are they honestly treated at all as regards religious instruction? Why, indeed, is such a ceremony as Confirmation necessary? If a thing is "pure, lovely, and of good report," should not a well-instructed child instinctively take to it of his own accord, when he comes to real years of discretion? If he does *not* so take to it, coercion by whole armies of spiritual teachers when he is fifteen, will not prevent him giving the lie to his promises later on.

But anyone who talks of such a radical alteration as this [illegible] voted an enemy, though it is difficult to say why.

Before many years are past, the "enemy" will be acknowledged as a candid friend. If we wish to do our duty thoroughly, should not the young mind for whose training we are responsible, the mind which takes all its early impressions from us, and which we alone bias in the highest degree for good or evil, for the greater part of life, be led in a broader and lovelier path than that which the Rigid Religionist or the ardent Agnostic generally points out? Is it not also a duty at this juncture of the world's religious history to teach our children that although brought up in their parent's faith there are *other* faiths, and that we do not hold these quite incapable of bringing their followers "peace at the end" equally with our own? Is it not a desirable thing for parent and teacher to resolutely set their faces against teaching children, that which they afterwards have to unlearn by themselves, and often with much distress of mind? Because, either from timidity or other causes, churches obstinately refuse to publicly modify official dogmas, and mediæval creeds, it is scarcely a reason why we should not tell the coming generation of the better hope that thinking manhood holds—which it has reached by conviction, and in spite of ecclesiastics.

In reality, the future of all faiths is trembling in the balance. The world has moved very quickly since we learnt *our* lessons, and, whether we like it or not, the atmosphere is thick with queries as to whether the New Light is not better than the Old. Why should we fear to tell our children? Is it not a vastly pleasanter tale of hope than the one we had to learn? Would our own parents have kept it back from us, had it been in the atmosphere in their time?

Respice finem is a good enough motto. It is not a bad one for parents when considering this problem of modern instruction.

Leaving, then, out of the question, the old bigoted class, who fear to move from their entanglements, because possibly "they may not endure to the end," let us appeal to all broad-minded Christian people to resolutely teach the children who are under them, modern religion; not because it is a well-meaning fad, as some would have them believe, but, because it is only simple justice so to teach. For the dawn is already showing of that day when he whose religion is not in accordance with the

enlightenment of the age will be passed by with the smile of pity which is worse than outspoken contempt. And as this "enlightenment of the age" will certainly not be altogether of the negative order recently evolved in Germany, why should we not take courage?

Finally, above all, it is necessary to remember that the future of Religion lies not so much in the hands of the clerics as in those of the children.

W. ELDRED WARDE.

THE ALLEGED BACON CIPHER.

A YEAR ago some articles in this review were devoted to the ever fascinating problem concerning the true authorship of the plays called Shakespeare's. A time will undoubtedly come when the charms of that enquiry will diminish, but that can only be when the Baconian authorship is universally recognised. It is difficult to assume that the other authorship will ever be universally recognised considering the force of argument in favour of the Bacon view, and the great array of distinguished men who have distinctly adopted it,—or have at all events rejected the Stratford view,—including Byron, Emerson, Palmerston, Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield and many others, amongst them John Bright, who, with his usual straightforward simplicity declared that anyone who supposed "Hamlet" and "King Lear" to have been written by the man born at Stratford, was "a fool." Some modern devotees of the Stratford theory,—going many better than John Bright as regards the flavour of their declarations,—endeavour to represent the Baconian theory as the craze of obscure fanatics, and it is just as well, in any essay dealing with the subject, to keep in mind the fact that the Baconian party, if not as yet to be compared with the Stratford party as far as mere numbers go, represents a far greater weight of individual intelligence. The Stratford superstition relies on the ignorance of the multitude, although here and there, identified with its zealous partizanship, we meet with experts in the art of making the worse appear the better reason.

But I am not concerned for the moment with reiterating the flood of arguments epitomised in BROAD VIEWS for March 1904,

which first of all render incredible the theory that the plays were written by the son of John Shakespeare, general dealer of Stratford, and on the other hand point with irresistible precision to the great Elizabethan philosopher as their real creator. Quite apart from the reasoning long familiar to this controversy, we have at the present time to confront a problem intimately associated with it, but sufficiently apart from it to be considered on its independent merits. Even if the question involved should be decided eventually against what for the moment seems the weight of probability, the main argument concerning the authorship of the plays remains completely unshaken, while, on the other hand, if the new argument is answered favourably to the contention, then, of course, the Baconian authorship is established on a basis of demonstrated certainty.

The question is, whether that edition of the Plays known as the Folio of 1623, and certain other books of about the same period, do or do not contain a cipher message woven into them by, or under the direction of Bacon, with a view of enlightening posterity concerning facts in his life which it was impossible to deal with openly at the time. Students of the subject have always been possessed with the belief that Bacon must have transmitted a cipher message to posterity somehow, because of his persistent manifestation of interest in the subject of cipher writing, and also because at that time the practice was in such constant use by everyone concerned with politics in any way. In the earliest edition of Bacon's avowed treatise on "The Advancement of Learning," he devotes a chapter to the explanation of various ciphers, and several years later, when a Latin translation of this treatise was published in Paris, this chapter is expanded by the elaborate explanation of a cipher which he declares himself to estimate more highly than any other, but of which he had made no mention at the first edition. This cipher is that which the American lady whose name is associated with the work, declares that she discovered running through the 1623 Folio, and also through Bacon's own history of Henry VII.; also through several other contemporary writings, thus with bewildering abundance brought apparently within the vast range either of Bacon's authorship or of his influence. But

a preliminary word is needed here. Before Mrs. Gallup discovered the Biliteral Cipher, Dr. Owen declared himself to have discovered another cipher by means of which he disentangled from the folio a long story concerning Bacon's parentage and literary work, embodying amongst other revelations the statement that he was in reality the son of Queen Elizabeth, who had contracted a secret marriage with Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, and who had at a later date given birth to the man known in history as the Earl of Essex. Now Dr. Owen gave no precise account of the method by which he unravelled his story and his publications on the subject excited but little attention. But Mrs. Gallup at one time engaged in helping him with his work, discovered an entirely different cipher for herself, and, working with this, evolved a still more complete story than Dr. Owen's. She fully explained her method, and in this way her book has excited a deeper interest than was attached to Dr. Owen's previous publications.

The nature of the cipher can easily be described. In principle it resembles the Morse alphabet, each letter being represented by a group of signals of only two kinds. The Morse alphabet uses dots and dashes; the Bacon cipher different founts of type. The cipher is only embodied in the italic portions of the print, but in these italic portions it is undeniable that irregularities of form in the letters occur. These may readily be recognised as due to the use of two different founts of type in this portion of the work. In Bacon's alphabet five signals are required for every letter he wishes to spell and for convenience of interpretation the letters of one fount are called A's, the letters of the other B's. Thus five A's in succession represent in cipher the letter "a." Four A's and a B, the letter "b." Three A's, a B and A, the letter "c," and so on. Anything can be written in this cipher which is not longer than one-fifth of the obvious matter. For example, in the phrase "God save the Queen," if the "s" of the second word and the "n" at the last are somehow different from the other letters, that phrase will spell the word "cab" in the cipher and it will be seen that the introduction of the cipher into the printed matter need not embarrass the original author as he writes. It is a work to be carried out when he is correcting his proofs, when he would simply mark certain letters to be set in a special fount which

the printers would be instructed to use for this purpose only. Their eyes would not be opened to the meaning of the arrangement.

Now, at the first glance, this discovery ought to be easily checked by anybody, and, fully verified, should pass beyond the region of controversy. But the truth is that the differences between the different letters actually used to represent the biliteral alphabet are so exceedingly minute that none but a specially trained observer seems able to detect them. Most people attempting to verify any part of Mrs. Gallup's cipher readings soon abandon the task in despair. To people of a certain mental type the fact that they cannot verify the cipher for themselves, seems to cast serious doubt on its authenticity. For others certain evidence available in its favour is of overwhelming importance. To begin with, Mrs. Gallup's interpretation is either what it claims to be, or a stupendous literary fraud. If it is that, other persons in America must be recognised as involved in the conspiracy, and at all events no one has derived any personal advantage from carrying out the fraud. On the contrary, all concerned with it have made sacrifices of various kinds, Mrs. Gallup having nearly sacrificed her eyesight over the work besides a great many years of her life, while certain of her supporters have incurred considerable expense in the publication of her work, the sales of which have never approximately re-imbursed their cost. Then the correspondence in substance between Dr. Owen's discoveries and those of Mrs. Gallup have a certain significance, but the testimony of many people in this country who were intimately acquainted with Mrs. Gallup when she was carrying out part of her work here at the British Museum is more significant in her favour. She is described as a woman of transparent earnestness and simplicity—of culture and enthusiasm as regards the task to which so much of her life has been devoted. Nor has she ever been anxious to work in private. When beginning her Museum researches her publishers, themselves among her cordial partisans, applied first to the Editor of the *Times*, begging him to send a representative to watch her at her work; and when this favour was refused, a similar application was made, with equal want of success, to the authorities

of the London Library. We are slow in this country to escape from the tyranny of convention, and writers committed to the Stratford theory have succeeded so far in bullying public opinion until only those who are exceptionally careless as to what others think of them will boldly identify themselves with the Baconian research. But final testimony more remarkable than that inferred from the facts just quoted is involved in the assurance conveyed personally to the present writer by Mrs. Henry Pott, well-known to all Baconian students, to the effect that when this cipher story first attracted attention, she set to work to see if she could unravel the message from any of the printed matter said to contain it. She was successful, and ultimately worked out a part of the message contained in Henry VII., by the method suggested, without any reference to the corresponding reading Mrs. Gallup had worked out from the book in question. When her version came to be compared with the other it was found to be, to all intents and purposes, identical. So there is no logical escape from the horns of a new dilemma. Either the cipher story is really there, or Mrs. Pott's name must be added to the list of those engaged in the fraudulent conspiracy so cruelly assigned to Mrs. Gallup. Mrs. Pott's private and literary character is so widely known in English society, that one may venture on the suggestion just set forth in the fullest confidence that its comicality will be generally appreciated.

Before going on to deal with the contents of the cipher story, one other bit of evidence tending to support the *bona fides* of the American discoverer, is worth notice. All who were familiar with the course of Mrs. Gallup's work at the British Museum when she was over in this country, are aware of the fact that in tracing the cipher through a curious little volume of very great rarity called "A Treatise on Melancholia" (which has a peculiar interest of its own in connection with the Baconian authorship of the plays, but of that for the moment I cannot stop to say much,) she was embarrassed by finding a few pages missing. Hearing that in one privite library, that of Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, another copy of the rare volume existed, she asked permission to see it; this was accorded, and I am permitted to make use of a letter on the subject that I have received from Lady Durning Lawrence. She writes:—

> When Mrs. Gallup was last in London, she was twice at our house examining our Baconian books, and on the second occasion she asked to see our copy of "A Treatise on Melancholia, by T. Bright, Dr. of Phisieke, 1586," as she said there were some leaves missing in the British Museum copy. At that time Mrs. Gallup was deciphering this small book. She found the pages that were missing in the British Museum copy and then quickly set to work. Mrs. Gallup was accompanied by her sister who, with paper and pen, marked dot and dash in one continuous line as Mrs. Gallup read them out, and then the line was divided into 5's and the words spelt. . . . .
>
> The ease with which Mrs. Gallup read the cipher was very remarkable. Either she was a thorough impostor and had made up what she professed to read, or she had completely mastered the subject. We felt that we believed the latter, especially as Sir Edwin had said for years previously that he could see there was a double fount of type in many of the Baconian books.

Since then, to facilitate the work of those who are disposed to check her methods, Mrs. Gallup has sent over to the Baconian Society a type-written copy of all the italic matter in Henry VII. with marks to show how she interprets the various letters. In a very large proportion of cases some students who have taken the trouble to examine this document and to compare it with the book, report that they can recognise the differences pointed out. In many, of course, letters which look as though they ought to be reckoned as dots, are taken for dashes and *vice versa*. But this circumstance is of no importance as discrediting the successful readings. A cipher of this kind is bound to contain a great many mistakes, and the task of deciphering it resembles that of reading very bad hand-writing. Many letters in such a case, even words of minor importance, have to be guessed at by the sense of the context, and no more frivolous objection to the cipher reading can be imagined than one which has sometimes been advanced by those disposed to disbelieve in it—the argument that if some mistakes or confusion exist here and there these throw out the meaning of the rest. The decipherer has for the time to pass over the confused portions, making the most of those which are smooth and intelligible and filling up the gaps with the obvious words suggested by the context.

And now as to the story told. Although this embodies [illegible]nt references to the employment of Shakespeare's and other

names as what Bacon calls "weeds" or disguises for his "poetical invention," from his point of view the statements concerning his birth were of enormously greater importance and are dwelt upon at much greater length. He regarded himself as the rightful heir to the Crown, and up to a late period of the Queen's life cherished hopes of recognition. In very touching terms, in one case, he asks pardon, as it were, for bemoaning his fate so continuously, saying :—

> "Think not in your inmost heart that you or any other whom you would put in the same case as ours would manifest a wiser or calmer minde, because none who doe not stand as I stood on Pisgah's very height, do dream of the fair beauty of that land that I have seene. England as she might bee if wisely govern'd is th' dream or beauteous vision I see from Mt. Pisgah's loftie toppe."

And another passage in which another kind of feeling is very delicately expressed, relates to his youthful fervour of devotion for Queen Margaret, whose acquaintance he made, and with whom he fell profoundly in love during his residence in Paris, in the care of Sir Amyas Paulett, when just emerging from boyhood.

> "I made myself ready to accompany Sir Amyas to that sunny land o' th' south I learned so supremely to love that afterwards I would have left England and every hope o' advancement to remain my whole life there. Nor yet could this be due to the delights of th' country itselfe, for love o' sweete Marguerite, the beautiful young sister o' th' king (married to gallant Henri th' King o' Navarre) did make it Eden to my innocent heart, and even when I learned her perfidie, love did keepe her like th' angels in my thoughts half o' th' time—as to th' other half she was devilish and I myselfe was plunged into hell. This lasted dur'g many years and not untill four decades or eight lustres o' life were outlived, did I take any other to my sore heart."

The enormous volume of matter woven into the various books dealt with by means of this biliteral cipher is, of course, bewildering. One can easily comprehend the motive of thus disguising all statements that related to such a terrible secret as that concerning the Queen's private marriage. But it is certainly difficult to understand why Bacon should have taken the trouble to imbed a great deal of mere literary matter in the other writings. On the other hand, the whole of his literary record, the diffuseness of his philosophic writing and the assurance of his secretaries that he would write and re-write many of his works over and over again with infinite patience, does contribute something towards

the comprehension of what seems the waste of effort above referred to. At all events, the story in its personal and political bearings is profoundly interesting and in harmony with external knowledge.

Those who approach the consideration of any Baconian problem in the light of the prejudices established unfortunately in the public mind so widely by the reckless calumnies of Lord Macaulay's essay, will be surprised to recognise the delicacy of feeling and loftiness of thought which pervades most of what may be called the cipher story. Those, however, who have done no more towards the formation of a sound view of Bacon's character than may be involved in the easy task of reading Hepworth Dixon's "Personal History of Lord Bacon," will be alive to the fact that broadly the popular conception concerning him and his alleged disgrace has arisen from a misreading of the facts. This would not be a convenient opportunity for developing this branch of the subject, but the whole popular theory concerning Bacon's disgrace turns on the success of a very foul conspiracy. From any careful study of the events as they actually occurred we may rise with the satisfactory conviction that Bacon's moral character was in no way unworthy of his intellectual stature.

And for the student of the Elizabethan period the cipher story although in conflict certainly with some embarrassments, does illuminate many episodes of the period with a light that renders them much more intelligible than before. The whole body of circumstance connected with the Queen's treatment of Essex is exactly in harmony with the idea that he was really her son. With this possibility before the mind the conventional suggestions of commonplace historians that he was one among the lovers of her vain old age, becomes ridiculous no less than contemptible. And if she preferred him, as she certainly did, to his infinitely more gifted elder brother, that again is in harmony not merely with the character of the Queen—so much more closely reflected in that of Essex than in that of Bacon—but also with a suspicion which the cipher story leaves in the reader's mind that Bacon was mistaken in thinking the Queen's marriage with Dudley to have ante-dated his own birth. That it ante-dated the birth of Essex seems pretty certain, but it does not follow, because

we may ultimataly have to recognise the cipher story as undoubtedly Bacon's work, that he was correctly informed in regard to all that took place before his life began. Clearly, he would be anxious to maintain the theory of his own legitimacy, but that is one which at this date need interest us in a very subordinate degree.

Meanwhile, apart altogether from the historical aspects of the problem, the *prima facie* case in favour of the cipher is at all events so strong that a grotesque illustration of the extent to which public opinion in this country may be the slave of conventional prejudice is afforded by the fact that the whole subject is allowed to remain in the hands of a few enthusiasts instead of being exhaustively searched by an honestly constituted and impartial committee representing the most advanced literary intelligence of the time. Especially in view of the way a movement is in progress at present in favour of some national memorial to England's greatest poet, it is absurd that the popular impression as to who that greatest poet really is, should remain under the dominion of a superstition which a few specialists no doubt find it to their interest to support, but which undeniably is rejected by a far larger body of competent critics than the outside world has as yet suspected to be on the side of the Baconian faith.

IS THE FREE LIBRARY A FAILURE?

MANY of us often forget that a condition of things prevailing, say, twenty years ago, and the corresponding condition of things to-day, may not always be the same. Arrangements good and desirable then, may not necessarily be so now. The Free, rate-payer supported, Lending Library is an institution that may fairly be considered in the light of twentieth century circumstances, and the question arises whether it is not now both a failure, so far as the intentions of its founders are concerned, and an unnecessary municipal extravagance.

When books and newspapers were expensive and comparatively few, Free Lending Libraries supplied a want, but such a want cannot be said to exist to-day, when the newspaper costs a halfpenny, when standard literature in sixpenny editions can be purchased at fivepence a volume, and when inexpensive reading matter adapted to every variety of taste is provided in abundance. The aims of the founders of Free Libraries were primarily "to instruct," and in a secondary way "to amuse." What does experience tell us concerning those who use the public library for serious reading? On this point the figures given in the last report of the Birmingham Free Libraries are instructive. The total issue of books in the Lending Departments for the year, 1903-4, was 1,007,973, and of these 683,564 were works of fiction (not including magazines, poetry, &c.) so that it will be seen that borrowers indulge in little serious reading. The report under notice also reveals the fact that out of a total of 31,461 borrowers, over 8,000, more than a quarter of the whole, were children under fourteen years of age.

As about seventy per cent. of the books issued consisted of fiction, and a considerable portion of the borrowers were children, if the figures for the city of Birmingham are anything like representative of other towns, which there is little reason to doubt—it means that municipalities are going out of their way to place in

the hands of the young generation reading matter of a kind that can be consumed by the adult "with a grain of salt," but which to a child can only convey distorted and generally false conceptions of life. That librarians, themselves, have thought upon and lamented this very real evil is proved by their utterances on the subject within the last year or two. After all, fiction can only be classed as a luxury, and it is absurd that the burden of supplying it should be thrown upon the rates, everywhere mounting higher and higher. For the future well-being of the race it is much more to be desired that the town boy or girl should have greater opportunities of healthy outdoor exercise, rather than they should crowd the often ill ventilated news-room.

Authors and publishers have both suffered under the *règime* of Free Libraries, and if every ratepayer in the country availed himself of free library facilities, both classes would become almost extinct.

Yet should it be admitted that Free Lending Libraries are not necessary in the present, what is to be done with the books and buildings? Without doing too much violence to their original design they could be converted into reference libraries where directories and all books of local value,—dictionaries, encyclopædias, grammars, maps, histories, the classics, and the hundred and one works of reference might be consulted. There are but few such reference libraries in England at present, but in every town they would be useful, and such institutions would not operate as agencies for the distribution of disease. At present, in a large town a popular book may be, and often is, one week in a dirty, fever-tainted court and the next in the house of a clean, respectable family. That books are vehicles of disease germs has been demonstrated. A German investigator recently asserted that he found, in the case of all books examined by him, *every one that had been in general circulation for two years contained between its pages consumption bacilli.*

Treating the matter in lighter vein (and apologizing to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle) imagine the following as part of a narrative of Dr. Watson's:—

"Having pointed out to Holmes that I had discovered in the well-worn free library copy of 'Lady Diddlem's Secret' not only

numerous consumption bacilli but also those of scarlet fever, my companion spent a minute or two in examining the pages with his pocket lens, smoking hard himself meanwhile.

"If that is all you have observed, Watson," said Sherlock Holmes at length, placing the volume down again upon the table, "I must despair of ever expecting you to really profit by the exercise of that simple deductive reasoning which has formed the basis of my numerous investigations, in many of which you have been privileged to assist."

"You surely do not mean to tell me," he proceeded, in a tone wherein I could not fail to detect something approaching contempt, "that you cannot perceive what sort of person last perused this sensational volume?"

I had to confess my inability.

"Well, my dear Watson," Sherlock Holmes continued. "As you appear blind to the most unmistakable indications, let me say that the last reader of this book was an elderly man, a miser, suffering from contagious skin disease. How can I tell, you ask? Here, see, across the paper at page 21, close to an exciting passage, is a short gray hair, which would probably have fallen out had the volume been perused by a later reader. An examination of the hair through my lens will satisfy you, I think, as to the nature of the cutaneous affection.

"At page 119 the man cleaned out his pipe—he smoked shag—for there is an almost perfect impression of a nicotine stained thumb, and if the shape of this is not altogether misleading, the individual is, as I have said, a miser, a person, my dear Watson, who ought to buy his sensational literature—your own veracious narratives of our doings among the rest—instead of having recourse to the Free Library.

HUGH LINCOLN.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE proceedings in the House of Commons on the 12th of May, when the Bill for conferring the Parliamentary franchise on women came on for a second reading, leave one in doubt as to whether, in a pre-eminent degree, the country should be ashamed of the House of Commons, or the House of Commons ashamed of Mr. Labouchere. Members who meet a grave problem of this nature by the dirty trick of talking nonsense till the clock forbids further progress, insult the assembly by perverting its rules. But if the House of Commons tolerates that treatment it condones the offence and shares the blame due.

The commonplace badinage of which Mr. Labouchere's speech consisted is beneath criticism. For the honour of the House the closure should have been employed in time to secure a vote, but that useful "engine at the door" is only called into activity when some party purpose has to be served. The decadence of Parliament under the degrading influence of the two-party system threatens the national future with terrible possibilities.

WITHOUT intending it Mr. Labouchere, in the course of his fatuous drivel gave away the whole case for masculine democracy. "The giving of a vote must depend upon whether it was an advantage to the community." Precisely, and of all the men who exercise the franchise at present, not one in fifty is so qualified by character and understanding that the community can derive advantage from his vote.

THE trials of Miss Nan Patterson in America exhibit human folly and the clumsiness of legal methods in a great variety of

aspects. Of course, the whole course of proceedings would present a hideous example of the law's cruelty if we assume the young lady to have been innocent all the while. On the face of things, if a jury disagrees in a criminal trial, that establishes the fact that there is a doubt about the guilt of the accused person, and the theory is that accused persons should be allowed the benefit of doubts. The theory is based on the sound principle that it is better to let many guilty persons go unpunished rather than have the public conscience stained with the disgrace of punishing persons who are innocent. So the repeated trials of the young lady in America would have been disgraceful to the authorities—if it had not been for the extreme difficulty of supposing that she did not really shoot the man. But if she shot the man why was public sentiment so overwhelmingly in her favour? Evidently people thought she had serious provocation! But the jury could not be sure that if they found her guilty she would be let off with a scolding; so they could only agree to disagree, resolutely. And then finally the Recorder in bidding her good-bye caps all the absurdities of the previous proceedings by expressing a hope that the terrible ordeals she had gone through would "tend to chasten and benefit" her future life. If she never shot the man why does she want her future life chastened? In that case her ordeals could only embitter her future life, as she would look back on her horrible wrongs.

At all events we are all relieved to know that Miss Patterson's innocence will not again be impugned,—and the man's fate should be a warning to libertines!

If the Bishops assembled in Convocation last month could have flavoured their theology with a little occult knowledge they would not have found themselves in so much trouble with reference to the Athanasian Creed—about which they engaged in bewildered debate. A resolution was moved timidly apologising for the brutal language of that wonderful composition. The so-called "minatory" clauses were described as conveying "a more unqualified statement than Scripture warrants, and one which is not consonant with the language of the greatest teachers of the Church." One bishop proposed to soften this by saying that the words "are

understood by many who hear them " to convey the statements—as before. Another deplored that the question had been brought forward. He seemed to think the least said the soonest mended, about the Athanasian Creed. Eventually the resolution was carried by a large majority. And all the while neither the apologists for, nor the defenders of the Creed, understood really what they were talking about!

Of course, in the literal acceptation of the words the creed cannot but be horrible and absurd, in the sight of any sane civilised man. Nobody worth notice in the present day, in or outside the Church, believes in eternal hell-fire, and the notion that a God of love and justice could condemn sentient beings to that fate for failure to believe certain incomprehensible statements is sickening in its folly. But whoever first put the Athanasian creed together, knew more than the clumsy compilers of the modern version, and occult teachings concerning the course and prospects of human evolution show us what must really have been meant.

In a little book entitled "The Christian Creed," by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater (The Theosophical Publishing Society), the true meaning of the Athanasian, as well as of the other simpler formulas, is set forth. Those who know anything of the scheme of human evolution as a whole, are aware of the broad fact that as it advances towards the sublime results aimed at there comes a time when the majority will be so highly developed that the human family, as a whole, will be no place—so to speak—for those who are very much less advanced. If in the course of a vast future series of successive incarnations they have not accomplished a certain amount of progress it will be impossible for them in the course of *this* great process of evolution to climb to the final heights. They will drop out of the race and will have to begin again in a new world system.

That is the fate referred to or caricatured in the clumsy language that an ignorant church has been content to accept as the (supposed) creed of Athanasius. "Eternal" or "everlasting" in Eastern writings does not connote the idea of infinity; but relates to the long period, whatever it may be, under discussion at the moment. To be "saved" in the mind of the person who wrote

the creed evidently meant to be "safe" as regards the ultimate attainment of the summit levels of the current scheme of evolution. And this safety can only be achieved if at some future period (within limits embracing millions of years yet to come) people get on, spiritually, far enough to "believe"—in the true sense of understanding,—certain deep mysteries connected with the Divine nature that at present, with the imperfect intelligence and contracted sense perceptions of humanity at this stage, it is absolutely impossible for any one to "believe."

If the much talked of Athanasian Creed were re-written in the light of the modern knowledge which the study of (hitherto) occult science has granted us, it might easily be turned into one of the most luminous and philosophical documents in the possession of the Church. But the Bishops in Convocation do not know how to do this, and meanwhile are,—not unwisely "in their generation,"—afraid to disturb a fabric that might be seriously endangered as a whole if repairs were attempted.

How many more "annual" meetings will it be necessary for the National Anti-Vivisection Society to hold before an awakening of the national conscience leads to the extinction of the infamous practices against which it has been so far vainly struggling? On the 10th of May it was gathered together in the Queen's Hall—a vast assemblage, including crowds of titled and otherwise distinguished supporters—and it called upon Parliament to declare the torture of animals a crime which no pretence of acquiring scientific knowledge can justify. On the 11th petitions of almost ludicrous magnitude—two and a quarter miles long, according to the *Daily Mail*, with 180,000 signatures were presented in the House of Commons against the worst abominations of vivisection—those of which dogs are the victims. *The Times* does not even record the presentation of these petitions, and yet the vivisectionist surgeons —on the *facit per alium facit per se* doctrine,—are guilty of kidnapping dogs beloved of their owners, and carving them up alive, strapped to torture boards of diabolical ingenuity in their diseased passion for experiments of a loathsome type. The stupid world is lulled to indifference by the false pretence that the poor animals are chloroformed, and feel no pain. That is proved to be a lie

What can be expected in this matter, of a Parliament sunk in the degradation of the two-party system which paralyses it for every purpose except those which serve the selfishness of claimants for office? But do the well-intentioned myriads who sign the petitions and attend anti-vivisection meetings do all they can to enforce their own desire? Parliament will never do more in this matter than register determinations arrived at outside its walls. The anti-vivisectionists should resolve to employ no doctors who are guilty of complicity with the vivisection criminals. They should give no money to hospitals that are not pledged to prohibit the perpetration of the crime within their precincts. This may be a counsel of perfection difficult to act upon in some cases where old relations with medical men trusted along certain lines, can hardly be broken, but even if only a few people to begin with, not definitely attached to a particular medical adviser, could make a beginning, and through the Societies advertise their resolution, the profession would begin to think that anti-vivisection was assuming practical importance, and rising practitioners might find it pay to proclaim themselves on the side of enlightenment, humanity and sound moral principle.

THE laws relating to marriage, in this country as in most others, though the confusion is clearing up to some extent in America, resemble the intermediate condition of dissolving views, that in which the architecture of a future street scene, for instance, is partly apparent amid the waves of the previous sea-piece, and the shipwrecked mariner on a rock is inextricably entangled with a nursemaid wheeling a perambulator. The civil law is beginning to forecast some of the principles likely to prevail in time to come, while some representatives, at all events, of the church are struggling to maintain the tyranny of doctrines that are already out of date. The London Diocesan Conference, it appears, engaged itself last month in considering a resolution declaring that nobody who has been divorced, whether, as the phrase goes, the "innocent" party or the other one ought to be remarried in a church. By a large majority the clerical assembly affirmed this view, thus putting itself in an attitude of opposition to the law as it now stands. This

allows a clergyman, whose conscience troubles him, to refuse to remarry the "guilty" party, but affords him no such privilege in regard to the other.

Doubtless the resolution will encourage fanatical clergymen to disobey the law, and the partisans of disestablishment rejoice in the prospect of legal combats that may thus be brought about. But meanwhile the more such questions as these are debated the more likely it is that the old ecclesiastical theory of marriage will be discredited. The religious ceremony will more and more be regarded as decorative in its character rather than essential. And already a civil contract in the eye of the law, the conditions of the contract will be subject, as times goes on, to considerations less and less associated with the sacrament theory. Probably the amendments reserved for the future will first tend in the direction of emancipating women from the relative unfairness as against them, of the law as it stands. That is still vitiated by traces of the old-world idea that the woman "belongs" to the man, even if she be "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse." The contract, when the savage element is cleared out of it, will certainly be recognised as one in which the woman for manifest reasons should be free to withdraw from it more easily than the man. And an honest, *mutual* desire to cancel it will assuredly be sooner or later recognised as putting an end to it as a matter of course. At present the law in this respect is illogically subservient to the old ecclesiastical view which it has gone half way towards dissolving off the screen. "Marriage is indissoluble," says the church. "We can't quite tolerate that theory," replies the law, "but in deference to your feeling we will agree that it shall only be dissolved when one or other of the parties concerned objects!" But if Diocesan Conferences will not be content with this compromise, perhaps the law will ultimately come to see that it may just as well abandon it altogether and aim at something resembling symmetry.